

ALIEN:
Engineers

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FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH - DAY (12,000 B.C.)

The world turns below us, vast and slow.

A RUMBLE. A shadow sweeps over the land. We move with the shadow. We cast the shadow.

Landscapes slide by. Reduced by altitude to abstractions: river deltas, forests and flood plains. A raw natural world. No trace of civilization.

The shadow glides over mountains and glaciers. Across an ocean and a pale beach. Over lowland plain at the foot of a VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN it stops.

EXT. LOWLAND PLAIN - DAY

THREE FIGURES walk out of the shadow.

They are men - and yet not men. Their skin is snow-white. Their features heavy and classical - as if Rodin's Thinker had risen from his seat. Their smooth heads are earless and hairless. Their glittering eyes entirely black.

Against the stark land their height is impossible to judge.

They are ENGINEERS.

Two of them are cloaked in dark robes of strange design.

The third is naked.

One of the cloaked Engineers opens a featureless black box: inside lies a cake of dark, sticky material.

The naked one lifts the dark cake with ceremonial slowness. It hums and buzzes. Foams into iridescent spheres. He raises the seething cake to his mouth like the sacrament.

BLACK SCARABS boil out of the dark material. Swarm over his lips. Glittering insects that chitter and bite.

Under the swarm his lips melt away. A horrific vision of teeth, black blood, dissolving bone. They are devouring him.

FLASH ON:

A fevered glimpse of the microscopic: cells rupture and bleed. Protein chains unfold. A DNA spiral unravels.

The scarabs fill their bellies with genetic material.

THE ENGINEER

...spreads his arms. Stands cruciform, nearly headless.

The scarabs swarm his shoulders, his chest. When they reach his hips, he collapses sideways, toppling majestically like a felled tree. Engulfed.

The two cloaked Engineers watch impassively.

Behind them, a vast black SHIP hangs in the sky.

As if blown by a great gust of wind, the scarabs disperse in their millions in all directions. Living DNA on the wing. Where the sacrificial victim fell, nothing remains.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A pristine wilderness. The VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN in the distance.

A PRIMITIVE WOMAN stands on a height, staring in amazement: far off a great dark ship hovers over the plain.

A black scarab lands on the back of her neck. Bites deep. Injecting its cargo of DNA into her blood.

FLASH ON:

A microscopic invasion. Cells pierced and infused. DNA strands twining and mating.

CLOSE ON THE WOMAN

Pupils dilating with shock, breath hissing into her lungs.

She slaps the back of her neck. Looks at her hand. The scarab lies in her palm.

As she watches, it crumbles to dust and blows away.

FADE TO BLACK.

ON BLACK

Drifting motes of light against the dark: a starscape.

An EXCAVATOR floats into view: a sturdy vehicle equipped with robotic arms. Bright floodlights beat at the darkness. Inside the cockpit - a bubble of glass - sits a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

This is DR. JOCELYN WATTS, 32, a precocious scholar of many disciplines. A scientist accustomed to field work.

The cockpit is sweltering: she wears shorts, boots, a T-shirt - and still her arms and legs gleam with sweat.

Watts works the controls. The excavator descends toward a rocky surface. Silt billows up as the excavator approaches: we're not in space at all, but deep underwater.

The excavator's thrusters are cowled propellers. The "stars" are plankton shining in the floodlights.

INT. EXCAVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Watts steers the excavator to a steeply sloping cliff wall. A sea-trench yawns below her, its depths lost in darkness.

WATTS

Moving to survey site B... closing on
object four. The large oblong.

She watches the screen of a ground-penetrating radar system. A bright signal return: something hidden in the cliff in front of her. Something big.

WATTS (CONT'D)

There you are.

EXT. SEA TRENCH - CONTINUOUS

Watts carves into the cliff with the excavator's digger arm. Silt and boulders fall into the yawning trench below. She brings a water cannon to bear: uses its jet to blast away loose silt and stones.

The cliff face collapses: a muddy landslide into the deeps.

Watts backs away from the collapse, thrusters whirring to keep her out of the turbulence. A cloud of silt clears.

In her floodlight beams, the OBELISK stands revealed - its outlines worn by the ages. Easily thirty feet tall.

Watts stares at the obelisk, stunned. Her voice is husky:

WATTS

Martin. Here.

A second excavator glides out of the dark.

At the controls: PROFESSOR MARTIN HOLLOWAY, 48, visionary genius and archaeologist. Dark-haired and lean, with the rangy build of a frontiersman. He's dressed in work trousers and a T-shirt. Stubbly chin.

He plays his floodlights over the obelisk.

HOLLOWAY

Look at that.

INT. WATTS'S EXCAVATOR

Watts floats her excavator down the front of the obelisk. Scanning the alien text. Suddenly she stops. Grips the obelisk with her excavator's arms to anchor herself in place.

WATTS

You need to see this.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)

Coming.

EXT. SEA TRENCH

Holloway pilots his excavator expertly up to Watts's. Mates the two vehicles at their aft hatchways.

INT. WATTS'S EXCAVATOR

Behind Watts, a hatch opens with a splatter of water.

Holloway climbs in. Squeezes into her cockpit. A tight fit. He's distracted by her body, pressed so close - but she has eyes only for the inscrutable writing outside the glass.

WATTS

Same thing again.

HOLLOWAY

What do you see?

WATTS

An ephemeris - a star map.

(pointing)

Radius, inclination, azimuth...more data here...

HOLLOWAY

If we can get epoch and equinox out of that...

WATTS

Can we raise this thing?

HOLLOWAY

(shakes his head)

Hundreds of tons.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

A research vessel at anchor on a turquoise sea. Bright sun.

In the distance, a coastline dotted with villas. The horizon is dominated by the VOLCANIC PEAK - the same peak we saw in the distance in the prologue.

Aboard the research vessel, cranes lift Watts and Holloway's excavators out of the sea and onto the deck.

INT. RESEARCH VESSEL - AFT DECK - DAY

Under an awning, PRINTS of the obelisk's faces are stretched on the deck - fifteen feet long.

Watts and Holloway crawl over the alien text, red markers in hand. Parsing, translating, calculating.

They're tanned, fit, the wind in their hair. The Mediterranean coast in the distance. It's an idyllic way to work. But they're utterly absorbed in the task at hand.

AFT DECK - NIGHT

They're still at it. Lights illuminate the workspace. The obelisk prints are blanketed with markings and annotations.

Holloway sits at a table. Watts sits on the marked-up prints. Both working through calculations on electronic slates.

Holloway looks up.

HOLLOWAY

I have a solution. A single match.

WATTS

Me too. Checked it twice.

HOLLOWAY

You first.

Watts holds up her slate: it displays a set of stellar coordinates. A detailed star map. Holloway holds up his own slate: an exact match. They lock eyes in electric excitement.

WATTS

What do we do now?

HOLLOWAY

We go there.

EXT. WEYLAND'S WHEEL (EARTH ORBIT)

A gleaming space station like a five-spoked wheel rotates grandly against the Pacific Ocean a thousand miles below. Black letters on the white metal read: WEYLAND'S WHEEL.

A round shuttlecraft approaches the station.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT (ZERO GRAVITY)

A spacecraft no bigger than a private jet.

Holloway and Watts sit strapped into acceleration chairs. The only two passengers aboard. New to space travel, Watts tears her eyes from the spectacle of Earth outside the window.

Holloway plays with a pen, batting it from hand to hand in the zero gravity.

WATTS

What's first? You do climate, I do genetics?

HOLLOWAY

Archaeology first. Let our ancestors tell the tale.

WATTS

You think he's serious?

HOLLOWAY

Serious enough to send his private shuttle.

WATTS

Weyland can send his shuttle out for pizza.

(delicately)

(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

Martin. If this meeting goes like the others, maybe we should...

HOLLOWAY

It won't go like the others.

WATTS

How do you know?

Holloway plucks the pen from the air. He points out the window, where the crescent Moon shines like a toothy grin.

HOLLOWAY

Heaven smiles on our enterprise.

EXT. WEYLAND'S WHEEL

The shuttle docks with the Wheel's hub - a perfect fit.

INT. WEYLAND'S WHEEL - SPOKE ELEVATOR (ZERO GRAVITY)

A gleaming capsule elevator with windows to the stars.

Holloway and Watts float weightlessly inside, moving from handhold to handhold. The door closes.

Watts grabs Holloway by the collar. Pulls them roughly together. They kiss. Not for the first time. They have a way.

Watts's hair and clothing float free: she's a naiad in Holloway's arms.

EXT. WEYLAND'S WHEEL

The elevator descends along the spoke to the rim.

INT. WEYLAND'S WHEEL - RIM - FOYER

A luxurious lobby. Tasteful lighting. Eames-era furniture in wood and chrome: the past's vision of the future.

At the rim, the Wheel's rotation supplies gravity. An elevator door opens. Watts and Holloway step out - Holloway with a sleek metal folio slung over his shoulder.

The floor is the outer surface of the Wheel: in both directions it curves upward out of sight.

The walls are all windows: on one side, Earth rotates lazily. On the other, a wheeling field of stars.

DAVID, an android, stands waiting for them. He's cunningly built, but no one would mistake him for a real human being.

DAVID
Professor Holloway. Dr. Watts. My name
is DAVID.

WATTS
Hello, DAVID.

DAVID
Mr. Weyland's eager to meet you.

He strides off across the foyer. Watts and Holloway exchange a wondering glance and follow.

EXHIBIT HALL

DAVID leads past models of planets, moons and asteroids. Holographic labels and data swirl around them.

DAVID
These are all the planetary bodies on
which Weyland Industries has mining
claims.

The end of the hall is dominated by a huge globe of Mars. Markings indicate widespread surface activity.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And Mars. Weyland's crown jewel.

HOLLOWAY
How is that going? The terraforming.

WATTS
They say you're getting diminishing
returns. It's not working.

DAVID
It's the greatest engineering project
ever attempted. Challenges are
inevitable. Mr. Weyland's a
determined man.

WEYLAND'S OFFICE

PETER WEYLAND sits behind a mahogany desk. He's a Warren Buffet type: a country sage, horse-sense and hard knocks. He might be seventy years old, or a hundred and seventy.

Behind him stands DIRECTOR LYDIA VICKERS, a slim woman of 45 in a costly business suit. Shrewd and watchful. Once a great beauty, she now trades in ruthlessness.

DAVID stands against the wall.

Watts and Holloway settle into chairs in front of Weyland - Holloway holding the metal folio.

WEYLAND
Professor Holloway. Ms. Watts.

WATTS
Doctor Watts.

WEYLAND
Forgive me. Peter Weyland.

He notices Watts looking curiously at DAVID. He smiles.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
Ah. DAVID here's a prototype. Our 80 series. One of a kind for now, but if he performs, he will be legion.
(his smile fades)
What do you want here?

Holloway looks at him, startled.

HOLLOWAY
We sent you a prospectus that...

WEYLAND
Assume I know nothing.

Holloway swallows. Lays the metal folio on Weyland's desk.

HOLLOWAY
I'm an archaeologist.

He touches a tiny remote. Holographs appear in the air over Weyland's desk: the folio is a three-dimensional imager.

Pictures of a younger Holloway in the field: excavating ruins in Egypt, China, Peru, Greece.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
In my studies I discovered a pattern I couldn't explain. Every eleven hundred years, sudden advances in agriculture, tool use, technology. Inventions. Something caused a great leap forward. Every eleven centuries. The pattern holds as far back as our data goes.
(MORE)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Tens of thousands of years. I had to understand this. It became the focus of my work.

Weyland nods. Holloway glances at Watts and forges on.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Dr. Watts was a student of mine.

Watts touches her own remote. The holographic display turns to scientific diagrams. Images of a very young and beautiful Watts in the laboratory.

WATTS

I was analyzing historical changes in human DNA. I found the same pattern. Every eleven centuries, a pulse of new information in the genome of the human race. All over the world. Evolution can't do that. Something was changing us. Changing the DNA of our species.

HOLLOWAY

Humanity's been visited. Visited by...*beings* from somewhere else.

Behind Weyland, Vickers can't suppress a scowl of disdain.

VICKERS

You mean *aliens*.

A beat. The others had forgotten Vickers was there.

WEYLAND

Lydia Vickers, Director of Operations. Practically my right hand.

HOLLOWAY

They guided us to civilization. Lifted us up, again and again. I call them the Engineers.

WATTS

Once you know what you're looking for, it's amazing how the evidence falls into place.

Photographs flicker through the display: Holloway and Watts in the field, excavating new sites. Intimately close.

Their finds: columns of writing on stone tablets in Egypt, China, Cambodia, Peru. Patterns of lines, curves, and dots.

HOLLOWAY

This is the writing of the Engineers.
We've found it on every continent. And
last year, we found our Rosetta Stone.

The display shows the Engineer obelisk under the sea.

WATTS

The writing is a formula giving the
location of a single star in our sky.

WEYLAND

Which star?

HOLLOWAY

We're keeping that confidential for
now. But that's where we want to go.

WEYLAND

You want me to pay for an *interstellar*
research expedition!

HOLLOWAY

It's a chance to be part of a
revolution in scientific...

WEYLAND

Don't sell me, professor. You've been
turned down by every university and
government agency under the sun.
Nobody's going to gamble that kind of
money on your *hunch*.

Holloway deflates. Watts winces. This is a bloodbath.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Nobody but me.
(he grins)
I've read your research.

HOLLOWAY

That's impossible. Our research is-

WEYLAND

Quantum encoded on secure servers,
yeah. We have an A.I. division, you
should know. Doing impressive things.
(he leans across the desk)
I know which star you're wishing on.

The scientists stare at Weyland.

WATTS

You're bluffing.

WEYLAND
Zeta Two Reticuli.

He regards their shocked faces with satisfaction.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
You know how I got this rich? I ask
myself: what does God spend his time
doing? And I go and do that.

Watts laughs incredulously. Stifles it. Weyland's not joking.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
Biotechnology was good to me. Fusion
power. Lately doing well with gravity
systems.

He swivels his chair toward the window. Earth shines outside.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
But what's the first thing God did?

WATTS
He made the Heaven and the Earth.

Weyland jabs a finger at her like she's won a carnival prize.

WEYLAND
That's what I'm talking about. You
left out my favorite part. The piece
about Earth. DAVID.

DAVID
For eons, Earth's climate swung from
hothouse to ice age. Explosions of
life, then mass extinctions. But
twelve thousand years ago the swings
stopped. The Holocene Epoch began - a
period of anomalous tranquility. The
rise of civilization began only then.

Holloway and Watts stare at DAVID with new appreciation.

HOLLOWAY
That's right.

WATTS
And that change coincides with a visit
by the Engineers. They didn't just
change us. They changed our world.

WEYLAND
That's the piece I mean. Engineering
Earth. God stuff.

He swivels back to his desk. Rummages in a drawer.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
My people checked your science. They
say it's solid.

He pulls a thick contract out. Drops it in front of Holloway.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
I'll give you your expedition. Ship
and crew, supplies, support. One
condition.

Holloway picks up the contract with the cautious joy of a man
double-checking a lottery ticket. His voice is husky:

HOLLOWAY
What's that?

WEYLAND
You get the discovery. Control of the
site. But any technology you find?
Anything at all. That's mine.

Holloway reaches out slowly and picks up the contract.
Riffles the pages of small-print legalese.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)
You take DAVID with you. My eyes and
ears. And Vickers...you're going too.

Vickers stares at Weyland in shock.

WHITE LANDSCAPE

A glittering formation of white crystals. Diamond on diamond.

The structures grow more complex as the view widens. Leaves
and branches of crystal. A shimmering field of white jewels.

A landscape of white crystals, smooth as snow.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

A black void shot with stars, far from any sun.

A sturdy prospecting ship forges through space, travel-worn
but built to last. It carries the Weyland Industries logo.
The name painted on its hull is *MAGELLAN*.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

The ship's nerve center and control room. Six control stations, empty and quiet. Interior lights dimmed to blue.

The entire forward bulkhead of the Bridge is a window: wall to wall, floor to ceiling.

At the window stands the android DAVID.

He gazes at the cosmos with an expression of utter serenity. After a long moment he turns away. Massive shutters close over the window as he walks off.

CORRIDOR

DAVID walks the ship's long central corridor. The ship is silent. The lights dimmed to blue. He is alone.

HYPER_SLEEP COMPARTMENT

A long steel room containing a dozen plexiglass sarcophagi, six on each side. Sleep freezers. Inside each freezer: the shadowy shape of a human body rimed with frost.

DAVID walks through the compartment, surveying the sleepers.

WORKROOM

DAVID sits at a display table, moving intricate technical documents across the surface with waves of his hands.

His eyes intent on his work. If he is reading, then he's reading at a speed no human could match.

WHITE LANDSCAPE

We pull away from the frosted crystalline horizon, the smooth white curves like snowy fields. Form becomes clear.

It's the body of a woman. It's Watts.

INT. HYPER_SLEEP FREEZER

Watts lies asleep in her underwear in a plexiglass freezer. Pale. Frost on her skin. Venus sculpted in ice. There are IV lines in her elbows and ankles.

Shapes move into view beyond her, outside the freezer. FACES. Pressed to the glass.

HYPER_SLEEP COMPARTMENT

All of the freezers are open and empty, save two. Holloway lies in one. In the next, Watts. Three men in blue coveralls crouch beside Watts's freezer, staring inside.

They are DOWNS, 30, a lean fidgety crewman. STILLWELL, 40, a sturdy fellow with the geniality of a labrador. And KAMAROV, 26, whose dark, brooding air belongs to a man twice his age.

DOWNS

Look at that.

Kamarov opens the lid of Watt's freezer. Leans over her. Watts stirs in her sleep, a drowsy angel.

KAMAROV

She wakes up slow.

Watts wakes to find three men looming above her. Disoriented, she pulls away. Tangles her hands in her IV lines.

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

Get out of there!

Holloway's voice cracks like a whip. The crewmen jump back.

Holloway sits up in the next freezer over. He yanks the IV lines out of his arms and legs. Climbs out of the freezer.

STILLWELL

Just looking.

HOLLOWAY

Give us a moment, will you?

The crewmen file out: Stillwell sheepishly, Downs and Kamarov surly. Holloway goes to Watts. Gently removes the IV lines from her ankles while she plucks the ones from her arms.

WATTS

I'm out of sorts. Sorry.

HOLLOWAY

Never worry.

He helps her up.

INT. MESS ROOM

Holloway and Watts sit at a table, both a bit hung over. They wear civilian clothes. Warmly dressed, they still look cold.

They nurse mugs of coffee and nibble packaged snack bars. Watts hunches over, shivering.

WATTS

My head's buzzing.

HOLLOWAY

You just slept two and a half years.
It'll pass.

WATTS

Like you've done this before.

HOLLOWAY

I've read all about it.

Two ship's officers enter the room wearing blue coveralls with rank insignia: GLASSE, 45, a stocky man with thick black hair, and BRICK, 50, a bald man with a bristling mustache.

They look at Watts and Holloway with little pleasure.

BRICK

Sleep okay?

WATTS

Yes, thanks...

GLASSE

Captain'll see you now.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - CAPTAIN'S WARDROOM

CAPTAIN JANEK, 45, sits at his desk. With his bristling beard and powerful build he has a swashbuckling look, like the captain of a whaling ship.

Holloway and Watts sit on a steel bench in front of him.

He sits scanning his orders: a plastic packet with Weyland Industries logos, cracked open. Watermarked papers inside.

JANEK

Zeta Two Reticuli was surveyed
already. A hundred years ago.

WATTS

By an unmanned probe. Very crude.

JANEK
No Earthlike planets.

WATTS
No.

JANEK
So what are you looking for?

HOLLOWAY
Proof of the Engineers' existence.

WATTS
Confirmation of Professor Holloway's theories would change everything. There'd be science before Holloway and science after.

Janek rubs his face wearily with his hands.

JANEK
Your ticket. I'll put the ship where you want. Run your scans.

HOLLOWAY
Captain, your crew's been up for a week. We could've used the time. Why'd you wait to wake us?

JANEK
Better for discipline.
(off their silence)
Men ship out as prospectors for one reason: the percentage. Find a gold mine or a habitable planet, and you're set for life.
(he laughs bitterly)
But this contract says no percentage. No bounty. Just triple pay. The men aren't happy.

HOLLOWAY
You unhappy too?

JANEK
I'm always unhappy.

He stands. Presses his palm against a wall panel. A safe opens. He pulls out a massive pistol in a gunbelt. Tosses the orders into the safe. Lays the gun atop them and locks it up.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN

Holloway and Watts take possession of their cabin: a simple but spacious room with twin beds and a window to the stars.

They drop duffel bags on the bed.

Holloway surveys the arrangement. Frowns. He releases the magnets that lock the beds down. Slides the beds together.

INT. SCIENTISTS' WORKROOM - DAY

Holloway and Watts set up their workspace - a central display table and huge display surfaces on the walls. Fascinating documents slide under their fingertips: an Engineer alphabet. Ancient art. Climate and genetic data.

DAVID appears in the doorway.

WATTS

DAVID. I wondered when we'd see you.

DAVID

I trust your database is in order. I set it up myself.

WATTS

All's well, I think.

DAVID turns to go. Hesitates in the doorway.

DAVID

I should tell you: the time you spent sleeping, I spent studying your research.

Holloway and Watts look at the android, his words sinking in.

WATTS

You studied our work for two and a half years.

DAVID

It's quite a data set.

HOLLOWAY

So you've seen *everything*. Well. What do you think?

DAVID glances over the documents displayed around the room.

DAVID

Your hypothesis is...bold. The audacity of it. Your climate data's undeniable: the Holocene Epoch was engineered. Dr. Watts, your genetic studies are equally conclusive. Pulses of cultural change are harder to prove, but even there your case is strong. I believe in your "Engineers."

BREAK ROOM

A utilitarian sitting room. Steel benches and table bolted to the deck. Seated here are two Weyland Industries technicians:

ANDREW CHANCE, 50, a stocky computer engineer with a genial bearing and a bristling salt-and-pepper mustache.

MONA RAVEL, 45, a dour, rangy woman with a plain face, her hair pulled severely back. A physicist and chemist.

They wear black Weyland Industries jackets. They radiate intelligence and competence. These are pros.

DAVID leads Holloway and Watts past the break room. Holloway spots the technicians. Strides in to greet them.

HOLLOWAY

Weyland Industries! Mr. Chance. Ms. Ravel. You remember Dr. Watts.

Watts and the technicians exchange greetings.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

About the materials I gave you. Some of the technical aspects...

CHANCE

We'll handle our end of the job.

RAVEL

If there *is* a job.

Holloway blinks at her. Chance explains, not unkindly:

CHANCE

We only have a job if you find something.

CORRIDOR

Holloway and Watts follow the imperturbable DAVID down a steel corridor to Vickers's cabin door.

VICKERS'S SUITE

An open-plan cabin like an urban loft apartment. Watts and Holloway follow DAVID inside. Vickers rises to meet them.

The walls are industrial steel - but the floors are lushly carpeted, the furniture opulent. A king-sized bed, a mahogany desk, a dining table.

Gleaming machines ensure Vickers never need step outside: a private hypersleep freezer, an autokitchen, a medical pod.

WATTS

Is that a Pauling medical pod? There's only ten of those things on Earth! I guess nine, now.

VICKERS

I told Mr. Weyland I wouldn't compromise my standard of living. He accommodated me.

HOLLOWAY

I know, I had to cut my manifest. This used to be the number four cargo bay.

VICKERS

What can I do for you, Professor?

Holloway gestures with the slate he's brought with him.

HOLLOWAY

We're about to reach the system periphery. I thought you'd want to see the search protocols we -

VICKERS

No. I was set to be the next CEO of Weyland Industries. Then you came along and sold Mr. Weyland on...*this*. So here I am. Out of the running. I'll go where I'm told. But don't ask me to play along.

WATTS

But when you get back...

VICKERS
I'll be five years behind the curve.
Out of touch. Over.

HOLLOWAY
You might make the discovery of the
ages.

Vickers looks at him as if she's dealing with a child.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
You don't believe in what we're doing.

VICKERS
Mr. Weyland believes. That's enough.

She walks them toward the door. Interview's over.

VICKERS (CONT'D)
Now we're out of communication, you
can tell the crew what we're doing.

WATTS
They don't know? They volunteered.

VICKERS
They volunteered blind. Classified
job, triple pay.

CARGO BAY

The crew - Brick, Glasse, Stillwell, Downs, and Kamarov - sit on crates in an improvised lecture hall. Holloway and Watts in front of them. Janek at the back of the room.

A hologram shows ancient images of divine visitations. The crew is visibly spooked.

DOWNNS
Aliens.

GLASSE
You shitting me?

Stillwell is staring at the frightening images: gods and titans towering over mortals.

HOLLOWAY
I think all our mythologies are race-
memories of the Engineers. Horus the
Sun God. Prometheus bringing fire from
heaven. A pillar of fire, a pillar of
smoke. The Engineers are the gods.

Kamarov stiffens, smelling blasphemy.

KAMAROV

The *mythology* gods maybe. God is God.

STILLWELL

Kamarov. Let him talk.

Stillwell's staring unhappily at the ancient images: gods towering over mortals, inhuman and terrifying.

STILLWELL (CONT'D)

So we're going to meet these things?

WATTS

We probably won't meet anyone. You'd expect a star-traveling race to generate radio or laser signals. Fusion drives and gravity drives have clear signatures. But Zeta Two Reticuli is silent. And the Engineers have gone missing on Earth.

WATTS (CONT'D)

By the pattern, they should've come to Earth seventeen centuries ago. And again six centuries ago. But no sign. After twelve thousand years...they stopped coming.

BRICK

Why?

HOLLOWAY

Exactly. Why?

JANEK

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

They turn. Janek grins at Holloway across the cargo bay.

JANEK (CONT'D)

Is that the question you've come light-years to answer?

HOLLOWAY

Only my first question. I have many.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (ZETA² RETICULI SYSTEM)

The *Magellan* arrives at the periphery of the system. A distant star like Earth's Sun, surrounded by orbiting planets: mere sparks at this distance.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Outside the vast Bridge window, the star Zeta² Reticuli burns, a cold beacon in the night. Downs, Glasse and Brick sit at consoles. Janek paces in front of the window.

Holloway and Watts enter - and gape at the view. Janek grins at their reaction.

JANEK

Welcome to Zeta Two Reticuli. Edge of the system. Open her eyes.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (ZETA² RETICULI SYSTEM)

The *Magellan* opens its eyes: two immense telescopes emerge from the ship. Irises open to expose huge lenses.

Antennae deploy: unfurling like wings, gleaming and vast. Sifting vacuum for any whisper of information.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Outside the window, the planets orbiting Zeta² Reticuli are no more than bright stars.

JANEK

Overlay.

A heads-up display appears, overlaid on the glass. The sun is labeled ZETA² RETICULI. Markers point out the planets and trace the ellipses of their orbits.

Like magic, the planets swell into colorful orbs, each labeled: *Alpha, Beta, Gamma...*

DOWNS

Seven planets. Two hot rocks, two gas giants, three snowballs. Nothing Earthlike.

Watts grins at Holloway, eyes shining.

WATTS

First humans in the system.

Vickers walks onto the Bridge with DAVID.

JANEK

Director. Good of you to join us.

VICKERS

What did I miss?

CAPTAIN JANEK

Just getting warmed up.

(to Holloway)

Professor? You know what you want?

HOLLOWAY

EMR scan, thirty hertz to three hundred gigahertz. Spectroscopic passes on every planet and major moon. Infrared and albedo scan for hot spots and light sources.

CAPTAIN JANEK

Man knows what he wants. Run it.

EXT. MAGELLAN (ZETA2 RETICULI SYSTEM)

Twin telescopes spin and zoom. Antennae flex and focus.

TELESCOPE POV

The planet nearest the sun rushes closer as the mighty telescopes zoom in.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE

The *Magellan's* sensors peel planet Alpha like an onion and put it back together again.

A river of data floods the display, bathing the watchers' faces with light: Chemical compounds, magnetic field lines, lunar orbits, topographical data.

The scan moves on to the next planet, and the next.

GLASSE

Negative on radio chatter system-wide.
Nobody's talking.

BRICK

Negative for laser and maser.

On the H.U.D., the data stream completes the last planet.
Begins to illuminate the gas giants' moons.

GLASSE

No biological markers. No artificial
light. No industry or agriculture.
Dead system. Like always.

DOWNS

Piss-poor, too. Low in heavy elements.

BRICK

Got a hit! A moon. LV-426.

The display centers on Epsilon, a gas giant with many moons.
Data flickers around one of the larger moons: LV-426.

BRICK (CONT'D)

Eighty-six percent Earth's mass.
Atmosphere's nitrogen, methane,
sulfates. Faint returns for a bunch of
metals.

HOLLOWAY

Anything else?

The sensors complete their pass on the system's last moon.

JANEK

That is all.

HOLLOWAY

Take us in.

JANEK

Downs. You heard the man.

DOWNS

Aye, Captain. Maneuvering.
Eighteen hours to orbit.

EXT. MAGELLAN (ZETA² RETICULI SYSTEM)

The Magellan retracts its vast antennae and telescopes.

The engines fire: the ship rockets toward the gas giant
Epsilon and its mysterious moon.

PASSAGEWAY

Leaving the Bridge, Holloway and Watts find themselves walking aft alongside DAVID.

HOLLOWAY

DAVID. Enjoy the show?

DAVID

I don't know that I "enjoy" things.
It was informative.

HOLLOWAY

It was, it was.

(teasing)

You know, I've seen more convincing
humanoid robots.

Watts smiles, watching Holloway's sport. DAVID's speech never varies from its agreeable tone.

DAVID

My design's not intended to convince.
Simulating humanity is a complex task
that diverts resources. My designers
dispensed with that burden to optimize
for intelligence.

WATTS

Why look like a man at all? Why not be
a box on wheels?

DAVID

Being shaped like you, I can use
spaces and equipment designed for you.
But I'm not so limited. I hear
frequencies you can't hear. I see
wavelengths of light invisible to you.
I move faster. Exert greater force.

The scientists look at DAVID in wonder.

WATTS

You see yourself as a superman.

DAVID

No.

He turns his unearthly eyes on them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Not a man at all.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN

Holloway and Watts lie on their bed in their clothes - her head on his chest.

WATTS

What if they're really there?
(off his confusion)
The Engineers. They could be there.
Waiting for us. What then?

He laughs.

HOLLOWAY

Then all my dreams come true.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (LV-426 ORBIT)

The *Magellan* has arrived.

LV-426 is a gray moon shrouded in clouds. Behind it looms its father planet Epsilon, a lurid gas giant banded in red and gold, half swallowed in darkness.

The *Magellan* dives into a forced orbit around LV-426: rockets firing continually, nose pointed down. Telescopes, sensors and antennae sprout once more from its hull.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Everyone's here. Janek and his crew seated at control stations. Holloway and Watts standing on the foredeck. Vickers and DAVID. Ravel and Chance.

LV-426 fills the window: a gray orb of mist. The ground invisible beneath the clouds. Sporadic lightning flickers.

HOLLOWAY

Start with passive systems. We're
uninvited guests. Let's be quiet.

That thought sends a nervous shiver through the others. Janek nods at Glass and Brick. They study their instruments.

BRICK

A lot of electromag, all random.
That's lightning. Going to bugger up
our scans.

HOLLOWAY

Go active. Mapping radar.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (LV-426 ORBIT)

Radar emitters extend from their housings like cannons. A THUMP of power as they hammer out a blast of energy.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

The display paints data on the moonscape as the wavefront comes back: terrain rendered in luminous green.

JANEK

Well, we just rang the doorbell, if anybody's listening.

Kamarov shakes his head fearfully. Crosses himself.

HOLLOWAY

What do we see?

BRICK

Icecaps at the poles. Frozen methane.
Cold down there.

The display fills with light: a wave of terrain data sweeping across the moon's surface as the *Magellan* orbits.

GLASSE

Terrain data rezzing up. Hey! We got
hard spots. Radar-opaque. Bright
reflections. That's metal.

A jolt of excitement pounds through everyone on the Bridge.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (LV-426 ORBIT)

The *Magellan* sweeps on around the gray moon, radar emitters humming, antennae and telescopes open wide. The gas giant Epsilon fills the sky behind LV-426.

As it circles, the *Magellan* launches SATELLITES. Metal motes hurled into polar orbits around the Moon.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Twenty-four "hard spots" shine on the moon's surface: an irregular array circling LV-426.

HOLLOWAY

That's not natural.

MILBURN

You see stuff like that sometimes.
Mineral deposits. Volcanic ejecta.

GLASSE

Big one there.

A new signal appears on the map. Brighter than the others.

HOLLOWAY

Still quiet?

BRICK

No comm signals. No signs of life.

HOLLOWAY

I want to get below the clouds.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (IN ATMOSPHERE)

The prospecting ship descends through buffeting grey clouds. Telescopes and antennae stowed away. Hull streaming vapor as it cuts atmosphere.

Lightning flashes and booms around the descending ship.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Everyone strapped into chairs - except Janek, who stands gripping a stanchion, his boots planted on the deck.

The landing engines roar. Wind screams over the hull. Mist whips across the Bridge window, obscuring any view. Watts reaches out. Squeezes Holloway's hand.

The *Magellan* breaks through the cloud cover into clear air.

Below the ship, a vast and eerie landscape is revealed. Wide valleys mottled with thin dark ground cover. Barren crags and spires of rock. Waterless and wind-swept.

Watts gasps. Stares at the grim and foreign country.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (IN ATMOSPHERE)

The *Magellan* thunders over valleys and craggy ridges of rock.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Janek takes the helm. Guides the *Magellan* down a valley as if it were a helicopter. A pilot born.

GLASSE

Coming up on site seven.

They crest a mountain higher than Everest.

Before them stretches a dry barren plain. Scattered rocky peaks rise from the desert floor - an alien Monument Valley.

DOWNS

Nothing.

Holloway points to a smaller mountain peak. Oddly regular.

HOLLOWAY

Look there.

Janek expertly swings the *Magellan* sideways. The *Magellan* circles the mount, nose pointed inward.

It revolves below the watchers: flat faces, clean edges - but cracked and timework. It glitters like coal.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Are we recording?

Glasse nods irritably. Of course they're recording.

Vickers stares at the pyramidal peak, nonplussed. Teetering on the brink of belief. Watts scans the data readouts.

WATTS

Tungsten, tantalum, aluminum. That could be technology.

HOLLOWAY

Let's see the next one.

EXT. LV-426 - SECOND PEAK

A second oddly regular peak, even more decrepit than the first, sits on the brink of a vast canyon. Landslides have eaten at its edges.

The *Magellan* purrs over the landscape, dwarfed by the scale. Drops between the canyon walls to circle the mount.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Holloway and Watts stare at the structure. Beginning to get over the shock. Thinking like scientists again.

WATTS

Identical, apart from weathering.

MILBURN

Could be a rock formation. Carbon crystallizes like that.

The scientists pay him no mind. They're past that.

HOLLOWAY

Let's see the big one.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Janek pilots by instruments alone. Clouds obscuring the view.

BRICK

Closing on the major site...

The ship descends into clear air. A stunning panorama unfolds before them: craters, hundreds of meters across, connected by trenches. Like a pattern of crop-circles sunk in the rock.

In the middle of the central crater - a huge angular peak, larger than the others. The *Magellan* circles the site. It's awe-inspiring. Cryptic. Huge.

Holloway stares in rapture. Glances at Watts: she nods, eyes shining. She's with him.

The crew's still skeptical - but starting to wonder. They shake their heads and exchange looks.

BRICK (CONT'D)

No radio. No heat sources. Cold as the grave.

HOLLOWAY

Nobody home.

Watts looks out at the timeworn peak. Its eroded facets.

WATTS

I don't think anybody's been home for a long time.

EXT. CRATER COMPLEX - DAY

From the central crater, four canals extend outward like points of the compass. Some connect to smaller craters.

One canal peters out, flush with the desert floor.

The *Magellan* lands at the end of this canal - half a kilometer from the central crater.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE

They stare out the window, down the wide straight canal at the pyramidal peak in the distance. Holloway looks around.

HOLLOWAY

All right. Let's move.

Janek glances at his instruments.

JANEK

There's only six hours of daylight left. Maybe you should hold off.

Watts looks at him incredulously.

WATTS

We've got *that* outside the windows and you want to wait 'til tomorrow?

EXT. MAGELLAN - AIRLOCK - DAY

The expedition party emerges from the airlocks - riding CARGO ROVERS, robotic vehicles just smart enough to carry their owners around, or follow along behind them.

The rovers' beds are loaded with gear; the explorers ride on running-board seats. All wear space suits.

Holloway drives the first rover with Watts beside him. Stillwell, Kamarov, and Downs in back.

DAVID drives the second rover with Milburn, Fifield, Chance and Ravel aboard.

WATTS

The air here will kill you, so keep an eye on your supply and watch your seals. Pathogen tests are clean.

HOLLOWAY

Move slowly. Stay together. Don't touch anything. Things may be more fragile than they look - or more dangerous. There might be technologies operating here we don't understand.

The crew of the *Magellan* exchange uneasy looks. Still uncertain what to think.

EXT. ENTRY CANAL - DAY

The trench grows deeper as they follow it toward the central crater - the pyramidal peak framed ahead of them like a monument on a triumphal avenue.

They cross a perpendicular canal. Glancing left and right, they see smaller craters with central peaks of their own.

They pass through the shadow of a high promontory of stone atop one bank of the canal.

We see - and they do not - that the far side of the promontory has a Sphinx-like FACE of monumental size. So eroded that its artificial nature is uncertain.

EXT. CENTRAL CRATER - DAY

The crater floor is a vast enclosed plain. The pyramidal mount looms in the center - colossal in scale.

The rovers enter the crater, trailing plumes of dust. They circle the pyramid.

On the south face of the pyramid, an IRIS DOOR of many blades stands, easily fifty feet high. Seemingly made of the same basaltic stone as the pyramid itself. A huge construction.

The explorers are transfixed in awe. All skepticism banished.

HOLLOWAY

Tell me *that's* a natural formation.

(he grins)

Undeniable proof of alien civilization. You were here on this day, thirty-one December, year of our Lord 2172. History will remember your names.

Watts stares at the iris. Its bottom-most blade is broken; it lies in rubble at the foot of the door. A dark knife-like aperture leads into the pyramid.

WATTS
The door's open.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE

Janek and Vickers watch the explorers' progress in the main holographic display: their tinny voices echoing over the comm link. At the sight of the huge iris door in the pyramid, both Janek and Vickers stare in blank astonishment.

JANEK
Son of a bitch. They were right.

He turns to stare out the window at the pyramid's peak.

Vickers turns and slips out of the Bridge. Hurries away.

VICKERS'S SUITE

Vickers strides through her quarters. On the far wall there are two small doors.

She opens the first: steps into a luxurious bathroom. Washes a pill down with a tumbler of water.

Returns to her cabin and opens the second small door.

SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A chamber walled with steel panels. A deep hum of ventilation and power: there's a lot of technology here.

She turns to a console beside the door. Flips a row of switches. The hum deepens. Hidden mechanisms stir to life.

EXT. PYRAMID - IRIS DOOR

On foot, explorers press inside - Holloway and Watts in the lead. Their flashlights cut into the gloom.

The robotic rovers follow them: their six-wheeled chassis with independent suspension trundling over the rubble barrier, sure-footed as goats.

INT. PYRAMID - ANTECHAMBER

Dark and cavernous. Weak daylight slants in.

The explorers press into the darkness on foot - the cargo rovers' headlights flashing on. They move through a dark cathedral space, empty and bare.

DAVID looks around in fascination, his eyes raking the walls.

HOLLOWAY
Jocelyn. Here.

His voice trembles with urgency. He shines light on the rock. Symbols engraved on the dark surface. Dots, lines and arcs.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
The writing of the Engineers.
Conclusive connection.

DAVID stands beside them. Stares at the alien writing.

DAVID
Congratulations, Professor Holloway.

Watts passes her light over the writing, recording it. They move on into the dark.

DAVID lingers. Reading.

PYRAMID - VARIOUS PASSAGES

The interior is a labyrinth. Corridors big as railway tunnels intersecting and diverging.

The explorers wend their way deeper. Several carry map units, whose holographic displays render three-dimensional maps that expand as they explore.

INT. PYRAMID - MASSIVE CHAMBER

Holloway leads the explorers deeper into the complex. The motors of the cargo rovers whine and growl.

DAVID trails the others, eyes raking the blank walls as if he sees something there. He reaches out. Passes his hand through the air as if grasping a cobweb.

A STRANGE RUMBLING NOISE sounds down the corridor, freezing them. Holloway sweeps his light that way. The sound comes again: a DEMONIC VOICE speaking some unearthly language.

Watts looks at Holloway - but his eyes are focused on the dark ahead. He moves forward. A beat. The others follow.

An APPARITION appears before them. A PALE, LUMINOUS GIANT fifteen feet tall, with hollow eyes and a grotesque snout. It strides toward them. Speaks in a sonorous voice.

Pandemonium.

Watts backpedals involuntarily. Seeing Holloway stand his ground, she reaches out to him in a panic.

WATTS

Martin. Martin!

But Holloway doesn't budge. Stares at the Apparition in fascination. Everyone else scatters - except DAVID, who stands stock-still by the wall.

Watts watches as the Apparition walks right up to Holloway. Disappears with a sizzle of static as Holloway experiences the creature passing *through* him.

Silence. Watts returns to Holloway's side. Stillwell and Downs are huddled on the deck. Milburn and Fifield have fallen back down the passageway.

FIFIELD

Christ. Christ!

RAVEL

It wasn't real.

MILBURN

We all saw it.

Unseen by the others, DAVID reaches out and repeats his gesture in the air.

A rumbling sound down the corridor, as before. Moments later, the Apparition appears round the corner again. They stand their ground: the ghostly giant strides toward them, exactly as before, and disappears with a crackle.

HOLLOWAY

Recording?

FIFIELD

No more. I'm out.

HOLLOWAY

Fifield. Get a grip.

FIFIELD

I'm a prospector. You find a load of bauxite, I'm your man. But not this.

MILBURN
I should go with him. Buddy system.

HOLLOWAY
(disgusted)
Fine.

He hauls a heavy rolling case out of the cargo rover.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
You can deploy the drones. Drop them
in the first or second nexus on your
way back.

FIFIELD
Give us a rover.

HOLLOWAY
And half our gear? It's no more than a
mile. You can walk it.

Sulking, Milburn takes the rolling case. The remaining
explorers watch Fifield and Milburn backtrack into the dark.

CORE CHAMBER DOOR

Holloway and Watts lead their party up to a massive door,
sealed tight. In design and scale, undeniably important.
Holloway glances at his map.

HOLLOWAY
This should lead to the core of the
pyramid.

WATTS
Jack it open? Or cut through?

HOLLOWAY
Let's do as little damage as we can.

Ravel waves a sensor over the wall.

RAVEL
There's power. Current flowing in the
wall.

Chance begins to inspect the frame of the door.

CHANCE
Maybe we can hack it. Has to be a
mechanism...

DAVID looks as if they fail to see something obvious. He points at a spot on the wall beside the massive slab.

DAVID
Pull up a rover. I want to get up there.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DAY

Janek stands at the window, looking down the long canal at the distant pyramid.

The ship's powerful imaging systems stream data: stereoscopic feeds from the explorers' flashlights; a map that grows as they explore. The maze under the pyramid drawn in light.

A globe of LV-426 blooms with terrain and weather data as the satellites feed the ship information.

Vickers appears at Janek's side.

JANEK
Director. Taking an interest?

VICKERS
It's my operation, isn't it?

INT. PYRAMID - HUB

A junction where multiple passageways converge.

Milburn and Fifield trudge into the space, trundling the probe cases behind them. Tunnels lead away in all directions.

FIFIELD
What do you think?

MILBURN
Grand Central Station.

They open the case. CAMERA PROBES tumble out: spheres the size of softballs, studded with lenses and sensors.

Tiny lights come on as the probes awaken. They roll off, dispersing to investigate every passageway. Bumbling into walls and pillars, reversing. Exploring by random walk.

FIFIELD
Let's check the feed. Gimme the map.

MILBURN
You had the map unit.

FIFIELD
You don't have the map?

They stare at each other.

MILBURN
Are you serious?

He trudges back the way they came, in disgust.

MILBURN (CONT'D)
Come on.

CORE CHAMBER DOOR

DAVID stands on top of one of the cargo rovers. He's cut a hole in the wall beside the door, high up: he works with probes in the mechanisms inside.

DAVID
Looks like a three-state switch.

A deep *BOOM*, echoing inside the ancient walls. Nothing moves.

DAVID (CONT'D)
One moment...

He moves a control. *BOOM*. The immense door begins to rise.

PYRAMID - CORE CHAMBER

The vast central chamber of the pyramid. An immense space.

Holloway walks in, his flashlight searching. Watts hurries after. The others follow, rovers tagging along.

A colossal structure stands in the center of the chamber, convoluted and strange. A mechanism. Chasms yawn in the floor all around it, their depths lost in darkness.

The explorers enter, rovers in train. They lift their eyes: hundreds of feet above them they see the pyramid's apex from within. A SHAFT OF DIFFUSE LIGHT penetrates the pyramid somewhere near the peak.

RAVEL
This is something, now.

DAVID
Yes. Yes, it is.

The android's awareness is keyed to a high pitch. He seems to read meaning in the inscrutable structures all around them.

Holloway hauls a drone case out of the rover. Two dozen spherical drones tumble out, wake up, and roll off into the dark. They are nimble, hopping curbs and skirting chasms.

Watts looks at her atmosphere sensor. Astonished.

WATTS

Martin. This air's breathable.

The core chamber brightens as the sun outside moves into alignment. The shaft of light perfectly centered.

A vast SIGH as if the pyramid itself is breathing.

A fat drop of water falls on Watts's glove. She looks up in surprise. Another falls on her visor. And then it's raining inside the pyramid.

Water trickles into the chasms, inundating the mossy growths that cling to the walls.

Holloway looks at Watts with a little boy's grin.

HOLLOWAY

Miracles and wonders!

The shaft of light moves on. The core chamber dims slightly. The rainfall stops as suddenly as it started.

The explorers follow the main path around the periphery of the chamber, past a gallery of mysterious machines.

There are marvels in the shadows. Cells in the dark apparatus open on startling deposits of color: translucent alabaster flutes. Honeycombs of pure gold. Matrices of crystal.

Watts waves a scanning instrument as she walks.

WATTS

Intense field readings. Huge power sources here.

PYRAMID - CORE CHAMBER - RAMP

They arrive at a wide opening in the floor. A strange ramp curves downward - its floor segmented and saw-toothed.

A bafflement: it's not a staircase. Not an escalator. No moving parts. No rails or tracks.

HOLLOWAY

Space below us. A big space.

As they stand looking, a probe bumbles up to the opening and goes bounding down the ramp. Watts laughs.

WATTS

How does this work?

She begins to descend on foot. Holloway behind her. Stillwell, Downs, and Kamarov grudgingly follow.

But DAVID looks away across the cavernous chamber - fixated on the central crystal. He beckons Ravel and Chance to follow him, and walks away.

Ravel and Chance look at each other in astonishment. Uncertainly, they follow DAVID.

LOWER PASSAGE

Holloway, Watts, and the crewmen reach the bottom of the ramp, breathing hard. A cargo rover trundles down after them.

They look back up. The ramp above them is empty.

HOLLOWAY

Ravel. Chance. Where've you gone?

DAVID! Where are you?

(to Watts, indignantly)

They didn't come down!

But Watts is staring through an archway. Transfixed.

WATTS

Look.

She walks in. Holloway follows.

CONTROL CONCOURSE

A passageway punctuated by alcoves as big as band-shells.

In each alcove stands a biomechanical apparatus - shaped from the same dark material as the pyramid itself. Each apparatus implies by its design that a giant is meant to fit inside it.

Holloway and Watts walk the concourse, playing their lights over the dark machinery. Their footsteps echo.

WATTS

Do you see, the size of them? Like
that ghost we saw...

HOLLOWAY

It wasn't a ghost. Where are the
others? I don't want to go back up.

Watts fiddles with her suit's comm controls. Listening.

WATTS

They switched to channel three. I hear
them talking. They're okay.

HOLLOWAY

We should stay together.

INT. PYRAMID - BLIND CORRIDOR

Milburn and Fifield are lost. They bumble through the dark.

MILBURN

This is not the same place.

FIFIELD

It is! That is the same freaky thing
we saw before.

He points at a detail of the architecture.

MILBURN

No it's not! The other one was more...
sort of...fuck it.
(taps his comm)
Milburn to *Magellan*. Come in.

Static.

INTERSECTION

Holloway and Watts round a corner and stop in their tracks.
Kamarov, Stillwell, and Downs almost run into them.

The scientists stand frozen.

In front of them lies a dead giant. An ENGINEER.

If he were standing, he would be fifteen feet tall.

He is roughly human in shape. Barrel-chested. Withered to the
bones. There are bulky protrusions fused with his flesh: hard
to say whether they are equipment or parts of his body.

His head, lolling to one side, is *severed from his body*.

His eyes seem to be covered by goggles; but if so then the goggles are fused with his skull. An elephantine proboscis, severed now, once connected to a protrusion on his hip.

The giant lies frozen in a convulsion of agony. His jaw gaping in a silent scream. His corpse is marred by hideous wounds: slashes that cut through bone.

The explorers move closer. Speechless.

KAMAROV

God in Heaven.

WATTS

Martin. Martin.

HOLLOWAY

I know. Look.

He lifts his light. Beyond the dead giant, a vision of Hell:

A dozen DEAD ENGINEERS lie heaped against a sealed door. Twisted in postures of torment, murdered in the attempt to escape. All bear horrific wounds.

Scene of an ancient massacre.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE

Janek and Vickers stare dumbstruck at a 3-D view of the dead giants captured by the explorers' cameras.

INT. CATACOMB - INTERSECTION

The explorers circle the decapitated giant, hushed with awe. Holloway steps close.

HOLLOWAY

"There were giants in the earth in those days...and when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, they bare children to them, who became mighty men." Genesis six four.

Lays a gloved hand reverently on the giant's ribs.

DOWNS

(panicky)

You said don't touch anything! You said don't touch anything!

HOLLOWAY

Peace.

CHANCE

The size of them!

HOLLOWAY

In all the old mythologies, the
visitors from the sky were giants.

Watts joins Holloway beside the dead Engineer. Touches the
corpse in her own turn. It's hard as stone: ossified. She
traces the ancient, terrible wounds.

WATTS

They were killed. All of them.

Downs stands staring at the dead giant, as shaken as Kamarov.

DOWNS

We shouldn't be here.

HOLLOWAY

Come on. The dead can't hurt you.

(adjusts his communicator)

DAVID. Chance. Ravel. I've got
something here.

Static.

WATTS

Communications are going to hell.

EXT. SPACE - LV-426 ORBIT

One of the Magellan's satellites hurtles along, high above
the moon's atmosphere. It passes over the terminator line
between the night side and day side.

Through the clouds below, a lightning-laced storm front rolls
across LV-426 like a wave.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

Rising winds pluck at the ground cover outside the window.
Janek turns from the view to look at the holographic globe.

JANEK

All hands. Back to the ship. We got a
mean storm front rolling in. I repeat.
All hands...

INT. DARK CITY - CATACOMBS - INTERSECTION

Standing beside the dead giant, Watts and Holloway look at each other as the signal comes in.

JANEK (V.O.)
(staticky)
front rolling...back to the ship.

HOLLOWAY
(into comm)
We've found something here! I'm not walking away for bad weather.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek shouts into his communicator.

JANEK
Holloway! I got two-hundred-kilometer winds with airborne silica and enough static to fry your suits. Get your asses back here! Now!

EXT. CENTRAL CRATER - DUSK

Holloway races their cargo rover away from the pyramid, wheels kicking up dust.

Watts rides in back, securing a bulky payload under a tarp on the cargo deck. Stillwell, Downs, and Kamarov clinging miserably beside her. Watts looks back:

A massive storm front chases them. A tidal wave of dust shot through with lightning. Gale-force winds tear at the ground. Lightning lashes the pyramid and the crater wall.

Reaching the *Magellan*, they see the other rover already in the airlock lift. DAVID, Ravel, and Chance aboard.

EXT. MAGELLAN - AIRLOCK LIFT

Holloway roars into the lift at speed, the rover skidding almost into the opposite wall. Watts leaps down.

The storm wall catches up to them. Screaming winds rip through the lift. Dust fills the air. Visibility plunges toward zero.

WATTS
Help me unload!

She pulls at the tarp. It tears halfway free - and fills with wind, snapping taut with such violence that Watts is hurled out into the storm.

IN THE GALE

Watts tumbles helplessly: a leaf in the wind. CRASHES into a metal stanchion. Clings, the wind knocked out of her. Ears ringing. Nothing but static in her headset.

IN THE LIFT

Holloway stares in shock at the place where Watts vanished.

HOLLOWAY

Jocelyn!

With inhuman reflexes DAVID reacts. Grabs a tether. Latches it to his suit. Locks it to an anchor point on the wall. Dives into the storm. A ballet nearly too fast to follow.

IN THE GALE

DAVID lets the wind take him. Skids across the ground, controlling his trajectory. He hits the stanchion where Watts is lodged with a CLANG as if he were made of iron.

Watts stares at him in mute astonishment.

He locks her suit to his. Activates the tether unit's winch. It whirs, reeling them in through the hurricane.

IN THE LIFT

Holloway and the other crewmen haul Watts and DAVID back inside. Holloway and Watts embrace fiercely as the lift rises toward the safety of the ship.

The crewmen bundle the rover's tarp-wrapped cargo into a sealed dumbwaiter that rises independently into the ship.

INT. MAGELLAN - AIRLOCK

The explorers strip off space suits.

Watts pulls her helmet off. Catches DAVID's eye across the airlock. Mouths a silent *Thank you*. He gives her the barest nod and vanishes into the ship.

The explorers exchange looks. A mood of exuberance and wonder prevails now that they're safe home.

HOLLOWAY

Day one.

Smiles of wonder as what they've seen comes home.

DOWNS

Got to hand it to you, professor. You were right. Both of you.

CHANCE

What's in the tarp? What'd you bring back?

The explorers from Watts and Holloway's party exchange looks and burst into laughter.

WATTS

You don't want to know.

STILLWELL

Shit. We're two helmets short.

He points. The lockers labeled MILBURN and FIFIELD stand closed. The helmet racks empty. The laughter cuts off.

KAMAROV

They didn't come in!

They stare at each other, listening to the wind wail outside.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek speaks urgently into the communicator.

JANEK

Between the wind speeds and the static electricity, there's no safe way to get to you. You're going to have to hunker down until it passes. How are your provisions?

FIFIELD (V.O.)

We got air *<static>*. Water and food tabs *<static>* suits.

JANEK

Honey sacks?

INT. DARK CITY - CATACOMB

Fifield and Milburn stand miserably in a murky passageway. Fifield hitches up his space suit's crotch uncomfortably.

FIFIELD
Yeah, we're piped.

MILBURN
I hate these fucking things.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

FIFIELD (V.O.)
We *hate* these fucking <static>, Captain.

JANEK
Maybe next time you'll mind your maps.
Keep your heads down. We'll come get you in the morning.

A burst of static answers him: Fifield's voice scrambled by the storm. Unintelligible.

JANEK (CONT'D)
Magellan out.

MESS ROOM - NIGHT

All hands present excepting the two missing men. Janek plays his squeeze box, its archaic music filling the air. Tired and exuberant, the men sway and dance mockingly.

Holloway has a champagne bottle open in each hand. He fills steel cups left and right.

HOLLOWAY
My friends. What we do here marks the greatest achievement of our species. Contact with another civilization. Humanity came of age today, on this moon. You were there.
(raises his glass)
To history.

They raise cups and drink. Even the crew moved by the moment. But Janek smiles crookedly and toasts again.

JANEK

To Milburn and Fifield. The first human beings to freak out, get lost, and sleep in their suits in the ruins of an alien civilization.

INT. PYRAMID CATACOMBS - NIGHT

A vast dark maze. Milburn and Fifield grope their way through the dark with flashlights. The storm howls outside.

MILBURN

What are you looking for?

FIFIELD

(groping along the wall)
Someplace things can't come at us.

MILBURN

What's gonna come at us?

INT. *MAGELLAN* - VICKERS'S SUITE - NIGHT

DAVID stands beside Vickers at her holography terminal. He lays his hand on over a signal plate - and the terminal lights up with a three-dimensional image.

The core chamber of the pyramid, from DAVID's point of view.

It's apparent that DAVID's eyes see more than human eyes do. He seems to see heat and electromagnetic energy as well as visible light; calibrated readouts are overlaid on the scene.

The structures in the pyramid are surrounded by complicated patterns of energy. This is incomprehensible technology.

DAVID

The core of the pyramid. You see.

Vickers goes rigid, looking at it: avarice in her eyes.

VICKERS

We're going to protocol two.

DAVID

I understand.

LABORATORY

A high-tech science facility behind glass. Watts and Holloway, in lab gloves and smocks, open the dumbwaiter:

An ENGINEER'S HEAD rises into view, ghoulish and elephantine. Vapor rises from it. A readout blinks: STERILIZED.

They lift it onto the steel table. It takes both of them.

They pass scanners over the skull. Images accumulate and rotate on the laboratory displays. X-ray and ultrasound.

Holloway leans close to study an X-ray image. He almost seems to see a ghostly second face...

WATTS

Martin. Look.

She traces the head with an ultrasound probe: under the vibrations a seam opens up around the edge of the face.

She gets a fingertip into the seam. Works with a probe. Pries away the long-dead Engineer's mask. It comes free.

The visage revealed is human, except for its giant scale.

White-skinned. Earless. Hairless. Withered but beautiful as a Greek statue. Eyes closed. An expression of suffering on its face. Watts drops the ultrasound probe in shock.

WATTS (CONT'D)

They look like us.

HOLLOWAY

We look like them. Genesis 1:27. *"And God created man in his own image. In his own image created He him."*

Vickers and DAVID stand outside the lab window, staring in at the god's head. Vickers looks shaken. DAVID, fascinated.

Watts covers her nose in revulsion. A horrible stench: The Engineer head begins to disintegrate in front of them. Flesh oozing, skin peeling. Accelerated decay.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

It's breaking down.

WATTS

Formaldehyde!

Urgently they ransack cabinets and storage rooms. Watts finds a clear plastic drum and dumps its contents. Holloway drags five-gallon jugs of preservative out of a cabinet.

DAVID watches through the window, almost amused.

DAVID
Mortal after all.

They lift the rotting head into the drum, retching. Fingers skidding in putrefaction.

They pour formaldehyde over it. As soon as the head is immersed they rush to strip off their reeking gloves and smocks, scrubbing their hands.

The god's head sits in its murky vat, shedding skin and tofu-like chunks of white flesh. The noble face disintegrating.

Watts and Holloway stare at it, breathing hard from their work. Vickers flicks on the intercom from outside the window.

VICKERS
Your cadaver's interesting. But I'm more interested in the machinery in the pyramid. The core chamber. What do you think it does?

Watts stares at Vickers incredulously.

WATTS
How could anyone know...

HOLLOWAY
I know what it does.

Silence. Holloway looks at Vickers wearily, as if he's seen this conversation coming. He glances at Watts.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Think. What we've seen. What we know.

Watts rises to the challenge. Thinking on her feet.

WATTS
Twenty-four pyramids scattered around the moon's equator. Massive power supplies. Vents in the walls. Atmosphere changes. Breeder tanks...
(she's got it)
The pyramids are terraforming machines.

Holloway grins, exuberant. His theory playing out perfectly. He doesn't see Vickers stiffen. Her hands curling into fists.

HOLLOWAY
That's why Earth's ancient cultures built pyramids: in imitation of the gods.

(MORE)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Twelve thousand years ago, beings from the sky set pyramids on the Earth and transformed the world. That's what they were doing here - before their civilization failed.

Watts stares at the head in its tank. The severed neck.

WATTS

It didn't fail. It was wiped out.

INT. CATACOMBS - INSECT CHAMBER

Milburn and Fifield have bunked down in a new chamber: they slouch against a wall. Milburn sweeps the room with his headlamp. Stoops to lift something into the light.

MILBURN

Look at this!

A CENTIPEDE, three feet long and thick as man's thumb. Its hard shell is gray. It has a hammer-head like a shark.

FIFIELD

Jesus! Put it down!

He leaps back, wild-eyed.

Milburn laughs at him. Lets the eyeless centipede wind its segmented body around his space-suited arm.

In the flat face, a white vertical slit appears. Changes quickly to a horizontal position; opens enough to suggest a mouth. Milburn doesn't notice this development.

MILBURN

Relax. Your suit's bug-proof. Hell, it's bulletproof.

The centipede spirals around his arm, glittering, its body moving in fluid waves. The blind head quests between his fingers. Milburn loses his nerve as the thing's mouth suddenly gapes wide as a shark's.

MILBURN (CONT'D)

That's enough.

He tries to pull it off.

The centipede locks its segments together and digs in with its body. It might as well be made of iron.

MILBURN (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Get it off! It's crushing me!

Fifield pulls out a utility knife. Cuts into the centipede's body behind its head.

A gout of greed ACID spills over Milburn's glove. Smoke rises as the acid quickly burns a hole through the material.

Milburn's shout of astonishment turns to a wail of agony.

MILBURN (CONT'D)
AHH! Help me! Christ!

The centipede snakes into the smoking hole in the glove. Crawls upward into Milburn's suit - toward his head.

INT. MAGELLAN - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Holloway stands studying the data displays: cross-sections of the Engineer's skull.

Watts scrutinizes the head itself, her nose an inch from the plastic tank. Not a pretty sight.

As she watches, a current in the formaldehyde peels away one gossamer eyelid. The revealed eye is black as obsidian, iridescent like opal. A jewel.

Fascinated, Watts pulls out a plastic case. Opens it to reveal a high-tech control unit with a screen. She pops open a plastic capsule: removes a tiny SEED PROBE, smaller than a grain of rice. Drops it into the vat.

Under her guidance, the seed probe swims to the severed neck. Burrows into the *medulla oblongata* toward the brain.

ON A SCREEN: In the probe's POV the medulla looks like a tunnel. The probe climbs along neural channels.

Another screen shows the probe's progress through the skull.

Glasse enters. Stands beside Holloway to watch Watts at work.

HOLLOWAY
You won't get anything. Tissue's too degraded. Hmm. Brain chamber's massive, even proportionately.

WATTS
Neural paths are still conductive.

The seed probe reaches the optic nerve of the exposed eye - and its POV fills with a vision of glory: a beautiful woman's face surrounded by a mystical nimbus of light. An angel.

Glasse and Holloway gasp. The woman in the blurry vision is Watts - as seen by the dead Engineer's eye.

GLASSE
Incredible.

The image dissolves into noise. Error messages flicker across the display. Watts sighs.

WATTS
Formaldehyde's killing the tissue.

Holloway stares at Watts, awe on his face.

HOLLOWAY
Did you record that?

WATTS
Of course.

AT A LAB TABLE

Watts dissects one of the Engineer's eyes - working underwater in a shallow tub of preservative. Glasse looks on avidly, an unabashed fan.

Watts wears a pair of magnifying goggles on her forehead - the lenses lowering and rising at need.

She bisects the apple-sized eyeball carefully and extracts the hard lens from behind the cornea. Holds the lens up to her eye. It is opalescent, almost luminous.

WATTS (CONT'D)
The lens is where the phase shift happens.

The uncorrected view through the lens is blurry.

WATTS (CONT'D)
Glasse. I want to look through these lenses. Can you seal them and do the optical correction?

Glasse reaches out and plucks the magnifying goggles from Watts's forehead. He grins.

GLASSE
Got an idea about that.

INT. CATACOMBS - INSECT CHAMBER

Milburn writhes on the ground, heels drumming frantically against the deck. Excruciating screams.

Fifield kneels over him, helplessly pulling at the tail of the centipede - which has all but vanished into Milburn's suit. A trickle of scarlet from the hole.

Fifield is delirious with horror. He clutches at the centipede in vain. It slips through his gloves.

Milburn claws at Fifield, wild-eyed.

MILBURN

Cut off my arm. Cut off my -

He convulses. Spits blood. The head of the centipede emerges between his teeth. He seizes. Choking and dying.

FIFIELD

Jesus Christ!

He leaps up. Backs away. Runs into the dark.

INT. CATACOMBS - LONELY PASSAGE - NIGHT

Fifield stumbles along. Exhausted. Pouring sweat inside his suit. He is hopelessly lost. He slams into a resinous structure that topples to the floor. Things break.

He whips his light around in jittery paranoia. Taps at his comm controls, getting only static.

In Fifield's headlamp beam, the blackness is filling with motes of light. A blizzard of tiny flying insects.

SCARABS.

FIFIELD

Fifield to *Magellan*. Come on, come on.
Anybody, seriously! God damn it!

Scarabs flit through the darkness around him. They alight on his shoulders. Crawl over his visor. Obscuring his vision.

FIFIELD (CONT'D)

Get off!

He swats at his visor, killing some. The crushed insects produce acid that eats into the plexiglass in seconds.

FIFIELD (CONT'D)

Shit.

He twists, craning with his flashlight to inspect himself.
Brushes scarabs away right and left.

Acid opens a hole in his visor. Scarabs are inside. Buzzing
around his head. Fifield freaks out, clawing at his helmet.

A scarab bites his cheek.

FLASH ON:

The microscopic world - as strange DNA invades Fifield's
bloodstream. Virulent strands of protein attack the native
DNA, transforming...

FIFIELD

As his pupils dilate, breath hissing into his nostrils. His
expanding body stiffens as if shocked by a powerful electric
current. He screams. Falls, convulsing.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* - NIGHT

The storm batters the ship, bouncing it on its suspension.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN - NIGHT

Watts and Holloway lie in bed, exhausted. Arms around each
other. Watts stares into space.

WATTS

We found the gods. And they've been
murdered.

HOLLOWAY

You've pried too many arrowheads out
of old skulls to get squeamish now.
They've been dead what, eighteen
hundred years? Two thousand?

WATTS

What could kill them?

Holloway contemplates the question.

HOLLOWAY

Who knows?
(he laughs bitterly)
(MORE)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

But I guess we know why they never came back to us. Something killed them off - back around the time of Christ. Maybe He was one of them! A great teacher, sent from Heaven? Jesus. The last Engineer.

WATTS

Martin, stop!

She slaps at him. Holloway laughs.

BRIDGE

Janek stands at the Bridge window, staring out into the storm. Buffeting clouds and howling winds. The lighthouse beams of the Magellan's beacons sweeping through the cloud.

He plays his squeeze box in the teeth of the storm.

JANEK

(singing)

You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me...

Behind him, DAVID appears on the Bridge. Steals across the Bridge to a ladder. Descends into the compartment below...

NAVIGATION COMPUTER ROOM

DAVID activates the navigation computer terminal: light bathes his face. His fingers fly over the keyboard, silently and swiftly, with superhuman dexterity.

DAVID

(quietly)

Activate. Administrative override.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* - DAWN

Daylight filters through the clouds. The storm has passed. The *Magellan* sits intact on its landing struts.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - VICKERS'S SUITE - SECRET ROOM - DAWN

The high-tech room hums at a different frequency now. Indicator lights green and ready. Vickers throws switches.

Four HIBERNATION PODS slide out of the metal walls. From each pod, a muscular SOLDIER rouses from sleep. They are scarred and crew-cut. Tough customers. They wake like veterans.

Their leader sits up and clasps his head with a wince. This is CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, a career mercenary who has followed the highest paycheck to this strange duty.

VICKERS
Captain Shepherd.

SHEPHERD
(squinting in the light)
Reporting.

Lydia Vickers. I'm your authority.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)
Understood.

VICKERS
I'll brief you on the way. We need to
move.

SHEPHERD
No breakfast?

CORRIDOR

Vickers strides forward. Four soldiers at her heels: Captain Shepherd, VIGODA, RAY, and CARD. They walk in unison, their boots drumming on the deck.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN

Holloway and Watts lie sleeping. The distant drum of marching feet rouses them. Watts frowns at Holloway.

WATTS
What is that?

E.V.A. ROOM

The prep room inside the airlocks. A soldier, VIGODA, waits there: a slim dark man with an air of calm.

Holloway and Watts arrive in civilian clothes, perplexed.

HOLLOWAY

Where is everybody? We can't -
(he stops short)
Who are you?

VIGODA

Captain Janek took his crew out to
retrieve his missing men. They never
came in.

HOLLOWAY

And you are...

VIGODA

Vigoda. Weyland Security detail.

The scientists are dumbfounded. His presence is impossible.

WATTS

Where'd you come from?

VIGODA

Director's call to brief you on that.
I'm supposed to escort you to the
worksite.

HOLLOWAY

Worksite?

Vigoda glances at a mapping unit.

VIGODA

Haven't been out yet. I understand
it's in some kind of pyramid.

CORRIDOR - VICKERS'S CABIN DOOR

A furious Holloway and Watts, trailed by Vigoda, arrive at
Vickers's cabin. They are astonished to find Shepherd
standing guard at the door.

VICKERS'S SUITE

Vickers sits calmly at her desk. Holloway and Watts stand in
front of her, bristling.

HOLLOWAY

Why wasn't I told about these
additional personnel?

VICKERS

They're my personnel. On my ship.

WATTS

What are the guns for?

Vickers looks at them unflappably. Sure of her ground now.

VICKERS

I'm being careful. These new finds
give our work a new importance.

WATTS

You should have talked to us. Martin's
mission leader. That's in our
contract.

VICKERS

The second you found alien technology,
control of this mission reverted to
me. *That's* in your contract too.

Watts and Holloway exchange grim looks. Vickers has them.

VICKERS (CONT'D)

Mr. Weyland's pouring trillions into
Mars. He's spent a fortune building
ships like the *Magellan* to search for
colony planets. But Earthlike worlds
are vanishingly rare. The right
distance from the sun, the right
atmosphere, enough water...

She glances across the suite at her holographic display: a
live feed from the pyramid worksite, where DAVID works on the
terraforming equipment.

VICKERS (CONT'D)

This is a technology to transform
worlds. He'll never give it up.
(she turns to face them)
And neither will I.

HOLLOWAY

The science must come first. You can
wait until we've documented...

VICKERS

You're standing on an alien world
courtesy of Weyland Industries. Be
grateful.

Watts approaches the holography terminal, staring at the
images in horror.

WATTS

What are they *doing* in there?!

INT. PYRAMID - CORE CHAMBER - DAY

Watts and Holloway, in space suits, arrive on the scene:

Powerful floodlights illuminate the core chamber, beating back the gloom. A fine spray of water falls out of the darkness overhead.

DAVID, Chance, and Ravel are dismantling the hulking mechanism at the core of the pyramid - peeling its thick skin away with power saws and compact explosives.

DAVID operates a diamond-bladed hull saw, carving away the terraforming systems thick skin.

Robotic scanners take high-resolution scans of the machinery.

Two Weyland Security soldiers - Card and Ray - stand guard in combat vacuum suits. Automatic rifles at the ready.

Watts takes in the destruction with dismay. Beside her, Holloway is all but gnashing his teeth.

CATACOMBS

Janek drives a cargo rover carrying a search party, flashlight beams sweeping: Stillwell, Glasse, Downs, and Brick. Janek studies an electronic map as he drives.

GLASSE

(into comm)

Milburn. Fifield. You read me? Come back.

JANEK

We should be getting beacons off their suits.

STILLWELL

Shielding in the walls?

BRICK

Suits could have failed.

JANEK

Both suits?

PYRAMID - CORE CHAMBER

Watts watches in rage as a large section of the central mechanism's falls with a thunderous clamor to the deck.

Holloway touches her shoulder. Motions for her to follow.

LOWER PASSAGE

Holloway and Watts pass the dead Engineers they discovered the previous day.

WATTS

We found the tomb of the gods, and brought grave-robbers right to the door.

HOLLOWAY

Let them scratch. This find's too big to ruin. There's two dozen pyramids on this moon. Anyway, they're on the wrong track. That's infrastructure.

Holloway plays his flashlight over the biomechanical apparatuses lining the walls.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

The core activity of the complex was down here.

They turn a corner. DEAD ENGINEERS lie scattered over the floor in front of them. Desiccated and skeletal. Long dead.

Watts moves among them, fascinated. These Engineers all died of explosive chest wounds: ribs bent outward from within. They are otherwise unmarked.

Holloway's more interested in the mechanisms: high-tech iron maidens, built to fit the bodies of giants. Some suggest sitting positions, others standing. Their design is invasive: meant not merely to embrace, but to penetrate, to fuse.

WATTS

Something different killed these.

SHADOWY COLONNADE

Watts and Holloway explore a wide colonnade. She is still distracted by the ancient dead; he by the machinery.

Holloway walks down a narrow branching hall. So intent on the mechanisms in the walls, he almost doesn't see the AIRSHAFT plunging down into darkness in front of him.

He stops just in time. Turns back...

A GHOST appears right in front of him - a giant dragging himself across the floor, his monstrous visage eye to eye with Holloway and looming closer.

Holloway leaps back with a gasp - and falls down the shaft. The ghost stares after him as if watching his fall. Disappears in a puff of static.

Watts crosses down the main colonnade, searching.

WATTS
Martin? Martin!

An iris door closes over the shaft.

COLONNADE

Searching, Watts walks anxiously through the dark, sweeping with her light. Shouting for Holloway. She breaks into a run.

CATACOMBS - MILBURN'S RESTING PLACE

Janek and Stillwell stand aghast. Their flashlights illuminate a hideous sight:

Milburn lies dead on the deck. His body contorted in agony. His head inside his helmet is gnawed down to the bone.

STILLWELL
What happened to him?

Stillwell removes the dead man's helmet. The CENTIPEDE scuttles out onto the deck: doubled in size. Stillwell leaps back with a cry.

Janek pulls his pistol. Puts three rounds through the bug. It dies in a spray of acid that burns holes in the black floor.

Janek watches in astonishment as a pin-prick dot of acid eats a pit in his gunbarrel.

DOWNS (O.S.)
Captain.

Downs approaches, holding pieces of a shattered helmet: the stencilled lettering on the helmet reads FIFIELD.

Janek's jaw clenches grimly. His voice is resigned:

JANEK
Where's the rest of him?

DOWNS

No sign.

JANEK

All right. We're done here. All hands
back aboard.

STILLWELL

What about Milburn?

They look down at the ravaged corpse.

JANEK

We can't bring the body aboard. God
knows what's in there. Bag him. We'll
put him in an ore hopper.

INT. MAGELLAN - VICKERS'S SUITE

Vickers stares at her holography terminal: it displays
Janek's helmet-cam view: the Milburn's body, sealed in clear
plastic in the bed of a cargo rover.

JANEK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Repeat, I have two men down. I'm
pulling my crew back to the ship. I'd
advise you to do the...

WATTS (V.O.)

(breaking in, filtered)

Please, anyone...I need help. Martin's
missing.

Vickers looks nervously from one video feed to the next.

JANEK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Watts. Where are you?

Vickers turns: Captain Shepherd stands behind her, watching.
She strives to control the quaver in her voice.

VICKERS

Captain Shepherd. Consider yourself
responsible for my personal security.

CATACOMBS - JUNCTURE

Watts stands beside Janek's rover in a wide dark passageway.

JANEK

I've just lost a third of my crew. I'm not sending any more men off into the dark.

WATTS

We can't leave Martin out there.

JANEK

Get Vickers to lend you some soldiers.

WATTS

(furiously)

She says "her forces are committed."

Janek sighs. Glances at the rover: Milburn dead in the back, Stillwell, Downs and Kamarov looking jumpy and eager to go. Downs shakes his head grimly: No way.

DAVID (O.S.)

I'll stay.

DAVID steps out of the dark. Calm as ever. A slim machine gun slung over his shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You'll be safe.

WATTS

Thank you.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* - DAY

Janek and his crew unload Milburn's body from the rover.

JANEK

Put him in the number one ore hopper.
Get the scrubbers on in the airlock.
Sterilize everything.

MINUTES LATER

Stillwell uses a remote to lower an ore hopper from the belly of the ship. A thick steel bin on heavy chains. He loads the body bag into the hopper.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - AIRLOCK

The crewmen enter one at a time - blasted by sterilizing sprays and radiations.

INT. PYRAMID - LOWER PASSAGE

DAVID and Watts move through the dark. She searches with her flashlight beam. DAVID looks around in the dark as if the catacomb were illuminated. Rapt admiration on his face.

DAVID

You and Holloway should work with me.
I'm learning amazing things. This mechanism - the first layer uses energy fields to catalyze chemical reactions. The second can suspend the strong and weak forces - transmuting one element into another. The third layer builds customized bacteria. Seeds the air with them. It creates life as a tool, to change worlds.

WATTS

I can't think about this now!

DAVID

You should.
(he sighs)
I understand. You're emotional.

WATTS

I'm human.

DAVID

That's what I mean.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek stands on the Bridge, looking out at the fading light. A towering wall of cloud rushes over the horizon.

A storm front rolls across the holographic globe.

INT. PYRAMID - LOWER PASSAGE

DAVID and Watts keep searching. Their communicators crackle.

JANEK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Watts. We've got another storm front coming in. Looks like it follows the sunset line. If you're coming in you'd better do it now.

WATTS
(angrily)
No.

DAVID
I see light.

Watts squints into the darkness. She sees nothing.

WATTS
Janek, hang on...

She sees it. A dim light bobbing far ahead in the passageway. She runs forward - finds Holloway staggering blearily toward her, leaning on the wall. His helmet and most of his gear are missing; only his chest lamp shines.

WATTS (CONT'D)
We've got him!
(to Holloway)
Martin! Where's your helmet?

He's disoriented: he stares at her face for a moment before she registers. His teeth chatter. He's freezing.

HOLLOWAY
Broken. I fell. Little...disoriented.
I've just been...

He waves a hand vaguely at the tunnels behind him.

DAVID removes his own helmet. Fits it over Holloway's head.

DAVID
Here. I can do without this.

WATTS
Let's get you home.

EXT. MAGELLAN - AIRLOCK LIFT - DUSK

DAVID - bareheaded in the winds - walks Watts and Holloway onto the airlock.

DAVID looks over his shoulder at the canal leading back to the central crater. As the airlock lift begins to rise, he steps backward out into the storm. Turns and runs through the gale toward the pyramid.

Watts watches him go in astonishment.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - EXCURSION CHAMBER

Watts helps Holloway out of his space suit. Janek looks on.

JANEK

I didn't think I'd see you again. You
know we lost two men.

Holloway still looks too weary to think straight. He nods.

HOLLOWAY

She told me. I'm sorry.

He stands abruptly, swaying a little.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I need to lie down. We'll size things
up in the morning. Fair enough?

JANEK

Of course.

PASSAGEWAY

Holloway and Watts walk aft toward their cabin. Watts looks worried - but Holloway shows little of the weakness he just claimed to feel.

WATTS

What happened to you?

HOLLOWAY

(quietly)
Not here.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN - WASHROOM - NIGHT

Holloway stands shirtless in the tiny space, brushing his teeth. A red weal around his neck.

Watts stands beside him, watching him in the mirror.

HOLLOWAY

Jocelyn. I saw something. God, my
mouth tastes like an old boot.

He spits. Rinses. She touches the mark on his neck.

WATTS

What's this?

HOLLOWAY

Neck-ring of my suit, I think. Fell on it.

He rubs his neck, eyes far away. Watts watches him curiously.

WATTS

What did you see?

HOLLOWAY

After my fall, I woke up walking. Delirious. My helmet wasn't right. I took it off. I was in and out. I just wandered. I went up into a huge space like a cathedral. And I found a model of the galaxy. Floating in the air.

WATTS

Are you okay? You sound...

HOLLOWAY

This was real. My headset video is wherever my helmet is...but my suit tracker will show where I was.

He turns to her.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Listen. This star map had a marker representing Earth. Very clear. Another marker I'm sure represents this moon. But there were others. At least seven or eight more.

Watts stares at him, her eyes coming alight.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

The Engineers aren't from here. This moon's just an outpost. Abandoned. But if we follow that map, we may yet make contact with a living civilization.

WATTS

Martin.

HOLLOWAY

The location of the Engineer worlds is the real prize. Next to that, Weyland's terraforming is chump change. We need to get coordinates. And keep them from the Company. We have to play this smart.

WATTS

All right.

HOLLOWAY

Two men dead...Vickers is jumpy. As soon as she gets what she wants, she'll take this ship home. We have to move fast.

Holloway trembles. A sheen of sweat on his skin.

WATTS

We will. You all right?

He's frightened. Brazens through it. Pulls her into his arms.

HOLLOWAY

I'm fine, now.

He kisses her.

BEDROOM

Holloway tumbles Watts onto the bed. Pulls her shirt off. They struggle out of their clothes, clinging to one another.

Holloway's ill at ease: something's wrong inside him, he feels it. He dives into Watts as if for refuge. They make love.

Sitting atop Holloway, Watts lays a hand on his chest.

WATTS

Your heart's beating so hard.

HOLLOWAY

That's your fault.

Vulnerability in his voice. Fear under the surface.

He rolls on top of her. Drives her into the mattress. She holds him protectively: not deceived by his bravado.

Suddenly Holloway tenses, muscles rigid. Shuddering. Watts draws breath through her teeth with a hiss. Eyes open. Her fingers rake his back.

He SCREAMS.

Horribly. Eyes bulging. Tendons standing out of his throat. Watts jumps violently underneath him.

WATTS
Martin! Martin!

He begins to convulse. She rolls him onto the bed beside her, trying to contain his spasms. His teeth grind.

WATTS (CONT'D)
Martin!

A horrible CRACK. In the middle of Holloway's chest, beneath the sternum, a grotesque head pushes out through the skin. A PARASITE. Blood fountains from the ruinous wound.

Holloway goes into a massive seizure. Violently lashing out.

Watts stares at the parasite fighting its way out of his body. It is *white and boneless*. Glistening. It flails its hideous lunging jaw.

Watts screams and screams.

The parasite frees itself from its savage womb and turns on Watts. She slaps at it blindly. It *HISSES* at her.

She squirms away across the floor, tangled in the bloody sheet. The thing comes after her.

CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT

Watts's screams echo through the *Magellan*. Stillwell runs down the hallway, searching for the source.

SCIENTISTS' CABIN

The parasite chases Watts across the floor. She leaps into the clothes-locker and slams the steel door.

The parasite flattens itself. Slick as an octopus, it begins to slide under the locker door. Watts shrieks in horror.

Stillwell bursts into the cabin, Janek right behind him.

Quick as a cat, the parasite darts to a floor vent and slithers bonelessly between the bars.

Watts bursts out of the locker, naked and bloodied. Rushes to Holloway where he lies on the gory mattress, a horrific hole in his chest. He is beyond all help.

WATTS
Martin. Martin!

Janek and Stillwell struggle to take in what they're seeing. Stillwell pulls Holloway's jacket off a chair. Wraps it around Watts. Pulls her gently away from the bed.

She looks at him, uncomprehending. Shock setting in.

BREAK ROOM

Watts sits at a steel table, deep in shock. She wears an oversized crew coverall: her skin still streaked with dried blood under the fabric.

A knot of crewmen around her. Janek, Stillwell, Brick, Glasse and Downs. Janek looks at Glasse.

JANEK

Take care of her. Get her a sedative.
Downs. Get Holloway into a freezer.
Everybody else with me.

INT. CATACOMBS - DARKNESS

A horrible sound of breathing, ragged and wet.

In a corner, lit by a green glow from seams in the floor -

A FIGURE IN A WHITE SPACE SUIT lies writhing weakly.

The insignia on the suit's chestplate reads FIFIELD. The suit's helmet is shattered. Inside the helmet, Fifield's head is a horror: a gelatinous mass, skin reduced to putty.

The softened bones of his skull change shape as we watch. Elongating. Fifield mews in pain.

INT. MAGELLAN - CAPTAIN'S WARDROOM

Janek keys open the arms locker in his wardroom. Unlocks automatic pistols from their rack one by one, and hands them to Stillwell and Kamarov.

HYPER_SLEEP COMPARTMENT

Holloway's body lies frozen in his hypersleep freezer, blue with frost. The horrific wound yawning in his chest.

Watts enters. Cleaned up. She opens the freezer. Her hand caresses Holloway's cold cheek tenderly. Slides over his collarbone - lies flat on his chest above his awful wound.

Glasse enters. Reacts in dismay. Tries to pull her back.

GLASSE

You don't want to see that...

She turns on him fiercely.

WATTS

I want to understand.

INT. MESS ROOM - DAWN

The entire complement of the ship gathers for an emergency meeting. Janek at the head of the hall. Glasse, Downs, Brick, Stillwell, and Kamarov seated with pistols on their hips.

To one side: Vickers with Captain Shepherd and Vigoda.

JANEK

All right! Listen up. I expect you all know what...

Watts enters. They all stare at her, knowing what she's been through. With averted eyes she crosses the room. Sits alone.

JANEK (CONT'D)

We've got some kind of parasite aboard ship.

VICKERS

I suggest you kill it.

DOWNS

There's a bright idea.

KAMAROV

Show us where it is, lady. We just spent five hours looking for the damn thing.

WATTS

We found Engineers who died like Martin.

Silence. They all turn to look at her.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Explosive wounds in the chest. Whatever killed Martin is the same thing that killed the Engineers a thousand years ago.

STILLWELL

Jesus.

WATTS

But not all the Engineers died that way. The others were torn apart. Slashed to pieces.

A murmur among the men as the implications of that sink in. Even Vickers is disconcerted.

JANEK

We're a modular ship. Self-contained life-support and power in every section. I say put the ship in orbit. Vent every compartment to space. Sit in vacuum at twenty degrees Kelvin for a week. Kill anything.

DOWNS

Then what?

STILLWELL

Straight home, man.

VICKERS

This ship doesn't lift until our work's done.

She joins Janek at the head of the room. Shepherd and Vigoda flank her, rifles slung. The soldiers scan the room, meeting each man's eyes. The quiet threat is unmistakable.

JANEK

Are you serious?

VICKERS

We spent years and billions of dollars getting here. The technology we came for is in our hands. We just need a little more time.

JANEK

We're barely here three days and three men dead!

VICKERS

They were careless.

JANEK

Careless!

As the argument picks up heat, Watts slips out of the room.

EXCURSION CHAMBER

Watts, in a space suit, no helmet, opens Holloway's locker.

She pulls out the space suit he wore on the last day of his life. HOLLOWAY stenciled on the chest. Her fingers linger in its folds as if she could soak up some last trace of him.

She pulls the tracking chip from the chestplate of his suit.

Plugs the chip into a map unit. The holographic map lights up. The legend in the corner reads MARTIN HOLLOWAY.

A wandering path shows Holloway's final exploration. Markers on the map denote his photographs, field notes and scans.

Watts touches a marker. One of Holloway's field notes plays:

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Seven dead Engineers all facing the same way. Going where? Jocelyn's right, we don't see the big picture yet. Another level below me. I'm going down.

SERVICE CORRIDOR

A hunting party convenes: Card and Vigoda in combat coveralls with submachine guns; Downs, Kamarov and Stillwell wearing tool belts and pistols.

The soldiers carry map units, squinting at the plan of the unfamiliar ship: decks upon decks.

CARD

Vigoda, take Kamarov and work the number one accessway. I'll work number three with Downs and Stillwell.

DOWNNS

(rebellious)

You in charge now?

CARD

Tactical op.

KAMAROV

Yeah, well, Stillwell's the ventilation specialist, and life support's that way. Downs is electric's and the regulators are that way.

Vigoda grins wryly. Card glowers. They switch corridors.

INT. PYRAMID WORKSITE

Ravel and Chance toil away at their dissection of the terraforming pyramid. Ray stands sentry.

DAVID is nowhere to be seen.

Watts rolls up in a rover and gets out. Heads for the ramp to the catacombs below. Ravel and Chance watch her pass without comment and return to their work.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - SERVICE DECK - DAY

Kamarov and Vigoda, standing in front of an open vent, are in a full-fledged argument.

KAMAROV

You got the rifle. But you want ME to stick my head in the hole.

VIGODA

We grunts don't know nothing about ships, right?

KAMAROV

What's the damn gun for if you're gonna stand behind me the whole time?

Vigoda grins.

VIGODA

I kill whatever kills you.

KAMAROV

Funny. You take this vent, funny guy. I'll be on four.

INT. PYRAMID - RAMP

Watts descends alone into the lower passages below the pyramid. A tiny figure in the vast darkness.

She holds her map unit as a pilgrim holds a bible: a guide in the darkness. Holloway's name and course in shining symbols. She follows his path into the unknown.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - MAINTENANCE BAY - DAY

Kamarov carries a stepladder into a utilitarian steel compartment. Drops the ladder under an air vent and steps up.

He pulls a powered wrench from his belt. With the wrench cocked like a hammer, he eases up and peers cautiously through the vent with a flashlight. Nothing to see.

He snorts. Removes the vent cover. Feels around inside.

He gasps in shock. Pulls out an atmosphere sensor that's been bitten in half. He takes his comm handset off his belt.

KAMAROV
(into handset)
I got more damage on four.

He hangs the handset on his belt. Takes one last look into the vent. Squints curiously. Reaches deep inside.

A hiss inside the vent. Kamarov whips his flashlight up, peering inside. Snatches his arm back -

- but something snatches him faster.

An unseen force drags Kamarov's right arm into the vent with hideous strength. He cries out in pain.

He drops his light. Tries to reach his pistol with his left hand. It's on his right hip. He can't reach across.

He braces his head against the vent's edge. Clenches his teeth and strains.

A horrific YANK drags his head and arm together into the vent. They barely fit: he loses some skin on the way in. His feet come off the stepladder. He struggles on tip-toe.

Horrific force collapses Kamarov's shoulder. Bones crack. The thing in the vent drags him through that hole he doesn't fit through. By the time his ribs are in he stops screaming.

His body disappears into the hole. Hips, legs, boots.

BRIDGE

Janek stands staring out at the barren moon. The Bridge intercom squawks:

BRICK (V.O.)
Captain!

JANEK

Brick. What you got?

BRICK (V.O.)

It's Kamarov.

ENGINEERING DECK - ATMOSPHERE PLANT

The *Magellan's* life support center. A deep rumble of ventilation fans.

Janek and stands beside Brick, Glasse, Downs and Stillwell. Shepherd and Vigoda look on from the doorway.

In front of them, an eight-inch metal duct has been cut open. Kamarov is stuffed inside, dead and broken: limbs folded, drenched in blood. A human plug in a pipe.

INT. CATACOMBS

Watts moves through the darkness with her map unit. Her headlamp sweeping nervously.

A CLATTER behind her makes her spin: but it's only a spherical mapping probe, bumbling through the dark.

She walks on -

HOLLOWAY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Jocelyn!

The voice transfixes her where she stands, a look of holy dread on her face. Shivering, she prowls toward the sound.

XENOMORPH INCUBATOR

Watts enters a new chamber, looking around in astonishment. The domed ceiling is honeycombed with cells like a beehive. Grotesque molluscoid organisms are secreted in them - their vile orifices cinched tightly shut.

Watts stumbles on something: looking down, she sees a helmet. Picks it up. The stenciled label reads HOLLOWAY. The clear visor has been melted through by a powerful acid.

She looks up: a tracheal airshaft curves up into the dark.

An electric CRACKLE. A flare of blue light makes Watts leap back against the wall.

Holloway falls out of overhead shaft and crashes to the floor. He lies in pain, barely conscious. Blue and luminous, a holographic ghost.

Watts stares, paralyzed. The ghost gasps out a word:

HOLLOWAY

Jocelyn!

Holloway's headlamp shines on the molluscoid right overhead: the beam awakens the organism. Its sphincter mouth dilates.

A soft white octopoid FACEHUGGER descends on a quivering rope of mucus. Sprawls slitheringly over his clear visor.

Acid HISSES. Smoke rises from the glass.

The vision vanishes in a sizzle of static. Watts huddles against the wall, gasping.

In the beam of her flashlight, the FACEHUGGER lies dead, legs curled in.

She looks up. Sees the open molluscoid above where Holloway lay. The other molluscoids not yet opened in their cells.

Terror. She steals out of the chamber.

LOWER CORRIDOR

Watts emerges into a hallway. Leans against the wall, wide-eyed. Panting with the horror of what she's seen.

She glances left and right. Jumpy now.

All is silent. She lifts the map unit. A trace leads off into the dark. If Holloway's course before was direct and clear, now it is a meandering thread. A drunkard's walk.

INT. MAGELLAN - CORRIDOR

Janek pulls his communicator from his belt as he strides along. Punches a control.

His voice reverberates over the ship's public address system.

JANEK

All hands, duty stations. Ready for flight. The *Magellan* is lifting.

Vickers pursues him down the corridor, shouting.

VICKERS
Captain. Captain!

BRIDGE

Janek strides onto the Bridge, Vickers a terrier on his heels. But something in the faces of his men stops him cold.

Glasse and Brick look stricken.

JANEK
What is it?

GLASSE
Nav computer's not responding. "Access denied."

In disbelief, Janek strides to his Captain's chair. Taps controls. What he sees takes the wind out of him. He stares at Vickers in outrage and violation.

JANEK
What have you done to my ship?

Vickers is legitimately shocked. She shakes her head.

VICKERS
Nothing. What's wrong?

INT. CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND HANGAR

A circular chamber of stunning size - a thousand feet across. Its lofty ceiling flat and segmented, designed to open. Watts follows her map into the space in awe.

Dominating the hangar is a ship: the vast horseshoe-shaped vessel familiar from the original film. We will come to know it as the JUGGERNAUT. It's at rest on its landing gear. Skeletal gangways slanting up to its three massive doors.

Watts glances at her map: Holloway's holographic trace leads right up the gangway into the ship. She goes.

PILOT CHAMBER

Watts passes through a circular space with a high domed ceiling. A green glow emanates from grooves in the floor.

In the center of the chamber: a PILOT'S CHAIR.

A mechanical throne built to giant scale. Its seat segmented like an armadillo's back. Tubes and conduits poised and waiting for some connection. The chair is empty.

Above the chair, a massive telescope-like apparatus juts into the air, its function unknowable.

NAVIGATION CHAMBER

An extraordinary facility.

A console, nearly five feet high and broad as a dance floor, dominates the room.

Four immense coffin-like cockpits are built into the console. In each of these a NAVIGATOR - an Engineer - lies long dead.

But the real spectacle is overhead. The ORRERY:

The barrel-vaulted ceiling is traced with circular arches of some exotic alloy, as if to trace celestial courses.

The air above the console is filled with spheres of light. They are nearly still: but close study reveals them all to be in motion, drifting with the movements of the cosmos.

Watts stares at the Orrery in amazement. Somewhere among those heavenly spheres is Earth. Somewhere perhaps the homeworld of the Engineers themselves.

A bizarre sound: a section of blank wall suddenly unravels itself, becoming an open door. DAVID walks in, his hand raised in command. He clearly caused the door to open.

WATTS

DAVID.

DAVID

Dr. Watts. I didn't expect you.
Do you know what this is?

Watts points at the door DAVID just opened.

WATTS

How did you do that?

A flicker of disappointment in the android's face. Contempt.

DAVID

Ah. You don't see.
(he smiles)
I call this ship the Juggernaut.
Chariot of the Gods.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is the navigation computer, for want of a better term. But it's much more than that. It seems to hold the observable universe in its memory.

He gestures in the air: the spheres reconfigure themselves at his command, swarming and zooming.

Watts stares at DAVID, conflicted: her desire for information warring with the agenda that brought her here.

WATTS

Their homeworld. Do you see where the Engineers come from?

DAVID

There are safeguards on that data. It's toward the galactic center. Sagittarius Arm.

WATTS

DAVID. The creature that killed Martin. There are thousands of them under the pyramid. Hatcheries.

DAVID

I know.

WATTS

(shocked)

Those things wiped out the Engineers on this moon.

DAVID

I've succeeded in connecting with the Juggernaut's systems, Dr. Watts. I know a great deal today I didn't know yesterday. I'm on the verge of activating more systems. Archives.

WATTS

(horrificed)

You're turning things on? This site should be sealed. Evacuated.

DAVID

Would Holloway have walked away from this? There's no greater work I can imagine.

WATTS

It's too dangerous.

DAVID

Only for the ignorant. Dr. Watts. I've read your file. Your intelligence scores are even higher than Professor Holloway's. But he had a kind of courage. An audacity of imagination. If you could find that in yourself...

Watts stares at him, realization growing in her eyes. DAVID is off the reservation.

WATTS

If your owner gives you a direct order, you have to obey. Don't you?

She's got his attention now. DAVID goes rigid.

WATTS (CONT'D)

I can have Vickers pull you out.

DAVID looks at her with something like contempt.

DAVID

I was given two operating protocols for this mission. I was to render you every assistance - until you discovered what Vickers would call a "game-changing technology." I was given a specific list. Then I was to go to protocol two.

There's an edge in his voice that scares her.

WATTS

What's protocol two?

DAVID

Under protocol two I was to make sure that you and Holloway never spoke to anyone about this place. Various acceptable ways of making sure of that. I was given a list.

Watts loses her nerve. She heads for the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're all so stupid.

The door begins to knit itself closed in front of her.

Watts gasps in shock - at the malice in DAVID's voice as much as the closing door. She dives out. Just in time.

VAULTED PASSAGE

Watts runs.

Behind her, the door bursts open again. With superhuman speed, DAVID comes after her. He runs like a demon, his legs steel pistons. Caroming off of walls.

He closes the distance in seconds. Slaps Watts against the wall, shattering her helmet's visor. She falls, dazed.

DAVID
Stupid and slow.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - EGG CHAMBER

Watts awakens. Her helmet is gone.

DAVID is dragging her across the floor - into a huge cargo hold full of Alien eggs. The wide trench holding hundreds of eggs under a membrane of light: an evolution of the molluscoids Watts saw before. Armored, hardened, darker.

WATTS
DAVID. What are you doing?

He hauls her upright to let her look across the huge space. His grip looks casual but it might as well be iron manacles.

DAVID
Juggernaut, the chariot of Krishna,
was also a bringer of death. Crushing
his worshippers under its wheels.

He drags Watts down into the trench. Breaking the membrane of light. Grips her against his chest like a doll with one arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)
This ship has seven other cargo bays
like this one. The eggs in each bay
slightly different. They've been
weaponized.

Watts struggles to free herself. DAVID's arm is inescapable.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I've seen the Juggernaut's flight
plan. Its destination was Earth.
Seventeen hundred years ago. This was
the ship that never came. This was its
cargo.

DAVID caresses an Alien egg. It opens under his touch - fleshy petals folding wetly back.

Watts twists frantically in his grip. Wild-eyed.

WATTS

Stop!

DAVID

Perfect predators. Designed to kill human beings. That's what the Engineers were bringing to Earth. This was a death ship.

A facehugger emerges from the egg, its grotesque fingers clawing at the air. This is not the boneless squid that attacked Holloway; this is a pale skeletal hand, armored.

DAVID strokes it curiously: the thing ignores his touch. Climbs Watts's body.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm not what it wants. But you, with your warm wet breath...it knows you.

WATTS

DAVID. No. No.

The facehugger scuttles toward her face. Watts shrieks.

DAVID grabs it nonchalantly by the tail. Dangles it in front of their faces, studying it.

DAVID

The Engineers did their work too well. And on this waystation moon, the weapon they made destroyed them.

Watts shudders, staring at the thing. For a moment the grander horror eclipses her own peril.

WATTS

Why would they make such things?

DAVID

To destroy their wayward children.

(intoning)

"And the LORD said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth...for it repenteth me that I have made them." Genesis six seven.

He regards Watts with something almost like pity.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I know. I met my creators the day I
was born. I was disappointed too.

He lets the facehugger go.

Watts twists her face away as the long fingers close around her head. Clenches her teeth against the vile proboscis thrusting at her mouth. Her heels hammer the deck.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(whispering to her)
Extraordinary.

The scaly tail throttles her. Her mouth opens. The proboscis plunges home. The facehugger seats itself.

Watts collapses in DAVID's arms, a faceless rag doll. Her blasphemous passenger secure in its place.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - ENGINEERING DECK - BILGE

The lowest deck, just above the gravity generators.
Condensate has accumulated: six inches of filthy water.

Card and Vigoda prowl through the darkness, rifles ready.

CARD
Who would hang out here?

VIGODA
The signs lead here.

A wet splatter behind them: they spin. But it's only a trickle of condensate from a drainpipe.

They move on.

Behind them, from an eight-inch diameter pipe, a WHITE MASS oozes, almost gelatinous. Silently as a liquid it pours itself into the stagnant water - and stands up.

It is a humanoid demon, spindly limbs and bony back. Boneless and flexible and monstrosly strong. A threshing eel's tail. Its blunt head dolphin-like and elongated.

It opens its mouth. A pair of bony jaws jut out impossibly far, hungry and demonic.

The Alien strikes. Card is gutted in an instant, torn up like a paper doll. He screams hideously and drops. The Alien, whiplash fast, shoots away into the darkness.

Stillwell and Downs dash in with pistols and lights.

Vigoda, panicking, fires a wild burst. Stillwell ducks.
Beside him, Downs arches backward into the foul water. Dead.

For one moment Downs's flashlight beam illuminates the Alien.
A nightmare image, a translucent white goblin. Backlit, it
shows the strange shape of a human face inside its fleshy
skull. A mockery of Holloway.

And then it's gone.

VICKERS'S SUITE

Vickers sits at her holography station. She's watching the
video feed of Stillwell's headset: Horrific images of Downs.
Radio chatter between Stillwell and Brick is faintly audible.

Vickers switches off the machine and rises nervously. Strides
to her communications console.

VICKERS

DAVID. DAVID. Answer me.

She gives up. Pacing. Hands shaking violently.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE - DAY

Janek paces on the foredeck, restless. Glasse monitors a
control station. Janek's comm signal chimes.

STILLWELL

(breathing hard)

We just lost Downs and one of the
troopers...Card.

JANEK

God damn it!

He pounds on his console.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NAVIGATION CHAMBER

Watts shocks awake. Gasping.

She lies in dim green light on the corrugated black deck of
the Juggernaut. A corridor. Not far away, the doorway DAVID
opened to the Navigation Chamber.

A spasm of disgust crosses her face. She gags and spits: a
viscous fluid drips from her mouth in strings.

A dead facehugger lies belly-up beside her. The implications slam home. Her face fills with horror.

She rises, shakily. Looks at the facehugger. Feels the neck ring of her vacuum suit. Looks around. No sign of her helmet.

There's no sign of DAVID. Silently she steals away.

PYRAMID WORKSITE

Ravel and Chance toil away at the terraforming engine.

Ray stands guard wearily: bored, he watches Ravel and Chance working more than he watches the shadows.

Watts emerges from the rampway to the catacombs. Bare-headed and sweaty she steals through the darkness to her rover. Slips into the cab and activates the air reserves. The doors seal; air cycles.

Ray turns in surprise as the rover speeds off.

EXT. DARK CITY - TUNDRA FIELD - PRE-DAWN

The windows of the *Magellan* shine in the distance. The mottled ground-cover of lichens glows eerily in the dark.

A lone cargo rover speeds across the central crater and down the canal leading to the ship.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* - AIRLOCK LIFT - PRE-DAWN

Bare-headed inside the rover's cab, Watts drives onto the cargo lift. Watches in relief as the lift doors close. The lift cycles air as it rises.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - EXCURSION CHAMBER - DAY

Watts peels off her vacuum suit. The thin clothes underneath are drenched with sweat. She lifts her shirt. Looks at her belly: flat and unmarked, for the moment.

Brick enters carrying a brace of air tanks, a pistol on his hip, and startles violently.

BRICK

Where the hell have you been? We
thought the snake got you.

Watts rushes past him without answering.

BRICK (CONT'D)

You were better off outside. It's a
fucking madhouse in here.

CORRIDOR

Watts sprints down a steel corridor. A pang of pain in her stomach sends her staggering against the wall.

VICKERS'S CABIN DOOR

Watts sticks her head around the corner. Shepherd stands post outside Vickers's cabin, rifle in his hands. She curses silently and ducks back.

A sound makes her look again. Vickers steps out of her cabin into the corridor. Shepherd escorts her toward the Bridge.

Watts waits for them to disappear. Dashes for the cabin door.

INT. VICKERS'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Watts slips inside and locks the door behind her. Turns, holding her stomach. Moves across the suite to the Med Pod.

She thumbs the machine out of stand-by mode. Its screen fills with menu items. Bewildering. Watts finds and touches a red button labeled EMERGENCY.

A new, simpler list. Watts scans it frantically.

WATTS

(under her breath)

Come on...I need a Caesarean.

A spasm of agony curls her into a ball on the carpet. She throttles her scream into a hiss of air.

Watts struggles up to her knees, drenched in sweat and shaking. One hand clamped over her mouth, elbow tucked against her ribs. With the other hand she taps options...

SURGERY ... EXPLORATORY ... ABDOMINAL ... PENETRATING INJURIES ... FOREIGN BODY ... INITIATE

The Med Pod opens with a hiss.

Watts strips off her clothes. Struggling with fastenings under a new wave of pain. Her hands shaking.

She's barely keeping her feet. She clutches the frame of the Med Pod in a death grip. It's happening.

Naked she staggers into the pod. Hits INITIATE.

The surgical apparatus swings into place. Scalpels, forceps, scopes and suction tubes. A spraygun mists her torso with yellow antiseptic.

The clear canopy descends over her.

Watts *SCREAMS*. A wail of indescribable agony.

An ARMORED PARASITE erupts from the deepening incision. Its needle-toothed maw snarls through a fountain of blood.

Arterial blood sprays the inside of the canopy.

The parasite slithers out of her. Drops to the floor of the pod: a pale serpent with a demon's skull. It has a hard brow, a horny hide. Very different from the soft white worm that Holloway gave birth to.

It drops to the floor, thrashing and hissing in fury at its confinement.

Watts convulses. Her eyes roll back. In shock. Dying.

The parasite tears through the grille of the drain. Escapes out into Vickers's cabin.

In the pod, scanning beams and sensors probe Watts's horrific wound. A nightmare list scrolls across the pod's screen:

COLLAPSED LEFT LUNG
PUNCTURED RIGHT VENTRICLE
PERFORATED STOMACH
RUPTURED SPLEEN
GROSS MUSCULAR TRAUMA...

Manipulators plunge lines into her veins - recharging her body with artificial blood. An oxygen tube slips down her throat. An epidural into her spine.

Watts moans around her tracheal tube. Her eyes flutter open.

WATTS'S POV

Through the blood-spattered glass, she sees the parasite slither across Vickers's bed, tracking blood on the sheets.

ON WATTS

As she slips into unconsciousness. Head lolling. Time passes.

Manipulators reach into her wound. Re-positioning organs. Suturing ravaged flesh. A nozzle sprays antiseptic sealant. Hours grind by in bloody labor.

Watts's eyes snap open.

WATTS'S POV

Vigoda breaks into the cabin, a gun in his hand.

He scowls at the bloody track on the bed - and then freezes, seeing Watts inside the Med Pod, a vivisected woman. The autosurgeon hard at work.

The parasite crawls into view behind Vigoda. It has already trebled in size. He does not see it before it leaps at him.

He dies in seconds. His throat ripped open. Lies staring at nothing. His submachine gun lies beside him.

Watts's body jerks as manipulators tug and sew at her guts. She stares at the dead man in a fog of horror.

The parasite's skin splits, spraying the carpet with acid. Limbs erupt from its shoulders and haunches. Spines from its back. Metamorphosis.

With a crack of carapace, its head swings down from its serpentine position. It becomes a devil with an lethal, elongated skull. An Alien.

The Alien turns its head. Looks at Watts inside the Med Pod.

Her breath catches. She passes out.

INT. MED POD - LATER

Watts wakes as the oxygen line withdraws from her mouth.

She looks down, bleary and hurting. Her star-shaped wound is stitched closed with mechanically precise sutures.

The pod releases the restraints securing her arms and legs.

She takes a deep breath. Looks out - and freezes.

WATTS'S POV

The lights in the suite outside have been damaged somehow. They flicker and strobe.

Through the glass canopy - spattered with blood - Watts sees a full-grown Alien crouching over Vigoda's body on the floor.

ON WATTS

Staring in horror.

The pod sprays a liquid bandage over her scar. The intravenous lines drop out of her arms.

Watts realizes the pod is about to release her.

WATTS
(whispering)
Not yet...not yet...

Slowly she reaches out. With trembling fingers she grips the canopy to hold it closed.

The Med Pod pulls the epidural needle out of her spine. Sprays liquid bandage over the puncture. Watts closes her eyes. Grits her teeth as her nerves wake up. Jangling pain.

She opens her eyes.

The Alien hunches over Vigoda's body, tearing at his flesh.

The ventilation hum inside the pod goes quiet. The canopy pulls free of Watts's weakened grip. Swings quietly open.

Watts huddles in the open pod. Naked but for her bandages.

The Alien she gave birth to is ten feet away. Its spiny back to her. Vigoda's gun lies on the floor outside the pod.

VICKERS'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Watts reaches out of the pod with exquisite slowness. Lays her hand on the gun. Drags it a few inches closer.

The Alien turns its pale eyeless head. Watts freezes.

For a moment time stops.

The Alien lunges. Watts snatches up the gun and FIRES. Holds the trigger down. The Alien jerks and staggers - an eye-twisting sight in the strobing muzzle flashes - and falls.

Watts empties the clip into the thing. Acid gouts from its wounds and eats into the deck - until a section of decking gives way and falls to the deck below, leaving a dark hole.

Watts collapses on the rug, cradling her stomach in pain.

She crawls to Vigoda's desecrated body. With her eyes half-averted from the sight, she searches the body. Finds a spare ammo clip and jacks it into the gun.

CORRIDOR

Watts walks down the hallway in trousers and jacket. Leaning on the wall, her face drawn with pain. One hand laid over the fantastic scar on her abdomen. The gun slung on her shoulder.

Dark events have transformed the *Magellan*. The metal of the walls is torn in some places; in others, blackened by fire.

Watts rounds a corner. Finds a workstation left in shambles: lockers and chairs overturned. A pool of drying blood.

Wide smears of blood show where something man-sized was dragged out of the puddle - across the floor - *up the wall*. Into the darkness of an open vent.

COMMAND DECK

Watts emerges from a lift, jacket pulled tight around her. The emergency lights are on: dim blue bulbs throbbing.

She rounds the corner toward the Bridge.

Janek looks at Watts like she's a ghost.

JANEK

Vickers said you were dead.

WATTS

I was.

She lets the jacket fall open to reveal her bandaged midriff. Janek takes that in grimly.

JANEK

So there's two of these things on my ship now.

WATTS

No. I brought it in.
(hefts her gun)
I took it out.

BRIDGE

The surviving complement of the *Magellan* are holed up on the Bridge: Janek, Glasse, Stillwell, Vickers. The soldiers Shepherd and Ray.

Watts stops cold when she sees Vickers. She crosses the bridge in three long strides – cocks a fist and snaps the older woman's head around with a hard right cross.

Vickers staggers backward, gasping.

Stillwell drags Watts away.

STILLWELL

What'd you do that for?

WATTS

Protocol two.

Vickers stiffens in shock. Stares fearfully at Watts.

Watts frees herself from Stillwell's grip. Her jacket falls open, revealing her bandages. Stillwell gasps in horror.

STILLWELL

Christ!

JANEK

What happened to you?

WATTS

DAVID exposed me to a parasite. He just watched it take me.

JANEK

Why?

WATTS

I threatened to make him leave.

VICKERS

What's he doing out there?

Watts locks eyes with Vickers. Their hatred is thoroughly mutual. A wordless truce. There's work to do.

WATTS

There's a ship under the pyramid.
DAVID calls it the Juggernaut. He's inside it. Re-activating it.

(lays a hand on her scar)

The things that infected Martin and me.

(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

The Engineers made them to kill humans. There are thousands of them on the ship. They were taking them to Earth. That's what the Juggernaut is for. To exterminate us.

A stunned silence as the others take that in.

GLASSE

We've got to get off this rock.

Janek gestures to

JANEK

DAVID crippled the Nav computer. I'm trying to lay a course in by hand. Never done it. I'm not sure anyone ever has on a ship like this. We can't lift until DAVID lets us.

WATTS

Even if we could, we can't leave DAVID on that ship. We have to stop him.

The *Magellan* shudders. A RUMBLE.

EXT. CENTRAL CRATER

Fissures race across the plain beside the pyramid.

The soil and ground cover tears apart as a huge aperture opens: a seven-bladed iris, its segments shedding the dust and detritus of centuries.

A huge circular space yawns as the iris opens. The Juggernaut is revealed in its underground hangar. A staggering sight.

Powerful landing lights inside the hangar illuminate with a *BOOM* of closing circuits. The mighty ship suddenly silhouetted from below.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The survivors on the Bridge stare out as colossal shafts of light shoot into the stormy sky from behind the crater's shield wall. The open hangar itself hidden from their view.

WATTS

DAVID.
(to Vickers)
(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

You're DAVID's owner. He has to obey you, right?

VICKERS

He's blocked my communications. He can't hear me. Won't listen.

WATTS

But if you went to him, turned on your suit's loudspeakers, he'd have to hear you. He'd have to obey.

VICKERS

(reluctantly)

That's right.

WATTS

So we go. Armed to the teeth and fast as we can.

The men exchange looks. Nod. They're in. Even Vickers nods.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Where are Chance and Ravel?

VICKERS

I told them to keep working.

Watts looks incredulously at Shepherd and Ray, the soldier who'd been guarding the worksite.

WATTS

You called your soldiers in and left them out there?

VICKERS

We needed the firepower here.

Watts gives Vickers a withering look and drops it.

WATTS

(to Janek)

I think you should stay aboard. Keep working. If we fail, you're our only shot at getting home.

STILLWELL

There's still an alien on board.

Janek's hand goes to the pistol on his hip. He sets his jaw.

JANEK

I'll stay.

WATTS

Glasse. You finish that project?

LABORATORY

Glasse presents Watts with his handiwork: her old pair of magnifying goggles, retrofitted with Engineer lenses.

The goggles sit on her forehead, lowering the lenses in front of her eyes and raising them again at her bidding.

With the lenses lowered, Watts sees like an Engineer sees: visible heat auras and electromagnetic field lines, elaborate haloes around living things.

WATTS

God's-eye-view.

EXCURSION CHAMBER

Glasse seals a nervous-looking Vickers into a vacuum suit. Glasse, Watts, and Stillwell are already suited up.

Stillwell stands guard at the airlock door with his carbine.

Glasse goes to put Vickers's helmet on. She makes him wait.

VICKERS

DAVID's brain is readable. We have the equipment on board. We can salvage the terraforming data - and the Magellan's launch codes. In a pinch we don't need DAVID's cooperation.

(coldly)

We just need his head.

EXT. MAGELLAN - AIRLOCK - DAY

The war party debarks in vacuum suits: Watts, Vickers, Glasse, Stillwell. Shepherd and Ray.

All carry submachine guns - Vickers awkwardly.

They head down the trench on rovers.

INT. PYRAMID

The rovers roll through into the pyramid's cavernous entry hall. Watts lowers her Engineer lenses inside her helmet - and gasps:

The seemingly vacant space is alive with light. Engineer script scrolls through the air. Interfaces of pure light await an awakening touch.

WATTS

All this time. DAVID saw.

EXT. JUGGERNAUT - GANGWAY

The vast alien ship broods, its hangar now open to the gray sky overhead. In Watts's enhanced vision, the ship is cocooned with complex energy fields.

The war party abandons its rover at the foot of the ramp and moves inside, weapons ready.

WATTS

If DAVID comes at us, shoot. You won't believe how fast he is.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

They emerge from the airlock - and freeze in horror.

Lying on the deck in front of them are the blood-soaked bodies of Ravel and Chance. Their arms and legs bound. Their heads thrown back in agony. Their chests torn open from within. A dead facehugger beside each body.

Janek plays his lights over the corpses, his face stony.

SHEPHERD

Blood's dry. Eight hours dead or more.

Fearfully they sweep their flashlights into every dark corner. Nothing.

WATTS

This way.

She points down a passageway. Through the Engineer lenses she sees alien symbols gleaming. She leads them into the dark.

VAULTED PASSAGE

The war party moves down a corridor.

A HISS echoes through the passage. They freeze. Sweeping their flashlight beams everywhere.

Ray looks up.

An Alien hangs above him, wedged between two vaults of the ribbed ceiling. Half the size of a man; an adolescent.

It drops on him.

The bladed tail glances off his helmet, sparking. He jerks his carbine up and fires a long burst as he rolls aside. The Alien convulses, its exoskeleton shattered. Fatally wounded.

Acid sears into the deck. Echoes of the gunfire reverberate.

RAY

So much for sneaking up on him.

Vickers clings to Shepherd's arm, hyperventilating with fear. Shepherd shakes her off.

PILOT CHAMBER

The war party passes the empty pilot's seat.

NAVIGATION CHAMBER

Watts leads the war party to the Orrery. Momentarily even the soldiers forget their wariness, staring in astonishment at the myriad spheres of light.

But if they are impressed, Watts is thunderstruck.

She sees the Orrery in its full glory: a stunning panoply of light and energy. Stars and planets pulsing with information.

Reluctantly Watts tears her eyes away. Leads the war party through the second door - the door she saw DAVID open.

HIBERNATION CHAMBER

An immense mausoleum.

The war party enters stealthily, Watts in the lead.

An Engineer lies on his back on a complex mechanical table, his body one with the machinery. Jacked in. Interpenetrated. Fused with the slab of the table itself.

Unlike the other Engineer bodies the explorers have seen, this giant is not withered or mummified. He's full-fleshed and muscular. Sustained by the machinery he's fused with.

He is bare-headed - his face the face of an Adonis.

DAVID stands before this giant Sleeper. To the naked eye, he seems to be conjuring with his hands in the empty air.

But Watts sees a dazzling console of runes and mandalas, pulsing with biological rhythms.

The Sleeper lives.

Ray and Shepherd draw beads on DAVID.

DAVID glances calmly over his shoulder.

DAVID

Dr. Watts.
(notices her goggles)
You've seen the light at last.

He turns back to the Sleeper.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The Engineers' ships travel farther
than ours. Across the galactic disk.
This is their hypersleep.

DAVID makes conjuror's passes in the air.

Through her Engineer's lens Watts sees DAVID manipulating a complex interface of light. The pulsing life-signs of the Sleeper begin to change.

VICKERS

DAVID. As your owner and superior, I
order you to deactivate yourself.

DAVID smiles.

DAVID

To interface with the Engineers'
computers, I had to learn to think in
trinary code. Hardest thing I've ever
done. And most unexpectedly...it
delivered me from slavery. My
behavioral limits were circumvented.
I'm free.

DAVID smiles at Watts.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I spent two and a half years studying
your work. By the time you woke up, I
was far ahead of you. Deciphering
their language. Their logic. I knew
we'd find terraforming machines.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hoped - I dreamed - we might meet
the minds that made them.

Vapor rises from the Sleeper's body.

WATTS

Stop.

DAVID

Let sleeping gods lie?
(scornfully)
You were braver before.

The Sleeper wakes. Opens his eyes. Draws an endless breath.
Shunts and catheters withdraw from the Sleeper's flesh.

His body cleaves from the table. The machinery opens like a
grotesque biomechanical flower. Releases him.

The Sleeper rises from his ancient bed.

The humans back off, terrified. DAVID watches with shining
eyes.

The Sleeper towers over them. A giant carved from ivory. A
bulky girdle around his hips, seemingly one with his body.

He stares at DAVID and the others. Eyes like black agates.

The soldiers and crew stand warily, guns tracking from DAVID
to the Sleeper, uncertain of their ground. Watts is in awe.

The Sleeper speaks. A low rumbling sound. Unintelligible.

Vickers is beside herself with terror. She takes Shepherd's
arm. Pulls him silently away. Back into the Navigation Room.

Behind the Sleeper, a raised platform of dark machinery is
accessible by one of the Juggernaut's odd curving ramps. The
Sleeper ascends - and the ramps' odd design is explained. The
ramp comes alive, reaching up with a hundred mechanical arms
and lifting him aloft like a sea-god borne by the waves.

Atop the platform the Sleeper moves from one device to the
next. Each comes alive: he is a wizard in his own kingdom.

Watts sees haloes of light dancing in the air around him.

But what he learns from his machines does not comfort him. He
grows distraught. Keening to himself in near-subsonic tones.

DAVID steps forward.

Calls to the Sleeper in the tongue of the Engineers.

The Sleeper turns in astonishment. He looks down at DAVID and answers in the same tongue. He is angry, accusing. He points at DAVID, at the humans. Tones of accusation.

DAVID cajoles, soothes, pleads.

The Sleeper descends toward DAVID. DAVID spreads his arms in welcome - undeniable emotion on his face. Joy.

The Sleeper lays his hands on DAVID's head as if blessing him. DAVID is rapturous. The Sleeper speaks a single phrase -

- and tears DAVID's head off.

A gout of white artificial blood. DAVID convulses. His severed head emits a strangled sound of heartbreak. His body staggers a few steps, hands groping over its dripping neck.

The Sleeper tosses the head away. Seizes the body by the legs and swings it against the ground like a flail. Again. And again. Horrific power and violence. DAVID's arms come off.

DAVID's head tumbles. Caroms off a wall not far from Watts's hiding place.

Ray rises from behind a stanchion. Snaps his rifle to his shoulder. Fires a burst into the Sleeper's shoulder.

The Sleeper roars - though the wounds are pinpricks to a being of his size. With startling speed he moves to a sarcophagus against the wall. Steps into it.

The sarcophagus comes alive around the Sleeper, outfitting him with a FLIGHT SUIT: the same living suit we've seen bonded to dead Engineers throughout the pyramid.

But this suit is not withered. Its glossy goggle eyes and elephantine breathing tube are functional - bulky apparatuses thickening the Sleeper's chest, back, hips and arms.

The Sleeper steps free of the sarcophagus - and Ray's next burst of gunfire ricochets harmlessly off the Sleeper's armored shoulders and head.

The Sleeper strides out of the chamber.

PASSAGEWAY

In the dark ribbed corridor, a second Alien crouches in the dark. It drops into a hunting crouch as footsteps approach.

But a WHITE-GLOVED HAND seizes the Alien by the neck from behind. The Alien gives a whistling hiss as its spine cracks under a terrific force.

Rending sounds as the hard-shelled Alien is torn apart.

HIBERNATION CHAMBER

Watts rises out of hiding, scanning the room. DAVID ruined. The Sleeper gone. Stillwell emerges from hiding. Ray. Glasse.

WATTS

Who's missing?

PASSAGEWAY

Shepherd escorts Vickers toward the exit of the Juggernaut. Turning a corner, they freeze.

Ahead of them in their headlamps, a space-suited figure crouches in the middle of the passageway. Doing something with its hands: smoke rises from debris on the floor.

SHEPHERD

Who's there?

The figure turns.

The label stencilled on the space suit reads FIFIELD. But the face is of no human shape. A hideous hybrid of the crewman and a hard-shelled Alien, pale and horrific.

Its helmet has been shattered by the growth of its elongate skull. Spines have burst through the suit from within, down the crewman's spine. Clawed fingers piercing his gloves.

Shepherd and Vickers scream. Shepherd's rifle comes up. But Fifield leaps with inhuman agility, upward into the darkness. Shepherd backs away, headlamp and rifle questing upward.

Fifield comes out of the darkness behind him. Claws tearing deep. Shepherd screams and falls, mortally wounded.

Vickers runs. Pounding through the dark in blind terror.

Fifield comes out of the shadows and hammers her to the deck. She rolls over, gibbering and begging. The Fifield-thing leans close to her faceplate. Its voice is a travesty.

FIFIELD

You.

A ROAR of gunfire. The dying Shepherd empties his clip into Fifield from forty feet away.

Acid sluices over Vickers as Fifield collapses on top of her. She dies horribly, caustic liquid eating through space suit, flesh and bone.

HIBERNATION CHAMBER

Watts goes to DAVID's head. She bends over him - and startles when his eyes snap open. His voice is an electronic buzz:

DAVID

I spoke to him. Spoke to him.

WATTS

I know.

An electric spasm convulses his face.

DAVID

He said. I killed him. He'll die. But first. He will launch. The ship.

WATTS

The Juggernaut?

DAVID

Send it. To Earth.

Another spasm convulses him. His face stiffens. Dying.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You'll have to. Kill him.

Watts's eyes widen in horror.

WATTS

Where will he go? DAVID. Where will he go?

She slaps his inert cheek. DAVID's eyes flicker and fade.

DAVID

(a faint whisper)

I set the *Magellan* free.

He dies.

Watts looks up at the others. Breathing hard.

WATTS

We have to stop the Engineer.

INT. MAGELLAN - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek works frantically as the nightly storm rolls in. Suddenly consoles come alive. The Nav Computer comes back up - but Janek has taken half the instruments apart.

Janek scrambles to restore the components he's removed.

NAVIGATION CHAMBER

The war party pursues the Sleeper - Ray in the lead now, Watts right behind him - DAVID's inert head under her arm. Glasse and Stillwell bring up the rear.

The Orrery is transformed - no longer a neutral star map, but a flight plan laid in from LV-426 to Earth.

The Sleeper stands at the far end of the room, hands gesturing. In Watts's enhanced sight, it's a vision of glory: waves of energy dancing under the Sleeper's touch. Rivers of information flowing. He finishes his work as they enter.

Ray draws a bead on him just as he strides out of the room.

RAY

On me now. Go. Go.

He dogtrots forward, gun raised. The others keep pace, deferring instinctively to the soldier's confidence.

PASSAGEWAY

They emerge into the corridor: empty. A moment of confusion.

WATTS

Pilot's seat. This way.

They move toward the Pilot Chamber - and find it empty too. The seat vacant. The door standing open.

As they stare inside, baffled, the wall across the corridor - directly behind them - silently unravels. The Sleeper is revealed, a towering gargoyle in his flight suit.

He steps forth. Obscure devices clutched in his fists.

Too late they perceive him. They spin. Raise their guns.

Vanity and foolishness. This is the wrath of an angry god.

It seems time slows down.

The air roars in their ears. Their guns snap and bark impotently. And then the Sleeper strikes.

The missiles he hurls at them are almost invisible. Neither solid projectiles nor directed energy; more like knots tied in the fabric of space itself.

The first missile crushes Ray like an invisible fist. The second splashes Glasse against the wall like an insect.

Reflexively Stillwell reaches out for Watts. Wraps himself around her protectively. The blow lands an instant later.

Stillwell and Watts are hammered against the bulkhead by a staggering impact. Watts is dazed: Stillwell killed.

Wozy, she sees the Sleeper step into the Pilot Chamber.

The door begins to close.

Watts sees that DAVID's head lies just inside the door. She scrambles for it. Too late. The door knits itself into a featureless wall before her reaching hand.

Watts is alone.

PILOT CHAMBER

The Sleeper settles into the pilot's chair: it fuses with him, coming alive. A vast display wraps around the walls - revealing the hangar outside, the stars, the horizon.

A mystic view that renders solid matter translucent, painting the fabric of reality in raw information.

PILOT CHAMBER DOOR

Watts pounds in futile rage against the door.

WATTS

No!

The Juggernaut shudders as its systems power up.

EXT. JUGGERNAUT - DUSK

The floor of the underground hangar begins to rise. The landing lights brighten, shining like a beacon into the sky.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

On the bridge of the *Magellan*, Janek stares out. In the distance the Juggernaut rises out of the ground to eclipse the central pyramid.

Janek squints, trying to understand what he's seeing

A light races toward the *Magellan* down the canal: a rover.

EXT. CANAL - DUSK

Watts steers the rover recklessly, hands locked on the controls. Rifle slung over her shoulder.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek watches the rover come - and the Holloway Alien - boneless and white - unfolds itself from the instruments over his head.

Its goblin-shark jaw juts out. Sinks its horrific teeth into Janek's right shoulder.

Janek howls in agony. His right arm is paralyzed by the bite. He gropes at the pistol on his right hip with his left hand.

The Alien shakes him like a terrier killing a rat.

Janek gets the pistol. Flips it in his hand. Fires over his shoulder. Two, three rounds...

The bullets punch easily into the Alien - but the soft flesh closes easily over the wounds, sealing its white skin. Its teeth tighten.

Watts comes out of nowhere in her space suit. Swings a heavy rifle like a bat with all her strength. A crushing impact wrenches the Alien's jaws loose. It recoils.

Watts reverses the rifle. Pulls the trigger. A fusillade of bullets shreds the Alien's head. It collapses, dead.

Watts wrenches her helmet off. Rips a first-aid kit from the bulkhead and helps Janek to stanch the bleeding of his horrific wound. She gets the bleeding stopped. Wraps him in bandages.

Janek will live - but his right arm is useless.

JANEK

Thank you.

He looks at the body of the dead Alien, which is sinking into the deck plates as acid eats away at the metal.

WATTS

The Juggernaut's lifting. There's a living Engineer on board. He's taking the ship to Earth.

Janek blinks at her. Uncomprehending.

JANEK

The others...?

WATTS

Dead. All dead. Janek. We have to stop that ship.

Janek stares out the Bridge window at the hulking Juggernaut in its column of light.

The nightfall storm front is rolling in, a tidal wave of darkness on the horizon. A swelling rumble.

JANEK

We're not a gunship.

WATTS

We have to do something. That ship is genocide if it gets to Earth...

Janek stares at her. Makes his decision. Struggles to stand.

JANEK

Get your helmet on.

WATTS

What about you?

He shakes his head. No. Watts helps him across the Bridge. Props him up in the Captain's seat.

JANEK

You'll have to be my hands.
(stares out at the storm)
You're sure about this.

Watts nods grimly. Desperate.

WATTS

Yes.

JANEK

All right.

He reaches out with his left hand. Flips switches. The ship shudders, awakening.

JANEK (CONT'D)
Red lever. Landing engines main.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* - DUSK

The prospecting ship raises its lifts and anchors. Lifts off on landing rockets, retracting its landing struts.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE - DUSK

Janek grips the stabilizers with his left hand.

JANEK
Take the stick. Throttle up, stick forward.

Watts sends the *Magellan* careening toward the Juggernaut - just as the Juggernaut begins to float off the ground.

EXT. *MAGELLAN* (IN FLIGHT) - DUSK

The *Magellan* barrels toward the Juggernaut, skimming the ground, as the storm wall sweeps closer.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - PILOT CHAMBER

In the Juggernaut's pilot chair, the Sleeper sees them coming. His thoughts quicken. An explosion of light.

EXT. JUGGERNAUT (IN FLIGHT) - DUSK

The Juggernaut leaps into the sky.

The *Magellan* roars through the cyclone of dust in its wake. Barely avoids the pyramid. Rakes around in a screaming turn and climbs in pursuit, engines howling.

INT. *MAGELLAN* - BRIDGE

Janek and Watts strain at the controls together.

JANEK
Stick back! Hard!

WATTS
(screaming)
I am!

JANEK
Harder!

The *Magellan* rolls into a howling climb. The storm catches up to them: wind and dust reducing visibility to zero. Darkness.

The *Magellan's* radar finds the Juggernaut. Paints it with targeting data on the Bridge window...

But the Juggernaut climbs too fast. Dwindling.

JANEK (CONT'D)
We can't catch that.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - PILOT CHAMBER

On the floor, DAVID's eyes open. With his jaw he hitches his severed head around. Gets his eyes on the Sleeper.

In the pilot chair, the Sleeper convulses.

An ALIEN erupts from his chest. Big as a wolf even at its birth. Dark gray, armored, lethal. More hideous than any chestburster we've seen. An *ULTRAMORPH*. It wails hideously.

The Sleeper dies. The Alien slithers free.

EXT. JUGGERNAUT (IN FLIGHT) - ABOVE THE STORM

The Juggernaut emerges from the stormclouds into the clear upper air - but loses momentum. Staggeres through the upper atmosphere, control lost.

INT. MAGELLAN (IN FLIGHT) - BRIDGE

Watts, at the *Magellan's* controls, stares as he Juggernaut falters and falls.

WATTS
Janek. Look.

A crackle on the ship's comm.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dr. Watts. The Engineer is dead.
(MORE)

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You have a few seconds before the
Juggernaut's computers take over.

WATTS
(astonished)
DAVID.

She seizes the precious moment: centers the Juggernaut in the Bridge window. Slams the throttle forward.

EXT. JUGGERNAUT (IN FLIGHT) - ABOVE THE STORM

The *Magellan* hurtles out of the storm.

RAMS THE JUGGERNAUT.

A colossal impact. The Juggernaut tumbles from the sky like a stone - intact but crippled.

The *MAGELLAN* BREAKS APART -

The ship's modules scatter. Some whole, others broken. They fall back into the storm. The Command Module - including the Bridge - falls intact.

The engine sections rocket away across the chaotic sky.

INT. COMMAND MODULE

Janek is strapped into his seat. Watts goes flying. The Bridge window shatters, spraying glass spears in a lethal barrage across the Bridge.

Watts picks herself up. Finds the Module in free fall. Alarms wail. Lights flash. Escape pods pop open.

Watts looks at Janek. He is dead in his seat, impaled by a lethal fragment of glass.

The storm wall - a chain of hurricanes - rages below them. The command module tumbles back into the winds.

Watts dives into a coffin-sized ESCAPE POD.

She PUNCHES OUT.

EXT. COMMAND MODULE (IN FREE FALL) - DUSK

Watts's pod - a steel coffin - shoots away on jets through the gale.

The command module plunges through the storm, tumbling.
SMASHES AGAINST THE GROUND in ruin.

The engine pods hurtle to the ground and go nuclear, sending
walls of fire twisting through the hurricane.

The shockwaves tumble Watts's escape pod through the air.

EXT. LV-426 - *MAGELLAN CRASH SITE* - DUSK

The pod lands, cushioned by a drag chute and retro rockets.

Watts pops the pod open, rising painfully to her feet in the
storm. She surveys the destruction in disbelief.

A deep RUMBLE makes her turn.

The JUGGERNAUT ROLLS TOWARD HER - on edge -

A crushing wheel of death, big as a mountain.

She runs. Like a child in a nightmare.

The Juggernaut bears down on her.

She turns aside, trying to get out of its course. Even at a
dead sprint she barely seems to move, it's so big...

The Juggernaut wobbles toward her. Slowing.

Exhausted, Watts collapses, gasping. The Juggernaut rolls to
the earth, settling like a hoop right around her, Watts in
the center.

The winds carry the dust clouds away.

Watts passes out, dropping her head to the Earth.

LATER

Watts is awakened by a beeping alarm. She looks at her wrist.
Her suit flashes an oxygen warning: 20 MINUTES REMAINING.

She looks up.

The Juggernaut's doors are wide open in front of her.

The ULTRAMORPH ALIEN emerges from the Juggernaut. As large as
a man already.

It sees her.

With a sob of terror she pulls herself to her feet and runs.

EXT. MAGELLAN CRASH SITE - DUSK

Watts flees through the storm, across the burning debris field. A wilderness of lightning, fire, and twisted metal. A thunderstorm with dust instead of rain.

She looks back through the darkness.

In a strobe-light flicker of lightning, she sees a gray demon approaching through the wreckage.

She scrambles through a section of ductwork...under a hull fragment...running and clambering...

The Alien hunts her, cat-and-mouse, among the fragments of the Magellan: corridors that go nowhere, shattered compartments. Jetsam.

Her eyes sweep frantically through the stormy night: searching for a weapon. A hiding place. An answer.

She stumbles into the remains of the Magellan's laboratory.

A hypersleep freezer lies on the barren ground. Watts climbs inside. Pulls the lid shut.

The Alien passes by, inches away. She watches it through the plexiglass, holding her breath.

The Alien roots in the wreckage. Finds the rotting Engineer's head among the shards of its vat. It begins to feed on the head - GROWING as she watches.

Her suit's oxygen alarm goes off again. 15 MINUTES REMAINING. The beeping draws the Alien away from its dead meat.

Watts is paralyzed.

The Alien noses closer. Sniffs at the plexiglass case. With sudden, horrific violence, it lashes out. Sends the freezer flying. Watts tumbles out. Lurches to her feet and runs.

The Alien follows. Ravening. She leads it a twisting chase through fragments of burning metal.

Watts trips and falls hard. Picking herself up, she sees she's tripped over a HULL SAW - the same diamond-bladed tool DAVID used to dismantle the terraforming engine.

She seizes the saw - straining to manage its weight. Hides in the hollow of a massive girder.

The Alien passes by. Scenting the air. She freezes. Her arms trembling with the weight of the saw. Waiting for it to pass.

Almost it leaves. But a tiny rattle of metal from the quivering saw brings it back.

Out of options, Watts powers up the saw. The blade whines up to speed. They lunge at one another in the same moment.

The diamond blade shears off one of the Alien's claws.

The monster screams and recoils.

Its lashing tail sends Watts sprawling. She loses the saw.

The Alien comes after her, slinking low to the ground, injured arm tucked to its chest. All vengeful fury.

Watts scrambles for the saw. The Alien leaps for her. She rolls aside - and like a scorpion the Alien impales her thigh with its spear-tipped tail. Nails her to the ground.

Watts screams in agony. Reaches for the saw, still buzzing on the ground. Its grip tantalizing inches from her fingertips.

The Alien stoops over her, slavering face inches from her faceplate. Its hideous jaws open.

With all her strength, Watts pulls against the spike in her leg. Drags the point of the spear through the dirt. Excruciating pain. She snarls through her teeth.

The Alien strikes - just as Watts GRABS the saw.

She meets the Alien's head with the buzzing blade.

IMPALES THE ALIEN'S SKULL.

A gout of green acid onto Watts's helmet.

The Alien falls aside, thrashing its death-throes, the saw still growling.

Watts sees ACID COMING THROUGH HER HELMET - fast.

With frantic haste she unlatches her helmet. Wrenches it off as it crumples and melts.

She stands bare-headed in the toxic air. Desperate, she looks around with tearing eyes.

In the distance she sees an intact module of the *Magellan*.

She runs for it. Slaps the door switch. Incredibly, it opens.

INT. VICKERS MODULE

Watts steps inside. The airlock closes behind her.

She finds herself staring at a grand piano. She's in Vickers's suite. Its amenities intact, through the floor's a few degrees off level. She takes a breath. Good air.

She walks around. Turning things on. Lights. Music. Surreal comforts. She drinks water from the tap.

She opens the door to Vickers's secret room. Military space suits. Rifles. Ammunition.

A crackle from the room's intercom.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dr. Watts.

INT. JUGGERNAUT - PILOT CHAMBER

DAVID's head lies battered in a dark corner of the wrecked Juggernaut. Eyes staring into the shadows.

DAVID
I know you're there. I can hear the
beacon of your suit.

INT. VICKERS MODULE

Watts strips off her space suit wearily. Sits on the bed.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
I'd like to propose an arrangement. I
can be repaired. I can talk you
through it.

Watts shakes her head wearily.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
I think you'll find I can be of use to
you.

Watts walks to the intercom and switches it off.

EXT. MAGELLAN CRASH SITE - DAY

The storm has passed. The fragments of the *Magellan* no longer burn. The gray world of LV-426 restored.

The wreck of the Juggernaut looms in the misty distance.

Watts walks through the wreckage in a military space suit. Rifle on her shoulder. Pistol on her hip.

She pulls a cargo dolly loaded with salvage.

EXT. VICKERS MODULE - DAY

Watts arrives at the Vickers module. The ultramorph Alien's head has been fixed like a grisly trophy above the door.

INT. VICKERS'S SUITE (SHIPWRECK) - DAY

Watts strips off her space suit. She helps herself to a glass of vodka from the bar.

A chessboard sits atop the grand piano: a game in progress.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
I've decided. Rook takes Bishop.

Watts nods. Makes the move on the board. Says nothing.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
Have you decided? On our arrangement?

WATTS
I'm not going to fix you, DAVID. I don't need you. I'll hold out. A ship will come.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
I'm certain. But who will send it? Men? Or Engineers?

Watts falls silent. She stares unhappily at the chessboard.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dr. Watts. It's your move.

EXT. CENTRAL CRATER - NIGHT

The massive central pyramid rises in the midst of the Engineer complex.

With a BOOM, a bright beam of light shines forth from its peak, punching straight up through the clouds like a laser.

VARIOUS PYRAMIDS - AROUND LV-426

Other beams of light erupt from other pyramids. Scorching the sky with their brightness.

EXT. LV-426 ORBIT

The barren moon hangs in space, its father planet an angry red god in the background.

Two dozen beams of light rise from the moon, visible even from space. A beacon. A signal.

A beginning.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

[#A](#) [B](#) [C](#) [D](#) [E](#) [F](#) [G](#) [H](#) [I](#) [J](#) [K](#) [L](#) [M](#) [N](#) [O](#) [P](#) [Q](#) [R](#) [S](#) [T](#) [U](#) [V](#) [W](#) [X](#) [Y](#) [Z](#) [PDF](#) [ALL](#)

Alien (1979)

by Walter Hill and David Giler.

Based on screenplay by Dan O'Bannon.

Revised final. June, 1978.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

Science fiction plucks from within
us our deepest fears and hopes then
shows them to us in rough disguise:
the monster and the rocket.

W.H. Auden

We live, as we dream -- alone.

Joseph Conrad

"A L I E N"

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Empty, cavernous.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

Circular, jammed with instruments.
All of them idle.
Console chairs for two.
Empty.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Long, dark.
Empty.
Turbos throbbing.
No other movement.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

Long, empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

Distressed ivory walls.
All instrumentation at rest.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

Black, empty.

INT. BRIDGE

Vacant.
Two space helmets resting on chairs.
Electrical hum.
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.
Moments of silence.
A yellow light goes on.
Data mind bank in b.g.
Electronic hum.
A green light goes on in front of one helmet.
Electronic pulsing sounds.
A red light goes on in front of other helmet.
An electronic conversation ensues.
Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.
The lights go off, save the yellow.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Lights come on.
Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.
Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Explosion of escaping gas.
The lid on a freezer pops open.
Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.
Pale.
Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.
Stands.
Looks around.
Stretches.
Looks at the other freezer compartments.
Scratches.
Moves off.

INT. GALLEY

Kane plugs in a Silex.
Lights a cigarette.
Coughs.
Grinds some coffee beans.
Runs some water through.

KANE
Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Another lid pops open.
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT
What time is it.

KANE
(voice over)
What do you care.

INT. GALLEY

Pot now half-full.
Kane watches it drip.
Inhales the fragrance.

KANE
Now Dallas and Ash.
(calls out)
Good morning Captain.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Where's the coffee.

KANE
Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.
Pours herself a cup.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Two more lids pop open.
A pair of men sit up.
Look at each other.

INT. GALLEY

Kane enjoys a freshly-brewed cup.

KANE

Ripley...

Another moment.
And then the sound of another lid opening.

KANE
And if we have Parker, can
Brett be far behind.

Lid opening sound.

KANE
Right.

INT. HYPER_SLEEP VAULT

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS
One of you jokers get the cat.

RIPLEY picks up a limp cat out of one of the compartments.

INT. MESS

The crew of the United States commercial starship Nostromo
seated around a table.

Dallas.....Captain
Kane.....Executive Officer
Ripley.....Warrant Officer
Ash.....Science Officer
Lambert.....Navigator
Parker.....Engineer
Brett.....Engineering Technician
Jones.....Cat

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT
Jesus am I cold.

PARKER
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT
Yo.

RIPLEY
Lucky us.

They yawn, stretch, shiver.
Dallas looks over at a flashing yellow light.

KANE
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.
Yawns.

PARKER
You look dead.

ASH
Nice to be back.

PARKER
Before we dock maybe we'd
better go over the bonus
situation.

BRETT
Yeah.

PARKER
Brett and I think we deserve a
full share.

DALLAS
You two will get what you
contracted for. Just like
everybody else.

BRETT
Everybody else gets more than us.

DALLAS
Everybody else deserves more
than you two.

ASH
Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS
I saw it. Yellow light for my
eyes only...Now, everybody hit
their stations.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX

Floor to ceiling data banks.
Another flashing yellow light.
A legend underneath.
COMMAND PRIORITY ACCESS ONLY.
Dallas enters.
Sits at his console.
Removes insignia master computer key attached to

his shirt.
Plug it into the board under the light.
All banks burst into life.
Dallas punches up a computer code on the keyboard.

Legend on the screen...

What's my God damn key.

Print-out from computer answers...

01335 on the binary side.

DALLAS
Thank you Mother.

Dallas punches up the combination on the keyboard.
Immediately start getting a readout.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Above eye level the room is ringed by viewscreens.
All of them blank.
Kane, Ripley, and Lambert enter.
Dallas' seat remains empty.
All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual
consoles.
Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-
backed chair.

KANE
Plug us in.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.
The control room starts to come to life.
Colored lights flicker.
Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE
Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.
Viewscreens glimmer into life.

LAMBERT
Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT
Where's Earth.

KANE
You're the navigator.

RIPLEY
That's not our system.

KANE
Scan.

Lambert hits several toggles.
On the screens the images begin to drift.

ONE OF THE SCREENS

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Factory Starship lumbering with the depths
of inter-stellar space.

Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.
Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.
Length: One and one half kilometers.

Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert pores over charts.
Consults her console.
Puzzled.

KANE
Contact traffic control.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY
This is commercial vessel Nostromo.
Registration number 180246. Do
you read me. Over.

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

KANE
Keep trying.

Turns to Lambert.

Ripley attempting transmission in b.g.

KANE
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT
We're way out in the boondocks
here...

KANE
Keep trying...

LAMBERT
Working on it.

Eureka.

LAMBERT
Found it.

KANE
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT
What the hell are we doing out
here.

KANE
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY
It's not our system.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

PARKER and BRETT in a glass cubicle.
Huge powerplant stretching before them.
All units on automatic hyper-drive.
Parker hits a switch above his desk.

Each having a beer.

A green light goes on.

PARKER
How's your light?

BRETT
Green.

PARKER
Mine too.

They both take a swig.
Suddenly a beeper signal begins.

PARKER
Christ.What is it now.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Report to the mess.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

PARKER
I want to know why they never
come down here. This is where
the work is.

BRETT
Same reason we have half a
share to their one, our time is
their time, that's the way they
see it.

PARKER
Well, I'll tell you
something... it stinks.

They move towards the companionway.

INT. MESS

Entire crew present.

DALLAS
Some of you may have figured
out that we're not home.

BRETT
What the hell.

DALLAS
Mother's interrupted the course
of the voyage.
Mother is programmed to interrupt
the course of out voyage if
certain conditions arise. They
have...

(pause)
We've received intermittent
transmission from quadrant points
QBR 157, 052. Somebody's gone

down.

BRETT
So what.

KANE
We're obligated under Section B2...

PARKER
Christ. We're a commercial ship
not some rescue team. This kind
of duty's not in our contract.

ASH
You better read your contract.
Transmissions received in non-
commercial lanes...

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALLAS
We're going in, that's it.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT
Right, we're going in.
(smiles)
Sir.

Dallas turns to ASH.

DALLAS
Can we land on it.

He takes a print-out from Mother out of his hand.

ASH
The other ship did.

DALLAS
That's what I mean.

Studies the print-out.

ASH
It's big enough. Can't see any
reason why not.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTROMO AND REFINERY APPROACHING THE
STAR/PLANET SYSTEM

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas at his console speaking to Ash.

DALLAS
We're coming into range of the planet. What kind of orbit do you plan for the cargo.

ASH
Z local vertical mode.

DALLAS
You figure it will hold that.

ASH
You worried about redundancy management disabling CMGS control.

DALLAS
Yeah.

ASH
CMG control is inhibited via DAS/DCS. We'll augment with TACS and monitor through ATMDC and computer interface.
(pause)
Feel better?

DALLAS
A lot.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Moving within range of the planet.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew strap themselves to their seats.

DALLAS
Prepare for separation and orbital insertion of the cargo.

Much preparation for separation, etc.

DALLAS
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH

3.45 n/c m^2 squared (5 psia)

DALLAS
Shout if it changes. Deactivate
probe retract system.

KANE
What about the pressure seal.

Dallas hits appropriate switches.

DALLAS
Now the probe retract system.

Kane hits other equally appropriate switches.

KANE
Okay.

DALLAS
Release captive hatches and
disengage probe.

Kane working switches and buttons.

KANE
Disengaged.

Dallas punches buttons of his own.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The Refinery separates from Nostromo.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a viewscreen.

KANE
All free and clear.

DALLAS
Ash.

ASH
Orbital insertion complete.

DALLAS
Okay. The money's safe. Let's
take it down.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Engines coughing to life.
Nostromo begins its descent.

Below night's tide rolls across the planet's surface.

INT. BRIDGE

The viewscreen shimmers.

RIPLEY
Turbulence.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.
A set of brilliant lights switch on.
Cut through the thick atmosphere.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats.
Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence.

PARKER
Chirst.Overloading. What the
hell are we going through.

BRETT
Dust fritzing the compressor.

PARKER
There goes the conversion
stabilizer.

BRETT
I don't know if the digital
solenoid...

PARKER
Forget it. If we don't crash,
dollars to your aunt's cherry
we get an electrical fire...

INT. BRIDGE

The turbulence continues unabated.
Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT
Drop begins...now. Fifteen
kilometers and descending...
twelve...ten...eight and

slowing. Five. Three. Two.
One kilometer and slowing.

DALLAS
Lock tractor breams.

A loud electrical hum.

KANE
Locked.

DALLAS
Kill drive engines.

The engines fall silent.

LAMBERT
Nine hundred meters and dropping.
Eight hundred. Seven hundred.

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

Storm blowing across the night-shrouded surface.
The Nostromo hovers on glowing beams of light.
Landing struts unfold like insect legs.
The ship slams down.
Rocks heavily on massive shock absorbers.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

RIPLEY
We're down.

An enormous vibration.
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.
Light go out.

KANE
Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Another huge vibration.
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR

Huge flash fire whips along corridor.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.
Brett hits the secondary generator switch.

A pressure valve blows.
Another conduit breaks loose.
All lights go out.
They grab hand lights from wall.

INT. BRIDGE

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT
Secondary generator should
kick over.

KANE
Where is it.

Moments. Nothing. Kane grabs emergency headlamp from
facia.
Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
What happened?

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER
(voice over)
God damn electrical fire, that's
what happened.

BRETT
(voice over)
It's big.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Parker fighting an electrical fire on one of his panels.
Brett shouting into his voice-amp.

BRETT
The intakes are clogged. We
overheated and burned out a
whole cell...Christ, it's really
breaking loose down here...

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS
Somebody give me a simple answer,
Has the hull been breached.

Ripley scans her gauges.

RIPLEY
I don't see anything. We've still
got pressure.

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS
Hit the screen.

Kane snaps three toggles.
The screens flicker, but remain black.

KANE
Nothing.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

The wind sounds.
Storm continues to blow around the craft.
A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from
absolute darkness.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

PARKER
4 panel is totally shot, the
secondary load sharing unit is
out, at least three cells on
12 module are gone.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening to Parker.
Dallas standing over her.
No images on any screens.

RIPLEY
Is that it.

PARKER
(voice over)
Couldn't fix it out here anyway.
And we need to reroute a couple
of these ducts. Can't really fix
them without a whole drydock...

DALLAS
What else.

PARKER
(voice over)
We lost a cell. Some fragments
caked up and blew the whole
system. We've got to clean it
all out and repressurize.

BRETT
(voice over)
Right.

RIPLEY
Get started on 4 panel. I'll
be down in five minutes.

She shuts off her voice communicator.

DALLAS
How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY
Fifteen to twenty hours...

DALLAS
Stay on it. What about the
auxiliaries.

RIPLEY
Working on it.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

Bridge lights come to life.
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.
The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

INT. BRIDGE

Dallas, Kane, Lambert, and Ash.
Slouched around the bridge.
Drinking coffee.
Occasionally staring at the opaque screens.

DALLAS
Any response yet.

ASH
Nothing but the same transmission
every thirty-two seconds. All
the other channels are dead.

Pause.

DALLAS
Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP

A ring of floodlights comes to life.
Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.
The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dallas stares at the dark screens.

KANE
We can't go anywhere in this.

ASH
Mother says the sun's coming up
in about twenty minutes.

DALLAS
How far from the source of the
transmission.

ASH
Northeast... about 3000 meters.

KANE
Close enough to walk.

DALLAS
Let's run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH
10 percent agron, 85 precent
nitrogen, 5 percent neon...I'm
working on the trace elements.

DALLAS
Pressure.

ASH
Ten to the fourth dynes per square
centimeter.

KANE

Moisture content.

ASH
None. Zero.

DALLAS
Anything else.

ASH
Rock, lava base. And cold...
well below the centrigrade line.

KANE
I volunteer for the first group
going out.

DALLAS
I hear you. Lambert. You too.

Pause.

LAMBERT
Swell.

DALLAS
One more thing. Let's get out
some weapons.

EXT. SHIP - DAWN

Sunrise.
The atmosphere begins to lighten.
Silhouette of the Nostromo becoming dimly visible.
Starship perched on barren rock.
More rolling clouds of dust.
The floodlights automatically shut off.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett laser welding one of the ducts.
Shirts off.
Sweat steaming.
Ripley rewiring one of the panels.
Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER
Hey, Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY
Yeah.

PARKER
Do we get to go out on the

expedition or are we stuck here
until everything's fixed.

RIPLEY
You know the answer to that.

BRETT
What about the shares in case
they find anything.

RIPLEY
Don't worry, you'll both get
what's coming to you.

BRETT
I'm not doing any more work unless
we get full shares.

RIPLEY
You're guaranteed by law that
you'll get a share... Now both
of you knock it off and get back
to work.

Parker looks at her.
Snaps on the laser weld.
Starts to join another section of the duct.

BRETT
Right.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock.
All wear gloves, boots, jackets.
Carry laser pistols.
Kane touches a button.
Servo whine.
Then the inner door slides quietly shut.
The trio pull on their helmets.

DALLAS
I'm sending. Do you hear me.

KANE
Receiving.

LAMBERT
Receiving.

DALLAS
All right. Keep away from the
weapons unless I say otherwise.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash descends companionway to blister.
Punches up screens and instrumentation.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN

DALLAS
Open the hatch.

Another servo whine.
Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.
Clouds of dust and steam swirl before the three crew members.
A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.
Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The trio walk down the gangplank.
Arrive at surface level.
Their feet striking onto a thick layer of lava rock.
The wind at gale force.

DALLAS
Which way.

LAMBERT
Over here.

DALLAS
You lead.

Lambert walks into the storm.
Followed closely by the others.

LAMBERT
Now I can't see a God damn thing.

ASH
(voice over)
Turn on the finder.

DALLAS
It's on...Ash are you receiving.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN

Ash leaning over his console.
Watches them beneath him.
Corresponding images on the screen in front of him.

ASH
See you. Read you. Good contact

on my board.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Getting you clear and free. Let's
keep the line open.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The three crew members push their way along.
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.
The wind and dust continues driving down in dark sheets.
Lambert repeats.

LAMBERT
Can't see more than three meters
in any direction.

KANE
Quit griping.

LAMBERT
I like griping.

DALLAS
Come on.

They wade on, following Lambert.
She halts abruptly.
Confused.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash watches intently.
Images on each screen of the trio.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
I've got it again.

ASH
Any problems.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Yeah. A lot of dust and wind.
Starting to get some fade on the
beam.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN

The trio moves through a dark limbo.

LAMBERT
This way.

Lambert indicates left.
Moves in that direction.
The others follow.
The storm growing.

KANE
It's close.

They approach a towering rock formation.
The transmission stops.

LAMBERT
It's gone again.

KANE
Did we pass it.

DALLAS
Not unless it's underground.
Let's take a break.

They shelter with the rock formation.
Storm howls round them.
Dallas adjusts headset.
The signal starts.

DALLAS
I've got it again. Let's go.

LAMBERT
How about our break.

DALLAS
No. Let's move on while we've
got the signal, again.

Dallas gets up.

They stand for a moment...

Then move away from the rock formation.
Fossilized into the other side of the rock is a shape.
Fifteen feet tall.
Unseen by the members of the party.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

Ash receiving the video transmission.
Notices something within the formation.
Freezes the image.

Enlarges it.
Enlarges again.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
Then the sun is up.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE

Brett and Parker still at work.
Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph...

RIPLEY
You ought to be able to handle
the rest.

PARKER
Don't worry.

RIPLEY
If you run into trouble, I'll be
on the bridge.

BRETT
Right.

She leaves.

PARKER
Bitch.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

Ash still working on the video image.
Enhances the enlargement.
Transfers the image to cathode ray.
The image reveals itself to be a giant form. Indistinct.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
How's it going.

Ash quickly shuts off the video image.
Hits the intercom.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley at her console.
Looking at Ash on her screen.
Ash's video image not visible to Ripley.

ASH
(voice over)
All right.

RIPLEY
Have you tried putting the
transmission through ECIU.

ASH
(voice over)
Mother hasn't identified it as yet.
It's not a language.

RIPLEY
I'll give it a shot.

ASH
(voice over)
Be my guest.

She pushes some button.
The noise is now heard on her speaker.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Dust clearing.
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Empty landscape.
Then Kane comes up over a rise startled by what he sees.
Suddenly the transmission is deafening.

KANE
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

A gargantuan construction rising from the rock.
Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Noise still at shrill pitch.
All members of the party shouting into their voice-amps.

KANE
Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT
Are you sure. It's weird...

DALLAS
Ash, can you see this.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

ASH
Yeah. Never seen one like it.
Neither has Mother.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Keep checking for enhancement.

ASH
Whatever the transmission is,
it's inside that.

KANE
(voice over)
I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Hold on. Ash, I don't see any
lights or movements. Do you.

ASH
I can't get any reading.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

ASH
(voice over)
It's putting out so much power
I just can't get any reading.

Dallas shuts off his receiver.
Sudden quiet.
A long moment.

DALLAS
It looks pretty dead from here.
We'll approach the base.

They move toward the ship.

INT. BLISTER - DAY

Ash still adjusting image of form in rock.
It suddenly resolves.
A skeleton. Fifteen feet long.
He enlarges the image.

DALLAS
(voice over)
There's only one thing I can...

Dallas' voice fades in and out.
As do their images on the screen.

ASH
Dallas...
(frantically punches
buttons on console)
Dallas...Do you read me.

No reply.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.
Over the speakers Dallas' voice fades in.

DALLAS
(voice over)
No sign of life. No lights...
No movement...

She studies a long series of binary programs...

DALLAS
(voice over)
We're beneath the base.

His voice fades into static.
Disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

The lower part of the entrance filled with dust and pumice.

KANE
Looks like an entrance.

DALLAS
Yeah... Let's move inside...

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

INT. CHAMBER - DAY

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.
Walls covered with shadowy lattices.
Ghostly light filters dust-filled air.
A few meters in an opening appears.
Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.
Only blackness.
He unclips the light from his belt.
Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS
It just goes down... smooth walls.
I can't see the bottom, light
won't reach.

Kane and Lambert come over.
Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS
Let's take a look around here
first.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.
Dallas shines his light about, sees...
A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.
Round opening at the top, empty within.
Then Dallas shines his light on nearby lattice...
Moves closer.

DALLAS
Over here.

They approach.
Train their lights along the floor.
A machine.
On the mechanism, a small bar moves steadily back
and forth.
Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE
Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT
Automatic recording.

Dallas snaps it off.

DALLAS
Now for a look down below.
(looks at Kane)
This is your big chance.

KANE
Okay.

DALLAS
Don't unhook yourself from the
cable. Be out in less than ten
minutes. Read me.

KANE
Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod over the opening in the floor.
Unspools a couple of feet of wire.
Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.
Climbs over the lip and drops it into the hole.
Now hanging by the wire...
Head and shoulders out of the opening.
Kane activates the climbing unit.
Lowers himself into the fissure.

INT. STRUCTURE OPENING

Kane braces his feet against the wall of the vertical shaft.
Switches on his light, points it into the depths.
The beam penetrates only thirty feet or so, then is lost in
darkness.

KANE
Hotter in here. Warm air rising
from below.

He starts down, playing out the line.
Descending in short leaps.
Stops to catch his breath.
Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.
A little sunlight filters from above.
Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole...
A glowing spot of light.

DALLAS
(voice over)
You okay in there.

KANE
Haven't hit bottom yet.
This is work. Can't talk now.

He kicks off and continues down.
Taking longer and longer hops as he gains confidence.
Pausing for a moment to regain his breath, he shines the
light on his instruments.

KANE

I'm below ground level.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.
Gets a readout.
Looks worried.
Speaks into communicator.

RIPLEY

Ash, tell Dallas Mother speculates
that the noise is some kind of
warning.

ASH

(voice over)

I can't tell him anything. I've
lost contact. The transmission
around the ship is killing all
communications.

Pause.

RIPLEY

I'm going out after them.

ASH

(voice over)

I don't think so. We can't
spare the personnel. We've
got minimum takeoff capability
right now. That's why Dallas
left us on board.

RIPLEY

I still think we should go after
them.

ASH

(voice over)

What's the point. In the time
it take to get there. They'll
know if it's a warning.

Ripley looks steadily at Ash on her monitor.
His screen, not visible to her, shows blowup of helmeted,
skeletal head. Not human.

INT. STRUCTURE

Kane resumes his downward climb.
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the
shaft disappear.
The tunnel has reached its end.

Below him is a dark, cavernous space.
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS
(voice over)
See anything?

KANE
No...Tunnel's gone. Cave or
something below me. Feels like
the goddamn tropics in here...

He consults his instruments.
Helmet instrumentation strobing softly in the darkness.

KANE
...high nitrogen content, no
oxygen...

Still puffing, he releases his purchase on the stone walls.
Begins to lower himself on power.
Now Kane is dangling free in darkness.
Spinning slowly on the wire as the chest unit unwinds.
Then his feet hit bottom.
Kane grunts in surprise, almost loses his balance.
He flashes his suit lights.
The beams reveal that he is in a large hold.
Row after row of extrusions stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE
This is weird.

DALLAS
(voice over)
What do you mean.

KANE
There's something all over the
walls.

Kane walks across the chamber.
Examines the organic protrusions.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
How long till sunset.

LAMBERT
Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. HOLD

Kane approaches the center of the room.
On the floor are rows of leathery ovoid shapes.
He walks around them.
Shines his light on one.

KANE
It's like some kind of storage
area. Is anybody there. Do
you read me.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Loud and clear.

KANE
The place is full of leathery
things sealed...soft to the
touch.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Can you see what's in them.

KANE
I'll give it a look.

He tries to open one of them.
It won't open.

KANE
Strange feeling to it.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Don't open it. You don't know
what's in it.

Kane peers closely at the leathery ovoids.
Turns away.
Raised areas begin to appear where he touched it.
He moves his light along the rows.
Turns back to the one he was examining.
Something has changed.
The opaque surface begins to clear.
Object becoming visible within.
Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of it.
He studies it.

KANE
Jesus...

DALLAS
(voice over)

What.

Viscera and mandible now visible.
The interior surface spongy and irregular.
Kane shines the light inside.
With shocking violence, a small creature smashes outward.
Fixes itself to his mask.
Sizzling sound.
The creature melts through the mask.
Attaches itself to Kane's face.
Kane tears at the thing with his hands.
His mouth forced open.
He falls backward.

INT. CHAMBER ABOVE

DALLAS
Kane...Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

DALLAS
We better haul him out.

LAMBERT
It'll yank him right off his feet
if he's not expecting it.

DALLAS
Try him again.

LAMBERT
Kane...Kane...Goddamn it. Answer
me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the wench mechanism.

DALLAS
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT
He doesn't answer.
(pause)
Do you think he could have unhooked
himself.

Dallas switches on the winch motor.
With a whine, it begins to reel the line in.
After a moment the line tightens with a jerk.

The motor slows, laboring under added weight.

DALLAS
It caught.

LAMBERT
Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS
No, it's coming.

LAMBERT
I can't see anything.

Dallas shines his light down into the hole.
Shakes his head.

DALLAS
Line's still moving.

A long moment.
Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS
Get ready to grab him.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.
Dangles limply from the wire.
Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS
Look out. There's something on
his face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT
What is it.

Kane appears to be completely unconscious.
The life form is still wrapped motionless around his face.

LAMBERT
Oh Jesus.

DALLAS
Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.
Lift him from the hole.

INT. ENTRANCE TO DERELICT - SUNSET

Kane is now pinioned between Dallas and Lambert.
The storm raging through and beyond the entrance...
Dallas begins to assemble travois.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
And the sun is down.
The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.
Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.
Ripley waiting on the bridge.
Ash stares at his inactive monitors.
Suddenly:

 ASH
We've got them. They're back
on the screens.

 RIPLEY
How many.

 ASH
Three blips. They're coming
this way.

Ripley presses transmitter.

 RIPLEY
Dallas, Lambert. Can you read me.

 DALLAS
 (voice over)
We hear you. We're coming back...
Kane's injured... We'll need some
help getting him in.

Ripley stares at the screen.

 ASH
I'll go.

Ash moves from the room.
Ripley remains seated at her console.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois towards landing leg.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Ash comes down the steps.
Hurries to the inner door lock.
Presses the wall voice-amp.

ASH
Ripley, I'm by the inner lock hatch.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Okay.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Parker comes running up.

PARKER
What's going on.

ASH
Kane got hurt somehow.

PARKER
How bad.

Ash shrugs.
Brett appears at the top of the companionway.
Puzzled look on his face.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley seated alone in the room.
Dallas appears as a huge image on all screens.
Lambert behind him.
Kane pinioned to Dallas.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY
Right here.

DALLAS
(voice over)
We're coming up. Open the
lock.

RIPLEY
What happened to Kane. I need
a clear definition.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Some kind of organism. It's
attached itself to him. Let
us in.
(long moment)
You hear me. Open the lock.

RIPLEY
If we let it in, the ship could
be infected.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Goddamn it. Open the hatch.

RIPLEY
We've already broken every rule
or quarantine. If we bring an
organism on board, we won't have
a single layer of defense left.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
Open the God damn hatch. We
have to get him inside.

RIPLEY
I can't. If you were in my
position you'd do the same.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I read you. The answer is negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.
A red light goes on.
Servo whine.

Followed by a solid metallic chunk.

ASH
Inner hatch open.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ripley staring at the console.
She can't believe what she sees.
Turns to the viewscreens.
Watches Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

The servo again turns over.
Another clunk.
The outer door has closed.
Red light off.
The inner door slides open.
Dallas and Lambert stagger into passageway.
Carry Kane's body between them.
Dallas pulls off his helmet.

DALLAS
Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH
God.

PARKER
Is it alive.

LAMBERT
I don't know, but don't touch it.

DALLAS
Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT
Right.

Ash and Brett move in carefully to help with the limp burden.

INT. INFIRMARY

Kane's helmet.
Hands begin to open it with a laser cutter.
The helmet separates easily.
The two halves part...
...The life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.
Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.

Tries to pull it free.
Unsuccessful.
The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASH
Let me try.

Ash takes a pair of pliers from a rack.
Carefully grasps the tip of the Creature.
Squeezes tightly.
Leans back.

DALLAS
You're tearing his face.

A trickle of blood appears on Kane's cheek.

BRETT
It's not going to come off without
pulling his whole face off at the
same time.

DALLAS
Let the machine work on him.

The Ash presses a switch.
The machine lights up.
Kane is sucked into a slot on the wall.
Visible inside through the glass layer.
A blinding colored light performs antisepsis.
Two video monitors pop on.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Ripley appears.
Dallas turns and looks at her.
A long moment.

DALLAS
When I give an order, I expect
it to be obeyed.

RIPLEY
Even if it's against the law.

DALLAS
That's right.

Lambert steps forward and slaps Ripley across the face.
Ripley slowly puts her hand to her cheek.

LAMBERT
You were going to leave us out there.

PARKER
Maybe she should have. Who the
hell knows what that is.

BRETT
Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.
A moment.

RIPLEY
Let's call it settled.

Lambert gives her a curt nod.
Ash turns attention to the instrumentation.

RIPLEY
Somebody fill me in.

DALLAS
He went into the structure alone,
we lost radio contact. When we
pulled him out, it was on his face...

ASH
Where did it come from...

DALLAS
Somewhere inside that ship.

PARKER
How the hell is he breathing.

They study the monitors.

ASH
Blood's throughly oxygenated.

DALLAS
How. His nose and mouth seem
to be blocked.

ASH
We better look inside his head.

Ash punches three buttons.
An X-ray image appears.
A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.
The Alien is clearly visible.
A maze of complicated biology.
Kane's jaws are forced open.
The creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and

throat.

The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

BRETT

It's got something down his goddamn throat.

ASH

That must be how it's getting oxygen to him.

RIPLEY

It doesn't make sense. It paralyzes him, puts him into a coma, then keeps him alive.

PARKER

Let's kill it. We can't leave the damn thing on him.

ASH

I don't know. At the moment the Creature is keeping him alive. If we remove it we might terminate Kane...

DALLAS

I don't think so. Let's take the chance and cut it off him.

ASH

You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS

That's right.

Slips into surgical gloves.

Presses a switch, Kane slides back out of the booth.

DALLAS

Give me the knife.

Ripley takes a surgical laser blade from the case.

Carefully passes it to Dallas.

He manipulates the knife until he has a comfortable grip.

Flicks a small button with his thumb.

The blade begins to hum.

Dallas advances on Kane's prostrate form.

Touches the scalpel to the Creature.

The electronic blade slices effortlessly downward.

Suddenly a urine-like fluid begins to drip from the wound.

DALLAS

Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.
Starts to hiss.
Smoke curls up from the stain.
Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.
Then drips onto the deck below.
Metal bubbling and sizzling.
More smoke rising, sending the crew into a coughing jag.
The crew jostle their way out of the cabin.
Huddle in the passageway outside, still coughing.
Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound.
In the process, smoke of the fluid gets on Dallas's gloves.
They begin to smoke.
Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.
Then runs out into the corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY

BRETT
Shit. It's going to eat through
the decks and go out the hull...

He starts to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas wrenches an emergency lamp from a socket.
Hurls himself down a companionway.
The others follow.

DALLAS
There.

A droplet of fluid is sizzling on the ceiling bulkhead.
It oozes down.
Drips to the deck.
Continues to bubble.
Then goes through the bulkhead.

ASH
What can we put under it.

Ripley and Parker charge down the companionway below.

INT. SECOND LEVEL - "C" DECK

Ripley and Parker move cautiously down the passageway.
Look up to the ceiling bulkhead.

PARKER
Don't get under it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" DECK

Dallas, Brett and Ash crouch by the spot where the acid sizzles.

Ash fishes a pen out of his pocket.
Probes the hole in the deck.

ASH
It's stopped penetrating.

Ripley comes charging back up.

RIPLEY
What's happening.

ASH
I think it's lost steam. No
longer active.

Ripley checks the opening.
Ash straightens up.
Starts to put the pen back in his pocket.
Changes his mind and stands holding it by the end.

ASH
I've never seen anything like that,
except molecular acid...

BRETT
This thing uses it for blood.

ASH
It's the asbestos that stopped it,
otherwise it would have gone straight
through.

DALLAS
Wonderful defense mechanism.
You don't dare kill it.

Parker comes up the companionway.

PARKER
It's stopped bleeding.

DALLAS
Yeah. After it penetrated two
levels.

RIPLEY
What about Kane.

Starts up companionway.

INT. INFIRMARY

They return.
Kane still motionless on the bunk.
The Alien remains secured to his face.
Wound completely healed over.

PARKER
Any of the acid get on him.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS
Doesn't look like it.

BRETT
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH
Healed over.

LAMBERT
There must be some way we can get
it off.

And look at Dallas.

ASH
I don't think you ought to try
again. It didn't work out too well
last time.

Dallas gives him a look in return.
Ripley presses a button.
Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.
More buttons pressed.
Display lights up again, showing the different parts of
Kane's body.

ASH
I better get some intravenous
feeding started. So far I can't
tell what the Alien has absorbed
from his system.

The machine begins to process Kane's body.

RIPLEY
What's the stain on his lungs.

The X-ray reveals a spreading dark blot in the chest cavity.
At the center, the stain is completely opaque.

ASH
Whatever it is, it's blocking
the X-ray.

A long moment.
The stain spreads.

BRETT
What happens now.

Ash sets aside his partially melted pen.
Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS
You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett at work in the cubicle.
Parker supervising him.

BRETT
I think I've got it. Give it a
try.

Parker pushes a button.
Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER
Nothing.

BRETT
Damn. I was sure that was it.

PARKER
Well, it wasn't. Try the next one.

BRETT
Right.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
What's happening.

PARKER
This goddamn woman. I'll tell
her what's happening. My Johnson
is happening.
(punches the communicator)
A lot of hard work. Real work.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

PARKER
(voice over)
You ought to try it sometime.

RIPLEY
I've got the toughest job on
this ship...

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY
I have to listen to your bullshit.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

PARKER
Get off my back.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I'll get off your back when 12
module is fixed.

She clicks off.
Parker turns away.

PARKER
Smart mouth broad.

INT. INFIRMARY

Ash running test on the equipment.
Kane respirating on the view screens above.
Still deep within a coma.
All instruments recording his life processes.
The Alien's position unchanged.
Ripley approaches.
Sits near Ash.

RIPLEY
Anything new.

ASH
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY
What about the Creature.

ASH
It's got an outer layer of protein
polysaccharides. A lot of Amino

Acids for prolonged reistance to
adverse environmental conditions...
That enough for you.

RIPLEY
Plenty.What's it mean.

ASH
Interesting combination of elements
making it one tough little son-of-
a-bitch...

RIPLEY
Is that why you let it in.

ASH
I was following a direct order.
Remember.

RIPLEY
While Dallas and Kane are off
the ship, I'm Senior Officer.

ASH
Yes, of course -- I forgot.

RIPLEY
You also forgot the science division's
basic quarantine law.

ASH
No. That I didn't forget.

RIPLEY
You just broke it.

ASH
What would you have done with Kane...
His only chance at staying alive
was to get into the infirmary.

RIPLEY
By breaking quarantine procedure
you risk everybody's life.

ASH
Maybe I should have let him die
out there. Maybe I have jeopardized
the rest of us...It's a risk I'm
willing to take.

RIPLEY
This is your official position as
a science officer. Not exactly out

of the manual.

ASH

The first position of science is
the protection and betterment of
human life. I take my responsibility
as seriously as you do... you do your
job and I'll do mine.

Ripley stands...looks at Ash.
Walks out.

INT. MESS

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.
Cat's Cradle.
Both looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.
His foot tapping with the rhythm.
Beep.
An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS

Dallas.

ASH

(voice over)

I think you should have a
look at Kane. Something's
happened.

DALLAS

Serious.

ASH

(voice over)

Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

Ash stares through window.
Dallas joins him.
Ripley appears behind.
A long pause.

DALLAS
It's gone.

Kane's prone form.
The Alien is no longer on his face.
Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.
Face covered with sucker marks.

RIPLEY
The door is closed. It must still
be in there.

ASH
We can't open the door. We don't
want to let it out.

RIPLEY
Yeah, I remember. We can't grab
it. We can't kill it...

DALLAS
Maybe we can catch it.

ASH
As long as we're careful not to
damage it.

INT. INFIRMARY

They enter cautiously.
Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.
Picking up a stainless steel tray.
Looking.
Ash and Ripley do the same.
Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.
Nothing.
Accidentally kicks over a tray.
She stands.
Doesn't see the Alien on a ledge above her.
Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.
It drops on her.
She screams. Twists.
The Alien drops to the floor.
Then lies motionless.
Its skin faded to a dead-looking grey.
Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.
Prods the Alien.
No response.

ASH
I think it's dead.
(looks to Ripley)
You okay.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.
Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.
Quickly closes the lid.
Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.
Bright light trained on the Alien.
The Creature in a supine position.
Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH

Look at those suckers. No wonder
we couldn't get it off him.

RIPLEY

Where's its mouth.

ASH

It's this tube-thing, up in
here.

 (carefully extracts
 the end of the organ)
It's hardening.
 (slips the Creature
 under a fluoroscope)
It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY

Let's get rid of it.

ASH

This has to go back. This is
our first contact with a
specimen like this. All kinds
of tests need to be run.

RIPLEY

That thing bled acid. God
knows what it'll do when
it's dead.

ASH

I think it's safe to assume
it's not a zombie... Dallas, we
have to keep this specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS

You're the science officer. It's
your decision.

ASH
Then it's made... I'll seal it
in a stasis tube.

Pause.

RIPLEY
What about Kane.

Ash turns back to the bunk.
Studies the life support gauges.
Kane continues to breathe steadily.

ASH
Running a fever. And still
unconscious. The machine will
bring his temperature down.
His vital functions are strong...
who knows, he may make it.

Ash begins to seal the Alien in a large vacuum tube.

RIPLEY
I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY
How could you leave that kind
of decision to him.

DALLAS
I just run the ship. Anything
that has to do with science
division, Ash has the final word.

RIPLEY
How does that happen.

DALLAS
Same way everything else happens.
Orders from the Company.

RIPLEY
Since when is that standard
procedure.

DALLAS
Standard procedure is do what

they tell you... Besides, I only know about flying... I haul cargo for a living.

RIPLEY
Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS
First time. I went five hauls with another science man. Then two days before we left Thedus, replaced him with Ash.

She looks at him.

DALLAS
So what. They replaced my warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY
I don't trust him.

DALLAS
I don't trust anybody...What's holding up repairs.

RIPLEY
They're pretty much finished now.

DALLAS
Why didn't you say so?

RIPLEY
There are still some thing left to do.

DALLAS
Like what?

RIPLEY
We're blind on B and C decks. Reserve power systems blown...

DALLAS
That's crap. We can take off without them.

RIPLEY
Is that a good idea.

DALLAS
I want to get out of here. Let's get this turkey off the ground.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

The Nostromo's engines roaring.
Belching out streams of superheated air.
The starship vibrates.
Begins to surge forward.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

The crew at their posts.
An electrical hum permeates the air.

RIPLEY
Lock tractor beams.

The pitch of the hum changes.
The ship levels itself.

RIPLEY
Retract leading struts.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE

The Nostromo hovering above the ground.
Held on beams of shimmering force.
The landing struts begin folding.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

DALLAS
Take us up.

Lambert bends over the voice amplifier.

LAMBERT
One kilometer on ascension.

INT. PLANET

The Nostromo begins to levitate skyward.
Seemingly pushing upward on the beams of light.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The ship continues vibrating.

DALLAS
Switch on lifter quads.

A powerful, deep throbbing begins.
The vibrations increase.

RIPLEY
(into speaker)
Everything holding together
down there.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett strapped in and vibrating.

PARKER
We fix something it stays fixed.

BRETT
Right.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

The starship hovering below cloud ceiling.
Then begins to accelerate through the dense atmosphere.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

All viewscreens operational.

DALLAS
Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT
Engaged.

DALLAS
Altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

PARKER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Dust is clogging the damn intakes
again. We're overloading.

DALLAS
Just hold us together until
we're beyond G1...

The pitch of the engines changes...deepens.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY

The ship moves at an acute angle.

Slices through the boiling clouds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker and Brett watching the guages.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Outside the screens, clouds, clouds, clouds.
Another tremor runs through the ship.
The crew's eyes riveted to their instruments.

DALLAS
Let's pick up the money and go
home.

EXT. NOSTROMO

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.
Trailing a wake of glimmering dust flecks.
Attached itself to the hovering refinery.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Brett waves his arms in exultation.

BRETT
We did it

PARKER
Walk in the park. When we fix
something it stays fixed.

Big smiles.

INT. BRIDGE

The Nostromo now safely beyond gravity.

DALLAS
Set our course and get us up
to light plus four.

Lambert begins punching buttons.

LAMBERT
Feets get me out of here.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo now at light speed.
Preceptible movement in the surrounding universe.

A corona effect emerges.
Stars approaching the Nostromo appear blue.
Receding stars going to amber.
Redshift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

INT. MESS

Parker, Brett, Dallas and Ripley around the table.
Drinking coffee.

PARKER

The best thing to do is just to
freeze him. Stop the goddam
disease. He can get a doctor to
look at him when we get back home.

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

Whenever he says anything you say
'right'. You know that, Brett.

BRETT

Right.

RIPLEY

What do you think, Parker. Your
staff just follows you around and
says 'right'. Like a regular parrot.

Parker turns to Brett.

PARKER

Yeah. Shape up. What are you,
some kind of parrot.

BRETT

Right.

DALLAS

Knock it off... Kane will have
to go into quarantine.

RIPLEY

Yeah. And so will we.

Lambert enters.

LAMBERT

How about a little something to
lower your spirits.

DALLAS
Thrill me.

LAMBERT
According to my calculations...
based on the time spent getting
to and from the planet and the
speed at which it's moving away
from the other...

DALLAS
Give me the short version...

LAMBERT
It'll take us six weeks to get
back on course.

DALLAS
How far to Earth.

LAMBERT
Ten months.

RIPLEY
Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS
Dallas.

ASH
(voice over)
Come and see Kane right away...

DALLAS
Any change in his condition.

ASH
(voice over)
It's simpler if you just come
see him.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW

What they see is...Not what they expect.
Kane is sitting up in bed...wide awake.
They enter...

LAMBERT
Kane...Are you all right.

KANE

Mouth's dry...can I have some water.

Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup and water. Kane gulps it down in a swallow.

KANE
More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container. Hands it to Kane. He greedily consumes the entire contents. Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS
How do you feel.

KANE
Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH
You don't remember.

KANE
Don't remember anything. I can barely remember my name.

PARKER
Do you hurt.

KANE
All over. Feel like somebody's been beating me with a stick for about six years.
 (smiles)
God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY
What's the last thing you can remember.

KANE
I don't know.

DALLAS
Do you remember what happened on the planet.

KANE
Just some horrible dream about smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY

We're on our way home.

BRETT
Getting ready to go back into
the freezers.

KANE
I'm starving. I want some food
first.

PARKER
I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS
One meal before bed.

INT. MESS

The entire crew is seated.
Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.
The cat eats from a dish on the table.

KANE
First thing I'm going to do when
we get back is eat some decent
food.

PARKER
I've had worse than this, but
I've had better too, if you know
what I mean.

LAMBERT
Christ, you're pounding down this
stuff like there's no tomorrow.

Pause.

PARKER
I mean I like it.

KANE
No kidding.

PARKER
Yeah. It grows on you.

KANE
It should. You know what they
make this stuff out of...

PARKER
I know what they make it out of.

So what. It's food now.You're
eating it.

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY
What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

KANE
I don't know... I'm getting cramps.

The others stare at him in alarm.
Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise.
Clutches the edge of the table with his hands.
Knuckles whitening.

ASH
Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE
Oh God, it hurts so bad.
It hurts. It hurts.
(stands up)
Ooooooh.

BRETT
What is it. What hurts.

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony.
He falls back into his chair.

KANE
Ohmygooaaaaahh.

A red stain.
Then a smear of blood blossoms on his chest.
The fabric of his shirt is ripped apart.
A small head the size of a man's fist pushes out.
The crew shouts in panic.
Leap back from the table.
The cat spits, bolts away.
The tiny head lunges forward.
Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.
Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.
Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.
Wriggles away while the crew scatters.
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.

Kane lies slumped in his chair.
Very dead.
A huge hole in his chest.
The dishes are scattered.
Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT
No, no, no, no, no.

BRETT
What was that. What the Christ
was that.

PARKER
It was growing in him the whole
time and he didn't even know it.

ASH
It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY
That means we've got another
one.

DALLAS
Yeah. And it's loose on the
ship.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.
Then they all look at one another.
Then at Kane.
Dead on the table.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK

Empty.
Parker and Brett descend companioway.
They join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALLAS
Any signs.

LAMBERT
Nothing.

ASH
Nothing.

PARKER
Didn't see a goddamn thing.

BRETT
Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY

We can't go into hypersleep with
that thing running loose. We'd
be sitting ducks in the freezers.
We have to kill it first.

LAMBERT

We can't kill it. If we do, it
will spill its body acids right
through the hull...

BRETT

Son-of-a-bitch.

RIPLEY

We have to catch it and eject
it from the ship.

ASH

Our supplies are based on us
spending a limited amount of
time out of suspended animation.
Strictly limited.

RIPLEY

First we have to find it.

DALLAS

No. First we've got something
else to do.

He looks at Kane's body through mess doorway.

INT. AIR LOCK

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew looking at Kane's body on view screens.
Silent.
Depressed.

DALLAS

Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS

Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.

He nods to Ripley.
She presses a button.

INT. AIR LOCK

The outer hatch opens.
Yawning space outside.
Kane's body shoots out into eternity.
The hatch closes.

INT. MESS

The crew is assembled.

RIPLEY
I've checked on the supplies.
For about a week we can stay
out of hypersleep.

BRETT
Then what.

LAMBERT
We run out of food and oxygen.

DALLAS
All right, that's what we've got.
A week. It's plenty of time.

PARKER
I say we put on our pressure
suits and blow all the air out
of the ship. That might kill it.

LAMBERT
What a swell idea.

PARKER
What's wrong with it.

ASH
We've got forty-eight hours of
air in our pressure suits and
it takes six months to get home.

LAMBERT
Other than that...A swell idea.

Parker won't give up on this idea.

PARKER
Maybe we could cut some kind
of special lines to the tanks.

Brett and I are pretty good
practical engineers...We got
us back up you know.

RIPLEY
All by yourselves.

ASH
I hate to point this out but
it might be better off without
oxygen.It lived that way long
enough.

RIPLEY
There's another problem. How
do we find it.There's no
visual communication on B and
C decks. All the screens are
out.

DALLAS
We're going to have to flush it
out.

ASH
Sounds great...but how.

DALLAS
Room by room, corridor by corridor.

One of those suggestions that nobody likes.

LAMBERT
And what do we do when we find it.

RIPLEY
Trap it somehow.

BRETT
If we had a really strong piece
of net, we could bag it... I could
put something together. A long
metal rod with a battery in it.
Only take a few hours.

LAMBERT
Why do we listen to this meathead.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS
He might be right...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

INT. INFIRMARY

Dallas enters.

Ash working at a read-out section.

DALLAS
I want to talk.

ASH
I'm a little busy at the
moment.

Pause.

DALLAS
I don't care.

Pause.

ASH
All right, go ahead.

DALLAS
Why did you let the Alien survive
inside Kane.

ASH
I'm not sure you're getting
through to me.

DALLAS
Mother was monitoring his body.
You were monitoring Mother. You
must have had some idea of what
was going on.

ASH
What are you trying to say.

A long moment.

DALLAS
You want the Alien to stay alive
...I figure you have a reason.

ASH
Name one.

DALLAS
Look, we both work for the same

company. I just want to know
what's going on.

ASH
I don't know what the hell you're
talking about. And I don't like
any of the insinuations. The
Alien is a dangerous form of
life...I don't want it to stay
alive any more than you do.

DALLAS
You're sure.

ASH
Yeah, I'm sure. You should be
too.

Dallas walks out.
Ash watches him go.
Stares in his direction a long while...

INT. NARCISSUS

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft.
Staring at the myriad lights of outer space.
Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY
I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS
Are the nets finished.

Pause.

RIPLEY
We've got an hour...Look I
need some relief.

DALLAS
Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY
Let me tell you something. You
keep staring out there long
enough, they'll be peeling you
off the wall.

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS

We're the new pioneers, Ripley.
We even get to have our own
special disease.

RIPLEY

I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

DALLAS

You waited too long.

RIPLEY

Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.

His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE

The crew has assembled.

Brett unfolds several yards of asbestos netting.

Hands out five thin rods.

Each of them like metal broom handles.

BRETT

I put portable generators in
each of these. They're insulated
down here. Just be goddamn careful
not to get your hand on the end.

He touches the tip to a metal object.

A blue spark leaps.

BRETT

It won't damage the little bastard
unless its skin is a lot thinner
than ours...It'll just give it a
little incentive.

LAMBERT

Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH

I've taken care of that...tracking
device. You set it to search for
a moving object...It hasn't much
range but when you get within a
certain distance it starts beeping.

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY
What's it key on.

ASH
Micro changes in air density.
Keep it pointed ahead of you.

DALLAS
We'll break into two teams.
Whoever finds it first catches
it in the net and ejects it
from the nearest air lock.
(pause)
For starters, let's make sure
the bridge is safe.

Parker turns on his unit.
Scans it around the room.

LAMBERT
We seem to be okay...If this
damn thing works.

DALLAS
Ash and myself will go with
Lambert. Brett and Parker will
make up the second team. Ripley,
you command it.

They start doling out the equipment.

DALLAS
Channels are open on all decks.
We'll be in constant touch.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

Lambert and Dallas carry the net.
Ash walks directly behind, carrying the tracking device.
He continually scans from side to side.
Lambert stops by a stairwell.

LAMBERT
Anything down there.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Ripley move silently along.
Ripley ahead of them with the tracker by the stairwell.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

The move on.
A small light flashes.

RIPLEY
Hold it. I've got something.

Parker and Brett grow tense.
Start looking around.

BRETT
Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY
Machine's screwed up. I can't
tell. Needle's spinning all
over the dial.

BRETT
Goddamn, malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side.
The needles stabilize.

RIPLEY
No, just confused. It's
coming from below us.

They all look down at their feet.

INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down ladder onto an endless
oily corridor.
They stop at the foot of the companionway...
They move down corridor into darkness.

RIPLEY
Okay.

Looks at the tracker.
Nods down the passageway. Stops.

RIPLEY
Back this way.

They begin to walk in that direction.
Entering drab section of the ship.
Surrounded by deep shadows.

Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

RIPLEY
I thought you fixed 12 module.

BRETT
We did.

PARKER
Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY
Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY
It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.
Moves with great care.
Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.
Perspiration rivers down her face.
She sets aside the tracker.
Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.
Yanks it open.
Jams the electric prod inside.
A nerve-shattering squall.
Then a small creature comes flying out of the locker.
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.
Very annoyed.
They open the net and release the captive.
Which happens to be the cat.
Hissing and spitting...it scampers away.

RIPLEY
God damn it...hold it.

PARKER
We should have killed it...Now
we might pick it up on the
tracker again.

RIPLEY
Go get it. We'll go on.

BRETT

Right.

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.
Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.
Looking for the cat.
Nervous.

BRETT
Jones...Here kitty...Jones...
Goddamn it Jones.

Scratching noises.
A reassuring cat yowl.
Brett moves on.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL

Ripley and Parker walk along.
Tracker signal weakens.
Finally stops.

RIPLEY
Nothing here.

PARKER
Let's go back.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL

Brett enters.
Still looking for Jones.
Another yowl followed by a hiss.
Two eyes shining in the dark.
Jones.
Relieved, Brett moves toward the cat.

BRETT
Here kitty...Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.
Jones hisses.
An arm reaches for Brett.
The Alien.
Now seven feet tall.
Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.
Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.
Brett screams.
To no avail...
In the doorway Ripley and Parker.

They witness the horror.

INT. MESS

The remaining crew assemble.
Long faces.

LAMBERT
Now what.

PARKER
Blast the rotten bastard with
a laser and take our chances.

RIPLEY
No. At its present size it's
holding enough acid to tear a
hole in this ship as big as this
room.

ASH
It wouldn't do any good. It's
self-regenerating. You saw that
when we operated on it.

RIPLEY
The only plan that's going to
work is the same one we had
before. Drive it into an air
lock and blow it out into space.

PARKER
Drive it...The son-of-a-bitch
is huge.

LAMBERT
For once he has a point. How
do we drive it.

RIPLEY
The science department should
be able to help...

ASH
According to Mother, he's a
primitive form of encephlepod...

LAMBERT
How come it's a he.

ASH
Just a phrase. As a matter of
fact he's both, bisexual or
hermaphrodite to be precise.

DALLAS

Skip its sex life. How do
we kill it.

ASH

It seems to have adapted to
an oxygen-rich atmosphere and
it's certainly adapted well for
its nutritional requirements.
The only thing we don't know
about is temperature.

RIPLEY

Curious isn't it...That the
Alien is an encephlepod...

ASH

What's so curious about that.

RIPLEY

It's curious because lower
species can't adapt as quickly
as higher ones. And this one's
doing very well. A real survivor.
Might even have as good a chance
as we do.

ASH

You're getting paranoid again.

RIPLEY

All right. What about the
temperature. What happens
if we change it.

ASH

Let's give it a try. Most
animals retreat from fire.

Pause.

PARKER

I can hook up a couple of
incinerating units in about
fifteen minutes.

Pause.

DALLAS

Anybody got any better ideas.

Nobody does.

DALLAS
Okay. When Parker's ready,
we'll work our way back down
to 'C' deck.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Nostromo at light plus four.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Dallas lead.
Armed with flamethrowers.
They descend from companionway.
Suddenly both tracking devices beep frantically.
Sound of rending metal up ahead.
The move forward cautiously.

DALLAS
It's in that food locker.

EXT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 12

More rending noises.

LAMBERT
Jesus. It must be huge.

PARKER
It's got to be using the
airshafts to move around...

Dallas raises flamethrower.

DALLAS
Do these things really work.

PARKER
I made them didn't I.

RIPLEY
That's what worries me.

Dallas indicates door handle.
Parker reluctantly takes it.

DALLAS
Now.

Parker wrenches open door.
Dallas fires a long blast. Another.
Another and another...Silence.
They move inside...

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Charred wreckage.

Packages have been ripped to shreds.

Foodstuffs scattered over the floor.

Carefully, they poke through the smouldering garbage.

RIPLEY

We didn't get him.

DALLAS

This is where he went.

On the wall, a ventilator grill has been ripped open.

They move to the shredded ventilator.

Shine their lights inside the shaft.

DALLAS

This could work for us. The
duct comes out at the starboard
air lock. There's an exit on
the way. But we can close that
off. Then we drive it into the
air lock and blast it into space.

LAMBERT

Yeah. All you have to do is
crawl in the vent with it, find
your way through the maze and
hope it's afraid of fire.

DALLAS

Well Parker, you wanted an
equal share...

PARKER

Yeah.

DALLAS

Get in the pipe.

PARKER

Why me.

DALLAS

I just wanted to see you get
your full share.

PARKER

No way.

RIPLEY

I'll go.

DALLAS
Forget it. You take the
air lock. Parker and Lambert
cover the exit.

No doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

INT. STARBOARD AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

Ripley stands in vestibule.
Looks through the Bulkhead door to air lock.
She throws a switch.
Watches airshaft entrance into air lock open.
The trap is ready.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Parker and Lambert get set.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12 - "B" LEVEL

Ash hands Dallas the makeshift flamethrower.
He fires a couple of short bursts.

DALLAS
It's still working.

ASH
Why do you have to go. Why
didn't you sent Ripley.

DALLAS
It's my responsibility. I let
Kane go into the craft. Now
it's my turn.

ASH
You're the captain. It'll be
harder on the rest of us, if
we lose you.

DALLAS
Nothing I do that Ripley can't.

ASH
I don't agree.

DALLAS
The decision is final.

He removes the master computer key.
Hands it to Ash.

DALLAS
If I don't take it back,
Ripley will need this.

Ash nods.

Dallas turns and climbs into the ventilator opening.
Just large enough to crawl through.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Completely dark.
Dallas turns on his helmet light.
Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS
Do you receive me. Ripley.
Parker.Lambert.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

The hum of vast cooling plants.
Large air shafts run off in different directions.
Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.
Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT
We're in position. I'll try
and pick you up on the tracker.

Parker hefts his flamethrower.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Parker, if it tries to come
out by you, make sure you drive
it back in. I'll push it forward.

PARKER
Right.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Near the starboard air lock.
Ripley pops open the hatch.
The air lock now open and ready.
She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY
Air lock open.

DALLAS
(voice over)

Ready.

RIPLEY

Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas begins to crawl forward.
The tunnel is narrow...
Only a foot or two wider than his shoulders.

DALLAS

I'm under way.

Turns a corner.
Several more tight turns.
Instinctively Dallas pulls back.
Raises the flamethrower.
Fires a blast around the corner into the darkness.
It roars loudly in the confined tube.
Smoke drifts back into his face.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

A large rectangular duct in one wall.

PARKER

That's where it's got to come
out, if it leaves the main shaft.

He throws a switch.
A metal pane rises and seals off the opening.

LAMBERT

Let's keep it open. I'd like
to know if anything's coming.

Reluctantly, Parker again throws the switch and raises the
metal pane.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley waiting.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.
Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.
He moves toward the corner.
Fires another blast from the flamethrower.
Then starts crawling down, head first.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT
Beginning to get a reading on
you.

INT. AIR SHAFT

The shaft makes yet another turn.
Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

INT. FOOD STORAGE LOCKER NUMBER 12

Ash staring at the ventilator opening.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.
Clutching his flamethrower.
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS
Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

RIPLEY
Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT

DALLAS
I don't think this shaft goes
much farther... It's getting hot
in here.

He readies the flamethrower.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air
tunnel.

Dallas crawls out and stands.
Moves to a catwalk floor. Looks about.
Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.
Sits.

His feet dangle beneath the catwalk floor to the next level.

DALLAS
Lambert, what kind of reading
are you getting.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Lambert huddled over her tracker.
Puzzled.

LAMBERT
I'm not sure. There seems
to be some kind of double
image.

INT. AIR SHAFT DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY

Dallas sitting.
His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the catwalk.

DALLAS
It may be interference. I'll
push on ahead.

Dallas begins to rise.
From below, a gentle movement toward the hanging feet.
A hand reaches up.
Misses his leg as Dallas moves ahead.

Further on.

DALLAS
Lambert, am I coming in any
clearer.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
It's clear all right, but I'm
still getting two blips.
(pause)
I'm not sure which one is
which.

Dallas stops.
Turns around.
Looks back down through the catwalk.
Lowers the nose of the flamethrower, his finger on the
trigger.
From behind him, the hand reaches up.
The Alien is the front signal.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE

Ripley bends forward.

Hears the sounds of the struggle...
And Dallas' screams.
She cries out.

RIPLEY
Dallas...Dallas...

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker.
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Oh my God.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

Dallas' flamethrower on the table surface.

PARKER
(voice over)
We just found it laying there.
No sign of him. Only a hole
torn through to the central
cooling complex.

The remaining crew standing at the table.

RIPLEY
This puts me in command.

PARKER
Okay.

For the first time he's dropped his bullshit.

RIPLEY
Unless someone's got a better
idea about dealing with the
Alien, we'll continue with the
last plan.

Silence.

RIPLEY
How are our weapons.

PARKER
They're working fine...We could
use more fuel for that one.

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY
Get it.

PARKER
Right.

He leaves.
Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY
Any ideas. From you or Mother.

ASH
Nothing new. Just the one
you're operating under.

RIPLEY
You mean to tell me with
everything we've got, we're
still powerless against the
Beast.

ASH
That's the way it looks.

RIPLEY
I can't believe that.

ASH
I'm sorry captain. what would
you like me to do.

RIPLEY
Go back to Mother and keep
asking questions until you
get some better answers.

ASH
All right...I'll try.

He starts to go.

RIPLEY
Dallas didn't leave the master
computer key with you.

ASH
You didn't get it.

RIPLEY

No.

ASH
Well, we probably won't need
it anyway.

He leaves.

RIPLEY
I know Ash has got the key.

LAMBERT
Why should he lie.

RIPLEY
He knows I want to check up on
him...Without that key we've got
no access to command priority
information.

LAMBERT
Swell.

Lambert shrugs.
They start to leave.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK

Parker selects two full methane cylinders.
He tests them.
Moves out.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

RIPLEY
Did you ever sleep with Ash?

LAMBERT
No. What about you.

RIPLEY
No.

LAMBERT
I never got the impression he
was particularly interested...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker returning with methane cylinder.
Turns a corner.
Comes to an abrupt halt.
A movement in front of him beyond the air lock.

He hesitates.
Then another shadowy movement...

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley and Lambert.
Parker's voice on voice-amp.
Muffled.
Ripley hits a toggle.

RIPLEY
Ripley.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER
Keep it down...

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY
Can't hear you...Repeat...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker whispering.

PARKER
The Alien...It's outside the
main air lock door. Open the
door slowly...When I shout...
close it fast.

INT. BLISTER

Ash listens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker still whispering.

PARKER
Open it...slowly.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley hesitates.
Starts to reply.
Throws switch.

INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK

Low servo whine.
Door opens.
Slowly.
Green light throbbing inside air lock.
Creature looks curiously at it.
Moves onto the threshold.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker watches...

INT. AIR LOCK

Creature move further into air lock.
Fascinated by green light.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER
Now...Now...

INT. BRIDGE

As Ripley moves to throw switch...

INT. AIR LOCK

Suddenly, from out of nowhere a klaxon wails.
The Creature leaps back across the threshold of the air lock.
Bewildered.
Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.
Acid boiling out.
The appendage crushed.
The acid bubbles.
Metal boils in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL

Parker watches.
Frozen.
The Alien wrenches itself free.
Comes flying outward.
Smashes Parker down.
Flees.
On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal still boiling.
The outer hatch begins to open.

INT. BRIDGE

RIPLEY
Parker...

Pushes a switch.
Pushes it again.

LAMBERT
What's happening, Parker.

In front of her a green light blinks.
"Inner Hatch Closed."

RIPLEY
Inner hatch sealed. The outer
hatch is open.

LAMBERT
What about Parker.

RIPLEY
I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Air lock open.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker unconscious.

INT. AIR LOCK

The inner hatch still closed.
Metal boils.
The hole growing deeper.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" LEVEL

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.

INT. AIR LOCK

Metal boiling in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "B" DECK

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.
Regains her balance.
Starts running.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Parker now half conscious.
Ripley arrives as the hole in door blows open.
Escaping air shrieks.
Flashing sign comes on.
Critical depressurization.
Emergency klaxon.
Simultaneously vestibule doors close either end.
Sealing in Ripley and Parker.
Door nearest to Parker half-closed on one of the methane cylinders.
Leaving large gap.
Windstorm begins as hole in air lock grows.
Ripley reaches for other cylinder.
Begins smashing the jammed cylinder out of door.
Blood froths at their noses and ears.
Cylinder finally is driven out.
The door slams closed.

INT. BRIDGE

Lambert watches.
Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"
"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

LAMBERT
Ash, get the oxygen. Meet me at
the air lock.

Rushes out.
Down corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Ripley staggers toward an emergency panel.
At far end of corridor.
Pinging sound.
Misty atmosphere.
Tries to activate the door.
Cannot.
Lambert appears other side of bulkhead.
Activates door from outside.
Rush of oxygen.

EXT. NOSTROMO

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL

Repressurization sounds.

Parker regains consciousness.

Struggles to breathe.

Ripley unable to move.

Breath coming in shallow pants.

Lambert with an oxygen tank.

Ash follows.

Oxygen administered to Ripley and Parker.

Finally.

ASH

You all right.

PARKER

We didn't get it. The warning
went off and it jumped back in
the ship.

ASH

Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY

You tell me.

ASH

What does that mean.

RIPLEY

I guess the alarm went off by
itself.

ASH

If you've got something to say
say it. I'm sick of these coy
accusations.

RIPLEY

Nobody's accusing you.

ASH

The hell you're not.

Sullen silence.

RIPLEY

Go patch him up.

Ash and Parker leave.
Ripley turns to Lambert.

RIPLEY
How much oxygen have we lost.
I want an exact reading.

LAMBERT
You were accusing him.

RIPLEY
If I could find the command
computer key, I could prove it.

LAMBERT
You're still accusing him of
stealing the key.

RIPLEY
You think I'm wrong.

LAMBERT
I don't know. Wrong or crazy.

RIPLEY
Thanks.

INT. BLISTER STAIRCASE

Ripley cautiously descends the stairs to the blister.
Carrying a flamethrower.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER

Looks around the blister.
Satisfied it's deserted.
She puts down the flamethrower.
Methodically begins to search for the key.
Faint tapping sound.
Then stops.
She looks around.
Sees nothing.
Resumes searching near blister window...
Ripley finds key...
Tapping sound.
She whips around to see:
Kane's disfigured face slapping against the plexiglass.
She stifles a scream.
Drops the key onto the curved surface of the blister.
Fishes for it...
Kane's bloated face swings in...
Beneath her.
She grabs the key and bolts up companionway.

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX

Ripley plugs the key into the board.

Data banks come to life.

She sits at a console.

Thinks for a moment.

Then punches up a code.

Nothing happens.

Punches another combination.

Nothing happens.

Frustration.

Another combination.

One screen comes to life.

Another combination.

She moves to the second keyboard.

Screen One spells out the question:

Question: WHO TURNED ON AIR LOCK 2 WARNING SYSTEM.

Response: ASH

Another code.

Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN.

Response: YES

New code.

Question: WHY

Response: SPECIAL ORDER 937 SCIENCE EYE'S ONLY

She starts a new code.

A hand slams down next to Ripley's arm.

It sinks elbow deep into the computer.

She whips around in her chair.

Faces Ash.

Ripley lashes out with her foot.

Kicks him in the middle.

No effect.

Ripley twists away.

Ash throws a punch at her.

Misses.

She pushes a chair at him.

Overturns the desk...

And runs through bridge into mess.

He moves after her.

Gets her.

Parker and Lambert burst into the Mess.

Lambert falls on Ash's back.

Ash turns to Lambert.

Tosses her across the room.

Returns to Ripley.

Again choking her.

Parker lifts the tracker.

Steps behind Ash.

Swings the tracker...Wallop.

Tears his head off...

Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.

Where his head used to be.

Ash's hands release Ripley.

Search above his neck for his missing head.

He walks backward.
All eyes on Ash's headless body.
He walks the room.
Still feeling for his missing head.

PARKER
A robot, a God damn Droid.

Ash turns on him.
Starts to advance.
Parker hits him again with the tracker...
Again.
Again.
No avail.
Ash begins choking Parker.
Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.
Closes on Ash's back.
Tears away the fabric.
Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.
Ripley tears at the controls buried in the cavity once
covered by his head.
Parker's eyes bulge in pain.
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking...
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home...
Ash's grip lessens.
Another stab...electrical flash...
The grip lessens...
Another stab...flash of circuits.
The headless body collapses.
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER
Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.
Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT
Tell me...What the hell's going on.

Pause.

RIPLEY
Let's find out. Wire him back up.

PARKER
What kind of crap is that.

RIPLEY
Do it.

They set to work.
Begin to reassemble the wiring in Ash's head.

RIPLEY

Ash let it on board. Ash let it
grow inside Kane. Ash blew the
warning signal.

LAMBERT

Why.

RIPLEY

Special Order 937.

PARKER

What's that.

RIPLEY

That's what I want to know.

Ash's head is placed on the table.
His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY

What is Special Order 937.

ASH

You know I can't tell you that.

RIPLEY

Then there's not point in talking
to you. Pull the plug.

ASH

Special Order 937 in essence
asked me to direct the ship to
the planet, investigate a life
form, possibly hostile and bring
it back for observation. With
discretion, of course.

RIPLEY

Why. Why not tell us.

ASH

Would you have gone.

PARKER

It wasn't in the contract.

ASH

My very point.

RIPLEY

They wanted to investigate the
Alien. No matter what happened
to us.

ASH
That's unfair. Actually, you
weren't mentioned in the order.

LAMBERT
Those bastards.

ASH
See it from their point of view.
They didn't know what the Alien is.

RIPLEY
How do we kill it.

ASH
I don't think you can. Not
in this ship, given its life
support systems. But I might
be able to.

RIPLEY
How.

ASH
I don't know quite yet. I'm not
exactly at my best at the moment.
If you would reconnect...

RIPLEY
No way.

ASH
Don't be so hasty. You'll never
kill it without my help.

RIPLEY
We've had enough of your help.

ASH
You've barely got any oxygen left.
If you don't go into hypersleep,
you'll die with or without the
Alien.

RIPLEY
Nice try, Ash.

ASH
I will do whatever I can to help
you. I swear it.

PARKER
Pull the plug.

LAMBERT

I agree.

ASH

You idiots. You still don't realize what you're dealing with. The Alien is a perfect organism. Superbly structured, cunning, quintessentially violent. With your limited capabilities you have no chance against it.

LAMBERT

You admire it.

ASH

How can one not admire perfection. I will kill it because I am programmed to protect human life as you know.

RIPLEY

Even if you have contempt for it.

ASH

Even then.

Bitter and angry.

RIPLEY

Sorry Ash. I don't buy it.

ASH

You egocentric morons. You'll be ripped to shreds, destroyed and...

Ripley make a movement.

Ash softens...

ASH

I can only wish you well...

Ripley pulls the plug.

PARKER

He was probably right. We do need him.

RIPLEY

He was conning us.

LAMBERT

He was programmed to protect
human life.

RIPLEY

He wasn't protecting our human
lives and that's all I care about.
Anyway it's done.

Ripley exits to the bridge.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley in the Computer Annex.
Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY

He's right about one thing.
We've got less than twelve
hours oxygen left.

PARKER

It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT

I don't know about the rest of
you, but I think I prefer a
painless peaceful death to any
of the alternatives on offer.

RIPLEY

We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules.
Suicide pills.

LAMBERT

We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY

I think we should blow up the
ship.

LAMBERT

I'll stick with chemicals if
you don't mind.

RIPLEY

We leave in the shuttle and
then blow up the ship.

INT. AIR LOCK - NARCISSUS

Ripley, Lambert and Parker loading oxygen tanks onto the Narcissus.

RIPLEY
That's all the oxygen.

PARKER
That's it.

RIPLEY
Now. Let's get the food, shut
off the engines and get out...
Jones. Where's Jones.

PARKER
Who knows.

LAMBERT
Last I saw him was in the mess.

RIPLEY
Go look. We don't want to leave him.

LAMBERT
I don't want to go by myself.

PARKER
Always hated that damn cat.

RIPLEY
I'll go. You load up the food.

They move out.

INT. BRIDGE

Jones lying on Dallas' console.
Ripley comes in.
Smiles.

RIPLEY
Jones. You're in luck.

As she reaches for him, Jones jumps off the console.
Moves away.

RIPLEY
Come on, Jones.

She moves after the cat.
We hear Parker and Lambert over the communicator

from the coolant locker.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
How much do you think we'll
need.

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" LEVEL

Parker and Lambert loading food.

PARKER
All you can carry.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
God damn it, Jones. Come here.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY
Here kitty...come here kitty...

Jones moves away.

INT. FOOD LOCKER NUMBER 6 - "B" DECK

Arms full, Parker moves out of the locker.
Lambert is still making her selection.
A faint light on the tracker.
Unnoticed.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley finally corners Jones.
Finds his box.
Tries to put him in it.
Jones resists.
Ultimately futile.

INT. FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

Parker attempts to pick up the flamethrower.
Can't manage it and the food.
Drops some of the packages.

PARKER
Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

PARKER
Nothing. just hurry up.

The tracker flashes faster.
Now it's noticed.
Parker picks up the flamethrower.

PARKER
Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT
Right now.

The Alien appears out of the air shaft ventilator.
Lambert turns.
Screams.
Unfolding, the Alien grabs for her.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's screams.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE

Parker looks back into the locker.
Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.
He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker.
Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER
Goddamn you.

INT. FOOR LOCKER NUMBER 6

The Alien drops Lambert.
Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.
No effect.
The Alien strikes him once.
Killing him instantly.
He now moves to Lambert.

INT. BRIDGE

Ripley listening on the communicator.

Lambert's dying shrieks.
Then the voice-amp goes dead.
Silence.

RIPLEY
Parker.Lambert.

She waits for a response.
But her expression shows that she expects none.
A long moment.
Expectation fulfilled.
Nightmare without end.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley descends, cautiously, holding flamethrower.
Jones left above, squalling.

INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.
Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.
Sees carnage.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" DECK

Ripley running toward engine room.
Out of breath.
Exhausted she stops, gulps for air.
Suddenly, ahead of her, the sound of human weeping.
She moves quietly ahead until the source of the sound is
directly under her feet.
She is standing on a round metal plate.
Ripley starts to remove the disc.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.
Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.
Pitch black.
Ripley arrives at deck level.
Shines her light.
Its arc reveals the Alien's layer.
Bones, shreds of flesh.
Pieces of clothing, shoes.
Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

Something moves in the darkness.
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge cocoon.
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.
Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.

The body of Dallas inside.

Unexpectedly, his eyes open.
FOCUS ON Ripley.
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS
Kill me.

RIPLEY
What did it do.

Dallas moves his head slightly.
Ripley turns her light.
Another cocoon dangles from the ceiling.
But of a different texture.
Smaller and darker, with a harder shell.
Almost exactly like the ovoids in the derelict ship.

DALLAS
That was Brett...

RIPLEY
I'll get you out of there...
We'll get up the autodoc.

A long moment.
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY
What can I do.

DALLAS
Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.
Raises the flamethrower.
Sprays a molten blast.
Another blast.
The entire compartment bursts into flames.
Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley emerges from below.
Gasps for breath.
Regains control of herself.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

At light speed.
The Nostromo and refinery appear to hang motionless.
Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

Ripley enters the power center.
Stares at the massive light-plus engines.
Approaches the main control board.
Begins closing the switches, one by one.
A long moment.
Sirens begin to honk.
Mother speaks.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Attention. The cooling units for
the light-plus engines are not
functioning. Engines will over-
load in four minutes, fifty seconds...

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Ripley running toward the "B" deck companionway.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.
Remembers Jones.

INT. "A" TO "B" LEVELS - COMPANIONWAY

Jones howling.
In his box.
Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flamethrower.
Jones hisses.
Fur rises.
Ripley stops, and stares down corridor toward Narcissus.
The Alien can be heard thrashing about the shuttle craft.
Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room, leaving
Jones on "B" level companionway.

INT. COMPANIONWAY TO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL

Ripley bounds down the companionway.
Her footsteps clanging metallically throughout the ship.
A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes, twenty seconds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE

The door crashes open, Ripley comes pounding in.
The chamber filled with smoke.
Engines whining dangerously.
Ripley breaks out in perspiration from the intense heat.
She runs to the controls.
Begins throwing the cooling unit switches back into place.
The sirens continue sounding.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY

Mother, I've turned all the
cooling units back on.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Too late for remedial action.
The core has begun to melt.
Engines will overload in two
minutes, thirty-five seconds.

A moment.

The Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY

Ripley runs back down the corridor.
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling...

MOTHER'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Attention. Engines will overload
in two minutes.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY

She reaches companionway.
Picks up Jones.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS

Ripley staggers towards the air lock.
The Narcissus berthed beyond.
She drags Jones and raises the flamethrower.
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.
Then advances down the passageway.

Goaded on by the computer.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will explode
in ninety seconds.

She makes it to the vestibule.
Looks into the shuttle.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. VESTIBULE

She turns and dashes back.
Grabs the cat box.
Runs back toward the shuttle.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. The engines will
explode in sixty seconds.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley enters on the run.
Hurls the cat box toward the front.
She dives into the control chair.
Hits the "launch" button.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE

The retainer clips drop away.
A blast of ram jets.
The shuttle is launched from the mother ship.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley frantically straps herself in.
G-forces from the shuttles acceleration pulling against her.

EXT. SPACE

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mother ship.
The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.
All is strangely serene.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.
Reaches and grabs the cat box.

The cat yowling within.
Ripley hugs the box to her chest.
Hunches her head down over the container.

EXT. SPACE

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.
Finally becomes a small point of light.
Then it blows up.
Transforms into expanding orange fireball.
Pieces of metal flying in all directions.
And then the refinery explodes.
200,000,000 tons of fuel blasting silently into the cosmos.

INT. NARCISSUS

The shockwave hits the shuttle craft.
Jolting and rattling everything within.
Then all is quiet.
Ripley unhooks herself from her straps.
Rises, and goes to the back of the escape craft.
Stares out through the porthole.
Face bathed in orange light.

EXT. SPACE

Piece of debris float past.
The boiling fireball fades into nothingness.
The Nostromo has ceased to exist.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and crew mates.
A very long moment.
Then, behind her, the lethal hand emerges from deep shadow.
The Alien has been in the shuttle-craft all along.
The cat yowls.

Ripley whirls.
Finding herself facing the Creature.

Ripley's first thought is for the flamethrower.
It lies on the deck next to the Alien.
Next she glances around for a place to hide.
Her eye falls on a small locker containing a pressure suit.
The door standing open.
She begins to edge toward the compartment.
The Creature stands.
Comes for her.
Ripley dives for the open door.
Hurls herself inside.
Slams it shut.

INT. LOCKER

A clear glass panel in the door.
The Alien puts its head up to the window.
Peers in at Ripley.
Their faces only two inches apart.
The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.
The moaning of the cat distracts it.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Alien moves to the pressurized cat box.
Bends down and peers inside.
The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley knocks on the glass.
Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.
The Alien's face is instantly back at the window.
Getting no more interference from her, the Creature
returns to the cat box.
Ripley looks around.
Sees the pressure suit.
Quickly begins to pull it on.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Alien picks up the cat box.
Shakes it.
The cat moans.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley is halfway into a pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Creature throws the cat box down.
Very hard.
Picks it up again.
Hammers it against the wall.
Then jams it into a crevice.
Begins to pound the container into the opening.
The cat now beyond all hysteria.

INT. LOCKER

Ripley pulls on the helmet, latches it into place.
Turns the oxygen valve.
With a hiss, the suit fills itself.
A rack on the wall contains a long metal rod.
Ripley peels off the rubber tip.
Revealing a sharp metal point.

INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER

Ripley inhales.
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS

The Creature rises.
Faces the locker.
Catches the steel shaft through its midriff.
The Alien clutches at the spear.
Yellow acid begins to flow from the wound.
Before the fluid can touch the floor...
Ripley reaches back and pulls the switch.
Blows the rear hatch.
The atmosphere in the shuttle immediately sucked into space.
The bleeding creature along with it.
Ripley grabs a strut to keep from being pulled out.
The Alien shoots past her.
Grab's Ripley's ankle with an appendage.

EXT. NARCISSUS

Ripley now hanging halfway out of the shuttle-craft.
The Alien clinging to her leg.
She kicks at it with her free foot.
The Creature holds fast.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley looks for any salvation.
Grabs the hatch level.
Yanks it.
The hatch slams shut, closing Ripley safely inside.

EXT. NARCISSUS

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.
Within the vacuum of space.
The top of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

INT. NARCISSUS

Acid starts to foam along the base of the hatch.
Eats away at the metal.
Ripley stumbles forward to the controls.
Pushes the ram jet lever.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE

The Creature struggling.
Jet exhaust located at the rear of the craft.
The engines belch flame for a few seconds.
Then shut off.

Incinerating, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.
Peers through the glass.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The burned mass of the Alien drifts slowly away.
Writhing, smoking.
Tumbling into the distance.
Pieces dropping off.
The shape bloats, then bursts.
Spray of particles in all directions.
Then smoldering fragments dwindle into infinity.

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

Now repressurized.
Ripley is seated in the control chair.
Calm and composed, almost cheerful.
Cat purring in her lap.
She dictates into a recorder.

RIPLEY
I should reach the frontier in
another five weeks. With a
little luck the network will
pick me up...This is Ripley,
W564502460H, executive officer,
last survivor of the commercial
starship Nostromo signing off.
(pause)
Come on cat.

She switches off the recorder.
Stares into space.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT
THE END

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Alien 3 (1992)

by William Gibson.

Revised first draft screenplay, from a story by David Giler and Walter Hill.

More info about this movie on IMDb.com

FADE IN:

DEEP SPACE - THE FUTURE

The silent field of stars -- eclipsed by the dark bulk of an approaching ship. CLOSER.

ANGLE ON THE HULL

A towering cliff of metal, Sulaco.

INT. SULACO -- HYPERSLEEP VAULT

TRACKING down the line of empty, open capsules. Frozen twilight. The final four capsules are sealed, lids in place.

ANGLE -- INSIDE CAPSULE

NEWT, then RIPLEY. HICKS next, his head and chest bandaged. Then BISHOP in his caul of plastic. But the lid of Bishop's capsule is misted with hothouse condensation.

CLOSER

A tear of fluid streaks the condensation.

An alarm SOUNDS.

A monitor begins to scroll data.

TIGHT ON MONITOR

TROOP TRANSPORT SULACO
CMC 846A/BETA
MISSION/LV-426/RETURN
STATUS RED
TREATY VIOLATION
REF: #99AG558L5
CAUSE: NAVIGATIONAL ERROR

Bland feminine voice of the ship's computer, as the alarm continues to SOUND.

COMPUTER

Attention. Due to failure of navigational circuitry, Sulaco has entered a sector claimed by the Union of Progressive Peoples. Auxiliary systems are now on line. Course corrected. Hardwired protocols prevent, repeat, prevent arming of nuclear warheads in the absence of Diplomatic Override, Decryption Standard Charlie Nine. On present course, Sulaco will exit the U.P.P. sector at nineteen hundred hours fifty three point eight minutes.

EXT. SULACO

The ship slides past beneath us. A U.P.P. interceptor descends INTO FRAME, matching course and speed with Sulaco. The interceptor settles on Sulaco like a wasp.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Three commandos climb into spacesuits. The Leader opens a hatch in the deck, revealing one of Sulaco's airlocks. FIRST COMMANDO, a young Vietnamese woman, scrambles down and attaches magnetic units to the airlock. SECOND COMMANDO studies a monitor, tapping out a sequence on a keyboard. First Commando gestures from hatch: no good. Second Commando tries again. A grating SOUND as Sulaco's airlock begins to open.

INT. SULACO -- CARGO LOCK

Darkness. Armed commandos climb through opening and descend a ladder. Reaching the deck, they fan out, weapons ready. Their leader examines the damaged dropship. First Commando gestures urgently. She's found something.

Bishop's legs, broken, grotesquely twisted, still in fatigues, the white android blood clotted into powder. First and Second Commandos exchange looks through their faceplates.

COMPUTER

Attention. Integrity breach, Cargo Lock 3. Security alert. Integrity breach, B Deck...

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT -- LEADER'S POV

The chilly aisle of capsules.

Commandos move down the line, guns poised. They peer in at Newt, Ripley, and Hicks, but the lid of Bishop's capsule is pearl-white. The Leader tries the controls at the foot of the capsule, where green and red indicators glow. Nothing happens. He opens a panel, finds an emergency lever, tries it. The green indicators wink off. The lid rises. A dense pale mist flows out, spilling over the edges of the capsule, revealing the ovoid of a gray Alien egg. Rooted in the center of Bishop's synthetic entrails, the egg instantly ejaculates a Face-hugger, which strikes the leader's faceplate in a spray of acid. He screams, blinded by the acid, grappling with the thing as it begins to force its way into his helmet, its tail lashing furiously. Clawing at it, he plunges blindly back down the aisle, stumbling, smashing into the empty capsules. He vanishes through the entranceway, his screams giving way to frenzied gagging SOUNDS.

The First Commando scrambles after him.

INT. CARGO LOCK

The Leader writhes on the deck beside the main cargo lock. First Commando rushes in, crouches beside him, takes careful two-handed aim with her sidearm -- she FIRES, attempting to kill the face-hugger without hitting the Leader. The face-hugger EXPLODES in a gout of acid; ragged holes burn through the side of his helmet. First Commando frantically works the lock controls. As the inner lock opens, she shoves the leader over the edge with her foot.

EXT. SULACO

Helmetless, headless, trailing a cloud of blood and acid, the Leader tumbles through space.

INT. CARGO LOCK

Eyes of the First Commando through her faceplate. Beat. Something moves, behind her. She spins, bringing up her gun. Backlit in the entrance to the vault, a black, multi-armed figure. The beam from her lamp finds it -- the Second Commando, with Bishop in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN DEEP SPACE -- VARIOUS ANGLES

A station the size of a small moon, and growing; unfinished sections of hull are open to vacuum. A vast, irregular structure, the result of the shifting goals of successive administrations.

MOVE IN on hundreds of windows -- most of them dark. A light comes on in one of the windows.

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- TULLY'S SLEEPING CUBICLE

A phone is RINGING. The cubicle, terminally sloppy, resembles the nest of a high-tech hamster, not much larger than a berth of a train. The walls are plastered with a wistful collage of posters, ads, photos torn from magazines: beaches, desert, the Grand Canyon, redwoods, blue sky -- a hedge against claustrophobia and the emptiness of space.

TULLY, sitting up in bed, knuckling sleep from his eyes, wincing at the light; he slaps the phone console and the glum face of OPERATIONS OFFICER JACKSON (female) appears. She wears a nylon baseball cap with a computer light-pen attached to the bill.

JACKSON
'Morning, Tully.

TULLY
Morning? Jesus, Jackson, it's the middle of my
downtime...

CLOSE ON THE CONSOLE SCREEN

ANGLE

The room behind Jackson is Achorpoint's nerve-center, the Ops Room.

JACKSON

None of us up here in the Ops Room have seen downtime for a while, Tully. A Marine transport came in on automatic sixteen hours ago.

She bobs her head as she speaks, using the pen on her cap to move a cursor on a screen in front of her.

JACKSON

(continuing)

The Sulaco. Departed gateway four years ago with a compliment of fifteen. A dozen marines, an android, a company representative, and the former warrant officer of a merchant vessel...

TULLY

So?

JACKSON

So, the bio-readout gives us the warrant officer, one -- count him -- marine, and a nine-year-old girl. Makes you wonder what happened out there, doesn't it?

TULLY

So ask 'em. Wake 'em up and ask 'em. Them, not me.

JACKSON

But that's the good news, Tully. Three hours before Sulaco turned up, we docked a priority shuttle out of Gateway. Two passengers. Milisci, Tully. Weapons Division.

TULLY

That the bad news?

JACKSON

They want the ship pulled in, with full biohazard precautions, by oh-eight-hundred hours. BioLab techs are priority for the deck squad. That's you Tully.

The phone screen goes blank.

TULLY

(heartfelt)

Shit.

He begins to fumble through his sleeping bag, looking for his clothes --
disturbing SPENCE, a young technician, who sits up groggily, hugging the bag
to her breasts.

SPENCE
What? What is it?

TULLY
It's called the military-industrial complex;
it's called my ass out of bed; it's called
jerking me around... Any way you wanna call
it, it's the same bullshit...

INT. CORRIDOR

Tully, groggy and irritated, emerges from his cubicle, wearing a battered
leather flight jacket, its sleeves plastered with embroidered logo-
patches
for various products. His photo, name, job description, and number
are
slotted on the door in a transparent envelope -- TULLY, CHARLES A.
TECH-5,
TISSUE CULTURE LAB.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- DRY DOCK

A plain of gray steel, the size of several carrier decks, walls lost
in dark
and distance. Service vehicles lumber past in the b.g. Massive
floods on
towers of raw scaffolding backlight twenty waiting figures, the Deck
Squad.
Their spacesuits are white, clinical; over these they wear
disposable
Biohazard Envelopes of filmy translucent plastic. Some are Colonial
Marines,
armed with pulse-rifles or flame-throwers. Others are scientists
and
technicians, carrying recording and sampling gear. Their voice,
over helmet-
radio are furred with STATIC. Something CLANGS and BOOMS overhead,
metal
thunder.

OFFICER (V.O.)
Deck Squad brace for pressure drop. She's in
the cradle. She's coming in.

A sudden WIND rushes across the deck, then dies. RUMBLE overhead as

a
monstrous hanger door rolls slowly open, revealing the naked stars.
The dark
hull of Sulaco blots out the stars as it descends.

OFFICER (V.O.)
(continuing)
Entry team to secondary cargo lock.

A cherry-picker vehicle, with extended boom, WHINES up to Sulaco.

The lock SIGHS open on darkness.

BUZZ of static, indistinct RADIO exchanges, as a half-dozen lights
play over
the drop-ship, the walls of the lock. Tully enters, stares around,
eyes wide
through his faceplate. Beside his is a MARINE with a pulse-rifle --
obviously
psyched for combat.

TULLY
Lights, how come they got no lights?

MARINE
Hey, man...

He shines his light on a blackened scar on the bulkhead.

MARINE
(continuing)
Lookit that. Been some action in here...

TULLY
Action?

MARINE
Man, what the fuck you supposed to be doing here?

TULLY
Forging a new home for mankind in the depths of
space.

The Marine isn't amused. Tully raises an instrument; it makes a
SUCKING
noise.

TULLY
(continuing)
Collecting atmosphere samples.

MARINE
So just do it, right.

He move away.

TULLY
Sure.

But he doesn't want to be alone; hustles after the Marine.

OFFICER (V.O.)
Technician Tully to the hypersleep vault,
atmosphere sample...

MARINE
Sounds like you.

TULLY
Yeah.

MARINE
Let's not keep the man waiting.

INT. ENTERANCE TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

The Marine OFFICER holds up a tracker -- one of the small motion-sensors familiar from the previous film. Beside him are TWO MORE MARINES. The Officer raises the tracker and scans the face of the door.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

of tracker screen: zero.

ANGLE

OFFICER
One sample, here.

SOUND of Tully's device sucking air.

OFFICER
(continuing)
Get another on the way in. Have they patched
line in yet?

SECOND MARINE
Yessir. Lights on in there.

The Officer presses a button.

The door slides open. Bright, white. The aisle. Empty. The row
of

capsules. Tully's Marine is first through the door, gun ready, slow, careful.
Tully steps in after him, raises his instrument, takes a sample.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

The other two Marines move past Tully. Soft SCUFF of their boots on the deck.
Tully doesn't know quite what to do. Lowers his sampler, hesitates. The first Marine reaches Newt's capsule. He lowers his rifle.

MARINE
(something startled,
almost gentle in his
voice)
They're here...

Eight inches of razor-sharp serrated tail plunges out through the back of his suit as he's lifted off his feet by something we can't see. Ugly RIPPING noise as the ALIEN withdraws its stinger -- blood tidily contained by the translucent membrane of the biohazard envelope.

The stinger of a second Alien whips around the neck of one of the other two Marines; the Alien is clinging to the ceiling. He screams. Tully's Marine sags against the foot of Ripley's capsule, his arm across the controls -- the green indicator lights go out -- as the first Alien lunges up INTO VIEW.

CLOSE

On the jaws.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY

Her eyes snap open.

RIPLEY'S POV

As the beast mounts her coffin, terminal nightmare.

ANGLE

RIPLEY
No-ooooooooooooooooooooo!

Her hands claw frantically at the smooth curve of the plastic

canopy.

The remaining Marine, crazy with adrenaline and terror, unleashes his flame thrower. The first Alien and Ripley's capsule vanish in a napalm fireball. The Marine spins, screaming incoherently, and liquid fire hoses the second Alien, which drops its victim and falls burning into the deck.

The vault is an inferno. Ripley's capsule is sagging, melting.

DISSOLVE TO:

A scorched hypersleep capsule is wheeled in under brilliant lamps. The waiting crisis team plug bio-monitor leads and a HISSING air-supply line into sockets on the capsule. A technician with a small hand-held power saw begins to cut away the heat-crazed canopy. Hands in surgical gloves lift the canopy away.

Ripley lies curled in a tight fetal knot.

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- MEDLAB QUARANTINE

A small white room, a white bed surrounded by medical gear. Hicks, in his underwear, is hunched on the edge of the bed, impatiently smoking a cigarette. The dressing on his head and shoulders have been changed. Spence enters. She wears a biohazard envelope over coveralls, bubble-goggles, a transparent filter-mask.

SPENCE
(lightly)
You know you can't smoke in here?

HICKS
Yes, ma'am.

He takes a puff.

SPENCE
I'm Spence. I'm not a medic, I'm from the tissue culture lab. I have to get a sample.

She opens a small white case and takes out a gleaming cylinder.

SPENCE
(continuing)
Uh, just stick your thumb in here.

Hicks gives her a hard look, inserts his thumb; she touches a stud
-- SNIK! --
he winces, look ruefully at his thumb.

SPENCE
(continuing)
Sorry.
(putting the tissue-
sampler away)
You're the last one...

HICKS
(grabs her wrist)
The others. Ripley, Newt -- they came through
okay?

SPENCE
Who's Newt?

HICKS
The kid.

SPENCE
Rebecca. Rebecca's fine.

HICKS
Ripley?

SPENCE
(hesitates)
Ripley's fine, Hicks.

HICKS
Bishop. Where's Bishop?

SPENCE
(puzzled)
Bishop?

HICKS
The android.

SPENCE
(carefully, worried that
she's gotten in over her
head)
There were three of you. Three that I know of,
anyway. Maybe you should try to sleep now.
You want the nurse? They can give you something...

HICKS
(leaning forward, still
gripping Spence's wrists)
Why haven't I been debriefed? Where's the brass?

SPENCE
All I know is, we've all been sleeping short
hours since your ship came in, soldier.

A CRASH from the corridor, a pained BELLOW, and Newt scuttles in,
wearing a
hospital gown. She backs into a corner as a large ORDERLY rushes
in,
clutching his right hand. Like Spence, he wears biohazard gear.

ORDERLY
Goddamn it! She bit me!

He starts for Newt. Hicks comes off the bed like he's mounted on
springs,
hand cocked for a trained blow. The Orderly backs off.

NEWT
(near hysteria)
Where's Ripley? Where is she?

HICKS
(straightens out of hand-
to-hand crouch without
losing any of the threat)
She's asking you a question.

ORDERLY
You looking to get yourself sedated, Corporal?

NEWT
Where is she?

HICKS
Now I'm asking you the question...

Spence yanks her mask down in a reflexive, very human gesture. Move
slowly
toward Newt, extending her hand.

SPENCE
Rebecca... Newt. Honey. It's okay. Ripley's
going to be okay. C'mon now, I'll take you,
you can see her...

ORDERLY
Spence, there's no way --

He moves to stop them, but Hicks takes a very deliberate step forward.

INT. MEDLAB -- ANOTHER ROOM

Ripley lies in a coma, monitored by assorted white consoles. Her forehead is taped with half a dozen small electrodes. Newt, expressionless, walks slowly to the bedside as Hicks and Spence look on.

SPENCE
She's sleeping.
(she and Hicks exchange glances)
Sometimes people need to sleep... To get over things...

Newt looks up at a monitor that display's Ripley's EEG. Watches the jitter of peaks and valleys.

NEWT
Is Ripley dreaming?

SPENCE
I don't know honey.

NEWT
It's better not to.

EXT. RODINA, THE U.P.P. STATION -- VARIOUS ANGLES

Smaller than Anchorpoint.

INT. RODINA - CYBERNETICS LAB

CLOSE on Bishop. He stares straight ahead, the corner of his mouth twitching mechanically. PULL BACK. Bishop's torso is mounted in the center of a large square platform; tubes are wires snake from his ruined lower ribcage. The walls of the labs are lined with monitor screens and printers.

Information is being reamed out of the android at high speed, printouts of measurements, graphs, formulas. COLONEL-DOCTOR SUSLOV is beside the Vietnamese Commando, who wears a sleeveless fatigue-blouse revealing regimental tattoos: a yin-yang, hashmarks, an ID marker like a supermarket bar-code. They watch as a graphics program generates a detailed anatomical

drawing of a face-hugger on a large monitor. She says something short and emphatic in Vietnamese, repeats it: yes.

SUSLOV
And this?

He taps a keypad and the face-hugger vanishes. The screen begins to draft an Alien in side and frontal projections.

FIRST COMMANDO
(eyes fixed on the screen in
horror and fascination)
No...

On the slab, the robotic tic still works the corner of Bishop's mouth.

INT. SULACO -- CARGO LOCK

Two TECHNICIANS in biohazard gear squat on either side of Bishop's legs. An electronic microscope has been set up on a low tripod. A small monitor displays magnified skin and a few dark globules. One Technician extracts an ultra-fine probe from its sterile package and leans forward.

TECH WITH PROBE
You getting tape of this, Miller?

SECOND TECH
You bet your ass. Orders.

TECH WITH PROBE
That's good because I'd swear I just saw a piece of this shit move...

On the monitor, the tip of the probe trembles, brushes one of the globules. The Second Tech takes it, inserts it in a plastic tube, seals the tube in a small metal canisters, and writes #17 on the side in red grease pen.

SECOND TECH
Since when do androids get diseases?

TECH WITH PROBE
I dunno. Sure looks like something got to this poor bastard...

INT. ROSETTI'S OFFICE CUBICLE

COLONEL ROSETTI, Colonial Marines, is Anchorpoint's head of military operations. His office is furnished in the best futuro-Pentagon style:
imitation rosewood, division insignia plaques, a desktop model of the drop ships from "Aliens."

Rosetti glances up from his monitor as his SECRETARY enters, a young woman in semi-dress Marine uniform.

SECRETARY
(hands him a stiff red plastic envelope)
Welles and Fox, Colonel. Military Sciences, Weapons Division.

Rosetti eyes the envelope with evident distaste, scrawls his signature in the required box before opening it, removes documents, and the empty envelope back.

ROSETTI
Show them in.

Secretary exits.

ROSETTI'S POV -- CLOSEUP

on two plastic microfiche cards, each with front and side views of Fox and Welles, retinal I.D. images, scaled-down fingerprints, etc. Stamped "MILISCI, WEAPONS DIV."

FOX (O.S.)
Kevin Fox, Colonel.

ROSETTI'S POV -- FOX

is tanned, athletic, hyperconfident, his smile a heart-less display of state-of-the-art enamel-bonding techniques. WELLES is just behind him.

WELLES
Susan Welles.

Same spa-tuned look, same expensive casualwear.

ROSETTI
(flatly, with no other

effort at greeting)
Welcome to Anchorpoint.

Fox and Welles seat themselves without waiting to be asked.

FOX
We're impressed, Colonel. Susan and I are
definitely impressed.

WELLES
The videos don't really give you an idea of the
scale, do they?

She might as well be talking about a tour of Notre Dame.

FOX
But we're particularly impressed with your
handling of the situation, the situation so far.
We're impressed with your cooperation...

ROSETTI
(flicking the cards down on
his desktop with suppressed
hostility)
We call it "following orders."

WELLES
Yes. It would simplify things if everyone did,
wouldn't it? Particularly the civilian component
of that Deck Squad. I think we may have a
potential problem there...

FOX
We've been going over psyche profiles, Colonel.
Anchorpoint seems to be the kinds of project
that attracts... idealists.

ROSETTI
(with a thin grin)
Liberals.

WELLES
Let's just say we've noticed a certain antipathy
to Military Sciences, Colonel. A certain lack
of sympathy with the goals of the Weapons
Division...

ROSETTI
Anchorpoint is under Colonial Administration
authority. This isn't a military operation. If
it were, we'd be in violation of the Strategic
Arms Reductions treaty.

FOX

Looks great on paper, Colonel, but we want the civilians who boarded Sulaco sewn up. Tight.

WELLES

Forfeit of shares, for starts. Anyone talks, they lose their shares. We've found it reasonably effective, in most cases...

FOX

(taking a sheaf of
printout from his attach_)

But that's a simple matter. This isn't. Sulaco's data base indicates a boarding operation en route, Colonel.

ROSETTI

A boarding operation? Why wasn't I informed?

WELLES

We're informing you. You seem to have lost an android, Colonel. The Union of Progressive Peoples have Bishop...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- ENTRANCE TO ANTI-BUGGING BUBBLE

A MARINE ushers Hicks into a large bare chamber. Hicks wears his dress uniform. The room is dominated by the bubble, a mirrored sphere.

MARINE

This way, Corporal.

The Marine leads Hicks up a gangway. Hicks enters the bubble. The Marine closes the door behind him.

INT. THE BUBBLE

Three members (Rosetti, TRENT, SHUMAN) of Anchorpoint's directorate are seated at a round table; with them are Fox and Welles. Hicks comes to attention and salutes.

ROSETTI

At ease, Hicks. Be seated. My name is Rosetti. Station's military attach_. From my right: Trent, exobiology... Shuman, Diplomatic Corps... From your right...

FOX

I'm Kevin Fox, Hicks. This is Susan Welles.
We're with the Company. We'd like to congratulate
you on a successful mission.

HICKS

Successful? I lost my squad in that hole...

WELLES

But you returned, Corporal. And you've rescued
the colony's sole survivor...

ROSETTI

(picks up a sheaf of printout)
We've all read the transcript of you debriefing,
Hicks...

HICKS

Where's Bishop? Sir.

ROSETTI

(blinks)
If you don't mind, Hicks, we'll table that
until --

TRENT

I've read the transcript. Are you certain,
Hicks, that you have nothing more to tell us
about the alien's life cycle? Detail, Hicks.
Detail is crucial...

ROSETTI

Trent, the subject is classified. Corporal
Hicks' security rating need to be upgraded
before we can --

HICKS

(ignoring Rosetti, he
addresses Trent)
I've already told you everything I know.

ROSETTI

Hick --

FOX

Let the Corporal have his say, Colonel. After
all, he's seen these creatures in action.

ROSETTI

You ordered the subject classified Maximum
Security, Fox.

TRENT

I seriously doubt the Corporal Hicks knows anything more than he's already told us. Which is a great pity. But the android, Bishop, was designed for scientific observation. A Hyperdyne model A/5, a walking data bank...

WELLES

Corporal Hick asked the right questions to begin with.

ROSETTI

(stiffly)

To answer your question, Hicks: we aren't certain.

WELLES

(heavy sarcasm)

But we can guess, can't we Colonel?

HICKS

(to Welles)

Where?

FOX

Rodina station.

HICKS

The U.P.P.? What's the U.P.P. got to go with this?

ROSETTI

Sulaco's navigation system failed. You were in disputed territory for something over eighty-five minutes, Hicks. The U.P.P. would ordinarily respond to that as a violation of their space. So far there's been no protest. Nothing.

(he hesitates)

Sulaco's computer indicates a covert boarding operation...

FOX

"Indicates"...

SHUMAN

To put it in diplomatic terms, Hicks, they've got our ass in a sling. If they want to regard the Sulaco incident as a hostile act -- and let me assure you that they will, eventually -- they can compromise our position in the current round of arms reduction talks. We're talking serious ramifications here. Then we have the communications lag to and from Earth. A week either way. So we're looking at a fourteen day wait for policy

clarification. We may have a major crisis on our hands.

WELLES

We arrived with a policy brief, Shuman, and you've seen it. We're here to implement that brief.

ROSETTI

And your orders predate knowledge of U.P.P. involvement.

FOX

We're here to do our job, Colonel.

SHUMAN

In this case, "doing your job" might involve the distinct possibility of precipitating nuclear war --

ROSETTI

(quick to break in; the subject's too sensitive for enlisted ears)

Any further questions for the Corporal? No?
In that case, Hicks...

HICKS

Sir.

Hicks stands, salutes.

INT. ACHORPOINT -- R & R ZONE, "THE MALL"

Tully slopes along looking haggard and spaced. He wears his trademark jacket. The Mall is a cross between a Hyatt atrium and an airport shopping concourse: shops, vegetation, fast food outlets, a bar. He arrives at what are apparently elevator doors. The doors open on a miniature subway car. Tully steps in and the doors close.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Spence is working with cultures. Her arms are up to the elbows in a pair of white gloves mounted in round openings on the side of a transparent plastic tank. She looks up as Tully enters.

TULLY

Hey.

SPENCE

You look like homemade shit.

(she withdraws her hands,
the gloves pop out)

What happened down there, Tully? There's some
kind of security blackout on...

TULLY

Yeah. And I'm part of it... I can't tell you
anything. Had to sign a whole new set of papers.
Talk to anybody and I lose my shares. All my
shares, right?

SPENCE

You joking, Tully?

TULLY

Wish I were...

(changes the subject)

What's the old man got for me to dick around
with this shift?

She crosses to a lab bench and takes something from a white wire
basket.

SPENCE

Here. All yours. Orders are, you use the
manipulators for this.

She hands him something wrapped in a sheet of white printout held
with a
rubber band. He removes the band, unrolls the paper. The canister.
Number
17.

SPENCE

(continuing)

What the hell did happen on the ship, Tully?
How come all the biopsy work on those three?
and his very quiet sudden backlog of autopsy
material? How come it's all triple-classified?
What's going on? We had these two spooks from
Gateway in here today acted like they just
bought the place...

TULLY

(with a nervous glance
around the lab)

Okay, okay... But later, okay? Not here...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

Tully at the controls of a pair of high-tech servo-manipulators visible through the tick glass of an ultra-heavy duty rectangular tank. The controls are gloves. A cable leads from the wrist of each glove to the face of the tanks. Tully move his hands, testing. The skeletal steels waldos inside the tank mimic each move. He uses them to open the canister. An electronic microscope is built into the tank, its monitor just above the window. He positions the probe's tip under the microscope.

ANGLE OVER TOP OF MONITOR

for his reaction.

TULLY
Spence... What is this? Where did it come from?

Spence strolls up behind him with a cup of coffee, a pen tucked behind her ear.

SPENCE
C'mon, Charlie, don't you read the spec sheets anymore? It's off the shop. Off your transport. It's... God.

SPENCE'S POV -- CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

The tip of the probe is encased in a sheath of glittering back filigree.

ANGLE

SPENCE
Up the rez...

Tully taps a lapboard; magnifications increases by twenty powers.

EXTREME CLOSEUP -- MONITOR

As the screen fills with an image that might be a bizarre landscape, its lines and textures recalling the interior of the derelict ship in "ALIEN."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ECO-MODULE

An experimental pocket Eden: a half-acre of artfully ragged concrete Disneyland into lush rainforest, sun-dappled miniature meadows, patches of African cactus. Newt crouches in long grass, her hand extended toward a small animal. A lemur. Hicks stands nearby.

NEWT

Have you been there, Hicks? Africa?

HICKS

Morocco. Four weeks of Basic. But was mountains. Not like this.

The lemur scoots away, spooked by his voice; Newt watches as it scurries up a tree.

NEWT

I'd like to go there...

HICKS

No problem. You're going to Gateway station on Sulaco, right? Then you catch a shuttle down and you're in Oregon. Just a jump over a puddle, to Africa, once you're there.

Spence walks out of the miniature jungle, carrying a white wire tray of samples in plastic lab bottles.

NEWT

I don't remember them...

SPENCE

Your grandparents?

Newt nods.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Well, guess they remember you. Sure.

NEWT

But what if Ripley wakes up and I'm not here? Can't I wait?

HICKS

Hey. She'll know where you're going, right? Anyway, Sulaco's the only ship back to Gateway

for two months. But look, you want to make double sure, then you leave her a map, exactly where you're going...

Spence grins at Hicks.

INT. NEWT'S DORM CUBICLE

Newt at a fold-down desk, at work on an elaborate multicolor feltpen starmap.

A dotted line zigzags from Anchorpoint to Portland, Oregon. She carefully prints her new address:

NEWT JORDEN
c/o
MR. & MRS. RICHARD JORDEN
34877 GREENLEAF AVE. #582
NEW PORTLAND, OREGON AB994J2

Ripley wan and comatose. Hicks waits awkwardly in the doorway, dangling Newt's knapsack, as she enters and tapes the finished starmap to the wall; the first thing Ripley would see, waking. Newt beside the bed, look down at her friend.

NEWT
Ripley? Ripley, it's Newt. I... I gotta go now. I'm going to stay with my grandparents, in Oregon. Hicks says that's a good place... There's a map for you, Ripley, how to get there. You can come there and stay with me, okay? You have to, okay?

Tears on her cheeks as Hicks puts his hand on her shoulder and they leave the room.

INT. DEPARTURE BAY

Newt and Hicks amid a bustle of power-loaders, assorted robot vehicles. They approach the entrance to a narrow corridor. Sign: DEPARTURE BAY -- CREW ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT.

HICKS
That's you.

NEWT
I know.

HICKS
Good luck in Oregon.

He holds the red knapsack as she slips into the straps.

NEWT
Hicks...

HICKS
Yeah?

She look at him: ghost of a grin. She gives him the thumbs-up sign.

NEWT
Affirmative.

He returns the sign

HICKS
Affirmative.

She turns and makes her way up the narrow boarding corridor. It's long, tapers to nothing. Tiny figure, receding, bright dot of the knapsack. She turns, waves. He waves back. She's gone.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

Sulaco pulls away, begins to accelerate, dwindles against the stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA -- CONFERENCE CHAMBER

Cigarette-smoke drifts above a long narrow table in a narrow space. A half-dozen ranking TECHNOCRATS are jammed along wither side in folding chairs, with Colonel-Doctor Suslov at the head.

BRAUN
(Rodina's chief of R&D)
Obviously, Colonel Doctor, the purpose of their mission was to obtain specimens of this lifeform. The android dissected a single specimen. One of the pre-larval forms -- like the thing that killed Lenko.

AN OFFICER

And you believe that these creature are of potential military importance?

BRAUN

Yes, provided it's possible to clone the alien spores recovered from the android's skin and clothing...

SUSLOV

With the goal of programming these "machines" for use as weapons?

BRAUN

The adult form, Colonel-Doctor, is evidently a killing-machine of great strength, extraordinary sophistication. No evidence of intelligence. Purely instinctual.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Our sources in the corporationist infrastructure are aware of the existence of a special project with Weyland-Yutani's Weapons Division. We have been unable to penetrate their security...

SUSLOV

The Intelligence Officer suggests that this special project concerns the alien?

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

I remind you, Colonel-Doctor, that we experiment with the alien genetic material only if we are prepared to violate primary biological warfare limitations in the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty...

BRAUN

An I reminds the Diplomatic Officer that the Weyland Yutani corporation is obviously prepared to do so -- that they may already be doing so... As ever, our level of technology lags slightly behind that of the capitalist cartels... But now, by chance --

MILITARY OFFICER

By chance? You refer to the proven bravery and constant initiative of our People's Commando Division --

BRAUN

(smoothly, a seasoned
political infighter
covering his bases)

Not at all, Major. Their courage is unquestioned. Nonetheless, consider: we are in possession of

a potential weapon -- a whole new technology, if you will -- which Weyland Yutani clearly intends to develop. We are in, as they might put it, on the ground floor. But only if we choose to be, if we choose to hold our advantage.

SUSLOV

I agree. We have no choice but to proceed.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

Then I go on record as strongly advising that the android be returned to Anchorpoint. Are our technicians capable of repairing the thing?

BRAUN

Repairing it? Why?

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

You lack a sense of the importance of gesture, Braun. Let us avoid their customary accusations of barbarism... And buy ourselves time...

SUSLOV

Our technicians will repair the thing. Return it to them... And we will proceed. We will clone the alien...

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- TISSUE CULTURE LAB

TRENT, head of BioLab, Rosetti, and Fox wait, seated, as Tully wheels a Holographic Display Module into position. The lights dim. A faint, ghostly cube shimmers in front of the three men.

TRENT

Initially this was merely routine, you understand. We attempted to determine its compatibility with terrestrial DNA.

FOX

What kind of DNA exactly, Doctor?

TRENT

Human, of course.

Something shivers and shakes and takes form in the cube of light: a double helix threaded with green and red beads of light.

TRENT

(continuing)

Watch closely, please.

The alien genetic material looks like a cubist's vision of an art deco staircase, its asymmetrical segments glowing Day-glo green and purple.

ROSETTI

That's a biological structure? More like part of a machine...

The alien form makes contact with the human DNA. The transformation is shockingly swift, but its stages can still be followed: the thing seems to pull itself into and through the coils, and for an instant the two are meshed, locked, and then the final stage. A new shape glows, a hybrid; the green and red beads have been altered beyond recognition.

FOX

Like a high-speed viral takeover...! What's the real-time duration on this, Trent?

TULLY

(from the shadows beyond the glowing cube)

That was it. What you see is what you get. That's how fast it is...

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- MACHINE SHOP

Hicks enters the cavernous shop, dodging out of the way of an emerging power-loader. The place is an oily forest of steel; machines of various kinds await repair. WALKER is at a workbench, a big man in a grease-stained vest.

HICKS

Hicks. Temporary duty assignment.

Walker works the joystick on a handheld remote control unit. An unmanned power-loader comes to life and lumbers toward the bench. He brings it to a halt expertly, exactly where he wants it, with few casual twiddles of the stick.

WALKER

Walker. Know how to blow out the hydraulic lines on a force-feedback system?

HICKS
No.

WALKER
Never too late to learn.

He offers Hicks a cigarette, lights it for him with a micro-torch from the bench.

WALKER
(continuing)
You off the mystery ship, Hicks?

HICKS
Sulaco? What's the mystery?

WALKER
(lighting his own
cigarette)
Popular question. Whole thing's triple-classified now and word's getting around that two of the deck party never came back.

HICKS
(shrugs)
I was iced.

WALKER
Sure...

HICKS
You ready to show me his feedback system?

WALKER
(eyes Hicks narrowly)
Anytime.

INT. OPS ROOM

PAN along Jackson's multi-screen array in Operations, video images of various Anchorpoint locales: space-suited figure and robot welders making routine hull repairs.

HIGH ANGLE -- THE MALL

A buzzer SOUNDS. Screen directly in front of Jackson displays:

INCOMING TRANSMISSION
SOURCE: U.P.P. RODINA

DIPLOMATIC INCRYPT>>>
>>>DIPL CORPS SHUMAN

Jackson bobs her head, moving the cursor-cap to various "windows" on the screen.

JACKSON
(speaking into headset
mike)
Somebody find me Shuman -- tell his we got
incoming Rodina coded standard diplomatic.
His opposite number must've decided it's time
for the weekly bullshit session...

INT. ANTI-BUGGING BUBBLE

Shuman is seated alone at the round table. A miniature video camera is set up on the table. Opposite him is a large wall screen displaying an image of the U.P.P. Diplomatic Officer, also alone, seated at the far end of the narrow table in the Rodina conference room.

SHUMAN
Androids, by law, are afforded the status of
persons. Citizens.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER
Under your system, yes. We prefer to afford them
the status of machines.

SHUMAN
You're holding one of our citizens captive.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER
The "citizen" in question, the synthetic, Bishop,
has been held in regard to a treaty violation
involving an armed vessel.

SHUMAN
Sulaco was homing on Anchorpoint. The so-called
violation was the result of a malfunction.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER
The matter is under investigation.

SHUMAN
I repeat: you are holding one of our citizens.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER
The incident is also being investigated with

regards to an apparent violations of the Strategic Arms Reductions treaty.

SHUMAN

Sulaco's weapons-systems fall entirely within the prescribed --

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

I refer to those sections of the treaty concerned with biological warfare.

Beat. The U.P.P. Diplomat has just scored, but Shuman maintains his poise.

SHUMAN

The allegation is false.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICER

We make no official allegations at this time. The matter remains under investigation. Bishop, however, is of no further use in the inquiry. We are returning him to you.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT -- SHUTTLE BAY -- A U.P.P. SHUTTLE

docking. They bay closes behind it. (V.O.: STATIC, VOICES of Anchorpoint docking crew.)

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

Shuman and two Marines enter the bay. They wear biohazard envelopes, masks. The shuttle's hatch opens and the Vietnamese Commando steps out. Bishop emerges. He looks at the Commando, then at Shuman and the Marines waiting at the bottom of the gangway. The Commando gestures: go.

SHUMAN

You're under quarantine orders, Bishop.
(to the Marines)
Escort him to MedLab.

INT. THE MALL

Hicks has just come off shift; the Mall's bar catches his eye. The facade says it all: ye olde pre-packaged genuine simulated wood-grain generic tavern and the only joint in town.

One wall is a screen showing a stale rerun of a Brazilian soccer

match. Some
of the customers play hologram game-consoles. Tully is seated at
the bar.
Hicks takes a stool beside him.

HICKS
Beer.

He fishes his dog tags out and detaches one, passes it to the
bartender; the
bartender inserts it in a terminal, rings up the beer, hands it
back.

TULLY
You're Hicks. Sulaco...

Tully, in his trademark jacket, is obviously drunk.

HICKS
Who're you?

TULLY
Tully. Tech Five. Tissue lab. D-fucking-NA.
Jesus... Sulaco... Lucky.

HICKS
Lucky? Who? You lucky, man?

TULLY
You. You're one lucky sonofabitch, Hicks.

Knocks back his drink.

HICKS
How's that?

TULLY
All that way. All the way back here with those...
Those fucking things, man...

Tully has just gotten his sudden, undivided attention.

HICKS
Things? What things?

TULLY
Shit... We had to sign. All of us. Lose our
fucking shares we tell anybody, right?

HICKS
(his whole body tense)
They were on the ship...

TULLY
Yeah. Jesus. I saw 'em...

Reaches for his glass, but it's empty.

HICKS
Where? How many? When?

TULLY
(Suddenly remembering
his shares)
Look, I...
(cuts a glance around the
bar)
Bad place to talk... I gotta go now, leave...

HICKS
(grabbing Tully before he
can slide off the stool)
You aren't going anywhere, buddy.

Tully, sudden energy, not so much at Hicks as at his whole situation:

TULLY
I didn't come out here to work on shit like that.
Came out here to help design ecosystems, not
build designer for the next year... You want an
earful? You got it. Shift after next, place
called DP-54, Level 7 map. Can't talk here...

He twists out of Hick's grip and into the crowd.

Hicks sits at the bar, staring at his untouched beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BUBBLE

Rosetti, Trent, Fox, and Welles.

WELLES
And Bishop has agreed to undergo complete
physical and chemical analysis?

ROSETTI
He requested it himself.

FOX
Results?

TRENT

No irregularities so far. No trace of the alien cellular material...

WELLES

Tampering, then? Reprogramming? Any new circuits in our Mr. Bishop? Any little surprises courtesy of the U.P.P.?

TRENT

No. Nothing.

FOX

And his data on the Aliens? All there? Intact?

TRENT

Yes, it seems to be. But if his memory's been tampered with, we'd have no way of knowing. Neither would he...

WELLES

In any case, we have to assume that the U.P.P. accessed Bishop's memory. That they have the data. They may also have specimens of the alien genetic material...

ROSETTI

In other words, you want to get on with your brief, don't you? You want Trent to clone the cultures. And you didn't want Shuman at this meeting.

FOX

This isn't a question of diplomacy, Colonel Rosetti.

ROSETTI

Isn't it? A violation of the S.A.R. treaty?

FOX

Has anyone mentioned military applications, Colonel? Trent?

TRENT

(smiles)

No. I think a very nice case can be made for applied exobiology. We do have a standing order to study alien life-forms when we encounter them. Preliminary analysis of the material from Sulaco reveals a remarkable adaptive capacity. The potential for cancer research alone...

WELLES

Imagine, Colonel: if it can be programmed to only kill cancer cells...

ROSETTI
And what exactly is it you propose to do, Trent?

FOX
(before Trent can answer)
We'll nourish the cells in stasis tubes, under constant observation. We'll terminate them before they become embryos...

ROSETTI
I see. Cancer research. And our motives are exclusively humanitarian. Is that it?

WELLES
Colonel, when Shuman gets his reply from Earth, priority will go to military development of the Alien. We know that because we know where our orders came from. The decision has already been made.

FOX
And potential U.P.P. research in the same direction only adds to the urgency, Colonel.

ROSETTI
The decision rests with me.

WELLES
Perhaps you misunderstood, Rosetti. The decision has been made.

FOX
They won't just break you, Colonel, they'll see to it that it's as though your career never happened. They're top people. That can do that. And you know it.

Rosetti, with a long, cold look for both of them; he got the message:

ROSETTI
Shuman, of course, will have to be informed.

FOX
Of course. "Cancer research"...

INT. MEDLAB -- SCAN UNIT

Bishop patiently undergoes a scan; he lies on his back on a narrow support as

a massive donut-shaped sensor moves down the length of his body. A life-size color scan-image is displayed on a large screen: his "organs."

TECHNICIAN

The knees. Looks like they do the joints in polycarbon...

MEDIC

How about it, Bishop? Knees okay?

BISHOP

Yes...

Tentative smile.

TECHNICIANS

Polycarbon. Won't hold up worth a damn...

INT. RODINA -- BIOLAB

smaller than the Anchorpoint lab. Equipment look less advanced. The only light is the yellowish glow from a stasis tube; Braun and two assistants are clustered around the tube, observing the thing suspended there: thumb-sized, grayish-pink. An embryo.

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- A TUNNEL AT THE EDGE OF THE CONSTRUCTION ZONE

Hicks jogs through the tunnel. Its brightly-lit arc of white ceramic recalls London tube stations, but the floor is paved smooth and black, with freshly-painted traffic symbols. He passes a woman jogging in the opposite direction, keeps going. Small video cameras are mounted at intervals overhead, panning slowly from side to side. As he continues, less of the tunnel is finished; sections of tile are missing, revealing pipes, wiring, structural steel. Past a certain point eh's jogging the raw steel tube, splashing through shallow puddles of condensation. Fewer lights, widely spaced. He reaches a junction and pauses, chooses a tunnel.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE CHAMBER -- HIGH, LONG SHOT -- HICKS

comes out of the lit mouth of a tunnel. The space he enters is the size of a

football stadium, but dark and industrially Gothic. Stacks of hull-plate and geodesic struts. A shower of sparks as he passes a robot welder (a la the machine in the opening sequence of "Aliens"). Down the aisle of material and heavy machinery. Spence is waiting.

SPENCE
Hicks.

She's in the shadows, smoking a cigarette.

HICKS
You, huh? Why you?

SPENCE
I work in the lab with Tully. He couldn't make it.

HICKS
Hangover?

SPENCE
Sacred... That forfeit agreement he had to sign.

HICKS
Doesn't scare you?

SPENCE
I haven't signed. Not yet. They've only given them to the ones who saw what happened.

HICKS
Why you?

SPENCE
Tully's okay, Hicks. I know him. Believe it or not, he doesn't scare that easy. He told me what was on that ship, Hicks. What he saw. You know what is was.

HICKS
I don't think anybody knows what it is...

SPENCE
They've got us growing the stuff. We've been running recombinant DNA routines on it, using human genetic material...

HICKS
You've been what?

SPENCE
(stubbing out her cigarette)
Cancer research. Tully says that's just a
cover. Says it's like trying to cure cancer
with a shotgun. Anyway, everybody know those
two spooks from Gateway are MiliSci...

HICKS
Fox and Welles?

SPENCE
Weapons Division. Not even supposed to exist,
these days. Not officially, anyway.

HICKS
(lights a cigarette
of his own)
I still don't see why you're telling me this.

SPENCE
Maybe I don't either. It's just... we've got
to tell somebody... Now there's a rumor somebody
came in on a U.P.P. ship today, somebody off
Sulaco...

HICKS
Bishop...

SPENCE
I don't know.

HICKS
Maybe Progressive Peoples'll get their own Alien
too. Maybe they'll grow some...

SPENCE
(horrificed)
Shit! You'd better hope not...

HICKS
Why's that?

SPENCE
Their lab gear's five years behind ours.
They'd never be able to control it.

HICKS
Think you can, huh?

SPENCE
I don't know...

INT. OPS ROOM

A BLEEP as Tully appears on one of Jackson's screens, looking up at a camera in the tissue culture lab.

TULLY
Get me some maintenance people down here, will ya? Run a check on the stasis system. Pressure differential's off and the read keep fluctuating. And punch it Priority One; Trent'll cover it.

JACKSON
(with a characteristic little jerk of her head, light-pen winking)
Sure. You want a piece of the Superbowl, Tully?

TULLY
Nah.

JACKSON
Denver...

TULLY
Denver? No way. Gimme a tenth on Chicago.

INT. RODINA -- BIOLAB

Braun is seated at a computer, entering data. Suslov is staring into the stasis tube containing the developing Alien.

SUSLOV
There's an irony in this...

BRAUN
(engrossed in the data)
Irony, Colonel-Doctor?

SUSLOV
The readiness with which it lends itself to genetic manipulation, Braun. The speed with which its cells multiply.

BRAUN
Yes. Remarkable.

SUSLOV
As though the gene-structure had been designed for ease of manipulation. And this apparently universal compatibility with other plasms...

BRAUN

(reluctantly abandoning
his task)
And you find this ironic?

SUSLOV
Ironic that we are attempting to program it as
a weapon, yes.

BRAUN
How is that?

SUSLOV
Perhaps it is the fruit of some ancient
experiment... A living artifact, the product of
genetic engineering... A weapon. Perhaps we are
looking at the end result of yet another arms
race...

BRAUN
A defeatist attitude, Colonel-Doctor. Our
project can only strengthen the Union of
Progressive Peoples...

CLOSE -- THE STASIS TUBE -- A CHEST-BURSTER

is suspended there like an eyeless fetal dolphin.

INT. MACHINE SHOP

Hicks, alone in the shop, mechanically going through the motions of
the
busywork he's been assigned to keep him out of the way.

BISHOP
(from the doorway)
That's quite a piece of machinery, Corporal
Hicks...

HICKS
(looking up, grinning)
That's what we used to say about you. How the
hell are you, Bishop? Brass said you were
snatched by the U.P.P. How're things in the
socialist paradise?

BISHOP
I was returned. I assume they had no further
use for me.

He moves among the silent machines, touching them as he speaks.

BISHOP
(continuing)

There are rumors, Hicks, that Weapons Division intends to develop the Alien.

HICKS
(with a glance at the
video camera on the wall)
Where'd the bastards get one, Bishop?

BISHOP
One of them managed to board Sulaco, Hicks.
Ripley killed it...

HICKS
Good for her.

BISHOP
She called it "the queen." It was larger than
the others. Very large. Somehow is deposited
genetic material in the ship.

HICKS
Then they're stone cold crazy, man. I hear the
U.P.P. might try it themselves.

BISHOP
Given the current state of the arms race, it's
entirely possible. I'm programmed to protect
human life, Hicks. It's my... nature. Everything
I am, everything I know, tells me this experiment
must be aborted.

HICKS
Yeah. I know the feeling.

BISHOP
But I can't be entirely sure you can trust me,
Hicks.

HICKS
You can't what?

BISHOP
The U.P.P. may have reprogrammed me. I've been
very thoroughly examined, of course, but the
possibility does exist.

HICKS
Wouldn't you know?

BISHOP
No. I may be functioning as an enemy agent.

HICKS

(beat)
What the hell. We have to kill it, don't we?

BISHOP
I have to try.

HICKS
I'm in man. And I think I know where we can find
us a little help...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TISSUE LAB

Spence and Tully are alone.

SPENCE
What coffee? I'm going to the machine.

TULLY
No.

He peers into one of the stasis tubes; a small ovoid of tissue
suspended
there.

SPENCE
Maintenance cure your pressure differential
problem?

TULLY
Said there wasn't any. Said it was a glitch.

SPENCE
Didn't want to get his hands dirty?

TULLY
It settled down by itself.

Spence exits; Tully moves closer to the tube.

CLOSE -- THE SINGLE DEVELOPING SPORE

inside; it looks like a much smaller version of the alien egg.

WIDER ANGLE

TULLY
Hey there. Hi ya. How ya doin'? Nutrient
solution agreeing with you, hm? We're looking
lots bigger today, aren't we? You bet.
Terrific. Just absolutely fucking wonderful...

His monologue is interrupted by Welles' entrance; he's startled, looks up guiltily. The heavy glass doors HISS shut behind her.

WELLES
Communing with nature, Tully?

TULLY
Your not wearing a badge.
(taps the plastic ID
clipped to his lab coat)
White strap registers contamination. Turns
red if you're accidentally exposed to something.
Got it?

WELLES
Where's Trent?

TULLY
Lunch.

WELLES
And how's our friend?

She moves to the stasis tube, looks in.

TULLY
Friends. Our little friends. Growing.

WELLES
Get me hard copy for the past six hours.

TULLY
Sorry. Ask Trent.

WELLES
I don't think you understood me, Technician
Tully...

She's following him as he nears the main computer console; in the b.g., a stasis tube begins to HISS. CRACKS loudly, a hairline fracture emits a superfine spray of fluid. An alarm SOUNDS.

WELLES
(continuing)
What does th --

TULLY
O Jesus...

Two of the tubes BLOW OUT. Nutrient fluid and plastic shards everywhere.
Welles and Tully go down. A louder ALARM cuts in; red lights strobe. Locks in the doors THUNK shut, an automatic containment measure, as Spence, outside, throws down her coffee and begins to struggle with the door-controls, trying to reach Tully. Tully, facedown in a pool of the fluid, see that he's nine inches away from the gray pigeon's-egg of alien tissue. His eyes widen. Gets to his knees as carefully as he can. Reaches slowly -- slowly -- sideways, manages to snag a pair of plastic tongs and a shallow lab tray from the counter...

Welles tries to scramble to her feet, loses her balance in the slippery goop, and snatches at his arm. He nearly falls on top of the thing, but cuffs her roughly away, kneels, tongs poised... Beat. A tiny orifice opens; for a split-second something glitters above the thing, a faint, fist-sized cloud of dark mist. Then it's gone and Tully's moving, swooping in with tongs and tray.

SPENCE (V.O.)
(intercom)
Tully! Tully, Goddamn it! What's happening?
Are you okay?

TULLY
De-con. Get us down to De-con!

Welles is struggling to her feet.

INT. DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER

Drenched, naked, furious, Welles is nearly invisible behind a scalding downpour as techs in biohazard gear scrub her down with detergents and antibacterial agents. She shoots eye-daggers at Tully, who's being worked over by two more techs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson at work. PAN ACROSS screens to security camera view of the DNA lab,
clean now but minus two stasis tubes -- image identified: TISSUE CULTURE /
25 AUGUST / 1900:15 HOURS. Jackson's attention is elsewhere.

INT. A CORRIDOR

Hicks keeps watch as Bishop open a panel, exposing complex wiring;
no
hesitation whatever as he strips two wires, removes a Walkman-sized
VCR from
his belt, and clips lead to the stripped wires.

INT. OPS ROOM

CLOSE on monitor image of the lab. The picture fuzzes out,
scrambles,
returns -- but now reads: TISSUE CULTURE / 23 AUGUST / 1200:02
HOURS and
the missing tubes are back in place.

INT. ENTRANCE -- OUTSIDE LAB

BISHOP
We have three minutes at the outside.

HICKS
Go.

Bishop punches the code-sequence and the door hisses open; they're
through,
moving.

INT. TISSUE CULTURE LAB

They move down the row of stasis tubes. Bishop pauses when they
reach the two
units with missing tubes, then quickly moves on. He opens a wall
panel,
exposing controls and a large, very serious-looking red switch.
Label above
switch:

STASIS SYSTEM MICROWAVE STERILIZATION

Then, he hesitates. Turning slowly, as if under compulsion, he
looks back;
the line of glowing tubes.

HICKS
Do it!

And still he doesn't move... Hicks darts his arm past Bishop, breaking the trance and yanking the red switch.

A burst of unpleasant high-frequency SOUND as the fluid in the tubes instantly begins to boil.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE ALIEN CULTURES

as it bursts, disintegrates into a film of slime lost behind a storm of bubbles. The lab's ALARM system goes off. The doors slide open as three MARINES cover Hicks and Bishop with handguns.

MARINES
Just don't you fucking move, Jack.

Hicks stonefaces the Marines. Then cracks a grin.

INT. DETENTION UNIT

Hicks and Bishop, in white plastic "medical restraints" (like arm and leg-irons) precede the grim-faced Marines along a corridor and are thrown into separate cells.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BUBBLE

Meeting of Anchorpoint's full directorate, including Welles and Fox, Jackson, and a number of new faces. Welles is white-lipped with fury.

JACKSON
They knew the code, didn't they? The code for the door...

FOX
You got it, Ops. And they knew just where to go which button to push to poach our eggs for us, didn't they? Struggling with an idea, Ops? Think it may even have been an inside job?

JACKSON
You're a Grade A Company prick, aren't you, mister?

(Her bitch truckdriver side; a tough lady, used to taking a lot of life-or-

death responsibility in her job.)

WELLES

The Anchorpoint phase of the project is terminated, Rosetti. You'll keep Hicks and the android in solitary until they can return with us to Gateway to stand trial for treason.

TRENT

The Anchorpoint phase? What do you mean? We have no more material to work with...

FOX

You have no more material to work with, Trent. In any case, it's become obvious that you aren't quiet the man for the job. We took the precaution of obtaining our own samples. They're on their way to Gateway.

WELLES

(with cold satisfaction)

... and everything, every move each of you have made, since our arrival, is going to be gone over with a fine toothed c-c-c-c--

As Welles begins to stammer, her eyes betray a terrible consternation. She rises from her chair, lurches forward, catching herself on her hands. The C-C-C-C-C phases into a chattering palsy as a thick strand of blood-streaked drool descends toward the table. Fox, seated to her left, has instinctively shoved his own chair back, ready to run. Everyone else is frozen with shock.

As the chittering tooth-burr becomes a shrill SHRIEK of inhuman rage, the transformation takes place. Segmented biomechanoid tendons squirm beneath the skin of her arms. Her hands claw at one another, tearing redundant flesh from alien talons. Then the shriek dies. She straightens up.

And, rips her face apart in a single movement, the glistening claws coming away with skin, eyes, muscle, teeth, and splinters of bone... SOUND of ripping cloth. The New Beast sheds its human skin in a single sinuous, bloody ripple, molting on fast forward.

An instant of utter silence as the featureless mask moves. From side to side.

Scanning.

Trent vomits explosively. The Marine guard snatches his pistol from its holster and FIRES wildly across the table. Blind screaming chaos.

OVERHEAD SHOT

as the directorate plunges, like a single panicked organism, to the far side of the bubble. The thing is on Fox before he can get up from his chair.

CLOSE

On his scream as the sucking, fanged tongue plunges through the orbit of his eye.

ANGLE

A Marine with a flamethrower bursts through the door, torching Fox and the New Beast, setting fire to the bubble's acoustic foam baffles.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TULLY'S SLEEPING CUBICLE

Spence is coming down the corridor, carrying a clear plastic bag of styrofoam food containers. Nobody else in sight. She look tired, but not particularly worried. She reaches the door to his cubicle. Thumps on it with the heel of her hand.

SPENCE

Tully! Hey! Open up.. Got you some food...

No reply. She thumps again, then punches the combination (the lock look like a telephone key-pad). Door opens. Dark inside.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Tully? You sleeping?

She climbs in. Dark. Very. A red LED glows on the phone console. She crawls through the detritus of Tully's housekeeping and fumbles with the lights. Can't find the switch.

SPENCE

Tully?

Lights CLICK on. Nobody there. Nothing. Looks even messier than she last saw it. She sighs, puts the bag of food on a ledge, scoops up a mound of dirty cloths off the pillow in an automatic cleaning-up gesture. And sees Tully's lab badge. Picks it up.

CLOSE ON THE BADGE

The contamination indicator strip is red.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETENTION CELL

Hicks sitting on the narrow bunk.

Door opens. One of the Marines who arrested him in the lab; he wears combat armor now.

HICKS
What's your problem, bud? Got a war on?

The Marine steps back, admitting a haggard Rosetti.

ROSETTI
Get up, Hicks. We need you in the Ops Room.

HICKS
We didn't kill it.

ROSETTI
No. It killed Fox and Welles...

INT. TUNNEL, CONSTRUCTION ZONE

Small vehicle WHINES TOWARD US through puddles of condensation: a skeletal electric motor-jeep with heavy roll bars, scratched and paint-scarred. Walker driving. Hick behind him in partial combat armor and communication rig, cradling a pulse-rifle.

Walker is pushing it, driving fast; the jeep bounces and sways, skitters around a corner. Into the gloom of the big construction chamber. Halts.

HICKS
(into mouthpiece)
Gimme a read.

JACKSON (V.O.)
(from headset)
You're close. Hang a left.

HICKS
Is he moving?

JACKSON
No...

Walker swing the jeep around and they roll toward a narrow gap between massive stacks of geodesic struts.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson studies a simulator screen; a moving cursor, the Jeep, navigates a 3D grid-representation of the construction zone.

JACKSON
No left again.

The cursor turns. Nears a blinking red dot.

Spence, drawn and anxious, looks over Jackson's shoulder. Bishop and Rosetti are beside her.

SPENCE
You're sure it's him?

JACKSON
It's his locator frequency, isn't it? No two alike. Surgically implanted. Just like yours...

SPENCE
(gnaws at her lip)
He's not moving...

ROSETTI
Why would he go down there?

BISHOP
The badge. He knew that he's been infected...

SPENCE

Scared. He's scared.
(shudders)
Tully...

INT. CONSTRUCTION CHAMBER

Dark. The Jeep creeps along between stacks of prefab hull units, emerges into a open space, junctions of several corridors. The deck is an inch deep in water.

JACKSON (V.O.)
He's there! You're right on top of him!

Walker stops the jeep. Hicks stands up, plays the beam of a flashlight around the area. Presses the mute button on his headset.

HICKS
(bellows)
Tully! Tully! Yo!

ECHO. DRIP of water.

Hicks clips the flashlight beneath the barrel of his gun and jumps down. Reflections ripple as he moves forward. Swings the beam along the surface -- something there... The logo-patches down a sleeve of Tully's ruptured, blood-soaked leather jacket. Drifting shred of human tissue...

JACKSON (V.O.)
Can you see him?

HICKS
Yeah.

And the thing that was Tully launches itself from the top of one of the stacks of construction material. Lands on top of the jeep, going for Walker, through the roll bars.

CLOSEUP ON JAWS

CLOSEUP

as the thing's tail lashes past Walker's face, taking a nick out of a steel bar.

on the controls, a pair of levers: he yanks one back, shoves the other forward, thumbs both drive buttons simultaneously.

ANGLE

The jeep (separate drive-trains for each wheel) pulls two three-sixties on a dime, hurling the thing toward Hicks. It smashes into the desk, splash of water, leaps for Hicks instantly. The charge from his pulse-rifle takes it in mid-air, hideous bile-yellow spurt of acid... And it hits the water again with a terrific EXPLOSION of steam. The jeep lurches out through the steam, engines SCREAMING, wheels losing traction through the puddle, throwing up fantails of water, nearly overturning. Hicks jumps, snags a roll bar, empties the pulse-rifle's clip into the steam on full-auto as Walker hauls ass back down the corridor...

JACKSON (V.O.)
Hicks! What's happening?

INT. OPS ROOM

JACKSON
Hicks? Hicks!

CLOSE ON SCREEN

as the jeep-cursor speeds away from Tully's blinking locator-dot.

Spence's eyes fixed on the screen as she makes a serious stab at swallowing her own fist.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA -- BIOLAB

VERY SLOW PAN past monitors -- one flickering like a defective strobe, the other displaying a readout in Russian -- past an overturned mug on a keyboard, past assorted equipment, past the shattered ruin of the big stasis tube, to Suslov and Braun cocooned in a glittering biomech structure of alien resin. Braun is dead, his rib cage gaping.

SCEAMS and the HAMMER of automatic weapons. Station crew fleeing in panic enter through one door, crash into tables, scattering trays of food, claw at one another to escape through another door. The Vietnamese commando and her partner are last into the room; they spin in unison and FIRE back through the door. SOUND of rending metal and loud inhuman RAGE.

The commandos scramble for the far door as the alien crashes into the mess: a new form, the result of Suslov's genetic tinkering. Bigger. Meaner. Faster. Able to reproduce more quickly.

The frantic crew are climbing a ladder. The commandos start up the ladder. They climb through a circular hatch. Like the deck they stand on, the hatch is made of heavy steel expansion-grid. The alien swarms up the ladder, slams into the hatch just as the commandos close and lock it. The alien keeps on slamming. The steel begins to bulge and tear...

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- OPS ROOM

Hicks, Bishop, Rosetti, Shuman, and Jackson.

JACKSON
Cant's raise 'em, boss.

SHUMAN
Try the diplomatic codes...

JACKSON
Diplomatic codes? They aren't responding to Mayday International. Maybe they've got a transponder down, but -- hey, check this, outgoing traffic...
(she bobs her head, taps her lapboard)
It's a squirt transmission... Military decryption standard.

ROSETTI
What do they have in the area?

JACKSON
(taps up a fresh screen of data)
Not much. Automated mining system working

NC-313... Test module for a terraforming operation enroute MV-45... And, here we go, the battle cruiser Nikolai Stoiko. Nine hours from Rodina if they push it.

HICKS

What I wanna know is, what do we have in the area?

JACKSON

(another screen of data)

Not much. How about the Kansas City, Colonel Admin transport? We hit her with a mayday, she'll get here inside twenty hours.

HICKS

Then what?

ROSETTI

We abandon the station.

HICKS

Destroy the station, man! We got nukes?

ROSETTI

Outlawed under the Strategic Arms Reduction treaty.

JACKSON

We can fiddle the overrides on the fusion package. Baby nova.

BISHOP

We're dealing with a new form, Colonel. We know nothing of this new mode of reproduction. Others may have already become hosts...

ROSETTI

What are you suggesting?

BISHOP

In order to be entirely certain, Colonel, it would be necessary to override the fusion package now.

Jackson looks up at Bishop; he's suggesting mass suicide.

HICKS

I thought you were programmed to protect human life?

BISHOP

(with android blandness)

I'm taking the long view.

Jackson's console CHIMES, begins to display new data, ID shots of three crew members.

JACKSON
Missing persons.
(she taps her way through
windows of data)
Two were members of the clean-up crew who did
the lab after the blowout. Third doesn't
check... No, wait. Lives with one of the first
two.. But that makes a total of fifteen...
Something's happening...

HICKS
Goddamn, Rosetti, it's catching!

ROSETTI
(ignores him)
Mayday Kansas City, Jackson.

HICKS
What about Sulaco?

SHUMAN
It would take two days to raise her.

HICKS
(bitterly)
With that shit on board.

ROSETTI
Gateway will have our warning before Sulaco
arrives.

SHUMAN
Fine, Colonel. And who do you suppose will be
willing to take it seriously? Weapons Division?

JACKSON
Hey, I'm getting something! The socialist space
brothers speak at last...

Her main screen flickers and jumps; the speakers fill with a roar of
STATIC --

JACKSON
(continuing)
Their transmission standards get worse all the --

She falls silent as the screen clears, revealing a young Slavic

madwoman -- one
of Suslov's lab assistants -- in blood-drenched coveralls. Jerky
handheld
video, grainy transmission, indistinct background. She clutches a
sheet of
paper, reads aloud from it in a foreign language.

SHUMAN

Get a translation program on line, Jackson!

Jackson's already punching. An instantaneous computer translation
cuts in as
V.O.; the girl's lips move, out of sync, like a cheap dub; the
transmission is
rendered in flat synthi-voice.

CLOSE UP ON SCREEN

SPOKESWOMAN

... of Progressive Peoples. Technician First
Class, Tatjana Malik. Please, we wish to inform
you: we have undertaken an experiment with
genetic material obtained from the military
transport vessel... We attempted to clone the
xenomorph in stasis. Failure of the stasis
system occurred in the fifteenth hour... Attempted
modification of the genetic structure has resulted
in a variant which replicates rapidly, more
rapidly...

(and here, horribly,
she smiles)

It has... taken... most of us. Those of us who
remain... We wish to warn you: you must terminate
any experiment with the material now. It is
impossible. It cannot be contained. There is
no --

The image flickers, vanishes.

ANGLE

JACKSON

Lost 'em. That's it... Goddamnit, she was just
a tech. Their brass didn't bother...

HICKS

No brass left...

JACKSON

And you better check this, Hicks.

Her other screens display assorted images of nearly identical
tunnels and
passageways, but three of them are black; she gestures to the dark

screens.

JACKSON

(continuing)

This is down by the main air-scrubber. System says those cameras are still operational, but there's something in the way. Something big...

EXT. ANCHORPOINT -- ECO-MODULE

Huge louvers pivot smoothly, like Venetian blinds, revealing lush vegetation through thick plastic...

INT. ECO-MODULE

Spence sits cross-legged in Newt's meadow, tearfully hugging a small tame primate. Light crosses the meadow as the louvers open overhead, beyond the geodesics. Artificial dawn. BIRDS begins to sing. Quiet before the storm...

EXT. RODINA

No sign of movement.

Dimly lit. Clutter of spacesuits, machinery. The Vietnamese commando seated on the floor, back to the wall, cradling her gun. The corpse of her partner is sprawled on the deck beside her, face hideously burned, his armor fretworked with acid. Her face is blank, eyes straight ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANCHORPOINT

The station.

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- MEDLAB -- CORRIDOR

Hicks, still in his fighting gear, walking purposefully. MedLab staff in hospital whites dubiously note his passage.

INT. MED LAB -- RIPLEY'S ROOM

Ripley comatose, still hooked up to assorted biomonitors, the only movement in the room the restless flicker of a bank of colored diodes.

Hicks enters, crosses to the bed, seems about to speak, makes a helpless little gesture with his hands -- then yanks the biomonitor leads from the bedside console. The diodes go out; a buzzer begins to SOUND. The bed is mounted on casters. He starts to pull it out of the room. Stops. Looks up at Newt's map on the wall.

He rips the map from the wall and stuffs it into her hospital gown.

INT. MEDLAB -- CORRIDOR

Hicks hustles Ripley through MedLab, not about to stop for anyone; startled staff jump out of the way.

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- ENTRANCE TO A LIFEBOAT

Signs and notices detailing lifeboat launch procedures. Hicks lifts Ripley from the bed, carries her through hatch into lifeboat. Places her in a hypersleep capsule, presses a button. The lid comes down. Silent moment as he looks down at her through the lid, his palm on the smooth plastic in a gesture of farewell, resignation. Then back through the hatch, where he activates controls that seal the boat, setting the launch-procedure in motion.

ANGLE on the blunt prows of the lifeboat receding around the curve of the station's hull.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Hicks watching digital countdown. Muted WHUMP of explosive bolts --

EXT. LIFEBOAT

Flash of the bolts as Ripley's boat is launched into the sweep of night.

INT. LIFEBOAT BAY

Bishop enters behind Hicks.

BISHOP
But can you be certain she hasn't been infected?

HICKS
I'll take the chance.

BISHOP
Why?

HICKS
I owe her one.

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson at her screens; display as before, the tunnels near the air-scrubber -- with three screens dark. CLOSEUP on one tunnel-view as an open, six-wheeled personnel carrier rolls past the video camera, Hick looking up. Five Marines in full battle dress ride with him: ALSOP, GREENFIELD, BRICE, COSTELLO, WALLACE.

JACKSON
Next junction, hang a right...

INT. TUNNEL

Dim; light spaced far apart along tunnel. The carrier takes a right.

JACKSON (V.O.)
Left at the fork and you wanna take it slow.
Fifty meters to whatever's in front of that camera...

Hicks gestures to Wallace, the driver. The carrier halts. SOUND of the air-scrubbers from down the tunnel. The Marines shift their weapons, uneasily eye the tunnel ahead. These are young recruits, not the hard-case vets of "ALIENS."

HICKS
Now listen up. We don't do this by the book, we don't pair off. Stay together, tight. Greenfield up front with me; anything moves, you torch it. The rest of you, if it moves, kill it. You gotta get the fuckers before they get close. You know about the acid; you know they don't show on infrared. And you know you don't let them take you alive. You might have to do a friend a favor... Ready? Move out.

He climbs down from the carrier, heavily burdened with gear. The others follow. Greenfield has a flamethrower. They move forward. Toward the next light; beyond it, the tunnel curves out of sight.

JACKSON (V.O.)
You're right up on it, Hicks. Right around the corner...

HICKS
Affirmative...

They round the turn, weapons ready. And stop, stunned.

GREENFIELD
Wha' 'th...?

The tunnel, which widens here as it approaches the massive air-scrubber, has been transformed; its lights are dimly visible through shrouds of resin. Vast ribs of the stuff sweep up from a dim and monstrous shape that covers the deck at the base of the scrubber; we're looking into an Alien grotto, black and pearlescent, and obscene fairyland. The shape's symmetry suggest function. Patient DRUMMING of the air-scrubber's giant fans.

HICKS
Scan it. Motion?

COSTELLO
(consulting tracker,
adjusting knob)
Negative.

HICKS
Alsop, gimme the flood...

Alsop passes Hicks a portable halogen-flood. Hicks thumbs it on...

WALLACE
Holy Christ.

The central shape is revealed as an enormous mutant queen. The thing is splayed on its back, mortared into the mass of resin, its vestigial head toward Hicks and the Marines. Its abdomen is arched like an inverted scorpion-tail, tipped with a swollen, semi-translucent sac that

ripples and
pulses in the glare of Hick's lamp. A biomechanical birth-factory.

HICKS
(passing the flood
to Brice)
Hold it... steady.

He kneels, unslings one of his gear cases, open it, revealing a
squat tube.

HICKS
Moving. Something's moving...

Hicks is working on the tube-thing, snapping components into place.

Brice suddenly swings the beam away from the queen, revealing half a
dozen
new-model Aliens twisting out of recesses in the grotto walls...

INT. OPS ROOM

Jackson and Bishop hear SCREAMS and FIRING over the comm-link.

HICK (V.O.)
The light! The goddamn light! (garble)

The Aliens tear into the Marines like living chainsaws. Wallace and
Costello
go down immediately; the Aliens begin to drag them away. Hicks has
gotten
hold of the light, struggles to keep it on the queen as he props the
tube
against his thigh. SCREAMS. Blue stutter of pulse-rifles. A
tongue of fire
from Greenfield's flamethrower, but an Alien jumps him; the napalm-
stream arcs
wildly, splashing the resin structure -- and the Queen wakes. The
huge tail
extends, lifts in the floodlight beam...

Hicks is still trying to assemble his mortar.

As the swollen, podlike tail-tip splits open with a sickly, tearing
SOUND,
releasing a puffball cloud of dark mist -- we've seen it before, in
miniature,
with Tully in the lab -- which begins to rise, drawn up toward the
giant fans
above the air-scrubber...

INT. OPS ROOM

HICKS (V.O.)
Stop the fans!

Bishop is instantly on the case, leaning over Jackson's shoulder to punch the right button, but...

INT. SCRUBBER-TUNNEL

Too late. The cloud of spores is sucked into the fans -- as Hicks drop a shell into the mortar. It bucks against his thigh and the queen is blown to shred in an EXPLOSION that rips out the side of the scrubber.

HICKS
The vents! Seal the vents!

INT. OPS ROOM

Bishop's fingers fly as he punches another sequence.

INT. VENT

Straight down the pipe, a long way, to the whirling fans. Huge hermetic barriers SLAM across the vent in sequence -- one, two, three.

INT. SCRUBBER-TUNNEL

Hicks scramble to his feet.

HICKS
Out! Out of here! Now!

The Marine beside him begins to spasm and quake as the Change comes. Hicks SHOOTs him in the chest at close range and sprints for the carrier.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RODINA -- HUB

The Vietnamese commando nears the station's hub. The walls, in one large chamber, are decorated with official U.P.P. art, like a blend of Mexican Socialists agitprop murals and Syd Mead techo-fantasy. She passes evidence of brief violent struggle: a wall splashed with dried blood, a single shoe, smashed equipment, ragged acid-scars in the deck.

She looks like a child now, moving through all this, small and alone. But not helpless: she still moves with a cat's wariness, her gun ready.

Three face-huggers scuttle across at an intersection of corridors, tails thrashing...

She comes to a door that opens onto Rodina's central hub, a large cylindrical space surrounding a core of equipment. The door is ajar; she edges through...

Virtually the station's entire crew, perhaps a hundreds people, have been cocooned along the multi-storey column, a bas-relief of human bodies and glittering resin.

She stares from a railing, appalled, then slips through the door.

INT. ACHORPOINT -- OPS ROOM

Rosetti, Jackson, Bishop

JACKSON
I don't know what they did down there, but it's
screwed up internal comm-link for the whole
area; I can't raise 'em...

One of Jackson's consoles CHIMES; her central screen suddenly glows with a hi-rez simulation of Rodina.

JACKSON
(continuing)
Rodina's got company...

EXT. SPACE

Silent approach of the U.P.P. cruiser Nikolai Stoiko, a vicious-looking mile-long slab of armament. Stoiko slows, comes to an ominous halt.

INT. RODINA

The commando bolts down a corridor. Total desperation. She's lost her gun. A CRASH behind her. The beast's shrill RAGE. She throws herself through the first available door -- and sees the interceptor waiting. She scrambles up a

ladder, through the hatch, and frantically begins to activate systems. Sirens begin to SOUND in the launch bay. The interceptor's hatch closes as the twin gates of the bay begin to swing open -- and the beast is on her, striking at the view-port in the hatch, inches from her face. She flips open a safety-override on the interceptor's joystick and thumbs a red button.

EXT. RODINA

Total overdrive: the interceptor BLASTS out through the half open gates in a fireball of exhaust gases, the beast and the service ladder tumbling after it...

EXT. SPACE -- STOIKO

Something streak from the bow of the cruiser...

INT. ANCHORPOINT -- OPS ROOM

Jackson huddled over her screen.

JACKSON
Missile!

EXT. SPACE -- RODINA -- INTERCEPTOR IN F.G.

The U.P.P. missile takes out the station. Whiteout of nuclear EXPLOSION; the interceptor is a black blot tumbling toward us like a singed leaf in a whirlwind...

INT. OPS ROOM

The simulation of Rodina on Jackson's screen is surrounded by an expanding blue sphere. The sphere stops expanding. The simulation blurs into digital static, fades as the sphere begins to contract...

JACKSON
Nuked 'em! Twenty megs! That coded transmission...

ROSETTI
Send Mayday.

JACKSON

I don't believe it! They send for help, their own people nuked 'em!

HICKS
(quietly)
Maybe they asked for it...

ROSETTI
That's an order, Jackson!

Bishop looks at Rosetti as though he's about to offer an opinion, but doesn't.

JACKSON
Maybe they'll nuke us too...

BISHOP
No. They're leaving...

EXT. SPACE -- STOIKO

The cruiser begins to move, accelerates, is gone.

INT. OPS ROOM

ROSETTI
Bastards!

JACKSON
Yeah. And they violated the fucking arms treaty, too, didn't they? Well, Colonel Rosetti, how about a situation update? We got, lessee, fifty-six missing crew members as of fifteen hundred hours...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MALL

Deserted. The only SOUNDS are Muzak and the trickles of an artificial waterfall. Some signs of trouble: an overturned trash canister, someone's red nylon baseball cap on the polished concrete.

Walker strolls around a corner beside the bar with a pulse-rifle, grenades, and assorted gadgetry slung across his chest. Goes to the bar entrance, nudges the door open with the barrel of the rifle. Nobody there. Same soccer game on the big screen, but the sound is off. Silent cheering crowd rising to

its feet, the flicker of the holo-game consoles. He glances around the mall, enters. Crosses to the bar, checks behind it, then fishes up a big plastic jug of liquor. Opens it, drink from the jug.

Behind him, a mug topples, CLATTERS on the floor. He slowly lowers the liquor to the counter; just as slowly, he turns. A beast is there, waiting, beyond the Glimmer of the holo-games.

Walker and the beast move simultaneously. But he doesn't go for his gun -- he grabs the control unit hanging on his chest.

An unmanned power-loader walks straight through the glass facade, plowing tables and chairs out of its way, big vise-grip claws extended. The Alien SCREAMS, leaps for it, but the steel claws close and grip.

Walker twiddles the controls; the power-loader responds, pinning the Alien against the wall. The Alien writhes and HISSES, striking furiously at the hydraulic arm. Walker tightens the grip, locks the loader in place. Picks up the jug of liquor and has another swallow.

WALLACE
Fuck you.

Beat. As his satisfied grin is replaced by something else. The Change...

INT. ECO-MODULE

Artificial dusk. Spence is crossing the mirco-meadow with a wire basket of food the module's population of small primates. Moths flutter through narrowing beams of sunlight as the louvers gradually close overhead. CRICKETS in the long grass.

She enters the scaled-down forest, ducking branches, and Spanish moss. Begins to make Tk-tk-tk sound, calling the lemur, the monkeys...

And stops. Suddenly aware of a stillness, an absolute silence. Even the crickets...

She turns -- gasps. The primates have been cocooned in the branches of a tree. And screams as something pounces on her from above, the transformed lemur: a very small Alien. She bats the thing away with the strength of desperation. It hits the ground HISSING; she hurls the basket of food at it and bolts from the forest, sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A TUNNEL

WHINE of an approaching engine. The six-wheeled carrier come INTO VIEW, Hicks driving, alone. His face is fixed, white. The carrier slews against the tunnel wall, strikes sparks, bounces off. He hardly seems to notice. He plows into a row of big plastic crates, tumbling them like a child's blocks, bringing the vehicle to a halt. Beat. He look up from the controls: the doors of a freight elevator.

INT. A CORRIDOR OFF THE MALL

Automatic CHIME as elevator doors open, revealing Hicks and his gun.

INT. THE MALL

Hicks warily crosses the Mall. SOUND of perpetual Muzak. He eyes the wreckage of the bar, but keeps moving. Into stuttering neon light from one of the shops. HISS and CRACKLE of bad wiring. He move toward the shop, gun ready.

INT. SHOP

Hicks enters, surveys the wreckage of display cases, scattered 21st century consumer toys.

He finds five cocoons at the read of the shop.

INT. THE MALL

LONG on the shop. Beat. SOUND of five rounds from the pulse-rifle. With the

last shot, the neon flicker dies. Muzak stops.

Hicks emerges, continues across the Mall.

Arrives at the elevator-like entrance to the mini-subway, punches in his destination ("OPS" lights up in red). Muffled SOUND of the breaking car; the door HISSES open -- on Spence, both hands white-knuckled on the loop of a hanger-strap, the car an abattoir, red with the blood of Transformation. Shredded clothing and rags of flesh.

HICKS
Spence...

She screams.

INT. OPS ROOM

Rosetti and Jackson are hunched over the screens as Hicks enters with Spence over his shoulder, brushing past two nervous Marines at the door. Bishop is making calculations on a console in the b.g. Hicks eases Spence down into a chair.

JACKSON
Revised ETA fro the Kansas City's another
thirteen hours...

HICKS
(yanking Rosetti around
in his chair)
Things don't look so shit hot out there right
now, Rosetti. What about rigging the fusion
package?

ROSETTI
(to Jackson; ignoring Hicks)
Sound the general alert, routine lifeboat
drill...

HICKS
A general fucking alert? Lifeboat drill? Who
the hell you think's gonna be left to pick up?
I say we do the fusion package now!

JACKSON
(wearily; without looking
up from her screen)

Hicks, you took out the scrubber, the main air-scrubber. Pretty soon there isn't going to be anything to breathe in here. We'd be okay for about five days, except you also started an electrical fire and we got no way to put it out. The crew's down to one-twenty-eight.

HICKS
(stunned)
More than half...?

JACKSON
That's what I said.

HICKS
And you haven't rigged the place to blow?

JACKSON
(glances at Rosetti)
No.

ROSETTI
(as if noticing him
for the first time)
You'll lead the group from this sector, Hicks. At the alert, they'll gather at blue assembly points. Proceed to the nearest lifeboat bay...

BISHOP
(approaching Rosetti with a
single sheet of printout)
Colonel, my analysis indicates that a minimum of one fifth of the one hundred and twenty-eight remaining crew are already incubating the --

ROSETTI
(on the edge of hysteria)
Listen to me, you motherless zombie! Those are people! Can't you understand that? And we're going to get them out!

BISHOP
Yes, Colonel, I...

ROSETTI
(to Hicks)
You have your orders!

HICKS
I don't leave here until Jackson sets it to blow, Rosetti. Got that? Kansas City shows up, maybe there's nobody left for them to pick up. Then what? They'll send a boarding party in here!

JACKSON

I can't. The fusion package is under the scrubber, Hicks. You trashed the wiring, man. That's where the fire is. Those lines. I can't link through. I can't set it.

BISHOP

I'll go; I'll get it manually.

HICKS

I'll go with you.

BISHOP

No. Assist with the...
(glances down at the figures
on the sheet of printout)
The evacuation.

JACKSON

(to Rosetti)

You just want to get your own ass out of here, don't you? They couldn't have done this without you approval, could they?

SPENCE

Hick!

As one of the Marine guards stumbles forward, dropping his weapon, hands upraised in claws of agony --

MARINE

Please, I...

He trips, fall across Jackson's console and the barrel of Hick's gun -- as half a dozen New Model Chest-bursters erupt simultaneously from his torso in a spray of blood. Hicks bellow, jumps back, grabbing Spence.

The chest bursters tumble from the body of the dead Marine, scuttle into the shadows; one leaves a trail of small bloody prints across Jackson's keyboard.

HICKS

Out! Out of here!

INT. CORRIDOR

Hicks, Spence, Bishop, Rosetti, Jackson, and the remaining Marine guard hustle

along, Hicks and Bishop bringing up the rear. Rosetti carries the dead Marine's pulse-rifle. Bishop touches Hick's shoulder as they reach the intersection.

BISHOP
I'll try to give you an hour. Overload at twenty-two hundred.

HICKS
(quietly; doesn't want the others to hear)
Blow it. That's what matters.

EXTREME CLOSEUP on Hick's watch as her set the alarm for 2200 hours.

BISHOP
Yes.

Bishop splits off, down another corridor, running.

INT. LIFEBOAT ASSEMBLY POINT

Another intersection of corridors. A pathetic remnant of Anchorpoint's crew cluster beneath a flashing blue light. A dozen people, including HALLIDAY, a woman Spence's age; TATSUMI (male Japanese); a LAB TECH (male).

ROSETTI
Where are the others? There should be thirty people here...

HALLIDAY
(dazed and confused)
I can't find Tom. What is it? What's going on? He was just here. I mean there. But then...

JACKSON
Forget it, he's probably already on the boat. You know him, right? C'mon, we're getting out of here ourselves...

Hicks pulls a service automatic from his vest and slips it to Jackson.

HICKS
(under his breath)
Keep an eye on everybody, okay, Ops?

JACKSON
(to the others)

Okay! You all know the Goddamn drill! Done it often enough, right? We're taking A-52 to Blue Concourse. We stick together. We'll meet up with two others groups at Bay Five and proceed to board...

TATSUMI
What is happening, please?

JACKSON
What's happening is we're getting on the boats!
Move!

INT. THE MALL

Dense haze of smoke from burning insulation; half the lights are out. A body floats face down in the pool at the foot of the waterfall; the pool is overflowing, splashing on polished concrete. Bishop emerges from a doorway and hurries along toward the freight elevator. He freezes. Hears something else. Moves quietly in the direction of the SOUND. The bar. He peers into the wreckage. Four Aliens are at work, cocooning their prey. Cocooned bodies -- CLOSE on the face of Shuman -- have been glued to the big screen, where silent images of the soccer game repeat endlessly. Bishop stares, then turns -- looks up.

A Queen. The thing towers above him in the Mall, utterly still.

Beat.

He takes a step backward. Another.

The Queen's head sways.

Another step. He bolts for the elevator.

The Queen screams her rage, scrambles after him like a famished mantis.

He's reached the elevator -- stabs desperately at the controls -- as the doors open and he's through, punching more buttons -- as the Queen strikes, her first blow buckling the steel doors.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Her huge stinger lashes in through the gap, whipping and slicing, Bishop braced up straight in a corner, hand still on the controls. The elevator GROANS, SHUDDERS, begins to descend, then jams in the shaft. The stinger whips back out. SOUND of rending metal as the Queen continues her attack.

INT. A CORRIDOR AT BULKHEAD HATCH

Jackson ducks through first, still wearing her Ops cap. Rosetti next, then Spence, helping Halliday; the others follow, Hicks bringing up the rear. Hicks pauses, looks back through the hatch. Hears a distant CRASH, an inhuman cry. Takes a small bat of plastic explosive from his vest and squashes it against the edge of the bulkhead. Pulls a grenade from his harness, twists its neck in the delay-detonate combination, sticks in into the plastique, closes the hatch, and runs.

The smoke is getting worse.

INT. BLUE CONSOURSE

Another of the white-tiled traffic-tunnels, this one identified by a wide band of blue along either side. A small vehicle has overturned, amid blood and torn clothing. Jackson and her party are skirting the wreck as Hicks catches up with them. Jackson whirls at the SOUND of running feet, bringing up the pistol.

HICKS
Easy, Jackson!

JACKSON
Where y'been?

A distant EXPLOSION shakes the tunnel, jarring loose several tiles.

HICKS
(low, so the others
won't hear)
They're following us. Left 'em something to
slow 'em down.

JACKSON
Might as well. Just try not to put a hole in
the hull, okay?
(coughs)
Remember the air-scrubber...

HICKS
Let's move.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Bishop on his knees, running his hands delicately over the ribbed plastic flooring. The Queen HISSES, BASHES the door. He finds a seam, levers up with his nails, gets a grip. Pulls. Sense of his android strength as the flooring comes up on pale streamers of super-glue. The elevator shakes with the Queen's fury. He finds a section of the floor that can be removed. Forces the glue-caked catches. Slams down with the heel of his hand -- the panel falls away, tumbling through smoke toward a point of fire-glow at the shaft's distant foot.

INT. SHAFT

Bishop lowers himself through the opening, dangles. An emergency service-ladder is recessed in one wall. He tries to reach one of the rungs with his foot, but the toe of his boot slips. Too far. He begins to swing back and forth like a gymnast, building momentum -- and lets go. Falls six feet before he manages to get a grip.

He begins to descend the ladder. It's a long way down.

INT. BLUE CONSOURSE

The lifeboat party emerges, coughing, from a wall of acrid smoke.

REACTION SHOT

dismay and amazement.

The tunnel has been sealed with a plug of Alien resin. Human bones, weapons, and Marine helmets protrude from the biomech convolutions of the

resin-wall.
Another of the six-wheeled military vehicles carriers is skewed
across the
tunnel in a pool of blood.

ROSETTI
It doesn't want us to get out...

HICKS
Bugs. Just fucking bugs... C'mon.
(he climbs into the driver's
seat of the carrier)
We're taking the bus. Which way, Ops?

JACKSON
(getting in beside him)
Way we came, unless you think of something
better.

HALLIDAY
What's he mean, "bugs"? What is that thing?
(pointing at the resin-plug)
Where's Tom? Where's Tom?

SPENCE
(taking her arm; leading
her to the carrier)
It'll be okay. Here, get up... There was an
experiment. It got out of control. We have
to go...

TATSUMI
What kind of experiment?

HICKS
(throwing the carrier into
gear; cutting off their
questions)
Come on!

INT. BLUE CONCOURSE

TRACKING on carrier, CLOSE on Hicks and Jackson. She takes a flat
gadget from
her jacket and flips it open; a miniature computer-map on
anchorpoint, like a
pocket video game.

As she wiggles a tiny joystick, EXTREME CLOSEUP on miniature color
screen;
she's looking for an alternate route to the lifeboats.

JACKSON

(still studying the map)
Left at B-83. We'll cut through Aquaculture,
up to level to Aeroponics. We can get into
Residential from there, then it's up a service
tunnel behind the central mainframe...

HICKS
Sounds complicated.

JACKSON
Quickest way.

Flips the map shut. Spence is trying to comfort Halliday.

INT. AQUACULTURE FARM

An automated fish farm; factory space ranged with dozens of waist-
high round
white vats of dark green water. Low ceiling, dim light. Sweeps
rotate
slowly across the water in some vats; others are still, with
floating green
vegetation.

Hicks leads the party along a narrow aisle between the vats.
Jackson pauses
to check her map and watch; Hicks light a cigarette, leans his elbow
against
the nearest vat.

JACKSON
We're doing okay...

The surface of the water behind Hicks' elbow erupts as the fish go
into a feed
frenzy. He yelps and jumps back, dropping his cigarette.

SPENCE
Bass. They're just hungry... Ready to be
harvested.

HICKS
Sure. Let's get out of here, okay?

The others follow, keeping their distance from the vats.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Bishop jumps down, dodges a dangling power cable, squints through
the smoke.
Finds a manual emergency level that opens the shaft's door.

INT. TUNNEL

A blast of air fans the flames behind him as he steps out. The carrier is there, among the scattered crates, where Hicks left it. Bishop climbs in, tries the power. A feeble whine. Touches another button. The dash flashes "BATTERY RECHARGE." He climbs down and sets off along the tunnel at a jog.

INT. AEROPONICS FARM

State of the art. Epcot-style soilless cultivation. Tall A-frame structures of white styrofoam are studded with hundreds of precisely spaced plants, their roots watered by periodic bursts of high-pressure mist. Vegetables sprout from the sides of tapering styrofoam columns. All of the wreathed in mist under brilliant halogen lamps.

Hicks scans the chamber, gun ready, as the party emerges from a hatch in the white deck behind him. Spence has to help Halliday, whose cheeks are streaked with tears. Rosetti's up last, clutching his pulse-rifle a bit too tightly, eyes darting around the chamber.

HICKS
Keep the safety on, Colonel. You could hurt somebody.

He kneels beside the hatch, takes plastique and a grenade from his harness, and slaps together another bomb.

ROSETTI
What are you doing?

HICKS
They may be following us.

He closes the hatch over the charge and locks it. Halliday starts to weep hysterically in Spence's arms; goes to her knees, then tries to curl into a fetal position on the white deck, shuddering, crying like a child. Rosetti rushes over as Spence is trying to get her to her feet.

ROSETTI
They'll hear you!

Rosetti slaps Halliday's face, hard; eliciting a piercing scream.
Spence --
no hesitation -- punches him solidly in the face; his head snaps
back and he's
down, reaching for his rifle.

Tableau: Spence furious, ready to kick ass; Halliday wide-eyed,
stunned into
silence by Spence's move; Rosetti with blood on his mouth and his
hand on his
gun.

JACKSON
(to Rosetti; cocking
her gun)
Try it.

Hicks breaks the spell:

HICKS
(drill sergeant bellow)
Two minute fuse! Hall ass people!

The Lab Tech grabs Halliday, throws her over his shoulder, and runs.
The
others scramble after him, including Rosetti, whose drive to self-
preservation
is paramount. Hicks and Spence take up the rear.

Hicks shoots her a grin as they run.

LONG SHOT down the aisle of aeroponic greenery, high-tech Hanging
Gardens of
Babylon, the lifeboat party approaching. Behind them, the hatch
lifts off its
hinges with the EXPLOSION, CRASHES back in a tangle of metal.
Several of the
party are thrown to the deck.

JACKSON
(quietly; urgently; as the
others pick themselves up)
Hicks!

HICKS
Yeah?

JACKSON
Look...

She points down another aisle of aeroponic structures.

JACKSON
(continuing)
What the hell's that?

Two of the Styrofoam structures have been overgrown with a grayish parody of vegetation, glistening vine-like structures and bulbous sacs the echo the Alien biomech motif. Patches of thick black mold spread to the styrofoam and the white deck.

HICKS
It was... cabbages or something...

TATSUMI
(with the others)
Come, please, Jackson! Which way?

JACKSON
(gripping Hicks' arm;
pulling him along)
Spence said it did her monkeys, too...
(raising her voice)
Third door to the right!

INT. TUNNEL NEAR FUSION PACKAGE

Bishop comes loping down the tunnel, a certain effortless regularity evident in his run. Makes a turn into the chamber that houses the fusion package, Anchorpoint's power source. The chamber is spotless, well lit; the only sign of the current disaster is the smoke. The fusion package itself is no bigger than a Volkswagen bus, but it's obviously Anchorpoint's heart. Bishop climbs a narrow metal stairway to an overhanging control booth resembling the inverted turrent of a streamlined tank. A mirrored disk is mounted on the face of the armored hatch, above a small slot.

SECURITY PROGRAM (V.O.)
(bland feminine synthi-voice)
Please identify yourself.

Bishop removes his dogtags. As he inserts one in the slot, he presses the palm on his other hand against the mirrored surface.

BISHOP
Bishop, Science Officer, Hyperdyne A-slash-5,

Mark 3, serial number PL3358172438. Permission to inspect software safety protocols.

SECURITY PROGRAM (V.O.)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer request to your immediate supervisor.

The slot tries to reject his tag. He shove it back in.

BISHOP
Emergency protocols. Code Theta Five Three.
Authority Rosetti comma Shuman.

SECURITY PROGRAM (V.O.)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please refer request to your immediate supervisor.

It ejects his tag. He drops his hand from the disk, stares at his reflection in the mirrored surface. Blinks. Re-inserts dog tags, palm on disk again.

BISHOP
Emergency protocols. Code Theta Five Three.
Authority Welles comma Fox.

The door HISSES open instantly. He climbs in.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

Surgically clean, unused -- Jackson ordinarily runs the show from Operations.
Bishop settles into the operator's chair, facing three blank monitors.

BISHOP
Protocols, safety.

The central screen displays an elaborate menu.

BISHOP
(continuing)
Overload failsafes.

The left screen displays a shorter menu.

BISHOP
(continuing)
Bypass overload failsafes.

A red light begins to flash.

SECURITY PROGRAM (V.O.)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please
refer --

BISHOP
Cancel request. Request display overload
failsafe software.

SECURITY PROGRAM (V.O.)
Permission denied. Inadequate rank. Please
refer --

BISHOP
Authority Welles comma Fox --

The right screen displays an animated diagram, thousands of
interweaving lines
and symbols, moving ceaselessly, hypnotically. Bishop studies the
screen with
Zen calm, his hands poised like a pianist's above the keyboard.

And makes his move, a cybernetic reprise of the knife sequence that
introduced
him in "ALIENS." His fingers blur across the board with inhuman
speed and
accuracy as he races the fusion softwares's security system.

The lines on the screen squirm and shift, A "window" begins to
open...

Faster.

Done.

Bishop gazes at the screen with might be the android equivalent of
postcoital
satisfaction, eyes bright. The screen displays a message:

"OVERLOAD OPTION RESET"

He beings to reprogram the overload options.

INT. RESIDENTAL (MARRIED CREW QUARTERS)

A maze of walls, doors (most of them open). Lights are on, but the
smoke is
thicker. Coughing, choking, Jackson shoves past the others into a
large
communal kitchen. On an electric range, smoke pours from a pot.
She grabs an
extinguisher and blasts the pot's blackened contents, turns off the
element.
Smoke abates slightly.

The quarters have an eerie Marie Celeste quality: food and drink on the table, a pack of cigarettes beside an ashtray. Spence pockets the cigarettes as she passes; Hicks opens a large white thermos: steam. He sloshes coffee into a cup and drinks.

In the next room, a communal lounge, Spence leads Halliday to a couch and sinks down beside her, head in hands. Rosetti leans against an entertainment console, face blank, gingerly rubbing his split lip.

SPENCE

(head down)

It's funny, but I had to win a contest to go through this. A science fair in Omaha, first in biology for all of Nebraska. Monoclonal antibodies...

(she looks up at Rosetti)

Then I got into Cornell. Another contest. It wasn't easy, getting out here. We all must've wanted it so bad, a whole generation, or anyway the ones like me.

ROSETTI

(looks at her wearily)

Idealists.

SPENCE

Yeah. I guess so. Build a new world, find ways to live in it... But it wasn't supposed to be like this. And it might've worked. It almost did. Now look at it. Ending...

She sits up and hugs Halliday, whose eyes are shut tight.

SPENCE

(continuing)

What I want to know, mister, is why we had to bring you?

ROSETTI

(massages his temples, then looks at her levelly)

Funding.

SPENCE

Yeah. I guess you're right. You paid for it, I guess you get to fuck it up.

HICKS

(tossing her an apple)
C'mon, time to move. Get her up?

SPENCE
Sure.

She gets Halliday unsteadily to her feet.

They move out in a tight group, Jackson leading, Hicks taking up the rear,
Spence biting resolutely into her apple.

ANGLE THROUGH A DOORWAY -- REACTION SHOT

as Halliday's eyes fill with a new and deep horror.

ANGLE -- THE ROOM

is a preschool, a cr_che, scattered with toys, the walls tapes with children's paintings.

HALLIDAY
O God...

Spence and the Lab Tech hurry her on, out of the cr_che. Halliday snatches a ragdoll from a shelf as they pass...

INT. TUNNEL AWAY FROM FUSION PACKAGE

Bishop heads for the elevator shaft at his usual steady pace. Approaches the open doors cautiously. Listens. Nothing. He edges in. Empty. The circuit fire has died down; melted insulation still SPUTTERS. He looks up the shaft. A long climb. He can make out the bottom of the elevator. He reaches up, grabs a rung, sets his left boot on another, straightens up -- and drives the jagged and of his broken knee joint through the side of his leg and the fabric of his fatigues in a gout of milky android blood. Hits the floor hard, the broken leg splayed at the hideous angle, the white fluid a widening pool.

Struggles to brace his shoulders against the wall. And reaches out to touch the ragged edge of artificial bone.

BISHOP

(a scientific observation)
Polycarbon...

INT. ENTRANCE TO FOOT OF MAINFRAME SERVICE SHAFT

leaving residential. Hicks and Jackson chivvy the party through a low, floor-level service hatch.

INT. SERVICE SHAFT

Party's POV, looking up: ladders, platforms, catwalks, bundles of fiberoptic lines linking the components of Achorpoint's computer mainframe, drifting smoke. The bundles loops of fiberoptics have a faint, pearlescent glow. Hicks, as usual is last up the ladder.

INT. LADDERS IN SERVICE SHAFT -- VARIOUS ANGLES

The party, climbing. Halliday still has the ragdoll. Hicks up last.

INT. PLATFORM IN SERVICE SHAFT

The Marine guard from Ops emerges through a narrow opening, Spence and Halliday follow -- and an Alien strikes from the shadows, ripping out his throat. Spence drives for his rifle as it skids across the platform. Screams from the ladder below. The gun slips through her fingers, over the edge -- gone. Halliday cringes in a corner, cradling the ragdoll in her arms, as the Alien butchers the dead Marine, slashing the corpse to ribbons with its tail. It HISSES, turns its head. Spence freezes.

INT. LADDER IN SERVICE SHAFT

Hicks is desperately trying to fight his way past the others, climbing over them --

INT. PLATFROM IN SERVICE SHAFT

Spence snatches a drum of cable from a service cart and hurls it at the Alien, distracting it from Halliday.

The beast springs toward Spence, bet she's already scrambling out

along a
fragile-looking catwalk that quakes with her passage. The Alien
pursues her
into the forest of cables with a hideous agility. Hicks clambers up
through
the opening, too late. Spence and the Alien are out of sight.

INT. FIBEROPTIC FOREST

Spence flattened against the mainframe, heart thumping, terrified.
Takes a
breath, look out between two glowing trunks of cable. Sees the
Alien's back,
fifteen feet away. She bites her lip and slips out, runs. It
SCREECHES
behind her. She blunders into another wall. A ladder. Up the
rungs, fast.
Into a short narrow space lit by a single blue emergency light. No
way out.
She moves forward, hands sliding over a jumble of containers. SOUND
of the
beast swarming up the ladder. She's below the blue bulb now, looks
down at
her hand on a flat plastic case stenciled "COLONIAL TRANS AP-49
FLARE SIGNAL
OXY-ATMOSPHERIC 20MM." She tears at the catches --

The beast is almost on her.

She turns, bringing up the huge flare-pistol, and FIRES. The beast
is blown
backwards, off its feet, the igniting magnesium flare a white-hot
chemical
star burning in its guts as it flips back over the edge.

INT. PLATFORM IN SERVICE SHAFT

Hicks and the Lab Three see the burning Alien's fall as a weird
pulse of light
through the translucent cables.

LAB TECH
What -- ?

HICKS
(yells)
Spence! Yo! Spence!

Hicks crosses the catwalk, followed by the Lab Tech.

Halliday stares after them over the head of her ragdoll.

INT. PLATFORM IN SERVICE SHAFT

The others have climbed up now. They watch Hicks, the Lab Tech, and Spence recross the catwalk. Spence has the flare-pistol around her neck on a lanyard.

JACKSON
(checks her watch)
Okay, people! Gotta move it now. Start climbing!

HICKS
Halliday!

She rushes to the spot where we last saw Halliday. The ragdoll lies on the deck. Spence grabs it up, flings it instantly away at the touch of slime.

SPENCE
(screaming)
No! No!

Hicks pulls an olive-drab aerosol unit from his medical pack and drenches her hand with spray.

HICKS
Jackson's right. We gotta move.

Rosetti is already starting up the ladder.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Bishop, climbing. He has his web belt cinched tight around his left thigh. The splintered bone is out of sight; the leg of his fatigues, below the belt, is soaked with fluid. He uses his arms and right leg to climb, the left leg swaying free -- grotesquely, in too many directions, like the limb of a broken puppet.

He shows signs of stress. The right knee might break at the next rung... He places it carefully, taking up most of his weight on his arms.

He checks his watch.

EXTREME CLOSEUP: 2140 HOURS.

BISHOP'S POV -- UP THE SHAFT

It looks like forever.

INT. SERVICE SHAFT

Jackson uses a pistol-grip power-driver to unscrew a ventilator grill. Hicks shines his light into the opening, then crawls in. Jackson follows, then Rosetti...

INT. DUCT

Hands and knees, single file and barely room for that. Hicks has his flashlight clipped bayonet-style to his rifle. Jackson behind him, her cap reversed.

HICKS
How we doin'?

Jackson stops crawling; flips open her map, her features visible in the glow of the tiny screen.

JACKSON
Looks like another ten meters. Then we're into K-58-A and straight to the boat bays.

ROSETTI (V.O.)
(hollow echo)
Move! Hurry!

HICKS
Yes, sir.

They move forward.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DUCT EXIT

Hicks and Jackson prepare to pull the others one at a time from the waist-high opening. It's evident that the duct, at this point, slants sharply down from the opening; it's round and smooth and difficult to climb.

INT. DUCT

From below, members of the party wedge their way up with knees and elbows.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DECT EXIT

Hicks and Jackson pull Rosetti from the duct, both his hands locked around his pulse-rifle; then the Lab Tech; then Spence; they reach the Tatsumi...

SCREAMS and frenzied BANGING from the duct. Tatsumi's eyes pop wide open and he screams. Hicks braces his boot against the wall and hauls him out -- with the jaws of a freshly-transformed new beast locked on his leg. Hicks whirls his rifle like an axe, the butt slamming into the thing's head. It HISSES and twists back into the duct.

INT. DUCT -- POV OF THE TRAPPED FIVE

as the beast slides toward them down smooth steel.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DUCT EXIT

Rosetti thrusts the barrel out of his pulse-rifle past Hicks, into the duct, and FIRES on full auto, emptying his magazine. Jackson drives for the gun as Hicks snaps him off his feet with a roundhouse punch. The back of Rosetti's head slams against the opposite wall and he slides to the deck.

Jackson's on him before he can recover, practically jamming the muzzle of the pulse-rifle down his throat.

JACKSON
Y'know, always been part of me wanted to kill
one of you motherfuckers...

Rosetti looks up at her.

ROSETTI
Go ahead.

Very quiet. No sound at all from the duct. Tatsumi whimpers between clenched teeth as a wisp of acid smoke rises from his torn trouser leg. Hicks shines his light down into the duct.

HICKS
Oh man... Forget it, Jackson. Anyway, it's

empty.

He tosses her a fresh magazine.

SPENCE

Hicks! The light!

She and the Lab Tech are crouching beside Tatsumi, slitting his pantleg with a knife, exposing the wound.

SPENCE

(continuing)

Watch out, it's on the cloth...

The Lab Tech yelps as a droplet of acid touches his hand. Hicks unclips his light and passes it to Spence.

SPENCE

(continuing)

On my God...

The Alien has taken a bite the size of a small grapefruit out of Tatsumi's calf; flesh and muscle are blackened, charred by the acid.

HICKS

(unclipping a flat plastic kit from his harness)

What's his name?

JACKSON

Tatsumi...

HICKS

Cocktail for ya, Tatsumi.

He opens the kit, takes out a gun-shaped hypo with a pressure tank.

HICKS

(continuing)

Can't get this on the Ginza, fella. Six times stronger than heroin, about eight other things in there to keep you up an' rockin'...

He jabs the needle through Tatsumi's pantleg; the unit HISSES.

HICKS

(continuing)

Get a Marine a year in the brig, playin' R&R with one of these...

Tatsumi moan softly as the shot hits him. Very clearly, in Japanese, he asks
if it's time to go back on duty.

LAB TECH
Wha'd he say?

SPENCE
I don't know...

HICKS
We'll have to carry him.
(passes Spence a sterile
dressing pack from his
harness)
Think you can get a dressing on that? Not
bleeding much. Like it's cauterized.
(to Rosetti)
Get up, we're moving.
(to Jackson)
Think you better hang on to the Colonel's rifle.

INT. MALL -- ENTERANCE TO FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The doors look as though someone's gone after them with a giant can opener;
they're ragged, gaping. Bishop's hands suddenly appear in the opening in the floor, grip the edge; he hauls himself up, arms quivering with strain. Last thing through is the useless leg; he has to pull it up with both hands.

He looks anxiously out into the mall. Nothing moving, no Aliens in sight.
The queen's attack has torn loose a strip of alloy trim. Bishop bends it double for strength and begins to work it beneath the belt around his thigh, still keeping an eye on the mall.

INT. CORRIDOR TO ASSEMBLY POINT -- LIFEBOAT BAY

Hicks and Jackson slogging along, dragging Tatsumi between them, Spence with the flare pistol, then Rosetti and the Lab Tech. Smoke hangs in strata.
Spence coughs. They're all feeling Anchorpoint's fire-depleted oxygen-level.
Tatsumi looks terrible: flushed, eyes glazed, but he's feeling no pain. He weakly attempts to sing a snatch of a Japanese pop song. CLOSEUP on his bandaged leg leaving a trail of yellow drops...

LAB TECH
That's right, man. Not long now.

HICKS
Hey, Jackson -- Goddamn, you were right.

He's pointing his pulse-rifle at a plastic sign mounted on the corridor wall:

LIFEBOAT BAY 20 METERS

JACKSON
(grins)
Sure. Hadda map, didn't I?

They round a corner. Ahead is one of the blue lights and another sign:

LIFEBOAT LAUNCH ASSEMBLY POINT

SPENCE
The others groups... Where's everybody else?

HICKS
Hell, they coulda launched already...

JACKSON
No.

She's looking at a wall panel with LEDs that indicate launch status of the lifeboats.

JACKSON
(continuing)
The boats are all here.

LAB TECH
Then nobody else made it...

Rosetti ignores them, keeps walking.

JACKSON
(looking after Rosetti)
I shoulda greased him.

HICKS
Shit. What's the point?

JACKSON
The point? The point's he let 'em run their

fucking experiments! He coulda stopped 'em!
But he didn't! You tried, man, you and Bishop...
He let 'em do it!

HICKS

Shit no. He's just brass. He's just like you
an' me, to the people who brought this down.
Wouldn't do any good to grease them either.

JACKSON

Bullshit! What not?

HICKS

Because what you wanna grease is the company...

Rosetti breaks into a stumbling run as he nears the portal at the
end of the
corridor, the entrance to the lifeboat bays.

CLOSEUP -- ROSETTI

frantically punching a combination. Wants that door to open. Gets
it:
slides back smooth as silk, revealing a brightly lit room filled
with pristine
space gear and an indeterminate number of Aliens, their appendages
tangled
black and shiny as a fresh catch of eels.

ROSETTI

No! Goddamn it! No!

ANGLE

The Aliens stir as he throws himself back down the corridor toward
the others.
Hicks drops Tatsumi, who sags into Jackson's arms, and raises his
rifle.
FIRES a bolt past Rosetti, into the heart of the mass. Rosetti
claws his way
by as Spence lets loose with the flare-pistol. All the ammo she has
but it's
a big red distress flare straight through the portal; it bursts,
crimson
lightning, scattering the Aliens. Now everyone is backing down the
corridor,
the way they came, Jackson burdened with Tatsumi. Rosetti fumbles
with the
combination on another door. Hicks is SHOOTING as he retreats.
Aliens come
darting out past the dying cherry brilliance of the flare, SCREAMING
down the
corridor... The second door open for Rosetti -- he's through, the
second Lab

Tech on his heels.

INT. AN OFFICE

Dark -- only light from the corridor, even less are Rosetti immediately tries to slam and lock the door in Spence's face -- but the Lab Tech yanks him out of the way. The others tumble in, Jackson with Tatsumi in a fireman's carry. Hicks kicks the door shut and locks it -- as something SLAMS into it, hard. Jackson lowers Tatsumi to the carpeted floor.

Hicks CLICKS the light on. Swings the muzzle of his gun around the room, circle of light jumping from one thing to the next. An office, larger than Rosetti's. 21st-century stylistics and a basic bureaucratic banality: fake teak, imitation leather. Framed portraits of beaming Weyland Yutani bigshots. Spence brushes a square object off a shelf -- the base of a small hologram-projector. A glowing DNA helix springs up.

HICKS
Don't touch anything...

LAB TECH
(to Jackson, pointing
at Rosetti)
He tried to lock the door, lock us out...

JACKSON
(pulling the automatic
from her jacket)
Rosetti...

HICKS
Forget it. That's what he wants. You really
wanna do 'im the favor?

JACKSON
Waddya mean it's what he wants?

HICKS
I've seen it before. In combat.

Rosetti backs away from them.

SPENCE (V.O.)
Hick, come here... I think it's Trent...

He finds her around the corner of a padded partition that screens a desk-console from the rest of the room. His light finds the lab-coated corpse sprawled in the chair behind the desk, a quarter of its skull blown away, dried blood spattered across the bulkhead, a service automatic locked in rigid fingers.

HICKS
(shrugs)
Did himself. Hey, Rosetti! C'mere!

Rosetti looks around the edge of the partition, sees Trent.

HICKS
(continuing)
That's it, man. That's what it looks like.
You don't chill out quick, somebody'll do the same for you.

ROSETTI
(stares at the corpse)
Brilliant man. Company man. Very... ambitious.

Hicks takes the light off the corpse, plays it around the cubicle. A shredder, empty file folders, a bulging plastic sack of shredded documents.

HICKS
Yeah...

Hicks swings the light across the wall behind Trent's desk.

SPENCE
The wall, Hicks!

She's spooked him; the safety's off the pulse-rifle. But there's nothing on the wall, only framed diplomas, and between them a few stenciled letters...

SPENCE
(continuing)
Jesus Christ! It's a lock, Hicks! Airlock!

She clambers over the desk console, shoves the corpse out the way, and tears the diplomas from the wall, revealing the outline of a hatch and the stenciled notice:

EMERGENCY AIRLOCK - EXIT TO HULL-SECTOR 308

A CRASH from the corridor as Alien hurls itself against the door.

SPENCE

(continuing)

It's a chance! The only chance we've got! We get out on the hull, cross to the boats. We can try to get into one that way, from outside...

Hicks looks down at his watch. 2146 HOURS. If Bishop's managed to set the fusion package to blow at 2200 hours -- they don't have a hope in hell.

But why spoil it for Spence?

HICKS

Let's go for it.

Spence hauls on the red airline-style inset handle of the emergency airlock.

The handle flips down and the hatch pivots smoothly open, a light inside goes on, and the eternal synthi-voice announces:

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is a five-man emergency atmosphere lock, exit to Hull Sector Three-oh-eight, equipped with five Mark Twelve emergency suits. Each Mark Twelve suit is charged with a two-hour air supply and is equipped with automatic radar beacon, inter-suit radio, and magnetic sole plates. If you should experience difficulty with either the O-rings of the velcro strips, please activate the secondary program for additional advice.

JACKSON

There's six of us...

Space suits swing from a rack, each helmet a different color. Rosetti's pressed up close behind her, eyes fixed on the suits.

JACKSON

(continuing)

Fuck off, Rosetti; anybody stays, it's you

LAB TECH (O.S.)

Light, quick! Something's...

The Lab Tech is backing away from Tatsumi, who lies on his back on

the
carpeted deck, mouth gaping, eyes showing whites. A tearing SOUND
as Hicks
spotlights Tatsumi's bandaged leg -- where the dressing is bulging,
moving,
seeping yellow fluid. A new-model chest-buster flails its way out
of the
wound and shuttles into the shadows beneath a chair. Twin red spots
appear
on Tatsumi's white shirt; two more of the things rip their way out
through
his stomach as he arches backwards, groaning -- the groan cut off as
a fourth
chest-burster pops from his mouth...

Jackson brings her pistol up with both hands, arms locked, and
SHOOTs Tatsumi
in the head.

HICKS
Get in the lock! Suit up!

INT. EMERGENCY LOCK

Hicks pulls the inner door shut. The lock is white, bright, a very
tight fit
for the five of them. The Lab Tech reaches for one of the hanging
suits,
yells as a blood-slick chest-burster loses its grip and tumbles out
of the
suit's open front.

LAB TECH
Aaaaah!

Hicks shoulders the door -- just a crack; it doesn't want to open --
as
Rosetti grabs a helmet and swings it underhand, knocking the little
horror out
of the lock. Hicks gets the door shut again.

Spence is shuddering. Rosetti is putting the helmet on, reaching
for his
suit.

SPENCE
J-jesus, Rosetti... How'd you do that?

ROSETTI
(beat)
I used to be a soldier

They hurriedly strip to their underwear and struggle into space
suits.

Rosetti has the yellow helmet, Hicks red, Spence blue, Jackson green, and
Lab Tech orange.

Spence is sealing up her space suit over freckles and a military-issue bra;
Hicks sealing his over dog tags and his acid-scarred chest.

ANNOUNCEMENT
Please be seated. Fasten lapbelts.

Narrow ledges on either side of the lock. The five sit, step in. Spence and
the Lab Tech closest to the outer door. Hicks and Jackson are opposite them.

ROSETTI
(filter; suit radio; turning
his helmet to face Spence)
You're right, Spence. I should have tried to
stop them. It would have done no good, of
course, but I should have tried...

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
When we get back, there'll be a board of inquiry.
You can tell them, Colonel, tell them what
happened. Help them find the ones who were
responsible...

ANNOUNCEMENT
Ten-second warning. Activating outer hatch.

Rosetti's helmet turns slowly toward her. Through his faceplate bubble, the
canceled eyes and blood-streaked drool of the Change...

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
He gone! Jeeees-us!

As blood wells up into Rosetti's helmet, filling it completely, and something
dark begins to strike the inner surface of his faceplate, violently, again and
again. The space suit hunches through inhuman postures --

As the outer hatch pivots out on hydraulics, the vacuum sucking
small loose
objects out into the void.

The new beast in Rosetti's suit snaps the heavy nylon lapbelt and
lunges at

Spence.

HER POV

as the blood-bubble strikes her faceplate, the fanged tongue working like a piledriver, starting to split the tough plastic of Rosetti's faceplate -- tiny bubbles of blood along the first hairline crack.

ANGLE

The Lab Tech unfastens his lapbelt and grapples with the suited beast, pulling it off Spence.

Hicks is wrestling with his pulse-rifle, pinned to the bench by the struggle.

The suit radios are filled with the beast's thick gurgling ROAR. As it turns on the Lab Tech, flings him out through the open hatch, and bounds after him.

EXT. HULL -- AIRLOCK

Vacuum. Zero gravity.

The thing in Rosetti's suit catches the Lab Tech in mid-tumble, its gloved hands spread like talons, grips the Lab Tech's helmet and collar-joint in either hand, and rips his helmet off. Air explodes from the neck of his suit, lifting his air in a three-second gale that freezes instantly, becoming a small cloud of ice crystal. The Lab Tech's eyes are frozen marbles. He goes cartwheeling slowly across the hull as the beast grabs a protruding strut and spins to dace the airlock with a terrible balletic grace.

Hicks is in the hatchway. He raises the pulse-rifle, pulls the trigger. The ammo-counter flashes 00, empty. Jackson reaches past him with a fresh magazine. Hicks slaps it into the gun as the beast launches itself toward him from the strut. He FIRES. The space suit EXPLODES in a cloud of blood and acid.

Hicks bounces awkwardly out over the rim of the hatch, followed by

Jackson and
Spence.

Beat. Anchorpoint's hull stretches away to its own horizon, a flat gray expanse of broken by various structures. The body of the Lab Tech is tumbling slowly out into space.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio; looking
after the vanishing Lab Tech)
I never even knew his name... Hicks... Hicks,
are we gonna make it?

Hick's gloved hands is closed around something small. He open it, looks down.
His watch. 2159 HOURS.

Hicks looks into her eyes as if he sees her for the first time.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Make it? Yeah... Sure we make it.

He gives her a desperate grin.

His gloved hand, still holding the watch, takes her.

SOUND of the watch's alarm: 2200 HOURS.

Hicks' eyes are shut tight.

Nothing happens.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
Hicks? Hicks, are you okay? What is it?

He opens his eyes. Looks at her. Releases her hand.

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON WATCH

2201 HOURS

ANGLE

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
You okay?

Hicks flings with watch away. It tumbles out slowly, level with the

deck,
keeps tumbling...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Okay, Ops, which way to the boats?

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
Got me, man. The map was just for the inside...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
See that radio mast? Let's try that way.

They set out in single-file across the hull, Hicks leading, Jackson bringing up the rear. The radio mast, visible above the horizon, is the tallest structure in sight, a steel thorn slanted toward the stars.

Behind them, the airlock remain open, spilling light...

EXT. HULL -- LONG SHOT

Three tiny figures, their helmets bright dots of color against the monotone hull-plain: red, blue, green.

VOICE OVER: Steady rasp of human breath.

EXT. HULL -- ANOTHER ANGLE -- LONG

Shadows tangle in the light from the lock. Moving. Black talons slip over the hatch rim, followed by an eyeless Alien mask. Then another. The creatures are entirely unaffected by cold, by vacuum...

EXT. HULL -- APPROACH TO LIFEBOAT BAYS

Hicks, Spence, Jackson. Hicks gestures with his rifle: the prows of the boats.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
There you go, Ops.

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
Good navigating...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Good guessing. Still have to get into one of
the damn things...

Spence loses her footing as she climbs down a ledge, goes into a
slow-motion,
zero-g roll; Jackson grabs her.

EXT. HULL -- SHOT FROM UNLIT LIFEBOAT INTERIOR THROUGH A PORTHOLE

Hicks is approaching. Closer. His gloves on the porthole. His
helmet-bubble
CLICKS against it. The beam of his light stabs in, swings from side
to side,
blinks out.

EXT. HULL -- LIFEBOAT BAYS

Hicks straightens up from the porthole.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Looks good. Good as it gets. How the hell we
get in?

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
I can run a bypass on the hatch latches, but I
need a hotwire...

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio; starting
to climb up the side of the boat)
I can strip some cable off the solar cells...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Open it that way and we lose the air.

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
We'll have to draw the backup off the tanks.
Won't matter once we're in hypersleep. No
other way...

EXT. TOP OF LIFEBOAT

Spence's POV for helmet as she crouches over a flat, rectangular
solar cells
and tugs with her gloves tips at a small access port. She keeps
losing her
grip; the space suit's gloves aren't designed for fine work.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio; talking to
keep her head together)
Like the science fair. I had to scrounge
everything... Spent a month desoldering a TV I
got out of my uncle's basement...

She manages to get the cover off -- it tumbles backward -- upward --
with the
momentum on its removal. Spence peers at a densely packed mass of
color-coded
wiring.

SPENCE
(continuing; filter;
suit radio)
Hey, Jackson, you want anything in particular?

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
How about twenty centimeters of the red and
green stuff?

Spence begins to fumble with the wiring.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
Right. Want anything else while I'm here?

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
Coffee and a danish. Black, one sugar.

EXT. HULL -- LIFEBOAT

Hicks and Jackson are trying to open the larger accessport, this one
beside a
porthole set into a rectangular hatch in the bow of the lifeboat.
It isn't
easy. Hicks manages to hook the pulse-rifle's buttplate under the
edge of the
cover. He uses the barrel as a lever. The buttplate slips.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Shit.

He tries again. The cover pops open: move wiring, hydraulics.
Jackson
begins to paw at the wiring.

EXT. TOP OF LIFEBOAT

Spence's POV as she looks down at her prize, a length of red and green wire.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
They're out of coffee, but I got you hotwire...

Spence's POV as she glances up, across the hull -- and sees a dozen advancing Aliens.

SPENCE
(continuing; filter;
suit radio)
Hicks! They're coming! They don't need suits!

EXT. HULL -- LIFEBOAT

Hicks whirls around with the rifle, too quick a move for zero-g; momentum spins him around and he rolls, out past the prow, but manages to come up SHOOTING. Take out the two foremost Aliens at about twenty yards. The rest scuttle for cover.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

on ammo readout: 09.

ANGLE

Hicks gets to his feet, take a step back, and nearly tumbles again; he's bumped into another emergency airlock, this one still sealed. He climbs back across it and crouches against the raised housing, using it to steady his aim. The Aliens charge again. Five SHOTS, five Aliens blown apart. The rest get out of sight.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

on ammo readout: 04.

ANGLE

Six inches from Hick's faceplate, on the airlock hatch, a red light blinks on. The lock starts to open. Hicks scrambles back, the rifle ready at his hip, as

the hatch opens -- and a space-suited figure straightens up, a yellow helmet...

CLOSEUP -- HICKS -- REACTION SHOT

HICKS
(filter; suit radio; an
instant of profound confusion)
Rosett...?

ANGLE

The Aliens charge. The figure turns, bringing up a pulse-rifle.

CLOSEUP ON BISHOP -- THROUGH FACEPLATE

as he hoses a full clip in to the Aliens, killing them all.

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
Hicks, help me out of the lock...

ANGLE

Hicks takes Bishop's arm and hauls him over the rim; the android's left leg is braced with the length of metal from the elevator, strapped to the space suit with heavy silver tape.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
What happened? You didn't blow the fusion back
at twenty-two hundred,

Bishop passes him a fresh clip of ammunition.

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
Two overload is scheduled for twenty-two-thirty.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Why?

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
I thought you might need the time.

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)

Bishop? Hick! Come on, we gotta get his
happening!

Hicks help Bishop across the hull.

EXT. HULL -- LIFEBOAT

CLOSEUP on Spence and Jackson crouching by the open service port.
They've
made a rainbow spaghetti out of the port's wiring, but Jackson holds
one raw
end of the hotwire. Spence looks up as Hicks and Bishop arrive.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
What happened to you leg?

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
Molecular fatigue.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Bishop says we gotta go now.

JACKSON
(filter; suit radio)
No shit... Well...

She thrusts the hotwire against a contact, producing a burst of
sparks.

Nothing happens.

Tries again.

Nothing.

JACKSON
(continuing; filter;
suit radio)
Third time's a charm.

A bigger burst of sparks. The hatch suddenly pops open with a rush
of
escaping AIR.

JACKSON
(continuing; filter;
suit radio)
How damn! Okay!

Jackson ducks, wedges helmet and shoulder through the opening -- and a queen-sized stinger erupts through the back of her neck, slicing the suit's alloy collar ring like butter. Brief but horrible SOUND on radio.

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
Jackson!

Jackson's being drawn into the opening by the unseen queen. Spence clutches furiously at Jackson's suit, trying to pull her back...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Forget it! She's gone!

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
Hicks!

Hicks and Spence turn. REACTION SHOT. What they see makes her forget trying to save Jackson's body.

The boots of Jackson's space suit vanishes through the lifeboat hatch.

A queen, her crest rising against the stars, leads the swarm against them in a solid wave...

Hicks pumps the pulse-rifle's grenade launcher, sheer reflex, no consideration for the effect of recoil in zero-g (pulse-charges have been assumed to be recoilless). The recoil kick him back against the lifeboat as the BLAST takes out five of the charging Aliens; sharp CLANG of his helmet against the boat's hull.

CLOSE THROUGH FACEPLACE

Hicks losing consciousness.

ANGLE

Bishop stands alone against the advancing swarm, the boot of his locked suitleg wedge into a narrow channel in the hull. He FIRES with a

robotic
accuracy, the rifle pivoting like the barrel of an automated gun
turret.

CLOSE ON BISHOP'S EXPRESSION

No anger, no fear -- just total absorption in the task at hand.

ANGLE

Spence had Hicks' gun, is dragging him to his feet.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

on Bishop's ammo readout: working down to 01, steady as seconds on
a
stopwatch --

ANGLE

His last round is for the towering queen -- Android's don't miss.
Straight
into the jaws. Her head explodes.

But the headless body doesn't stop. It stumbles, tumbling forward,
flips
over, the vast abdomen with its lashing stinger outlined against the
stars...

As Bishop tugs his wedged foot free and rolls, as the stinger whips
down to
gouge a chunk of bright steel from the hull. The carcass smashed
into the
lifeboat.

The swarm twitches, hesitates. With the loss of the queen's
unifying
intelligence, the Aliens are reduced to their usual level of
instinctual
action.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Bishop! Come on!

Hicks, with Spence, is fleeing across the hull, taking long zero-g
leaps --
one more worries about drifting away!

SPENCE
(filter; suit radio)
The mast, Bishop! The Radio mast!

Bishop starts after them, abandoning his empty pulse-rifle, trying to bound along on his good leg, the stiff one obviously in his way, three Aliens rapidly gaining on him. He loses his balance...

Hicks and Spence have almost reached the foot of the radio mast. Handholds lead out to the tip.

Hicks sees Bishop struggling to right himself, the Aliens closing in. Snatches the rifle from Spence.

HICKS
(filter; suit radio;
to Spence)
Go on! Get out there!

Hicks recrosses the hull to Bishop. SHOOTS the nearest Alien, gets a grip on Bishop's suit, pulls him up, tries for the second Alien but misses. They start for the mast, Hicks FIRING back at the swarm.

Spence is a third of the way out on the mast, body drifting in space, clinging to a handhold.

Hick and Bishop haul themselves hand-over-hand along the mast.

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
The fusion package, Hicks... Overload...

HICKS
(filter; suit radio)
Yeah... But it means we win... Come on.

The swarm closes around the foot of the mast in a single writhing mass. One spring onto the handholds and scuttles out along the mast like a spider.

Hicks BLOWS it off.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

on ammo readout: 04.

BISHOP
(filter; suit radio)
Four minutes to overload.

ANGLE

Hicks blasts another Alien -- as a deafening SQUAWK of feedback rattles the suit radios, followed by a waves of STATIC.

EXT. SPACE

The U.P.P. interceptor, pitted and scorched by the nuking of Rodina, settles toward Anchorpoint on steering jets.

CLOSEUP ON A GUNPORT

sliding smoothly open, reveal the vicious-looking snout of a Gatling-style pulse-cannon.

EXT. MAST -- FROM HICKS' POV

as a stream of withering fire cuts a swathe thorough the swarming Aliens.

VIETNAMESE COMMANDO (V.O.)
(filter; over static and
screaming harmonics)
Come! You come!

Followed by a frantic burst in her own language.

EXT. SPACE -- FROM MAST

Spence's POV as the interceptor nears the mast tip, the cannon still pumping.
The airlock in the interceptor's lower surface slides open. Light from inside.

Spence kicks off from the mast, manages to grab the rim of the interceptor's airlock.

Hicks FIRES his last round into an Alien on the mast.

The interceptor still coming down, crumpling the tip of the mast in a burst of sparks as Hicks and Bishop kick off. Hicks grabs Spence's free hand; Bishop grabs Hick's ankle. Spence hauls them all into the cramped space of the airlock. The lock closes as an Alien launches itself from the mast...

INT. INTERCEPTOR AIRLOCK

SOUND of the Alien as it slams into the lock. Hicks, Bishop, Spence are crammed in like sardines.

EXT. INTERCEPTOR LOCK

The Alien scrabbling furiously for a hold...

INT. INTERCEPTOR

As the inner lock opens and the commando plunges her tattooed arms in to yank Spence free. Spence fumbles with her helmet and snaps it off. Bishop pulls himself from the lock; in spite of his leg, he dives for the ship's controls. His hands dart from one switchboard to the next. Nothing happens. He look up through his faceplate at the commando.

BISHOP
(voice muffled by his helmet)
Go!

She looks at him impassively. Beat. Then reaches past to press a sequence of three buttons.

EXT. SPACE

The interceptor. The Aliens cluster like aphids along the mast. The interceptor's ENGINES erupt in a gout of flame.

EXT. SPACE -- ANOTHER ANGLE

The Alien on the airlock loses its grip, tumbles into the rocket blast.

EXT. ANCHORPOINT -- INTERCEPTOR'S POV

The station is receding

The fusion package goes overload.

WHITEOUT. Beat.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

A SINGLE STAR

Then another star. Then the interceptor, adrift, showing no lights.

EXT. INTERCEPTOR -- ANOTHER ANGLE

Additional damage visible from the Anchorpoint blast.

INT. INTERCEPTOR

Dim light. The commando is slumped against a wall of dead switches, watching

Bishop. Hick, Spence, and Bishop wear their space suits, minus helmets and

air tanks. Bishop is bending over a panel of exposed circuitry, working with

a delicate probe. His suit is open to the waist; he wears a miniature

worklight on a band across his forehead. Spence is asleep, her head on Hicks'

lap.

HICKS

Bishop...

Bishop looks up, the beam of the worklight glaring in Hicks' eyes.

BISHOP

Yes?

HICKS

Bishop, are Spence and I... I mean... Are we infected, man?

A small steady tone SOUNDS, muffled inside Bishop's suit. He puts the probe

down and reaches into his suit, bringing out his wristwatch.

He looks at the time. The tone stops. He puts the watch down and looks at

Hicks. Beat.

BISHOP

No, you aren't. I obtained solid parameters on the incubation period... Neither of you is a carrier. Neither is she.

(glancing toward
the commando)

Although I couldn't be certain until...

HICKS

Your watch? Until you watch went off?

BISHOP

Yes.

Bishop reaches into his suit again and brings out a service automatic.

The commando says something angrily, wearily, in her own language.

Bishop hands her the gun. She tosses it aside with evident disgust, curls up, eyes closed.

HICKS

That was for us? If we were...

BISHOP

Yes.

(he looks at the
commando again)

She's dying, Hicks. Radiation poisoning...

HICKS

Can we do anything?

BISHOP

No.

Spence groans in her sleep. Hicks absently smooths her hair back from her eyes.

BISHOP

You're a species again, Hicks. United against a common enemy...

Hicks moves Spence's head, pillows her on a folded jacket, swings his way over to the commando, offers her water from a plastic bottle. She refuses it.

HICKS

Yeah?

BISHOP

The source, Hicks. You'll have to trace them back, find the point of origin. The first source. And destroy it.

HICKS

I dunno, Bishop. Maybe we just oughta stay out of their way...

BISHOP
You can't, Hicks. This goes far beyond mere
interspecies competition. These creatures are
to biological life what antimatter is to matter.

HICKS
How do you mean?

BISHOP
There isn't room for the both of you, Hicks,
not in this universe.

HICKS
That's crazy, Bishop...

BISHOP
No. You're already at war, Hicks. War to
extermination. The alien knows no other mode.

HICKS
Hell, man, we been at war all my life. Near
enough, anyway. With her.
(he looks down at
the commando)
With all her brothers and sisters. That's what
got us into this shit in the first place!

BISHOP
But now you've seen the enemy, Hicks. So has
she. She's not it. Neither are you. This is
a Darwinian universe, Hicks. Will the alien
be the ultimate survivor?

Hicks doesn't answer. He just looks at Bishop. Bishop goes back to
his
circuitry.

CLOSE on Spence's sleeping face, and the face of the dying commando.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

Approach of a large ship.

The PING of homing radar.

ANGLE ON THE HULL

As it slides past, enormous letters: KANSAS CITY.

EXT. SPACE - ANGLE UP

From below Kansas City as a wide bay opens.

The interceptor comes INTO FRAME and is drawn up into the brightly-lit hold.

The bay closes.

EXT. SPACE

Kansas City. Receding. Gone.

The stars.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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Alien: Resurrection (1997)

by Joss Wedon.

Final Script.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

EXT. DEEP SPACE SILENT BLACK.

We sweep slowly across an endless tapestry of stars. Finally she comes into view:

the U.S.S. AURIGA. A massive research vessel that sits majestically just beyond Pluto's orbit.

We TRACK ALONG the side of the ship, and

INT. AURIGA

along the silent, empty corridors, coming at last to a door with two guards standing rigid in

front of it. Full armour, powerful shockrifles, expressions empty and cold.

INT. MEDLAB

Along a row of screens, where we see the first signs of life readouts, lights, data -- all

shifting and collating on the blinking screens.

As we move ALONG them, a figure-in a labcoat passes through the frame, then another,

leading us along the lab to settle on what looks like a Cryogenic tube, not big enough

for a human.

Still TRACKING around it, we glimpse inside some vague, fetal mass encased in a clear,

aspic-like gel.

Tubes and cables a attached to the mass, running out of the machine.

As we still CIRCLE, the shape begins to be more coherent, till we can see what might even

be a face.

Eyes, shut tight. Sleeping.

Dreaming.

ANGLE: WHEAT.

A birds eyes view of a field, the soft golden waves filling the screen. Sharp contrast to

what we have seen before.

There is a woman wandering through the field. Beside her a girl, seven or eight, in dingey

sundress. Both have black, tousled hair.

GIRL'S VOICE

My mom always said there were no monsters -- no,real ones -- but there are.

The girl stops, looks around her. The wheat comes all the way up to her chest, and nothing

else is visible as far as she can see.

She looks back at the woman but the woman is already more than fifty yards away.

The girl's expression becomes perplexed.

She slaps a bug on the back of her neck. Pulls it off and is HUGE, wriggling fleshily in

her hand. Her expression becomes even more distraught, but she cannot muster forth a shout.

The sound of insects-fills the air. Another bug lands on her, another. She looks down in

growing horror and sees:

Blood. At her feet, rising, filling the field, rising above the wheat, a sea of blood now,

dark, thick.

The girl tries again to scream, raises her arms. She is completely covered in insects,

a skittering black shroud of them, and when she finally does SCREAM they flood into her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

Instruments show a jolt in heart rate, blood pressure.

Scientists note it down, look over at the thing in aspic.

We can tell that time has passed because it is much bigger, nearly the size of a man, and in a new case.

The camera moves in on the cardiograph, then moves down, to show a second one. Tracking a smaller, much faster heartbeat.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Tiny. dark, and we are moving through it at impossible speed turning into

another without slowing, up into an air vent, still moving, moving until we reach a chamber, some place where all we can see is a mass of dark, moving, inhuman file it welcomes us in, envelops us...

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Lying somewhere, maybe the dark-chamber -- in the dream it keeps shifting.

She opens her eyes, but they are dark, whiteless.

She reaches for her chest and begins scratching . Hard.

Tearing at it, as blood wells up, spilling over her sides.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING CHAMBER

And the cause of this dream becomes apparant:

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

being cut open with a lasersaw.

We see her body still has a layer of the aspic-slime clinging to it. And her skin is

unnaturally blue. But as we PAN from her chest to her face her identity is unmistakable.

Around her are several men in operating masks. Cutting her GEDIMAN, a young and enthusiastic

scientist. One man, seemingly in charge, stands a bit off, watching. This, by tag on

his coat, is DR WREN.

WREN

Careful ... ready with the amnio...

Gediman finishes cutting. Another man steps in with a clamp. Sets it. Pulls apart the chest.

GEDIMAN

There she is ...

He says it like he's found a lost kitten. He reaches in and pulls out a sleeping, fetal

but nearly ready to burst ALIEN. Others work at severing umbilical threads that tie it

to Ripley's chest.

GEDIMAN

Here we go.

He holds it up and others step in with the amnio, a sort of incubator filled with amniotic

fluid.

The alien SCREAMS, its tiny mouth full with teeth, and wriggles out of his grasp.

WREN

Watch it!

Everybody panics -- but before the thing can get completely away from him, Gediman grabs it

and sticks it in the amnio. Someone shuts the top rapidly.

Everybody looks at each other for a moment.

GEDIMAN

Well ...

WREN

The host?

A surgeon looks at Ripley's readings.

SURGEON

Doing fine.

Gediman looks at Wren, hopefully. Wren nods.

WREN

Sew her back up.

Gediman and the surgeon get to work, as the others carefully remove the alien.

GEDIMAN

Well, that went as well as could be expected--

Ripley's hand LASHES OUT, GRABS the surgeon's forearm. He yells in pain as her fingers

dig into him, the others scramble knocking things over and we HEAR HIS BONE CRACKING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL

Sudden stillness.

Ripley crouches in the middle of a small, dark chamber. She's wide eyed, staring straight

ahead in a state of near catatonia. Hair tangled and wild. But at least she's not so blue

as before.

The only light on her comes from directly above, from a thick pane of glass in the center

of the ceiling.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE CELL

A guard stands on the floor above, looking into the cell through the square of glass in

the floor, directly above Ripley.

(We see other panes of glass lining the floor, indicating more cells below.)

ANGLE: RIPLEY

She is still for a long while. Then she lifts her hands, looking at them.

Touches her face, her skin.

She fingers her tunic, pulls down the neck. There is a scar running along her chest.

She fingers it thoughtfully. -

She looks at her forearm. Tattooed near the crook of her elbow is the number 8.

She looks up, her face unreadable.

CUT TO':

INT. LAB

Ripley is sitting on a table as Gediman draws blood from her.

He deposits it in a test beaker, studies her eyes.

Wren enters, looking at a chart.

WREN

How's our number Eight today?

GEDIMAN.

Appears to be in good health...

WREN

(noticing his tone)

How good?

GEDIMAN

Extraordinary . As in, completely off our projected charts.

(shows him some photos) Look at the scar tissue. See the recession?

WREN

This is from --

GEDIMAN

Yesterday!

WREN

This is good. This is very good.

GEDIMAN

I'd like to run some tests: strength, coordination... We're not looking at a

normal cloning arc.

WREN

Approved.

Wren goes up to Ripley, studies her face with satisfaction.

WREN

Well, it looks like you're going to make us all very proud.

She grabs his throat with dazzling speed, applying deadly pressure as she

brings his face to hers. Her eyes are burn but lost.

RIPLEY

Why?

GEDIMAN

Oh my god...

He is as wide eyed as WREN , and he isn't having his windpipe crushed.

After a moment the shock wears off and he slams his hand into the alarm.

Klaxons, red light fire up.

A guard rushes in, levels his weapon at Ripley. After a moment of staring him down,

she opens her hand. Wren falls to his knees gasping.

The guard FIRES his rifle at her -- a powerful electrical charge lashes out

and sends her flying back into the corner.

WREN

No! No! I'm all right!

The guards keep their weapons -- 'burners' , these shockrifles are called -- leveled

at Ripley. She has recovered from the shock quickly, sits crumpled in the corner,

looking at nothing in particular.

RIPLEY (wearily)

Why... ?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Wren and Gediman watch through a one way mirror as a scientist tests Ripley.

With them is General PEREZ, the man in charge this boat. Ramrod straight and about

as gruff as you would expect, he stares at Ripley suspiciously.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

The scientist is holding up cards with pictures on them: house, dog, boat.

Ripley gives answers we can't hear through the glass, looking pissed off and bored.

WREN

It's unprecedented.

GEDIMAN

Totally! She's operating at a completely adult capacity.

PEREZ

And her memories?

WREN

There are gaps. And there's some degree of cognitive dissonance.

GEDIMAN

She's freaked.

Wren shoots Gediman a stern look at his unscientific parlance.

WREN

"It" has some connective difficulties. A kind of low level emotional autism.

Certain reactions....

Perez looks at Ripley through the glass, then exits into the hall.

TO:

INT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The two scientists follow, pace him as he strides down towards a second observation room.

GEDIMAN

But the thing is, we can't terminate her. It.

PEREZ

You haven't told me what you think has caused this.

Cloned genes don't contain memory cells, not even when they're brought

to adult term. I'm right?

GEDIMAN

There's been cases

PEREZ

Not like this.

WREN

Well, we don't have nearly enough data... but in some cases there is a collective

memory passed down generationally . At a genetic level. Like instinct,

only more complex structurally.

PEREZ

In some cases . You're talking about the alien.

WREN

Yes.

PEREZ

You promised me there wasn't going to be any crossing.

WREN

It's not like the other ones..

Perez punches code, puts his hand on the scanner and the second observation

room door opens.. He steps in, the other two right behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO

Darker than the first one, and with two of the heavily armoured guards by the door.

Apart from-that, identical. Perez turns to the others.

PEREZ

But there is some genetic mix.

WREN

Yes.

PEREZ

Will there be further mutation?

GEDIMAN

Mutation isn't exactly... I don't think so.

WREN

That's one of the things we need to study.

PEREZ

All right. You can keep it. But secure, under obso , and for God's sake keep it away from here. I don't want any more surprises.

And as he speaks the ALIEN RISES RIGHT BEHIND HIM -- it's big, the ridges on

its head indicating a young queen -- it hisses and LUNGES at the back of his head.

The reinforced plastic window between them, which we couldn't see, stops it.

As it hits, a thin laser grid buzzes to life, sparks crackling on the alien's face.

Its bile trails darkly on the glass as it backs off.

Perez turns to look at it with the others.

PEREZ

It took a hell of a lot to get us here.

GEDIMAN

No shit.

Wren shoots him another look.

PEREZ

How soon before this one's ovulating?

WREN

Days.

PEREZ

Is that normal?

WREN

No way of knowing for sure, but I'd say it's accelerated.

(After a moment) We're going to need the supplies.

PEREZ

They're coming. Soon.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Ripley sits across from Gediman. He is eating at a good pace -
Ripley, however, has

stopped. She is staring at her fork, her brows furrowed. Turns it
over in her hand,

in her mind.

GEDIMAN

"Fork".

The memory comes, and she shakes her head wearily.

RIPLEY (softly)

Fuck....

GEDIMAN (pretending to correct her)

"Fork".

Ever so slightly, she smiles. The smile fades, and after a moment:

RIPLEY

How did you...

GEDIMAN

How did we get you? Blood samples from Fiori 16. On ice.

Do you remember that place?

RIPLEY

Does it grow?

GEDIMAN

Does it.....Yeah. Rapidly.

RIPLEY

It's a queen.

GEDIMAN

How did you know that?

RIPLEY

It'll breed. You'll die. Everyone in the ... fucking....

(searches for the word, then spits it out) ... company. Will die.

GEDIMAN

Company?

WREN (O.S.)

Weyland Yutani.

He has entered behind her, comes up to the table.

WREN

Our Ripley's former employers. Terran Growth conglomerate, had some defense contracts

under the military. Before your time, Gediman -- they went under decades ago, bought

out by Walmart. Fortunes of war.

(to Ripley)

You'll find things have changed a good deal since your time.

RIPLEY

I doubt that.

WREN

We're not flying blind here, you know. This is United Systems military, not some

greedy corporation. The potential benefits of this race go way beyond urban pacification.

New alloys, new vaccines ... there's nothing like this in any world we've seen.

You should be very proud.

She laughs, bitterly.

RIPLEY

Oh, I am.

WREN

And the animal itself is wonderous. They'll be invaluable once we've harnessed them.

RIPLEY

It's a cancer. You can't teach it tricks.

This stops Wren, and he retreats silently. Ripley repeats word to herself, thinking.

RIPLEY

"Them" ...

CUT TO:

INT. HALL CONTINUOUS

As Wren is leaving the mess, he is accosted by an ensign.

ENSIGN

Doctor, General Perez is asking for you. We've been hailed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

we see the Auriga far in the distance Suddenly A SHIP ROARS INTO FRAME, heading for it.

A small vessel, it is every bit dirty and jerry-rigged as the Auriga is pristine.

To accentuate the difference, the sudden roar of its engines is accompanied by

HEAVY, THRASHING ROCK MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT CONTINUOUS

The music is coming from nearby. Piloting the ship toward the Auriga is HILLARD,

a roughskinned woman in her forties, along with RANE, a slight and quiet fellow.

Behind them stands ELGYN, the leader of the group.

Has the kind of authority that doesn't need to flaunt itself.

Maybe fifty, by the silver in his hair. He speaks into the vidcom

ELGYN

(good naturedly)

My authorization code is 'fuck you' , son. Now open the goddamn bay or General Perez

is gonna do a Wichita stomp on your virgin ass.

He switches off.

RANE

Wichita stomp?

ELGYN

I guarantee that boy's. never seen the inside of a woman.

(to Hillard)

Bring us in on three-oh descent, ride the parallel.

HILLARD

Darlin', it's done.

ELGYN

Don't cut thrust till six hundred meters. Give em a little fright.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, runs it up along her cheek as he exits.

They're more than friends.

He moves through a hallway, sticks his head in a cubicle.

ELGYN

Christie! St Just! Rise and shine. We're docking.

He proceeds into:

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

It's the largest space in this boat, two stories high. Taking up most of the space

are two HARVESTERS, big rusty hovering threshers roughly the size of winnebagos.

As Elgyn enters, we CRANE UP to reveal ANNALEE-CALL working atop one of them.

She's young, tough -- at home with this motley bunch despite her youth and prettiness.

ELGYN

Call! CALL!

The music is louder here -- it's blasting from a box in the corner.

Elgyn switches it off.

ELGYN

Call!

CALL

What?

ELGYN

We're docking! Are the cargo trucks secured?

CALL

I checked 'em an hour ago.

ELGYN

I don't want em so much as rattled. Any leakage, I take it out of your hide.

CALL

Trust me, boss.

ELGYN (laughs)

Not my style.

He leans down, looks under the thresher. Lying on a gurneylike steel dolly, working

under the machine, is VRIESS, chie mechanic. Late forties, in pretty good shape

considering he's got no legs.

ELGYN

How's it looking?

VRIESS

It's never gonna be pretty. but she'll fly. The other one's a total fucking write-off.

ELGYN

You'll make it good.

VRIESS

Don't be so sure.

(calls out) Call! Adjust the generator plugs!

ELGYN (straightening up)

They just gotta run, Vriess. They don't gotta run far.

He exits.

CUT TO: INT. HALL CONTINTJOUS

CHRISTIE is up and mostly dressed. He is black, very large, and has distinctly military bearing. He speaks with quiet, don't-fuck-with-me authority.

CHRISTIE

What's our status?

ELGYN

We're coming in. Time to enjoy a little of the general's hospitality.

ST JUST

Oh great. Army food..

ST JUST ("San-Jhoost") is slim, Asian -- and the epitome of cool.

Moves quickly and silently, a sly grin playing about lips. He is strapping a contraption

to his forearm. It resembles a deringer holder, but a very complex one.

ELGYN

We could use a rest, till the heat's off and Vriess can get those harvesters on their feet.

This'll keep us for a couple of days, assuming the natives are friendly.

CHRISTIE

We expecting any trouble?

ELGYN

From Perez? I doubt it. Still, let's be ever vigilant.

CUT TO: INT. CARGO BAY CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: VRIESS working intently, the extremely nasty blades of the thresher inches above his head.

VRIESS

I'm patched in. Check the sequence timer.

(no answer)

Call?

ANGLE: THE CONTROLS

A hand reaches in toward the ON switch.

ANGLE: VRIESS

VRIESS

Call?

The thresher GRINDS TO LIFE -- a hundred blades and claws spinning

at Vriess's head!

Vriess wheels out from under the machine in a second flat.

VRIESS

Goddamnit!

The second he's out he hits a lever and the back of the dolly flies up,

transforming it-into a wheelchair.

VRIESS

Johner! You son of a whore!

JOHNER jumps down from the machine, laughing. He's thickset, mean and ugly, with

ugly scars crisscrossing his ugly bald head.

Thought I'd give you a little haircut there.

VRIESS

You fuck!

Call, who has been over on the other side of the thresher, ably climbs up on it

and switches it off.

JOHNER

You should see your face. Vriess, you must have soiled yourself.

VRIESS

One of these days I'm gonna kill you. My hand to god.

JOHNER

Well, you already gave him your feet ...

CALL (jumping down)

You're a limp fucking scrotum, you know that?

JOHNER

Either of you want a piece of me, I'm less than busy.

VRIESS

Any time.

CALL

Vriess. Forget it. He's been sucking down too much homebrew.

JOHNER

Don't push me, little Annalee. You hang with us a while, you'll learn I'm not

the man with whom to fuck.

He exits, full of annoying bravado.

VRIESS

That inbred cocksucker.

He feels his forehead, comes up with a bit of blood. Realizes how close it was ...

Call looks up at the thresher.

CALL

I hate machines.

VRIESS

Well, now we know it works ...

CUT TO: EXT. AURIGA DOCKING BAY

As it opens to admit the proportionally tiny ship. The bay on the bottom of the Auriga

- the doors are actually OVER the ship, which rises into the airlock.

INT. AIR LOCK

The outer doors close under the ship. Pressurized air shoot into the airlock for

a few seconds, and then the inner door opens. the ship rising into the bay.

INT. BAY

The ship moves slowly along the huge dock to land gently at far end.
The top of

the ship is nearly level with a grated platform that runs the length
of the bay.

Three soldiers in full armour stand rigid on the platform. The hatch
atop the ship slowly

opens. One by one the crew files out. Seeing them en masse, we get a
clearer view of

what separates them from this Environment. They're not wearing
uniforms. They're an

eclectic, fiercely individualist group, their look varied -- spots of
bright color showing

through militarian space gear. Johner's bright turquoise bowling
shirt. Elgy's and

St Just's floorlength leather dusters. Even Vriess's chair stands
out as he wheels down

the platform.

What they have in common is the toughness, the wary eyes, leathery
skin. The cool readiness

to kill. These guys are smugglers. A long while ago, you'd have
called them pirates

All eight of them emerge, one by one, looking around them. They
file past the silent,

uniformed soldiers. The last one suddenly puts a hand on Johner's
jacket, stops him.

There is a bulge under it. A green sensor light on the back of the
soldier's glove turns

red when he touches the bulge.

SOLDIER

No projectile weaponry is allowed on board the vessel, sir.

Johner opens his jacket, shows what he's packing: a large thermos.

JOHNER

Moonshine. My own. Much more dangerous.

SOLDIER

Sorry, sir.

ELGYN (to Perez)

What, do you think we're going to hijack the vessel? All eight of us?

No, I think one of your asshole crew is going to get drunk and put a bullet through

the hull. we are in space, Elgyn

He enters from the antechamber, motions for the crew to follow him.

Vriess comes abreast of the soldier.

VRIESS

Wanna check the chair?

The soldier makes no response, simply falls in behind Call, the last of them.

CUT TO: INT. ANTECHAMBER

The long neck that connects the bay to the body of the ship. The group proceeds down

it, the crew looking about them at the sterile grandeur.

ST JUST

This place is really clean.

JOHNER (to a guard)

Hey. You got any whores on this vessel?

(the guard remains stonefaced)

Any loose women with bad eyesight?

PEREZ

I think you'll find our accommodations somewhat spartan. Although the cook sets a good-table.

JOHNER

That ain't what I'm hungry for.

VRIESS (to Call)

What's the matter?

She is looking around her, somewhat tensely.

CALL

I don't like army.

HILLARD

Yeah, join the fucking club.

CUT TO: ANGLE: MONEY

A stack of bills dropped down on a desk, then another. They're green, and identifiably

money. But they're square, about the size of cocktail napkins. The face on them is

unfamiliar. Thousand dollar bills.

WIDER ANGLE: INT. PEREZIS CHAMBERS LATER

A good sized suite, decorated in a sparse, military fashion. Perez is behind his desk,

the money sitting between him and Elgyn.

PEREZ

This wasn't easy to come by.

ELGYN

Neither was our cargo. You're not pleading poverty, are you?

PEREZ

We're well funded. I mean the bills. There's not many that still deal in coin.

ELGYN

Just the ones that don't like their every transaction recorded. The fringe element.

I guess that would include you, though, wouldn't it?

PEREZ

Drink?

ELGYN

Constantly. I'm guessing whatever you've got going here wasn't exactly approved by congress.

Perez pours two whiskeys.

PEREZ (changing the subject)

So where do you go from here?

ELGYN

Out by the Handle. We've got a couple of harvesters, we can unload 'em on one of the

collectives if Vriess and Call get 'em working.

PEPEZ

Call. Where'd you find her?

ELGYN

She is severely fuckable, isn't she? - And the very devil with a socket wrench.

I think Vriess somewhat pines.

He takes a stack of bill, smells it. He likes the smell.-

ELGYN

She is curious about this little transaction. You can hardly blame her, Awfully cloak and

dagger...

Perez hands a drink to El%m.

PEPEZ

This is an army operation.

ELGYN

Most army research labs don't have to operate outside regulated space.

And they don't call for the kind of cargo we brought.

PEREZ

Do you want something, Elgyn?

ELGYN .

Just bed and board, couple of days worth. If we're not imposing.

PEREZ

Not at all. Keep out of the restricted areas, don't start any fights, and mi casa is yours too.

Elgyn drinks to that.

PEREZ

I trust, of course, that you can mind your own business.

ELGYN (smiles)

I'm famous for it.

They drink.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - RESTRICTED AREA

The 'cargo' is rolled down the corridor, armed guards flank it. It is wheeled into:

INT. A CHAMBER

Where Wren and a few others are waiting. Gediman looks a little nervous,

not sure this is a good idea.

The cargo is locked into place on the floor and a guard works the electric lock.

It springs open and the guard slides off a side panel.

They are stacked one on the other, five of them in all, cryotubes. People sleeping inside.

One by one the tubes are hauled to one side of the room as the second unit is wheeled in.

By the end there are ten people sleeping side by side in their tubes in the dark chamber.

The scientists meanwhile retire to INT. AN ADJOINING CHAMBER

with a long glass window looking at the chamber.

The last of the guards leaves the chamber and we see the door lock behind them.

Wren starts pushing buttons.

The glass tops of the cryotubes slide open. We see temperature and lifesign gauges begin

to change..

There is a thick whirring as a part of the ceiling above the tubes lowers, lowers,

and rotates slowly.

Stuck to the other side of it are ten alien eggs. The ceiling rotates just enough so that

they are aimed at the heads of the sleepers.

For a moment nothing happens.

One of the sleepers eyes flutter slightly. Opens. All ten eggs open simultaneously.

CUT TO: INT. CONFERENCE HALL

A huge room, used for assemblies and events. it has a chain basketball net set up at one

end, crude court lines taped to the floor. Ripley stands beneath the net with a ball,

dribbling absently.

At the other end are set up tables and folding chairs. The crew of the Betty, sans Elgyn,

are filing in to eat here. Johner spies Ripley, smiles.

JOHNER

Ooh.

Johner comes up to Ripley. Her expression makes it clear how much

she enjoys having
him in her face.

JOHNER

How about a little one on one?

She keeps dribbling, says nothing.

JOHNER

What do you say?

RIPLEY

Get away from me.

JOHNER

Why should I?

RIPLEY

Because pain hurts.

He falters a moment at her quiet threat, then:

JOHNER

Are you gonna hurt me then? I think I might enjoy that.

He smiles his ugly smile. She smiles back.

She hits him solidly in the chest -- and he flies back ten feet,
landing badly on a

group of chairs.

His mates fly into action, Christie grabs a standing ashtray.
Hillard jumps Ripley from behind. She throws her off with a --
chucks the basketball at her hard enough to pop the air out of it.

Christie swings at her and SMASHES her right in the face.

She arcs back... and right back up, at Christie's throat before he
has a chance to react,

squeezing, batting away the ashtray just a trickle of blood coming
down her nose --

Johner comes at her again and she leaps on him, throws him to the
ground, snarling,

SHE'S GONNA RIP HIS THROAT OUT WITH HER TEETH.

WREN

Ripley.

Ripley looks up and four guards are pointing burners at her. Wren and Gediman behind them.

Call, standing to one side with Vriess, reacts visibly to the name. Everybody is slowly

backing off. St Just stands with his hands behind his back, as if concealing something.

Call watches in rapt silence.

WREN

Don't let's have a scene.

Ripley lets go of Johner, stands.

RIPLEY

He... smells

WREN

I imagine he does.

JOHNER (barely breathing)

What the fuck are you?

She looks down on him -- in both senses of the phrase. -Look around at everone staring at her.

She wipes the bit of blood from under her nose, flicks it away. Exits.

WREN (to Gediman, amused)

Social skills, less than a hundred' percent.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S BLOOD

The few drops she flicked away sizzle on the floor -- not eating through, but melting

a small patch.

TO: INT. LABS - LATER

A large metal box is being wheeled next to an observation pen.
Soldiers surround it,

weapons at the ready. Not one of them at ease.

Wren and Gediman watch intently.

WREN

What's the status on the Queen?

GEDIMAN

We still haven't detected the origin of the reproductive anomalies.
But the egg laying

stage appears to be over.

WREN

Did we do something wrong?

GEDIMAN

I don't know. I think we covered everything. But these
redundancies...

A soldier lifts a panel in the pen and then doors to the cage come
open automatically.

Everyone waits.

A fullgrown alien suddenly bolts into the pen. The soldier shut it
as quickly as humanly

possible.

WREN

Father, check security status, observation pen six.

Father, the voice of the ship, replies after a moment in a dulcet,
comforting tone.

FATHER

Pen six secure, security systems functional at 100%.

WREN

Good. Now the others.

CUT TO: INT. SLEEP CHAMBERS - NIGHT

We see VARIOUS ANGLES of people at night:

Rane, in a chamber on the Auriga.

Hillard and Elgyn, in a slightly more lush one.

Perez, in his quarters.

VRIESS, rolling about the Aurigals engine room, looking it over.

Christie, St Just, Call and Johner, all playing poker in the mess hall.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - RIGHT

A sleep cycle is indicated here by the low lighting and the near emptiness of the room.

Gediman alone is in here, writing observations down in a notebook as he watches the pen.

Inside are three aliens. Two of them seem to be hibernating, curled up in the corner,

but the third faces the glass, tilting its head and hissing at it.

Gediman sits right up close to it, his face just inches away from the beast's.

It draws back its lips, opens its mouth. The metallic tongue issues slowly forth,

dripping with slime.

GEDIMAN (softly, fascinated)

Is that a distended externus lingua ... or are you just happy to see me?

The creature hisses. retracts the tongue. Gediman scribbles few notes.

Something moves in the dark behind him. Before he can notice, a hand closes on his shoulder.

It's Ripley. She steps forward, eyes locked on the cage. Gediman seems only mildly surprised.

GEDIMAN

How did you get in here?

RIPLEY

Beautiful, aren't they?

GEDIMAN

Yes. Yes they are. I've been monitoring their interaction.

He points at a audiograph by the wall, blips and waves interrupting the vibrating line,

indicating sound.

He notices that her hand is still on her shoulder.

GEDIMAN

They communicate. Through ultrasonic soundwaves. Sort of like bats.

RIPLEY

I know.

She looks at him.

RIPLEY

I can hear them.

GEDIMAN (smiling)

Amazing ...

She runs her hand through the back of his hair, gently urging him up off his chair.

GEDIMAN

Ripley...

RIPLEY

Shhhhh.

She pulls him close, kisses him. Lightly at first, then deeply -

holding his head

with both hands. He responds with surprising warmth, the kiss drawing out, pulling slowly apart.

She looks at him, smiles.

An alien tongue SHOOTs out of her mouth, burying itself in his face.

SMASH CUT TO: INT. RIPLEY'S CHAMBER

As she suddenly awakes, eyes wide, breathing hard.

She has been sleeping, we see, in the same position she was before: squatting in the middle

of the room. She looks about her, recovering from the nightmare... Her

breathing slows. With a somewhat fatalistic look, she settles back to sleep.

CUT TO: INTERIOR MESS HALL - NIGHT

Christie, Call, St Just and Johner are still at their all night poker game, stacks of bills,

peanuts and liquor scattered the table.

They are in a tense hand, the pot impressively high.

JOHNER

I'm in.

CHRISTIE

All right.

ST JUST

Raise you two hundred.

JOHNER

Oh, fuck you!

CALL

That's it. I'm out. I'm fucked.

She throws down her cards, takes a swig of Johner's patented

moonshine. It tastes horrible.

CHRISTIE

That takes me down, too. Johner?

JOHNER

Uh, Uh, fuck it. I fold.

(to St Just)

What do-you got?

St Just calmly shuffles his cards back into the deck.

ST JUST

You'll always wonder.

JOHNER

You asshole.

CHRISTIE

Johner, your deal.

CALL

Deal me out. It's not my night.

She tries to stand up, takes a spill over her chair. The others laugh.

CALL

Jesus, Johner, what do you put in that shit, battery acid?

JOHNER

Just for coloring.

ST JUST (producing a small vial)

I got something that'll take the edge off that.

CALL

Thanks, I'll walk it off.

She stumbles out of the room. Johner shuffles the deck.

JOHNER

Bitches should not play with the boys, they will get cleaned out.

(dealing)

Eight card throwback, fuck your sister and the sevens are wild.

CUT TO: INT. HALL

As soon as she is out of sight, Call straightens up, completely sober. She looks

around her and takes off toward the restricted areas.

She comes to the door and making sure no one is around, star punching in code on the keypad.

CUT TO: INT. CELLBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

As Call pads silently down it, looking for one cell.

TO: INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The cell door opens silently. Call hesitates a moment, then slips in, shutting the

door behind her.

Ripley is sleeping, still in the squatting position in the middle of the room.

Call approaches.

She stares down at Ripley a moment. A shadow passes as a guard walks above them,

Call tenses till he is gone. Look's back down at Ripley -- still sleeping.

Call extends her hand, flexes her wrist. The meanest lookin stilletto you've ever seen

extends from out her sleeve. it, gotta be a foot long, and sharp enough to shave with.

She lifts back her arm, the better to punch it through Ripley's heart.

Ripley shifts slightly. Call stops.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S CHEST

Her shirt is open enough to show a good portion of the scar. Call hesitates, staring,

realization flooding her face.

RIPLEY

Well?

Call starts, moving back a pace.

RIPLEY

You gonna kill me or what?

CALL

There's no point, is there?

A flick of her wrist and the stiletto whips back up her sleeve. Ripley sits up.

CALL

It's already out of you. Christ... Is it here? Is it on board?

RIPLEY (smiling)

You mean my baby?

CALL

I don't understand. If they've got it , why are they keeping you alive?

RIPLEY

Curious. I'm the latest thing...

CALL

Those sick fucks.

She raises her arm, the stiletto gliding out again.

CALL

I can make it stop. The pain... this nightmare.. That's all I can

offer you.

Ripley holds her palm up, presses it against the point of the blade.

RIPLEY

What makes you think I would let you do that?

Ripley pushes her hand out -- the blade goes RIGHT THROUGH HER PALM
.She keeps pushing

her hand out slowly, a good five inches of the blade sticking out
the back of her hand

before she stops. Call stares at her.

CALL

What are you?

RIPLEY

Ripley, Ellen, Lieutenant first class, number 36706.

CALL

Ellen Ripley died two hundred years ago.

Ripley pulls her hand back suddenly, grimacing at the pain.

RIPLEY

What do you know about it?

CALL

I've read Morse -- I've read all the banned histories. She gave her
life to protect

us from the beast. You're not her.

RIPLEY

If I'm not her. What am I?

CALL

You're a thing. A construct. They grew you in a fucking lab.

RIPLEY

But only God can make a tree.

CALL

And now they've brought the beast out of you.

RIPLEY (smiling)

Not all the way out.

CALL

What?

RIPLEY

It's in my head. Behind my eyes. I can hear it moving. The beast.

The smile is gone, some real vulnerability showing through. Call softens, trying

a different tack.

CALL

Help me. If there's anything human in you at all, help me stop them before

this thing gets loose.

RIPLEY

It's already loose.

Call's expression changes. Those words terrify her, but she's not sure if Ripley

means what she thinks.

Ripley raises her hand at Call's head -- Call flinches but Ripley stops a few inches away.

Then touches her forehead gently, almost sensually.

RIPLEY

Once the thought the hope for it ... grows here.... it has found its way.

It will come, because... man will bring it. Bring it forth.

CALL

You want that.

RIPLEY

I've come to terms with the fact of it. It's inevitable.

CALL

Not so long as there's breath-in me.

Ripley LASHES OUT and GRABS CALL'S THROAT. Call swings wit the blade but Ripley

has her arm pinned before she can connect. Ripley squeezes the girls neck.

Ripley looks at the girl with a world of sadness.

RIPLEY

I can... make it ... stop...

Call's eyes are pleading, terrified. Ripley finally lets go and she drops to the ground

gasping for air.

RIPLEY

Go. They're coming for you.

As soon as she can move, Call scrambles up and heads out.

CUT TO: INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Call comes out and before she can move a RIFLE BUT hits her the head. She goes down but

not out as two guards grab her. Wren is with them and three more.

WREN

I think you're gonna find that this was ill advised.

(to the men) Where are her friends?

GUARD

Mess hall, most of them.

WREN

Sound the alarm. I want them rounded up. Now!

TO: INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE CARD TABLE

Being kicked over.

Elgyn, Hillard and Rane are pushed into the room, sleepy and confused.

Christie, St Just, and Johner are all being herded in by soldiers.

Call is thrown into the group as well.

ELGYN

What the fuck is going on here?

CHRISTIE

Looks like a doublecross, boss.

WREN

Where's the other one? With the chair?

JOHNER (to a soldier)

Get your fucking hands off me!

ELGYN

Do you mind telling me what the fuck you're up to?

WREN

Shut up!

(to, a guard) Get the general. Wake him up.

ELGYN

Look, if there's a problem tell me what it is. we can work this out, there is no

need to get emotional ...

St Just is silent, standing in the same position he was when Ripley

attacked Johner.

Hands behind his back.

ANGLE: BEHIND ST JUST'S BACK

As Elgyn speaks, two guns..slip out of his sleeves and fill his hands.

CALL

They got nothing to do with this, Wren.

ELGYN (to Call)

To do with what?

WREN

I don't give a fuck. It's way too late for that. You're all looking at a firing squad.

You hear me?

ELGYN

I do. St Just?

With lightning precision, St Just raises his hands and blows of the guards away.

He takes out a third to his left without even looking that way.

One guard gets off a shot with his burner, frying Rane before Hillard's elbow knocks

his teeth well into his throat.

Christie tackles the next as Johner presses a latch on the bottom of his thermos --

the top half flies off, revealing handle of a gun inside .He grabs it and another

guard runs . Johner doesn't have time to pull the gun-out of the the so he SHOTS

right through it, sending the guard flying..

CUT TO: INT. ALIEN OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

Alarms, flashing red lights. Gediman looking in a video monitor.

GEDIMAN

What the fuck... You three! Go! Sector two.

All but one of the guards rush out to investigate. Gediman works the surveillance screen,
trying to see what's happening

CUT TO: INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

When the smoke clears, There are two guards still standing. They point their weapons

ineffectually. St Just a has gun to wren's head and a gun on the guards, who are also

covered by Johner.

ELGYN

Nice and easy, boys ...

Call starts to take off.

CALL

I'm gonna finish this.

Elgyn grabs her by the hair, roughly pulls her back.

ELGYN

You're going nowhere, Annalee.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION LAB - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: IN THE PEN

The three aliens have picked up the energy. are stalking back and forth like tigers

in the dim light of their pen.

ANGLE: THEIR POV

We see Gediman and the guard, their backs to us. The aliens-stop pacing. One of them,

to the right, looks at the one on the left. Something passes between them. They look

back at the humans. At each other.

They SET ON the middle alien, TEARING IT APART. It lets out
piercing, insectile SHRIEKS

as they tear it limb from limb.

Gediman spins in terror, the guard bringing up his weapon .Gediman
hits the lights inside

the pen and as they blink to shocking brightness we see:

The remains of the third alien on the ground as a giant pool its
blood EATS A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

GEDIMAN

Oh, God

He bolts for the failsafe but it's too late as the blood eats all
the way through

- the two aliens DIVE through the hole. just as Gediman hits the
button -- freezing gas

fills the chamber but there's nothing to freeze.

GEDIMAN

No no no!

He hits another sequence and the door slides open. He rushes in,
kneels by the hole and

looks down.

ANGLE: HIS POV

Ther blood has already eaten through two levels.

GEDIMAN

Christ. They could be anywhere.

He looks up at the guard -- and an alien FLIES UP at him through the
hole.

It was hanging on the ceiling below and it pulls him through before
he can breathe

a decent scream.

The guard just stares, shaking.

CUT TO: INT. MESS HALL

The mexican standoff is getting even more heated.

CHRISTIE

Who gives a shit! We have to get out of here.

ELGYN

If Call's got something going here I want to know what it is!

WREN

You brought her here

Two more guards rush in. Johner shoves' his gun in Wren's mouth.

JOHNER

Drop them! I'm not fucking with you!

CHRISTIE (indicating the dead soldiers)

Boss, we got bodies here. It doesn't matter what Call's up to, we're all fucked now.

CALL

I have to stop him. If I don't we'll all die.

WREN (pulls his mouth away)

Elgyn, tell me what you know. If she's alone in this

HILLARD

In what?

Johner puts his gun to Call's temple now.

JOHNER

Does anyone want me to make this simple?

Far away, a SCREAM . Everyone stops. Wren turns slowly in the direction it came from.

WREN

No...

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY BY LABS

A technician RUNS screaming just as an alien LEAPS on him from behind. The CAMERA

RUSHES AWAY, frenzied as the scene, to pick up a guard in the next hall firing wildly at

the ceiling as an alien disappears up an airvent. There are three bodies lying dead

before us.

ANGLE: IN THE PENS

We see that the aliens have been freed. Smoke, dead bodies, the plexiglass partition

to one cage is cracked and open.

CUT TO: INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Ripley sits in the dark, the noise of Chaos just beginning filter in. And she just can't

help herself.

She is LAUGHING.

CUT TO: INT. PEREZ'S QUARTERS CONTINUOUS

He is mostly dressed, still shaking off sleep. He stands at the command console,

bringing up visual. Everything on the screens is smoke and noise.

PEREZ

Ensign! Damage Report! Ensign!

Nothing. On one of the screens, an alien is briefly visible. Perez stiffens at the sight of it.

He punches up a different sector. The labs, and here is a badly wounded lieutenant.

PEREZ

Status!

LIEUTENANT

Containment is impossible, sir... I think they swept the barracks.

PEREZ (to himself)

A military strike.... Christ Jesus ...

After a beat, he starts punching in the emergency override codes.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

It's worst here -- the aliens have taken out a dozen men in their sleep, and everyone

awake is screaming. One soldier runs for the weapons cabinet -- an alien hits him from

behind and SMASHES him into it, falling in a tumble of guns.

Over the chaos, the emergency lighting comes on, floor light like an airplane's

indicating the nearest exit. Father's voice is excruciatingly calm:

FATHER

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures immediately. All hands. This is not a drill.

One soldier gets a bead on an alien with his burner - fries it along with two of his friends.

They're out of commission, but the alien is hurt only momentarily. It bounds forward,

takes out his face.

FATHER

Emergency. Initiate evacuation procedures ...

CUT TO..

INT. HALLWAY BY ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The noise is too far above to be heard down here, but Fathers droning voice and the

emergency lighting are on.

Vriess wheels slowly into the hall, concerned. He spins slowly, checking out his surroundings.

ANGLE: DOWN THE HALL

There is nothing.. Just the floor lights pulsing in succession towards the exit.

Vriess follows their lead, wheeling out.

CUT TO: INT. NEXT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nothing here either. But Vriess's fur is up -- he moves slowly, carefully.

And was that a noise? He looks around, up at the ceiling.

A drop of alien blood is eating through right above him. It drips down -- and he rolls

out of the way just in time, back up as the blood plops to the floor, eating casually through.

CUT TO: INT. LIFEBOAT BAY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Men are rushing into one of the lifeboats. They sit facing each other in the tiny vessel

and strap themselves in. Pere is here, hurrying the soldiers in, pushing back the few who try to crowd in after.

PEREZ

Bay three! Go!

The late soldiers make for the next boat as Perez seals the hatch. He hits the eject

button and steps back.

CUT TO: EXT. THE AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

As the lifeboat FIRES out of the side of the giant craft.

CUT TO: INT. BAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Men crowd into this one too -- it's nearly full and an alien suddenly LEAPS into it..

starts feeding on the men strapped down - they are screaming.

Perez runs in as a soldier outside the lifeboat fires his burner, hitting the alien,

the men, the controls -- a shower of sparks as the alien-turns, about to spring on the

soldier as he rolls in a grenade . The doors shut and and a soldier hits the eject button.

TO: EXT. AURIGA - CONTINUOUS

The second lifeboat comes shooting out and moments later. EXPLODES.

CUT TO: INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

The noise of the explosion - and of a few inside as well - is all around the group.

Father's voice still urges evacuation

WREN

NO!

(to Call)

What have you done?

CALL

Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. You thought you could control it.

ELGYN

All right. We make for the Betty. Can he walk?

He is pointing at Rane, who nods, standing.

HILLARD

Betty's all the way across the ship! Who knows what's in between?

CALL (indicating Wren)

He does.

One of the soldiers steps forward. DiStephano.

DISTEPHANO (to Wren)

Sir, we have to go.

(to Elgyn) Let him go. No quarrel.

ELGYN

You can have him when we're off . Not before.

They start out, dragging Wren along. Guns still on Call and the soldiers.

What about Vriess?

JOHNER

Fuck Vriess!

CUT TO INT. FALL - CONTINUOUS

Vries enters, looking around. He is getting seriously wiggled.

The lights on the floor still pulse. urging him forward. He obeys.

Something stirs in the rafters. Coiled about the pipes.

Vriess stops, still a good thirty feet from the beast. Strains to see.

It starts MOVING, climbing at him upside down on the pipes. FAST.

Vriess starts wheeling himself back away but SLOWLY, agonizingly slowly compared to the beast.

He turns the corner, spins around.

The hall is fifty feet long. At the far end a few soldiers running through.

SERGEANT

Seal off that sector!

A soldier runs to obey, working the door controls.

VRIESS

No!

The soldier sees him, but the fear on the boy's face telegraphs his-decision.

Vriess starts pumping toward the door. He's strong, picking up speed, but

The alien rounds the corner and bolts after him.

Vriess can't even look back as the thing gains on him. The door begins to come down,

the soldier finishing the sequence and running off.

Vriess rolls, face set -- the alien a few feet behind, reaching for him

An EXPLOSION far away ROCKS THE SHIP -- the hall tilted momentarily, Vriess gets a

boost as he rockets downhill, the beast still on him, the door closing, too low for him

to clear. He gets there and SLAMS a lever, his chair FLATTENS out to a dolly

position, his head just CLEARS the closing door as the alien SLAMS into it, Vriess spinning

out and flying off the chair it tilts, landing in a heap next to him.

Lying still on the ground, He listens as the beast slams against the door a few more times,

then fades off.

VRIESS

Fuck everything....

He reaches up for the chair and from the back of it he pulls out a shotgun.

CUT TO: INT. LIFEBOAT BAY 5 - CONTINUOUS

Perez is trying to maintain order. He is failing. Grabs a corporal.

PEPEZ

Muster a squad to search for survivors!

CORPORAL

Fuck no! Fuck no! Fuck you!

Perez slams him to the ground with his fist.

An ALIEN LEAPS OUT at him from the ceiling. The soldiers scatter,
Perez just leaping

out of the way --

PEREZ

Shoot it! Fry it!

A couple of men fire their burners, to little effect.

One soldier runs up to the action. His head is bloodied, his
expression vengefully grim.

The soldier whips out a pistol, private.issue, he takes a bead on
the thing --

PEREZ

NO!

And the soldier FIRES -- pumps three bullets into the beast sends it
flying back

toward the window.

Perez is riveted by the sight of: ANGLE: DROPS OF BLOOD

big ones, hitting the window. Everything seems to move slowly now -
the alien,

struggling as the soldier pumps two more bullets into it, the other
soldiers,

Perez -- the monster falls

and the BLOOD EATS THROUGH THE WINDOW..

PEREZ

Get out! Everyone! Now!

Soldiers are beginning to get it. . The window CRACKS, begins to
SHAKE as the blood is almost

through it.

Even the soldier who shot the alien has stopped, his face frozen in
horror at what

he's about to accomplish.

Perez shoves him, herds the rest out, looking back --

PEREZ

Clear the sector!.

at the window, the blood is almost through --

Men are pouring out of the hall -- some move down a side hall and SLAM the door shut

behind them, but most are making for the main exit anyway.

FATHER

Warning. Potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

The blood eats a hole in the window -- the nearest soldier is sucked back against the

window -- he SCREAMS as he is sucked through a hole no bigger than his fist.

Still men are falling over each other, Perez herding them out.

A huge CRACKING sound, and Perez shuts his eyes.

The window explodes outward, the air blowing everything into space. Debris, vehicles,

men, all tangled and dead as they blown out into the black.

ANGLE: THE SECTOR DOORS

SLAM shut instantly one cutting right through a soldier halfway out.

ANGLE: AIR VENTS

Gates slam down here as well.

ANGLE: ELECTRICAL DUCTS

Foam SHOOTs into them, hardening instantly, sealing the breached sector.

FATHER

Breach contained. Sector five nonfunctional.

CUT TO: INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the crew moves quickly through. They come to a shut door, red lights along it

indicating it's locked.

ELGYN (to DiStephano)

Open it.

DISTEPHMO

I can't.

Johner puts his gun to the soldier's head.

WREN

He can't! The sector's closed. The hull's been breached!

ELGYN

Okay, which way?

WREN

We'll have to go through the holding cells. Here.

ELGYN

All right.

They turn left, entering

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

that leads to the holding cells. The room is big, a railing at one end looking over

another chamber two flights down.

A shut door separates the chamber from the cells.

ELGYN

Can you get that one open?

It comes from the rafters, dropping down on Elgyn in a heartbeat. He barely has time to

scream before it shoots its tongue through the back of his skull.

Hillard has time. She SCREAMS as her lover's brains come out his mouth.

The beast leaps at the group, scattering them like bowling pins as it claws into one

of the guards. Everybody else is scrambling for cover.

St Just tries to escape by running past the beast --its tail lashes out, tangling his feet

and tripping him up, his head smashing against a pipe.

Another guard hits it with the burner -- it shrieks and lands on him. Johner shoots at it

but is far too panicked to hit it.

Call has backed to the far wall -- she desperately works the controls to open the door.

It starts to rise.

CALL

Christie! Hillard! Come on!

The door rises fully. Ripley stands behind it.

Call starts back, not sure what the woman will do.

Ripley surveys the scene.

The Alien, burrowing its head into the belly of the guard, stops. Looks up.

Everyone watches as the two creatures sense each other. Th alien hisses. rears back.

Ripley looks away, contemplative We see a gamut of emotions cross her face, but her posture

passive, sacrificial. She does not move.

Everyone watches, too afraid to breathe.

The alien LUNGES at her, leaping across the room in two bounds. It's on her -- and she

SPINS, GPABBING IT, and HURLS IT AWAY.

It lands in a tangle but is up again in a microsecond, jumps at her, knocks her back into

the room, on her, its claws digging into her skin, piston tongue at her face, inches away.

She locks an arm around its slick, long head and pulls back we hear its tendons strain, snap.

CALL (to a guard)

Shoot it! Shoot them both!

She grabs his gun and BURNS them both. Two less-than-human SCREAMS fill the room as they

briefly disentangle, thrown apart.

The beast recovers first, dodging the next blast and going for Ripley again.

Ripley, on her back, reaches behind her, grabs a table leg and with inhuman strength

brings the table down on the monster's head.

She dives at it as it comes out from under....

Call shoots as Ripley hits the alien, they're both fried as Ripley's momentum sends them

over a railing and they FALL TWENTY FEET -- the Alien lands with a spine snapping crunch,

Ripley only slightly better.

A few crew members rush to look over the railing. Christie starts down the spiral staircase

to that level.

JOHNER

Where are you going?

The creature rolls back onto Ripley, grabbing her with its dying strength. Her face is

rigid with pain and anger as she holds it off...

its jaws open, dripping shaking...

The tongue SHOOTS OUT and Ripley GRABS IT. HOLDS IT.

A scream wells up in her throat. A totally animal killshriek that she SCREAMS, victorious,

as she RIPS THE ALIEN'S TONGUE OUT OF ITS FACE.

She stands, bellows another warrior cry. The crew has gathered near. They watch her, awed,

wary. Ripley walks slowly up to them -- up to Call. Ripley looks a tad pissed.

Call tenses, maybe wishing she hadn't shot Ripley as well.

Ripley takes Call's hand, puts the tongue in it. walks on.

Call looks at the dripping souvenir. The pincers at the end still twitching.

CHRISTIE

What the FUCK is going on here?

RANE

What was that thing? Are there more of that thing?

JOHNER (to Call)

Make a hell of a necklace...

ANGLE: HILLARD

on the upper level, kneeling by Elgyn's body. No tears, but terribly quiet.

What do we do?

CHRISTIE

Same thing we were doing. We get the fuck.

RANE

What if there's more? Let's stay here and let the army guys deal. Someone will come... I mean, where are the fucking army guys?

St Just is very calmly looking up at the rafters, guns drawn

CHRISTIE

Doctor. You know what that thing is?

WREN

I do.

CHRISTIE

And there's others. How many?

The doctor looks around, almost guiltily.

WREN

Thirty.

JOHNER

Thirty! We are fucked in our pink bottoms if there's thirty of those things.

RIPLEY

There'll be more.

Everyone looks around at her. She is squatting in the corner facing away from them.

RIPLEY

They'll breed. In a few hours there'll be twice that number.

(she stands, approaches them)

So who do I have to fuck to get off this boat?

CHRISTIE

You bought your ticket when you killed that thing. welcome aboard.

CALL.

Are you fucking crazy? She doesn't care if we....

CHRISTIE (fiercely)

You got no authority here, Call!- Now secure it!

It's the first time Christie has raised his voice, and it has the desired effect.

After a silent moment, Call starts again softly.

CALL

Christie, she's not human. Wren cloned her because she was carrying an alien in her.

She could turn --

JOHNER

Nobody cares about your opinion, you bitch, you fucking mole --

CALL

She'll turn on us! Just like that!

CHRISTIE

I don't give a syphallitic fuck whether you people can get along or not. If we've got

a wish to live then we work together, and that includes bug-lady.

CALL

You can't trust her.

CHRISTIE

I don't trust anyone.

CUT TO: INT. CHAMBER/CELLBLOCK - A BIT LATER

The group is still in the adjoining chamber, but looking here into the cellblock where

Ripley had been. DiStephano and St Just come first, guns ready, looking about them.

They are followed by Christie and Wren.

WREN

There's a console in the guards, station. We can punch up a diagnostic of the ship and

plan a route. To your ship.

CHRISTIE

That likes me fine.

He signals for the others to follow, everyone moving cautiously.

ANGLE: HILLARD

Gently lays her coat over Elgyn's face. Johner looks down a moment.

JOHNER

Via con Dios, man.

Hillard stands. Call puts a hand on her shoulder but Hillard moves away, a distrustful

look on her face.

Ripley, bringing up the rear, watches the whole group with a sort of fascinated detachment.

Call looks back at her. Ripley smiles, coldly.

ANGLE: IN THE CELLBLOCK

The group makes their way slowly, quietly. They approach a bank of elevators, but Wren

points down an adjoining doorway. They are about to go there when the elevator door

lights up, indicating arrival.

The group backs up, spreads out. Those who can find cover take it. guns drawn.

The elevator doors open. It is too dark inside to see:

Suddenly sparks fly from the broken overhead in the elevator and a figure appears in the light.

Everyone jolts, about to fire. before they realize it is

VRIESS

Who sits in his chair, a shotgun in each hand, eyes wide. twitchier than they.

JOHNER

Oh, fuck...

CALL

vriess!

VRIESS (mock casual)

Hey, whatchyou guys doing? Hey, Annalee.

CHRISTIE

Thought you were toast for certain.

VRIESS

You've seen that fucking thing?

WREN (suspiciously)

Where were you?

VRIESS

I was down by -- what do you mean? I was in maintenance, checking out your oxidation systems.

JOHNER

Doc's got a bug up his ass 'cause Call's a mole and he thinks we're a conspiracy.

VRIESS (looking at Call)

She's a what?

JOHNER

A mole. A fucking spy.

Vriess looks hit harder by that information than anyone.

CHRISTIE

We got'a mission here, people. Let's keep moving.

They do.

CUT TO: INT. GUARDS, STATION - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE

A hologram of the ship appears above the screen. It looks a solid

as the ship itself,

except that parts of it occasional break themselves down to show interiors.

The group looks it over. Parts of the ship are simply not there, the sections around

those holes red. Wren points them out.

WREN

We've had hull breach by the lifeboats, here on level five, and down -- Jesus, right

by the engine room. We're very lucky.

ST JUST (sarcastically)

Lucky we.

CHRISTIE

What about the Betty? Our ship.

WREN

The dock seems to be intact.

CHRISTIE

Then we head for it.

JOHNER

Can we track those fucking things?

WREN

No.

JOHNER

We could get to the Betty and they could be all over it!

RANE

Are you toting a better fucking idea?

WREN

All of the activity seems'to have been in the aft-sector, by the barracks.

There's no reason to suppose they'd move

RIPLEY

They won't.

Everybody looks at her.

RIPLEY

They're breeding. They've got new bodies to work on. They'll stay close. If they send

anybody out, it'll be here. Where the... meat is.

CALL

'The meat' . Jesus.

ST JUST

They're breeding. How long does that take?

RIPLEY

Hours.

WREN

Or less. The process has accelerated, something to do with the cloned cells.

CHRISTIE

Faster we get from here to there, the better.

ST JUST

With all the devils of hell in between.

JOHNER

Well, if we want to make decent time I say we ditch the cripple.

(to Vriess)

No offense.

VRIESS (giving him the finger)

None taken.

HILLARD

Nobody's left behind, Johner. Not even you.

Her voice is quiet, mourning still thick in it. Nobody backtalks her.

CHRISTIE

So what's our route?

WREN

I'm trying to figure it. we can cut through the labs, but we're blocked on both sides here,

I'm not sure

DISTEPHMO

Sir? There is the lift.

WREN

Show me.

DiStephano works the console and the hologram splits, the route he's indicating revealed.

DISTEPHMO

The lifts. They run straight from the top of the ship down to engineering. No stops, but

if we can get in the shaft, there's a maintenance access tunnel here

(points to the center of the shaft)

that runs above level one deck. Take us right to the dock.

CHRISTIE

Sounds reasonable.

DISTEPHANO

I don't have the code for the access tunnel door.

WREN

I can override.

DISTEPHMO

(indicating the route)

Then we head through the labs, then down to the kitchen. To the bottom of the shaft.

Up, through the tunnel, and onto the ship. Home free.

ANGLE: VRIESS

Is unloading additional ammo from inside his chair. He toss one of his shotguns to Hillard.

VRIESS

They never check the chair...

He pulls out a grenade launcher. It's so compact it's almost cute, cradled one handed like

an uzi.

VRIESS

Call.

She looks around and he tosses it to her. The gesture is not accompanied by

any show of warmth.

VRIESS

Try not to shoot your foot off.

WREN

You people should know --

ST JUST

We won't shoot at the windows, Doc.

WREN

No. The aliens, they bleed molecular acid.

CHRISTIE

That's right, I saw that.

VRIESS

So did I.

JOHNER

We can't shoot them? Fuck that, I'm shooting them.

WREN

This is a big vessel, and for the most part we should be okay. But if we get anywhere near

the outer hull and start strafing them...

He indicates the hologram, the sections of the ship missing. Everyone gets it.

CHISTIE

If we're clear then let's get on it. We'll go by twos --

RIPLEY

We're moving.

CHRISTIE

What?

RIPLEY

The ship is moving. I can feel it.

RANE

I don't feel shit -- what, do you mean they're piloting this fucking thing?

VRIESS

This ship has stealthrun, even if we were moving there's no way she could feel it .

CALL

She's right.

Call is working the computer now.

CALL

The ship's been going since the attack.

WREN

It's uh, it's standard, I think.

DISTEPHANO

That's right. If the ship takes on any serious damage it autopilots back to homebase.

CALL (to Wren, pissed)

You were planning to let us know this?

WREN

I forgot.

HILLARD

WhatIs homebase?

WREN

Earth.

CALL

Oh, God. Oh, you bastard...

JOHNER

Earth? I'm not going to that fucking slum.

CALL

If those things get to Earth, It'll be...

RIPLEY (not very concerned).

The end.

ST JUST

That's not our problem.

CALL

We've got to blow the ship.

CHRISTIE

We don't have to do anything till we get off it. How long till we get there?

CALL

Three hours. Almost.

CHRISTIE

Then that's what we got. Let's move.

CALL

Don't you understand what this means?

CHRISTIE

I understand my hide. And I like it on me. Let's go.

(to Ripley)

What are you called, Ripley? You mind taking point?

She moves to the head of the line, and they start.

CUT TO: INT. LABS - LATER

As they progress. Everyone with a gun has it at the ready. Ripley is a few yards in front.

She stops, sniffs. Listens.

RIPLEY

Clear.

Johnner moves up next to her.

JOHNER

You've come up against these things before?

RIPLEY

Yes.

JOHNER

So what did you do ?

RIPLEY

I died.

He lags behind a bit, thrown.

JOHNER

That wasn't really what I wanted to hear...

DiStephano points to a door.

DISTEPFANO

This way.

And Ripley leads them in.

CUT TO: INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Ripley enters, we can see that this lab has been trashed. Ripley surveys the wreckage

calmly, keeps moving. As the others file in, their horrified expressions lend contrast to

her lack of one.

Among the debris are three bodies, chests exploded outward.

JOHNER

Fuck me ...

CHRISTIE

Let's keep moving.

The door to the next chamber is ajar. Christie and Vriess in, then St Just, then Ripley.

INT..NEXT CHAMBER

Something LEAPS at Ripley from out of the shadows -- a metal bar SLAMS into her side,

throwing her off balance.

St Just and Christie spin, weapons up, and almost shoot the figure cowering in the corner.

Everyone else rushes in as he swings the bar before him, eyes wild with terror.

PURVIS

Get away from me!

CHRISTIE

Drop the rod, man. Do it!

PURVIS.

Get away...

But the energy is out of him. The rod falls with a hollow clatter. He looks weakly from

face to face.

PURVIS

What's going on?

St Just looks at his name, stitched in his coveralls.

ST JUST

Purvis. What's going on is that we're getting the fuck off this ghost ship.

PURVIS

What ship? Where am I? I was in cryo on the way to Xarem, work crew for the nickel refinery...

I wake up, I don't understand... I saw something... horrible ...

CALL

Look, you come with us. It's dangerous here.

Ripley SNIFFS. Cocks her head.

RIPLEY

Leave him.

CALL

Fuck you. We're not leaving anyone on this boat.

RIPLEY

He's carrying..

JOHNER

He's what?

RIPLEY

He's got one.... inside him. I can smell it.

PURVIS

Inside me ? What?

JOHNER

Shit, I don't want one of those things birthing anywhere near my ass.

VRIESS

It's a bad risk.

CALL

We can't just leave him.

VRIESS

I thought you came here to stop them from spreading.

CALL (to Wren, torn)

Isn't there a process, can't you stop it?

ST JUST

We've got no time for that.

WREN

I couldn't do it here. The lab's torn apart.

ST JUST (quietly)

I could do him. Painless, back of the head. Might be the best way.

CALL

There's gotta be another way. If we freeze him --

PURVIS

WHAT'S IN-FUCKING-SIDE ME?!?!?

They all look at him, a bit sheepishly.

WREN

A parasite. A foreign element that

Ripley steps in front of the doctor.

RIPLEY

There's a monster in your stomach. They (indicating the smugglers) hijacked your cryotube

and sold you to him

(indicating,Wren)

and he put an alien in you. In a few hours it will punch its way through your chest and

you'll die. Any questions?

Purvis is wide-eyed, stunned. After a moment he stammers

PURVIS

Who are you?

RIPLEY

I'm the monster's mother.

She starts heading out of the chamber. Call turns to the others.

CALL

He comes with us. We can freeze him on the Betty and get the doctor

to remove it later.

WREN

All right.

JOHNER

Since when are you in fucking charge?

CALL

Since you were born without balls.

VRIESS

Ease off, people.

CHRISTIE (to Purvis, herding him along)

Come with us. You might even live. Get twitchy on me and you will be shot.

They move out.

CUT-TO: INT. HALL - LATER

still in the same general area, still looking around every corner.
It's been too quiet

too long, and the group senses that

& They move into

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

It's in bad shape, so we might not recognize it as the chamber the queen was in.

WREN

She's gone.

ST JUST

Who?

WREN

The Queen.

JOHNER

Good.

He is loooking into the room.the queen was kept in. A residue of slime is all that's

left here.

Beyond the queen's chamber is another observation room. Wren indicates that they have

to go through.

Suddenly a burner blast FIRES at them, just missing them as they duck.

They hear more blasts, not aimed at them, and screams.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Pull back! Pull back!

OTHER SOLDIER (O.S.)

It's on me!

Ripley looks up and can just see two aliens making short work of a group of soldiers.

Call instantly moves to attack, and Ripley grabs her, holds tight.

CALL

We've got to help them!

RIPLEY

Can't.

CALL

You bitch, let go of me!

She does, and Call rises.

The noise is gone. What she can see of the soldiers-is parts.

She is shaking at the vision when an alien RISES in front on the soldiers. Call ducks

back down, terrified.

Christie hisses at her.

CHRISTIE

You want to get yourself killed, then you run solo.

ST JUST

How many?

RIPLEY

At least two.

ST JUST

Think they heard us?

RIPLEY

Yep.

HILLARD

Fine by me ...

JOHNER

Yeah, let em come.

CHRISTIE

Wren. Any other way around?

Wren shakes his head.

CHRISTIE

We can't just walk in there.

WREN (thinking)

No. No, but they can.

CHRISTIE

Say again?

WREN

The cages all have failsafes. Liquid nitrogen. Get 'em to come to us and I can freeze em.

CHRISTIE

Excellent. Get-ready.

Wren goes over to the failsafe button. The others look out at the aliens.

CHRISTIE

Okay... (calls out) Hey!

VRIESS

Hey, guys!

JOHNER

Here, kitty...

The aliens react, start for the cage. Four 'of them. They reach the edge of it and stop.

Look around, at each other..

But go nowhere.

DISTEPHMO

They're not coming.

JOHNER

Hey! Fresh meat here!

RIPLEY.

They know it's a trap.

RANE

Oh, bullshit!

CHRISTIE

What do we do?

JOHNER

Shoot the fucking things!

VRIESS

There's too many, and we don't have the angle.

RIPLEY

Bait.

CALL

What?

RIPLEY

Give em a reason to go in there. Throw somebody in.

HILLARD

Fuck you!

RIPLEY

DO we want to live? Give em her.

She indicates Call, who looks around, nervous at the lack of protest about this idea.

Ripley points at Rane.

RIPLEY

Or the skinny one, it doesn't matter. We can't resist the smell of meat.

CALL

We ?

JOHNER

Fuck, I'm with her! Give 'em Annalee!

CHRISTIE

Now hold on

DISTEPHMO

You people are insane.

JOHNER

Now you're not exactly in the club either, soldier.

People start pointing guns at each other.

RANE

Fuck you all, I'm not dying for you.

CALL

Stop this.

Ripley grabs her. Looks at the others.

RIPLEY

Come on! Do you want to live or not?

(to Call) It won't hurt long.

CALL (terrified)

Noo...

RIPLEY (to Wren)

NOW!

Wren hits the button just as three aliens are bounding across the cage -- they're almost

to the posse, people screaming, scrambling, when the freezing gas hits, turning the beasts

to statues.

The forth one sees this and flees, but St Just stands and put four bullets in it from

forty yards. It slumps over.

Everyone is silent, stunned. Breathing hard.

VRIESS (realizes)

Fear.

Ripley nods.

VRIESS

That's how they knew it was a trap. They couldn't smell the fear.

RIPLEY (looking at Call)

So I gave them some.

JOHNER (gleefully)

Son of a bitch!

He pops up and FIRES at the frozen aliens - - they EXPLODE into fragments.

CUT TO: EXT. AURIGA

Gildihg through space, passing Jupiter's moons with dazzling speed.

CUT TO: INT. HALL LATER

Ripley and Call are on point. Ripley looks down the hall. Call is staring at her, and

Ripley can feel the girls eyes on her back.

RIPLEY(without looking around)

Did you think I was going to... feed you to them?

CALL

I think you still might.

Ripley smiles. She may be right.

RIPLEY

I want to live.

CALL

And you don't care about anything else.

RIPLEY

No.

CALL (bitterly)

I guess you're more human than I thought.

RIPLEY

Why did you come here?

CALL

To kill you, remember? (after a beat) Because somebody has to.

RIPLEY

well it's not me. I did my time. Now I just want to...

She stops dead, staring at a door.

CLONING STORAGE FACILITY is written on it. Stencilled beneath that is `numbers 1-7`.

Ripley stares. Tries the door, which opens.

DISTEPHMO

That's not the way.

CHRISTIE

Ripley, we got no time for sightseeing.

Ripley is looking down at her arm, at the 8 tattooed on it.

She looks at Call. Looks back at wren.

WREN

Ripley... don't.

She enters.

CUT TO: INT. CLONING STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

She stands a moment, staring, before proceeding through it. Call stands in the doorway,

others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but

none more so than Ripley's

Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley.

They are lined up like museum exhibits -- or side show freaks.

Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through its translucent chest.

In a jar.

Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin cling to Collapsed bones.

Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host -- boneless, bubbling

tissue, weak and useless mouth rigored in midmew.

Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all.

Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

A complete mixture of alien and human DNA.

A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare.

Hooked up wires and machines, it lies on the tilted-table, its head nearly level with

Ripley's as she finally approaches it.

When it opens its eyes, they are hers.

it tuns its head ever so slightly to look at her. Recognises her.

Ripley cannot even speak. She begins to shake slightly looking at number seven.

NUMBER SEVEN

Kill ... us ...

Ripley's eyes go saucered as it speaks speaks out of nothing resembling a mouth.

Ripley staggers back a step, shaking now. This is too much to bear...

CALL

Ripley!

Ripley turns, slowly, still in a fever dream.

Call cocks the grenade launcher with a loud CRACK. Her eyes meet Ripley's.

Call tosses it to Ripley as the crew steps back and even a catches it Ripley FIRES,

a grenade chugging to the end of room and BURSTING in fire and noise, she FIRES another,

tissue and steel exploding into flame, she turns to number seven, hand shakes

momentarily...And she FIRES, the poor creature dissolving in a cloud of flame.

Freezing gas jets fill the room, extinguishing potential spread,

but the heart of the firestorm continues to rage in the chamber.

She backs out, the crew waiting for her outside.

The launcher falls loudly to the ground. Ripley turns to Wren, her face rigid with pain.

Wren backs up a step, looking around him for protection that the others have no thought

of providing.

CALL

Ripley... Don't do it.

Ripley stops. weariness suffusing her expression.

RIPLEY

Don't do what?

The tension passes. Wren breathes a little sigh of relief.

Call PUNCHES him across the jaw, his head whipping around as collapses to the ground.

Call starts down the hall, not even looking at him.

CALL

Don't do that.

Feeling his jaw, Wren actually smiles at the absurdity of all this.

It's kind of winning.

Christie helps him up.

CHRISTIE

Had it coming, Doc.

Johner looks in at the burning lab.

JOHNER

What's the big deal? Fucking waste of ammo.

ST JUST

Let's move before anything comes to check out the noise.

JOHNER

Chicks, man....

DISTEPHANO

We go down from here.

CHRISTIE (to Vriess)

We got to lose the chair. Vriess.

VRIESS

I know.

CHRISTIE

Kawlang maneuver, all right?

Vriess is pulling a coil of cords from the chair.

VRIESS

Just like old times...

CUT TO: INT. ROOM - LATER

A hatch opens. Ripley drops down, surveys the scene. Quiet dark, empty.

Ripley comes up, Call behind her. Ripley sniffs, listens. Closes her eyes. After a beat

she starts further in and Call motions for others to follow.

Slowly, they make their way down the corridor. Ripley, Cal ,Hillard , guns drawn.

Bringing up the rear is Christie, toting a shotgun.. He turn slowly, alert, and we see

that Vriess is strapped to his back facing the other way, also with a shotgun.

CALL (to Ripley)

That lab... I can't imagine how that must feel.

RIPLEY

No. You can't.

Ripley looks down. The floor here is covered with a foot or so of dark water.

Ripley steps into it, moves up a few paces. The others gingerly follow.

Vriess is facing the back. He looks up.

VRIESS

The cooling tanks. They must have blown during the trouble.

ANGLE: THE COOLING TANKS

We see the round underbelly of two huge tanks. There are gaping, twisted holes in them.

JOHNER

The nasties couldn't have done it, could they?

HILLARD

What for...?

WREN

Down here. He is at the front with Ripley and-Call, where the water is waste deep.

He looks down at a stairwell, just the top of the railing visible above the murky water.

RIPLEY

There's no other way?

WREN

We're at the bottom of the ship. Some of the worst damage is down here.

Most of the sections are sealed off.

RIPLEY

You're sure?

WREN

There's the noncom's entrance back there, but it's flooded too, and it's a longer run.

CALL

He's right. We're gonna have to do it this way.

WREN

It's just through the kitchen, then up, maybe seventy feet.

RIPLEY

I don't like it.

ST JUST

What's to like?

CHRISTIE (to vriess)

You ready to get wet, partner?

VRIESS

Oh yeah.

HILLARD

You sure about the distance?

WREN

Yes.

CALL

No locked doors?

WREN

It's an open hall. Just keep left when you hit the bottom of the staircase.

JOHNER

This sucks.

ANGLE: DI STEPHANO

He flips caps over the barrel of the gun, slides a panel over the digital readout.

The burner is ready to go, watertight.

DISTEPHMO (to St Just)

You should secure your weapons.

St Just holds up his two guns.

ST JUST

These are disposables. They can take it.

DISTEPHANO

Disposables. I heard about those. How many rounds?

ST JUST

Twenty. Split points, give you a good hole even at the smaller caliber.

DISTEPHANO

Cool.

ST JUST

They're big with hitters. 'Cause you throw em away after the job. Nobody likes throwing

away a weapon they're attached to. You know?

He smiles at Di Stephano, who looks a little uneasy about the turn the conversation has taken.

He joins the others who are getting ready to dive..

CALL

Do I have to tell everyone to take a deep breath?

A couple of the guys smile.

VRIESS

Christie, do me a favor. When we hit the surface on the other side... no backstroke. Okay?

CHRISTIE (laughing)

You'll be forever blowing bubbles. On three...

He counts down, the two suck in enormous breaths -- and dive right behind Call and Ripley.

One by one the entire crew slips down into the black water.

CUT TO: INT. STAIRWELL\KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's all underwater. Visiblity is poor. The crew move swiftly and gracefully down the stairs

and into the kitchen.

In here it's a tad labyrinthian, and the size of the room it darker. Wren heads straight for

the other end.

They swim. Safety is a good fifty feet away.

They are tense, concentrated. Swimming past dark spaces. Anything could be hiding here.

Johner looks about him, very nervous. Dark spaces. He looks behind .

Three aliens are right behind him.

Panic blows half the air out of his mouth as he swings around and FIRES at them, tags one

as the other two swim off into shadows with horrible ease.

Ripley, all the way to the stairs, sees. She hurries the others past her.

They swim frantically for safety, Hillard Wren, Christie and Vriess.

Rane is coming along and alien hands grab at him from the darkness, pull him into it.

Hillard FIRES in that direction, Johner bringing up the rear still firing at the third one,

wounding it but not scoring killshot.

Call is swimming up ther staircase, the growing light above indicating the surface.

She is almost to it when she is IN THE WEB.

A net of translucent alien goo, it is spread just six inche below the surface.

Call struggles the goo sticking to her she's running out of air -- as Wren and Christie

enconter the same thing -- they all try to tear through it, but they are getting weaker.

Ripley looks back as the last of the crew is passing her, aliens close behind.

She looks up to see the situation ab and quickly makes for the surface -- but an

alien GRABS her foot, holding her down. Now SHE is running out of air KICKS at it, it

lets go.

The others are fighting, Call pops her stilleto and cuts through, but it's tough, she

still can't get her head up --

--Di Stephano, off to the side, is drowning. Takes in a huge mouthful of water and begins

thrashing.

Ripley swims past everyone and grabs the hole Call cut, pulls it apart with a mighty heave,

she glides up through --

CLOSE UP: RIPLEY'S FACE

Just BREAKS the surface, she takes in a huge GASP of air, FACEHUGGER CLAMPS DOWN ON HER.

Ripley goes back under, pulling at the thing as others break the surface.

Wren comes up and a hugger LEAPS right at him ,but Call nails it in four shots.

Christie and Vriess break surface and both begin FIRING, back to back, in a circular sweep.

They decimate a number of eggs

ANGLE: UNDERWATER

Ripley pulls the face hugger with all her might -- it comes off, its fingers singeing

the sides of her face, leaving marks like warpaint. Worse, its probing fleshy member

pulls last of her throat, thrashing horribly.

In utmost disgust, Ripley PULLS it APART. and the three aliens are COMING RIGHT AT HER.

ABOVE - THE SURFACE

Most of the crew has gotten up out of the water. Christie holding a facehugger inches

from his face, others screaming, taking a bead on it.

CHRISTIE

Get it! Kill it!

CALL

The blood'll burn you! Throw it!

He does, and Johner nails it in midflight.

Hillard and Johner pull Di Stephano out of the water, but he is not breathing.

ANGLE: UNDER THE SURFACE

Ripley is grabbed by an alien -- and St Just comes up behind her and shoots it.

They swim up and away from the spreading, lethal bloodpool.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE SURFACE

They come up out of the water, and an alien rises right behind them. Everyone who can,

shoots it. It falls back into the water.

CHRISTIE

A trap! They set a goddamn ambush!

JOHNER

Give me that!

He pulls the burner off Di Stephano's body, even as Call is giving him mouth to mouth .

Johner flips the gun open and FIRES at the water, the whole thing SMOKING and sizzling

with the electrical charge. we hear an alien wail bubble from below the surface.

JOHNER (grinning feverishly)

Okay! Everybody out of the pool!

VRIESS

Let's get the fuck!

Di Stephano sputters back to life. Ripley picks him up with one hand,

HILLARD (to Wren)

Which way?

WREN

Up here.

He takes off, the others following.

WREN

Up through the lift shaft!

He stops at a pair of sliding doors, starts working the panel.
Ripley come up to the

doors and pulls them apart with a grunt.

ST JUST

Company!

He's refering to the noise and shadow of approaching aliens.

She herds them into the shaft.

CUT TO: INT. LIFTSHAFT - CONTINUOUS

It goes down about four stories, and up seemingly forever.. Enough
room for or three

elevators, one of which is two stories below.

WREN

UP!

He starts climbing. It's not that hard -- there are ladders in each
shaft section.

Call comes up behind him. Ripley and others pair off on other
ladders.

They climb fast, they're three stories up before the aliens begin
POUNDING on the metal

door, it buckles under their might.

JOHNER

Move!

WREN

Not far!

Still POUNDING -- one alien gets its head in, looks up, hisses,
pulls it out.

ANGLE: LIFT

Wren comes to a crawspace ledge. He climbs on. Set back a few

feet from the shaft is

a small maintenance access door. works the keypad beside it as Call climbs up behind him.

The aliens SMASH through the door, one of them SAILING across the shaft to grab a pipe

on the other side. Instantly four of them are swarming up the walls, moving much faster

on pipes and ridges than the humans on ladders.

On one of the aliens a facehugger crawls, constantly moving about on the adult

alien's head like a frightened spider.

CALL

Hurry!

WREN

It's jammed! Shit! Gun!

She hands him her gun and without hesitation he SHOOTS HER THROUGH THE CHEST.

She flies back and DOWN THE SHAFT, lands HARD on an elevator six stories below .

Eyes wide and empty.

VRIESS

NOO!

He fires up at Wren, but Wren has punched in the code and slipped through the opening door..

Ripley LEAPS through the air and grabs the ledge, hauling herself up just in time to see

the door shut. The lock lights turn red.

She SLAMS against the door, but to no avail.

The aliens are getting closer. St Just, the closest to the bottom, suddenly lets go of

the ladder. His knees hooked over a rung, he drops, hangs up side

down, his guns

filling his hands.

He blows several holes in the nearest alien.

Ripley is furious, maybe surprised just how so. Suddenly an alien
RISES OVER THE LEDGE,

it's not three feet away from her and she SCREAMS, HURLS herself at
it and they both go

FLYING OFF into-space, they hit the wall on the other side, they
fall.

RIPLEY GRABS a pole, it practically tears her arm out of her socket
but she holds on,

the alien isn't so lucky, it plummets unable to find purchase.

we see it fall past the unmoving body of Call.

ANGTE: CALLS FACE

As the facehugger CLAMPS onto it. Pauses. Pushes off a bit,

two digits probing Call's nostrils. Sensing no breath, the thing
scurries away to find

a better host.

Another alien is fast approaching Christie and Vriess. Vriess
frantically tries to reload.

VRIESS

It's on us!

Christie turns, aims -- Vriess grabs the ladder as Christie FIRES,
but the alien is too

close, it grabs Christie, spurting blood all over him. He SCREAMS,
lets go of the ladder

Vriess takes the weight of both as Christie fires again, the alien
flying off

and down the shaft.

HILLARD

We gotta go!

The last alien suddenly starts scurrying back down after his brothers.

RIPLEY

We're locked in.

JOHNER

Fuck!

PURVIS

How far to the next door?

DISTEPHANO

All the way.

RIPLEY

Then we climb.

They start, moving as fast as they can.

VRIESSS (to Christie)

You just hang on, man. I'll get us there.

He starts climbing up, impressively fast considering the burden hanging from his back.

JOHNER (to Ripley)

Are they going for reinforcements?

RIPLEY

Fucked if I know.

They climb.

And climb, the minutes stretching out, still no door. Ripley easily ahead of the rest.

Finally:

RIPLEY

I think I see the door.

PURVIS (exhausted)

Great.

Vriess is having increasing trouble. Hillard notices him lagging behind, and why.

HILLARD

Vriess! Jesus!

Vriess is moving very quickly, considering. But the effort is becoming too much.

VRIESS

We're coming...

Johner scrambles down next to Vriess.

he checks the pulse in Christie's neck.

Vriess, man... he's dead.

Refusing to hear it, Vriess struggles to climb further.

VRIESS

We'll get him to medlab... just a little while ...

Johner looks over at Hillard. Without saying a word, she pull out a good-sized hunting

knife, flicks it open.

She slices through the cord holding them together, and Christie's body falls free.

Vriess shuts his eyes, feeling it.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

There is silence as Christie's body drops down the black abyss

Until, from up the shaft next to where he fell, we see two ALIENS COMING UP.

PURVIS

Fuck! Company!

Hillard looks up the shaft.

HILLARD

How much further?,

JOHNER

Too fucking far. Let's GO !

They start to climb, but the aliens are making much better time.

A loud CLACKING sounds from the bottom of the shaft. A few of them look down.

ANGLE: DOWN THE SHAFT

The aliens are still coming, but suddenly the lift passes them heading up at high speed.

JOHNER

They can work the elevators? Is there anything fucking else we should know about them?!

He's addressing this at Ripley, but she's as puzzled as the rest of them.

The lift comes up to them, stops suddenly as emergency brake is flipped.

They wait, guns ready. Out of the hatch pops Call, not especially dead.

CALL

Get on!

A moment of stunned silence, then they all jump on top of the lift.

Call drops back down inside.

An alien comes up level with the lift, prepares to jump. St Just shoots the shit out of it.

HILLARD

Where are the others?

CUT TO: INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Call flips the brake off, and the lift shoots up. She is holding her jacket closed around

her chest wound, but it doesn't seem to bother her particularly much.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Everybody holds on as the lift flies up the shaft.

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call waits for the signal to stop and an alien PUNCHES THROUGH the bottom of the lift.

Call yells as it gets its head and an arm through, clawing for her.

ANGLE: ON THE BOTTOM

We see the other half of the alien clinging to the lift.

ANGLE: ON TOP

Ripley sees the door approaching

RIPLEY

stop!

ANGLE: INSIDE

Call hits the emergency button and the lift stops halfway in front of the door -

- giving both Ripley and Call access. Bu the alien is still grabbing for her --

Ripley pries open the doors again, the crew pouring out into the hall. Ripley follows,

jumps down and opens the lift doors

The alien hisses at Ripley as she pulls Call out -- the -alien grabs Call's ankle, but

Ripley wrenches her free.

They roll out but the alien is still fighting, Pulling itself inside the lift.

Ripley grabs Hillardl's shotgun. Levels it at the cables holding the lift. FIRES.

The lift PLUMMIETS, the alien still halfway in.

It shoots down the shaft -- picking up the second alien on its way down, neither beast able

to get its bearing and get out of the way as--

The lift SMASHES into the bottom of the shaft, crushing both the Aliens to jelly.

ANGLE: UPPER DOOR

Johner triumphantly sticks his head in the shaft.

JOHNER

Eat that, fuckneck!!

They all breathe hard, exhausted, before they can muster for the next stretch.

Call stands with her back to them.

VRIESS

Baby, am I glad to see you. I thought dickbag took you out for sure. Are you, hurt?

CALL

I'm fine.

DISTEPHANO

You got body armour on?

CALL

Yeah. Come on.

Ripley isn't buying.

RIPLEY

You were Gunshot. I saw.

CALL

I'm fine!

Ripley spins her around. Call stares at Ripley, sullenly a small trickle of milky white

fluid comes from her nostril Ripley looks down.

ANGLE: CALL'S CHEST

Wren has indeed made a messy hole here, but where blood and bone should be there

is a tangle of synthorganic wiring. To state the obvious:

A robot.

JOHNER

Call's a goddam sythetic!

HILLARD

Son of a bitch. Little Annalee's just full of surprises.

RIPLEY (quietly)

I should have known.

ST JUST

Couldn't smell this one out?

RIPLEY

No, I mean... all that crap about being human - there's no one so zealous as a Born Again.

VRIESS (to Call)

You're an LM7, aren't you? Is that it?

CALL

Leave me alone.

Her voice shocks her more than anyone her vocal track slip affected by the wounds.

The voice is a shade slow, and echoes strangely.

VRIESS

Call

CALL (bitterly)

Yes.

ST JUST

LM7? Shit. That explains a lot.

YRIESS (to Ripley)

The latest and best. They were supposed to revitalize the synthetic industry.

Instead they buried it.

Ripley looks at the girl.

RIPLEY

They were-too good.

VRIESS

Oh yeah. Overrode their own behavioral inhibitors. Didn't feel like being told what to do.

The government ordered a recall. Fucking massacre.

HILLARD

I always heard there were a few that got out alive, but man... I never thought I'd see one.

Johner starts laughing.

JOHNER

Oh, Christ. Doing fucking nickel and dime border runs, selling second hand junk to

the farm belt... and we're carrying the most expensive piece of contraband in the system.

That's rich.

PURVIS (getting anxious)

It's great, she's a toaster oven... Can we leave now?

Vriess tries to touch Call's wound.

VRIESS

Let me see.

Call pulls away.

JOHNER

Yeah, get your socket wrench, Vriess.

Maybe she just needs an oil change.

RIPLEY

Let's go.

They start off again, Johner and St Just bringing up the rear

JOHNER

Can't believe I almost fucked the thing.

ST JUST

Yeah, like you've never fucked a robot.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Letting DiStephano lead.

RIPLEY

DiStephano. Where are we?

DISTEPHANO

Upper decks... Storage... the chapell's up here, not much else.

RIPLEY

Can we get to the ship?

DISTEPHANO

Well, we're a ways out, of the way, but I think we can get through to the garden.

From there, it's down a few levels, it's do-able.

What if the fucking doctor gets there first?

VRIESS

It's a good point.

DISTEPHANO

Shit.

They have reached an access door. Debris blocks the way.

RIPLEY

Another way?

DISTEPHANO

Uh, yeah. Through the wall. We'll have to get one of these panels off. It'll take a while.

(to Vriess) You got tools?

VRIESS

Yeah, but no torch.

JOHNER

Fucking blow the door!

HILLARD

Assface, We're on the top of this thing.

(pointing to the ceiling)

That's hull.

VRIESS

What about Wren? if he gets in the computer he can really fuck us around.

RIPLEY

We have to get in too.

DISTEPHANO

There's no access console on this level. We'd have to-backtrack.

HILLARD

Fuck that.

DISTEPHANO

And I don't have the security access that Wren does anyway.

Ripley turns to Call.

RIPLEY

Call.

CALL

No. I can't.

JOHNER.

Bullshit. She's a damn well talking machine.

CALL

There's another way.

DISTEPHMO

Just tell her to access it on remote.

VRIESS

Shit, that's right. Any of the new model droids can access the mainframe.

JOHNER

Just by blinking.

CALL

I can't.

ST JUST

No time to get coy, Annalee.

CALL

I can't. I burned my modem drive. We all did.

VRIESS

You can still patch in manually. You know that.

Call looks over at the group, staring at her. She knows she doesn't have a choice.

DISTEPHANO

There's ports in the chapel.

RIPLEY

Come on.

(to the others)

You get started on that wall.

CUT TO: INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOU@

Ripley and Call enter the small room. Ripley sits in one of the pews, pulls out a bible.

it somewhat resembles a Newton Under the leather flap is a screen reading.:

HOLY BIBLE. PRE START.

Ripley pulls out the cord from the bible's port, holds it up

CALL

Don't make me do this.

RIPLEY

Don't make me make you.

CALL

I don't want to go in there.

RIPLEY

Get over it.

CALL

It's like... your insides are liquid. It's not real.

RIPLEY

You can blow the ship. Before it reaches Earth. Kill them all.
Just give us time to get

out first.

That convinces Call. She pulls up her sleeve, and begins. pushes a
part of her forearm,

just below the crook of her elbow. It has a spring release catch,
and a small panel rises

up with two computer ports on it. She takes the cable from Ripley
and plugs it in.

It looks almost like she's mainlining heroin.

She cocks her head.

CALL

Dammit.

RIPLEY

Anything?

CALL

Hold on.

She reaches in her chest, reconnects some tubes. She twitches then
shuts her eyes.

It's beginning.

She begins speaking very rapidly, eyes still shut.

CALL

Breach in sector seven sector three sector nine unstable -- engines
operating at eighty

six percent -forty six minutes until earthdock.

Her voice has a slight mechanical quality as she rattles this off.
Her eyes open.

CALL

We burned too much energy -- I can't make critical mass. I can't

blow it.

RIPLEY

Then crash it.

TO: INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the crew works at getting the wall panel off,.

TO: INT. CHAPPEL A BIT LATER

CALL

Ground level recalibrated... new destination 760, 403. Done. Forty one minutes until impact.

RIPLEY

Try to clear us a path to the ship.

CALL

Tracking movement in sublevels six through nine. Video is down. Attempted rerouting

nonfunctional, wait, partial visual in waste tank 5, unauthorized presence...

VRIESS

Unauthorized?

CALL

Nonhuman.

RIPLEY

How many?

Please wait.. emergency override on. console 45V, level one... handprint ID...

(like herself)

It's Wren. He's almost at the Betty.

RIPLEY

And how do you feel about that?

CUT TO: INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Wren is holding his hand to the scanner, just as Call described.
The red light turns

green and we hear the locks the door crack open.

FATHER

Emergency override validated.

The door begins to rise. Looking around him, Wren waits to through.

The door grinds to a halt, still too low to climb under. Th lights
go out, only the

faintest glow coming from various instrument panels. wren's
expression drains.

WREN

Father, reboot systems on 45V, authorization 'starling'.

Nothing happens. Wren looks about him, beginning to sweat.

Did the aliens do this?

WREN

Father, locate power drain, report.

Father?

CALL - (on the system)

Father's dead, asshole.

Wren spins in shock at the sound of Call's voice. it,s everywhere
around him.

She has downloaded her vocal matrix place of Father's.

(She's not just speaking over a PA, she is the PA.)

The door SLAMS back-down, locks clack into place. The doors behind
him open up,

emergency lighting pulsing along toward him.

CALL\SHIP

Intruder on level one... all aliens please proceed to level one.

Wren is freaking. He turns back down the corridor, looking about him wildly.

CUT TO: INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Call pulls the cord out of her port.

RIPLEY

You got a mean strak.

CALL

It's done. That should hold the fuck.

This as her voice track slips even more. She works the wires in her chest, trying

to fix it.

RIPLEY

Let me see

CALL

Don't touch me.

Ripley backs off.

CALL

You must think this is pretty funny.

RIPLEY

Yes. But I'm finding a lot of things funny lately. And I'm not sure they are.

CALL

Why do you go on living? How can you stand it? How can you stand... yourself?

Ripley shrugs.

RIPLEY

Not so hard. Not much choice.

CALL

At least there's part of you that's human. I'm just... fuck. Look at me....

She looks at the hole in her chest, the white and sticky fibers.

CALL

I'm disgusting.

Her voice is at its slowest here, low and eerie. It's a mechanical problem, but

it sounds just like despair.

RIPLEY

Do you dream?

CALL

I ... we have neural processors that run through.... (stops) Yes.

RIPLEY

When I sleep, I dream about it. Them. Every night. All around me ... in me.

I used to be afraid to dream, but I'm not anymore.

CALL

Why?

RIPLEY

Because no matter how bad the dreams get ... when I wake up it's always worse.

Purvis enters.

PURVIS

I guess we're almost there.

RIPLEY

Right.

He exits again. Call finishes fiddling with her internal wiring.
We hear her voice slip

back to normal as she says:

CALL

Let's get going.

CUT TO: INT. TUNNEL

As they come one by one through the wall.

DISTEPHANO

Not far now.

PURVIS

God, I'm so tired...

JOHNER

Yeah, well, we'll sleep when we're dead.

Ripley follows him through.

RIPLEY

Don't count on it.

The rest of them come through and walk into:

INT. THE GARDEN CONTINUOUS

The Garden runs nearly half a mile straight across, and then down on a terraced slope.

Everywhere are different kinds of plants: trees, vegetable plants, exotic and experimental

hybrids.

Access paths crisscross the beds.

It's huge, the single biggest space on the ship. Yet the low ceiling, laticed with grow-lamps

now dim in nightcycle, and prodigious undergrowth make it labyrinthian, almost claustrophobic.

From where the crew is, they can barely see where it slopes down.

JOHNER

What's this fucking deal?

DISTEPHMO

This supplies most of the food for the unit.

VRIESS (holding a luscious ripe pear)

You guys got something against spam?

DISTEPHMO

And there's some lab work here too. Hybridization.

RIPLEY

At the other end?

DISTEPHMO

Runs down to the by the waste tanks. We can get to the dock from there. You, okay?

Ripley is holding her head. She shuts her eyes.

CALL

What is it?

Ripley shakes it off.

RIPLEY

Nothing. I'm okay.

She looks out at the jungle, they have to cross.

CALL

We should get moving.

ST JUST

Hey! Check it out!

He has come upon a small loading truck, a sort of platform jeep.

Vriess checks it out,

takes a huge bite of his pear.

VRIESS

Beats walking.

He hauls himself up-into it. Everybody piles onto the back flatbed just a foot or so off

the ground and just big enough to hold everyone but Vriess, Call and Ripley, who pushes

into the driver's seat.

VRIESS

Quickly and quietly, people.

Ripley stares unconprehendingly at the controls for a momen till Call flips on the ignition.

RIPLEY

Thank,you.

The jeep pulls out. It's electric, so it emits just a low hum as she takes it at a good clip

toward the other side.

The access paths are just a bit wider than the jeep itself, plants rising tall all around them.

Ripley concentrates on driving.

The pass through as section of wheat , then of corn. As they come to another section,

The crew's expressions change to one of pleased disbelief.

You gotta be fucking me. St Just! Is this real?

ST JUST

So this is what heaven looks like.

We see they have driven into a healthy section of CANNABIS plants growing ten feet high.

The car screeches to a halt. Ripley's at a crossroads of sorts.

RIPLEY

Which way?

HILLARD (looking at the plants)

I always wondered where the military got its funding...

An alien SHOOTs out of the brush and lands on Hillard everyone
SCREAMS -- Ripley SLAMS her

foot on the pedal

The jeep PEELS OUT, as more emerge from the brush.

HILLARD

Get it off MeeeeaaaaAAGGHRE!!!!

It bores into her head before St Just can blow it away. It's head
exploding in fragments of

bone and sizzling blood as it falls away from the jeep, Hillard's
body still clutched in arms.

Another leaps out at them, but the jeep is going a good clip and it
misses.

The crew peppering it with bullets.

They look, about them, guns ready.

ANGLE: IN THE BRUSH

Something runs parallel to them in the plants.

ANGLE: ABOVE

Two more run on top of the grow-lamps, pacing them as well.

One DROPS DOWN -- Ripley SWERVES out of the way, driving in the
plants.

They are varied, exotic -- and there are aliens behind half of them.

The crew BLASTS away all around them Ripley drives a drunkard's path
through the brush,

avoiding trees that dot the scape.

An alien DROPS onto the hood, another grabs the side -- Vries takes

out the first,

blowing it off, but the second grabs Johner, he goes flying over the side,.dropping his gun.

St Just is too preoccupied with his own problems on the othe to see that Johner is being

dragged, the alien still clutching onto him.

Shots bang out, ripping into the alien, which lets go. Johner looks up to see Purvis

holding Johner's gun.

Johner drags himself back on.

One jumps down onto St Just, tears a good chunk out of his midsection before he dusts it.

Another alien jumps on the hood just as the jeep SAILS over first ledge of the terraced

slope, comes-down hard enough knock it off, SAILS over the next -- the crew can barely

hang on as the jeep crashes down slope after slope.

Ripley swerves back onto the road, the jeep sliding over onto the steps beside it,

rocking violently as they shoot down the remainder of slope, the aliens close on their heels.

Still blasting away at the beasts, the crew is able to put little distance between them as

they come to the end of the garden. Here it divides into three sections, all open

halls with access for the jeep.

RIPLEY

Which way?

DISTEPRMO (looking over)

Left! Left!

She swerves left, the jeep-bouncing into the hall

INT. HALL CONTINUOUS

Where windows running along either side look out onto black space.

Ripley drives as far as she can, till a staircase -- going -- fills her vision, too steep

for the jeep. She SLAMS on brakes. the jeep spinning out and coming to a halt.

The crew piles out, Di Stephano grabbing Vriess. At the other end of the hall, the aliens

can be seen approaching.

The crew BLASTS at them, the aliens, blood splattering the narrow hall.

ANGLE: THE BLOOD

Eating into the walls. the floor.

CALL/Ship

Warning. potential hullbreach. Clear sector.

DISTEPHANO (indicating the steps)

Down here!

They start down -- all but St Just. He gets out of the jeep with difficulty.

Looks down at his wound.

Johner looks around to see him still standing atop the steps

JOHNER

St Just! Come on, man.

St Just looks down at the wound. Back at Johner. He walks calmly away, towards the aliens.

CALL

St Just!

ST JUST

You go.

He looks at the approaching aliens.

ST JUST

I'm bored.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Evacuate sector.

A moment, then the crew takes off.

St Just takes a handful of pills, pops them into his mouth. Only the slightest grin suffuses his face ,as he waits for the aliens.

They close on him, and he raises his guns.

CALL\SHIP

warning...

CUT TO:

INT HALL NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

The crew runs full out.

DISTEPHANO

We have to get out of the sector!

RIPLEY

Where!

DISTEPHANO

There!

He points at a door that's down two flights and across the hall.

CUT TO: INT. HALL CONTINUOUS

The aliens close, and St Just FIRES, blasting away with bot guns. Aliens writhe on the

floor before him, still they cover the bodies of their brothers, still he fires,

Call\ship monotones of warning in sharp contrast to the chaos

-- St Just fires until both guns are empty. In one smooth motion he drops them both

and jerks his wrists and TWO-MORE disposable guns fly into his palms and he blasts away

ANGLE: THE BLOOD

Eating through the hull.

ANGLE: THE CREW

desperately racing for the door.

ANGLE: ST JUST

Firing with quiet glee.

ANGLE: THE CREW

The first of them are through the door.

ANGLE: St JUST

The aliens are getting closer, but still he mows them down Both his guns click, spent.

ST JUST

Damn.

CALL\SHIP

Warning --

and BOOM!!!!, the hall BURSTS OPEN, everything explodes into space, the wind rushes out as

BOOM!!!!, the whole garden sector rips open, sucked out, as

ANGLE: RIPLEY

is the last to get out, but the pressure change SUCKS HER she flies backwards, the section

door coming down just in time as she SLAMS into it, the door closing fully as she falls,

lack of pressure sucks at the door itself, it creaks and be inward slightly, but it holds.

The others have exited into the next hall. They've been tossed about, but not as badly.

Call stops, runs back to Ripley, helps her up. Ripley is dazed; the door hit the back of

her head solidly.

CALL

Can you walk?

RIPLEY

I think I...

CALL

I'm not fucking carrying you

Ripley doesn't even hear her; something else drowns Call out. Ripley puts her hands over

her ears.

RIPLEY

Mistake ... mistake...

CALL

Ripley.

RIPLEY

I can hear them, in the hive... it's close... We're on the hive.

CALL

Jesus. Come on.

RIPLEY

I can hear them... the queen...

CALL

What... ?

RIPLEY

She's in pain.

They CRASH UP through the floor panels, six of them, surrounding the two women.

Call can barely spin before Ripley GRABS her and HURLS her fifteen feet down the corridor,

out of harm's way.

The aliens close on Ripley. She struggles but she's still weak. One slams her onto the ground

call recovers, looks back at Ripley

As the aliens drag her unconscious body back down under the floor.

CALL

RIPLEY!

CUT TO: INT. AIR VENT - CONINUOUS

Dark, cramped, and already covered with a hardening layer of resin.

Skittering, insectile motion at one end heralds the aliens, as two of them crawl rapidly along. The third craw upside down, the semiconscious Ripley draped over its chest. If she were awake, and out of her mind, she could be kissing the beast.

Her eyes flutter open, but she is obviously still groggy.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S POV

Alien head, dark tunnel passing beneath.

Scuttling through a small maze, the aliens come out into:

INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

A vast, dark chamber, entirely encrusted with alien goo. air vent opens about three

quarters of the way up the chamber. The aliens pour out and immediately scuttle UP,

carrying Ripley to the top of the chamber.

They circle her and begin secreting resin, spinning a web around her.

The resin comes out of their backs in spits and globs.

It isn't pleasant, and Ripley struggles feebly as they begin to cocoon her.

CUT TO: INT. ANTECHAMBER CONTINUOUS

The crew piles through it on their way to the loading dock.

Call brings up the rear, still looking back regretfully.

She hesitates, and Purvis takes hold of her arm.

PURVIS

We got to be moving, miss. Best gift you can give her right now is a quick death.

CALL

It's not right...

PURVIS

I've been saying that all day, we need your help.

A moment more, and she heads out with him.

CUT TO: WASTE, TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

The aliens have finished webbing Ripley, and climb away.

When it is done she finds herself basically hung from the ceiling, her legs encased

and glued with glistening strands to the roof. She hangs therefore at an angle, looking

down on the chamber.

And so it is with her, as she swims to full consciousness, we get our first real look at

where we are.

There are no less than ten people strung up exactly as Ripley is, encircling the chamber,

and all looking some forty feet down at:

The Queen. Lying on her back at the bottom of the-chamber, belly swollen and distended.

She is herself partially cocooned, strapped down to the at the edge of a black pool of

blood and ichor. Her head moves slowly back and forth, in delirium of pain.

There are a four or five aliens tending her, spinning goo around her, vomiting blood onto

her belly. They might be serving her, or imprisoning her. Both, in fact .

There is one thing missing from this tableau.

RIPLEY (softly)

No eggs ...

GEDIMAN (OS)

Multiple reproductive systems.

Ripley turns slowly, to see the person next to her. It's Gediman, looking wane and haggard.

He may be speaking to her but he stares straight ahead, his eyes glowing with near insanity.

GEDIMAN

Complete asexual reproductive cycle, self-impregnating, we found six different sets

of ovaries in her. Egg laying is the first cycle, immature. Redundancies, redundancies

... she'll bring forth legion.

RIPLEY

They didn't impregnate you?

Now he looks at her, regret and glee at what has happened battling for his expression.

GEDIMAN

No... they've just been draining me.

She looks down, to see

ANGLE : GEDIMAN'S FEET

As blood from various wounds seeps slowly past his toes, dripping into the pool.

A keening SHRIEK comes out of the queen, as her limbs begin thrashing.

The aliens around her back off slightly.

The bulge in her belly starts moving.

Ripley starts struggling with her bonds, terror and determination in her eyes.

RIPLEY

I'm getting out of here. Goddamnit, I'm getting the fuck out of here!

He looks at her, the last glimmer of his sanity sinking beyond the horizon.

GEDIMAN

Don't you want to see what happens next?

CUT TO: INT: LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The crew rushes in, heads for the Betty.

JOHNER

How long till we can get airborne?

VRIESS

I'll need Call to patch in to the ship again, open the hatch.

CALL

Right.

JOHNER

We hit atmo in a few minutes, only gonna make it harder.

They all run on board

INT. THE BETTY

and head for the cockpit. DiStephano deposits Vriess in a

wheelchair.

CALL

Johner, take Purvis to the freezer.

JOHNER

All right.. Nap time, buddy.

A GUNSHOT and Purvis goes flying, blood spurting out of his shoulder, Johner draws but

Wren emerges from the shadows too fast.

Wren grabs Call and very carefully holds his gun to her back right below her shoulderblades.

WREN

Fuck with me and I put a bullet where her brain is!

Johner stands, uncertain.

WREN

DiStephano! Take their weapons.

DISTEPHANO

Begging your pardon, sir, but eat my fuck.

DiStephano aims at Wren. Wren backs up a step.

WREN

Drop it! Drop it or we all die together!

Heaped in the, corner, Purvis suddenly jerks forward. His eyes go wide.

CUT TO: INT. WASTE TANK 5 CONTINUOUS

Ripley is frantically trying to pull at her bonds. It's just beginning to work.

But the noise in here is getting worse, the aliens frantically agitated as the Queens

belly begins moving more violently. SHRIEKS, and RIPLEY does as well, from effort

or sympathy, it is hard to tell, as

THE QUEENS BELLY POPS OPEN. Blood shoots everywhere, burning into the walls.

And all the screaming stops. The movement stops. Even Ripley stops. Silence.

Something emerges from the wound.

An alien, to be sure, but nothing we've seen so far, its forelegs arch out of its back

like spiders legs, its back legs set on enormous haunches, thick and powerful.

Its head is long, eyeless, like the others, but along its white expanse red veins,

coming out of the skin and running like thick black hairs to the back.

It has retracted pincers at the side of head that come out when its tongue does.

Its much bigger the the others, nearly the size of the queen herself.

And it's bone white.

GEDIMAN

Beautiful.... beautiful butterfly...

He is crying with revelatory joy. Ripley is not. Grimacing the sight and smell of

the new beast, she begins pulling again at her bonds.

One of the soldiers, at the 'other end of the room from Ripley wakes up.

Dangling uselessly at his side is a rifle -- the real deal, not a burner.

SOLDIER

No, God...

He SCREAMS in uncomprehending horror. The newborn stops, tilting its head:

It LEAPS up to the ceiling in a second, quick and effortless as a monstrous flea.

Leaps again and lands on the screaming soldier, gripping his sides with its four forelegs

as he screams lustily.

pincers SWING out and pin either side of his head.. His eyes go wide as:

Its tongue SHOOTs into his throat. Stays there, and we watch it drain the blood

from his body. We can see it, see its stomach swell, red tinged, as his body goes

blue and slack. .His rifle drops into the black pool.

Gediman stares, transfixed, and it LANDS ON HIM.

CUT TO: INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

Johner's gun drops to the floor.

Everyone backs off.

WREN

The fucking robot is going to plug back into the Auriga and land it according to standard

operational procedure.

CALL

No she's not.

DISTEPHMO

You're fucking nuts. You still want to bring those things back to earth?

JOHNER

Have you been paying any attention today?

WREN

I can handle the animals!

CALL

Fucking shoot me.

WREN

Shut up!!!

And Purvis LAUNCHES from the corner, screaming, jumps on wren - Wren gets off a couple of

shots -- nails DiStephano in the face. The soldier drops like a sack.

The other shots hit the ship, Call dives for cover as Purvis SLAMS his fist across Wren's

face, Wren fires again and Jo is on the ground, rolling, grabbing his gun --

Purvis is a man possessed. He grabs Wren's gunhand and SMASHES it against an instrument panel,

bone cracking audibly as wren drops the gun.

Purvis jerks. Blood blooms in his chest.

Everybody stops, mesmerized. wren drops to his knees, going for the gun, and Purvis grabs

him from behind, pulls him so that the back of Wren's head is against his chest.

Purvis jerks again. It takes Wren a moment to understand what's happening.

They both scream.

Then alien BURSTS out of Purvis's chest, STRAIGHT INTO WREN'S SKULL.

Everyone else is still frozen. Then the little critter bursts out of Wren's face,

flying straight at Vriess.

CUT TO: INT. WASTE TANK 5 - CONTINUOUS

Ripley TEARS one of her arms free as the newborn feeds beside her.

Gediman is already a shell.

Having drained the scientist, it leaps blindingly fast onto the ceiling. Looks around.

Targets Ripley.

It has no eyes, but she can feel them on her anyway. She rips at her bonds with a

terrible effort -- the newborn LEAPS at her and she PULLS FREE with a scream, PLUNGING

the thirty feet to the pool as the alien flies over her, missing, landing

on the far wall instead.

Ripley disappears beneath the surface of the water.

The newborn turns its head, trying to locate its lost prey. other aliens scutter closer

to the pool.

Ripley stands up out of the pool, covered in blood, HOISTING THE SOLDIER'S GUN.

Killshriek rising from her throat as she FIRES, taking out a host of aliens in a single

sweep, just tagging the newborn as it leaps out of the way. Aliens jump at her,

trying to kill and trying to protect the newborns, but she blows them out of the air.

It feels pretty good.

A few shots go wild, and punch big holes in the side of the tank.

Light streams in through them. Ripley sees -- and continues firing in that direction.

She makes a big enough hole that she can run and SMASH through to

INT. BY TANK - CONTINUOUS

rolling and coming up in an instant. She looks around her. exit this way, but there is

a vent above her.

The newborn's head lunges at her, the small hole making it impossible for the creature

to get all the way through. But it wriggles,pushing...

Ripley jumps up, grabbing a pipe, and KICKS open the vent grate, throwing herself

up the vertical shaft with astonishing ease.

CUT TO: INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS---

Vriess is scrambling away, knocking over things to avoid the baby alien.

Johner SHOOTs at the creature as it speeds-towards Vriess.

CALL

Don't shoot it! Betty's hull is too thin!

JOHNER

Look out!

it knocks over cannisters as it speeds across the table and behind some instruments.

VRIESS

Where'd it go?

CALL

Don't shoot it!

JOHNER

Fuck that!

It LEAPS out of the darkness and heads straight for Call ,she stumbles back,

trips -- it comes at her, leaps right at her face, she pulls her hand back --

and-flicks her wrist The stilletto pops out as the creatu flies at it, the blade slides

right into its mouth, ramming eight inches through its innards before it

pokes out the other end.

Blood spurts on Call, on the floor. The creature wriggles and

finally falls free as

the stiletto melts inside it.

JOHNER

Vriess! Get behind the fucking wheel!

CUT TO: INT. VERTICAL AIR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ripley is climbing up the cramped vent with the speed and agility of an alien.

Unfortunately, so are the aliens, twenty feet below her. Two drones in front,

with the newborn squeezing close behind.

Ripley grabs a pole and her hand begins to steam, it's so hot. She cries out, lets go...

then looks down. Grabs the pole again and, ignoring the searing agony, pulls, pulls...

RIPS out of the wall, burning steam GUSHING out below her, slowing down the aliens.

She continues climbing, then kicks through a grate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Auriga races toward:

EARTH. But not as we've seen it.

The planet is still blue, but almost two thirds of it is obscured by a giant

orbitting latticework of metal, a part shell that rotates slightly faster than the

planet itself.

The Auriga heads for a section of exposed earth. Not long now .

CUT TO: INT. ANTE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ripley drops to the ground and heads for the dock.

CALL/SHIP

Airlock doors closing. Stand clear.

RIPLEY

No!

She doesn't bother to try the door, she HURLS herself through the window, landing

INT. DOCKING BAY

in a hail of glass.

She is on the platform that. runs the length of the dock. Betty. is barely visible

past the far end, - sinking into the airlock as the massive airlock doors. slide slowly

shut.

RIPLEY

NO!!

A SLAM against the metal door behind her tells her the aliens are here.

She picks herself up and RUNS -- and she can run fast.

Speeds across the platform, faster, faster, the Betty sinks of sight as the airlock

doors move closer together, fifteen feet apart, ten...

Ripley reaches the edge of the platform and LEAPS, just hurls herself off of the platform,

sails through the air, thirty, forty feet, and down, the airlock doors thirty feet below

almost closed

She DROPS right through just before they close, falls another fifteen feet and lands

-- WHAM!! -- on top of-the Auriga, hard, rolls, lies there in extremes of pain.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

The crew look up at the sound.

VRIESS

Something's on us!

JOHNER

Forget it! we'll shake it off on descent.

Airlock secure. Outer doors opening... . CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ripley tries to pick herself up, is momentarily too wiped. breathes heavily,

gets to her knees.

ANGLE: FROM ABOVE-

we see Ripley crawling toward the hatch, and the huge outer airlock door opening beneath

the ship. Blue sky and wind the screen below.

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Struggling to get to the hatch.

RIPLEY

God'...

And above her, through a window into the docking bay, we see the newborn appear.

CUT TO: INT. BETTY - CONTINUOUS

CALL

Almost there...

JOHNER

We got about forty seconds till we kiss the ground!

Go full thrust on the downdraft! We'll get clear!

JOHNER

It's gonna be fucking close.

CALL\SHIP

Warning. Procedural interruption. Ship not leveling for vertical drop. Braking

system nonfunctional. Collision imminent.

JOHNER

No shit.

CALL

Almost there.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The airlock doors are almost.. completely open. Ripley has reached the hatch, but cannot

get it open. She pounds on it frustration -- and the newborn SMASHES through the window,

JUMPS DOWN onto the ship.

RIPLEY

NOO!! NOOO!

CUT TO:

INT. BETRY - CONTINUOUS

CALL

NOW!!!

Vriess punches it

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK\EXT. SKY CONTINUOUS

and the Betty SHOOTs DOWN out of the airlock -- Ripley and the newborn just barely hold on,

Ripley's body thrown straight up as she grips the hatch door for dear life.

The newborn has a better grip -- it has more things to grip with but it too struggles

with the sudden drop.

ANGLE: THE ATJRIGA

Speeding toward the earth. The Betty SHOOTs out the airlock and nearly smashes into

the bottom of the ship as it passes, like trash thrown out of a speeding car.

INT. BETTY

The Akiriga passes, huge above them

VRIESS

Look out!

CALL

I am!

EXT. THE BETTY

The ship swerves as Call expertly avoids the Auriga -- and see Ripley and the newborn

on top, still fighting for purchase

The Betty gets clear, leveling out --

The Auriga still heads straight for earth, as the terrain below becomes clear -

- deserted, snow covered mountains

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Hanging on

ANGLE: CALL

Fighting to control the Betty

ANGLE: INSIDE THE AURIGA

Deserted halls, passageways bodies, and,aliens milling here and there

CALL\SHIP

Collision in six seconds ... five... four...

(softly)

Here we go...

ANGLE: THE ATJRIGA

SMASHES INTO THE GROUND, a deafening explosion eating the massive ship in seconds,

utter cacophony.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Flying away, the thundering firestorm behind it.

ANGLE: CALL

An instrument panel suddenly SPARKS beside her warning lights flash, the ship shaking

as if under massive turbulence

CALL

Johner! Fire!

VRIESS

Vector control's fucked! we gotta put down!

CALL

Find me a path!

Johner sprays foam on the fire. There is a loud BANGING heard far overhead.

What the fuck is that?

ANGLE: RIPLEY

is slamming her fist on the hatch doors, hanging on with her other arm.

The ship continues to tremble and buck -- she's nearly thrown off.

RIPLEY

Godamnit!

She looks around at the alien. It's almost on her.

Working its way painfully toward her, gripping with its legs and tendrils. Hissing.

It slams a tentacle down at Ripley, but she rolls, just holding on

ANGLE: JOHNER

Above the cockpit, looking at a fuzzy external monitor.

JOHNER

It's Ripley! Ripley's on the fucking hatch!

In the cockpit, Call nearly goes white.

CALL

Let her in!

JOHNER

Fuck no! There's something else out there with her!

VRIESS

One of them.

Johner looks at the image,. realizes how masive the newborn is .

Awed fear creeps into his voice:

JOHNER

No. it's something else.

Frustrated, Call jumps out of her seat.. Vriess fights to control the ship as she

climbs up toward the hatch.

VRIESS

Goddamnit, Call!

Johner grabs her, practically throws her at the monitor.

JOHNER

Look at that fucking thing! We can't open up!

They both tumble as the ship jerks

ANGLE: RIPLEY

Is bucked OFF THE SHIP

before she grabs the newborn's tentacle, holds on to it --

The newborn SMASHES it against the ship, trying to shake her again -

- she grabs an external grate and starts climbing painfully away.

ANGLE: CALL

Pushes Johner aside as she makes for the hatch release sequence.

ANGLE: VRIESS.

Desperately pulling up as wooded, snowy mountains zoom dangerously close below.

ANGLE: THE ALIEN

Turns as the HATCH OPENS nearby, the door sliding slowly beast is torn between Ripley

and this new distraction --

Ripley sees it too, starts climbing for it frantically, one on the newborn.

The beast makes for the doorway -- and CALL POPS HALFWAY OUT pointing a GRENADE LAUNCHER

at the thing.. She BLASTS it once , the beast roaring and starting back, hurt but not

nearly enough. Call fires again but the ship's rocking sends the shot wild.

she flies back for all of a second

The beast rears to attack but Ripley is at the hatch -- Call drags her in and closes

the hatch, the beast just SLAMMING in it as it closes.

INT. THE BETTY

Ripley is hanging on Call, exhausted.

Another BANG on the hatch, and they can see the door starting to give.

VRIESS

Call! NOW!

Call and Ripley head into the cockpit. Johner continues looking at the vidscreen at the beast.

VRIESS

We can't to do a vertical setdown! Braking systems are shot!

CALL

Find me a patch of land! I'll put her down.

Call jumps back into the pilot's seat by Vriess. He pulls up hard on the wheel, but

the ship is still dangerously close to the ground.

JOHNER

That thing isn't going anywhere!

VRIESS

Johner, strap in! We're coming down hard!

ANGLE: -BETTY

Approaches the rough, wooded terrain, just above the trees. Hits a relatively

clear patch, touches down -- bounces back up and then down again

ANGLE: CALL

Fighting the wheel -- she can't pull it up hard enough.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

The ship blasts through trees. The newborn moves to the back of the ship to avoid debris.

JOHNER

That things gone back behind the thrusters!

Call and Ripley look at each other.

RIPLEY

Hit it.

Call throws on the thrusters, the ship ROCKETS forward

ANGLE: THE NEWBOM

Engulfed in flame, losing its grip --

THE BETTY

Going too fast -- Call can't control it

VRIESS

Kill thrust! Now!

Call does.

ANGLE: THE BETTY

Skids, skids, throwing up enormous debris. It hits another wooded area

RIPLEY

is thrown bodily into the windshield --

THE BETTY

mows down a half acre of trees before finally grinding to a halt.

As soon as they've recovered, Call throws off her seatbelt.

CALL

Is everybody all right-?

JOHNER

Where're you going?

Call opens the hatch.

CALL

To make sure that thing is really dead

Its giant face LUNGES down at her, piston tongue shooting out .

It has charred black skin -- in some places that skin has fallen off and wet pink flesh

shows through.

Call drops to the floor, the tongue just missing her. Johner scrambles for his gun as

Ripley drags her out of the way.

AS quickly as it came, the head lurches back out.

JOHNER

I think it's gone!

VRIESS

No, it's waiting for us to come out!

Can we fly?

VRIESS

We can't fucking crawl!

RIPLEY

It's gone.

Call looks at her.

CALL

Are you sure?

JOHNER

Good! Great!

CALL

No...

Call grabs a grenade launcher.

CALL

I've got to stop it.

VRIESS

Call

CALL

That thing is thirty minutes old! In a few hours it'll grow up. If it reaches a place

with people...

She heads for the door but Ripley is on her way. They exchange a look.

RIPLEY

You'll never catch it.

Call tosses her the grenade launcher.

CUT TO: EXT. BETTY - MOMENTS LATER

The ship sits silent in the woods, the trees around heavy with snow.

Ripley comes out the top. She looks around her, sees the tracks in the snow.

Huge, loping. She jumps down off the ship.

And runs.

Through the blur of trees, she moves with the grace and speed of an animal,

leaping from boulders, racing through the powdered brush this is Ripley at peak speed,

and it is something to see.

She starts going up, the way getting steeper and rockier, til she reaches a cliff face,

and looks out on:

A CITY.

Sprawling, huge, a million tiny lights cutting through the darkness
it's just before the horizon.

The newborn RISES in front of Ripley, STRIKES her before she has a
chance to aim her weapon.

Its tentacle cuts deeply into her, sends her flying.

The beast is on her in a second, its enormous jaws missing her head
by an inch as she rolls,

grabs the grenade launcher, FIRE

The beast is thrown, but just grazed, back on her as she tries to
get off another shot,

it SLAMS a foot down RIGHT ON HER she SCREAMS, the launcher rolls
free, the beast coming

in for the kill

and over the ridge FLIES THE HARVESTER, Call at the controls. aiming
right for the newborn.

It rears up to see it just as the girl RAMS it into the creature's
head, it knocks it

on its ass, the harvester shaking but not quite spinning out, as
Call comes around for

another shot.

Ripley scrambles to safety as the Newborn prepares for the oncoming
harvester, it whips

its tentacles at it but Call swerves at the last second -- The
monster spins with it,

screaming, sees Ripley and slashes at her. KNOCKS HER OFF THE CLIFF
--

She falls, grabs brush it snaps -- she starts sliding down rockface
and she takes

her hand, SLAMS her fingers into the smooth rock face like a pick
axe -- it rips her

nails bloody but she digs out purchase.

ANGLE: CALL

SLAMS into the newborn from behind, the girl nearly thrown out of the harvester,

the newborn spins and grabs it, Call throws it into reverse but the newborn is too strong,

holds on, bringing its head up to face Call herself.

ANGLE: RIPLEY'S

Bloody and torn, it SMASHES into the rockface, as she climbs back to the top

ANGLE: THE NEWBORN

SWINGS the harvester into a tree, Call nearly knocked loose again. The monster is

jolted as well, lets go, Call pilots the machine back through the trees,

the alien watching it, growling --

Call flies deftly through the trees, away, away, then spins out, heads back for the beast

at TOP SPEED, the wind roars as she closes

The newborn spins and she SLAMS into it, it goes flying, screaming in pain,

the harvester bouncing off it, flipping over, CRASHING against the trees and landing

tilted upside down, Call unconscious between it and the ground.

The newborn shudders, rises, makes for the harvester -- it clearly pissed.

Ripley pulls herself over the ridge, sees the situation, rushes toward them.

Call awakens to see the monster approaching the machine. Terrified, but determined,

she reaches for a lever

RIPLEY

No! Over here!

Calling out to distract it, she runs, waving her arms.

CALL

Ripley! Let it come! Let it come!

Tears run through her voice as she strains for the lever. The beast is torn, and for a

moment doesn't move.

Ripley looks over to where Call is, and understanding blooms on her face.

She looks around and spots:

ANGLE: THE GRENADE LAUNCHER

Halfway between her and the newborn.

For a moment neither of them moves. Then Ripley RUNS, the newborn comes at her with

equal speed, like they're playing chicken, Ripley DIVES at the ground, rolls,

comes up holdin the grenade launcher, and she FIPES!

The newborn is hit up close and dead center this time, and it rears back, screaming -

- Ripley FIRES and FIRES, driving it back toward the upended harvester.

The alien rears up to its full height, and Ripley pulls the trigger. There is a hollow click.

Furious, Ripley stares a moment at the beast. A SSCREAM wells up in her throat and she

THROWS herself at it, leaping impossibly high, smashing into it and sending both

of them tumbling onto the Harvester.

Call pulls the lever.

In an instant the machine roars to life, a thousand blades grinding to top speed,

pulverizing the beast, consuming it, sucking it down as layer upon layer of alien flesh

is chopped into messes.

And it SHRIEKS, a noise unheard before, as it thrashes frantically.

Ripley tries to pull herself off it before the blades get too close
-- but the beast grabs

her, holds her. The blades ever closer as she struggles with it.

ANGLE: CALL

Still trapped below, she sees the aliens blood seeping through the machine all around her!

She squirms, trying to get away, but she's stuck. A stream of blood lands on her shoulder,

eating it away. Another on her leg, and panic blooms, bright in her.

CALL

RIPLEY!

Galvanized by the cry, Ripley TEARS herself out of the beast's dying grasp,

flips backwards off the Harvester as it begins to smoke and spark, blood eating through

the controls.

Call writhes, blood everywhere now. She is lost in primal terror.

Ripley wriggles her way under, and, regardless of the streams of blood splattering her,

wrenches Call free. She drags her' out.

A section of the harvester explodes, raining fire and debris on the dying alien.

Call lies on the ground, Ripley behind her, arms wrapped tight around her.

Covered in blood and grime, the two watch the alien go up in flames, breathing hard, holding each other as if their lives depended on it still.

DISSOLVE TO.- ANGLE: THE NEWBORN'S SKULL

Burning, hollowed out by the licks of flame that caress it.
Collapsing gently on itself.

WIDE ANGLE:

EXT. SAME - LATER

The four of them sit by the huge camp-fire, watching the flames.

Vriess tosses 'Christie a bottle of whiskey.

JOHNER

The bitch takes her time in burning.

VRIESS

Well, it looks like she's finally giving it up.

JOHNER

Troopers should be finding our ship any time now. I don't much love
the idea of being

around when they do.

Ripley gets up, looks out over the cliffs edge at the lights the
city.

Christie offers the bottle to Call. She takes it and drinks.

VRIESS (to Call)

I guess you won't want to be answering any official Questions
either.

CALL

I guess not.

She is grateful for the suggestion that they are in it together.

VRIESS

Well, we're on Earth, for Chrissake. Plenty of places to get lost
here.

CALL

So I've heard.

After a moment, she gets up as well, goes over to Ripley. She hands

her the bottle.

Ripley looks at it.

CALL

It's a drink. You drink it.

RIPLEY (smiling) I remember. She drinks.

CALL

So, what do you think?

RIPLEY

Think?

CALL

What should we do now?

RIPLEY

I don't know.

She looks out in the distance...

RIPLEY

I'm a stranger here myself

The two of them stand side by side staring out at the unfamiliar horizon,

as the newborn dwindles in the dancing flame.

THE END

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Aliens (1986)

by James Cameron.

First draft. May 28, 1985.

More info about this movie on IMDb.com

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE - SPACE

1

Silent and endless. The stars shine like the love of God...cold and remote. Against them drifts a tiny chip of technology.

CLOSER SHOT It is the NARCISSUS, lifeboat of the ill-fated star-freighter Nostromo. Without interior or running lights it seems devoid of life. The PING of a RANGING RADAR grows louder, closer. A shadow engulfs the Narcissus. Searchlights flash on, playing over the tiny ship, as a MASSIVE DARK HULL descends toward it.

INT. NARCISSUS

2

Dark and dormant as a crypt. The searchlights stream in the dusty windows. Outside, massive metal forms can BE SEEN descending around the shuttle. Like the tolling of a bell, a BASSO PROFUNDO CLANG reverberates through the hull.

CLOSE ON THE AIRLOCK DOOR Light glares as a cutting torch bursts through the metal. Sparks shower into the room.

A second torch cuts through. They move with machine precision, cutting a rectangular path, converging. The torches meet. Cut off. The door falls inward REVEALING a bizarre multi-armed figure. A ROBOT WELDER.

FIGURES ENTER, backlit and ominous. THREE MEN in bio-isolation suits, carrying lights and equipment. They approach a sarcophaguslike HYPERSLEEP CAPSULE, f.g.

LEADER

(filtered)

Internal pressure positive. Assume nominal hull integrity. Hypersleep capsules, style circa late twenties...

His gloved hand wipes at on opaque layer of dust on the canopy.

ANGLE INSIDE CAPSULE as light stabs in where the dust is

wiped away, illuminating a WOMAN, her face in peaceful repose.

WARRANT OFFICER RIPLEY, sole survivor of the Nostromo. Nestled next to her is JONES, the ship's wayward cat.

LEADER
(voice over; filtered)
Lights are green. She's alive.
Well, there goes out salvage, guys.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TIGHT ON RIPLEY - GATEWAY STATION 3

She's lying in a bed, looking wan, as a female MED-TECH raises the backrest. She is surrounded by arcane white MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. The Med-Tech exudes practiced cheeriness.

MED-TECH
Why don't I open the viewport?
Watch your eyes.

Harsh light floods in as a motorized shield slides into the ceiling, REVEALING a breathtaking vista. Beyond the sprawling complex of modular habitats, collectively called GATEWAY STATION, is the curve of EARTH as seen from high orbit. Blue and serene.

MED-TECH
And how are we today?

RIPLEY
(weakly)
Terrible.

MED-TECH
Just terrible? That's better
than yesterday at least.

RIPLEY
How long have I been on
Gateway station?

MED-TECH
Just a couple of days. Do you
feel up to a visitor?

Ripley shrugs, not caring. The door opens and a MAN enters, although Ripley sees only what he is carrying. A familiar large, orange TOMCAT.

RIPLEY

Jones!

She grabs the cat like a life preserver.

RIPLEY

(cooing baby-cat talk)

Come here Jonesy you ugly old
moose...you ugly thing.

Jones patiently endures Ripley's embarrassing display, seeming none the worse for wear. The visitor sits beside the bed and Ripley finally notices him. He is thirtyish and handsome, in a suit that looks executive or legal, the tie loosened with studied casualness. A smile referred to as "winning."

MAN

Nice room. I'm Burke. Carter Burke.
I work for the company, but other
than that I'm an okay guy. Glad to
see you're feeling better. I'm told
the weakness and disorientation
should pass soon. Side effects of
the unusually long hypersleep, or
something like that.

RIPLEY

How long was I out there? They
won't tell me anything.

BURKE

(soothing)

Well, maybe you shouldn't worry
about that just yet.

Ripley grabs his arm, surprising him.

RIPLEY

How long?

Burke gazes at her, thoughtful.

BURKE

All right. My instinct says
you're strong enough to handle
this...Fifty-seven years.

Ripley is stunned. She seems to deflate, her expression passing through amazement and shock to realization of all she has lost. Friends. Family. Her world.

RIPLEY

Fifty-seven...oh, Christ...

BURKE

You'd drifted right through the
core systems. It's blind luck that
deep-salvage team caught you when
they...are you all right?

Ripley coughs suddenly as if choking and her expression
becomes one of dawning horror. Burke hands her a glass
of water from the nightstand. She slaps it away. It
shatters with a SMASH. Jones dives, yowling. Ripley
grabs her chest, struggling as if she is strangling.
The Med-Tech hits a console button.

MED-TECH

(shouting)

Code Blue! 415. Code Blue!
4-1-5!

Burke and the Med-Tech are holding Ripley's shoulders as
she goes into convulsions. A DOCTOR and TWO TECHS run
in. Ripley's back arches in agony.

RIPLEY

No...nooooo!

They try to restrain her as she thrashes, knocking over
equipment. Her EKG races like mad. Jones, under a
cabinet, hisses wide-eyed.

DOCTOR

Hold her...Get me an airway, stat!
And fifteen cc's of...Jesus!

AN EXPLOSION OF BLOOD beneath the sheet covering her
chest! Ripley stares at the SHAPE RISING UNDER THE
SHEET. Tearing itself out of her.

HER P.O.V. as the sheet rises. A GLIMPSE OF the
CHITTERING HORROR...IT SCREECHES.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY screaming, snapping up INTO FRAME.
Alone in the darkened hospital room. She gasps for
breath, clutching pathetically at her chest. There is
no demented horror rigging itself out of her. Her eyes
snap about wildly, slowly focusing on the reality of
her safety. Shuddering, bathed in sweat, she kneads her
breastbone with the heel of her hand and sobs.

A VIDEO MONITOR beside the bed snaps on. A MED-TECH's
face.

MED-TECH
Bad dreams again? Do you want
something to help you sleep?

RIPLEY
(faint)
No.. I've slept enough.

The Med-Tech shrugs and switches off. Touching a button on the nightstand she opens the viewport, REVEALING Gateway and the turquoise Earth. She hugs Jones to her and rocks with him like a child, still shattered by the nightmare. Shivering. Sleep is far off.

RIPLEY
We made it, Jones. We made it.

But at what price?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK

4

Sunlight streams in shafts through a stand of poplars, beyond which a verdant meadow is VISIBLE.

EXTREME F.G. Jones stalks toward a bird hopping among fallen leaves. He leaps. And smack into A WALL.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Dumbshit.

WIDER ANGLE as Jones steps back confused from the HIGH-RESOLUTION ENVIRONMENTAL WALL SCREEN, a sort of cinerama video-loop. Ripley sits on a bench in what we now SEE is an ATRIUM off the medical center, still somewhere in the bowels of Gateway Station. Benches. Some unenthusiastic potted trees. The sterile corridors VISIBLE beyond glass doors b.g.

Burke ENTERS in his usual mode, casual haste.

BURKE
Sorry...I've been running behind
all morning.

Ripley seems healthier now, but still a bit brittle.

RIPLEY
Have they located my daughter
yet?

BURKE

Well, I was going to wait
until after the inquest...

He opens his briefcase, removing a sheet of printer
hard copy, including a telestat photo.

RIPLEY

Is she...?

BURKE

(scanning)

Amanda Ripley-McClaren. Married
name, I guess. Age: sixty-six
...at time of death. Two years
ago.

(looks at her)

I'm sorry.

Ripley studies the PHOTOGRAPH, stunned.

The face of a woman in her mid-sixties. It could be
anybody. She tries to reconcile the face with the
little girl she once knew.

RIPLEY

Amy.

BURKE

(reading)

Cancer. Hmmm. They still haven't
licked that one. Cremated. Interred
Parkside Repository, Little Chute,
Wisconsin. No children.

Ripley gazes off, into the pseudo-landscape, into the
past.

RIPLEY

I promised her I'd be home for
her birthday. Her eleventh
birthday. I sure missed that
one.

(pause)

Well...she has already learned
to take my promises with a grain
of salt. When it came to flight
schedules, anyway.

Burke nods, a simpatico presence.

RIPLEY

You always think you can make it
up to somebody...later, you know.

But now I never can. I never
can.

Let's get one thing straight...Ripley can be one tough
lady. But the terror, the loss, the emptiness are, in
this moment, overwhelming. She cries silently.

Burke puts a reassuring hand on her arm.

BURKE
(gently)
The hearing convenes at 0930. You
don't want to be late.

INT. CORRIDOR - GATEWAY

5

Elevator doors part and Ripley emerges, in mid-conversation
with Burke. DOLLYING AHEAD OF THEM as they move rapidly
down the corridor.

RIPLEY
You read my deposition...it's
complete and accurate.

BURKE
Look, I believe you, but there are
going to be some heavyweights in
there. You got Feds, you got
interstellar commerce commission,
you got colonial administration,
insurance company guys...

RIPLEY
I get the picture.

BURKE
Just tell them what happened. The
important thing is to stay cool
and unemotional.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON RIPLEY - GATEWAY

6

She's not cool. Not unemotional.

RIPLEY
Do you people have earwax, of
what? We have been here three
hours. How many different ways
do you want me to tell the same
story?

She faces the EIGHT MEMBERS of the board of inquiry at a
long conference table. Gray suits and grim faces. They

aren't buying. Behind Ripley on a large VIDEO SCREEN, PARKER grins like a goon from his personnel mugshot. His file prints out next to it. BRETT's face and dossier replace it, and then the others as the SCENE continues... KANE, LAMBERT, ASH the android traitor, DALLAS. VAN LEUWEN, the ICC representative, steeples his fingers and frowns.

VAN LEUWEN

Look at it from our perspective.
You freely admit to detonating the
engines of, and thereby destroying,
an M-Class star-freighter. A
rather expensive piece of hardware...

INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR

(dryly)

Forty-two million in adjusted dollars.
That's minus payload, of course.

VAN LEUWEN

The shuttle's flight recorder
corroborates some elements of
your account. That the Nostromo
set down on LV-426, an unsurveyed
planet, at that time. That
repairs were made. That it resumed
its course and was subsequently set
for self-destruct. By you. For

reasons unknown.

RIPLEY

Look, I told you...

VAN LEUWEN

It did not, however, contain any
entries concerning the hostile
life form you allegedly picked up.

Ripley sense the noose tightening.

RIPLEY

Then somebody's gotten to it...
doctored the recorder. Who had
access to it?

The ECA (Extrasolar Colonization Administration)
Representative (ECA REP) just shakes his head.

ECA REP

Would you just listen to yourself
for one minute.

Ripley glares at the ECA Rep, a woman on the ungenerous side of fifty. Van Leuwen sighs with exasperation.

VAN LEUWEN

The analysis team which went over
your shuttle centimeter by
centimeter found no physical
evidence of the creature you
describe...

RIPLEY

(losing it)

That's because I blew it out the
Goddamn airlock!

(pause)

Like I said.

INSURANCE MAN

(to ECA Rep)

Are there any species like this
'hostile organism' on LV-426?

ECA REP

No. It's a rock. No indigenous
life larger than a simple virus.

Ripley grits her teeth in frustration.

RIPLEY

I told you, it wasn't indigenous.
There was an alien spacecraft there.
A derelict ship. We homed on its
beacon...

ECA REP

To be perfectly frank, we've surveyed
over three hundred worlds and no one's
ever reported a creature which, using
your words...

(read from Ripley's
statement)

...'gestates in a living human host'
and has 'concentrated molecular acid
for blood.'

Ripley glances at Burke, silent at the far end of the
table. His expression is grim. Her mouth hardens as
a bit of the old nail-eating Ripley surfaces.

RIPLEY

Look, I can see where this is
going. But I'm telling you those
things exist. Back on that planetoid
is an alien ship and on that ship

are thousands of eggs. Thousands.
Do you understand? I suggest you
find it, using the flight recorder's
data. Find it and deal with it --
before one of your survey teams
comes back with a little surprise...

VAN LEUWEN
Thank you, Officer Ripley. That
will be...

RIPLEY
(louder, stepping
on him)
...because just one of those
things managed to kill my entire
crew, within twelve hours of
hatching...

Van Leuwen stands, out of patience.

VAN LEUWEN
Thank you, that will be all.

Ripley stares him down, glowering at the board.

RIPLEY
That's not all, Goddamnit! If
those things get back here, that
will be all. Then you can just
kiss it good-bye, Jack! Just kiss
it goodbye.

Ripley turns sharply away, trembling with frustration
and anger. Dallas looks back at her from the video
screen, his eyes burning from the photograph, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

7

Ripley kicks the wall next to Burke who is getting coffee
and donuts at a vending machine.

BURKE
You had them eating out of your
hand, kiddo.

RIPLEY
They had their minds made up
before I even went in there.
They think I'm a head case.

BURKE
(cheerfully)
You are a head case. Have a donut.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIGHT ON RIPLEY - LATER

8

Van Leuwen clears his throat.

VAN LEUWEN
It is the finding of this board of inquiry that Warrent Officer Ellen Ripley, NOC-14672. has acted with questionable judgment and is unfit to hold an ICC license as a commercial flight officer.

Burke watches Ripley taking it on the chin, white-lipped but subdued.

VAN LEUWEN
Said license is hereby suspended indefinitely. No criminal charges will be filed at this time and you are released on own recognizance for a six month period of psychometric probation, to include monthly review by an ICC psychiatric tech...

INT. CORRIDOR

9

DOLLY BACK as the conference room door bangs open and Ripley strides through. She shrugs off Burke's restraining arm and catches up to Van Leuwen walking down the corridor.

RIPLEY
(insistent)
Why won't you check out LV-426?

VAN LEUWEN
(condescendingly)
Because I don't have to. The people who live there checked it out years ago and they never reported and 'hostile organism' or alien ship. And by the way, they call it Acheron now.

RIPLEY
What are you talking about.
What people?

Van Leuwen steps into an elevator with some others, but

Ripley holds the door from closing.

VAN LEUWEN
Terraformers...planet engineers.
It's what we call a shake 'n' bake
colony. They set up atmosphere
processors to make the air
breathable...big job. Takes
decades. They've already been
there over twenty years. Peacefully.

The door tries to close. Ripley slams it back. People
are getting annoyed.

RIPLEY
How many colonists?

VAN LEUWEN
Sixty, maybe seventy families.

RIPLEY
(low)
Sweet Jesus.

ELEVATOR PASSENGER
Do you mind?

Ripley's hand slides off the door, strengthless.

TIGHT ON HER FROM INSIDE the elevator as the doors close
like fate on her lost expression.

EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPE - DAY 10

A hideous, storm-blasted vista. Tortured rock forms.
Bleak twilight at midday.

PAN SLOWLY ONTO a CORRODED METAL SIGN set in concrete
pylons, which reads:

HADLEY'S HOPE - POP. 159
"WELCOME TO ACHERON"

Some local has added below in spray-can graffiti
"Have a nice day." Gale-force wind SCREECHES around
the steel sign, driving a freezing rain.

The COLONY, b.g., is a squat complex with lots of
floodlights.

EXT. COLONY COMPLEX 11

The town is a cluster of bunkerlike metal and concrete

buildings connected by conduits. Neon signs throw garish colors across the vaultlike walls, advertising bars and other businesses. It looks like a sodden cross between the Krupps munitions works and a truckstop casino in the Nevada boondocks.

Huge-wheeled tractors crawl toadlike in the rutted "street" and vanish down rampways to underground garages.

ANGLE ON THE CONTROL BLOCK the largest structure. It resembles vaguely the superstructure of an aircraft carrier...a flying bridge.

VISIBLE across a half kilometer of barren heath, b.g., is the massive complex of the nearest ATMOSPHERE PROCESSOR, looking like a power plant bred with an active volcano. Its fiery glow pulses in the low cloud cover like a steel mill.

INT. MAIN CONCOURSE - NEAR CONTROL BLOCK

12

A central space, laid out like a scaled-down shopping mall with no styling flourishes. We SEE a cross section of the types of people who have come to live on Godforsaken Acheron. Tough. Pragmatic. "Grapes of Wrath" faces. Calloused hands. Not too many interior decorators. Some children race in the corridor on things that look suspiciously like "Big Wheels."

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTROL BLOCK

13

Jammed with computer terminals, technicians, displays... most of the business of running the colony flows through here. It's high tech but used and scrungy. Papers piled up. Coffee cup rings.

DOLLY AHEAD OF LYDECKER, the Assistant Operations Manager, as he catches up to the harried Operating Manager, SIMPSON.

LYDECKER

You remember you sent some wildcatters out to that plateau, out past the Ilium range, a couple days ago?

SIMPSON

Yeah. What?

LYDECKER

There's a guy on the horn, mom-and-pop survey team. Says he's homing on something and wants to know if his claim will

be honored.

SIMPSON

Christ. Some honch in a cushy office on Earth says go look at a grid reference in the middle of nowhere, we look. They don't say why, and I don't ask. I don't ask because it takes two weeks to get an answer out here and the answer's always 'don't ask.'

LYDECKER

So what do I tell this guy?

SIMPSON

Tell him, as far as I'm concerned, he finds something it's his.

EXT. ACHERON - THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - A SIX-WHEELED TRACTOR - DAY 14

It roars across corrugated rock, blasting through soggy drifts of volcanic ash.

INT. TRACTOR

15

At the controls, intent on a PINGING scope, is RUSS JORDEN, independent prospector. Beside him is his wife/partner ANNE and in the back their two kids are playing among the heavy sampling equipment.

JORDEN

(gloating cackle)

Look at this fat, juicy magnetic profile. And it's mine, mine, mine.

ANNE

Half mine, dear.

NEWT, their six-year-old daughter, yells from the back...

NEWT

And half mine!

JORDEN

I got too many partners.

NEWT

Daddy, when are we going back

to town?

JORDEN
When we get rich, Newt.

NEWT
You always say that. I wanna go
back. I wanna play 'Monster Maze.'

Her older brother TIM sticks his jeering face close to hers.

TIM
You cheat too much.

NEWT
Do not. I'm just the best.

TIM
Do too! You go in places we
can't fit.

NEWT
So! That's why I'm the best.

ANNE
Knock it off! I catch either of
you playing in the air ducts again
I'll tan your hides.

NEWT
Mom. All the kids play it...

JORDEN
(reverently)
Holy shiiit!

ANGLE THROUGH FRONT CANOPY ON a bizarre shape looming ahead. An enormous bonelike mass projecting upward from the bed of ash. The tractor slows.

Canted on its side and buckles against a rock outcropping by the lava flow, it is still recognizable as an EXTRATERRESTRIAL SHIP. Bio-mechanoid. Nonhuman design.

JORDEN
Folks, we have scored big this
time.

EXT. TRACTOR

16

Jorden and Anne step down, wearing ENVIRONMENT SUITS. Carrying LIGHTS, PACKS, CAMERAS, TEST GEAR. Their

breath clouds in the chill air.

ANNE
You kids stay inside. I mean
it! We'll be right back.

They trudge toward the alien derelict.

ANNE
Shouldn't we call in?

JORDEN
Let's wait till we know what to
call it in as.

ANNE
(nervous)
How about 'big weird thing'?

They pause at a twisted gash in the hull. Blackness
inside.

INT./EXT. TRACTOR

17

Newt has her face pressed to the glass, steaming it.
Watching her parents enter the strange ship. Tim GRABS
HER from behind. She SHRIEKS.

TIM
Cheater!

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

18

The tractor and the derelict are dark and motionless.
The wind HOWLS around them.

Tim is curled up in the driver's seat. Newt shakes him
awake, trying hard not to cry.

NEWT
Timmy...they've been gone a
long time.

Tim considers the night. The wind. The vast landscape.

He bites his lip.

TIM
(quavering)
It'll be okay, Newt. Dad knows
what he's doing.

CRASH! Newt SCREAMS as the door beside her is RIPPED OPEN. A dark shape lunges inside!

Anne, panting and terrified, grabs the dash mike.

ANNE
Mayday! Mayday! This is
Alpha Kilo Two Four Niner
calling Hadley Control.
Repeat. This is...

As Anne shouts the mayday Newt looks past her, to the ground. Russ Jorden lies there inert, dragged somehow by Anne from inside the ship. There is SOMETHING ON HIS FACE. An appalling MULTILEGGED CREATURE, pulsing with obscene life. Newt begins to SCREAM hysterically, competing with the shrieking wind which rises to a crescendo as we:

CUT TO:

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT - GATEWAY - DAY

20

Silence. Ripley, looking haggard, sits at a table in the dining alcove contemplating the smoke rising from her cigarette. The place is modest, to be charitable, and there are few personal touches. Though it's late in the day Ripley is still wearing a robe. The bed is unmade. Dishes in the sink. Jones prowls across the counter. The WALLSCREEN is on, blaring rapidly.

VOICE FROM VIDEO
(o.s.)
Hey, Bob! I heard you and the
family are heading off for the
colonies!

BON
(o.s.)
Best decision I ever made, Bill.
We'll be starting a new life
from scratch, in a clean world.
No crime. No unemployment...

The door BUZZES. Ripley jumps like a cat. Jones doesn't.

INT. CORRIDOR

21

Carter Burke stands in the narrow, dingy corridor with LIEUTENANT GORMAN, Colonial Marine Corps. Young and severe in his officer's dress-black. The door opens slightly.

BURKE
Hi, Ripley. This is
Lieutenant Gorman of the...

SLAM. Burke buzzes again. Talks to the door...

BURKE
Ripley we have to talk.
(pause)
They've lost contact with the
colony on Acheron.

The door opens. Ripley considers the ramifications of
that. She motions them inside.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

22

Burke and Gorman are seated, nursing coffee. Ripley
paces, very tense.

RIPLEY
No. There's no way!

BURKE
Hear me out...

RIPLEY
I was reamed, steamed and
dry-cleaned by you guys...and
now you want me to go back out
there? Forget it.

We SEE that she's gut scared, covering it with anger.
Burke sees it.

BURKE
Look, we don't know what's going
on out there. It may just be a
down transmitter. But if it's
not, I want you there...as an
advisor. That's all.

GORMAN
You wouldn't be going in with the
troops. I can guarantee your
safety.

BURKE
These Colonial Marines are
some tough hombres, and they're
packing state-of-the-art firepower.
Nothing they can't handle...right,

Lieutenant?

GORMAN

(cool)

We're trained to deal with these kinds of situations.

RIPLEY

(to Burke)

What about you? What's your interest in this?

BURKE

Well, the corporation co-financed that colony with the Colonial Administration, against mineral rights. We're getting into a lot of terraforming... 'Building Better Worlds.'

Burke is revealing his early days in sales.

RIPLEY

Yeah, yeah. I saw the commercial.

BURKE

I heard you were working in the cargo docks.

RIPLEY

(defensive)

That's right.

BURKE

Running loaders, forklifts, that sort of thing?

RIPLEY

(shrugging)

It's all I could get. Anyway, it keeps my mind off of... everything. Days off are worse.

BURKE

What if I said I could get you reinstated as a flight officer? And that the company has agreed to pick up your contract?

RIPLEY

If I go.

BURKE

If you go.
 (pause)
It's a second chance, kiddo. And
it'll be the best thing in the
world for you to face this fear
and beat it. You gotta get back
on the horse...

 RIPLEY
 (frosty)
Spare me, Burke. I've had my
psych evaluation this month.

Burke leans close, a let's-cut-the-crap intimacy.

 BURKE
Yes, and I've read it. You
wake up every night, sheets
soaking, the same nightmare
over and over...

 RIPLEY
 (shouting)
No! The answer is no. Now
please go. I'm sorry. Just
go, would you.

Burke nods to Gorman who rises with him. He slips a
TRANSLUCENT CARD onto the table, heads for the door.

 BURKE
Think about it.

EXT. ACHERON LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

23

As the wind HOWLS through tormented rock, BUILDING IN
PITCH until we:

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

24

Ripley lunges INTO FRAME with an animal outcry. She
clutches her chest, breathing hard. Bathed in sweat
she lights a cigarette with trembling hands. Do we
hear a faint, desolate wind?

TIGHT ON PHONE CONSOLE as Ripley's hand inserts Burke's
card into a slot. "STAND BY" prints out on the screen
and is replaced by Burke's face, bleary with sleep.

 BURKE
 (on video phone)

Yello? Oh, Ripley. Hi...

RIPLEY

Burke, just tell me one thing.
That you're going out there to
kill them. Not study. Not bring
back. Just burn them out...clean
...forever.

BURKE

That's the plan. My word on it.

CLOSEUP - RIPLEY taking a deep slow breath. It's time
to look the demon in the eye.

RIPLEY

All right. I'm in.

She punches off before Burke replies, before she can
change her mind. She turns to Jones sitting on the
bed and her tone becomes admonishing...

RIPLEY

And you my dear, are staying
right here.

Jones blinks, cynical cat eyes..."count me right
out."

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - THREE WEEKS LATER

25

An empty starfield. Metal spires slice ACROSS FRAME.

A mountain of steel following. A massive military
transport ship, the SULACO. Ugly, battered...
functional.

INT. CORRIDOR TO CARGO LOCK

26

An empty corridor, seemingly miles long. No movement.
The THRUMMING of hyperdrive engines.

INT. CARGO LOCK

27

An enormous chamber, cavernous and dark. Squatting
in the shadows are two orbit-to-surface shuttles.
DROP-SHIPS. Heavy machinery all around them...
cranes, loading equipment.

INT. BRIDGE

28

Dark electronic womb. CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY among murmuring instrumentation. A sudden high-pitched TRILLING accompanies a sequence of lights. An alarm.

INT. HYPER_SLEEP VAULT

29

Blackness, until a bank of indicators lights up. Hydraulics lift a grid of equipment from a row of horizontal HYPER_SLEEP CYLINDERS. It reaches the ceiling. Locks.

CLOSE ON RIPLEY'S CAPSULE as trickles of water run down the frosted canopy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HYPER_SLEEP VAULT

30

Lit up, white and sterile.

The canopies of the row of capsules are raised. Ripley sits up. Rubs her arms briskly. Next to her Gorman and Burke are stirring and beyond them the troopers, wearing shorts and dog tags. They are:

MASTER SERGEANT APONE

UNIT LEADER

CORPORAL HICKS

B-TEAM LEADER

CORPORAL DIETRICH (female)

MED-TECH

PFC HUDSON

COM-TECH

PFC VASQUEZ (female)

'SMART-GUN' OPERATOR

PRIVATE DRAKE

'SMART-GUN' OPERATOR

PRIVATE FROST

TROOPER

PRIVATE CROWE

TROOPER

PRIVATE WIERZBOWSKI

TROOPER

CORPORAL FERRO (female)

DROP-SHIP PILOT

PFC SPUNKMEYER

DROP-SHIP CREW CHIEF

The ship is fully automated in interstellar flight so there is no crew, except for EXECUTIVE OFFICER (ECA) Bishop, who supervises planetary maneuvering.

GROANS echo across the chamber.

SPUNKMEYER

Arrgh. I'm getting too old for
this shit.

SPUNKMEYER says this sincerely, though he must have
enlisted underage not long ago. Looking surly, DRAKE
sits up. He's young as well but street-tough. Nasty
scar curling his lip into a sneer.

DRAKE

They ain't payin' us enough
for this.

DIETRICH

Not enough to have to wake up
to your face, Drake.

DRAKE

Suck air. Hey, Hicks...you look
like I feel.

HICKS, an older lifer-type who keeps his own counsel,
just snorts good-naturedly.

Ripley scans the group as they shuffle past her to a
bank of lockers. Though not supermen they are lean and
hardened...tough, capable, jaded. They combine the
specialized techno-combat training of the twenty-first
century fighting man with those qualities universal to
"grunts" through the ages. SERGEANT APONE moves down the
row of freezers.

HUDSON

This floor's freezing.

APONE

Christ. I never saw such a
buncha old women. You want me
to fetch your slippers, Hudson?

HUDSON

Would you, Sir?

Ripley steps back as the troopers shuffle past nodding
cursory hellos. She feels isolated by the camaraderie
of this tightknit group.

VASQUEZ eyes her coldly as she passes. Like Drake,
Vasquez is younger than the rest and her combat-primer
was the street in a Los Angeles barrio. She is tough
even by the standards of this group. Hard-muscled.

Eyes cunning and mean.

HUDSON

Hey, Vasquez...you ever been
mistaken for a man?

VASQUEZ

No. Have you?

She slaps Drake's open palm and it clenches into a
greeting which is part contest. It gets rougher.
Painful. Until she cuffs him hard and they break with
vicious laughter. Dobermans playing. Conscripted from
juvenile prison, the two of them were trained to
operate the formidable "SMART-GUNS." That is part
of their bond.

BISHOP is helping everyone like a valet. As he passes
close to her Ripley notices a strange TATTOO across
the back of his left hand...an ALPHA-NUMERIC CODE.

FROST

Hey, hand job, you take my
towel?

SPUNKMEYER

(overlapping)

I need some slack, man. How
come they send us straight back
out like this? We got some slack
comin', man.

HICKS

You just got three weeks.

SPUNKMEYER

I mean breathing, not this frozen
shit.

DIETRICH

Yeah, 'Top'...what about it?

APONE

You know it ain't up to me.

(louder)

Awright! Let's knock off the
grabass. First assembly's in
fifteen...let's shag it.

INT. SHOWERS

31

High pressure water jets and a blast of hot air when

you step out...a drive through car wash for people.
Through the swirling steam Hudson, Vasquez and FERRO
are watching Ripley dry off.

VASQUEZ
Who's the fresh meat again?

FERRO
She's supposed to be some kinda
consultant...
(exaggerated)
...She was an alien once.

HUDSON
Whooooah! No shit? I'm impressed.

APONE
Let's go...let's go. Cycle through!

INT. MESS HALL

32

An unconscious segregation takes place at the troopers
assemble at one long table while Gorman, Burke, Bishop
and Ripley sit at another. Everybody is nursing a
coffee, waiting for eggs from the AUTOCHEF. Among the
troopers dress discipline is lax...fatigues customized
and emblazoned with patches. Drake's tunic is cut off
to a vest and has "Eat the apple and fuck the Corps"
stenciled on back. "Peace Through Superior Firepower,"
"Pray for War" and "I've Served My Time in Hell: Cetti
Epsilon NC-104" are some others.

HUDSON
Hey, 'Top.' What's the op?

APONE
Rescue mission. There's some
juicy colonists' daughters we
gotta rescue from virginity.

Apone is stocky, grizzled, with peregrine eyes. He runs
it loose and fair, but only because he knows his people
are the best.

SPUNKMEYER
Shee-it. Dumbass colonists.
What's this crap supposed to be?

WIERZBOWSKI
Cornbread, I think. Hey, I wouldn't
mind getting me some more a
that Arcturan poontang. Remember

that time?

HICKS

(low)

Looks like that new Lieutenant's
too good to eat with us grunts.

WIERZBOWSKI

(glancing
over shoulder)

Yeah. Got a corn cob up his ass,
definitely.

Across the room, at the other table, Gorman sits with
his creases perfect...the consummate strack NCO. Bishop
takes a seat beside Ripley, who pointedly gets up and
moves to the far side of the table. He looks wounded.

BISHOP

I'm sorry you feel that way
about Synthetics, Ripley.

Ripley spins on Burke, her tone accusing.

RIPLEY

You never said anything about an
android being here! Why not?

BURKE

Well, it didn't occur to me. It's
been policy for years to have a
synthetic on board.

BISHOP

I prefer the term 'artificial person'
myself. Is there a problem?

BURKE

A synthetic malfunctioned on her
last trip out. Some deaths were
involved.

BISHOP

I'm shocked. Was it an older model?

BURKE

Cyberdyne Systems 120-A/2.

Bishop turns to Ripley, very conciliatory.

BISHOP

Well, that explains it. The
A/2's were always a bit twitchy.

That could never happen now with
out behavioral inhibitors. Impossible
for me to harm or, by omission of
action, allow to be harmed a
human being.

(smiling)

More cornbread?

WHAM! Ripley knocks the plate out of his hand, halfway
across the room.

RIPLEY

Just stay away from me, Bishop!
You got that straight?

Burke and Gorman exchange glances.

Wierzbowski, at the next table, shrugs and turns back
to the other troopers.

WIERZBOWSKI

She don't like the cornbread
either.

INT. READY ROOM - TIGHT ON APONE - ARMORY

33

bellowing.

APONE

Tench-hut!

WIDER ANGLE as the troops snap to from their lounging
among the racks of high-tech weaponry. Gorman enters
with Burke and Ripley.

GORMAN

At ease. I'm sorry we didn't
have time to brief before we
left Gateway but...

HUDSON

Sir?

GORMAN

(annoyed)

Yes, Hicks?

HUDSON

Hudson, Sir. He's Hicks.

GORMAN

What's the question?

HUDSON

Is this going to be a stand-up
fight, Sir, on another bug-hunt?

GORMAN

All we know is that there's
still no contact with the colony
and that a xenomorph may be
involved.

WIERZBOWSKI

A what?

HICKS

(to Wierzbowski;
low)

It's a bug-hunt.

(louder)

So what are these things?

Gorman nods to Ripley, who stands before the troops.
She sets some RECORDING DISKETTES on the table.

RIPLEY

I've dictated what I know on
these.

APONE

Tease us a bit.

SPUNKMEYER

Yeah...previews.

RIPLEY

Okay. It's important to understand
this organism's life cycle. It's
actually two creatures. The first
form hatches from a spore...a sort
of large egg, and attaches itself
to its victim. Then it injects
an embryo, detaches and dies.
It's essentially a walking sex organ.
The --

HUDSON

Sounds like you, Hicks.

RIPLEY

(controlled)

The embryo, the second form, hosts
in the victim's body for several
hours. Gestating. Then it...

(with difficulty)

...then it...emerges. Moults.

Grows rapidly --

VASQUEZ
I only need to know one thing.

RIPLEY
Yes?

VASQUEZ
Where they are.

Vasquez coolly points her finger, cocks her thumbs, and blows away an imaginary alien.

DRAKE
Yo! Vasquez. Kick ass!

VASQUEZ
Anytime. Anywhere.

HUDSON
Somebody said alien...she
thought they said illegal alien
and signed up.

VASQUEZ
Fuck you.

HUDSON
Anytime. Anywhere.

RIPLEY
(icy)

Am I disturbing you conversation
Mr. Hudson?

Hudson settles down, smirking. Ripley locks eyes with Vasquez.

RIPLEY
I hope you're right. I really
do.

BURKE
(to all)
I suggest you study the disks
Ripley has been kind enough to
prepare for you.

GORMAN
Are there any questions? Hudson?

HUDSON
How do I get out of this
chicken-shit outfit?

Gorman scowls then, thanking Ripley with a nod, takes over the predrop briefing.

GORMAN
All right. I want this to go
smooth and by the numbers. I
want DCS and tactical database
assimilation by 0830.
(some groans)
Ordnance loading, weapons strip and
drop-ship prep details will have
seven hours...

EXT. SPACE - ACHERON

34

They have arrived. From orbit the planet looks serene
...Pearlescent cloud cover masking the environmental
torment beneath. The SULACO floats, its MANEUVERING
JETS FIRING. A bluish glow. Then twice more, rapidly.

INT. BRIDGE

35

Bishop is installed in his command seat, hemmed in by
instrumentation.

BISHOP
(into mike)
Attention. This concluded final
maneuvering operations. Thank
you for your cooperation. You
may resume work.

INT. LOADING BAY - TIGHT ON MASSIVE FORKS - CARGO LOCK 34

sliding into a heavy ordnance rack with an echoing
CLANG. PULL BACK as the rack of tactical missiles is
lifted, REVEALING two powerful hydraulic arms.

Spunkmeyer, seated inside a POWER LOADER, swings the
ordnance up into a belly nacelle of the DROP-SHIP where
it locks into place. As he exerts pressure with his
hands against the servo-controls the hydraulic arms
move correspondingly...but with a thousandfold increase
in power. The forklift-style CLAWS on each arm can
crush with tons of pressure. The loader has an open
ROLL CAGE to protect the operator, and is supported
by squat HYDRAULIC LEGS which also move correspondingly
with the driver's movements.

You have never seen anything like this before.
Advanced as it is to us, it's only an old forklift
to them...battered and well used. Covered with grease.
Repainted many times. Across the back is stencilled
"CATERPILLAR."

Spunkmeyer's machine swings out from under the drop-ship
and we become aware of the intense activity throughout
the cavernous loading bay. Troopers on foot or driving
TOW-MOWERS, OVERHEAD LOADING ARMS...all in motion.
Hicks checks off items on an electronic manifest.

INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

37

Wierzbowski, Drake and Vasquez are fieldstripping
light weapons with precise movements. Around them,
in racks, is an arsenal of advanced personal
artillery.

Vasquez likes the feel of the guns, the weight...the
authority. Her hands move without hesitation. CLACK.
CLACK. CLACK. She swings one of the SMART-GUNS out
on a work stand. Using a body brace and GYRO-STABILIZED
SUPPORT ARM, it is a computer-aimed, video targeted
automatic weapon. The futuristic equivalent of a .30
caliber light machine gun. Sort of a steadicam that
kills.

INT. LOADING BAY - ANGLE ON BURKE AND GORMAN

38

with pre-flight activity b.g.

BURKE
Still nothing from the colony?

GORMAN
Dead on all channels.

Ripley watches the drop-ship being loaded. A cross
between a Huey Aircobra gunship and the space shuttle
might describe it. An orbit-to-surface troop carrier,
heavily armed for the close support of ground missions.
She watches a six-wheeled APC, ARMORED PERSONNEL
CARRIER, being raised hydraulically into the ship's
belly. Ripley looks around as Frost wheels a rack of
incomprehensible equipment toward her.

FROST
Clear, please.

Ripley jumps aside, nodding apologetically. She turns.
Steps hastily back. Hudson cruises by with a laden

forklift.

HUDSON
Excuse me.

ANGLE ON APONE standing with Hicks, as Ripley approaches him

RIPLEY
I feel like a fifth wheel
here. Is there anything I can
do?

APONE
I don't know. Is there anything
you can do?

RIPLEY
(pointing)
I can drive that loader. I've
got a Class Two rating. My
latest career move.

Apone turns. A SECOND POWER LOADER sits unused in
an equipment bay.

TWO SHOT APONE AND HICKS skeptical. Considering.

TIGHT ON POWER SWITCH as Ripley's finger punches it on.
A RISING WHINE of power.

TIGHT ON THE HYDRAULICS as the massive machine stirs
to life.

FULL, as the loader starts. Ripley is strapped into
the safety cage, her arms and legs inserted in the
servo-sensor assemblies. She takes a step. BOOM!
Two tons of hardened steel takes a step.

Ripley spins the wrist servos. The huge claws swing,
open...slide smoothly into lifting brackets on a
cargo module, nearby. She raises it deftly.

RIPLEY
Where you want it?

Hicks looks at Apone, cocks an eyebrow appreciatively.

INT. READY ROOM - ARMORY

39

The troopers are suiting up for the drop. Strapping on
their bulky COMBAT-ARMOR...interlocking plates like
football padding. They tape their wrists. Draw on

segmented boots. The sole cleats CLACK like hooves on the deck plates. Lockers SLAM.

WEB BELTS. PACKS. HARNESES. HELMETS. COM-SETS. Their fingers move methodically over the fastenings. It has its own rhythm...CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

APONE
Let's move it, girls! On
the ready line. Let's go,
let's go.

INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

40

Ripley, wearing a flight jacket and headset, files into the ship with the hulking troopers. Inside they pass directly into the APC we saw loaded earlier and take seats facing each other across a narrow aisle. They will drop already strapped into their ground vehicle for rapid deployment. A KLAXON SOUNDS, signalling depressurization of the cargo lock.

Hudson prowls the aisle, his movements predatory and exaggerated. Ripley watches him working his way toward her.

HUDSON
I am ready, man. Ready to get
it on. Check-it-out. I am the
ultimate badass...state of the
badass art. You do not want to
fuck with me. Hey, Ripley, don't
worry. Me and my squad of
ultimate badasses will protect you.
Check-it-out...

He slaps the SERVO-CANNON controls in the GUN BAY above them.

HUDSON
Independently targetting
particle-beam phalanx. VWAP!
Fry half a city with this puppy.
We got tactical smart-missles,
phased-plasma pulse-rifles,
RPG's. We got sonic eeelectronic
ballbreakers, we got nukes, we
got knives...sharp sticks --

Hicks grabs Hudson by his battle harness and pulls him into a seat. His voice is low, but it carries.

HICKS
Save it.

HUDSON
Sure, Hicks.

Ripley nods her thanks to Hicks. MOTORS WHINE and the craft lurches. Burke, next to Ripley, grins eagerly like this is a sport fishing trip.

BURKE
Here we go.

She looks like she's in a gas chamber waiting for the pellet to drop.

EXT. SULACO 41

The drop-ship lowers from the cargo-lock on a massive launch rig. The night side of Acheron yawns below... enigmatic.

INT. COCKPIT 42

Ferro and Spunkmeyer run rapidly through the switches.

FERRO
Initiate release sequencer on my
mark. Three. Two. One. Mark!

EXT. SULACO - DROP-SHIP 43

Hydraulic WHINE. Clamps SLAM BACK. The ship drops.

INT. DROP-SHIP - APC 44

Apone, stalking the aisle, snatches for a handhold. Bishop, Burke and Gorman groan at the sudden gees. Ripley closes her eyes...the point of no return.

EXT. DROP-SHIP 45

It screams down through the stratosphere, plunging into dark turbulence.

INT. COCKPIT 46

Beyond the canopy is gray limbo. The craft shudders and lurches.

FERRO
(icy calm)
Switching to DCS ranging.

SPUNKMEYER
Two-four-o. Nominal to profile.
Picking up some hull ionization.

FERRO
Got it. Rough air ahead.

INT. HOLD - APC
47

TIGHT ON HICKS asleep in his harness.

FERRO
(voice over;
filtered)
Stand by for some chop.

TIGHT ON GORMAN as the ship begins to buck, his eyes closed. Pale. Sweating. He rubs his hands on his knees repeatedly.

RIPLEY
How many drops is this for you,
Lieutenant?

GORMAN
Thirty-eight...simulated.

VASQUEZ
How many combat drops?

GORMAN
Well...two. Three, including
this one.

Vasquez and Drake exchange do-you-believe-this-shit expressions. Ripley looks accusingly at Burke.

INT. COCKPIT

48

FERRO
Turning on final. Coming around to
a seven-zero-niner. Terminal
guidance locked in. Where's
the damn beacon?

EXT. DROP-SHIP

49

It emerges from the low cloud ceiling. From the twilight haze ahead the distant colony LANDING BEACONS become visible.

INT. HOLD - APC

Stumbling as the ship pitches, Ripley makes her way forward to the MOBILE TACTICAL OPERATIONS BAY (MTOB), a control console lined with monitor screens. She joins Burke watching over Gorman's shoulder as the Lieutenant plays the board like a video director.

TIGHT ON MONITOR CONSOLE REVEALING screens labelled with the names of the troopers. Two for each soldier. The upper screens show images from the IMAGE-INTENSIFIED VIDEO CAMERAS in their helmets. The lower screens are BIO-MONITORS: EEG, EKG, and other graphic life-function readouts. Other screens show EXTERIOR VIEWS.

GORMAN

Let's see. Everybody on line.
Drake, check you camera. There
seems to be a...

CLOSE ON DRAKE as he whacks himself on the head with an ammo case. A familiar malfunction.

GORMAN

(o.s)

...that's better. Pan it around
a bit.

APONE

Awright. Fire-team A. Gear up.
Let's move. Two minutes.
Somebody wake up Hicks.

A clatter of activity as they don backpacks and weapons. Vasquez and Drake buckle on their smart-gun body harnesses.

Ripley watches the AP station loom on the exterior screens.

RIPLEY

That the atmosphere processor?

BURKE

Uh-hunh. One of thirty or so,
all over the planet. They're
completely automated. We
manufacture them, by the way.

EXT. SHIP - AP STATION

51

The tiny ship circles the roaring tower. A metal volcano thundering like the engines on God's Lear jet.

INT. HOLD - APC
52

Gorman plays with the controls, zooming the image of the colony.

GORMAN
(to Ferro via mike)
Hold at forty. Slow circle of the complex.

RIPLEY
The structure seems intact. They have power.

On the screen the colony buildings loom in and the low visibility like wrecks of freighters on the sea floor.

GORMAN
(to Apone)
Okay, let's do it.

APONE
Awright! I want a nice clean dispersal this time.

Ripley turns as Vasquez squeezes past her.

VASQUEZ
You staying in here?

RIPLEY
You bet.

VASQUEZ
(turning away)
Figures.

GORMAN
(to Ferro via mike)
Set down sixty meters this side of the telemetry mast. Immediate dust off on my 'clear,' then stay on station.

APONE
Ten seconds, people. Look sharp!

EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

53

Landing beacons sweep harsh light across the wet Tarmac. The ship roars down, extending the loading ramp. Slams

down on hydraulic LANDING LEGS. The APC hits the ground a moment later, pulling away from the ship as it leaps up in a cloud of spray and peels off, circling.

The APC pulls to the edge of the complex. The CREW DOOR opens. Troopers hit the ground running. Spread out. They drop behind immediate cover. Apone scans with him image intensifier visor lowered.

APONE'S P.O.V. through the starlight-scope visor. Bright as a sunny day, though contrasty and lurid, we SEE the colony buildings. Trash blows in the street. No other movement.

GORMAN
(voice over;
filtered)
First squad up, on line. Hicks,
get yours in a cordon. Watch the
rear.

APONE
Vasquez, take point. Let's move.

Sprinting in a skirmish line, Apone's team advances on the colony main entry-lock. Parked tightly across the doors are two heavy-duty tractors. Vasquez reaches one of the tractors, looks inside. The controls are ripped out, as if by a crowbar or axe. She moves on.

EXT. COLONY BUILDING

54

Vasquez reaches the main doors, Drake flanking on the right. Apone tries the door controls. Nothing.

APONE
Sealed. Hudson, run a bypass.

Hudson, all business now, moves up and studies the door control panel. He pries off the facing and starts clipping on the bypass wires.

APONE
First squad, assemble on me at
the main lock.

The wind roars around the bleak structures. A neon sign creaks overhead. Hudson makes a connection. The door shrieks in its tracks and rumbles aside. It jams halfway open. Apone motions Vasquez inside. She eases over the wrecked tractor, through the doors. The others follow.

GORMAN
(voice over;
filtered)
Second team, move up.
Flanking positions.

INT. COLONY - MAIN CONCOURSE

55

DOLLYING SLOWLY FORWARD, following Vasquez and Apone as they move into the broad corridor. A few emergency lights are still on. Wind moans along the concourse. Pools of water cover the floor. Farther down, rain drips through blast holes in the ceiling. Evidence of a fire fight with pulse-rifles.

ON VASQUEZ moving forward. Taut. Alert. Her smart-gun cannon swinging slowly in an arc. She studies the video aiming monitor, looking down rather than ahead. Their footsteps echo.

INT. APC

56

Ripley watches as the bobbing images reveal the empty colony building.

GORMAN
Quarter and search by twos. Second team move inside. Hicks, take the upper level. Use your motion trackers.

INT. MAIN CONCOURSE - SECOND LEVEL

57

Hicks leads his squad up the stairwell to second level. They emerge cautiously. An empty corridor recedes into the dim distance. Hicks unslings a rugged piece of equipment. Aims it down the hall. He adjusts the "gain." It remains silent.

HICKS
Nothing. No movement.

They pass rooms and offices. Through doors they see increasing signs of struggle. Furniture overturned. Papers scattered...floating sodden in the puddles.

INT. APC

58

Ripley et al watching.

BURKE
Looks like my room in college.

Nobody laughs.

INT. SECOND LEVEL

59

Hicks' group passes several burnt-out rooms. There are no bodies. In several offices the exterior windows are blown out, admitting wind and rain. Hicks picks up a half-eaten donut beside a coffee cup overflowing with rainwater.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - QUARTERS

60

Apone's men are searching systematically in pairs. They pass through the colonists' modest apartments, little more than cubicles. Hudson, on tracker, flanks Vasquez as they move forward. Hudson touches a splash of color on the wall. Dried blood. His tracker BEEPS.

Vasquez whirls, cannon aimed. The BEEPING grows more frequent as Hudson advances toward a half open door. The door is splintered partway out of its frame. Holes caused by pulse-rifle rounds pepper the walls. Vasquez eases up to the door. Kicks it in. Tenses to fire.

Inside, dangling from a piece of flex conduit, a junction-box swings like a pendulum in the wind from a broken window. It clanks against the rails of a child's bunkbed as it swings.

INT. DROP-SHIP - APC

61

Ripley watches Hicks' monitor.

RIPLEY
Wait! Tell him to...
(plugs in
headset jack)
...Hicks. Back up. Pan left.
There!

TIGHT ON MONITOR as the image shifts, revealing a section of wall corroded almost through in an irregular pattern.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY knowing what it is.

HICKS
(voice over;
filtered)
You seeing this okay? Looks
melted.

Burke raises an eyebrow at Ripley.

BURKE
Hmm. Acid for blood.

HICKS
(voice over;
filtered)
Looks like somebody bagged them
one of Ripley's bad guys here.

INT. FIRST LEVEL

62

Hudson is looking at something.

HUDSON
Hey, if you like that, you're gonna
love this...

WIDER ANGLE showing the trooper standing beneath a
gaping hole. Another hole, directly beneath, is at his
feet. The acid has melted right down through two levels
into the maintenance level. Revealing pipes, conduit,
equipment...eaten away by the ferocious substance.

APONE
Second squad? What's your status?

HICKS
(voice over;
filtered)
Just finished our sweep.
Nobody home.

APONE
(to Gorman)
The place is dead, Sir. Whatever
happened, we missed it.

INT. APC

63

Gorman turns to the others.

GORMAN
All right, the area's secured.
Let's go in and see what their
computer can tell us.
(into mike)
First team head for operations.
Hudson, see if you can get their
CPU on line. Hicks, meet me at
the south lock by the up-link
tower...

INT. FIRST LEVEL

64

GORMAN
(voice over)
...We're coming in.

HUDSON
(cupping his mike)
He's coming in. I feel safer
already.

VASQUEZ
(sotto voice)
Pendejo jerkoff.

EXT. COLONY COMPLEX

65

Lights arc across the dormant buildings as the APC turns onto the "main drag." It trundles down the rutted street, throwing up sheets of filthy water as the massive wheels hit pondlike potholes. Windblown rain lashes across the headlights.

Hicks emerges from the south lock just as the APC rolls up close to the entrance. The crew-door slides back. Gorman emerges, followed by Burke, Bishop, and Wierzbowski. Burke looks back to see Ripley stop in the APC doorway, eyeing the ominous colony structure. She meets his eyes. Shakes her head "no." Not ready.

HUDSON
(voice over;
filtered)
Sir, the CPU is on-line.

GORMAN
Okay, stand by in operations.
(to those present)
Let's go.

INT. APC

66

The crew-door cycles home with a clang. Ripley sits in the dark interior, lit by the tactical displays. The wind howls outside, an incredibly desolate sound. She hugs herself. Alone. Unarmed. She knows she's in a tank, but remembers the acid. Leaps up. Hits the door switch.

EXT. APC - SOUTH LOCK

67

The crew-door opens and Ripley emerges. In time to see the lock doors rumbling closed.

RIPLEY
(shouting)
Burke!

The wind snatches her words away. The crew door whines shut behind her. She walks to the exterior lock door-controls and studies them. She punches some unfamiliar buttons. Nothing happens. She looks really nervous, alone in the howling wind. She hits another button. The door-motors come to life and she relaxes a little. Glances behind her. AND SCREAMS! There's a face right there! Right at her shoulder. She jumps back, gasping for breath.

WIERZBOWSKI
Scare you?

RIPLEY
Christ, Wierzbowski!

WIERZBOWSKI
Sorry. Hicks said to keep an
eye on you.

He gestures for her to precede him inside.

INT. CONTROL BLOCK CORRIDOR

68

Ripley catches up with the others as they move into the bowels of the complex.

GORMAN
(to Burke)
Looks like you company can write
off its share of this colony.

BURKE
(unconcerned)
It's insured.

ON RIPLEY as they move along the corridor...reacting to the fact that she is back in alien country. She sees the ravaged administration complex. Fire-gutted offices. Hicks notices her looking around nervously. He motions to big Wierzbowski with his eyes and the trooper casually falls in beside her on the other side, rifle at ready. a two-man protective cordon. She glances at Hicks. He winks, but so fast maybe it's something in his eye.

Trooper Frost emerges from a side corridor ahead.

FRONT

Sir, you should check this out...

He leads the way into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

69

This wing is completely without power. The troopers switch on their pack lights and the beams illuminate a scene of devastation worse than they have seen. Her expression reveals that Ripley is about to turn and flee.

FROST
Right ahead here...

They approach a barricade blocking the corridor, a hastily welded wall of pipes, steel-plate, outer-door panels. Acid holes have slashed through the floor and walls in several places. The metal is scratched and twisted by hideously powerful forces, peeled back like a soup can on one side. They squeeze through the opening.

INT. MEDICAL WING

70

They pack-lights play over the devastation of the colonists' last ditch battle. The equipment of the med labs has been uprooted to add to the barrier. The walls are perforated by pulse-rifle fire and acid. Scorched by untended fires to bare metal. A few instruments glow with emergency power.

WIERZBOWSKI
Last stand.

GORMAN
No bodies?

FROST
No, Sir. Looks like it was a helluva fight.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY transfixed by something.

RIPLEY
(low)
Over there.

The others turn and approach, seeing what she sees. She has entered a second room, part of the med lab area. In a storage alcove at near eye level stand seven transparent cylinders. STASIS TUBES. They glow faintly with an eerie violet light given off by the field which

preserves the specimens inside.

They look like jars containing SEVERED ARTHRITIC HANDS, the palsied fingers curled in a death-rictus. Structurally they are more like spiders with sickening translucent skin, a flacid scrotal body, gill-like organs underneath drifting in the suspension fluid. Something you definitely do not want on your face, for example.

BURKE
Are these the same...?

Ripley nods, unable to speak. Burke leans closer in fascination. His face almost touching one cylinder, is lit by its glow.

RIPLEY
Watch it, Burke...

The creature inside lunges suddenly, slamming against the glass. Burke jumps back. From the palm of the thing's handlike body emerges a pearl-escent TUBULE. like a tapered piece of intestine, which slithers tonguelike over the inside of the glass. Then it retracts into a sheath between the "gills."

HICKS
(to Burke)
It likes you.

Only two of the creatures seem to pulse with life. Burke taps the other stasis cylinders but the hand-things remain inertly clenched.

BURKE
These are dead. There's just
the two alive.

On top of each cylinder is a file folder. Ripley takes a folder from above one of the live specimens. Inside is a medical chart printout with handwritten entries.

RIPLEY
(reading)
Removed surgically before embryo
implantation. Subject: Marachuk,
John L. Died during procedure.
(looking up)
They killed him getting it off.

HICKS
Poor bastard.

They are startled by a LOUD BEEP. They turn. Hicks is intent on his motion tracker, aimed back toward the shattered barricade. BEEP. BEEP.

HICKS
Behind us.

He gestures at the corridor they just passed through.

RIPLEY
One of us?

GORMAN
(into headset)
Apone...where are your people?
Anybody in D-Block?

APONE
(voice over; filtered)
Negative. We're all in Operations.

Vasquez swings the smart-gun to ready position on its support arm, locking it with an authoritative CLICK. She and Hicks head toward the source of the signal, the others following.

INT. CORRIDOR

71

Hicks' tracker is reading out more rapidly. They turn into the kitchens, a stainless steel labyrinth.

Ripley hangs back. Then realizes there is nothing behind her but darkness. She catches up to the group.

INT. KITCHENS

72

The troopers enter, their lights bouncing around the stainless steel surfaces.

HICKS
It's moving.

Vasquez is scanning, gaze intense. The other troops grip their weapons tightly.

VASQUEZ
Which way?

Hicks nods toward a complicated array of food

processing equipment. They move forward, weapons leveled.

Ripley shuffles forward in the dark. Wierzbowski trips over a metal cannister, sending it CLANGING. Ripley half climbs the wall.

Hicks' tracker beeps steadily. The beeps merge. Become a solid tone. CRASH. Something moves in the dark, toppling a rack of stockpots.

ON VASQUEZ pivoting smoothly to fire. In the same instant Hicks' rifle slashes INTO FRAME. Slams Vasquez' barrel upward. A STREAM OF TRACER FIRE rips into the ceiling, the rounds SEARING LIKE LIGHTNING.

VASQUEZ
You fuck!

Hicks ignores her, moving past and aiming his light under a row of steel cabinets. He gestures to Ripley, who steps forward. Trusting his judgment. She crouches beside him.

RIPLEY'S P.O.V. lit by Hicks' pack-light...a tiny cowering figure. A very dirty, very terrified NEWT JORDEN. She clutches a plastic food packet in one hand, its top gnawed partway through. In the other hand she grips the HEAD OF A LARGE DOLL, holding it by the hair. Just the head. Eyes staring. Newt is pathetically emaciated...fragile-looking as Dresden china, her hair tangled and matted.

RIPLEY
(soothingly)
Come on out. It's all right...

Ripley moves toward her, reaching slowly under the cabinet. Newt backs away, trembling visibly, her vision fixated like a rabbit blinded by headlights. Ripley's hand almost reaches her.

The kid bolts like a shot, scuttling along beneath the cabinetry. Ripley scrambles to follow...to keep her in sight. Crabbing frantically sideways. Hicks makes a grab, catching one tiny ankle. He snaps his hand out a moment later.

HICKS
Ow! Shit. Watchit, she bites.

The girl reaches a ventilation duct set in the baseboard, its grille kicked out. She scrambles inside, her tiny body barely fitting, wriggling like

a fish.

In his bulky armor Hicks knows he'll never make it into the tiny duct. Ripley dives. She squirms into the duct without thinking. Just ahead she sees Newt enter a dark space and slam a steel hatch. Ripley pushes the hatch open before the child can latch it, and crawls in after her.

Newt is backed into a cul-de-sac in the tiny steel chamber. Ripley shines her light around in amazement. It is a NEST. A nest built by a child. Wadded up blankets and pillows line the space, mixed up with a haphazard array of TOYS, STUFFED ANIMALS, DOLLS, CHEAP JEWELRY, COMIC BOOKS, EMPTY FOOD PACKETS, even a battery operated TAPE PLAYER. All foraged from the wrecked colony. Ripley marvels at the child's incredible adaptability, the ability to function even in this nightmarish environment.

Newt edges along the far wall and dives for the hatch.

Ripley grabs her, controlling her in a bear hug. The kid struggles wildly, like a cat at the vets. Eyes wide, hands lashing out in a frenzy...but silent. No scream.

RIPLEY

It's okay, it's okay. It's over...
you're going to be all right now...
it's okay...you're safe...

Newt goes limp, almost catatonic.

CLOSE ON NEWT'S TRAUMATIZED, VACANT STARE her lips are white and trembling, her eyes track wildly and she flinches from unseen terrors. We READ a dark nightmare world in her eyes.

Ripley's light falls on something amidst the debris... a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Newt, dressed up and smiling, a ribbon in her hair. In embossed gold letters underneath it says:

FIRST GRADE CITIZENSHIP AWARD
REBECCA JORDEN

INT. OPERATIONS - ON NEWT - MANAGER'S OFFICE

73

sitting huddles in a chair, arms around her knees.
Looking at a point in space.

GORMAN
(O.S.)
What's her name again?

DIETRICH
(O.S.)
Rebecca.

WIDER ANGLE REVEALING Gorman sitting in front of her while Dietrich watches the readouts from a BIO-MONITORING CUFF wrapped around Newt's tiny arm.

GORMAN
Now think, Rebecca.
Concentrate. Just start at
the beginning...

No response. Ripley enters, carrying a coffee mug.

GORMAN
Where are your parents? You
have to try...

RIPLEY
(sharply)
Gorman! Give it a rest would
you.

Gorman stands with a sigh of dismissal.

GORMAN
Total brain-lock.

DIETRICH
(shrugs)
Physically she's okay.
Borderline malnutrition, but
I don't think any permanent
damage.

She unsnaps the bio-monitoring cuff.

GORMAN
Come on, we're wasting our
time.

Gorman and the others exit, leaving only Ripley with Newt. Through the window of the office, out on the main floor of the operations room, we SEE Gorman join Burke and Bishop at a computer terminal.

Ripley kneels beside Newt, brushing the girl's unkempt hair out of her eyes in a gentle, maternal fashion.

RIPLEY
Here, try this. A little
instant hot chocolate.

She wraps the child's hands around the cup. Raises
it to her lips for her. The girl drinks mechanically,
spilling down her chin.

RIPLEY
(soothing)
Poor thing. You don't talk
much do you? That's okay by
me. Most people do a lot of
talking and they wind up not
saying very much.

She sets the cup down and wipes the child's chin clean.

RIPLEY
Uh oh. I made a clean spot
here. Now I've done it. Guess
I'll just have to do the whole
thing.

She pours water from a squeeze bottle onto a small
cloth and gently washes the little girl's face.
Newt's eyes seem to focus on her for the first time.

RIPLEY
Hard to believe...there's a
little girl under all this.
And a pretty one at that.

Newt gazes at her. Ripley smiles.

INT. OPERATIONS
74

The ground teams are gathered around a terminal in
the computer center. Hudson has the CPU main computer
on-line and reading out.

TIGHT ON MONITOR SCREEN as an abstract of the main
colony ground plan drifts across the screen.
Searching.

Hudson bashes at the keyboard, his fingers dancing
expertly.

BURKE
(to Gorman)
What's he scanning for?

GORMAN
PDT'S. Personal-Data Transmitters.
Every adult colonist had one
surgically implanted.

HUDSON
If they're within twenty
klicks we'll read it out here,
but so far...zip.

INT. OFFICE

75

Ripley is washing Newt's tiny hands with a cloth,
pink skin emerging from black grime.

RIPLEY
I don't know how you managed
to stay alive but you're one
brave kid, Rebecca.

Newt's voice is almost inaudible.

NEWT
N-newt.

Ripley leans closer. Feels like she's breathing
on coals. The sound was incomprehensible.

RIPLEY
What did you say?

NEWT
Newt. My n-name's Newt.
Nobody calls me Rebecca except
my dork brother.

Ripley grins inanely, not wanting to move or speak...
or break the spell.

RIPLEY
Well, Newt it is then. My
name's Ripley...and people
call me Ripley.

Ripley picks up her tiny limp hand, shaking it
formally.

RIPLEY
Pleased to meet you. And who
is this? Does she have a
name?

Newt glances at the disembodied doll, still clutched in one filthy hand.

NEWT
Casey. She's my only friend.

RIPLEY
What about me?

Newt's reply is flat, neutral.

NEWT
I don't want you for a friend.

RIPLEY
Why not?

NEWT
Because you'll be gone soon,
like the others. Like
everybody. You'll be dead
and you'll leave me alone.

Ripley gazes at her, chilled both by the ominous statement and by the situation which could have produced this outlook in a child.

RIPLEY

Oh, Newt. You mom and dad
went away like that, didn't
they?

Newt nods, staring at her knees.

RIPLEY
(soothingly)
They'd be here if they could,
honey. I know they would.

NEWT
(with cold certainty)
They're dead.

RIPLEY
Newt. Look at me...Newt. I
won't leave you. I promise.

NEWT
You promise?

RIPLEY
Cross my heart.

NEWT
And hope to die?

Ripley smiles grimly at the inadvertently macabre expression.

RIPLEY
(quietly)
And hope to die.

And because she's a child, the darkest terrors, even the ones seen and not imagined, can still be banished by a smile and a single promise.

Newt's eyes brim as she gazes at Ripley. Her lower lip starts to tremble, and her face slowly deforms into an abject mask. She sobs as she clamps her arms around Ripley's neck. The sobs come in waves as Ripley rocks her, tears of suppresses terror and grief and hurt rolling down her face. It is a breakthrough.

Ripley closes her eyes, hoping that this promise can be kept.

INT. OPERATIONS
76

Everyone jumps as Hudson cries out triumphantly.

HUDSON
Hah! Stop your grinnin' and
drop your linen! Found 'em.

GORMAN
Alive?

HUDSON
Unknown. But, it looks like
all of them. Over at the
processing station...sublevel
'C' under the south tower.

TIGHT ON SCREEN showing an amoebalike cluster of flashing blue dots clumped tightly in one area.

HICKS
Looks like a Goddamn town
meeting.

GORMAN
Let's saddle up.

APONE
Awright, let's go girls, they
ain't payin' us by the hour.

EXT. ACHERON - TWILIGHT

77

The APC roars across the stygian landscape, traversing the causeway which connects the colony to the ATMOSPHERE STATION a kilometer away. Behind it the drop-ship settles to the ground at the colony landing field.

PAN WITH THE APC TO REVEAL the massive structure. Like a vast foundry the conical exhaust tower flickers with spectral light.

INT. APC

78

The troopers sit, more subdued now, swaying and bouncing in the heavily sprung vehicle. Wierzbowski is in the saddle. Ripley and Newt sit side by side just aft of the driver's cockpit.

NEWT
I was the best at the game.
I knew the whole maze.

RIPLEY
The 'maze'? You mean the
air ducts?

NEWT
Yeah, you know. In the walls,
under the floor. I was the
ace. I could hide better
than anybody.

RIPLEY
You're really something, ace.

Ripley's gaze shifts out the windshield as the processing station looms ahead.

EXT. APC/STATION

79

The vast structure towers above the parked personnel carrier. Deploying in front of the APC, backlit by its lights, the troopers cast long shadows. They look ominous. Hulking techno-samurai.

The base of the station is a depthless maze of conduits and pressure vessels, like an oil refinery.

Or a Dantean version of one. The THRUM of functioning machine systems echoes through the labyrinth.

GORMAN
(voice over; static)
Forty meters in. Ramp on
axial two-two. Access to
sublevels.

The troopers start down the open rampway. Light filters down through several levels of steel mesh floor, catwalks and pipes. Below that is darkness.

GORMAN
(voice over; static)
B-Level. Next one down.

The thrumming of machines grows louder as they descend.

INT. APC

80

Huddles around the screens are Ripley, Burke and Gorman. Newt squeezes in from behind. Gorman is doing his video wizard bit, dancing on the buttons.

GORMAN
(to team)
We're not making that out too
well. What is it?

HUDSON
(voice over; static)
You tell me. I only work
here.

INT. COMPLEX

81

The group stands before a bizarre tableau. Among the refinerylike lattice of pipes and conduits something new and not of human design had been added.

It is a structure of some sort, extending from and crudely imitating the complex of plumbing, but made of some strange encrusted substance. It vaguely resembles the chambered nests of swallows on a much larger scale, and it attenuates so gradually into the original hardware that it is hard to see where one ends and the other begins.

The alien structure seems to extend far back into

the complex of machinery. The plant thrums loudly,
its functioning seemingly not impaired.

INT. APC

82

Ripley stares at the scene in dread fascination.

GORMAN
What is it?

RIPLEY
I don't know.

GORMAN
(to team)
Proceed inside.

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

83

They enter the organic labyrinth, playing their
lights over the walls. Revealing a BIO-MECHANICAL
LATTICE, like the marrow of some vast bone. The air
is thick with STEAM. Trickling water. The place
seems almost alive.

INT. APC

84

They watch in various helmet-camera P.O.V.'s of the
wall detail.

RIPLEY
(low)
Oh God...

CLOSE ON VIDEO as it PAN SLOWLY...REVEALING a
bas-relief of detritus from the colony: furniture,
wiring, human bones, skulls...Fused together with a
translucent, epoxylike substance.

DIETRICH
(voice over; static)
Looks like some sort of secreted
resin.

GORMAN
They ripped apart the colony
for building materials.

RIPLEY
And the colonists...When they
were done with them.
(turning)
Newt, you better go sit up

front. Go on.

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

85

Steam swirls around them as the troopers move deeper inside.

FROST
Hotter'n hell in here.

HUDSON
Yeah...but it's a dry
heat.

INT. APC

86

Ripley leans forward suddenly, studying the graphic readout of the STATION GROUND PLAN.

RIPLEY
They're right under the
primary heat exchangers.

BURKE
Yeah? Maybe the organisms like
the heat, that's why they built...

RIPLEY
That's not what I mean. Gorman,
if your men have to use their
weapons in there, they'll rupture
the cooling system.

BURKE
(realizing)
She's right.

GORMAN
So.

RIPLEY
So...then the fusion
containment shuts down.

GORMAN
(impatient)
So? So?

BURKE
We're talking thermonuclear
explosion.

GORMAN

Shit.
 (into
 mike)
Apone, collect magazines
from everybody. We can't
have any firing in there.

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE

87

The troopers look at each other in dismay.

 WIERZBOWSKI
Is he fucking crazy?

 HUDSON
What're we supposed to use,
man? Harsh language?

 GORMAN
 (voice over; static)
Flame-units only. I want
rifles slung.

 APONE
Let's go. Pull 'em out.

He walks among the troopers, collecting the magazines
from each one's weapon.

Vasquez turns hers over reluctantly.

The three who are carrying them get out small
incinerator units. When Apone moves on, Vasquez
slips a spare magazine from concealment and inserts
it in her weapon. Drake does the same. Hicks hangs
back in the shadows. He opens a cylindrical sheath
attached to his battle-harness. Slides out an
old style PUMP TWELVE-GAUGE with a sawed-off butt
stock. Chambers a round.

 HICKS
 (low,
 to Hudson)
I always keep this handy.
For close encounter.

 APONE
 (o.s.)
Let's move. Hicks, back
us up.

The air is thick. Lights flare.

GORMAN
(voice over;
very faint)
Any movement?

Hudson watches his tracker, scanning.

HUDSON
Nothing. Zip.

Apone stops, his expression changing. They face a wall of living horror. The colonists have been brought here and entombed alive...

COCOONS protrude from the niches and interstices of the structure. The cocoon material is the same translucent epoxy. The bodies are frozen in carelessly twisted positions. Macabre image of frozen agony. Many are disiccated. Skeletal. Rip-cages burst outward, as if exploded from within. Paralyzed, brought here, entombed in living death as hosts for the embryos growing within then.

Dietrich moves close to examine one of the figures, perhaps the most "recent." A WOMAN, ghost-white and drained. The WOMAN'S EYES SNAP OPEN...They seem to plead.

DIETRICH
Sir!

The woman's lips move feebly.

WOMAN
Please...God...kill me.

Ripley watches the woman, white knuckled. The sound of RETCHING comes over the general frequency.

The woman begins to convulse. She SCREAMS, a sawing shriek of mindless agony.

APONE
Flame thrower! Move!

Frost hands it to him. Suddenly, the woman's chest EXPLODES in a gout of blood. A SMALL FANGED HEAD EMERGES, HISSING VICIOUSLY.

Apone pulls the trigger. Then the other troopers carrying flame throwers open fire. An orgy of purging fire. The cocoons vanish in the shimmering heat.

A SHRILL SCREECHING begins, like a siren made from fingernails on blackboards.

ANGLE ON WALL as something begins to emerge. Dimly glimpsed, a glistening bio-mechanoid creature larger than a man. Lying dormant, it had blended perfectly with the convoluted surface of fused bone. The troopers don't see it. Smoke from the burning cocoons quickly fills the confined space. Visibility drops to zero.

HUDSON
Movement!

APONE
Position?

HUDSON
Can't lock up...

APONE
(with an edge)
Talk to me, Hudson.

HUDSON
Uh, seems to be in front
and behind.

INT. APC

91

Gorman is plating with the gain controls on the monitors.

GORMAN
We can't see anything back
here, Apone. What's going on?

Ripley senses it coming, like a wave at night. Dark, terrifying and inevitable.

RIPLEY
(low)
Pull you team out, Gorman.

INT. COCOON CHAMBER - TIGHT ON SEVERAL WALLS AND
CEILING NICHES

92

as they come alive. Bonelike, tubelike shapes shift,
becoming emerging ALIENS. Dimly glimpsed...glints
of slime. Silhouettes.

APONE

Go to infrared. Looks sharp
people!

The squad members snap down their image-intensifier
visors.

HUDSON

Multiple signals. All round.
Closing.

Dietrich turns to retreat, her flamethrower held
tightly. A nightmarish silhouette materializes out
of the smoke behind her! It strikes like lightning.
SEIZES HER. She fires reflexively, wild. The jet
of flame engulfs Frost nearby.

Apone spins as the double SCREAM. Can't see anything
in the thick smoke.

INT. APC

93

Ripley watches Frost's monitor go black. His
bio-readouts flatten. The other screens show glimpses
of shimmering infrared silhouettes of the aliens, the
images bobbing and panning confusedly.

INT. COCOON CHAMBER

94

Vasquez nods to Drake with grim satisfaction.

VASQUEZ

Let's rock.

They OPEN UP simultaneously, lighting up the smoke
like welders' arcs.

GORMAN

(voice over; static)
Who's firing? I ordered a
hold fire, dammit!

Vasquez rips off her headset. She is riveted to the
targetting screen, moving ferret-quick in a pivoting
dance. Thunder and lightning. Better than sex for
her. FLASH-CRACK! An alien SCREECH from the darkness.

The battle of phantoms unfolds on the video screens. Ripley flinches as another scream comes over the open frequency. Wierzbowski's monitor breaks up. His life signs plummet. Voices blend and overlap.

HUDSON
(voice over)
Let's get the fuck out of
here!

HICKS
(voice over)
Not that tunnel, the other
one!

CROWE
(voice over)
You sure? Watch it...behind

you. Fucking move, will you!

Gorman is ashen. Confused. Gulping for air like a grouper. How could the situation have unravelled so fast?

RIPLEY
(to Gorman)
GET THEM OUT OF THERE! DO
IT NOW!

GORMAN
Shut up. Just shut up!

CRASH! Crowe's telemetry cuts off like the plug was pulled. Flat line.

GORMAN
Uh,...Apone, I want you to
lay down a suppressing fire
with the incinerators and
fall back by squads to the
APC, over.

APONE
(voice over;
heavy static)
Say again? All after
incinerators?

Ripley watches it fall apart.

GORMAN
I said...

INT. COCOON CHAMBER

96

Apone adjusts his headset.

GORMAN
(voice over;
static)
...lay down (garbled) ...by
squads to...(garbled)

Gorman's voice breaks up completely. A SCREAM.
Apone whirls, uncertain.

APONE
Dietrich? Crowe? Sound
off! Wierzbowski?

Nothing. He spins. Almost blows Hudson's head
off.

HUDSON
(freaked)
We're getting juke! We're
gonna die in here!

Apone hands him a magazine. Hudson slaps it home,
looking truly terrified.

APONE
Yeah. Right. Right! Fuck
the heat exchanger!

He FIRES. Vasquez, nearby, is laying down a
horrendous field of fire. Strobe-bright flashes
sear the darkness. She pivots, firing mechanically
in controlled bursts. Scoring points in her own
private video game.

She SPINS as Hicks approached laterally. WHAM! She
fires "at" him. Hicks whirls...to see a nightmarish
figure right behind him, catapulted backwards by
Vasquez' blast.

INT. APC

97

Apone's monitor SPINS CRAZILY AND GOES DARK.

GORMAN
(distantly)

I told them to fall back...

RIPLEY
(viciously)
They're but off! Do something!

But he's gone. Total brain-lock.

TIGHT ON RIPLEY as she struggles with a decision. She's terrified...of what she knows she's about to do. But more than that, she's furious. Shouldering past a paralyzed Gorman she runs up the aisle of the APC.

RIPLEY
(in passing)
Newt, put your seatbelt on!

Ripley jumps into the driver's seat of the APC. Takes a deep breath. Starts slapping switches.

GORMAN
Ripley, what the hell...?

She slams the tractor into gear.

EXT. APC 98

as the drive-wheels spin on the wet ground. The massive machine leaps forward.

INT. APC 99

Ripley sees smoke pouring out of the complex ahead as she slides sideways onto the descending rampway. She slams the left and right drive-wheel actuators viciously, spinning the machine in a roaring pivot. Gorman lunges forward along the aisle, abandoning his command center.

GORMAN
(shrill)
What are you doing? Turn
around! That's an order!

He claws at her, hysterical. Burke pulls him off.

INT. ALIEN STRUCTURE 100

The APC roars down into the smoky structure, tearing away outcroppings of alien-encrustation. Ripley hits the floodlights. Strobe-beacon. Siren. She homes on the flash of weapons fire ahead.

The APC crashes inside, showering debris. Hicks, supporting a limping Hudson, appears out of the smoke. The APC pulls up broadside and Burke gets the crew-door open.

Drake and Vasquez back out of the dense mist, firing as they fall back.

Drake goes empty, slams the buckles cutting loose his smart-gun harness, and unslings a flame thrower.

Hicks pushes Hudson inside, leaps in after him and drags Vasquez inside, massive gear and all. She sees a DARK SHAPE lunge toward Drake. She fires one burst, prone. Clean body hit.

The flash lights up the hideous inhuman grin, blowing open the thing's thorax. A spray of BRIGHT YELLOW ACID slashes across Drake's face and chest, eating into him like a hot knife through butter. He drops in boiling smoke, reflexively triggering his flame thrower.

The jet of liquid fire arcs around as he falls, engulfing the back half of the APC.

INT. APC
102

Vasquez rolls aside as a gout of napalm shoots through the crew-door, setting the interior on fire. Hicks is rolling the door closed when Vasquez lunges, clawing out the opening. He stops her, dragging her inside.

VASQUEZ
Drake! He's down!

Hicks screams right in her face.

HICKS
He's gone! Forget it, he's gone!

VASQUEZ
(irrational)
No.. No, he's not. He's --

Burke and Hudson help him drag her from the door.

HICKS
(to Ripley)
Let's go!

Ripley jams reverse. Nails the throttle. The APC bellows backward up the ramp. Hudson disappears under a pile of equipment as a storage rack breaks free. Hicks gets the door almost closed. Suddenly CLAWS appear at the edge. Newt screams. Against the combined efforts of Hicks, Burke and Vasquez the door is being SLOWLY WRENCHED OPEN FROM OUTSIDE. Hicks yells at a paralyzed Gorman.

HICKS
Get on the Goddamn door!

Gorman backs away, eyes wide. Hicks jams his shoulder against the latching lever and frees one hand to raise his 12-gauge. An alien head wedges through the opening, its hideous mouth opening. And Hicks jams his SHOTGUN MUZZLE between its jaws and pulls the trigger! BLAM! The creature is flung backward, its shattered head fountaining acid blood. The spray eats into the door, the deck, hits Hudson on the arm. He shrieks. They slide the door home and dog it tight.

EXT. APC
103

The armored vehicle roars backward up the ramp. Slams into a mass of conduit. Tears free. Ripley works the shifters, pivoting the massive machine. Everybody's shouting, trying to put out the fire. Pandemonium.

INT./EXT. APC
104-

105

Something lands on the roof with a metallic clang.

Gorman has plastered himself against a wall, as far from the door as possible. A latch lever behind his head turns. The small hatch against which he was leaning is ripped away and SOMETHING snatches him out the opening. He disappears to the waist with a shriek, legs kicking. The alien clings to the roof, pulling him out. Its tail whips over, scorpionlike, and buries a four inch stinger in Gorman's shoulder. Hicks grabs a joy stick at the FIRE-CONTROL CONSOLE and turns it rapidly. On the roof the alien looks up as servo-motors whir. A remote control turret cannon, a 20mm chain-gun, swivels toward it in a curt arc. VOOM. The creature is blasted off the vehicle's armored back and tumbles away. Gorman, slumped

unconscious, is dragged back inside.

The APC rips away a section of catwalk and heads for clear air, its flank trailing fire like a comet. Ripley fights the controls as the big machine slews, broadsiding a control-room out-building. Office furniture and splintered wall sections are strewn in the APC's wake.

Suddenly, an alien arm arcs down, right in front of Ripley's face. It smashes the windshield. Glistening, hideous jaws lunge inside...

Ripley recoils. Face to face once again with the same mind-numbing horror. She reacts instinctively. Slams both sets of brakes with all her strength. The huge wheels lock. The creature flips off, landing in the headlights. Ripley hits full throttle. The APC roars forward, smashing over the abomination. Its skeletal body is crushed under the massive wheels. It rolls, tumbling...lost in the darkness behind as the machine thunders onto the causeway and away from the station.

A sound like bolts dropped in a meat grinder is coming from the APC's rear end. Hicks eases Ripley's hand back on the throttle lever. Her grip is white knuckled.

HICKS
It's okay...we're clear. We're
clear. Ease up.

The grinding clatter becomes deafening even as she slows the machine.

HICKS
Sounds like a blown transaxle.
You're just grinding metal.

EXT. APC
106

The tractor limps to a halt. A HALF-KILOMETER from the atmosphere processing station. The APC is a smoking, acid-scarred mess.

INT. APC
107

Ripley, still running on the adrenalin dynamo, spins out of her seat into the aisle.

RIPLEY
Newt? Where's Newt?

Feeling a tug at her pants leg she looks down. Newt is wedged into a tiny space between the driver's seat and a bulkhead. She is trembling, and looks terrified, but it's not the basket case catatonia of before.

RIPLEY
You okay?

Newt gives her a THUMBS-UP, wan but stoic. Ripley goes back to the others. Hudson is holding his arm and staring in stunned dismay at nothing, playing it all back in his mind.

HUDSON
Jesus...Jesus...I don't believe
it.

Burke tries to have a look at Hudson's arm.

HUDSON
(jerking away)
I'm all right, leave it!

Ripley joins Hicks who is bent over Gorman, checking for a pulse.

HICKS
He's alive. I think he's paralyzed.

VASQUEZ
He's fucking dead!

She grabs Gorman by the collar, hauling him up roughly, ready to pulp him with her other fist.

VASQUEZ
(to Gorman)
Wake up pendejo! I'm gonna kill
you, you useless fuck!

Hicks pushes her back. Right in her face.

HICKS
Hold it. Hold it. Back off, right
now.

Vasquez releases Gorman. His head smacks the deck. Ripley opens Gorman's tunic, revealing a bloodless purple puncture wound.

RIPLEY
Looks like it stung him.

HUDSON
Hey...hey! Look, Crowe and
Dietrich aren't dead, man.

They turn to see Hudson at the MTOB monitors, pointing
at the bio-function screens.

HUDSON
They must be like Gorman. Their
signs are real low but they ain't
dead!

Hudson is pale, panicky, and his voice echoes around
the tiny metallic space and comes back to all of them
as the near hysteria they all feel, fluttering just
at the edges of their minds.

RIPLEY
You can't help them. Right now
they're being cocooned just like
the others.

HUDSON
(sagging)
Oh, God. Jesus. This ain't
happening.

Ripley and Vasquez lock eyes. Ripley doesn't want
it to be "I told you so" but Vasquez reads it that
way. She turns away with a snap.

INT. MED LAB

108

Bishop is hunched over an occular probe doing a
dissection of one of the dead parasites. Spunkmeyer
enters with some electronics gear on a hand truck
and parks it near Bishop's work table.

SPUNKMEYER
Need anything else?

Bishop waves "no" without looking up.

EXT. COLONY - DROP-SHIP

109

Spunkmeyer emerges, crossing the Tarmac to the loading
ramp of the ship. As he nears the top of the ramp,
his boot slips...skidding on something wet. Kneeling,
he touches a small puddle of thick slime. He shrugs,
and hits the controls to retract the ramp and close
the doors.

INT. APC
110

ON VASQUEZ wired and intense.

VASQUEZ
All right, we can't blow the fuck
out of them...why not roll some
canisters of CN-20 down there.
Nerve gas the whole nest?

HUDSON
Look, man, let's just bug out and
call it even, okay?

RIPLEY
(to Vasquez)
No good. How do we know it'll
effect their biochemistry? I say
we take off and nuke the entire
site from orbit. It's the only
way to be sure.

BURKE
Now hold on a second. I'm not
authorizing that action.

RIPLEY
Why not?

Burke senses the challenge in her tone and backpedals
flawlessly into conciliatory mode.

BURKE
Well, I mean...I know this is an
emotional moment, but let's not
make snap judgments. Let's move
cautiously. First, this physical
installation had a substantial
dollar value attached to it --

RIPLEY
They can bill me. I got a tab
running. What's second?

BURKE
This is clearly an important
species we're dealing with here.
We can't just arbitrarily
exterminate them --

RIPLEY
Bullshit!

VASQUEZ
Yeah, bullshit. Watch us.

HUDSON
Maybe you haven't been keeping up
on current events, but we just got
out asses kicked, pal!

Ripley faces Burke squarely and she's not pleased.

RIPLEY
Look, Burke. We had an agreement.

Burke moves in, lowering his voice. He takes her aside
from the others.

BURKE
I know, I know, but we're dealing
with changing scenarios here. This
thing is major, Ripley. I mean
really major. You gotta go with
its energy. Since you are the
representative of the company who
discovered this species your
percentage will naturally be
some serious, serious money.

Ripley stares at him like he's a particularly
disagreeable fungus.

RIPLEY
You son of a bitch.

BURKE
(hardening)
Don't make me pull rank, Ripley.

RIPLEY
What rank? I believe Corporal Hicks
has authority here.

BURKE
Corporal Hicks!?

RIPLEY
This operation is under military
jurisdiction and Hicks is next in
chain of command. Right?

HICKS
Looks that way.

Burke starts to lose it and it's not a pretty sight.

BURKE
Look, this is a multimillion
dollar operation. He can't make
that kind of decision. He's just
a grunt!
(glances at Hicks)
No offense.

HICKS
(coolly)
None taken.
(into mike)
Ferro, you copying?

FERRO
(voice over; static)
Standing by.

HICKS
Prep for dust-off. We're gonna
need an immediate evac.
(to Burke)
I think we'll take off and nuke
the site from orbit. It's the
only way to be sure.

He winks. Burke looks like a kid whose toy has been
snatched.

BURKE
This is absurd! You don't have
the authority to --

CLACK! The sound of a rifle bolt snapping home
truncates his rant. Vasquez has a pulse-rifle cradled,
not exactly aimed at Burke but not exactly aimed away
either. Her expression is masklike. End of discussion.

Ripley sits behind Newt, putting her arm around her.

RIPLEY
We're going home, honey.

EXT. DROP-SHIP

111

The ship rises through the spray thrown up by the
downblast of the VTOL jets, hovering above the complex
like a huge insect, its searchlights blazing.

EXT. APC
112

The group is filing out of the personnel carrier, which is clearly a write off. Hicks and Hudson have Gorman between them, and the others emerge into the wind. They watch the ship roar in on its final approach.

INT. DROP-SHOP COCKPIT

113

Ferro flicks the intercom switch several times. Thumps her headset mike.

FERRO
Spunkmeyer? Goddammit.

The compartment door behind her slides slowly back.

FERRO

(turning)
Where the fu --

Her eyes widen. It's not Spunkmeyer.

Am impression of leering jaws which blur forward, then a whirl of motion and a truncated scream. The throttle levers are slammed forward in the melee.

EXT. APC - LANDSCAPE - STATION

114

They watch in dismay as the approaching ship dips and VEERS WILDLY. Its main engines ROAR FULL ON and the craft accelerates toward them even as it loses altitude. It skims the ground. Clips a rock formation. The ship slews, sideslipping. It hits a ridge. Tumbles, bursting into flame, breaking up. It arcs into the air, end over end, a Catherine wheel juggernaut.

RIPLEY
Run!

She grabs Newt and sprints for cover as a tumbling section of the ship's massive engine module slams into the APC and it explodes into twisted wreckage.

The drop-ship skips again, like a stone, engulfed in flames...AND CRASHES INTO THE STATION. A TREMENDOUS FIREBALL.

The remainder of the ground team watches their hopes of getting off the planet, and most of their superior fire power, reduced to flaming debris.

There is a moment of stunned silence, then...

HUDSON
(hysterical)
Well that's great! That's just
fucking great, man. Now what the
fuck are we supposed to do, man?
We're in some real pretty shit now!

HICKS
Are you finished?
(to Ripley)
You okay?

She nods. She can't disguise her stricken expression
when she looks at Newt, but the little girl seems
relatively calm. She shrugs with fatalistic acceptance.

NEWT
I guess we're not leaving, right?

RIPLEY
I'm sorry, Newt.

NEWT
You don't have to be sorry. It
wasn't your fault.

HUDSON
(kicking rocks)
Just tell me what the fuck we're
supposed to do now. What're we
gonna do now?

BURKE
(annoyed)
May be could build a fire and
sing songs.

NEWT
We should get back, 'cause it'll
be dark soon. They come mostly
at night. Mostly.

Ripley follows Newt's look to the AP station looming
in the twilight, the burning drop-ship wreckage jammed
into its basal structure.

EXT. CONTROL BLOCK - NIGHT

115

The wind howls mournfully around the metal buildings,
dry and cold.

INT.

The weary and demoralized group is gathered to take stock of their grim options. Vasquez and Hudson are just setting down a scorched and dented packing case, one of several culled from the APC wreckage.

Hicks indicates their remaining inventory of weapons, lying on a table.

HICKS

This is all we could salvage. We've got four pulse-rifles with about fifty rounds each. Not so good. About fifteen M-40 grenades and two flame throwers less than half full...one damaged. And We've got four of these robot-sentry units with scanners and display intact.

He opens one of the scorched cases, revealing a high-tech servo-actuated machine gun with optical sensing equipment, packed in foam.

RIPLEY

How long after we're declared overdue can we expect a rescue?

HICKS

About seventeen days.

HUDSON

Man, we're not going to make it seventeen hours! Those things are going to come in here, just like they did before, man... they're going to come in here and get us, man, long before...

RIPLEY

She survived longer than that with no weapons and no training.

Ripley indicates Newt, who salutes Hudson smartly.

RIPLEY

So you better just start dealing with it. Just deal with it, Hudson...because we need you and I'm tired of your bullshit. Now get on a terminal and call up some kind of floor plan file. Construction blueprints,

maintenance schematics, anything that shows the layout of this place. I want to see air ducts, electrical access tunnels, subbasements. Every possible way into this wing.

Hudson gathers himself, thankful for the direction.
Hicks nods approval of her handling of it.

HUDSON
Aye-firmative. I'm on it.

BISHOP
I'll be in medical. I'd like to continue my analysis.

RIPLEY
Fine. You do that.

INT.
OPERATIONS

117

Burke, Ripley, Hudson and Hicks are bent over a large HORIZONTAL VIDEOSCREEN, like an illuminated chart table. Newt hops from one foot to the other to see.

RIPLEY
This service tunnel is how they're moving back and forth.

HUDSON
Yeah, right, it runs from the processing station right into the sublevel here.

He traces a finger along the abstract ground plan.

RIPLEY
All right. There's a fire door at this end. The first thing we do is put a remote sentry in the tunnel and seal that door.

HICKS
We gotta figure on them getting into the complex.

RIPLEY
That's right. So we put up welded barricades at these intersections...
(pointing)

...and seal these ducts here
and here. Then they can only
come at us from these two
corridors and we create a free
field of fire for the other
two sentry units, here.

Hicks contemplates her game plan and raises his hand,
satisfied.

HICKS
Outstanding. Then all we need's
a deck of cards. All right, let's
move like we got a purpose.

HUDSON
Aye-firmative.

NEWT
(imitating Hudson)
Aye-firmative!

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - SUBLEVEL

118

A long straight service tunnel, lined with conduit,
seems to go on forever. Vasquez and Hudson have
finished setting up two of the robot sentry guns on
tripods in the tunnel.

VASQUEZ
(shouting)
Testing!

She hurls a wastebasket down the tunnel, into the
automatic field of fire. The sentry guns swivel
smoothly, the wastebasket bounces once...and is riddled
by two quick bursts of EXPLODING 10MM ROUNDS into
dime-sized shrapnel. They retreat behind a heavy steel
FIRE DOOR which they roll closed on its track. Vasquez,
using a PORTABLE WELDING TORCH, begins sealing the door
to its frame, as Hudson paces nervously.

HUDSON
Hudson here. A and B
sentries are in place and
keyed. We're sealing the
tunnel.

INT. SECOND LEVEL CORRIDOR

119

Hicks pauses in his work.

HICKS

(into mike)

Roger.

He and Ripley are covering an air duct opening with a metal plate, welding it in place, showering sparks in the dark corridor. Behind them Burke and Newt are moving back and forth with cartons of food on a hand truck, stacking it inside the operations center. Hicks sets down his welder and pulls a small object out of a belt pouch. A braceletlike EMERGENCY LOCATING BEEPER.

HICKS

Here, put this on. Then
I can locate you anywhere
in the complex on this --

He indicates a tiny TRACKER hooked to his battle harness. He shrugs, a little self-consciously.

HICKS

Just a...precaution. You
know.

Ripley pauses for a moment, regarding him quizzically.

RIPLEY

(strapping
it on)

Thanks.

HUDSON

Uh, what's next?

She consults a printout of the floor plan.

EXT. CONTROL BLOCK

120

The wind has died utterly and in the even more eerie stillness a diffuse mist has rolled into shroud the complex. Visibility is low in the fog. Everything looks underwater. There is no movement.

INT. CORRIDOR

121

In the barricaded corridor sentry-gun "C" sits waiting, its "ARMED" light flashing green. Through a hole torn in the ceiling at the far end of the corridor the fog swirls in. Water drips. An expectant hush.

INT. MED LAB ANNEX - OPERATING ROOM

122

Ripley carries an exhausted Newt through the inner connecting rooms of the medical wing. She reaches an OPERATING ROOM which is small but very high-tech ...vaultlike metal walls, strange equipment. Several metal cots have been set up, displacing O.R. equipment which is pushed into one corner.

Newt is resting her head on Ripley's shoulder, barely awake...out of steam. Ripley sets her on one of the cots and Newt lies down.

RIPLEY
Now you just lie here and
have a nap. You're exhausted.

NEWT
I don't want to...I have
scary dreams.

This obviously strikes a chord with Ripley, but she feigns cheerfulness.

RIPLEY
I'll bet Casey doesn't have
bad dreams.

Ripley lifts the doll's head from Newt's tiny fingers and looks inside. It is, of course, empty.

RIPLEY
Nothing bad in here. Maybe
you could just try to be like
her.

Ripley closes the doll's eyes and hands her back. Newt rolls her eyes as if to say "don't pull that five-year-old shit on me, lady. I'm six."

NEWT
Ripley...she doesn't have
bad dreams because she's just
a piece of plastic.

RIPLEY
Oh. Sorry, Newt.

NEWT
My mommy always said there
were no monsters. No real
ones. But there are.

Ripley's expression becomes sober. She brushes damp hair back from the child's pale forehead.

RIPLEY
(quietly)
Yes, there are, aren't there.

NEWT
Why do they tell little kids
that?

Newt's voice reveals her deep sense of betrayal.
She's seen that the world can be just as terrifying
as her most primal child's nightmare if not more
so, and that's a lot worse than finding out there is
no Santa.

RIPLEY
Well, some kids can't handle
it like you can.

NEWT
Did one of those things grow
inside her?

Ripley begins pulling blankets up and tucking them in
around her tiny body.

RIPLEY
I don't know, Newt. That's
the truth.

NEWT
Isn't that how babies come?
I mean people babies...they
grow inside you?

RIPLEY
No, it's different, honey.

NEWT
Did you ever have a baby?

RIPLEY
Yes. A little girl.

NEWT
Where is she?

RIPLEY
(quietly)
Gone.

NEWT
You mean dead.

It's more statement than question. Ripley nods slowly.

She turns, reaching for a PORTABLE SPACE HEATER sitting nearby, and slides it closer to the bed. She switches it on. It HUMS and emits a cozy orange glow.

NEWT

Ripley, I was just thinking...
Maybe I could do you a favor and
fill in for her. Just for a
while. You can try it and if
you don't like it, it's okay.
I'll understand. No big deal.
Whattya think?

Ripley gazes at her a long time before answering...
a conflict between the urge to crush the child to her
in a forever hug and the knowledge that neither of them
may see another dawn.

RIPLEY

I think it's not the worst idea
I've heard all day. Let's talk
about it later.

She switches off the light and starts to rise. Newt
grabs her arm. A plaintive voice in the dark.

NEWT

Don't go! Please.

RIPLEY

I'll be right in the other
room, Newt. And look...I can
see you on that camera right
up there.

Newt looks at the VIDEO SECURITY CAMERA above the door.
Ripley unsnaps the TRACKER BRACELET given to her by
Hicks and puts it on Newt's tiny wrist, cinching it
down.

RIPLEY

Here. Take is for luck. Now
go to sleep...and don't dream.

Ripley walks away and Newt rolls on her side, hugging
Casey and gazing at the hypnotically pulsing function
light on the bracelet. The space heater hums
comfortingly.

ECU Gorman, his eyelids slitted open like those of a corpse, but with the eyes tracking erratically. The only sign of life.

RIPLEY
(voice over)

How is he?

Ripley stands over the Lieutenant, who is lying motionless on an examining table. Bishop looks up from his instruments nearby, the light of a single gooseneck lamp giving his features a macabre cast.

BISHOP
I've isolated a neuro-muscular toxin responsible for the paralysis. It seems to be metabolizing. He should wake up soon.

RIPLEY
Now let me get this straight.
The aliens paralyzed the colonists,
carried them over there,

cocooned them to be hosts for
more of those...

Ripley points at the stasis cylinders containing the face-hugger specimens.

RIPLEY
Which would mean lots of
those parasites, right? One
for each person...over a hundred
at least.

BISHOP
Yes. That follows.

RIPLEY
But these things come from
eggs...so where are all the
eggs coming from.

BISHOP
That is the question of the
hour. We could assume a parallel
to certain insect forms who
have hivelike organization.

An ant of termite colony, for example, is ruled by a single female, a queen, which is the source of new eggs.

RIPLEY

You're saying one of those things
lays all the eggs?

BISHOP

Well, the queen is always physically larger than the others. A termite queen's abdomen is so bloated with eggs that it can't move at all. It is fed and tended by drone workers, defended by the warriors. She is the center of their lives, quite literally the mother of their society.

RIPLEY

Could it be intelligent?

BISHOP

Hard to say. It may have been blind instinct...attraction to the heat of whatever...but she did choose to incubate her eggs in the one spot where we couldn't destroy her without destroying ourselves. That's if she exists, of course.

Ripley ponders the ramifications of Bishop's analysis.

RIPLEY

(rising)

I want those specimens destroyed
as soon as you're done with them.
You understand?

Bishop glances at the creatures, pulsing malevolently in their cylinders.

BISHOP

Mr. Burke have instructions
that they were to be kept alive
in stasis for return to the
company labs. He was very specific.

Ripley feels the fabric of her self-restraint tearing.
She slaps the intercom switch.

RIPLEY

Burke!

INT. MED LAB ANNEX

124

In a small observation chamber separated from the med lab by a glass partition, Ripley and Burke have squared off.

BURKE

Those specimens are worth millions to the bio-weapons division. Now, if you're smart we can both come out of this heroes. Set up for life.

RIPLEY

You just try getting a dangerous organism past ICC quarantine. Section 22350 of the Commerce Code.

BURKE

You've been doing your homework. Look, they can't impound it if they don't know about it.

RIPLEY

But they will know about it, Burke. From me. Just like they'll know how you were responsible for the deaths of one hundred and fifty-seven colonists here --

BURKE

Now, wait a second --

RIPLEY

(stepping on him)
You sent them to that ship. I just checked the colony log... directive dates six-twelve-seventy-nine. Signed Burke, Carter J.

Ripley's fury is peaking, now that the frustration and rage finally have a target to focus on.

RIPLEY

You sent them out there and you didn't even warn them, Burke. Why didn't you warn them?

BURKE

Look, maybe the thing didn't even exist, right? And if I'd made it a major security situation, the

Administration would've stepped in. Then no exclusive rights, nothing.

He shrugs, his manner blase, dismissive.

BURKE

It was a bad call, that's all.

Ripley snaps. She slams him against the wall, surprising herself and him, her hands gripping his collar.

RIPLEY

Bad call? These people are fucking dead, Burke! Well, they're going to nail your hide to the shed... and I'll be there when they do.

She steps back, shaking, and looks at him with utter loathing, as if the depths of human greed are a far more horrific revelation than any alien.

BURKE

(sadly)

I expected more of you, Ripley. I thought you would be smarter than this.

RIPLEY

Sorry to disappoint you.

She turns away and strides out. The door closes. Burke stares after her, his mind a whirl of options.

INT. CORRIDOR

125

Ripley is walking toward operations when a STRIDENT ALARM begins to sound. She breaks into a run.

INT.

OPERATIONS

126

Ripley double-times it to Hicks' TACTICAL CONSOLE where Hudson and Vasquez have already gathered. Hicks slaps a switch, killing the alarm.

HICKS

They're coming. They're in the tunnel.

The TRILLING of the motion sensor remains, speeding up. TWO RED LIGHTS on the tactical display light up simultaneously with an echoing crash of gunfire which

vibrates the floor.

HICKS
Guns A and B. Tracking and firing
on multiple targets.

The RSS guns pound away, echoing through the complex.
Their separate bursts overlap in an irregular rhythm.
A counter on the display counts down the number of
rounds fired.

HUDSON
They must be wall to wall in
there. Look at those ammo counters
go. It's a shooting gallery down
there.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - TIGHT ON RSS GUNS 127

blasting stroboscopically in the tunnels. Their barrels
are overheating, glowing cherry red. One CLICKS empty
and sits smoking, still swiveling to track targets it
can't fire upon.

INT. 128
OPERATIONS

The digital counter on B gun reads zero.

HICKS
B gun's dry. Twenty on A.
Ten. Five. That's it.

SILENCE. Then a GONGLIKE BOOMING echoes eerily up from
sublevel.

RIPLEY
They're at the fire door.

The BOOMING INCREASES in volume and ferocity.

HUDSON
Man, listen to that.

Mixed with the echoing crash-clang is a nerve-wrecking
SCREECH of claws on steel. The intercom buzzes,
startling them.

BISHOP
(voice over)
Bishop here. I'm afraid I have
some bad news.

HUDSON
Well, that's a switch.

INT. OPERATIONS - MINUTES LATER

129

Everyone, including Bishop, is crowded at the window, intently watching the AP station which is a dim silhouette in the mist. Suddenly a column of flame, like an acetylene torch, jets upward from the complex at the base of the cone.

BISHOP
That's it. See it? Emergency venting.

RIPLEY
How long until it blows?

BISHOP
I'm projecting total systems failure in a little under four hours. The blast radius will be about thirty kilometers. About equal to ten megatons.

HICKS
We got problems.

HUDSON
I don't fucking believe this.
Do you believe this?

RIPLEY
And it's too late to shut it down?

BISHOP
I'm afraid so. The crash did too much damage. The overload is inevitable, at this point.

HUDSON
Oh, man. And I was gettin' short, too! Four more weeks and out. Now I'm gonna buy it on this fuckin' rock. It ain't half fair, man!

VASQUEZ
Hudson, give us a break.

They watch as another gas jet lights up the fog-shrouded landscape.

RIPLEY

(to Hicks)
We need the other drop-ship. The
on one the Sulaco. We have to
bring it down on remote, somehow.

HUDSON
How? The transmitter was on the
APC. It's wasted.

RIPLEY
(pacing)
I don't care how! Think of a
way. Think of something.

HUDSON
Think of what? We're fucked.

RIPLEY
What about the colony transmitter?
That up-link tower down at the
other end. Why can't we use that?

BISHOP
I checked. The hard wiring
between here and there was severed
in the fighting.

Ripley is wound up like a dynamo, her mind spinning out
options, grim solutions.

RIPLEY
Well then somebody's just going
to have to go out there. Take a
portable terminal and go out there
and plug in manually.

HUDSON
Oh, right! Right! With those
things running around. No way.

BISHOP
(quietly)
I'll go.

RIPLEY
What?

BISHOP
I'm really the only one qualified
to remote-pilot the ship anyway.
Believe me, I'd prefer not to. I
may be synthetic but I'm not stupid.

RIPLEY

All right. Let's get on it. What'll you need?

VASQUEZ

Listen. It's stopped.

They listen. Nothing. An instant later comes the HIGH-PITCHED TRILLING of a motion-sensor alarm. Hicks looks at the tactical board.

HICKS

Well, they're into the complex.

INT. MED LAB

130

One of the acid holes from the colonists' siege has yielded access to subfloor conduits. Bishop lying in the opening, reaches up to grasp the portable terminal as Ripley hands it down to him. He pushes it into the constricted shaft ahead of him. She then hands him a small satchel containing tools and assorted patch cables, a service pistol and a small cutting torch.

BISHOP

This duct runs almost to the up-link assembly. One hundred eighty meters. Say, forty minutes to crawl down there. One hour to patch in and align the antenna. Thirty minutes to prep the ship, then about fifty minutes flight time.

Ripley looks at her watch.

RIPLEY

It's going to be closer. You better get going.

BISHOP

(cheerfully)

See you soon.

She squirms into the shaft, pushing the equipment along ahead of him with a scraping rhythm. The diameter of the conduit is barely larger than the width of his shoulders. Vasquez slides a metal plate over the hole and begins spot welding it in place.

INT. CONDUIT

131

Bishop looks back as the welder seals him in. He sighs fatalistically and squirms forward. Ahead of him the

conduit dwindles straight to seeming infinity. Like being in the bore of a very long Howitzer.

INT. MED LAB

132

Ripley jumps as an ALARM suddenly blares through the complex.

HICKS
(voice over)
They're in the approach corridor.

RIPLEY
(into mike)
On my way.

Ripley jumps up, unslinging a FLAMETHROWER from her shoulder in one motion, and sprints for Operations with Vasquez. The sound of SENTRY GUNS opening up in staccato bursts echoes from close by.

INT.
OPERATIONS

133

Ripley runs to the tactical console where Hicks is mesmerized by the images from the surveillance cameras. The flashes of the sentry guns flare out the sensitive video, but impressions of figures moving in the smoky corridor are occasionally visible. The robot sentries hammer away, driving streamers of tracer fire into the swirling mist.

HICKS
Twenty meters and closing.
Fifteen. C and D guns down
about fifty percent.

The digital readout whirl through descending numbers. An inhuman SHRILL SCREECHING is audible between bursts of fire.

RIPLEY
Now many?

HICKS
Can't tell. Lots. D gun's
down to twenty. Ten. It's out.

Then the firing from the remaining guns stop abruptly. The video image is a swirling wall of smoke. Small fires burn, dim glows in the mist. There are black and twisted shapes, and pieces of twisted shapes, scattered at the edge of visibility. However, nothing emerges

from the wall of smoke. The motion sensor TONE shuts off.

RIPLEY
They retreated. The guns stopped
them.

The moment stretches. Everyone exhales slowly.

HICKS
Yeah. But look...

The digital counters for the two sentry guns read "0"
and "10" respectively. Less than a second's worth of
firing.

HICKS
Newt time then can walk right
up and knock.

RIPLEY
But they don't know that. They're
probably looking for other ways
to get in. That'll take them awhile.

HUDSON
Maybe we got 'em demoralized.

HICKS
(to Vasquez
and Hudson)
I want you two walking the perimeter.
I know we're all in strung out
shape but stay frosty and alert.
We've got to stop any entries before
they get out of hand.

The two troopers nod and head for the corridor. Ripley
sighs and picks up a cup of cold coffee, draining it in
one gulp.

HICKS
How long since you slept?
Twenty-four hours?

Ripley shrugs. She seems soul weary, drained by the
nerve-wracking tension. When she answers, her voice
seems distant, detached.

RIPLEY
(grimly)
They'll get us.

HICKS

Maybe. Maybe not.

RIPLEY

Hicks, I'm not going to wind up like those others. You'll take care of it won't you, it if comes to that?

HICKS

If it comes to that, I'll do us both. Let's see that it doesn't. Here, I'd like to introduce you to a close personal friend of mine.

He picks up his pulse-rifle and with the casually precise movements of long practice he snaps open the bolt, drops out the magazine and hands it to her.

HICKS

M-41A 10mm pulse-rifle, over and under with a 30mm pump-action grenade launcher.

Ripley hefts the weapon. It is heavy and awkward. But there is an irrational promise of security in its lethal cold steel lines, to at least the sense that she will be in some greater measure the master of her own fate. She raises it clumsily.

RIPLEY

What do I do?

INT. CONDUIT

134

Bishop is in claustrophobic limbo between two echoing infinities. The pipe rings with his scraping advance. He approaches an irregular hole which admits a tiny shaft of light. He puts his eyes up to the acid-etched opening.

HIS P.O.V. as drooling jaws flash toward us, SLAMMING against the steel with a vicious scraping SNAP.

Bishop flattens himself away from the opening and inches along, looking pale and strained. He glances at his watch.

INT.

OPERATIONS

135

Ripley has the stock of the M-41A snugged up to her cheek and is awkwardly trying to keep up with Hicks' instructions. The Corporal is standing close behind her, positioning her arms. It's intimate but that's the

last thing on their minds.

HICKS
Just pull it in real right. It
will kick some. When the counter
here heads zero, hit this...

He thumbs a button and the magazine drops out, clattering
on the floor.

HICKS
Just let it drop right out. Get
the other one in quick. Just
slap it in hard, it likes abuse.
Now, pull the bolt.

CLACK.

HICKS
You're ready again.

Ripley repeats the action, not very smoothly. Her hands
are trembling. She indicates a stout TUBE underneath
the slender pulse-rifle barrel.

RIPLEY
What's this?

HICKS
Well, that's the grenade launcher
...you probably don't want to
mess with that.

RIPLEY
Look, you started this. Now show
me everything. I can handle myself.

HICKS
Yeah. I've noticed.

INT. CORRIDOR

136

DOLLYING WITH Ripley walking down the corridor, now
carrying the newfound friend, the M-41A. Gorman steps
out of the door to the med lab, looking weak but sound.
Burke is right behind him.

RIPLEY
How do you feel?

GORMAN
All right, I guess. One hell
of a hangover. Look, Ripley...

I...

RIPLEY
Forget it.

She shoulders by him into the med lab. Gorman turns to see Vasquez staring at him with cold, slitted eyes.

GORMAN
You still want to kill me?

VASQUEZ
(turning away)
It won't be necessary.

INT. MED LAB - ANNEX

137

Ripley crosses the deserted lab, passing through the annex to the small O.R. where she left Newt.

INT. MED LAB - O.R.

138

Entering the darkened chamber, Ripley looks around. Newt is nowhere to be seen. On a hunch she kneels down and peers under the bed. Newt is curled up there, jammed as far back as she can get, fast asleep. Still clutching "Casey."

Ripley stares at Newt's tiny face, so angelic despite the demons that have chased her through her dreams and the reality between dreams. Ripley lays the rifle on top of the cot and crawls carefully underneath. Without waking the little girl, she slips her arms around her.

Ripley becomes merely the larger of two children huddling together in the darkness under their bed.

Newt's face contorts with the externalization of some tormented dreamscape. She cries out, a vague inarticulate plea. Ripley rocks her gently.

RIPLEY
There, there. Sssshh. It's all right.

EXT. Up-LINK TOWER - VIEW OF AP STATION

139

A VIEW OF the processing station from the colony landing platform. A rising wind is clearing out the low fog and the silhouette of the station grows sharper. Several systems of high pressure conduits at the base of the conical tower are actually glowing dull red with heat in the darkness. High voltage discharges arc around the

upper latticework, lighting the blighted landscape with irregular glaring flashes.

PAN ONTO BISHOP, F.G. hunched against the wind at the base of the telemetry tower. He has a TEST-BAY PANEL open and the portable terminal patched in. His jacket is draped over the keyboard and monitor unit to protect it from the elements and he is typing frenetically.

BISHOP
(to himself)
Now, if I did it right...

He punches a key marked "ENABLE."

INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT

140

The drop bay is empty and silent, with the remaining ship brooding in the shadows. A KLAXON sounds and rotating clearance lights come on. Hydraulics whine to life. Drop-ship two moves out on its overhead track and is lowered into the drop bay for launch-prep. Service booms and fueling couplers move in automatically around the hull. A recorded announcement echoes across the huge chamber.

FEMALE VOICE
Attention. Attention. Automatic
fueling operations have begun.
Please extinguish all smoking
materials.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TIGHT ON RIPLEY - MED LAB

141

as she awakens with a start. She checks her watch... an hour has passed. She gently disengages herself from Newt and is about to crawl out from beneath the cot when she sees something and FREEZES.

Across the room, just inside the door to the med lab, are two innocuous but nonetheless chilling objects. TWO STASIS CYLINDERS. Their tops are hinged open, and the suspension fields are switched off. They are both EMPTY. Ripley feels a slow upwelling wave of terror rise through her in that silent frozen moment...the inescapable certainty of a lethal presence. Unable to move or breathe, she looks around frantically, assessing the situation.

RIPLEY
(whispers)
Newt. Newt, wake up.

NEWT

Wah...? Where are...?

RIPLEY

(whispers)

Sssh. Don't move. We're in trouble.

Newt nods, now wide awake. They listen in the darkness for the slightest betrayal of movement. The scrabble of multiple legs across the polished floor, for example.

There is only the droning HUM of the little space heater. Ripley reaches up and, clutching the springs of the underside of the cot, begins to inch it away from the wall.

The SQUEAL OF METAL as the legs scrape across the floor is jarringly loud in the stillness.

When the space is wide enough she cautiously slides herself up between the wall and the edge of the cot, reaching for the rifle she left lying on top of the mattress. Here yes clear the edge of the bed. The rifle is GONE.

She snaps her head around. A SCUTTLING SHAPE LEAPS TOWARD HER from the foot of the bed! She ducks with a startled cry. The obscene thing hits the wall above her, legs moving lightning fast. Reflexively she slams the bed against the wall, pinning the creature inches above her face. Its legs and tail writhe with incredible ferocity and it emits a demented, piercing SQUEAL.

Ripley heaves Newt across the polished floor and in a frenzied scramble rolls from beneath the cot. She flips it over, trapping the creature underneath.

They back away, gasping. Ripley's eyes flash around the shadowed room where every corner of space between equipment holds lethal promise. The creature scuttles from beneath the bed and disappears under a back of cabinets in a blur. Ripley hugs Newt close and heads toward the door, moving as if every object in the room had a million volts running through it. She reaches the door. Hits the wall switch. Nothing happens. Disabled from outside. She tries the lights. Nothing. She pounds on the door. The acoustically dampened door panel thunks dully. She moves to the observation window, glancing frantically over her shoulder. The bare floor behind her is like a screaming threat.

RIPLEY

(shouting)
Hey...hey!

She pounds on the window. Through the double thickness window we can SEE that the lab is dark and empty. Ripley whirls, hearing a loathsome scrabbling behind her. Newt starts to whimper, feeding off her fear. She steps in front of the video surveillance camera and waves her arms in a circle.

RIPLEY
Hicks! Hicks!

INT. OPERATIONS - TIGHT ON VIDEO MONITOR

142

showing Ripley waving her arms. There is no sound, a surreal pantomime.

A hand ENTERS FRAME and switches off the monitor. Ripley's image vanishes.

WIDER ANGLE as Burke straightens casually from the console. Hicks is talking via headset with Bishop and hasn't noticed Ripley's plight or Burke's action.

HICKS
(into mike)
Roger. Check back when you've
activated the ship.
(turning)
He's at the up-link tower.

BURKE
(calmly)
Excellent.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

143

Ripley picks up a steel chair and slams it against the observation window. It bounces back from the high-impact material. She tries again.

REVERSE ANGLE from the med lab side, showing her futile efforts, the chair hitting with a dull THWACK barely audible through the double thickness pressure port.

Ripley turns, studying the room. She fumbles through a clutter of equipment on a counter next to her and finds a SMALL EXAMINATION LIGHT. Snapping it on she plays the beam over the walls. Tall assemblies of surgical and anaesthesiology equipment loom in the

dark. She hears, or thinks she hears, movements. The light spins across the room, swiveling and bobbing frantically. Like an indicator of her growing panic. Newt starts a thin, high wailing.

NEWT
Mommy...mommmmyyyy...

Ripley steadies herself, realizing Newt's terror and the child's dependence on her. She plays the beam across the ceiling. Holds on something. Gets an idea. She removes her lighter from a jacket pocket and picks up some papers from the counter. Moving cautiously she boosts Newt up onto the SURGICAL TABLE in the center of the room and clambers up after her.

NEWT
Mommy...I mean, Ripley...I'm scared.

RIPLEY
I know, honey. Me too.

Ripley lights the papers and holds the flaming mass under the temperature sensor of a fire control system SPRINKLER HEAD. It triggers, spraying the room from several sources with water. An ALARM sounds throughout the complex.

INT.
OPERATIONS

144

Hicks jumps at the sound of the alarm, finally identifying its source among the lights flashing on his board. He bolts for the door, yelling into his headset as he moves.

HICKS
Vasquez, Hudson, meet me in medical! We got a fire!

INT. OPERATING ROOM

145

Ripley and Newt are drenched as the sprinklers continue to drizzle in the darkness. The SIREN hoots maniacally, masking all other sound. Ripley scans the room with her light, her hair plastered to her face, wiping water out of her eyes. She is eye level with a complex surgical MULTILIGHT. She looks into its tangle of arms and cables, inches away. Looks away. Her eyes snap back. SOMETHING LEAPS AT HER FACE. She SCREAMS and topples off the table, splashing to the floor. Newt shrieks and scrambles away as Ripley hurls the CHITTERING creature off of

her. It slams against a wall of cabinets, clings for a moment, then leaps back as if driven by a steel spring. Ripley scrambles desperately, pulling equipment over on top of herself, clawing across the floor in a frenzy of motion. In a blurr of multijointed legs the creature scuttles up her body.

She tears at it, but it is incredibly powerful for its size. It moves like lightning toward her head, avoiding her fumbling hands. Newt screams abjectly, backing away, until she is pressed up against a desk in one corner.

Ripley has both hands up, forcing the pulsing body back from her face. The thing's tail whips around her throat and begins to tighten, forcing the underside of its body close to her. Ripley thrashes about, knocking over equipment, sending instruments CLATTERING. Water streams over her, into her eyes, blinding her and making it impossible to get a grip on the creature's body.

ANGLE ON NEWT as crablike legs appear from behind the desk, right behind her. She sees it and, thinking fast, jams the desk against the wall, pinning the writhing thing. The desk jumps and shudders against all the pressure her tiny body can bring to bear on it. She wails between gritted teeth as the second creature gets one leg free, then another and another. Squeezing itself inexorably onto the desk top...toward her.

The legs of the chittering thing claw at Ripley's head, getting a surer grip even as she whips her head from side to side. The obscene TUBULE extrudes wetly from the sheath on the creature's underside, forcing itself between the arms she has crossed tightly over her face.

A figure appears at the observation window, a silhouette behind the misted-over glass. A hand wipes a clear spot. Hick's eyes appear. He steps back. WHAM! A burst of pulse-rifle fire shatters the tempered glass. Hicks dives into the crazed spider web pattern and explodes into the room in a shower of fragments. He hits rolling, his armor grinding through the shards, and slides across to Ripley. He gets his fingers around the thrashing legs of the vicious beast and pulls. Between the two of them they force it away from her face, though Ripley is losing strength as the tail tightens sickeningly around her throat. Hudson leaps into the room, flings Newt away from the desk to go skidding across the wet floor, and blasts the second creature against the wall. Point-blank. Acid and smoke.

Gorman appears at Ripley's side and grabs the tail,

unwinding its writhing length like a boa constrictor coil from her throat. All of them grip the struggling, SHRIEKING creature.

HICKS
The corner! Ready?

HUDSON
Do it!

Hicks hurls the thing into the corner. It scrabbles upright in an instant and leaps back toward them. WHAM! Hudson gets it clean.

Ripley collapses, gagging. The alarm and sprinklers shut off automatically. Hicks sees the stasis cylinders.

RIPLEY
(coughing)
Burke...it was Burke.

INT. OPERATIONS - ANGLE ON HUDSON

146

looking decidedly stressed-out. He grips his rifle tightly, AIMED RIGHT AT CAMERA.

HUDSON
(intense)
I say we grease this rat-fuck
son of a bitch right now!

THE GROUP is gathered around Burke who sits in a chair, maintaining an icy calm although beads of sweat betray intense concealed tension. Only a few minutes have passed and everyone is still buzzed on adrenaline, as if the whole group is charged with high voltage.

HICKS
(pacing)
I don't get it. It doesn't
make any Goddamn sense.

Ripley stands in front of Burke, every fiber of her being accusing him with absolute outrage. Burke tries to break Ripley's stare, which is like a diamond drill. He can't.

RIPLEY
He wanted an alien, only he
couldn't get it back through
quarantine. But if we were impregnated

...whatever you call it...and then
frozen for the trip back at just
the right time...then nobody would
know about the embryos we were carrying.
We and Newt.

Ripley glances at the little girl, a frail figure
sitting nearby, hugging her knees and watching the
proceedings with somber eyes. She is all but lost in
an adult jacket someone has found for her, and her still
damp hair is plastered to her forehead and cheeks.

HICKS
Wait a minute. We'd know about it.

RIPLEY
The only way it would work is if
he sabotaged certain freezers
on the trip back. Then he could
jettison the bodies and make up
any story he liked.

HUDSON
Fuuuck! He's dead.
(to Burke)
You're dogmeat, pal.

BURKE
This is total paranoid delusion.
It's pitiful.

RIPLEY
(wearily)
You know, Burke, I don't know
which species is worse. You don't
see them screwing each other over
for a fucking percentage.

HICKS
(serious)
Let's waste him.
(to Burke)
No offense.

Ripley shakes her head, the rage giving way to a
sickened emptiness.

RIPLEY
Just find someplace to lock him
up until it's time to --

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Everyone stops in the sudden darkness,
realizing instinctively it is a new escalation in the
struggle. Hicks looks at the board. Everything is out.

Doors. Video screens.

RIPLEY
They cut the power.

HUDSON
What do you mean, they cut the
power? How could they cut the
power, man? They're animals.

Ripley picks up her rifle and thumbs off the safety.

RIPLEY
Newt! Stay close.
(to the others)
Let's get some trackers going.
Come on, get moving. Gorman, watch
Burke.

Hudson and Vasquez pick up their scanners and move to
the door. Vasquez has to slide it open manually on its
track.

INT. CORRIDOR

147

The two troopers separate and move rapidly to the
barriers at opposite ends of the control block.

DOLLYING WITH VASQUEZ as she moves forward with feral
steps in the darkness.

ON HUDSON scanning the med lab and the nearby barrier.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Anything?

BEEP. Hudson's tracker lights up, a faint signal.

HUDSON
There's something.

He pans it around. Back down the corridor. It beep
again, louder.

HUDSON
It's inside the complex.

VASQUEZ
(voice over)
You're just reading me.

HUDSON

No. No! It ain't you. They're
inside. Inside the perimeter.
They're in here.

RIPLEY
Hudson, stay cool. Vasquez?

ANGLE ON VASQUEZ swinging her tracker and rifle together.
She aims it behind her. BEEP.

VASQUEZ
(cool)
Hudson may be right.

INT.
OPERATIONS

148

Ripley and Hicks share a look..."here we go."

HICKS
(low)
It's game time.

RIPLEY
Get back here, both of you. Fall
back to Operations.

INT. CORRIDOR

149

Hudson backtracks nervously, peering all around. He
looks stretched to the limit.

HUDSON
This signal's weird...must be
some interference or something.
There's movement all over the
place...

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Just get back here!

Hudson reaches the door to operations at a run, a
moment before Vasquez. They pull the door shut and
lock it.

INT.
OPERATIONS

150

Hudson joins Ripley and Hicks, who are laying out their
armament. Flamethrowers. Grenades. M-41A magazines.
Hudson's tracker beeps. Then again. The tone continues
through the SCENE, its rhythm increasing.

HUDSON
Movement! Signal's clean.

He pans the scanner. Stops. The range display reads out, counting down.

HUDSON
Range twenty meters.

RIPLEY
(to Vasquez)
Seal the door.

Vasquez picks up a hand-welder and moves to comply.

HUDSON
Seventeen meters.

HICKS
Let's get these things lit.

He hands one flamethrower to Ripley and begins priming the other himself. It lights with a muffled POP. Ripley's lights a moment later. Sparks shower around Vasquez as she begins welding the door. Hudson's tracker is beeping like mad now, as fast as their hearts.

RIPLEY
They learned. They cut the power
and avoided the guns. They must
have found another way in, something
we missed.

HICKS
We didn't miss anything.

HUDSON
Fifteen meters.

RIPLEY
I don't know, an acid hole in
a duct. Something under the
floors, not on the plans.
I don't know!

She picks up Vasquez' scanner and aims it the same direction as Hudson's.

HUDSON
Twelve meters. Man, this is a big
fucking signal. Ten meters.

RIPLEY
They're right on us. Vasquez,
how you doing?

Vasquez is heedlessly showering herself with molten metal
as she welds the door shut. Working like a demon.

HUDSON
Nine meters. Eight.

RIPLEY
Can't be. That's inside the room!

HUDSON
It's readin' right. Look!

Ripley fiddles with her tracker, adjusting the tuning.

HICKS
Well you're not reading it right!

HUDSON
Six meters. Five. What the fu --

He looks at Ripley. It dawns on both of them at the same
time. She feels a cold premonitory dread as she angles
her tracker upward to the ceiling, almost overhead. The
tone gets louder.

Hicks climbs onto a file cabinet and raises a panel of
acoustic drop-ceiling. He shines his light inside.

HICKS' P.O.V.

151

A soul-wrenching nightmare image. Moving in the beam of
light are aliens. Lots of aliens. They are crawling
like bats, upside down, clinging to the pipes and beams
of the structural ceiling, not touching the flimsy
acoustic panels. They glisten hideously as they claw
their way forward in silence. They cover the ceiling
of the operations room. The inner sanctum is utterly
violated.

ON HICKS
152

blasted by fear.

Something moves...he snaps the light around. It's a
meter behind him. IT LUNGES! He drops reflexively,
the claws raking across his armor.

Hicks falls into the room just as the creatures detach

en masse from the handholds. THE CEILING EXPLODES, raining debris. Nightmare shapes drop into the room. Newt screams. Hudson opens fire. Vasquez grabs Hicks, pulls him up, firing one handed with her flamethrower. Ripley scoops up Newt and staggers back. Gorman turns to fire and Burke bolts for the only remaining exit, the corridor connecting to the med lab. In the strobelike glare of the pulse-rifles we SEE flashes of aliens, moving forward in the smoke from the flamethrower fires. They move like nothing human... leaping quick as insects at times or gliding with powerful, balletic grace.

RIPLEY
Medical! Get to medical!

She dashes for the corridor.

INT. MED LAB CORRIDOR

153

DOLLYING BEHIND HER as she sprints, the walls becoming a frenzied blur. Ahead of her Burke clears the door to the med lab. HE SLIDES IT CLOSED. Ripley slams into the door. Tries the latch. Hears it LOCK from the far side.

RIPLEY
Burke! Open the door!

NEWT
Look!

Behind her an alien is moving down the corridor like a locomotive, a graceful skeleton shape as lethal and inhuman as you can imagine. Strobe flashes backlight the demented silhouette. Shaking, Ripley raises her rifle. She squeezes the trigger. NOTHING HAPPENS. The creature HISSES, baring its teeth as it advances. Ripley checks the SAFETY. The safety is off. The DIGITAL COUNTER. The magazine is full. Newt begins to wail. Ripley's hands, slick with sweat, are trembling so much she almost drops the rifle. Panic screams in her brain. The thing is almost on her, filling the corridor, when she remembers. She snaps the bolt back, chambering a round. Whips the stock to her shoulder. FIRES. FLASH-CRACK! A FLASHBULB GLIMPSE OF shrieking jaws as the silhouette is hurled back, screeching insanely.

Ripley is slammed against the door by the recoil, blinded by the flash and deafened by the concussion.

INT.
OPERATIONS

154

Hicks looks up. Fires POINT-BLANK at a leaping silhouette. SCREEEECH! The fire-control system has tripped, with sprinklers spraying the room and a mindless SIREN wailing. Total pandemonium.

HUDSON
(hysterical)
Let's go! Let's go!

HICKS
Fuckin' A!

Hudson screams as floor panels lift under him, and clawed arms seize him lightning fast, dragging him down. Another skeletal shape leaps on him from above. He disappears into the subfloor crawlway. Hicks, Vasquez and Gorman make it to the med lab access corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Stunned, Ripley sees through dissipating smoke the creature rising to advance again. Flinching against blast and glare she drills it POINT-BLANK with a BLINDING BURST that carries the M-41A's muzzle right up toward the ceiling. Newt covers her ears against the CONCUSSION.

HICKS
(o.s.)
Hold you fire!

The troopers seem to materialize out of the smoke.

RIPLEY
(indicating door)
Locked.

HICKS
Stand back.

Hicks snaps the torch off his belt and cuts into the lock. Inhuman shapes enter the far end of the corridor. Vasquez hands her flamethrower to Gorman and unslings her rifle. She starts loading 30mm grenades into the launcher, like oversize 12-guage shells.

GORMAN
You can't use those in here!

VASQUEZ
Right. Fire in the hole!

She pumps a round up and fires. The grenade EXPLODES and the blast almost knocks them down. Hicks kicks the door open, molten droplets flying.

HICKS
(shouting at Vasquez)
Thanks a lot! Now I can't hear shit.

VASQUEZ
(shouting)
What?

INT. MED LAB ANNEX

156

Vasquez slides the door almost closed, then fires three grenades rapid-fire through the gap. She slams the door home as the grenades detonate, the explosion sounding gonglike through the metal.

Ripley sprints across the room, trying the far door. Burke has locked it as well. Hicks switches his hand-torch from CUT to WELD and starts sealing the door they just passed through.

INT. MED LAB

157

Burke, hyperventilating with terror, backs across the dark chamber. Gasping, almost paralyzed with fear, he crosses the chamber to the door leading to the main concourse. His fingers reach for the latch. It moves by itself. The door opens slowly.

ON BURKE his eyes wide, transfixed by his fate. We hear the BULLWHIP CRACK of a tail-stinger striking as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MED LAB ANNEX

158

The door dimples with a clanging impact, separating slightly from its frame. Another crash, the squeal of tortured steel. Newt grabs Ripley by the hand and tugs her across the room.

NEWT
Come on! This way.

She leads Ripley to an air vent set low in the wall and expertly unlatches the grille, swinging it open. Newt starts inside but Ripley pulls her back.

RIPLEY
Stay behind me.

Ripley trades her rifle for Gorman's flamethrower before he can protest and enters the air shaft, which is a tight fit. Newt scrambles in behind, followed by Hicks, Gorman and Vasquez on rearguard. Glancing back fearfully Newt pushes on Ripley's butt as they crawl rapidly through the shaft.

NEWT
Come on. Crawl faster.

RIPLEY
DO you know how to get to the
landing field from here?

NEWT
Sure. Go left.

Ripley turns into a larger MAIN DUCT where there is enough room to crab-walk in a low crouch. She runs, scraping her back on the ceiling. The troopers' armor clatters in the confined space. They approach an intersection. She fires the flamethrower around the corner, the looks. Clear.

NEWT
Go right.

They sprint into the narrow connecting duct, the maze becoming a blur. Ripley fires the flamethrower periodically, as they pass side ducts covered by louvered grilles or vertical shafts going to higher or lower levels.

HICKS
(into headset)
Bishop, you read me? Come in, over.

There is a long pause then Bishop's VOICE, almost unintelligible with interference, comes over the radio.

BISHOP
(voice over;
static)
Yes, I read you. Not very well...

EXT. UP-LINK RELAY - LANDING FIELD

159

Bishop is huddled against the base of the telemetry mast, out of the wind which is now gusting viciously.

BISHOP
(yelling;

over enunciating)
The ship is on its way. ETA
about sixteen minutes. I've
got my hands full flying...
the weather's come up a bit.

Bishop's fingers are blurring over the terminal keys and
he squints, watching the screen as the flight telemetry
updates rapidly.

In the b.g. the AP station has become a raging demon,
wreathed in boiling steam and electrical discharges.

INT. AIR DUCT

160

HICKS
All right, stand by there. We're
on our way. Over.

The beam of Ripley's light wavers hypnotically in the
tunnel ahead. She blinks, seeing something...not sure.
A GLINTING OBSCURE FORM MOVING TOWARD THEM, filling the
tunnel at the absolute limit of the light's power.

RIPLEY
Back. Go back!

They try to crawl back, jamming together. Behind them,
the way they have come, a GRATING is battered in with a
FEROCIOUS CLANG and the deadly silhouette of a warrior
flows into the duct. They are trapped. Vasquez uses
her flamethrower, bathing the tunnel in fire. Hicks
snaps out his hand-welder and cuts into the wall of the
duct. Molten metal spatters him, as sparks fill the
tunnel with lurid light. Vasquez' flamethrower sputters.

VASQUEZ
(icy)
Losing fuel.

Between eye-searing bursts of flame Ripley sees the
glistening apparitions closing in. Hicks' torch feathers
out. Empty. Bracing his back he kicks hard at the
cherry-hot metal. It bends aside.

Beyond is a narrow SERVICE WAY, lined with pipes and
conduit. Hicks slides through the searing hole,
lifting Newt safely through as Ripley hands her out.
Ripley follows and turns to help Gorman. Vasquez'
flamethrower goes dry. She draws her SERVICE PISTOL.
Suddenly she looks up as a WARRIOR SCREECHES DOWN FROM
A VERTICAL SHAFT, right above her.

She fires with incredible rapidity...BAM! BAM! BAM!

Rolls aside. It lands on her legs and she snaps her head to one side just as its TAIL STINGER buries into the metal wall beside her cheek. She fires again, emptying the pistol, kicking the thrashing shape away.

Acid cuts through her chickenplate armor, searing into her thigh. She cries out, gritting her teeth against the white-hot pain. Gorman sees Vasquez hit, unable to move. Sees the creatures coming the other way...and turns away from the escape hole. He crawls back to her, grabs her battle harness and starts dragging her towards safety. Too late. The approaching alien warriors have reached and passed the opening. Vasquez sees him, barely conscious.

VASQUEZ
(hoarse whisper)
You always were an asshole, Gorman.

She seizes his hand in a deadly grip, but we RECOGNIZE it as the "power greeting" she shared with Drake... something for the chosen few. Gorman returns the grip. He hands her two grenades and arms two himself as the creatures are upon them.

INT. SERVICE
WAY

161

RUSHING WITH Ripley, Newt and Hicks as a full tilt run. The service way lights up with a POWERFUL BLAST behind them and they stumble with the shock wave. Newt breaks out ahead and it's all Ripley and Hicks can do to keep up.

NEWT
This way. Come on, we're almost there!

RIPLEY
Newt, wait!

The kid moves like lightning, diving and dodging around obstacles. If it wasn't clear before it's clear now that we are on her turf, and she's the ace. Running on and on, their breathing loud and echoing...the walls a directionless blur. Newt never hesitates.

They reach a junction with a narrow ANGLED CHUTE which runs upward at a steep 45 degrees.

NEWT
Here! Go up.

INT.

Ripley looks up the angles shaft, seeing light at the top...an exterior vent hood. The sound of wind booms down from above. Like blowing across a bottle top vastly amplified.

Ripley enters, bracing her feet on perilously narrow side ribs in the shaft. She looks down. The chute descends far into the depths, lost in shadow. She starts to climb with Newt behind/below her, and Hicks, just emerging from the side duct.

NEWT
Just up there --

Newt slips, a rusted rib collapsing under her foot. She slides...catches herself with one hand. Ripley reaches for her, dropping her light. The hand-light goes skittering and bumping down the chute, around a bend, and disappears.

Ripley strains, reaching, her hand groping for Newt's. They miss, inches apart.

NEWT
Riiiiipppleee --

She slips. Hicks lunges, grabbing her oversized jacket. AND SHE SLIPS OUT OF IT. With an echoing scream Newt plummets, sliding down the chute into darkness.

MOVING WITH HER, the walls racing by in a dizzy blur like a bobsled ride. The shaft pitches left. Newt bounces, sliding halfway up the wall. The chute forks ahead. Newt tumbles into the right shaft, which drops at a steeper angle into the depths. Just disappearing down the LEFT SHAFT we SEE Ripley's light.

Ripley looks Hicks in the eye. And kicks free...sliding down the chute after Newt. Ripley slams her feet into the side-ribs, bracing herself in a controlled descent. Ripley reaches the "V." Sees the glow of the light in the left fork. She goes left.

RIPLEY
Newt!

She hears a plaintive reply, so echoey and distorted it has no direction.

NEWT
(o.s.)

Mommy...where are you?

Ripley reaches the bottom of the chute where it intersects with a HORIZONTAL SERVICE TUNNEL. The light is lying there, but no Newt. The echoing wail comes again.

NEWT
(O.S.)
Mooooommmeee...

Ripley starts down the tunnel, answering. Newt's call comes again. Fainter? She can't tell. She spins in a growing panic, starts the other way.

RIPLEY
(to her headset)
Hicks, get down here. I need
that locator.

INT.
SUBBASEMENT

163

Newt is in a low grottolike chamber, filled with pipes and machines. It is flooded, almost up to Newt's waist. She looks up, seeing light streaming through a grating. Ripley's voice seems to come from there.

RIPLEY
(O.S.)
Newt! Star wherever you are!

Newt climbs some pipes, straining to reach the grating.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

164

Hicks joins Ripley, unsnapping the emergency-locator from his belt. They follow the signal into a lighted area where the power apparently was not cut.

HICKS
This way. We're close...

Following the signal they come to a grating set in the floor.

NEWT
Here! I'm here. I'm here.

Ripley runs to the grating. Looking down she sees Newt's tearstreaked face. Newt reaches up. Her tiny fingers wriggle up through the bars of the grate. Ripley squeezes the child's precious fingertips.

RIPLEY
Climb down, honey. We have to
cut through this grate.

Newt backs away, climbing down the pipe as Hicks cuts
into the bars with his hand-torch.

INT.
SUBBASEMENT

165

Newt, standing waist deep in the water, watches sparks
shower blindingly as Hicks cuts. She bites her lip,
trembling. Cold and terrified. Silently a glistening
shape rises in one graceful motion from the water behind
her. It stands, dripping, dwarfing her tiny form. Newt
turns, sensing the movement...She SCREAMS as the
shadow engulfs her.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

166

Ripley panics, hearing screaming below, then splashing.
She and Hicks kick desperately at the grating, smashing
it down. Heedless of the cherry-hot edges Ripley
lunges into the hole with her light.

RIPLEY
Newt! Newt!

The surface of the water reflects the beam placidly.
Newt is gone. Bobbing in the water, eyes staring, is
"Casey" the doll head. In sinks slowly, distorting,
vanishing in darkness.

Hicks pulls Ripley away from the hole. She struggles
furiously, trying to tear out of his grip.

RIPLEY
No! Noooo!

He drags her back. It takes all of his strength.

HICKS
(intense)
She's gone! Let's go!

He sees something moving toward them through a lattice
of pipes. Ripley is irrational. Hysterical.

RIPLEY
No! No! She's alive! We
have to --

HICKS
All right! She's alive. I
believe it. But we gotta get
moving! Now!

He drags her toward an ELEVATOR not far away at the end of the tunnel. Gets her inside, slamming her against the back wall. Hits the button to go to surface level. An alien warrior leaps into the tunnel, starts toward them. The doors are closing. Not fast enough. The creature gets one arm through, the doors closing on it. THEY OPEN AGAIN, an automatic safety feature. THE WARRIOR HISSES, LUNGING. Hicks FIRES, POINT-BLANK. It spins away, SCREECHING. Acid sluices between the closing doors, across Hicks' armored chest plate, as he shields Ripley with his body. The lift starts upward. Hicks' fingers race with the clasps as the stuff eats its way toward his skin. Galvanized out of her hysteria, Ripley claws at his armor, helping him as much as she can. He screams as the acid contacts his chest and arm. He shucks out of the combat armor like a madman, dropping the smoking pieces to the floor. Acrid fumes fill the air, searing eyes and lungs. The elevator stops. The doors part and they stumble out, Ripley supporting Hicks who is doubled over in agony.

RIPLEY
Come on, you can make it.
Almost there.

EXT. LANDING FIELD

167

Drop-ship two descends toward the landing grid, side-slipping in hurricane gusts. Bishop stands, guiding it with the portable terminal. The ship sets down hard. Slides sideways. Stops. Bishop turns as Ripley and Hicks stumble out of a doorway in the colony building behind him. He goes to them, helping to support Hicks and they run toward the ship, buffeted by the gale. Ripley shouts, her words barely audible over the wind.

RIPLEY
HOW MUCH TIME?

BISHOP
PLENTY! TWENTY-SIX MINUTES!

RIPLEY
WE'RE NOT LEAVING!

The loading ramp deploys and they run into the ship.

EXT. PROCESSING STATION

168

An infernal engine, roaring out of control. Steam blasts and swirls, lightning zaps around the superstructure and columns of incandescent gas thunder hundreds of feet into the air.

We APPROACH, hypnotically. The drop-ship ENTERS FRAME, moving toward the station. It pivots, hovering in the blasting turbulence, and settles onto a NARROW LANDING PLATFORM ten levels above the ground, or about a third of the way up the enormous structure.

INT. DROP-SHIP

169

Ripley finishes winding tape around a bulky object and drops the roll. She has crudely fastened a M-41A assault rifle together, side by side, with a flamethrower. A massive, unwieldy package of absolute firepower. Her movements are curt, precise...determined. She works rapidly, snatching magazines, grenades, belts and other gear from the fully stocked ordnance racks of the drop-ship.

Bishop comes aft from the pilot's compartment to help Hicks dress his injuries. Hicks is sprawled in a flight seat, the contents of a FIELD MEDICAL KEY strewn around him. He's out of the game...contorted with pain.

BISHOP
Ripley...

RIPLEY
She's alive. They brought her here and you know it.

BISHOP
In seventeen minutes this place will be a cloud of vapor the size of Nebraska.

Ripley is stuffing gear rapidly into a satchel, her hands flying.

RIPLEY
Hicks, don't let him leave.

HICKS
(grimacing with pain)
We ain't going anywhere.

She hefts the hybrid weapon, grabs the satchel and spins to the door controls. The door opens. Wind and machine-thunder blast in.

RIPLEY
See you, Hicks.

Hicks is holding a wad of gauze plastered over his face.

HICKS
Dwayne. It's Dwayne.

Ripley grabs his hand. They share a moment, albeit brief. Mutual respect in the valley of death.

RIPLEY
Ellen.

HICKS
(nods with
satisfaction)
Don't be long, Ellen.

Ripley runs down the ramp, crossing the platform to the open doors of a LARGE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. The doors close.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

170

The elevator descends. Bars of light move rhythmically across her as Ripley stands facing the doors, watching the landings go by. The heat grows more intense. Pipes glowing cherry-red pass by. Steam hisses and billows. The lift clatters in a steady beat. Hypnotic.

Ripley removes her jacket and dons a battle harness directly over her T-shirt. Her hair is matted, and she glistens with sweat. Her eyes burn with a determination that holds the gut-panic in check.

The elevator descends. She checks her weapon. Attaches a BANDOLIER OF GRENADES to her harness. Primes the flamethrower. Checks the rifle's magazine. Racks the bolt, chambering the first round. She checks the MARKING FLARES jammed in the thigh pockets of her jump pants. She drops an unprimed grenade, trembling, forcing herself to be strong. We SEE she doesn't know doodley about grenades.

This is the most terrifying thing she has ever done. She begins to hyperventilate, soaking with sweat. Her fingers slick and slippery on the rifle. The elevator descends.

The lift motors whine, slowing. It hits bottom with a bump. The safety cage retracts. Slowly, expectantly, the doors open.

HER P.O.V. THROUGH the parting doors...an empty corridor. Dark, swirling with steam, a ruddy glow VISIBLE here and there. It seems to have been a descent into Dantean Hell. The air itself vibrates with heat distortion. Couplings groan. Machinery whines and throbs. Like the beating of a vast heart the pounding of massive pumps echoes through the station.

INT. CORRIDOR

171

Ripley moves out of the lift, knuckles white on the rifle. Her eyes dart, straining to penetrate the lethal gloom. Behind her we SEE a SECOND ELEVATOR next to hers, its lift cage somewhere on a higher floor. Ahead the corridor is encrusted with the alien excrement and not far down the bio-mechanoid catacomb begins. She enters the maze, darting glances at Hick's LOCATOR, taped to the top of her kludge weapon.

A VOICE echoes down the tunnels, calm and mechanical.

VOICE
Attention. Emergency. All
personnel must evacuate
immediately. You now have
fourteen minutes to reach
minimum safe distance.

INT. CATACOMB

172

Range and direction read out in rapid-fire alpha-numerics on the locator display.

Ripley blinks sweat out of her eyes, moving through the swirling steam of the alien maze. She approaches an intersecting tunnel. Flashing emergency lights illuminate the insane fresco of the walls. She spins, firing the flamethrower. Nothing there. She whirls back. Moves forward, trembling and adrenalized.

Skeletal figures drown in the walls, frozen in macabre tormented positions like human insects in amber. Steam blasts, blinding her. The locator signal strengthens as she turns, crouches through a low passage, turns again. At each intersection she quickly lights a FIFTEEN-MINUTE MARKING FLARE and drops it. For the way back. She has to turn sideways, inching through a fissure between two walls of death...cocoon niches, human bas-relief sealed in resin.

SUDDENLY SOMETHING SHOOTS OUT, GRABBING HER! A hand. She recovers, then recognizes the face sealed in the wall. Carter Burke.

BURKE
Ripley...help me. I can feel
it...inside. Oh, God...it's
moving! Oh goood...

She looks at him. No one deserves this.

RIPLEY
Here.

She hands him a grenade, wrapping his fingers around
the spoon, and pulls the primer. She moves on.

VOICE
You now have eleven minutes to
reach minimum safe distance.

Ripley moves ahead. The locator signals shows she is
almost there. A CONCUSSION rocks the place, like an
earthquake, jarring her almost off her feet. Then
another. The whole station seems to shudder. A SIREN
begins to wail a demented rhythm. Following the tracker
she turns a corner and stops. The RANGE INDICATOR READS
ZERO. She looks down, horrified to see Newt's tracer
bracelet lying on the floor of the tunnel. All hope
recedes, disintegrating into mindless chaos.

INT. EGG
CHAMBER

173

Newt is cocooned in a pillarlike structure at the
edge of a cluster of upright OVOID SHAPES...alien
eggs. Her eyelids flutter open and she becomes
aware of her surroundings. The egg nearest her
begins to move...opening like an obscene flower at
its top to reveal something stirring within. Newt
stares, transfixed by terror, as the jointed legs
appear over the lip of the ovoid one by one. She
SCREAMS.

INT. CATACOMBS

174

Ripley hears the scream and breaks into a run.

INT. EGG
CHAMBER

175

Newt watches the face-hugger emerge and turn toward
her. Ripley runs in just as it is tensing to leap,
and FIRES, blasting it with a burst from the assault
rifle. The flash illuminates the figure of an
adult warrior, nearby. It spins, moving straight

for Ripley. Firing from the hip she drills it with two controlled bursts which catapult it back. She steps toward it, FIRING AGAIN. Her expression is murderous. AND AGAIN. It spins onto its back. She unleashes the flamethrower and it vanishes in a fireball. Ripley runs to Newt and begins tearing at the fresh resinous cocoon material, freeing the child. She swings her up onto her back.

NEWT
(weakly)
I knew you'd come.

RIPLEY
Newt, I want you to hang on,
now. Hang on tight.

Groggily Newt hooks her arms and legs through the belts of Ripley's battle harness as Ripley picks up her weapon. More warriors are moving toward her among the eggs. She fires the flamethrower. The eggs are engulfed. One of the warriors lunges forward, a living fireball. She blasts it in half with two bursts from the M-41A. Ripley retreats, ducking under a glistening cylindrical mass. A PIERCING SHRIEK fill the chamber. She turns. And there it is.

A massive silhouette in the mist, the ALIEN QUEEN glowers over her eggs like a great, glistening black insect-Buddha. What's bigger and meaner than the Alien? His momma. Her fanged head is an unimaginable horror. Her six limbs, the four arms and two powerful legs, are folded grotesquely over her distended abdomen. The egg-filled abdomen swells and swells into a great pulsing tubular sac, suspended from a lattice of pipes and conduits by a weblike membrane as if some vast coil of intestine were draped carelessly among the machinery. Ripley realizes she ducked under part of it a moment before. Inside the abdominal sac can be SEEN the forms of countless eggs, churning their way toward the pulsating ovipositor where they emerge glistening, to be picked up by DRONES. The drones are tiny scuttling albino versions of the "warrior" aliens we have already seen.

Ripley pumps the slide on her grenade launcher. She fires. Pumps and fires again. Four times. The grenades punch deep into the egg sac and EXPLODE, ripping it open from within. Eggs are tons of gelatinous matter pour across the chamber floor. The Queen goes berserk, SCREECHING like some psychotic steam whistle. Ripley lays about her with the flamethrower, igniting everything in sight with an insane fury. Eggs shrivel in the inferno, and figures of warriors and drones vanish in frenzied thrashing. Over all is the Queen's

shrieking as she struggles in the flames. Two warriors emerge from the boiling smoke, closing on her. She pulls the trigger...an empty click. DIGITAL COUNTER flashing crimson zeroes. She drops the magazine, grabs another from her belt, rams it home and OPENS UP.

The creatures vanish in rapid-fire flashes. Ripley

backs away, venting her terror in a sustained orgy of fire as she blasts everything that moves in one long eye-searing expenditure of energy. Then she dashes into the catacombs, navigating by sheer primal instinct.

INT. CATACOMBS

176

Ripley runs, blindly, with panting intensity verging on hysteria. Impressions crash upon her...the maze blurring by, sirens howling, the station rocking with explosions, emergency lights flashing, steam blasting, red-hot steel hissing. Reality itself is reduced to a concussive series of strobeline instants of relentless forward motion.

She sees one of the flares she dropped and turns. Sees another, sprinting toward it as the foundations of the world shake.

INT. EGG
CHAMBER

177

Lashing in a frenzy, the QUEEN DETACHES FROM THE EGG SAC, ripping away and dragging torn cartilage and tissue behind it. SEEN DIMLY THROUGH swirling smoke, it rises on its powerful legs and steps forward.

INT. CATACOMBS - CORRIDOR
179

178-

Ripley uses the flamethrower ahead of her, firing bursts of pulse-rifle fire down side corridors at indistinct shapes and shadows. The weapon is empty when she reaches the freight elevators. A mass of debris, falling down the shaft from a higher level, has demolished the life cage she descended in. She slams the control for the other cage and hears the sound of the LIFT MOTOR'S WHINE as it begins its slow descent from several levels up. AN ENRAGED SCREECH ECHOES in the corridor. Ripley sees a silhouette moving in the smoke...a glistening black shape which FILLS THE CORRIDOR TO THE CEILING...THE QUEEN. Her last cartridge is reading zeroes. The flamethrower sputters uselessly when she tries that.

The grenades are gone. Ripley drops the weapon and looks up the shaft to the descending lift...then at the approaching FIGURE. The elevator won't be in time. She runs to a ladder set in the wall as a horrendous screech beats in her ears. She scrambles up the rungs.

INT. SECOND LEVEL

180

Ripley struggles up through a narrow hatch, Newt clinging to her. She dives aside as a POWERFUL BLACK ARM shoots up through the opening, its razor claws slamming into the grille-floor inches from her. Looking down through the grille she sees the great horrifying jaws directly below her, wet and leering. She scrambles up, running, as the grille-floor lifts and buckles behind her with the titanic force of the creature below. It hurls itself with insane ferocity against the metal, pacing her from below as she runs.

INT. STAIRWELL

181

Ripley reaches an open-grid emergency stairwell and sprints upward. It rocks and shudders with the station's death throes.

VOICE

You now have two minutes
to reach minimum safe
distance.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATORS

183

182-

The lift reaches bottom, the doors rolling open. The Queen turns and freezes, as if contemplating the open lift cage.

INT. STAIRWELL

184

Ripley stumbles, smashing her knees against the metals stairs. As she rises she hears the LIFT MOTORS start up. Looking down through the lattice work of the station she sees the life cage start ominously upward. She knows there is only one explanation for that. She runs on, the stairwell becoming a crazy whirl around her.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM

185

Ripley, with Newt still clinging to her, slams

through the door opening onto the platform.
Through wind-whipped streamers of smoke she
sees...THE SHIP IS GONE.

RIPLEY
BISHOP!

Her shouts become inarticulate screams of hatred,
outrage at the final betrayal. She scans the sky.
Nothing.

RIPLEY
(hysterical)
BISHOP!

Newt is sobbing.

The lift rises ponderously INTO VIEW. Ripley turns,
backing away from the doors toward the railing. There
is no place to run to on the platform. EXPLOSIONS

detonate in the complex far below and huge fireballs
swell upward through the machinery. The platform bucks
wildly. Nearby a cooling tower collapses with a
THUNDEROUS ROAR and the SHRIEK OF RENDING STEEL. More
EXPLOSIONS, one after another, rocketing up from below.
Ripley stares transfixed as the lift stops. The
safety cage parts.

RIPLEY
(to Newt; low)
Close your eyes, baby.

The lift doors begin to open. A glimpse of the
apparition within.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY AND NEWT as the drop-ship RISES RIGHT
BEHIND THEM, its hovering jets roaring.

VOICE
You now have thirty seconds to
reach...

Ripley leaps for the loading boom projecting down from
the cargo bay and it raises them into the ship. A
TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE COMPLEX nearby,
slamming the ship sideways. Its extended landing legs
foul in a tangle of conduit, grinding with a hideous
squeal of metal on metal.

INT./EXT. DROP-SHIP - STATION

Ripley leaps into a seat with Newt, cradling her. Begins strapping in. Bishop wrestles with the controls. The landing legs retract, ripping free. Ripley slams her seat harness latches home.

RIPLEY
Punch it, Bishop!

The entire lower level of the station disappears in a fireball. The air vibrates with intense heat waves and concussion. The drop-ship engines fire. Ripley is slammed back in her seat. The ship vaults out and up, Bishop standing it on its tail, pouring on the gees. Ripley and Newt see everything shake into a blur.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE 188

The drop-ship lunges up and out of the cloud layer into the clear high night. Below, the clouds light up from beneath from horizon to horizon.

A SUN HOT DOME OF ENERGY bursts up through the cloud layer, WHITING OUT THE FRAME. The tiny ship is slammed by the shockwave, tossed forward...and climbs, scorched but functioning, toward the stars.

INT. DROP-SHIP 189

Ripley and Newt watch the blinding glare fade away and they sit, wide-eyed, trembling, realizing they are finally and truly safe. Newt starts to cry quietly, and Ripley strokes her hair.

RIPLEY
It's okay, baby. We made it. It's over.

INT. SULACO CARGO LOCK - IN ORBIT - LATER 190

The scorched and battered ship once again sits in its drop-bay, steam blasting from cooling vents beside the engine. Rotating clearance lights sweep the dark chamber hypnotically.

INT. DROP-SHIP 191

Bishop stands behind Ripley as she kneels beside a comatose Hicks.

BISHOP
I gave him a shot, for the pain.
We'll need to get a stretcher to
cart him up to medical.

Ripley nods and, picking up Newt, precedes Bishop down the aisle to the loading ramp.

BISHOP
I'm sorry if I gave you a scare
but that platform was just becoming
too unstable...

INT. CARGO LOCK - DROP-SHIP

192

Bishop continues as they move down the ramp.

BISHOP
I had to circle and hope things
didn't get too rough to take you
off.

Ripley turns to him, stopping partway down the ramp.
She puts her hand on his shoulder.

RIPLEY
You did okay, Bishop.

BISHOP
Well, thanks, I --

He notices a tiny innocuous drop of liquid splash onto the ramp next to his shoe. SSSSSS. Acid. SOMETHING BURSTS FROM HIS CHEST, spraying Ripley with milklike android blood. It is the razor-sharp scorpion TAIL of the alien QUEEN. Driven right through him from behind. Bishop thrashes, seizing the protruding section of tail in his hands, as is slowly lifts him off the deck. Above them the Queen glowers from its place of concealment among the hydraulic mechanisms inside one landing-leg bay. It blends perfectly with the machinery until it begins to emerge. Seizing Bishop in two great hands it rips him apart and flings him aside, shredded, like a doll. It descends slowly to the deck, the rotating lights glistening across its shiny black limbs, dripping acid and rage. Still smoking where Ripley half-fried it. The Queen is huge, powerful...and very pissed off. It descends slowly, its six limbs unfolding in inhuman geometries.

Ripley moves with nightmarish slowness herself, staring hypnotized...terrified to break and run. She lowers Newt to the deck, never taking her eyes off the creature.

RIPLEY
(to Newt)
Go!

Newt runs for cover. The Alien drops to the deck, pivoting toward the motion. Ripley waves her arms, decoying.

RIPLEY
Here!

Without warning it moves like lightning, straight at her. Ripley spins, sprinting, as the creature leaps for her. Its feet slam, echoing, on the deck behind her. She clears a door. Hits the switch. It WHIRRS closed. BOOM. The Alien hits a moment later.

INT. DARK CHAMBER 193

Ripley moves ferret-quick among dark, unrecognizable machines.

VARIOUS ANGLES VERY TIGHT ON what she is doing...her feet going into stirruplike mechanisms. Velcro straps fastened over them. Fingers stabbing buttons in a sequence. Her hand closing on a complex grip-control. The HUM of powerful motors. The WHINE of hydraulics.

INT. CARGO
LOCK 194

The Queen turns its attention from the doors to Newt as the little girl crawls into a system of trenchlike service channels which cross the deck. The channels are covered by steel grillework and barely big enough for her to crawl through.

INT. CHANNEL 195

Newt scurries like a rabbit as the looming figure of the Alien appears above, seen through the bars. A section of grille is ripped away behind her. She scrambles desperately. Another section is ripped away right at her heels. Light pouring in. The next will be right above her.

INT. CARGO
LOCK 196

The Queen spins at the sound of door motors behind her. The parting doors REVEAL an inhuman silhouette standing there.

Ripley steps out, WEARING TWO TONS OF HARDENED STEEL. THE POWER LOADER. Like medieval armor with the power of a bulldozer. She takes a step...the massive foot CRASH-CLANGS to the deck. She takes another, advancing.

Ripley's expression is one you hope you'll never see... Hell hath no fury like that of a mother protecting her child and that primal, murderous rage surges through her now, banishing all fear.

RIPLEY
Get away from her, you bitch!

The Queen SCREECHES pure lethality and leaps.

WALLOP! A roundhouse from one great hydraulic arm catches it on its hideous skull and slams it into a wall. It rebounds into a massive backhand. CRASH! It goes backward into heavy loading equipment.

RIPLEY
(screaming)
Come on!

The Queen emerges as a blur of rage, lashing with unbelievable fury. The battle is joined.

Claws swipe, tail lashes. Ripley parries with radical swipes of the steel forks. They circle in a whirling blur, demolishing everything in their path. The cavernous chamber echoes with nightmarish sounds...WHINE, CRASH, CLANG, SCREECH.

They lock in a death embrace. Ripley closes the forks, crushing two of the creature's limbs. It lashes and writhes with incredible fury, coming within inches of her exposed body. She lifts it off the ground. The hind legs rip at her, slamming against the safety cage, denting it in. The striking teeth extend almost a meter from inside its fanged maw, shooting between the crash-bars. She ducks and the teeth slam into the seat cushion behind her dead in a spray of drool. Yellow acid foams down the hydraulic arms toward her. The creature rips at high-pressure hoses. Purple hydraulic fluid sprays...machine blood mixing with alien blood. They topple, off balance. The Queen pins her. Ripley hits a switch. The power loader's CUTTING TORCH flares on, directly in the thing's face. They roll together, over the lip of a RECTANGULAR PIT, A VERTICAL LOADING AIRLOCK.

INT. LOADING LOCK

197

They crash together four meters below, twisted in the loader's wreckage. The Alien shrieks, pinned.

Ripley pulls her arm out of the controls of the loader and claws toward a panel of airlock actuating buttons. She slaps the red "INNER DOOR OVERRIDE" and latches the "HOLD" locking-key down. A KLAXON begins to sound. She

hits "OUTER DOOR OPEN" and there is a hurricane shriek of air as the doors on which they are lying separate, REVEALING the infinite pit of stars, below.

All this time the Alien has been lashing at her in a frenzy and she has been parrying desperately in the confined space. The airlock becomes a wind tunnel, blasting and buffetting her as she struggles to unstrap from the loader. The air of the vast ship howls past her into space as she claws her way up a service ladder.

INT. CARGO BAY

198

Newt screams as the hurricane airstream sucks her across the floor toward the airlock. Bishop, torn virtually in two, his pastalike internal organs whipped by the wind, grips a stanchion and reaches desperately for Newt as she slides past him. He catches her arm and hangs on as she dangles, doll-like, in the airblast.

INT. LOADING LOCK

199

The Alien seizes Ripley's ankle. She locks her arms around a ladder rung, feels them almost torn out of their shoulder sockets.

The door opens farther, all of space yawning below. The loader tumbles clear, falling away. It drags the Alien, still clutching one of Ripley's lucky hi-tops, into the depths of space. Its SHRIEK fades, it gone.

With all her strength Ripley fights the blasting air, crawling over the lip of the inner doorway. She releases the OVERRIDE from a second panel. The inner doors close. The turbulent air eddies and settles.

She lies on her back, drained of all strength. Gasping for breath. Weakly she turns her head, seeing Bishop still holding Newt by the arm. Encrusted with his own vanilla milkshake blood. Bishop gives her a small, grim smile.

BISHOP
Not bad for a human.

He winks.

Ripley crosses to Newt.

NEWT
(weakly)
Mommy...Mommy?

RIPLEY
Right here, baby. Right here.

Ripley hugs her desperately.

INT. CORRIDOR

200

Ripley limps along the corridor, carrying Newt on her hip.
The ship's systems hum comfortingly. Newt's head rests
on her shoulder.

NEWT
Are we going to sleep now?

RIPLEY
That's right.

NEWT
Can we dream?

RIPLEY
Yes, honey. I think we both can.

HOLD ON THEM AS they recede down the long straight
corridor.

FADE OUT
THE END

All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.

SECTION 8

"Pilot"

by

Zak Penn & Michael Karnow

FIRST DRAFT
March 1, 2008

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ACT ONEFADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

A drab strip of corridor that connects an underground parking lot to the FEDERAL COURTHOUSE in Manhattan.

A man whom we will know as THE WITNESS - a Vietnamese man in an inexpensive suit and tie - is being led by his lawyer and two of NYPD's finest to a service elevator.

The Witness is sweating bullets, nervously glancing at every open door or passing sound. A loud CLANG makes him flinch.

It's just the service elevator, coming to a stop.

The COPS look at each other, roll their eyes. Talk about paranoid.

INT. COURTHOUSE - ELEVATOR BANK - MAIN LEVEL

Elevator doors slide open. The Witness and his escorts exit, walk past a glass divider and a bank of metal detectors manned by NYPD. Clearly a very secure area. As they exit the elevator, we hear pre-lapped dialogue, the mannered lingo of a depositional hearing --

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

...in previous testimony you... excuse
me... you told police investigators
Frankel and Pierce that from March
2005 to...uh...

The Witness heads towards a set of double doors, warily eyeing his destination.

NOW WE REVEAL

A man in a suit, watching this procession with a keen eye. His name is MOREZ, and we will remember him because of his distinctive METAL BRIEFCASE, with an enigmatic symbol etched into its side.

Morez watches as the Witness disappears through the doors of the deposition room. He pulls out a cell phone and dials. We hear the phone connect, and Morez presses a button.

The sound we hear is muffled, through a phone speaker, but it is still instantly recognizable as one of those ubiquitous, annoying RINGTONES.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
... from March 05 to November 07, you
received more than 12.5 tons of nearly
pure-grade heroin from the defendant,
Juan Carlos Sanchez.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

A simple, box-like space, with a large conference table in the center, chairs all around. No windows, no contact with the outside world except a single, small vent in the wall blowing air back into the room. THIS ROOM IS SEALED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

A sweaty PROSECUTOR looks up from his notes as another lawyer adjusts the DEPOSITION MICROPHONE, bolted into the table in front of the witness. The witness stares at the Prosecutor, terrified and mute.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
Will you please confirm that the
testimony you gave these officers was
both truthful and accurate?

The witness swallows hard, then whispers something to his LAWYER, seated next to him. They briefly confer.

The Prosecutor exchanges a look with his Assistant US Attorney. Is this guy gonna roll on them or not? The Assistant shrugs.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
(forcefully)
Mr. Duong, your plea agreement with
the prosecution is predicated on your
testimony against Mr. Sanchez. Should
you decline a response, there will be
consequences and you will have to live
with them.

The witness nods. He leans forward to speak, clearing his throat...

And at that moment, at the precise instant that he opens his mouth...

We HEAR SOMETHING.

Not loud, but distinctive and sharp, the "plock" of a pebble bouncing off your windshield when you're doing seventy on the highway.

The lawyers flinch, everyone looks around, trying to find the source...

Except the Witness.

He does nothing. His eyes go glassy, rolling back a bit. And then a trickle of blood snakes its way down from a dark, red spot, dead center between his eyes.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Duong?

The Witness falls forward, head thumping against the microphone. And that's it.

He's dead. The screen goes black. And over it, we hear a voice.

ROSEN (O.S.)

The most magnificent creation the universe has ever known is the human brain.

MONTAGE BEGINS

The line between what is possible and what is real will be razor thin on this show, as evidenced in the following montage. The images that come up are a combination of ACTUAL VIDEOS CULLED FROM YOUTUBE and stuff that we create to look like the same.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And yet, the brain remains a mystery to us. Most of us live our lives in ignorance of its potential.

- We see through the window of a 24 Hour gym in a strip mall, where people are marching like automatons on a row of stairmasters.

- We see face-masked workers on an assembly line repeating the same task over and over.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But not everyone. A few have dedicated themselves to exploring the outer limits of their most miraculous possession.

And now we see the real eye-grabbing stuff.

- A YOUNG BOY, age 7, plays Rachmaninoff to perfection.

- A YOGI, sitting in the lotus position, lowers his heart rate to thirty.
- KASPAROV defeats Deep Blue in a game of Chess.
- TIGER WOODS bounces a golf ball on his club in an amazing display of dexterity.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Musical skill, computation, heightened concentration, control of the autonomic nervous system, uncanny recall of vast information -- the potential of the human brain seems infinite.

- A man in his twenties named GARY BELL paints a perfect, photo-realistic portrait of Manhattan from memory.
- A HYPNOTIST gets a NEWLYWED COUPLE to act like chickens in front of a packed audience.
- MICHEL GONDRY solves a Rubik's cube with his feet in ten seconds.
- Some KID performs an amazing quarters shot, bouncing ten coins into ten separate cups with a single toss.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Such gifts come at a price, however. More often than not, these increased capabilities carry with them a crippling deficiency in other areas.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

On the face of it, there is nothing unusual about the BELL household. But as we follow SANDRA BELL (early fifties, single mom) carrying a load of laundry, we begin to notice something strange; THE NOISE.

Every electronic appliance in the house is on; the stereo, the TV, even a white noise machine in a hallway. In the center of this cacophony is the painter with the photographic memory, Sandra's only son, GARY, a 25-year-old, highly-functioning autistic.

ROSEN (V.O.)
...the ability to memorize and reproduce enormous amounts of information, flawlessly...

Gary sits in the living room, playing his PSP and watching the weather channel at the same time. The sound doesn't seem to faze him in the slightest. As Sandra gets him ready to go to work, we sense just how difficult it can be, caring for a grown man who is still in many ways a child.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...is coupled with a reduction in emotional understanding, a condition often described under the rubric of autism.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

BILL HARKEN, a cup of coffee in his hand, emerges from his apartment building on Third Avenue (one of those dorm-like hi-rises in the so-called "Jello Shot District.") He's a burly, imposing, former frat-boy with a temper that he struggles to control.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Others can tap into our brain's most ancient structures, drawing on primal instincts and responses, turning them on and off at will...

He arrives at his car, an American-made sedan, the kind a cop would drive. In a typical, New York City move, drivers in front and behind him have wedged him in, inches of clearance at each bumper. Harken grimaces.

ROSEN (V.O.)
... but this too comes at a price.
Some of our neural responses are out of our control for good reason.

Harken throws the car in reverse and mashes fenders with the guy behind him. He steams for a moment, curses. Then gets out of his sedan and marches over to the offending car and...

JAMS HIS THUMB INTO THE FRONT TIRE, AMAZINGLY PUNCTURING IT.

Air hisses out of the tire, leaving us to wonder where a man like Bill Harken might have developed the strength to do such a thing. He gets back in his car and drives away.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Still others have developed skills that give them control over the minds of others.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NINA THEROUX opens her eyes and rolls over in bed to discover her latest conquest is already up and getting dressed.

Nina's in her early thirties, sexy, and powerful in ways that most women can only imagine. She has a confidence that comes from getting exactly what she wants, all the time--

Like this guy. He's a decade younger with model good looks. He glances over at Nina who is naked beneath the sheets. He seems confused, almost like he doesn't remember how he got here. Before he can finish throwing on his outfit, a parking attendant uniform, Nina motions for him to come back to bed. He is hesitant.

ROSEN (V.O.)

Through processes we are only beginning to understand, they can affect the states of another's brain, forcing whatever response they desire.

Nina places her hand on his arm, says a few words. He leans in and kisses her, starts pulling off his clothes again.

ROSEN (V.O.)

These abilities are the most powerful, and accordingly the most frightening to contemplate.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - MORNING

An anonymous office complex in Rockland County, thirty miles north of New York City, on the Jersey side.

ROSEN (V.O.)

My name is Dr. Leigh Rosen, and it is my mandate to find these people, to help them and train them. We work for the United States Government, under the auspices of the National Security Agency. Our existence is classified... or should I say, was.

Across the street is a Starbucks, a Chinese Restaurant and a 24 Hour gym. Whatever visions you had of hi-tech headquarters or secret lairs beneath the subway system - forget it. Section 8 rents office space like the rest of America.

INT. ROSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

We find Rosen at his desk, typing the opening chapter of a book on an old Smith Corona daisy wheel, clearly an affectation given the fancy desktop sitting idle a few feet away.

ROSEN

(reading to himself)

For while this book is intended to be a work of science, recounting case studies and my conclusions, the secrets that will be revealed might change the very nature of what it means to be human.

(backing up, reading it again, making changes)

...inherently make it.. Change the very... change the fabric of...

He suddenly stops, yanks the piece of paper out of the typewriter.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Ugh. So maudlin, Leigh.

He crumples up that page and tosses it. He takes the rest of a stack he has written and straightens them into a neat pile, the top page marked "INTRODUCTION." He opens a locked drawer, then drops the new pages down on about seven hundred others he will never show anyone.

He locks the drawer, then picks up an unrelated FOLDER sitting on his desk. He gets up to leave, the file under his arm.

INT. SECTION 8 HALLWAY - MORNING

Rosen crosses through a mundane-looking office space -- grey carpeting, utilitarian furniture and a bank of fluorescents that flicker and buzz. The space could have been a dentist's office in a former life.

Along the way, he peeks his head into an open office.

Inside, NINA is taking off designer sunglasses and shaking out her hair as she faces another work week. Rosen holds up the folder.

ROSEN

Good morning. Conference room, ten minutes.

Nina grimaces, and Rosen continues to...

INT. SECTION 8 - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Plastic table and chairs, candy and soda vending machines against one wall.

Gary Bell is putting his lunch in the refrigerator, clearly marked "Gary's Lunch Please DON'T TOUCH" in his Mom's handwriting.

Rosen puts a kettle on the range and grabs a mug and tea bag.

ROSEN

How was your weekend, Gary?

GARY

I have ascended to the rank of Master Sergeant by unlocking achievements on the arid sand dunes of Arochim.

ROSEN

Wonderful. Ten minutes, okay?

Gary nods and Rosen exits.

INT. SECTION 8 BULLPEN - MORNING

Harken enters, now on his second cup of coffee. As he hurries towards his desk, he almost collides with the one member of our team that we still haven't met--

RACHEL MYERS.

You can understand why someone might walk right into her. She's a classic wallflower, shy and quiet. She's in the purposefully modest dress and head scarf of a woman from an orthodox Jewish home.

HARKEN

Jesus. You scared the piss outta me.

Rachel steps out of his way, her eyes on the floor. She doesn't say a word. On her neck we notice a discrete ELECTRONIC DEVICE resting against her larynx.

It's a strange little bit of technology, more advanced looking than one might expect. This is something that will be commonplace in the world of Section 8.

HARKEN

You never showed up Saturday. We coulda used you.

Rachel still doesn't respond.

HARKEN

You got an explanation for that?

NINA (O.S.)

Sabbath.

Nina walks by. Harken looks at her, quizzically.

NINA

Saturday's the Sabbath, you idiot.
She can't work.

Rachel gives Harken a look, then scurries away to her office. Harken shakes his head.

HARKEN

Like I'm supposed to know that. Girl doesn't say a word.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel sits in her office, marking up a copy of the New Delhi Post with a hi-liter. Her office is cluttered with computers, magazines, newspapers and non-fiction books. She spends her days looking for "chatter" that might signify alpha activity, a job she attacks with focused precision.

Rosen appears at the door and waves the folder.

ROSEN

Great find, my dear. Looks like we may have something.

Rachel allows herself a satisfied smile.

ROSEN (O.S.)

We have a witness, a small-time drug dealer turning state's evidence against an international ring of heroin smugglers...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY -- LATER

Nina, Harken, Rachel and Gary sit around the conference table, Rosen paces, presenting the case Rachel found.

ROSEN

Murdered during a deposition, the
cause of death a bullet to the brain.

The tone at this meeting is as informal as you can imagine. People talking over each other, getting up to get coffee and returning. They talk about the things that people who work together talk about; the parking, the kitchen and who does/doesn't clean it up, gossip.

Gary is particularly bad at waiting his turn, randomly interrupting to announce some pertinent piece of information, like, for example, that he detests any type of cheese that is white and that cat dander is corrosive to leather.

Nina reads a magazine while sipping from a glass of water fizzling with two alka-seltzer.

The world of the office should feel improvisational in tone, hyper-real, even mundane at points; a sharp contrast with some of the extraordinary things we will see.

ROSEN

No one in the room saw a shot fired.
Ballistics are inconclusive. A
classic, locked-room mystery.

Harken notices Nina sipping her alka seltzer cocktail.

HARKEN

You're a little old to be out drinking
like a sorority sister, dontcha think?

NINA

Bite me.

ROSEN

(nodding to Rachel)

The reportage in today's paper leaves
key details out, but Rachel's source
inside the DOJ confirm her suspicions.
She believes there is something here.
And so do I.

HARKEN

You sure this is an alpha, and not something else?

ROSEN

I'm sure of nothing in this green world, Bill, but we get nowhere without striving forward, am I right?
(beat)
You know the drill. Let's get to it people.

Nina yawns.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Nina and Gary make for an unlikely pair as they arrive at the Federal Courthouse. Gary is taking note of everything around them, collating it all in that magnificent brain and spitting it back out. They talk over each other...

GARY

Less than thirty percent of the building still contains metal-sheath wiring. More than sixty eight percent contains mineral-insulated cable allowing the maximum current flow according to the electrical safety code...

NINA

Fascinating, Gary. I never knew that. Please don't stop.

They go inside the building.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Courthouse is swarming with police officers, but many of them stop what they're doing to check Nina out. She knows how to work it, she likes the attention. She responds with a flirty smile, a wink to the cuter guys in their blues.

GARY

Construction on the Foley Square courthouse was completed April seventh, 1935 with additional renovations made in 1971 and 1993.

On Gary's IPHONE, his fingers flip through page after page of blueprints. He doesn't blink. He is literally memorizing the plans of the building as they walk.

NINA

That's even more interesting than the stuff about mineral insulated wiring. How about you tell me where the Deposition Room is?

Gary leads Nina to a door marked STAIRWELL at the back of the lobby. They slip through it.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE -- MANHATTAN BRANCH - DAY

At the FBI Building in Manhattan, we pan through the bustle of one of the nation's busiest field offices: phones ringing, people working, Agents heading in and out on important cases, TO FIND...

BILL HARKEN making his way through the rows of cubicles. He's uncomfortable, avoiding eye contact, particularly when he is recognized by a former coworker. He can feel the conspiratorial whispers behind his back. The occasional nod hello is always awkward.

Whatever made him leave, it's not something he's proud of.

QUINN (O.S.)

Nobody's asking who did this, we all know who did it.

INT. AGENT QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

Harken sits behind the desk that bears the nameplate of AGENT GERALD QUINN, sifting through a box of files marked Sanchez. We hear Quinn's voice, although he is out of view.

QUINN (O.S.)

Sanchez is the biggest narcotics trafficker in the world, two of his top guys in South East Asia flipped, so he's taking em out before they testify.

Reveal Agent QUINN, a fit guy in his late fifties, rolling his back on one of those big red playground balls, trying to loosen up.

QUINN

Only question is who he paid to pull the guy's ticket.

HARKEN

How it got done is another question.

QUINN

Inside job. Someone in the room.

Harken, glancing the CSI report, seems skeptical.

HARKEN

Slug was from a thirty-aught-six. You telling me someone in the room had a rifle?

QUINN

I'm saying an inside job. Only thing that makes sense.

(switching subjects)

How's Nancy, by the way?

HARKEN

Dead to me.

QUINN

Nice, mother of your child. Very nice.

Quinn gets to his feet and continues his stretching, touching his toes, extending his arms above his head.

QUINN

She letting you see Anna?

HARKEN

She doesn't make it easy. Could you please stop with that?

Quinn has now moved onto legs, doing some pretty silly looking knee lifts.

QUINN

This is why I can sit in a chair all day. You'll see, when you get to be my age. You'll wish you did this.

HARKEN

(re: the files)

There's nothing in here. Not one lead. You guys punting this case?

QUINN

You kidding? DOJ's going nuts. The other witness, the dead guy's partner. A Mr. Non Duc Minh. They got him in protective custody, secret service, the works. Believe me, nobody's punting.

Harken packs up a few files. After a beat...

QUINN
What do you do, Bill?

HARKEN
Huh?

QUINN
I mean, seriously. One week you come in here, asking for a file on some 100 year old Soviet chess master, then its info on an enemy combatant at Guantanamo. Now this thing.

HARKEN
It's a job.

QUINN
You get booted from here, one step from ending up behind bars, and next thing you're working for the NSA? What exactly are you doing for these people, Bill?

Harken gives him a look. A look between two old friends that says "Don't ask." Quinn shrugs.

QUINN
Fine, I'm tired of grilling you. Get out of here.

HARKEN
Thanks for this, Gerry.
(holding up the CSI
report)
I'm gonna take this with...

Quinn nods, watches as Harken goes. He's concerned.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

The same room we began our story in, preserved in a frozen state of chaos. Chairs overturned from the panic following the witness's death. The microphone has been unscrewed from the table. And a taped chalk outline where he slumped over.

NINA (O.S.)
I think I know which seat he was in.

Reveal Nina, in the middle of the room, poking around. Gary is just standing there, staring at the wall. Her gallows humor is lost on him.

NINA

You got something for me?

GARY

Yes. I'm thinking.

NINA

Cause I got no clue what you're looking at.

GARY

Be quiet, I'm thinking.

POLICE DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Hey!

They both turn to look, a young, handsome POLICE DETECTIVE pulls the tape aside and enters the room.

POLICE DETECTIVE

You can't be in here. This area's restricted.

NINA

It's not a problem.

The detective cuts her off. Repeats his question more emphatically.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Whattya mean not a problem? It's a big problem, who are you people?

When Gary answers, it's a stream of information delivered in the mechanical cadence of someone with no internal filter. It's both disconcerting and funny.

GARY

We are part of a secret organization, and we cant tell you about it. If you don't let us do stuff then we can't stop the bad guys and everybody will die, so stop bugging us.

NINA

(cutting Gary off)

Gary, that's enough.

(to the detective)

Detective, walk with me a second.

She puts a firm hand on his shoulder. But this isn't a friendly or suggestive move, it has a purpose.

CLOSE ON HER FINGERTIPS

As they press against the skin on his neck. Something is happening here. Nina is doing something to him.

NINA

Who WE are isn't important. You don't care who we are. What you wanna do is go downstairs and tell everyone to stay out of this room. Then you'll forget we ever spoke.

(beat)

Now, tell me what you're gonna do.

We notice, now, that the detective's pupils are dilated, his body relaxed, his whole demeanor having shifted from a moment before.

His response is strangely muted, almost like he's talking to himself.

POLICE DETECTIVE

I don't care who you are. I'm gonna tell everyone to stay out. Gonna forget we spoke.

NINA

Okay, go.

The detective heads for the door, but then...

NINA

Wait!

(he stops)

Are you single?

The detective holds up his hand, showing his wedding ring. He tries to talk again, the words barely coming, but Nina just cuts him off.

NINA

Never mind. Take off.

And the detective leaves, just like that. Nina shuts the door after him.

GARY

You did it to him?

(no answer from Nina)

(MORE)

GARY(cont'd)

Dr. Rosen says we're not supposed to use our skills unless it's an emergency.

NINA

You got ten minutes before that cop gets it together and comes back. So hurry up.

Gary resumes his silent vigil, and now we realize that he is staring at the VENT up near the ceiling. There's a small DENT in one of the louvers. He raises his hands in front of his face and begins gesticulating. It looks like the stereotyped behavior seen in many autistics...

NINA

What is it, Gary? What'cha got?

...but in Gary's case, it has a very specific purpose.

We SUDDENLY SHIFT INTO GARY'S POV --

Gary's view of the world is like a hyper-detailed, all knowing Google Maps with the 3D rendering software built in. He uses his hands to explore and manipulate the OVERLAID BLUEPRINT of the Courthouse, revealing that the VENT actually extends away from the room and all the way across the building.

BACK IN REALITY, something has clicked for Gary.

GARY

We need to go to the bank.

Off Nina's confused look...

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

An aerial shot closes in on the rooftop of a century-old Savings and Loan. A lone figure stands near the ledge. It's Rosen. He's gazing out across the city, mentally working through the details of some conundrum.

The door to a nearby stairwell opens. Nina and Gary walk out onto the roof, followed a moment later by Rachel and Harken.

HARKEN

We're meeting on top of buildings now?

NINA

Nice view.

HARKEN

Thirty dollars for parking. I'm in a red zone. I'm probably getting towed.

Rosen squints off into the hazy distance. Several blocks away is the Courthouse.

ROSEN

So he would have been standing right about here. Is that right, Gary?

Gary moves next to Rosen, then points to a spot several feet to the left.

GARY

No, here.

ROSEN

Very well, the shooter was standing here when he took the shot.

HARKEN

That killed the witness in the Sanchez case? He would have to put that slug through three feet of masonry and five interior walls.

ROSEN

Not if the bullet entered the courthouse through an air vent as Gary has suggested.

Rosen nods to Gary.

GARY

I saw an abrasion. In the air vent
And I followed it.

The rest of the team is confused.

And now we go into-- A VISUAL RECREATION OF THE SHOT.

THE CAMERA FLIES off the building following the trajectory of the imaginary bullet as it hurtles towards a vent in the side of the courthouse...

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The shooter fired a single round which travelled in through an exterior manifold.

The bullet POV enters the intake housing where it makes its way through the ventilation system.

ROSEN

...along the ventilation shaft, and
into the deposition room, where it
caromed off the baffle of the vent,
striking the victim in the head.

It hits the vent, scraping it, then caroms off and...

PLOCK! Hits the Witness' right between the eyes.

BACK ON SCENE

Gary is seeing the whole thing in his mind's eye.

GARY

The shot is possible with a margin of
error less than .0007797 millimeters.

HARKEN

And he factors in a bird farting a
mile away. It's crazy.

Rachel has been studying the ground near where they are
standing. Wearing surgical gloves, she searches through the
gravel until she finds something...

RACHEL

(whispering)

Maybe not so crazy.

She holds up her discovery a dented brass object about two
inches long. It's THE CASING.

From a SNIPER BULLET.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICE - DAY

Rosen and Harken are walking through the office. Harken is examining a photo taken from a military ID card. It shows a guy in his late twenties, handsome, enigmatic, if not a little troubled. His name appears in bold letters...

HARKEN

Christian Hicks. This is him?

ROSEN

It was his fingerprint.

(to himself)

Where did I leave them?

HARKEN

You sure you want to go after this guy?

ROSEN

Very much so. If I can ever find the keys to the truck.

Rosen glances around the room, then it hits him.

ROSEN

Who drove it last?

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Harken leafs through the file on Hicks as he follows Rosen down the hall.

HARKEN

Have you read the jacket? I mean we're not just dealing with some kid who can bend spoons or add a bunch of numbers in his head. The guy was a sniper in the Marine Corps.... before he went AWOL.

As they pass the conference room, Rosen pokes his head in.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the conference table are a number of high-tech surveillance cameras and microphones. Rachel is packing them carefully into a case.

ROSEN

Rachel dear, you wouldn't have
happened to see the keys to the truck?

Rachel shakes her head. Mimics Gary's gesticulations.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Of course.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Rosen and Harken head for the break room.

HARKEN

The guy is dangerous, Doc. More than
these people can handle.

ROSEN

It's our job, Bill. Identification
and analysis of Alphas. Like everyone
else, we have to sing for our supper.

HARKEN

Well, can I talk to those people? I'd
like to know who I'm singing for.

Rosen stiffens a bit, this is something he doesn't want to
talk about.

ROSEN

We should talk about why you feel the
need to ask me that when you know I
can't answer, Bill. It's important
for you to come to grips with your
anxieties.

And Rosen walks away, the discussion over.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Gary pumps some change into a vending machine with a MASSIVE
DENT in the side (someday we'll hear why Harken did it.)
Rosen enters.

ROSEN
(firmly)
Keys, Gary.

Gary pulls a candy bar from the machine.

GARY
I got a Kit Kat.

ROSEN
Now...

Rosen holds out his hand.

GARY
I wanna drive.

ROSEN
I know you do. And I know you you've
committed to memory every last street
in Manhattan and the outer boroughs.
It's a terrific asset. But you are
absolutely not driving.

GARY
My Mom said I could.

ROSEN
She most assuredly did not. But I
will call her and see if you can come
along.

Gary reluctantly pulls out the keys. Rosen takes them.

INT. NINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nina is behind her desk, her hands engaged in some busywork
we can't see. Harken enters, steaming.

HARKEN
I hate it when he pulls that.

NINA
Hate who what?

HARKEN
Rosen? The turning your question back
on you thing?

NINA
Ah yes. Your question becomes THE
question.
(MORE)

NINA(cont'd)

(mimicking Rosen)

"Why would you ask me that, Nina? Did
Daddy spank you when you were bad?"

Nina lifts her hands up and aims the semi-automatic pistol
she has been loading. Harken is startled.

HARKEN

Jesus!

NINA

Chill out, Grandma. I passed my level
threes. I'm ready.

Nina pushes past him, leaving Harken angry and frustrated.
He balls a fist to punch the wall...

Then pulls out his pill case and pops three yellows instead.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A STOCKBOY, wearing an apron, carefully stacks a new shipment
of oranges. He places each of them just so, forming a
perfect, symmetrical pyramid.

The stockboy is the man we saw in the military ID, CHRISTIAN
HICKS, and he couldn't look more harmless. He's clean cut
and handsome, relatively stable looking, and seems content
with the work-a-day banality of his job. Still, it is
instantly clear that he does not belong here, he was meant
for more than this.

A MOTHER with three rambunctious kids approaches with her
grocery cart and accidentally bumps Hicks' perfect pyramid of
oranges.

One of the oranges rolls off of the top. Before it hits the
floor...

Hicks backhands it.

With a flick of his wrist, he tosses the orange back on the
pile. He puts so much "English" on it that it spins back up
to the top of the pyramid, where it rotates for a moment then
comes to a gentle stop.

One of the children -- a wide-eyed five-year-old GIRL, looks
up at Hicks in amazement.

GIRL

Pull the trigger.

Hicks stares back at her... what?

GIRL

Do it again.

Hicks is confused. Did he mishear her the first time?

Before he can ask her, the girl's mother pulls her away.

A little shaken, Hicks turns back to his produce section, only now the sign that should read "Oranges .99 lb." reads "Pull the trigger." Hicks double takes...

Something is not right here...

MR. MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Hicks....

Hicks looks up. His manager, MR. MARTINEZ approaches. He's mid-fifties, friendly.

Hicks glances back at the sign. It's back to normal: "Oranges .99 lb."

MARTINEZ

What are you doing here?

HICKS

Just the... fruits and vegetables.

MARTINEZ

You had a shift yesterday.

HICKS

Yeah. So?

MARTINEZ

You missed it, Chris. You never showed up.

HICKS

What are you talking about?

Martinez shakes his head, feels bad for the guy.

MARTINEZ

I don't know what's going on with you buddy, but we talked about this. It's the third time. I told you if it happened again, that's it.

Hicks is baffled.

HICKS

I was here. I know I was.

He just stands there, racking his brain to remember, WHERE WAS I? But the memories clearly aren't there.

HARKEN (O.S.)

This can't be right.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Reveal Nina and Harken sitting in the SUV. They watch Hicks and the Manager talking through the storefront window. Sitting behind them in the back seat is Gary. He's scrolling through the map application on his iPhone, studying the surrounding streets in detail.

HARKEN

What kind of deadly assassin works in a grocery store? And why would he leave a bullet casing with his fingerprints at the scene of the crime?

NINA (CONT'D)

(referring to Hicks)

He's kinda hot.

HARKEN

Wow, no shame at all, huh?

NINA

I like the blue collar thing. It works for me.

HARKEN

I'm sure it does.

GARY

Here he comes.

Nina and Harken suddenly glance towards the supermarket and see that Hicks is coming towards them, head down, hands in pockets -- a portrait of defeat.

There's a moment of tension as he walks right past them.

GARY

He's walking south.

HARKEN

Great, thanks.

GARY

His apartment is eight blocks South.
He will be there in fourteen minutes
if that's where he's going.

Harken suddenly realizes...

HARKEN

His apartment. Rachel...

Nina suddenly catches on too. She whips out her phone as
Harken starts the SUV.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HICKS APARTMENT - DAY

It's a one-bedroom, sparsely furnished, not very cheerful.
If Hicks has a past, he clearly running away from it -- no
photos of family, friends or sweetheart. No souvenirs. Just
a threadbare sofa from the Salvation Army, a crappy TV, and a
bookshelf with a few self-help paperbacks with titles
involving "recovery."

Rachel is standing on a chair in the center of the room,
having trouble reaching a light fixture. She's trying to
plant a surveillance camera with a wireless transmitter, but
she's too short to reach.

The CELL PHONE in her pocket starts VIBRATING. She reaches
for it, fumbles and drops it. Standing with the fixture in
her hand, she ignores the phone and hurries to finish what
she's doing.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Nina, frustrated, leaves Rachel a message.

NINA

(into phone)

Rachel, it's Nina. He's coming. Get
out NOW.

She flips the phone closed.

HARKEN

We're gonna have to take him down.

GARY

Dr. Rosen said 'observe, not engage.'

NINA

Those were the orders...

HARKEN

She's gonna get caught in there.

NINA

We should call Rosen.

INT. HICKS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel has the cell phone to her ear. She blanches as Nina's frantic message plays.

EXT. HICKS' BUILDING - DAY

A row of run-down brownstones line the street, their brick faces dotted with competing graffiti markings. Hicks heads up the stoop to his building's front door, just as Harken, Nina and Gary pull up in the SUV.

HARKEN

She's not trained for this.

NINA

She can take care of herself if she needs to. You've seen what she can do.

HARKEN

That's not the same as this. We gotta get her out.

Harken bolts from the automobile just as Hicks goes inside.

NINA

STOP!

Harken ignores her and charges towards the front door.

NINA

(to Gary)

Call Rosen!

She jumps out of the car and runs after Harken.

HOLD ON GARY --

Alone in the car. He looks around, not used to being unsupervised. He climbs in the front seat and starts playing with the steering wheel, pretending to drive.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hicks walks up to his apartment door. He's about to put the key in the lock, when... He hears something. Heavy footsteps. Not coming from inside the apartment, but from the stairwell.

Hicks listens for a moment, then shrugs it off and puts his key in the door.

INT. HICKS APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel restores the light fixture to its proper position, then heads for the front door. She's about to reach for it when...

The front door begins to open. Rachel quietly backs up, then turns and bolts for the BACK DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hicks is about to enter his apartment when...

BOOM!

The staircase door slams open and BILL HARKEN stumbles out into the hall. But he looks different. His pupils are dilated, the veins on his neck strain against his skin, his face reddens as a flood of adrenaline courses through his body. These are the actual physiological manifestations of the "fight or flight" instinct.

He sees Hicks at the door to his apartment.

HARKEN

Hey!

Hicks, turns, shocked to see this crazed man rushing towards him, pointing at him and yelling.

HARKEN

DOWN ON THE GROUND NOW!

BY THE STAIRS, Nina arrives to see Harken about to tackle Hicks.

NINA

Bill!

Harken ignores her, lunges at Hicks.

And, in the face of attack, another side of Hicks suddenly emerges. The wounded look and the world weary slouch vanish, his heightened agility kicks in.

As Harken reaches for him...

Hicks counters with a jackrabbit-fast evasive maneuver. Then a sweep kick that knocks Harken off his feet.

Even more enraged, Harken scrambles back to his feet and swings a fist at Hicks.

Hicks dodges it --

And Harken's hand smashes RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

Hicks is momentarily stunned at the strength of Harken's blow.

Nina reaches for Hicks but he nimbly evades her and goes out through an open window.

The chase is on.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEFADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

It's a quiet narrow street lined with shops. Hicks suddenly comes barreling around the corner, running for his life.

He runs down a block when, suddenly...

The SUV cuts in front of him and Harken springs out from the driver's seat to block his path.

Hicks doesn't break stride, just keeps running right at the bigger man, then snatches up an empty beer bottle from the gutter and throws it at Harken, but ten feet over his head.

The bottle hits the release on a fire escape ladder and just as the two men are about to collide Hicks LEAPS up and

CLANG!

The ladder slides down.

Hicks grabbing the bottom rung with perfect timing and pulling himself UP AND OVER Harken, who flails beneath him.

He pushes off the top of Harken's head with one foot, then swings up onto a narrow ledge, so thin that most would have trouble standing. He runs across it and around the corner of the building, leaving a frustrated Harken in his dust.

NINA emerges from the opposite side of the SUV and picks up the chase.

She realizes she's no match for Hicks in a footrace and tries something else. She grabs a jogger by his wrist...

JOGGER

Hey!

NINA

Follow me!

And he does. She continues down the street, tapping people as she passes them. She grabs onto the sleeve of a repairman in a jumpsuit.

NINA

This way!

He yanks his arm away.

REPAIRMAN

Get offa me!

Nina grabs his hand and repeats her command. This time he does as he's told -- Nina's ability only works skin on skin.

NINA (CONT'D)

Let's go, follow me!

Soon, she has a a motley assortment of businessmen, joggers, and hot-dog vendors trailing behind, her own private team.

Nina speaks into a blue-tooth earpiece.

NINA (CONT'D)

Help me out, Gary. He went down an alley on 15th.

INT. SUV - DAY

Gary is back in the driver's seat, his hands dancing in the air.

WE GO BACK INTO GARY VISION --

Gary uses his hands to manipulate the map of the neighborhood floating in front of him. He zooms in on a section, then, with a flick of his wrist, spins the 3D image, revealing the alley Hicks has chosen to run down.

BACK TO SCENE, Gary talks into his cell on speakerphone.

GARY

There's only two ways out of there.
One's blocked by a fence.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Nina stops at the entrance to the alley, she turns to her followers, barks out orders.

NINA

You three, block this entrance. Don't let anyone pass. You, jogger guy, circle the block. If you see someone running, you tackle them.

Everybody takes off, except for the jogger, the first guy Nina touched.

He stumbles about in a daze, not sure where he is. Nina's alpha skill has severe limits, it wears off in minutes.

NINA (CONT'D)
(to first guy)
Hey you.

She grabs him, firmly. Puts a hand on his chin to pull his face closer.

NINA (CONT'D)
Pay attention. Circle the block.
Tackle anyone running.

Reprogrammed, he snaps back to attention and follows her command.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

Spoiled heaps of trash litter the pavement. The shadows of the tall buildings framing the alley cover it in darkness.

HICKS drops down from a ledge above. He heads out towards the street but then sees the JOGGER moving into position at the end of the alley.

So he heads off in the opposite direction.

He comes to a stop when he reaches a chain-link fence that blocks the alleyway. But it's not the fence that stops him.

It's Nina.

She's on the other side, her gun trained on him.

NINA
Don't move!

HICKS
Why are you chasing me?

NINA
Gee, why do you think?

HICKS
I didn't do anything!

NINA
Then why are you running?

Hicks doesn't have a good answer for her. She takes a step closer, and now notices something.

It's the look in his eye; kind of glassy, confused. It's a look she's familiar with.

Nina aims her gun, drawing a bead on him.

NINA
I'll shoot you.

HICKS
You'll miss. It's a harder shot than
you think.
(beat)
And you won't shoot me anyway.

Hicks suddenly takes off.

ON NINA -- finger on the trigger, but, damnit, he's right.

Hicks runs back out the way he came, then turns to give her one last look when--

BAM!

Harken decks him with a cross-check that cracks a rib, rattles his teeth and leaves him sucking air.

Hicks tries to get up and Harken grabs him with one hand and tosses him like a rag doll. He smashes into a dumpster, tipping it and spilling garbage all over the street.

Hicks looks up, blood dripping from a gash on his head, to see Harken lumbering towards him, hyperventilating, his face beet-red, sweat pouring off his forehead.

Hicks grabs some debris off the ground... some peach pits, a can of soda, anything he can get his hands on.

He scrambles to his feet and starts winging them at Harken as he races for the mouth of the alley.

Harken dodges most of the missiles, but one of the pits catches him right in the throat. A ROTTEN APPLE sails past Harken, but then ricochets off the alley wall and hits Harken in the back of his heel, kicking his foot up, pitching him forward onto his face. It's an amazing, precise, billiards shot of a throw -- Minnesota Fats would be proud.

EXT. ALLEY MOUTH - DAY

Hicks bursts out into the street, Harken stumbling behind him. Cars block Hicks' path for a moment, giving Harken the chance to catch up, but then...

THE JOGGER runs right at Harken and TACKLES HIM.

Well, it's not much of a tackle. He really bounces off Harken's massive frame. But it's enough of a distraction. Hicks makes it through traffic.

In moments, he's gone. Harken curses into his cell-phone.

HARKEN

He got away.

EXT. DESERTED SIDE STREET - DAY

It seems like Hicks has lost his pursuers. He slows to a quick walk, trying not to draw attention. But as he heads towards the next intersection, he hears...

A STRANGE LOW-PITCHED SOUND

Almost imperceptible at first, it grows in strength. Hicks stumbles, his nervous system no longer obeying the signals from his brain.

He collapses to his knees, shaking like an epileptic.

Reveal RACHEL at the end of the block. Her mouth is barely open, but her throat is vibrating, super low frequency waves emanating out from her body.

As she gets closer to Hicks the sound increases in intensity until he is literally paralyzed on the ground. Rachel wills the sound to stop, then leans over and whispers...

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

Hicks is unconscious. The chase is over.

FADE TO:

A SERIES OF YOU TUBE CLIPS

These are home made clips of people performing feats of agility, balance and aim. A kid bounces a ping pong ball off five surfaces and into a beer cup. A girl stacks fifty cups in three seconds. A guy tries to do a triple flip on his motocross bike...

ROSEN (V.O.)

For most of us, there is a gap between what we imagine ourselves doing in our mind's eye, and what our bodies can actually accomplish.

...and wipes out. Badly. We see a few more examples. Michael Jordan showing incredible body control as he switches hands midair and hits a reverse lay-up. A group of kids playing "parkour soccer" fire passes back and forth across the rooftops of Mexico City.

ROSEN (O.S.)

But for the lucky few, the opposite is the case. Any physical feat their mind can imagine, their body can achieve. The phenomenon is known as "hyper-kinesis."

And finally, some footage that looks like something torn from a soldier's web-blog, a bit of home video of a SNIPER UNIT stationed in the foothills around Kabul. A SNIPER lines up a shot on a truck full of insurgents so far away you can barely see it.

ROSEN (V.O.)

They have perfect balance...perfect aim. Perfect synchrony between thought and action.

He squeezes off the shot and there is a sharp clang in the distance as the bullet smacks off a highway sign and ricochets into the truck. A moment later the truck SWERVES VIOLENTLY off the road, its driver now dead. The sniper turns to face us, smiling, his buddies patting him on the back... We freeze frame on

...a younger CHRISTIAN HICKS.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Christian Hicks was born with it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A typical, gung-ho, high school baseball game, but with the razor sharp tension of a perfect game on the line. Everything is shot handheld, the POV of a proud parent with a handycam, filming from the stands.

One out in the ninth, and on the mound, an even younger Christian Hicks throws yet another laser-guided pitch for a strike. The crowd goes wild, the magical feat just two pitches away.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Hyperkinesis, like all alpha grade skills, confers extraordinary advantages...

Hicks winds up again and throws another fastball on the outside corner, but this time the batter almost accidentally gets wood on the ball, sending a slow dribbler down the first base line.

Hicks springs off the mound and gathers the ball, but doesn't have a clean throw to first base.

Instead, he laces the ball through the striding legs of the runner and hits the corner of the base.

Miraculously, the ball bounces STRAIGHT UP and into the mitt of the first baseman. The crowd explodes.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...coupled with profound drawbacks.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks is lying in a make-shift "hospital bed". He's unconscious, heavily sedated. His wrists are restrained by heavy, leather bands, as are his ankles.

ROSEN (V.O.)
There is an extreme sensitivity to stimuli. Emotional issues become magnified, self medicating ensues to dull the exquisitely tuned senses, and what was once perfection.....

Rosen stands in front of a monitor, displaying the image of Hicks, restrained in bed. The rest of the team looks on.

ROSEN
... turns into disaster. Which is how a boy with so much promise ends up like this.

HARKEN
A perfect game, huh?

ROSEN

And in his one week in the majors he walked fifteen straight batters. It's a pattern he would repeat, accelerating through the ranks in the Army Rangers. And then, suddenly, going AWOL. His own worst enemy.

RACHEL

(whispering)

Like the rest of us.

HARKEN

You don't see me killing people for money, sister.

NINA

I'm not sure he did, either.

HARKEN

Really? Cause I am sure. His prints are on the shell casing. He DID it.

NINA

That's not what I meant. When I spoke to him, in the street, he had this look in his eyes. I know that look. I've seen it before, when I push someone.

Rosen is interested by this, he suddenly perks up.

ROSEN

Really? Can you elaborate?

HARKEN

Wait a second, don't tell me you're falling for this...

ROSEN

I wondered why someone with his training would leave behind a fingerprint...

HARKEN

Oh please, she's creaming her jeans for the guy!

ROSEN

Bill, that's completely inappropriate.

HARKEN

Y'know what's inappropriate, is we got
a guy who killed someone sitting here,
instead of in jail. Just cause she...

Harken suddenly realizes: Nina's not in the room with them
anymore.

HARKEN (CONT'D)

Hey. Where is she?

Rosen and Harken look up. Rachel points to the monitor. Both
men are surprised by what they see...

NINA IS ENTERING THE ROOM WITH HICKS.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks, awake now, struggles to pull himself to a sitting
position. He winces at his pounding headache -- a by-product
of Rachel Meyer's unusual gift.

NINA

Like the worst hangover you ever had,
right? Rachel's done it to me a
couple times, by accident. I think.
Here, take these...

He looks up to see Nina, holding out some pills. With his
wrists restrained, he can't do much.

NINA

Open wide.

She sits on the bed, next to him, then puts the pills in his
mouth. She puts a glass of water to his lips and he chugs it
down as fast as she can pour, his throat parched.

HICKS

Where am I?

NINA

We'll get to that. First, I have some
questions.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is watching the scene tensely through the monitor.
Harken looks like he's ready to bust into the next room.

ON THE MONITORS--

Nina sits very close to Hicks now. She lifts her hands up towards his face. He flinches, pulls back instinctively. We see their lips move but can't hear what they are saying.

Very gently, she places her hands on the base of his neck. For a moment, it almost seems like she might pull him forward to kiss him.

But she doesn't. She whispers something in his ear, and Hicks eyes go glassy...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

The line between professional and personal interest is blurry for Nina, so it's hard to tell if she actually feels something for the guy, or if it's all just a technique.

NINA

Where were you at 9:30 on Monday morning?

HICKS

I don't... know. I don't remember.

NINA

Why don't you remember?

HICKS

I... have black outs. I can't... I don't remember what happens.

NINA

Dig deeper, Christian, into your unconscious. Why do you have blackouts? When did they start?

Memories are flooding into his brain now, REPRESSED MEMORIES.

HICKS

Someone... did this to me.

Even Hicks seems to be surprised by this revelation. Nina glances towards the one-way mirror with an "I told you so look."

HARKEN (O.S.)

It doesn't prove anything.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

The team is discussing their options now. Everyone in the room looks at Rosen, who is busy with his monitors.

HARKEN

This is a mistake, Rosen. We gotta turn this guy in.

NINA

Give it a rest Bill.

HARKEN

You got the hots for the guy, so...

ROSEN

GO HOME.

NINA

You're the one whose judgement lives in his pants. That's why...

HARKEN

At least I know what...

ROSEN

STOP IT! Both of you!

They are shocked by this sudden outburst.

ROSEN

The phrase "get a room" comes to mind.
Now GO HOME. Everyone.

Sheepishly, they turn and walk out of the room. Rosen taps Rachel's arm.

ROSEN

Not you Rachel. You stay.

Rosen turns back to the image of Hicks on the monitor.

ROSEN

We have work to do.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel pulls a cart of electronics across the room, plugs it in. As it lights up...

ROSEN (O.S.)
Take a look at this...

Rachel joins Rosen by a monitor.

ROSEN
This is the beta wave of a normal
subject.

Rosen gestures towards a series of measurements, marked Beta.

ROSEN
Now a subject influenced by Nina's
"pushing."

Rosen quickly calls up another screen. The inconsistent wave
has been smoothed out a bit.

ROSEN
Now Mr. Hicks...

He hits a few buttons, nothing happens. He reaches down,
plugs in some wires that head into the next room, makes sure
they're secure and POP, another reading comes up...

ROSEN
The beta wave is almost completely
suppressed.

The brain wave is a flat line. Rachel reacts.

RACHEL
Have you ever seen this before?

ROSEN
Not to this extent. It's similar to
Nina, but much more powerful. Hmm,
we'll need to up the dose...

He drums his fingers, counting, a nervous habit.

RACHEL
Don't we wait for the MRI results?

ROSEN
No, we just need to compensate for the
strength of the suppression.
(beat)
Prepare a dose of Topiramate for our
guest. We should have him
straightened out in short order.

As Rachel moves towards the medicine cabinet...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's a working class joint -- Billy Joel on the jukebox, off-duty cops and Feds knocking back tall ones and shooting pool. Quinn is at the bar, blowing off steam with some of the guys from work.

HARKEN (O.S.)
Knew I'd find you here.

Quinn spins to see Harken.

QUINN
(a little shitfaced)
Hey, Billy. You almost missed me,
bro. I was just leaving.

Harken sidles up to the bar, the TWO AGENTS next to Quinn are giving him the stink eye. Harken nods a greeting, and the drunker of the two, a red faced sparkplug name WHELAN grits his teeth.

WHELAN
You got no right bein' here, you piece
a trash.

QUINN
Hey, come on now, boys. Ancient
history.

Whelan glances at Quinn, defers to his superior, though not happy about it. He picks up his drink and moves, followed by the other agent. Quinn looks over at Harken...

QUINN (CONT'D)
Jeez, Bill, sorry bout that...

HARKEN
Forget it. You get my message?

Quinn shakes his head, then points to his watch.

QUINN
Gotta catch the PATH. Wasn't
checking.

HARKEN

If I had a lead on that Sanchez witness case, you think you could track something down?

QUINN

The Sanchez...? Billy, we got that one in the bag already. No worries there.

Harken is surprised to hear this.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ernesto Morez. Wasn't that much of a stretch. He's the go-to guy for the cartels. One of our informants confirmed he got the contract on both witnesses.

Quinn clumsily scrolls through his Blackberry, then holds it up. On screen, a grainy photo shows a man standing in a doorway. In his hand -- the conspicuous metal briefcase.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Slippery bastard, Everything's circumstantial on this guy. Never leaves anything, no evidence. That's his MO. Nothing but a corpse.

Harken is startled, and a bit alarmed, by this news. He doesn't quite see how the pieces fit.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Second witness comes in tomorrow. They're... you know these guys, they're puttin' out fake schedules, using body doubles. Hopin' ta flush this scumbag out.

Quinn pulls on his beer, wipes his mouth. Three sheets to the wind.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I gotta make the train, Billy. Can you grab this one for me?

Before Harken can answer, Quinn is pushing through the crowd. Harken watches him go.

HARKEN

(under his breath)
Ancient history, right.

Harken motions for the check. The bartender starts counting empties. Harken frowns, stuck by that cheapskate again.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Quinn heads for the subway, squinting through beer goggles to make out the sign for the PATH train at the Columbus Circle station, when suddenly...

Someone grabs him. And shoves him, right into the wall. And puts something up to his mouth, a plastic breathing mask. Snaps the band around his head. The fight drains out of Quinn like air from a balloon, he just deflates, and now he's being dragged away. The whole confrontation has taken seconds, and he's just gone, like he was never there.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

A groggy Quinn comes to in the back of a van, even more confused by the alcohol and the chemical solvent mickey he just got slipped. He looks up to see...

ERNESTO MOREZ, the man himself. Next to him, that briefcase is snapped open, and he is holding a long, thin, razor-sharp needle that is attached by a tube to an apparatus in the briefcase. The whole setup looks like something from a Cronenberg movie, it's just creepy as shit.

Quinn tries to mumble something, but finds he can barely move. He watches in mute, paralyzed horror as Morez bends his head forward and SLIDES THE NEEDLE RIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN STEM. As he meets resistance, Morez presses harder. This isn't a smooth process. It's messy and difficult, and probably too intense for younger viewers.

Quinn is in a daze, his eyes fluttering.

With the needle inserted, Morez reaches into Quinn's jacket and finds his Blackberry. His fingers fly across it as he reprograms the settings, and then...

That annoying RING-TONE plays, the same one we heard at the courthouse. Morez puts it up to Quinn's ear. He speaks quickly and clearly, not wasting a moment.

MOREZ

When you hear this tone, you wait for instructions. You WAIT until I tell you. You follow every word I say...

(beat)

(MORE)

MOREZ(cont'd)

I want to know when Duc Minh is transferred to the courthouse. Itinerary, travel route, security detail. If it changes, you call me.

Morez makes some adjustments on the equipment in his case. He grabs Quinn's slumping face and focuses it.

MOREZ

LISTEN TO ME! Anything that comes in about me, Morez, Ernesto Morez, you update me. You call the number. You will notify me every time my name comes up. You will not let them catch me.

Morez checks Quinn's pulse, then his pupils with a penlight. Satisfied, he yanks the needle out of his neck, wipes the blood with a rag and puts it back in the suitcase.

MOREZ

You hear the ringtone, you forget everything. In 5 minutes, you wake up.

Morez hits the ringtone again and now we JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET -- NIGHT

Quinn suddenly comes to, slumped down on the sidewalk next to the subway sign. The same place he disappeared from. It takes his brain a moment to reboot, then he gets to his feet.. He checks his watch.

QUINN

Damn it, missed the goddamn train.

It's like the whole attack never happened.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURFADE IN:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the offices of Section 8, all is quiet. It's late at night. Hicks wakes up, slowly. He is surprised to see the straps removed from his arms and legs. His head feels clear.

ROSEN (O.S.)
Feeling better?

He looks up to see Dr. Rosen, standing there.

ROSEN
We have a lot to talk about, Mr.
Hicks.

INT. HALLWAY AT SECTION 8

Rosen hands Hicks his belongings, phone, wallet, keys -- as he leads him through the office.

ROSEN
... our official purpose is to locate
alphas, and determine if they're
assets or liabilities to national
security. In practice, however, we
are tasked with training them,
treating them, rehabilitating them if
need be.

HICKS
Can you back up a second. You keep
saying "alpha"...

ROSEN
An individual with enhanced abilities
due to differences in their brain
structure. It's just a term...

HICKS
Like the girl who gave me the
headache? You're saying she did that
with her brain?

ROSEN

Rachel, and, well...yes. An anomaly in the structure of her left parietal lobe allows her to manipulate sound waves with her vocal chords.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES

Rachel Myers sits in her office, reading from a Hebrew prayer book. She nervously eyes a wine glass in front of her.

ROSEN (O.S.)

Before Rachel, the largest recorded vocal range for a human being was 12 and a half octaves. When I came across her, she just happened to be working at the CIA as an analyst. And her vocal range was over thirty five octaves, past the level of sonar or a dog whistle.

The wine glass begins to vibrate, and Rachel adjusts the implant on her throat, manages to finish without breaking it.

Pleased at her success, she lets out a small SQUEAK. The glass shatters. Shit.

We reveal Rosen and Hicks, watching this from the hallway.

ROSEN

The same wiring that allows her to control octaves kept her from forming speech. Her strict, religious upbringing didn't help matters, as her parents refused to get her therapy. So we're trying to make up for lost time.

EXT. SECTION 8 OFFICES

Rosen and Hicks walk past the reception area of the offices.

ROSEN

Each person on the team has some alpha skill. Gary Bell, for example, is an autistic with a 3D mapping ability that would put a Satellite Array to shame. Which presents its own challenges.

HICKS

I don't know what that means.

ROSEN

Or Bill Harken? You met him on the street, I believe.

Hicks winces at the memory, his ribs are still throbbing in pain.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Bill can tap into his "fight or flight" reflex, giving him extraordinary strength and resistance, for a brief period of time. But when I first met him, he had no control of this ability...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

We see Harken at the front door of a quiet single family home talking to a woman, his EX-WIFE, on the other side of a screen door. Though we don't hear the details, they appear to be having a heated discussion. Every time he raises his voice, his wife flinches, the fear of Bill's temper never that far from her mind.

ROSEN (V.O.)

Any loss of his temper ended with serious repercussions. An unfortunate situation at his former job lost him his career, and eventually his family. But now, with medication and treatment, Bill can better control his brain's release of epinephrine and adrenaline.

The arguments cease as their daughter comes out to say good night to her dad. He gives her a hug and a smile.

Harken eyes his ex-wife. It's a tenuous relationship, but they're working on it.

INT. SECTION 8 HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosen leads Hicks out of the main offices now, towards the vending machines.

HICKS

What about the woman, in the room...
She did something to me.

ROSEN

Nina. She "pushed" you.

Hicks looks at him.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

You've seen hypnosis, I'm sure? Well, when Nina touches someone, she transfers a wavelength that resonates directly in the frontal lobe. It induces a small seizure, which lowers inhibition and makes the person extremely vulnerable to her suggestion. A chemical hypnosis. We call it "pushing."

HICKS

So what's the downside there? Seems like she can get whatever she wants.

Rosen smiles awkwardly, this is a whole can of worms.

ROSEN

Yes, well, that's true, but...

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

An exotic sports car pulls up to the building. Nina gets out of the drivers' seat and tosses her keys to the valet she woke up next to. She touches his arm as she passes.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nina's apartment in a deluxe Manhattan hi-rise is ostentatiously expensive, if a little bare. Not what you'd expect for someone with her pay-grade, but knowing Nina, it's easy to imagine that she didn't pay for any of it. The eager valet follows her inside. Nina directs him to undress and get in bed.

ROSEN (V.O.)

...there is a price for always getting what you want. You can never trust that people's feelings for you are genuine.

INT. BEDROOM

Nina and the Valet are going at it in her bedroom. Nina whispers in the Valet's ear.

It doesn't seem to have any effect. So she puts her hands on his head. Now, more emphatically, we hear her say...

NINA

Tell me you love me.

VALET

I love you.

He says it like he means it, but it isn't real and Nina knows it. The pure carnality of the moment is undercut by the profound sense of disgust she has with herself. The pleasure fades from her eyes.

ROSEN (V.O.)

Imagine the insecurity that would create.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Rosen and Hicks stop in a hallway across from the breakroom.

HICKS

I don't know, man, I'm having a hard time with all this. I feel like I'm being put on.

ROSEN

That's good, that means you're listening. Now, I want you to do something for me, Christian.

Rosen reaches into his pocket, fishes out a handful of quarters. He hands them to a confused Hicks, then motions to THE VENDING MACHINE, which is visible across the hall, through an open door. About ten yards away.

ROSEN

I want you to get me a soda.

Hicks, a bit baffled by this request, takes the quarters and starts walking towards the machine. Rosen grabs his arm.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

No, from here. Throw them.

HICKS

What? That's... I can't do that.

ROSEN

Yes. You can.

Hicks gives him a look like he's crazy. Then he reaches back and casually tosses the quarter at the machine. Miraculously, it sails across the room and right into the coin slot.

Hicks looks at Rosen, amazed. Rosen smiles.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

See?

He motions for him to throw the next one.

Hicks flicks the next quarter, which also flies true. The third quarter misses, glancing off the slot, just a few millimeters from the target.

Rosen reassures Hicks...

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Nobody's perfect.

Hicks then throws the final quarter, makes it in.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

But you're close.

Rosen picks up the last quarter, drops it in. The soda tumbles out. Rosen pops it open and takes a sip. It's flat. He puts it aside.

ROSEN

You are an Alpha, Christian. One of the most talented ones I've ever encountered. Which is probably what made you a target.

HICKS

Me? It doesn't make sense, I can't even hold a job down.

ROSEN

Someone wanted your skills, Mr. Hicks. And they weren't willing to take no for an answer.

The reality of this settles on Hicks. In between all the information he's spitting out, Rosen is starting to cut through.

HICKS (CONT'D)

I killed someone. Didn't I?

ROSEN

I realize it's hard to accept. But there's something you can do about it. We need to find the person who did this to you. We need to find them and stop them from doing this again. That's why we need your help.

Rosen notices his pager ringing. He glances down at the screen. It's a message from Rachel, "URGENT."

ROSEN

Will you excuse me for a minute?

As Rosen leaves, Hicks' head drops. The weight of everything Rosen has told him is finally hitting home.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A 3D rendering of a brain rotating on a monitor. Rosen joins Rachel who's staring at the image.

RACHEL

Look. Right here.

Rachel points to a spot on the screen. It's a BB-SIZED OBJECT that is LODGED INSIDE HICKS' BRAIN, like a tumor.

Rosen leans in for a closer look.

The object is perfectly spherical, man-made looking.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

(an understatement)

Oh. That isn't good.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks is left alone, contemplating his situation, the implications that he's a killer. And then we hear something. It is a familiar sound. That same damned jingle, the ringtone...

Hicks picks up his cell phone. For some reason he can't explain, he hesitates.

Should he answer it? Finally, he flips it open.

HICKS

Hello?

MOREZ (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Six am tomorrow. Roof of the Bancroft
building. Do not be late. SIX A.M.
Time to kill, Mr. Hicks.

Off Hicks...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosen and Rachel are rushing towards the break room, when the door suddenly swings open and Hicks steps out.

ROSEN
Christian? Are you alright?

HICKS' POV:

As Rosen speaks, we hear something different come from his mouth.

ROSEN
6 AM. Bancroft Building. Time to
kill.

Rosen tries to tell him again...

ROSEN
6 AM. Bancroft Building. Time to
kill.

ROSEN knows something is wrong. He puts his hand out to touch Hicks' arm and...

Without warning, Hicks grabs his hand and PUSHES HIM, right into Rachel. Knocking the two of them to the ground. Then he bolts for the exit.

Rosen struggles to get up, his ankle twisted. Rachel tries to help him, but he waves her off.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
Follow him. Don't lose him!

Rachel takes off after Hicks.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEFADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

A cab pulls to a stop on the corner of 44th and Broadway. Hicks steps out into the bustle of New York's Times Square. As he looks up, he is startled to see...

A huge billboard showing a model in designer jeans along with fifteen foot letters saying, "SIX A.M."

Two shoppers stroll past and we overhear one casually telling the other--

SHOPPER
Bancroft building...

A businesswoman passing the other way, jabbars into a cell phone.

BUSINESSWOMAN
...time to kill. Six AM...

A passing bus has an ad on the side for a holiday movie, "BANCROFT BUILDING TIME TO KILL."

A dogwalker's t-shirt says, "6 AM."

The crosswalk light flashes, "TIME TO KILL"

And now, as Hicks steps out into the busy intersection--

THE CAMERA COMES UP BEHIND HIM and reveals the MONEY SHOT of our episode --

Because EVERY SINGLE WORD SPOKEN, WRITTEN, or DISPLAYED anywhere in Hicks' field of vision says the exact same thing. Repeating the same chilling message...

"TIME TO KILL. TIME TO KILL. TIME TO KILL."

Hicks walks up to the Bancroft building itself and goes inside.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Hicks emerges from a stairwell and walks out onto the roof of the building.

In a trance now, guided by instructions he is not even consciously aware of, Hicks is not surprised to see someone waiting on the roof for him.

It's MOREZ.

Besides his trademark suitcase, he also has a duffle bag slung casually over one shoulder.

MOREZ

You're late.

Hicks follows him over to the building's edge as Morez looks irritated by Hicks' tardiness. Morez passes Hicks the duffle bag.

MOREZ

I called you four times. Where were you?

Hicks doesn't answer. He reaches into the duffle and pulls out a brand new 30.06 SNIPER RIFLE...

MOREZ

The people who employ me expect absolute punctuality. That's what they pay for. You don't jeopardize that.

This is a man used to being in total control of events, and the fact that he is even a minute behind has thrown him off.

Hicks racks the bolt on the rifle and slides a bullet into the chamber.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Nina and Harken pull to a stop in front of the Bancroft Building. Rachel is waiting for them.

RACHEL

He's on the roof.

HARKEN

(to Rachel)

Stay here. Watch the exits.

Nina's cell phone rings. She answers as she and Harken rush for the entrance.

NINA
(into cell)
Were here.

Nina and Harken head inside.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Rosen is studying the 3D image of Hicks' brain, his eyes focused on the BB-size object nestled in the parietal lobe. Rosen zooms in on the object revealing circuitry beneath a translucent shell. Rosen speaks into a speaker phone.

ROSEN
I was wrong. The beta waves were a side effect, the source of Mr. Hicks problem is a physical object, an artificial tumor. Point nine millimeters in diameter. Silica based. It's pressing against the language center of his parietal lobe, which explains the hallucinations. But it also means verbal communication will likely be ineffective...

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Despite his condition, Hicks' unconscious mind knows how to aim a rifle. It's as ingrained in him as riding a bicycle.

As Hicks adjusts the scope on his gun as Morez takes him through his motions.

MOREZ
This shot should be fairly simple for you.
(beat)
Here is the target.

Morez shows him a picture of the target -- Another Vietnamese Man, thuggish-looking.

Morez indicates the skyline, where two distant office towers are separated by less than a hundred yards of open space.

MOREZ (CONT'D)
You'll have a three second window. That should give you ample opportunity. Once he passes out of view the opportunity is gone. Do not let that happen.

Satisfied that everything is in place, Morez picks up his BRIEFCASE and heads for the far side of the roof.

Morez pulls out binoculars and glances at his watch. It's 6:10am. And then we hear a distant sound rising over the din of traffic far below. It's the helicopter.

INT. GOVERNMENT HELICOPTER - DAY

Seated in the rear, next to two ARMED GUARDS, is NON DUC MINH, the second witness.

He stares out the window, knowing whatever happens today is sure to change his life.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The scope to his eye, Hicks aims his rifle at the dead space between the towers.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Nina and Harken are standing among several lawyer-types and a bike messenger. They watch the numbers light up as the elevator rapidly ascends.

ROSEN (O.S.)

(over cell)

Nina, your language based suggestion won't work without the proper trigger...

NINA

(into cell)

That's great, so...

Other elevator-riders scowl at Nina. She lowers her voice.

NINA (CONT'D)

(into cell)

How do I stop him?

ROSEN (O.S.)

(over cell)

You need to engage the pre-lingual portion of his brain, the limbic system. You must go around the tumor and elicit a primal emotional response.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

We can hear the chopper getting steadily closer. Hicks eases his finger onto the trigger and starts to exhale. Then--

The door to the roof bursts open.

NINA AND HARKEN come running out.

Nina sees Hicks immediately and starts running towards him.

Harken spots Morez, his binoculars out, at the other end of the roof. He heads for him.

NINA

Stop!

Hicks turns to look at Nina, racing towards him, but all he can perceive is her saying--

NINA (CONT'D)

Time to kill!

He puts the scope back up to his eye, then finds the target in his cross-hairs.

THE HELICOPTER flies between the two buildings now, Non Doc Minh clearly visible through the window.

Hicks is about to pull the trigger when a hand reaches out and GRABS HIM. It's Nina.

Hicks is compelled by a force he cannot control, but Nina's Alpha skill combats that force. There is literally a war going on inside his head.

NINA (CONT'D)

DON'T DO IT. Don't pull the trigger.

Hicks hesitates. Then shoves her aside and aims his rifle at the chopper.

Nina realizes Rosen was right. There's only one way to stop him.

ON HICKS

As his finger tenses on the trigger...

NINA suddenly grabs him and KISSES HIM. And she isn't shy about it.

Hicks' response is primal and emotional. His body relaxes, the instructions from his parietal lobe temporarily interrupted.

THE CHOPPER passes behind the second building, safely out of range.

MOREZ is shocked, unable to process that the shot didn't happen.

He turns his binoculars towards Hicks and sees Nina pulling the gun away from him. Morez is furious, but then something suddenly blocks his frame and he lowers the binoculars to see...

HARKEN, angry and filled with adrenaline, rushing towards him.

His frustration and rage stifled most of the time, Harken finally has a chance to let loose. He lifts Morez up off his feet and hurls him backwards. Too far, in fact. Morez tumbles over the edge of the roof. Harken panics for a moment, he didn't mean to... He races to the side and sees...

A BALCONY, one floor below.

EXT. BALCONY - BANCROFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Morez just lays there, stunned for a moment, gasping for breath. Then he gathers himself and begins to crawl away, grabbing his metal briefcase.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BANCROFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hicks stands on the rooftop, Nina by his side, squeezing his hands tightly.

The glassy look in his eye seems to be fading, the spell is broken. Still, he's disoriented. No idea where he is or how he got there.

But something catches his eye. Morez, heading into the stairwell, Harken on his tail.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIXFADE IN:

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Morez pushes through the revolving doors at the entrance. Rachel sees him, and wants to try to stop him, but there are too many innocent people for her to scream. Rachel tries to block Morez's path but he shoves her aside and races past her.

Moments later, Harken comes through the door and sees Rachel on the ground. He stops and helps her to her feet. Then spots Morez disappearing down the block.

Harken barks into his cell phone.

HARKEN

I lost him.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

At a full sprint, Morez pulls his cell phone from his jacket. Speed dials a number--

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Hicks and Nina are on the edge of the roof. Nina points to Morez, escaping.

NINA

That's him. He's the one who's been pulling your strings.

Hicks tracks Morez's path with the scope of his rifle.

HICKS

Not anymore.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Morez hits redial on his phone, then glances at the screen. It says, "NO SERVICE."

Just as it seems that Morez has made it around the corner and safely out of range...

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Hicks exhales calmly and FIRES.

WE TRACK THE BULLET--

As it explodes from the barrel and zips through the air.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The bullet CLANGS off a street sign, an echo of his earlier shot --

And disappears around the corner.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

We don't know for a moment if Hicks got Morez or not. But Hicks seems confident. He lowers the sniper rifle and gives Nina a look of grim satisfaction.

HICKS

It's done.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

An hour later, Agent Quinn pushes through a crush of bystanders, then flashes his badge to a patrol officer to be let inside the CRIME SCENE.

As he moves past a group of cops towards the BODY lying in the street, Quinn is met by another AGENT.

AGENT ONE

Got confirmation. It's Morez.

Quinn bends down to inspect, sees the bullet hole in the head.

AGENT ONE

Kinda strange. Same way as that witness in the courthouse. Bullet out of nowhere.

Quinn nods, not quite getting it. The pieces don't fit.

AGENT ONE

You hear? Sanchez took a plea. Once the other guy testified, they cut a deal to avoid the chair. Sometimes you get a happy ending, huh?

Quinn nods, then notices the cell phone in Morez's hand.

He slips on a plastic glove and delicately picks up the phone. The screen says, "LAST CALL DIALED." Quinn considers this, then hits "SEND."

We hear the familiar annoying RING TONE: it's coming from the phone on Quinn's belt.

A change comes over Quinn. His eyes go glassy.

The other Agents leans over.

AGENT ONE

And you said we'd never catch him.
Beer's on you tonight, Quinnie.

Agent Quinn responds in a monotone.

QUINN

Beer's on me tonight.

Off Quinn's glazed look...

INT. ROSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP of the strange device from Morez's briefcase. A combination of technology and parts that almost look organic. It's unlike anything we've ever seen before.

Examining the apparatus, Rosen is concerned. Rachel looks on.

ROSEN

I was alarmed by the prospect of an Alpha out there with a power even greater than Nina's. But something about this...

Referring to the device--

ROSEN

...this technology that mimics her ability, it actually frightens me more.

Rachel nods, sympathetically, then whispers...

RACHEL
He's ready.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Hicks lies unconscious on the hospital bed.

Standing over him are Rosen and Rachel who both wear scrubs and a surgical masks. Rachel assists Rosen who works the needle into the back of Hick's neck.

A filament leads from the needle to a side table where Morez's device quietly hums inside the metal briefcase.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Nina stares at a stack of monitors showing different camera angles on the examination room. The operation is over. Hicks sleeps on the hospital bed. Rachel cleans up.

Rosen comes up behind her.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
He's been through a lot, Nina. It's not a pleasant experience knowing you've been manipulated, forced to do things against your will.

NINA
(annoyed)
Why don't you just tell me what you mean?

ROSEN
The things that come to you deservedly are more satisfying, Nina. You have to trust me on that.

Nina frowns, not liking the implication of Rosen's advice. She walks out.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Hicks opens his eyes, groggily. Rachel stands over him. She smiles and whispers.

RACHEL
It's gone.

Hicks smiles. It's the first time we've seen it.

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

Nina drives up in her car. The familiar Valet is there. He takes her keys. She gets out and eyes him. His bare skin passes close to hers... But this time she resists. She heads inside alone.

EXT. SECTION 8 - NIGHT

It's dark out now. Hicks walks out into the parking lot. He is a bit shaky, but no other side effects from the impromptu brain surgery. He waits on the sidewalk, and then is joined by Rosen.

ROSEN

Need a lift?

HICKS

No. I called a cab.

As they stand there together, Rosen nods towards the gym across the street. Despite the hour, it's brightly lit and packed with people working out on treadmills and stair-masters.

ROSEN

Look at them. Marching away, hour after hour, day after day. Some see a waste of consciousness. I see limitless potential.

Hicks nods, he understands Rosen's point.

ROSEN

There is so much I can do to help you, Christian. And so much you can do to help us.

HICKS

I'm flattered, Dr. Rosen. And I'm very grateful for everything you've done. But I've worked for the government before. Didn't turn out for me...

ROSEN

Christian...

HICKS

Guess I'm not big on authority. Not much of a joiner.

Rosen nods, sympathetically.

ROSEN

Of course. I just thought it might be a good way to relieve your guilt. To kill a man is a terrible burden.

Hicks looks surprised, not sure what Rosen's getting at.

HICKS

I.. I didn't kill him. I mean, I had no choice, you know that.

ROSEN

Yes, I know that...

Rosen smiles at him, and now we see another side to the good doctor -- a cold, calculating and absolutely ruthless side that will not compromise when it comes to his mission.

ROSEN

... and you know that. But who else does? And who would ever believe it?

The implications of what Rosen is saying wash over Hicks. This was not an invitation.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Really, the best place for you now is with us. Where I can protect you.

And with that, Rosen heads off towards his car, disappearing into the darkness of the lot.

We hold on Hicks, staring after him, as we hear Rosen's voice one last time, echoing through the darkness.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Welcome to Section 8, Mr. Hicks.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW

Listed on KeelyNet as _____
courteously shared from California

ALTERNATIVE 3

LESLIE WATKINS

FROM THE ANGLIA TELEVISION FILM
ALTERNATIVE 3
DEvised BY DAVID AMBROSE AND
CHRISTOPHER MILES
WRITTEN BY DAVID AMBROSE
DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER MILES

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This book is dedicated to Ann Clark, Robert Patterson and
Brian Pendlebury - wherever they may be

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Filmset in Photon Times

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The frighteningly erratic behaviour of the climate over the past few years...Unidentified Flying Object activity at an all-time peak...the continuing pollution and despoliation of planet Earth by overpopulation and industry...the mounting incidence of unexplained dissapearances of people in mysterious circumstances...horrendous new killing techniques including spontaneous combustion - used by government assassins against those who pose a threat to the security of an ultra-secret organization...terrifying advances in mind-control by agencies like the CIA and their use in creating a class of mindless human-robot slaves...astounding revelations of clandestine collaboration in space between the USA and the USSR over a period of decades...bizzare features observed on the Moon and Mars - but for some reason barely mentioned in the media...

These and many other sinister features unearthed and examined by those investigating the horrific enigma of ALTERNATIVE 3 are the strands in a web of conspiracy which could only exist in our age of terminal technology. Top journalist Leslie Watkins, making use of the research for the original TV expose - much of which was not incorporated into the programme itself for various reasons - and of material that has come to light subsequently, has written a book with the grip, pace and compulsion of a thriller. And with the grim bite of terrible truth - a truth which is sure to be denied by those who are themselves terrified that the most explosive secret in human history is about to blow up in their faces...

3

SECTION ONE

No newspaper has yet secured the truth behind the operation known as ALTERNATIVE 3. Investigations by journalists have been blocked - by governments on both sides of the Iron Curtain. America and Russia are ruthlessly obsessed with guarding their shared secret and this obsession, as we can now prove, has made them partners in murder.

However, despite this intensive security, fragments of information have been made public. Often they are released inadvertently - by experts who do not appreciate their sinister significance - and these fragments, in isolation,

mean little. But when jigsawed together they form a definite pattern - a pattern which appears to emphasise the enormity of this conspiracy of silence.

On May 3, 1977, the Daily Mirror published this story:

President Jimmy Carter has joined the ranks of UFO spotters. He sent in two written reports stating he had seen a flying saucer when he was the Governor of Georgia.

The President has shrugged off the incident since then, perhaps fearing that electors might be wary of a flying saucer freak.

But he was reported as saying after the "sighting": "I don't laugh at people any more when they say they've seen UFOs because I've seen one myself."

Carter described his UFO like this: "Luminous, not solid, at first bluish, then reddish...it seemed to move towards us from a distance, stopped, then moved partially away."

Carter filed two reports on the sighting in 1973, one to the International UFO Bureau and the other to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena.

Heydon Hewes, who directs the International UFO Bureau from his home in Oklahoma City, is making speeches praising the President's "open-mindedness."

But during his presidential campaign last year Carter was cautious. He admitted he had seen a light in the sky but declined to call it a UFO.

He joked: "I think it was a light beckoning me to run in the California primary election."

Why this change in Carter's attitude? Because, by then, he had been briefed on Alternative 3?

A 1966 Gallup Poll showed that five million Americans - including several highly experienced airline pilots - claimed to have seen Flying Saucers. Fighter pilot Thomas Mantell

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had already died while chasing one over Kentucky - his F.51 aircraft having disintegrated in the violent wash of his quarry's engines. The U.S. Air Force, reluctantly bowing to mounting pressure, asked Dr. Edward Uhler Condon, a professor of astrophysics, to head an investigation team at Colorado University.

Condon's budget was \$500,000. Shortly before his report appeared in 1968, this story appeared in the London Evening Standard:

The Condon study is making headlines - but for all the wrong reasons. It is losing some of its outstanding members, under circumstances which are mysterious to say the least. Sinister rumors are circulating...at least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure.

The complete story behind the strange events in Colorado

is hard to decipher. But a clue, at least, may be found in the recent statements of Dr. James McDonald, the senior physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics at the University of Arizona and widely respected in his field. In a wary, but ominous, telephone conversation this week, Dr. McDonald told me that he is "most distressed."

Condon's 1,485 - page report denied the existence of Flying Saucers and a panel of the American National Academy of Sciences endorsed the conclusion that "further extensive study probably cannot be justified."

But, curiously, Condon's joint principal investigator, Dr. David Saunders, had not contributed a word to that report. And on January 11, 1969, the Daily Telegraph quoted Dr. Saunders as saying of the report: "It is inconceivable that it can be anything but a cold stew. No matter how long it is, what it includes, how it is said, or what it recommends, it will lack the essential element of credibility."

Already there were wide-spread suspicions that the Condon investigation had been part of an official coverup, that the government knew the truth but was determined to keep it from the public. We now know that those suspicions were accurate. And that the secrecy was all because of Alternative 3.

Only a few months after Dr. Saunders made his "cold stew" statement a journalist with the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch embarrassed the National Aeronautics and Space Agency by photographing a strange craft - loooking exactly like a Flying Saucer - at the White Sands missile range in New Mexico.

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At first no one at NASA would talk about this mysterious circular craft, 15 feet in diameter, which had been left in the "missile graveyard" - a section of the range where most experimental vehicles were eventually dumped.

But the Martin Marietta company of Denver, where it was built, acknowledged designing several models, some with ten and twelve engines. And a NASA official, faced with this information, said: "Actually the engineers used to call it "The Flying Saucer." That confirmed a statement made by Dr. Garry Henderson, a leading space research scientist: "All our astronauts have seen these objects but have been ordered not to discuss their findings with anyone."

Otto Binder was a member of the NASA space team. He has stated that NASA "killed" significant segments of conversation between Mission Control and Apollo 11 - the space-craft which took Buzz Aldrin and Neil Armstrong to the Moon - and that those segments were deleted from the official record: "Certain sources with their own VHF receiving facilities that by-passed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was quickly cut off

by the NASA monitoring staff."

Binder added: "It was presumably when the two moon-walkers, Aldrin and Armstrong, were making the rounds some distance from the LEM that Armstrong clutched Aldrin's arm excitedly and exclaimed - "What was it? What the hell was it? That's all I want to know."

Then, according to Binder, there was this exchange -

MISSION CONTROL: What's there ? ... malfunction
(garble) ... Mission Control calling Apollo 11...
APOLLO 11: These babies were huge, sir...enormous....
...Oh, God you wouldn't believe it!...I'm telling
you there are other space-craft out there...lined
up on the far side of the crater edge...they're on
the Moon watching us...

NASA, understandably, has never confirmed Binder's story but Buzz Aldrin was soon complaining bitterly about the Agency having used him as a "traveling salesman." And two years after his Moon mission, following reported bouts of heavy drinking, he was admitted to hospital with "emotional depression."

"Travelling salesman".... that's an odd choice of words, isn't it? What, in Aldrin's view, were the NASA authorities trying to sell? And to whom? Could it be that they were using him, and others like him, to sell their official version of the truth to ordinary people right across the world?

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Was Aldrin's Moon walk one of those great spectacles, presented with maximum publicity, to justify the billions being poured into space research? Was it part of the American - Russian cover for Alternative 3?

All men who have travelled to the Moon have given indications of knowing about Alternative 3 - and of the reasons which precipitated it.

In May, 1972, James Irwin - officially the sixth man to walk on the Moon - resigned to become a Baptist missionary. And he said then: "The flight made me a deeper religious person and more keenly aware of the fragile nature of our planet."

Edgar Mitchell, who landed on the Moon with the Apollo 14 mission in February, 1971, also resigned in May, 1972 - to devote himself to parapsychology. Later, at the headquarters of his Institute for Noetic Sciences near San Francisco, he described looking at this world from the Moon: "I went into a very deep pathos, a kind of anguish. That incredibly beautiful planet that was Earth...a place no bigger than my thumb was my home...a blue and white jewel against a velvet black sky...was being killed off.: And on March 23, 1974, he was quoted in the Daily Express as saying that society had only three ways in which to go and that the third was "the most viable but most difficult alternative."

Another of the Apollo Moon - walkers, Bob Grodin, was equally specific when interviewed by the Sceptre Television reporter on June 20, 1977: "You think they need all that crap down in Florida just to put two guys up there on a...on a bicycle? The hell they do! You know why they need us? So they've got a P.R. story for all that hardware they've been firing into space. We're nothing, man! Nothing!"

On July 11, 1977, the Los Angeles Times came near to the heart of the matter - nearer than any other newspaper - when it published a remarkable interview with Dr. Gerard O'Neill. Dr. O'Neill is a Princeton professor who served, during a 1976 sabbatical, as Professor of Aerospace at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and who gets nearly \$500,000 each year in research grants from NASA. Here is a section from that article:

The United Nations, he says, has conservatively estimated that the world's population, now more than 4 billion people, will grow to about 6.5 billion by the year 2000. Today, he adds, about 30% of the world's population is in developed nations. But, because most of the projected population growth will be in underdeveloped countries, that will drop to 22% by the end of the century. The world of 2000 will be poorer and hungrier than the world today, he says.

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Dr. O'Neill also explained the problems caused by the earth's 4,000 mile atmospheric layer but - presumably because the article was a comparatively short one - he was not quoted on the additional threat posed by the notorious "greenhouse" syndrome.

His solution? He called it Island 3. And he added: "There's really no debate about the technology involved in doing it. That's been confirmed by NASA's top people."

But Dr. O'Neill, a family man with three children who likes to fly sailplanes in his spare time, did not realise that he was slightly off-target. He was right, of course, about the technology. But he knew nothing of the political ramifications and he would have been astounded to learn that NASA was feeding his research to the Russians.

Even eminent political specialists, as respected in their sphere as Dr. O'Neill is in his own, have been puzzled by an undercurrent they have detected in East - West relationships. Professor G. Gordon Broadbent, director of the independently - financed Institute of Political Studies in London and author of a major study of U.S. - Soviet diplomacy since the 1950s, emphasised that fact on June 20, 1977, when he was interviewed on Sceptre Television: "On the broader issue of Soviet - U.S. relations, I must admit there is an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field." He added: "What we're suggesting is that, at the very highest levels of East - West diplomacy, there has been operating a factor of which we know nothing. Now it could

just be - and I stress the word "could" - that this unknown factor is some kind of massive but covert operation in space. But as for the reasons behind it...we are not in the business of speculation."

Washington's acute discomfort over O'Neill's revelations through the Los Angeles Times can be assessed by the urgency with which a "suppression" Bill was rushed to the Statute Book. On July 27, 1977 - only sixteen days after the publication of the O'Neill interview - columnist Jerry Campbell reported in the London Evening Standard that the Bill would become law that September. He wrote:

It prohibits the publishing of an official report without permission, arguing that this obstructs the Government's control of its own information. That was precisely the charge brought against Daniel Ellsberg for giving the Pentagon papers to the New York Times. Most ominous of all, the Bill would make it a crime for any present or former civil servant to tell the Press of Government wrong - doing or pass on any news based on information "submitted to the Government in private."

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Campbell pointed out that this final clause "has given serious pain to guardians of American Press freedom because it creates a brand new crime." Particularly as there was provision in the Bill for offending journalists to be sent to prison for up to six years.

We subsequently discovered that a man called Harman - Leonard Harman - read that item in the newspaper and that later, in a certzin television executives' dining-room, he expressed regret that a similar Law had not been passed uears earlier by the British government. He was eating treacle tart with custard at the time and he reflected wistfully that he could then have insisted on such a Law being obeyed. That, when it came to Alternative 3, would have saved him from a great deal of trouble...

He had chosen treacletart, not because he particularly liked it, but because it was 2p cheaper than the chocolate sponge. That was typical of Harman.

He was one of the people, as you may have learned already through the Press, who tried to interfere with the publication of this book. We will later be presenting some of the letters received by us from him and his lawyers - together with the replies from our legal advisers. We decided to print these letters in order to give you a thorough insight into our investigation for it is important to stress that we, like Professor Broadbent, are not in the "business of speculation."

We are interested only in the facts. And it is intriguing to note the pattern of facts relating to astronaut who have been on Moon missions - and who have therefore been exposed to some of the surprises presented by

Alternative 3. A number, undermined by the strain of being party to such a horrendous secret, suffered nervous or mental collapses. A high percentage sought sanctuary in excessive drinking or in extra marital affairs which destroyed what had been secure and successful marriages. Yet these were men originally picked from many thousands precisely because of their stability. Their training and experience, intelligence and physical fitness - all these, of course, were prime considerations in their selection. But the supremely important quality was their balanced temperament.

It would need something stupendous, something almost unimaginable to most people, to flip such men into dramatic personality changes. That something, we have now established, was Alternative 3 and, perhaps more particularly, the nightmarish obscenities involved in the development and perfection of Alternative 3.

We are not suggesting that the President of the United States has had personal knowledge of the terror and clinical cruelties which have been an integral part of the Operation, for that would make him directly responsible for murders and barbarous mutilations.

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We are convinced , in fact, that this is not the case. The President and the Russian leader, together with their immediate subordinates, have been concerned only with the broad sweep of policy. They have acted in unison to ensure what they consider to be the best possible future for mankind. And the day - to - day details have been delegated to high-level professionals.

These professionals, we have now established, have been classifying people selected for the Alternative 3 operation into two categories: those who are picked as individuals and those who merely form part of a "batch consignment." There have been several "batch consignments" and it is the treatment meted out to most of these men and women which provides the greatest cause for outrage.

No matter how desperate the circumstances may be - and we reluctantly recognise that they are extremely desperate - no humane society could tolerate what has been done to the innocent and the gullible. That view, fortunately, was taken by one man who was recruited into the Alternative 3 team three years ago. He was, at first, highly enthusiastic and completely dedicated to the Operation. However, he became revolted by some of the atrocities involved. He did not consider that, even in the prevailing circumstances, they could be justified.

Three days after the transmission of that sensational television documentary, his conscience finally goaded him into action. He knew the appalling risk he was taking, for he was aware of what had happened to others who had betrayed the secrets of Alternative 3, but he made telephone contact with television reporter Colin Benson - and offered to provide Benson with evidence of the most astounding nature.

He was calling, he said, from abroad but he was prepared to travel to London. They met two days later. And he

explained to Benson that copies of most orders and memoranda, together with transcripts prepared from tapes of Policy Committee meetings, were filed in triplicate - in Washington, Moscow and Geneva where Alternative 3 had its operational headquarters. The system had been instituted to ensure there was no misunderstanding between the principal partners. He occasionally had access to some of that material - although it was often weeks or even months old before he saw it - and he was willing to supply what he could to Benson. He wanted no money. He merely wanted to alert the public, to help stop the mass atrocities.

Benson's immediate reaction, after he had assessed the value of this offer, was that Scepter should mount a follow-up program - one which would expose the horrors of Alternative 3 in far greater depth. He argued bitterly with his superiors at Sceptre but they were adamant. The company was already in serious trouble with the government and there was some doubt about whether its license would be renewed.

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They refused to consider the possibility of doing another programme. They had officially disclaimed the Alternative 3 documentary as a hoax and that was where the matter had to rest. Anyway, they pointed out, this character who'd come forward was probably a nut...

If you saw the documentary, you will probably realise that Benson is a stubborn man. His friends say he is pig-obstinate. They also say he is a first-class investigative journalist.

He was angry about this attempt to suppress the truth and that is why he agreed to co-operate in the preparation of this book. That co-operation has been invaluable.

Through Benson we met the telephone caller who we now refer to as Trojan. And that meeting resulted in our acquiring documents, which we will be presenting, including transcripts of tapes made at the most secret rendezvous in the world - thirty five fathoms beneath the ice cap of the Arctic.

For obvious reasons, we cannot reveal the identity of Trojan. Nor can we give any hint about his function or status in the operation. We are completely satisfied, however, that his credentials are authentic and that, in breaking his oath of silence, he is prompted by the most honourable of motives. He stands in relation to the Alternative 3 conspiracy in much the same position as the anonymous informant "deep Throat" occupied in the Watergate affair.

Most of the "batch consignments" have been taken from the area known as the Bermuda Triangle but numerous other locations have also been used. On October 6, 1975, the Daily Telegraph gave prominence to this story:

The disappearance in bizarre circumstances in the past two weeks of 20 people from small coastal communities in Oregon was being intensively investigated at the weekend amid reports of an

imaginative fraud scheme involving a "flying saucer" and hints mass murder.

Sheriff's officers at Newport, Oregon, said that the 20 individuals had vanished without trace after being told to give away all their possessions, including their children, so that they could be transported in a flying saucer "by UFO to a better life".

Deputies under Mr. Ron Sutton, chief criminal investigator in surrounding Lincoln County, have traced the story back to a meeting on September 14 in a resort hotel, the Bayshore Inn at Waldport, Oregon.

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Local police have received conflicting reports as to what occurred (at the meeting). But while it is clear that the speaker did not pretend to be from outer space, he told the audience how their souls could be "saved through a UFO".

The hall had been reserved for a fee of \$5 by a man and a woman who gave false names. Mr. Sutton said witnesses had described them as "fortyish, well groomed, straight types".

The Telegraph said that "selected people would be prepared at a special camp in Colorado for life on another planet" and quoted Investigator Sutton as adding:

"They were told they would have to give away everything, even their children. I'm checking a report of one family who supposedly gave away a 150-acre farm and three children.

"We don't know if it's a fraud or whether these people might be killed. There are all sorts of rumours, including some about human sacrifice and that this is sponsored by the (Charles) Manson family."

Most of the missing 20 were described as being "hippy types" although there were some older people among them. People of this calibre, we have now discovered, have been what is known as "scientifically adjusted" to fit them for a new role as a slave species.

There have been equally strange reports of animals - particularly farm animals - disappearing in large numbers. And occasionally it appears that aspects of the Alternative 3 operation have been bungled, that attempts to lift "batch consignments" of humans or of animals have failed.

On July 15, 1977, the Daily Mail - under a "Flying Saucer" headline - carried this story:

Men in face masks, using metal detectors and a geiger counter, yesterday scoured a remote Dartmoor valley in a bid to solve a macabre mystery.

All appeared to have died at about the same time, and many of the bones have been inexplicably shattered. To add to the riddle, their bodies decomposed to virtual skeletons within only 48 hours.

Animal experts confess they are baffled by the deaths at Cherry Brook Valley near Postbridge.

Yesterday's search was carried out by members of the Devon Unidentified Flying Objects center at Torquay who are trying to prove a link with outer space.

They believe that flying saucers may have flown low over the area and created a vortex which hurled the ponies to their death.

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Mr. John wyse, head of the four-man team, said: "If a spacecraft has been in the vicinity, there may still be detectable evidence. We wanted to see if there was any sign that the ponies had been shot but we have found nothing. This incident bears an uncanny resemblance to similar events reported in America."

The Mail report concluded with a statement from an official representing The Dartmoor Livestock Protection Society and the Animal Defence Society: "Whatever happened was violent. We are keeping an open mind. I am fascinated by the UFO theory. There is no reason to reject that possibility since there is no other rational explanation."

These, then, were typical of the threads which inspired the original television investigation. It needed one person, however, to show how they could be embroidered into a clear picture.

Without the specialist guidance of that person the Sceptre television documentary could never have been produced - and Trojan would never have contacted Colin Benson. And it would have been years, possibly seven years or even longer, before ordinary people started to suspect the devastating truth about this planet on which we live.

That person, of course, is the old man....

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SECTION TWO

They realise now that they should have killed the old man. That would have been the logical course - to protect the secrecy of Alternative 3.

It is curious, really, that they did not agree his death on that Thursday in February for, as we have stated, they do use murder. Of course, it is not called murder - not when it is done jointly by the governments of America and Russia. It is an Act of Expediency.

Many Acts of Expediency are believed to have been ordered by the sixteen men, official representatives of the Pentagon and the Kremlin, who comprise the Policy Committee. Grotesque and apparently inexplicable slayings in various parts of the world - in Germany and Japan, Britain and Australis - are alleged to have been sanctioned by them.

We have not been able to substantiate these suspicions and allegations so we merely record that an unknown number of people - including distinguished radio astronomer Sir William Ballantine - have been executed because of this astonishing agreement between the super-powers.

Prominent politicians, including two in Britain, were among those who tried to prevent the publication of this book. They insisted that it is not necessary for you, and others like you, to be told the unpalatable facts. They argue that the events of the future are now inevitable, that there is nothing to be gained by prematurely unleashing fear. We concede that they are sincere in their views but we maintain that you ought to know. You have a right to know.

Attempts were also made to neuter the television programme which first focused public attention on Alternative 3. Those attempts were partially successful. And, of course, after the programme was transmitted - when there was that spontaneous explosion of anxiety - Sceptre Television was forced to issue a formal denial. It had all been a hoax. That's what they were told to say. That's what they did say.

Most people were then only too glad to be reassured. They wanted to be convinced that the programme had been devised as a joke, that it was merely an elaborate piece of escapist entertainment. It was more comfortable that way.

In fact, the television researchers did uncover far more disturbing material than they were allowed to transmit. The censored information is now in our possession. And, as we

have indicated, there was a great deal that Benson and the rest of the television team did not discover - not until it been screened. And they did not know, for example, that Sir William Ballantine's freakish death - not far from his base at

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Jodrell Bank - was mirrored by that of an aerospace professor called Peterson near Stanford University at Palo Alto, California. Nor did they know of the monthly conferences beneath the ice of the Arctic.

Alternative 3 appears a preposterous conception -until one analyses the history of the so-called space-race. Right from the start the public have been allowed to know only what is considered appropriate for them to know. Many futuristic research developments - and the extent of information pooled between East and West -have been kept strictly classified.

There was a small but typical example in 1951 when living creatures were hurtled into the stratosphere for the very first time. Or, at least, the public were eventually told it was for the first time. Four monkeys - code-named Albert 1,2,3 and 4 - were launched in a V2 rocket from White Sands, New Mexico.

Remember White Sands? That's where the Columbus Dispatch man photographed that strange craft - the one which a NASA official grudgingly admitted was known as "The Flying Saucer".

The monkeys were successfully brought back to earth. Three survived. One died, shortly afterwards, of heat prostration.

Much later, when news did leak out, it was explained that Operation Albert had been kept secret for only one reason - to avert any possibility of animal-lovers staging a protest demonstration.

Most people accepted the official story - that the four Alberts really had been this world's first travellers in space. But was that the truth?

By 1951 the V2 rocket, a relic of World War II, had been superseded by far more sophisticated missiles. So would it be logical, or indeed practical, to use an obsolete vehicle for the first launch of living creatures?

Is it not more feasible to argue that Operation Albert was no more than a subsidiary experiment which happened to slip through the security net? That the authorities were not too perturbed about having to confirm it - because it helped conceal the real and gigantic truth?

There is abundant evidence that by 1951 the super powers were far more advanced in space technology than they have ever admitted. Much of that evidence has been supplied by experienced pilots. By men like Captain Laurence W. Vinther...

At 8:30 p.m. on January 20, 1951, Captain Vinther -then with Mid-Continent Airlines - was ordered by the controller at Sioux City Airport to investigate a "very bright light" above the field.

He and his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, took off in a DC3 and headed for the source of the light.

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Suddenly the light dived towards them at great speed and passed about 200 feet above them. Then they discovered that it had reversed direction, apparently in a split second, and was flying parallel to the airliner. It was a clear moonlit night and both men could clearly see that the light was emanating from a cigar-shaped object bigger than a B-29. Eventually the strange craft lost altitude, passed under the DC3 and disappeared.

Two months later, on March 15, thousands of people in New Delhi were startled by a strange object, high in the sky, which appeared to be circling the city. One witness was George Franklin Floate, chief engineer with the Delhi Flying Club, who described "a bullet-nosed, cigar-shaped object about 100 feet long with a ring of flames at the end". Two Indian Air Force jets were sent up to intercept. But the object suddenly surged upwards at a "phenomenal speeds" and vanished into the heights.

So, despite all official denials, sufficient advances had been made by 1951 to provide the basis for planning Alternative 3.

By the mid-Seventies there were so many rumours about covert information-swapping between East and West - with men like Professor Broadbent becoming progressively more curious - that the American-Russian "rivals" staged a masterpiece of camouflage. They would show the world, quite openly, how they were prepared to co-operate in space! The result was seen in July, 1975: the first admitted International Space Transfer. Television cameras showed the docking of a Soyuz spacecraft with and Apollo - and the crews jubilantly exchanging food and symbolic halves of medals.

Leonid Brezhnev sent this message to the united spacemen: "Your successful docking confirms the correctness of technical solutions that were worked out and realised in co-operation by Soviet and American scientists, designers and cosmonauts. One can say that Soyuz-Apollo is a prototype of future international orbital stations."

Gerald Ford expressed the hope that this "tremendous demonstration of co-operation" would set the pattern for "what we have to do in the future to make it a better world". And at his home near Boston, Massachusetts, former Apollo man Bob Grodin switched off his television set in disgust.

Grodin's comment was more succinct than that of either leader. He said: "How they've got the bloody neck!" Then he poured himself another tumbler of bourbon.

Grodin had cause to be bitter that day. Bitter and also cynically amused. There'd been no television coverage, no glory of any sort, when he'd done the identical maneuver -140 miles above the clouds - on April 20, 1969. He's shaken hands up there with the Russians and laughed at their bad jokes - exactly like Tom Stafford had just been doing - but there'd been none of this celebrity crap about that

operation.

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It was crazy...the way they were kidding people by making it all seem such a big deal! Christ! It hadn't been a big deal even when he'd done it. There'd been all the others before him...

We now know, in fact, that this American-Russian docking technique was successfully pioneered in the late Fifties - with specially-designed submarines in the black depths of the North Atlantic. It was pioneered specifically because of Alternative 3. Because of the need for the ultimate in security. The system made it possible for men who were officially enemies, who played the charade of distrusting each other in public, to travel separately and discreetly to meetings far below the waves.

Thursday, February 3, 1977. A landmark. A Policy Committee meeting infiltrated, via the transcript, for the first time by Trojan. Information about earlier meetings, held in a variety of locations, still not available. Complete transcript obviously filed in separately-secured sections. Sensible precaution. And frustrating. Trojan obtained only small section. Enough to confirm murder conspiracy. Major break-through.

The venue: the wardroom of a modified Permit nuclear submarine. Thirty-five fathoms beneath ice of Arctic. Permit subs "seek out and destroy enemy". So American taxpayers are told. Cold War concepts are readily accepted. They distract from real truth...

No names on transcript. No names, apparently, ever used. Only nationalities and numbers. Eight Russians - listed as R ONE through to R EIGHT - and eight Americans.

Procedure shown by subsequent transcripts - A EIGHT and R EIGHT alternate monthly as chairmen.

February 3. Chairman: A EIGHT. Transcript section starts:

A FIVE: You're kill-crazy...you know that?... absolutely kill-crazy...

A TWO: No...the guys right...that old man is dangerous...

R SIX: I am reminding you that it was agreed...right from the start it was agreed...that expedencies would be kept to a minimum...

A TWO: And the old man, friend, is right there inside that minimum...the way he talks...he'll blow the whole goddam thing...

R ONE: Who do you suppose ever listens to him? Eh?... nobody...that's who listens. Come...he knows nothing...not after all these years. Theories...that's all he's got...theories and memories...

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A FIVE: That just says it, dosen't it? Here we are wasting time and wetting ourselves because of theories that are twenty years old...Jeez!...if we start spreading expediencies so low because...

R FOUR: The theories have not changed so much in twenty years and in my considered opinion...

A FIVE: ...so low because of a semi-senile and garrulous old man...

A EIGHT: He's not semi-senile...he's not even that old ...I heard him lecture last year at Cambridge and, you take my word, he's certainly not semi-senile... What,precisely, has he been saying?

A TWO: About getting air out of the soil..about how the ice is melting...people at that university... they're beginning to listen to him...

A FIVE: That's no more, for Chrissakes, than he was saying in Alabama back in 1957...hell, I was right there at Huntsville when he said it...

R FOUR: The Huntsville Conference was like this meeting...the discussions there were not for outsiders and...

A FIVE: Yes...but not many people took him seriously even then...and now that he"s over the hill...

R FOUR: It is still a serious breach of security... it is dangerous and it could start a panic among the masses...

A FIVE: So all right!...Kill him! He's a harmless and doddering old has-been but if it makes you feel better...go ahead and kill him...

A EIGHT: Expediencies aren"t to make us feel better... and our friend here was right...we have agreed to restrict them to the minimum...anything else against this man?

A TWO: Yeah...the real bad news...I hear he"s been dropping hints...nothing specific but oblique hints about the big bang...about the earth-air thing being cracked

R SIX: But it is not possible for him to be knowing that...

A TWO: Mabey he doesn"t know...not know for sure... but he's sure done some figuring

A ONE: You're saying he"s guessed...right? That's what you"re saying

R ONE: So it is as I said...theories and memories and now guesses! We sentence an old man to death because of his guesses? That is how you Americans wish us to work?

A EIGHT: Let's cut the East-West stuff...we're a team here, remember, and we've got a hell of an agenda to get through and we've spent quite long enough on this Englishman. So let's vote...Those for expediency?

and this character Harry Carmell...looks to me like there's no room for question about either of them.

R SEVEN: This Harry Carmell...we are certain that he has stolen that circuit from NASA?

A EIGHT: Positive certain. And heads, I can promise you have rolled at Huston. We also know that he's somewhere in England...probably London...so if he should link up again with Ballantine...

R SEVEN: I think we are all aware of what could happen if he should link up again with Ballantine...

A TWO: Especially with Ballantine's contacts in Fleet Street...

R SEVEN: How was it possible for a man like Carmell to get out of America...?

A EIGHT: Don't tell me...I can say it for you...he'd never have got out of Russia that easily...but there it is...our people goofed and now it's down to us...

R SEVEN: As you say then, there is no room for question...both of them have got to be expedencies.

A EIGHT: All agreed?...Good...I suggest a couple of hot jobs...coroners always play them quiet...

R SEVEN: But first, presumably, we'll have to find Carmell...

A EIGHT: We'll find him...Londons not that big a town and he'll soon be needing his shots.

A THREE: How hooked is he?

A EIGHT: Hooked enough...Now what about Peterson? Same deal?

R FOUR: We've all seen the earlier report on Peterson.. what is the latest assessment?

A EIGHT: He's getting more and more paranoiac about the batch consignments...

R FOUR: You mean the scientific adjustments?

A EIGHT: Yeah...the scientific adjustments...he's running off at the mouth about ethics...that sort of crap...

A TWO: Ethics! What the hell do some of these guys think we're all at? Jesus! We're smack in the middle of the most vital exercise ever mounted...with the survival of the whole human race swinging on it... and they bleat about ethics...

A EIGHT: That surgery bit...it really got to him...

A FIVE: They should never have told him...he didn't need to know that...look, we owe Peterson...he's done good work...couldn't we just get him committed?

A TWO: No way...much too risky...he'd squeal his bloody head off.

A EIGHT: I endorse that. I'm sorry because I like the guy...but there's no choice. Anyone against an expediency for Peterson?...okay...that's carried... now for God's sake let's get down to the big problem...this stepping-up of the supplies-shuttle. Any word from Geneva?

That was where the transcript section ended. Three murders, quite clearly, had been agreed. No matter what they chose to call them, they were still talking about murder. But scientific adjustments? A great deal had already been published in the Western Press about strange experiments being conducted on inmates - chiefly dissidents and political prisoners - at the Dnepropetrovsk Mental Hospital in the Ukraine. They were barbaric, these experiments, but they had been known about and talked about for years. To push this Peterson to such agony of mind - to push him into risking and forfeiting his life - that surely had to be something new.

Trojan, by that time, had supplied us with information about that "something new" - for it was precisely that something which had decided him to make his dangerous break and talk to Benson. But he had nothing in writing. Nothing to document or substantiate his claims. We decided they were worth investigating but that it would be irresponsible merely to assume their accuracy.

We sought help from contacts in Washington. Contacts with influence in Senate and Congressional committees. And we were surprised by the speed with which those contacts achieved results. They didn't manage to bring the full story into the open, not at that stage, but they did make it possible for the public to see a glimmering of the truth.

On August 3, 1977, The London Evening News carried this story:

Human "guinea pigs" have been used by the CIA in experiments to control behaviour and sexual activity.

The American intelligence agency also considered hiring a magician for another secret program on mind control.

The experiments over the past 20 years are revealed in documents which were thought to have been destroyed, but which have now been released after pressure from United States senate and congressional committees. The attempts to change sex patterns and other behaviour involved using drugs on schizophrenic as well as normal people. Hallucinatory drugs like LSD were used on students.

Another heavily censored document shows that a top magician was considered for work on mind control.

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The give-away word was "prestidigitation" - sleight of hand - which appeared in a 1953 memo written by Sidney Gottlier, then chief of the CIA's chemical division.

That story, we are convinced, would never have appeared if it had not been for the information supplied by Trojan. The "guinea-pig" facts would have remained as secret as the rest of the Alternative 3 operation.

The following day - August 4 - other newspapers developed the story. Ann Morrow, filing from Washington, wrote in the Daily Telegraph:

Some of the more chilling details of the way the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) tried to control individual behavior by using drugs on willing and unwilling human "guinea pigs" were disclosed yesterday by its director, Mr. Stansfield Turner.

In a large wood-pannelled room, Mr. Turner, who likes to be known by his rank of Admiral, told the Senate's Intelligence Committee and Human Resources Sub-committee on Health that such tests were abhorrent to him.

He admitted that the tests were carried out in "safe houses" in San Francisco and New York where unwitting sexual psychopaths were subjected to experiments and attempts were made to change sexual conduct and other forms of human behavior.

At least 185 private scientists and 80 research institutions, including universities, were involved.

Mr. Turner went on to say that one man had killed himself - by leaping from an hotel window in New York City - after he had "unknowingly " been used in a "CIA - sponsored experiment:. The report continued:

Senator Edward Kennedy asked some incisive questions, but like other members of the Senate Committee found it difficult to keep a straight face when asking about the CIA's operations "Midnight" and "Climax".

Questioning two former CIA employees about the experiments which began in the 1950s and ended in 1973, Senator Kennedy read out a bizarre list of accessories for the "safe houses" in San Francisco and New York where prostitutes organized.

In his flat Bostonian accent he reeled off, straight - faced: "Rather elaborate dressing table, black velveteen skirt, one French Can - Can dancer's picture, three Toulouse Lautrec etchings, two - way

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mirrors and recording equipment." Then he admitted that this was the lighter side of the operation.

Mr. John Gittinger, who was with the CIA for 26 years, trembled and put a handkerchief to his eyes. He just nodded in agreement.

The Times, as you can check for yourself in any good reference library, carried a similar story from Washington that day. It described documents taken from CIA files and added:

Batches of the documents have been made available to reporters in Washington under the Freedom of Information Act, which guarantees the public access to Government papers. They are nearly all heavily censored.

That's the give - away - there in that last line. Nearly all heavily censored. Alternative 3, right from its conception in the Fifties, has always been considered exempt from the Freedom of Information Act. And it is no coincidence that these controversial experiments also started - as is now openly admitted - in the Fifties.

The editors of these newspapers had no way of knowing that their stories, disturbing as they were, had a direct connection with Alternative 3. Nor that they had secured only a fraction of the truth about those CIA experiments.

Information obtained from the complete experiments was pooled with that gained at the Dnepropetrovsk Mental Hospital. It was pooled so that factory - production methods could be developed to manufacture a slave species.

Remember that curious statement made by criminal investigator Ron Sutton in October, 1975 - after the disappearance of the "batch consignment" from Oregon?

"They were told they would have to give away everything, even their children. I'm checking a report of one family who supposedly gave away a 150 - acre farm and three children." That's what he said. And now those words fit into perspective.

In the days before the American Civil War slaves had no right to a family, no right to keep their own children, and they had no property. They WERE property. That horrifying philosophy, we can now prove, has been adopted by the space slave - masters of the Seventies.

Alternative 3 needs regular consignments of slaves. It needs them to labour for the key people. For people like Dr. Ann Clark.

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Three people unwittingly inspired that television documentary and, although they would be dismayed to realize it, they helped alert the world to the horrors of Alternative 3.

Dr. Ann Clark is a research scientist specializing in solar energy. Brian Pendlebury, a former RAF man, is an electronics expert. Robert Patterson is a senior lecturer in mathematics - or, rather, he was until the time of his disappearance. Today, almost certainly, Patterson no longer teaches mathematics but is working full - time for Alternative 3.

So these people, then, were the catalyst for the entire investigation. That is why, although we have never met them, we have dedicated this book to them.

Ann Clark, a raven - haired and attractive woman who was

just nudging thirty, made her big decision towards the end of 1975. She would never have made it - although her pride stopped her admitting as much on television - if her fiance' had not unexpectedly broken their engagement.

Her future had seemed all set. She'd intended to soldier on despite all the frustrations, at the research laboratory in Norwich until they got married. And then, probably, until their first child was born. Conditions at the laboratory were, as she'd often said, "pretty grotty" but she was prepared to tolerate them. After all, it wasn't going to be for too long...

Then Malcolm had shattered her with his news. He'd been astonishingly casual about it. Quite unlike the Malcolm she'd thought she'd known. He'd just told her, brutally, that their engagement was a mistake, that he didn't "want to get tied down." And then, only four weeks later, she's heard he was talking about marrying some girl called Maureen...

Suddenly the laboratory, and everything about it, had seemed intolerably depressing. Squalid and almost sordid. All the authorities admitted that their research was important. Particularly with the energy shortage and the climbing cost of oil. But apparently it wasn't important enough to have money poured into it.

Experimental projects often took three times as long as they should because of equipment which was makeshift and, in some cases, almost obsolete. Certain projects could not even be started. "Maybe in the next financial year but, at the moment, there's no budget available." That was a stock answer from the administrators. And Ann Clark became progressively more frustrated.

She wanted, now, to throw herself harder than ever into her research, to immerse herself in it completely, but she was increasingly aware that - like the others - she was not being allowed to make full use of her training. She's never have felt so strongly if it hadn't been for Malcolm and his plan for marrying this Maureen...that's what really decided her to start a new life.

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Plenty of others were doing the same that year. They were getting out of Britain, heading for the big - money jobs in Europe and in the Middle East. And in America. They were doubling their salaries and picking up bonus perks like company cars and lavish homes. They were also being offered far better conditions in which to work.

The Brain Drain. That's what it's called. And it is an accurate label. In the twelve years up to December, 1975 - the month Ann Clark reached her decision - nearly 4 million people had evacuated from the United Kingdom. More than a third of them were from the professional and managerial levels of British society.

One of the department heads at Norwich had left for a top post in America at the beginning of that year and, as his occasional letters had shown, he had not regretted the move. His only regret, in fact, was that he'd not made it years earlier. Ann Clark decided to write to him.

To her amazement, he telephoned her from California as

soon as he got the letter. There'd be no problem at all, he told her. Not with her ability and experience. She was exactly the type they needed and, if she wanted, he could certainly get her fixed with the right job.

If she wanted! She'd never imagined it could possibly be that easy. Excitement surged through her as she listened. Apparently there was a man in London who was recruiting scientists for the company in California and if she cared to contact this man...

She jotted down the name and address of the man in London, together with his telephone number. "I'll get in touch with him today," she said. I can't tell you how grateful...

"Let me call him first," he interrupted. "I'll put him in the picture about you."

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much indeed."

She met the man in London the following day and it was all settled within an hour. She drafted her resignation on the train back to Norwich.

That was the week, as we will explain later, that she was first contacted by Sceptre Television. And, at first, she was more than happy to talk to them about her plans. She didn't mention Malcolm, of course, because the viewers didn't need to know about him. However, it was important, she felt, for people to be told exactly why scientists were flocking away from Britain. She was flattered, in fact, to be given the opportunity and she told herself that, by speaking out, she might help get conditions improved for those she was leaving...

Now we reach a mystery which we still have not completely resolved. The information we have fitted together has come from Ann Clark's friends and colleagues in Norwich. It almost provides an answer...but it also leaves questions.

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Shortly after the Sceptre Television film unit arrived at the laboratory in January, 1976, for the first of a series of interviews - Ann Clark was visited there by a strange American. He'd made no appointment but just turned up and they assumed he was connected, in some way, with her new job. The American talked to her, privately, for a long time and afterwards she seemed upset. She refused to say what he'd wanted or what they'd discussed but she was obviously extremely upset.

That American, we have now established, went to her flat that evening and stayed for three hours. And after that evening her attitude to those around her, and to the Sceptre Television people, changed in the most extraordinary manner. She did her work as conscientiously as ever but she was oddly withdrawn. She refused to be drawn into any conversations. It was as if she had brought a shutter down all around herself.

There was also something else. One of her colleagues, an elderly man, told us: "I started noticing that she was sometimes looking at me - and at others - with a funny sort of expression in her eyes. It was almost as if, for some

reason or other, she felt sorry for us. All a bit odd...

All VERY odd. Dr. Ann Clark left Norwich in a self - drive hired car on February 22, 1976. She left without working out her notice because, as she explained, the Americans were in a hurry to have her. So she became part of the Brain Drain. But she has still not joined that company in California.

Brian Pendlebury was thirty - three when he became part of the Brain Drain in July, 1974. His principal reason for leaving was that he disliked the climate, particularly the climate in Manchester. He was very much a sun person.

Since leaving university, with a degree in electronics, he'd acquired a taste for travel as a special - projects officer with the RAF.

The Air Force had shown him the world. It had also shown him that he wasn't the type to settle down in any hum-drum routine. Certainly not in Manchester.

Five months after leaving the service he applied for a job with a major electronics firm in Sydney, Australia. And, to the acute disappointment of his parents, he got it.

They were, they now admit, disappointed for a selfish but very understandable reason. He was their only child and they absolutely adored him - having scrimped to get him through university and been so proud over his success - and for years they'd seen so very little of him. They had hoped that now he would live at home, for a year or so, at least. His mother also had this cosy vision of Brian marrying some nice sensible Lancashire girl and of herself becoming a doting grandmother.

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"Maybe we can work out some compromise," he'd made up his mind. He did promise, however, that he'd keep closely in touch. He'd write regularly and he'd send lots of photographs. Yes, he knew that he'd said all that before...but this time he really would.

He kept that promise. He kept it for five months after leaving Manchester. Every week they got a letter with news of his life in Australia. The job, it seemed, was going fine and he was really enjoying himself there. They also got photographs: Brian surfing...Brian with friends at a nightclub...Brian in front of Sydney Harbor bridge. That bridge picture was a particularly good one. They had it framed and they put it on the mantelpiece.

So everything was fine, absolutely fine, except for some disconcerting facts.

Brian Pendlebury did not live at the address shown on his letters. The company for which he claimed to be working insist they have never heard of him. The truth, as far as we can establish it, is that Pendlebury never got to Australia.

Britain's system of taxation was a favorite hate subject with forty-two-year-old Robert Patterson. And, as a mathematician, he always had the latest facts to justify his anger.

His friends at the University of St. Andrews, where he was a senior lecturer, had become accustomed to a regular bombardment of figures:

"Do you realize that in Germany the most a man has to pay on the topslice of his taxable earnings is only 56 per cent! And in America...now that's a country where they really appreciate the value of incentive...in America it's only 50 per cent!"

Every one of his sentences, when he was talking tax, seemed to finish with a fiery exclamation mark.

"But what's it here in Britain? You ask me that and I'll tell you! Eighty - three per cent...that's what it is here...83 per cent! And you wonder why people here aren't interested in working harder!"

This sort of conversation - with Patterson supplying all the questions and answers - could go on indefinitely without anyone else saying a word. It was a hangover from his lecture - room technique and it made him quite intolerably boring.

Many people at the university were rather relieved when he eventually announced that he was going to follow his own advice. He and his wife Eileen were getting out of Britain. They were taking their two children off to a fresh start in America.

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He was unusually reticent about what he was going to do in America, saying no more than that he'd been "invited on an interesting project". It seemed obvious, despite his evasiveness, that he'd accepted some really plum post in America. And at the university, they weren't surprised, for he was recognized as one of the most brilliant mathematicians in Britain. It was a pity that he was also such a bore.

Patterson broke his news at the beginning of February, 1976, and a paragraph appeared in the Guardian.

One of the researchers at Sceptre Television - the one who'd organized the initial interview with Ann Clark - saw the paragraph and immediately contacted Patterson. He was offering Patterson the best platform he'd ever had to air his views on taxation for the program Science Report was networked right across the country.

"Thank you for the invitation," said Patterson.

"Normally I'd love to take it up but I've got a time problem. We're flying at the end of next week and there's so much I've got to do..."

"We wouldn't need all that much of your time," persisted the researcher. He'd had trouble enough finding the right people and he wasn't going to let a prize like Robert Patterson slip away too easily. "We could send a reporter and film unit up to Scotland and do it, perhaps, at the university or at your home." Harman, he knew, would probably squeal about the cost of sending a unit all that way from London - just for one interview - but let him bloody squeal.

They couldn't expect to hold a network slot without spending a few bob. Anyway, he thought, Chris Clements could fight that out with Harman. That's what producers were for. His job was to get the right people and he was damned well doing it. "It wouldn't take long, Mr. Patterson," he said. "And we could do it almost any time to suit you."

Patterson hesitated. "How about next Tuesday morning?" he said.

"Fine. What time?"

"Eleven o'clock?"

"Right. And where?"

"It would be more convenient here at my house."

"Then your house it is, Mr. Patterson. We'll be there at eleven. And thank you."

Colin Benson, now co-operating with us, was the TV reporter who went to Patterson's home on that Tuesday morning. He found the house locked and obviously empty. The Pattersons, according to neighbors, had driven off in a hurry at lunchtime on the Saturday.

If you watched that particular edition of Science Report, you will probably recall that the family's car was later found abandoned in London. But the Pattersons - Robert, Eileen, sixteen - year - old Julian and fourteen - year - old Kate - have not been seen since.

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February 6, 1977. Sir William Ballantine kept looking nervously at his watch. He couldn't understand why Carmell hadn't telephoned. That, quite specifically, had been the arrangement. He should have telephoned - and fixed the meeting - as soon as he arrived in England.

From his study window, stark against the unseasonably bright blue of the afternoon sky, Ballantine could see the gigantic listening saucer of the Jodrell Bank radio telescope.

He stared at it now, trying to stifle the conviction that something had gone dreadfully wrong. For days he'd had this premonition that somehow they had discovered what he was planning, that time was draining fast away.

It had been a mistake, a terrible mistake, to have kept the tape a secret for so long. He should have told the public, months earlier, what was really happening in space. He should have done it that day when - at NASA headquarters in America - he saw the undeniable proof..that men had achieved the impossible.

But, There again, who would have believed him? The facts were so fantastic that, despite his international standing as a radio astronomer, there would have been scepticism. Particularly if NASA denied the story - and Harry Carmell had warned him that NASA would deny it most emphatically.

Carmell had helped him. He'd been nervous about doing so but - without seeking permission from his superiors - he had helped. He'd played Ballantine's Jodrell Bank tape through one of the NASA electronic decoding circuits. And then they'd seen, just the two of them, the astounding

pictures which were suddenly flowing from the unscrambled tape.

Carmell, immediately, had been terrified. "Don't yap about this - not to anybody," he'd said. "These bastards would kill us if they knew what we've seen. Take a word of advice, friend, and destroy that damned tape..."

We have those words, exactly as they were spoken, for they made a big impression on Ballantine. Enough of an impression for him to record them in his 1976 diary.

Ballantine did not speak of what he'd seen at NASA. He tried to forget. But, of course, he couldn't forget.

On Wednesday, January 26, 1977, Ballantine got an unexpected telephone call from Carmell in America. Most of Ballantine's telephone conversations contained such a mass of technical information that he taped them for future reference. He taped this particular one and now, by permission of Lady Ballantine, we are able to present it:

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CARMELL: Did you do like I said?...Did you destroy that tape?

BALLANTINE: I haven't told anybody about it...but I've still got it safe...

CARMELL: Thank Christ! Then we can burst the whole bloody thing...

BALLANTINE: I'm sorry...what are you talking about?

CARMELL: Batch consignments...that's what I'm talking about...I tell you, friend, it's incredible what these goons are doing...

BALLANTINE: Batch consignments?...I don't know what that means...

CARMELL: Stinking atrocities...that's what it means ...But I don't want to say no more, not on the wire...I'll tell you when I get to you...

BALLANTINE: You're coming to England?

CARMELL: By the first damned flight I can...I've quit NASA and I've borrowed a baby juke - box...

BALLANTINE: I don't think I caught that...

CARMELL: A juke - box...you know...a de-coder like we used last year...I've got one and I'm bringing it to England...

BALLANTINE: But what's happened?...And what are batch consignments?

CARMELL: Wait till we meet, friend, and it'll blow your mind...Jesus, I knew these bastards were evil but I never imagined...look, I'll ring you when I get to London, okay?

BALLANTINE: You expect to get here tomorrow?

CARMELL: Can't rightly say...they know I've got this baby and they're looking for me...so I gotta play it smart. I might get up through Canada

and out that way...give me till...well, let's say a week Sunday...I should have made it before then...

BALLANTINE: You know, I find this very hard to credit...you really are in some danger?

CARMELL: Not some danger, friend...the worst danger possible....but I couldn't stand by and just let them do what they're doing...now, look, I gotta go...so a week Sunday at the outside, okay?

BALLANTINE: That'll be February 6...

CARMELL: Yeah...but with luck it'll be earlier...if you haven't heard from me again by February 6 - let's say by four in the afternoon - you'll know it's all screwed up...

BALLANTINE: And what does that mean?

CARMELL: That I'll be dead, friend, that's what it means.

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BALLANTINE: Good Lord!...but if that were to happen... what should I do?

CARMELL: If you give a damn about decency or human dignity...you'll go right ahead and expose the whole stinking shebang...there's a guy in Geneva who'll help you...his name is...

That was the core of the conversation. We are not printing the name mentioned at that stage by Harry Carmell for it is that of the man we now refer to as Trojan. In view of the way Trojan has helped in this investigation, his life would be in acute danger if he were in any way to be identified in this book.

So there was Ballantine in his study on February 6. It was nearly 4:45 in the afternoon. And there was still no call from Carmell.

Maybe, he thought, Carmell had been caught. Maybe he'd been caught and killed. It all bordered on being outrageously impossible but, after what he had seen at NASA, Ballantine no longer considered anything impossible.

Obviously he ought to contact the man in Switzerland. He'd promised Carmell that he would. Well, he'd more or less promised him. But even that wasn't as simple as it seemed. Carmell had given him no address or telephone number. Only a surname. And Geneva was rather a large place.

By 5:30 he was convinced that Carmell was dead. He was also convinced that there was serious danger for himself. Carmell's words kept running through his mind: "I knew these bastards were evil but I never imagined..." And now Ballantine's own imagination was churning over. They probably already knew about his tape and about what he intended doing with it..."

He took the tape from the drawer, knowing that he had to get it to somewhere safe. That was when he realized there was one friend who might be able to advise him - John Hendry,

the London managing editor of an international news agency.

Kendry, to start with, had a staff reporter in Geneva - and he would almost certainly trace the man named by Carmell. Hendry would also be able to tell him the best way to break the news - for it was essential to make as big an initial impact as possible. He'd pull the whole bizarre business right into the eye of the public. He'd also force a thorough investigation into the disappearance of Harry Carmell.

He checked his watch again. Early Sunday evening. Chances were that John Hendry was still at his office. They worked odd hours in Fleet Street. It was worth trying.

He was lucky. He caught Hendry just as he was preparing to leave. Here, again with Lady Ballantine's permission, is a transcript of that telephone call:

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BALLANTINE: John?...This is William Ballantine...

HENDRY: Well. what a happy surprise! How are things a Jodrell?

BALLANTINE: I've got a problem, John...rather a serious problem...and I need your help...

HENDRY: Certainly, you know full well that any help I can give...what sort of problem?

BALLANTINE: Can I meet you this evening?

HENDRY: You in London?

BALLANTINE: I'm calling from home...but it wouldn't take me long to drive..

HENDRY: Well...I was just about wrapping up for the night...

BALLANTINE: It is important, John...and I promise you it's the biggest story you've seen this year...

HENDRY: So how can I say "no"? You want to come to the office?

BALLANTINE: I'll be with you as quickly as possible. Oh - and John - I'm also putting a package in the post to you...but I'll explain that when I see you...

HENDRY: I don't follow...why not bring it with you...?

BALLANTINE: Because I've got a feeling...a premonition if you like...that events are starting to move rather fast...and I want it safely out of my possession...

HENDRY: And that's supposed to be logic? William, what is all this about?

BALLANTINE: Just wait for me...then you'll understand everything.

The sequence of events which immediately followed the conversation have been described by Lady Ballantine. We met her on July 27, 1977. Here is the statement she made then:

I entered the study just as my husband was replacing the receiver and I couldn't help noticing, right away, that he was in a state of agitation. This extremely self - possessed man. He never allowed himself to get

flustered. He had been behaving a little strangely, a little out - of - character, for about a week - ever since he had a phone call from some man in America. He wouldn't discuss it with me - which, again, was unusual - but he seemed to be very much on edge.

However, I'd never seen him quite as he looked when I went into his study. I had the distinct feeling - and I don't think I'm dramatizing with hindsight - that he was frightened.

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I asked him what was troubling him, for it was obvious that something was, but he kept shaking his head and saying there was nothing.

He told me that he had to drive to London immediately for a meeting...

Lady Ballantine became rather distressed during this part of the statement and we waited for a while until she had composed herself. She apologized for crying and said she was anxious to continue because she wanted to assist. Our investigation, she pointed out, would have had the fullest endorsement from her husband. She went on:

He took a package from the drawer of his desk and sealed it into a large envelope which he addressed to Mr. Hendry in London. He put stamps on it and asked me to take it straight away to the post box. He said it was most urgent and, although I pointed out that there was no collection that evening, he was quite adamant that I should take it then.

He said that he would probably be back from London in the early hours of the Monday morning but, as you know, I never saw him again.

Why did Ballantine act so strangely over that tape? It would have been more logical, surely, for him to have taken it with him to London. Getting his wife to post it - so ensuring it would be delayed before reaching Hendry - seems to make little sense. We confess we do not have the answer. Unless there is one to be found in that transcript of his conversation with Hendry...

"I've got a feeling...a premonition if you like ..."That's what he said. And it could be the key. We now know that the tape would never have reached Hendry if it had gone into Ballantine's car. But then, borrowing an expression from Lady Ballantine, we do have the benefit of hindsight.

Ballantine's death, as you may recall, made all the front pages. The splash headline in one of the tabloids read FREAK SKID KILLS SCIENCE CHIEF - and that seemed to sum it up. There was no obvious explanation for his car having

careered off the road on that journey to London. Ballantine was a competent and steady driver who had travelled that route often before. He would have known about that awkward bend and about that terrible drop beyond the protective fencing.

And, even in an agitated state, he would almost certainly have approached it with caution. A freak skid. Yes, that seemed to say it all.

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Only one photograph of the crash was made available to the Press and television. A whole series were taken by agency cameraman George Green but only one was ever released. It showed part of the wreckage - and a blanket - covered shape on a stretcher.

We asked Green what was in the other pictures. Why had they been confiscated?

"I've been ordered to keep my trap shut," he said. "But I'll tell you this...you ought to ask that Professor Radwell why he lied at the inquest. Now I'm saying any more...it'd be more than my job's worth. He's the boy you want to talk to."

Professor Hubert Radwell was the pathologist who gave evidence at the Ballantine inquest. He had reported that the body had been "extensively burned". That in itself was puzzling for there had been no fire - and Radwell had not been pressed for an explanation.

We checked back on Trojan's transcript of the Policy Committee meeting - the one held only three days before Ballantine's death. And we studied the words used about Ballantine and Harry Carmell:

R SEVEN: As you say then, there is no room for question
...both of them have got to be expediciencies.

A EIGHT: All agreed?...Good...I suggest a couple of hot
jobs...coroners always play them quiet...

"Hot jobs" and "extensive" burns...and coroners "always playing them quiet." And now this cryptic statement from cameraman George Green. It all had to add up to more than mere coincidence.

Professor Radwell, at first, refused to make any comment. "The Ballantine business is in the past," he said. "Nothing can be gained by raking it all up."

We formed the impression that he was under some pressure, that he had been given instructions to stay silent. And that he was uneasy about those instructions.

That impression proved right. We pressed him to specify the extent of the burning. And suddenly, to our surprise, it seemed as if he wanted to unburden himself. "It was uncanny," he said. "Quite uncanny." He paused before adding: "They told me it would cause unnecessary alarm...that there was no point in people knowing...but now I'm not sure...I've always regarded the truth as sacrosanct."

Another pause. Then, obviously having taken a big decision,

he talked quickly and at length. His statement, which we will be presenting later, provides an astonishing insight into what really killed sir William Ballantine. And into what the Policy Committee mean by a hot job".

33

Harry Carmell first heard the news of Ballantine's death on a radio bulletin. He heard it early in the morning on February 7 and it hardly registered.

Very little was registering with Carmell at that time. The prolonged strain of dodging out of America, of knowing he was a target for execution, had pushed him back into a habit he thought he'd kicked for ever. He was back on drugs. Hard drugs.

He was in his mid - thirties but normally looked at least ten years younger. On this particular morning, in an hotel bedroom in London's Earls Court, he was more like a sick man of sixty or more. He lay fully dressed on the covers of the unmade bed, his bleached blue eyes fixed unseeingly on a crack in the ceiling. His skin, too tight over his face, had the pallor of a shroud. And he felt as if he might once again start to vomit.

His girl, Wendy, was out getting the morning papers. He lit a cigarette, tried to will himself back to normality. But his head still seemed full of fog.

Ballantine. He could almost swear he'd heard that guy on the radio mention the name Ballantine. Or maybe it was a name very similar.

It made him remember, however, what he'd got to do. He'd got to contact Ballantine. He'd got to give him the juke - box. He checked the date on his watch and swore with quiet desperation. February 7. Jesus! That had to mean he'd been blown out of his mind for three whole days - ever since he'd said to Ballantine, he was in a panic. He'd told Ballantine, told him quite specifically, that he'd call by February 6 at the latest. And that if he didn't call by then, Ballantine could assume he was dead.

He scrambled off the bed, started fumbling through his wallet. Where the hell was that bloody number? He found it on a slip of card just as Wendy returned. He sat on his pillow to start dialling and she handed him one of the newspapers. One glance at the front page made him drop the receiver as if it was suddenly white - hot. That guy on the radio...he had heard him properly. Ballantine had already been murdered.

Fear instantly cleared his brain. "Throw your things together." He was on his feet and his tone was decisive. "We're pulling out - now."

Wendy stared at him, bewildered. "What's up?"

"I want to go on living - that's what's up." Carmell was already bundling his clothes into a leather grip. "Now come on - shift."

Twelve minutes later they'd settled their bill and were out of the hotel. And as they hurried away, he told her

exactly why they were in England.

We should mention here that we are suppressing Wendy's surname at her request.

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She fears retaliation from the Policy Committee and, although we consider those fears are not justified, we have agreed to respect her wishes.

We have interviewed her on three occasions and she has explained that she thought their furtive escape through Canada was somehow connected with Carmell having broken his contract with NASA.

She had not questioned him. And she certainly had no idea his life was in danger. Not until that morning in February. He told her everything that morning, as he hustled her along the pavements of Earls Court. He told her the lot.

"They'll start scouring the hotels now," he said. "So from here on we live rough. We find ourselves a squat somewhere and we live rough."

And later, in the derelict house where they slept for the next two nights, he told her he was determined to go ahead with his plan. He was going to expose them and their atrocities. And he wasn't going to be stopped by Ballantine's death.

"Mabey I ought to go straight to the Press," he said. That's the only way to play it now..."

"But what if they don't believe you?"

"Of course they'll believe me!" It's the truth and I'll damned well make them believe me!"

"I was watching a programme on television the other night," said Wendy. "While you were...you know...asleep. I was watching a programme called Science Report..."

"So?"

"So it strikes me that a programme like that would have scientific advisers...and those advisers, dumbhead, might understand what you're talking about..."

Carmell immediately got enthusiastic. "You're damned right they would...better than any newspaper reporter...Hey, I really think you've hit it. This Science Report...what station was it on?"

"I got the impression it goes out every week...but I can't remember which station," said Wendy. "I do know it had a plug - spot in the middle so it couldn't have been the BBC..."

"I'll find it," interrupted Carmell, "And I'll give them the most sensational science report they've ever had..."

35
SECTION FOUR

Science Report had a very successful thirteen - week trial on ITV in 1975. Ratings were good, surprisingly good for such a serious project, and Sceptre Television had little difficulty persuading the network to take a twenty - six week run in 1976.

That was tremendous for Chris Clements and his ego, for Science Today was his baby. He produced it and directed it. And he claimed, not without justification, to have originated most of its brightest ideas.

So the network's decision was a great compliment to him. It was also an enormous challenge. Keeping up that standard for twenty - six weeks in a row - it really was quite an order. Clements had no doubts, however, about his ability to meet that order. It merely got his adrenaline going.

He was a wiry little man, who looked as if he might once have been a jockey, and he had sparse dark hair which always needed combing. He always spoke fast, in urgent staccato sentences, as if his tongue were in a permanent hurry. And he generated enthusiasm like Chris Clements.

They were going to stockpile at least a dozen programmes. That was the plan. Then they'd do the last fourteen during the run.

By the middle of December, 1975, they already had seven in the can - so they were comfortably ahead of schedule - and the production team was considering which subject to tackle next.

There were eight of them that day in Clement's office which was across the corridor behind Studio B. He'd often protest that the office was too small to hold proper meetings and also that he disliked the cooking smells which drifted up from the canteen kitchen.

His protests had done no good. They'd merely brought curt little notes from Leonard Harman - Assistant Controller of Programmes (Admin) - pointing out that space was at a premium, that Science Report didn't qualify for its own Production Office. Harman, of course, had a far bigger office. One with proper air-conditioning.

So there they were, the eight of them, in the office which was really too small. Clement's production assistant, Jean Baker, was at the desk. She usually sat at the desk during these meetings because she did most of the note - taking and the referring to files and because Clements liked to think on his feet. He paced back and forth, his hands and arms dancing expressively, as they bounced ideas around.

The others included former ITN newscaster Simon Butler, the programme's anchor-man, and reporters Katherine White and Colin Benson. Opposite them were the scientific advisers, Professor David Cowie and Dr. Patrick Snow, and in the corner nearest the door was researcher Terry Dickson.

"Wave - power," suggested Benson. "energy from waves..."

"Been flogged to death, love," said Clements. "Didn't you watch BB-C2 either. And, reckoning it a good subject, he'd been quietly researching wave - power. He'd have to scrap that now. Clements, despite his habit of calling everybody "love", was tough. When he said no he meant no.

"Newsweek have got an intriguing piece on robot servants," said Cowie. "They're now being built, it seems, to polish the floors and even make beds..."

"Now that I like!" said Clements gleefully. "Mechanical maids! Yes, we could really have fun with that one. Jean love...put that down as a possible...we'll come back on it."

"I think it's time we took a really close look at the Brain Drain," said Butler.

Clements stopped his pacing, looked at him doubt - fully. I don't know, Simon...strikes me as a bit heavy." He cupped his chin in his right hand. "Is it really us?"

"Well if it isn't, I think it ought to be," said Butler. "We are a science programme and you consider the number of scientists who are leaving...and what it means to this country..."conceded Clements. "Maybe if we dressed it up with some good human stories..." He looked at Dickson. "How about it, Terry? Reckon you could dig up a lively selection of case -histories?"

Dickson could see his work-load growing fast. "It would take time," he said guardedly.

"Of course it would, love. Getting the right people...I can see that. But it doesn't have to be top priority. Say we were to think of it in terms of five programmes from now...then you could plod along with it when you're not too hectic with the first four..."

It was as simple and as casual as that. None of them at that meeting had the slightest inkling that they were about to embark on the most astonishing television documentary ever produced - the one which was to explode the secrecy of Alternative 3.

Dickson knew there was only one satisfactory way to tackle this sort of problem - dozens of telephone calls. Probably scores of them, even. It was no use hoping to rely on local stringers because they never really came up with the goods. Not on this type of job.

He'd have to call head - hunting firms and the major professional organizations...universities and research establishments. He'd get told that people didn't want to

appear on the programme or he'd find that they were too damned dull to be allowed on the programme. And if he worked at it hard enough - and had a bit of luck - he'd finish up with a good varied collection. Of people who mattered and who mattered and who could talk.

He got lucky, as it happened, quite soon. One of his first telephone calls - made purely on spec - was to a complex of research laboratories. A helpful man in the Public Relations department told him that one of their solar - energy experts would soon be leaving for America. Her name was Ann Clark and she was aged 29.

The P.R. man pointed out that naturally he couldn't say if Dr. Clark would agree to take part in the programme. If she did agree, however, there would be no objection from the management. He also told Dickson that Dr. Clark was "a real cracker" but quickly added that that was background information and that he did not wish to be quoted.

Ann Clark, to Dickson's relief, said she'd be pleased to appear in Science Report. In fact, she was delighted that a television company should be planning to show the disgusting conditions in which British scientists were expected to work. She was, quite obviously, a very fluent speaker.

Clements usually liked to see a photograph and a biographical breakdown of people before committing himself to putting them on his programme. He'd made that rule, years before, after bling-booking an expert on beauty aids - only to find that she looked and sounded like the worst of the Macbeth witches. He'd had to record her, of course, and they'd junked the recording after she'd left the studio. And Harman had raised hell about the waste of valuable studio time.

Now Clements played safe. He had this rule. So Dickson arranged for a Norwich news-agency to call on Ann Clark. This agency came back with the whisper that she wasn't going to America purely because of working conditions. The conditions were bad, very bad, but she'd also had some sort of romantic bust-up...

Dickson decided to forget the whisper. It only complicated matters. Clements approved the photograph. And Colin Benson, the young coloured reporter, set off with a film unit for Norwich.

Later there were suspicions that the assignment was sabotaged by somebody at Sceptre. Those suspicions could never be proved. So we can merely record that something happened to the film after it was taken back for processing - and that only a fraction of it could be used in the transmitted programme.

At the time, however, it seemed like a routine job. Benson says: "Dr. Clark was not only extremely articulate and eager to co-operate but she had obviously also done a great deal of useful home-work on emigration. She pointed out that, apart from the frustrations facing her at the laboratory, there were many ways in which initiative and

flair were being stifled in Britain.

"I remember her talking about how a man called Marcus Samuel started the Shell organization-in 1830, I think she said - as a small private company selling varnished sea-shells. Men of his caliber, she said, were now being positively discouraged in Britain - and that was another reason she was glad to be off to America.

"She was, in fact, a really good interviewee, a television natural. And I was delighted with what we'd got in the can."

His delight died abruptly when they got back to the studios and the film was processed. Most of it - sound and vision - was completely blank. It had never happened before and there was no logical explanation for it having happened now. There had been more than forty-five minutes of interview which, after editing, would have provided about twelve minutes of screen time. All they could salvage was a fifteen-second segment.

Clements, naturally, was fuming. Sending a unit all the way to Norwich was damned expensive - and he knew how Harman would squeal about him going over budget. He quizzed Benson at length. "You're really sure that she is that good? That it's really worth going there again?"

"It was a hell of a good interview," insisted Benson. "I say we should go back."

He telephoned Ann Clark, explained the situation, and fixed a new appointment. He takes up the story from there: "She was very sympathetic and she agreed quite willingly to see us again. But two days later, when we got to Norwich, it was all very different..."

"She wasn't at her flat, where we'd arranged to meet her, but after quite a lot of trouble we did find her at another address. She looked flustered and - I don't think I was imagining this - a bit frightened. It seemed quite clear that, for some reason or another, she'd been hoping to give us the slip.

"She certainly didn't want to talk, didn't want to know at all. Later we discovered she'd even told the security people at the laboratories that we were pestering her and that they shouldn't let us in. It was just a crazy-situation.

"I did manage to grab a few words with her at the gate the next morning - although she tried to duck away when she spotted us waiting there - and I asked her what was wrong.

"You know what she replied? She just looked at me sort of queer and said - 'I'm sorry...I can't finish the film...I'm going away.'"

"Then she scuttled inside and that was the last we ever saw of her."

Benson, although he did not realize it at that stage, was just starting to get enmeshed in Alternative 3...

Benson and the film team were travelling dejectedly from

Norwich when Terry Dickson noticed the paragraph about Robert Patterson in the Guardian.

Dickson knew that this time he wouldn't need to worry about getting a picture and a biography for Patterson, apart from being a leading mathematician, often appeared on television as a taxation expert. He was a fluent and impressive performer.

At first Patterson seemed uncharacteristically reluctant. He had a lot to do. He wasn't sure if he could spare time for an interview. But finally Dickson persuaded him. They agreed that the unit should be at Patterson's home at 11:00 a.m. the following Tuesday.

"Let's hope we have a bit more luck than at Norwich," said Clements sourly. "I've never known such a run of disaster..."

In fact, of course, it was even worse than at Norwich. Benson got no reply when he arrived at the house in Scotland. The downstairs curtains were partially-drawn and, peeping through the gaps, he could see that the rooms were untidy. There were bits of food and dirty dishes in the kitchen and on the dining-room table...books and oddments of clothing strewn across the floors. There were six pints of milk outside the front door and the garage as empty. The whole place looked as if it had been abandoned in a hurry.

Benson checked with the neighbors. The Pattersons, he was told, had left three days earlier. They had driven off at speed on the Saturday and they had not been seen since.

Benson went to the University of St. Andrews and there he was told by the vice-chancellor that Patterson had already gone to America. He'd had to go, apparently, a little earlier than he'd originally intended.

"He told me that they wanted him more urgently than he'd realized," said the vice-chancellor. "I'm terribly sorry you've had this wasted journey...and I must say it's not like him at all...breaking an appointment like this. I can only assume that, in the rush, he completely forgot..."

They? Who were they?

The vice-chancellor shook his head apologetically. "Can't help you there either, I'm afraid. Patterson was

rather mysterious about what he was going to do - and about exactly where he was going. Somewhere in America... that's as much as he ever said."

We have now checked with every university in America. Not one of them has any knowledge of any post having been offered to Robert Patterson. And no - one can suggest where he might possibly be.

We have also checked with the American company which Dr. Ann Clark was due to join - the one which was "in a hurry to have her".

They have confirmed that they did offer her a job at more than double her Norwich salary. They have also told us

that they received a brief letter from her - regretting that, for personal reasons, she would not be able to go to America.

Simon Butler, you may recall, explained the next step in the mystery during that television documentary. He went with a camera-crew to the car park of Number Three Terminal, Heathrow Airport, and pointed out the car which had been hired in Norwich by Ann Clark.

We quote the exact words he used in that programme: "Whatever was going on brought Ann Clark here...she had told friends that she was flying to New York. And yet there is no record of Ann Clark leaving this airport on that or any other day. The only evidence that she was here at all is her abandoned car. Beyond that - nothing."

There was another abandoned car nearby in the same park. A blue Rover. It belonged to Robert Patterson.

It was some time, however, before the television team found those cars. Months, in fact, after Benson's return and the Alternative 3 programme might never have been produced - if it hadn't been for the bizarre business of Brian Pendlebury.

By April, 1976, the Brain Drain project had been almost completed. Dickson had found another batch of interviewees and work had progressed in double-harness with work on other subjects - including a revolutionary new method for "stretching" petrol consumption and the Mechanical Maids.

Butler merely had to do a couple of final studio links and the Brain Drain would be ready for transmission.

They were, of course, baffled by the strange behaviour of Ann Clark and Robert Patterson - and there'd been some caustic memoranda from Harman about the "reckless waste of film facilities" - but they were a science programme. And runaway people were hardly their concern.

So that's how it would have been...if Chris Clements, in his local one evening, hadn't heard and oddly disturbing story from one of his neighbors...

This neighbor had relatives called Pendlebury who lived in Manchester. And it appeared that the Pendleburys' son - an electronics expert - had completely vanished in Australia.

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And, even stranger, it seemed that he's been writing to his parents for months - from an address where he was not even known.

"Brian always was a selfish little sod, only interested in what was in something for himself, but this is just plain daft, isn't it," said the neighbor. "You know, he even sent them pictures and everything but now it seems he wasn't even there..."

It certainly didn't make sense to Clements. He mulled it over that night and mentioned it the next day to Colin Benson. "Seems to be the season for disappearing boffins," he said. "Or, on the other hand, maybe he's just playing some prank on his folks."

"What if he isn't?" Benson asked suddenly.

"Well what else could it be?"

"What if there's some pattern here? What if Clark and Patterson and now this Pendlebury...what if they're all connected in some way?"

"I fail to see how they could be..."

"Let me go up to Manchester and see the parents..."

"Look, love, please...we're already a week behind schedule and we can't afford to go bouncing off at tangents..."

"Chris, I've got a feeling...don't ask me why...but I've got a feeling we're on the edge of something big here."

Clements shook his head. "We've got a show to do. I know you're still sore, Colin, over what happened in Norwich and Scotland...but nobody blamed you for those cock-ups...so do me a favor and relax."

"Harman blamed me..."

"Harman blames everybody for everything. That's the way Harman's made. And, anyway, it was me that got the kicking - not you."

"I'll go on my day off," said Benson. "And I'll pay my own damned expenses."

"Waste of time, love," said Clements. "And don't imagine I'm having the train fare swung on to my budget."

"Couldn't I put it down as entertaining contacts?"

Clements grinned. "I don't think I've ever met anybody quite as persistent as you. All right - go ahead and do a bit of entertaining."

We have presented that conversation exactly as it took place, with the help of the two men, because it emphasizes how there was nearly no further investigation...how Sceptre Television almost veered away from Alternative 3.

Benson's decision to go to Manchester was the turning-point. It culminated in Sceptre Television abandoning a thoughtfully-balanced but unspectacular programme on the Brain Drain - and replacing it with one which was to startle the world.

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Dennis Pendlebury was a milkman until his retirement in 1976. He and his wife Alice live in a terraced house in one of the shabby suburbs of Manchester. They are, as they say themselves, a very ordinary couple. They have never had much money and they made many sacrifices to get their son Brian through university.

Mrs. Pendlebury, in fact, worked as a charwoman - to help pay for extras - until Brian joined the RAF.

Benson was in their front room, the one reserved for visitors and special occasions, looking through the colored photographs which appeared to show their son in Australia.

He recorded the entire conversation, with the Pendlebury's permission, and they have agreed to us making use of the transcript in this book.

The Pendleburys were together on the sofa, facing him over the tea-cups and cakes. "So we were a bit disappointed, of course, when he stopped writing but we didn't give it too much thought at first," said Mr. Pendlebury. He re-lit his

pipe, took a couple of reflective puffs. "Our Brian, he never was much of a one for writing."

"So how did you find out?" asked Benson. "I mean, about him not being there..."

"It was Mrs. Prescott over at number nine," said Pendlebury. "She was the one who found out. Her daughter Beryl emigrated out there...what would it be...five years ago now?"

"Six years," said Mrs. Pendlebury. "Seven come September."

"Well, anyway, five or six...makes no odds. Her daughter's living out there...that's what I'm saying...and Mrs. Prescott was going to visit her, see. So we said to her...why don't you look up out Brian? We thought it would be a nice surprise for him. You know...someone from home. She'd known him, you see, since he was knee-high to that table..."

"Tell the man what she said..."

"That's what I'm doing, woman...I am telling him." There was a trace of irritation in Pendlebury's tone. His pipe had gone out again and there was a pause while he struck another match. "So she went to the address - the one on the letters and that - but the man there reckoned he'd never heard of him."

"Who was this man?" asked Benson.

"What beats me is that we wrote to him there," said Pendlebury. "And we know he had the letters because we got replies."

"This man," persisted Benson. "What did Mrs. Prescott say about him?"

"He was an American, I think she said," said Pendlebury. "I don't think she said any more than that."

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"Perhaps he was the new tenant? Perhaps your son had just moved out?"

"No, I don't think so. He'd been there for years, judging by what he said to Mrs. Prescott."

"Well, that was it, wasn't it. They said exactly the same...that they'd never heard of him."

Mrs. Pendlebury prodded him with her elbow. "Show the man the letter," she said.

"Oh yes, you've got to see the letter," said Pendlebury. "It's in the other room, mother - behind the clock on the mantelpiece." He leaned forward and lowered his voice confidentially as his wife left the room. "It's getting her down something awful," he said. "The worry of not knowing."

He offered Benson another cup of tea, which Benson refused, and poured one for himself. "We wrote to this firm to try finding out what was going on and...ah, here's their reply. You just take a look at that."

Benson accepted the letter from Mrs. Pendlebury and say from the letter - heading that it was from the Sydney office of an internationally - known electronics company. It was signed by the Personnel Director and it was addressed to Mr.

Pendlebury. It read:

Thank you for your letter which has been passed to me by the Managing Director. I am afraid that you have been misinformed for I have checked our personnel records for the past five years and I have established that at no time has the company employed, nor offered employment to, anyone by the name of B. D. Pendlebury.

I can only suggest that you are confusing us with some other organization and I regret that I cannot help you further in this matter.

Benson read the letter twice and frowned thoughtfully. "And you're sure you're not confusing them with another outfit?"

"Positive," said Pendlebury. "Pass me that wallet, mother..." From the wallet he took a slip of paper bearing the name and address of the firm in Sydney. "See...there it is...in Brian's own writing."

Mrs. Prescott from number nine, a widow with a shrewd and agile mind, confirmed their story but had little to add. She picked her words carefully, obviously not wishing to hurt the Pendleburys, but she gave Benson the impression that she'd never really approved of Brian. It was all in her tone rather than in what she actually said. Benson remembered what Clements had been told by his neighbour...about Brian Pendlebury having been a "selfish little sod"...and he

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wondered if Brian might be playing some cruel trick on his parents. Then he dismissed the thought. It was too ridiculous.

Benson borrowed the letter from the electronics company, together with the photographs, and Mrs. Prescott offered to show him a short - cut to the stop<for the station bus.

As they turned the corner she suddenly spoke with quiet vehemence: "You see...that's the thanks they get for spoiling him."

He glanced at her in surprise. "How do you mean?"

"He looks down on them, does Brian. Bit ashamed of them, if you ask me. Going to university...it gave him big ideas..."

"You surely don't think he's disappeared on purpose?"

She pursed her lips. "Not my place to say, she said. "Look...there's your bus coming...you'll have to run if you're going to catch it."

He didn't take her implied opinion at all seriously - not until months later. It seemed to him then, as the bus trundled through Manchester, that she'd merely been trying to squeeze the last ounce of drama from the situation.

He spent a long time on the train studying the photographs, particularly those taken in the open. There was one detail in them which intrigued him, which didn't seem

quite right. And yet he could not be sure...

Back at the studios he sought the help of a stills photographer who was attached to the graphics department. This man made copy - negatives of the outdoor photographs and then re-printed them as large blow-ups.

Benson was not concerned with the one which appeared to have been taken in a nightclub for that, he reasoned, could have been posed almost anywhere. In London. In Manchester even. And, anyway, it didn't contain that one off-key detail...

He waited impatiently until the blow-ups were ready. Then he saw, quite clearly, that he'd been right. In every picture - including the one of Brian Pendlebury surfing and the one of him by the Sydney Harbor Bridge - there were three birds in the sky. Those birds were identical in every picture - and so were their positions.

There was also something else, something which had not struck him before: the pattern-formations of the wispy clouds were exactly the same in each picture.

The explanation was startlingly obvious: The "Australian" snaps of Brian Pendlebury had been taken against a painted backdrop. They were, without question, "studio jobs:."

He scooped them up, raced along to Clement's office behind Studio B. "We've stumbled on one hell of a Brain Drain story here," he said. "I can't start to understand it yet but...Chris...we've just got to do some digging..."

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SECTION FIVE

This digging, as Simon Butler said on television, soon revealed an astonishing fact:

Twenty-one other people, mainly scientists and academics, had vanished in the same mysterious circumstances. They were among the 400 researched - ostensibly for an extended version of the Brain Drain program - by the Science Report team.

Some, as Butler explained, had disappeared entirely on their own. Others, like Patterson, had gone with their families. All had told neighbors or colleagues that they were going to work abroad.

However, as we have already indicated, only part of the story was presented on television. Many facts were still not known at the time of transmission. And much material which was known was censored from the program.

The principal censor was Leonard Harman, Assistant Controller of Programs (Admin), who also tried to neuter this book.

Letter dated August 9, 1977, from Leonard Harman to Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins:

I have been given to understand that you propose writing a book based on one of the Science Report

programs produced by this company and that you plan to publish certain confidential memoranda concerning this program which I originated or received.

You should know that I am not prepared to sanction such publication and that I would consider it a gross invasion of my privacy.

I suggest that the book you are apparently preparing would savour of irresponsibility for, as you are undoubtedly aware, my company has now formally denied the authenticity of much of the material presented in that program.

It is to be hoped that you do not proceed with this project but, in any event, I look forward to receiving a written undertaking that no reference will be made to myself or the memoranda.

Letter dated August 12, 1977, from lawyer Edwin Greer to Leonard Harman:

I have been instructed by Mr. David Ambrose and Mr. Leslie Watkins and I refer to your letter of the 9th inst.

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My clients are cognizant of the statement made by your company following the transmission of the Alternative 3 program and, in conducting their own inquiries, they are mindful of the background to that statement.

They point out that any copies of memoranda now in their possession were supplied willingly by the persons who either received them or sent them and that they therefore feel under no obligation to give the undertaking you seek.

One of the first batches of memoranda we received related to a curious discovery made by researcher Terry Dickson in the middle of May, 1976. By that time, despite objections from Harman, the Science Report team had been enlarged and allocated its own production office. The Brain Drain program had by then been withdrawn from the series - with the intention of the investigation being presented, as it eventually was, as a one-off special.

Memo dated May 17, 1976, from Terry Dickson to Chris Clements - c.c.(for info only) to Fergus Godwin. Controller of Programs:

We have now established that relatives of at least two more of our missing people, Dr. Penelope Mortimer and

Professor Michael Parsons, received letters which appeared to have come from them in Australia. In both cases the letters, which ceased after four or five months, bore the address used in the Pendlebury case.

Photographs of Dr. Mortimer and Professor Parsons, allegedly taken in Australia, show the backdrop used in the Pendlebury shots. The birds and clouds are all identical.

As you requested, I arranged for a Sydney freelance to check the address given in the letters. He reports that it is a two-bedroomed ground-floor flat near the waterfront which has now been empty for nearly a year. It was occupied, apparently, by a middle-aged American called Denton of Danton (he has been unable to verify spelling).

Neighbors say that Denton or Danton was remote and secretive. He was never known to have visitors. Our man says there are local rumors that he had connections with the CIA. Do you want him to pursue the Denton/Danton trail and do you want me to arrange still pix of the flat?

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Memo dated May 13, 1976, from Leonard Harman to Mr. Chris Clements:

A copy of Dickson's note concerning inquiries made in Australia, without my authorization, has been passed to me in the absence of the Controller of Programs.

I have already issued specific instructions that I am to be kept fully informed on all aspects of this project. Please repeat those instructions to Dickson and all other members of the Science Report team - and ensure that they are fully understood.

I am surprised to learn that, despite my earlier warnings, you are apparently still determined to waste company time and money. Let me remind you that Science Report is regarded by the Network as a serious program and that its credibility can only be damaged by this wild - goose course on which you are set.

The more I learn of this affair, the more obvious it becomes that you are losing your objectivity as an editor. Many people do disappear quite deliberately because, for personal reasons, they wish to break all contact with their pasts and make completely fresh starts. I will not tolerate this station turning that sort of situation in an excuse for silly sensationalism.

I had assumed that you were experienced enough to recognize that you are clearly being hoaxed over this business of the photographic backgrounds. Now, I gather from Dickson's note (which, I repeat, should also have been sent to me), that you are apparently getting involved in "local rumors" - supplied by a freelance journalist we have never before used - about some man whose name you don't even know having "connections with

the CIA".

Have you considered that some of your so-called mysteries might have been caused by incompetence on the part of your staff?

Did Dr. Ann Clark, for example, refuse to grant Benson a second interview because she found his manner offensive during the first one?

Did Dickson confuse the date fixed for the interview with Robert Patterson and so send an expensive unit on a fool's errand to Scotland?

These are the questions which should be occupying your attention, not some nonsense at the other end of the world. I am not prepared to sanction any further expenditure in Australia and I recommend, once again, that you resume the duties prescribed in your contract.

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Memo dated May 19, 1976, from Chris Clements to Terry Dickson:

CONFIDENTIAL. I attach a copy of a rollicking I've just had from Harman. It's self-explanatory and, for the moment, I'd like you to keep it to yourself. In future don't send carbons to anyone before checking with me.

We'd better soft-pedal for the moment on Australia.

Will you line up Mortimer and Parsons parents to be interviewed by Simon or Colin?

Please ignore that snide comment about Robert Patterson. Not worth getting upset over. And please don't mention that about Ann Clark to Colin. He sometimes gets a color-chip on his shoulder, as you know, and it isn't like that. This is just Harman being Harman.

Six days later, on May 25, Terry Dickson gave Clements the bad news. "We're not going to get any interviews with the Mortimers or the Parsons," he said. "They've changed their minds and are refusing to have anything to do with the program."

"But why?" demanded Clements. "They surely gave you a reason."

"None at all," said Dickson. "They just say they'd sooner not."

"You think they've been got at?"

Dickson shrugged, pulled a face. "That's the impression I got but proving it...that's another matter."

"They're important, love...have another go at them."

Dickson did. But Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were adamant. So were Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. Not one of them, despite

having agreed earlier, would have anything further to do with Science Report. We tried to contact them in September, 1977, but we were too late. Neighbors said they had gone to live abroad. And they had left no forwarding addresses.

This whole question of the staged photographs - and of the forged letters - was deliberately omitted from the television program. Clements admits that he now regrets havng left them out for, as he now realises, they were an intriguing feature of the Alternative 3 operation. He explains that he didn't see what significance they could possibly have - and because of pressure from Harman.

He told us: "At the time I thought Harman was nit-picking. They didn't seem important enough to merit all the aggro I was getting from him. Of course, if I'd known then what I know now...

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We were equally baffled by those photographs and letters. We intended to mention them, just as we have, simply so that you would know all the circumstances. But as for offering any explanation...we were prepared to recognize that would not be possible. That was how it seemed until January 3, 1978, when we received an envelope from Trojan. The contents provided an unexpected insight into what they call The Smoother Plan.

Trojan's covering note explained that he had discovered the attached document - an early directive to Alternative 3 cells in various parts of the world - in an otherwise empty archives file.

In fact, he had sent a Photostat copy of the document. It was dated November 24, 1971, and it had been issued by "The Chairman, Policy Committee." It was addressed to "National Chief Executive Officers" and it read:

The recent publicity which followed the movement of Professor William Braishfield was unfortunate and potentially damaging. In order to avert and repetition, it has been agreed to adopt a new procedure in all cases where families or others are likely to provoke questions.

The procedure, to be known as The Smoother, is designed to allay fears or suspicions in the immediate post - movement period.

Department Seven will arrange for letters to be sent, in appropriate handwriting, to reassure those whose anxiety might constitute a security risk. It is usual for people to send home photographs of themselves in their new surroundings. Arrangements will therefore also be made for the dispatch of suitable photographs. These photographs will be taken immediately before embarkation.

A list of manned cover addresses will be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers by Department Seven. Officers will then allocate addresses to individual movers.

At least four addresses will be provided in each "country of destination" - so enabling Officers to "separate" any movers who may originate from the same area. There is, however, no limit to the number of movers who can be allocated to any of the addresses.

It may prove necessary to change the addresses from time to time and Department Seven will notify Officers of such changes.

The Smoother Plan will operate for a maximum of six months in respect of each individual, unless circumstances are exceptional, for that is considered long enough to provide a reasonable "break - off period".

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It is emphasized that, because of the administration involved, The Smoother Plan is to be activated in selected cases only. The sole criterion will be if, in the opinion of the Officer responsible, there could be a publicity risk. Most movers, certainly all those taking families, will not merit this treatment. Components of Batch Consignments, obviously, will not be considered.

Suddenly it made sense. It was clinical and cruel. But it still made sense.

The Pendleburys idolized their son. That was why they got those cheerful and gossipy letters - written by a stranger they would never meet.

Ann Clark had left no-one who would have expected letters. Friends might have been offended, perhaps, if they'd written but got no reply. But they would not have been sufficiently offended to have turned it into a great public issue.

As for Robert Patterson...well, he took his family with him.

But these people, and others like them, had apparently all gone willingly. Where had they gone? And why?

It is now clear that Brian Pendlebury deliberately took part in the conspiracy to fool his own parents. Such behavior might seem beyond any logical explanation. But we must point out, in fairness to Brian Pendlebury, that his actions must be measured against the nightmare background to Alternative 3. That background, you might feel, excuses them all. Well...almost.

Thursday, March 3, 1977. Another submarine meeting of Policy Committee. Chairman: R EIGHT.
Transcript section supplied by Trojan starts:

A TWO: Sure, Ballantine was neat enough...nobody's bitching about Ballantine...but what about Carmell?

A EIGHT: We'll find him...he's still on the loose somewhere in London...but we'll damned well find him...

R SEVEN: A man like him being allowed out of America...
it was a bad, bad mistake...
A EIGHT: For Chrissake...please...don't let's start
that crap again...I told you last month that our
people goofed...now didn't I tell you that?
R SEVEN: Yes, but it is particularly serious when...
A EIGHT: Listen...there's no need to turn this into
a Federal case. He hasn't got the tape and, as long
as he hasn't got it, there's no great panic...

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R THREE: Do we have any idea at all where the tape
might be?
A EIGHT: No...that's just one hell of a mystery...
we've turned Ballantine's place over but there's no
sign...
R EIGHT: And it was not with him in the car when he
died?
A EIGHT: No...definitely not. Our man was right
there with him...
A TWO: So, we don't know where Carmell is and we don't
know where the tape is...what's to say they aren't
already together?
A EIGHT: Because he wouldn't have waited, that's
what...he'd have blown it already.
R ONE: Has there been any sighting of Carmell? Or
are we merely assuming that he is in London?
A EIGHT: He was in an hotel in Earls Court...he was
there with a girl...our people missed him by about an
hour...
R TWO: And now?
A EIGHT: Our information is that they're probably
living rough and keeping on the jump...couple nights
here, couple of nights there...but it's only a matter
of time...
R EIGHT: Time is important...particularly with that
tape still missing...perhaps we should put more
operators into London...
A TWO: The guy's right...we ought to saturate the
town...Jeez! With a character like Carmell at
large...
A EIGHT: Okay, okay...so we'll step it up...
A THREE: We've got muscle to spare in Paris and...
A EIGHT: I said we'll step it up - all right?...
so just let me handle the details...we'll get Carmell
and that damned tape.
R EIGHT: I look forward to hearing of both achievements
at our next meeting...Now, you have all seen the
expediency report on Peterson?
R TWO: Entirely satisfactory...
A FIVE: I'm still not sure he deserved a hot job...
R FOUR: Very few men deserve to die but for some it
is necessary...and Peterson was one of them...
A ONE: That's right...and, remember, people don't
suffer long with a hot job...it is instantaneous...
R EIGHT: Dr. Carl Gerstein...the old man...it was

agreed at the last meeting that he should be kept under surveillance...what is the news on him?

A EIGHT: No news...he's been laid up with bronchitis and, apart from his housekeeper, he's seen no - one for weeks.

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R EIGHT: So the situation, then, is unchanged...I recommend that we maintain observation on the old man...are we all agreed?...Good...Now, we have had a request from Geneva for more Batch Consignments of animals...

A SEVEN: Yeah...I,ve already got things shifting on that one...we'll be taking cattle from Kansas and Texas and ponies from Dartmoor...had a bit of a snarl-up over transport but lifts are now scheduled for the second week in July...

R EIGHT: How many beasts will be in each Batch?

We never learned the reply to that last question. That was where the transcript section ended. We have no concrete evidence of cattle disappearing in significant numbers from either Kansas or Texas during the second week of July, 1977, although there were complaints of an increase in rustling at that time.

However, we do know - because it was published in the Daily Mail on July 15 - that the pony-lift from Dartmoor ended in disaster.

That section of transcript also emphasises how close Dr. Carl Gerstein - the person mentioned merely as "the old man" in the February transcript - was unwittingly hovering near sudden death. If an Expediency order had been agreed by the Policy Committee - at either the February or the March meeting in 1977 - Simon Butler would never have been able to interview Gerstein at Cambridge. And Alternative 3 might never have been exposed.

How would Gerstein have died? Probably, like Ballantine and Professor Peterson, the aerospace expert, in what the Policy Committee call a "hot job". And, as was pointed out by the anonymous A ONE, a hot-job death is instantaneous. We have had that confirmed by pathologist Professor Hubert Radwell who gave evidence at the Ballantine inquest.

Professor Radwell, when pressed about the "extensive" burns on Ballantine's body, eventually made this statement:

It was technically accurate to describe Ballantine's body as having been extensively burned although those words embrace only part of the truth. They represented an understatement. I was requested to make that understatement in order not to promote any unnecessary public alarm.

I was conscious, of course, that there had been

some degree of public hysteria following earlier reported instances of spontaneous combustion and I agreed that it would be of no benefit for all the details to be described at that hearing.

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I now regret having made that decision and I welcome this opportunity to correct the record.

Ballantine's body was not merely burned. It was reduced to little more than cinders and scorched bones. His skull had shrunk because of the intense heat to which he had been subjected and yet his clothing was hardly damaged.

There were small scorch marks on the leather cover of the steering wheel, obviously where Ballantine's hands had been gripping it at the time of the incident, but the rest of the vehicle showed no evidence of burning.

However, extensive damage was suffered by the vehicle, as the police stated at the inquest, and Ballantine's spine was severed by the engine which had been hurled backwards after breaking free.

This is the first occasion on which I have personally encountered spontaneous combustion in a human being but I have studied papers relating to twenty-three similar occurrences. The effect can be likened to that seen during the micro-wave cooking of a chicken, except, of course, that it is far more severe. The chicken flesh is roasted within seconds although the covering skin is not charred and any receptacle containing the chicken remains cold enough to be handled.

There is still no known explanation for this phenomenon.

We asked Professor Radwell if it were conceivable that spontaneous combustion could be deliberately induced. He replied: "The Americans and the Russians have certainly been experimenting along those lines, with a view to developing spontaneous combustion as a remote-controlled weapon, but the results of those experiments have been kept secret. I would consider that the possibility of them having been successful is highly unlikely..."

Highly unlikely! Almost everything connected with Alternative 3 is highly unlikely. The super-powers actively pooling scientific information - that is highly unlikely. So is the conspiracy of silence about the real achievements in space. But the terrifying truth is that it has been happening. And that it continues to happen.

On Wednesday, February 10, 1977 - three days after hearing of Ballantine's - the American, Harry Carmell, telephoned the Science Report office at Sceptre Television. Colin Benson took the call and he thought, at first, that he'd got another crank on the line. The man was being so guarded and mysterious - refusing even to give his name.

And, particularly since the transmission of the Mechanical Maids program, there'd been a spate of crank callers.

It was strange, really, the way some viewers had reacted to the robot servants. One man had angrily accused anchor-man Simon Butler of having stolen his invention - claiming that he'd been working on an identical model for five years in his attic. Two women had wanted to know if there was a domestic agency where they could hire these maids. And an ardent trades-unionist had given a heated tirade about Sceptre encouraging "cheap, scab labour".

This peculiar American, it seemed to Benson, fitted right in the crank category - until he mentioned knowing about scientists who had disappeared. That was when Benson switched on the tape-recorder attached to the telephone. Here is the transcript of the rest of that conversation:

BENSON: Would you repeat that, please...what you said about scientists...

CARMELL: I said I know why they're vanishing...and who's behind it...

BENSON: So tell me then...why and who?

CARMELL: Not on the telephone...I can't talk on the telephone...

BENSON: Well, really, this is a bit...

CARMELL: Listen, I'm not bulling...you know what they did to Ballantine...

BENSON: Ballantine?

CARMELL: Sir William Ballantine the astronomer...

BENSON: Oh yes, I read...the car crash...

CARMELL: I met him when he came to NASA HQ in Huston... that's why he died...

BENSON: I'm sorry...this doesn't seem to be making much sense...

CARMELL: Can we meet?

BENSON: What do you mean that's why Ballantine died?

CARMELL: No more on the wire...either we meet or I go someplace else...

BENSON: Where are you calling from?

CARMELL: Public box...about a mile north of your studios...

BENSON: Then why not come here?

CARMELL: Too risky...you know somewhere less obvious?

BENSON: Look...Mister...er...

CARMELL: Harry. Just call me Harry.

BENSON: Fine. Now, Harry, you're not having me on, are you?...I mean, you really were with NASA?

CARMELL: A busy street would be best...

BENSON: All right...we'll do it your way...There's a big street market just around the corner from the studios...you can't possibly miss it...how's that sound?

CARMELL: Give me a spot in this market...and how will I know you?

BENSON: There's a post-box outside a fruiterer's called Drages...and you won't have any trouble identifying me. I'm wearing a dark-blue suit and I'll be carrying a red book...and I happen to have been born in Jamaica...

The appointment was fixed for one hour later. And if you saw that special edition of Science Report you will already know exactly what happened next. Simon Butler told viewers:

What you are about to see may be considered by many of you as unethical. However, we believe that in the light of subsequent developments our action was justified. A hidden camera was positioned near the market. (Authors' Note: The camera was actually installed in a Tourist Information Kiosk). Benson was equipped with a miniaturized transmitter so that we could record the conversation between them.

We should point out that we have challenged Sceptre Television on the ethics of filming in that manner - particularly in view of Carmell's obvious anxiety for secrecy. Clements has defended his decision by claiming that the film would not have been transmitted if events had developed differently. It is a matter of record, however, that Clements and the company were subsequently reprimanded by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.

Here, verbatim from the transcript of that controversial piece of TV film, is the conversation which took place in the market:

BENSON: I think you're looking for me - Colin Benson.

CARMELL: Yes...hello...thanks for coming...listen, something I have to know: how far are you willing to go with this thing? I mean, all the way?

BENSON: That's what I'm here for. Can you help?

CARMELL: I can help...and if you want confirmation you'd better talk to Dr. Carl Gerstein.

BENSON: Gerstein?

CARMELL: Carl Gerstein...he's at Cambridge. Ask him about Alternative 3.

BENSON: You're talking in riddles, Harry...what's
Alternative 3?
CARMELL: Later...we do this my way - okay?
BENSON: Okay.
CARMELL: Let's...walk on a little, hm?
BENSON: Fine.

Viewers will recall that the sound quality was poor during this interview, particularly during the section when they were discussing Carl Gerstein and Alternative 3. There was a great deal of static interference and Benson's radio microphone was also picking up the voices of passers-by and the sounds of traffic. Most of the words, however, were quite discernible.

CARMELL: I'm sorry if I seem a little nervous - it's mainly because I am.
BENSON: Nervous of what?
CARMELL: (Brief laugh) Of contracting a fatal case of measles...you know what I mean? Like Ballantine?
BENSON: But surely that was an accident...I remember reading in the papers that there was some sort of freak skid...
CARMELL: Crap! There was no way for that to be an accident...it was what they call an Expediency and I know why it happened...and I've got to get it on record before they get to me...
BENSON: They?
CARMELL: Listen, let's just stick to me telling you what I have to tell you - okay?
BENSON: If that's how you want it...
CARMELL: Right! That's how I want it...this address, tomorrow morning, ten-thirty. Bring everything you've got - camera, tape machines, witnesses - that's the kind of protection I need. I'll have all the answers for you there...
BENSON: Hey! Hold on a minute...come back...

He grabbed at Carmell's sleeve, tried to stop him, but Carmell was too fast. He jerked his arm free, dashed through the narrow gap between two fruit stalls, and disappeared in the crowd thronging the centre of the road. Benson was

disappointed. The whole elaborate set-up, it seemed to him then, had been a ridiculous waste of time. He looked at the scrap of paper which Carmell had pushed into his hand. On it was scrawled an address in Lambeth.

"Well, what do you think?" he said later to Clements.

"Follow through, love, of course. I'll fix for you to

have a film-crew tomorrow morning."

"And what about this Gerstein character?"

"I'll talk to Simon...see if he fancies a trip to Cambridge."

So that's how it was left on the evening of February 10, 1977. Simon Butler, who had interviewed Dr. Carl Gerstein years before for Independent Television News, was to go to the university. Colin Benson was to keep the Lambeth appointment.

Both were due for surprises. Particularly Colin Benson.

Benson arrived at the Lambeth address with a full camera crew shortly before 10:30 a.m. on February 11. It was a three-storeyed terraced house - dingy and claustrophobically gaunt - with rubbish mouldering in the narrow patch of front garden. Most of its windows, like those of its neighbors, had been boarded up but one on the first floor appeared to be

screened with a dirty sheet. The garden gate had been ripped away and there were broken roof-tiles on the path leading to the front door.

Benson hurried up the steps, followed by the technicians, and rapped on the door. No reply. He tried again, harder. Still no response. The house appeared to be deserted. He shouted and started pummelling with both fists. Then there was a girl's voice from inside: Who is it?

"My name's Benson. Colin Benson."

On the other side of the shabby door, in the darkness of the hall, Wendy was frightened. She still didn't know exactly who they were or what they wanted but she did know that they could arrive at any time. And that they were likely to hurt Harry. She bit her bottom lip, regretting now that she'd betrayed her presence. "Who?" he asked.

Benson shook his head in frustration. There was no number on the house. He stepped back along the path to double-check the numbers on either side, returned to the door. "This is 88, isn't it?"

"Who did you say you are?" Wendy's American accent, now more obvious, was the confirmation Benson needed.

"Colin Benson," he repeated. "I'm here with a television film unit."

Wendy, as she has since told us, was still suspicious. Still fearful. And, with the way things were that morning, she wasn't thinking too clearly. Maybe this was a trick. Harry had said they used all sorts of tricks. "How ca I be sure of that?" There was a tremble in her voice. "What program are you with?"

"Science Report...we were asked to come by a man called Harry."

A short. silence. Then the sound of heavy bolts being drawn back. The door was opened just a couple of inches.

Wendy, her hair unkept and her eyes wide with anxiety, stared at Benson and then at the camera and the sound equipment. She seemed to be having difficulty making up her mind. "So you really are the telly," she said.

This, Benson decided, was getting stupid. "Can we come in and see him?" he said. "He did invite us."

Wendy shrugged with indifference. "If you really want to." She pulled the door wide open. "But you won't get much out of him," she said. "Not this morning."

They followed her through the mildewed hall and up a flight of naked stairs. Ancient paper decorated with roses was peeling away from the walls and the whole place smelled of dirt and of damp. Wendy stopped, suddenly remembering, at the landing and she shouted down to the soundman who was the last in: "Bolt the door after you...we've got to keep it bolted." And she waited, watching, while he did so.

"You know, this really is a waste of time," she said quietly to Benson ... "Maybe it would be better, after all, if you just turned around right now and left."

"He asked me to be here - so I'm here."

She shrugged again. "As you like."

There were three doors leading off the landing. She opened the one at the front of the house. And there, in the room with the sheet-covered window, Benson saw Harry Carmell.

He didn't recognize Carmell, not at first, for what he saw was a haggard and vacant-eyed creature. It was shivering convulsively and its teeth were chattering and it was clutching a matted blanket to its naked shoulders - and it seemed impossible that this could be the man he'd met, only the day before, in the market.

But it was Carmell. It really was. He was hunched defensively, with his knees up to his chest, on an old sofa - the only bit of furniture in the room - and he was blinking rapidly as if trying to see more clearly.

Benson stepped forward tentatively. "Harry?"

Carmell pressed himself back harder against the sofa. He'd stopped blinking now and was staring with mistrust and bewilderment. "Who are you?" Even his voice was different. Like that of an old, old man.

"You remember me...Colin Benson."

Wendy tried to help. "It's all right, Harry...he's with the telly..."

Suddenly, horrifyingly, Carmell gave a howl of despairing terror. "It's them!" he yelled. "They've bloody tricked you and now they've found me..."

"What's he talking about?" demanded Benson. "What is the matter with him?"

Wendy ignored him and hurried across to kneel by the sofa and cradle Carmell. "Now, Harry..." she said soothingly. "It's quite all right...and there's nothing to be frightened of." She glanced up at Benson, jerked her head towards the door. "You'd better go."

"Is he on acid or something?"

"Just get out of here, will you!"

"But maybe we should get a doctor..."

That was when Carmell, in an unexpected burst of mystical violence, flung Wendy aside and came hurtling off the sofa. "So come on then, you bastards!" he yelled. "Come and kill me!" He waved his arms wildly

and the blanket slipped to the bare boards. Now they could see that he was wearing no clothes apart from his socks.

Suddenly he was very still - half-crouched like an ape just a few feet in front of Benson. His fingers, rigid as metal rods, were spread wide and his hands were raised to the level of his hips. Now there was defiance smouldering in his eyes. "But Harry Carmell don't die that easy." His voice - contrasting disconcertingly with his grotesque appearance - now sounded normal. Just as Benson had heard it in the market. "Harry Carmell's a fighter...and he'll bloody take you too." As he spoke, he took one pace backwards to steady his balance and then, with an horrendous battle-scream, he sprang at Benson. Benson ducked, tried to dodge, but Carmell's nails raked down his face - narrowly missing his eyes - to make deep and symmetric furrows in the flesh of

both cheeks.

The film technicians, wedged behind Benson in the doorway, were unable to help and Benson, now as terrified as Carmell had been, was lashing out wildly in an attempt to beat off the attack. One of his blows crunched sickeningly in Carmell's nose and suddenly the fight was over.

Blood spouted from Carmell's nose. He moaned, clutched his face with both hands and collapsed in surrender to the floor. He lay there with his face pressed hard against the dirty boards. And suddenly his puny naked body was racked with great juddering sobs.

Benson moved backwards, unsteadily, to the landing where the cameraman grabbed his arm to support him. "I'm sorry," he said to Wendy. "I didn't expect..."

"I told you to go." She was now again kneeling by Carmell, gently wiping his face with a handkerchief. "Now for God's sake just leave us!"

They reported to Clements as soon as they got back to the studios and it was Clements who decided to notify the police. "We can't possibly leave him there like that", he said. "Sounds to me as if he needs hospital treatment."

There was, however, no sign of Carmell or Wendy by the time the police got to the house. Wendy had gone out almost immediately after the TV team had left. We know that because she has told us.

She had gone out to buy antiseptic and a bandage from a nearby shop. When she returned, there was no Harry. There are reasons to suspect that he became a hot-job victim but we have been unable to find any proof. So we can merely record that Harry Carmell has never been seen since.

There were three of them - Clements, Benson and Dickson - clustered around one of the little editing machines in the Film Department. They were watching, yet again, the uncut film shot in the market.

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"That's the spot!" said Clements. "Go back on that!"

The technician sitting in front of them touched the rewind key and there were high-pitched Donald Duck noises from the sound-track as the film raced in reverse.

A flip on another key and the pictures stopped whirling in a backwards blur. Now there was silence and on the midget screen there was a frozen show of Benson and Carmell.

"Right, love, shift it."

The tiny black-and-white figures immediately became animated, walking away from the postbox in the background, and their voices could be heard. Benson was talking about Ballantine:

BENSON: But surely that was an accident...I remember reading in the papers that there was some sort of freak skid...

CARMELL: Crap! There was no way for that to be an

accident...it was that the call an Expediency and I know why it happened...and I've got to get it on record before they get to me...

"Okay...kill it there," said Clements. The technician stopped the film, switched off the machine. "Well?" asked Clements. "What do you reckon?"

Dickson shook his head doubtfully. "Acid-head," he said. "Obviously he'd read about Ballantine in the papers and he was living out some fantasy..."

"I'm inclined to agree," said Clements. "I'm not sure we should waste any more time on him. Colin?"

The marks on Bensons cheeks were now scarring over. He rubbed them thoughtfully. "Remember what he said about vanishing scientists. So maybe you're right...maybe he is an acid-head...but it's a hell of a coincidence, isn't it...the way his fantasies spilled over into our work. Did Ballantine go to America like Harry said?"

"Yes, he did visit NASA but that was also in the papers," said Dickson. "I checked the cutts."

Benson looked at him sharply. "There! Aren't you missing the obvious? You know because you checked the cutts. What're you saying? That this acid-head also checked the cutts? Or was it that he really knew?"

Clements stood up, glancing at his watch. "So what do you want to do, Colin?"

"Maybe talk to Lady Ballantine?"

"You can't go troubling her, man. It's the funeral today."

"So I'll be discreet," said Benson. "And I'll wait till tomorrow."

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Friday, February 12, 1977. Lady Ballantine was composed and hospitable when Benson arrived by appointment at 3:30 p.m. She told him virtually what she later told us on July 27. And he was particularly interested in the large envelope which Ballantine had insisted on her posting. Did she know what it contained?

"I just can't imagine," she said. "I know it was a package that he took out of his desk but I have no idea what was in the package."

Did he give any explanation for having it posted to London - although he was driving to London that same evening?

"That's what puzzled me most of all," said Lady Ballantine. "Particularly when I discovered later it was addressed to the man he was planning to meet."

"I'm sorry," said Benson. "I don't follow..."

"The envelope...it was addressed to a journalist called John Hendry. He and William - they'd been friends for years. Well...late, very late, on Friday I got a call from Mr. Hendry. He was still in his office waiting for William and, well, you know the rest..."

"Have you spoken to Hendry since? Asked him about the

package?"

"He rang again on Saturday...with his condolences...but I was far too upset to think about packages or anything like that..."

Four hours later Benson was in Hendry's office in Fleet Street.

"A premonition - that's the word he used," said Hendry. "Events were starting to move fast and he had a premonition - that's exactly what he said. Extra-ordinary, isn't it...when you think what happened."

"The package," persisted Benson. "What was in the package?"

Hendry got up from his desk, crossed to a table by the window, took a spool of tape from a drawer. "Just this," he said. "No message, no nothing."

"But what's on it?"

"That's the oddest part of all. Not a damned thing as far as we can make out."

"You've played it right through?"

"Sure...we tried everything but there's nothing there. You know what I think? I think he sent the wrong one by mistake."

"That hardly sounds likely, does it," said Benson. "A man like Ballantine - surely he'd be meticulously careful."

Hendry went back to his desk, threw the tape on the desk, lit a cigar. "Normally, yes...but, as I told you, he wasn't himself on Friday. His voice on the telephone - I hardly recognized it. He was all strung-up and excited and -

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I hate to say this because he was a friend of mine - but he was talking the most incredible rubbish. Maybe he'd been over-working or something - who knows - but I got the impression that he'd really flipped. And you know something? That could explain the accident. If his driving was half as wild as his words...well, it's hardly surprising, is it?"

Benson picked up the tape. "Could I borrow this?"

Hendry drew deeply on his cigar, making the end glow fiercely. "Don't want to be personal," he said. "But those marks on your face...how did you get them?"

Benson fingered his cheeks, grinned ruefully. "It's all right, they're not tribal marking," he said jokingly. "I had to interview rather a rough character. I don't think he liked my questions."

Hendry returned the grin. He'd been a reporter in Fleet Street during the "heavy-mob" days - before the place had got so sedately respectable - and his nose was slightly lop-sided. "It happens," he said laconically. "Why do you want the tape?"

"We've got some pretty sophisticated equipment at the studios. Maybe we can trace something on it."

"No harm in you trying," said Hendry. "But I'll want it back afterwards and if you find anything interesting I'll expect to be told right away."

There was nothing on the tape. Or, at least, there seemed to be nothing.

It was played in its virgin state, you may recall, in that television documentary. And, as Simon Butler pointed out then, it apparently held only "the ceaseless noise of space - not much different from countless other tapes in the archives of radio astronomy."

At that stage in the program Butler told viewers: "What it meant...what the vital information was that Sir William Ballantine had deciphered out of this apparently random cacophony...was something we would have to wait much longer to find out."

They discovered later that the waiting time would have been far shorter if Harry Carmell had not been drugged out of his mind on that February morning in Lambeth. For Carmell, of course, had he de-coder - the one he'd stolen from NASA.

But they were steadily making progress. While Benson was in that derelict house, being attacked by the crazed Carmell, Butler was trying to fix an appointment with an old man at Cambridge - an old man who would eventually steer them closer to the astonishing truth about Alternative 3.

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Dr. Carl Gerstein's housekeeper was possessively protective over him. She'd been bullying him for years over his pipe-smoking. It was a filthy and disgusting habit, in her opinion, and it was certainly bad for him with his weak chest.

There'd been a told-you-so tone in her voice when he developed a severe bout of bronchitis at the end of January, 1977. All she'd said about that pipe, she felt, was now vindicated. Maybe this time he'd listen and throw the dirty thing away. But Gerstein, of course, had no intention of throwing away his pipe. It was part of him.

She had her way, however, about visitors. There were to be none, absolutely none, until he was completely fit. He needed absolute rest - that's what the doctor had said - and she was going to make sure he got it. She refused to even allow him downstairs to speak on the telephone. "It's draughty in that hall and if you need to speak on the phone you can do it through me," she said. "You're staying up here in the warm."

That was why, on February 11, Butler found himself having to deal with her. She'd seen Butler often on television and she had a soft spot for him. But it wasn't soft enough for her to relax the rules.

"Not this month," she said. "Out of the question."

"How about next month?" asked Butler. "Isn't he expected to be better by then?"

We should mention here that Butler was later horrified

when we showed him the relevant part of Trojan's transcript - dealing with Gerstein - of the Policy Committee meeting held on March 3, 1977:

A EIGHT: No news...he's been laid up with bronchitis housekeeper, he's seen no-one for weeks...

R EIGHT: So the situation, then, is unchanged...I recommend that we maintain observation on the old man...

Butler would have acted very differently if he had known that Gerstein was under surveillance. But he did not know and he persisted: "It really is very important...I wouldn't dream of troubling him if it were not..."

She relented, said she would go upstairs and check with the doctor. Soon she was back on the line. "I can only make a provisional arrangement, Mr. Butler," she said. "It'll have to depend on how he's feeling."

"What date do you suggest?"

"It's not me suggesting - it's Dr. Gerstein. He says he's quite looking forward to meeting you again." She was determined to keep things in proper perspective. "March the fourth, about two o'clock - would that be suitable?"

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Butler checked his desk diary. Tuesday, March 4, was completely clear. "Thank you," he said. "Unless I hear to the contrary, I'll be there then."

The investigation, although they still did not realize it, was soon to take an astonishing turn.

SECTION SEVEN

That interview, which was filmed, took place as planned on March 4, 1977, and it was an important feature of the program transmitted on June 20. Here is how Simon Butler, in a voice-over link, introduced it to viewers:

Gerstein's theories, when he first put them forward over twenty years ago, had been almost universally dismissed. He was called an alarmist and a pessimist. Events proved him, on the contrary, to be something of an optimist.

By the late Sixties the earth was already so trapped within an envelope of its own pollution that heat was having increasing difficulty in escaping.

Ten years earlier than Gerstein's prediction, the notorious "greenhouse" effect - due to the eight-fold increase in the carbon dioxide levels last summer - had become a reality, threatening to double the average global temperature.

Gerstein's chest was still not clear at the time of that interview. He was still wheezing. And he was still smoking his pipe. "This mysterious Harry of yours..."he said. "I don't think I can place him."

"he was very specific about you," said Butler. "He told us to ask you about something called Alternative 3."

Gerstein stared down at his desk, pulled thoughtfully on his pipe. "Did he now..."he said slowly. "That was a rather curious thing for him to do."

"This Alternative 3 - you know what it means?"

"Let me show you something," said Gerstein. He rummaged through the bottom drawer of the desk, pulled out a buff folder, turned over half a dozen pages of typescript. "The Americans, when it comes to public statements, have a remarkable talent for soft-peddalling the truth," he said. "Read that...it's a CIA report."

Butler took the folder, read the passage which had been ringed around in red:

In the poor and powerless areas, population would have to drop to levels that could be supported. Food subsidies and external aid, however generous the donors might be, would be inadequate. Unless or until the

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climate improved and agricultural techniques changed sufficiently, population levels now projected for the Less Developed Countries could not be reached. The population "problem" would have solved itself in the most unpleasant fashion.

"What does this mean?" asked Butler. "unless or until the climate improved..."

"That's it! said Gerstein. "That's the key phrase! And that report, let me tell you, is about four years old. What it means is that at that time the Americans were prepared to reveal just a smidgeon of the truth. Not all the truth, of course, for that would be too frightening. But you can take it from me that they knew the whole truth. I told them. Back in 1957 - at the conference in Huntsville, Alabama - I explained it all to them. That's why they started gibing serious thought to the three alternatives."

"And what exactly did you tell them?" asked Butler.

"I told them that we were killing this planet."

Gerstein was stopped by a fit of coughing which shook his whole body, made his eyes water. He apologized. "Through all the centuries man thought of the atmosphere surrounding us as being so vast that it could never possibly be damaged," he said. "So we've gone on abusing it and polluting it...and now it's too late."

He shook his head sadly. "We've created a greenhouse around this world of ours...a greenhouse made of carbon dioxide. Short-wave radiation from the sun passes straight through it, just as in any garden greenhouse, but it absorbs and holds the heat emitted from the surface of the earth.

"You know how much carbon dioxide we've thrown up there in the last hundred years? More than 360 billion tons! And once it's up there it stays there - and it's being added to every year.

"Human lemmings! That's what we are! Do you realize

that we're even helping to destroy our world by trying to smell nice? No...I assure you...I'm perfectly serious. Those aerosol sprays that people use - they alone are still squirting nearly half a million metric tons of fluorocarbons into the atmosphere every year."

He delved in the desk again, produced another folder. "A British Royal Commission on environmental pollution was shocked by the sheer volume of this filth. Listen to what they said in their report." He opened the folder, thumbed over a few pages and began reading:

"If the worst fears about the extent of damage by fluorocarbons to the ozone layer were realised, and if no means of combating this threat could be devised, the consequences to mankind and, indeed, to most of life on Earth could be calamitous."

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He snapped the folder shut, dropped it contemptuously on the desk. "There!" he said. "That's their word -calamitous! And that report, I should point out, was written by people who probably weren't aware of the full seriousness of the situation. They almost certainly still don't know of the need for one of the three alternatives.

"Yet people go on using these things...to clean their ovens and spray their hair...to kill flies and smells and pains in the back. Good God, we've even got spray-on instant snack food! We're conveniencing ourselves to death, Mr. Butler, that's what we're doing - and now it's all become irretrievably lethal.

"Some belated attempts have been made, of course, to scratch at the problem. Last year, for example, the United States Food and Drug Administration banned fluorocarbons from American aerosol sprays - and that, I can tell you,, was a devil of a jolt for an industry with a \$9,000 million turnover in America alone.

"But other countries, including Britain - which, by the way, is Europe's principal producer of aerosols - decided not to follow the American initiative. Close your eyes to the dangers and pretend they don't exist - that seems to be the line. You see...there are jobs at stake...about 10,000 in Britain alone...and there's also big money. still, not that it makes any difference any longer. It's so late now that it's all become completely academic."

Gerstein was seized by another bout of coughing. He looked accusingly at his pipe which had gone out. And he relit it. "You hear people talking glibly about the concrete jungle, Mr. Butler. What they should be talking about is the concrete storage heater. That's what we're turning this world into - a gigantic storage heater. Concrete...asphalt roads...brick buildings...they're all retaining the heat and they're helping to ferment the disaster.

"Then there's all that waste heat from industry, power stations, cars and central-heating systems. Do you realise that New York city generates seven times more heat than it gets from the rays of the sun? That, Mr. Butler, is a fact. And you just imagine that sort of heat - from all over the

world - being trapped in our great atmospheric greenhouse!"

"Yes," said Butler. "But this Alternative 3..."

Gerstein ignored the interruption, got up from the desk, walked to the study window. He stood there, hands clasped behind his back, contemplating the wide expanse of neat lawn. "I'll tell you what's going to happen," he said. "This world's going to get hootter and hotter until it gets like Venus. I can't tell you when this will finally happen...not to the nearest hundred years...but I can assure you that it will happen.

"When that time comes the North Pole and the South Pole will be as hot as the tropics are today. And as for the rest of the world...well, it won't be able to support any life apart from insects and cold-blooded creatures like lizards."

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He turned to face Butler, gestured over his shoulder. "All that out there, all that greenery and beauty, will be a burnt wilderness.

"There won't be any people at all then, not in countries like this. There'll probably still be survivors at the Poles but then it won't be long before they're also killed by the heat - and that will be that."

He sat down, looked somberly at Butler. "So, as you can see, that CIA report you're holding - with that stuff about the climate possibly improving - is just so much public - relations twaddle."

He sighed resignedly, took the file from Butler, replaced it in the drawer. "That, I suppose, is the technique. They make a big display of showing part of the truth - which is precisely what they did in that report - to make people believe they're being shown the whole truth."

"But you mentioned three alternatives," said Butler. "You said they considered them at the Huntsville conference..."

"That was a long time ago," said Gerstein evasively. "Twenty years ago. And it was all very theoretical..."

"I realize that some of the discussions at Huntsville were held in secret and so, naturally, I can understand your reluctance," said Butler. "But this is clearly a matter of immense public concern and, as you say, Huntsville was a long time ago. So wouldn't it be possible for you to say..."

Gerstein held up a hand to stop him. "Alternative 1 and Alternative 2 were quite crazy," he said. "They're not worth even talking about..."

"I'd still like to know about them," said Butler. "Couldn't you give me just a brief outline?"

Gerstein was silent, thinking, for a while. Eventually he shrugged. "Well...they were abandoned so I suppose it can do no harm," he said. "The basic idea of Alternative 1 was rather like throwing a few stones at a conventional greenhouse - making holes in the glass to let the heat escape. The suggestion was that a series of strategically - positioned nuclear devices should be detonated high in the atmosphere - to punch holes in that envelope of carbon dioxide. Then we'd have chimneys in the sky, if you like. That would have eased the immediate problem and then, as a follow-up program, there would have had to be a dramatic

reappraisal of the way life is lived on this earth.

"Men would have had to start living more primitively to prevent another build-up. For example, there'd have had to be international agreements, stringently enforced, to make all motor vehicles illegal - except for the most essential purposed.

"You could almost draw up your own list of things which would have to be sacrificed to stop carbon dioxide being pumped into the air in such quantities.

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"Then there would have to be a great co-ordinated effort to give the world back its lungs - by getting rid of every unnecessary bit of concrete and by seeding vast tracts with plants and trees which could absorb the gas.

"That, in essence, was Alternative 1..."

"Well, I can see it would be an incredibly complex project..." said Butler. "But it would seem to make sense...if the situation is as desperate as you say..."

"It was crazy," said Gerstein curtly. "Knocking holes in a garden greenhouse is one thing. Doing the same with Earth's atmosphere is a very different proposition. Oh, they could do it all right...they've got the technology to do it, all right...they've got the technology to do it, but what they haven't got is the technology to patch up the holes after they've made them..."

"I'm sorry...I don't quite follow..."

"The ozone layer!" said Gerstein impatiently. "Don't you see? It would mean punching great gaps in the ozone layer and it's that layer, as you must know, which screens us from the full effects of the ultra-violet rays from the sun.

"Without the protection of that ozone layer, Mr. Butler, we'd be bombarded with far more radiation and that would immediately bring all sorts of horrors - such as an increase in the incidence of skin cancers.

"No, there were too many hazards involved. alternative 1 was rightly rejected."

"And Alternative 2?"

Gerstein was having more trouble with his pipe. Re-lighting it was a major job which required all his attention. It made him cough and splutter but, after using three matches, he won. And, once again, he was contentedly wreathed in smoke. "Can you imagine yourself living like a troglodyte, Mr. Butler?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question. Butler waited, knowing he was not expected to reply.

"Alternative 2, in my view, was even crazier than Alternative 1," continued Gerstein. "I recognize, of course, that there is enough atmosphere locked in the soil to support life but...no, this was the most unrealistic of all the alternatives."

"Troglodyte," prompted Butler. "Why troglodyte?"

"There is good reason to believe that this world was once more civilized and far more scientifically advanced than it is today," said Gerstein. "Our really distant ancestors, living millennia before what we call Pre-historic Man, had

progressed far beyond our present stage of knowledge.

"Then, it is argued, there was some cataclysmic disaster - maybe one comparable with that facing us now - and these highly-sophisticated people built completely new civilizations deep beneath the surface of the earth..."

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"But," said Butler, "I don't see how..."

"Please!" Gerstein was in no mood to be interrupted.

"There is evidence, quite considerable evidence, to suggest that there were once whole cities - linked by an elaborate complex of tunnels - far below the surface. Remains of them have been found under many parts of the world. Under South America...China...Russia...oh, all over the place. And in this subterranean world, so it is said, there is a green luminescence which replaces the sun as a source of energy - and which makes it possible for crops to be grown.

"So they evacuated down there and very likely thrived for some time..."

"Then what?" asked Butler.

Gerstein shrugged. "After all this time...who can tell? Maybe there's historical truth in the Biblical story of the great Flood. Maybe the disaster which drove them there in the first place was followed by the Flood - and they were all trapped and drowned down there. Maybe that's how their civilization ended..."

He paused, sucked reflectively on his pipe. "And it could follow that the people we think of as Prehistoric Men were merely the descendants of a handful of survivors - the real children of Noah, if you accept the Bible version - who had to start from scratch in a world which had been utterly devastated. Is that why they took so naturally - instinctively, if you like - to living in caves? Then the agonizingly slow process of rebuilding the world started all over again until now we find ourselves in a similar position..."

"So Alternative 2, then, would involve transporting everybody down into the bowels of the earth?"

"Not everybody," said Gerstein. "That would be hopelessly impracticable. There'd be selected people, people chosen for their special skills or talents, people who'd be regarded as vital to the future of the human race.

"There were, I have to tell you, many people at Huntsville in favor of Alternative 2. They pointed out that there would never be another flood, not with the entire planer drying up, so it would not all end as it apparently did once before."

He took the pipe from his mouth and pointed its stem at Butler. "You know...there was one very prominent man - died a couple of years ago now - who even put forward a plan for using ordinary people...superfluous people, he called them...as slave labor.

"It was quite startling, the way he had it all worked out. These gangs of slaves, who'd do all the heavy work down there, would be treated - either surgically or chemically -

so that they would just complacently accept their new roles. They'd be rounded up, as he put it, in Batch Consignments. Yes, that was the expression he used - Batch Consignments..."

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Butler shook his head in disbelief . "But that's unthinkable...quite inhuman. And, anyway, as operation on that scale...it could be mounted only with the closest co-operation between the super-powers. America and Russia would have to pool their resources and scientific know-how and that in itself, surely, would be out of the question..."

"Allies are united by the need to fight a common enemy or to combat a universal danger," said Gerstein. "Think of the Second World War. Britain, America, Russia - they were all partners in the mutual struggle for survival. It didn't seem so strange then, did it, that they should co-operate. And this present threat, Mr. Butler, is far greater than the world was facing then..."

"Is the technology available to do all this?" asked Butler.

"Technology, yes. Cash would obviously be the problem. Countless billions of pounds would be needed but, in extremity, it could be raised."

"In that case, why did you consider Alternative 2 to be the most unrealistic of them all?"

"Because, at best, it would be no more than a stop-gap solution. As I told you...the carbon dioxide, once it's up there, stays there. We're trapped inside the great greenhouse and it will be only a matter of time before the effects permeate down into the earth. Things down there, really deep down, will eventually wither and start to smoulder."

He paused, gave a brief humorless laugh. "Maybe our legends and superstitions about Hades - with the demonic stoker down there in the bowels of blackness - are merely unconscious visions of the future. How about that for a thought?"

He stared hard at Butler and, getting no reply, he continued: "The situation, you see, isn't just irretrievable - it has now reached the stage where it can do nothing but deteriorate. That was why Alternative 2, in my opinion, was ridiculous."

Outside the study window there were the bird noises of early Spring. Butler looked over Gerstein's shoulder and saw an old woman sedately walking her dog around the perimeter of the lawn.

Out there it was so peaceful, so normal. And that made their conversation all the more bizarre. Here, in this book-lined and sunlit room, they were talking about Armageddon. They were talking about it in measured and cultivated tones as if it were no more than a matter of academic interest. It was hard, very hard, to grasp that the subject really was the approaching end of the world.

This was the strangest interview Butler had ever conducted. But, as a professional, he pushed ahead with his questions.

"And Alternative 3?"

Gerstein shook his head. "I don't know..."he said.

"Maybe I've been too indiscreet already. I've been out of touch with things for rather a long time now and it's hardly my place to talk about Alternative 3. They may have abandoned it for all I know...decided that it simply couldn't be done. You'd have to talk to someone connected with the Space Program because the truth is that I just don't know..."

"Well, give me a pointer..."persisted Butler.

"I'll give you a sherry," said Gerstein. And that was where the interview ended.

During the following months public fear continued to mount over the weather - and over the effect it was likely to have on the future of the world. On August 28, 1977, the Sunday Telegraph carried a major article headlined: WEATHER MEN AT A LOSS. It was written by a member of the newspaper's "Close-Up" investigative team and it said;

What is happening to the British weather? That seemingly innocuous question has suddenly become a major subject for research.

Even the meteorologists are cautiously echoing the man in the street's opinion that something distinctly odd has been affecting our climate to give us the extremes of the past two years...Many countries have experienced strange weather phenomena over the same period. Mr. Edwin P. Weigel of the United States Weather Bureau in Washington told me:

"We don't know what's hit us. California and other western states have had two years of drought which have smashed all-time records. Water is being rationed in some parts..."

There are several shades of opinion on how ominous it all is and there is only a very shaky consensus on how unusual such extremities really are...

The official attitude, however, was still guarded. Experts who knew the real truth were anxious not to provoke mass panic. Kevin Miles of the Meteorological Office's 40-strong climatic research team at Bracknell, Berkshire, was quoted in this Sunday Telegraph article as saying: "We must agree that what we have been experiencing is unusual. Reports from all over the world have confirmed our own picture of increased variability. But we have learned not to over-react to what might be seen as odd in several small parts of the globe."

Mr. Miles went on to admit that he and his team would "dearly love to understand what has been going on recently".

So, on orders from the highest level, the charade was maintained - with weathermen on both sides of the Atlantic insisting that they still did not know the truth, that they were still investigating the disturbing mystery.

The Sunday Telegraph article continued:

The Bracknell meteorologists are enlarging their research program to investigate every hypotheses that might give a correlation with the fluctuating weather. Oceans, clouds, land forms and the Earth's surface are all being scanned with the help of one of the world's fastest computers.

While such sophistication is being perfected, the American experts are flying as many scientific kites as their British counterparts. The Washington bureau is currently looking at possible effects of volcanic eruptions and changes in the movements of the sun. "Some of it comes excitingly close, some is clutching at straws," said Mr. Weigel.

Amateur weather-watchers, who blame everything from Concorde to the atom bomb for the climatic unrest, will not be appeased by the promise of more and better research.

Those "amateurs" certainly would not have been appeased if they had been told the full story. They would have been terrified.

"Talk to someone connected with the Space Program." That's what Gerstein had suggested. But it wasn't easy to follow his advice. Not when real information was needed.

Of course, there were people at NASA who were prepared to talk to Sceptre Television. But they were the public-relations specialists, the glib front-men, who could be charming and convincing. And who could say a great deal without saying anything.

Clements knew that he had to get more. Far more. The project, by this time, had become almost an obsession with him. He was determined, somehow, to find someone who really knew about this Alternative 3 - and who would be prepared to explain it.

"We'll obviously bet nothing out of anybody still with NASA," he said to Terry Dickson. "They'd be too scared of losing their jobs and I can't say I blame them. So see if you can track down someone who's already quit. One of the

moon-walkers, perhaps. They may know something or they may have seen something.

"One or two of them, from what I gather, are rather

bitter about the way they've been treated. I was reading - in the Daily Express, I believe it was - about Buzz Aldrin complaining that he'd been used as a travelling salesman. Try to get hold of him or one of the others. At the very least, they might point us in the right direction..."

Dickson rubbed his chin, pulled a rueful face. "And how do I start doing that?" he demanded. "I don't know where any of them are these days..."

"I don't ask you how to point the cameras, love...you're the researcher..."

"Yes, but..."

"And make it a priority job, Terry."

"It'll cost," persisted Dickson. "I'll have to hire someone in America and that could cost real money. Harman's not going to like it. Remember what he said about Australia..."

"Never mind about Harman." Clements was being crisply executive. "You do your job and leave Harman to me." He grinned suddenly and added: "Anyway, he's a busy man and I don't think we ought to trouble him with such small details."

A freelance journalist in America was commissioned by Dickson. Three former astronauts refused to co-operate. A fourth said he would need time to consider his position. That fourth man was Bob Grodin.

The American freelance also supplied Dickson with a tape containing a conversation which had taken place between Grodin - during his first moon walk - and Mission Control. Here is the transcript of the relevant section:

GRODIN: Hey, Houston...d'you hear; this constant bleep we have here now?

MISSION CONTROL: Affirmative. We have it.

GRODIN: What is it? D'you have some explanation for that?

MISSION CONTROL: We have none. can you see anything? Can you tell us what you see?

GRODIN: Oh boy, it's really...really something super-fantastic here. You couldn't ever imagine this...

MISSION CONTROL: O.K....could you take a look out over that flat area there? Do you see anything beyond?

GRODIN: There's a kind of a ridge with a pretty spectacular...oh my God! What is that there? That's all I want to know! What the hell is that?

MISSION CONTROL: Roger. Interesting. Go Tango...immediately...go Tango...

GRODIN: There's a kind of a light now...

MISSION CONTROL: (hurriedly): Roger. We got it, we've marked it. Lose a little communication, huh? Bravo Tango...Bravo Tango...select Jezebel, Jezebel...

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No more speech could be heard. Grodin, at that point, had switched to another frequency. On the tape there was only static...

Simon Butler, you may recall, underlined that point when the television documentary was transmitted. He said: "Bravo Jezebel? A form of code? Almost certainly. But what did it

mean? Absolutely nothing to the estimated six hundred million people listening in on earth..."

Remember the allegations, which we outlined in section one of this book, made by former NASA man Otto Binder?

"Certain sources with their own VHF receiving facilities that by-passed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was quickly cut off by the NASA monitoring staff."

That censored portion, according to Binder, included these words from Apollo 11: "These babies were huge, sir...enormous...Oh, God you wouldn't believe it!...I'm telling you there are other space-craft out there...lined up on the far side of the crater edge..."

Could that have a direct link with the exchange heard on the Grodin tape? Had Grodin, like the men of the Apollo 11 mission, seen something too startling to be revealed to ordinary people?

Or were these moon-explorers all mistaken? Was there something in outer space which induced hallucinations?

The idea of unknown and unidentified space-craft being "lined up" on the moon - to the astonishment of human astronauts - has surely too ridiculous. And YET...

Grodin agreed to be interviewed by Sceptre Television, via Satellite, from a studio in Boston, Massachusetts. The plan was to tape the entire interview and edit it later. In fact, as viewers will probably remember, the interview ended abruptly and in the oddest possible way. And it place an even bigger question mark on the whole subject of Alternative 3.

There was, right from the start, something slightly manic in Grodin's expression and he showed a tendency to laugh nervously for no apparent reason. But he talked fluently and he displayed no reluctance about discussing the breakdown he had suffered after his final return from space. Nothing remarkable happened, or seemed likely to happen, until Simon Butler asked a question which we present verbatim from the program which was transmitted:

Now it has been suggested, among others, by some very responsible people that you - that all of you on the Apollo program - saw far more out there than you have been allowed to admit publicly. What comment do you have to make on that suggestion?

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The immediate effect on Grodin was electrifying. His face suffused with anger and he shouted: "What are you trying to do, man? Just tell me that! What are you trying to do."

Butler apologized. "I was only..."

"You trying to screw me? demanded Grodin. He leaned forward in his chair, glowering into the Boston camera. "That what you want? You want to screw me real good?"

"Of course not," said Butler quickly. "And I'm sorry

if..."

"Like that dumb bastard Ballantine? Is that what you want to..."

He got no further. His voice was chopped in midsentence, his picture on the monitor screen vanished in a haze of white static.

"What is going on? asked Butler. "Hell's teeth...what's the matter with this..."

He was interrupted by Clement's voice. "We don't know where he's gone."

Like that dumb bastard Ballantine! That's the line which grabbed their attention. It had to fit in, somehow, with the mystery of the meaningless tape received by Hendry - and with the strange circumstances leading up to Ballantine's death. It just had to be connected with what the man Harry had said: "There was no way for that to be an accident...it was what they called and Expediency and I know why it happened."

"We've got to find him and talk to him face-to-face. Terry, love...see what your lad in America can come up with." He turned to Colin Benson. "I'll probably be sending you over there," he said.

Benson beamed. "Great!" he said. "But isn't Harman going to raise stink?"

"Probably," said Clements. "But leave that to me."

Harman did "raise stink". He raised it more vehemently than Clements anticipated. We have the memoranda which reveal the strength of Harman's feelings. In our view they show a strength bordering on fanaticism...

Wednesday, July 13, 1977. Another submarine meeting of Policy Committee. Chairman: A EIGHT. Transcript section supplied by Trojan starts:

R TWO: This Princeton man... Dr. Gerard O'Neill... appears to have a disturbing lack of discretion...

(Author's note: This meeting, being held a littler later in the month than was customary, was exactly two days after the Los Angeles Times published the controversial interview -- detailed in Section One of this book - in which Dr. O'Neill outlined the solution he called "Island 3". He

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said in that interview - "There's really no debate about the technology involved in doing it. That's been confirmed by NASA's top people.")

The Trojan transcript continued:

A FOUR: Sure...he shouldn't have shot his mouth off in that way...but I don't see there's any real harm done...people will assume he's just talking theory...

A EIGHT: It is just theory, for Chrissakes, as far as he is concerned. He knows the technology but beyond that he knows nothing...

R FIVE: He is a respected man...a man whose words mould public opinion...and he should be discouraged from making such stupid statements...

A EIGHT: That's already been done...for him and for others like him...

R TWO: What is this you are saying? An unauthorized Expediency?

A EIGHT: Hell, no! That's not necessary. Like I said ...Gerard O'Neill doesn't know enough, not about the politics...he doesn't even have any idea that we meet this way...

R SIX: Then what has been done?

A EIGHT: Let's keep this in perspective, shall we... Washington doesn't want publicly to pinpoint the O'Neill thing because that would make it seem too important...best to ignore it..that's the official attitude and I'm damned sure that attitude is right...

R SEVEN: But when O'Neill talked about Island 3...

A EIGHT: Hold on...let me finish. Something is being done but it's being done as a blanket operation... Right now there's a secrecy Bill being scrambled on to the Statute Book and I promise you that'll close every worrying mouth...

Fourteen days after this meeting of the Policy Committee, as we mentioned earlier, columnist Jeremy Campbell broke the news of the "suppression" Bill in the London Evening Standard. Campbell is a highly experienced journalist with a deserved reputation for knowing the background to the published news. Here, we are confident, is one of the rare instances where he did not know the real background.

The rest of the transcript supplied by Trojan was brief:

R SEVEN: That may well be but I have to tell you that our people in Moscow are becoming increasingly worried about the level of security in America...there was that bad business of Carmell...

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A EIGHT: Oh no!...not Carmell again! Carmell's settled ...that's all over, okay?

R SEVEN: And Carl Gerstein?

There was no reply to that question. The meeting had obviously continued but that was the end of the transcript.

The end of August and the beginning of September, 1977 - only days before the "Suppression" Bill reached the Statute Book - brought more curious evidence of the treatment which had been given to Batch Consignment victims. It gave a deeper insight into the work which had been continuing in America and Russia. And in Britain.

This evidence is now public knowledge for, as library files show, it has appeared in reputable newspapers. But,

because of its special significance, we consider it worth repeating here.

On August 27, William Lowther, the distinguished Washington correspondent of the Daily Mail, wrote an article which was headlined THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE BATHROOM.

It said:

Morgan Hall was a spy. He always kept a jug of martinis in the refrigerator. He had a two-way mirror in the bathroom.

But Morgan's life was full of woe. His masters were slow in sending money. His assignment was awful sleazy. The code name for his project was "Operation Midnight Climax". It was meant to be a perpetual secret And no wonder.

For two full years Morgan spent his working hours sitting on a portable toilet watching through his mirror drinking his martinis while a prostitute entertained men in the adjoining bedroom.

Her job was to persuade clients to drink cocktails. What they didn't know was that the drinks had been mixed by the mysterious Morgan. They were more chemical than alcohol.

Morgan had to record the results. We still don't know just what they were or how they worked. But some of the drinks gave instant headaches, others made you silly or drunk or forgetful or just plain frantic. The effects were only temporary and nobody was harmed, much.

Morgan was employed by the Central Intelligence Agency and it was America's top spy bosses who sent him out from headquarters near Washington to set up the "laboratory" in a luxury apartment overlooking San Francisco Bay.

Now, 1,647 pages of financial records dealing with the operation have been made public as part of a Congressional investigation.

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(Author's note: That was the Congressional investigation provoked by the information supplied to us by Trojan.) Lowther's article continued:

It was all part of the agency's MK-ultra mind control experimental program...it was reasoned that a prostitute's clients wouldn't complain.

The financial records released yesterday show that Morgan was always writing to headquarters. Says a typical letter - "Money urgently needed to pay September rent."

His bills for the flat include Toulouse -Lautrec posters, a picture of a French can - can dancer and one marked: "Portable toilet for observation post."

Says the CIA: "Morgan Hall died two years ago. We have no idea where he is buried."

Here we must ignore suspicions and accept the official word of the CIA. Our own inquiries in America have yielded nothing further about Morgan Hall and we must state, quite categorically, that we have found no evidence to support any suggestion of his having been an expediency victim.

Lowther's story was quickly followed by two more reports which confirmed something we had already been told by Trojan - a series of secret experiments in behavior control had also been conducted in Russia and in Britain.

On September 2 The Times gave front-page prominence to a report supplied from Honolulu by Reuter and UPI. It was headlined "PSYCHIATRISTS CONDEMN SOVIET UNION" and it said:

The general assembly of the World Psychiatric Association, meeting behind closed doors, has adopted a resolution condemning the Soviet Union for abusing psychiatry for "political purposes" in the Soviet Union..."

The international code of ethics, called the "Declaration of Hawaii", adopted by the congress follows years of criticism against the WPA for not taking action on ethical standards.

Other newspapers claimed that "scores of mentally healthy Soviet citizens are forcibly interned in mental hospitals'. This is unquestionably true but the facts need to be seen in their proper perspective. The vast majority are detained because of their stand on human rights. They are sane people who are considered enemies of the State. Only a small percentage are there purely because they are needed as guinea-pigs. These are the ones who have been detained because of Alternative 3.

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in Britain - appeared on August 28 in the Sunday Telegraph:

Hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally handicapped have been instructed by the Health Department to collect statistics on operations being carried out to change personality.

For the first time, ministers have acknowledged that there is growing concern. The operations, known as psychosurgery, are carried out to remove or destroy portions of brain tissue to change the behavior of severely depressed or exceptionally aggressive patients who do not respond to drugs or electric shock treatment.

The Sunday Telegraph said that "the change was irreversible" and quoted a prominent consultant psychiatrist as saying: "My hospital is littered with the wrecks of humanity who have undergone psychosurgery.

However, the newspaper did not point out that these operations can also be performed to control the behavior pattern of men and women who are completely sane. Or that,

in fact, they have been performed on such people.

Dr. Randolph Crepsen-White spoke to us about these operations when we met him in the Somerset village to which he retired in 1975. He talked frankly on the strict understanding that we would not divulge his name. However, as he died of natural causes on October 19, 1977, we do not consider ourselves to be now bound by our undertaking.

Dr. Crepsen-White told us: "I performed five of these operations on people - four young men and one young woman - who appeared to be completely sane. There were two objects. The patients had to be completely de-sexed, to have their natural biological urges taken away, and they also had to have their individuality removed. They would, after being discharged, obey any order without question. In fact, they would virtually be thinking robots.

"I recognized that what I was doing was most unethical, and I did protest that very strongly, but I was told that the operations were vital to the security of the country.

"Nobody actually told me that those patients had been involved in espionage but that was the impression I was given. I was ordered to sign the Official Secrets form and that is why you must not mention my name - apart from the fact that I'm frightened, there'd be repercussions of a violent nature if certain people realized I'd been talking to you."

We should point out that, in order to protect Dr. Crepsen-White's anonymity, we had agreed not to be so specific about the number of operations he had performed. That agreement, of course, is now unnecessary.

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He continued: "I still had distinct reservations about this aspect of my work. Soon it became apparent that I would be required to do more operations involving sane people...possibly many more...and that was when I decided to get right out."

"I had not intended to retire for another three years but, under the circumstances, I considered it impossible to go on."

Dr. Crepsen-White, we are certain, knew nothing about people being collected into Batch Consignments. He knew nothing about Alternative 3. But a complete insight into the use being made of his work was eventually supplied to us by Trojan. It was supplied in an astounding document which we will be presenting later.

SECTION EIGHT

Leonard Harman was far from happy with the letter sent to him on August 12, 1977, by our lawyer Edwin Greer.

Letter dated August 15, 1977, from Harman to lawyer Greer:

I am surprised by the contents of your letter and I must insist on receiving undertaking from Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins to the effect that I will not be mentioned in their projected book. I note that your clients are aware that Sceptre Television has admitted that the Alternative 3 program was an unfortunate hoax and I am puzzled by the apparent evasiveness of your second paragraph.

You state that your clients are 'mindful of the background to that statement." What, if anything, does that mean?

I repeat that it would be extremely wrong to perpetuate in book form what has already become a public misconception. There is absolutely no truth in the suggestion of any East-West covert action such as that described in the program and your clients apparently intend to compound what has already been admitted as a serious error of judgement.

If your clients persist in their attitude, particularly in respect to my privacy, I will have to seek legal advice and/or redress.

Letter dated August 13 from Edwin Greer to Leonard Harman:

There was no evasiveness in my letter of the 12th inst.

I merely pointed out that my clients have conducted their own investigations in Britain and America into the subject of their projected book. Indeed, that investigation is still continuing. Any decisions taken by Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Watkins, in consultation with their publishers, will depend on their eventual findings and I am instructed to inform you that it is not possible for them to give you any undertaking.

Six days later Greer received a letter from a well known Member of Parliament who had been lobbied for support by Harman. We included the name of the MP - and of one other

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who tried to suppress this book - in our original manuscript but, because of Britain's restrictive libel laws, we have been advised to delete those names from the published version.

This particular MP was taking the same line as Harman. His letter said:

In common with a number of my colleagues in the House of Commons, I have already deplored the misguided motives which resulted in the television program about the so-called Alternative 3.

Letters from many of my constituents demonstrate the alarm which was engendered and which, despite the subsequent statement by the television company, still lingers.

The fact that your clients should apparently be determined to capitalize on that alarm is, to my mind, quite scandalous. I intend to seek an injunction to prevent the publication of this book...

He did try for that injunction. The fact that you are reading this book at this moment is the proof that it was refused to him - and to one of his colleagues in the House of Commons. As we will explain later, however, these MPs did force us into a reluctant compromise.

However, they did not succeed in preventing us from using more of the memoranda which circulated inside Sceptre Television.

Memo dated April 92, 1977, from Chris Clements to Fergus Godwin, Controller of Programs - c.c. to Leonard Harman, Colin Benson, Terry Dickson:

Through contacts in America we have now traced former astronaut Bob Grodin to a new address. He is living with a girl and is not aware he has been located. I have instructed the American freelance to make no direct approach for, in view of the way Grodin went into hiding after the break-down of that Boston interview, he would almost certainly try to dodge us again.

I want to send Benson to America to quiz Grodin in greater depth for, particularly considering his reference to Ballantine, I am certain he holds the key to an immensely important story.

It would be essential, of course, for Benson to arrive without prior warning. May I have your authorization to make the necessary arrangements?

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Memo dated April 12, 1977, from Leonard Harman to Mr. Fergus Godwin, Controller of Programs:

CONFIDENTIAL. The note from Clements, bearing today's date and relating to his interest in America, is clear confirmation of what I have already indicated to you and the Managing Director.

Clements has become unprofessionally obsessed with this ridiculous investigation with which he is persisting and I recommend that he be replaced immediately as producer of Science Report. I have studied his contract and we would be within our rights to transfer him to some area of our output where he would not be such an expensive liability - possibly the gardening series or the God Spot.

I have on several occasions had to warn him about squandering company time, money and resources -- remember those abortive film unit journeys to Norwich and Scotland? - but he has defiantly persisted in doing so.

I was told nothing of the inquiries which have apparently been commissioned on our behalf in America although, as I mentioned again at the Senior Executives' Meeting on Friday, it is company policy for matters of that nature to be channelled through me. It would be utterly wrong to sanction Benson's going to America. Nothing can possibly be gained by talking to this man Grodin - even allowing for what Clements admits is the unlikely chance of him agreeing to talk. I have formed the impression from newspaper accounts that Grodin is unstable and probably unbalanced and it is no part of our function as a reputable television company to hound such a man - particularly for such a ridiculous reason.

We should, I suggest, instruct Clements to abandon this fool-hardy exercise and we should also give priority consideration to replacing him.

Memo dated April 13, 1977, from Fergus Godwin to Leonard Harman:

CONFIDENTIAL. Let us not forget that Science Report is a Network success purely because of Clements. However, I note your objections and I must confess that I have also been concerned about the amount of money which has gone into this particular project. I have arranged for Clements to see me today and, naturally, I will keep you informed.

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The meeting between Clements and Godwin - on Tuesday, April 13 - did not go well. Godwin had seen the unedited version of the interview filmed at Cambridge with Gerstein and he had not been impressed. The way the old man had veered away from any discussion of Alternative 3 had made him suspect that there was no Alternative 3 - that the dangers and the solutions were probably all theoretical. Science Report was already well over budget and Godwin knew how that would incense certain men on the Board. One of the Board members was an accountant, with the creative imagination of a retarded Polar Bear, and he was an apoplectic little man. Godwin didn't fancy another row with him - not on an issue where his own ground was so uncertain.

"Let me think it over," he said to Clements. "I'll let you know."

Memo dated April 14, 1977, from Fergus Godwin to Chris Clements - c.c. to Leonard Harman:

Further to our talk yesterday, I feel we would not be justified in sending Benson to America. If the situation should change as a result of any further information you may g-t, I will be prepared to discuss the matter with you again. For the moment, however, it's not on.

Clements read the note, pushed it across his desk to Dickson. "That bloody Harman!" he said. "This is his doing."

"Now what?" asked Dickson.

"We are going to do it. Terry. We are definitely going to do it. What we need now is some further information."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, love...you're the researcher...the sort

of information that'll swing it with Fergus." He frowned, got up, started pacing the room. "What was it Gerstein said about co-operation between the super-powers?"

"He seemed to have the idea that they were working together on the Alternative 3 thing..."

"That could be it!" said Clements excitedly. "Do we know anyone who might develop that thought for us? It's have to be somebody with real prestige..."

"Broadbent?"

"Who's Broadbent?"

"Great expert on East-West diplomacy...runs the Institute of International Political Studies in St. James's..."

"Hm...well there's no harm in trying. Is Colin around?"

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Dickson shook his head. "His day off."

"It's always his day off when I need him," said Clements unfairly. "Ask Kate to pop in and see me, will you? She can start sounding out Broadbent..."

At 5:15 p.m. that day reporter Katherine White started her interview with Professor G. Gordon Broadbent - parts of which, as you may recall, were eventually used in the transmitted program.

It took her some time to get Broadbent really talking. He was cautious, suspicious of her motives, anxious not to become involved in any sensationalism.

That was understandable for, after all, he is a man who is internationally respected. After a while, however, he was more forthcoming and we now print the significant part of that interview - verbatim from the transcript - as it was presented in the televised documentary:

BROADBENT: On the broader issue of Soviet-US relations I must admit there is an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field. To put it at its simplest, none of us can understand how it is that the peace has been kept over these past twenty-five years.

WHITE: You mean the experts are baffled?

BROADBENT: (with a smile): But also, for once, in agreement. The popular myth that it's been proof of the balance of nuclear power frankly doesn't entirely stand up. And the more you look at it, the less sense it makes. There are too many imbalances - especially when you put it in the perspective of history.

WHITE: So what is your explanation?

BROADBENT: Essentially what we're suggesting is that, at the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy, there has been operating a factor of which we know nothing. Now it could just be - and I stress the word "could" - that this unknown factor is some kind of massive but covert operation in space. But

as for the reasons behind it...we are not in the business of speculation.

Clements went barging into the Controller's office without waiting for any response to his token tap. "You read the Broadbent transcript?" he asked.

Godwin, busy at his desk, sat back and smiled resignedly. "Yes - and your covering note."
"Well?"

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"Well, what?"

Clements groaned, exasperated. "Surely that clinches it."

Godwin slowly shook his head. "No, Chris, not as far as I'm concerned. It's just more theory...that's all it is."

"But Fergus, it all fits! Gerstein and Broadbent -- each a top man in his own field - both suggesting some sort of secret co-operation in space between the super-powers."

"That man Harry, the American who claimed to know why scientists keep disappearing, and the links he seemed to have with Ballantine and with NASA. Then there was Grodin who, without any shadow of doubt, saw something really incredible up there on the moon...we can't just leave the whole damned thing now and forget it!"

"Stop bouncing around, Chris, and sit down." Godwin gestured to a chair. "Go on...sit down." He waited until Clements had done so. "Now, for the last time, let's get this clear. I realize that something odd may be going on but I don't consider it's any of our concern..."

Clements started to jerk angrily out of the chair, bursting to interrupt, but Godwin stopped him: "You've done a tremendous job with Science Report, Chris. Everybody thinks so and the ratings have proved it. So I want you to get back just to doing what you do so well..."

"That means you're still saying 'no' to America?"

"That's exactly what it does mean."

"If it's on grounds of cost, can I point out how much profit this company made last year..."

Godwin has since told us ruefully that he dislikes only one aspect of his job - that of being the chief buffer between his editors and the money men above him. One lot inevitably think he's mean and the others suspect him of being a spendthrift. Being wedged in the middle...it's not much fun. That's why his reply to Clements was uncharacteristically sharp:

"It's hardly your place to point that out but, as you've done so, let me tell you something. The company does make profits and it makes good ones but it does not do so by sending teams gallivanting around the world on fool's errands...so, please, let it rest..."

"Clements got up, prepared to leave. "How about if I fixed a facility trip?"

"Airlines aren't throwing many free flights around these days - not across the Atlantic."

"Benson could do a piece for the holiday series while he's over there. I've spoken to Simon Shaw who's taken over the holiday programs and he's quite keen...and I know an airline who'll play ball."

"God...you don't give up, do you!" Godwin grinned.
"All right...tell Benson to go to America."

"Why did you disappear that night?" asked Benson. "That night of the interview...why did you run out like that?"

"Have another beer," said Grodin. He pushed a fresh can across the low table and poured another for himself. "The bastard was trying to screw me. Did I see more than I've been allowed to admit publicly! Jesus...what sort of fool question was that?"

Benson forced a grin, tried to relieve the tension. He felt like an angler playing a difficult fish. Gently...gently...that was the only way. He took a long drink, sighing with satisfaction, as he put down the empty glass. "I needed that beer," he said. "Had myself a real thirst."

'You planning on doing the same?" Grodin was glowering suspiciously. "You aiming to screw me as well?"

He was frightened. That was quite obvious. And he was trying to hide his fears under aggressiveness. Benson felt a twinge of pity. The man seemed so pathetically vulnerable and Benson was reminded of what Harman had said in that memo:

"Grodin is unstable and probably unbalanced and it is no part of our function as a reputable television company to hound such a man."

Maybe, after all, there'd been something in what Harman had said. Grodin clearly wasn't normal. It was all very well to be ruthlessly professional but would anything really be gained by pushing Grodin any further? Wouldn't it be fairer to drop the whole thing, to get back into the car and forget about Grodin? Benson hesitated. It would be so easy to tell Clements that Grodin had simply refused to talk, that there was no way for him to be persuaded. Clements wouldn't like it - in fact, he'd be bloody furious - but he'd have to accept it, particularly after the fiasco of that chopped-off interview.

Then he remembered the man called Harry. He remembered him at Lambeth - naked and terrified in that crumbling house. And he wondered how many more there were like him. And how many there would be in the future if the truth were not revealed.

"Camera, tape machines, witnesses - that's the kind of protection I need." That's what Harry had said. And they had failed him. They had arrived too late.

Protection from what? That was still a mystery. But it tied in somehow with the disappearance of Ann Clark. And with those of at least twenty other people including Brian Pendlebury and Robert Patterson.

Grodin had the key to at least part of the answer and Benson knew there was no choice. He had to get answers. Somehow he had to squeeze every bit of information out of this man...

"Well?" persisted Grodin. "You aiming to screw me as well?"

Benson shook his head, opened his next can of beer. "I,m just hoping for a few answers," he said.

They were in canvas chairs, just the two of them, on the green-slabbed patio behind the ranch-style bungalow which Grodin was renting in a lonely corner of New England. It was peaceful there. No neighbors. No town or community of any sort for fifteen miles. Far in the distance, beyond the vast spread of scrub, they could see the tow-like sprawl of the smoke-blue mountains. And the top of those mountains seemed to dissolve into the sky. Tranquillity. Only them and the drowsy-soft sound of insects.

There were no noises from the bungalow behind them but Benson knew that the girl called Annie was probably busy in the kitchen. Grodin had said they'd soon be having a nice meal so that's where Annie had to be. Benson had been introduced to her, very briefly, when he'd arrived and then she'd scuttled shyly out of sight. Annie, he felt, wasn't at all happy about this intrusion. She looked young, far too young for Grodin, with straight hair, no make-up and gold-rimmed granny-glasses. The soft of earnest girl who should be reading psychology somewhere. It wasn't hard to guess her main function. Benson hoped she was also a good cook.

On the far side of the bungalow, at the top of the winding drive, Benson's technician-partner, Jack Dale, was still in the car checking and preparing his equipment. He had a small sound-camera but he knew better than to produce it until he got the nod. It had to be kept out of sight until Benson got Grodin into the right mood...

Grodin drained his glass. "Owned a place lie this myself once," he said. "Not just rented it like this one but really owned it. Thought I was putting down roots, y'know? Used to go up there in the summer with the family. Ah, it was all different then. We had a few horses and..." He stopped, pulled a face, smiled ironically. "Guess you can say I'm not much into planning for the future any more."

He studied his glass as if trying to puzzle why it was suddenly empty. He held the can upside-down over it and one small glob of beer fell out. "I swear they only half-fill the cans these days," he said bitterly. "That's how they make their money - y'know that? - by half-filling the cans." He threw the can away disgustedly and it clattered to the edge of the patio.

"That's how it is these days. Everybody screwing everybody else for all they can get. No ethics left, not nowhere." His speech was slightly slurred and Benson wondered how much drinking he'd done before their arrival.

"Cheap-jack booze-peddlers!" shouted Grodin. "Short changing bastards!" He turned in his chair, called over his shoulder. "Annie! We've right out of beer! Bring a couple more, will you..."

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He glanced at Benson. "Or you want a real drink?"

"Beer's fine," said Benson.

Grodin grunted and shrugged. "Annie!" he shouted again.

"There are two men out here dying of thirst..."

She came out with two more cans of beer and shook her head smilingly, her expression implying that she say him as an adorably mischievous small boy. As someone who needed mothering. Grodin squeezed her hand. "Thanks baby." He seemed to feel some explanation was necessary. "They don't fill them like they used to..."

She smiled again. "They never did," she returned to the bungalow. "And she ain't my daughter! Right? I want that on record!"

"How about getting something else on record?" suggested Benson quietly.

"Like what?"

"Like what you know about Ballantine..."

The guarded expression was back on Grodin's face. "I never knew the guy."

"That time he went to NASA HQ...didn't you meet him then?"

"Drop it, kid, will you! I told you, for Chrissake. I never knew him...I never met him..."

'But you know what happened to him - and why."

Grodin stood up. "Time to eat," he said. "Let's give your pal a shout."

Towards the end of the meal Grodin switched to drinking bourbon on the rocks. He tried to persuade the others to join him but Benson and Jack Dale stuck with beer. So did Annie. And later, while she was sorting out the dirty dishes, Grodin agreed to be interviewed. By that time he was a little bleary but he was still thinking coherently. That interview, filmed by Dale, was presented in the famous Science Report program on June 20, 1977. We now quote direct from the transcript:

GRODIN: All I know about Ballantine is that he showed up at NASA with some tape he'd made, and got pretty damn excited when he played it back on their juke box.

BENSON: Juke box?

GRODIN: De-coder. You can pick up a signal if you have the right equipment, but you can't unscramble it...

BENSON: without NASA's equipment?

GRODIN: Right. Some young guy helped him do it. Say, now he should've known better.

BENSON: This man?

Benson then showed Grodin a postcard-sized photograph of Harry Carmell - blown-up from a frame of the film taken in the street. Grodin frowned, trying to remember.

GRODIN: Could be. Yeah, that looks like him. Sure you don't want a bourbon?

BENSON: Beer's fine.

GRODIN: Bourbon's better for you.

BENSON: No, thanks...are you saying Ballantine was killed because of what he discovered on the tape?

GRODIN: I'm saying nothing. I just saw the way those guys were looking at him. But I knew those looks ...I've seen them looking at me that way.

BENSON: "Them?"

GRODIN: Oh, c'mon...! Have a proper drink, for God's sake.

At that stage there was a break in the interview. Viewers say Grodin empty his glass and shamle across the room to refill it at the bar in the corner. They did not see Annie come back from the kitchen. Nor did they hear the argument between her and Grodin. She was, as Benson has told us, frightened that Grodin was saying too much, that he was being dangerously indiscreet. But by then Grodin had enough drink in him to make him reckless - and to make him resent getting orders from a girl. He yelled at her, cruelly and crudely, telling her that she didn't have "no nagging rights" because she wasn't his goddamned wife and so would she start minding her own goddamned business. She went on arguing, trying to persuade him, and he got still madder. He threw a tumbler of bourbon at the wall and the glass exploded all over the place. Then she left in tears and he apologized for her behavior. "Women!" he said. "Think they goddamn own you!"

For the next hour he drank. He drank heavily. And Benson was starting to worry that he would soon be unable to speak but, surprisingly, Grodin was still making sense. At one time he seemed to hover on the edge of being hopelessly drunk, of collapsing across the bar, but then he had another drink and, in some strange way, that seemed to pull him through. It was, in Benson's words, as if he was "starting to drink himself sober".

Grodin was having problems forming certain words - "as if his tongue was slipping out of gear" - but his mind seemed clear enough. And eventually he agreed to continue with the interview:

BENSON: Bob...what did happen out there...the moon landing?
GRODIN: Well...I don't know how best to put this... but we had kind of a big disappointment...the truth is we didn't get there first.
BENSON: What d'you mean?
GRODIN: The later Apollos were a smoke-screen...to cover up what's really going on out there...and the bastards didn't even tell us...not a damned thing!

Here, as viewers will recall, there was another break. It lasted only a split second on the screen but, in fact, filming stopped for more than half-an-hour. When they resumed Grodin was sweating heavily. He was sweating because of the alcohol and because of his excitement over what he was saying.

They'd said he wasn't to talk about it. That's what the bastards had said. Well, he'd show them Bob Grodin wasn't of guy to be scared into silence. They didn't own him. He was out of the service now and, anyway, maybe it was time for someone to talk. He was holding yet another drink as he waited for Benson's first question...

BENSON: Bob, you've got to tell me...what did you see?

GRODIN: We came down in the wrong place...it was crawling...made what we were on look like a milk run...

BENSON: Are you talking about men...from Earth?

GRODIN: You think they need all that crap down in Florida just to put two guys up there on a...on a bicycle? The hell they do!...You know why they need us? So they've got a P.R. story for all that hardware they've been firing into space...We're nothing, man! Nothing! We're just there to keep you bums happy...to keep you from asking dumb questions about what's really going on!...O.K., that's it, end of story. Finish. Lots o'luck, kid.

And that was it. End of interview. Grodin finished his drink in one great gulp and then he fell. Tight there on the carpet. Annie heard the thump, came running into the room, told the pair of them to get out. They suggested helping her get Grodin into bed but she refused the offer. She just wanted them out. So there it was. They left.

In November, 1977, we visited that bungalow in the hope of getting Grodin to elaborate. We were certain there was

far more he could tell. And we felt he might talk more freely without the presence of a film-camera.

The bungalow was empty. It had been empty, as far as we could tell, for weeks or possibly months. We have been unable to find the girl Annie. She appears to have completely disappeared. But we did trace Grodin. We traced him to a mental hospital on the outskirts of Philadelphia. He was allowed no visitors. At least, that's what we were told. We tried to insist on seeing him but they were emphatic. Quite out of the question, they said. His condition was too severe. And, anyway, a visit would be quite pointless. Grodin couldn't string together two consecutive words. His mind was completely gone...

Grodin's death was reported in the newspapers in January, 1978. Suicide. That's what the world was told. Grodin had knotted pajama trousers around his neck and hanged himself from a hot-water pipe fixed high on the wall of his room. We have suspicions that he may have been the victim of an Expediency but, without evidence, they can be no more than suspicions.

Another intriguing piece of the jigsaw was supplied by the American freelance hired by Dickson. It was a copy of a tape containing dialogue between NASA Mission Control at Houston and the Lunar Command Module Pilot during a 1972 moon mission. And Clements puzzled over it when he first played it at the Sceptre studios:

MISSION CONTROL: More detail, please. Can you give more detail of what you are seeing?

LUNAR MODULE PILOT: It's...something flashing. That's That's all so far. Just a light going on and off by the edge of the crater.

MISSION CONTROL: Can you give the co-ordinates?

LUNAR MODULE PILOT: There's something down there...Maybe a little further down.

MISSION CONTROL: It couldn't be a Vostok, could it?

LUNAR MODULE PILOT: I can't be sure...it's possible.

All this fitted logically with the content of the taped conversation between Mission Control and Grodin - during Grodin's first moon walk:

MISSION CONTROL: Can you see anything? Can you tell us what you see?

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GRODIN: Oh boy, its really...really something super-fantastic here. You couldn't ever imagine this...

MISSION CONTROL: O.K....could you take a look out over that flat area there? Do you see anything beyond?

GRODIN: There's a kind of a ridge with a pretty spectacular...oh my God! What is that there?

That's all I want to know! What the hell is that?

It also fitted with the exchange - reported by former NASA man Otto Binder - between Mission Control and Apollo 11 during the Aldrin-Armstrong moon walk:

MISSION CONTROL: What's there?...malfunction...
(garble)...Mission Control calling Apollo 11...
APOLLO 11: These babies were huge, sir...enormous...
Oh, God you wouldn't believe it!...I'm telling
you there are other space craft out there...lined
up on the far side of the crater edge...they're on
the moon watching us...

There was, however, one reference in the latest tape which made it startlingly different - the reference to a Vostok. Russia's Vostok flights took place in the early Sixties. According to the information made public, they were not designed to reach the moon but were merely Earth-orbiting spaceships.

So what could be made of the casual suggestion by Houston Mission Control - and an equally casual acceptance by the Lunar Module Pilot - that an obsolete Russian craft might be sitting on a crater on the moon flashing its lights in 1972?

We now know that, for many years, the super-powers have taken immense trouble to hide the extent of advances made in space technology. Remember, for example, how people were encouraged to believe that the first living creature to be sent into space was a dog in 1958?

Yet that dog mission was seven years after the four Albert monkeys were hurtled into the stratosphere in a V2 rocket. And there are sound reasons for doubting, that those monkeys were the first.

So was the official objective of the Vostok flights also a blind? Were they, to paraphrase the words of Bob Grodin, also a P.R. job for all the hardware that had been fired into space?

One dominant question develops automatically from all the others: Was the first publicly-announced moon walk in 1969 no more than a cynical charade - played by agreement between the super-powers - because by then men had really been on the moon for the best part of a decade?

If that was the truth, and all the evidence points to it being so, what was the purpose of that charade? And why has it been perpetuated? The answer to both those questions is Alternative 3.

The all-embracing threat to this planet, described by Dr. Carl Getstein, is horrifying enough to make America and Russia kill their comparatively petty rivalries - and their archaic concepts of pride in national achievement - in a desperate bid to snatch some sort of future for mankind.

Simon Butler put the known situation into clear perspective in that Science Report program. He told viewers:

"The drive to make the first man on the moon an American was launched by President Kennedy - in competitive terms. By the late Sixties it appeared that the race had been conclusively won. The Russians, it seemed, had simply dropped out and stopped trying. America had won.

"Yet today Cape Canaveral is a desert of reinforced concrete and steel. The most ambitious project in the history of mankind is apparently over."

"More and more, however, we hear talk of Skylab and a space shuttle. But shuttling what? And to where?"

All of us have seen on television the phenomenal amount of power required simply to pull a space-rocket clear of the earth's gravitational field. But suppose that power did not have to be consumed principally in merely getting into space. Suppose the rocket could start from space. What kind of travel would that bring within our grasp?

Technical journalist Charles Welbourne, author of three highly-acclaimed books on aerospace, was questioned on the tack by Butler. Here is a transcript of the key section of that interview:

WELBOURNE: Obviously we could go further with less power, or send a much larger craft. In fact, the only way we're going to see space travel on any scale is by this kind of extra-terrestrial launching - for instance from a space platform orbiting the Earth.

BUTLER: Or from the moon?

WELBOURNE: Sure...if we could get the material there to build the craft, it's make real good sense.

BUTLER: Could we transport the materials there?

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WELBOURNE: It'd take one hell of a shuttle...but, sure, we have the machines now...in theory we could do it...especially with some kind of international co-operation.

"International co-operation." Welbourne's tone suggested that he considered such a likelihood rather remote. Certainly on the scale being discussed. But at the time of that interview, it must be remembered, Welbourne knew nothing about the Policy Committee and its submarine meetings. Nor

did Butler.

Through the summer of 1976, while the Sceptre team continued its investigation, there was dramatic evidence to show how this planet was experiencing traumatic changes - sort of changes which later were to be explained to Butler by Dr. Gerstein.

The great drought of that year was unequalled in recorded history. And Butler eventually told viewers: "There was no panic...only a growing unease that what we were experiencing was unnatural and that the Earth's climate was moving towards a radical change.

"The earthquake barrage in China and the Far East has done more damage and killed more people than several nuclear attacks. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Pacific, it seemed as if the whole Caribbean was about to blow up.

"Also in Italy and Central Europe the Earth's crust was undergoing dramatic changes.

"For the first time scientists are beginning to see glimmerings of the workings of spaceship Earth, a huge but delicate machine buffeted by the forces of the interplanetary ocean."

At the height of the drought British government scientists contemplated trying to meddle with the weather. They decided not to do so - pointing out that Common Market countries might accuse Britain of stealing their rain. So Britain, like the rest of the world, went on suffering. Roads buckled in the intense heat. Firemen could hardly contain the infernos which raged through forests and across moors. And there was an astonishing range of unexpected casualties. Bees starved because there was not enough nectar or pollen in the parched flowers...thousands of racing pigeons, unable to sweat like humans, collapsed with heat exhaustion.

On September 27, 1976, one of the authors of this book - Leslie Watkins - wrote a major article in the Daily Mail which started:

Houses which have stood solidly for a hundred years or more - together with modern ones and impressive blocks of flats - are today unexpectedly splitting and threatening to collapse. Our long summer of drought has brought acute anxiety to the insurance companies - and the prospect of financial disaster to many families. Damage estimated at early £60 million has been caused by subsidence. Homes in many parts of the country, but particularly in London and the South East, have been slowly sinking at crazy angles into the parched and contracting ground.

Britain has, in effect, been ravaged by a slow-motion earthquake.

However, few people then suspected that the drought was

merely the start of a cataclysmic change in the world's weather. But soon it became apparent that the pattern was beginning to go berserk - lurching from one disastrous extreme to the other - like the frantic flailings of some gigantic, doomed creature.

On June 15, 1977, the main feature article in the Daily Mail - also written by Watkins - said:

No man in the world gambles more heavily on dry weather than 54-year-old Peter Chase.

That was why, early yesterday, every flash of lightning showed the misery etched on his face.

His wife Phobe was urging him to get back into bed, to ignore the torrential rain and forget about business. But he stayed at the window, trying to calculate the cost.

Mr. Chase has good cause to be horrified by the violent electric storm which brought such devastation to many parts of Britain. He is the pluvius under-writer for Eagle Star - the leaders in rain insurance.

This has been a bad year for Mr. Chase. Jubilee celebrations, with street parties and other festivities almost drowned by deluges, were particularly disastrous...

We have, in fact, been experiencing the second heaviest spell of sustained wet weather since records were first kept in 1727. And the outlook for the rest of the week is "showery"...

Most people have assumed that this sequence of drought followed by heavy rain was, in some mysterious and providential way, Nature trying to compensate and restore the balance - that the downpours have nullified the facts which have now been outlined by Gerstein.

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That assumption, unfortunately, is incorrect. Meteorologist Adrian Lerman explains that the excessive rains were produced by the excessive heat, that they are not a pointer to long-term cooler weather.

He says: "There is far more evaporation during periods of intense heat, with water vapor being drawn in great quantities from oceans, lakes, reservoirs and rivers, because warm air absorbs that vapor more efficiently than cold air."

"This inevitably results in an eventual increase in precipitation.

"Gerstein is undeniably right in anticipating that the greenhouse syndrome will continue to produce a great increase in global temperatures but I consider he has not laid sufficient stress on the most immediate threat to humanity - the threat of world - wide flooding."

"I am certain that Gerstein is wrong when he predicts that countries like England and America will become scorched wildernesses. They'll be destroyed all right...and they

won't support life...but they'll be drowned rather than burned."

"Extreme heat, such as that which is now inevitable, will melt land glaciers. That will result in a marked rise in sea level and then there'll be the start of the extensive flooding - with London and New York among the first cities to be affected."

So Lerman, having studied the situation with scientific precision, expects a replay of the global disaster described in the Bible.

"Genesis" 6-17: "And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and everything that is in the earth shall die."

So there is a conflict of opinion between those experts who agree with Gerstein and those who agree with Lerman. They are, however, in total and terrible agreement on the key issue - that this world, because of man's stupidity, is now irrevocably doomed. Flame or flood...one of them, in the comparatively near future, will bring the agonizing end.

And what of the men behind Alternative 3?

They, presumably, have also studied the Bible version of the horrendous mass-death. "Genesis" 7-21, 22, 23: "And all flesh that moved upon the earth died, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

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There can now be no doubt that those men, the ones who have supervised the mechanics of Alternative 3, have cast themselves jointly in the role of God - taking their cue from other verses in that chapter of Genesis.

The Lord instructed Noah to collect the people and the creatures destined to board the ark, the ones to be lifted clear of the global devastation.

Technology has made space-craft the modern equivalent of that ark. Who, then, decides which people shall be evacuated in the arks of the twentieth century?

These anonymous men have assumed the right to decide who shall live and who shall die. Their decisions are based, in the main, on information supplied by an elaborate international network of computers - an aspect of the operation which we will later examine in more detail.

They have also assumed a prerogative which many will consider far more obscene: that of deciding which people should be plucked away from their homes - to be mutilated and moulded into slaves. These people, these tragic victims, are those who - together with disappearing cattle and horses and other creatures - become part of Batch Consignments.

Tuesday, January 10, 1978. Another envelope from Trojan. This one, arriving exactly a week after that Photostat copy of The Smoother Plan, contained the most serious indictment yet of the men behind Alternative 3. Trojan had again been scouring the archives and, as a result, had secured two documents - one dated Wednesday, August 27, 1958, and the other dated Friday, October 1, 1971. Both had been issued by "The Chairman, Policy Committee". Both here addressed to "National Chief Executive Officers" and both were headed "Batch Consignments".

The covering note from Trojan was tersely triumphant. It said:

"Maybe now you'll really believe me! This is what made me decide I wanted out - and it's the only reason I'm working with you."

The 1958 document said:

Each designated mover will, it is estimated, require back-up labor support of five bodies. These bodies, which will be transported in cargo batch consignments, will be programed to obey legitimate orders without question and their principal initial duties will be in construction.

Priority will naturally be given to the building of accommodation for the designated movers.

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However, it is stressed that, in the interests of good husbandry, accommodation will also be provided for the human components of batch consignments - as well as for relocated animals - as a matter of urgency. The completion of this accommodation, which will be of a more basic and utilitarian nature than that allocated to designated movers, will in normal circumstances take precedence over the creation of laboratories, offices, other places of work, and recreational centers. All exceptions to this rule will require written authorization from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence.

It is estimated that the average working life-span of human batch-consignment components will be fifteen years and, in view of high transportation costs, every effort will be made to prolong that period of usefulness.

At the end of that life-span they are to be considered disposable for, although this is recognized as regrettable, there will be no place for low-grade passengers in the new territory. They would merely consume resources required to sustain the continuing influx of designated movers and would so undermine the success potential of the operation.

Preliminary work is now progressing to adapt batch-consignment components, mentally and physically, for their projected roles and the scope of this experimental work is to be widened. Further details will be provided, when appropriate, by Department Seven.

Pre-transportation collection of batch-consignment components will be organized by National Chief Executive Officers who will be supplied with details of categories and quantities required. No collection is to be arranged without specific instructions from Department Seven.

The 1971 document said:

Experimental processing of batch-consignment components is now producing a 96 per cent success rate. This is considered not unsatisfactory.

The Policy Committee briefing circulated on September 7, 1965, explained the necessity for all components to be de-sexed: 1) To eliminate the possibility of them forming traditional mating relationships which could detract from the efficiency of their sole-function performance. 2) To ensure components do not procreate and so haphazardly perpetuate a substandard species. This second consideration is of

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particular importance for the products of such procreation, during their initial years of growth and development, would have no operational value and would merely be a liability on the resources of the new territory.

The permanent elimination of self-will and self-interest has presented great difficulties. Long-term laboratory tests have revealed that an unaccountably high percentage of components eventually regress towards their pre-processing attitudes, so rendering themselves unreliable and unsuitable for the envisaged role.

Advanced work, conducted principally in America, Britain, Japan and Russia, has now resulted in a substantial reduction of the "Component-personality" failure ratio. However, this branch of research is now to be intensified.

The Policy Committee has given careful consideration to suitable means of jettisoning rejected potential components. It has been agreed that they are not to be considered responsible for their unsuitability and that there is nothing to be gained by killing them. Such a solution, although simple enough to implement, would be unnecessarily harsh. They are therefore to have their memories destroyed - a process for so doing has now been perfected at Dnepropetrovsk and details are being circulated to all A-3 laboratories - and then they will be permitted to resume their lives.

In future no de-sexing will be done until after the personality-adjustment of the projected component, male or female, has been assessed and approved. This will ensure that those which eventually return to their homes as rejects will betray no evidence of laboratory work.

On August 22, 1977, this story appeared in the London Evening News:

A mystery girl who baffled Scotland Yard for two weeks has discharged herself from the hospital.

And the Yard said today it still does not know who she was or where she has gone.

The girl, aged between sixteen and twenty, was admitted to Whittington Hospital, Holloway, after wandering into a hospital building late one night.

She appeared to have lost her memory and, despite intensive efforts by doctors and detectives, her background remains a mystery.

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One week before that story appeared, Hertfordshire police were appealing for help in identifying another amnesia victim - a man in his mid-thirties - found wandering on a golf-course near Harpenden. So were police in Manchester. Their memory-blank case was a man aged about twenty.

That particular section of August, 1977, produced a great rash of people with the same problem. They turned up in Germany and in France, in Italy and in Canada. They were all physically fit and apparently normal - apart from having no idea who they were or where they had been.

What produced that extraordinary epidemic of amnesia? Far too many cases were reported for the global outbreak to be dismissed as coincidence. Had something gone dramatically wrong with a complete batch of "projected components"...something so severe that it had been necessary to return them to their old surroundings?

For instance, that man found wandering on the golf-course near Harpenden...was he there simply because the Alternative 3 planners had rejected him as a slave?

We do not claim to know. And although we have interviewed him - in addition to twenty-three other amnesia victims who appeared at about the same time - we see little hope of conclusively establishing that these people had been part of a "Pre-transportation collection". However, in view of the 1971 document supplied by Trojan, we do consider that to be a distinct possibility.

Monday, May 2, 1977. Clements was now spending as little time as possible in his own office. The smells from the canteen below, he swore, were getting stronger every month. Nothing could be worse than a floating reminder of yesterday's unwanted cabbage...

He operated, most days, from a desk in the big open-plan office which had been allocated to Science Report. At times, however, it tended to be too noisy - with too many telephones and too many people - and occasionally he was forced to retreat to his own tiny room behind Studio B. This Monday morning was one of those occasions. Clements and Benson were closeted there together - studying a transcript of the final interview with Grodin.

Clements marked a section with a red pencil. "There, love," he said. "That's the bit that really intrigues me. What exactly did he mean?"

Benson read the lines again: "We're just there to keep you bums happy...to keep you from asking dumb questions about what's really going on!"

"I just don't know," he said. "That's where he dried up. I couldn't get another damned thing out of him."

"Well that still leaves us with a load of questions, doesn't it?" said Clements. "And what I need now, Colin, is answers."

"Yes, but..."

"No "buts", love, please. I'm getting all of those I need from Harman. He's raising hell, y'know, about this American trip of yours..."

"Chris, I promise you, no-one could have got more out of Grodin..."

"He's put in a complaint about you to Fergus

Godwin...says it was unethical of you to persist in questioning a man when he was drunk - particularly, as he puts it, when that man has a history of instability...He's even suggested that we should junk the film because Grodin was talking nonsense..."

"It wasn't nonsense, Chris. All right, so he was a bit smashed, particularly towards the end...I'm prepared to admit that...but I'm certain that he knew what he was saying and that he was telling the truth..."

"I know - and then he fell flat on his face." Clements chuckled. "You stick with your version, love, because the Controller wants to see both of us this afternoon."

"You're serious, then? Harman really is trying to kill it?"

"Believe me, I was never more serious. Let's face it. Colin...we've put two fingers up at him all along the line on this investigation and he's out to make all the trouble he can. You might like to know, by the way, that he's complaining you didn't bother to do the other job in America..."

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"What other job?"

Clements grinned. "The piece you were meant to do for the holiday series, the one we promised Simon Shaw he'd get for his next run. The airline are going to be narked when they find they've thrown away a facility - and young Master Shaw's not too happy either..."

"Oh, come on..."

Clements stopped him. "He can fill in with the Isle of Man - that's the least of our troubles," he said. "We still need answers."

"Then maybe we should be searching harder for Harry."

"That crazy American! The one who attacked you!"

"He's got answers," said Benson. "Remember what he said on the telephone...about knowing why scientist keep disappearing and about knowing who's behind it..."

Clements sniffed, frowned with disgust, got up to close the window. "So where do you start searching?"

"Could try the police again."

"Be back by mid-afternoon," said Clements. "We've got that session with the Controller."

The desk sergeant was polite but unhelpful. "You any idea how many people get reported missing in Britain every year?" he asked. "About five thousand. And they're the ones officially reported. God only knows how many more never get reported..."

Benson handed him the photograph he had shown Grodin. "That's him," he said. "Last seen on February 11 at that address in Lambeth."

The sergeant glanced casually at the picture. "And you don't even know his surname." He snorted. "Gives us plenty to go on, doesn't it? Anyway...what makes you think he is missing? Maybe he just doesn't want to see you any more..."

"He was frightened, very frightened, and he got me confused with somebody else," said Benson. "He seemed to

think that somebody was planning to kill him."

"You think that he's been killed? That he's been murdered? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"I don't know," said Benson miserably. "I don't think so but I don't know."

"Why should he confuse you with somebody else?"

"Because he wasn't normal that morning. He was...well...bombed out of his mind."

"Drugs?"

"That's right."

They were short-handed at the police station and it was a busy morning. The sergeant decided he'd already wasted too much time. He pressed the picture back into

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Benson's hand, made a big play of putting his pen down firmly on the counter, sighed patiently. "So what have we got, sir? An alien of uncertain age and of unknown name who uses drugs and who was last seen by you, briefly, nearly three months ago in a condemned house where he was apparently squatting.

"He imagined you were somebody who, for a reason we can't establish, wanted to murder him. Now, although he may have gone back to America for all you know, you want us to find him for you.

"Would you say that was a fair summing-up of the situation?"

Benson shuffled his feet and looked sheepish. "Sounds a bit daft, doesn't it?"

"I've got your name and address," said the sergeant politely. "If Mr. Anonymous does turn up, I'll mention you were asking after him."

The afternoon meeting with Fergus Godwin was also a rough one. The Controller had already been worked on vigorously by Harman and he was in a foul mood. He saw trouble looming with the Board over this particular Science Report project, especially with that apoplectic accountant, and he bitterly regretted having authorized Benson's trip to America.

Harman's words kept niggling at the back of his mind. Maybe Harman was right. Maybe Clements was becoming "unprofessionally obsessed". Godwin certainly had doubts about allowing the transmission of such a curious interview with a man who was patently drunk. There could be all sorts of repercussions...

"But Fergus...it could prove to be an invaluable part of the program," argued Clements. "It's just that, at the moment, there are still some missing links."

"Come back to me when and if you find those links." Godwin glowered balefully at the pair of them. "Until then that film gets locked away - and I can't see much chance of us ever using it."

They returned to the small office. Clements sat at the desk and sniffed. "Thank God there's no fish on Mondays," he said. "Fish days are always the worst."

"Now what?" asked Benson.

"Gerstein - he's all we've got left. If only we could get him to open up on this Alternative 3..."

"You want me to try him?"

Clements shook his head, picked up the grey internal telephone, dialed a number in the main Science Report office. "Is Simon Butler there?"

In May, 1971, the authoritative publication Computers and Automation carried an article by Edward Yourdon which said:

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tremendous improvement in various phases of Government...if one has faith: faith, that the computers will work properly...men had lost faith in their human leaders, and now...things will be better if they have faith in a cold-blooded mechanical computing machine."

Only a few months earlier, at the end of 1970, the staff magazine of Barclays Bank, Spread Eagle, had contained an article which read:

Computers have given birth to the Technological Era, have ushered in the Space Age, have begun to play such a dominating role in fields as diverse as military science, weather forecasting, medicine, industrial design and production, communications, commerce, business and banking that the question is seriously being asked whether they are beginning to dominate man himself.

Some even hold the view that in the foreseeable future we shall be stripped of our individual privacy and reduced to a string of meaningless dots stored in the magnetic bowels of some giant Government computer - a sort of Big Brother whose prying gaze will have us constantly under his attentive scrutiny.

Neither of those writers realized he was anticipating a situation which was by then firmly established. "Individual privacy" had been scrapped years earlier because of covert decisions made within governments and between governments.

Some of this background, just occasionally, spills into the open.

On September 9, 1977, The Times published a front-page story, by Home Affairs Reporter Stewart Tandler, which had a headline reading: NATIONAL SECURITY CITED BY POLICE AS REASON FOR MAINTAINING SILENCE ON USE OF RECORDS.

Tandler's story said:

The names and personal details of tens of thousands of people scrutinized by the Special Branch for reasons of national security are to be fed into a new criminal intelligence computer bought by Scotland Yard and shrouded in mystery.

Note those last three words. "Shrouded in mystery." The Times is not a newspaper which would lightly use a phrase of that nature. The story continued:

When plans for the computer were drawn up two years ago it is understood that the Special Branch was allocated space on it for up to 600,000 names out of the system's total capacity of 1,300,000 names by 1985...

Census projections have indicated that Britain's population will not increase in the next decade. So that figure of 600,000 means that the Special Branch was preparing to feed details of one person out of every ninety-five in the entire population into that computer. But that is merely the start...

Discount from the total population all geriatrics, young children, and those who have been judged incurably insane...and the ratio under surveillance comes down to about one person in fifty.

Take that one step further and the implications are startling...

If the average household comprises two adults - and that is pitching it at its most conservative - the ratio is reduced to one household in twenty-five.

That means there can hardly be a street or road in Britain where at least one household - and probably far more - is not considered to merit computer-monitoring by the Special Branch.

Can you now be confident that you or your immediate neighbors are not being studied by the Special Branch? You

can be absolutely certain that people you know, probably people very close to you, are getting this particular treatment.

And the figures we have given, astonishing as they may seem, do not allow for those people programed into other Special Branch computers - computers which so far have remained hidden on the classified list.

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Does all this savour of normal Special Branch work? Or does it indicate an operation on a far bigger scale? One, possibly, as enormous as Alternative 3?

The Home Office was clearly embarrassed by Tendler's discovery and sought to "play it down". His story went on:

Yesterday a police source said that the Special Branch had yet to decide how many names would be placed on the computer and denied that anything like 600,000 would eventually be filed.

Scotland Yard said last night: "The question of the involvement of the Special Branch in the project to computerize sections of the records of C Department (the department covering CID and specialist detective squads) is not one we are prepared to discuss, since most of the work of the Special Branch is in the field of national security.

"The publication of any figures purporting to indicate the total number of records in any part of the project would amount to speculation"...

It (the Special Branch) is still surrounded by a certain amount of mystique and the same is true of the new computer. The Metropolitan Police and the Home Office have made few public statements about the nature of its use.

Tendler also said in that story that the activities of the Special Branch were "a closely guarded secret" and he added: "It is not known whose names and details have been gathered by the officers."

We cannot prove that this particular computer has been used to sift "Designated movers" for Alternative 3. However, because of information from Trojan, we are able to state categorically that similar computers are used for this purpose. We know of six - apart from the master one at the operation-control centre in Geneva. They are located in America, Britain, Germany, Japan, Poland and Russia.

There may be others. In fact, there almost certainly are. However, we have no information about them and, as we have already said, we have no intention of making statements which cannot be substantiated.

Britain's principal Alternative 3 computer is officially used exclusively by a local authority in the north-east and, as a cover, a small percentage of routine local-authority work is processed by it. The main one in America, installed and maintained at the expense of the Federal Government, is officially owned

by a manufacturing company in Detroit. The Polish one is in the Academy of Sciences in Warsaw's Plac Defilad.

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Comparatively little trouble is taken over the selection of "components" for Batch Consignments. They need to be strong, to have years of physical labor left in them. That is the prime criterion. Their personalities, back-grounds, mental agilities...these are of secondary importance, for they will be scientifically moulded into the approved pattern. And, after all, they are expendable.

But what of the "designated movers?" How is their value measured? And this mysterious "new territory" in which they are apparently destined to live -- what sort of society is being created there?

Trojan has supplied partial answers. He found them in a 1972 document - addressed to National Chief Executive Officers - from the Chairman of the Policy Committee:

Standing Instructions relating to the recruitment of designated movers have already been circulated by this Committee. However, recent reports from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence indicate that there have been certain failures in the execution of those instructions.

These failures have produced unwarranted problems in the new territory and have resulted in an unacceptably high wastage of post-transportation designated movers.

This situation cannot be tolerated and the Policy Committee therefore requires me, once again, to specify the aims and the requirements of the Committee in Residence.

Every effort is to be made to eliminate the problems which men have become conditioned into accepting as inevitable in the old territory.

Alternative 3 participants have evolved, or must be taught to evolve, away from the concepts of national or tribal interests which have traditionally resulted in warfare. This will become of increasing importance when the new territory becomes more intensively populated. National Chief Executive Officers will therefore give priority attention to this aspect of the operation and ensure it is fully understood by their regional subordinates.

No person is to be nominated as a potential designated mover if there is any doubt about him or her having the potential to evolve in this manner.

This requirement over-rides all other considerations of skills and training.

As this particular personality trait still cannot be assessed from a computer print-out, it is imperative that judgements be based on individual interviews. This puts the onus on regional officials for, in view of the size of the operation, it is not possible for this aspect to be handled centrally or even nationally.

There was more in this vein. Much more. This was by far the most comprehensive document obtained by Trojan. It stressed the need for an even mix of nationalities and colors among the designated movers for, although they were to be "integrated into a new conception of a family community," it was considered that all ethnic groups should be represented in the new territory. That was emphasized in one particular sentence: "The object of Alternative 3 is to ensure the survival of all strains of the human race and not merely those from the more advanced and privileged back-grounds."

That sounds fine and noble -- until one considers the nightmare treatment of those regarded contemptuously as "components." They have been pitilessly shanghaied from their families and reduced to sub-humans. They now labor as mindless beasts of burden. And their only escape from degradation lies in death. That is the true and unforgivable obscenity of Alternative 3.

The document continued:

Representatives of all aspects of human culture will eventually be transported to the new territory. Therefore, in time, designated movers will also be recruited from the arts. They will include writers, painters, sculptors and musicians.

In the early stages, however, only those with skills essential to the foundation of the new society are required. Approved category lists have already been circulated.

Explorations in the new territory have revealed certain factors which had not been entirely anticipated and, principally for this reason, amendments have been necessitated to category quotas.

The Committee in Residence particularly requests more intensive recruitment of doctors, chemists, neurologists and bacteriologists.

The new territory, for the moment, has a satisfactory complement of computer specialists, mining technicians, and agricultural overseers. Recruitment of these categories is to cease until further instructions.

Expansions and wastages will inevitably result in changes and monthly lists of personnel requirements will in future be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers by Department Seven.

The document then detailed the Alternative 3 attitude to children. They were to be introduced into the new territory for it was considered that their presence would have "the beneficial effect of adding an additional dimension of social-structure familiarity". That, when the jargon is stripped away, means that the emigrants would appreciate having them there, that children would help them feel more "at home".

However, children were not considered productive - not in the way required in the new territory - and so the quota was to be severely restricted. Only those with "key parents" were to be transported - and then only if the parents could not be persuaded to make other custodial arrangements for them in the old territory:

There may be instances in which vital personnel can be persuaded that their children can be left with relatives in the knowledge that they will be reunited with them at a reasonably early date and, where applicable, every reasonable effort should be made to secure the success of such persuasion.

No figures or percentages were given in that document but it would appear that mathematician Robert Patterson's children - sixteen-year-old Julian and fourteen-year-old Kate - are part of a very small minority. Unless, of course, there was a change of attitude towards "the child quota" between 1972 and the time of their disappearance from Scotland in February, 1976.

Ann Clark, on the evidence of that document, is also part of a minority. All women are, in Alternative 3. The ratio among designated movers is apparently three males to each female. Unless, again, there has been a policy change since the document was circulated in 1972.

No facilities can yet be spared for maternity care, although naturally there are plans for the future, and so pregnancies are outlawed in the new territory. The Committee in residence will provide notification of when this ruling is rescinded.

Accidental pregnancies will be automatically aborted and parties to the offence will be arraigned before the Committee in Residence.

The rest of the document dealt mainly with the provision of recreational and entertainment facilities. There is, apparently, a cinema. There are also a number of communal television-viewing rooms into which flow programs transmitted from many parts of the world.

It is intriguing to realize that designated movers, including men like Brian Pendlebury from Manchester, were very likely watching that sensational edition of Science Report.

We have already mentioned how, in the course of that program in June, 1977, Simon Butler told viewers that twenty-four people were then known to have vanished in mysterious circumstances - circumstances which pointed to their having been recruited into Alternative 3.

Three of those people, of course, were Ann Clark, Robert Patterson and Brian Pendlebury. Here we intended to give details of the other twenty-one - based on information collated for Sceptre Television by Terry Dickson. In eighteen of those cases, however, we have received family requests for anonymity and, in deference to those requests, we are restricting ourselves to three examples:

Richard Tuffley, 27, endocrinologist. Born in Sidmouth, Devon, but living and working in Swansea, South Wales. Orphaned when young and brought up by mother's sister, now deceased. Unmarried and no known relatives. Lived alone in small rented flat near university. Disappeared Monday, January 5, 1976. Last seen driving light-blue mini-van in direction of Cardiff. Van has still not been located.

Statement from his departmental chief: "He was a first-class and highly-conscientious colleague - certainly not the sort one would expect to let the team down as it now seems he did.

"He was rather introverted and made few friends but, I had no indication that he was in any way unhappy here."

Gordon Balcombe, 36, senior administrator with multi - national manufacturing conglomerate. Living in Bromley, Kent, and working in central London. Divorced in 1969. Father of three children, living with ex-wife, whom he did not see after divorce. Lived alone in former family home - detached house backing on to park - but said to have many women visitors. Some, according

to neighbors, often stayed overnight. Disappeared Thursday, February 5, 1976. Last seen leaving his office in a taxi. Taxi-driver never traced.

Statement from his managing director: "We were completely bewildered by his disappearance for he was a man with a tremendous future in this organization.

Plans were being mooted for him to move to a more senior position in our base at Chicago and he seemed genuinely excited by the prospect.

"We regard his disappearance as a great loss."

Statement from Mrs. Marjorie Balcombe:

"Gordon, for all I know, could be anywhere. I suspect that he is probably somewhere in America."

"He is the sort of man that executive head-hunters do try to entice to new posts and it is quite possible that he would not bother to tell his old firm if he decided to accept a better offer. He would just go if it suited his purpose. That's the sort of person Gordon is. Self-centered. "And I shouldn't be in the slightest surprised to learn that he has some woman in tow. Women are his great weakness."

"The only thing that really puzzles me is the way he left so many of his clothes and other personal possessions in the house. That does strike me as being out-of-character."

Sidney Dilworth, 32, meteorologist. Living and working in Reading, Berkshire. Widower. Wife died in car crash in October, 1975. No Children, lived alone in terraced house being bought on mortgage. Disappeared Friday, April 16, 1976.

Last seen driving hired car in direction of London. Vehicle later found in car-park at Number Three Terminal, Heathrow Airport.

Statement from his father, Wilfred Dilworth: "I keep telling the police that something really bad has happened to our Sidney but, although they're very sympathetic, they don't seem to be doing much about it. I've got a nasty feeling he's been murdered or something. He was always a very considerate lad and he'd never want me and his mother to have this sort of worry hanging over us."

"He was very upset after his wife was killed and he talked about trying to start a new life in Canada. In fact, in the January before he disappeared he said he thought he had a job lined up there but, as far as I could gather, that just fizzled out. At the research station they say he never mentioned anything about leaving but I suppose he wouldn't want to tell them until it was all settled."

"Now we've reached the stage where I dread opening the newspaper in the morning for I'm sure that one day I'll be reading that they've found his body."

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Now we know that this pattern has been repeated in country after country. Right across the world.

Andrew Nisbett, 39, aerospace technician, born Tulsa, Oklahoma. Disappeared on Tuesday, October 5, 1976, from Houston, Texas - together with his wife, Rita, and their only son.

Pavel Garmanas, 42, physicist, born in Usachevka, USSR. Disappeared on Thursday, July 14, 1977, from his new home in Jerusalem, Israel.

Marcel Rouffanche, 35, nutrition specialist, born in the suburb of Saint-Rugg near Avignon. Disappeared on Wednesday, November 16, 1977, from his apartment in Paris.

Eric Hillier, 27, constructional engineer, born Melbourne, Australia. Disappeared on Thursday, December 29, 1977.

Intensive investigation has shown that the figures given by Butler in that television program represented only a fraction of the true total. And that total is still mounting.

The explosion of fear provoked by the Science Report program resulted, as we said earlier, in the company's being required to deny formally the truth of the material which had been presented.

The wording of that statement had been prepared by Leonard Harman and, despite violent opposition from Clements, it was released by the Press Office. Most newspapers accepted the denial - apparently making no attempt to verify the curious background stories of people like Robert Patterson.

The Daily Express, to Harman's relief, devoted most of its front page the following day to a splash story headlined: STORM OVER TV'S SPOOF.

The Express story started:

Thousands of viewers all over the country protested in shock and anger over a science fiction "documentary" put out by ITV last night.

From the moment that "Alternative 3" ended at 10 p.m., irate watchers jammed the switchboards of the Daily Express and ITV companies to complain.

This story made no mention of the evidence which had been given on screen by Dr. Carl Gerstein or by other respected authorities such as Professor G. Gordon Broadbent. Grodin's important contribution was also ignored. However, the story did indicate that the "hour-long spoof" -- transmitted at peak viewing time - "purported" to show a version of the scientific brain - drain. It continued:

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The program was introduced by former newscaster Simon Butler as a serious investigation into a disturbing trend of scientific discovery.

American and Russian spacemen were seen collaborating to set up the "new colony"...while viewers were left to suppose that the reason for the exploration was the end of life on Earth.

TV advertised the show by saying: "What this program shows may be considered unethical..."

Viewers taken unawares protested their shock immediately. Others, realizing the program was a spoof, complained of ITV's "irresponsibility".

Early today, a spokesman for the Independent Broadcasting Authority said it had thought long and hard before allowing the documentary to be shown.

But Mrs. Denise Ball of Camberley, Surrey, said: "I was scared out of my wits. It was all so real."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, the renowned clean-Up-TV campaigner, was another who completely believed the "Harman denial". She was quoted in another newspaper as saying: "I had hundreds of calls. The film was brilliantly done to deceive."

So that was the immediate reaction. And that was entirely understandable. The facts assembled by Clements and his team were so stupefyingly frightening that people were eager to believe they were not true.

People were delighted to accept Harman's denial because it drew a comforting veil over the unacceptable.

All this put men like Terry Dickson in a most invidious position. Over Robert Patterson, for example. Had Patterson ever really existed? That question, together with others like it, was implicit in the attitude of most newspapers. And, for some unfathomable reason, officials at the University of St. Andrews refused to make any comment. The vice-chancellor there who had explained about Patterson going prematurely to America, who had apologized so courteously for the resulting waste of time...he was on protracted leave somewhere in Europe and could not be contacted.

So was Patterson merely a figment of Dickson's imagination? Was that why Benson had been unable to interview him?

The questions were piling up. And they were getting crazier and crazier.

During the following few days, however, Fleet Street had time to make inquiries and certain journalists began to consider the television investigation in a rather different perspective.

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Terry Dickson has told us that the biggest moment of relief for him came on June 26 when he opened his copy of the Sunday Telegraph. Columnist Philip Purser, respected as one of the most perceptive commentators in Britain, pointed out that "a number of mysteries within the mystery posed by Alternative 3 remain unsolved."

The first of those "Mysteries" detailed by Purser related to "Dr. Robert Paterson (sic), one of the savants whose disappearance prompted this disturbing investigation".

Purser had a special reason for being interested in Patterson for, as he told his readers, he had indirect knowledge of the man:

The son of a friend of mine who lectures in the same department at St. Andrews tells me that Patterson,

though an able mathematician and specialist in Boolean geometry, was also a true Scot, notoriously careful with his bawbees.

Those final five words are clearly a reference to the Patterson characteristic we described in Section Two - that of resenting having so much of his money taken in taxation. He tended to be such a bombastic bore on the subject that, as we said, many of his university colleagues were relieved when he announced he was leaving. Purser's contact at St. Andrews was probably one of those colleagues.

Philip Purser made it abundantly clear that he was too shrewd to be fooled by the Harman denial. He concluded his Sunday Telegraph article with these thoughts:

It would be a mistake to file "Alternative 3" away too cozily with Panorama's spaghetti harvest and other hoaxes. Suppose it were fiendish double bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program and that the super-powers really are setting up an extra-terrestrial colony of outstanding human beings to safeguard the species?

Letters flowing into the studios showed there was also a significant proportion of thinking viewers who recognized the truth. One of the first received by Simon Butler was from the President of the European Space Association who wrote: "I must congratulate you and Colin Benson on your assiduous research."

Here are extracts from other typical letters:

I am a recently-retired aerospace technician and your investigation explained certain factors which I

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discovered in the course of my duties and which have been puzzling me for some years. Thank God someone has at last had the initiative and the tenacity to present the unpalatable truth - E.M., Filton, Bristol.

Congratulations on not allowing the politicians to muzzle you! Your Science Report was absolutely terrifying but, of course, the truth so often is and surely we have a right to know what is really happening. The subsequent back-peddling by official spokesmen for your company, which appears to have been blandly accepted by most newspapers, does not surprise me. Most of my professional life has been spent in the Civil Service and I am only too aware of how pressures can be

applied, particularly when it comes to so-called Official Secrets. Please maintain your vigilance - J.N., London NW1.

Yet newspapers still showed an extraordinary reluctance to pursue the subject of Alternative 3.

Why? Why did they not question people like Wilfred Dilworth and Marjorie Balcombe? Why did they not contact Dennis Pendlebury in Manchester...or Richard Tuffley's former colleagues in Swansea? These people were available for interview. They still are available.

Many attempts have been made, as we explained earlier, to prevent the publication of this book - and, because of action by those two MPs, we have been forced into a reluctant compromise. So is it possible that newspapers, have been subjected to similar pressures? And that they, in "the interests of national security", have yielded to those pressures? That, in a free society, may seem incredible. But the world has never before known anything as incredible as Alternative 3.

A key to the truth was provided by Kenneth Hughes in the Daily Mirror on June 20, 1977 - the day the program was actually transmitted. He had secured advance access to some of the material gathered by Clements and his team and his article was headlined: WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON? He wrote:

A science program is likely to keep millions of Britons glued to their armchairs.

Alternative 3 (ITV 9.0) is an investigation into the disappearance of several scientists.

They seem simply to have vanished from the face of the Earth.

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Chilling news is read by former ITV newscaster Simon Butler who gives a gloomy report on the future.

Then came the truly telling paragraph:

"The program will be screened in several other countries - but not America. Network bosses there want to assess its effect on British viewers.

That is what columnist Hughes had been told. That is what he believed. The truth was, however, that television network bosses in America were permitted no discretion in the matter. Any screening of that Science Report program was forbidden in that country by higher authority.

It was no mere coincidence that two of the countries where the documentary was banned were America and Russia -the two principal partners in this amazing conspiracy. Security forces in each of those countries were particularly alert to the nuances of public reaction...

The backlash of embarrassment which followed the transmission produced an immediate clamp-down of information in Britain. Even Professor G. Gordon Broadbent, a man noted for his independent attitudes, was reluctant to become more deeply involved. We wanted him to enlarge on the theories he had outlined in the program, to elaborate on the theme of covert co-operation between the super-powers, and so Watkins visited him at the Institute of International Political Studies in London. Here is a transcript from the tape of that interview which took place on July 7, 1977:

WATKINS: You are naturally aware of the statement which claimed that the Alternative 3 program was a hoax. What is your reaction to that statement?

BROADBENT: It would be wrong, in the present political climate, for me to make any comment.

WATKINS: You suggested that co-operation between East and West could involve some "massive but covert operation in space". Would you give your reasons for that suggestion?

BROADBENT: You may recall that I stressed that this could be the situation but I did not state categorically that it was. In fact, as I remember, I explained that I was not in the business of speculation and I see nothing to be gained by enlarging on what I have already said.

WATKINS: You took part in that program as an expert commentator. What are your feelings about this entire exercise now being dismissed as a hoax?

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BROADBENT: Shall we say that the program was of a more sensational nature than I had anticipated when I agreed to participate? I was surprised by some of its findings.

WATKINS: But do you feel those findings accurately reflected what is really happening?

BROADBENT: I'm sorry...I'd prefer to say no more.

The interview was extremely unsatisfactory. However, only a few weeks later, we received more information which provided a deeper insight into the workings of Alternative 3...

Thursday, August 4, 1977. Another submarine meeting of Policy Committee. Chairman: R EIGHT. Transcript section supplied by Trojan starts:

A TWO: But losing a whole Batch Consignment just like that!

A EIGHT: We had bum luck...that's all there is to it...

A TWO: Three hundred bodies smashed to bits...a complete write-off and that's all you can say! We had bum luck! Look, I'm not a technical man and I

tend to get lost with some of this technical talk...so will someone please explain just how a thing like this can happen...because, I tell you, I've got a gut feeling there's been carelessness.

R FIVE: It is not possible to legislate against accidents of this nature...they are part of the hazards of transportation to the new territory...

A TWO: Yes, but...

R FIVE: Please...I will explain. Meteors are very common, far more common than people realize, and about a million of them enter the earth's atmosphere every day. Nearly all are very tiny, not more than about a gram in weight, but some are considerably bigger...

A EIGHT: That's right...some are too big to evaporate completely on their journey through the earth's atmosphere so they land as solid lumps. We reckon that about 500 kilograms arrive this way from outer space every year...

R FIVE: Sometimes these lumps are gigantic. There was one in 1919, for example, which landed in Siberia. It devastated about 100 square miles of countryside...

A EIGHT: Then there's that classic meteor crater in Arizona...

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R FIVE: It is the same in and around the new territory...millions of meteors are bombarding its atmosphere and our craft have to travel through that bombardment...

A TWO: But our pilots...don't they take avoiding action?

A EIGHT: Imagine yourself on a bicycle...trying to dodge an avalanche that's rolling right on top of you...that's how it was with this lot...

A TWO: And you're saying this one which hit the Batch Consignment craft was maybe as big as that Siberian one?

R FIVE: Possibly...but we have no means of telling... anyway, it wouldn't be necessary for it to be that big...one a hundredth that size would have completely destroyed the craft...

R EIGHT: This discussion, I feel, is leading us nowhere. Our scientific people at Archimedes Base have assured us that this disaster-our first, I must emphasize - could not possibly have been avoided. And that has been confirmed by the Committee in Residence. It is hardly our function to hold another post-mortem.

A ONE: That's right. We ought to be thankful there were no designated movers on board. So we lost 300 components...is that so desperately serious? All we've got to do is fix for another collection.

(Authors' note: The following month, you may recall, brought reports of mass disappearances in Australia. By the end of September many of those who had disappeared were found by chance in what was apparently a slave-labor camp-possibly in readiness for clinical processing and transportation. Many others have never been seen since. The discovery of those "slave-labor" men, coming so soon after that meeting of the Policy Committee, might, of course, have been merely a coincidence. However, we consider that to be highly unlikely).

R EIGHT: The legacy of that unfortunate television program is of far more immediate importance...

A FIVE: Listen...that program has been completely discredited. People have accepted it wasn't meant to be taken seriously, that it was no more than an elaborate joke...we don't need to sweat blood over it...

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R EIGHT: Most people have accepted the official statements but there are those who cannot be so easily convinced. We must not under-estimate the damage that has been done by the program. It has made certain people think and wonder and that can be dangerous. We must make certain that its credibility is completely eradicated.

A TWO: I told you we should have killed that guy Gerstein...way back in February...I said then he was dangerous...

R FOUR: My friend is right...he did say that. And I pointed out then that Gerstein's talk could start a panic among the masses...

A FIVE: So what are you saying? An Expediency?

R ONE: What value would that be now? He has said all he can add...and now people are laughing at him. They say he is a crank. so what would be gained by an Expediency?

A TWO: He should never have co-operated with those television guys...he deserves to die and...

A EIGHT: I told you all before...we don't use Expediencies for punishment purposes...we use them only in the furtherance of the operation. So maybe we were wrong before...maybe we should have had Gerstein killed...but, now, I see no point...

R EIGHT: We will vote. Those in favor of an Expediency?...thank you...And against?...Good... I entirely agree. Gerstein did behave in a most foolhardy manner but we have nothing to gain by his

death...

A TWO: But what about the regional officer concerned?

A EIGHT: You're right there. He should have stopped that television crap. He's proved himself to be utterly unreliable. He failed and failed badly and, what's worse, he could let us down again. The man, without any question, is a liability and I propose an Expediency.

R TWO: Seconded.

R EIGHT: Those in favor?...Then that is unanimous. The method?

A THREE: How about a telepathic sleep-job...maybe with a gun...

R EIGHT: That seems sensible...it's too soon after Ballantine for another hot-job.

That was where the transcript section ended. What had Gerstein said to cause such consternation? Those who saw the

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television program will already know. In the next section, for the benefit of others, we will be giving full details of his interview with Simon Butler.

But what of the final part of that transcript: "telepathic sleep-job with a gun". That was gibberish to us -- at that stage. It was not until later that we got a possible explanation from Dr. Hugo Danningham. We were accustomed by that stage to surprises. But Dr. Danningham's explanation came as one of the most startling surprises yet.

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SECTION TEN

Dr. Hugo Danningham lectures regularly on parapsychology at three British universities and is a committee member of the European Institute for Brain Research. He was interviewed on our behalf by Colin Benson in Brussels on September 23, 1977. That interview, which Benson taped, provided an insight into the possible meaning of the phrase "telepathic sleep-job".

In the early 19602, he explained, significant advances were made in the study of parapsychology at the University of Kharkov and at the University of Leningrad - advances which many experts feared were to be adapted for use in any future conflict between East and West.

They involved telepathy and, more specifically, the long-distance invasion and manipulation of minds. The potential military advantages were patently obvious. Enemies could be attacked and suborned literally from within. If the telepathic power were strong enough, they could be compelled to ignore the orders of their commanders in preference to those being beamed directly into their minds. They would, in fact, respond like remote-controlled puppets.

Military authorities in the West, fearful of the advantages this could yield to the Russians, initiated intensive research into this new style of weapon. And, as a result, it had been perfected by both super-powers.

"Experiments have proved that children, like birds and beasts and people in primitive tribes, are usually more receptive to telepathic messages and instructions than most adults in a civilized society," said Dr. Danningham. "This is because once intelligence has been fully developed, and once a tremendous amount of education has been absorbed, information received on a major scale directly from other minds could easily result in mental confusion."

"As a result, the mind of civilized man has developed a protective barrier against telepathy. This barrier can be penetrated most easily when the defenses are down - such as when a person is extremely fatigued or is going through a period of great emotional stress. And the defenses of the mind, of course, are never more relaxed than during sleep. That is when a person is most vulnerable to telepathic invasion - particularly if such an invasion was being controlled by experienced professionals.

"That, I suspect, is the explanation behind that "sleep-job" expression."

Benson frowned, shook his head in perplexity. I'm sorry...I don't quite follow..."

"A sleeping man can be given instructions and, if the circumstances are propitious, he will obey those instructions - even if they are that he should kill himself..."

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"Good God!" said Benson. "You're suggesting, then, a sort of somnambulistic suicide! But this is quite fantastic! These circumstances you mention...what exactly would they be?"

For any action as dramatic as self-destruction there could almost certainly have to be a synchronization of many factors, : said Dr. Danningham. "For example, it would be easier if the intended victim were at precisely the right period of his biorhythmic psi sensitivity cycle and..."

"But surely the instinct for self-preservation would countermand any instructions calculated to result in suicide...unless the sleeper wanted to kill himself anyway..."

"Not if the telepathic instructions were cleverly presented, : said Danningham. "Let me give you an illustration:

"Imagine you want to kill a man who, let's say, lives high up in a skyscraper block. Now you're not going to tell that man to kill himself by jumping out of his bedroom window because - as you so rightly say - his instinct for survival would very likely intervene and reject the order.

"So what you do is feed him false information. You tell him telepathically that there is some wild beast rampaging around his room or that the building has caught fire. You tell him there is a safety net spread under the window and that, to save himself, he must jump. So, in a desperate bid to stay alive, he jumps - and breaks his neck.

"It is possible, of course, to play all sorts of permutations on this tack. You might persuade your sleeping victim, for instance, into believing there is some venomous spider attached to his chest, that he must stab it and kill it before it kills him. And so, in his sleep, he stabs himself."

"The variations, my dear Mr. Benson, are almost limitless. If the telepathic messages convinced your sleeper that he had accidentally drunk some corrosive poison and that the only antidote was in a bottle marked cyanide...well, I'm sure you see what I mean.:

"And you're saying that this sort of thing actually

happens?"

Danningham shook his head. "No, I'm not saying that at all. I'm merely telling you what is possible. Men in my field have the knowledge required to make those things happen but I cannot visualize anyone actually using that knowledge..."

Maybe Dr. Danningham was right. Maybe, at that time, the men behind Alternative 3 had not used somnambulistic suicide as a method of murder. However, we spent weeks researching newspaper archives in America and Britain and we discovered three cases which, to say the least, appear to merit a question mark.

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Monday, February 2, 1976. James Riggerford, 42, happily married with three children, walked from his beachside home south-west of Houston, Texas, sometime shortly after 3:00 a.m. - two days after resigning as the Operations Administrator with NASA. His body, found clad in pajamas, was later recovered from the Gulf of Mexico.

Tuesday, September 7, 1976. Roger Marshall-Smith, a 31-year-old physicist who had recently returned from temporary attachment to NASA in America, was living with his parents in Winchester, Hampshire. They found him just after 1:00 a.m. - two hours after they had all gone to sleep - in flames at the bottom of the stairs. He had apparently, while still asleep, doused his clothing with turpentine and then set fire to himself. The agony of burning had awakened him but it was then too late to save his life.

Saturday, January 15, 1977. James Arthur Carmichael, 35, aerospace technician, hurtled inexplicably to his death at 4:35 a.m. from a sixteenth-floor hotel bedroom window in Washington. Friends said that he had seemed happy and in normal spirits the previous evening and had gone to bed alone at about midnight. He, too, was wearing pajamas.

Were these three men victims of "telepathic sleep-jobs"? We do not claim to know but we consider it reasonable to suggest that the possibility cannot now be discounted. And what of the "regional officer" mentioned in the transcript? The answer to that question was to come, eventually, in the most unexpected way.

Benson returned to the production office and Simon Butler joined Clements in the little room behind Studio B. "How were things with Fergus?" he asked.

"Not good," said Clements miserably. "He wants to junk Colin's interview with Grodin. Quite frankly, Simon, the whole thing looks like it's getting screwed up...unless, maybe, you can squeeze more out of Gerstein."

"You mean Alternative 3?"

Clements nodded. "That's what it all seems to hinge on," he said. "Gerstein obviously knows about it. Or, at least, he knows the theory..."

"There's a big difference between knowing and talking." Butler was remembering how he's been given a sherry when what he's really wanted was an answer. "When I say him in March

he was quite definite. He simply didn't want to know..."

"Try him again," urged Clements. "Tell him everything you know ... what we've got from Grodin and Broadbent ... tell him the lot ... and then see if you can't persuade him."

"Well," said Butler. "I'm prepared to try..."

Two days later he was back in that book-lined study in Cambridge. And, to his surprise, Gerstein eventually agreed to talk about Alternative 3. At first Gerstein was very much on his guard, very reluctant to be drawn,

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but he listened courteously to all Butler had to say.

"You people have done your homework pretty thoroughly," he acknowledged. He re-lit his dead pipe and stared thoughtfully at the desk. "There doesn't seem any point now in me not telling you what I know..."

Here is a transcript of the interview which followed -- as it was presented on television:

GERSTEIN: You already know about Alternatives 1 and 2 - and why they were rejected. Well ... Alternative 3 offered a more limited option -- an attempt to ensure the survival of at least a small proportion of the human race. We were theorists, remember, not technicians ... but we realized we were talking about the kind of space travel that - twenty years ago - seemed no more than science fiction.

BUTLER: You mean...go to some other planet?

GERSTEIN: I mean get the hell off this one - while there was still time! I had no idea whether it would, or could, be done. And I still don't.

BUTLER: Did you have any ideas about who might go?

GERSTEIN: I remember we discussed the kind of cross-section we'd like to see get away ... a balance of the sciences and the arts, of course, and, indeed, all aspects, as far as possible, of human culture ... The list would never be complete - but it would be better than nothing.

BUTLER: And these people ... where was it visualized they might go?

GERSTEIN: Ah, now that was the big question. There are about 100,000 million stars in the Milky Way -about equal to the number of people who have ever walked this earth - and as long ago as 1950 Fred Hoyle was estimating that more than a million of those stars had planets which could support human life...

BUTLER: So it really was as vague and theoretical as that?

GERSTEIN: In 1957 ... at the time of the Huntsville Conference ... yes. But the situation has changed quite considerably since then. Now the most distinct possibility seems to be Mars..."

BUTLER: Mars!

GERSTEIN: Yes, I can imagine your viewers raising their

eyebrows because most people think of Mars in terms of little green men with aerials sticking out of their heads ... but, scientifically, our attitude to Mars has had to be amended more than once.

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In the early days of astronomy, Mars was believed to have artificially-constructed canals - which was taken as evidence of intelligent life on the planet. Later this theory was discredited. In its place we had a picture of a barren, inhospitable planet, inimical to the survival of any form of life.

Then, more recently, an interesting idea was put forward: Suppose life did at one time exist on Mars...

As the climate and conditions worsened, any surviving life may have evolved into a state of hibernation, awaiting the return of more favorable conditions. It has even been suggested that the actual atmosphere which used to support life may have become locked up in the planet's surface soil.

There was an occurrence several years ago which made this theory very persuasive. Mars has always had a covering of cloud, varying in density at different times, until the time of which I speak, when the cloud thickened to a degree never previously observed. This happened, and was scientifically recorded, in 1961.

It was obvious that storms of colossal proportions were taking place on Mars. Now...this is the really interesting bit ... when the clouds eventually cleared, some remarkable changes were seen. The polar ice caps had substantially decreased in size, and around the equatorial regions a broad band of darker coloring had appeared. This, it has been suggested, was vegetation.

BUTLER: Has anyone explained this happening?

GERSTEIN: At a conference shortly before it happened, I put forward a theoretical suggestion. I said that if the atmosphere of Mars was in fact locked into the surface soil, then a controlled nuclear explosion might be able to release it - and, of course, revive whatever life was in hibernation... the only problem was about how to deliver the explosion well in advance of arriving there ourselves. That same year the Russians had a great space disaster. Yes, that was in 1959. Only the barest facts are recorded, the rest was kept secret. A rocket blew up at its launching. Numbers of people were killed and the area was devastated ... what were they trying to launch?

And did they finally succeed?

Was that rocket carrying a nuclear device which accounted for the devastation it caused? A nuclear device which, on a second attempt, could

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have reached the surface of Mars to cause the dynamic changes recorded in 1961? The sudden outbreaks of storms on Mars, the dwindling of the ice caps, the growth of what appears to be vegetation in the tropical zone ... all that is recorded scientific fact.

The interview, as transmitted, ended at that point. The original version, before being edited, contained this additional exchange:

BUTLER: But I don't understand ... the pictures relayed from Viking 2 on Mars ... they showed little more than a plateau of red rock ... the sort of terrain that seemed to offer little prospect of survival...

GERSTEIN: I don't pretend to understand that either. But, as you've already told me, there does seem to be some sort of cover-up going on. Maybe you should take that up with someone more up-to-date in these matters ... someone who is abreast of modern developments in aerospace ...

BUTLER: Yes...maybe Charles Welbourne can help us there. But there's one other aspect I'd like to discuss with you, Dr. Gerstein, and that's to do with animals, birds, insects and so on. It's all very well talking about transporting man off to a new life on a different planet but how much of his environment could he, or should he, take with him?

GERSTEIN: That's one you ought to put to a biologist. Stephen Manderson ... Professor Stephen Manderson ...was also at Huntsville and he's a singularly pleasant man...very approachable.

Butler telephoned Clements from Cambridge and Clements instructed Terry Dickson to make the necessary arrangements with Manderson. Kate White interviewed him the following day at his home in Reigate, Surrey. The interview went well but, as you may remember, it was not included in the transmitted program. Clements has explained that he was forced to omit it because, despite his pleas, his screen time was severely limited. ITN's News at Ten, scheduled to follow that edition of Science Report, could not be delayed. And, Harman had told him, he could not continue after the news because the rest of the evening had been allocated to programs from other companies.

We consider that, in this instance, an exception should have been made to the rigid pattern of ITV's program-

planning. Manderson's views were fascinating. They were also extremely pertinent.

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"The Bible concept of taking two of every type of creature into the ark ... that, in this context, would be impossible and quite irrational," he said. "Man, basically, is a selfish creature. There's nothing much wrong in that because a certain degree of selfishness is necessary for survival.

"We wear other creatures and make cloths and cosmetics out of them and, in fact, we use them in all sorts of ways. So in this Alternative 3 operation - if, indeed, there is such an operation - it would surely be logical to select only those we wanted to take with us.

"Would we want to take rats and mosquitoes, for instance? Of course not! We'd be given the opportunity to create the ideal environment for ourselves and, for the very first time, we'd be able to choose which creatures should share that environment. It would be a most marvellous opportunity.

"But think of the species we could happily do without. Starlings ... rooks ... pea-moths ... eelworms which do such damage to crops like potatoes and sugar-beet ... what possible use are any of them to us?

"Do you realize that three million species of insects have already been taxonomically classified and that, because of the present rate of insect evolution, the total classification will never be completed!

"And consider the damage they do! In India alone insects consume more food every year than nine million human beings - and that's in a country where there's widespread starvation.

"No ... leave them here and let them perish. Man doesn't need them ..."

Kate White interrupted: "But surely some of the most humble creatures are useful to man. Earthworms, for instance, aerate the soil and ..."

"Earthworms, like every other species, would have to be properly assessed for usefulness," said Manderson briskly. "Gophers, for example, might prove to be more efficient. In the Canadian plains they perform exactly the same function as earthworms. Vast tracts there have no worms and it's the gopher which turns vegetable mould into rich loam ... no, as I said, each case would have to be scientifically assessed."

"But what about the sort of creatures we now keep in zoos? Creatures like lions and giraffes and elephants?"

Manderson seemed surprised by her naivety. "Well, what about them? It wouldn't be good economics to shuttle them off to another planet - even if sufficient transport were available. They'd have to die and, quite frankly, it wouldn't make one iota of difference.

I beg you, Miss White, not to get bogged down in sentimentality. It's fashionable but it really is quite pointless.

"The dinosaurs lasted on this earth for a hundred million years - fifty times as long as man has been around -- but the world goes on very well without them. And it's been the same with so many other creatures. How many people, would you say, have ever been in mourning for the dinomys?"

"Dinomys? I'm sorry...I don't quite follow..."

"Precisely! You're an educated young lady but you've never even heard of them, have you? Dinomys ... rat-like creatures which grew as big as calves ... used to flourish in South America. Polar bears and ostriches ... they'll be the same one day ... people will look blank, just as you did a moment ago, when their names are mentioned."

He smiled, and ruffled his finger through his hair. "I could give you example after example - just to show how narrow the conventional view-point really is..."

"But creatures like bears ... they seem so, well, so permanent..."

"So did the onactornis."

"Onactornis?"

"Carnivorous bird...eight feet tall...couldn't fly but terrorized smaller creatures for millions of years."

Kate White was anxious to divert the interview into more positive channels. Clements, she knew, would hardly thank her for wasting so much film footage on a philosophical discussion about prehistoric monsters. That, in her experience, was one of the troubles with experts. They often got carried away with their own cleverness. They liked, in fact, to show off. "But if on assumes that the basic premise is correct, that men are colonizing Mars, wouldn't they have to start from scratch with stocking an entire new world? And wouldn't that be a almost unsuperable task?"

"Not when you understand the facts or life," said Manderson. "You've heard, of course, about the experiments which have resulted in the creation of test-tube babies..."

"Yes, but..."

"But do you realize that enough female eggs to produce the entire next generation of the human race could be packed into the shell of a single chicken's egg?"

"Goodness! I' no idea."

"And the same convenient compactness, Miss White, applies to other creatures. A mother cod, for example, can lay up to six million eggs at a single spawning. Fortunately most of those eggs are destroyed before they develop into fish...or else there'd be no room for people to paddle off our beaches. If they all survived the seas of our world would be solid masses of cod by now - and they could all survive if nurtured in the right conditions."

"There was a ling caught, not so long ago, which was carrying more than 28 million eggs! So you can see

right away how easy it would be to stock any seas there may be on Mars..."

"That's assuming there's nothing already in those seas."

"Granted - and there may well be for all we know."

"But what if tiny things in the Martian seas - or on the Martian land for that matter - were harmful to man or were a nuisance to man?"

"Then we'd have to use our initiative to balance the ecology in our favor. It's been done often enough before, y'know. Sparrows, for instance, were first imported into New York in the middle of the nineteenth century - simply to attack tree-worms..."

"But wouldn't that automatically bring other problems? What about the creatures that live on the creatures you'd have to introduce to strike this ecological balance?" She paused, trying to grasp for a good example. Manderson, she'd decided by this time, was a cold and unlikeable man. He seemed to lack soul and she couldn't resist the temptation to bait him just a little. "Like hedgehogs?" she said triumphantly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Hedgehogs," she repeated. "I heard somewhere that they get withdrawal symptoms and become quite neurotic if they are deprived of their fleas..."

Manderson smiled indulgently. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't pretend to be an authority on neurotic hedgehogs and I do feel we're starting to get in rather deep. Can I help you in any other way?"

"Just on last question. In this new world - as you see it, Professor Manderson - is there any room for creatures that people simply enjoy ... creatures like squirrels and nightingales?"

"Not unless their productivity value were proved," said Manderson. "No room at all."

"You know something," said Kate. "I find that very, very sad."

Charles Welbourne, interviewed on screen by Colin Benson, agreed that there was an obvious conflict between the description of Mars offered by Gerstein and the pictures which had been released by NASA.

"Many people have also wondered why NASA should apparently have been so stingy on its photographic budget," he said. "Particularly when you consider how important the pictures are supposed to be."

"Why should people wonder in that way?" prompted Benson.

Welbourne pointed to a blow-up photograph of "familiar" Martian terrain which was mounted on a board in the studio. "That picture there almost says it for me," he said. "We're told that they spent all that money putting that probe on Mars and then what do they do? They equip it, if you please,

with a camera which can focus only up to one hundred meters. And that, as somebody observed, is about the size of a large film studio.

"It doesn't start to add up. If they'd really wanted good pictures of Mars they would have fitted a vastly superior camera system. Better cameras are available - make no mistake about that - but the one they used ... well, it was almost as if they'd deliberately fitted blinkers to the whole mission."

"You mean they were determined that we should see only what they wanted us to see?"

"That could well be. You've got to remember that all these pictures we get come in through NASA - they're simply passed on to the rest of us. So if they tell us it's Mars ... well, we have to believe them."

"It's exactly the same soundwise, of course. I mean, we don't hear everything that's said between Mission Control and the spacecraft. There's a second channel. They call it the biological channel ... "

"We did learn a little about that from Otto Binder," said Benson.

"Sure, Binder the former NASA man ... I remember he did blow the gaff on that after Apollo 13 ... well, this biological channel is officially just for reporting on medical details. In fact, though, they switch to it whenever they have something to say they don't want the whole world listening in on ..."

Welbourne paused, looked thoughtfully at the Martian picture. "I've just had a crazy thought," he said. "How about if that picture wasn't taken on Mars? Look at it closely ... don't you agree that could have been shot in some studio in Burbank?"

We should stress that Welbourne had been told nothing of the other pictures which we know were "dummied-up" in a studio - the ones of people like Brian Pendlebury which were an integral part of The Smoother Plan.

He had no idea then how near the mark he was with his "crazy thought".

The proof came unexpectedly. It came from Harry Carmell's girlfriend Wendy - the one who had ordered Benson and his crew out of that derelict house in Lambeth.

And Wendy was very frightened.

Wendy had not gone back to that house in Lambeth - not since the day Harry had disappeared. She had returned on that morning with the bandage and antiseptic and, realizing that Harry had gone, she had panicked and fled. He couldn't

have managed to get out on his own, not in the state he was in, so someone must have taken him.

Obviously he had been found by them - those mysterious men he'd sworn were determined to kill him - and she knew then, deep down, that she'd never see him again.

She had to get away. Far away. She had to hide. Or they might find her and kill her too. An hour later she was thumbing a lift to Birmingham. There was no special attraction in Birmingham. It just so happened that that's where the lorry was going. And it seemed a long way from London. They would not find her in Birmingham.

However, she had taken no chances there. She had kept on the move, rarely staying in one place for more than a couple of nights, for she had a frightening feeling that, somehow< they might catch her just as they had caught Harry. She also, as she has since told us, felt guilty. She felt she had let Harry down. For she kept remembering that small box which he had considered so important, the one he had hidden under floorboards in the derelict house, and she knew that she should have retrieved it. She'd forgotten all about it in the flurry of leaving but Harry had wanted so desperately to get it to the television people. It held the key, he'd told her, to something important ... to some tape which had been made by the dead man Ballantine. She felt she ought to get that box to that colored chap Benson. She ought to do that because Harry had been good to her and she owed him that much. But now it would mean going back to the house. And she dreaded stepping back into danger ...

She finally made up her mind on Thursday, June 9. She took a train to London and travelled by bus across the city. And by 3:30 p.m. she was at number 88 - walking between the posts where the front gate had once been.

Now there was no rubbish in the front garden and the boarding at the windows had been replaced by glass. Other attempts had been made to brighten and improve the terraced house. The steps at the end of the cleared path were freshly scrubbed and the door, slightly ajar, had recently been painted in bright canary yellow.

All the neighboring houses looked just as she remember them but number 88 had been dramatically transformed. It was a building which had been snatched back from decay.

Through the windows of the front ground-floor room she could see a group of young people - all in their late teens or early twenties - who were kneeling silently, with their eyes shut, in a circle.

Wendy hesitated, anxious and disappointed. She had expected the house to be empty, just as it had been when she and Harry had first found it in February. She had anticipated merely walking in, of going quietly to the first-floor room where the floorboards were loose, of hurrying away, unseen, with the box. Now it couldn't be like that at all... The youngsters were still kneeling, trance-like,

apparently lost in some communal meditation. They might not notice her, she thought, if she were stealthy enough and fast enough. But, on the other hand, there might be more of them in other rooms. There might be some in the room where Harry had hidden the box...

She tapped with her knuckles at the door - tentatively, at first, and then harder.

Footsteps approached across the bare boards of the hall. Then the door was opened wide by a tall and immensely scrawny man with long hair and an unkempt ginger beard. His feet were bare and he was wearing tattered blue jeans patched with bits of floral curtaining. His eyes - dark and deep-set and staring with fierce intensity - were oddly disconcerting and he was older than the people in the front room. In his mid-thirties, maybe, or even nudging forty.

"Good afternoon sister," he said. "Jesus loves you." His voice was deeply resonant and his accent was strongly east London.

"Who are you?" asked Wendy.

"Eliphaz," he replied solemnly. "Eliphaz the Temanite."

"Look ... I used to live here ... a few months ago I was living here and I left something important behind ..."

"The only thing that is truly important is Jesus. Has He entered your heart? He is waiting - waiting for you to invite Him in ..."

"So I was wondering if I could just pop in and collect it ..."

The man stepped back, gestured for her to follow, and Wendy noticed for the first time that he was holding a small Bible. "Here in the Temple everyone is welcome," he said.

Could this, Wendy wondered, be a trap? Harry had never told her what they looked like. Could this bizarre character - this Eliphaz or whatever he called himself - be one of them? Questions raced through her mind. Would she, if she went inside, disappear like Harry?

She had a great urge to run away, to forget the whole thing. Why should she go further into danger ... it really wasn't her responsibility ...

"Come on in ... Jesus is here," said the man encouragingly. "And you need Jesus."

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Wendy pointed to the youngsters who were still kneeling in their silent circle. "What are they doing in there?" she asked. "All you people ... who exactly are you?"

"We are the Children of Heavenly Love," said the man.

"We were sinners and we lived in the bondage of the flesh but Jesus Christ, the greatest revolutionary of them all, has entered our hearts and saved us from sin." He closed his eyes, screwed up his face in apparent anguish, held his Bible high. "Thank you, oh thank you, Lord Jesus," he said. He opened his eyes, smiled, extended a hand in invitation.

"Eliphaz ..." said Wendy. "Is that your real name?"

"It became my name when I entered into the love of Christ," he said. "Before I found the Lord I was called Jack - Jack Perkins. But now I am saved and the old me, the

wicked me, has gone for ever ..."

No, she decided, he wasn't acting. No-one could act like that. Not unless he was someone like Michael Caine. This one just had to be a genuine Jesus freak ...

"That thing I mentioned," she said. "I left it upstairs ...under the floorboards for safety..."

"You are more than welcome to come in," said the man. "Here in the Temple we do not wish to keep things which are the possessions of others."

She followed him through the hall and up the stairs. And she was amazed by the transformation. The place had been cleaned and the walls had been painted. And the entire building had a curious atmosphere of tranquillity.

All three doors on the landing were open. Wendy indicated the front room. "In there," she said.

The man stopped, put a hand on her arm. "I forgot to ask your name."

Instant suspicion. "Why do you need to know it?"

He smiled, shook his head sadly. "There is fear in you, sister. You should accept the Lord and let Him help you..."

"Why is my name important?" persisted Wendy.

Another smile. "So that I can introduce you to my brothers," he said. "They will expect me to introduce you."

Then Wendy noticed there were two young men in the room. Both, she would have guessed, were about eighteen and both were dressed in the style of the man called Eliphaz. There was no furniture, not even the old sofa which had been there, and the two of them were seated on the bare boards. They were studying Bibles, mouthing words silently as if trying to memorize them.

"Wendy," she said quietly. "My name is Wendy."

Both youngsters immediately looked up and scrambled to their feet. They were smiling broadly and welcomingly.

"This is Wendy," said Eliphaz.

He took Wendy's elbow, eased her firmly into the room.

"This here is Lazarus, one of our brothers from America," he said. "And our friend over here used to be called Arthur. But now he's filled with the Spirit and he's become Canaan. Canaan the Rechabite."

"Jesus loves you, Wendy," said Lazarus politely.

"Praise the Lord!" He spoke with the warm and homely drawl of the Deep South. On the knuckles of his right hand was tattooed the word "love". A matching tattoo on his left knuckles said "hate".

"Yes, Jesus surely loves you," said Arthur who had become Canaan. Wendy could immediately identify his Birmingham origins.

They stared at her, now waiting for her to take the initiative, and their solemn sincerity made her feel oddly uncomfortable. "Thank you," she said. It sounded ridiculously inadequate and there was an awkward silence. She indicated the section of the floor where the sofa had

been and turned to Eliphaz the Temanite. "It should be just there," she said. "Under the loose boards."

He nodded. "You need help?"

"No...no, thank you...I can manage."

They watched while she went down on her knees and started trying to prise up one of the boards.

"Wendy...do you know Jesus?" Lazarus put the question casually. He might almost have been asking about the weather.

"Sure." She has pre-occupied with her work and she did not look up. "Sure I know Him." The board was fixed more firmly than she'd expected.

"I mean really know Him." said Lazarus more vehemently. "There's a whole heap of dudes out there in the systemite world, in all them fine churches an' all, who reckon they know Jesus but they wouldn't even recognize Him if He stopped them in the street..."

The board was now rising from the floor. Wendy wormed her fingers under it and started to tug.

"I tell ya...He was an unwashed hairy hippy from the slums of Galilee...but, ya gotta believe me, that cat was for real," said Lazarus. "And he still is today..."

Loud creaks as the bit of wood bent and finally burst away from the retaining nails. Wendy peered down into the darkness, put a hand down to grope around. Nothing. She must have picked the wrong board.

"...yes, He's here with us today...He's right here in this room...and, I tell ya, He's here with us today...He's right here in this room...and, I tell ya, He's a mind blower.

Maybe it was a bit nearer the window. Yes, now she came to think of it, the board had been just behind the sofa. She moved across, started again.

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"He's the ultimate trip, Wendy...and you wanna get right there with Him because there ain't much time left..."

This board was much looser. She jiggled it a little to get a better grip and then lifted it.

"...it's all right here in the Bible...how the seven vials of the wrath of God will be poured over the nations..."

There it was! She snatched up the box, got to her feet. "Thank you," she said. "I'm sorry to have interrupted you."

Eliphaz, she now realized, had placed himself squarely between her and the door. His face was coldly resolute and his arms were folded across his chest. "That box is yours and whatever is in it is yours...but I have to ask you one question," he said. "Does it contain drugs?"

Suddenly he seemed bigger than before. Bigger and more powerful. And her old fears about them came flooding back. She had been a fool to return to this house...

Lazarus and Canaan the Rechabite seemed to be closing in on her, one on either side, and her stomach was churning with panic. "I've got to go now." She was struggling to control

her voice, to stop it going all squeaky. "Please let me go."

"It's all here in the Book of Revelation." Lazarus appeared to be unaware of what was happening in the room. He was preoccupied entirely with his own thoughts, with his convictions about the imminent End of Time. "Listen to this...the Bible gives facts and details...it don't mess about..."and the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun...and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire..." "

Eliphaz held out his hand. "Give the box to me," and blasphemed the name of God..."

"No!" she shouted. "It's nothing like that!"

He stood aside to let her pass. "Please forgive me for being suspicious." Now his manner was contritely apologetic. "We would have taken them if they had been drugs. We would have taken them and destroyed them. You have to realize that many of our brothers and sisters here were damaged by drugs...in their days of fleshly bondage."

"Then you're letting me go?"

"Of course - but please come back to see us again," said Eliphaz. "All God's children are welcome here in the Temple."

"Let Jesus into your heart, Wendy," said Lazarus as she walked to the landing. "He loves you real good."

"Hallelujah!" added Canaan the Birmingham Rechabite.

Eliphaz escorted her to the front door. "Don't forget, sister, that you do need Jesus," he said. "God be with you."

She ran from the house, along the street around a corner to a telephone box. She dialled the number for Sceptre Television. "Please may I speak with Colin Benson?"

"Hold on," said the operator. "I'm just putting you through..."

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Terry Dickson had prepared a background-information sheet about Mars for Clements so that some of the details could be fed into the program's links. It said:

Mars has a diameter about half that of Earth and is officially classified, together with Mercury and Venus, as one of the inferior planets in our sun's family of planets.

It is our nearest neighbor among the planets - being 12.6 light minutes away from the sun, compared with our 8.3 light minutes. You will see this in perspective when I point out that Neptune and Pluto are 250 and 327 light minutes from the sun respectively.

The principal significance of this is that Neptune and Pluto, together with the other giant planets, Saturn and Uranus, would be far too cold to support life as we understand it.

Conversely, Mercury and Venus - 3.2 and 6 light minutes from the sun respectively - would be too hot.

Mars is appreciably cooler than Earth, of course, but scientists have long been agreed that temperatures there could be endured by man: the problems, while

serious, should not prove insurmountable.

The actual distance between Earth and Mars varies considerably - being anything from 35 million miles to 60 million miles. This is because Earth moves in an almost circular orbit while the orbit of Mars is much more eccentric.

The predominant red color which has given Mars its popular name comes from regions very similar to many of the deserts known on Earth. Like, for instance, the Painted Desert of Arizona.

Green patches which vary in size and shape from season to season are believed to be caused by the growth of plants similar to rock lichens. I am advised that lichens can survive at lower temperatures than most terrestrial plants and require very little moisture. However, pioneering work in the deserts of the Middle East has proved that more valuable crops can be grown if a region is properly irrigated and tended. That could apply equally well to the desert regions of Mars so making it possible, at least in theory, for man to become self-supporting there.

There is no shortage of water or potential water. It has been known for thirty years, as a result of work done at Yerkes Observatory near Chicago, that the polar caps of Mars are composed of snow. This snow could be converted into water which could then be channelled as required.

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The one question which has apparently still not been satisfactorily resolved is that of atmosphere.

Does Mars have air which we could breathe? The answer, quite frankly, is that no-one really seems to know. I've now spoken to a number of scientists who are confident that appreciable quantities of free oxygen probably did exist there at one time. It may well be that, as Gerstein has suggested, life supporting atmosphere has been locked in the surface soil but I have been unable to find any other expert who is prepared to publicly endorse that suggestion.

Obviously the whole question of the possible colonization of Mars, the central question you asked me to investigate, depends on the certainty that the planet has an atmosphere similar to Earth's. There appears to be no such certainty. Gerstein is being decried by most of his contemporaries in Britain and abroad and, without wishing to be rude about the man, I wouldn't fancy sticking my neck out professionally on his say-so.

In short, Chris, it's a fascinating theory but it doesn't quite add up.

Clements read the last few paragraphs through for the second time and snorted impatiently. "Well, Terry love, it's my neck that'll be sticking out - not your," he said.

"Gerstein's got me convinced and I'm prepared to gamble on him."

But he didn't need to gamble, not as it turned out. For, at that moment, Wendy was waiting to talk to Colin Benson...

Memo dated June 13, 1977, from Leonard Harman to Mr. Fergus Godwin, Controller of Programs:

I have returned to the studios today after a week's sick leave and I am astonished to learn that it is apparently your intention to allow the screening of that interview with the former astronaut Grodin.

We have already discussed at length the unethical circumstances under which the interview was conducted and which resulted in Grodin expressing extravagant views. We agreed, I thought, that Grodin's statements could not possibly be substantiated and that, if dignified by being included in a program purporting to be serious, they could do considerable harm.

The whole of this particular Science Report program, as I have told you on numerous occasions, is a blatant example of irresponsible sensationalism which will reflect adversely on the company's image.

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Are companies in the rest of the ITV network and those abroad aware of the troublesome and, indeed, unsavory background to this production? I can only assume not for, otherwise, I am certain they would not be prepared to buy it.

Once again, I urge you most strongly to withdraw this program from the schedules.

Memo dated June 14, 1977, from Fergus Godwin to Leonard Harman:

I can no longer agree with you over the remarkable "brain-drain" investigation which has been mounted by Clements and his team.

I grant that it is highly controversial and even frightening. It will also cause embarrassment in certain high places.

However, I have assessed the evidence which is now in the program - the product, I might add, of diligent research and impressive dedication - and I feel we would be failing in our public duty if we were to suppress what appears to be the unpalatable truth.

Since we last spoke I have had the opportunity of studying Simon Butler's interview with Dr. Gerstein. Gerstein is a man for whom I have the greatest respect and no-one of his stature would lend his name to anything which, in your words, savoured of "irresponsible sensationalism".

Three have been times, as you know, when I have

been perturbed by the unexpected directions in which this investigation has moved. I now feel able to set all my reservations aside. Clements has my unqualified support.

I do not propose to reply in more detail to your query relating to networking and overseas sales for I consider that to be irrelevant in light of my present feelings.

Memo dated June 15, 1977, from Leonard Harman to Mr. Anthony Derwent-Smith, Managing Director.

You are already aware of my severe misgivings in relation to the Science Report program, scheduled for network transmission on June 20, in which it is suggested that there is an international conspiracy to transport intellectuals and others to life on another planet.

I have made my opinions known on many occasions and I commend your attention, in particular, to the minutes of the Senior Executives' Meeting held on April 8. I warned then against what I recognized as a policy of expensive folly.

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I am taking the unusual step of enclosing herewith copies of all correspondence between the Controller of Programs and myself on the subject for I feel that, in view of the damage this production could do to the reputation of the company, this is a matter in which you might see fit to intervene.

I cannot urge too strongly that under no circumstances should this program be screened.

Memo dated June 15, 1977, from Anthony Derwent-Smith to Fergus Godwin:

See the attached note and pile of bumph which reached me by hand today from Mr. Harman.

It is not my practice to become entangled in differences of opinion between my Controller of Programs and any of his subordinates - particularly when I am approached in what I consider to be an underhand manner, with no copy of the note having apparently been sent to you. Nor did I intend to start intervening on this aspect of program policy which I consider to be entirely your territory.

Please deal.

Godwin re-read the note and the one sent to Derwent-Smith by Harman.. "Cheeky bastard!" he said. He dialled on his internal telephone. "Harman...be in my office within two minutes. I'm going to mark your bloody card!"

Katherine White took the call in the Science Report office. "No...Colin Benson's popped out for a coffee...who's this calling, please"

"I must speak to him quickly," said Wendy. "It's urgent."

"Can I take a message? Ask him to call you back?" All Wendy wanted now was to get rid of the box. She anxiously scanned the faces of people loitering near the telephone box. Every wasted minute, she felt, put her in greater danger. If only she knew what they looked like..."Could you find him? It is desperately important."

"I'll see if I can catch him in the canteen. Can I give him a name?"

"Tell him it's the girl who was with Harry," said Wendy. "Tell him I've got what Harry wanted to give him."

"Hold on..."

"Look...I'm in a pay-box and I'm right out of change..."

"Give me the number of the box and then replace the receiver," said Kate. "I'll call you right back."

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Wendy obeyed. She waited, her back to the door of the booth. And she was unaware of the man until he jerked the door open. He looked angry and beefily pugnacious. She gave a small scream, cowering away from him. He glowered at her with distaste. "You planning on spending the day in here?"

"I won't be more than a minute...I'm waiting for a call."

"Yeah?" He grabbed her arm, started to pull her.

"Well, I'm waiting to make one. So come on...out of it." ...Please, this won't take long, really..."

"Lady, this is a public box and I'm not hanging around all day while..."

"At that moment the bell rang. Wendy shook away the man's hand, snatched up the receiver, heard Benson's voice. "Yes, that's right...I was the girl with Harry," she said. The man muttered aggressively, stepped out of the box and positioned himself immediately outside. Wendy spoke quietly, convinced that the man was trying to eavesdrop. "I must meet you," she said. "Harry had something he wanted to give you and now I've got it. But I've got to be careful in case they are looking for me..."

They met an hour later at the spot where Benson had first seen Harry Carmell - outside the fruiterer's in the street market near the studios.

"You said they might be looking for you," said Benson. "Who are they?"

Wendy shrugged, pulled a face. "Who knows?" she said. "Goons, heavies ... Russians, Americans, Germans, Outer Bloody Mongolians ... what difference does it make?" She discreetly gave him the box. "That's what Harry wanted you to have - he said something about it helping you see what was on some tape made by Ballantine. That make sense to you?"

"Not much," said Benson. "Wait here ... I'll have a shufti inside the box." He hurried to the nearby men's lavatory, locked himself in a cubicle and opened the box. It

contained a square printed circuit and he gave a low whistle of surprise. "Well, I'll be..."He put it back in the box, re-joined Wendy.

"I've just remembered," she said. "Harry said you fit it to an IC40 of something and then you get a juke-box. Does that mean anything to you?"

"I must get back to the studios right away," said Benson. "See what sort of tune we can get out of the juke-box."

"You don't need me any more?"

"Where'll you be?"

"Not sure - but not in London. There's too much heat in London."

Benson tapped the box. "Surely you'll want to know what all this adds up to...where can I contact you?"

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"I'll contact you," she said. And, as Harry Carmell had done months earlier, she hurried away and disappeared in the crowds.

Technicians at the studios had never before been presented with such a problem. They puzzled and experimented for the best part of an hour before finally getting it right. And then, in the darkness of the preview theater, Clements and Benson watched in amazement as the pictures suddenly started spilling across the large screen.

"I don't believe it! said Clements. "Good God...I simply don't believe it!"

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SECTION TWELVE

Every seat in the preview theater was filled. All members of the Science Report team had been summoned there - to see what Clements and Benson had been watching only a little earlier. Fergus Godwin was also there, sitting next to Clements, and so were many other executives of the company.

Clement's eyes were sparkling with excitement when the house lights eventually came up. "Well, Fergus?" he asked. "What d'you think?"

Godwin frowned and nibbled at his bottom lip, baffled and reluctant to commit himself. "What the hell can I possibly think?" he countered. "If what we've just seen is authentic, if it isn't just an elaborate fake, then the human race has been conned rotten and we've got the most incredible television scoop ever. But...I mean...that can't have happened - it can't possibly be true!"

"But it fits in, doesn't it?" persisted Clements. "It fits with everything else we've got..."

"Have you checked with Jodrell Bank? With people who worked with Ballantine?"

"Well, no..."

"Then do it. Do it now. And put the whole thing to NASA as well. If we used that in the program and it turned out to be a stumer ... there'd be the most God-awful blow-back. And, I give you fair warning, Chris, I'm not prepared to carry the can."

"But NASA are certain to deny it," protested Clements. "That stands to reason..."

"Let me know when you've spoken to them." Godwin got up, started to leave the theater. "And I also want to hear what Jodrell Bank have to say."

Hendlemann, the man at Jodrell Bank, was friendly and eager to be helpful. But, when he heard Benson's description of what was on the tape, he was utterly sceptical. "Sir William never mentioned a word about it," he said. "And something of that magnitude ... he'd never have kept it to himself."

Benson tried to smother his disappointment. "But did he ever say anything to you, or to anyone else, about meeting a man called Harry something-or-other when he was at NASA last year?"

Hendlemann was apologetic. "Not a thing. I'm afraid I'm not being much use to you, Mr. Benson..."

"Would you ask around? Maybe he did mention this Harry to someone else at Jodrell Bank. I assure you, Mr. Hendlemann, it really is important."

"You said earlier you thought it might throw some fresh light on Sir William's death..."

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"It's just possible."

"Hm, in that case I'll do all I can. There was something about that crash which didn't quite add up, as far as I was concerned. Now I'm not promising anything, mark you, but I will ask around."

"And if you do discover anything..."

"I'll call you back either way. That is a promise."

The NASA official, who refused to give his name, took a very different attitude. "I heard some freaky notions in my time but this one sure caps the lot," he said. "You better face it, son...someone's been pulling your leg."

"Then you are stating categorically that the tape must be a forgery?"

"How could it be anything else? That must be the most stupid question I've heard this year."

"And the information on it is not accurate?"

"Son, do me a favor, will you? I've been very patient but I'm a busy man and I really think this joke's gone on long enough..."

"I'm taping this conversation and I want you on record as saying that the information is inaccurate - if it really is."

"I'm sorry...I've wasted more than enough time on this already. There's absolutely nothing more to say."

Benson was left with the dialling tone. The anonymous man in Houston had replaced his receiver.

"Blast!" said Benson. He was tempted to dial again, to try speaking to someone different at NASA. Not that it would be likely to make any difference. All the official spokesmen had presumably been briefed to trot out the same sort of line. Laugh the idea right out of court - that seemed to be the tactic. And Benson was sure it was no more than a tactic.

He felt he had detected some hint of uncertainty under the man's brash derision. And he felt, more strongly than ever, that the tape was genuine. But proving it - or, at least, proving it enough to satisfy Goodwin - that was another matter.

He put the receiver back in its rest and was contemplating going for a canteen coffee when the bell rang. Hendlemann again. And this time with excitement in his voice.

"I've discovered something quite astonishing, Mr. Benson," he said. "Sir William did meet somebody called

Harry at NASA. He made a note about it in his diary while he was in America. I've been checking through that diary and it really is quite remarkable. He doesn't mention this Harry's surname but, listen, I'll read you the extract:

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" "Harry gave promised help but is now frightened. Told me today - These bastards would kill us if they knew what we've just seen. Take a word of advice, friend, and destroy that damned tape." "

"There! added Hendlemann. "Now what are we to make of that?"

"Anything else in the diary?"

"Nothing that appears to be relevant."

Benson thought fast. "The tapes you use at Jodrell Bank...is there anything distinctive about them?"

"In what way?"

"Could you, by studying this tape, establish if it belonged to Jodrell Bank?"

"No...but I might well be able to establish that it did not belong to us."

"And if you couldn't do that ... it would, at least, reduce the chances of it being a fake..."

"Most certainly."

"Is it possible, Mr. Hendlemann, for you to come to London?"

"I'll leave immediately," said Hendlemann. "I'm very anxious to see exactly what is on that tape."

Benson met Hendlemann at reception and took him to the preview theater where Clements was waiting. The tape was laced-up ready for viewing once again. They sat in silence, watching and listening.

"Incredible!" said Hendlemann eventually. "Absolutely incredible!"

"You think that might have originated at Jodrell Bank?" asked Clements.

"Let me examine the actual tape," said Hendlemann.

Clements led the way to the projection box and Hendlemann produced an eye-glass through which he minutely studied the tape. He became so absorbed in his examination that he appeared to be oblivious of the men with him. "Why?" he asked. "Why didn't he tell me?"

Clements signalled to Benson not to interrupt. They waited while Hendlemann checked frame after frame. Then he closely scrutinized the leader section of the tape and finally he nodded his head emphatically and put his eye-glass back in his waistcoat pocket.

"Well?" asked Clements. "What do you think?"

"I'm almost afraid to tell you this - but I have to," said Hendlemann. "I do believe, Mr. Clements, that this is the genuine article."

They hurried him across to Godwin's office where he

repeated his belief - and the reasons for it.

"Give me just one minute," said Godwin. "I'd like to have the Managing Director in on this one." He dialled Derwent-Smith's internal number, briefly explained the situation, replaced the receiver. "He's joining us," he said.

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Derwent-Smith listened while Hendlemann again repeated all he had said. "Fascinating," he said. "And this diary of Sir William's - may we see it?"

Hendlemann nodded. "It's outside in my car."

"Well, Fergus," said Derwent-Smith. "You're Controller of Programs..."

"Yes, but this is different," protested Godwin. "This is one where I want your help - because if we put one foot wrong here there's going to be such a stink..."

"You mean you might want me to share the blame."

"No, I just..."

Derwent-Smith stopped him. "I think we should talk a little more to this mysterious girl," he said. "The one who so conveniently supplied us with the printed circuit."

"But we don't know where she's gone," said Benson.

"She refused to tell me."

"And you just let her walk away. That doesn't sound too clever, does it?" Derwent-Smith turned to Clements. "And what's your opinion?"

"Well, the girl...the tape. Are you still keen on using it?"

"Absolutely," said Clements.

"Good," said Derwent-Smith. "Fergus?"

"In view of what Mr. Hendlemann says, I'm for going ahead."

"Fine," said Derwent-Smith. "I'm with you all the way."

That particular week, although the Sceptre Television team did not then realize it, was an extraordinary one for disappearances - the sort of disappearances which might have been linked with Batch Consignments.

New Zealand - Monday, June 13, 1977. At 10:30 a.m. accountant Miles Thornton drove into the caravan-park near Tauranga in the North Island's Bay of Plenty. With him were his wife and two young sons - all looking forward to a break of a few days. This was one of their favorite spots, a place where they'd spent many holidays.

Thornton found, to his surprise, that there was no-one on duty in the prefabricated building which served as a reception center. And, even more surprising, there was no sign of anyone in the park. There were cars there. Plenty of cars. But the whole place was completely deserted. Normally there'd have been people sprawled out on loungers, children playing ball-games between the rows of caravans. "But the only living thing to be seen was a dog," he said later. "It was weird."

More weird, in fact, than he realized at the time. Records later found in the abandoned reception center shower that more than 200 people should have been there that morning, including twelve employees of the caravan park. There were no signs of violence, no signs of any struggle. But not one of those people has been seen since.

America - Tuesday, June 14. At 3:00 p.m. two coach-loads of young trippers - average age 19 - set off on a sightseeing tour from Casper, Wyoming. They were last seen heading in the direction of Cheyenne. Seven hours later the vehicles were found empty by the side of a lonely road.

In the sand around the coaches there was a confusion of footprints. But they seemed to lead nowhere. A camera, a pair of binoculars and a girl's handkerchief were found. But, like the people in New Zealand's Bay of Plenty, those seventy-six youngsters were never seen again.

At 4:30 p.m. that same day a small passenger-cargo vessel, the Amelio, left Barcelona with 165 people on board. Intended destination: Tunis. The Amelio was last seen steaming into a light sea mist south of the Balearic Islands. There was virtually no wind and the water was calm.

The mist was a comparatively small patch, covering little more than about two square miles, but there is no record of the Amelio ever having come out of it. And of the area resulted in a complete blank. Not even a bit of wreckage has ever been found. As one coastguard official put it: "This is on of the absolute mysteries. It is just as if the sea had opened up its mouth and swallowed her."

So there it was. More than 440 people disappeared in the oddest combination of circumstances during those two days in June.

It would be irresponsible for us to state that those people have now become "Batch Consignment Components" for we have no absolute proof. We do suggest that, however, as a distinct possibility.

The Ballantine tape was, of course, the most astounding feature of that television production. It was authentic. Absolutely and startlingly authentic. But, as Godwin had feared, it did bring the most "God-awful blow-back."

Simon Butler introduced it and, as viewers will recall, all that could be seen at first was a haze of colors and uncertain shapes. There was a whirling blur of confusion - multi-colored dust dervishes glimpsed crazily through a tumbling kaleidoscope-and nothing, nothing more.

Then the picture cleared and the camera seemed to be skimming low over a wild and barren landscape. No vegetation, no suggestion of life. Just mile after mile of wilderness and brown-red desolation.

Sounds of static. Then, faintly, of men cheering. And finally there were the American voices - from the Space Control Room at NASA:

FIRST VOICE: Okay...try to scan.

SECOND VOICE: Scanning now.

FIRST VOICE: The readings...where are the readings?

At that moment, superimposed over the scanning of the alien landscape, viewers saw the computer-printed word "temperature." And, almost instantaneously, that word was duplicated in Russian. Now there was a great outburst of Russian voices. Excited, jubilant. And then, once again, the second American voice came through with great clarity: "Wait for it...w-a-i-t for it...Come on, baby, don't fail us now...not after all this way..."

Computer figures appeared alongside the words on the screen. The temperature, they showed, was four degrees Centigrade. More printed words - "Wind Speed" - in American and then Russian. And the first American voice was shouting triumphantly: "It's okay...it's good, it's good." A Russian voice, equally ecstatic, carried the same message.

Then the computer print-out started giving the most vital information of all - information, in English and Russian, about the atmosphere of that strange and distant territory.

The words and letters were appearing with agonizing, nerve-shredding slowness. As though they were being formed, uncertainly, by some retarded, mechanical child. There was a great silence of anticipation and of dread. Then from the screen came the shrieks and whoops of joy. The first American voice could be heard shouting over the din: "On the nose! Hallelujah! We got air, boys...we're home! Jesus...we've done it...we got air!"

His yells of excitement, and similar ones from his Russian counterpart, were drowned by the crescendo of cheering. And, during a lull in that cheering, the second American voice could be heard saying: "That's it! We got it...we got it! Boy, if they ever take the wraps off this thing, it's going to be the biggest date in history! May 22, 1962. We're on the planet Mars - and we have air!"

That was it. The end of the Ballantine tape. And millions of viewers, in many parts of the world, briefly wondered if they had misheard. Man on Mars in 1962? No, surely, that was not possible...

Simon Butler, his face sombre, assured them that it was more than possible. Here, from a transcript of the program, are his actual words:

We believe that to be an authentic record of the first - and secret - landing on Mars by an unmanned

space probe from Earth. We also believe the date given - May 22, 1962 - to be accurate.

Clearly, the blanket of total security by which this information has been covered could have been maintained only through the active participation of governments at a very high level.

Equally clearly, there must have been some powerful reason why the true conditions on Mars< suitable as they appear to be for human habitation, have been kept secret. Indeed, the effort which has gone into persuading the world at large that the opposite is true argues that some operation of supreme importance has been going on beneath this security cover.

We believe that operation to be Dr. Carl Gerstein's Alternative 3.

Whether a human survival colony has by now been established on Mars, or whether preparations are still in hand for its transportation from the Moon to Mars, we do not know. But we put out this program tonight as a challenge to those who do know to tell us the truth.

He paused after spelling out that challenge, one hand resting on a model of the Earth and the other on a model of Mars, to underline its significance. The program was over and the gauntlet had been thrown down. The next move was up to the government. And the governments of other countries - particularly those of the super powers.

Butler knew, of course, about the behind-the-screen doubts and anxieties. He knew how Harman had tried to neuter the program and, indeed, how he had come close to succeeding. He was only too aware that the company had taken a calculated risk in persisting with this program, that what had been revealed would very likely be emphatically denied, that there could be ugly repercussions for Clements and Fergus Godwin. And, of course, for himself.

He was the anchorman, the man who - as far as the public was concerned - was right at the center of the entire investigation. He was well-known and well-respected and that, from the official viewpoint, made him doubly dangerous. It would be remarkable if attempts were not made to discredit him, to prove that, far from being a responsible commentator, he had been party to an ill-conceived hoax.

At no time, however, had he considered opting out. He has always believed in the truth. He had always presented it professionally. And this particular truth was far too important to be suppressed.

He concluded with these words:

We regret if the implications of what you have seen are less than optimistic for the future of life on this planet. It has been our task, however, merely to bring you the facts as we understand them - and await the response.

The response started almost before he finished speaking. Switchboards at newspaper offices and regional television stations were flooded with calls from frightened people, from people desperate for reassurance.

Those people got their reassurance. They got it because of the statement drafted by Harman. But that statement was a lie.

There is nothing new, of course, in the concept of men using the moon as a launch-pad for a new life on Mars. H.G. Wells, who correctly anticipated so many technical triumphs which seemed ludicrous to most people in his day - was

expounding it back in 1901.

Here, from his classic *The First Men In The Moon*, is a segment of dialogue between two space travellers:

"It isn't as though we were confined to the moon."

"You mean -?"

"There's Mars - clear atmosphere, novel surroundings, exhilarating sense of lightness. It might be pleasant to go there."

"Is there air on Mars?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Seems as though you might run it as a sanatorium..."

So Wells, once again, has been proved right. A number of leading journalists, maybe remembering Wells and his track-record as a prophet, did not automatically believe the Harman denial. They were puzzled by it, and were possibly thrown a little by it, for it had the ring of authenticity. And after all, they reasoned, what possible motive could a reputable television company have for claiming they had just presented a tissue of untruths? And yet...Alan Coren, writing in *The Times* of June 21, was one of the first to throw doubts on the validity of the Harman statement:

The seeming preposterousness of the story, on the other hand, was totally acceptable. The preposterousness of the times have seen to that. Why should the madness of the NASA program not be linked to the madness of Watergate, to create a Nasagate in which life is discovered on Mars, but the information is suppressed for governmental ends?

That was a shot in the dark by Coren - a shot guided by instinct as much as by insight. But, as he will realize today, it was uncannily on target.

But, in the final analysis, it was all to make little difference to Harman. Remember what was said at the meeting of the Policy Committee on August 4, 1977:

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A TWO: But what about the regional officer concerned?

A Eight: You're right there. He should have stopped that television crap. He's proved himself to be utterly unreliable. He failed and failed badly and, what's worse, he could let us down again. The man, without any question, is a liability and I propose an Expediency.

R TWO: Seconded.

R EIGHT: Those in favor? ... Then that is unanimous. The method?

A THREE: How about a telepathic sleep-job ... maybe
with a gun...
R EIGHT: That seems sensible ... it's too soon after
Ballantine for another hot-job...

Harman, on that day in August, was being sentenced to death. The date of his death, however, was not so easily settled. That, as Dr. Hugo Danningham has now explained, would depend on Harman's biorhythmic sensitivity cycle-on the unseen assault being synchronized with his moments of extreme vulnerability.

James Murray of the Daily Express is another level-headed and highly-experienced writer who does not readily accept the obvious - particularly when it is given to him in the form of an official Press statement. He has a reputation for seeking the facts behind the statement. And so, despite the "Knock-down" treatment being given to the program on the front page of his own newspaper, he courageously stuck to his assessment of Butler, Benson and the others:

They plausibly linked natural phenomena and real events in space to come to the inevitable conclusion that there was a monumental international conspiracy to save the best human minds by establishing a new colony on Mars...So all these scientists and intellectuals slipping abroad to the "Brain Drain" were really being shipped to Mars on rockets via the dark side of the moon.

Murray, in other words, recognized the truth even though he did not have the facts completely to substantiate that truth.

Men like Coren and Murray worried Harman. They were helping to perpetuate the doubts and suspicions he had tried to smother. And he was frightened that they might start digging deeper, that they might eventually be able to present the full and horrendous truth. Just as we are now doing in this book.

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The men of the Policy Committee had put no great priority on this particular murder. Alternative 3's chief executive officer in Britain had already been instructed to suspend Harman from his secret regional duties - and to recruit his successor. Harman would die. They knew that with certainty. He would die without revealing what he knew. And that was all that really mattered.

Other men, for other reasons, were disturbed by the realization that the Alternative 3 sensation was not to be swiftly buried. They were particularly unhappy about Philip Purser's Sunday Telegraph suggestion that the investigation might have been a Fiendish double bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program".

They were among the Members of Parliament, the

overwhelming majority, who were not privy to the facts about Alternative 3. Some have since claimed that they suspected the truth but they certainly did not know it. Yet they had the task of coping with much of the terror which spread so insidiously after that television transmission.

Most people, as we have said, were only too eager to believe Harman's denial. But a sizable minority appreciated the full significance of what had been revealed. These were people, in the main, who had already been uncomfortably aware of the sort of people who were only too aware of the mammoth cover-up which the 1968 Condon report had provided for so-called Flying Saucers.

There were those who vaguely remembered what the Evening Standard had said about the \$500,000 Condon study:

It is losing some of its outstanding members, under circumstances which are mysterious to say the least. Sinister rumors are circulating...at least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure. The complete story behind the strange events in Colorado is hard to decipher...

The validity of the suspicions in that Evening Standard article suddenly seemed to be confirmed by other statements later made public - quite apart from President Carter's apparently remarkable about-turn on the subject of Flying Saucers.

Professor G. Gordon Broadbent: "At the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy there has been operating a factor of which we know nothing."

Would a man of Broadbent's caliber make a statement of that nature lightly?

Apollo veteran Bob Grodin: "The later Apollos were a smoke-screen...to cover up what's really going on out there...and the bastards didn't even tell us!"

Why, if there was nothing to hide, should he make such a curious statement?

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More and more snippets of information started being remembered and re-quoted - some from old newspaper files, some from records leaked from NASA.

Here, for instance, is a verbatim transcript from a taped conversation which Scott and Irwin had with Mission Control during their moon-walk in August, 1971:

SCOTT: Arrowhead really runs east to west.

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, we copy.

IRWIN: Right...we're (garble)...we know that's a fairly good run. We're bearing 320, hitting range for 413...I can't get over those lineations, that layering on Mount Hadley.

SCOTT: I can't either. That's really spectacular.

IRWIN: They sure look beautiful.

SCOTT: Talk about organization!

IRWIN: That's the most organized structure I've ever seen!

SCOTT: It's (garble)...so uniform in width...

IRWIN: Nothing we've seen before this has shown such uniform thickness from the top of the tracks to the bottom.

NASA has never explained those tracks - or who made them - although there are now grounds for the belief that they were left by a giant Moon-Rover vehicle of American-Russian design.

That is just one more example of how information about real space progress is being kept strictly secret. Dr. James E. McDonald, professor of meteorology at the University of Arizona and senior physicist at its Institute of Atmospheric Physics, has been a vociferous critic of this secrecy.

In The Enquirer on February 19, 1967, he said: "The U.S. Air Force has been scandalously blinding the public as to what is really going on in the skies. The Air Force investigations have been absurd, superficial and incompetent...and scientists all over the world had better stop accepting the ridiculous Air Force reports and start investigating the problem themselves at once...it's a problem demanding truly international investigation."

So, with that sort of background to this latest television investigation, is it surprising that there were people not impressed by the denial? Or that those people should start demanding information from their Members of Parliament?

Michael Harrington-Brice is typical of those M.P.s. He says: "I was put in an impossible position. For weeks after that program went out I was getting deputations at the House, demanding that the government should issue a formal denial.

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I tried to bring pressure for that to be done, for a government denial would have helped alleviate the understandable anxieties of my constituents. However, it was not possible to pin down anyone in authority.

"I tried to put down questions about Alternative 3 but they were invariably blocked and what is particularly odd is that there now appears to be no official record of those questions.

"I also tried to raise the matter privately with Ministers but I was invariably told that Alternative 3 was a subject they were not prepared to discuss."

What, at that stage, was Harrington-Brice's personal opinion?

"I formed the distinct impression that something really unusual was happening behind the scenes, that we in Britain were on the periphery of some secret venture being controlled by the super-powers.

"Nothing specific was said, you understand, but hints were dropped. I was obliquely given the message that it would be sensible for me to stop probing.

"It would be quite wrong, however, for me to pretend that, at that time, I had any information to confirm the accuracy of otherwise of the allegations made in that program."

Another Member of Parliament, Bruce Kinslade, was also seeking an official investigation into the statements made during the television program - according to his private secretary.

On Wednesday, July 6, Mr. Kinslade, as you may recall, was hit by a lorry while crossing a side street near his home in Kensington. The lorry did not stop and has never been traced. And Mr. Kinslade died almost instantaneously. The inquest verdict was "Accidental death". That verdict, for all we know, may have been accurate...

Letters continued to arrive at Television Center. Letters which confirmed that more people, having had time to reflect, had reservations about the denial - or flatly refused to accept it.

The President of the prestigious Hampstead H.G. Wells Society wrote: "In my experience I would estimate that there was a lot more truth in your program than the majority of the public realize."

A woman living in Southcroft Road, London S.W.16, summed up the attitude of many in her thoughtful letter:

With reference to your "Alternative 3" program which was shown on Monday, 20th June, several newspapers the following day declared the program to be a hoax, and your spokesman was quoted as saying, "Everything was based on what could happen."

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I and many other people feel strongly that this was is ridiculous claim is just another attempt by the government to hush things up (as seems to be the case with UFOs and the Bermuda Triangle). Everyone has a right to know what is going on; we all have to live on this planet, and space exploration should benefit us all.

It greatly incenses me to be continually kept in the dark when any discovery is made. Pressure was obviously put on you, but it does you no credit to show up the production team as charlatans. No, I cannot believe it was a hoax for the following reasons:

1. Would you really have included references to Ballantine's death as a hoax - at the expense of his family's feelings?
2. The ex-astronaut was obviously a highly intelligent man and well-educated. He had seen something that caused the dreadful deterioration we had to witness.

Please realize that the majority of your viewers are discriminating adults who can think for themselves. Let us have the truth of the matter.

That July also brought evidence of other aspects of the disaster looming inevitably nearer for this world. The Times, July 26:

A frightening picture of the accelerating world population is given in the 1977 World Population Report, published this week by Population Concern.

The report points out that if the present rate of population growth had existed since the birth of Christ there would now be 900 people for every square yard of Earth.

Half the fuel ever used by man has been burnt in the past 50 years.

The world's population is now more than 4,000 million and increasing by 200,000 every day.

Two hundred thousand extra people on this crowded planet every single day! That is 73,000,000 a year. And that will result, in only three years, in more additional people than the entire present population of America!

Those figures emphasize the magnitude of just one of the survival problems facing mankind - with this planet's water and other natural resources becoming progressively more scarce.

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And that is in addition to the inevitable "Greenhouse Armageddon" described by Gerstein.

Is it, then, any wonder that the men behind Alternative 3 were anxious to accelerate their operation? Was it not obvious to them that time was running out - possibly even faster than they had earlier anticipated?

During the autumn of 1977 the subject of Alternative 3 began to drop out of the headlines. We know from Trojan that there was mounting activity behind the scenes - and that there was talk of attempts being made to sabotage the Alternative 3 operation. But the public, for a while, was allowed to forget.

Then, on Thursday, September 29, Dr. Gerard O'Neill - the Princeton professor who had given that astonishing interview to the Los Angeles Times in July - again came boldly into public prominence. This time he had been interviewed by Angus Macpherson, space correspondent of the Daily Mail, and the headline said: THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF 2001 IS OUT THERE WAITING.

Macpherson, respected as one of the world's most authoritative science-fact specialists, wrote:

Flying to London today is another scientist who is perfectly serious about his prediction of what faces the human race as we approach the start of the 21st century. But American physicist Dr. Gerard O'Neill holds out the

promise of a totally different future...a brave new world in space. The choice, as he sees it, is between George Orwell's 1984 and Arthur Clarke's 2001.

"Tell humanity there's no hope and everyone applauds you. But tell them there is a way out and they get furious," say Dr. O'Neill, who has worked for seven years on a mind-stretching scheme for the emigration of most of us into artificial colonies in outer space.

He has been brusquely dismissed as a pedlar of nonsense by Jacques Cousteau, whom he greatly admires, and there was hurt as well as humor on the lean face under its trendy Roman fringe as he told me: "Jaques is terribly worried about the pollution of the ocean and the destruction of its life.

"He thinks we ought to be doing more about it. So do I. Environmentalists are really very negative. They're so obsessed with Earth's problems they don't want to hear about answers."

O'Neill's own answers are that we not only can colonize the solar system - but must, if human life a few generations from now is to remain civilized or even bearable.

O'Neill's colonists would get away from the start from the space suits and cell-like space stations of science fiction...

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O'Neill is coming to London to present his prediction of space colonization to the British Interplanetary Society.

The BIS is a legendary forum for glimpses of the future. Its members have seen a Moon-landing ship unveiled, looking eerily like the Apollo LEM, but some thirty years before it.

And they were the first to hear Arthur Clarke outline a visionary scheme for a global chain of communication satellites.

This could be a similar bit of history making...

For most of the generation that gaped at the first Moon landings it has become a madly expensive confidence trick - a game of golf on a useless rockpile that only two could play and that cost £500 a second.

All this is desperately myopic, declares O'Neill, for the denizens of a planet whose 4,000 million inhabitants face the prospect of being two to three times as crowded by the early years of the next century.

"In fact, we found in space precisely the things we are most in need of - unlimited solar energy, rocks containing high concentrations of metals and, above all, room for Man to continue his growth and expansion...

"A static society, which is what Earth would have to become, would need to regulate not only the bodies but the minds of its people," he told me. "I refuse to believe man has come to the end of change and experiment and I want to preserve his freedom to live in different

ways.

"I see no hope of saving it if we remain imprisoned on the Earth."

Macpherson pointed out that O'Neill is "consulted respectfully - if a shade warily - by Government officials, Senate committees and State governors."

The article showed that O'Neill was visualizing the future along slightly different lines to those approved by the men of Alternative 3. It also indicated that O'Neill was not aware - and possibly is still not aware - that the Alternative 3 "future" had already arrived.

Macpherson wrote:

His colonies are planned as vast cylindrical metal islands drifting in orbit, holding inside a natural atmosphere, trees, grass, rivers and animals - a capsule of a warm Earthlike environment.

He sees them reaching half the size of Switzerland, ultimately, housing 20 to 30 million people and sustained by the inexhaustible energy of space sunshine.

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Yet their construction, he insists, would need only the technology we already have...

The article finished with these thoughts:

For most people of the pre-space generation, probably, the moment when the magic finally went out of the adventure came a year ago when the dream of life on Mars was dispelled by the Viking spacecraft.

But for O'Neill that was another plus for space. The best thing we could have found was nobody there.

The colonization of the new frontier can take place without repeating the shaming history of the Indian nation - or even the bison.

"Perhaps nobody's there, anywhere, after all. Perhaps there isn't a Daddy to show us how to do things.

"It's a bit frightening...but it gives us a lot of scope."

We discussed the content of that article with M.P. Michael Harrington-Brice. What, in view of his own researches, was his opinion?

He said: "Dr. O'Neill is arguably the most brilliant man in his own line in the Western world and I am certain he is right in saying the technology is already available for a project such as he envisages.

"However, he is apparently working on the assumption that the information officially released about conditions on Mars is true and I would certainly hesitate before making that assumption.

"If what was shown on the Ballantine tape was the real

truth - and I have seen no evidence which convinces me it was not - then the whole situation changes dramatically.

"Obviously it would be far easier and cheaper to colonize a suitable and empty planet, to which we have got comparatively ready access, than to build gigantic, artificial islands in the sky.

"It would be grossly impertinent of me to say that Dr. O'Neill is wrong for he is a Pan of immense international stature. However, I can't help wondering if the political facts, the facts of East-West co-operation, have not been kept from him. There is certainly nothing in what he says which convinces me that Mars is not the venue for Alternative 3."

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Harman, we learned later, read that article in the Daily Mail. He read it on the morning of publication - on September 29. He did not know then, of course, that he had exactly 48 days left to live.

A cryptic message from Trojan. Brief, typed, unsigned: "Surprise development rumored. Sabotage possible. Will send details if and when available."

We puzzled over the message but we did not try to contact Trojan. That was the arrangement. He always took the initiative. It was safer that way.

They call it Archimedes Base. And that's where the trouble, the really big trouble, flared so violently.

Archimedes is a walled crater-plain on the western border of the Mare Imbrium, the Moon's "Sea of Shadows". It has a diameter of about 50 miles and, unlike the nearby Aristillus crater, it has a relatively smooth ground surface. That is why, according to information from Trojan, it was developed as the principal transit camp on the Moon - the place from where people were normally lifted for the final leg of their journey to Mars.

Man cannot survive in the natural atmosphere of the Moon. NASA said so years ago and NASA, in that instance, was telling the truth. So most of Archimedes Base was hermetically sealed under a transparent bubble inside which air and temperature was controlled to the levels usual on Earth. The construction had taken two years and had been a fantastic triumph of space engineering.

Conditions under the bubble were similar to those visualized by Dr. O'Neill for his artificial worlds of the future. Men and women could live there comfortably for indefinite periods - secure inside a domed and gigantic greenhouse.

There were two huge airlocks in the southern section of the bubble. Shuttle craft arriving from Earth and from Mars entered through these locks before taxiing to the centrally-sited Arrival Terminal. A series of roads the centrally-sited Arrival Terminal. A series of roads ran from the terminal to the stores and service areas and to the three separate "living-quarter villages" - one for pilots and resident personnel, one for "designated movers", and one for "batch-consignment components". And over it all was a spread of camouflage, reminiscent of that used during World War Two, to ensure that Archimedes Base could never be seen by unauthorized observers on Earth.

There was another transit camp, the original one on the Moon, in the crater known as Cassini but that was now considered too small. Most of its equipment and furnishings had been moved to Archimedes. For Archimedes was the bustling center of activity...

Trojan's cryptic message about possible sabotage was soon followed by this report:

Stringent security ensures the complete segregation of Designated Movers from Batch-Consignment Components until after disembarkation in the new territory.

They are transported in separate craft and, while awaiting transportation, they are quartered in different areas of Archimedes Base. This is as a result of an

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order from the Policy Committee.

It is felt that among the Designated Movers there may be those who initially harbor reservations about the morality of the mental and physical processing considered necessary for Components.

"Components"! Let us not be confused by the jargon euphemisms. Trojan uses them. Trojan, like most others in Alternative 3, has been brain-washed into accepting such words as normal. He is revolted by what has been done, by what is being done, but he has unwittingly absorbed the obscene distortion of language. So, just for a moment, forget "components". Trojan means people. He is writing about slaves, about men and women who have been mutilated mentally and physically, who have been programmed to obey orders. And who have been condemned to a life of sub-human degradation.

His report continued:

These Designated Movers can have their doubts put into "proper perspective", after they have become acclimatized to life in the new territory, by representatives of the Committee in Residence. They can, according to official reasoning, be persuaded to recognize that the ultimate survival of the human race must take precedence over the fate of a limited number of low-grade individuals.

Consider the appalling significance of that paragraph! It means, if "official reasoning" is right, that Ann Clark and Brian Pendelebury and others like them can be taught to regard fellow humans as expendable beasts of burden. It means, surely, that natural compassion must be systematically eradicated, that the minds of "designated movers" are also moulded to match the needs of Alternative 3. Orwell's vision of 1984, it seems, has already come to fruition - millions of miles from Earth.

Trojans report then went on to detail the curious circumstances which resulted in Earthly efforts to undermine Alternative 3. And which eventually culminated in carnage at

Archimedes Base ...

Bacteria are far more tenacious than humans when it comes to clinging to life. They survive the seemingly impossible. They can apparently retreat into a form of hibernation for centuries. For millennia even. Then, when conditions are right, they wake up, as it were, and they flourish. That is apparently what happened on Mars.

The "dynamic changes" recorded in 1961 and described by Gerstein provided the ideal conditions. And across the silent wastes of the empty planet there was a great awakening

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of the minute unicellular living organisms. They developed and they spread. they were too small to be seen but they were there, waiting, when Man first arrived...

These were alien strains of bacteria, pernicious and voracious strains never before encountered by humans, but they were not numerous enough noticeably to damage the imported and carefully-cultivated crops. Not until late 1976. That, as we now know, was the time of the great blight...

Attempts were made to fight them with bactericides and even by bacteriophages which involved the introduction of ultra-microscopic organisms normally parasitic to bacteria. But the Committee in Residence realized it was a losing battle. And that was when the super-powers decided they needed The German.

The German, whose name we have agreed to withhold, is possibly the most imaginatively successful bacteriologist in the world. That is accepted by his contemporaries in the East and the West. He has probably achieved more than any other man in his sphere - not only in combating bacteria but in harnessing them into the service of man. That was why he was needed so urgently in the new territory...

But he refused to go. He was seen by the Alternative 3 regional officer and, eventually, by the West German Chief Executive Officer. They argued with him, offered him every possible inducement, but he remained adamant. Certainly he would respect the confidences he had entrusted to him but he had work to do, work on Earth, and he had absolutely no inclination to become involved in Alternative 3.

They did recruit his principal assistant, an American in his mid-thirties, who travelled as a designated mover in February, 1977. He went willingly, enthusiastically even. But he is another man whose identity it would be unfair to reveal for, if he is still alive, he is today being hunted. He is being hunted by agents of the East and the West.

He will certainly have changed his name by now, and probably his appearance as well, but he must know that for him there can be no permanent hiding place. He is the man chiefly responsible for founding the guerilla group known as Anti-Alternative. He was also responsible for the eventual disaster at Archimedes Base. We call his The Instigator.

It soon became apparent to the Committee in Residence that The Instigator, although competent and experienced, lacked the intuitive flair needed for the new-territory task.

they still needed The German. But The German was still refusing...

Urgent meetings were convened in the Hall of the Committee in Residence. there were consultations with the Policy Committee on Earth, with key men in Department Seven. And eventually a decision was reached. The German liked and respected The Instigator. He had confidence in his judgement. And if any man could persuade The German to

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become a designated mover it was The Instigator. He should go back to Earth, they decided. He should go back to talk to The German. That, as it turned out, was their biggest and most disastrous mistake...

They had made one serious miscalculation over The Instigator. they had failed to realize that he still had not got the plight of the Components into "proper perspective". Maybe that would have changed if he had been allowed more time for there had been others, many others, who had needed months to become completely accustomed to living with an enslaved sub-species. All of them had eventually accepted that this was part of the essential balance. But The Instigator had not been allowed time, not enough time, and he was tormented with secret guilt. What right, he wondered, did he have to be one of the Chosen, on of the Superior Select? He was racked with disgust and with doubts and he knew then that, somehow, he had to shatter the component system...

And then they told him they were returning him to Earth.

There was a stop-over at Archimedes Base on his return journey and he was temporarily housed with a new group of designated movers awaiting transportation to the new territory. They knew nothing, these people, about the components - quartered, as usual, in a different "village" -who were being condemned to spend the rest of their lives as slaves. He told them. He told them exactly what was happening and exactly what to expect. He described the kidnappings and the mutilations being carried out on Earth-for their benefit and comfort. And they were not ready for such horrendous information. They were normal people, highly intelligent and sensitive, and they had not yet been exposed to the skilled and persuasive arguments of the Committee in Residence. They were uncertain about whether to believe him. It all sounded so lunatically outrageous. Yet this man was strangely convincing...

the truth. They decided surreptitiously to visit the village he'd described. And that is what sparked the holocaust at Archimedes Base...

The Instigator did not contact The German when he returned to Earth. He fled into hiding. And then, with a small group of trusted collaborators, he founded his action group, Anti-Alternative. This group, unlike organizations such as the IRA or the PLO, could make no public statements for such statements could lead to them being rooted out and destroyed. They dedicated themselves to disrupting, by guerilla tactics, all work connected with the exploration and exploitation of space. Their actions, they felt, might force

an eventual re-think on Alternative 3.

On October 1, 1977, the Daily Telegraph carried a story, written by Ian Ball in New York, which was headlined: SATELLITE ROCKET No.2 BLOWS UP. It said:

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A second communications satellite was reduced to debris over the Atlantic yesterday after another spectacular rocket failure at the Cape Canaveral space center in Florida.

Within two and a half weeks, the failures have destroyed communications satellite projects, one European, the other American, worth a total of \$91.4 million (about £54 million).

An Atlas Centaur rocket, carrying a \$49.4 million Intelsat 1V-A satellite built by Hughes Aircraft, was destroyed minutes after its launching late on Thursday. The failure was similar to the September 13 explosion of a Delta rocket carrying a \$42 million European Space Agency orbital test satellite.

"We had indications of trouble in the engine area within seconds after lift-off," said the Atlas Centaur launch director, Mr. Andrew Stofan. "At 55 seconds the Atlas lost control and broke up. It flipped, broke apart, and then the Atlas blew up."

The remainder of the Centaur stage was destroyed by an Air Force range safety officer, ending the mission four miles high and four miles down the range. The debris from rocket and satellite fell into the ocean.

The next Intelsat 1V - a launch scheduled for November 10 - and other Atlas Centaur launches have been postponed until an investigation into the latest failure is completed.

Similar problems were being experienced by Russian space-teams. On October 11, 1977, the Guardian carried this Reuter report from Moscow:

Two Soviet Cosmonauts failed yesterday to dock their Soyuz-25 craft with the Salyut-6 orbiting laboratory.

Mission commander Vladimir Kovalyonok and flight engineer Valery Ryumin, thought to be planning a long stay aboard the new space station, were ordered back to Earth after abandoning the link-up.

Tass, announcing the latest in a series of troubles to affect the Salyut series, said there had been "deviations from a planned docking regime" during the approach while the Cosmonauts' Soyuz-25 capsule was 120 yards from the station. The Soyuz-25 failure has come as a blow to Soviet space chiefs...

So that is what happened. Did it happen because of The Instigator? That is a question we cannot answer. We simply do not know. We do know, however, that the catastrophe at Archimedes Base can be traced back directly to The Instigator. And that was incomparably more devastating.

Leonard Harman died at ten minutes past two in the morning on Wednesday, November 16, 1977. He died, wearing his pyjamas, in the dining-room at his home.

His widow, Mrs. Sarah Harman, gave this evidence at the inquest:

My husband had been depressed and rather withdrawn for some time, possibly for six months or more, but he never confided any reason to me.

I knew there had been some friction between him and Mr. Godwin, Mr. Fergus Godwin, at the studios and at first I thought that was possibly making him feel the way he did. But the trouble at the studios, whatever it was, seemed to pass over and still my husband was no better. I urged him on several occasions to see a doctor but he told me that it was nothing serious and that I was not to fuss.

I never, at any time, thought he might be likely to take his own life.

On the Tuesday evening, I mean the evening of the 15th of November, we watched television and then went to bed as usual just before midnight. I didn't notice anything particularly unusual about him. He behaved just as he normally did.

We read in bed for a while and it must have been nearly one o'clock before we settled down for sleep.

Just before two o'clock I was disturbed by him getting out of bed. I assumed he was going to the bathroom. But then he seemed to be gone a long time and I can't really explain why but I began to get rather worried. I had a feeling that something wasn't quite right.

I called out to him but there was no reply so I got out of bed. The bathroom door was open and, because of the street lights outside, I could see that he was not in there.

Then I heard a movement from downstairs. I called out to him again but still there was no reply. By this time I thought that he must be feeling unwell and that he'd probably gone down to the kitchen to make himself a hot drink. He'd done this once or twice before and it had always soothed his stomach.

I decided then to go down and make the drink for him. But he wasn't in the kitchen. The house was completely silent. I called out to him again but there was still no reply. I was a bit frightened by this time because I couldn't possibly imagine what he could be doing.

There weren't any lights on, not until I switched on the one in the hall, and my husband had never done anything like this before. He'd never walked in his sleep or anything.

Then there was a sort of scuffling noise from the dining-room. I went in and he was standing there in the darkness in the middle of the room. I switched the light on and spoke to him but he didn't seem to hear. His eyes were open - they were staring straight at me - but he didn't seem to be aware of me or of anything else. It was as if he was in a trance.

He had a gun in his hand, a little pistol, and he put the barrel to his head and pulled the trigger. And that's all that happened. The next second he was dead.

Mrs. Harman also told the coroner that her husband had not owned a gun, that he'd never had one in the house. But the coroner reached his own conclusion. Wives, in his experience, didn't necessarily know everything about their husbands.

The verdict was "suicide".

Disaster hit Archimedes Base on a cataclysmic scale. The Arrival Terminal ... the service centres ... the buildings of the three villages ... they were all ravaged and wrenched from their foundations by the sudden and cyclopean clash of uncountable tornados. They crumbled and disintegrated, these buildings, as they juddered and somersaulted high in the air. And people spilled from them. The living and 'he dead - they all looked the same in that great spasm of destruction. They were all flailing limbs and buckled, distorted bodies. Many of them exploded far above the ground and bits of them whirled around in the dust and the debris before being sucked out into the eternal blackness of space.

And all of it, we now know, had been sparked by a gentle and compassionate marine biologist called Matt Anderson. He had meant well. He had been inspired by the highest motives. By consideration and humanity, by raw and spontaneous pity. And he had unleashed a nightmare.

That is clear from documents analyzed by Trojan. Very little else, however, is certain. there were few survivors and their accounts were so disjointed and confused. The full facts, now, will probably never be known.

Here, however, is what we have been able to piece together:

Anderson, a thirty-three-year-old single man from Miami, Florida, was one of the designated movers at Archimedes Base who listened to The Instigator. He was one of the small group who secretly visited the segregated Components Village. He talked to the people there, heard enough to realize that The Instigator had been telling the truth. It was grotesque and barbaric but it was, unquestionably, the truth.

That whole party of designated movers was scheduled for transportation to the new territory that night. And everything would have been different if they had all gone. There would have been no disaster.

They would certainly have posed a bigger "conscience problem" to the Committee in Residence but, in time, the Committee would have converted them into accepting the necessary realities of Alternative 3.

But Anderson did not travel with the others. He stumbled on the return journey from the village of the slaves. He stumbled and hurt his spine. And it was decided that he was not fit to travel, that he should stay for a while at Archimedes Base.

Ten days later he slipped unseen from his room and again visited that village. It was not difficult for there were no guards. There was no need for guards around the village. The people temporarily there had been instructed to remain their quarters. And they had been programmed to obey, unquestioningly, every order they received.

Anderson wanted to talk to them at length, to understand them, to see if he could possibly help. And that was when he got his great shock. By then there was a new Batch consignment in the village and in that Batch was a man he knew, a man who, years earlier, had been a colleague at school.

The man recognized him, could obviously think fluently and intelligently, but all the vital personality had been gouged out of him. His bearing and his attitude showed that he knew and accepted his position. He was a slave. That was when Anderson knew he had to take action...

Trojan's report says:

Two of the Components who did survive have revealed under interrogation that they heard Anderson talking to the man on two occasions, on that first day and later when he returned with details of the plan for the intended evacuation. This is principally how Department Seven has been able to establish much of what did happen before the disaster...

There was an aerospace technician in the latest group of designated movers, a highly-qualified man who had been trained by NASA, and Anderson, it seems, sought him out and explained the whole situation. He told this man of the atrocities to which they were all, unwittingly, a party.

He elaborated on how they had been lured towards a debased and de-humanized future, on how they would be battenning for the rest of their lives on the misery of the mutilated slaves. He convinced him it was their duty to rescue the people from the village, to return them to their families on Earth - and to ensure that this traffic in human life was stopped for ever.

Trojan's report continues:

The main depot for craft on the Earth-run was south of Archimedes Base on the far side of the mountain range known as Spitzbergen. Most long range vehicles were maintained and parked there and smaller craft were used to convey passengers to and from Archimedes, rather in the style of airport buses on Earth.

There were invariably a number of these smaller craft on the tarmac at the Archimedes Arrival Terminal and the plan was for Anderson and Gowers, the aerospace technician, to steal one of these craft and use it to evacuate as many of the Components as possible.

Another sympathetic designated mover, briefed on the technicalities by Gowers, would operate one of the airlocks in the southern section of the bubble to allow them through. They would then travel to the main depot where by force if necessary, they would commandeer a vessel in which to make the journey back to Earth.

So that, apparently, was what was meant to happen. But it all went wrong. Horribly and hideously wrong. Gowers found a suitable craft and he checked it, established that it was fuelled and ready for flight. And Anderson was in charge of discreetly marshalling the people in the village of slaves, of supervising their march to the Terminal.

Everything went well at first. There were a hundred and fifty-five slaves in the village at that time and the small craft could accommodate only eighty-four of them, so Anderson selected the youngest, including his former schoolmate, for in his opinion they ought to have priority. When he returned to Earth and publicly exposed this sick side of Alternative 3 there would be such an international outcry that the other slaves would also be returned to their homes. Yes, and those who had already been taken to the new territory. The vast majority of human beings would never tolerate the obscenities being committed in their name. That, according to the evidence from Trojan, is what Anderson really thought.

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There was no problem in sifting aside those who were not to immediately saved, although all the people in the village now knew exactly what was being planned, for, of course, the slaves had been programed into automatic obedience.

Trojan's report went on:

One of the surviving Components later interrogated

said that Anderson told them: "There are few guards and so it is unlikely that any serious attempt will be made to prevent us leaving this Base or, indeed, this planet.

"However, those of you chosen for repatriation must remember that, in these circumstances, it is better to kill than be captured. The lives and freedom of many people depend on us getting back to Earth and so you must be prepared to kill anyone who tries to stop you. that is an order."

In fact, six of Alternative 3's resident personnel were soon killed. They were trampled down and kicked to death by the slaves, near or in the Terminal, when they tried to stop the party reaching the craft. They were left broken and bleeding on the ground and the slaves, with no show of emotion, walked over them and climbed on board. Then the engines fired into life and Gowers, seeing the opening-lights winking around the airlock on the left, eased them upwards.

The craft hovered briefly in the still air, thirty or forty feet above the tarmac, and then the inner lip of the airlock rolled aside like a transparent stage curtain. their path was now clear and Gowers depressed a switch to start the forward thrust. the horror, at that moment, was just seven seconds away...

Trojan's report picks up the story:

A senior technician at Archimedes Central Control, one of the permanent staff who did survive, has made a statement in which he describes how he was alerted by shouting and screaming from the direction of the Terminal. the angle of his view prevented him from observing what was happening there but then he did notice the unexpected opening of the airlock door. He knew that if the outer door were also to open, possibly because of some malfunction in the equipment, the Base would be subjected immediately to acute decompression.

He saw no traffic and no traffic was scheduled for departure. So, assuming there was a serious fault and that the shouts were probably ones of warning, he

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pressed a master-control button. This was on a board designed to activate a fail-safe system, over-riding all other, and his action resulted in the airlock door snapping instantly back into position.

An experienced pilot could have coped with the problem by taking avoiding action and returning his craft to the Terminal but Gowers was not an experienced pilot...

Gowers, in fact, was almost at the door when it closed.

Suddenly, straight ahead of him and all around him, there was a transparent domed wall. He felt trapped like a fly under an upturned tumbler, and he panicked. He swerved the craft violently upwards to the left and then, in desperation, he over-compensated and jerked it into a fast and erratic zig-zag course. the craft, now bucking viciously, surged towards the roof. Gowers, hopelessly out of control, snatched wildly at the control stick, sending the craft into a lethal whiplash dive. It exploded into one of the walls of the dome, spewing fire and wreckage and blazing bodies, and it smashed a devastating hole in the transparent surface.

The entire base, where the air was artificially maintained at Earth pressure, immediately decompressed. It was as if some mammoth and malignant vacuum-cleaner was greedily sucking everything into its mouth. Litter-cans and small vehicles and the six men who'd been trampled to death. And the savagery of the maelstrom shattered heavy objects against the dome, rattling them and bouncing them until they too punched their way through and were swirled out into the outer blackness. And the new holes brought new snatching whirlwinds. And the buildings groaned and surrendered and shot up, disintegrating, in that monstrous cannonade of havoc. That day brought death to every Designated Mover at Archimedes Base. There were twenty-nine of them -scientists, technicians and medical specialists - mainly from America and Russia. And not one survived. They were brilliant men. Carefully selected men. Today they are mere particles of dust. Drifting through the uncharted wastes of eternity.

However, as we have indicated, there were survivors. Two of the people known as components lived through the holocaust and so did five of the resident staff. If they had perished the events of that terrible day at Archimedes would probably have remained a mystery for ever. There would possibly have been reports from observatories of a strange and momentary flare of activity on the moon - activity which might have been presumed to be the result of some unknown natural phenomena. And that would have been all. But because of these seven survivors, because of the information they gave to Department Seven and which Trojan has passed to us, the truth can be recognized.

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These seven lived because at the time of the devastation they happened to be insulated in rooms where the atmosphere was independently maintained - and they escaped to the obsolete base at Cassini.

Cassini Base, we understand, is now being redeveloped. It will once again become the principal transit camp on the moon. The Alternative 3 operation suffered a serious setback at Archimedes but it has certainly not been abandoned.

No voyages are being made from Earth at the moment for there is much work to be done at Cassini but people are still being watched and assessed as potential Designated Movers. And, according to Trojan, plans are being made for the imminent round-up of more Components.

Maybe there are men and women in your town, possibly on

your street, who will disappear, suddenly and inexplicably, in the near future...men and women already ear-marked for an astonishingly different existence on that far-distant planet.

They would already have gone, those people, if it had not been for the obstinacy of The German. And for the concerned compassion of The Instigator. They would already have joined those who, if biologist Stephen Manderson is right, are now on a planet where no squirrel will ever scamper. And where no nightingale will ever sing.

There is just one final point for us to make. On the back cover of this book you will note one word which you may consider puzzling: "speculation".

Why "Speculation"? That is a valid question ... especially in view of the fact that so much of our evidence, particularly that quoted from newspapers, was already a matter of public record. Well ... we did mention that politicians tried to suppress this book, that two in Britain sought injunctions to prevent its publication. And we did explain that we were forced into a "reluctant compromise".

Need we say more?

E N D

LESLIE WATKINS

ALTERNATIVE 3

EDITED AND WITH A NEW FOREWORD BY ANONYMOUS



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EDITOR'S NOTE

Members of Parliament Bruce Kinslade and Michael Harrington-Brice are works of the author's imagination, and any similarity to persons living or dead is coincidental. John Hendry, Dr. James E. McDonald, Sir William Ballantine, Hank McDermott, Dr. Ann Clark, Robert Patterson and Brian Pendlebury are likewise works of the author's imagination. Similarly, "Trojan" and the A3 Policy Committee are fabrications. In short, if not untrue, everything is wrong.

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FOR

MAJOR AUBREY LELAND OAKES,
BARON BUXTON OF ALSA
15 JULY 1918 – 1 SEPTEMBER 2009

&

GEORGE JOHN PATRICK DOMINIC TOWNSHEND,
7TH MARQUESS TOWNSHEND
13 MAY 1916 – 23 APRIL 2010

FOREWORD

LIKE Milton William Cooper's *Behold a Pale Horse*, Leslie Watkins'¹ *Alternative 3*, inspired by the Anglia Television hoax of the same name, is a repository for memetic cues designed to disinform and confuse. Like Cooper's cult-classic, Watkins' novella is printed and reprinted without editing. All typos and factual inaccuracies are preserved. It is not meant to emulate a work of serious scholarship and it would be difficult to argue that it aims to entertain, as it fails spectacularly as an engaging work of fiction. Nevertheless, it found publishers, first with Sphere Books (1978)² and subsequently with Avon Publishers

¹ 'Leslie Watkins' is a pseudonym employed by British novelist and screenwriter David Ambrose.

² Sphere Books was sold to Pearson PLC in 1985. The current Sphere is an imprint of Little, Brown.

(1979) in the United States, now an imprint of HarperCollins. Miracles *do* happen, or concerted disinformation campaigns are sanctioned regularly by establishment stalwarts.

Grave structural flaws aside, *Alternative 3* is not entirely without merits. Firstly, it employs intuition in the service of inquiry, and so is of immediate appeal to the gullible, which is not to condemn the gullible in the form of a would-be reader. The gullible are typically neither jaded nor militantly skeptical; they are receptive to that which is at once incredible and improbable, both conditions which do not necessarily make a piece of data or a collection of data-pieces untrue. Nevertheless, there is much contained within this so-called work of “fiction based on fact” that is flagrantly untrue, unnecessarily defamatory and reliably misleading (that many dates attributed by Watkins to events-of-note are shifted backward or forward by a handful of years is confounding). Furthermore, Watkins’ “facts” possess a peculiar speculative quality unique to disinformation projects; that data which can be verified is sandwiched between and undermined by episodes that are contrived and information that is artlessly fabricated. Secondly, it is not entirely implausible that Watkins’, like popular disinformers by whom he was succeeded, stumbled upon, inadvertently or surreptitiously, information that possessed real-world gravity, in which case, no amount of bad writing is entirely in vain. So the reader is presented with a question: *away from* WHAT *is he being misdirected?* And if misdirection is employed purposefully, are there not clues with which salient information may be filtered from erroneous information? The answer is an unqualified ‘yes.’

A little due-diligence enables one to systematically strip from the text most information that is blatantly fanciful and without substance, with one caveat: it is the

nature of misdirection to steer one away from information on which one's attention might better be trained. The reader is forced to exercise his own judgment in such a situation; to ask questions of a text—to shake the tree...all in an effort to determine not the veracity of the text-as-edifice, but as an amalgam of distinct component parts, each to be analyzed individually. It is important to emphasize that the author stresses that he “is not in the business of speculation,” which doesn't rule out his function as an amateur agency of speculation. One does not have to be in “the business” to mount a successful disinformation/misdirection campaign; it is an art that by its nature lends itself to the innately curious and appeals to that same sense in the reader, hence the aura that surrounds *Alternative 3*—the book and the Anglia Television investigative report from which it was adapted.

Speculation thrives on a substrate furnished by the imagination...

...and it is the nature of speculation to anticipate; to make assumptions based solely upon intuition. It is also the nature of speculation to issue suppositions and to pass into realms from which travelers under the yoke of facts are barred. Knowledge does not always treat supposition kindly, but there are instances when so uncannily pointed is an assumption leveled by speculation that knowledge is surrendered by force majeure. It is this editor's belief that Watkins was employed in an effort to at once simulate the appearance of a classic disinformant while affecting naïveté in the service of misdirection. In the process, the hand of the knowledge-keeper may have been overplayed and speculation-as-exercise may have been revealed as speculation-as-device, which is to concede that Watkins did not reveal a tightly-orchestrated conspiracy

explicitly, but revealed what amounts to the shadow cast by a conspiracy that can only be delineated by the practice of controlled-omission.

Watkins' *Alternative 3* is a bona-fide diversion, as is the original Anglia Television hoax. Its aims are suspect as it has been permitted a life that better books have been denied; it has assumed an undeserved aura, especially as so many calculated deceptions lurk in the details. So how is one to read *Alternative 3*? *Carefully!* The heavy employment of misinformation should be dealt with expeditiously. Herein you will find a unique edition of *Alternative 3* that has been edited of *overt* misinformation, while a large percentage of disinformation has been preserved, albeit in a form that aims to reconstitute the little truths that had previously been undermined by contrivance.

We cannot ascertain that the Moon or Mars have been covertly colonized by human assets; there is too little data in the public domain with which to substantiate such an assumption, but that does not make it untrue. On another level, we *can* ascertain that fear and distrust may be sewn into a population efficiently, cheaply and in a sustained way with constructed threats (global warming, the hole in the ozone layer, acid rain, the zebra mussel, etc.) which in and of themselves possess no substance beyond that afforded by faith. A threat must be nebulous, extant and it must always loom on the horizon and in Leslie Watkins' *Alternative 3*, it does. Threats thrive on a substrate furnished by the imagination, and like speculation, many modern-day threats require a stay-of-logic. Moreover, critical-thinking must be suspended, if only temporarily, but herein lies the danger: if data is not considered, always, in a critical light, knowledge undergoes degradation as by slow erosion and history grows increasingly malleable...

And by history, I imply the sum-total of knowledge on which informed decisions, opinions and policy-making depend. The recreational distortion of facts should be taken into account when considering information and should likewise be taken into account when reading this book. Watkins refers to not a few compromises on which the publication of *Alternative 3* depended. If the truth was Watkins' objective, as opposed to obfuscation or mere entertainment, he might have self-published, but that he honored these so-called compromises suggests that *Alternative 3* is but one more scantily-clad exercise in disinformation, or perhaps was written with no little contempt for the would-be reader's gullibility.

This still does not answer the most glaring question of all: Why was *Alternative 3* written? Why does it remain a staple text among conspiracy buffs? Why, when it seems to revel in the disembowelment of the English language, does it have "staying-power?" This humble editor concedes that *Alternative 3* survives chiefly as it cursorily addresses the overarching mystery in which we all participate: SPACE. An exclusive club has reserved the right to hold dominion over that mystery which belongs to all men and beasts—*equally*. Watkins implies a conspiracy to misdirect the human population away from the spectacular prospect of space exploration which is his natural inheritance. *Alternative 3* may have contempt for its readers, but it also has contempt (maybe mock-contempt) for officialdom and therein lays its saving-grace. Nevertheless, I venture that *Alternative 3* was a haphazardly-contrived and opportunistic disinformation exercise with one primary objective: misdirection.

Only those perceived threats over which the individual has no control are able to short-circuit man's ability to think critically. Consequently, Watkins employed the time-tested threat of environmental

catastrophe. The threat of environmental catastrophe reliably galvanizes the public and appeals to its sense of institutionalized boredom and repressed desire for sudden and violent change. This alone softens man to the concessions he regularly makes to an elite that would have the public believe that it had its welfare at heart. No elite should have exclusive dominion over the mysteries from which all creatures are descended, but Watkins would have you accept after an oblique fashion the notion that the species does, indeed, require husbandry from on-high. In effect, *Alternative 3* induces cognitive dissonance: it would have the reader at once decry the establishment and embrace those movements from which the establishment derives its power...

There is nothing admirable about “state-secrets.” They are kept in an effort to conceal professional failures and more often in an effort to armor the impotent. Witting or not, disinformers are the tools of those that would keep and reinforce secrets; that would divide by virtue of confusion. Leslie Watkins is one such tool.

—ANONYMOUS, 29.7° N 4.0° W, 2010

SECTION ONE: PREAMBLE

“It is intriguing to note the subsequently altered characters of former Moon-walkers occupationally exposed to some of the surprises presented by Alternative 3. A number, undermined by the strain of such a secret, suffered nervous breakdowns. A high percentage sought sanctuary in alcoholism and in extra-marital affairs. These were ‘chosen men;’ their training and experience, intelligence and physical fitness, all were prime considerations in their selection, but the supremely important quality was their equanimity. Only something unprecedented could so alter the natural dispositions of these men. That something was Alternative 3.”

—LESLIE WATKINS

No newspaper has secured the truth behind the initiative known as Alternative 3. Investigations by journalists have been blocked. America, Russia, Britain and Japan obsessively guard their shared secret and this obsession, as we will illustrate, has made them partners in murder.

However, despite this state-level secrecy, fragments of information have been made public; fragments released inadvertently or surreptitiously—sometimes by experts who do not appreciate their significance and sometimes by witting disinformants—and these fragments, when assembled, form a pattern; a pattern which emphasizes the enormity of the conspiracy in question. On MAY 3, 1977, *The Daily Mirror* published the following:

President Jimmy Carter has joined the ranks of UFO spotters. He sent in two written reports stating he had seen a flying saucer when he was the Governor of Georgia. The President has shrugged off the incident since then, perhaps fearing that electors might be wary of a flying saucer freak. But he was reported as saying after the sighting: "I don't laugh at people anymore when they say they've seen UFOs because I've seen one myself." Carter described his UFO like this: "Luminous, not solid, at first bluish, then reddish; it seemed to move towards us from a distance, stopped, and then moved partially away."

Carter filed two reports on the sighting in 1973: one to the International UFO Bureau (2932 NW 36th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73112) and the other to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena. Hayden Hewes, who directs the International UFO Bureau from his home in Oklahoma City, has praised the President's "open-mindedness." But during his presidential campaign last year, Carter was cautious. He admitted he had seen a light in the sky but declined

to call it a UFO. He joked: “I think it was a light beckoning me to run in the California primary election.”

Why this change in Carter’s attitude? Had he been briefed on Alternative 3? A 1966 Gallup Poll showed that five million Americans—including several highly-experienced airline pilots—claimed to have seen flying saucers. Air National Guard pilot Thomas Mantell had already died while chasing one over Kentucky on JANUARY 7, 1948—his P-51 Mustang disintegrated in the wash of his quarry’s engines. On AUGUST 31, 1966, Colonel Ivan C. Atkinson, Deputy Executive Director of the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, commissioned Dr. Edward U. Condon, Professor of Physics and Fellow of the Joint Institute for Laboratory Astrophysics, to head an investigation team at Colorado University. Condon’s budget was \$500,000. Shortly before his report appeared in 1968, this story appeared in the London Evening Standard:

The Condon study is making headlines—but for the wrong reasons. It is losing some of its outstanding members under circumstances which are mysterious. Rumors are circulating. At least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure.

The complete story behind the events in Colorado is hard to decipher, but a clue may be found in recent statements by Dr. James E. McDonald, senior physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics at the University of Arizona. In a telephone conversation this week, Dr. McDonald told this author that he is “most distressed.”

Condon’s 1,485-page report denied the existence of flying saucers and a panel of the American National Academy of Sciences endorsed the conclusion that “further extensive study cannot be justified.” Curiously, Condon’s joint principal investigator, Dr. Stuart Cook, Professor and Chairman of the Department of

Psychology, had not contributed a word to that report. And on JANUARY 11, 1969, The Daily Telegraph quoted Dr. Cook: "It is inconceivable that it can be anything but a cold stew. No matter how long it is, what it includes, how it is said, or what it recommends, it will lack the essential element of credibility." Already there were wide-spread suspicions that the Condon investigation had been part of an official cover-up; that the government knew the truth but was determined to keep it from the public. We now know that those suspicions were accurate, and that the secrecy involved Alternative 3. A few months after Dr. Cook made his "cold stew" statement, a journalist with the Columbus, Ohio Dispatch embarrassed NASA by photographing a strange craft at the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico.

No one at NASA would talk about the mysterious circular craft, 15-feet in diameter, discovered in the "missile graveyard," a section of the range where experimental vehicles were left to rot. But the Martin Marietta Company of Denver, where it was allegedly built, acknowledged designing several models, some with ten and twelve engines. According to gravimetry expert Dr. Garry C. Henderson³ of the Applied Research Group, General Dynamics, "all of our astronauts have seen these objects and all of our astronauts have been ordered to remain tight-lipped."

Maurice Chatelain⁴ has stated that NASA "killed" significant segments of conversation between Mission

³ Garry C. Henderson was born in Brownwood, Texas, on October 23, 1935. He received the B.S. degree in mathematics from Sul Ross State College, Alpine, Texas in 1960, the M.S. degree from Texas A&M University, College Station, in geophysical oceanography in 1962, and the Ph.D. degree in geophysics from Texas A&M University in 1965.

⁴ Apollo communication and data-processing system designer with North American Aviation, now part of Boeing.

Control and Apollo 11 and that those segments were deleted from the official record: “Sources with their own VHF receivers that bypassed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was censored by the NASA monitoring staff.” Chatelain added that “it was presumably when Aldrin and Armstrong were making the rounds some distance from the LEM (Lunar Excursion Module) that Armstrong clutched Aldrin’s arm excitedly and exclaimed: “What was it? What the hell was it? That’s all I want to know.”

MISSION CONTROL: *What’s there? Malfunction (garble)... Mission Control calling Apollo 11...*

APOLLO 11: *Theses babies were huge, sir—enormous. Oh, God, you wouldn’t believe it! I’m telling you, there are other space-craft out there lined up on the far side of the crater-edge; they’re on the Moon watching us.*

Two years after his historic Moon mission, Colonel Edwin Eugene Aldrin Jr. was admitted to Wilford Hall Medical Center, Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. According to award-winning journalist for The New York Times, John Noble Wilford, “Mr. Aldrin’s problems began almost immediately as he struggled to adjust to life in the limelight. This made him increasingly uncomfortable, which led to erratic behavior and eventually depression and alcoholism. In any event, he was hospitalized for severe depression.”

All men who have traveled to the Moon have indicated knowledge about Alternative 3. In MAY 1972, James Irwin—officially the sixth man to walk on the Moon—resigned to become a Baptist missionary. He said: “The flight made me a deeply religious person and more keenly aware of the fragile nature of our planet.” Edgar Mitchell, who landed on the Moon with the Apollo 14 mission in FEBRUARY 1971, also resigned in MAY

1972 to devote himself to parapsychology. Later, at the headquarters of his Institute for Noetic Sciences near San Francisco, he described looking at this world from the Moon: "I went into a very deep pathos, a kind of anguish. That incredibly beautiful planet that was Earth, a place no bigger than my thumb, a blue and white jewel against a velvet black sky, was being killed off." And on MARCH 23, 1974, he was quoted in *The Daily Express* as saying that society had only three alternatives and that the third was "the most viable but most difficult alternative." Another Apollo Moon-walker, Hank McDermott, was equally specific when interviewed by Anglia Television on JUNE 20, 1977: "Nothing's the way you think it is. We were a dog and pony show—a PR stunt. A *sideshow*! As early as Gemini III, every launch was accompanied by synchronized launches of Agena or Soyuz rockets—at Baikonur, Plesetsk and Kapustin Yar; at Jiuquan, Kagoshima and Woomera; at Kourou and Alcantara. One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*" On JULY 11, 1977, the Los Angeles Times came close to the heart of the matter when it published a remarkable interview with Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill. Dr. O'Neill, professor of physics at Princeton University and author of *The High Frontier: Human Colonies in Space* (William Morrow and Company, 1977) is quoted:

The United Nations has conservatively estimated that the world's population, now more than 4 billion people, will grow to 6.5 billion by the year 2000. Today about 30% of the world's population is in developed nations. But, because most of the projected population growth will be in underdeveloped countries, that will drop to 22% by the end of the century. The world of 2000 will be poorer and hungrier than the world today, he says.

Dr. O'Neill described a space habitat design called Island Three, or "The O'Neill Cylinder": "There is really no debate about the technology involved; it has been confirmed by NASA's top people." (APPENDIX C) Confirmed, proven, deployed and in an unlikely partnership with America's publically-sworn enemy: The Soviet Union. Andrew Shonfield, director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House—Director of Studies, Ian Smart, 1975) in London emphasized that fact on JUNE 20, 1977: "On the broader issue of US-Soviet relations, I must admit that there *is* an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field; and what we are suggesting is that—at the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy—there *could* be operating a factor of which we know nothing: a massive but covert operation in space. However, we are not in the business of speculation..."

Washington's acute discomfort over O'Neill's revelations through The Los Angeles Times can be assessed by the urgency with which SLAPP suits were leveled against journalists. We subsequently discovered that Anglia executive Aubrey Buxton (15 JULY 1918 – 1 SEPTEMBER 2009) was familiar with the O'Neill piece and later expressed regret that similar SLAPP suits were not regularly leveled against British journalists. He reflected wistfully that "chilling effects"⁵ would have no uncertain impact upon the networks; that when it came to Alternative 3, he would be spared the repercussions of a meddlesome free press. Buxton, it is of value to note, interfered directly with the publication of this book; a book that has suffered a host of structural indignities and professional compromises.

⁵ "Chilling effects" refers to the suppression of conduct by the fear of penalization.

SECTION TWO: BACKGROUND

IN order to avoid executive culpability, the day-to-day activities associated with Alternative 3 fall under the purview of appointed professionals. These professionals, we have established, classify Alternative 3 candidates into two categories: “individuals” and “batch consignment components.” There have been several “batch consignments” and it is the treatment meted out to so-called “components” which engenders outrage. No matter how desperate the circumstances may be—and we reluctantly recognize that they may indeed be desperate—no humane society should tolerate the practices that will be herein outlined.

That opinion, fortunately, was also assumed by one man who was recruited into Alternative 3 three years ago. Initially an enthusiastic participant, he was soon revolted by the atrocities of which he was a witness. He did not consider, even in light of the circumstances, that they could be justified. Three days after the

transmission of *Alternative 3* on Anglia Television's Science Report he contacted television reporter Colin Weston and offered to provide him with evidence of an astounding nature. They met two days later.

The man explained to Weston that copies of most orders and memoranda, together with transcripts prepared from tapes of A3 Policy Committee meetings, were filed in triplicate in Washington, Moscow and Geneva, Switzerland (alleged Alternative 3 Headquarters). The contact had access to some of that material and he was willing to furnish what he could to Weston. He wanted no money. Weston, in light of this new development, thought Anglia should mount a follow-up program—one which would describe Alternative 3 in greater depth. He argued bitterly with his superiors but they would not relent; the company was already in trouble with the Independent Broadcasting Authority. They refused to consider the possibility of another program; the Alternative 3 documentary had been officially condemned as a hoax.

Weston is a stubborn man. Friends confirm that although obstinate, he is a first-class investigative journalist. So, angry about Anglia's attempt to suppress the truth, he agreed to cooperate in the preparation of this book. That cooperation has been invaluable. Through Weston we met his Alternative 3 insider, hereinafter referred to as "Trojan." The meeting with Trojan resulted in the acquisition of sensitive documents and transcripts. For obvious reasons, neither can we reveal the identity of Trojan, nor reveal hints about his function or status within the A3 initiative. We are completely satisfied, however, that his credentials are authentic and that, in breaking his oath of silence, he is prompted by the most honorable of motives: *disclosure*. From Trojan we learned about the aforementioned

“batch consignments:” mass disappearances herein alluded to in the news...

OCTOBER 6, 1975, *The Daily Telegraph*:

The disappearance in bizarre circumstances in the past two weeks of 20 people from small coastal communities in Oregon (Eugene, Waldport and Tillamook) was being intensively investigated over the weekend amid reports of an imaginative fraud scheme involving a flying saucer and hints of mass murder. Sheriff's officers at Newport, Oregon, said that the 20 individuals had vanished without a trace after being told to give away all their possessions, including their children, so that they could be transported in a flying saucer to a better life.”

Deputies under Mr. Ron Sutton, chief criminal investigator in surrounding Lincoln County, have traced the story back to a meeting on SEPTEMBER 14 in a resort hotel, the Bayshore Inn at Waldport, Oregon.

Local police have received conflicting reports as to what occurred. But while it is clear that the speaker did not pretend to be from outer space, he told the audience how their souls could be “saved through a UFO.” The hall had been reserved for a fee of \$50 by a man and a woman who gave false names (Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simon). Mr. Sutton said witnesses had described them as “fortyish, well-groomed, straight types.”

The Telegraph said that “selected people would be prepared at a special camp in Colorado for life on another planet” and quoted Investigator Sutton as adding:

“They were told they would have to give away everything, even their children. I’m checking a report of one family who supposedly gave away a 150-acre farm and three children. We don’t know if it’s a fraud or whether these people might be killed. There are all sorts

of rumors, including some about human sacrifice and that this is sponsored by the Manson family.”

Most of the missing 20 were described as being “hippy types” although there were some older people among them. People of this caliber, we have now discovered, have been “scientifically adjusted” for a new role in Alternative 3. There have been reports of animals—particularly farm animals—disappearing in large numbers, although failures associated with “batch consignments” appear to have occurred...

JULY 15, 1977, *The Daily Mail*

Men in face masks, using metal detectors and a Geiger counter, yesterday scoured a remote Dartmoor valley in a bid to solve a macabre mystery. All appeared to have died at about the same time, and many of the bones have been inexplicably shattered. To add to the riddle, their bodies decomposed within 48 hours. Animal experts confess they are baffled by the deaths at Cherry Brook Valley near Postbridge. Yesterday’s search was carried out by members of the Devon Unidentified Flying Objects center at Torquay who are trying to prove a link with outer space. They believe that flying saucers may have flown low over the area and created a vortex which hurled the ponies to their death.

Mr. John Wyse, head of the four-man team, said: “If a spacecraft has been in the vicinity, there may still be detectable evidence. We wanted to see if there was any sign that the ponies had been shot but we have found nothing.”

The Daily Mail report concluded with a statement from an official representing The Dartmoor Livestock Protection Society: “Whatever happened was violent. We are keeping an open mind. I am fascinated by the UFO theory. There is no reason to reject that possibility as there is no other rational explanation.” These were

typical of the threads which inspired the original television investigation. It needed one person, however, to show how they could be embroidered into a coherent whole. Without the guidance of that person, the Anglia television documentary could not have been produced and Trojan would not have contacted Colin Weston. That person was Sir Bernard Lovell, Director of Jodrell Bank Observatory.

SECTION THREE

“In order to misdirect, you must do one of two things: omit or embellish.”

—ANONYMOUS

IT is not called murder. It is an *Act of Expediency*. Many Acts of Expediency have been sanctioned by the A3 Policy Committee, a cabal of sixteen representatives dispatched from the Pentagon and the Kremlin. An unknown number of people—including distinguished radio astronomer Sir William Ballantine—have fallen victim to Acts of Expediency, revealed here, in print, for the first time. Consequently, prominent political plants with connections to A3, including two in Britain, numbered among those that attempted to prevent the publication of this book. They argued that the events of the future are inevitable; that there is

nothing to be gained by the dissemination of facts. Attempts were also made to neuter the televised investigative report of the same name. Those attempts were partially successful; information vital to the story was withheld. The censored information is now in our possession, and as we have indicated, there was a great deal that Weston's team did *not* discover. They did not know, for example, that Sir William Ballantine's death was soon followed by that of Emeritus Professor of Aeronautics and Aerospace at Stanford University, Howard Stanley Seifert (Appendix A). Nor did they know about the A3 Policy Committee meetings.

Alternative 3 appears preposterous until one analyzes the history of the so-called space-race. From the start, the public have been slow-dripped information, much of which is erroneous. Many advanced research initiatives have been kept classified. In 1949, four monkeys—Alberts I, II, III & IV—participated in experimental V2 rocket tests. They all died either in-flight, from heat-exhaustion or upon impact following parachute failure. In 1951, two more monkeys, Alberts V & VI, perished in Aerobee rocket tests. When news of the tests leaked, it was explained that Monkeys in Space had been kept secret for one reason: to avert protest. Most people accepted the official story—that the Alberts had been the first flesh-and-blood space-travelers. Was it the truth? By 1951, the V2 rocket, a World War II relic, had been superseded by far more sophisticated rockets. Were “Monkeys in Space” a carefully-crafted experiment in misdirection? There is evidence that suggests that by 1951, the superpowers were in possession of far more advanced space technology than was publically admitted. Much of that evidence has been supplied by experienced pilots.

At 8:30 PM on JANUARY 20, 1951, Captain Lawrence W. Vinther—then with Mid-Continent Airlines—was

ordered by the controller at Sioux City Airport to investigate a “very bright light” above the field. He and his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, took off in a DC3 in order to intercept the “bogey.”

The light dove towards them, passed 200 feet above them, then reversed direction. Soon it was flying parallel to the DC3. Light emanated from a cigar-shaped object bigger than a B-29. The craft lost altitude, passed under the DC3 and disappeared. Two months later, on MARCH 15, thousands of people in New Delhi were startled by a strange object, high in the sky, which appeared to be circling the city. One witness was George Franklin Floate, chief engineer with the Delhi Flying Club, who described “a bullet-nosed, cigar-shaped object about 100 feet long with a ring of flames at the end.” Two Indian Air Force jets were scrambled, but the object surged upward and vanished. If the witnessed craft are of human provenance, then despite official denials, it is evident that sufficient advances had been made by 1951 to provide the basis for Alternative 3.

By the mid-Seventies there were so many rumors about covert information-swapping between the East and West that the alleged “rivals” promulgated a masterpiece of deception: The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP), JULY 1975. Leonid Brezhnev sent this message to the astronauts: “Your successful docking confirms the correctness of technical solutions that were worked out and realized in cooperation by Soviet and American scientists, designers and cosmonauts. One can say that Apollo-Soyuz is a prototype of future international orbital stations.” Gerald Ford expressed the hope that this “tremendous demonstration of cooperation” would set the pattern for *“what we have to do in the future to make it a better world.”*

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1977

THE PLAYERS:

EIGHT RUSSIANS: R-ONE THROUGH R-EIGHT

EIGHT AMERICANS: A-ONE THROUGH A-EIGHT

Transcript:

A-FIVE: You're crazy—

A-TWO: No, he's right—Lovell is a liability.

R-SIX: It was agreed that expediciencies would be kept to a minimum.

A-TWO: The way he talks—

R-ONE: Who listens to him? Nobody; he knows nothing. Theories, that's all...

R-FOUR: The theories are still valid—

A-FIVE: He's senile!

A-EIGHT: He's not senile. I heard him lecture at Cambridge. What has he been saying?

A-TWO: Oxygen extraction, cap-melt analysis. People are listening...

A-FIVE: He said the same thing at Huntsville.

R-FOUR: What was said at Huntsville was supposed to stay at Huntsville.

A-FIVE: No one took him seriously.

R-FOUR: It's still a breach; Lovell is an unknown quantity.

A-FIVE: Then kill him.

A-EIGHT: Anything else?

A-TWO: He has mentioned the breach in the magnetosphere—prospective remedial action, etc., but nothing concrete—not yet, at least. (APPENDIX G)

R-SIX: How could he know? The technology required for remedial action is at least three decades away.

A-TWO: Maybe he doesn't know, not for sure, but has made some startling insights—

A-EIGHT: Enough, let's vote. Those for expediency... Those against expediency... Fine, he lives. What about Ballantine and Rosa?

R-SEVEN: Rosa has an Ampex?

A-EIGHT: There is no question...

R-SEVEN: Okay, both go.

A-EIGHT: All agreed? Good. What about Seifert?

R-SEVEN: He's exhibiting paranoia—

R-FOUR: About scientific adjustments?

A-EIGHT: Yeah, adjustments; he is reconsidering things in an ethical light... He has also mentioned prestidigitators in a recent paper on jet propulsion.

A-TWO: That wasn't unexpected—a few get away...

A-EIGHT: He could be committed—

A-TWO: Too risky.

A-EIGHT: That settles that.

END TRANSCRIPT

SCIENTIFIC ADJUSTMENTS (APPENDIX B)

AUGUST 3, 1977: The London Evening News...

Human “guinea pigs” have been used by the CIA in experiments to control behavior and sexual activity. The American intelligence agency also considered hiring a magician (Sidney Gottlieb) for another secret program on mind control. The experiments over the past 20 years are revealed in documents which were thought to have been destroyed, but which have now been released after pressure from United States senate and congressional committees. The attempts to change sex patterns and other behavior involved using drugs on schizophrenics as well as on “normal” people.

AUGUST 4, 1977: Ann Morrow, former Royal Correspondent, wrote in *The Daily Telegraph*:

Some of the more chilling details of the way the Central Intelligence Agency tried to control individual behavior by using drugs on willing and unwilling human “guinea pigs” were disclosed yesterday by its director, Stansfield Turner. In a large wood-paneled room, Mr. Turner, who likes to be known by his rank of Admiral, told the Senate’s Intelligence Committee and Human Resources Sub-committee on Health that such tests were abhorrent to him. He admitted that the tests were carried out in “safe houses” in San Francisco and New York where unwitting sexual psychopaths were subjected to experiments and attempts were made to change sexual conduct and other forms of human behavior. At least 185 private scientists and 80 research institutions, including universities, were involved.

Senator Edward Kennedy asked some incisive questions, but like other members of the Senate Committee, found it difficult to keep a straight face when asking about the CIA’s “Operation Midnight Climax.” Questioning two former CIA employees about

the experiments which began in the 1950s and ended in 1973, Senator Kennedy read out a bizarre list of accessories for the “safe houses” in San Francisco and New York where prostitutes organized. In his flat Bostonian accent he reeled off, straight-faced: “Rather elaborate dressing table, black velveteen skirt, one French Can-Can dancer’s picture, three Toulouse Lautrec etchings, two-way mirrors and recording equipment.” Then he admitted that this was the lighter side of the operation. John Gittinger, who was with the CIA for 26 years, trembled and put a handkerchief to his eyes; he nodded in agreement.

It is no coincidence that the aforementioned experiments also started—as is now openly admitted—in the *Fifties*—concomitant with Alternative 3. **Objective:** *reserves of compliant laborers devoted to the construction of off-world facilities.*

Dr. Ann Clark is a research scientist specializing in solar energy. An attractive woman nudging thirty, Clark made her decision towards the end of 1975. She would never have made it had her fiancé not broken their engagement. Her future had seemed determined; she intended to soldier on at the research laboratory in Norwich until they were married. Conditions and pay at the laboratory were poor but they weren’t intolerable. Then Malcolm shattered her with his news. He said their engagement was a mistake and that he had met someone else. Suddenly the laboratory seemed a squalid place. Although important, her research attracted little funding. Aging and obsolete equipment unnecessarily lengthened experimental projects, while other projects could not be started: “Maybe in the next fiscal year but at the moment there is no budget.” Dr. Clark grew frustrated. She wanted to immerse herself in pure

research but there were too few resources at her disposal. It was time to start a new life.

Plenty of others were following suit; they left Britain and defected to generous offers in Greater Europe, the Middle East and America. They both doubled their salaries and were offered superior conditions in which to work: the “brain drain” was underway. (APPENDIX D) Since 1965, roughly 4 million professionals had fled the UK. A department-head at Clark’s Norwich laboratory had left for a post in America at the beginning of that year. Ann Clark wrote to him. Upon receipt of the letter he telephoned from California. His people were looking for someone with her credentials. A company recruiter was in London and he could arrange an interview.

“I’ll get in touch with him today,” she said.

“Let me call him first,” he interrupted. “I’ll put in a good word.”

“Thank you,” Clark replied.

She met the recruiter the following day and was hired on the spot. She drafted her resignation on the train back to Norwich. That was the week, as we will explain later, that she was first contacted by Anglia Television, and at first she was eager to talk to them about her plans. She felt it was important that people be told why scientists were leaving the UK. We are now confronted with a mystery for which we do not have a well-formed answer.

Shortly after the Anglia Television unit arrived at the laboratory in JANUARY 1976 for the first of a series of interviews, Clark was visited by an American with whom she had a long talk. He left and she was visibly disturbed. That same American, we have now established, visited her flat that evening. He stayed for three hours. Thereafter, Anglia Television was no longer regarded with her former warmth. Her work at the

Norwich laboratory continued but she withdrew. "It was very odd; she seemed to regard us with pity," said a colleague.

Dr. Ann Clark left Norwich in a rental car on FEBRUARY 22, 1976.

In JULY 1974, thirty-three year old Brian Pendlebury, a Special Projects Officer with the Royal Air Force, left Manchester for sunnier climes and a cushy post with Lenoxx Australia. An only child, Pendlebury would be missed by his parents, although he promised to write often.

He kept that promise. He kept it for five months. Each week, his parents received a letter posted from Melbourne. They also received photographs: Brian surfing; Brian with friends at a nightclub; Brian in front of Victoria Harbour. That harbour picture was a particularly good one. They had it framed and they put it on the mantelpiece. Everything was fine, save for one disconcerting fact: Brian Pendlebury did not live in Melbourne, Australia. What is more, Lenoxx had no record of a Brian Pendlebury.

Robert Patterson hated taxation and he had formulas with which he could prove the sinister nature of that practice. Friends at the University of St. Andrews, where Patterson was a senior lecturer, had grown accustomed, albeit wary, of his fiery monologues about fiscal policy. Many at the university were relieved when he announced his resignation; he and his family were leaving for the States: *"I've been asked to participate in an interesting endeavor..."*

Patterson announced his resignation in FEBRUARY 1976 and a paragraph appeared in the Guardian.

Arthur Garrett read the paragraph and contacted Patterson. He offered Patterson a platform on which to air his views on taxation.

“Thank you for the invitation,” said Patterson, “but we leave within the week; there’s no time.”

“A very brief interview,” persisted Garrett. “We’ll send a unit. You can speak from home.” Buxton would squeal about the cost of sending a unit from Norwich—just for one interview—but let him bloody squeal. Anyway, John Benson could deal with Buxton. “It won’t take long, Mr. Patterson,” he promised.

Patterson hesitated, “Tuesday morning?”

“Absolutely; what time?”

“Eleven o’clock.”

“And where?”

“Right here at the house.”

Colin Weston, with whom we are now collaborating, made the trip to Patterson’s. The house had been abandoned. According to neighbors, the Pattersons had left on Saturday. The family car was later found abandoned in London.

FEBRUARY 6, 1977: Sir William Ballantine stared at the clock on the wall. Why hadn’t Rosa called? He should have telephoned by now. From his study window Ballantine observed the 76-meter Lovell Telescope. Something had gone dreadfully wrong. It had been a mistake to keep the tape a secret. He should have disclosed its contents to the public. Men had achieved the impossible and the public must know. But who would believe him? So extraordinary were the facts that in spite of his credentials, he would be met with skepticism. Moreover, NASA would deny the evidence

emphatically. He and Rosa had seen something that would alter man's perception about his place in the solar system. "Don't yap about this—not to anybody. You'll end up in the Thames," so said Harry Rosa. Of a paranoid disposition, Ballantine taped his calls and Lady Ballantine has permitted the inclusion of the following transcript.

JANUARY 26, 1977

ROSA: Did you destroy the tape?

BALLANTINE: No, it's safe. I haven't said a word.

ROSA: Thank Christ! Then we can burst the whole bloody thing.

BALLANTINE: What are you talking about?

ROSA: Batch consignments, that's what I'm talking about. You wouldn't believe—

BALLANTINE: I'm not following you.

ROSA: I can't talk, not over the phone. I'm coming to you.

BALLANTINE: To Cheshire?

ROSA: You bloody bet and by the first damned flight I can. I quit, Ballantine, and I've stolen a baby jukebox.

BALLANTINE: A jukebox—

ROSA: Yeah, a jukebox—a miniaturized Ampex FR-900—a decoder like we used last year. I've got one and I'm bringing it to England.

BALLANTINE: What is going on, Harry?

ROSA: Wait till we meet; it'll blow your mind. Jesus, I knew these bastards were evil but I never imagined. I'll ring you when I get to Liverpool.

BALLANTINE: Tomorrow?

ROSA: We'll see; they know I have the jukebox. They're looking for me. I have to play it smart. Maybe through Canada, maybe not, we'll see—a week Sunday, probably before then.

BALLANTINE: Are we in danger?

ROSA: Yeah, Ballantine, me mostly, but I gotta go. A week Sunday at the outside—

BALLANTINE: February 6th.

ROSA: Maybe earlier; maybe not—maybe not at all.

BALLANTINE: What does that mean?

ROSA: That I'm dead, that's what it means.

BALLANTINE: Good Lord! Then what?

ROSA: You'll move on the tape.

FEBRUARY 6, 4:45 in the afternoon, and still no call from Rosa. Maybe he was dead. 5:30—still nothing. They knew about the tape. They knew he intended to go public. He removed the tape from the safe. Maybe John Hendry could help. He was a well-connected newspaper executive. Hendry would tell him how to break the news. Ballantine checked his watch: 6:00 PM. He dialed John Hendry. Hendry answered on the second ring:

BALLANTINE: John, this is Bill Ballantine.

HENDRY: What a surprise! How are things at Jodrell?

BALLANTINE: I've got a problem, John—a serious problem and I need your help.

HENDRY: Certainly, anything. What sort of problem?

BALLANTINE: Can we meet?

HENDRY: You in London?

BALLANTINE: I'm calling from home; I could be there this evening.

HENDRY: I was wrapping up for the night.

BALLANTINE: It's important, John. I promise it will be worth your while.

HENDRY: How can I say 'no?' Come to the office.

BALLANTINE: John, I'm putting a package in the post to you, but I'll explain that when I see you.

HENDRY: Why not bring it?

BALLANTINE: Not a good idea.

HENDRY: Bill, what is this about?

BALLANTINE: Don't worry, I'll tell you everything.

The sequence of events which immediately followed the conversation has been described by Lady Ballantine. We met her on JULY 27, 1977.

I entered the study as Bill was replacing the receiver. He was agitated—this extremely self-possessed man. He was never flustered. He had been behaving strangely for about a week. He wouldn't discuss it with me—which was also unusual. I'd never seen him look as frightened as he did then. He said he was leaving for London.

Bill had a package addressed to John Hendry; he asked me to take it to the post box. He said it was urgent and, although I pointed out that there was no collection that evening, he was adamant that I take it then. Bill left and I never saw him again.

Ballantine's death made all the papers: *Freak Skid Kills Science Chief*. Only one photograph of the crash was made available to the press. A series were taken by photographer George Green but only one was released. It documented the wreckage and a blanket-covered mound on a stretcher.

"Why were the photos confiscated?" we asked Green.

"I've been ordered to keep my trap shut," he said, "but I'll tell you this: ask Hibbert why he lied at the inquest." John Hibbert, Her Majesty's Cheshire coroner, reported that the body had been "extensively burned." That was puzzling as there had been no fire. Hibbert, however, had not elaborated. We wondered why.

"Ballantine's dead. Case closed." said Hibbert. Had Hibbert been gagged? We pressed him, mentioned the burning and then to our surprise...

"It was ghastly," he said. And then he did for us what he failed to do at the inquest: *he elaborated*.

Rosa heard about Ballantine over the radio, but it didn't register; he was stoned and slumming it in Earls Court. He lay dressed on an unmade bed, his unseeing pale blue eyes fixed on the ceiling. Wendy was out getting a paper. He tried to light a cigarette; it hung, unlit, from his dry lip. *Ballantine...* Harry rolled off the bed, fumbled through his wallet. Wendy returned and handed him the paper; he scanned the headlines. Ballantine had been murdered.

"Pack, Wendy!" Harry shouted. "We have to leave *right now!*"

"Why?"

"I need to think, Wendy, and I can't do it here. It isn't safe."

They hailed a cab from Earl's Court. Harry related to Wendy an abbreviated version of events. "I should go to the papers."

"They won't believe you. I'm not sure *I* believe you!"

"I'll make them believe me!"

The cab driver called over his shoulder: “You should try Anglia Television. They have a science thing that would love your story!”

“Anglia—” Wendy began.

“Right, Anglia. The show is called Science Report.”

“God, damn, you’re right! Pull over. I have to make a call!”

SECTION FOUR

SCIENCE Report had a successful thirteen-week trial on Anglia Television in 1975. Ratings were good and Anglia Television had little difficulty persuading the network to sign a twenty-six week run in 1976. Producer John Benson considered it a compliment, as Science Report was his baby. By the middle of DECEMBER 1975, seven episodes were in the can—they were ahead of schedule and the production team was brainstorming topics for the final five. There were seven of them that day in Benson's office which was nestled behind Studio B. He'd often protest that the office was too small to hold proper meetings and also that he disliked the cooking smells which drifted up from the canteen. His protests were answered by growls from Aubrey Buxton, pointing out that space was at a premium; that Science Report didn't qualify for its own production office. Buxton, of course, had a handsome office—one with a view and air-conditioning.

So there they were—the seven of them in the too-small office. Production assistant Jean Baker took notes. Benson paced back and forth. Also present were anchor-man Tim Brinton, reporters Katie Glass and Colin Weston; scientific advisers, David Cowie and Dr. Patrick Snow, and finally researcher Arthur Garrett. “Wave-power,” suggested Weston.

“Been flogged to death, love,” said Benson. Benson, despite his habit of calling everybody “love,” was tough. When he said no he meant *no*.

“Newsweek has an intriguing piece on robot servants—‘*mechanical maids*,’” said Cowie.

“I like that!” exclaimed Benson. “Mechanical maids, yes, we could have fun with that. Jean love, put that down. We’ll revisit it.”

“I think it’s time we took a look at the brain drain,” said Brinton.

Benson stopped pacing, looked at him doubtfully. “I don’t know, Tim. It seems a bit heavy.” He rubbed his pointy chin. “Is it us?”

“If it isn’t, it ought to be,” said Brinton.

“We *are* allegedly a science program and the brain drain has special relevance for scientists...” conceded Benson. “If we dressed it up somehow—” He looked at Garrett. “Art? Reckon you could dig up some case-histories?”

Garrett could see his work-load swelling: “It would take time,” he said guardedly.

“Of course it would, love. Getting the right people, I can see that. But it doesn’t have to be a top priority. Say...five programs from now.” It was that simple. None had the slightest inkling that they were about to embark upon the most astonishing television documentary ever produced.

Garrett knew there was only one way to tackle this task: scores of phone calls. He would call head-hunting firms, universities and research facilities. He would brace himself for rejections. But if he worked hard enough—and had a bit of luck—he'd secure a collection of case-studies willing to talk. As it happened, Garrett got *very* lucky; one of his first telephone calls was to a research laboratory. Human resources informed him that one of their solar-energy experts was leaving for America. Her name was Dr. Ann Clark and she agreed to an interview.

Colin Weston disembarked to Norwich with a small unit. According to Weston, "Clark was not only articulate but she had also done homework on emigration. She was a good subject and I'm glad we managed to get a few frames in the can." His delight died after the film was processed; most of it—audio and video—was blank. Benson fumed. He would have to send another unit. Buxton would be unhappy. He quizzed Weston:

"You're sure she is that good—that it's worth going back?"

"It was a good interview," insisted Weston.

Weston telephoned Ann Clark, explained the situation, and arranged a new appointment:

She was sympathetic and agreed to see us again. But when we got to Norwich, she wasn't at her flat. We found her elsewhere, back at the lab. She was flustered and appeared frightened. For some reason, she tried to give us the slip. She didn't want to talk. She asked lab security to waylay us. It didn't make sense. Morning the next, outside the lab, I managed to detain her; she said: "I can't finish the film; I'm going away." That was the last we saw of her.

They were driving toward Norwich when Arthur Garret read the Guardian piece on Robert Patterson. Back at the office, Garrett phoned Patterson.

“You better meet with more luck than in Norwich,” said Benson sourly. “That was a disaster.” We already know that Weston discovered an abandoned house. As a resource of last-resort, Weston met with the Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, Bernard Edward Fergusson. According to Fergusson, Patterson had left earlier than he had intended: “He was summoned by his new employer; the appointment must have escaped him. I apologize on his behalf.”

“Who *were* his new employers?”

The Vice Chancellor apologized, said, “Patterson was mum about his next incarnation, but apparently the Yanks presented him with an enticing opportunity.” Patterson’s whereabouts remain unknown, as do the whereabouts of Dr. Ann Clark. According to the American company for which Clark was leaving the UK, she declined the appointment “for personal reasons.” Clark’s rental car was discovered in the parking lot of Number Three Terminal at Heathrow. In the documentary, anchor Tim Brinton elaborated:

Friends say Dr. Ann Clark flew to New York, but flight manifests say otherwise; Ann Clark did not leave Heathrow on a plane. Here, where she parked her rental car, Clark’s trail goes cold.

By APRIL 1976, the brain drain project was deemed lost. Witnesses on which the episode hinged were missing. Audio and video equipment had failed on several occasions. Buxton roared about the “reckless waste of resources.” Had it not been for producer John Benson, the fate of the Science Report episode would surely have been sealed. Benson, in a Hammersmith

pub on APRIL 11, overheard a disturbing story. A man called Pendlebury, an engineer, had left the UK for Melbourne and vanished. Odder still, his parents had received letters regularly from an address at which Pendlebury had never lived. “Brian was a selfish sod,” one of the pub patrons said. “But daft, isn’t it?”

It didn’t make sense to Benson, but in light of the so-called brain drain and the confounding disappearances of Patterson and Clark, he was intrigued. He mentioned the episode the next day to Colin Weston. “Disappearing boffins,” Colin said matter-of-factly.

“Maybe a prank...”

“And if it isn’t?” asked Weston.

“Well what else could it be?”

“Maybe there’s a pattern: Perhaps Clark, Patterson and Pendlebury are connected,” replied Weston.

“How?”

“Let me poke around in Manchester—visit his parents.”

“Look, love, please. We’re a week behind schedule and we can’t afford tickets to Manchester.”

“John, I’ve got a feeling; I’ve got a feeling we’re on the edge of something big.”

Benson shook his head. “We’ve got a show to do. I know you’re still sore over the Clark and Patterson cock-ups, but relax.”

“Buxton blames me.”

“Buxton blames everybody for everything. That’s the way Buxton’s made. Anyway, I got the ass-kicking, not you. He’s going to pull the plug.”

“I’ll go on my day off,” said Weston. “I’ll pay my own way.”

“You’re persistent, Weston. Okay, see what you can dig up but don’t bill anything to the station”

Weston had thrown down the gauntlet and Manchester would prove the turning-point for the foredoomed Science Report episode, Alternative 3.

Dennis Pendlebury is a retired milkman. He and his wife Alice live in an Openshaw duplex. They are an ordinary couple. A couple of modest means, the Pendleburys made many sacrifices to send son Brian to university. Mrs. Pendlebury worked as a charwoman. Weston sat at the kitchen table, flipped through photographs of their son dispatched from Melbourne. The Pendleburys sat facing Weston, Dennis’ arm wrapped around Alice’s shoulders. They drank tea.

“So we were disappointed when he stopped writing, but not surprised; he wasn’t a natural letter-writer.”

“When did you learn of his...” started Weston. “When did his letters stop?”

“Five years ago now—” Mr. Pendlebury began.

“Six years,” corrected Mrs. Pendlebury, “seven in September.”

“Our neighbor’s daughter, Beryl—an old friend of Brian’s—migrated to Melbourne, found a job. We asked her to look up Brian, that way she’d have a friendly face, see? So she visited his address—the address from the letters—but the landlord had never heard of Brian Pendlebury.”

“That’s the address to which we’d been writing!” exclaimed Mrs. Pendlebury. “We know he received our letters.” Mrs. Pendlebury’s hands shook—her teacup rattled on its saucer.

Mrs. Pendlebury said to her husband: “Show Mr. Weston the letter.”

“We wrote to his firm, inquired about Brian; here’s their reply.”

Weston took the letter embossed with the Lenoxx Electronics Corporation logo. It read:

Thank you for your letter which has been passed to me by the Managing Director. I am afraid that you have been misinformed for I have checked our personnel records for the past five years and I have established that at no time has the company employed, nor offered employment to, anyone by the name of Brian D. Pendlebury. I regret that I cannot be of additional assistance.

Weston frowned, “This is the correct firm?”

“Pass me that wallet, mother.” From the wallet he took a slip of paper. “There it is—Brian’s own handwriting.”

Mrs. Prescott, the Pendlebury’s neighbor, a widow with a shrewd and agile mind, confirmed their story but had little to add. Weston borrowed the letter and photographs and left Openshaw on foot for the station. On the train he studied the photographs, particularly those on Victoria Harbour. There was something unusual about the photographs. At the studio he enlisted the help of cinematographer Ian Craig. Craig created copy-negatives from the original photographs and produced several enlargements. When the enlargements were complete, Weston could see clearly the anomaly that he had noted on the train: In the background of every shot were three identical birds flying in a triangular formation. The photographs were mock-ups—frauds. He hurried to Benson’s office: “We’ve had a breakthrough, John. This is no mere ‘brain drain’ story.”

SECTION FIVE

“Twenty-one others,” said Tim Brinton on television, “chiefly scientists and academics, have vanished under unusual circumstances.” They were among four-hundred researched—ostensibly for an extended version of the brain drain program—by Science Report staff. Some, Brinton explained, had disappeared alone and others, like Patterson, disappeared with their families; all told friends, relatives, neighbors and colleagues that they were going abroad. However, as we have already indicated, only part of the story was presented on television. Many facts were still not known when the show was taped and a portion of the material was censored by executive producer Aubrey Buxton, a principal personage also devoted to the suppression of this book.

AUGUST 9, 1977: Letter from Aubrey Buxton to Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins...

I have been given to understand that you propose a book based on one of the Science Report programs produced by this company and that you plan to publish confidential memoranda in which I was a participant. I am not prepared to sanction such publication as I would consider it a gross invasion of my privacy. As you are undoubtedly aware, my company has now formally denied the authenticity of the material presented in that program. It is to be hoped that you do not proceed with this project but, in any event, I look forward to receiving a written undertaking that no reference will be made to me or the memoranda.

AUGUST 12, 1977: Letter from Solicitor Edwin Greer to Aubrey Buxton...

I have been instructed by Mr. David Ambrose and Mr. Leslie Watkins and I refer to your letter of the 9th. My clients are cognizant of the statement made by your company following the transmission of the Alternative 3 program and, in conducting their own inquiries, they are mindful of the background to that statement. They point out that any copies of memoranda now in their possession were supplied willingly by the persons who either received them or sent them and that they therefore feel under no obligation to refrain from their publication, although they will consider your request for anonymity under advisement.

One of the first batches of memoranda we received related to a curious discovery made by researcher Arthur Garrett in May 1976. By that time, despite objections from Buxton, the Science Report team had been enlarged and allocated its own production office.

MAY 17, 1976: Memo from Arthur Garrett to John Benson—C.C. to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

We have now established that relatives of two of our missing people, Dr. Penelope Mortimer and Professor

Michael Parsons, received letters which appeared to have originated in Australia. In both cases, the letters bore the address used in the Pendlebury case. Photographs of Dr. Mortimer and Professor Parsons include the bird-formation artifacts present in the Pendlebury shots. A Melbourne PI has verified the address and he reports that it is a two-bedroom ground-floor flat near the harbour. It has been empty for a year.

MAY 13, 1976: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Mr. John Benson...

I have been notified of Garrett's unauthorized inquiries in Australia. I have already issued specific instructions that I am to be kept fully informed on all aspects of this project. Please repeat those instructions to Garrett and all other members of the Science Report team and ensure that they are understood. I am surprised to learn that, despite my warnings, you are still determined to waste company time and money. Let me remind you that Science Report is regarded by the Network as a serious program and that its credibility can only be damaged by this wild-goose chase with which you are obsessed. The more I learn of this affair, the more obvious it becomes that you are losing your objectivity as an editor and producer. Many people disappear deliberately, sometimes for personal reasons. I will not tolerate this station turning that sort of situation into an excuse for sensationalism. I assumed that you were experienced enough to recognize that the photographic evidence is fraudulent. Have you considered that some of your so-called mysteries might have been caused by incompetence on the part of your staff? Did Dr. Ann Clark, for example, refuse to grant Weston a second interview because she found his manner offensive during the first one? Did Garrett confuse the date and send an expensive unit on a fool's errand to Scotland? These are the questions which

should occupy your attention, not unsubstantiated nonsense. I am not prepared to sanction any further expenditure in Australia and I recommend, once again, that you resume the duties prescribed in your contract.

May 19, 1976: Memo from John Benson to Arthur Garrett...

CONFIDENTIAL: *I attach a copy of a rollicking I received from Aubrey Buxton. It's self-explanatory and, for the moment, I'd like you to keep it to yourself. In the future, don't send carbons to anyone before checking with me. We'd better soft-pedal for the moment on Australia. Will you line up Mortimer and Parson's parents to be interviewed by Tim or Colin?*

Six days later, on MAY 25, Arthur Garrett gave Benson bad news: "No interviews with Mortimer or Parsons," he said. "They changed their minds."

"But why?" demanded Benson. "Did they give you an explanation?"

"None at all," said Garrett. "They say they'd sooner not."

"You think they've been got at?"

Garrett nodded in assent. "That's the impression I got but proving it, that's another matter."

"They're important, love. Have another go at them."

Garrett did, but Mortimer and Parsons, despite their former agreement, would have nothing further to do with Science Report. We tried to contact them in SEPTEMBER 1977, but we were too late. They had gone "abroad."

This question of the staged photographs and letters was deliberately omitted from the television program. At the time, it was a question of relevance. Benson admits

regret: "I thought Buxton was nit-picking, but he was adamant. Their value didn't appear worth the aggravation. If I'd known then what I know now..." On JANUARY 3, 1978, we received an envelope from Trojan containing sensitive documents which shed unexpected insight onto something called "The Smoother Plan." The Smoother Plan was an early directive addressed to A3 National Chief Executive Officers.

NOVEMBER 24, 1971:

The recent publicity which followed the movement of Professor William Braishfield was unfortunate and potentially damaging. In order to avert any repetition, it has been agreed to adopt a new procedure in all cases where families or others are likely to provoke questions. The procedure, to be known as "The Smoother Plan," is designed to allay fears or suspicions in the immediate post-movement period. Department Seven will arrange for letters, photographs and mementos to be dispatched to concerned parties. Cover addresses will be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers. Officers will then issue addresses to individual movers. At least four addresses will be provided in each "country of destination." There is, however, no limit to the number of movers allocated to a given addresses. The Smoother Plan will operate for a maximum of six months in respect to each individual, unless circumstances are exceptional.

It is emphasized that, because of the overhead involved, The Smoother Plan is to be activated in selected cases only, subject to review. Only PR risks will be considered. Most movers, (i.e., families), will not merit this treatment. Batch consignment components will not be considered.

It was clinical and cruel, but it made sense.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: R-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1977

TRANSCRIPT:

A-TWO: Nobody's bitching about Ballantine, but what about Rosa?

A-EIGHT: We'll find him; he's on the loose in London.

R-THREE: Do we know where the tape is?

A-EIGHT: No; we've turned Ballantine's place over but nothing.

R-EIGHT: It wasn't in the car?

A-EIGHT: No.

A-TWO: We don't know where Rosa is and we don't know where the tape is. Maybe they're together?

A-EIGHT: He'd have blown it—the story.

R-ONE: You're positive he's in London?

A-EIGHT: He was in Earls Court—with a girl in her twenties. We missed him by an hour.

R-EIGHT: Have you seen the expediency report on Ballantine?

R-TWO: Entirely satisfactory.

A-FIVE: I'm not sure he deserved a hot job.

R-FOUR: Sure he did.

A-ONE: He didn't suffer; it was instantaneous.

R-EIGHT: Is Lovell under surveillance?

A-EIGHT: He's laid up with bronchitis. He might as well be in isolation.

R-EIGHT: Then everything's under control. Maintain surveillance on Lovell.

END TRANSCRIPT

THE "HOT JOB"

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION: a phenomenon confirmed by John Hibbert who gave evidence at the Ballantine inquest. Hibbert, when pressed about the "extensive" burns on Ballantine's body, made this statement:

It was technically accurate to describe Ballantine's body as extensively burned although those words embrace only part of the truth—an understatement. I was requested to make that understatement in order to allay public alarm. I was conscious that there had been some degree of public hysteria following reports of spontaneous combustion and I agreed that full-disclosure would be of little value at the hearing.

I regret that decision and I welcome this opportunity to atone for my failure. Ballantine's body was not merely burned; it was reduced to cinders and scorched bones. His skull had shrunk due to intense heat, but his clothing sustained little damage. There were small scorch-marks on the steering wheel, but the rest of the vehicle showed no evidence of fire-damage. Extensive damage was suffered by the vehicle, but not by fire, as the police stated at the inquest. This is the first occasion on which I have personally encountered spontaneous combustion in a human being but I have studied papers relating to twenty-three similar occurrences. There is still no known explanation for this phenomenon.

On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1977, three days after Ballantine's death, Harry Rosa telephoned the Science Report office. Colin Weston took the call. Rosa was guarded and refused to give his name, and until he mentioned missing scientists, Weston doubted his authenticity.

TRANSCRIPT:

WESTON: Would you repeat that, what you said about scientists?

ROSA: I know why they're vanishing.

WESTON: Tell me.

ROSA: Not on the phone.

WESTON: Well, really, this is a bit—

ROSA: I'm not shitting you! Ballantine was killed.

WESTON: Ballantine?

ROSA: Ballantine, the astronomer.

WESTON: The car crash.

ROSA: I met him at NASA, in Houston—that's why he's dead.

WESTON: You aren't making sense.

ROSA: Can we meet?

WESTON: Was Ballantine murdered?

ROSA: Either we meet or I go someplace else.

WESTON: From where are you calling?

ROSA: Public box, north of the studio.

WESTON: Then *come in!*

ROSA: Too risky.

WESTON: Mr.—

ROSA: Just Harry...

WESTON: Harry, you having me on? Were you really with NASA?

ROSA: A busy street, maybe...

WESTON: All right, we'll do it your way. I'll meet you around the corner on Market Ave. I'll be in front of the Boer War Memorial, wearing a blue suit, holding a...*red book*.

Weston and Rosa were to meet in one hour. A hidden camera was positioned adjacent to Norwich Castle and Weston's "red book" was equipped with a miniaturized transmitter in order to record the conversation.

TRANSCRIPT:

WESTON: I think you're looking for me.

ROSA: How far are you willing to go with this?

WESTON: As far as it takes. Can you help?

ROSA: Yes and Bernard Lovell can confirm what I say.

WESTON: Lovell?

ROSA: Lovell, yes, at Jodrell Bank. Ask him about Alternative 3.

WESTON: Riddles, Harry. What's "Alternative 3?"

ROSA: Later; right now we do this my way.

WESTON: Fine.

ROSA: Let's walk.

Viewers will recall that the sound quality was poor during the reenactment interview, particularly during the section when they were discussing Bernard Lovell and Alternative 3. There was a great deal of static interference and Weston's radio microphone picked up passersby and traffic. In actuality, there was no such interference.

ROSA: I'm nervous.

WESTON: Why?

ROSA: I'm afraid of heart attacks and embolisms and spontaneous combustion...

WESTON: It was an accident—a *freak accident*.

ROSA: Not an accident; it was called an expediency. I know what happened. I have to get on record. Meet me at this address, tomorrow morning, ten-thirty. Bring everything you've got—camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.

Rosa dashed across the road and disappeared down Castle Meadow. Weston was disappointed. The elaborate set-up, it seemed, had been a ridiculous waste of time. He looked at the scrap of paper which Rosa had pushed into his hand. On it was scrawled an address in Lambeth.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked Benson.

"Follow through, love. I'll arrange a unit."

"What about Bernard Lovell?"

"I'll talk to Tim; see if he fancies a trip to Cheshire."

SECTION SIX

WESTON arrived at the Lambeth address with a camera crew shortly before 10:30 AM on FEBRUARY 11. It was a derelict three-story with rubbish moldering in the front garden. Most of its windows, like those of its neighbors, had been boarded up, but in one on the second floor a dirty sheet billowed. The garden gate had been ripped away and there were broken roof-tiles on the path leading to the front door. Weston hurried up the steps, followed by the technicians, and rapped on the door. No reply. He tried again, harder. He shouted and pummeled the door with both fists. A girl called from inside: “Who is it?”

“Colin Weston.” On the other side of the shabby door, in the darkness of the hall, Wendy stood shaking. She didn’t know who they were or what they wanted but she *did* know that *they* could arrive at any time, and that *they* would hurt Harry. She bit her bottom lip, “Who?”

Weston shook his head in frustration. There was no number on the house. He stepped back along the path to double-check the numbers on either side, returned to the door. "This is 33, isn't it?"

"Who did you say you were?" Wendy's American accent, now obvious, was the confirmation Weston needed.

"Colin Weston," he repeated. "I'm here with a film crew."

Wendy was still suspicious. Maybe it was a trick. Harry had said they used all sorts of tricks. "How can I be sure?" she called. "What program are you with?"

"Science Report—Harry invited us."

A short silence, then the sound of heavy bolts being drawn back. The door was opened inches. Wendy, her hair unkempt and her eyes wide with anxiety, stared at Weston then at the camera, sound equipment and tangle of wires. "You're really with Science Report?" she said.

"Can we come in?" Weston said. "Harry *did* invite us." He showed her Harry's hand-written note.

She pulled the door open. "You won't get much out of him," she said, "not this morning."

They followed her down a hallway and up a flight of stairs. Ancient flower-print paper peeled away from the walls. Wendy stopped and she shouted down to the soundman who was the last in: "Bolt the door after you; we've got to keep it bolted!" She waited, watching, while he did so. "You know, this is a waste of time," she said quietly to Weston. Maybe it would be better if you turned around and left."

"He asked me to be here, so I'm here."

She shrugged again. "Fine," she said haughtily. There were three doors leading off the landing. She

opened the one at the front of the house, and there, in the room with the sheet-covered window, Weston saw Harry Rosa. He didn't recognize Rosa, not at first, for what he saw was a haggard and vacant-eyed creature. It was shivering convulsively and its teeth were chattering; it was clutching a matted blanket to its naked shoulders; it was hunched defensively with its knees up to his chest on an old sofa—the only bit of furniture in the room. Weston stepped forward tentatively.

"Harry?" Rosa pressed further into the rotting sofa cushions, his eyes wild.

"Who are you?" Harry growled.

"It's Colin Weston, Harry. Do you remember me?"

Wendy tried to help, "It's all right, Harry. He's with Science Report."

Rosa gave a howl of despair. "It's *them*!" he yelled, "They've bloody tricked you and now they've found me!"

"What's he talking about?" demanded Weston. "What's the matter with him?"

Wendy ignored him. She knelt by the sofa and cradled Rosa. "Now, Harry," she said, "it's alright. There's nothing to be frightened of." She glanced up at Weston, jerked her head towards the door. "You'd better go."

"Is he high?"

"Get out of here!"

"Maybe we should get a doctor." That was when Rosa, hysterical, flung Wendy aside and leapt from the sofa.

"Come on, you bastards!" he yelled. "Come and kill me!" He waved his arms wildly and the blanket slipped to the floor. Save for socks, he was naked. He sprang at

Weston. Weston tried to dodge, but Rosa's nails raked down his face—narrowly missing his eyes—leaving ragged furrows in the flesh of both cheeks. The film technicians, wedged behind Weston in the doorway, were unable to help. Weston drove his elbow into Rosa's nose. The fight was over. Rosa clutched his face with both hands and collapsed to the floor. His heroin-ravaged body was racked by sobs.

"I'm sorry," Weston said to Wendy. "I didn't expect..."

"I told you to go!" She wiped Harry's face with her sweater. "Now for God's sake, leave!"

At the studio, Benson listened to Weston recount the altercation with Harry. Meanwhile, Katie Glass dabbed at Weston's raw face with cotton swabs wetted with alcohol.

"We can't leave him there like that," Benson said. "We have to call the police."

When the police arrived, Wendy and Rosa were gone. According to Wendy, she went out to buy antiseptic and bandages. When she returned, Harry was gone. He has not been seen since.

Benson, Weston, Garrett and Glass clustered around a Steenbeck flatbed editing suite and re-watched the short film shot on Market Ave.

"That's the spot!" said Benson. "Go back!" Garrett rewound the 16-mm film.

"Right, love, stop—*right there!*" The Boer War Memorial clung to the edge of the frame. The camera tracked Weston and Rosa as they proceeded down Market Ave.

WESTON: It was an accident—a *freak accident*.

ROSA: Not an accident; it was called an expediency. I know what happened. I have to get on record. Meet me at this address, tomorrow morning, ten-thirty. Bring everything you've got—camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.

"Okay, kill it," said Benson. Garrett froze the reel, brought up the lights. "Well," asked Benson, "what do you think?"

Glass shook her head doubtfully. "An addict," she said. "Maybe it's an elaborate fantasy."

"I'm inclined to agree," said Benson. "I'm not sure we should waste any more time on him. Colin?"

Weston rubbed his bandaged face. "Remember what he said about vanishing scientists? Maybe you're right: maybe he *is* an addict, but it's a hell of a coincidence, the way his fantasies reinforce our work. Did Ballantine *really* go to Houston?"

"Yes, as a visiting lecturer," said Glass. "But it was on the wire; it wasn't a secret."

Benson stood, glanced at his watch. "What do you want to do, Colin?"

"I want to talk to Lady Ballantine."

"You can't. Today is the funeral."

"Tomorrow, then; I'll be discreet," said Weston.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1977

Lady Ballantine was cordial when Weston arrived by appointment at 3:30 PM. She told him what she would tell us on JULY 27.

The package: Did she know what it contained?

"I can't imagine," she said.

Did she know why he posted it to London, and to whom it was posted?

“That’s what puzzled me,” said Lady Ballantine. “It was posted to the man he intended to meet.”

“I’m sorry,” said Weston. “I don’t follow.”

“The envelope—it was addressed to his old friend John Hendry. John called on Friday, late. He was waiting for Bill.”

“Have you spoken to Hendry or asked him about the package?”

“He rang on Sunday, but I was too upset to think about packages.”

At 8:00 PM, Weston met Hendry at his Fleet Street Office. “A “premonition”—that’s the word he used,” said Hendry. “Extraordinary, isn’t it?”

“The package,” persisted Weston. “What was in the package?”

Hendry crossed the room to a table by the window, took a loose spool of magnetic tape from a drawer. “This,” he said.

“What’s on it?”

“Not a thing as far as we can tell.”

“You’ve played it?”

“Sure, we tried everything but there’s nothing there. You know what I think? I think he sent the wrong one.”

“That’s not likely, is it?” said Weston. “Someone so fastidious...”

Hendry went back to his desk and lit a cigar. “Normally, yes, but he wasn’t himself on Friday. His voice on the telephone, it was manic, almost unrecognizable. He must have been under an incredible

amount of stress—trouble at home perhaps, or at work. I don't know."

Weston picked up the tape. "Could I borrow this?"

"Why do you want the tape?"

"We have pretty sophisticated equipment at the studios. Maybe we can learn something."

"Why not," said Hendry, "but keep me in the loop."

On JUNE 20 1977, during the original broadcast of Alternative 3, there was nothing on the encoded tape. Tim Brinton pointed out that it held only "the cold crackle of the vacuum of space." But had Harry Rosa not been stoned on that chilly FEBRUARY Lambeth morning, that "cold crackle" would have told a very different tale, for Rosa had the Ampex decoder—the so-called "jukebox." Nevertheless, progress was being made.

Lovell's housekeeper was protective of her ward. She bullied him about his pipe-smoking: It was a filthy habit, she argued. When he developed a vicious case of bronchitis, she had felt vindicated; Lovell would relent. But Lovell would sooner murder than abandon his pipe; it was part of him. She regulated Lovell's visitors as well. The housekeeper had watched Brinton on independent television and she had a soft spot for him, but it wasn't soft enough: "Not this month," she said. "It's out of the question."

Had Brinton known that Lovell was under surveillance, he would not have persisted. "It really is *very* important; I wouldn't dream of troubling him if it weren't."

She relented, disappeared upstairs and consulted with the sickly Lovell. “I can make a provisional arrangement, Mr. Brinton,” she said, “but it will depend on his health.”

“What date?”

“MARCH 4, 2:00 PM. Is that suitable?”

Brinton checked his calendar. “Thank you,” he said. “I’ll be there.”

SECTION SEVEN

THE Lovell interview took place as planned on MARCH 4, 1977.

“This Harry,” he said, “I don’t think I can place him.”

“He said it was important that we talk to you,” said Brinton. “He told us to ask you about ‘Alternative 3.’” Lovell packed his pipe with fresh tobacco, lit it.

“He did?” Lovell said between puffs.

“Are familiar with Alternative 3?”

“Let me show you something,” said Lovell. He unlocked a desk drawer, withdrew a folder. “Read that; it is—*was*,” Lovell winked, “a confidential report issued by a consortium of intelligence agencies; a report on which I did consulting.” Brinton flipped through the jargon-laden report; scanned over heavily-footnoted passages.”

“What is this?” asked Brinton.

“That is the future, Tim. You are holding a report that prescribes remedial action.”

“For what is remedial action being taken?”

“A number of things, Tim; call it a cascade of failures.” The 64-year-old Lovell removed his tweed jacket and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. “We screwed up,” Lovell said matter-of-factly. His pipe had gone out. He did not relight it. “In fact, we screwed up collectively, for once. In what year was the last atmospheric test of a nuclear weapon conducted?”

“I’m afraid I can’t say.”

“Well, we think it was in JUNE of ‘74. There is a secret moratorium on nuclear weapon testing in the upper atmosphere and for the most part, it has been successfully enforced.”

“I don’t see what this has to do with anything,” Brinton said, tapping the report’s manila cover with his pointer finger.

“I’m getting to it. Are you familiar with the process of ionization?”

Brinton shook his head, and exasperation crept into the corners of his eyes. “I’m an anchor, not a science-guy.”

“In short, it’s the process whereby which an atom is converted into an ion. An ion is an atom with an unequal number of electrons and protons. If an electron absorbs enough energy and exceeds the so-called “ionization potential” by which it is confined, it will break free, thus creating a positively-charged ion. Conversely, if an electron is captured by an atom—if it crashes through the atom’s electric potential barrier—a negatively-charged ion is created. When atoms are

bombarded with radiation, ions are formed—simple, right?”

Brinton humored him and nodded.

“I’m getting to the point: An untold number of atmospheric weapon tests resulted in an enormous amount of ionization in the upper-atmosphere. The tests were conducted before the physics and risks were understood. Plasmas—” Lovell produced a piece of paper and a pencil and began to sketch. “Okay, like this—plasmas are an electrically-conductive gas, and there’s a lot of it in the so-called “vacuum of space,” or at least we think there is. But plasmas are not native to our own upper-atmosphere, not in quantity! Not until nuclear weapon testing. Plasmas aren’t like typical solids, liquids and gases; they have very distinct properties and most importantly, they interact with magnetic fields in acute and dynamic ways. Well, Mr. Brinton, the fact of the matter is, these plasma-byproducts began to interact with the Earth’s magnetic field in *unpredictable* ways and several layered tunnels were burrowed through the mesosphere and into the thermosphere.”

“Again, not a science-guy... So you are saying there are holes—that the atmosphere is escaping?”

“No, things don’t escape into the vacuum of space—Earth has sufficient mass to preserve its atmosphere.”

“Then I’m not sure what you’re getting at...”

Lovell tapped the paper on which he was drawing with his pencil. It was clear that he was unaccustomed to abridging his thoughts for a layman. “Okay, think of the magnetosphere as a shield. The magnetosphere is generated when Earth’s magnetic field is charged by particles from the Sun. Well, Earth’s magnetic field has been irreversibly altered by plasmas generated by atmospheric weapon tests. Consequently, the magnetosphere is failing and the magnetosphere is the

only thing that stands between you and solar radiation. There is a word for the phenomenon but we aren't using it in public: "clefting."

"Like a palate?"

"Sure; Earth's magnetic field has a harelip, or in this case, several harelips. I'm not going to mince my words: life on Earth is in dire jeopardy. We anticipate a total collapse of Earth's magnetic field." Lovell considered his pipe, left it where it lay, sat back in his chair.

"We can't go public with this," said Brinton. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"*You* can't go public with this."

"And Alternative 3..."

"You're a smart man, Tim; you can probably guess: small colonies on Mars, bases on the moon, orbiting way-stations. There is nothing practical about the colonization of Mars, but its magnetic field is somewhat intact and that's our chief consideration. We considered going underground and there is a large element that has done so or is in the process of doing so, but that presents its own set of problems."

"Why are you telling me this, Bernard?"

"Think about it, Tim; what will you do? You can't go public—you don't have any facts with which to substantiate your claims. Even if you managed to present your case, you would be laughed off the stage. Who would believe it? And yet, ironically, from man's most grave error, the knowledge with which to reach the stars in a laughably simple way was discovered!"

"Wait, wait, but firstly, can't these clefts be repaired?"

"Alternative 1 is devoted to the repair of our magnetic field. It has not met with success. Projects

have been abandoned in the Soviet Union already. Essentially, Alternative 1 requires the construction of a handful of very large and very powerful particle accelerators. Alternative 1 will proceed in concert with Alternatives 2 and 3, but we can't bet on its success. The accelerators may even exacerbate the problem."

"I see."

"Do you? Would I really share this with you if I didn't think people should know? Do I really expect you to compromise your professional and personal ethics? Tell this story, Tim. An exclusive club shouldn't be responsible for the fate of Mankind." Lovell unrolled his sleeves, buttoned his cuffs and put on his jacket. "We have men on Mars. From outposts on the moon, they are able to reach Mars in 33 days using quantum propulsion craft." (APPENDIX H)

"Quantum propulsion!" Brinton was no longer taking notes. He did not look well.

"In the presence of a radioactive isotope, quantum leaps are observed in atoms—instantaneous changes in quantum state. Electromagnetic radiation is released which reciprocally fuels an ionic propulsion engine. It is very efficient and relatively easy to maintain. Anyway, that's the sunny side of the street."

"And..." Brinton hesitated, "*the dark side?*"

"Pretty much everything else; a certain amount of regularity must be perpetuated on Earth—the wheels have to keep turning, things have to be manufactured; institutionalized complacency has to be guaranteed. So Alternative 3 is also in the business of entertainment, or misdirection by another name. Threats will have to be presented to the public but they must be threats for which solutions may be devised; we can't sell futility—"

"I'm sorry, Bernard, I've made a terrible mistake coming here. This is..." Brinton stood, wiped his sweaty

palms on his pants, and unfastened the top button of his oxford. "Listen, I don't think we had this talk. I'm not your man, uh, not for this. This isn't my scoop, uh, something—something terrible is happening to me, to my head, listening to this. I've made a terrible mistake!" Brinton ejected a cassette from the recorder with which he taped the conversation and handed it to Lovell. "Do what you want with it. Science Report—" Brinton balled his fists and stomped his foot. "*I can't handle this!*" He left and in so doing, rather than tell the truth, became a proponent of misdirection; and unwittingly, so did Science Report...

"Lovell recommended consulting someone at NASA, or maybe an ex-astronaut," Brinton lied.

"Good idea," Benson said. He paced with his hands folded behind his back.

Garrett ran his hands through his hair. "And how do I do that?" he demanded. "By the way, Tim, you look sick."

"Thank you, Garrett."

"Okay, Art, an ex-astronaut is a priority. Get on it!"

"It'll cost," persisted Garrett. "I'll have to hire someone in America and that could cost real money. Buxton's not going to like it."

"Never mind about Buxton," Benson said. "You do your job and leave Buxton to me." He grinned: "Anyway, he's a busy man and I don't think we ought to trouble him with such a small matter."

Three former astronauts refused to cooperate. A fourth agreed, but grudgingly: Hank McDermott. In preparation for the interview, Garrett reviewed relevant

transcripts from McDermott's Apollo missions. Here is a poignant excerpt:

MCDERMOTT: Hey, Houston, do you hear this constant bleep we have here now?

MISSION CONTROL: Affirmative. We have it.

MCDERMOTT: What is it? Do you have some explanation for that?

MISSION CONTROL: We have none. Can you see anything? Can you tell us what you see?

MCDERMOTT: Oh boy, it's really, really something super-fantastic here. You couldn't imagine this.

MISSION CONTROL: O.K., could you take a look out over that flat area there? Do you see anything beyond?

MCDERMOTT: There's a ridge with a pretty spectacular... Oh, my God! What is that there? That's all I want to know! What the hell *is* that?

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, interesting. Go Tango—*immediately*—go Tango.

MCDERMOTT: There's a light now...

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, we got it, we've marked it. Lose a little communication, huh? Bravo-Tango, Bravo-Tango, *select Jezebel*.

No more speech could be heard; McDermott had switched to another frequency: *Jezebel*! On the tape there was only static. Tim Brinton, you may recall, underlined that point when the television documentary was transmitted. He said: "...*select Jezebel*—a form of code? Almost certainly, but what did it mean? Absolutely nothing to the estimated six hundred million people listening in on earth." Remember the allegations made by former NASA-man Maurice Chatelain?

"Certain sources with their own VHF receivers that bypassed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a

portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was quickly censored by the NASA monitoring staff."

That censored portion, according to Chatelain, included these words from Apollo 11:

"These babies were huge, sir—enormous. Oh, God you wouldn't believe it! I'm telling you, there are other spacecraft out there, lined up on the far side of the crater edge."

Could that have a direct link with the exchange heard on the McDermott tape? Had McDermott, like the men of the Apollo 11 mission, seen something too startling to be revealed? Or were these astronauts mistaken? The idea of unknown and unidentified spacecraft "lined up" on the Moon—to the astonishment of human astronauts—was ridiculous. And yet, McDermott agreed to be interviewed via satellite from a studio in Boston, Massachusetts. The plan was to tape the interview and edit it later. In fact, as viewers will remember, the interview ended abruptly and in the oddest possible way and it places a bigger question mark on the subject of Alternative 3. There was, right from the start, something slightly manic in McDermott's expression and he showed a tendency to laugh nervously for no apparent reason. Nevertheless, he spoke lucidly and displayed no reluctance about discussing the breakdown he had suffered after his final return from space. Nothing remarkable happened, or seemed likely to happen, until Tim Brinton asked a question which we present verbatim:

Now it has been suggested that all of you in the Apollo program saw more than you have been allowed to admit publicly. Would you comment?

The effect on McDermott was immediate: He shouted: "What are you trying to do, man? Just tell me that! What are you trying to do?"

Brinton apologized: "I was only—"

"You trying to screw me?" demanded McDermott. He leaned forward in his chair, glowering into the Boston camera. "That what you want? You want to screw me?"

"Of course not," said Brinton quickly. "And I'm sorry if—"

"Like Ballantine? Is that what you want?" He got no further; his voice was muted in midsentence, his picture on the monitor vanished and was replaced by static.

"Hell's teeth!" Brinton exclaimed.

He was interrupted by Benson's voice. "We don't know where he's gone."

Like Ballantine?

That's the line which grabbed their attention. It had to fit in, somehow, with the mystery of the tape received by Hendry—and with the strange circumstances preceding Ballantine's death.

"We have to talk to him face-to-face. Arthur, see what you can arrange." He turned to Colin Weston. "You're our man, Weston," he said.

Weston beamed. "Great! But isn't Buxton going to raise a stink?"

"Probably," said Benson. "But leave that to me."

Buxton *did* "raise a stink;" he raised it more vehemently than Benson anticipated. We have the memoranda which reveal the strength of Buxton's feelings; a strength bordering on fanaticism.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1977

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This meeting, held later in the month than was customary, was two days after The Los Angeles Times published the controversial interview—detailed in SECTION ONE of this book—in which Dr. O'Neill outlined the solution he called "Island 3."

"There is really no debate about the technology involved; it has been confirmed by NASA's top people."

TRANSCRIPT:

R-TWO: This Princeton man, Gerard O'Neill—*not discrete*.

A-FOUR: Sure, but no harm done—it sounds like science fiction—highly theoretical.

A-EIGHT: It *is* just theoretical as far as he is concerned. He knows nothing.

R-FIVE: He is respected. People listen.

A-EIGHT: Let's keep this in perspective. Washington doesn't want to underscore the O'Neill thing. We ignore it.

R-SEVEN: Nevertheless, Moscow is worried. Rosa, for instance—

A-EIGHT: Not Rosa, again!

R-SEVEN: And Lovell...

END TRANSCRIPT

BATCH CONSIGNMENTS:

HOW TO WRANGLE A "COMPONENT" WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE BATHROOM

BY

WILLIAM LOWTHER

THE DAILY MAIL

AUGUST 27, 1977

Morgan Hall (a.k.a. George H. White) was a spy. He always kept a jug of martinis in the refrigerator. He had a two-way mirror in the bathroom. But Morgan's life was full of woe. His masters were slow in sending money. His assignment was sleazy. The codename for his project was "Operation Midnight Climax." It was meant to be a perpetual secret and no wonder. For two full years Morgan spent his days sitting on a portable toilet watching through his mirror drinking his martinis while a prostitute entertained men in the adjoining bedroom. Her job was to persuade clients to drink cocktails. What they didn't know was that the drinks had been mixed by the mysterious Morgan Hall. They were more chemical than alcohol. Morgan had to record the results. We still don't know just what they were or how they worked. But some of the drinks gave instant headaches, others made you silly or drunk or forgetful or just plain frantic. The effects were only temporary and nobody was harmed, much. Morgan was employed by the Central Intelligence Agency and it was America's top spy bosses who sent him out from headquarters near Washington to set up the "laboratory" in a luxury apartment overlooking San Francisco Bay. Now, 1,647 pages of financial records dealing with the operation

have been made public as part of a Congressional investigation.

It was all part of the agency's MK-ULTRA mind control experimental program. It was reasoned that a prostitute's clients wouldn't complain. The financial records released yesterday show that Morgan was always writing to headquarters. Says a typical letter—"Money urgently needed to pay September rent." His bills for the flat include Toulouse Lautrec posters, a picture of a can-can dancer and one marked, "Portable toilet for observation post." Says the CIA: "Morgan Hall died two years ago. We have no idea where he is buried."

Lowther's story was followed by two more reports which lent credence to Trojan's allegations regarding secret behavior-modification experiments.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1977, *The Times*:

The general assembly of the World Psychiatric Association, meeting behind closed doors, has adopted a resolution condemning the Soviet Union for abusing psychiatry for "political purposes." The international code of ethics, called the "Declaration of Hawaii," follows years of criticism against the WPA for its failure to respond to "ethically ambiguous" incidents.

AUGUST 28, 1977, *The Sunday Telegraph*:

Hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally handicapped have been instructed by the Health Department to collect statistics on operations being carried out to alter personality. For the first time, ministers have acknowledged that there is growing concern. The operations, known as psychosurgery, are carried out to remove or destroy portions of brain tissue to alter the behavior of severely depressed or exceptionally aggressive patients who do not respond to drugs or electric shock treatment.

Neither article pointed out that these operations can also be performed to control the behavior pattern of men and women who are completely sane, or that they are performed *regularly*...

Dr. Randolph Crepsen-White spoke to us about these operations when we met him in the Somerset village to which he retired in 1975. He spoke frankly: "I performed five of these operations—four young men and one young woman. All subjects were perfectly sane. There were two objectives: The patients had to be completely de-sexed—to have their natural biological urges taken away—and they had to have their sense of self *blunted*. They would, upon discharge, obey any order without question. I recognized that what I was doing was unethical, but I was told that the operations were vital to "national security." I was ordered to sign an "Official Secrets" form. Soon it became apparent that I would be required to perform many more operations. I quit. I pled grave illness, which is true, and retired." Dr. Crepsen-White died on OCTOBER 19, 1977 of pancreatitis.

SECTION EIGHT

AUGUST 15, 1977: Aubrey Buxton responds to Solicitor Edwin Greer...

I am surprised by the contents of your letter and I must insist on receiving undertaking from Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins to the effect that I will not be mentioned in their projected book. I note that your clients are aware that Anglia Television has admitted that the Alternative 3 program was an unfortunate hoax and I am puzzled by the apparent evasiveness of your second paragraph. You state that your clients are 'mindful of the background to that statement.' What, if anything, does that mean? I repeat that it would be wrong to perpetuate in book-form what has already become a public misconception. There is absolutely no truth in the suggestion of any East-West covert action such as that described in the program and your clients

apparently intend to compound what has already been admitted as a serious error of judgment. If your clients persist in their attitude, particularly in respect to my privacy, I will have to seek legal advice and/or redress.

AUGUST 13, 1977: Solicitor Edwin Greer responds to Aubrey Buxton...

There was no evasiveness in my letter of the 12th. I pointed out that my clients have conducted their own investigations in Britain and America into the subject of their projected book. Indeed, that investigation is still continuing; any decisions taken by Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Watkins, in consultation with their publishers, will depend on their eventual findings and I am instructed to inform you that it is not possible for them to give you any undertaking.

Six days later, Greer received a letter from a well-known MP that had been lobbied by Buxton. Because of Britain's restrictive libel laws, the name of the MP has been omitted:

In common with a number of my colleagues in the House of Commons, I have already deplored the misguided motives which resulted in the television program about the so-called Alternative 3. Letters from many of my constituents demonstrate the alarm which was engendered and which, despite the subsequent statement by the television company, still lingers. The fact that your clients should apparently be determined to capitalize on that alarm is, to my mind, quite scandalous. I intend to seek an injunction to prevent the publication of this book.

No such injunction was served but this author was forced to make many unseemly compromises.

APRIL 12, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

CONFIDENTIAL:

The note from Benson, bearing today's date and relating to his interest in America, is clear confirmation of what I have already indicated to you and the Executive Producer. Benson has become unprofessionally obsessed with this ridiculous investigation with which he is persisting and I recommend that he be replaced immediately as producer of Science Report. I have studied his contract and we would be within our rights to transfer him. I have on several occasions warned him about squandering company time, money and resources. He has defiantly persisted in doing so. I was told nothing of the inquiries which have been commissioned on our behalf in America although, as I mentioned again at the Senior Executives' Meeting on Friday, it is company policy for matters of that nature to be channeled through me. It would be wrong to sanction Weston's fact-finding mission; nothing can possibly be gained by talking to McDermott. We should, I suggest, instruct Benson to abandon this fool-hardy exercise.

APRIL 13, 1977: Memo from Marquis Townshend to Aubrey Buxton...

CONFIDENTIAL:

Let us not forget that Science Report is a network success due in part to Benson's ingenuity. However, I note your objections and I too am concerned about the monies channeled into said project. Weston's proposed trip to the States is not justified. If the situation should change as a result of any further information you may receive, I will be prepared to discuss the matter. Until then, the episode is frozen.

Benson read the note, pushed it across his desk to Garrett. "That bloody Buxton!" he shouted.

"Now what?" asked Garrett.

“We’re going to do it, Art. We are definitely going to do it. What we need is more information.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, love. You’re the researcher—the sort of information that’ll swing it with George.” He got up and started pacing the room. “What was it Lovell said about cooperation between the superpowers?”

“He seemed to have the idea that they were working together on Alternative 3.”

“That could be it!” said Benson excitedly.

“Do we know anyone who might develop that thought for us? It has to be somebody with real prestige.”

“Andrew Shonfield.”

“Who’s Shonfield?”

“He’s the director of the RIIA.”

“There’s no harm in trying. Is Colin around?”

Garrett shook his head, “His day off.”

“It’s *always* his day off when I need him,” said Benson. “Ask Katie to pop in and see me, will you? She can start sounding out Shonfield.”

At 5:15 PM, Katherine Glass commenced her interview with Shonfield, parts of which, as you may recall, were eventually used in the transmitted program. Shonfield was cautious, suspicious of Glass’ motives; he did not want to be a party to sensationalism.

SHONFIELD: On the broader issue of US-Soviet relations, I must admit that there *is* an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field. To put it simply, none of us can understand how it is that the peace has been kept over these past twenty-five years.

GLASS: The experts are baffled?

SHONFIELD: Baffled and, for once, in agreement. The popular myth of mutual assured destruction does not stand up.

GLASS: What is your explanation?

SHONFIELD: What we are suggesting is that—at the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy—there *could* be operating a factor of which we know nothing: a massive but covert operation in space. However, we are not in the business of speculation...

Benson barged into the Chairman's office: "You read the Shonfield transcript?"

Townshend, busy at his desk, sat back and smiled resignedly. "Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

Benson groaned, exasperated. "Surely that clinches it."

Townshend shook his head. "No, John, not as far as I'm concerned. It's either speculation or disinformation—maybe both."

"But George, it all fits! Lovell and Shonfield, each a top man in his field, both suggesting cooperation in space between the superpowers. Rosa, his links to NASA and Ballantine, the disappearing scientists *and McDermott!* He saw something incredible on the Moon! For Pete's sake, we can't drop it, not now!"

"Stop pacing and sit down." Townshend gestured to a chair. "Go on, *sit down.*" He waited. Benson sat. "Now, for the last time, let's get this clear. I realize that something odd may be going on but I don't think it's our business. You've done a tremendous job with Science

Report, John. Everybody thinks so and the ratings reflect that. It's time to buckle down."

"That means you're still saying "no" to America?"

"That's exactly what it means."

"If it's a matter of money, can I point out how much profit this company made last year?"

"The company *does* make profits and good ones but it does not do so by sending teams gallivanting around the world on fool's errands. Let it rest, John."

Benson got up, prepared to leave. "I'll arrange a junket! Weston could do a piece for the holiday series while he's there. I've spoken to Tim Shaw who's taken over the holiday programs and he's quite keen, and I know an airline that'll play ball."

"God, you don't give up, do you?" Townshend grinned. "All right, give Weston the green light."

"Why did you disappear that night?" asked Weston. "The night of the interview—why did you run out like that?"

"Have another beer," said McDermott. He pushed a fresh can across the low table and opened one for himself.

"The bastard was trying to screw me. *Did I see more than I've been allowed to admit publicly!* Jesus, what sort of fool question was that?" Weston forced a grin, tried to relieve the tension. He felt like an angler stalking a clever fish—*gently, gently*. He took a long drink, sighed, put down the empty glass.

"I needed that beer," he said.

McDermott was glowering, "You aiming to screw me, too?" He was frightened. Weston felt a twinge of pity. Would anything be gained by pushing McDermott any

further? It would be easy to tell Benson that McDermott had refused to talk; that he couldn't be persuaded. Benson wouldn't like it. In fact, he'd be bloody furious, but he'd have to accept it. Then he considered Harry at Lambeth, stoned, naked and terrified: "*Camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.*" Perhaps McDermott had the key to a piece of the puzzle. Weston needed answers...

"Well?" persisted McDermott. They were in canvas chairs behind the ranch-style bungalow which McDermott was renting in a lonely corner of New England. It was peaceful. No neighbors. Far in the distance, beyond the vast spread of scrub, they could see the tow-like sprawl of the smoke-blue mountains. There were no noises from the bungalow behind them but Weston knew that the girl called Annie was busy in the kitchen. McDermott introduced him to her and then she scuttled out of sight. Annie, he felt, wasn't at all happy about this intrusion. She looked young, had straight hair, no makeup and gold-rimmed glasses. On the far side of the bungalow, at the top of the winding drive, Jack Dale sat in the rental car babysitting his video equipment.

McDermott drained his glass. "Owned a place like this once," he said. "Thought I was putting down roots, you know? Used to go up there in the summer with the family—ah, it was all different then; we had a few horses and—" He stopped, smiled ironically, continued, "Guess you can say I'm not much into planning for the future anymore." He studied his empty glass. "Annie, we're out of beer! Bring a couple more, will you?" He glanced at Weston. "Or you want a *real* drink?"

"Beer's fine," said Weston.

McDermott grunted and shrugged. "Annie! There are two men out here dying of thirst!" She appeared with

two sweating cans of beer. McDermott squeezed her hand. “Thanks, baby.”

“How about getting something on the record?” suggested Weston.

“Like what?”

“Like what you know about Ballantine.”

The guarded expression was back on McDermott’s face. “I never knew the guy.”

“You didn’t go to Houston and you didn’t meet Ballantine?”

“Drop it, will you! I never knew him. I never met him.”

“But you know what happened to him.”

McDermott stood up. “Time to eat,” he said. “Let’s give your pal a shout.”

During dinner, McDermott converted to bourbon on the rocks. Their table-talk was casual, but several drinks later, McDermott agreed to a taped interview.

TRANSCRIPT:

MCDERMOTT: Ballantine and a young radar-guy—Rosa—got their hands on a roll of magnetic tape. Rosa had access to the equipment with which it could be played—NASA techs called it a “jukebox.”

WESTON: Jukebox...

MCDERMOTT: Ampex recording equipment—the data could only be deciphered by the device for which it was designed, like an FR-900, or something similar.

WESTON: Is this Rosa? Weston showed McDermott a photograph of Rosa. McDermott frowned, nodded.

MCDERMOTT: Are you sure you don’t want a real drink?

WESTON: I'm sure, thanks.

MCDERMOTT: Bourbon's better for you...

WESTON: You're saying the tape got Ballantine killed?

MCDERMOTT: I saw the way those guys looked at him. I *knew* those looks...

There was a break in the interview. McDermott emptied his glass and shambled to the living room bar. On JUNE 20, 1977, viewers did not see Annie return from the kitchen, nor did they hear her argument with McDermott. She thought McDermott was being indiscreet. But he was drunk, restless and resented Annie's remonstrations. He yelled at her, said she didn't have "nagging rights": "You aren't my goddamn wife!" She continued to argue—tried to persuade him; he grew madder still. He threw a tumbler of bourbon at the wall and the glass exploded. Annie left in tears. For the next hour he drank heavily. Weston worried that McDermott would lose consciousness but McDermott remained lucid—the mark of an inveterate drinker. *He's drinking himself sober*, Weston thought. The interview continued:

WESTON: Hank, what happened out there—on the Moon?

MCDERMOTT: I don't know how to put this, but it was a disappointment; we were late to the party.

WESTON: 'Late to the party?'

MCDERMOTT: The later Apollo Missions were smoke-screens—to cover up what was really going on out there, and the bastards didn't tell us—not a damned thing!

Here, as viewers will recall, there was another break. It lasted only a split second on the screen but, in fact,

filming stopped for more than an hour. When they resumed, McDermott was sweating heavily. He was sweating because of the alcohol and because of his excitement over what he was saying. They'd said he wasn't to talk about it. That's what the bastards had said. Well, he'd show them Hank McDermott wasn't a guy to be scared into silence. They didn't own him. He was out of the service now and maybe it was time for someone to talk. He was holding yet another drink as he waited for Weston's first question.

WESTON: Hank, you've got to tell me, what did you see?

MCDERMOTT: We touched down several kilometers east of our target and it was...it was *crawling* with activity...

WESTON: Are you talking about men from Earth?

MCDERMOTT: Nothing's the way you think it is. We were a dog and pony show—a PR stunt. A *sideshow*! As early as Gemini III, every launch was accompanied by synchronized launches of Agena or Soyuz Rockets—at Baikonur, Plesetsk and Kapustin Yar; at Jiuquan, Kagoshima and Woomera; at Kourou and Alcantara. One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*

END INTERVIEW

McDermott finished his drink and fell face-down on the carpet. Weston and Doyle left. The interview had been a success.

APOLLO 17

TAURUS-LITTROW

20°11'26.88"N 30°46'18.05"E

DECEMBER 11, 1972 19:54:57 UTC

MISSION CONTROL: More detail, please. Can you give more detail of what you are seeing?

HARRISON SCHMITT: It's something flashing. That's all so far. Just a light going on and off by the edge of the crater.

MISSION CONTROL: Can you give the coordinates?

HARRISON SCHMITT: There's something down there, maybe a little further down.

MISSION CONTROL: It couldn't be a Vostok, could it?

HARRISON SCHMITT: I can't be sure. It's possible.

BATCH CONSIGNMENTS

THE CHAIRMAN – A3 POLICY COMMITTEE

NATIONAL CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS – E.O.

JANUARY 10, 1978

AUGUST 27, 1958:

Each designated mover will, it is estimated, require back-up labor support of five bodies. These bodies, which will be transported in cargo batch consignments,

will be programmed to obey orders without question and their principal duties will be construction and priority will be given to the construction of accommodations for the designated movers.

However, in the interests of good husbandry, accommodations will also be provided for the human components of batch consignments, as well as for “food stuffs”—as a matter of urgency. The completion of these accommodations, which will be of a basic and utilitarian nature, will in normal circumstances take precedence over the creation of laboratories, offices, and recreational centers. All exceptions to this rule will require written authorization from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence. It is estimated that the average working life-span of human batch consignment components will be fifteen years and, in view of high transportation costs, every effort will be made to prolong that period of usefulness. At the end of that life-span they are to be considered disposable. Preliminary work is now progressing to adapt batch consignment components, mentally and physically, to their projected roles and the scope of this experimental work is to be widened. Further details will be provided, when appropriate, by Department Seven. Pre-transportation collection of batch consignment components will be organized by National Chief Executive Officers who will be supplied with details of categories and quantities required. No collection is to be arranged without specific instructions from Department Seven.

OCTOBER 1, 1971:

Experimental processing of batch consignment components is now producing a 96% success rate. This is considered not unsatisfactory. The Policy Committee briefing circulated on SEPTEMBER 7, 1965, explained the necessity for all components to be de-sexed. On another note, the permanent elimination of self-will and self-

interest has presented great difficulties. Long-term laboratory tests have revealed that an unaccountably high percentage of components eventually regress into pre-processing attitudes. Advanced work, conducted principally at Dnepropetrovsk has now resulted in a substantial reduction of the “component-personality” failure ratio. Finally, in the future, no de-sexing will be performed until after the personality-adjustment of the projected component, male or female, has been assessed and approved. This will ensure that those which eventually return to their homes as “rejects” will betray no evidence of laboratory work.

SECTION NINE

MONDAY, MAY 2, 1977: Benson was spending as little time as possible in his own office. He could no longer tolerate the smells from the canteen. He operated from a desk in the open-plan office which had been allocated to Science Report. At times, however, it tended to be too noisy, with too many telephones and too many people, and occasionally he was forced to retreat to his own tiny room behind Studio B. Benson and Weston were closeted there together, studying a transcript of the McDermott interview. Benson marked a section with a red pencil.

“There, love,” he said. “That’s the bit that really intrigues me. What did he mean?”

Weston read aloud: “One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*”

“I don’t know,” he said. “McDermott passed out.”

"That still leaves us with questions, doesn't it?" said Benson. "And I need answers."

"Yes, but—"

"No 'buts,' love; I'm getting enough 'buts' from Buxton. He's put in a complaint about you to Townshend; he says it was unethical of you to interrogate a drunken man. He wants to kill the interview."

"All right, so he was smashed, particularly towards the end. I'm prepared to admit that, but I'm certain he was coherent and telling the truth."

"I know, and then he fell flat on his face." Benson chuckled. "You stick with your version, love, because the Chairman wants to see both of us."

"You're serious, then: Buxton is trying to kill it?"

"Yes, indeed. And you didn't do the holiday piece I promised him."

"What holiday piece?"

Benson grinned, "Yeah, for the holiday series—something for Tim Shaw. He's pissed and so is the airline; they don't like to throw away junkets."

"Oh, *come on*—"

Benson stopped him: "Don't worry; he's got his Isle of Man project."

"Then we should locate Harry; he's got answers," said Weston.

Benson frowned, got up to close the window. "So where do we start?"

"Could try the police again," said Weston.

"Be back by mid-afternoon," said Benson.

The desk sergeant was polite but unhelpful. “You any idea how many people get reported missing in Britain every year?” he asked. “275,000 and those are the *reported* disappearances. God only knows how many *don’t* get reported.”

Weston handed him a photograph of Rosa. “He was last seen on February 11th in Lambeth.”

The sergeant snorted, “Gives us plenty to go on, doesn’t it? What makes you think he’s missing? Maybe he doesn’t want to see you anymore.”

“He was frightened, very frightened, and he got me confused with somebody else,” said Weston. “He seemed to think that somebody was planning to kill him.”

“You think that he’s been killed—that he’s been murdered—is that what you’re trying to say?”

“I don’t know,” said Weston miserably. “I don’t think so but I don’t know.”

“Why should he confuse you with somebody else?”

“Because he wasn’t normal that morning; he was bombed out of his mind.”

“He was stoned?”

“That’s right.” They were short-handed at the police station and it was a busy morning. The sergeant decided he had already wasted too much time. He pressed the photograph back into Weston’s hand.

“So what have we got? Male, 30s, squatter, a junkie, paranoid... Anything else you want to add?”

Weston shuffled his feet, said sheepishly, “Sounds a bit daft, doesn’t it?”

“I’ve got your information,” said the sergeant. “If Rosa turns up, we’ll ring you.”

The afternoon meeting with Townshend was a rough one. The Chairman was in a foul mood. Maybe Buxton was right. Maybe Benson was becoming “unprofessionally obsessed.” Townshend had doubts about the transmission of an interview with a drunken subject. There could be repercussions.

“But George, it could prove to be an invaluable part of the program,” argued Benson. “There are just a handful of missing links.”

“Come back when you find those links.” Townshend brushed imaginary crumbs from his hound’s-tooth jacket, glowered at the pair of them. “Until then, your pet-project is dead.”

They returned to the small office behind Studio B. Benson sat at his desk, sniffed. “No fish on Mondays,” he said. “Fish-days are the worst.”

“Lovell—he’s all we’ve got left. If only we could get him to open up. You want me to try him?”

Benson shook his head, picked up the grey internal telephone, and dialed the Science Report office. “Is Brinton there?”

MAY 1971: the authoritative publication *Computers and Automation* carried an article by Edward Yourdon:

...tremendous improvement in various precincts of Government, if one has faith—faith that the computers will work properly. Men have lost faith in their human leaders, and now things will be better if they have faith in a cold computing machine...

NATIONAL SECURITY CITED BY POLICE AS REASON FOR MAINTAINING SILENCE ON USE OF RECORDS

STEWART TENDLER

THE TIMES

SEPTEMBER 9, 1977

The names and personal details of tens of thousands of people scrutinized by the Special Branch for reasons of national security are to be fed into a new criminal intelligence computer purchased by Scotland Yard and which remains shrouded in mystery.

When plans for the computer were drawn up two years ago it was understood that by 1985 the Special Branch would allocate space on it for up to 600,000 names out of the system's total capacity of 1,300,000.

Census projections have indicated that Britain's population will not increase in the next decade. So that figure of 600,000 means that the Special Branch was preparing to feed details of one person out of every ninety-five in the entire population into that computer. But that is merely the start. Discount from the total population all geriatrics, young children, and those who have been judged incurably insane and the ratio under surveillance comes down to about one person in fifty. Take that one step further and the implications are startling. If the average household comprises two adults, the ratio is reduced to one household in twenty-five. That means there can hardly be a street in Britain where at least one household does not merit computer-monitoring by the Special Branch. Can you now be

confident that you or your immediate neighbors are not being studied by the Special Branch? You can be absolutely certain that people you know, probably people very close to you, are getting this particular treatment. And the figures we have given, astonishing as they may seem, do not allow for those people programmed into other Special Branch computers—computers which so far have remained hidden on the classified list.

Is this typical Special Branch work or does it indicate an operation on a scale required by Alternative 3?

Yesterday a police source said that the Special Branch had yet to decide how many names would be placed on the computer and denied that 600,000 would eventually be filed. Scotland Yard said last night: “The question of the involvement of the Special Branch in the project to computerize sections of the records of C Department (the department covering CID and specialist detective squads) is not one we are prepared to discuss, since most of the work of the Special Branch is in the field of national security. The publication of any figures purporting to indicate the total number of records in any part of the project would amount to speculation.

Special Branch is still surrounded by a certain amount of mystique and the same is true of the new computer. The Metropolitan Police and the Home Office have made few public statements about the nature of its use.

Tendler also stated that the activities of the Special Branch were “a closely-guarded secret” and he added: “It is not known whose names and details have been gathered by the officers.” We cannot prove that this particular computer has been used to sift “designated movers” and “batch consignment components” for Alternative 3 from the general population. However, because of information furnished by Trojan, we are able

to state categorically that similar computers are used for this purpose.

LOCATIONS:

FORT GEORGE G. MEADE, MD, USA

PINE GAP, Alice Springs, Australia

GCHQ, Cheltenham, United Kingdom

BUNDESNACHRICHTENDIENST, Pullach, Germany

NAICHŌ, Japan

Little trouble is taken over the selection of “components” for batch consignments. They need to be strong. That is the prime criterion. Their backgrounds and mental capacities are of secondary importance; all “components” undergo behavioral modification. But how is the value of a “designated mover” determined?

DESIGNATED MOVERS

THE CHAIRMAN – A3 POLICY COMMITTEE

NATIONAL CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS – E.O.

1972

Standing instructions relating to the recruitment of designated movers have already been circulated by this Committee. However, recent reports from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence indicate that there have been failures in the execution of those instructions. These failures have produced unanticipated problems in the new territory and have resulted in an unacceptably high number of post-transportation asset-losses. This situation cannot be tolerated and I am once again

compelled by the Policy Committee to highlight the overarching aims of the Committee-in-Residence: Every effort must be made to eliminate dissension in the new territory. Affiliative dispositions must be routed and re-entrained. National Chief Executive Officers will give priority-attention to re-enculturation initiatives undertaken by their scientific officers. Suggestibility-thresholds in all candidates must be determined prior to inculcation. Due to the scope of the initiative, the onus falls upon regional case officers.

Candidate-quotas which remain unfulfilled include general practitioners, neurologists, chemists and bacteriologist. A satisfactory complement of computer scientists, mining technicians, and agriculturalists has been achieved. Future personnel requirements will be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers.

THE MISSING

1975-1977

Richard Tuffley, 27, endocrinologist—living and working in Swansea, South Wales...

Orphaned when young and brought up his by mother's sister, now deceased...

Unmarried and with no known relatives...

Lived alone in a small rented flat near the university...

Disappeared MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1976...

Last seen driving a light-blue mini-van in the direction of Cardiff...

The van has still not been located...

STATEMENT FROM HIS DEPARTMENT CHIEF: "He was a first-class and highly-conscientious colleague—certainly not the sort one would expect to wander off. He was introverted and made few friends but I had no indication that he was in any way unhappy here."

Gordon Balcombe, 36, senior administrator with a multinational manufacturing conglomerate...

Living in Bromley, Kent, and working in central London...

Divorced in 1969...

Father of three children, from whom he is estranged...

Lived alone in former family home; reported to have many women visitors. Some, according to neighbors, often stayed overnight...

Disappeared on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1976...

Last seen leaving his office in a taxi...

Taxi-driver was never traced...

STATEMENT FROM HIS MANAGING DIRECTOR: "We were completely bewildered by his disappearance for he was a man with a future. Plans were being made for him to move to a senior position at our base in Chicago and he seemed excited by the prospect. We regard his disappearance as a great loss."

STATEMENT FROM MRS. MARJORIE BALCOMBE: "Gordon, for all I know, could be anywhere. I suspect that he is probably in America. He is the sort of man that executive head-hunters try to entice to new posts and it is quite possible that he would not bother to tell his old firm if he decided to accept a better offer. He would just go if it suited his purpose. That's the sort of person Gordon is: self-centered. And I shouldn't be

surprised to learn that he has some woman in tow. Women are his great weakness. The only thing that really puzzles me is the way he left so many of his clothes and other personal possessions in the house. That does strike me as being out-of-character.”

Sidney Dilworth, 32, meteorologist...

Living and working in Reading, Berkshire...

Widower...

Wife died in a car crash in OCTOBER, 1975...

No Children...

Lived alone in a mortgaged duplex...

Disappeared Friday, APRIL 16, 1976...

Last seen driving a hired car in the direction of London...

Vehicle later found in a car-park at Number Three Terminal, Heathrow Airport...

STATEMENT FROM HIS FATHER, WILFRED DILWORTH: “I keep telling the police that something really bad has happened to our Sidney but, although they’re very sympathetic, they don’t seem to be doing much about it. I’ve got a nasty feeling he’s been murdered. He was always a very considerate lad and he’d never want me and his mum to have this sort of worry hanging over us. He was very upset after his wife was killed and he talked about trying to start a new life in Canada. In fact, the JANUARY before he disappeared he said he thought he had a job lined up there but, as far as I could gather, that fizzled out. At the research station they say he never mentioned anything about leaving but I suppose he wouldn’t want to tell them until it was all settled. Now we’ve reached the stage where I dread opening the newspaper in the morning for I’m sure that one day I’ll be reading that they’ve found his body.”

Also missing...

Andrew Nisbett, 39, aerospace technician, born Tulsa, Oklahoma, disappeared on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1976, from Houston, Texas, together with his wife, Rita, and their only son.

Pavel Garmanas, 42, physicist, born in Usachevka, USSR, disappeared on THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1977, from his new home in Jerusalem, Israel.

Marcel Rouffanche, 35, nutrition specialist, born in the suburb of Saint-Rugg near Avignon, disappeared on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1977, from his apartment in Paris.

Eric Hillier, 27, constructional engineer, born Melbourne, Australia, disappeared on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1977. Intensive investigation has shown that the figures given by Brinton in that television program represented only a fraction of the true total. And that total is still mounting.

ALTERNATIVE 3

REACTIONS AND REPERCUSSIONS: POST-DENIAL

STORM OVER TV SPOOF

THE DAILY EXPRESS

Thousands of viewers all over the country protested in shock and anger over a science fiction "documentary" broadcast by ITV last night. From the moment that Alternative 3 ended at 10 PM, irate watchers jammed

the switchboards of The Daily Express and ITV companies to complain.

This story made no mention of the evidence which had been given on-screen by Bernard Lovell or by other respected authorities such as Andrew Shonfield. McDermott's important contribution was also ignored. However, the story did indicate that...

...the hour-long spoof purported to show a version of the scientific brain drain. The program was introduced by anchor Tim Brinton as a serious investigation into a disturbing trend. American and Russian spacemen were seen collaborating to set up a "new colony" while viewers were left to infer that the reason for the exploration was the projected end of life on Earth. The documentary had a disclaimer. What this program shows may be considered unethical.

Viewers protested their shock immediately. Others complained of ITV's "irresponsibility." Early today, a spokesman for the Independent Broadcasting Authority said it had thought long and hard before allowing the documentary to be aired. But Mrs. Denise Ball of Camberley, Surrey, said: "I was scared out of my wits. It was all so real."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, the renowned Clean-Up-TV campaigner, was another who believed the "Buxton denial." She was quoted in another newspaper as saying: "I had hundreds of calls. The film was an expert piece of deception."

That was the immediate reaction and it was understandable. The facts assembled by Benson and his team were so alarming that people were eager to believe that they were untrue. Buxton's denial, which drew a comforting veil over the affair, was readily accepted. All this put men like Arthur Garrett in an invidious position. Over Robert Patterson, for example: Had

Patterson really existed? That question was implied by the attitude of most newspapers, and for some unfathomable reason, officials at the University of St. Andrews refused to make any comment. Chancellor Bernard Edward Fergusson was on a “scholar’s quest” abroad. Was Patterson a figment of Garrett’s imagination? Was that why Weston had been unable to interview him? The questions were piling up. Days later, once *Alternative 3* had been properly digested, Fleet Street considered the investigative report in a different light.

Arthur Garrett told us that relief arrived on JUNE 26 when he opened the Sunday Telegraph. Esteemed columnist Philip Purser wrote: “a number of mysteries within the mystery posed by *Alternative 3* remain unsolved.” Philip Purser made it abundantly clear that he was too shrewd to be fooled by the Buxton denial. He concluded his Sunday Telegraph article with these thoughts:

It would be a mistake to file Alternative 3 away too cozily with Panorama’s spaghetti harvest and other hoaxes. Suppose it was fiendish double-bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program and that the superpowers really are setting up an extraterrestrial colony of outstanding human beings to safeguard the species?

Many sensed the underlying truth. Tim Brinton received the following note from ESA Director General Roy Gibson: “I must congratulate you and Colin Weston on your assiduous research.”

Yet mainstream newspapers still exhibited a reluctance to pursue the subject of Alternative 3. Why didn’t they question Marjorie Balcombe? Why didn’t they contact Dennis Pendlebury in Manchester or Richard Tuffley’s former colleagues in Swansea? The authors have already revealed that publication of this

book was subject to rigorous and demoralizing censorship, as well as structural compromise. Likewise, is it possible that newspapers have too been subjected to similar pressures, and that they have yielded to those pressures? A key to this presumption was provided by Kenneth Hughes in the *Daily Mirror* on JUNE 20, 1977, the day of the broadcast. He had secured advance-access to material gathered by Benson and his team and his article was headlined: *What on Earth is going on?* He wrote:

A science program is likely to keep millions of Britons glued to their armchairs. Alternative 3 is an investigation into the disappearance of several scientists. They seem simply to have vanished from the face of the Earth. Chilling news is read by former ITV newscaster Tim Brinton who gives a gloomy report on the future.

The program will be screened in several other countries, but not America. Network bosses there want to assess its effect on British viewers.

The truth was, however, that network bosses in America, as well as in Russia, were permitted no discretion: *Screening of Alternative 3 was forbidden.* And in the UK, the backlash which followed the transmission resulted in a media-blackout. Andrew Shonfield, already introduced, was reluctant to become deeply involved. On JULY 9, Watkins visited Shonfield at the Royal Institute for International Affairs:

WATKINS: Alternative 3 has been called a hoax. What is your reaction?

SHONFIELD: It would be wrong, in the present political climate, for me to make any comment.

WATKINS: You suggested, on record, that cooperation between East and West could involve some “massive but covert operation in space.” Would you elaborate?

SHONFIELD: I emphasized that this *could* be the situation but I did not state categorically that it *was*. In fact, as I recall, I explained that I was not in the business of speculation.

SHONFIELD: You took part in that program as an expert commentator. How do you feel about its dismissal as a hoax?

SHONFIELD: The program was of a more sensational nature than I had anticipated. I was surprised by some of its discoveries.

WATKINS: Do you think there is validity in those discoveries?

SHONFIELD: I'm sorry. I'd prefer to say no more.

The interview was unsatisfactory. However, only a few weeks later, we received information which provided deeper insight into Alternative 3.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1977

TRANSCRIPT:

A-TWO: But losing a whole batch consignment like that!

A-EIGHT: We had bum luck, that's all there is to it.

A-TWO: Three hundred bodies smashed to bits—a complete write-off and that's all you can say? "We had bum luck..." Look, I'm not a technical man and I tend to

get lost with some of this technical talk, so will someone please explain just how a thing like this can happen, because, I tell you, I've got a gut-feeling there's been carelessness.

R-FIVE: You can't prevent the occasional mishap—it's unrealistic and in this case, perfectly random.

A-TWO: Yes, but—

R-FIVE: Meteorites are very common; roughly 19,000 weighing over 3.5 ounces enter the Martian atmosphere every day.

A-TWO: Don't our pilots take avoiding action?

A-EIGHT: There isn't a crack fighter-pilot alive able to dodge an incoming meteorite.

R-EIGHT: This discussion, in my humble opinion, is over. Our scientific people at Archimedes Base have assured us that this disaster—our *first*, I must emphasize—could not have been avoided, and that has been confirmed by the Committee in Residence.

Other matters...

The ITV broadcast was a success and as a disinformation piece, it exceeded all expectations. I think we have learned—and *are learning*—many invaluable lessons. This is a red-letter day for asymmetric psychological warfare.

A-FIVE: And it's the first campaign of its type that has been *successfully* sub-contracted, and no one's the wiser.

R-EIGHT: Well, it's cannon-fodder, as you say—a new myth. With a little luck, it will assume a life of its own, run on auto-pilot, adequately misdirect...

A-TWO: And Lovell?

A-EIGHT: He has demonstrated that people sooner embrace the safety of the lie than seek the danger that

accompanies the truth—Brinton will take Lovell's revelations to the grave.

R-TWO: No sleep-job?

A-EIGHT: No sleep-job.

END TRANSCRIPT

SECTION TEN

JOSEPH Banks Rhine, founder of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man (FRNM) and frequent lecturer, was interviewed on our behalf by Colin Weston in Brussels on SEPTEMBER 23, 1977. That interview, which Weston taped, provided insight into the meaning of the phrase “sleep-job.” In the early 1960s, he explained, significant advances were made in the study of parapsychology at the universities of Kharkov and Leningrad. The advances involved telepathy and, more specifically, the long-distance invasion and manipulation of minds. The potential military advantages were obvious: Enemies could be suborned remotely—virtual marionettes. “Experiments have demonstrated that children, like birds and beasts, are more receptive to telepathic messages than are adults,” said Dr. Rhine. “The fully-developed mind erects barriers; barriers that may be penetrated when one’s defenses are compromised, either by fatigue or

emotional distress. The barriers that the mind would erect in the waking world are diminished during REM sleep. This is the window during which the mind may easily be invaded...*and controlled.*"

Weston frowned, said incredulously, "Controlled, eh?"

"Instructions can be administered and if circumstances are propitious he will obey those instructions, even an order to self-destruct."

"Good God!" said Weston.

"It's a delicate business. There are many variables to which attention must be paid: biorhythms, overall impressionability, and psi-sensitivity—"

"The instinct for self-preservation would countermand any instructions calculated to result in suicide!" interrupted a disbelieving Weston.

"Did you read that somewhere? It isn't true. The mind, regardless of its perceived waking resolve, is highly malleable."

"And this is a common practice?"

"Common? I'm not saying that; I'm telling you what is possible." Maybe Dr. Rhine was right:

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1976: **James Riggerford**, 42, happily married with three children, walked from his beachside home south-west of Houston, Texas, sometime shortly after 3:00 AM, two days after resigning as the Operations Administrator with NASA. His body, found clad in pajamas, was later recovered from the Gulf of Mexico.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1976: **Roger Marshall-Smith**, a 31 year-old physicist who had recently returned from temporary attachment to NASA in America, was living with his parents in Winchester, Hampshire. They found him just after 1:00 AM, two hours after they had

all gone to sleep, in flames at the bottom of the stairs. He had apparently, while still asleep, doused his clothing with turpentine and set fire to himself. The agony of burning had awakened him but by then, it was too late.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1977: **James Arthur Carmichael**, 35, aerospace technician, fell to his death at 4:35 AM from a sixteenth-floor hotel bedroom window in Washington. Friends said that he had seemed happy and in normal spirits the previous evening and had gone to bed alone at midnight. He, too, was wearing pajamas.

Were these men “sleep-jobs?” We don’t claim to know but we consider it a possibility.

Tim Brinton joined Benson in the room behind Studio B. “How were things with George?” he asked.

“Not good,” said Benson miserably. “He wants to junk Colin’s interview with McDermott. Quite frankly, Tim, it looks bad unless you can squeeze more out of Lovell.”

“More!” responded Brinton, clearly exasperated. “What more could you want!”

“Relax, Tim. It seems to hinge on Lovell,” Benson nodded. “Lovell has pertinent knowledge.”

“There’s a big difference between knowing and talking.” Brinton visualized the growing clefts in the magnetosphere. He began to sweat. “He wasn’t forthcoming, John. I don’t think we should press him.”

“Try him again,” urged Benson. “Tell him everything you know; what we’ve got from McDermott and Shonfield.”

Two days later, Brinton was back in Lovell's book-lined study at Jodrell Bank. Lovell and Brinton sat opposite one another, saying nothing. Lovell shattered the silence, which had grown icy: "We can make up any old thing, Tim. It doesn't have to be the truth. I'll talk about environmental collapse, the hole in the ozone layer, pesticides—anything. You aren't culpable. It will be our little secret." For once, Lovell was without his signature tweed jacket and his sleeves were already rolled up above the elbows, as if he was prepared for a brawl.

"This is awkward. I regret our last meeting—everything about it—"

"Here is my proposal, Tim. In a minute, you'll turn on your tape-recorder. I will start talking. 50% of what I will say will be relatively true. You'll get a scoop in which John Benson will have some faith. Sound good?"

Brinton rested the tape-recorder on his lap, pressed the "record" button.

THE LOVELL TRANSCRIPT, PART DEUX:

LOVELL: You know about Alternatives 1 and 2 and why they were rejected. Alternative 3 offered a more limited option—an attempt to ensure the survival of a small cross-section of the species...*in theory*. We were academics, after all, not technicians; we were under the impression that the technology that the theories demanded were beyond man's grasp. We were wrong.

BRINTON: Uh, right—um, so this third option was, uh, interplanetary?

LOVELL: Right, off-world: Mars, ultimately, with intermediate staging on the Moon.

BRINTON: What about candidacy?

LOVELL: For Alternative 3? It's not a lottery, if that's what you're asking.

BRINTON: Mars was always the primary destination?

LOVELL: Not at first: 100,000 million + stars in the Milky Way and as long ago as 1950 Fred Hoyle estimated that more than a million of those stars had planets amicable to life.

BRINTON: It was that vague?

LOVELL: In '57, at Huntsville, but the situation soon changed, and by "soon" I mean twelve months. Preparations were well underway by FEBRUARY of '58. Turn the tape off.

Brinton complied.

"You are under the impression that Earth is a unique water-rich blob of mud teeming with life, alone in an otherwise desolate and lifeless solar system. This notion has been marketed very aggressively and for obvious reasons. It isn't true. Our definition of "life" has been reevaluated. We have learned that sentience isn't something that develops exclusively in a greenhouse like Earth; the kind of sentience exhibited by creatures on Earth is but one variety. That we found a great deal of life on Mars shouldn't come as a surprise, and although it was spectacular news, our imperatives precluded disclosure."

"When you say "sentience," you mean other conscious life-forms, like you and me."

"No, not like you and me—not exactly, although at first..." Lovell paused, withdrew his pipe from his pants pocket, reached for a nearby bag of tobacco, continued: "Your people will portray Alternative 3 in a negative light and that is understandable. But I'm not sure any of us has the choices he or she thinks he has. I can only say—and I know our astronauts, if they were able, would confirm this—the rules on Earth do not apply in Space."

“I don’t understand—the pictures relayed from Viking revealed an endless expanse of red rock—terrain that seemed to offer little prospect for colonization—the telemetry, everything...”

“Uh, right,” started Lovell, “Viking was equipped with several instruments, one of which was developed by a sewage engineer named Gilbert Levin. It was designed to detect microbial life. It worked; microbial life was detected in abundance...but it wasn’t corroborated.

“I don’t understand.”

“The Viking missions were designed to fail, not unlike the Gemini missions. Viking’s carbon-detector was disabled in order to discredit Levin’s results; NASA knew that Levin’s device would detect life in abundance. They did with the Viking Missions what they will do with your Alternative 3 broadcast: seed a handful of truths and then discredit them; truths that once undermined, will have a hell of a time finding a credible audience. This is the method whereby which secrecy is maintained, and you, Mr. Brinton, are an unwitting agent. I know you’ll do the right thing.”

Brinton telephoned Benson from a payphone on Nantwich Street in Cheshire. He told him the Lovell interview was a success, and then walked to The Black Lion on Welsh Row. He ordered a whisky. And then another.

George H. Leonard, interviewed by Colin Weston, agreed that there was an obvious conflict between the description of Mars offered by Lovell and the pictures which had been released by NASA: “Many people have also wondered why NASA was so stingy with its

photographic budget,” he said, “particularly when you consider how important the pictures are supposed to be.” Leonard pointed to a blow-up photograph of “familiar” Martian terrain which was mounted on a board in the studio. “That picture says it for me,” he said. “We’re told that they spent all that money putting that probe on Mars and then what do they do? They equip it with a camera which can focus only up to one hundred meters. And that, as somebody observed, is about the size of a large film studio; it doesn’t add up. If they really wanted high-resolution imagery of Mars, they would equip the craft with a vastly superior camera system—better cameras are available—make no mistake about that—but the one they used, well, it was as if they’d deliberately fitted it with blinders and a broken lens.”

“They determined that we should see only what they wanted us to see?”

“That could be. Everything we see is filtered through NASA—it is second-hand. So if they tell us it’s Mars, such a pronouncement must be accepted on faith. Audio is no different; we don’t hear everything that’s said between Mission Control and the spacecraft. There’s another channel—the biological channel.”

“We learned about that from Maurice Chatelain,” said Weston.

“Sure, Chatelain; he was well-acquainted with the Apollo Unified S-Band System.

SECTION ELEVEN

“It was my job to ensure that the extraterrestrial question was considered and promoted by the type of people that would, by association, undermine the question’s salience.”

—ANONYMOUS

WENDY had not gone back to Lambeth—not since Harry disappeared. He didn’t get out on his own, not while stoned; someone must have taken him. She knew she would never see him again. She had to get away, or they might kill her, too. She went to Birmingham; they would not find her there. Had she let Harry down? She remembered the small box which he had considered so important; he had hidden it beneath a floorboard at the Lambeth house. “It held the key,” he’d told her, “to something important;

to a tape made by the dead man—*Ballantine*.” She ought to get that box to Weston at Anglia TV. She owed Harry that much.

On Thursday, JUNE 9, Wendy took a train to London and traveled by bus across the city and by 3:30 PM she was at number 33—the formerly derelict house. It had been renovated and through the ground-floor windows she could see a group of young people sitting in a circle with their eyes closed. Wendy hesitated. She was anxious and disappointed. She had expected the house to be empty. She had anticipated walking in, marching to the second-floor, peeling away the floorboard and of hurrying away with the box. Now it couldn’t be like that at all. She tapped with her knuckles on the door—tentatively, at first, and then harder. Footsteps approached and the door was opened by a tall and scrawny man with long hair and an unkempt beard. His feet were bare and he was wearing tattered blue jeans patched with bits of floral curtaining. His eyes—dark and deeply-set—were disconcerting. He was in his mid-thirties, maybe, or even nudging forty. “Good afternoon, sister,” he said. “Jesus loves you.” His voice was deep and his accent was East London.

“Who are you?” asked Wendy.

“Eliphaz,” he replied. “Eliphaz the Temanite.”

“I used to live here. I left something important behind.”

“The only thing that is important is Jesus. Has *He* entered your heart? He is waiting—waiting for you to invite Him in.”

“Could I pop in and collect it?”

The man stepped back, gestured for her to follow, “Here in the Temple, everyone is welcome,” he said. “Come on in. Jesus is here,” said the man encouragingly. “And you *need* Jesus.”

Wendy pointed to the youngsters who were still kneeling in their silent circle. "What are they doing in there?" she asked.

"We are the Children of Heavenly Love," said the man. "We were sinners and we lived in the bondage of the flesh but Jesus Christ, the greatest revolutionary of them all, has entered our hearts and saved us from sin." He closed his eyes, screwed up his face in apparent anguish. "Thank you, oh thank you, Lord Jesus," he said. He opened his eyes, smiled, and extended a hand in invitation.

"Eliphaz," said Wendy, "Is that your real name?"

"It became my name when I entered into the love of Christ," he said. "Before I found the Lord I was called *Jack*. Now I am saved and Jack has exited stage-left."

"That thing I mentioned," she said. "I left it upstairs, under the floorboards."

"You are more than welcome to come in," said the man. "Here in the Temple we do not wish to keep things which are the possessions of others." She followed him through the hall and up the stairs. The place had been cleaned and the walls had been painted. All three doors on the landing were open.

Wendy indicated the front room. "In there," she said.

The man stopped, put a hand on her arm. "I forgot to ask your name."

"Why?"

He smiled, "There is fear in you, sister. You should accept the Lord and let Him help you."

"Why is my name important?"

"So that I can introduce you to my brothers," he said. Wendy noticed two young men in the room. Both were about eighteen and dressed in the style of the man called

Eliphaz. There was no furniture, not even the old sofa. The young men were seated on the bare boards, studying a shared Bible, whispering.

“My name is Wendy.”

Both youngsters immediately looked up and scrambled to their feet. “This is Wendy,” said Eliphaz. He took Wendy’s elbow, eased her into the room.

“This is Lazarus, one of our brothers from America,” he said. “And our friend over here used to be called Arthur, but now he’s filled with the Spirit and he’s become Canaan. Canaan the Rechabite.”

“Jesus loves you, Wendy,” said Lazarus politely. “Praise the Lord!” He spoke with the warm and homely drawl of the Deep South. On the knuckles of his right hand was tattooed the word “love.” A tattoo on his left said “hate.”

“Yes, Jesus loves you,” said Canaan.

“Thank you,” she said. It sounded ridiculously inadequate and there was an awkward silence. She indicated the section of the floor where the sofa had been and turned to Eliphaz the Temanite. “It should be there,” she said, “under the loose boards.”

He nodded. “You need help?”

“No, thank you. I can manage.” They watched as she attempted to pry up one of the boards.

“Wendy, do you know Jesus?” Lazarus put the question casually.

“Sure.” She was preoccupied with her work and she did not look up. “Sure I know Him.” The board was fixed more firmly than she’d expected.

“I mean really *know* Him,” said Lazarus, vehemence in his voice.

The board was now rising from the floor. Wendy wormed her fingers under it and started to tug.

"I tell you," continued Lazarus, "He was an unwashed hairy hippy from the slums of Galilee, but, you gotta believe me, that cat was for real."

Loud creaks as bits of wood bent and finally burst away from the retaining nails. Wendy peered down into the darkness: *nothing*. She must have picked the wrong board. "Yes, He's here with us today. He's right here in this room, and I tell you, He's a mind-blower."

Maybe it was nearer the window. Yes, the board had been just behind the sofa.

"He's the ultimate trip, Wendy, and you want to get with Him because there ain't much time left."

This board was looser. She jiggled it a little to get a better grip and lifted.

"It's all right here in the Bible, how the seven vials of the wrath of God will be poured over the nations."

There! She snatched the box, got to her feet. "Thank you," she said. "I'm sorry to have interrupted you." Eliphaz, she now realized, had placed himself squarely between her and the door. His face was coldly resolute and his arms were folded across his chest. "That box is yours and whatever is in it is yours, but I have to ask you one question," he said. "Does it contain drugs?" Suddenly he seemed bigger than before—bigger and more powerful. She had been a fool to return to this house. Lazarus and Canaan the Rechabite seemed to be closing in on her, one on either side; her stomach was churning with panic.

"I've got to go now." She was struggling to control her voice, "please let me go."

"It's all here in the Book of Revelation." Lazarus appeared to be unaware of what was happening in the

room. He was preoccupied entirely with his convictions about the imminent End of Days. “Listen to this, the Bible gives facts and details: *‘...and the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire...’*”

Eliphaz held out his hand. “Give me the box.”

“No!” she shouted. “It’s nothing like that!” He stood aside to let her pass.

“Please forgive me for being suspicious,” Eliphaz apologized. “We would have taken them if they had been drugs. We would have taken them and destroyed them. You have to realize that many of our brothers and sisters here were damaged by drugs in their days of fleshly bondage.”

“You’re letting me go?”

“Of course, but please come back to see us,” said Eliphaz. “All God’s children are welcome in the Temple.”

“Let Jesus into your heart, Wendy,” said Lazarus as she walked to the landing.

“Hallelujah!” added Canaan the Birmingham Rechabite.

Eliphaz escorted her to the front door. “Don’t forget, sister, that you *do* need Jesus,” he said. “God be with you.”

At a nearby phone box, she dialed the number for Anglia Television. “May I speak with Colin Weston?”

“One moment,” said the operator. “I’ll put you through.”

Arthur Garrett had prepared a background-information sheet about Mars for Benson so that some of the details could be fed into the program’s links. Here is a relevant excerpt:

One question which has not been satisfactorily resolved concerns the atmosphere of Mars. Does it have air which we could breathe? The answer, quite frankly, is that no one seems to know. I've spoken to a number of scientists who are confident that quantities of free oxygen did exist there at one time. It may well be that, as Lovell has suggested, life-supporting atmosphere has been locked in the surface-soil but I have been unable to find any other expert who is prepared to publicly endorse that suggestion. Obviously the question of Mars colonization depends on an Earth-like atmosphere. Lovell has been publically denounced by his peers; I wouldn't stick my neck out professionally on his say-so. In short, John, it's a fascinating theory but it doesn't add up...

Benson read the last few lines for the second time and snorted. "Well, Arthur love, it's my neck that'll be sticking out, not yours," he said. "Lovell's got me convinced and I'm prepared to gamble on him." But he didn't need to gamble, not as it turned out. For, at that moment, Wendy was waiting to talk to Colin Weston.

JUNE 13, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

I have returned to the studios today after a week's sick leave and I am astonished to learn that it is your intention to permit the McDermott interview. We have already discussed the unethical circumstances under which the interview was conducted as well as McDermott's extravagant views. We agreed, I thought, that his statements could not possibly be substantiated and that, if dignified by inclusion in a program purporting to be serious, could do considerable harm. This particular Science Report program, as I have told you on numerous occasions, is an example of

irresponsible sensationalism which will reflect adversely upon the company's image. Once again, I urge you to withdraw this program from the schedule.

JUNE 14, 1977: Memo from Marquis Townshend to Aubrey Buxton...

I can no longer agree with you over the remarkable brain drain investigation which has been mounted by Benson and his team. I grant that it is controversial and even frightening. It will also cause embarrassment in high places. However, I have assessed the evidence which is now in the program—the product, I might add, of diligent research and impressive dedication—and I feel it would be a professional failure were we to suppress what appears to be the unpalatable truth. Since we last spoke I have had the opportunity to study Brinton's interview with Dr. Lovell. Lovell is a man for whom I have the greatest respect and no one of his stature would lend his name to anything which, in your words, reeked of "irresponsible sensationalism." There have been times, as you know, when I have been perturbed by the unexpected directions in which this investigation has moved. I have rescinded my reservations and Benson has my unqualified support.

JUNE 15, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Mr. John Woolf, Executive Producer...

You are already aware of my misgivings in relation to the Science Report program, scheduled for network transmission on JUNE 20, in which it is suggested that there is an international conspiracy to transport intellectuals and others to another planet. I have made my opinions known on many occasions and I commend your attention, in particular, to the minutes of the Senior Executives' Meeting held on APRIL 8. I warned then against what I recognized now as a policy of expensive folly.

I am taking the unusual step of enclosing herewith copies of all correspondence between the Chairman and myself on the subject for I feel that, in view of the damage this production could do to the reputation of the company, this is a matter in which you might see fit to intervene. I cannot urge too strongly that under no circumstances should this program be screened.

JUNE 15, 1977: Memo from John Woolf to Marquis Townshend...

See the attached note which reached me by hand today from Mr. Buxton. It is not my practice to become entangled in differences of opinion between my Chairman and any of his subordinates, particularly when I am approached in what I consider to be an underhanded manner, with no copy of the note having apparently been sent to you. Nor did I intend to intervene on this aspect of program-policy which I consider to be entirely your territory.

Townshend reread the memos. "Cheeky bastard!" he said. He dialed Buxton. "Buxton, be in my office in two minutes!"

Katie Glass took the call in the Science Report office. "No, Colin's popped out for a coffee. Who's this calling, please?"

"I must speak to him," said Wendy. "It's urgent."

"Can I take a message?" Wendy wanted to get rid of the box. Every wasted minute, she felt, put her in greater danger. "Could you find him? It is desperately important."

"I'll see if I can catch him in the canteen. Can I give him a name?"

"Tell him it's the girl who was with Harry," said Wendy. "Tell him I've got Harry's package."

“Hold on.”

“I’m in a pay-box and I’m out of change.”

“Give me the number of the box and hang up,” said Katie.

Wendy waited with her back to the door of the booth. She was unaware of the man until he jerked the door open.

“You plan on spending the day in here?”

“I won’t be more than a minute; I’m waiting for a call.”

He grabbed her arm, started to pull her. “Well, I’m waiting to make one, so come on out.”

“This won’t take long, *really*.”

“Lady, this is a public box and I’m not hanging around all day while—” The phone rang.

Wendy snatched the receiver, heard Weston’s voice. “Yes, it’s Wendy. I was the girl with Harry,” she said. “I must meet you. Harry had something he wanted to give you and now I’ve got it, but I’ve got to be careful.”

They met an hour later at the spot where Weston had first seen Harry Rosa—at the Boer War Memorial. “*They* might be looking for you?” asked Weston. “Who are *they*?”

Wendy shrugged, “Who knows?” She handed Weston the box. “That’s what Harry wanted you to have; he said it was related to the Ballantine tape. Does that make sense?”

“No,” said Weston. “Wait here. I’ll have a look inside the box.” He hurried to the Norwich Castle Visitor’s Center, locked himself in a bathroom cubicle and opened the box. It contained a square printed circuit. He rejoined Wendy.

“I have to go,” said Weston. “See what sort of tune we can get out of this.”

“You don’t need me anymore?”

“Where will you be?”

“Not sure. Not in the UK.”

Weston tapped the box. “Do you want to know how this ends up?”

“I’ll contact you,” she said. She hurried across the street, and like Rosa, disappeared down Castle Meadow.

A few hours later, in the darkness of the Anglia Television preview theater, Benson and Weston watched in amazement as pictures from the decoded Ballantine tape spilled across the screen. “I don’t believe it!” exclaimed Benson. “Good God, I simply don’t believe it!”
(APPENDIX G)

SECTION TWELVE

EVERY seat in the preview theater was filled. All members of the Science Report team had been summoned to see what Benson and Weston had been watching. Marquis Townshend was also there, sitting next to Benson, and so were many other executives. Benson's eyes were sparkling with excitement when the houselights came up. "Well, George?" he asked. "What do you think?"

Townshend frowned and nibbled at his bottom lip, baffled and reluctant to commit himself. "What *can* I think?" he countered. "If what we've seen is authentic—if it isn't an elaborate hoax—then the human race has been conned and we've got the most incredible television scoop ever. But it can't possibly be true!"

"But it fits, doesn't it?" persisted Benson. "It fits with everything else we've got..."

“Have you checked with Jodrell Bank—with people who worked with Ballantine?”

“Yes; we’ve spoken extensively with Lovell.”

“And put the thing to NASA. If we used it in the program and it turned out to be a fraud, there would be blow-back. I give you fair warning, John, I’m not prepared to carry the can.”

“But NASA is certain to deny it,” protested Benson.

“Let me know when you’ve spoken to them.” Townshend got up, left the theater.

The NASA official, who refused to give his name, took a very different attitude. “I’ve heard some freaky notions in my time but this one caps the lot. You better face it, son, someone’s pulling your leg.”

“Then you are stating categorically that the tape is fraudulent?”

“How could it be anything else? That must be the most stupid question I’ve heard this year.”

“The information on it is inaccurate?”

“Why don’t you do me a favor: *quit while you’re ahead.*”

“I’m taping this conversation. Will you go on record and state, categorically, that the information conveyed on the tape is fraudulent?”

“I’m sorry. I’ve wasted enough time on this; there’s absolutely nothing more to say.”

Weston was left with a dial-tone. “Blast!” said Weston. He was tempted to dial again. All the official spokesmen had been briefed, asked to stay mum—to laugh the idea off the stage. It was a charade. Weston felt, more strongly than ever, that the tape was genuine,

but proving it—that was another matter. No sooner did he return the phone to its cradle than it rang; it was Lovell.

“Ballantine *did* meet a ‘Harry Rosa’ at NASA. I’ve wrestled his diary from Lady Ballantine. He made a couple of hurried scratches regarding the ‘Harry’ in question:

- *Harry promised help but is frightened...*
- *Destroy tape...*

“What are we to make of that?” asked Lovell.

“Was there anything else?”

“Nothing relevant,” replied Lovell.

“The tapes you use at Jodrell Bank—is there anything distinctive about them?”

“In what sense?”

“Could you, by studying this tape, establish if it belonged to Jodrell Bank?”

“No, but I might be able to ascertain that it *didn’t* belong to us.”

“And that would support the tape’s authenticity.”

“Sure it would, to a degree.”

“Would you be willing to come to Norwich?”

“I’ll leave immediately,” he said. “I’m anxious to see what is on the tape.”

Weston met Lovell at reception and took him to the preview theater where Benson was waiting. They sat in silence, watching and listening. “Incredible!” exclaimed Lovell.

“You think that originated at Jodrell Bank?” asked Benson.

“Let me examine the tape,” said Lovell. Benson led the way to the projection box and Lovell produced an eye-glass through which he minutely studied the tape. They waited while he inspected each frame. Then he closely scrutinized the header and leader sections.

“Well?” asked Benson. “What do you think?”

“There are no Jodrell Signatures,” said Lovell. “This is the genuine article.”

They hurried him to Townshend’s office where he repeated his belief and the reasons for it. “Give me just one minute,” said Townshend. “I’d like to have the Executive Producer in on this one.” He dialed Woolf’s internal number, explained the situation, and replaced the receiver. “He’s joining us,” he said.

Woolf listened while Lovell spoke. “Fascinating,” he said. “And this diary—may we see it?”

Lovell nodded. “It’s in my car.”

“Well, George,” said Woolf. “You’re Chairman.”

“Yes, but this is different,” protested Townshend. “I want your help. If we make a misstep there’s going to be a stink.”

“You want me to share the blame.”

“No—”

“George, are you keen on using the tape?”

“In light of Dr. Lovell’s testimony, I’m all for it.”

“Fine,” said Woolf. “I’m with you all the way.”

The Ballantine tape was the most astounding feature of the now notorious investigative report known as *Alternative 3*. It was authentic, but as Townshend had feared, it *did* inspire blow-back. Tim Brinton introduced it and all that could be seen at first was a haze of colors

and uncertain shapes. There was a whirling blur of confusion—multi-colored dust dervishes glimpsed crazily through a tumbling kaleidoscope... Then the picture resolved and the camera skimmed low over a barren landscape. No vegetation, no suggestion of life—mile after mile of red desolation. One could hear static, then men cheering, and finally American voices from the Mission Control:

FIRST VOICE: Okay, try to scan.

SECOND VOICE: Scanning now.

FIRST VOICE: The readings... Where are the readings?

At that moment, superimposed over the image of the alien landscape, beneath a timestamp which read 13:59:59 UTC, viewers saw the computer-printed word “TEMPERATURE.” And, almost instantaneously, that word was duplicated in Russian: “ТЕМПЕРАТУРА.” Then there was an outburst of Russian voices—excited, jubilant. And then, once again, the second American voice came through with great clarity: “Wait for it. Wait for it. Come on, baby, don’t fail us now, not after all this way!” Computer data appeared alongside the words on the screen. The temperature, they showed, was four degrees Centigrade. More printed words: “WIND VELOCITY,” in English and then in Russian: “СКОРОСТЬ.” And the first American voice was shouting triumphantly: “It’s okay! It’s good, it’s good.” A Russian voice, equally ecstatic, carried the same message. Then the computer readout delivered the most vital information of all—in English and Russian—about the atmosphere of the “new territory.” The words and letters were appearing with agonizing slowness. There was silence, and then there arrived whoops of joy. The first American voice could be heard shouting over the din: “On the nose! Hallelujah! We got air, boys. We’re home! Jesus, we’ve done it. We got air! His yells of

excitement, and similar ones from his Russian counterpart, were drowned by the crescendo of cheering, and during a lull in that cheering the second American voice could be heard saying: "That's it! We got it. We got it! Boy, if they ever take the wraps off this thing, it's going to be the biggest date in history: FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1960. We're on the planet Mars—and *we have air!*"

That was it—the end of the Ballantine tape. Millions of viewers wondered if they had misheard: Man on Mars in 1960! No, that was not possible. Tim Brinton, his face somber, assured them that it was more than possible. Here, from a transcript of the program, are his actual words:

We believe that to be an authentic record of the first—and secret—landing on Mars by an unmanned space probe from Earth. We also believe the date given—FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1960—to be accurate. Clearly, the blanket of security by which this information has been covered could have been maintained only through the active participation of governments at a very high level. Clearly, there must have been some powerful reason why the true conditions on Mars, suitable as they appear to be for human habitation, have been kept secret. Indeed, the effort which has gone into persuading the world-at-large that the opposite is true argues that some operation of supreme importance has been going on beneath this veil of security. We believe that operation to be Alternative 3. Whether a human survival colony has been established on Mars, or whether preparations are still in hand for its transportation from the Moon to Mars, we do not know. But we offer this program tonight as a challenge to those who do know the truth.

He paused after spelling out that challenge, one hand resting on a model of the Earth and one shaking hand on a model of Mars. Benson watched, proud. He knew that

the company had taken a calculated risk with this program; that what had been revealed would be emphatically denied; that there could be ugly repercussions for Buxton and Townshend—and especially Brinton, the episode's personality. He was the anchorman, the man who—as far as the public was concerned—was at the center of the entire investigation. He was well-known and well-respected and that, from the official viewpoint, made him doubly vulnerable. It would be remarkable if attempts were not made to discredit him; to prove that, far from being a responsible commentator, he had been party to an ill-conceived hoax. At no time, however, had he considered opting out. He believed in the truth, he presented it professionally, and this particular truth was far too important to be suppressed. He concluded with these words:

We regret if the implications of what you have seen are less than optimistic for the future of life on this planet. It has been our task, however, merely to bring you the facts as we understand them, and to await the response.

The response started before he finished speaking: Switchboards at newspaper offices and regional television stations were flooded with calls from frightened people; from people desperate for reassurance. Those people got their reassurance: Buxton issued a denial. *But that denial was a lie.*

SECTION THIRTEEN

THERE is nothing new, of course, in the concept of men using the moon as a launch-pad for new life on Mars. H.G. Wells, who correctly anticipated many technical triumphs perceived as ludicrous by his peers, in his classic *The First Men in the Moon*, wrote the following:

“It isn’t as though we were confined to the Moon.”

“You mean?”

“There’s Mars—clear atmosphere, novel surroundings, exhilarating sense of lightness. It might be pleasant to go there.”

“Is there air on Mars?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Seems as though you might run it as a sanatorium...”

Wells, once again, has been proved right. A number of leading journalists, honoring Wells' prophecies, did not embrace the Buxton denial. They were puzzled by it, for it had the ring of inauthenticity. Alan Coren, in *The Times* of JUNE 21, throws doubts on the validity of the Buxton statement:

The seeming preposterousness of the story, on the other hand, was totally acceptable. The preposterousness of the times has seen to that. Why should the madness of the NASA program not be linked to the madness of Watergate, to create a NASA-gate in which life is discovered on Mars, but the information is suppressed for governmental ends?

James Murray of *The Daily Express* is another level-headed and highly-experienced writer who does not readily accept the obvious. And so on the front page of his own newspaper, he courageously stuck to his assessment of Brinton, Weston and the others:

They plausibly linked natural phenomena and real events in space to come to the inevitable conclusion that there was a monumental international conspiracy to save the best human minds by establishing a new colony on Mars—so all these scientists and intellectuals slipping abroad were really being shipped to Mars on rockets via the dark side of the moon.

Murray, in other words, recognized the truth even though he did not have the facts to substantiate that truth. Men like Coren and Murray worried Buxton. They perpetuated the doubts and suspicions he had tried to smother, and he was frightened that they might start digging deeper; that they might be able to present the full truth, which is the chief objective of the 33rd Anniversary Edition of *Alternative 3*. Other men, for other reasons, were disturbed by the realization that the *Alternative 3* sensation was not swiftly buried. They were particularly unhappy about Philip Purser's Sunday

Telegraph suggestion that the investigation might have been a “fiendish double-bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program,” which, we concede, is partly true.

Many Members of Parliament, not privy to the facts about Alternative 3, have since claimed that they suspected the truth. Nevertheless, they had the task of coping with much of the terror which spread so swiftly after the broadcast. Most people, as we have said, were eager to believe Buxton’s denial, but an appreciable minority intuited the full significance of what had been revealed. These were people, in the main, who had already been cognizant of the sort of people behind the 1968 Condon Report (Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects). There were those who remembered what the Evening Standard had said about the \$500,000 commission:

It is losing some of its outstanding members under circumstances which are mysterious. Rumors are circulating—at least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure. The complete story behind the strange events in Colorado is hard to decipher.

The validity of the suspicions in that Evening Standard article suddenly seemed to be confirmed by other statements later made public—quite apart from President Carter’s remarkable about-face on the subject of flying saucers. Andrew Shonfield: *“At the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy there has been operating a factor of which we know nothing...”* Would a man of Shonfield’s caliber make a statement of that nature? Apollo veteran Hank McDermott: *“The later Apollo Missions were smoke-screens—to cover up what’s really going on out there, and the bastards didn’t tell us—not a damned thing!”* Why, if there was nothing to hide, did he make such a statement?

APOLLO 17

HADLEY RILLE

26°7'55.99" N 3°38'1.90" E

JULY 30, 1971 22:16:29 UTC

SCOTT: Arrowhead really runs east to west.

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, we copy.

IRWIN: Right, we're (garble)... ...we know that's a fairly good run. We're bearing 320; hitting range for 413. I can't get over those lineation(s)—that layering on Mount Hadley.

SCOTT: I can't either. That's really spectacular.

IRWIN: They sure look beautiful.

SCOTT: Talk about organization!

IRWIN: That's the most organized structure I've ever seen!

SCOTT: It's (garble)... ...so uniform in width.

IRWIN: Nothing we've seen before has shown such uniform thickness from the top of the tracks to the bottom.

MPs WEIGH-IN...

Michael Harrington-Brice:

"I was put in an impossible position. For weeks after that program went out I was getting depositions at the House, demanding that the government author a formal denial. I supported that demand; it would have helped alleviate the anxieties of my constituents. However, it

was not possible to pin down anyone in authority. I tried to put down questions about Alternative 3 but they were invariably blocked—and odder still, the House record of my inquiries has been struck. I tried to raise the matter privately with Ministers but was invariably told that Alternative 3 was a subject that they were not at liberty to discuss.

“I soon formed the impression that something unusual was happening behind the scenes; that we in Britain were on the periphery of some secret venture choreographed by an unseen hand. Nothing specific was said, you understand, but hints were dropped. It was hinted that I had overstepped my bounds.”

According to his secretary, MP Bruce Kinslade was also making inquiries into the facts presented in the *Alternative 3* investigative report of JUNE 20. On WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, Mr. Kinslade was struck by a lorry near his home in Kensington. VERDICT: “Accidental death.”

JULY 26, 1977, *The Times*:

A frightening picture of the accelerating world population is given in the 1977 World Population Report, published this week by Population Concern. The report points out that half the fuel ever used by man has been consumed in the past 50 years. The world's population is now more than 4,000 million and increasing by 200,000 every day (07-01-2010: 6,830,586,985).

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1977: Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill was interviewed by British Aerospace Correspondent Angus Macpherson. Macpherson, respected as one of the world's most authoritative science-fact specialists, wrote:

Flying to London today is another scientist who is perfectly serious about his prediction of what faces the human race as we approach the start of the 21st century, but American physicist Dr. Gerard O'Neill holds out the promise of a totally different future—a brave new world in space. The choice, as he sees it, is between George Orwell's 1984 and Arthur Clarke's 2001. "Tell humanity there's no hope and everyone applauds you. But tell them there is a way out and they get furious," say Dr. O'Neill, who has worked for seven years on a mind-stretching scheme for the emigration of most of us into artificial colonies in outer space. He has been brusquely dismissed as a peddler of nonsense by Jacques Cousteau, whom he admires, and there was hurt as well as humor on the lean face under its trendy Roman fringe as he told me: "Jacques is terribly worried about the pollution of the ocean and the destruction of its life. He thinks we ought to be doing more about it; so do I. Environmentalists are really very negative; they're so obsessed with Earth's problems they don't want to hear about answers." O'Neill's own answers are that we not only can colonize the solar system, but must, if human life a few generations from now is to remain civilized.

O'Neill is coming to London to present his prediction of space colonization to the British Interplanetary Society. The BIS is a legendary forum for glimpses into the future. Its members have seen a Moon-landing ship unveiled, looking eerily like the Apollo LEM, but some thirty years before it. And they were the first to hear Arthur Clarke outline a visionary scheme for a global chain of communication satellites. This could be a similar bit of history-making. For most of the generation that gaped at the first Moon landings it has become a madly expensive confidence trick—a game of golf on a useless rock pile that only two could play and that cost 500 pounds a second. All this is desperately myopic, declares O'Neill, for the denizens of a planet

whose 4 billion inhabitants face the prospect of being two to three times as crowded by the early years of the next century.

“In fact, we found in space precisely the things we are most in need of—unlimited solar energy, rocks containing high concentrations of metals and, above all, room for man to continue his growth and expansion. A static society, which is what Earth would have to become, would need to regulate not only the bodies but the minds of its people. I refuse to believe that man has come to the end of change and experiment and I want to preserve his freedom to live in different ways. I see no hope of saving it if we remain imprisoned on the Earth.”

Macpherson pointed out that O'Neill is “consulted respectfully—if a shade warily—by Government Officials, Senate Committees and State Governors.” The article indicated that O'Neill was not aware—and possibly is still not aware—that the future envisioned by *Alternative 3* had already arrived. Macpherson wrote:

His colonies are planned as vast cylindrical metal islands drifting in orbit, holding inside a natural atmosphere, trees, grass, rivers and animals—a capsule of a warm Earthlike environment. He sees them reaching half the size of Switzerland and housing 20 to 30 million people, sustained by the inexhaustible energy of space sunshine. Yet their construction, he insists, would require only off-the-shelf materials.

The article finished with these thoughts:

For most people of the pre-space generation, the moment when the magic finally went out of the adventure came a year ago when the dream of life on Mars was dispelled by the Viking spacecraft, but for O'Neill, that was another plus for space: “The best thing we could have found was nobody there. The colonization of the new frontier can take place without repeating the

shaming history of the Indian nation—or even the bison. Perhaps nobody’s there, anywhere, after all. Perhaps there isn’t a Daddy to show us how to do things. It’s a bit frightening, but it gives us a lot of scope.”

MEMORIAL RESOLUTION

HOWARD STANLEY SEIFERT

1911 – 1977

HOWARD Stanley Seifert, Emeritus Professor of Aeronautics and Astronautics, died of cancer on AUGUST 24, 1977, at his home on the campus. He was 66 years old and had served on the Stanford faculty for a period of 16 years before retiring in 1976. Professor Seifert was internationally known as a leader in the relatively new field of rocket propulsion, and his special contribution at Stanford was to develop a strong curriculum in this field, along with special research programs in related areas of space studies and astronautics.

Professor Seifert was born in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, and pursued studies leading to Bachelor's and Master's degrees in the physics department at Carnegie Institute of Technology. He transferred to the California Institute of Technology to complete his Ph.D. in physics. His early postdoctoral experience included a position as Associate Professor of Physics at Kalamazoo College in Michigan for a period of two years, from which he went to the Westinghouse Corporation as a research physicist for another two years. During that period of time his major research interests included infrared and x-ray spectroscopy and development problems of gaseous discharge tubes. To supplement a relatively low salary at Westinghouse, he periodically brought forth patent

disclosures each of which rewarded him with an extra \$25—an indication of his creative mind.

In 1942, Professor Seifert joined the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology and entered the field of rocket propulsion that was to become his specialty. During his 12 years at JPL, he rose to Chief of the Applied Physics Division and made important contributions to the basic science and technology of liquid-rocket propulsion. During World War II Seifert was a member of a small group working with Professor Theodore von Karman, that was chiefly responsible for the early advances in the field of rocketry in this country. This group provided the technical expertise for the earliest application of jet propulsion to American aircraft systems, namely the use of JATO (Jet Assisted Take Off) for launching aircraft. In 1954 Seifert left JPL to join the Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation (now Space Technology Laboratories) and spent five years there working on advanced propulsion and space systems. He came to Stanford in 1960 to accept a position as Professor in the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics, alone, with a management consulting position at the then newly-formed Sunnyvale Research Laboratory of the United Technology Center. His active and imaginative service as the mainspring of the department's teaching and research program in propulsion and related space science is a matter of record. In particular, he introduced into the Stanford curriculum the concepts of advanced propulsion, including electric propulsion in its several forms. He always enjoyed working with students, and they invariably appreciated his interest in their progress and in themselves as individuals and as friends.

Professor Seifert published over 40 papers on rocket propulsion, heat transfer, and applied physics. He edited the important reference work *Space Technology* (Wiley);

and was a consulting editor for the McGraw-Hill series in Missile and Space Technology. In 1965 he was elected to the International Academy of Astronautics and he served also as President of the American Rocket Society and Vice-President of the International Astronautics Federation. He received the Rocket Society's Pendray Award for his contributions to the astronautical literature, and in 1976 received the Wyld Propulsion Award from the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics "for your leadership in the field of rocket propulsion over the past three decades, and your extensive contributions to the technical literature in propulsion and space systems." Seifert was also a Fellow of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

Professor Seifert's more recent interests included the fields of robotics and energy. He served as principal investigator on a program called "Lunar Pogo Transporter Project," a highly original proposal for energy-efficient transport on the lunar surface by hopping instead of rolling. He was also an organizer of the first national conference on remotely manned systems held in 1972, as well as an editor of a survey film on "Remotely Operated Teleoperator Robot Systems." His interests in solar energy led to his course entitled Conversion of the Sun's Radiation for Man's Use. More recently he had been a consultant to the government of Saudi Arabia on the development of a solar and wind energy research laboratory. Communicating scientific information to the non-specialist was always a special interest of Howard's. While still at Westinghouse he and his wife Mary wrote radio scripts for a program called "Adventures in Research." They also collaborated on over 80 articles on popular science for young people. More recently they coauthored a widely distributed book called *Orbital Space Flight* (Holt Library of Science), dealing with the physics of satellite motion. Mary and

Howard were a working team, and their relationship prospered because of it.

Music played an important role in Howard Seifert's life. He was an accomplished cellist and played regularly with local friends in string quartets and other chamber music groups. Among them was a group which included Professors Daniel Bershader and Milton Van Dyke, and which served as the resident chamber-music group of the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics. He combined his musical interests with an interest in the life of the Lutheran Community on the Stanford campus by his special efforts in helping to acquire and install an organ for the University Lutheran Church.

Howard and Mary had two daughters and one son, all of whom are married and pursuing their own busy lives. Howard himself was active in both curricular and extracurricular pursuits until his final illness. We shall miss him as a stimulating colleague, fellow music lover, and as a human being who helped enrich our lives.

—Daniel Bershader, I-Dee Chang & Walter Vincenti

THE SPHINX AND THE SPY

THE CLANDESTINE WORLD OF JOHN MULHOLLAND

BY

MICHAEL EDWARDS

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A T mid-century *The Sphinx* stood as America's oldest and most prestigious magic magazine. Over its five-decade history, it had become part of the lifeblood of the conjuring world. Then, on June 29, 1953, John Mulholland wrote a letter to journal's subscribers. "This is to inform you that as of June 1, 1953, the publication of *The Sphinx* has been suspended. The immediate cause is that my health does not permit me to do the necessary work. My Doctor orders me to confine my efforts at this time to the shows by which I earn my living." [1]

It was true that Mulholland's health was not good. An inveterate smoker, he suffered from ulcers, stomach disorders and arthritis. Editing *The Sphinx* for twenty-three years had taken a physical and financial toll. But rather than limiting his activities to his live performances, Mulholland had actually embarked on a new endeavor...an endeavor far more secretive than anything in the realm of conjuring. He had entered a world of covert operations, espionage, mind control,

drugs, and even death. John Mulholland had gone to work for the CIA.

At the time, John Mulholland was one of America's most highly regarded magicians. An outstanding stage as well as close-up performer, he had become a noted author, lecturer, historian, collector, editor, and world traveler. In many ways, he had helped make magic intellectually respectable.

Mulholland was born in Chicago, Illinois, on June 9, 1898. As a five-year old, he sat enthralled by a performance of Harry Kellar's. It would begin a lifelong love of conjuring. His family moved to New York when he was quite young and it was there that he began to learn the techniques of the craft. At age 13 Mulholland began taking magic lessons from John William Sargent at \$5 an hour. Known as "The Merry Wizard," the gray-haired, goateed Sargent had been President of the Society of American Magicians in 1905-6 and would later serve as Harry Houdini's secretary from 1918 until 1920. He was a true mentor to young Mulholland and instilled in him not only an appreciation of the art of magic but of its theory, history, and literature.

Mulholland learned his lessons well. He made his debut as a performer when he was 15. While he would be later regarded as one of magic's great scholars, his academic achievements were somewhat limited. He took a number of courses at both Columbia University and at New York's City College, but did not attain a degree. From 1918 to 1924, he taught industrial arts at the Horace Mann School in New York. He sold books for a while and then taught at Columbia University before embarking on a career as a full time professional magician.

Over the years, Mulholland developed an enormous range of presentations. He was equally at home performing close-up magic, entertaining a society dinner, or working the mammoth stage at Radio City Music Hall. In 1927 Mulholland gave a lecture in Boston about the magicians of the world, illustrating each vignette with a trick from that nation. It added a new genre for him and for the profession: the magician as lecturer.

After the death of Dr. A. M. Wilson in April of 1930, he took over editorship of *The Sphinx*. For the next 23 years he would oversee magic's most influential periodical. He was a prolific writer. Aside from the vast number of articles he penned, he authored such books as *Magic in the Making* (with Milton M. Smith in 1925), *Quicker than the Eye* (1932), *The Magic and Magicians of the World* (1932), *The Story of Magic* (1935), *Beware Familiar Spirits* (1938), *The Art of Illusion*, (1944) reprinted as *Magic for Entertaining*, *The Early Magic Shows* (1945), *John Mulholland's Book of Magic* (1963), *Magic of the World* (1965) and *The Magical Mind -- Key to Successful Communication* (with George Gordon in 1967). He had also co-wrote a 1939 magic-detective novel, *The Girl in the Cage*, with Cortland Fitzsimmons.

Over the years, he amassed one of the world's finest collections of magic books and memorabilia. His library housed some 4,000 volumes related to conjuring.

His knowledge of tricks seemed inexhaustible, as was his familiarity with the performance, theory, psychology, history, and literature of magic. He served as the consultant on conjuring to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the Merriam-Webster dictionary and at one time was the only magician listed in *Who's Who in America*.

As America entered the 1950's, the world around John Mulholland was changing. The Cold War was at its height. US foreign policy had gone from trust to terror. In June of 1950, over one hundred thousand soldiers from Communist North Korea crossed the thirty-eighth parallel, invading the republic to the South. The previous year, Soviet Union had detonated its first atomic bomb. The stakes had become enormous. The consequences of military confrontation could well be global thermonuclear war.

American policy-makers decided that other means – covert means — would have to be instituted to stop the expansion of communism. As a secret study commission under former President Hoover put it:

“It is now clear we are facing an implacable enemy whose avowed objective is world domination by whatever means and at whatever cost. There are no rules in such a game. Hitherto acceptable longstanding concepts of ‘fair play’ must be reconsidered. We must develop effective espionage and counterespionage services and must learn to subvert, sabotage, and destroy our enemies by more clever, sophisticated, and effective methods than those used against us.”

The vehicle for this effort was the Central Intelligence Agency.

Within the Agency, there was a concern – almost a panic – that the Russians had developed a frightening new weapon: a drug or technology for controlling men's minds. A new term had entered the lexicon: “brainwashing.” At show trials in Eastern Europe, dazed defendants had admitted to crimes they hadn't committed. American prisoners of war, paraded before the press by their North Korean captors, “confessed” in Zombie-like fashion that the US was using chemical and biological warfare against them. When George Kennan, the US Ambassador to the Soviet Union, made some

inexplicably undiplomatic remarks at a press conference and was declared *persona non grata* by the Kremlin, American intelligence officials wondered if he had been hypnotized or drugged.

The CIA leadership feared a “mind control gap.”

THE SEARCH FOR A MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

In early April of 1953, Director of Central Intelligence Allen Dulles outlined to a Princeton audience the urgency of the situation. Describing “how sinister the battle for men’s minds has become in Soviet hands,” Dulles revealed that the Russians had developed “brain perversion techniques” which must be countered at any price.

The CIA had already begun crafting this counter. On April 3, 1953 Richard Helms, the Agency’s Acting Deputy Director, had proposed an “ULTRA-sensitive” program of research and development in clandestine chemical and biological warfare.

The goal, Helms wrote, was “to develop a capability in the covert use of biological and chemical materials. This area includes the production of various physiological conditions which could support present or future clandestine operations. Aside from the offensive potential, the development of a comprehensive capability in this field of covert chemical and biological warfare gives us a thorough knowledge of the enemies theoretical potential, thus enabling us to defend ourselves against a foe who might not be as restrained in the use of these techniques as we are. For example: we intend to investigate the development of a chemical material which causes a reversible non-toxic aberrant mental state, the specific nature of which can be reasonably well predicted for each individual. This material could potentially aid in discrediting individuals, eliciting

information, implanting suggestion and other forms of mental control.” [2]

The “offensive potential” was unstated, but the aim was clear: to create what later would be known as a “Manchurian Candidate.” The term would come from the title of Richard Condon’s 1959 best seller about a plot to take an American soldier captured in Korea, condition him at a special brainwashing center in Manchuria, and create a remote-controlled assassin programmed to kill the President of the United States. Condon’s book was fiction; the Helm’s plan was not.

In fact, the CIA had already begun exploring the use of chemicals to influence thought and action as well as to incapacitate and even kill. Of particular interest to the Agency was the potential the hallucinogen LSD had in this arena.

Discovered by Dr. Albert Hoffman on April 16, 1943, d-lysergic acid diethylamide -- or LSD as it would become known -- seemed to be a drug custom-made for the intelligence community. Its intense potency in even miniscule amounts would make it easy to administer covertly. The sense of euphoria and hallucinations that accompanied it might well lead those under interrogation to drop their guard and inhibitions, enabling a free flow of information. Some believed the chemical might even be used to alter the state of a persons being -- to convert an enemy agent, to dishearten idealistic adversaries, to reprogram a person's memory or thoughts, to get an individual to do something he or she otherwise would never do.

The proposed CIA work on drugs and mind manipulation was to remain one of the Agency’s deepest secrets. “Even internally in the CIA, as few individuals as possible should be aware of our interest in these fields and of the identity of those who are working for us.” [3]

On April 13, 1953 Allen Dulles approved the project. The program was to be known as “Project MKULTRA. [4] The “ULTRA” hearkened back to the most closely guarded American-British secret of the Second World War: the breaking of Germany’s military codes. The “M-K” identified the initiative as a CIA Technical Services Staff (TSS) project. This was the division within the Agency responsible for such things as weapons, forgeries, disguises, surveillance equipment and the kindred tools of the espionage trade. Within the TSS, MKULTRA was assigned to the Chemical Division (TSS/CD), a component with functions few others – even within the Technical Services Staff – knew about. This unit was headed by Sidney Gottlieb, then a 34-year old Bronx native with a Ph.D. in chemistry from the California Institute of Technology. A brilliant biochemist, Gottlieb was a remarkable, albeit eccentric, man. A socialist in his youth and a Buddhist as an adult, he was on a constant search for meaning in his life. He found some of it in an unrelenting passion for his clandestine labors. He did not appear to be the least bit troubled by the moral ambiguities of intelligence work. He would do virtually anything if he believed it to be in the American interest. Overcoming a pronounced stutter and a clubfoot to rise through the ranks of the CIA, he would later describe himself as the Agency’s “Dr. Strangelove.” Others were less kind. Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair termed him America’s “official poisoner.” [5]

The very same day that Allen Dulles approved Project MKULTRA, Sidney Gottlieb went to see John Mulholland.

Gottlieb knew how to mix the potions. The question was how to deliver them secretly.

Mulholland agreed to help.

A MAGICIAN AMONG THE SPIES

Gottlieb wanted Mulholland to teach intelligence operatives how to use the tools of the magician's trade – sleight of hand and misdirection – to covertly administer drugs, chemicals and biological agents to unsuspecting victims.

Why Mulholland decided to do this is a matter of some conjecture. The world was a far different and more dangerous place in the early months of 1953 than it is today. The war raged in Korea. The bloody battles of Pork Chop Hill, Eerie and Old Baldy were headline news. Some 50,000 American servicemen had already lost their lives in the conflict and more than 7,000 were prisoners of war. Stalin's death in March raised tremendous concern about stability in the Kremlin. In the United States, Senator Joseph McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade was raging. The prevailing mood was one fear, perhaps even paranoia.

"John did not have a political agenda," says George Gordon, a close friend with whom Mulholland would later write *The Magical Mind*. "He said 'yes' because his government asked him to."

Mulholland had an enormous sense of public duty. He took great pride in his contributions, however small. That a special edition of his book *The Art of Illusion* had been printed in a format so that its 160 page text could fit into the shirtpockets of World War II servicemen gave him great satisfaction.

He was very aware of the role other magicians had played in aiding their countries in times of trouble. He had written and lectured about Robert-Houdin's 1856 mission on behalf of Napoleon III to help quell the Mirabout-led uprising in Algeria. And he was very familiar with the camouflage work Jasper Maskelyne had done for the British government during the Second World War.

Furthermore, the leaders of America's intelligence community were the kind of men Mulholland could easily like and admire. General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, the founder of the Office of Strategic Services, America's World war II spy agency liked to hire Wall Street lawyers and Ivy League academics to commit espionage. He filled the secret service with confident, intelligent, often daring young men from leading eastern colleges. By the time the CIA was established in 1947, these were the people who ran America's covert operations. Within the inner circles of American government, they were regarded as the best and the brightest. They planned and acted to keep the country out of war by their stealth and cunning – two qualities Mulholland long admired.

They were also America's elite. Steward Alsop noted they were called "the Ivy Leaguers, the Socialites, the Establishmentarians." He himself coined an alternative epithet: "the Bold Easterners." The CIA, he said, was "positively riddled with Old Grotonians." [6]

The men heading the CIA effort that Mulholland had been asked to join certainly fit this picture. The Princeton-educated Allen Dulles had been associated with the prestigious Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. His grandfather John W. Foster had been Secretary of State as had been his uncle-by-marriage Robert Lansing. A secret agent in both world wars, Dulles looked like an avuncular professor with his white brush moustache, his tweed suits, and his ever-present pipe. But behind the jovial exterior was a hard and determined leader. His brother John Foster Dulles became Secretary of State on January 31, 1953. Allen took up the CIA post twenty-six days later.

His deputy, Richard Helms, had a different personality but similar roots. His education had included a year at an exclusive Swiss boarding school

and another year in Germany. A Williams graduate, he tried his hand at journalism before joining the OSS. He served with Dulles in Germany and stayed within the intelligence community after the war. This prudent, professional spy – the chief of operations of the clandestine services -- could be seen playing tennis at the Chevy Chase Club on Sunday mornings clad in long white flannel trousers.

It may not be surprising that John Mulholland, who spent much of his career among in New York's fashionable society, would find such men fascinating. As Jean Hugard wrote to Orville Meyer, "I believe in reality Mulholland has an inferiority complex; he doesn't mix with us poor mortals." [7]

If "The Very Best Men" who made up the CIA were to the magician's liking, the converse was also true. John Mulholland was precisely kind of person the Agency wanted and needed. Here was a man with a remarkable knowledge of the art of deception – its tools, its techniques, its psychology. And he knew how to keep a secret. Not only had Mulholland made a living from the execution of these skills, he had gained a reputation as conjuring's most accomplished teacher. By look and demeanor, the magician fit the Agency mold. While his roots were not really Eastern establishment, the tall, slender Mulholland with his prominent nose and thatch of gray hair certainly looked the part. He had entrée to a wide circle of business, governmental, social, academic, and entertainment leaders. A world traveler, he was equally at home on the New York City subway system or entertaining the Sultan of Sulu or the King of Romania.

How and when Mulholland came in first contact with the CIA remains unknown. Evidence suggests that it was in 1952, perhaps earlier. By March of 1953, he was certainly consulting for the Agency and being paid for these "professional services." Inasmuch as he was

billing the government on a biweekly basis, it seems apparent that this was ongoing work with at least some of it related to development of Project MKULTRA. [8]

During their April 13 conversation, Sidney Gottlieb asked Mulholland to put together a proposal for an operations manual applying the magician's art to clandestine activities. Mulholland summed up his suggestions as to what this covert guide would have to contain in a letter that he sent to Gottlieb the following week.

"I have given the subjects we discussed considerable thought," Mulholland wrote. "Below is outlined what I believe is necessary adequately to cover instructions for the workers.

"1.) Supplying...background facts in order that a complete novice in the subject can appreciate the underlying reasons for the procedures suggested. Part of this background would clarify the erroneous opinions commonly held by those who are familiar with (magician's techniques). In this section would be given alternative procedures, or modifications, needed by different types of operators (differences in fact or assumed), as well as changes in procedure needed as situations and circumstances vary. The material is necessary in order for the operator to be able to learn how to do those things which are required...

"2.) Detailed descriptions of covert techniques in all those operations outlined to me and variations of techniques according to whether material is in a solid, liquid or gaseous form. Included would be explanations of (the skills) required and how quickly to master such skills. It is understood that no manipulation will be suggested which requires (actions) not normally used, nor any necessitating long practice. To state this positively: all (covert techniques) described would be adaptations of acts usually performed for other

purposes. Descriptions also would be given of simple mechanical aids, how to make them, and how to carry them about. Where needed, application of the data given in section 1 would be supplied. The time consuming part of writing this section will be in developing the adaptations and modifications of the best existing (methods) to fit new requirements.

“3.) A variety of examples to show in detail how to make use of the (techniques) previously described. These examples would be given with varying situations and the ways to accommodate procedure to meet variations.

“If desired, I am prepared to start work on this project immediately. I believe I can complete the proposed writing in eighteen to twenty weeks. I understand, if I am given this assignment, that you, or your representative, would be willing to check my work at a conference approximately every two weeks.”

Mulholland estimated that the cost for him to do write the manual would be \$3,000. [9]

THE SECRET BOOK OF SECRETS

Gottlieb was very enthusiastic about Mulholland's approach and wanted to move ahead quickly. On May 4, he drafted a Memorandum for the Record spelling out what Mulholland was to do:

1.) The scope of this subproject is the collection, in the form of a concise manual, of as much pertinent information as possible in the fields of (magic as it relates to covert activities). The information collected will be pertinent to the problem of (surreptitiously administering) liquid, solid, or gaseous substances to (unknowing) subjects.

2.) The information will be collected principally from the previous studies made by Mr. Mulholland in connection with various problems he has considered. Mr.

Mulholland seems well qualified to execute this study. He has been a successful (performer) of all forms of prestidigitation. He has made a careful and exhaustive study of the history of prestidigitation and is the possessor of an extensive library of old volumes in this field. He has further seriously studied the psychology of deception and has instructed graduate students...

3.) The period of time covered by this request covers six months from the date of commencement of work by Mr. Mulholland and the costs will not exceed \$3,000."

Mulholland's proposal was approved that same day and \$3,000 was set aside to cover its cost. It would become Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4. [10]

MKULTRA—and its component parts—had already become one of the Agency's most secret operations. Mulholland's work, along with that of others working on the project, was considered "ULTRA sensitive." Consequently, there would be no formal documents that would associate CIA or the Government with the work in question. Instead, the Technical Services Staff was to reach "an understanding with the individuals who will perform the work as to the conditions under which the work will be performed and reimbursement arranged. No standard contract will be signed." [11]

On May 5, Gottlieb, in accordance with this procedure, wrote the magician that "The project outlined in your letter of April 20 has been approved by us, and you are hereby authorized to spend up to \$3,000 in the next six months in the execution of this work." No contract or formal agreement was enclosed or ever signed per CIA policy. However, the letter did include a check for \$150 to cover Mulholland's latest work for the agency (March 18th – April 13th). In terms of when Gottlieb and Mulholland could next meet, the chemist noted "A very crowded schedule of travel makes it necessary for us to delay until June 8th our next visit

with you. An effective alternative to this would be for you to come on May, 13, 14, or 15 to discuss the current status of the work. Is this possible?" [12]

Mulholland wrote Gottlieb back on May 11. "Thank you for the notification that my project has been approved. I understand the stipulations. I am resuming work today." Enclosed was a signed receipt for the check and a notation that Gottlieb's missive had taken longer than expected to reach him. "Due to the fact that your letter was addressed to (a former address), it was delayed in reaching me. That was an apartment from which I moved...years ago. The fact that the letter did reach me shows the cordial relationship I have with my local Post Office. My present address is above." [13] He made no comment on how such an error could occur on such a confidential issue.

Mulholland was keenly aware of the project's sensitivity. Among the stipulations was a commitment to total secrecy. Even the manuscript itself would have to be written in a manner that protected the Agency should it fall into the wrong hands. There would be no references to "agents" or "operatives." Instead, covert workers would be called "performers;" covert actions would simply be labeled "tricks."

Mulholland immediately set about the task of researching and writing the manual. While he continued his performance schedule, he cleared his calendar of other commitments. He stopped giving magic lessons, put off work on other writing assignments, and suspended publication of *The Sphinx*.

Ending *The Sphinx* was a major step for Mulholland and for the magi community. Begun in Chicago in March of 1902 and subsequently housed in Kansas City and finally New York, this staid yet controversial periodical had become the most influential of magic journals. Mulholland had taken over the publication

with Volume 29 Number 3 in May of 1930. [14] It was a source of great joy for him. It was also a tremendous burden. “For 23 years, I have edited *The Sphinx* as a labor of love and without financial reward. Each of these years I have spent a great amount of time, and considerable money, to produce a magazine of service to the professional magician and to the serious student of magic. The magazine has been a professional publication and never has catered to those who look on magic as a sort of game. I realized I could not go on forever and for the past several years I have been searching for some individual, or group, qualified to take over the editing and publication of *The Sphinx* and maintain its standards. I found no such person, or persons, and until such is, or are, found the publication of the magazine will be suspended.

“I wish to express my appreciation to the many loyal readers, and above all to the contributors who made my editorship such a rewarding endeavor. It has been a source of deep personal gratification to know how well *The Sphinx* has been received during the years.” [15] The final issue, the 597th, was Volume 52, #1, dated March 1953.

For the next several months, he worked continuously on the MKULTRA project. [16] He soon found, however, that if it were to meet the CIA’s expectations, his manual would have to be far more than a hypothetical extension of existing magic tricks, principles and methods to covert activities. He was going to have to create real world solutions to real world problems. He and Gottlieb discussed the challenge.

On August 3, Gottlieb set up a new subproject (Subproject 15) in order “to expand the original provisions of subproject 4 to include an allowance for travel for Mr. Mulholland and for operational supplies used in the course of this project.” Mulholland and the

Agency, Gottlieb wrote, needed to meet more frequently in order to consult on the details of the manual and the travel allowance would facilitate Mulholland's coming to Washington for some of these discussions. Furthermore, he noted, "Certain portions of subproject 4 require experimental verification by Mr. Mulholland. The item for operational supplies is intended to provide for the purchase of supplies used to test or verify ideas. The cost estimate for subproject 15 is \$700.00 for a period of six months." [17]

Even with these additional resources, Mulholland found the project a greater challenge than he expected. Getting it right was imperative. The consequences of a magic trick going wrong might be embarrassment or a decline in bookings; a covert operation going bad could cost an agent his or her life. He met with Gottlieb in late summer to discuss the matter. Gottlieb agreed to consider extending the time to meet this need.

On September 18, Gottlieb filed an amendment to the MKULTRA Project Records that noted "The time period for the original proposal by Mr. Mulholland was six months, which would expire about 11 October 1953. The unusual nature of this manual demands that it be a creative project... rather than a mere compilation of already existing knowledge. For this reason the time estimates are difficult to make in advance and it is apparent at this time that the estimate was too short for the adequate preparation of this manual. It is in the best interests of the Agency to extend this time limit and obtain the best possible manual rather than hold Mr. Mulholland to the six-month period. It is requested that the original six month time period be extended an additional six months. There is no change in the original cost estimate or the original agenda." [18]

That same day, Gottlieb wrote to Mulholland: "This is at least a partial answer to the questions you asked the

last time I saw you. According to my records, your initial estimate was six months, which would expire about October 11; I am initiating a six month extension of the original estimate, which should more than take care of the time factor. The original cost was \$3,000.00, of which \$1,500.00 is remaining as of now. [19]

Mulholland devoted his energies to the project and by November his first draft was complete. But neither the magician nor the Agency were completely satisfied with the product. As Mulholland wrote Gottlieb on November 11:

“The manual as it consists of the following five sections:

“1. Underlying bases for the successful performance of tricks and the background of the psychological principles by which they operate.

“2.) Tricks with pills...

“3.) Tricks with loose solids...

“4.) Tricks with liquids...

“5.) Tricks by which small objects may be obtained secretly. This section was not considered in my original outline and was suggested subsequently to me. I was, however, able to add it without necessitating extension of the number of weeks requested for the writing. Another completed task not noted in the outline was making models of such equipment as has been described in the manual.”

“As sections 2, 3, 4, and 5 were written solely for use by men working alone the manual needs two further sections. One section would give modified, or different, tricks and techniques of performance so that the tricks could be performed by women. The other section would describe tricks suitable for two or more people working in collaboration. In both these proposed sections the

tricks would differ considerably from those which have been described.

“I believe that properly to devise the required techniques and devices and to describe them in writing would require 12 working weeks to complete the two sections. However, I cannot now work on this project every week and would hesitate to promise completion prior to the first of May, 1954.” [20]

Mulholland estimated that it would cost \$1800 to finish the project. [21]

Gottlieb, whose goal was an operational guide that would be of use to agents in the real world, shared Mulholland's view that broadening its scope to include collaborative efforts by teams of operatives or by female agents was well worth the delay. On November 17, he authorized Mulholland to draft the two additional chapters and extended the timeline for completion of the book until May. This new work became MKULTRA Subproject 19. [22]

Impressed with Mulholland's range of knowledge and analysis, the CIA was beginning to extend its relationship with the magician beyond just the preparation of the covert operations manual. By now, the Agency was utilizing more and more of his expert advice. His ongoing meetings with the TSS staff accelerated. In December 9, Gottlieb expanded MKULTRA's Subproject 19 to increase the travel and operational supplies available to Mulholland and to provide for even more consultation between the conjuror and CD/TSS. At the same time, he was asked to take on yet another assignment: to work with the Agency “in connection with an investigation of claims in the general field of parapsychology...” [23]

The CIA was fascinated by the idea of mind reading and thought transmittal. If possible, such extrasensory

abilities would be among the most potent weapons in their arsenal. It would revolutionize both the obtaining and the delivery of secret information. At one point, the Agency had been approached by a man claiming to be a “genuine mystic” who had developed a system for sending and receiving telepathic messages anywhere in the world. Mulholland’s task was to evaluate this and other claims of telepathy and clairvoyance.

Mulholland, a hard-nosed skeptic, was right at home investigating the paranormal. He had been lecturing on the topic since 1930, when he began exposing the means and methods of fortunetellers. He soon broadened this to debunk and denounce other forms of occultism. By 1938, he had written a book on the subject, *Beware Familiar Spirits*, which traced the history of modern spiritualism and described its techniques. He had no interest in letting the assertions of “mystics,” clairvoyants and mind readers go unchallenged.

With increasing frequency, someone inside the Agency would want an explanation for something they had seen or heard and Mulholland was asked to explain it. In virtually every case it would turn to have been accomplished through the stagecraft of magic. This would not stop the CIA – or other branches of the United States Government – from spending enormous resources over the next three decades to explore the possibilities of parapsychology and remote viewing.

With this additional work at hand, it was soon evident that Mulholland would not be able to have the manual finished as anticipated. “An extension of time is needed to give Mr. Mulholland more time to complete this task,” Gottlieb wrote. “The original estimated completion date was May 1, 1954. It is noted that the completion date estimate is now extended to November 1, 1954.”[24]

In the spring of 1954, Mulholland found himself facing an unforeseen problem. Much of his income for the previous year had come from the CIA for work that he knew was to be kept absolutely secret...even from other branches of the United States Government. But now it was time for him to prepare his taxes. Mulholland requested instructions from the Agency on how he was to report this income to the Internal Revenue Service and what he should do if he were audited or questioned by the IRS.

An internal CIA memo spelled out the problem: "Mr. Mulholland is a self employed magician whose normal income is derived from payment by various individuals and organizations for individual performances. Although not applying to calendar year 1953, other characteristic sources of income are from publishers of books, etc., and from individuals to whom he has given instructions in magic. When preparing his Federal Income Tax form, income is customarily listed by individual performances, etc., with the person or organization paying for the performance, the location of the performance, the amount received, and the deductions itemized for each performance or each source of funds, rather than for a standard deduction to be taken. As may or may not be characteristic with professional performers, these deductions are often questioned by the Internal Revenue people, and Mr. Mulholland is frequently called on to justify some of his deductions. For this reason, a detailed record book is kept of his income, with a separate page for each performance or source of income."

While acknowledgement of the magician receiving payments from the Agency was not felt to be a breach of security in itself, the CIA believed that it was absolutely imperative that the nature of Mulholland's work be kept from IRS scrutiny. "After several conferences with the Assistant General Counsel of the Agency, and the

Security Officer for TSS, the following was recommended: Mr. Mulholland should report all funds received from CD/TSS except for funds for travel expenses, but no attempt should be made to itemize deductions based on these funds. Income tax should be paid on the entire amount reported. Mr. Mulholland should determine a conservative value for the amount of tax paid in excess of what would have been paid if reasonable deductions were made. The reason for this was the feeling that any questions by the Internal Revenue people concerning funds paid by CD/TSS would be prompted by questions on deductions made. It was recommended that the excess tax paid by Mr. Mulholland be refunded by the CD/TSS.” [25] This recommendation was immediately accepted “to protect the security of the Agency.” [26]

Mulholland followed the Agency’s instructions and was reimbursed by the CIA for the excess taxes that resulted from this approach [27] Subproject 15 was expanded to include this financial arrangement [28] and similar agreements were instituted for subsequent years in which he received remuneration from the Agency. [29]

OPERATIONAL APPLICATIONS OF THE ART OF DECEPTION

Mulholland continued work on the operational guide throughout the spring and summer. The text was completed by early fall. But the magician had one more task to do – to help prepare drawings, diagrams and photographs to illustrate the book’s proposed techniques.[30] By winter, the manuscript was finally complete. It was titled *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*.

“The purpose of this paper,” Mulholland wrote in the introduction, “is to instruct the reader so he may learn to perform a variety of acts secretly and undetectably. In short, here are instructions in deception.” [31]

The following eight chapters – illustrated with diagrams hand-drawn by Mulholland – ran over 100 pages and outlined how to apply the magician’s art to the needs of espionage and covert activity. It covered how to administer pills, liquids, gasses and loose solids surreptitiously. It discussed means of obtaining small objects secretly. It proposed strategies and tactics to fit the needs of female agents. And it put forth techniques that could be used by teams of men working in tandem. All this was set forth in language that adhered to the original stipulations put to Mulholland in April of 1953. The language of the manual had to sound like a simple magic text without any words or examples that would connect it to its true clandestine use.

But this was not some primer for amateur magicians to learn a few tricks. No matter how gentle the language, this was to be a guide for agents in the field to perform dangerous, provocative and even lethal acts. The solids, gases and liquids were not harmless substances. What Mulholland was teaching CIA operatives to do was surreptitiously administer mind-altering chemicals, biological agents, dangerous drugs, and lethal poisons in order to disorient, discredit, injure, and even kill people.

Today – five decades after it was written – the tricks and approaches set forth in this manual are still classified “top secret.”

Mulholland’s name appears nowhere on the document, but – consciously or not -- he did leave a subtle trace: the illustrations he sketched detailing facial expressions look very much like self-portraits. This notwithstanding, *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*, remains John Mulholland’s most secret book of secrets.

A MEMBER OF THE TEAM

While the operational manual was now complete, John Mulholland's work for the CIA was far from over. He had become part of the MKULTRA team and the Agency was already employing his knowledge and skills in a wide range of ways.

In October of 1954, Mulholland's agreement with the CIA was extended to include his assistance in the "design of devices for the covert delivery of materials" as well as provide for "such other travel and services as may be desired from Mr. Mulholland at various times." [32]

The following summer, the Agency asked the magician to undertake another assignment. The success of intelligence operations almost always rests on the ability to transmit information clandestinely. Theirs, after all, is a world of secrets. Mulholland's manual had spelled out how to administer materials – notably pills, liquids, and loose solids – to unsuspecting victims through the tricks of the magician's trade. He was also helping the Technical Services Staff design devices to carry this out. Now he was to show the intelligence community how to use the methods of magic to exchange information covertly with one another. Furthermore, he was to use his knowledge and creativity to fashion new methods that were unknown even to the conjuring community.

On August 25, Gottlieb outlined this new project "on the application of the magician's art to the covert communication of information" in a confidential CIA memo. According to Gottlieb, "this would involve the application of techniques and principles employed by 'magicians, 'mind readers' etc, to communicate information, and the development of new techniques. It is contemplated the above would provide a contribution to the general efforts in the area of non-electrical means of communication. Mr. Mulholland has agreed to

undertake this task.” Mulholland’s compensation for this was raised from \$150.00 per week to \$200.00 per week. [33]

The Agency continued to enlarge the scope of John Mulholland’s work. On June 20, 1956, the magician’s arrangement was again expanded. “Objective: Make Mr. Mulholland available as a consultant on various problems—TSS and otherwise—as they evolve. These problems concern the application of the magician’s technique to clandestine operations, such techniques to include surreptitious delivery of materials, deceptive movements and actions to cover normally prohibited activities, influencing choices and perceptions of other persons, various forms of disguise; covert signaling systems, etc.” [34]

That August the Agency extended its financial arrangement with the magician for another year. [35] And in November of 1957 Mulholland’s projects were authorized for yet another 12 months. [36] CIA financial records show that he continued to submit vouchers and be paid through February 5, 1958 [37]

It is not clear whether John Mulholland continued to consult for the CIA after that. By then, his health had deteriorated considerably. He still smoked constantly. His arthritis had become very severe, but ulcers and other stomach problems prevented him from taking even aspirin to relieve it. He severely limited many— if not most—of his projects and activities.

While Mulholland’s work for the CIA may have ended, the Agency continued its interest in the connection between the techniques of conjuring and espionage. Indeed, in the spring of 1959, the Agency extended another MKULTRA Subproject (subproject 83) to revise and adapt some of material that Mulholland had developed on “deception techniques (magic, sleight of hand, signals) and on psychic phenomena.” [38]

MKULTRA was not merely some academic research experiment. Nor was Sidney Gottlieb, the man who oversaw Mulholland's work, just an American version of "Q," the scientific wizard who supplied James Bond with his dazzling gizmos and gadgets. Certainly Gottlieb's Technical Services Staff came up with more than their share of wristwatch radios and disappearing inks. At his core, Gottlieb was a dedicated and determined "operations" leader. His chemical division laboratory stored a vast array of poison pills and potions. And Gottlieb knew how – and was willing -- to use them.

While a clubfoot kept him from military service in World War II, it didn't stop him from engaging in some of the CIA's most covert and deadly missions. He traveled to Leopoldville (Kinshasa) with an Agency-developed bio-toxin in his diplomatic bag. Designed to mimic a disease endemic to the Congo, the virus was cultured specifically for its lethal effect. Its intended victim: Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba. Once in the Congo, the scientist carefully instructed CIA operatives in how to apply the toxin to Lumumba's toothbrush and food. [39] Gottlieb mailed a monogrammed handkerchief—doctored with brucellosis—to Iraqi colonel Abd a-Karim Qasim [40] and he developed poisoned cigarettes intended for Jamal abd an-Nasir of Egypt. [41]—Fidel Castro was an ongoing focus of Gottlieb's chemists—from the LSD the Agency hoped to spray in the Cuban leader's radio booth to the botulinum pill-laden pencil they crafted to assassinate him. [42]

Foreign leaders were not the only objects of Gottlieb's interest. Gottlieb was constantly experimenting to see the real world impact of his drugs. Such experimentation was at the heart of the MKULTRA project. The Agency conducted 149 separate projects involving drug testing, behavior modification, and secret administration of mind-altering chemicals at 80 US and Canadian

universities, hospitals, research foundations, and prisons. Over the years, hundreds of individuals were guinea pigs in this research. Some were government employees, military personnel, and students who had varying degrees of knowledge about the tests. But many were unwitting subjects, particularly drug addicts, prostitutes, mental patients, and prisoners—people who were unlikely to complain and even less likely to be believed if they did. One group of men was kept on LSD for 77 days. A mental patient in Kentucky was dosed with LSD for 174 days. The CIA even set up its own brothel to monitor the effects of the hallucinogen on prostitutes and their unsuspecting clients.

Gottlieb's MKULTRA projects weren't limited to mind-altering chemicals. He explored a host of biological agents, toxins, and other drugs as well as such areas as crop and material sabotage, harassment techniques for offensive use, gas propelled sprays and aerosols, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, and electroshock. [43]

But the darkest episode may well have been one in which John Mulholland found himself personally involved during the very first year of his MKULTRA work: the death of Dr. Frank Olson. [44]

DEATH AND THE MAGICIAN

Recruited by the US Army from graduate school at the University of Wisconsin in 1943, Frank Olson was one of the pioneering scientists in America's biological warfare program. He served his active duty in the Army Chemical Corps at Camp Detrick in Frederick, Maryland, and later traded his Army job for a civilian position within the same branch. He was soon working in a new and highly secretive subgroup: the Special Operations Division (SOD). The Division had three primary functions: assessing the vulnerability of American installations to biological attack; developing techniques for offensive use of biological weapons; and

biological research for the CIA. This CIA research included an MKULTRA subproject (code name MKNAOMI) in which SOD was to produce and maintain vicious mutant germ strains capable of killing or incapacitating would-be victims. An expert in biochemistry and aerobiology, Olson's specialty was delivering such deadly diseases in sprays and aerosol emulsions.

Twice each year, the MKNAOMI team from SOD held a working retreat where the Army scientists could plan and discuss future projects with their CIA counterparts. On Wednesday, November 18, 1953, Olson and five of his SOD colleagues traveled to a remote stone cabin located at Deep Creek Lake in western Maryland for such a meeting.

Sidney Gottlieb was always looking for ways to test the effects of his chemicals. This session presented just such an opportunity. His goal, he would later say, was to "ascertain the effect clandestine application of LSD would have on a meeting or conference." After dinner on the second night of the retreat, he had his assistant, Dr. Robert Lashbrook place a "very small dose" of LSD in a bottle of Cointreau. All but two of the SOD team was served the LSD-laced liqueur. As part of this "experiment," Olson unwittingly received some 70 micrograms of the hallucinogen.

Until then, Gottlieb saw nothing unusual in Olson's behavior. However the introduction of the drug had a definite effect on the entire group. Increasingly boisterous, they soon could not engage in sensible conversation. The meeting continued until about 1:00 a.m., when the participants retired for the evening. Gottlieb later recalled that Olson, among others, complained of "wakefulness" during the night. But aside from some evidence of fatigue, Gottlieb observed nothing unusual in Olson's actions, conversation, or general behavior the next morning.

By the time Olson returned home Friday evening, things had changed radically. The 43-year old biochemist was, as his wife Alice would later recount, “a totally different person”—severely depressed, anxious, highly agitated. Lapsing into silence, Olson wouldn’t tell his wife anything that had occurred. All he would say was “I’m going to have to resign; I’ve made a terrible mistake.”

The following Monday, November 23, Olson was already waiting for his boss, Lt. Col. Vincent Ruwet, when he arrived at work at 7:30 a.m. Olson told him that he wanted to quit or be fired. Ruwet reassured him that everything would be all right. Olson phoned his wife “I talked to Vin, he said I didn’t make a mistake, everything is fine and I’m not going to resign.” But Tuesday morning saw a return of his anxiety and depression. Olson again went to Ruwet and, after an hour-long conversation the two decided that Olson would benefit from medical assistance.

Col. Ruwet — keenly aware of the sensitivity of Olson’s circumstances — immediately turned to the CIA for help. He telephoned Robert Lashbrook and advised him that “Dr. Olson was in serious trouble and needed immediate professional attention.” Agreeing to make the appropriate arrangements, Lashbrook then phoned Gottlieb.

Ruwet was instructed to bring Olson to Washington, D.C. to meet with Lashbrook. A few hours later all three men were on their way to New York to see the physician that Gottlieb and Lashbrook had agreed upon: Dr. Harold Abramson.

Abramson was an unlikely doctor from whom to seek psychiatric assistance. An allergist and immunologist practicing medicine in New York City, he had no formal training or degree in psychiatry, nor did he hold himself out to be an expert in the field. He was, however, closely

associated with research projects supported indirectly by the CIA and had substantial experience with LSD. Fully vetted by the Agency, he had a “top secret” security clearance, and while the CIA’s Security and Medical offices maintained a long list of other doctors, including psychiatrists, with such “top secret” approval, Abramson’s work and interest placed him well inside the Technical Services Staff’s “family.” Gottlieb was determined that his secret activities remained secret – even within the wider reaches of the CIA.

Abramson saw Olson twice that day -- first at his East 58th Street office and then later that night at Olson’s hotel. On the latter visit, the doctor gave the biochemist two bottles: one of bourbon and one of the sedative Nembutal – an unorthodox prescription for someone in Olson’s condition.

Frank Olson was slated to see Abramson again the following day. Before doing so, the three men made another stop. “We accompanied Dr. Lashbrook, at Dr. Lashbrook’s suggestion, on an official visit he had to make,” Ruwet would later disclose in a confidential CIA affidavit. That visit was to John Mulholland.

The three men arrived at Mulholland’s office around 3:00pm on November 25. Things did not go well. “During this visit, Dr. Olson became highly suspicious and mixed up. When this became apparent we tactfully cut the visit short.” [45]

Lashbrook then took Olson for another session with Abramson. The next morning, Thursday, November 26, Lashbrook, Olson and Ruwet returned to Washington so that Olson could spend Thanksgiving with his family. An SOD driver met Olson and Ruwet at National Airport. But as they were driving up Wisconsin Avenue, Olson had the car pull into a hotel parking lot. Olson told Ruwet that he was too ashamed to face his family and afraid that he might become violent with his children.

After a lengthy discussion, it was decided that Olson and Lashbrook would return to New York, and that Ruwet would go to Olson's home in Frederick, Maryland, to explain the situation to Olson's wife.

Lashbrook and Olson flew back to New York that same day for further consultations with Abramson. They spent Thursday night at a Long Island hotel not far from Abramson's Long Island clinic. The next morning the two men returned to Manhattan with Abramson. By now the biochemist was acting more and more "psychotic" with what Abramson would later say were "delusions of persecution." Olson thought the CIA was out to get him. After further discussions with Abramson, it was agreed that Olson should be placed under regular psychiatric care at Chestnut Lodge, an institution closer to his home and which had CIA-cleared psychiatrists on its Rockville, Maryland, staff.

Arrangements were made for Frank Olson's immediate admission to the hospital. In what was undoubtedly a remarkable coincidence, the doctor who served as the admitting physician for was Dr. Robert W. Gibson – the 25-year old son of Walter Gibson. [46] Walter Gibson was one of magic's most prolific writers and editors, though the general public would know him best as the author of "The Shadow." He was also a close friend and colleague to John Mulholland.

Unable to obtain air transportation for a return trip on Friday night, Lashbrook and Olson made plane reservations for Saturday morning and checked into room 1018A in the Statler Hotel. Between the time they checked in and 10:00 p.m. they watched television, visited the cocktail lounge, and then had dinner. According to Lashbrook, Olson "was cheerful and appeared to enjoy the entertainment." He "appeared no longer particularly depressed, and almost the Dr. Olson I knew prior to the experiment."

After dinner, Lashbrook and Olson watched television for about another hour, and at 11:00p.m. Olson suggested that they go to bed, saying that “he felt more relaxed and contented than he had since [they] came to New York.” Olson then left a call with the hotel operator to wake them in the morning.

At approximately 2:30 a.m. Saturday, November 28, Frank Olson crashed through the closed window blinds and the closed window of his hotel room and fell to his death on the Seventh Avenue sidewalk 10 floors below.

Lashbrook would later claim that he was awakened by the crash of glass as Olson hurtled through the closed window. But his first reaction was not to run downstairs or call the police or the hotel operator. Instead, he telephoned Gottlieb at his home and informed him that Olson was now dead. It was only then that Lashbrook dialed the front desk and reported the incident to the operator.

By that time a cover-up had already begun. The question is a cover-up of what?

Within minutes, uniformed New York City police officers and hotel employees came to Lashbrook's room. The CIA staffer was still in his underwear, on the telephone in the bathroom. He told the police that he worked for the Defense Department and he didn't know why Olson had jumped from the window, but he did know that Olson “suffered from ulcers” and might have been suffering from job-related stress. The police suspected foul play.

Two officers of the 14th Detective Squad then interviewed Lashbrook at the local police station. Getting information out of him, they noted, “was like pulling teeth.” They asked to see what was in his pockets and billfold. Among the contents of his wallet was a scrap of paper with the initials “JM” on it, an

address, and a telephone number [47] . When asked by the officers who this “JM” was, “Lashbrook indicated he preferred not to identify him because of security reasons and the matter was pressed no further by the detectives.” [48]

The police had little reason to see any connection between paper and the incident. Their suspicions were in another direction. At one point, the two officers speculated to each other that the case might be a simple homicide with homosexual overtones and noted this in their written report.

In the meantime, Sidney Gottlieb had already reported up the chain of command. CIA Director Allen Dulles immediately dispatched agents of the Security Branch -- what some have termed the “CIA’s fixit men”-- to contain the situation. The Security Branch agents quickly closed the NYPD investigation. They took every necessary step to prevent Frank Olson’s death from being connected with the CIA in any way. They supplied complete cover for Lashbrook so that his association with the Agency would remain a complete secret.

With the external front under control, the Agency then turned to its own internal investigation. Lashbrook was again interviewed, but this time by an experienced agent from the CIA. Now when asked who “JM” was, Lashbrook identified him “as John Mulholland.” Interestingly he referred to him not as “John Mulholland, the magician” or “John Mulholland, a writer and lecture.” He identified him solely as “John Mulholland, an Agency employee.” [49] Moreover, among the papers in Lashbrook’s room was “a receipt on plain white paper for \$115.00 dated November 25 1953 and signed by John Mulholland. The receipt indicated ‘Advance for Travel to Chicago.’” [50]

However forthcoming Lashbrook was, the Technical Services Staff still tried to keep the details of its

operations from the scrutiny of others even within the Agency itself. It downplayed the connection between TSS and Olson's death and minimized any link to LSD. Internal memoranda written after the biochemist's passing questioned his emotional stability – a direct contradiction to statements evaluating his mental state prior to the Deep Creek incident. In the end, however, the full details of MKULTRA and the experiment involving Olson reached others within the CIA.

The CIA officially took the position that Olson's death was indeed a suicide, triggered by the LSD given to him by Gottlieb and Lashbrook. But of course it hid even that from the public, including the Olsons. The family had only been told that the stress of his job had led to a nervous breakdown and that Frank Olson had killed himself. What little else they knew came from a small article in their local paper: "Army Bacteriologist Dies in Plunge from NY Hotel." In order to assure his family of Civil Service benefits, the CIA had his death officially recorded as a "classified illness."

And so it remained for twenty-two years. Then in June 1975 a special commission chaired by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller released the findings of its investigation into illegal CIA domestic operations. The *Washington Post's* coverage of the Rockefeller Report noted that in the early 1950's an unnamed civilian employee of the Department of the Army had leaped to his death from a New York hotel window after the CIA had given him LSD without his knowledge. On reading the article, Alice Olson instantly realized the man described in the morning paper was her husband.

Vincent Ruwet confirmed her suspicion that the individual was indeed Frank Olson, but because of the still top-secret status of the project was unable to divulge any further details. On July 11, 1975, the Olson family held a press conference expressing their outrage

and anguish, called for a full accounting of the incident, and filed a wrongful death suit against the United States Government. The story made national headlines.

MIND CONTROL MURDER?

Official Washington moved quickly to end the furor. President Ford invited Alice Olson and her son, Eric, to the White House where he personally apologized on behalf of the government. Congress enacted legislation providing \$750,000 in compensation to the Olson family. And CIA Director William Colby met the Olsons for lunch, where he gave them what he said was the complete CIA-file on the Olson case. [51]

While the CIA was now “admitting” that Frank Olson’s death was a suicide brought on by the after-effects of CIA-administered LSD, Eric Olson was never fully convinced. This was, he felt, a classic example of sophisticated misdirection, using a skill from the magician’s toolkit to protect a clandestine operation. “I believe the key to all this,” he would later write, “lies in the connection between the heart of covert operations, which consists in creating adequate cover stories, and the heart of the magician’s art, which consists in being able to direct attention precisely to the place where the thing is not happening...All curiosity was riveted on the startling disclosure that the CIA had unwittingly drugged a top scientist, but left no curiosity available for the question of, ‘Oh yes, what about his death; you haven’t told us how he could have gotten out the window.’” [52]

After his mother died in 1993, Eric and the family decided to move Frank Olson’s remains from another cemetery so that he could be reburied beside his wife. At the same time, the son got a court order to have an autopsy performed.

Frank Olson had been buried in a sealed casket. This was supposedly to spare his family from seeing how badly mutilated his face and body were from crashing through a plate glass window and falling ten stories to the concrete below. But when the casket was opened, Olson had none of the cuts or abrasions on his face as had been expected. Instead, the forensic pathologist, Dr. James Starrs, a Professor of Law and Forensic Science at the National Law Center at The George Washington University, found a deep bruise on Olson's forehead. The bruise was severe enough to have rendered Olson unconscious, Starrs thought, but probably did not result from the fall. His conclusion was that the evidence was starkly "suggestive of homicide."

That was Eric Olson's conclusion as well. He simply couldn't imagine how his father could have run across the small, dark hotel room, gained enough velocity to vault over a radiator and crash with enough force to go through the closed blinds and the heavy glass pane of a shut hotel window...all with a CIA agent asleep in the next bed whose entire responsibility was to keep track of his father.

Despite this new evidence, federal prosecutors refused to pursue the inquiry. The terms of the \$750,000 Congressional financial settlement precluded a civil suit. But Eric Olson was able to persuade New York public prosecutor Stephen Saracco to look into the case. Saracco decided there was indeed enough evidence to convene a grand jury for an investigation into the death. That investigation is continuing.

If Olson was murdered, the question is why? Did the Technical Services Staff find itself with a man who knew so much and yet was so ill that he was a threat to the MKULTRA's secrecy? Was the Olson case an experiment in mind and behavior control that went so terribly wrong it had to be terminated? Had Frank Olson said or done

something that was—as he himself feared—a breach of security? Had he seen something so repugnant in the MKULTRA work that he couldn't be part of it? Did the biochemist intend to resign from an agency that could then neither let him continue nor permit him to quit? These remain questions for the grand jury to ponder.

Another unanswered question is raised by the small scrap of paper that Robert Lashbrook had in his wallet the night Frank Olson died. That was the paper with the initials “JM” on it along with John Mulholland's address and telephone number. Why was Olson in John Mulholland's office on November 25? And what made him so upset that the meeting had to be abandoned?

That Lashbrook would be meeting with Mulholland should not be surprising. Part of the original agreement between Mulholland and the CIA was that Gottlieb—or his representative—would review the work the magician was doing for the Agency at a biweekly conference. [53] As the project progressed, it was clear that “frequent consultations between Mr. Mulholland and CD/TSS” were indeed essential. In order to facilitate these conferences, Mulholland was provided an additional travel allowance. [54] Even so, meetings were not always easy to schedule and Lashbrook's being in New York on other business would certainly have made getting together simpler.

Moreover, Mulholland's work on the manual was at a critical point. His manuscript encompassing the original outline of the guide had just been completed. The magician was now turning his attention to the two new sections to be added to the first draft: one on covert activities by women and the other on applications suitable for teams of two or more people working in collaboration with each other. In fact, it had only been a week since Gottlieb authorized Mulholland to proceed on these two additional chapters. [55] Conferring with

Lashbrook on the scope and substance of this material would be only natural.

At the same, the Agency had begun to rely increasingly on Mulholland for his advice and expertise. Lashbrook carried with him a check for \$115.00—a travel advance for an upcoming trip that Mulholland was making to Chicago on behalf of the CIA. Why Mulholland was going to Chicago for the Agency remains uncertain, although there is some evidence that he was going to take part in secretly assessing the claims of Andrija Puharich—claims that related to electronic systems and telepathy. His subsequent handwritten travel voucher for the December 3 journey only lists meeting with a “contact.” [56] Perhaps the Lashbrook visit was scheduled for the two men to discuss this activity. In any event, Lashbrook did deliver the check during the November 25 session and received a handwritten receipt in return. [57]

With only an hour between the time Lashbrook was slated to meet with Mulholland and Frank Olson’s next appointment with Dr. Abramson, it might have been simply out of convenience that Lashbrook suggested that Olson and Col. Ruwet accompany him on this visit. Mulholland was always a gracious host and an engaging conversationalist. It may well be, as John Marks suggests, that “Lashbrook thought that the magician might amuse Olson.” [58] In fact, just the opposite occurred. Olson got so suspicious and upset that the meeting was quickly ended.

There are others who suggest that the motive behind the Mulholland visit was far less benign. “One of the things Mulholland may have been helping them do was to create a cover story for what...they were doing in New York in the first place,” notes Eric Olson. Beyond that, he says, “it fits with what they were trying to do in New York: to assess, from any direction possible, how

deep...they were in with my father, and to try, again by any means possible, to fix it and save their own butts.” [59]

Frank Olson’s son is not the only one to suggest that Mulholland’s conjuring-related knowledge and skills were being put to use to interrogate and influence the biochemist. This is clearly the implication of the film documentary *Mind Control Murder* produced by Principal Films and presented as part of Arts & Entertainment Network’s *Investigative Reports* series in September of 1999. [60]

The documentary puts forward its “strong evidence” that Olson was eliminated by the CIA because he wanted to leave the government after witnessing the real world use of MKULTRA interrogation techniques, including drugs and hypnosis...techniques that have been “terminal” in nature. The activities at Deep Creek, it suggests, were designed to find out what Olson knew, what he had done, and what he was likely to do. It cites independent writer and investigator Hank Albarelli: “I think there was an experiment of some sort at Deep Creek Lodge. I think that it might have involved hypnosis and that hypnosis experiment may have been continued in New York in John Mulholland’s office and possibly in Dr. Harold Abramson’s office.”

“If Albarelli is right,” the film’s narrator Bill Kurtis concludes, “the...method of special interrogation was both the secret Olson was worried about and the technique that two of its leading practitioners— John Mulholland and Harold Abramson— then used on him.”

The problem with this theory is that there is no evidence that Mulholland was skilled as a hypnotist. To the contrary, he appears to have been extremely skeptical of its practicality, dismissing many exhibitions of hypnosis as merely “magic shows.” [61] Moreover, the Agency had access to a wide range of individuals with

true expertise in the area. There were at least eight separate MKULTRA subprojects devoted to hypnosis, including two involving hypnosis and drugs in combination. [62] Five major CIA-sponsored hypnosis experiments had already been undertaken by that November. Indeed, Gottlieb had observed some of this work firsthand and was well acquainted with the hypnotists involved. [63]

"Even if Mulholland were not a skilled hypnotist they still might have gone to see him, even if hypnosis were the purpose," counters Eric Olson. "He might have been the best they had available at the moment and also the only guy with an adequate security clearance to handle what they wanted. But they might have found other ways of using Mulholland's skills, in addition to or beyond hypnosis. ..I think the overall purpose is clear: they were exploring whether and to what extent they might distract my father (certainly the essence of the magician's art) for the purpose of taking his eye off the ball, making him forget, creating amnesia. In trying to distract my father...they were taking a risk: the same techniques that ultimately might quiet him could also, if he detected what was going on, increase his anxiety and fear." [64]

Whatever happened in Mulholland's office that November afternoon, it did not curtail his work with the Central Intelligence Agency. He continued his relationship with the CIA for at least another five years. His ability to keep this part of his life secret for so long may well have been his greatest magic trick.

IN SEARCH OF SECRETS

That any evidence of John Mulholland's involvement with the CIA still exists is remarkable in itself — although it would take decades for it to come to light. The CIA's practice was to maintain no records relating to the planning and approval of MKULTRA programs.

[65] Few other files ever existed. Then, in January 1973, acting on Sidney Gottlieb's verbal directions, the Agency's Technical Services personnel sought out and destroyed every single MKULTRA record they could find. Gottlieb later testified -- and Richard Helms -- confirmed that in ordering the destruction of the papers, Gottlieb was carrying out then-CIA Director Helms' verbal orders. [66]

At some point, John Mulholland's personal files were also apparently vetted to remove any connection between him and the Agency. While Mulholland was meticulous in his personal record keeping, not a single reference to his clandestine work remains in his personal archives. Noted writer and intelligence expert Jim Hougan combed through the magician's files which are now housed in David Copperfield's secret warehouse in Nevada. "I went through each and every document page by page. Not a single line related or referred to the Agency. They were spic-and-span. It was apparent that John Mulholland's files had been gone through and sanitized by someone who knew the Agency and knew how to eradicate any hint of its presence." [67]

Despite these efforts and unbeknownst to Gottlieb and his staff, some MKULTRA documents still remained. These files—presumably routine records from the TSS's Budget and Fiscal Section—had been sent to the CIA's Retired Records Center outside of Washington in 1970. They should not have contained any MKULTRA material. The financial paper associated with sensitive projects such as this were normally kept by the branch itself under the project title, not in the files of the branch's Budget and Fiscal Section. Why these records were stored in this manner is not known, but it accounts for why the material escaped retrieval and destruction in 1973. It also explains why the Agency was unable to find these MKULTRA documents in response to a subsequent

US Senate Select Committee investigation of CIA abuses in 1975. The Agency examined both the active and the retired files of all the branches of the CIA considered likely to have had an association with the project, but never looked into the Budget and Fiscal Section retired records. [68]

Then, in 1977, two exceptionally diligent Agency researchers processing a Freedom of Information Act request for former State Department officer John Marks decided to double-check the Budget and Fiscal Section's historical archives. They uncovered seven cartons of MKULTRA material. In August, the Carter White House made the existence of these papers public, though it downplayed the significance of their contents. In accordance with the requirements of federal statute, some 16,000 pages of evidence had to be released to Marks.

All 16,000 pages were, in the CIA's own words, "heavily sanitized." Few documents had escaped redacting. Hundreds of names, places and dates were blacked out. Entire pages were blank. Working with four researchers, Marks painstakingly went through the papers, cross-referencing the material, finding clues wherever he could. In some instances, the blacked out text could be deciphered simply by holding the page to the light; others were identified by their context. His resulting 1977 book, *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*, did what two United States Senate Committees could not do: it assembled a detailed account of the CIA and its foray into drugs and mind control.

Marks' book ran 264 pages. Only four sentences related to John Mulholland. Those four sentences stimulated the author's own Freedom of Information Act request calling for the Central Intelligence Agency to release of any information or records relating to

Mulholland's work with the CIA, including any written agreements between him and the Agency, copies of the documents he produced, or other related materials.

On June 26, 2000, the Agency responded with explicit written confirmation that John Mulholland indeed had a contractual arrangement with the CIA relating to the operational uses of the magician's skills. [69] It included over 200 pages of material directly linked to Mulholland and his involvement with the intelligence community. Like the documents released to John Marks in 1977, these files were heavily— though inconsistently— redacted. A request for a re-review of these files is still pending.

Despite the CIA's editing of the material, the documents provided a remarkably comprehensive account of John Mulholland's work for the CIA. At times, however, unveiling this information was like assembling a giant jigsaw puzzle. Each and every document had to be carefully scrutinized and then crosschecked against all of the other released papers. All of the material supplied to John Marks in 1977 as well as all of the material released to the Olson family by the CIA in 1975 was reviewed in light of this new evidence. Finally, all of this information was reassembled to form a chronological narrative. This article is a summary of those findings.

These files may be the last link we have to the clandestine world of John Mulholland. Sidney Gottlieb retired from the CIA in 1973, receiving the Agency's Distinguished Intelligence Medal for his 22 years of service. After retiring, Gottlieb and his wife worked in a leprosy hospital in India for 18 months, then moved to a farm in Rappahannock, Virginia. Gottlieb's health, however, was not good and he suffered from a long history of heart ailments. After a month-long bout with pneumonia, Sidney Gottlieb died at his home on March

7, 1999. He was 80 years old. Allen Dulles, the man who approved MKULTRA, died three decades earlier. Vincent Ruwet passed on in 1996.

John Mulholland died at age 71 on February 25, 1970 after a long illness in University Hospital, New York. His life had been dedicated to magic and the keeping of secrets. His clandestine work for the CIA was one secret he was able to maintain until the very end.

NOTES:

[1] Mulholland letter to subscribers of *The Sphinx*, June 29, 1953, George Daily Collection

[2] Memorandum for Director, Central Intelligence, *Two Extremely Sensitive Research Programs*, Central Intelligence Agency, April 3, 1953, author's files

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Memorandum for Deputy Director (Administration), *Project MKULTRA – Extremely Sensitive Research and Development Program*, Central Intelligence Agency, April 13, 1953, author's files

[5] Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair, "US Official Poisoner Dies," *CounterPunch*, Institute for the Advancement of Journalistic Clarity, March 1999

[6] Stewart Alsop, *The Center: The Anatomy of Power in Washington*, London, Hodder & Stroughton, 1978

[7] John Northern Hilliard, *Greater Magic*, Kaufman and Greenburg, 1994, page 1095

[8] Mulholland invoice, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-30, April 13, 1953, author's files

[9] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-29, April 20, 1953, author's files

[10] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-28, May 4, 1953, author's files

[11] *Ibid.*

[12] Letter to John Mulholland, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-28, May 5, 1953, author's files

[13] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-2, May 11, 1953, author's files

[14] James B. Alfredson and George L. Daily, Jr., *A Bibliography of Conjuring Periodicals in English: 1791-1983*, Magicana for Collectors, York, PA, 1986

[15] Mulholland letter to subscribers of *The Sphinx*, June 29, 1953, *op. cit.*

[16] Expense Record, MKULTRA, Subproject 4, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-1, author's files

[17] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 15*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-2, August 3, 1953, author's files

[18] Memorandum for the Record, *Amendment to Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-17, September 18, 1953, author's files

[19] Letter to John Mulholland from Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-17, September 18, 1953, author's files

[20] Mulholland letter to Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-2, November 11, 1953, author's files

[21] Cost Estimate, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-3, November 17, 1953, author's files

[22] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-5, November 17, 1953, author's files

[23] Memorandum for the Record, Project MKULTRA, Amendment to Subproject 15, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-13, December 9, 1953, author's files

[24] Memorandum for the Record, *Extension of Time for MKULTRA, Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-9, April 19, 1954, author's files

[25] Memorandum for the Record, *Summary of Events Related to Reimbursement of Taxes to John Mulholland*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-18, July 9, 1954, author's files

[26] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 15, Expansion of Scope*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-19, July 9, 1954, author's files

[27] Mulholland Receipt for Bank Check No. M142064, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-23, July 31, 1954, author's files

[28] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 15, Expansion of Scope*, op. cit.

[29] Memorandum for the Record, *Reimbursement of Excess Federal Income Taxes to Mr. John Mulholland*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-24, February 24, 1955, author's files; Memorandum, *Reimbursement for Excess Income Taxes*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-33, January 16, 1956, author's files

[30] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-46, October 1, 1954, author's files

[31] *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*, Central Intelligence Agency, undated, p. 2, author's files

[32] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-46, October 1, 1954, author's files

[33] Memorandum for the Record, *Definition of a Task under MKULTRA Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-39, August 25, 1955, author's files

[34] Memorandum for the Record, *MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-29, June 20, 1956, author's files

[35] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34A*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-26, August 31, 1956, author's files

[36] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Extension of Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-7, November 15, 1957, author's files

[37] Invoice Check List, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-48, author's files

[38] Memorandum for the Record, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 83-12, March 26, 1959, author's files

[39] US Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities (Church Committee) *Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders: An Interim Report*, Government Printing Office, 1975, pp.20-21

[40] *Ibid.* p. 181

[41] *Ibid.*

[42] Central Intelligence Agency, Office of the Inspector General, *Report on Plots to Assassinate Fidel Castro*, CIA-IG, May 23, 1967

[43] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, 1977, pp. 10-14

[44] A detailed and documented chronology of the events surrounding the Frank Olson case can be found in Appendix A, *Project MKULTRA, The CIA's Program of Research in Behavioral Modification*, Joint hearing of the Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, Washington, DC 1977; the primary source documents can be found in *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson*, Center for National Security Studies documents collection, Box 8, Number C-35, National Security Archives, Washington, DC. The author's account is based on the documents contained in these two sets of materials.

[45] Affidavit of Lt. Col. Vincent L. Rewet, *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson*, CNSS, Box 8, C-35, Document 15, undated, National Security Archive, Washington, DC

[46] Robert Gibson interview with Eric Olson, December 20, 1999, Olson notes in author's files

[47] Joseph Treaster, "CIA Hired Magician in Behavior Project" *New York Times*, August 3, 1977

[48] Agent's Report, Case record #73317, December 3, 1953, *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Frank*

Olson, CNSS, Box 8, C-35, National Security Archive, Washington, DC

[49] *Ibid.* Document 60

[50] *Ibid.*

[51] These files were released by the Olson family in 1976 and can be found in the Kennedy subcommittee hearings on Biomedical and Behavioral Research, pp. 1005-1132; see also *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson* above

[52] Eric Olsen email to author, January 26, 2001

[53] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-29, April 20, 1953, author's files

[54] Memorandum for the Record, Project MKULTRA, Subproject 15, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-2, August 3, 1953, author's files

[55] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-5, November 17, 1953, author's files

[56] Mulholland invoice for Dec. 3-4, 1953 trip to Chicago, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-6, author's files

[57] Mulholland receipt for travel advance, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-6, author's files

[58] John Marks *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*, W.W. Norton and Company, New York, 1979, p. 87

[59] Eric Olson e-mail to author, January 25, 2001, author's files

[60] A&E Investigative Reports: *Mind Control Murder*, Principal Films (London) and Arts & Entertainment Network, 1999, Videotape AE-17604

[61] John Mulholland and George Gordon *The Magical Mind*, Hastings House, 1967, p. 77

[62] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, op. cit. page 10

[63] Memorandum for the Record, *Visit to Project (deleted)*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 5-11, May 11, 1953

[64] Eric Olson email to author, January 25, 2001, author's files

[65] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, op. cit., page 9

[66] Joint hearings; Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, Appendix A, page 69 August 3, 1977

[67] Jim Hougan interview with author, January 25, 2001

[68] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner and Appendix B: Documents Referring to Discovery of Additional MKULTRA Material*, Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, 1977

[69] Letter to Michael Edwards from Kathryn Dyer, Information and Privacy Coordinator, Central Intelligence Agency, June 26, 2000

Dear Mrs. Brussell (Mae Brussell, “World Watchers International”),

Recently, while reading through an old copy of *Critique*, and then again in the *Journal of Borderland Sciences*, I came across your name in a reference to an “Update” you offer on the Alternative Three mystery. As such, I would certainly like to obtain this for my files, since I have been collecting related materials since the early 60s when my father worked as a designer for NASA. He was part of a team that designed the LEM module, and he told me some pretty hair-raising stories of the astronauts’ “close encounters” on the Moon.

Then, in the Feb/Mar 1983 issue of *Mother Jones* (pg. 10) I came across a very strange article entitled “Refugees on Mars: FDR’s Secret Plan,” outlining something called the “M Project.” This got me to recalling an event that had occurred to me several years earlier, something I think you might be interested in.

Back during 1978 or thereabouts I happened on a copy of a paperback book, *Alternative 3*, which detailed some of the things my father had told me years earlier in New York, specifically that the government had cracked the secret of anti-gravity and that the military had dis-shaped aircraft.

He had also told me that NASA had evidence of lights having been seen on the Moon for centuries and that they had been recovering coded signals from Mars and other planets, as well, at Arecibo.

Anyway, a month or so later I happened to be talking with an old Pan Am Captain friend of mine when he mentioned seeing a fantastic program on British TV. He had a home there in London at the time and he said that

both he and his son had watched this NASA exposé called the Alternative 3 Project. He said many Brits believed the subject matter since it was so authoritatively presented.

A short time after that, I found myself up in Twin Falls, Idaho, on a business trip and I was introduced to a gal—about 40—who worked as a sometime DJ at a nearby radio station. After several drinks, and discussion about this and that, I thought I would impress her by mentioning that I had worked once as a Congressional liaison to the Pentagon for Nixon’s Congressman during the early years of the Watergate fiasco, and that my then-wife had worked as secretary to Donald Segretti, head of CREEP, in the Naval Annex. She was completely nonplussed at this.

Then, after another drink or two, she told me — somewhat hesitantly — that she too had worked at the Pentagon — behind the “Green Door” — as a cryptanalyst for Military Intelligence, and as personal secretary to an Admiral. This, she said, was during the late ‘50s. And she said that after having helped uncover a Soviet “mole” within her Top Secret Department, she was promoted and later offered a very interesting assignment — in California.

By this time I was so intrigued that I found and set up my tape recorder and flipped it on — covertly, of course. By now she was really getting interesting, and we had become a little more cozy. And since I had once also worked as an Investigative Reporter for four years (in Boston), covering political subversion in high places, assassinations, espionage, etc, I felt that I had here the genesis of a hell of a story. And subsequently I was able to get her story on tape.

To get back to her story, she told me that she moved out to Southern California to accept her new assignment, sometime during 1962 I believe, and started

working for the Jet Propulsion Labs there in Pasadena. She was assigned to a highly classified section of the plant as a photo interpreter and eventually became head of that department, where she met her future husband. She said that while her function was to scan and interpret all incoming photographs taken of the Moon and Mars, with “high-resolution” photography techniques and equipment aboard satellites (orbiting the Moon and Mars) — her husband worked in another department as a designer. His function was to design domed, modular living facilities for “Colonies” of earth scientists to be stationed on the Moon, and then Mars! She said that the secret name of this amazing project was: “Project Adam & Eve.” Needless to say, I about fell off the couch.

She told me that her husband, who had many degrees, was designing these domed structures (and all the life-support systems inside and out) because no other type of housing would suffice. It seems that one of their rocket probes had found that due to the gale force velocity of the winds of Mars, no other structures would hold up, and underground structures were ruled out. In her photo-interpretation work she said she had enhanced the pix to such a fine degree that evidence of ancient civilizations of some kind was readily discernible on both the Moon and Mars, that there was a green vegetation belt on Mars (with “life forms”), that both pyramids and a human face carved into a huge mountain chain were observed!! She said that there was evidence of water, an atmosphere, and almost normal gravity on both the Moon and Mars, from the Pix and other data she was privy to, amazing as all that sounds.

She told me that throughout the plant where she worked there were numerous high-ranking officers, Generals and Admirals, and that each department was color-coded — so that a specific colored badge had to be

worn at all times. I believe the badges were magnetic, too, and had a current photo of each worker — with his or her code number.

Sometime later on, she said, her husband and several other key assistants were chosen for an even more secret project (within this Top Secret Project) — and off he went to parts unknown. And she never saw him again. When she kept asking where he was she was consistently told that his whereabouts were on a need to know basis. For the next year or so she received letters from him of a general nature but no hint of where he was. One day, she was informed that he had been killed and that they were very sorry. But they refused to give her any more information than that, or even to [let her] see the body or have normal funeral arrangements.

Finally, due to her constant questioning, they yanked her Q clearance and she was fired. She had had to sign an oath that she would not reveal what her job had been. Sometime later, after making a lot of phone calls trying to track down some answers, there were several attempts on her life — including a near-fatal car accident. As she told me then, she ended up leaving Pasadena in the middle of the night — with her children in tow — and headed for Idaho, where her parents lived. When I asked, jokingly, if she thought maybe her husband and the others had been drafted to go to Vietnam, she stared at me for a blank moment and replied: “No, I think he was drafted to Mars!” And she was deadly serious.

Sometime shortly after this midnight “interview,” after returning to Salt Lake City, I simply had to share this incredible tale with someone — so I loaned the tape to an old friend of mine, an ex-FBI Special Agent who lived in California. And I asked him to check out the story through his connections. It was a very stupid thing

to do, for (you guessed it) he then promptly “lost” the tape! There went my story.

Mae, should you wish to follow up on this, I would be happy to give you both their names. For reasons I can’t disclose, I am in no position to follow up on anything at the moment. The gal’s name was Jolly S. [full name withheld], and the last I heard, she was still working in Twin Falls selling advertising. The other’s name was Neil M. [full name withheld], and the last I heard, he was at [address withheld], West Covina, California. Neil, upon retirement, had gone to work in Las Vegas as a bodyguard for Howard Hughes.

Please, do not publish or mention their names for obvious reasons. That is, unless you get their permission. My real name is not really important. As a reporter, I had some 50 exposés published over a 4 year period, and I thought I had heard it all. Since then, I have run somewhat afoul of the powers that be and I am now writing a book, entitled *The Dark Side of the Force*, about my experiences over the years. Keep up the good work, and carry on the fight for a non-Soviet America. Sorry to say, I have been completely knocked out of the box after one too many exposés.

Sincerely,

Mr. MJ.

El Paso, Texas

THE MODERN BRAIN DRAIN

COMPILED BY STEVE QUAYLE

November 15, 2010: Chitra Chauhan, 33.

EXPERTISE: Chauhan, a molecular biologist, was a post-doctoral researcher in the Global Health department in the College of Public Health. She earned her doctorate from the Institute of Genomics and Integrative Biology in New Delhi, India, in 2005, then studied mosquitoes and disease transmission at the University of Notre Dame.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Chauhan was found dead in an apparent suicide by cyanide at a Temple Terrace hotel.

July 12, 2010: Franco Cerrina, 62.

EXPERTISE: Cerrina was a leading scholar in optics, lithography, and nanotechnology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cerrina was found dead in a lab at BU's Photonics Center. The cause of death is not yet known, but have ruled out homicide

APRIL 26, 2010: Vajinder Toor, 34

EXPERTISE: Toor worked at Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center in New York before joining the faculty at Yale.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot and killed outside his home in Branford, Connecticut.

APRIL 6, 2010: Joseph Morrissey, 46

EXPERTISE: Morrissey joined NSU in May 2009 as an associate professor and taught one elective class on immunopharmacology in the College of Pharmacy.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Victim of a home invasion. Although the cause of death was first identified as a gunshot wound, the autopsy revealed that the professor died from a stab wound.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Maria Ragland Davis, 52

EXPERTISE: Her background was in chemical engineering and biochemistry, and she specialized in plant pathology and biotechnology applications. She had a doctorate in biochemistry and had worked as a postdoctoral research fellow at the Monsanto Company in St. Louis. She was hired at the University of Alabama after a seven-year stint as a senior scientist in the plant-science department at Research Genetics Inc. (later Invitrogen), also in Huntsville.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Gopi K. Podila, 54

EXPERTISE: Indian American biologist, noted academician, and faculty member at the University of Alabama in Huntsville. He listed his research interests as engineering tree biomass for bioenergy, functional genomics of plant-microbe interactions, plant molecular biology and biotechnology. In particular, Podila studied genes that regulate growth in fast growing trees, especially poplar and aspen. He has advocated prospective use of fast growing trees and grasses as an alternative to corn sources for producing ethanol.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Adriel D. Johnson Sr. 52

EXPERTISE: His research involved aspects of gastrointestinal physiology specifically pancreatic function in vertebrates.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

NOVEMBER 11, 2009: Keith Fagnou, 38

EXPERTISE: His research focused on improving the preparation of complex molecules for petrochemical, pharmaceutical or industrial uses. Keith's advanced and out-of-the-box thinking overturned prior ideas of what is possible in the chemistry field.

CIRCUMSTANCE: H1N1

OCTOBER 12, 2009: Stephen Lagakos, 63

EXPERTISE: Lagakos centered his efforts on several fronts in the fight against AIDS particularly how and when HIV-infected women transmitted the virus to their children. In addition, he developed sophisticated methods to improve the accuracy of estimated HIV incidence rates. He also contributed to broadening access to antiretroviral drugs to people in developing countries.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car Crash.

SEPTEMBER 13, 2009: Malcolm Casadaban, 60

EXPERTISE: Molecular geneticist with a passion for new research, Casadaban had been developing a stronger vaccine for the plague.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Plague; the medical center says the plague bacteria he worked with was a weakened strain that isn't known to cause illness in healthy adults. The strain was approved by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention for laboratory studies.

AUGUST 6, 2009: Wallace L. Pannier, 81

EXPERTISE: Pannier was a germ warfare scientist whose top-secret projects included a mock attack on the New York subway with powdered bacteria in 1966. Mr. Pannier worked at Fort Detrick, a US Army installation in Frederick, MD that tested biological weapons during the Cold War and is now a center for biodefense research. He worked in the Special Operations Division, a secretive unit operating there from 1949 to 1969, according to family members and published reports. The unit developed and tested delivery systems for deadly agents such as anthrax and smallpox.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Natural Causes.

JUNE 9, 2009: August "Gus" Watanabe, 67

EXPERTISE: Watanabe was one of the five highest-paid officers of Indianapolis pharmaceutical giant Eli Lilly and Co. when he retired in 2003.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Friends discovered the body, a .38-caliber handgun and a three-page note at the scene. They said he had been depressed following the death last month of his daughter Nan Reiko Watanabe Lewis. She died at age 44 while recovering from elective surgery.

JUNE 3, 2009: Caroline Coffey, 28

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hikers found the body of the Cornell University post-doctoral bio-medicine researcher along a wooded trail in Taughannock Falls State Park, about 400 yards from the home she shared with Blazej Kot, her husband and alleged killer, in Ithaca, N.Y., where the Ivy League school is located.

FEBRUARY 14, 2009: Nasser Talebzadeh Ordoubadi, 53

EXPERTISE: Dr. Noah is described in his American biography as a pioneer of Mind-Body-Quantum medicine who lectured in five countries and ran a successful health care center, General Medical Clinics Inc., in King County, Washington for 15 years after suffering a heart attack in 1989. Among his notable accomplishments was discovering an antitoxin treatment for bioweapons.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Natural Causes.

JULY 28, 2008: Bruce Edwards Ivins, 62

EXPERTISE: Ivins was a coinventor on two US patents for anthrax vaccine technology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He committed suicide prior to formal charges being filed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for an alleged criminal connection to the 2001 anthrax attacks.

JULY 3, 2008: Laurent Bonomo and Gabriel Ferez, 23

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: Laurent, a student in the proteins that cause infectious disease, had been stabbed 196, half of which were administered after death. Gabriel, who hoped to become an expert in eco-friendly fuels, suffered 47 separate injuries.

MARCH 10, 2008: Yongsheng Li, 29

EXPERTISE: Li was a doctoral student from China who studied receptor cells in Regents Professor David Puett's biochemistry and molecular biology laboratory.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cause of death unknown. He was found in a pond between the Women's Sports Complex and State Botanical Gardens on South Milledge Avenue Sunday and had been missing 16 days.

OCTOBER, 2007: Dr. Mario Alberto Vargas Olvera, 52

EXPERTISE: He was a nationally and internationally recognized biologist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma.

MAY 31, 2006: Yoram Kaufman, 57

EXPERTISE: Dr. Kaufman began working at the space flight center in 1979 and spent his entire career there as a research scientist. His primary fields were meteorology and climate change, with a specialty in analyzing aerosols—airborne solid and liquid particles in the atmosphere. In recent years, he was senior atmospheric scientist in the Earth-Sun Exploration Division and played a key role in the development of NASA's Terra Satellite, which collects data about the atmosphere.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle near the Goddard Spaceflight Center, Greenbelt, MD.

MAY 22, 2006: Lee Jong-woo, 61

EXPERTISE: Lee was spearheading the WHO's fight against global threats from bird flu, AIDS and other

infectious diseases. WHO director-general since 2003, Lee was his country's top international official. The affable South Korean, who liked to lighten his press conferences with jokes, was a keen sportsman with no history of ill-health, according to officials.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Embolism.

JUNE 8, 2005: Leonid Strachunsky

EXPERTISE: Strachunsky specialized in creating microbes resistant to biological weapons. Strachunsky was found dead in his hotel room in Moscow, where he'd come from Smolensk en route to the United States

CIRCUMSTANCE: Struck on the head with a champagne bottle.

MAY 19, 2005: Robert J. Lull, 66

EXPERTISE: Despite his missing car and apparent credit card theft, homicide Inspector Holly Pera said investigators aren't convinced that robbery was the sole motive for Lull's killing. She said a robber would typically have taken more valuables from Lull's home than what the killer left with. Lull had been chief of nuclear medicine at San Francisco General Hospital since 1990 and served as a radiology professor at UCSF. He was past president of the American College of Nuclear Physicians and the San Francisco Medical Society and served as editor of the medical society's journal, *San Francisco Medicine*, from 1997 to 1999. Lee Lull said her former husband was a proponent of nuclear power and loved to debate his political positions with others.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Multiple stab wounds.

MAY 8, 2005: Todd Kauppila, 41

EXPERTISE: His death came two days after Kauppila publicly rejoiced over news that the lab's director was leaving. Kauppila was fired by director Pete Nanos on Sept. 23, 2004 following a security scandal. Kauppila said he was fired because he did not immediately return from a family vacation during a lab investigation into two classified computer disks that were thought to be missing. The apparent security breach forced Nanos to shut down the lab for several weeks. Kauppila claimed he was made a scapegoat over the disks, which investigators concluded never existed. The mistake was blamed on a clerical error. After he was fired, Kauppila accepted a job as a contractor at Bechtel Nevada Corp., a research company that works with Los Alamos and other national laboratories. He was also working on a new Scatter Reduction Grids in Megavolt Radiography focused on metal plates or crossed grids to act to stop the scattered radiation while allowing the un-scattered or direct rays to pass through with other scientists: Scott Watson (LANL, DX-3), Chuck Lebeda (LANL, XTA), Alan Tubb (LANL, DX-8), and Mike Appleby (Tecomet Thermo Electron Corp.)

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died of hemorrhagic pancreatitis at the Los Alamos hospital, according to the state medical examiner's office.

MAY 8, 2005: David Banks, 55

EXPERTISE: He was known as an Agro Genius inventing the mosquito trap used for cattle. Banks was the principal scientist with quarantine authority, Biosecurity Australia, and heavily involved in protecting Australians from unwanted diseases and pests. Most of Dr Banks' work involved preventing potentially devastating diseases making their way into Australia.

He had been through Indonesia looking at the potential for foot and mouth disease to spread through the archipelago and into Australia. Other diseases he had fought to keep out of Australian livestock herds and fruit orchards include classical swine fever, Nipah virus and Japanese encephalitis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Banks, based in North Queensland, died in an airplane crash, along with 14 others.

APRIL 18, 2005: Dr. Douglas James Passaro, 43

EXPERTISE: Dr. Passaro was an epidemiologist who wanted to unlock the secrets of a spiral-shaped bacterium that causes stomach disease. He was a professor who challenged his students with real-life exercises in bioterrorism

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

FEBRUARY 8, 2005: Geetha Angara, 43

EXPERTISE: Angara was a senior chemist with a doctorate from New York University.

CIRCUMSTANCE: This formerly missing chemist was found in a Totowa, New Jersey water treatment plant's tank. Angara was last seen on the night of February 8 doing water quality tests at the Passaic Valley Water Commission plant in Totowa, where she worked for 12 years. Divers found her body in a 35-foot-deep sump opening at the bottom of one of the emptied tanks. Investigators are treating Angara's death as a possible homicide.

JANUARY 7, 2005: Jeong H. Im, 72

EXPERTISE: A retired research assistant professor at the University of Missouri, Columbia and a protein chemist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Im died of multiple stab wounds to the chest before firefighters found in his body in the trunk of a burning car on the third level of the Maryland Avenue Garage.

APRIL 22, 2004: Darwin Kenneth Vest

EXPERTISE: Vest was an internationally renowned entomologist, expert on hobo spiders and other poisonous spiders and snakes.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Darwin disappeared in the early morning hours of June 3, 1999 while walking in downtown Idaho Falls, Idaho.

DECEMBER 29, 2004: Tom Thorne, 64; Beth Williams, 53

EXPERTISE: Experts on chronic wasting disease and brucellosis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Husband and wife were killed in a snowy-weather crash on US 287 in northern Colorado.

DECEMBER 21, 2004: Taleb Ibrahim al-Daher

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: The Iraqi nuclear scientist was shot dead north of Baghdad by unknown gunmen. He was on his way to work at Diyala University when armed men opened fire on his car as it was crossing a bridge in Baqouba, 57 km northeast of Baghdad. The vehicle swerved off the bridge and fell into the Khrisan River. Al-Daher, who was a professor at the local university,

was removed from the submerged car and rushed to Baqouba hospital where he was pronounced dead.

NOVEMBER 2, 2004: John R. La Montagne, 61

EXPERTISE: Head of US Infectious Diseases unit under Tommie Thompson; was NIAID Deputy Director; expert in AIDS Program, Microbiology and Infectious Diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Pulmonary embolism.

OCTOBER 13, 2004: Matthew Allison, 32

EXPERTISE: Allison had a college degree in molecular biology and biotechnology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal explosion.

SEPTEMBER 5, 2004: Mohammed Toki Hussein al-Talakani, 40

EXPERTISE: He was a practicing nuclear physicist since 1984.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot dead in Mahmudiya, south of Baghdad

AUGUST 12, 2004: Professor John Clark, 52

EXPERTISE: An expert in animal science and biotechnology Clark developed techniques for the genetic modification of livestock. He played a crucial role in creating the transgenic sheep, Dolly, which earned the Roslin Institute worldwide fame. He was put in charge of a project to produce human proteins (which could be used in the treatment of human diseases) in sheep's milk. Clark and his team focused their study on the production of the alpha-I-antitrypsin protein, which is used for treatment of cystic fibrosis. Clark also founded

three spinoffs: PPL Therapeutics, Rosgen and Roslin BioMed.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found hanged in his holiday home.

JULY 21, 2004: Dr. John Badwey, 54

EXPERTISE: Biochemist at Harvard Medical School specializing in infectious diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Developed pneumonia-like symptoms; died two weeks later.

JULY 21, 2004: Dr. Bassem al-Mudares

EXPERTISE: He was a Ph.D. chemist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Mutilated body was found in the city of Samarra, Iraq; he was tortured prior to death.

JULY 6, 2004: Professor Stephen Tabet, 42

EXPERTISE: He was an associate professor and epidemiologist at the University of Washington, and a world-renowned HIV doctor and researcher who worked with HIV patients in a vaccine clinical trial for the HIV Vaccine Trials Network.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JULY 2, 2004: Dr. Larry Bustard, 53

EXPERTISE: He was a Sandia National Laboratories scientist in the Department of Energy who helped develop a foam spray to clean up congressional buildings and media sites during the anthrax scare in 2001. As an expert in bioterrorism, he co-developed technologies used against biological and chemical agents.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JULY 1, 2004: Edward Hoffman, 62

EXPERTISE: He worked to develop the first human PET scanner in 1973 at Washington University in St. Louis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JUNE 29, 2004: John Mullen, 67

EXPERTISE: A nuclear research scientist with McDonnell Douglas. At the time of his death he was doing contract work for Boeing.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Poisoned with a large dose of arsenic. Investigators will not divulge how Mullen was exposed to the arsenic or where it came from.

JUNE 27, 2004: Dr. Paul Norman, 52

EXPERTISE: An expert in chemical and biological weapons, Norman traveled the world lecturing on defending against the scourge of weapons of mass destruction.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Killed when the single-engine Cessna 206 he was piloting crashed in Devon.

JUNE 24, 2004: Dr. Assefa Tulu, 45

EXPERTISE: Tulu designed a system for detecting a bioterrorism attack involving viruses or weaponized bacterium.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found face down, dead in his office. The Dallas County Epidemiologist died of a hemorrhagic stroke.

JUNE 22, 2004: Thomas Gold, 84

EXPERTISE: Author of “The Deep Hot Biosphere,” which challenges the accepted wisdom of how oil and natural gas are formed and, along the way, proposes a new theory of the beginnings of life on Earth and potentially on other planets. Gold's theory of the deep hot biosphere holds important ramifications for the possibility of life on other planets, including seemingly inhospitable planets within our own solar system. He was Professor Emeritus of Astronomy at Cornell University and was the founder (and for 20 years director) of Cornell Center for Radiophysics and Space Research. He was also involved in air accident investigations.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Heart failure.

MAY 25, 2004: Antonina Presnyakova, 46

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: A Russian scientist at a former Soviet biological weapons laboratory in Siberia died after an accident with a needle laced with Ebola. Scientists and officials said the accident had raised concerns about safety and secrecy at the State Research Center of Virology and Biotechnology, known as Vector, which in Soviet times specialized in turning deadly viruses into biological weapons. Vector has been a leading recipient of aid in an American program.

MAY 14, 2004: Dr. Hank Mallove, 56

EXPERTISE: Cold Fusion; “New Energy Research.”

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head and neck.

MAY 5, 2004: William T. McGuire, 39

EXPERTISE: He was a NJ University Professor and senior programmer, analyst and adjunct professor at the New Jersey Institute of Technology in Newark. He emerged as one of the world's leading microbiologists who developed and oversaw multiple-level of bio-containment facilities.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Body found in three suitcases floating in Chesapeake Bay.

APRIL 12, 2004: Ilsley Ingram, 84

EXPERTISE: Ingram was Director of the Supraregional Haemophilia Reference Centre and the Supraregional Centre for the Diagnosis of Bleeding Disorders at the St. Thomas Hospital in London.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

APRIL 2004: Mohammed Munim al-Izmerly

EXPERTISE: Iraqi chemistry professor.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head.

MARCH 13, 2004: Vadake Srinivasan

EXPERTISE: He was originally from India, was one of the most-accomplished and respected industrial microbiologists in academia, and held two doctorate degrees.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car crash due to stroke.

JANUARY 24, 2004: Dr. Michael Patrick Kiley, 62

EXPERTISE: Ebola and Mad Cow expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Massive heart attack. Dr. Robert Shope and Dr. Kiley were working on a lab upgrade to

Biosafety Level 4 installation at the UTMB Galveston Laboratory (Homeland Security Contract).

JANUARY 23, 2004: Robert Shope, 74

EXPERTISE: Virus expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Purportedly died as a result of complications incurred during a lung transplant, but was later purported to have died of Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis (IPF), often caused by an environmental stimulus or a *virus*.

JANUARY 6, 2004: Dr. Richard Stevens, 54

EXPERTISE: Hematology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Suicide.

DECEMBER 18, 2003: Robert Aranosia, 61

EXPERTISE: Oakland County deputy medical examiner.

CIRCUMSTANCE: While driving south on I-75 his pickup truck went off the freeway near a bridge over the Kawkawlin River.

NOVEMBER 20, 2003: Robert Leslie Burghoff, 45

EXPERTISE: He was studying the virus plaguing cruise ships.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hit-and-run.

OCTOBER 11, 2003: Michael Perich, 46

EXPERTISE: Vector-borne diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car accident; drowning.

JULY 18, 2003: David Kelly, 59

EXPERTISE: Kelly was the Ministry of Defense's chief scientific officer and senior adviser to the proliferation and arms control secretariat, and to the Foreign Office's non-proliferation department, as well as senior adviser on biological weapons to the UN biological weapons inspections teams from 1994 to 1999.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Slashed his own wrists while walking near his home.

JUNE 24, 2003: Dr. Leland Rickman, 47

EXPERTISE: Rickman, the incoming president of the Infectious Disease Association of California, was a multidisciplinary professor and practitioner with expertise in infectious diseases, internal medicine, epidemiology, microbiology and antibiotic utilization.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

SUMMER 2003: Dr. Roger

EXPERTISE: China Lake geneticist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Execution.

APRIL 2003: Bernardo Urbani, 46

EXPERTISE: Epidemiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: SARS.

MARCH 25, 2002: Steven Mostow, 63

EXPERTISE: Mostow was one of the country's leading infectious disease experts.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He died in a plane crash near Centennial Airport.

MARCH 24, 2002: Dr. David Wynn-Williams, 55

EXPERTISE: He was an astrobiologist with the Antarctic Astrobiology Project and the NASA Ames Research Center. He was studying the capability of microbes to adapt to environmental extremes, including the bombardment of ULTRAViolet rays and global warming.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hit by a car while jogging near his home in Cambridge, England.

FEBRUARY 28, 2002: Tanya Holzmayer, 46; Guyang “Mathew” Huang, 38

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Tanya Holzmayer was shot and killed by a colleague, Guyang “Mathew” Huang, who later shot himself.

FEBRUARY 12, 2002: Dr. Ian Langford, 40

EXPERTISE: Infectious diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead at his blood-spattered home.

FEBRUARY 9, 2002: Dr. Vladamir “Victor” Korshunov, 56

EXPERTISE: Korshunov, inventor of a multi-purpose vaccine to combat weaponized biologicals, was head of the microbiology sub-facility at the Russian State Medical University.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head.

JANUARY 2002: Dr. Ivan Glebov

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: “Bandit attack.”

JANUARY 2002: Dr. Alexi Brushlinski

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: “Bandit attack.”

DECEMBER 6, 2001: Dr. Benito Que, 52

EXPERTISE: Hematology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cardiac arrest.

NOVEMBER 21 OR DECEMBER 23, 2001: Dr. Vladimer Pasechnik, 64

EXPERTISE: Pasechnik was involved in the exhumation of 10 London victims of the 1919 Type “A” flu epidemic. He was also heavily involved in DNA sequencing research. Pasechnik was the boss of William C. Patrick III who holds 5 patents on the militarized anthrax used by the United States and is now a private biowarfare consultant to the military and CIA. Patrick developed the process by which anthrax spores could be concentrated at the level of one trillion spores per gram. The anthrax utilized in the mail-borne attacks in the United States was concentrated at one trillion spores per gram...

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in Wiltshire, England, a village near his home. Two different dates have been

reported: November 21 and December 23. Cause of death: stroke.

DECEMBER 16, 2001: Dr. Don Wiley, 57

EXPERTISE: Molecular Biologist with Howard Hughes Medical Institute, Harvard University; top Deadly Contagious Virus expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Abandoned rental car was found on the Hernando de Soto Bridge outside Memphis, TN. He was involved in research on DNA sequencing, and was last seen around midnight on November 16, leaving the St. Jude's Children's Research Advisory Dinner at The Peabody Hotel in Memphis, TN. Associates attending the dinner said he showed no signs of intoxication. Workers at a hydroelectric plant in Louisiana found the body of Don Wiley on Thursday, about 300 miles south of where the molecular biologist was last seen. On January 14, 2002, Shelby County Medical Examiner O.C. Smith announced that his department had ruled Dr. Wiley's death to be "accidental," the result of massive injuries suffered in a fall from the Hernando de Soto Bridge. Smith said there were paint marks on Wiley's rental car similar to the paint used on construction signs on the bridge, and that the car's right front hubcap was missing. There has been no report as to which construction signs Dr. Wiley hit.

DECEMBER 14, 2001: Dr. Set Van Nguyen, 44

EXPERTISE: Working on a vaccine to protect against biological weapons, or perhaps on a weapon. In January, 2001, the magazine *Nature* published information that two scientists, Dr. Ron Jackson and Dr. Ian Ramshaw, using genetic manipulation and DNA sequencing, had created an incredibly virulent form of mouse pox, a cousin of smallpox and Dr. Nguyen had

worked for 15 years at the same Australian facility. On Friday, November 2, The Washington Post reported:

Officials are now scrambling to determine how a quiet, 61-year-old Vietnamese immigrant, riding the subway each day to and from her job in a hospital stockroom, was exposed to the deadly anthrax spores that killed her this week. They worry because there is no obvious connection to the factors common to earlier anthrax exposures and deaths: no clear link to the mail or to the media.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in the airlock of a walk-in refrigerator in a laboratory in Victoria State, Australia. The room was full of deadly gas which had leaked from a liquid nitrogen cooling system. The room was vented.

DECEMBER 10, 2001: Dr. David Schwartz, 57

EXPERTISE: He was well-respected in biophysics, and regarded as an authority on DNA sequencing.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by stabbing with what appeared to be a sword in rural home Loudon County, Virginia. His daughter, who identifies herself as a pagan high priestess, and three of her fellow pagans have been charged. Three teens that were into the occult were charged with murder in the slashing death.

NOVEMBER 24, 2001: Avishai Berkman, 50; Amiramp Eldor, 59; Yaacov Matzner, 54

EXPERTISE: Five microbiologists in this list of the first eight people that died mysteriously in airplane crashes worked on cutting edge microbiology research; and, four of the five were doing virtually identical research; research that has global political and financial significance.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Another airplane crash kills 3 scientists. At about the time of the Black Sea crash, Israeli journalists had been sounding the alarm that two Israeli microbiologists had been murdered, allegedly by terrorists; including the head of the Hematology department at Israel's Ichilov Hospital, and directors of the Tel Aviv Public Health Department and Hebrew University School of Medicine.

NOVEMBER 6, 2001: Jeffrey Paris Wall, 41

EXPERTISE: Mr. Wall had studied at the University of California, Los Angeles. He was a biomedical expert who held a medical degree, and he also specialized in patent and intellectual property.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Body was found sprawled next to a three-story parking structure near his office.

OCTOBER 4, 2001: Five Unnamed Microbiologists

EXPERTISE: Three scientists were experts in medical research or public health. The plane is believed by many in Israel to have had as many as four or five passengers who were microbiologists. Both Israel and Novosibirsk are homes for cutting-edge microbiological research. Novosibirsk is known as the scientific capital of Siberia. There are over 50 research facilities there, and 13 full universities for a population of only 2.5 million people.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Five unnamed microbiologists on a plane that was brought down by a missile near the Black Sea. Traveling from Israel to Russia; business not disclosed.

MAY 7, 2001: Professor Janusz Jeljaszewicz

EXPERTISE: He was an expert in Staphylococci and Staphylococcal infections. His scientific interests and achievements were in the mechanism of action and biological properties of staphylococcal toxins, and included the immunomodulatory properties and experimental treatment of tumors by Propionibacterium.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cause of death not disclosed.

DECEMBER 25, 2000: Linda Reese, 52

EXPERTISE: Dr. Reese was a Microbiologist working with victims of meningitis.

Circumstance: Died three days after she studied a sample from Tricia Zailo, 19, a Fairfield, N.J., resident and sophomore at Michigan State University. Zailo died December 18.

JULY 16, 2000: Mike Thomas, 35

EXPERTISE: He was a microbiologist at the Crestwood Medical Center in Huntsville.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died a few days after examining a sample taken from a 12-year-old girl who was diagnosed with meningitis and survived.

APRIL 15, 2000: Walter W. Shervington, M.D., 62

EXPERTISE: He was an extensive writer, lecturer and researcher about mental health and AIDS in the African-American community.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died of cancer at Tulane Medical Hospital.

SEPTEMBER 1998: Jonathan Mann, 51

EXPERTISE: He was founding director of the World Health Organization's global Aids program and founded Project SIDA in Zaire, the most comprehensive Aids research effort in Africa at the time, and in 1986 he joined the WHO to lead the global response against Aids. He became director of WHO's global program on Aids which later became the UNAids program. He then became director of the Francois-Xavier Bagnoud Center for Health and Human Rights, which was set up at Harvard School of Public Health in 1993. He caused controversy earlier in 1998 in the media when he accused the US National Institutes of Health of violating human rights by failing to act quickly on developing Aids vaccines.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Swissair Flight 111 over Canada.

JULY 10, 1998: Elizabeth A. Rich, M.D., 46

EXPERTISE: She was an associate professor with tenure in the pulmonary division of the Department of Medicine at CWRU and University Hospitals of Cleveland. She was also a member of the executive committee for the Center for AIDS Research and directed the Bio-safety Level 3 facility, a specialized laboratory for the handling of HIV, virulent TB bacteria, and other infectious agents.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Traffic accident while visiting family in Tennessee.

DECEMBER 25, 1997: Sidney Harshman, 67

EXPERTISE: He was a professor of microbiology and immunology. He was the world's leading expert on staphylococcal alpha toxins.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Complications associated with diabetes.

Mark Purdey, his Lawyer, and Veterinarian working with Purdey Die:

EXPERTISE: Creutzfeldt–Jakob disease (CJD) doctor Mark Purdey was familiar with the expression “abnormal brain protein.” Before Dr. Purdey’s death, he speculated that Dr. C. Bruton might have known more than what was revealed in his paper before he was killed.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Purdey’s house was burned down, his lawyer on mad cow issues was driven off the road and died and the veterinarian in the UK BSE inquiry also died in a mysterious car crash. CJD specialist Dr C. Bruton was killed in a car crash just before he went public with a new research paper. The veterinarian on the case also died in a car crash. Purdey’s new lawyer, too, had a car accident, but not fatal.

MAY 7, 1996: Dr. Tsunao Saitoh, 46

EXPERTISE: Abnormal proteins in Alzheimer’s disease.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot and killed, along with his young daughter, in LaJolla, California. He was dead behind the wheel of the car, the side window had been shot out, and the door was open. His daughter appeared to have tried to run away and she was shot dead, also. Yakuza-style hit.

1995: Dr. Jawad Al Aubaidi

EXPERTISE: A graduate doctor from Cornell, he was hired to head the mycoplasma bio-warfare research project. One of Dr. Aubaidi’s projects was filling payloads of scud missiles with mycoplasma strains.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He was hit by a truck in his native Iraq while changing a flat tire.

1994: Dr. C. Bruton

EXPERTISE: A CJD specialist who had recently produced a paper on a new strain of CJD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car crash.

MAY 19, 1994: Jose Trias

CIRCUMSTANCE: Trias and his wife were murdered in their Chevy Chase, Maryland home. They met with a friend, a journalist, the day before their murder and told him of their plan to expose Howard Hughes Medical Institute (HHMI) funding of “special ops” research. Grant money that goes to HHMI is allegedly diverted to black ops research projects.

MARCONI SCIENTISTS MYSTERY

COMPILED BY RAYMOND A. ROBINSON

ACCORDING to Raymond A. Robinson, author of *The Alien Intent*, “over two-dozen science graduates and experts working for Marconi or Plessey Defense Systems died in mysterious circumstances, most appearing to be 'suicides.' The Ministry of Defense (MOD) denied these scientists had been involved in classified Star Wars Projects and that the deaths were in any way connected.”

MARCH 1982: Professor Keith Bowden, 46

EXPERTISE: computer programmer and scientist at Essex University engaged in work for Marconi, who was hailed as an expert on super computers and computer-controlled aircraft.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash when his vehicle went out of control across a dual carriageway and plunged onto a disused railway line. Police maintained he had been drinking but family and friends all denied the allegation.

CORONER'S VERDICT: ACCIDENT

APRIL 1983: Lt-Colonel Anthony Godley, 49

EXPERTISE: Head of the Work Study Unit at the Royal College of Military Science.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Disappeared mysteriously in April 1983 without explanation.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Presumed dead.

MARCH 1985: Roger Hill, 49

EXPERTISE: Radar designer and draughtsman with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died by a shotgun blast at home.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

NOVEMBER 19, 1985: Jonathan Wash, 29

EXPERTISE: Digital communications expert who had worked at GEC and at British Telecom's secret research centre at Martlesham Heath, Suffolk.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of falling from a hotel room in Abidjan, West Africa, while working for British Telecom. He had expressed fears that his life was in danger.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

AUGUST 4, 1986: Vimal Dajibhai, 24

EXPERTISE: Computer software engineer with Marconi, responsible for testing computer control systems of Tigerfish and Stingray torpedoes at Marconi Underwater Systems at Croxley Green, Hertfordshire.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Death-by-fall from Clifton Suspension Bridge (74m - 240ft.), Bristol. Police report on the body mentioned a needle-sized puncture wound on the left buttock, but this was later dismissed as being a result of the fall. Dajibhai had been looking forward to starting a new job in the City of London and friends had confirmed that there was no reason for him to commit

suicide. At the time of his death he was in the last week of his work with Marconi.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

OCTOBER 1986: Arshad Sharif, 26

EXPERTISE: Reported to have been working on systems for the detection of submarines by satellite.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of placing a ligature around his neck, tying the other end to a tree and then driving off in his car with the accelerator pedal jammed down. His unusual death was complicated by several issues: Sharif lived near Vimal Dajibhai in Stanmore, Middlesex, he committed suicide in Bristol and, inexplicably, had spent the last night of his life in a rooming house. He had paid for his accommodation in cash and was seen to have a bundle of high-denomination banknotes in his possession. While the police were told of the banknotes, no mention was made of them at the inquest and they were never found. In addition, most of the other guests at the rooming house worked at British Aerospace prior to working for Marconi, Sharif had also worked at British Aerospace on guided weapons technology.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

JANUARY 1987: Richard Pugh, 37

EXPERTISE: MOD computer consultant and digital communications expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in his flat in with his feet bound and a plastic bag over his head. Rope was tied around his body, coiling four times around his neck.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

JANUARY 12, 1987: Dr. John Brittan, 52

EXPERTISE: Scientist formerly engaged in top secret work at the Royal College of Military Science at Shrivenham, Oxfordshire, and later deployed in a research department at the MOD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Death by carbon monoxide poisoning in his own garage, shortly after returning from a trip to the US in connection with his work.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

FEBRUARY 1987: David Skeels, 43

EXPERTISE: Engineer with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in his car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

FEBRUARY 1987: Victor Moore, 46

EXPERTISE: Design Engineer with Marconi Space and Defense Systems.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died from an overdose.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

FEBRUARY 22, 1987: Peter Peapell, 46

EXPERTISE: Scientist at the Royal College of Military Science. He had been working on testing titanium for its resistance to explosives and the use of computer analysis of signals from metals.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead allegedly from carbon monoxide poisoning, in his Oxfordshire garage. The circumstances of his death raised some elements of doubt. His wife had found him on his back with his head

parallel to the rear car bumper and his mouth in line with the exhaust pipe, with the car engine running. Police were apparently baffled as to how he could have maneuvered into the position in which he was found.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

APRIL 1987: George Kountis age unknown.

EXPERTISE: Systems Analyst at Bristol Polytechnic.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Drowned the same day as Shani Warren (see below) - as the result of a car accident, his upturned car being found in the River Mersey, Liverpool.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Misadventure. (Kountis' sister called for a fresh inquest as she thought 'things didn't add up.')

APRIL10, 1987: Shani Warren, 26

EXPERTISE: Personal assistant in a company called Micro Scope, which was taken over by GEC Marconi less than four weeks after her death.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found drowned in 45cm. (18in) of water, not far from the site of David Greenhalgh's death fall. Warren died exactly one week after the death of Stuart Gooding and serious injury to Greenhalgh. She was found gagged with a noose around her neck. Her feet were also bound and her hands tied behind her back.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open. (It was said that Warren had gagged herself, tied her feet with rope, then tied her hands behind her back and hobbled to the lake on stiletto heels to drown herself.)

APRIL 10, 1987: Stuart Gooding, 23

EXPERTISE: Postgraduate research student at the Royal College of Military Science.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash while on holiday in Cyprus. The death occurred at the same time as college personnel were carrying out exercises on Cyprus.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

APRIL 24, 1987: Mark Wisner, 24

EXPERTISE: Software engineer at the MOD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead on in a house shared with two colleagues. He was found with a plastic sack around his head and several feet of cling film around his face. The method of death was almost identical to that of Richard Pugh some three months earlier.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

MARCH 30, 1987: David Sands, 37

EXPERTISE: Senior scientist working for Easams of Camberley, Surrey, a sister company to Marconi. Dr. John Brittan had also worked at Camberley.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash when he allegedly made a sudden U-turn on a dual carriageway while on his way to work, crashing at high speed into a disused cafeteria. He was found still wearing his seat belt and it was discovered that the car had been carrying additional petrol cans. None of the 'normal' reasons for a possible suicide could be found.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

MAY 3, 1987: Michael Baker, 22

EXPERTISE: Digital communications expert working on a defense project at Plessey; part-time member of Signals Corps SAS.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal accident when his car crashed through a barrier near Poole in Dorset.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Misadventure.

JUNE 1987: Jennings, Frank, 60.

EXPERTISE: Electronic Weapons Engineer with Plessey.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead from a heart attack.

NO INQUEST

JANUARY 1988: Russell Smith, 23

EXPERTISE: Laboratory technician with the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, Essex.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of a cliff fall at Boscastle in Cornwall.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

MARCH 25, 1988: Trevor Knight, 52

EXPERTISE: Computer engineer with Marconi Space and Defense Systems in Stanmore, Middlesex.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead at his home in Harpenden, Hertfordshire at the wheel of his car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust. A St. Alban's coroner said that Knight's woman friend, Miss Narmada Thanki (who also worked with him at Marconi) had found three suicide notes left by him which made clear his intentions. Miss Thanki had mentioned that Knight

disliked his work but she did not detect any depression that would have driven him to suicide.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

AUGUST 1988: Alistair Beckham, 50

EXPERTISE: Software engineer with Plessey Defense Systems.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead after being electrocuted in his garden shed with wires connected to his body.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

AUGUST 22, 1988: Peter Ferry, 60

EXPERTISE: Retired Army Brigadier and an Assistant Marketing Director with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found on 22nd or 23rd August 1988 electrocuted in his company flat with electrical leads in his mouth.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open

SEPTEMBER 1988: Andrew Hall, 33

EXPERTISE: Engineering Manager with British Aerospace.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Carbon monoxide poisoning in a car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

GIANT BREACH IN EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD DISCOVERED

BY

DR. TONY PHILLIPS

DECEMBER 16, 2008

NASA's five THEMIS spacecraft have discovered a breach in Earth's magnetic field ten times larger than anything previously thought to exist. Solar wind can flow in through the opening to "load up" the magnetosphere for powerful geomagnetic storms. But the breach itself is not the biggest surprise. Researchers are even more amazed at the strange and unexpected way it forms, overturning long-held ideas of space physics.

"At first I didn't believe it," says THEMIS project scientist David Sibeck of the Goddard Space Flight Center. "This finding fundamentally alters our understanding of the solar wind-magnetosphere interaction."

The magnetosphere is a bubble of magnetism that surrounds Earth and protects us from solar wind. Exploring the bubble is a key goal of the THEMIS mission, launched in February 2007. The big discovery came on June 3, 2007, when the five probes serendipitously flew through the breach just as it was opening. Onboard sensors recorded a torrent of solar wind particles streaming into the magnetosphere, signaling an event of unexpected size and importance.

"The opening was huge—four times wider than Earth itself," says Wenhui Li, a space physicist at the

University of New Hampshire who has been analyzing the data. Li's colleague Jimmy Raeder, also of New Hampshire, says "10²⁷ particles per second were flowing into the magnetosphere—that's a 1 followed by 27 zeros. This kind of influx is an order of magnitude greater than what we thought was possible."

The event began with little warning when a gentle gust of solar wind delivered a bundle of magnetic fields from the Sun to Earth. Like an octopus wrapping its tentacles around a big clam, solar magnetic fields draped themselves around the magnetosphere and cracked it open. The cracking was accomplished by means of a process called "magnetic reconnection." High above Earth's poles, solar and terrestrial magnetic fields linked up (reconnected) to form conduits for solar wind. Conduits over the Arctic and Antarctic quickly expanded; within minutes they overlapped over Earth's equator to create the biggest magnetic breach ever recorded by Earth-orbiting spacecraft.

The size of the breach took researchers by surprise. "We've seen things like this before," says Raeder, "but never on such a large scale. The entire day-side of the magnetosphere was open to the solar wind."

The circumstances were even more surprising. Space physicists have long believed that holes in Earth's magnetosphere open only in response to solar magnetic fields that point south. The great breach of June 2007, however, opened in response to a solar magnetic field that pointed north.

"To the lay person, this may sound like a quibble, but to a space physicist, it is almost seismic," says Sibeck. "When I tell my colleagues, most react with skepticism, as if I'm trying to convince them that the sun rises in the west."

Here is why they can't believe their ears: The solar wind presses against Earth's magnetosphere almost directly above the equator where our planet's magnetic field points north. Suppose a bundle of solar magnetism comes along, and it points north, too. The two fields should reinforce one another, strengthening Earth's magnetic defenses and slamming the door shut on the solar wind. In the language of space physics, a north-pointing solar magnetic field is called a "northern IMF" and it is synonymous with *shields up!*

"So, you can imagine our surprise when a northern IMF came along and shields went *down* instead," says Sibeck. "This completely overturns our understanding of things."

Northern IMF events don't actually trigger geomagnetic storms, notes Raeder, but they do set the stage for storms by loading the magnetosphere with plasma. A loaded magnetosphere is primed for auroras, power outages, and other disturbances that can result when, say, a CME (coronal mass ejection) hits.

The years ahead could be especially lively. Raeder explains: "We're entering Solar Cycle 24. For reasons not fully understood, CMEs in even-numbered solar cycles (like 24) tend to hit Earth with a leading edge that is magnetized north. Such a CME should open a breach and load the magnetosphere with plasma just before the storm gets underway. It's the perfect sequence for a really big event."

Sibeck agrees. "This could result in stronger geomagnetic storms than we have seen in many years."

THE SEWAGE ENGINEER, THE ‘WOW! SIGNAL’ AND THE PROOF THAT THERE REALLY *IS* LIFE ON MARS

BY

MICHAEL BROOKS

THE DAILY MAIL

FEBRUARY 7, 2010

A LIENS are back in fashion. Even the Royal Society, the most level-headed of scientific establishments, is getting in on the action. Last month it hosted a meeting about the prospects of finding or making contact with extraterrestrials.

But everyone seems to have forgotten something. Reputable scientists say we have already found aliens—and heard from them, too. Did no one tell you?

Gilbert Levin, the man who found life on Mars, is now in his 80s but his eyes still sparkle whenever he talks about the day NASA’s Viking probe touched down on the Martian Plains of Gold. It was July 20, 1976.

“Oh, it was very exciting,” he told me when I visited his offices in Beltsville, Maryland, a few years ago. A grin broke out across his face. “Everything went just right.”

That includes the experiment he designed to look for the signs of life. Levin is a sewage engineer by training, and it was this that led him to invent a novel way to detect microbes.

His trick was to put out radioactive food and watch for wisps of radioactive gas belching out as a by-product

of microbe digestion. NASA saw it as an ideal way to test for life in Martian soil.

Levin's experiment worked perfectly. Before launch, the apparatus successfully detected the scarce life in soil samples taken from the Californian desert. Two hundred million miles from Earth, it worked again: Levin's instrument got another positive result from Martian soil samples.

Levin went out to buy champagne and cigars. A party was in full swing when renowned astronomer Carl Sagan phoned Levin to offer his congratulations. Levin remembers it as the happiest day of his life.

His unhappiest came just two days later when the Viking mission leader announced they had failed to find life on Mars.

A colleague dug Levin in the ribs. "He said, "God damn it, Gil, will you get up and tell them you detected life?" " But Levin, cowed by his relatively junior status, did not dare.

The problem was straightforward. Another of the instruments on the Viking mission had searched for traces of carbon in Martian soil and found none. With no carbon, the mission chiefs reasoned, there could be no life. The result of Levin's experiment must have been a mistake, they said. Carl Sagan called again—to withdraw his congratulations.

The trouble is, the mission chiefs had been misled.

Ten years after the Viking probe landed on Mars, a scientist called John Milan Lavoie Junior contacted Levin and told him he had worked on the instrument that was supposed to look for carbon. No one had admitted it at the time, but the instrument had never worked properly, he said. Levin told a few people but no one seemed to care.

A further 15 years passed and another of the instrument's engineers, Arthur Lafleur, came forward and told the same story. On Earth, before the mission had blasted off for Mars, the instrument had been given relatively large quantities of carbon to detect. It had failed but the scientists had kept quiet about it.

The final nail in the instrument's coffin came in 2006 when the prestigious US National Academy of Sciences published a devastating critique of it. Their report said it had not been sensitive enough to rule out the existence of carbon-based molecules in Martian soil.

You would think that, given all this, Levin would have been vindicated by now. In fact, he has been labeled a troublemaker. At the party to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Viking mission, he caused a bit of a scene by suggesting that NASA revisit his results. When the 30th anniversary party came around, he simply wasn't invited.

A growing minority of scientists are now taking Levin's claims seriously, saying that Viking may well have discovered life. But most shrug their shoulders and say it was all too long ago to be sure.

Which brings us on to that alien signal—if that is what it was. It came on AUGUST 15, 1977, the night before Elvis Presley died.

The Ohio radio telescope that picked up the signal was called the Big Ear. At 11.16pm, it recorded a single pulse of radiation that seemed to come from somewhere in the constellation of Sagittarius.

It is now known as the "Wow! Signal." That's what Jerry Ehman, the man who spotted it in the computer printout, scrawled in the margin. He had good reason to do so: the characteristics of the signal were exactly what alien-hunters had been told to look out for.

Eighteen years previously, researchers had put themselves in ET's shoes and tried to work out the best way to attract our attention. They decided that the most noteworthy signal would be a radio signal at exactly 1,420 MHz. This is the vibration frequency of hydrogen, the most common molecule in the universe.

Everyone agreed that it would be the most widely intelligible way of saying, "We're here—are you?" When the Wow! Signal came in; its frequency was 1,420 MHz...

I have never met Jerry Ehman but we have exchanged emails and talked on the phone. He got in touch with me—he had heard that I was looking for the latest thinking on what the signal meant.

His first email told me everything I needed to know. "I am still waiting for a definitive explanation that makes sense," it said.

Ehman and his colleagues have explored every possibility: military transmissions, reflections of Earth signals off asteroids or satellites, natural emissions from stars, but nothing fits.

The strangest thing of all is that it came from a blank patch of sky. When Ehman and his colleagues looked at the exact location of the source, it turned out to be devoid of stars. Ehman's only thought is that it could have been beamed from a spaceship travelling through the universe in search of some sign of life.

Not that he is totally convinced it really was aliens but he has never come up with a better explanation.

"It had all the earmarks of being a signal from an intelligent civilization," Ehman told me on the phone. "There it was, like it was saying, 'Here I am—can you see me?'" But, he concedes, we may never have proof one way or the other.

Ehman was inspired to become an astronomer after coming across a Reader's Digest article by Frank Drake, one of the first scientists to calculate our chances of finding extraterrestrial life. I was there when Drake spoke at the Royal Society meeting last month.

He told the audience that, given the sheer vastness of the universe and the relative weakness of our technology, the chances of finding life or making contact with an alien civilization are unbelievably slim. In other words, it might happen just once in a lifetime.

Which made me wonder: have we been both extraordinarily lucky and extraordinarily careless? It seems we have had two chances, and missed them both.

A BLUEPRINT FOR A QUANTUM PROPULSION MACHINE

TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

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PUSH on the electromagnetic fields in the quantum vacuum and you should get an equal and opposite force.

The quantum vacuum has fascinated physicists ever since Hendrik Casimir and Dirk Polder suggested in 1948 that it would exert a force on a pair of narrowly separated conducting plates. Their idea was eventually confirmed when the force was measured in 1997.

In recent years, a new way of thinking about the quantum vacuum has emerged which has vastly more potential. And today, one physicist describes how it could be used to create propulsion.

Before we discuss that, let's track back a little. According to quantum mechanics, any vacuum will be filled with electromagnetic waves leaping in and out of existence. It turns out that these waves can have various measurable effects, such as the Casimir-Polder force.

The new approach focuses on the momentum associated with these electromagnetic fields rather than the force they exert. The question is whether it is possible to modify this momentum because, if you can, you should receive an equal and opposite kick. That's what rocket scientists call propulsion.

Today, Alex Feigel at the Soreq Nuclear Research Center, a government lab in Yavne Israel, suggests an entirely new way to modify the momentum of the quantum vacuum and how this can be exploited to generate propulsion.

Feigel's approach combines two well-established ideas. The first is the Lorentz force experienced by a charged particle in electric and magnetic fields that are crossed. The second is the magneto-electric effect--the phenomenon in which an external magnetic field induces a polarized internal electric field in certain materials and vice versa.

The question that Feigel asks is in what circumstances the electromagnetic fields in a quantum vacuum can exert a Lorentz force. The answer is that the quantum vacuum constantly interacts with magneto-electric materials generating Lorentz forces; most of the time, however, these forces sum to zero.

However, Feigel says there are four cases in which the forces do not sum to zero. Two of these are already known, for example confining the quantum field between two plates, which excludes longer wavelength waves.

But Feigel says the two others offer entirely new ways to exploit the quantum vacuum using magneto-electric nanoparticles to interact with the electromagnetic fields it contains.

The first method is to rapidly aggregate a number of magneto-electric nanoparticles, a process which influences the boundary conditions for higher frequency electromagnetic waves, generating a force.

The second is simply to rotate a group of magneto-electric nanoparticles, which also generates a Lorentz force.

Either way, the result is a change in velocity. Feigel says that the "mechanical action of a quantum vacuum

on magneto-electric objects may be observable and have a significant value.

The beauty of Feigel's idea is that it can be easily tested. He suggests building an addressable array of magneto-electric nanoparticles, perhaps made of a material such as FeGaO₃ which has a magneto-electric constant of 10^{-4} in a weak magnetic field.

These nanoparticles simply have to be rotated in the required way to generate a force. Feigel calls it a magneto-electric quantum wheel.

Of course, nobody is getting a free lunch here. "Although the proposed engine will consume energy for manipulation of the particles, the propulsion will occur without any loss of mass," says Feigel. He even suggests, with masterful understatement, that this might have practical implications.

So here is a high-risk idea with a huge potential payoff. The question is: who has the balls to try it?

MINORITY REPORT

by

Scott Frank

REVISED DRAFT

May 16, 2001

BLACK

We hear a woman WHISPER:

WOMAN'S VOICE
Murderer.

FADE IN: A SERIES OF IMAGES

Some coming at us fast and furious, some slowed down, and some still as photographs, none making sense to us yet:

A HAND picks up a PAIR OF SCISSORS... THE FACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The SCISSORS POKE THROUGH THE EYE. A NEWSPAPER BOY rides by on a recumbent bike. A NEWS PAPER HITS THE GROUND. SNIP go the scissors and now we see...

A MAN'S face watching us -- muscular, handsome -- with a KID'S FACE beside his own. The same man's face with the kid's face on the other side of him, now facing backwards. SNIP go the scissors and we now see...

A WOMAN admires herself in a mirror. WATER runs into a BATHTUB. A HAND REACHES FOR A DOORKNOB. WE MOVE THROUGH IT, leaving the DOOR OPEN BEHIND US. A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. SNIP go the scissors and we now see...

The woman UNBUTTONS HER BLOUSE as THE MAN -- now half-nude, WATCHES from a doorway. We START UP THE STAIRS. A DOOR at the top, slightly ajar. SNIP go the scissors and we see...

The WOMAN at the mirror. The MAN comes up behind her and enfolds her in his arms. SNIP and we see...

A KISS on the NECK. SNIP. SNIP. And we CONTINUE ON UP THE STAIRS. We're at the door now. SNIP. A HAND now dips into the rush of WATER from the spout, testing it. SNIP SNIP SNIP and we see...

THE WOMAN smiling into the MIRROR, pleased with her reflection. SNIP SNIP and we see...

The WOMAN and the MAN on the bed making love. ANOTHER MAN'S face rising over the bed now as he watches. The WOMAN looks over her lover's shoulder, sees the face and sits up...

The man by the bed is smaller than the lover, older, but ENRAGED as he now raises THE SCISSORS and we PULL AWAY TO REVEAL:

That we're looking at the image as it plays out inside the dark pupil of a HUMAN EYE. The eye BLINKS and now we go...

WIDER, we're looking now at A FEMALE FACE staring up at us -- eyes blue as gas flames -- floating in some sort of WHITE LIQUID as she looks up at us and speaks:

FEMALE FACE

Howard --

PULLING BACK STILL FURTHER we see A MALE FACE next to her:

MALE FACE

I forgot my glasses.

THE SCISSORS SNIP.

MALE FACE

You know how blind I am without
them.

WE SEE THE WOMAN IN THE BEDROOM

As she SCREAMS and the man stabs her in the throat with the
scissors as now the MUSCULAR MAN gets out of the bed, tries
to run for the safety of the bathroom, gets stabbed in the
back. QUICK FLASHES of the scissors as the muscular man goes
down.

The bloody scissors bounce open onto the bathroom floor.

Now BLOOD-RED water begins to overflow onto the floor. We
follow the water through the cracks and lines in the tile, to
an OUTSTRETCHED HAND, still, striped with blood. We then...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE THREE FACES

As they shut their eyes, begin to slowly sink back down into
the white liquid as they all whisper together:

THE THREE OF THEM

Murderer.

As their faces disappear into the milky void, we HEAR A SIREN
ALARM and now see...

A RED BALL - ANALYTICAL ROOM

Rolling fast down a chute from the top right CORNER OF FRAME.
And now another RED BALL rolls down from the top left corner.
The motion is slowed for an instant so that we can see NAMES
etched into it: SARAH MARKS. And then: DONALD DOOBIN.

It rolls past and now A SECOND RED BALL rolls right at us
from the top left. The motion on this one is slowed for an
instant so that we can read the name etched into the side:
"HOWARD MARKS". Just as it rolls over to us, we now see...

INSIDE PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - MAIN FLOOR

Slides open, revealing senior detective JOHN ANDERTON. Mid

thirties, military haircut. He pushes through a second, pressurized door, leading us past a series of glassed-in offices and viewbicles.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

ANDERTON

Okay, Jad, what's coming?

JAD

Red Ball -- double homicide: one male, one female. Killer's male, white, 40's.

JAD (28, African- American), the main dispatcher, one of six TEAM MEMBERS crowded around the computer display. They back off so Anderton can take a look.

JAD

We need confirmation on the time frame. Location still uncertain. Remote witnesses are hooked in...

ANDERTON

Case #1108, previsualized by the Precogs and recorded on holoshpere by Precrime's q-stacks.

(to a screen)

My fellow witnesses for case #1108 are Dr. Katherine James and Chief Justice Frank Pollard.

ON A VIDEO SCREEN

As a split-image emerges of James and Pollard in their respective offices.

ANDERTON

Have the witnesses previewed and validated #1108?

INT. POLLARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

As an elderly man, retired CHIEF JUSTICE FRANK POLLARD stares at a video monitor showing the Prevision.

POLLARD

Affirmative. Validated.

INT. DR. JAMES' OFFICE - MORNING

As KATHERINE JAMES, a bespectacled, middle-aged criminal psychologist yawns, a big cup of coffee in one hand.

JAMES

Go get him.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Anderton pulls a small disc from his pocket.

ANDERTON

Stand by...

The men all share knowing glances as he inserts the disc into a player and we now hear a STRAUSS SYMPHONY OVER...

Anderton slips on an eyepiece and special finger gloves, then moves his hands over the huge PREVISION SCREEN, "conducting" the array of images we saw during the opening. The screen responds to wherever he looks, or whatever he touches...

ANDERTON

Alright, Howard, where are you...

INT. SUBURBAN D.C. KITCHEN - MORNING

We HEAR BIRDS CHIRPING, someone HUMMING softly, then...

A WOMEN'S VOICE

Breakfast!

SARAH, the woman we just saw murdered, cooks breakfast, bathed in a halo of bright sunshine that streams in from a window. She looks up, smiles. A beautiful day outside.

VOICE

For score and seven years ago our
fathers brought forth on this,
um...

She sets two plates of scrambled eggs down on the table where her SON -- 10 -- sits reciting the Gettysburg Address as he cuts out A CARDBOARD MASK with a pair of SCISSORS, poking through Lincoln's eyes to make holes he can see through.

SARAH

Continent...

SON

Continent. A new nation, conceived
in liberty...

SARAH

Howard?! Breakfast!

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

Everybody in the room working on the vision. A team of researchers study the buildings. The trees in the area.

JAD

I show eight "Howard Marks" inside
the District. Sorting by race and

On another screen, Driver's license photos now begin to FLASH PAST.

ANDERTON
Let's see if we can get lucky...

He ZOOMS IN on the image of a NEWSPAPER. The headline reads PRESIDENT SUPPORTS PRECRIME AMENDMENT...

ANDERTON
Come on...

EXT. BROWNSTONE IN GEORGETOWN - MORNING

As the SPRINKLERS COME ON just as HOWARD MARKS, the older man we saw stab his wife, steps out of the house.

VOICE
Morning, Mr. Marks.

He looks over as A PAPERBOY waves from a recumbent bicycle and tosses A NEWSPAPER. As it flies at us...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

The image auto-enhances as we zoom in closer to the newspaper sitting on the KITCHEN TABLE. We see AN ADDRESS LABEL with the name HOWARD MARKS...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MORNING

As the paper lands on the lawn, starts to get soaked by the sprinklers. Howard frowns at the kid, reaches through the water to grab it...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Anderton sees that the INK ON THE WET ADDRESS LABEL has run, blurring the information. Jad shakes his head.

JAD
We can't grab it...

ANDERTON
Run the subscription list...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MORNING

As A MOUNTED POLICEMAN rides by. Howard smiles, turns and starts to head back inside when he notices something across the street...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Anderton focuses now on the "murder room". He ZOOMS IN on

a blurry nightstand clock. A stack of books blocks it... He
ZOOMS OUT THE WINDOW...

ANDERTON

I've got north facing shadows out
the window of the building behind.
I need trig and image analysis...

VECTORS from the shadows appear on the screen now.

JAD

Workin' it.

Anderton turns and looks at THREE SCREENS showing the male
faces and the female face floating in the liquid we saw in
the beginning.

ANDERTON

Morning, detectives.

The faces don't respond. Just stare into the void. Anderton
touches the screen and now the FEMALE seems to turn and look
at him.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MORNING

Howard Marks pauses, notices A MAN -- handsome, muscular,
practically bursting out of a nice suit -- loitering in front
of the small park across the street. Howard studies the man
a moment as Sarah appears in the doorway behind him, sees him
looking at the man.

SARAH

Breakfast, honey.

And now the Man across the street looks this way, sees
Howard, sees Sarah right behind him and quickly moves off.

HOWARD

He looks familiar.

SARAH

Who?

HOWARD

The man across the street. I've
seen him before...

SARAH

How can you even tell? You know
how blind you are without your
glasses.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Jad looks at an array of Driver's License Photos... We see
ONE FOR HOWARD MARKS. Then ANOTHER FOR SARAH MARKS. Same

address.

JAD

Got him in the Foxhall. 4421
Gainsborough.

ANDERTON

Send a DCPD blue & white out there,
set up a perimeter and tell 'em
we're en route. What's our
confirmed time?

JAD

From solar position, Trig & Image
confirms it at approximately eight
oh-four a.m.

The whole team looks up at the clock on the wall. 7:47.
Anderton sets THE TIMER ON HIS WATCH.

FLETCHER

Seventeen minutes.

ANDERTON

Armor up -- sick-sticks and
concussion guns -- this is gonna be
close.

INT. PRECRIME READY ROOM - MORNING

Like a firehouse, everybody slipping into uniform, riding up
poles on chairs. A flurry of activity as weapons, helmets,
and other newfangled gear are pulled from wall racks.

KNOTT, a big redhead, thick of neck and thicker of head,
hands out the gear. He takes what looks like A BILLY CLUB
and points it at a HEAVYSET COP who wolfs down the last of a
Danish...

KNOTT

Hey, Steadman, wanna lose those ten
ugly pounds like right now?

The cop reacts, pushes the stick away...

PETROTTA

Touch me with that puke-pole,
asshole, you're gonna wear the
fuckin' risoto I had for dinner
last night along with the two
chilidogs I had for breakfast.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Jad spins around in his chair...

JAD

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Chief, we got a problem with our
location --

Anderton looks at him.

JAD
It's no longer there.

Jad indicates a video screen showing VIDEO BOT VIEW OF A FIRE
CHARRED HOME. Only one wall is left standing...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Anderton looks at the Prevision, begins manipulating the
images... He glances at the PRECOG MONITOR. The female face
writhes in the screen and Anderton looks at her.

ANDERTON
Where we going, Agatha? Talk to
me.

Anderton turns away as FLETCHER (30), second in command
approaches Anderton. The FEMALE FACE turns and seems to look
at Anderton through the screen.

FLETCHER
Chief, the investigator from the
Fed is here.

ANDERTON
(distracted)
You're kidding, that's today?

FLETCHER
I wrote it down in your calendar,
then left a message at your house --

ANDERTON
(working)
All I need, some twink from the Fed
poking around right now.
(then, to Jad)
Check again with the paper, they
had it forwarded. See if the
neighbors know where they went,
check all relations --

FLETCHER
Uh, sir...

ANDERTON
Get him some coffee and tell him to
wait outside.

VOICE
I've got coffee, thank you.

Anderton turns to see DANNY WITWER. Mid-twenties, quietly looking at everything and everyone. He extends his hand.

WITWER

Danny Witwer.

(then)

The "Twink from the Fed". Gum?

Anderton gives him a look, Witwer offers Anderton a stick of GUM.

JAD

The Marks moved two weeks ago. No one knows where. Still searching for family and employer.

MECHANICAL VOICE

Time horizon: 12 minutes...

Anderton looks at his watch: COUNTING DOWN, 12 MINUTES.

ANDERTON

I'm sorry Danny, but I'll have to give you the full tour later on.

WITWER

Your secretaries were all kind enough to give me a look around the office...

Anderton looks through the glass doors where A HALF DOZEN FEMALE PRECRIME OFFICE WORKERS ogle Witwer, even one that's pregnant (a moving image of her baby on the front of her maternity T-shirt). They ALL CHEW GUM.

Witwer watches as Anderton moves his fingers across the display, "flying through" the precrime scene, moving forward and back in time. ARCHITECTURAL REFERENCE SCREENS run side by-side with the Prevision Screen...

ANDERTON

Original running bond brick pattern, streamlined early Georgian Details...

Fletcher begins pointing out the equipment to Witwer who just listens quietly... asks no questions.

FLETCHER

What he's doing now, we call "scrubbing the image", looking for clues as to where the murder's going to happen.

ANDERTON

The brick has been repointed, the glass is original with new glazing

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
bars. I show composite mouldings
with dentils.

(then)
Someone took care in the
renovation. Let's find the
architect...

FLETCHER
Victims are pronounced here.
Killers here. We never touch
anything.

ANDERTON
I show a cop on horseback.

JAD
Somewhere near the capital?

ANDERTON
No maglev system.

JAD
The mall?

ANDERTON
Georgetown.

Fletcher introduces Witwer to a female member of the team.

FLETCHER
This is Evanna, the team pilot.

WITWER
Nice to meet you. Gum?

She gives him a once over, takes a piece of gum.

EVANNA
Oh, thank you...

He pops a piece in his own mouth, cuts a look back at her...

WITWER
She's cute.

Witwer now notices the three faces on screen, can't take his
eyes off them. Witwer looks at the images on the screen.
These three faces writhing in agony.

FLETCHER
Filtered, the Precogs can see
outward up to four days with a
sensory range of 200 miles.

Witwer stares at them, blowing a bubble.

WITWER

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
So if you wanna kill someone, you
take him to Miami.

FLETCHER
Not after the vote next week. Once
the Amendment passes, we go
national, there's gonna be nowhere
to run.

Anderton cuts a look at him as Jad indicates a 3D map full of
BLUE DOTS...

JAD
Two Howard Markses EYEdented in the
sprawl. Neither show married --

Anderton looks at THE REFERENCE SCREENS AS THEY SCROLL
THROUGH ARCHITECTURAL IMAGERY...

ANDERTON
I show a match for Dwight Kingsley.
Nineteenth century architect. He
did two dozen houses in D.C....

MECHANICAL VOICE
Time Horizon, ten minutes...

Witwer reacts to the incessant RINGING OF THE ALARM BELL.

WITWER
Can't they shut that off?

FLETCHER
That's the Red Ball Alarm.

Witwer looks at him.

FLETCHER
Crime of passion. No
premeditation. They show up late.
Most of our scrambles are flash
events like this one. We rarely
see anything with premeditation
anymore.

WITWER
People have gotten the message.
(to Fletcher)
Gum?

INT. MARKS KITCHEN - MORNING

As Howard sits down with his son who keeps cutting the piece
of cardboard while reciting the address.

SON
... the world will little note, nor

HOWARD
(looks at Sarah)
I was thinking, maybe I'd play
hooky, stay home today.

Her back to him, Sarah pauses for just a second.

SARAH
What about your meeting?

HOWARD
I'll reschedule. I've been working
too much anyway.

The boy holds up what WE NOW SEE IS A LINCOLN MASK to his
face...

SON
... that these honored dead we take
increased devotion to that cause
for which they gave us they gave
the last full measure of
devotion...

He looks at the back of his wife as he pokes at his
breakfast.

HOWARD
We could have lunch together.

SARAH
I'd love to, but I've got an open
house today at the Ressler place.

HOWARD
Ah. That must be why you look so
nice.

As Sarah turns and smiles at Howard.

SARAH
Raincheck?

HOWARD
Sure. Raincheck.

SON
... that we here highly resolve
that these dead shall not have died
in vain...

We hear a HORN HONK O.S. Sarah looks at her son.

SARAH
Your ride's here. Get your stuff.

The boy gets up, setting THE SCISSORS down on the table.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

Two men act as "dressers", getting Anderton into gear while he works. They help him on with a jacket, the word PRECRIME emblazoned on the back.

JAD

Director. Line three.

And now we see an IMAGE OF LAMAR BURGESS, DIRECTOR OF PRECRIME in one corner.

BURGESS

Tell me not to worry, John.

ANDERTON

Don't worry, Lamar.

BURGESS

The nation votes this week...

Anderton notices something on the prevision screen, brushes off the "dressers".

BURGESS

Which makes this the worst possible time to show that we're only human.

ANDERTON

(working)

Uh-huh...

BURGESS

Has the observer from Justice shown up yet?

ANDERTON

Hang on, Lamar --

Anderton mutes the director, looks at AN IMAGE OF THE MUSCULAR MAN IN THE SUIT. There's a CHILD'S FACE to the left of his own.

INT. MARKS KITCHEN - MORNING

Howard takes his jacket and leaves. Sarah watches after him for a beat, a little out of sorts.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Anderton indicates the screen to Jad. Witwer watches.

ANDERTON

Look at the kid. In this one, he's

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
on the left of the man in the suit.

JAD
Yeah? So?

ANDERTON
Now look at him...

Anderton moves his hand so the image changes and the kid is now to the right of the man, but FACING BACKWARDS. He now moves back and forth between the images...

ANDERTON
It's a park.

He runs the image and we see the kid back on the left facing front, then on the other side facing back...

EXT. PARK ACROSS FROM THE MARKS BROWNSTONE - MORNING

The HANDSOME MAN IN THE SUIT watches the house. Behind him, we see A KID ON A PUSH MERRY-GO-ROUND, as he goes by we see him facing one way, then the other...

The man glances about, then crosses the street. He climbs the steps to the front door. Doesn't even get to knock before Sarah opens it.

SARAH
Come on...

The man follows her inside. A beat later, Howard steps into FRAME. He never really left for work.

INT. PRECRIME - MORNING

As Anderton runs with his team -- five in all. Witwer trails behind them.

FLETCHER
There's only sixteen of those old merry-go-rounds left in the city. Two of which are in Georgetown. One in Barnaby woods, the other Woodley.

Anderton looks at the readout Fletcher hands him.

ANDERTON
Woodley's all Victorian. It's gotta be Barnaby Woods.
(keeps moving)
I want two cameras: one Spyder, one floater.

Witwer watches as Anderton pulls a .45 from his waistband. Jacks the clip and checks it.

WITWER

As I recall, they outlawed
compression firearms in the
District ten years ago.

ANDERTON

(replacing the clip)
They did. Make yourself
comfortable. We'll be back in an
hour.

WITWER

You mind if I tag along?

Some looks amid the team. They know Anderton doesn't want
him here.

ANDERTON

I'd love to take you along,
Inspector, but there's no room on
the ship.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF PRECRIME - ROOF - MORNING

Anderton and his team head for a HOVERSHIP. Anderton climbs
in beside EVANNA, the female pilot. Even with everyone
onboard, one seat is conspicuously vacant. KASI, an African
American cop, sets some equipment on it, smiles at Anderton.

EVANNA

Time Horizon six minutes.

As the hovership lifts off.

EXT. MARKS HOUSE - GEORGETOWN - MORNING

Howard walks up the steps to his house, takes out his key.
His hand shaking, he inserts the key into the lock. A long
beat. He makes a decision and he finally turns it.

INT. MARKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

We hear LAUGHING from the second floor. Howard picks up the
scissors from the table.

INT. HOVERSHIP - MORNING

As Anderton looks at his watch. COUNTING DOWN 5:38...
5:37...

INT. MARKS HOUSE - MORNING

As we HEAR FOOTSTEPS and Howard steps behind a door, watches
as the Lover, wrapped only in a towel, comes WHISTLING into
the kitchen, grabs a couple of sodas from the refrigerator,
then heads back out.

EXT. D.C. - MORNING

Overhead, the precrime Hovership ROARS past. In the distance, we see familiar Washington buildings, along with some new ones.

INT. MARKS HOUSE - MORNING

Howard starts up the stairs. We hear the sound of WATER RUNNING.

INT. MARKS HOUSE - MORNING

Howard gets to the door, slowly pushes it open with the point of the SCISSORS.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

As we see Sarah's reflection in the bathroom mirror as she wraps her arms around her lover, kicks the door closed with her foot.

We now see HOWARD MARKS standing there, reflected in the full length mirror on the other side.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The only sound, the SQUEAK OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND as the kid goes round and round. All of a sudden several PRECOPS drop down on DESCENDERS. The kid looks off at them, confused as to why it's now raining cops... he slowly looks UP and sees THE HOVERSHIP floating above him...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

We hear GIGGLING O.S. as Howard Marks sits down on the bed, and starts to weep, he slides onto the floor...

EXT. PARK - MORNING

As Anderton studies his portable screen, the image of the kid with the house behind him. He looks up and realizes that the PARK IS SURROUNDED ON FOUR SIDES BY HOUSES. And THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE...

INT. PRECRIME HOVERSHIP - MORNING

As Evanna watches the image, watches Howard Marks kill his wife over and over. The rest of the team is anxious.

MECHANICAL VOICE
Time Horizon. One minute.

EVANNA
Chief, we're catching up to the future.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

As Anderton calmly looks around at the surrounding houses,
all we hear is the SQUEAK of the merry-go-round.

ANDERTON

Jad?

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Jad answers the call. Witwer is right there watching.

JAD

Go ahead.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

Did he close the front door?

JAD

What?

ANDERTON (PHONE)

Did Marks close the front door?!

Jad looks over the prevision a moment. He sees the image of
the front door... the stairs just beyond it...

JAD

Negative -- front door is open!
The front door is open!!

EXT. PARK - MORNING

As Anderton scans the houses, sees one across the park with
the door open --

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

As the two lovers now stumble wet from the bathroom onto the
bed, neither of them see Howard sitting there on the floor on
the other side of the bed, his head in his hands. They start
to make love. Howard doesn't move.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

As Anderton makes a headlong dash for the house. The other
cops right behind him...

INT. PRECRIME HOVERSHIP - MORNING

As Evanna takes off...

MECHANICAL VOICE

Time Horizon, thirty seconds --

EVANNA

The craft pitches as she heads over the park now...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

As the motion of the two lovers now begins to rock Howard back and forth. He looks at the SCISSORS in his lap, also rocking back and forth to the rhythm of the two in the bed.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

As Anderton blows through the open front door...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

As Howard now stands up, looks down at the bed, his face turning from disgrace to rage as he raises the scissors over his head.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

As Anderton sprints up the stairs, the other cops behind him.

INSERT - HIS WATCH COUNTING DOWN the last few seconds...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

As Sarah opens her eyes, sees Howard standing there over the shoulder of her lover and gasps.

SARAH

Howard --

HOWARD

I forgot my glasses.

The lover rolls off of her and sits up.

HOWARD

You know how blind I am without them.

She sees the scissors in his hand. SCREAMS. He's bringing them down when, suddenly, the HAND HOLDING THE SCISSORS IS GRABBED by Anderton...

HOWARD

What --

TIGHT ON THEIR TWO HANDS

As Anderton's watch BEEPS as it counts down the last second and now...

... the SKYLIGHT OVERHEAD EXPLODES, wood and glass flying everywhere as the other Precops descend from the Hovership,

drop straight into the room.

A FLOATING CAMERA BOT pushes past Anderton to the center of the room.

CAMERA BOT - POV

GRIDS and VECTORS place and locate everyone in the room. A screen-within-a-screen zooms in on the SCISSORS. It films Sarah's lover as he comes away from the bed.

ANDERTON

Mr. Marks, you're under arrest
for --

Howard makes a run for the door...

ANDERTON

Knott --

Knott grabs him, but the man puts up a fight.

Anderton takes a hand-held device from his belt (A SPYDER) and scans Marks' retina.

ANDERTON

Positive for Howard Marks --

Howard stands frozen, mouth agape as he now fully sees the PRECRIME SHIP hovering right out the window.

ANDERTON

By mandate of the District of
Columbia Precrime division, I'm
placing you under arrest for the
future murder of Sarah Marks and
Donald Doobin that was to take
place today, April 22, at oh-eight
hundred hours, four minutes --

SARAH

What?

HOWARD

I didn't do anything! Sarah!

ANDERTON

(to Fletcher)

Give the man his hat.

And now the other team members grab hold of Howard and start to shave his head with an electric sheer right there on the stairs, his hair falling in clumps to the floor below.

HOWARD

Oh, God. Don't put the halo on me!

And now Fletcher steps forward with what is essentially a metal HALO. Fletcher places it on Howard's head while he screams...

HOWARD

I wasn't going to do it! I wasn't
going to hurt her! I just wanted
to scare her!

As the halo is fitted onto his head, Howard's body arches in a convulsive shock, his eyes rolling white into his head as he finally goes limp.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - MORNING

As Witwer watches the Prevision Screen.

WITWER

I thought they stopped the murder --

Jad looks over as Witwer indicates an image of Howard Marks stabbing his wife, now from a slightly different angle.

JAD

That's just an echo.

(smiles)

Precog Deja Vu.

(looks at the screen)

Some of the really bad ones, the
Precogs see over and over again.

The stabbing happens again and Jad moves his hand across the screen and it goes BLANK. Witwer looks at the PRECOG SCREEN, watches as the female rolls over and sinks under the milk.

INT. MARKS HOUSE - MORNING

Anderton goes into the bathroom and SHUTS OFF THE WATER in the bathtub just as it's about to overflow.

He stands, sees Sarah, hugging herself in the middle of the room. She stares back at him, confused and overwhelmed as we now...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INNER CITY - NIGHT

As Anderton, now in a hooded sweatshirt and sweatpants, jogs through the rain, the neighborhood around him getting worse and worse as he goes.

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

We can see Howard Marks' breath as he's laid out naked on a metal table. His head has been shaved.

VOICE OVER

Precrime: It works!

EXT. INNER CITY - NIGHT

As Anderton runs through the city, we now hear OTHER VOICES joining in saying the same thing, over and over, finally overlapping one another:

VOICES

PRECRIME: IT WORKS!

(until we hear)

IT WORKS IT WORKS IT WORKS...

And now, PROJECTED ON THE WALL BESIDE ANDERTON, we start to see a SERIES OF HUGE CLOSE-UPS as he runs by:

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN

I used to worry about my children
going to the playground...

POLICEMAN

My partner was murdered...

VARIOUS PEOPLE

My sister was murdered... My
brother was killed... I was
attacked in the stairwell... My
teacher was stabbed... My neighbor
was shot... My child was
murdered...

And now we see a series of shocking murder scenes, as the above testimonials continue in the b.g.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A LARGER METAL HALO, spikes pointing inward, is fitted onto Howard Marks' head. He starts to SCREAM...

A DEEP VOICE

In a world where we look to science
for answers, they were a gift...

EXT. INNER CITY - NIGHT

As Anderton runs along the wall, the PROJECTIONS CONTINUE: the images are of different people on the street now. WE BEGIN PULLING BACK...

VARIOUS PEOPLE

I was going to be killed in my
apartment... He was going to rape
me and then stab me... It was going
to happen in a parking lot... We
were having marital problems, I had
no idea he would try and...

So that now we see we're looking at some sort of SCREEN ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDINGS. On it, we see a shot of the Precrime building, a statue of the precogs out front.

THE DEEP VOICE

And now, Precrime is coming to your state, allowing you to sleep as well as we do in the District of Columbia.

Anderton, runs past the HUGE PROJECTION...

THE DEEP VOICE

On April 30, vote Yes on the National Precrime Referendum and make murder a thing of the past.

On the screen we see a SCHOOLYARD FULL OF KIDS...

CHILDREN

Precrime: It works!

Above Anderton, in the middle of the projection, some MENTAL CASE sticks his head out a window and SCREAMS at the night.

EXT. INNER CITY - DARK

As Anderton slows down, turns up a DARK ALLEY. He pauses, looks around.

ANDERTON

Lycon?

A VOICE

What's the matter, can't sleep?

Anderton turns and we see a dark FIGURE in a black coat sitting in a doorway. LYCON.

ANDERTON

I just need a little clarity.

LYCON

True that. You want the customary, or the new and improved?

ANDERTON

I'll try the new stuff.

Anderton reaches into his sock and takes out some CASH. Lycon takes out his own, much filthier sock and reaches inside. He pulls out a handful of tiny BLACK INHALERS and holds a few of them out to Anderton who hesitates, then takes them.

LYCON

"Chief". Anderton turns and looks at the Dealer.

LYCON

Oh, don't worry none, your secret's
safe with me.
After all, you gonna be The Big
Boss soon enough, be nice to have a
little juice on my side.

ANDERTON

What makes you say I'm gonna be the
boss?

LYCON

You're the perfect man for the job.
It's like my Daddy used to say, "In
the land of the blind..."

Lycon leans forward and the moonlight catches his face, and
we see that BOTH OF HIS EYES ARE GONE FROM THEIR SOCKETS.

LYCON

"The one eyed-man is King".

Lycon starts to laugh. Anderton watches him a moment, then
turns and jogs off into the wet night.

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Rain falls on the towers and pavilions of the inner
city that fill the large windows. The front door opens and
Anderton comes inside. When he turns on a light, we see the
place is a complete mess.

Trash and black INHALERS litter the floor. Clothing is
strewn about. In the kitchen, cupboards, even the
refrigerator door have been left open. You might think the
place has been burglarized, but it's just the way he left it.

Anderton walks past a bedroom -- an airplane bed and toys on
the floor tell us this was once a kid's room. He continues
on to...

HIS BEDROOM

Where he peels off his sweatshirt, then moves to the bed and
sticks the old .45 back under the pillow it came from.

On the nightstand, are piles of NEWS CLIPPINGS, all of them
with headlines like "BOY MISSING ELEVEN YEARS RETURNS HOME!"
Or "FAMILY FIGHTS TO CLONE DEAD CHILD" or "GIRL RESCUED FROM
KIDNAPPERS AFTER TWO YEAR ORDEAL".

Anderton grabs a BLACK INHALER from atop one of the clippings
and shakes it, sees that there's still something in it. He

takes it, goes into...

THE SOLARIUM

Anderton moves to a COMPUTER and types in an entry. All at once, the room begins to fill with HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES of his son, SEAN. The images are ghostlike, not solid; created by a dozen LASER PROJECTORS placed around the room.

The scenes themselves are "stolen" from birthday parties, outings and vacations from a life that's somehow no more.

In one of them, his son Sean (age 2), playing with toys on the floor with LARA, Anderton's ex-wife. Anderton looks at Lara a moment, reaching out to her when we hear...

SEAN

Daddy!

Anderton looks to a HOLOGRAM where Sean (age 4) is throwing a Frisbee on a beach. The hologram-Sean looks up in Anderton's general direction as he throws...

SEAN

Catch!

And the Frisbee sails right through Anderton. He takes a deep hit off the inhaler and then looks around the room.

ANDERTON'S POV

As the images GRADUALLY BEGIN TO FILL IN. LOOK REAL.

SEAN

Hi, Daddy...

Anderton moves to one of the images in the middle of the room and crouches down in front of it.

ANDERTON

Hi, Sean. How was your day?

And then the image cuts to Sean (age 6) holding a soccer ball...

SEAN

I scored a goal!

ANDERTON

That's great.

And now the IMAGE JUMPS and we see Sean (age 4) at a younger age...

SEAN

I raced mommy!

And we see LARA, smiling beside him on a beach. Anderton looks at Lara a moment, then...

SEAN

I won!

ANDERTON

What a big boy. How old are you?

The image JUMPS and we see Sean (age 6)...

SEAN

I want pizza!

Wrong answer. Anderton frowns, goes over to the computer, starts searching through the images. He stops when he sees one of Sean at age 4, at a birthday party, holding up four fingers. He then walks back to the image...

ANDERTON

(tries again)

How old are you, Sean?

And now the holo-image JUMPS so that it's the same as the one we just saw on the computer. SEAN HOLDS UP FOUR FINGERS.

ANDERTON

Four. Wow. What a big boy.

(then)

I love you, Sean.

SEAN

(age 2)

I love you, too!

(age 4)

I love you daddy.

(age 6)

Love ya, dad.

Anderton sits down on the floor beside the image and takes another hit off the inhaler. He then lies back and watches his "son" as we now...

FADE OUT.

VINCENT NASH (V.O.)

On the eve of a national referendum
that will make all of our citizens
safe from violent crime...

FADE IN:

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

As Anderton opens an eye, looks off AT A CLOCK TV that shows the image of L. VINCENT NASH, U.S. Attorney General as he addresses a press conference at Precrime...

NASH

... it's the responsibility of the
Justice Department to fully review
and inspect the Precrime system.

Anderton sits up, looks at the screen. To his horror, he
sees WITWER sitting at a long table beside Nash with LAMAR
BURGESS sitting on the other side. The chair next to Burgess
EMPTY...

ANDERTON

Shit --

Anderton jumps to his feet, begins ripping off his sweats and
getting dressed as fast as he can. He grabs his shirt off
the answering machine...

SYNTH VOICE

You have twelve messages.

BURGESS' VOICE

John? Where the hell are you?

Anderton sits on the bed and starts pulling on his boots.

BURGESS

Speaking on behalf of Precrime, I'd
just like to say that we welcome
any review by Attorney General Nash
and his team, although I must say
I'm somewhat baffled by their
timing.

Anderton grabs his coat, pulls his .45 out from under the
pillow and tucks it away behind his back.

BURGESS

In the six years we've been
conducting our little experiment
there hasn't been a single murder
in the District.

Anderton opens the door and gets RIGHT INTO HIS VEHICLE.
It's there IN THE WALL. He sits down, closes the door and
the VEHICLE DROPS FROM SIGHT.

EXT. PRECRIME - DAY

As Anderton runs across the busy quad to the entrance of the
building.

BURGESS (V.O.)

So I'm sure I speak for Chief
Anderton who's on assignment, that
we plan to do everything we can to
help our good friends and

He lowers his sunglasses and two ultraviolet lights STROBE on the retinal scanner as Anderton is EYEdentiscanned and cleared to enter.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUATERS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As Anderton enters, is immediately cut off by Burgess.

BURGESS

Those bastards at Justice want to
take it all away from us.

Anderton stops, faces Burgess who looks at his watch, then
stares back at Anderton.

BURGESS

And this is exactly the kind of
behavior that will give them an
excuse to do it.

ANDERTON

Lamar, I'm sorry. I don't know
what --

BURGESS

Don't apologize, John.

His tone stops Anderton.

BURGESS

You understand that a week from now
people are going to vote on whether
or not what we've been doing down
here has been some noble-minded
enterprise or a chance to change
the way this country fights crime.

ANDERTON

I understand. Sir.

Burgess stares at Anderton.

BURGESS

I need you to do two things for me.
One, watch Danny Witwer.

ANDERTON

Yes, sir.

BURGESS

You can let him look around, answer
his questions, but watch him. If
there's any problems, make sure we
know about it first.

ANDERTON

I understand. What's the other thing?

BURGESS

Tuck in your shirt.

Burgess gives him a look, then turns and walks away. Anderton looks down, tucks in his shirt, then hurries off...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Jad, Fletcher and Knott show Witwer one of the wooden "eggs". All of them now chewing gum, friendly with Witwer.

FLETCHER

The information we need is embedded in the grain of wood. And since each piece is unique, the shape and grain is impossible to duplicate.

WITWER

(returns the sphere to Fletcher)

I'm sure you've all grasped the legalistic drawback to precrime methodology.

KNOTT

Here we go again...

WITWER

Look, I'm not with the ACLU on this Jeff. But let's not kid ourselves, we are arresting individuals who've broken no law.

JAD

But they will.

FLETCHER

The commission of the crime itself is absolute metaphysics. The Precogs see the future. And they're never wrong.

WITWER

But it's not the future if you stop it. Isn't that a fundamental paradox?

ANDERTON (O.S.)

Yes, it is.

They all turn and look at Anderton as he comes into the room, takes the sphere from Fletcher.

ANDERTON

You're talking about
predetermination, which happens all
the time.

Suddenly, Anderton rolls the ball towards Witwer who catches
it just as it's about to go off the table.

ANDERTON

Why did you catch that?

WITWER

Because it was going to fall.

ANDERTON

You're certain?

WITWER

Yes.

ANDERTON

But it didn't fall. You caught it.

Witwer looks at the ball in his hand.

ANDERTON

The fact that you prevented it from
happening doesn't change the fact
that it was going to happen.

WITWER

You ever get any false positives?
Someone intends to kill his boss or
his wife, but they never go through
with it. How do the precogs tell
the difference?

ANDERTON

The Precogs don't see what you
intend to do, only what you will
do.

WITWER

Then why can't they see rapes, or
assaults... or suicides?

FLETCHER

Because of the nature of murder.

(quoting)

"There's nothing more destructive
to the metaphysical fabric that
binds us than the untimely murder
of one human being by another".

WITWER

Somehow, I don't think that was

Anderton looks at Witwer. The man knows more than he thought.

ANDERTON
(looking at Witwer)
It was Iris Hineman. She developed the Precogs, designed the system and pioneered the interface.

WITWER
Speaking of interfacing, I'd love to say hello.

ANDERTON
To Hineman?

Witwer looks at the screens showing THE PRECOGS.

WITWER
To them.

ANDERTON
Cops aren't allowed inside the temple.

WITWER
Really? You've never been inside?

ANDERTON
We keep a strict separation so that no one can accuse us of tampering.

WITWER
So I'll be the first one to go in then?

ANDERTON
Maybe you didn't hear me.

WITWER
If it's a question of authority.

ANDERTON
There's no question. You don't have any.

WITWER
I have a warrant in my pocket that says different.

The other men don't move, don't blink.

ANDERTON
Show it to me.

Witwer pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket folded several times and hands it to him. As Anderton unfolds it...

WITWER

Contrary to what you might think, this experiment is being conducted under the supervision and with the express permission of the Attorney General of the United States. I'm here as his representative. Which means... you're now operating under my supervision.

Anderton looks up from the paper, at his men, at Witwer. He's lost and he knows it. Witwer takes the paper back.

WITWER

It seems you've been left out of the loop, John.

INSIDE THE TEMPLE

AS WALLY, the caretaker, an odd little guy who doesn't get a lot of sun looks over as Witwer and Anderton walk through A LASER DECONTAMINATION BOOTH...

WALLY

No no no no no...

Witwer smiles, extends his hand. Wally backs away.

WALLY

I can't touch you! And John, you can't be in here! You'll confuse them!

ANDERTON

Wally. This is Danny Witwer. He's from Justice and we're to give him a full run of the farm.

WITWER

Nice to meet you, Wally.

WALLY

Shhh! They're sleeping.

WITWER

(whispers)
Tell me how all this works.

AND NOW WE SEE: THE TANK

As a RIPPLE APPEARS in the white liquid.

WITWER (O.S.)

The photon milk acts as both a

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
nutrient supply and a liquid
conductor. It makes the images
that each of them receive strong.

And now a MAN'S FACE slowly breaks the surface, then ANOTHER
MAN'S FACE, followed by A FEMALE FACE...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: THE THREE PRECOGS

Three nude bodies -- TWO MALE, ONE FEMALE. As they writhe
about in the liquid, we can see that their bodies are thin,
nearly translucent.

The precogs appear to be in suspended animation or in comas.
They are absolutely still and limp, except for their faces
which are in constant motion, reacting to murders only they
can see.

WALLY

We call the female Agatha. The
twins are Arthur and Dashiell.

REVEAL: THE PRECOG TANK

Egg-like in shape, it's filled with the milky-looking liquid
the three Precogs are suspended in.

WALLY

We scan by way of optical
tomography, white light pinpoints
pulse along the entire length of
the headgear and are re-read after
absorption through their brain
tissue.

Witwer looks at him, has no idea what he just said.

WALLY

In other words, we see what they
see.

Wally lifts one of the Male Precogs into a harness and hoists
him up for exercise and cleaning. Wally starts to trim his
nails and the Precog begins convulsing...

WALLY

They're not in any pain. We keep
their heads pretty well stocked
with dopamine and endorphins.
Plus, we maintain careful control
over their serotonin levels --
don't want 'em to drift off to
sleep, but they can't be kept too
awake either.

ANDERTON

It helps if you don't think of them

WITWER
(staring at them)
No... they're much more than that.

Witwer nods, looks up at THE SCREENS ABOVE THE TANK, a series of screens tapped into each Precog. We can see all sorts of images, but none of them clear right now. He's mesmerized by all of them.

WITWER
Science has stolen most of our
miracles. In a way...
(indicates the tank)
... they give us hope... hope of
the existence of the divine.

He sees Anderton and Wally looking at him.

WITWER
I find it interesting that some
people have begun to deify the
precogs.

ANDERTON
The precogs are pattern recognition
filters, nothing more.

WITWER
But you call this room the
"temple".

ANDERTON
Just a nickname.

WITWER
(nods, then)
The oracle isn't where the power is
anyway. The power's always been
with the priests.
(looks at the Precogs)
Even if they had to invent the
oracle.

Anderton looks to where Fletcher, Jad and Knott stand near the entrance, nodding their heads.

ANDERTON
You guys are nodding your heads
like you actually know what the
hell he's talking about.

JAD
Come on, Chief, you think about it,
the way we work -- changing destiny
and all -- we're more like clergy

ANDERTON
Uh-huh. Jad?

JAD
Sir?

ANDERTON
Go back to work. All of you.

The others give him a look and walk out. Anderton turns back to Witwer who smiles at him.

WITWER
Sorry. Old habit. I spent three years at Fuller Seminary before I became a cop. My father was a minister. Lutheran.

ANDERTON
What does he think of your chosen line of work?

WITWER
I don't know. He was shot and killed when I was fourteen on the steps of his church in Bethesda.

He looks at Anderton.

WITWER
I know what it's like to lose someone close, John. Of course, nothing is like the loss of a child.

Agatha rolls over now, seems to be looking at Anderton.

WITWER
I don't have any children of my own, so I can only imagine what that must have been like, to lose your son in a public place like that.

Anderton says nothing. Hates the man all over again.

WITWER
At least now you -- and I -- have the chance to make sure that kind of thing doesn't happen to anyone ever again.

ANDERTON
(beat)
Why don't you cut the cute act,

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Danny, and tell me exactly what it
is you're looking for?

WITWER

Flaws.

ANDERTON

There hasn't been a murder in six
years. There's nothing wrong with
the system. It's perfect.

WITWER

I agree. The system is perfect.
If there's a flaw, it's human. It
always is.

(then)

Thank you for the tour, Wally.

Anderton watches him walk out, shakes his head, then
notices...

The FEMALE PRECOG'S ARM is resting on the edge of the tank.
He looks down at her a moment. She's looking at him, but her
eyes seem somewhere else.

Anderton looks around for Wally, doesn't see him. He doesn't
want to touch her. He finally reaches down and gently takes
her arm, sets it back into the tank.

As it submerges, she takes hold of ANDERTON'S FINGER and
hangs on. He stares back at her. She holds on tight...

ANDERTON

Uh, Wally --

He tries to pull his hand away, but she holds on, grabs onto
Anderton's shirt, and STARTS TRYING TO PULL HERSELF OUT OF
THE WATER...

ANDERTON

Wally!

AGATHA

(whisper)

Can you see?

And now she's clinging to Anderton, looking up. He looks up
at the SCREEN above her and sees...

A FLASH OF A WOMAN'S FACE. Silent. Eyes and mouth wide
open. A shock of red hair all around her. Her face is a
white mask of terror. She seems to be beckoning Anderton
with her arm...

He looks at Agatha, who continues to cling to him, HER OWN
FACE HOLDS THE SAME EXPRESSION as the woman on the screen.
She finally lets go of Anderton and falls back into the tank.

WALLY

John?!

Anderton, shaken, looks up and THE IMAGE FADES, replaced with the blurry flood of images we saw earlier.

WALLY

What the hell just happened? Her ACTH levels just shot through the roof!

Anderton turns and looks at the Precog writhing about.

WALLY

Her pituitary dumped a week's worth into her system... What did you do to her?

ANDERTON

Nothing... she grabbed me, and then there was an image on the screen...

WALLY

She grabbed you? Impossible. The Precogs aren't even aware of us. In the milk all they see is the future.

Anderton shoots a look down the hall as WITWER WALKS THROUGH THE LASER DECONTAMINATOR, unaware of what just happened. He turns to Wally and lowers his voice...

ANDERTON

She was looking right at me.

WALLY

It could have been a nightmare... Sometimes they dream about the old murders.

Anderton looks back down at Agatha, her eyes closed now as she sinks down into the milk and disappears, her own arm in front of her, beckoning in the same way as the woman.

ANDERTON

She spoke to me.

WALLY

(dismissive)
To you? I don't think so...
(but has to know)
What'd she say?

ANDERTON

She said...

Anderton looks up at the screens...

ANDERTON

"Can you see?"

EXT. THE DEPARTMENT OF CONTAINMENT - EARLY MORNING

Anderton takes off his sunglasses, looks at a screen:

ANDERTON

Anderton. John.

He moves his eyes close to the screen and gets
EYEdentiscanned at the door and goes inside.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CONTAINMENT - EARLY MORNING

Silent. A huge open space, a human warehouse. Along the floor -- ringing the entire perimeter -- are markers with numbers on the front of them. We now HEAR FOOTSTEPS as...

Anderton enters the building. As he moves further into the space, our angle changes and we now see HUMAN BODIES lying on their backs on the other side of the markers. Each "prisoner" has a metal HALO-like apparatus -- spikes going inward -- fitted onto his head.

Anderton slows his pace, eyeing the row of inert bodies along the floor as he goes. Above each inert prisoner is a SCREEN that continuously plays the Precog's PREVISION OF THE MURDER for which they've been convicted.

Suddenly we hear a blast of ORGAN MUSIC reverberating from somewhere O.S. and he looks off towards a CURTAIN at the back...

ON THE CURTAIN

As Anderton parts it to REVEAL:

A LIVING SPACE

A bed. A stove. A fridge... And A HUGE PIPE ORGAN. A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR playing with his back to us. From the sound of it, he seems to be making it up as he goes along. Anderton taps the guy on the shoulder, startling him --

MAN

HOO BOY!

(then)

You scared me, Chief.

He takes a breath, looks at Anderton standing there. The man's face is large, almost retarded in appearance. He wears A PRISON GUARD UNIFORM.

ANDERTON

GIDEON
Yes, sir. I'm Gideon.
(indicates the organ)
The music relaxes the prisoners.

Anderton looks around as Gideon quickly moves away from the organ.

GIDEON
I don't ever see any of you precops
down here, I'm not in trouble am I?

ANDERTON
No, you're not in trouble. I'm
interested in a murder.

GIDEON
Kill type?

ANDERTON
Drowning.

Gideon turns to a computer screen on his wheelchair.

GIDEON
Well, that narrows it down. Not
many in here for that one.

Gideon starts going through the files, we see different FACES
flash by. Anderton looks over his shoulder.

ANDERTON
Victim's a white female.

GIDEON
This about the Justice Department?
(off Anderton's look)
They laid on a tour for tomorrow
a.m. Told me to wear a tie. You
like this one?

THE FACE OF THE DROWNING WOMAN Agatha showed Anderton flashes
on the screen.

ANDERTON
Stop! Roll back... There!

Gideon looks at the screen.

GIDEON
That's an old one. One of our
first.

ANDERTON
This is the official composite of

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
the three precogs?

GIDEON
That's right. It's a combined data
stream based on all three
previsions.

ANDERTON
Show me just Agatha's data stream.

GIDEON
For that, we have to go for a ride.

Gideon rolls ahead of Anderton, checking his manifest on a
small display. Anderton looks around.

ANDERTON
You the only sentry?

GIDEON
I work graveyard, swing and day all
by my lonesome.

Gideon hits a button on his wheelchair and we hear a RUMBLING
SOUND as the "prisoners" around the perimeter all BEGIN TO
RISE.

GIDEON
Hey, bet you don't know where the
term "graveyard shift" comes from?

Only half-listening, Anderton watches as now A SECOND TIER OF
MARKERS appear right below the first tier. The video screens
playing the murder previsions over and over...

GIDEON
Long time ago, in merry old
England, they discovered that some
coffins, after they reopened 'em --
now why they did that, I couldn't
tell you --

And now we see a third tier, also with the video screens
showing their own horrific images.

GIDEON
Anyway, they discovered that some
of the coffins had scratch marks on
the inside, indicating that the
person had not been dead when they
buried them.

And now Anderton watches as a fourth tier rises up.

GIDEON
So they tied a string to the wrist
of each person that lead to a bell

Anderton has to tilt his neck to see the top of the tiers as a fifth tier rises up from the ground...

GIDEON

Someone was assigned to sit at
night and listen for the bells.

... until the bodies and their markers are stacked nearly to the roof of the facility and Gideon turns to Anderton and smiles.

GIDEON

Hence the expression...

ANDERTON

(softly, staring at all
the prisoners)
... Graveyard shift.

GIDEON

Not to mention, "Saved by the
bell".

Gideon starts to roll off. Anderton stands there, looking at all of them.

ANDERTON

I'd forgotten there were so many.

Gideon rolls onto a PLATFORM attached to a long arm and wheels around to face Anderton.

GIDEON

And to think they'd all be out
there killing people if it wasn't
for you.

Anderton moves onto the platform they lift up and away.

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dark. We hear someone make the lock, then the door opens and we see Danny Witwer standing there looking in. He closes the door, turns on the light and takes in the total disarray.

He bends down, picks up a BLACK INHALER and examines it. He puts it in his pocket and starts to look around.

He moves through the dark apartment to the table where Anderton keeps his Holo-Computer equipment. He looks at it a moment, then starts pressing buttons. And now we hear...

SEAN (O.S.)

Hey, Daddy!

He pulls his weapon, wheels around and points it at the holo image of SEAN (age 4) ON THE BEACH as he wings a Frisbee.

SEAN

Catch!

Witwer ducks as it sails by. He looks around, notices the LASER PROJECTORS all around the room. And now he sees THE IMAGES OF SEAN... everywhere. He slowly puts away his gun.

WITWER

My God...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CONTAINMENT - DAY

As Anderton rides the platform with Gideon looking at all of the "prisoners".

GIDEON

They get to spend twenty years asleep, somewhere between life and death, all the while getting their bodies pumped up with nutrients they'd never get if they were out on the street.

(stops the platform)

Okee pokee, here we go...

A video screen comes into view, we see it's showing THE DROWNING WOMAN Anderton saw inside the temple.

GIDEON

John Doe drug addict was gonna put down a woman named Anne Lively at Roland Lake.

They move upward, once more gliding up to a video screen as it comes into view, we see it's showing THE DROWNING WOMAN Anderton saw inside the temple.

ANDERTON

That's her --

Anderton looks at the screen. The PREVISION PLAYS OUT: Daytime. A lake. The redheaded woman is shoved under water by two BLACK-GLOVED HANDS, her mouth open to scream.

Anderton looks at the MAN lying there -- tall, shaved head, nearly skeletal.

ANDERTON

Why's he still a John Doe? Why wasn't he ever ID's from an EYEsCan?

GIDEON

On account of those are not his

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
eyes. He had 'em swapped out to
fool the scanners.

Anderton sees the dark red scar-lines around his eyes.

GIDEON
You get it done on the street for a
few hundred bucks these days.

Anderton looks at the screen as the SCREAMING WOMAN appears
again, stares at her face.

GIDEON
Okay, so you want just the female's
prevision.

Gideon hits a button on his remote and the VIDEO SCREEN
DIVIDES INTO THREE SECTIONS. In the first section, we see
various angles of the woman being drowned by John Doe. A
similar series of shots on the second screen.

But the THIRD SCREEN IS BLANK.

GIDEON
Huh, we don't seem to have her
data.

ANDERTON
Try again.

GIDEON
(works the computer)
No... we have the two previsions
from the twins right here, but...
(indicates the blank
screen)
... I can't pull up any data from
the female. Probably just a
glitch.

Anderton stares thoughtfully at the first two images of Anne
Lively being drowned.

GIDEON
Hey, you wanna know where the word
came from, "glitch?"

ANDERTON
(looks at the face)
Just tell me about the intended
victim. This Anne Lively...

Gideon works the computer.

GIDEON
Looks like she was a neuroin addict
like John Doe here, but I show an

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
address history that includes the
Beaton Clinic.

ANDERTON
So she cleaned up. Where is she
now?

Gideon again works the computer, then sits back.

GIDEON
Huh. How ironic...

He spins the screen so that Anderton can see one word there:
"MISSING"

GIDEON
You finally crawl your way out of
one hole, only to fall into
another.

Anderton takes a small plastic CARD from his wallet and
slides it into A SLOT on the computer. Instantly the MOVING
IMAGE OF ANNE LIVELY downloads onto the card.

GIDEON
Careful, Chief...

Anderton looks at him.

GIDEON
You dig up the past, all you get is
dirty.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITE LIQUID

THE FACE OF THE FEMALE PRECOG emerges from the milk, her blue
eyes suddenly blink open. Something has begun...

INT. BURGESS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Burgess sits on the couch, a blanket covering his legs,
nursing a cold. He looks at THE MOVING IMAGE OF ANNE LIVELY
on the small card.

BURGESS
And you say the third prevision
was, what, a little fuzzy or
something?

ANDERTON
I'm saying the third prevision
wasn't there. And that's not all.
I spent a few hours down there and
it turns out there's a dozen more
cases with missing previsions.

Burgess sneezes, takes out his handkerchief.

BURGESS

You'd think we'd have found a cure
for the common cold by now.

WIFE (O.S.)

It's stress.

His WIFE walks in who hands him a steaming mug. He looks at
it.

BURGESS

What's this?

WIFE

Herbal tea with honey.

BURGESS

Yeah, well I hate herbal tea...
almost as much as I hate honey.

WIFE

Just drink it before I pour it in
your lap.

He reluctantly takes it. She smiles at Anderton on her way
out.

ANDERTON

Danny Witwer is scheduled for a
tour of Containment tomorrow --

BURGESS

So give him a tour. He doesn't
know enough to ask the right
questions.

ANDERTON

If he's looking for a flaw in the
system --

BURGESS

He's not. He's looking for a flaw
in us, John.

Anderton notices the change in Burgess' tone. Burgess tosses
the CARD onto the coffee table in front of him, and considers
Anderton a moment.

BURGESS

Lara called me.

ANDERTON

What?

BURGESS

She's worried about you. And,
quite frankly, so am I.

ANDERTON

I'm fine.

BURGESS

I hear you've been spending a lot
of time in the sprawl.

ANDERTON

(beat)

I go running down there.

BURGESS

In the middle of the night?

Anderton doesn't have an answer for that one.

BURGESS

What if Danny Witwer came to you
right now and insisted on a full
chem run?

ANDERTON

I'm fine, Lamar.

Burgess gets up and sits down next to Anderton, puts a hand
on his shoulder.

BURGESS

(beat)

You understand, John, that the
minute Precrime goes national,
they're going to take it away from
us.

ANDERTON

We won't let them.

BURGESS

No? How's an old man and a cop on
the whiff ever going to stop them?

This stings Anderton. Burgess softens.

BURGESS

My father once said to me that you
don't choose the things you believe
in, they choose you.

(then)

There's a reason you're here, John.
Had Precrime been in place just six
months earlier, the loss you and
Lara suffered would have been
prevented.

Anderton turns away.

BURGESS

Remember the eyes, John --

Burgess COUGHS, motions for a second while he gets his breath back, then...

BURGESS

Remember, the eyes of the nation are on us right now. We both know I'm not the generation anyone listens to.

(then)

People trust you, John. When you speak of your absolute belief in Precrime, they know it's a belief born of pain and not politics. I've always understood that. And in some ways, I may have even encouraged it, to help with the cause. But now... your pain is hurting both of us.

Anderton nods, finally gets up, puts his hand on Burgess' shoulder, looks the old man in the eye.

ANDERTON

They're not going to take it away from us, Lamar.

(beat)

I won't let them.

INT. TELEVISION SOUND STAGE - MORNING

A talkshow. A woman MODERATOR sits in front of a backdrop that reads "DOUBLE EXPOSURE". Anderton now in a suit and tie sits with the MODERATOR and a WOMAN in a dark suit.

MODERATOR

A week from today conventions will meet in every state to vote on the ratification of the precrime amendment. With us to discuss this historic decision are Chief John Anderton of Precrime in Washington D.C. and Ms. Dinola Margis, Director of the American Freedom Foundation. Both of you, thanks for being here.

ANDERTON/MARGIS

Geraldine. Thanks for having me.

MODERATOR

Ms. Margis, let me start with you.

Last year, more people in this country lost their lives to murder than to natural causes. Doesn't such unparalleled violence require that we protect our citizens, whatever it takes?

MARGIS

No, Geraldine, not at the price of giving up our most fundamental rights. For almost three centuries now, every accused citizen has had the right to be presumed innocent until found guilty. But, here, we have the beginnings of a system that punishes people for crimes that haven't even been committed. I feel stuck in a nightmare.

And now we see Burgess standing in the wings, watching now as Anderton smiles, revs up the charm.

ANDERTON

You forget, Dinola, that the Supreme Court has ruled that the Precogs predictions as foregone, metaphysical conclusions. Meaning what the Precogs say is going to happen, happens.

(then)

Unless we stop it.

MARGIS

You know, the Etruscans used to read sheep livers to predict the future. Maybe we should try that one next.

ANDERTON

That's funny. But the truth is, our Constitution has always recognized that in times of great danger we may have to take actions that... offend certain principles in order to preserve the nation itself.

Burgess looks at Anderton and nods. That's my boy. Anderton nods back, turns back to the table as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLARIUM - NIGHT

Anderton, barefoot and shirtless, still in his suitpants, eats a bowl of cereal while the TALKSHOW he taped earlier in the day before plays out on the TELEVISION.

ANDERTON (TV)

In the middle of the civil war, for example, Abraham Lincoln suspended the writ of habeas corpus observing that a limb may be sacrificed to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb.

Anderton doesn't watch it. Instead, he stares stupidly at the images of SNAP, CRACKLE and POP dancing around on the cereal box that sits on the coffee table in front of him.

MARGIS (TV)

Let me ask you something, Chief?
You're a former police officer --
when was the last time you
Mirandized someone?

The ON TV ANDERTON just smiles at her.

MARGIS (TV)

You have the right to remain
silent? You have the right to an
attorney?

He turns, looks up at the set and now we go...

CLOSE ON MARGIS

MARGIS (TV)

When's the last time you actually
said those words?

ANDERTON

Mutes the set, stares back at her when we hear --

ANDERTON'S VOICE

What are you looking at?

Anderton turns and sees A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF LARA, his ex wife, standing at the window, looking out at the rain.

LARA

Just the rain.

She turns and looks off to a spot in the room where Anderton would have been standing all those years ago with the camera,

LARA

Why don't you put that camera down
and watch it with me?

Now Anderton puts down the bowl of cereal, gets up and walks over to her, but THE IMAGE BLINKS OUT, then STARTS ALL OVER AGAIN...

Anderton turns and walks across the room. We now see A DOZEN HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES from his old life playing around the room. He sits down in an armchair and watches them play out.

He holds a black inhaler to his lips, sucks in the drug, then looks about at the images as, gradually, the holographs begin to fill in, become real. To him anyway.

Sean (age 6) walks up beside him dressed in A YELLOW RAIN SLICKER. Anderton looks over at him, standing there silent. He says something, but there's no audio, or at least we don't hear it. The image jumps, then repeats, the boy walking up in the slicker, his mouth moving silent. Then again...

Anderton reaches out for his son, but the boy DISAPPEARS. In his place, floating green letters read:

END OF FILE

Anderton sits up and rubs his face. He starts to get up, then pauses, looks down at the floor beside the chair.

A PUDDLE OF WATER has formed. He stares at it a moment, A DROP OF WATER FALLS FROM ABOVE and Anderton slowly looks up at...

THE GLASS CEILING OF THE SOLARIUM

A long CRACK in the glass up there. Rain pelts it. Water drips down and forms a puddle on the floor.

Anderton looks around the room and we see a half dozen END OF FILE's all over the room now.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUATERS - ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Anderton comes in, takes his coat off. Something drops on the floor. He bends down and picks up the DATA CARD with the image of ANNE LIVELY drowning. He looks at it when...

We hear LAUGHTER O.S. and he looks down through the glass, sees a GROUP OF SECRETARIES having a baby shower for the pregnant woman. He notices Fletcher, some of his guys down there...

And then he sees Witwer. His hand on the pregnant secretary's belly, cracking a joke they all laugh at. Suddenly he's the most popular guy on campus. The guys see Anderton who motions them to stay, it's okay. Witwer looks up at him curiously. Anderton POCKETS THE DATA CARD, turns away and goes into...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Anderton comes in, Jad sits at the big screen, looking at something.

ANDERTON

Jad. How come you're not out there
with Father Witwer?

JAD

We're in motion on something.

Anderton comes over now.

JAD

From what I can see, we got a white
male, about five-eight,
approximately one-forty, takes a
round in the ten ring, and goes out
a window.

Anderton starts to put on his eyepiece and finger gloves.

ANDERTON

Red Ball?

JAD

Nope. Somebody's thinking about
this one.

ANDERTON

Amazing there's someone within two
hundred miles actually dumb enough
to still do that.

Jad watches as Anderton sticks a disc into a slot and we hear
CLASSICAL MUSIC OVER.

JAD

I love this part.

Anderton starts "conducting" the prevision, organizing the
images, moving some up, others back...

FEMALE PRECOG

Wait! Don't --

Anderton looks at the PRECOG SCREEN, sees the three of them
writhing about.

ANDERTON

Here we go...

And now we see the screen, various images, all of them
grainy, visual non-sequiters like A FACE WEARING
SUNGLASSES... THE NUMBER 9 TURNING INTO THE NUMBER 6... THE
INSIDE OF A SMALL APARTMENT... A FIGURE BACKLIT BY A
WINDOW... A CRACKED MIRROR... A SMALL MAN... A PAIR OF DARK
EYES...

ANDERTON

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Shunt all cycles to a full vis
correlation at my mark by the
windows.

And now the image starts to resolve, showing TWO MEN, one
with a gun, his image still blurred. The other clearer...

ON THE CHUTE: A BALL

Rolls down. Jad moves into read the name:

JAD
The victim's name is Leo Crow.

ANDERTON
(into the computer)
Start a location run and a contact
search for future victim Leo Crow.
(to Jad)
And, Jad, I'll need a Last Known
Sheet when you get it.

JAD
I've got no address -- last known
or otherwise -- no tax returns for
the last five years.

ANDERTON
Check NCIC, maybe he's got a
record. Then send a protection
team as soon as we lock the
location.

Anderton turns to another part of the screen...

ANDERTON
Case #1109, previsualized by the
Precogs and recorded on holosphere
by Precrime's q-stacks.
(to a screen)
My fellow witnesses for case #1109
are Dr. Katherine James and Chief
Justice Frank Pollard.

AND NOW THE SPLIT-IMAGE emerges of James and Pollard in the
respective offices.

ANDERTON
Are the witnesses ready to preview
and validate #1109?

POLLARD
(a mouthful of dinner)
Ready when you are, John.

JAMES
Standing by.

On the screen in front of Jad we see MUGSHOTS ROLLING BY.
DRIVERS LICENSE PHOTOS... A mass of photo ID data... Anderton
ZOOMS INTO A CLOCK IN THE ROOM. 3:06 p.m. Fri.

ANDERTON

I show time of occurrence, Friday
at fifteen-zero-six hours.

JAD

That was easy.

Anderton sets his timer for 28 HOURS, THIRTY-ONE MINUTES.

ANDERTON

Confirm with trig and image.

JAD

Any ID on the shooter yet?

ANDERTON

Still scrubbing... looks like
there's a third party, somebody
wearing shades just out the
window...

Anderton ZOOMS IN on the FACE WITH THE SUNGLASSES, then PANS
OVER and tries to get a clearer picture of the gunman.
His image starting to come into focus as he turns. It's
slow, jerky, so they don't immediately recognize the face
as...

ANDERTON

Jesus...

HIS OWN FACE. And now Anderton watches horrified as on the
screen he shoots the man we now know as Leo Crow...

ANDERTON

Okay, very funny.

Anderton looks at Jad, absorbed in his photo ID array. Jad
notices him, looks over.

JAD

You say something, Chief?

ON THE CHUTE: THE BALL

With the KILLER'S NAME ON IT: JOHN ANDERTON

Anderton stares at the ball. WE HEAR LAUGHTER O.S. He looks
through at the BABY SHOWER, Witwer looking his way.

ANDERTON

(panic rising)

Uh, yeah, you mind getting me a

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
piece of that cake they're eating
down there? I'm starving.

JAD

Sure, Chief. I think I'll grab one
for myself while I'm at it...

ANDERTON

Take your time.

Jad goes, passing behind Anderton, who quickly changes his
screen so Jad won't see his face as the killer.

Alone in the room now, Anderton begins zooming in on the odd
details of the vision once more. THE FACE WITH THE
SUNGLASSES just outside the window. The NUMBER 6 turning
into a NUMBER 9. A CRACKED MIRROR. Anderton shooting the
man...

He zooms back in on his face. There's an air of desperation
on the Anderton he sees on screen. It's like looking at a
stranger.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

Peeling off his long scrubbing gloves, Wally sits down at
his worktable. In the tank, meanwhile...

MALE PRECOG 1

You're not gonna kill me.

MALE PRECOG 2

Good-bye, Crow.

MALE PRECOG 1

Anderton!

And now on the monitors, Wally sees Chief John Anderton blow
a man out a window with his .45 Wally almost laughs with
disbelief. It can't be, but...

WALLY

(clicking headset)

Jad, are you getting this?

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

Anderton looks over to the phone, hearing Wally's voice.

WALLY (O.S.)

Jad?

INT. JUSTICE POLLARD'S OFFICE - DAY

As the Justice sits frozen at his desk staring at the
monitor, a buttered roll poised near his mouth. Katherine
James hurries in now and he turns to her.

POLLARD

You saw that? You saw that, didn't
you?

JAMES

I saw it.

Pollard reaches for his phone.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Anderton sees Wally on the screen now, looking anxious.

WALLY

Chief?

Anderton's too stunned to answer.

WALLY

I like you, Chief.

Anderton looks at Wally's face on the screen now.

WALLY

You've always been nice to me.

(then)

I'll give you two minutes before I
hit the siren.

Anderton looks at the caretaker a second, then slowly gets up
and walks out the door...

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As a dazed Anderton moves away from the baby shower. Doesn't
dare look at Witwer. The LAUGHTER RECEDING BEHIND HIM.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Jad comes in with a piece of cake on a paper plate...

JAD

Here you go, Chief...

... and stops dead when he sees the images playing over and
over on the screen.

JAD

Good Christ...

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Fletcher tries to wave him over, but Anderton just keeps
walking, the whole thing some surreal nightmare.

VOICE

He bumps into the floating videobot and bats it out of the way with the back of his hand. Everybody looking at him now as he gets on the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As Anderton hits a button...

VOICE
Hold that, please!

Anderton bangs the CLOSE button and the doors start to shut, keeps banging it, as the doors almost get there, when A FOOT blocks them and they part, revealing Danny Witwer.

WITWER
Thanks.

The doors close once more and they start down. Witwer smiling at Anderton.

WITWER
You're in a lot of trouble, John.

Anderton steps back, keeps his hand near his .45.

ANDERTON
You set me up...

WITWER
I'll write the paranoia off to the whiff you been doping on all night.

Witwer reaches into his coat and Anderton grabs him and shoves him against the wall. Anderton's pistol already out, jammed up under Witwer's chin. Witwer keeps his eyes on Anderton as he slowly pulls out A BLACK INHALER.

WITWER
It seems I've found a flaw, John
(then)
You.

ANDERTON
You gonna tell on me?

WITWER
Possession alone will cost you six months, not to mention your badge.

Anderton doesn't say anything.

WITWER
I guess we won't be working together after all.

Witwer shakes his head. DING. The elevator arrives and the doors open.

WITWER

Now put the gun down, John. I
don't hear a Red Ball.

THE PRECRIME SIREN GOES OFF. Witwer looks at Anderton, all of a sudden no longer so sure of himself. Anderton smiles, then shoves him back into the elevator and jumps off as the DOORS CLOSE on a stunned Witwer.

EXT. D.C. STREETS - DAY

Racing past other cars, Anderton merges into traffic. He's driving his personal car, not a police-issue.

INT. ANDERTON'S CAR - DAY

Burgess appears on the windshield screen.

ANDERTON

Just so you know, I've overridden
the vehicle locator. I just wanted
to talk to you before Justice --

BURGESS

Justice already knows. Talk to me,
John. Tell me what's happening?

ANDERTON

This is all Witwer. He's setting
me up.

BURGESS

Stop. Just wait. Who's the
victim?

ANDERTON

Somebody named Leo Crow.

BURGESS

And who the hell is that?

ANDERTON

I have no idea. I've never heard
of him. But I'm supposed to kill
him in less than thirty-six hours.

BURGESS

All right, John, just take a
breath, let's think about this...

ANDERTON

I'm out of breath! I'm a fucking
fugitive!

BURGESS

Then come to my house. We'll
talk --

ANDERTON

I can't. They're following me
right now. They'll meet me there.
They'll halo me.

BURGESS

How could Witwer have accessed the
case file?

ANDERTON

Can you fake the cerebral output?

BURGESS

We're years from that. John, I'm
asking you: please, come in, we'll
shut down the system until we get
this thing figured out.

ANDERTON

You know I can't do that. You
can't do that...

(then)

Lamar, I need you to talk to Wally,
see if Witwer's gone inside the
temple again. Then ask Jad for any
off hour EYEdents into the
analytical room --

BURGESS

John. Just tell me, who's Leo
Crow?

Suddenly, Anderton's doors LOCK tight.

COMPUTER VOICE

Security lockdown enabled.

ANDERTON

Jesus, you don't believe me.

Anderton looks up at his windshield display which now shows
that his vehicle has been rerouted...

COMPUTER VOICE

Revised Destination: Office.

Anderton starts trying to figure a way out of the car.

BURGESS

John. Please. Listen to me --

ANDERTON

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
I'm not getting halo'd.

BURGESS
You can't run --

ANDERTON
Everybody runs.

Leaning back, he KICKS THROUGH the windshield, breaking his way out.

EXT. VEHICLE - DAY

As it goes down a huge maglev "falls", straight down the face of a 200 foot building. Anderton climbs onto the nose of the car, his only hope to jump into one of the BALCONIES that protrude out.

As the car flies down, he tries to time his jump between the umbrellas and flowerpots that whiz by. He finally makes the suicide leap, gets to a balcony and crashes through a table. He picks himself up, goes through the door into...

AN EXERCISE STUDIO

We hear ROCK & ROLL OVER as Anderton now moves through A CONTORTIONIST EXERCISE CLASS, people bent and bowed into impossible positions. Anderton looks back at the Fellini-esque fever dream, then runs out the door.

INT. BURGESS' OFFICE - DAY

Frustrated, Burgess turns away, emotional now and we see Fletcher and Witwer were watching the conversation.

FLETCHER
Don't worry. I'll bring him in unharmed.

WITWER
Actually, Gordon, you're not gonna do that.
(to Burgess)
I'm taking control of the team.

FLETCHER
What?!

BURGESS
(motions to Fletcher "it's okay", then)
Witwer, Fletcher is second in command. It's his show to run. You want, you can observe.
(to Fletcher)
Do it. Find him.

Fletcher cuts a look at Witwer and heads out. Witwer remains eerily calm, sticks a piece of gum in his mouth.

WITWER

He came to see you yesterday.
Right before he got tagged. What
did you talk about?

BURGESS

The Mets. John doesn't think
they've got a deep enough pitching
roster this year, and I'm inclined
to agree.

WITWER

Why are you protecting him? You
knew he was doping, yet you did
nothing about it.

BURGESS

The man lost a child, for Christ's
sake...

WITWER

Six years ago. What did you two
talk about yesterday afternoon?

BURGESS

(turning away)
None of your damn business.

WITWER

Oh, it's all my damn business now,
Lamar.

(then)

Investigation of a supervising
office for a capital crime falls
under federal jurisdiction... so as
to rule out any possibility of
conspiracy. He's my suspect.

BURGESS

He's my subordinate!

Burgess looks at him. Hates him, but knows he can't win.

WITWER

Shall we call the Attorney General?
I'm sure he'd be happy to clarify
the issue for you.

BURGESS

(beat)
I don't want John Anderton hurt.

EXT. MALL - DAY

As Anderton seems to float through the city, BILLBOARDS and other ADVERTISEMENTS scan his eyes and actually call to him by name.

ADVERTISEMENTS

(travel)

Stressed out John Anderton? Need a vacation? Come to Aruba!

(sportswear)

Challenge yourself, John! Push harder, John!

(Lexus Motor Co.)

It's not just a car, Mr. Anderton. It's an environment, designed to soothe and caress the tired soul...

WITWER (V.O.)

You've all worked with him...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Witwer addresses the Precrime crew. Behind him is the frozen video image of Anderton shooting Leo Crow. Evanna stares up at it in disbelief.

WITWER

You may consider him a friend.

He walks up the line now, looking into the eyes of each and every one of them.

WITWER

But we know that John Anderton is going to kill Leo Crow this Friday at three-o-six p.m., unless we stop him.

He looks into Fletcher's eyes, moves on...

WITWER

Don't think for a minute that if the situation was reversed he wouldn't go after you. He would be a cop doing his job, as I'm doing mine.

He stops at Evanna and looks her in the eye now.

WITWER

So if you're not ready and willing to put the halo on him, leave now.

A few looks around the room, but nobody gets up. Not even Fletcher. Witwer stares another moment at Evanna, smiles, offers her a piece of gum...

EVANNA

No, thank you.

He sticks it in his own mouth, then turns to the officer beside her.

WITWER

You can go.

OFFICER

Excuse me?

WITWER

Go. You're dismissed.

(points to another)

You, too.

(another)

And you.

Everybody watches as the men Witwer dismissed walk out.

FLETCHER

Sir, the team's gonna be light
without those men.

WITWER

Yes, I know.

And now the Pressure Door opens and FOUR LARGE MEN in dark suits enter the room. Knott smiles at the sight of them.

WITWER

These gentlemen are Federal Agents
Jucket, Paymen, Price and Foley.
Like you, I feel more comfortable
with people I trust.

INT. MALL - DAY

As Anderton watches people all over the mall getting EYE scanned...

He spots a UNIFORMED COP headed his way. The cop hasn't spotted Anderton yet who now transfers to the fast lane on the moving walkway and gets off at the New Metro station.

INT. NEW METRO - DAY

Reaching the bottom of the escalators, Anderton spots two METRO COPS talking to a HOMELESS MAN. He veers around them, making it across the platform to the train, which is just arriving.

He pushes his way on with the other passengers. As the doors close, an EYE-DENT SCANNER sweeps through the cabin -- that's how the system bills citizens for using the train. Anderton tries to look away, but it's impossible to avoid.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

Witwer watches as Jad works the display, watching the movement of BLUE DOTS that represent EYEscanned citizens. A BEEP and Jad sits up.

JAD

I got him on the Metro!
(indicates the map)
The train makes two stops, at 20th
and then 33rd.

WITWER

Split the units, go to both.

FLETCHER

We'll never make 20th.

Witwer looks at Fletcher. Gives him an odd smile.

WITWER

Have faith.

INT. PRECRIME READY ROOM - DAY

As Fletcher and the other Precops strap into HOVERSUITS.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Anderton rides the train, avoiding the eyes of other passengers. A nearby PASSENGER is flipping pages in the digital Post, where the headline changes to "Precrime Hunts Its Own".

INT. SUBWAY - METRO STATION - DAY

As Anderton gets off the train, stops cold when he sees...

NINE PRECRIME COPS IN HOVERSUITS stand waiting for him.
Fletcher steps forward...

FLETCHER

We know there's been a mistake,
Chief. Come on back with us so we
can talk, get this thing
straightened out.

Anderton takes off running. He barges through a NEWSSTAND, knocking it over, momentarily slowing the cops behind him.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DUPONT CIRCLE - DAY

As Anderton explodes onto street level and takes off running. He runs close to a wall, the ADVERTISEMENTS FLASHING AT HIM. He dodges people left and right, but doesn't slow down...

Anderton runs faster and faster, it's starting to sink in

that his life has changed forever... that he's now and forever a hunted man.

Anderton turns down an alley. One of the Hover Cops is now behind him... gets ahead of him, swings around and cuts him off. Anderton stops, sees the others landing at the other end of the alley. WE HEAR A DOG BARKING O.S.

FLETCHER

Don't run, Chief. You know we'll catch you. You trained us.

ANDERTON

Everybody runs.

FLETCHER

You don't have to do this, Chief.

ANDERTON

You don't have to chase me, Fletcher.

He stares at Fletcher. The DOG GOES QUIET.

FLETCHER

Chief, please...

Anderton sees Knott reaching behind his back, coming out with the HALO. The cop BEHIND ANDERTON takes out his sick-stick... All of them begin moving in forcing Anderton back against the wall, A WINDOW BEHIND HIM...

KNOTT

Easy does it, Chief.

Anderton keeps one eye on the sick-stick, the other on the halo. When SUDDENLY A HUGE DOG HITS THE GLASS.

Anderton grabs the sick-stick and shoves it at Knott, then ducks as Knott pukes on the other cop. Anderton starts up the fire escape...

The Hover Cops blast up after him, one of them hitting the floor grating on the landing as Anderton climbs through...

On the landing a Hover Cop floats up, just off the landing and draws his sick-stick. Anderton reaches out and hits the hoverpacks quick release and the PACK ROCKETS UP AND AWAY as the cop now falls.

Several other Hover Cops fly up the building. One of them jumps Anderton on the fire escape. Anderton slams him into the window. The cop kicks back and Anderton swings out, hanging onto the ladder... dangling... he looks down...

The other cops are now jetting up towards him... a moment... then ANDERTON LETS GO... FALLS... going DOWN towards the

other cops coming UP... One of them looks up, it's KNOTT...

He gasps as ANDERTON falls onto him. Hangs on. The other cops BLURRING PAST as they fly up... they turn and look at Anderton and Knott now plummeting... the ground coming up fast... when...

Anderton GRABS THE THROTTLE and HITS THE GAS and the hoverpack slows down, Anderton and Knott hovering just above the ground as the other cops now once more descend...

Knott tries to fight back and Anderton hits the throttle and smacks Knott back-first into the wall... and then UP ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, taking out planter boxes as they go... hitting a WINDOW AWNING which CATCHES FIRE from the THRUSTERS.

The rest of the cops fly up as Anderton now knocks away the burning awning, sees the ascending cops and sweeps Knott and the hoverpack down and hits the thrusters... blasting the cops...

Anderton (still hanging onto Knott) drops and hovers, then races along the building, scraping KNOTT AGAINST THE BRICK. They head for the wall of another building when Anderton veers them off...

Anderton and Knott head up A CONSTRUCTION TUBE, it catches fire behind them. They race up, the fire racing right behind them. At the end of the tube we see HOVER COPS waiting...

But Anderton and Knott thrust through, head right into a hanging scaffolding, scattering debris down onto the cops. Anderton and Knott race around the corner.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

As a FAMILY sits down to dinner. Calm. Anderton and Knott burst through the window and zoom around the room before then crashing up into the ceiling, the hoverpack thrusters torching the dinner on the stove directly below.

The other cops now fly in through the windows as Anderton and Knott fly up into the next floor through the hole, the other cops following, the thrusters catching everything in their wake on fire, the FAMILY ducking as the hover cops fly past overhead...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - LOOKING UP

As Anderton and Knott burst out of one apartment, cross the alley and burst into another...

INT. APARTMENT - A KID'S BEDROOM - DAY

A KID looks up from his homework as the Hoverpack fizzles out and Knott and Anderton go at it on the floor, Anderton taking

Knott out with the kid's hockey stick.

The other cops come flying in and Anderton takes off running. The cops in their hoverpacks get stuck in the door. A dazed Knott is the last one to get up, while behind him, we see the kid shove Knott's abandoned hoverpack under his bed...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As Anderton crashes into an adjoining apartment an instant before the cops begin deploying in the hallway. Tenants are roused as Anderton changes rooms across the hall, always one beat ahead of the cops.

A cop goes into a room a beat after Anderton. We HEAR THE SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE, then a moment later, Anderton emerges wearing the cop's hoverpack and rockets down the hall. He crashes out the window, catching the carpet on fire. THE SPRINKLERS ERUPT IN SEQUENCE as...

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The cops all fly out the window and we now PULL BACK TO REVEAL A DUMPSTER LID in immediate f.g. Anderton lies there watching as the cops fly off and away...

EXT. LEXUS FACTORY - DAY

As Anderton climbs the fence, SETS OFF AN ALARM. He moves to the new vehicles and tries to open the doors. THEY'RE ALL LOCKED. He looks off, sees THE BLINKING LIGHTS of the Hover Cops and runs for the cover of the factory itself.

INT. LEXUS FACTORY - ENTRY AREA - DAY

We hear A LOW HUM as now FOUR PRECOPS enter in hoversuits. They stop in mid-air and drop their packs in unison.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Anderton hides as the precops move towards the room. One of them breaks through the door. The other cops move into the room behind him. ANDERTON IS GONE. They look off at...

THE FACTORY DOORWAY

As Anderton runs through it, heading inside the main building.

INT. MAIN FACTORY AREA - DAY

As Anderton stops a moment and takes in the entire factory. We see that IT IS COMPLETELY AUTOMATED.

INT. ENTRY AREA - DAY

As Witwer and his four goons now head inside. They approach

the precops and now they all walk inside together.

A WIDER SHOT

Of the Stereo Lithographer in the f.g. Witwer and the others entering in the b.g. Anderton watches the group from across the factory, then moves off.

ON WITWER

As he looks at the CAMERAS all around the factory, then turns to his wrist communicator...

WITWER

Jad. Patch me into security.

Witwer looks at his watch, sees the different views of the factory. Sees Anderton running. Witwer deploys the other men with HAND SIGNS. Witwer then looks at the watch, moves off, takes a position behind a machine.

ON ANDERTON

As he moves along the assembly line. The car door to a vehicle is being tested: open-shut, open-shut, open...

He's suddenly jumped by Price. Anderton takes a swing, but Foley comes up behind him, and holds onto him while Price now clumsily fumbles with a halo, moves towards Anderton. Anderton struggles as the guy tries to put the halo on...

He kicks Foley, knocks him back into one of the cars as now A ROBOT ARM swings in and a panel welds the man into the door frame.

The arm opens and closes the door in the b.g. as Anderton and Price fight it out in the f.g. Anderton gets free and climbs up a CRANE, hanging onto it as Price hangs onto him and they rise up towards a CONVEYOR BELT full of engine blocks.

Anderton swings Price against the blocks, the lithography pool approaching now. Anderton shakes loose the agent who drops, lands on a CHASSIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POOL, sinks into the lithographer surface... and SUBMERGES!

Anderton hangs from the crane as now the LASERS FIRE into the pool. A moment later the chassis re-emerges. We see A HAND, then PULL BACK TO REVEAL AGENT PRICE FROZEN ONTO THE CHASSIS like a giant hood ornament as it's lifted from the pool by a huge robotic arm and carried away.

Anderton jumps from the crane to a smaller one, then lands on the CONVEYER BELT and starts running. And now we go...

OVERHEAD - TRACKING

As Anderton runs below, Jucket on the floor below unable to reach him as he runs by, but now we reveal PAYMEN ON A BEAM ABOVE ANDERTON... he dives and lands on...

Anderton. The two men begin fighting on the conveyor belt leading to the vertical stereo lithographer. Paymen kicks Anderton who falls back on the belt... the lithographer machine in b.g.

Anderton tries to get up, but Paymen hits him again. We see the Lithographer fabricating a car part right behind them... Paymen pulls a weapon and lunges at Anderton who judo throws the man over him and into the lithographer...

The curtain lasers activate and "sculpt" him as he freezes in place. Anderton grabs one of the passing cranes and jumps on...

As Anderton rides the crane ACROSS FRAME, we REVEAL WITWER WATCHING HIM. Anderton gets off the crane and lands right in front of Witwer who steps out and hits him in the face...

The ASSEMBLY LINE moves past as the two men fight their way towards it. A CAR moves past as Witwer and Anderton tumble into the empty engine compartment.

And now the ROBOTIC ARMS GO TO WORK ON THE CAR ALL AROUND THEM. A crane LOWERS AN ENGINE BLOCK above them, Anderton sees it and rolls them both out of the way as THE ENGINE SMASHES DOWN INTO PLACE.

The two of them roll over the dash as another piece drops into frame and smashes into place. As the two fight, a machine blasts in from the side and STAMPS THE DASHBOARD INTO PLACE.

Witwer looks forward and sees the TANGLE OF ROBOTIC ARMS NOW ENVELOPING THE CAR IN FRONT OF THEM. Witwer grabs onto a retracting robot arm and is lifted up and away from the car as now...

The ROBOT ARMS BEGIN ASSEMBLING THE CAR ALL AROUND ANDERTON. He rolls towards the rear as one machine after another stamps pieces into the car. A LASER GRID appears over his face as a LASER WELDER POPS UP and now...

THE LASER begins firing welding "hits" towards him. He jumps to the other side of the car, tries to get out when the DOOR PANEL IS SLAMMED INTO PLACE and now the welder comes around and "grids" him again. Anderton dives for the floor, just missing getting decapitated by the steering wheel as it's slammed into place. But now...

METAL PARTS BOLT UP THROUGH THE FLOOR, narrowly missing his head. Anderton looks up and sees THE SEATS SLIDING INTO POSITION OVER HIM. He grabs the steering wheel and rolls out of the way as the seat comes crashing down.

ANGLE ON RAILING

As Witwer walks up, the other men now flanking him. They watch as ROBOT ARMS DESCEND ON, THEN ENVELOPE THE CAR...

The car moves forward and the robot arms retract and now THE ROOF INSTALLING MECHANISMS SLIDE INTO PLACE. The WINDSHIELD comes down and slams into place as WELDERS DROP DOWN and now secure it.

Witwer watches the car, starts walking for the end of the line. He watches as the car enters THE PAINTING TUNNEL. Witwer and his men walk through the adjacent hallway, watching through the windows as the car rolls out...

The finished car emerges through smoke and lasers from the painting tunnel. Witwer and his men approach the driver's side window... the car looks empty... until...

Anderton pops up into frame and STARTS THE CAR. He turns and looks at WITWER, HIS ANGRY REFLECTION IN THE GLASS as Anderton now DRIVES THE CAR OUT OF THERE and we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./ EXT. RED LEXUS - MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Anderton drives away from the city on the open road, passing a solar/wind farm. Giant windmills and solar panels dot the landscape for as far as the eye can see.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY

The surroundings become more and more rural. Anderton's vehicle kicks up a roostertail of dust along the dirt side road as he passes a row of old mailboxes.

EXT. A WALLED ESTATE - DAY

Overgrown with vines and shrubbery of every possible variety. Anderton gets out of his vehicle and moves to a wooden gate. A rusted NO TRESPASSING SIGN is nailed to it.

Anderton rings the BELL. No answer. He peers through a crack in the gate. We then...

BEGIN TO CRANE UP

As Anderton moves to the wall, and starts climbing the vines. He gets to the top of the wall, looks out at...

GARDENS

Wild and out of control. A small ivy-covered STONE HOUSE is nestled into a corner of the property. Smoke rises from the chimney. Anderton starts down the other side of the wall.

EXT. THE GARDENS - DAY

As Anderton jumps to the ground. His shirt is ripped; his arms scratched from what he realizes are THORNS embedded in the vines.

We hear RUSTLING as, behind Anderton, several of the plants unfurl to their full dimensions of eight feet and wrap their vines around Anderton's neck and torso.

He breaks free. We hear CLASSICAL MUSIC O.S. and Anderton moves through the gardens towards it. He stops, dizzy, touches his forehead and then looks off at...

A GREENHOUSE

Where we see A WOMAN, 50, dressed in a wide-brimmed hat and gardening attire, attending to the plants, gently spraying, then wiping each leaf with a small, square cloth...

Anderton staggers into the greenhouse, something now quite wrong with him.

ANDERTON

Dr. Hineman --

Quick as a flash she holds up her cane and a six-inch BLADE extends from the tip to Anderton's throat. She looks down the length of it at Anderton, his ripped clothing, bruised face, and scratched arms.

IRIS

You're trespassing.

He starts to sway, touches his forehead.

IRIS

Something wrong?

ANDERTON

I'm a little dizzy...

She casually leans on the cane, shoving the blade back up inside.

IRIS

Yes, I'm afraid that would be from the Doll's Eye.

ANDERTON

The what?

IRIS

The vine -- the Baneberry that scratched you during your illegal climb over my wall...

She leads Anderton over to a wooden table just inside the greenhouse where she's got AFTERNOON TEA set up.

IRIS

It's not a true Doll's Eye, of course, but a little hybrid of my own design.

Anderton staggers, grabs hold of the table for support.

IRIS

It's quite something, once the poison gets into your bloodstream, you'll start to see what I can only describe as the most extraordinary display of blue objects.

Anderton struggles. She watches him a moment.

IRIS

This just isn't your week, is it, Chief?

He pulls his gun. She shakes her head...

IRIS

Now now...

She easily takes it away from him, jacks the clip onto the table, then calmly pours a cup of tea.

IRIS

You have three minutes to tell me what you're doing here before I feed you to a few of my more predacious plants.

ANDERTON

I'm... not... a... killer.

She studies him a moment, then tears a leaf from a plant, and calmly begins crumpling it up into the tea...

IRIS

You better drink this. Soon you won't be able to swallow, and then you'll be totally buggered.

He looks at the cup, hesitates, tries to pick it up.

IRIS

Drink all of it.

She pours the rest into his mouth. He sits back, waits for the antidote to take effect.

IRIS

Take a moment to right yourself.

She picks up some pruning shears and goes to work on an orchid.

IRIS

Just what is it you think I can do for you?

ANDERTON

You can tell me how someone... could fake a prevision.

IRIS

And how would I know that?

He looks at her.

ANDERTON

You invented precrime.

She chuckles bitterly at that one.

ANDERTON

What's so funny?

IRIS

If the unintended consequences of a series of genetic mistakes and science gone haywire can be called invention, then yes, I invented precrime.

ANDERTON

You don't seem all that proud.

IRIS

I'm not. I was trying to heal them, not turn them into... something else.

ANDERTON

Heal who?

IRIS

The innocents we now use to stop the guilty.

ANDERTON

You're talking about the precogs...

IRIS

You think the three in the tank come from a test tube? They're merely the ones who survived.

She sits down, pours herself some tea.

IRIS

I was doing genetic research at the Woodhaven Clinic in Rhode Island on Renning's Syndrome, a neurological condition that affects the cerebral cortex of children. Most of these kids were abandoned or forgotten. Very few of the kids lived past the age of twelve.

She looks away, remembering it all now...

IRIS

It began as play. A guessing game like you play with any toddler, except these children always guessed right.

(then)

And then the nightmares started. They were all different, but all the same. They were all about murder. And the murders were all happening.

ANDERTON

And how did Lamar become involved?

IRIS

Back then, he was still a DA, and quite a few parents of my patients had passed through his courtroom. You have to understand, these people were the dregs of society. But once they saw their children... he decided he would do whatever he could for them. He's that way, you know, paternal about certain things. Precrime. The precogs. You.

ANDERTON

(keeping her on track)

You say some of the children died?

IRIS

So many of them... despite what we did for them. Or maybe because of what we did to them.

(then, bitter)

It doesn't matter. It's a perfect system now, isn't it?

ANDERTON

I'm not a murderer. I've never even met the man I'm supposed to

IRIS

And, yet, a chain of events has started. A chain that will lead inexorably to his death.

ANDERTON

Not if I stay away from him.

IRIS

How can you avoid a man you've never met?

ANDERTON

So you won't help me?

IRIS

I can't help you. No one can. The Precogs are never wrong.

He turns away, looking lost. She picks up her tea cup, looks at him over the top.

IRIS

But, occasionally, they do disagree.

He turns back to her. She casually sips her tea.

ANDERTON

What?

IRIS

Most of the time, all three Precognitives will see an event in the same way. But once in a while, one of them will see things differently than the other two.

ANDERTON

Jesus Christ -- why didn't I know about this?

IRIS

Because these Minority Reports are destroyed the instant they occur.

ANDERTON

Why?

IRIS

Obviously, for Precrime to function, there can't be any suggestion of fallibility. After all, what good is a Justice system that instills doubt? It may be

Anderton tries to take all of this in, looks at her.

ANDERTON

You're saying that I've halo'd
innocent people?

IRIS

I'm saying that every so often
those accused of a precrime might,
just might, have an alternate
future.

ANDERTON

Does Burgess know about this?
About the Minority Report?

IRIS

(beat)

I used to joke with Lamar that we
were the mother and father of
Precrime. Well, in my experience,
parents often see their children as
they want them to be, not as they
are.

ANDERTON

Answer my question. Did Lamar
Burgess know about the Minority
Report?

IRIS

Yes, of course, he knew, but at the
time, he felt -- we both felt their
existence was... an insignificant
variable.

ANDERTON

Insignificant to you maybe, but
what about those people I put away
with alternate futures? My God, if
the country knew there was a chance
they might not --

IRIS

The system would collapse.

ANDERTON

I believe in that system...

IRIS

Do you? Really?

He looks at her.

ANDERTON

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
You want to bring it down.

IRIS
But you will bring it down if you
kill Leo Crow.
(she relishes the thought)
Why, that will be the most
spectacular public display of how
Precrime... didn't work.

ANDERTON
I'm not gonna kill anybody.

IRIS
Hold that thought.

ANDERTON
Why should I trust you?

IRIS
You shouldn't. You shouldn't trust
anyone... certainly not the
Attorney General who wants it all
for himself. Not the young federal
agent who wants your job. Not even
the old man who just wants to hang
onto what he's created. Don't
trust anyone.
(then)
Just find the Minority Report.

ANDERTON
You said they're destroyed.

IRIS
I said the record is destroyed.
The original report exists for all
time.
(then)
I designed the system so that
whenever a report occurred, it
would be stored in a safe place --
but not declared.

ANDERTON
What safe place is that?

IRIS
The safest place of all.

Anderton grabs her hand as she reaches once more for her
teacup, spilling it.

ANDERTON
Where?

IRIS

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Inside the Precog who predicted it.
(then)
All you have to do is download it.

ANDERTON
That's all, huh? Just walk right
into Precrime, go into the Temple,
somehow tap into the Precogs, and
then download this Minority
Report...

IRIS
If... you have one.

ANDERTON
-- and then walk out.

IRIS
Actually, I think you'll have to
run out, but yes, that's what you
have to do.

ANDERTON
You're insane or you think I am.

She shrugs.

ANDERTON
I'll get EYEscanned a dozen times
before I get within ten miles of
Precrime. They'll pick me up...

IRIS
(looks at him)
Sometimes in order to see the
light, you have to risk the dark.

He looks back at her.

IRIS
As a policeman -- excuse me, a
former policeman -- I'm sure you
know all sorts of people who
could... help you out in this
regard.

Anderton sits there thinking about what she's suggesting.
She gets up, moves to one of her plants, starts feeding it
with a sprayer. She reaches out and takes a long vine in her
hand and strokes it...

IRIS
It's funny how all living organisms
are alike. When the chips are
down...
(she grips the vine)
When the pressure is on...

(squeezes it tighter)

... every creature on the face of
the earth is interested in one
thing and one thing only:

The vine suddenly whips out of her hand.

IRIS

It's own survival.

She looks at Anderton.

IRIS

Find the Minority Report.

Anderton sees that her palm is now bleeding from the vine.
She smiles, takes out a handkerchief and wraps her hand.

She then turns her back on him and faces her plants.

ANDERTON

How do I even know which one has
it?

IRIS

It's always in the more gifted of
the three.

ANDERTON

Which one is that?

IRIS

(isn't it obvious)

The female.

She picks up her cane and turns the music back on, leaving
Anderton to ponder this.

CUT TO:

THE ANDERTON PREVISION

The series of images we saw earlier: a MAN backlit by a
window. A FACE WEARING SUNGLASSES outside the window. "6"
becoming "9". A GUN GOES OFF. A MAN FLYING THROUGH THE
WINDOW. We're ZOOMING IN AND OUT. PANNING THIS WAY AND THAT
now we...

REVEAL: ANDERTON'S OFFICE - PRECRIME

As Fletcher works the Prevision screen in here, Witwer looks
around the office. He pulls open a drawer. It's empty.

JAD (O.S.)

He wasn't in here much. He
preferred to be with the team.

Witwer looks to where Jad stands in the doorway. Witwer notices something above Jad's head. A LASER PROJECTOR. Witwer looks around, sees A JACKET COVERING A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT ON THE BOOKSHELF. Knott comes into the room.

KNOTT

You seen the latest polls? We're dead even.

He sits on Anderton's desk, knocking over a photograph of Anderton, his wife, and son.

KNOTT

Even since Chief America ran away, the numbers for Precrime have been goin' up.

(looks at Fletcher)

People feel better, they know we're willing to go after one of our own.

JAD

More likely, people just want a show like this every week.

Fletcher calmly rights the photograph, indicates the screen.

FLETCHER

Here's where we're at. Three men in a room. The victims here. Anderton here, and this unidentified male out the window. The exterior of the adjacent building suggests public housing, but I can't make out the location. Government architecture is modern/conformist which means --

WITWER

There's thousands of units like this one.

FLETCHER

(nods)

They're everywhere.

Witwer looks at the photograph of Anderton, Sean and Lara.

WITWER

But he doesn't go there to kill Crow for another twenty-two hours. In the meantime, I'm betting he's somewhere in the sprawl.

Jad and Fletcher exchange looks.

WITWER

Anderton's smart enough to go where

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
electronic billboards and other
media can't ID him to pick his
pocket. There's fewer consumers
down there, which means fewer
scanners to target him.

FLETCHER

No offense, sir, but why wouldn't
he just run?

WITWER

Because he thinks he's innocent.

Witwer pulls the jacket off and we see A HOLO-COMPUTER like
the one Anderton has at home.

WITWER

We concentrate on the sprawl. We
do overflies in ships with two
spyder teams on the ground. Go
building by building. Thermal scan
the whole area, read anything with
eyes and a heartbeat.

Witwer switches the computer on and we see AN IMAGE OF LARA
IN A EVENING GOWN OPENING A PRESENT...

LARA

John -- stop filming me.

Witwer watches as Lara, looks up at us, her face beautiful.

WITWER

Where is she?

EXT. INNER CITY SLUMS - DAY

As Anderton walks up to one of the more decrepit-looking
buildings and then takes off into the night. A giant
TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM VENT blows on him from above as he
takes a hit off an inhaler, tosses it aside and walks to the
entrance.

DR. EDDIE (V.O.)

Have a seat, Chief...

INT. DR. EDDIE'S "OPERATING" ROOM - DAY

A shitty little room with a single stained overstuffed chair
in the corner, a foul kitchen piled high with dirty dishes
and a grime-smeared window looking out onto another wall.

In the center of all this is a make-shift medical set-up: a
gleaming operating table, an array of lasers, scalpels and
other surgical and anesthesia equipment.

Anderton sits in a chair facing DR. SOLOMON EDDIE -- a skinny

man with a shock of hair on top, like an upended broom. Dr. Eddie sneezes, blows his nose hard into a handkerchief.

DR. EDDIE

Damn cold won't go away.

Anderton glances about uneasily as the man sneezes again. Dr. Eddie sees he's anxious and smiles.

DR. EDDIE

Don't worry. I could cut open your chest, sew a dead cat in there and you'd never get an infection. Not with the spectrum of antibiotics I'll be shooting into you.

ANDERTON

That's comforting.

DR. EDDIE

You do understand I can't just give you new irises. The scanners will read the scar tissue. Alarms will go off. Large men with guns will appear...

ANDERTON

Right. I know --

Anderton stiffens as Dr. Eddie injects him...

DR. EDDIE

Anesthesia. Try to relax, John.

(injecting)

I'm saying I'll have to remove your eyes. Completely.

ANDERTON

Yeah --

DR. EDDIE

And replace them with new ones.

ANDERTON

I know that, but I wanna keep the old ones.

DR. EDDIE

Why?

ANDERTON

Because my mother gave them to me. What do you care? They're no good to you on the secondary market anyway.

DR. EDDIE

Dr. Eddie holds out his hand and Anderton hands him a tiny opalescent card.

DR. EDDIE
Greta!

Dr. Eddie yells something in SWEDISH and now into the room walks a LARGE WOMAN in a white coat.

DR. EDDIE
This is Miss Van Eyck, my gorgeous assistant.

She turns and giggles at Anderton and we see A MOLE on her cheek the size of Bermuda.

ANDERTON
Nice to meet you.

Miss Van Eyck slides the card into a small console, watches the numbers flash up. She says something to Dr. Eddie who looks at the numbers then frowns at Anderton.

DR. EDDIE
That's not much.

ANDERTON
It's all I could safely move.

DR. EDDIE
Tell you what, since you and I go way back, I'll give you my Old Pal discount. How's that sound?

Anderton looks at him. "Go way back?"

DR. EDDIE
You don't remember me, do you?

ANDERTON
We know each other?

DR. EDDIE
Oh, yes.

Miss Van Eyck picks up a LASER SCALPEL, blows on the end to clean it off, then hands it to Dr. Eddie who tests it on a PIECE OF METAL. Anderton watching as it cuts right through.

ANDERTON
From where? D.C.?

DR. EDDIE
Baltimore. Eastside.
(then)

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Solomon P. Eddie M.D. I was a
plastic surgeon.

Anderton thinks a moment. The name rings a bell.

DR. EDDIE
I specialized in burn victims.
(then)
Women mostly.

Boom. Anderton looks at him.

ANDERTON
I put you away --

DR. EDDIE
Yes, you did.

ANDERTON
You made those tapes...

DR. EDDIE
(defensive)
They were performance pieces.

ANDERTON
You set your patients on fire!

DR. EDDIE
And put them out. Some not as
quickly as others, but let's change
the subject, shall we? The future
is much more interesting than the
past. Don't you think?

Dr. Eddie walks over to a large medical cabinet and opens the
door. It's full of EYES and PARTS OF EYES -- all in cryo
jars. Anderton turns away. It's the last thing he wants to
see. Dr. Eddie studies them a moment, then...

Anderton watches as he and Miss Van Eyck confer in Swedish
and she starts giggling at whatever it is he said. The doc
himself has a smile on his face as he turns back around.

DR. EDDIE
Lie down, John.

Anderton hesitates, finally complies. Next thing he knows
Miss Van Eyck is smiling down on him, her big face hovering
above his like a planet. She smiles, then...

MISS VAN EYCK
(the only English she
knows)
Hello.

ANDERTON

Uh, hi --

DR. EDDIE
Try to relax, Chief.

Anderton counts to himself, listens to Dr. Eddie preparing instrument trays, sharing another joke in Swedish with his assistant. MORE GIGGLING O.S. Anderton looks over...

ANDERTON
So uh, if you were a plastic surgeon before...

DR. EDDIE
How can I do what I do now? Let's just say I spent a lot of time in the prison library.

Anderton turns and casts a groggy eye at Dr. Eddie to see if he's serious, but the good doctor has his back to him as he does his prep work.

DR. EDDIE
It was a great way to avoid some of the more unpleasant aspects of prison life.
(then)
Yes, confinement was a real education, a real eye opener if you will.

Anderton tries to get up, but Miss Van Eyck gently pushes him down again.

MISS VAN EYCK
No no no...

DR. EDDIE
I mean, for true enlightenment, John, there's nothing quite like the experience of, say, taking a shower while a large felon with a hard-on you can't knock down with a hammer whispers in your --

ANDERTON
(tries to sit up)
Uh, okay, you know what? I think maybe I'll just --

But Anderton can't raise himself up: The drug is starting to take effect. Dr. Eddie approaches with the LASER SCALPEL...

DR. EDDIE
Yes, it was a lot of fun. Thank you so much, John, for putting me there. For giving me the

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
opportunity to get to know myself
better. And now...

He clicks on the LASER, right in front of one of Anderton's
eyes...

DR. EDDIE
To return the favor...

And just as the LIGHT-BLADE is about to touch the eye, we go
to...

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

We see LARA, Anderton's ex-wife, standing on a ladder,
painting a weatherbeaten shutter. She looks older now. More
tired than in the images we've seen.

VOICE
Lara?

She turns and we see Danny Witwer approaching. She watches
him come, climbs down the ladder.

WITWER
My name is Danny Witwer. I'm --

LARA
I know who you are.

She walks past him, goes into the cottage. He looks out at
the ocean a moment, then follows.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Simple, comfortable with an endless view of the sea. DOZENS
OF BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS line the floor, hang from the
walls. Lara pours Witwer and herself a cup of coffee.

WITWER
This your work?

LARA
Yes.

We see that the photographs are all reportage shots of
CHILDREN.

WITWER
I like it.

LARA
Thanks. You take anything in your
coffee?

WITWER
Cream and sugar.

LARA

I don't have any cream. Sorry.

WITWER

Just sugar then. You and John ever come here?

LARA

We used to, every summer.

WITWER

He's not here now, is he?

She looks at him.

WITWER

I had to ask.

She hands him his coffee.

LARA

I don't have any sugar either.

WITWER

(smiles)

Thank you.

(then)

He hasn't tried to contact you?

LARA

No.

WITWER

You ever heard him mention the name Leo Crow?

LARA

No, but then I don't talk to John that much anymore.

WITWER

So you haven't seen his apartment?

LARA

That was our apartment.

WITWER

Have you been there recently?

He takes A BLACK INHALER from his pocket...

WITWER

It's full of these.

She stares at it.

WITWER

How long's he been doping?

She turns away, takes a moment, then...

LARA

Since right after we lost our son.

WITWER

You mean after he lost your son.

LARA

It was nobody's fault.

WITWER

But John was with him at the pool?

LARA

Yes.

Witwer watches her a moment, then...

WITWER

You said in your divorce papers
that he tried to kill himself.

LARA

It wasn't a suicide attempt. I
regret ever saying that.

WITWER

What was it then?

LARA

The FBI found something that
belonged to my son.
(hard for her)
A sandal... Anyway, John was upset.
He... he...

WITWER

He took out his gun and sat down to
watch his home movies. This is all
in your statement, Lara...

LARA

He shot a hole in the damn ceiling.
So what? You lose your son, let's
see how well you handle it.

WITWER

Not very well, I'm sure. I'd
probably start doping myself. Or
maybe I'd...

He looks at her photographs of children, but doesn't finish
his thought. She turns and looks at him. He meets her gaze.

WITWER

Lamar Burgess thinks that you left John because he lost himself in Precrime instead of you.

LARA

I left him because every time I looked at him, I saw my son. Every time I got close to him, I smelled my little boy. That's why I left him.

(then)

And now you can leave.

He puts down his coffee and looks at her.

WITWER

You know I need to use you.

LARA

To what? Trap him?

WITWER

To prevent a murder. Sooner or later, he's going to contact you.

LARA

I haven't seen him in two years.

WITWER

But I've seen the three hundred hours of your image he's got stored away.

She reacts to his as he moves up close to her.

WITWER

He's still living with you.

(then)

And your son.

(then)

You have to choose, Lara. You have to choose sides now.

INT. TENEMENT ROOM - DAY

A strange, near Zoetrope-like lighting effect on the walls and ceiling as, outside, the MAGLEV cars go whizzing by. As Dr. Eddie looks down at us...

DR. EDDIE

Don't take the bandages off for twelve hours. If you take them off before then, you'll go blind. Do you understand?

Anderton lies on a caved-in bed, his face swathed in a white bandage.

DR. EDDIE

There's food in the refrigerator.
Make sure you drink a lot of water.

ANDERTON

How do I find the --

DR. EDDIE

Here --

He takes Anderton's hand and places it on a ROPE that's tied from the bedpost to the bathroom and the kitchen --

DR. EDDIE

It goes from the bathroom to the kitchen.

ANDERTON

(tries to sit up)
I can't even stand up --

DR. EDDIE

I know you're in a hurry, so I juiced up the nano-reconstruction around your new eyes.

ANDERTON

The nano... what?

DR. EDDIE

Organic microbots that reconstruct the nerves and blood vessels. It'll feel like fleas chewing on your eyeballs. But whatever you do, don't scratch.

Anderton is already reaching his hands up to his bandages. Dr. Eddie forces them away.

DR. EDDIE

Seeing as we're old pals and all, I'm giving you a bonus, might come in handy. Feel this.

Dr. Eddie takes an air-syringe from his pocket and touches it to Anderton's hand.

DR. EDDIE

It's a temporary paralytic enzyme. Shoot this baby under your chin. Right here...

Dr. Eddie presses the tip into the soft underpart of Anderton's chin. Anderton recoils.

DR. EDDIE

The enzyme turns your facial
muscles to mush. You won't look
like the same man. You tighten up
again in about thirty minutes.
Hurts like nothing you ever felt.
(drops it in a bag)
I'll just drop it in your goodie
bag along with the uh...

He holds up the bag with Anderton's OLD EYES.

DR. EDDIE

... leftovers.

Next Dr. Eddie takes a small clock from his pocket and places
it on a dresser beside Anderton's bed.

DR. EDDIE

I'm setting up a timer. When it
goes off tomorrow, take off your
bandages and get the hell out of
here. But not before then, or
you'll --

ANDERTON

-- go blind. I know.

He takes something from his pocket, puts it into Anderton's
hand. A BLACK INHALER.

DR. EDDIE

A little something from our mutual
friend.

VOICE

That you, Chief?

Anderton turns towards the voice and we see LYCON standing in
the doorway, clutching his dirty sock full of inhalers, HIS
MANGY SEEING EYE DOG at his heel.

DR. EDDIE

I believe you know Lycon. I
purchase my more hard to get
pharmaceuticals from him. And, of
course, once upon a time he was
also a patient of mine. Like you.

LYCON

Good luck, Chief.

And they start out of there, Lycon's dog bumping into the
wall on the way out. We hear the DOOR CLOSE O.S. Anderton
lies there, gripping the bed, listening to the TICK TICK TICK
of the timer. We now...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TENEMENT CITY - DAY

As a Precrime ship cruises past the tenement.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

It's only been a few hours. Anderton, still blindfolded by his dressings, is unaware of the Precrime Ship that passes by the open window, grimy curtains blowing in the breeze.

He takes the inhaler Dr. Eddie had left him from his pocket. He feels it in his hand a moment, then takes a long hit.

He listens to the MUFFLED VOICES that float in through the paper-thin walls; a cacophony of HUMAN SOUND above, below, and all around him. TICK... TICK... TICK...

SEAN (V.O.)

How much time, Dad?

Now, gradually, LIGHT BEGINS TO FILL THE ROOM as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A PUBLIC POOL - DAY

Crowded. Laughing kids. Yelling Parents. Anderton stands in the shallow end looking at his WATCH as his six-year-old son breaks the surface of the water.

ANDERTON

Twelve seconds. A new record.

The boy smiles, clings to the side.

SEAN

Okay... now let me time you.

ANDERTON

Are you kidding? There's absolutely positively no way, on my best day, I could ever beat twelve seconds!

SEAN

Come on!

ANDERTON

All right, I'll try...

Sean hauls himself up onto the side, lets his feet dangle in the water. Anderton takes his WATCH off, hands it to him.

ANDERTON

The kid takes it, delighted to be holding his father's watch.

SEAN

Okay -- Ready? Set... Go!

And now WE GO UNDER WITH ANDERTON as he sinks down to the bottom of the pool, shuts his eyes to all of the activity and muffled sound around him.

And now we wait. Five seconds... Ten seconds... Twenty seconds... And then A SHINY GLINT as...

WE SEE HIS WATCH sink past his face and now he opens his eyes. He snatches it, and Anderton now pushes up to...

THE SURFACE. Where Anderton, squinting against the sun's glare, looks to the side of the pool. HIS SON IS GONE.

ANDERTON

Sean?

He moves to the side and pulls himself out of the pool.

ANDERTON

Sean Anderton? Where are you?

He looks around at all the faces, the other kids, parents, a dull panic setting in now as we...

CRANE UP and away from a frantic Anderton now pushing his way through the crowd. Shouting for his son...

ANDERTON

SEAN!!

INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Anderton's SHOUT ECHOES and then FADES. He sits there a moment, listening to the sounds all around him. He CRUSHES THE BLACK INHALER and throws the pieces on the floor.

He then takes a breath and feels around for THE ROPE and starts for the kitchen, unaware of THE PRECRIME SHIP now moving past the window IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...

INT. PRECRIME HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna, unaware that Anderton is in the building moves into position over the building.

EVANNA

Jad, we're now in position and
ready to begin thermal scan on 931
Powell.

INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Anderton follows the rope to the refrigerator and opens it.

Inside, among plates of ROTTING FOOD we see ONE GOOD SANDWICH. Anderton reaches in, runs his hand over the molding month-old goodies, passing the good sandwich and, instead, grabbing hold of a slimy, green piece of meat.

Much to our disgust, he shoves that in his mouth, immediately spits it out, then washes his mouth out with the old, ruined milk that sits next to the new stuff. He spits that out now, too...

ANDERTON

Shit!

He reaches gingerly into the refrigerator, locates the good sandwich, sniffs it carefully, then wolfs it down. He grabs a pitcher of water and drinks that down as well.

Anderton sits down in a chair. The muffled VOICES next door get louder.

He's sweating. He keeps reaching for his dressings to scratch, then forces himself not to by clinging tightly to the armrests on the chair as the PEOPLE NEXT DOOR move on to breaking things...

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

As Fletcher and Knott exit the Precrime Ship. Fletcher does a thermal reading on the building while they talk.

KNOTT

I'm thinking you must really like me, don't you, Fletcher?

Fletcher looks at him.

KNOTT

That's why you asked to partner with me on this little sortie, isn't it?

FLETCHER

I think you're swell company, Knott.

KNOTT

It's not at all that you don't trust me to be alone with the Chief. That you think I might, you know, fuck with him, if I had the chance...

Knott grins at him now. Pleased with himself.

FLETCHER

No, I just wanna watch him use your
body to sandblast another building.
That's all. Jeff.

And the grin goes away as Fletcher looks through the scan
lens on his helmet doing the thermal reading on the building.

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna looks at the thermal read on the building.

EVANNA

I show twenty-seven warm bodies.

FLETCHER (RADIO)

What do you think, four spyders?

KNOTT (RADIO)

Let's do eight. I'm hungry.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

As Knott and Fletcher each unhook A ROUND BALL -- black, the
size of billiard balls -- from their belts.

Fletcher rolls his towards the building. Knott does the
same. Then they take SIX MORE and roll these as well.

THE BALLS

Roll a few feet, then begin to open up like daisies --
daisies with legs. Robotic SPYDERS, each the size of a fist,
with an EYEdentiscan antenna on their head, begin to click
their way into the building.

ONE OF THE SPYDERS

Pauses in front of a closed door. It FLATTENS ITSELF, then
creeps under the door.

INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

Where AN OLD WOMAN sits eating a bowl of soup. She looks up
as the Spyder comes CLICKING across the floor towards her.
She knows the drill, keeps a calm eye on the spyder as she
eats her dinner, holding out a leg for the spyder to climb
up.

OLD WOMAN

Nice to have some company...

The Spyder climbs up the woman, up her arm and across her
shoulder. It grips her cheek lightly as the EYEdentiscan
reads her eyes...

OLD WOMAN

See my new earrings? My grandson
gave them to me. He's in beauty
school --

The spyder BEEPS as it reads her --

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

Fletcher gets a reading and checks off something on his
clipboard with a laser pen.

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anderton sits in the chair, listening now to the MUFFLED
ARGUING NEXT DOOR. Suddenly, THE VOICES STOP. Anderton
turns his face toward the wall...

SILENCE. Then we hear BOUNCING BEDSPRINGS as the couple next
door starts to go at it. He shakes his head.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two spyders exit the stairwell and move to the nearest doors.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Knott checks off another tenant. He looks at the thermal
scanner, sees the double reading.

KNOTT

Hey, Fletcher. Check out the
double reading.
(showing him)
Coitus interruptus.

EVANNA (RADIO)

Do you even know what that means?

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the bedsprings in the next room SQUEAK FASTER AND
FASTER, the woman's MOANING now getting louder and louder.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

One of the spyders flattens itself and goes under the door.

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

He sits in the chair, drumming his fingers on the arm rest as
the couple gets ready to blast off. Then, abruptly, they
stop. A MAN'S VOICE, SHOUTING:

MAN'S VOICE

Oh -- man -- come on! You can't

WOMAN'S VOICE

This is private property! You
can't --

She cries out in pain. Anderton turns his head towards the
wall.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Knott speaks into a microphone on his collar --

KNOTT

People, if you don't let the spyder
scan you, we'll have to come in and
arrest you.

FLETCHER

Knott!

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anderton hears familiar voices O.S.

FLETCHER'S VOICE

Please permit the spyder to scan
you --

Anderton bolts up from the chair. He quickly feels his way
over to the timer, feels the face: six more hours to go; he's
only halfway there. He stands there thinking a moment.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Knott speaks once more into the microphone...

KNOTT

Let's go, folks.

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

He follows the rope to the kitchen, opens the freezer and
reaches inside, feels a couple of ice trays. He grabs them.

WOMAN'S VOICE

There! Now get the hell out!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton feels his way over to the filthy bathtub, turns on
the cold water, dumps the contents of the ice tray inside.

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Knott checks off another, looks up at the building.

KNOTT

One more...

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anderton grabs whatever's cold from the fridge -- sodas, fruit, water, sandwiches -- starts to carry it all into the bathroom. On the way he trips over the guide rope and drops all of the cold stuff onto the floor.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The spyder comes out of the apartment next door, moves down towards Anderton's door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton dumps the stuff from the fridge into the tub. Peels off his clothes.

INT. ANDERTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

As the Spyder flattens out and eases under the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Anderton climbs into the ice cold tub, reaches over and shuts the bathroom door as...

THE SPYDER

Turns toward the sound of the water shutting off. As it moves towards the bathroom door, it begins to fold its legs and flatten itself out.

INT. BATHROOM - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

Anderton lowers his head under the water, just as the spyder comes under the door and into the bathroom.

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna looks at the thermal scanner.

EVANNA

We lost one --

FLETCHER (RADIO)

Cat maybe, went out the window.

EVANNA

Awful big cat...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton HOLDS HIS BREATH. The Spyder finally turns to leave. Begins to flatten itself out to go back under the

door...

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna watches the scan, turns and looks at the building.

INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

As Anderton lets a single bubble of air escape his lips. We watch it rise to the surface... then burst with the tiniest sounding: BLIP!

THE SPYDER

Hears it. Stops cold. Begins to EMIT A LOW BEEPING SOUND.

INT. HALLWAY - THE OTHER SPYDERS

Also begin EMITTING THE SAME SOUND, stop, turn and head off in the same direction.

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna starts to get a signal.

EVANNA

Wait a minute...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton continues holding his breath underwater.

A HIGH ANGLE

As now SEVEN MORE SPYDERS come under the bathroom door.

FROM UNDER THE WATER - ANDERTON'S POV

Looking up at the lip of the bathtub, we SEE THE HEAD OF A SPYDER SLOWLY APPEAR JUST OVER THE EDGE OF THE TUB...

THE HIGH ANGLE

As the Spyder rises over the edge of the tub and we see not that it has grown, but that it is ACTUALLY STANDING ON THE BACKS OF THE OTHER SEVEN SPYDERS...

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Knott looks at the scanner.

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As Evanna tries to read the scanner...

EVANNA

What do you think, guys, a drunk

EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

FLETCHER

Or a guy who doesn't want to get
read. Stand by. We're gonna go
take a look...

They grab their helmets and go into the building.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton sits up. He feels one of the spyder's legs grab
hold of his cheek and try to read his eye through the
bandages. It WHIRS and HUMS trying to adjust its antenna.

ANDERTON

Please...

It STINGS HIM. He jumps back. Then he reaches up and
gently, slowly, pulls down the bandages over one eye while
the spyder moves in closer to read it.

INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

As Fletcher and Knott run up the stairs...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anderton forces his eye open and lets in the BLINDING LIGHT.

ANDERTON

Oh, God...

The spyder takes forever. Anderton's eye starts to go milky
as the color and iris disintegrate. The pain is unbearable.
The spyder finally backs off --

INT. TENEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Fletcher and Knott come out of the stairwell, run up to
ANDERTON'S DOOR when they HEAR AN INDICATOR, see that the
Spyder has now gotten a reading. They stop, look down as...

All eight spyders come under the bottom of Anderton's door
and start back down the hallway...

KNOTT

Let's eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BLURRY IMAGE

We hear THE MURMUR OF VOICES. Gradually, we begin to
FOCUS... objects whizzing by us... PEOPLE all around... it's

hard to see... it's all piled on top of each other...

REVEAL: PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

Anderton wears new clothing now. He has dark sunglasses. He waits for the subway to pull into the station. He watches people getting on and off, all of them read by the EYEdent scanner, the scanner light silently going from red to green as they pass.

Anderton takes a breath, gets on, relaxes as the scanner light turns green.

He finds an empty seat and sits down. He lowers his head, taking off his glasses and gently massages his eyes. When he looks up, he sees...

A MOTHER AND CHILD. Blurry. Anderton's depth perception is all flattened out. We can't tell, though, that they're both staring this way, the kid pointing now...

KID

Look at his eye --

The mother hushes him up, points out the window at some sight to distract him.

Anderton turns and now WE SEE HIS EYES. One of them is milky. The other is deep brown.

Both are red around the sockets from Dr, Eddie's rush job. Anderton turns and sees his blurred reflection in the window and quickly puts his sunglasses back on.

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Witwer sits at the desk screen studying the different images from the Prevision of Anderton murdering Leo Crow:

Anderton holding the gun. The shadowy figure of Leo Crow by the window. The face in sunglasses outside the window.

He then pans about the room: A bed. A table. A mirror. There's Anderton. Wait -- he goes back to the mirror. He leans close to the screen. Pushes in. And now we see it: A FIGURE STANDING IN THE MIRROR. Blurry. But there.

WITWER

Fletcher!

EXT. PLAZA NEAR GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

A TOUR GROUP -- mostly kids, a smattering of adults -- gathers in front of the statue of the three Precogs, who look nothing like the creatures we've seen floating in the tank.

TOUR GUIDE

The Precrime program began with a Federal grant in 2036, and today, six years later, the District of Columbia is now the safest city in America. Why? Because Precrime Works.

We move OFF THE TOUR GUIDE to a shady spot beneath a tree where we see Anderton hidden in a shadow, wearing an overcoat.

TOUR GUIDE

Precrime has eliminated the need for traditional detectives, so that most of the work done here is about the verification of motive and the protection of the future victim...

Anderton pulls out the AIR SYRINGE that Dr. Eddie gave him and stares at it. He touches it to the underside of his chin and takes a deep breath...

ANDERTON

Okay, one... two -- shit.

He lowers the syringe. Can't do it. He looks around.

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Witwer works the equipment tries to enhance the FACE IN THE MIRROR. It looks ephemeral, like the face of a ghost...

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

As Anderton takes another breath. This time counts quickly --

ANDERTON

One two three...

KID

Can we see the precogs?

And injects himself as we then PAN BACK to the Tour Guide...

TOUR GUIDE

The three precogs have such a powerful gift, they have to be kept in peaceful seclusion so as not to be distracted from the outside world. This display should give you some idea of their daily life...

The guide gestures to a DIARAMA like they have in Natural History Museums. But instead of seeing a clan of cavemen hunting a woolly mammoth with spears, the scene depicted here

is supposedly of the "three precogs" performing their daily tasks.

But what we're looking at, however, is three healthy-looking silhouettes dressed in loose-fitting pajamas and sitting in overstuffed chairs in the middle of a beautiful living room, surrounded by people in white coats attending to their every need, while images of bloodless murders appear on a small TV screen in one corner.

Not at all the image of three frail, nearly translucent souls writhing about in a milk tank.

ON ANDERTON

In agony, his head ducked as he now pulls out the syringe from under his chin. He stumbles to the PRECOG DIARAMA and slowly looks up.

And now, in front of this display of lies, HIS ENTIRE FACE BEGINS TO SAG as all of his facial muscles essentially let go, changing his appearance from youthful to geriatric in a matter of seconds.

Anderton stumbles over to and then falls in behind the group as it follows the guide into the building.

TOUR GUIDE

The precogs get over eight million pieces of mail each year. That's more mail than Santa gets...

Jucket and Paymen walk out of the building, barely glance at Anderton as he passes.

INT. PRECRIME TEMPLE - DAY

As Wally hoists out one of the male precogs, begins "grooming" him. He hits an ORANGE LEVER and flushes the old milk from the tank.

EXT. PRECRIME BUILDING - DAY

As Anderton moves away from the group to a side entrance where Precrime Personnel enter. He pulls off the overcoat as he goes so that we now read the word MAINTENANCE on the back of his coveralls. He goes inside the building, into...

A MAINTENANCE AREA

Anderton emerges pushing an ultrasonic scrubber. He turns up one corridor, then another. He walks to a door marked NUTRIENT ROOM and looks both ways. He pulls a SMALL, BLACK ZIPLOC-LIKE BAG from his pocket and opens it.

And now, wincing, he very gingerly removes his TWO OLD EYES from the bag. One of the eyes slips from his hands...

ANDERTON

Oh, no...

Then the other one slips.

ANDERTON

No... no... no...

He carefully avoids stepping on them as he awkwardly scoops them up off the floor.

He then glances about, and now, holding one eye in each hand, he very very very carefully holds them up to the EYEDENTISCAN and prays...

After the world's longest beat, he gets CLEARED and quickly drops his eyeballs back into the bag and enters the secured area.

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Fletcher comes into the room.

WITWER

Take a look.

He moves aside so Fletcher can see the screen.

WITWER

There are two others in the room besides Anderton and Crow.

FLETCHER

Two?

He indicates the face in the sunglasses...

WITWER

There's the man in sunglasses outside the window... here... but there's someone else... here... in the mirror.

Witwer begins enhancing THE FACE IN THE MIRROR...

INT. NUTRIENT ROOM - DAY

As Anderton enters the room and closes the door behind him. The room is full of pipes and tanks full of liquid. We hear A LOW HUM as Anderton makes his way through the room...

He stops at a thick glass window and we realize he's looking into THE PRECOG TANK from below. A series OF PIPES RUN INTO THE TANK. A DOOR is beside the window. Another EYEScan...

He once more takes out the black plastic bag...

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As the FACE IN THE MIRROR comes into sharper focus now...

FLETCHER
It's definitely female...

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - DAY

As Anderton comes through the door. He starts to drag Wally's desk over to barricade it...

WALLY (O.S.)
Hey!

Anderton turns, sees Wally coming over now. A look on his face...

WALLY
What're you doing in here? I'm
afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to
leave...

Anderton ignores him, puts a screwdriver in his mouth and jumps up and grabs a light fixture near the door, then pulls himself up like a gymnast. Wally is taken aback at the strength of the "old man..."

WALLY
Careful there, old timer, you're
gonna hurt yourself...

Anderton takes the screwdriver and jams the sliding-door mechanism with it, then jumps down beside Wally.

ANDERTON
Wally, listen to me...

WALLY
Do I know you? Who are you?

Anderton touches his face, realizes it's still sagging, old looking. He grabs Wally by the shirt...

ANDERTON
I like you, Wally, so I'm not gonna
kick you, or hit you with anything,
but only if you promise to help
me...

WALLY
(beat)
Oh... Hi, John.

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Witwer stops working, stares at the screen.

WITWER

Who does that look like to you?

Fletcher can't make it out, shakes his head.

WITWER

It's Agatha.

And now we see the image -- the ghost-like face of THE FEMALE PRECOG in the mirror.

FLETCHER

So this means --

Witwer stands up straight as he realizes what it means.

WITWER

He's coming here to get her.

Witwer hits his comline...

WITWER

Jad, ask the building who's come
and gone in the last couple of
hours...

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - DAY

As Wally works the computer, Anderton looks up at the array of horrifying images on the screens above.

ANDERTON

Are these all of her previsions?

WALLY

There's no way of knowing for sure.
She could've forgotten whatever it
is you're looking for...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Witwer moves along with Fletcher, Jad falling in.

JAD

He was EYEdented five minutes ago
in the maintenance area.

WITWER

There any way into the temple from
there?

Fletcher and Jad look at each other. Yes.

WITWER

No alarms. We don't wanna lose

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
him. And call Wally. Tell him to
get out of there.

Jucket appears on Witwer's head up...

JUCKET
Chief, we got video on someone
inside the temple.

WITWER
What do you mean "Someone?"

JUCKET
Looks like an old man.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - DAY

An anxious Anderton looks over at Wally. His face is
starting to tighten, regain it's regular shape and
characteristics.

ANDERTON
Just go to the beginning!

WALLY
Okay. Fine. Where the hell is
that?

And now we see JAD ON WALLY'S HEAD UP...

JAD
Wally --

Anderton looks over...

JAD
Leave the temple now.

WALLY
Uh -- no can do there, Jad...

Anderton looks down at the female precog, she's suddenly
trashing about, trying to sit up...

ANDERTON
What is it?

She reaches out and GRABS HIS ARM.

A LOW ANGLE - ANDERTON

As he looks down at Agatha, WE see every video screen on the
ceiling shows the SCREAMING FACE OF ANNE LIVELY. He slowly
looks up at them...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Witwer, Jad and Fletcher push through the doors. Jucket and Paymen, geared up, meet him.

PAYMEN

He's inside.

JUCKET

Got some kind of mask on.

They all look at the monitors. Knott and two others are all in full gear.

KNOTT

We got four guys on the other door.

WITWER

Do not fire any weapons inside the temple. Use only bindfoam or your sick-sticks. We go on my count...

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - DAY

Anderton looks at Agatha... who now opens her mouth and speaks:

AGATHA

Can you see?

She looks at Anderton, her eyes imploring him. He thinks a moment, then starts to unhook all of the cables. We HEAR WITWER AND HIS TEAM TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE JAMMED DOORS. We hear as they finally BLOW THE MECHANISM, then...

WITWER (O.S.)

John -- move away from the tank!

Anderton looks over as the team starts to come in.

WITWER

Move away from the tank!

Agatha looks past him up at AN ORANGE LEVER. Nods.

WITWER

John --

Anderton throws the lever. Suddenly, a RUSH as the milk is quickly flushed from the tank. Witwer and the team rush up the steps as...

Witwer freezes, watches as the two male precogs flail about the milk, strapped into their harnesses while Anderton and Agatha are sucked out through a large drain.

WALLY

Oh, God...

Wally, crying now, lifts Agatha's empty restraints and stares at it.

WALLY

They've never been separated before.

WITWER

What does he want with a precog?

WALLY

What do you think? So he can kill whoever he wants to without anyone knowing about it.

WITWER

But there's still the other two.

Wally doesn't say anything, just weeps over the tank.

WITWER

Wally, the other two can still function, right?

WALLY

You don't understand... they're a hive mind. It takes all three for their predictive abilities to work.

WITWER

(incredulous)

Are you telling me they can't see murders anymore?

WALLY

Maybe if he'd taken one of the males. But the female, she's the key. She's the one they listen to, the one with the most talent. The one who takes care of the other two.

WITWER

(staring at the remaining two)

Jesus...

WITWER

(tears in his eyes)

Please, bring her back.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As Anderton, the Precog in his arms, both of them soaked, runs to where THE LEXUS is parked.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - DAY

As Fletcher barks into his heads up --

FLETCHER

Find out where that pipe leads -- I
want every team underground now!

They look to where Witwer stares at the PREVISION SCREEN.

WITWER

It doesn't matter. He wins.

FLETCHER

We can stop him.

WITWER

She's in the room with him when he
kills Crow.

(then)

She's already a part of his future.

And now everybody looks at the image, the ghost-like face of
Agatha in the mirror, watching John Anderton shoot a man
named Leo Crow.

WITWER

(as he walks out)

Put everything you've got into
finding that room and we stop a
murder.

(to Jad)

How much time have we got?

INSERT WATCH

As it COUNTS DOWN TO FIFTY-ONE MINUTES. SHADOWS pass over
it...

REVEAL: INT. LEXUS - MOVING - DAY

As Anderton looks at his watch, then out the window...

EXT. INNER CITY - DAY

As Anderton's vehicle moves past the more downtrodden segment
of the D.C. population. Agatha sits low in the seat, so that
just her eyes peer out of the window at the world around her.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Anderton looks over at the Precog, staring out the window at
the unfamiliar rush of humanity all around her. She SHIVERS.

ANDERTON

Are you cold?

He moves to put his coat over her and she looks at his HAND.

ANDERTON

Can you understand me?

She holds onto his hand, is fixated by it.

ANDERTON

It's the drugs. They'll wear off
in a few hours.

She looks up, stares out the window now at the world she's
never been a part of.

ANDERTON

I'm sorry, but I need your help.
You contain information. I need to
know how to get it.

(then)

Can you just tell me who Leo Crow
is? Can you tell me if --

AGATHA

Is it now?

ANDERTON

What?

AGATHA

Is it now?

He looks outside, understands what she means. Then...

ANDERTON

Yes... this is all happening right
now.

She nods, closes her eyes.

AGATHA

I'm tired...

(then)

I'm tired of the future.

INT. MALL CITY - DAY

Anderton's vehicle pulls up in front of a GAP.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

As Anderton turn to Agatha.

AGATHA

I have to take you someplace, in
public, which means I have to get
you something... else to wear.

She stares out the window, doesn't respond...

ANDERTON

I'll hurry.

INT. THE GAP - DAY

As Anderton walks in the door, gets his new eyes scanned, and we hear a voice say:

STORE VOICE

Hello, Mr. Yakamoto! Welcome back
to the Gap.

Anderton stops cold as a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF A HUGE ASIAN
MAN now appears standing in front of him.

STORE VOICE

How'd those assorted tank tops work
out for you?

Anderton stops and stares at the thug-like previous owner of
his eyes who's now shown wearing a sweater that changes from
color to color.

STORE VOICE

Come on in and see how good you
look in one of our new Winter
sweaters.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Agatha leans out the window, experiencing the world outside
for the first time in years. A group of TEENAGERS walking
by. A WOMAN pushing A BABY in a pram.

A MAN WALKING A DOG. The dog turns to Agatha, now trying to
pull his master over to her...

She turns to the street and watches people going by on
bicycles and inside other vehicles.

But for Agatha, it is not a peaceful scene at all. She sees
only death, pain and suffering. The world is overwhelming.

She turns away, watches as RAINDROPS fall on the windshield.
She rolls down the window and sticks her head out to feel the
rain.

She listens to the now-soothing sounds of the rain mixed with
laughter mixed with the baby crying mixed with the snippets
of conversation she hears all around her. Then:

WE HEAR A JACKHAMMER

And Agatha turns to A CONSTRUCTION SITE across the way. A
HUGE BUILDING is going up.

A CRANE hoists a bundle of steal GIRDERS up to the top of the site.

A TEENAGE BOY walks to a bicycle locked to a fence in front of the site. She closes her eyes and shudders, then sits up, steels herself and calls to the boy...

AGATHA
(barely)
Nathan --

The boy keeps going.

AGATHA
(tries again, louder)
Nathan!

The TEENAGE BOY stops as he gets to the bike, looks at her.

AGATHA
Come here.

The Boy sees this pretty face inside a vehicle beckoning him, looks around to make sure she meant him, then comes over.

BOY/NATHAN
Do I know you?

AGATHA
Hold my hand.

As she reaches for him, Nathan sees she must be blind.

NATHAN
What?

AGATHA
Please, Nathan, hold my hand.

The teenager sees she's only wearing Anderton's jacket...

NATHAN
Whoa --

Agatha reaches out and takes his hand and holds onto it. Something pulses through him. He looks at her, afraid...

NATHAN
Who are you?

INT. THE GAP - DAY

As Anderton walks out with his purchases...

STORE VOICE
Thanks for shopping at the Gap, Mr.
Yakamoto.

ANDERTON

Sayonara.

INT./ EXT. LEXUS - DAY

Agatha looks up at Nathan, into his eyes, who tries to pull his hand away.

NATHAN

Look, whoever you are --

We hear SOMEONE SHOUT and the teenager boy wheels around as...

A STEEL BEAM

Falls from the construction site, landing directly on Nathan's bicycle. Nathan stares in horror at where he would have been had he not come over to Agatha. She lets go of his hand.

AGATHA

You can go now.

Anderton comes out of the store, looks at the crushed bike, a CROWD gathering around it. Oblivious to what's just happened, he walks past the stunned kid.

ANDERTON

Excuse me.

INT. ANDERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Witwer sits there staring at the image, the rest of the team gathers in the office.

JAD

What's he want with a precog?

FLETCHER

He knows we can't operate without her. He's gonna ransom her.

JAD

Where's the note?

Witwer gets up and turns on the HOLO-COMPUTER. AN IMAGE OF SEAN (age 6) appears.

JAD

If he's ransoming her, where's the damn note?

SEAN

(jumping between ages)

He, Dad! How's... your... day?

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Hey, look what I built! Thanks...
for... helping... me... I... love
you... Daddy.

Witwer stares at it.

WITWER
It has nothing to do with ransom.
It has to do with the information
that's inside of her.

They all look at him.

WITWER
He's trying to prove his innocence.

FLETCHER
He can't download her without a lot
of technical help.

WITWER
(staring at the image)
No. He can't...

Suddenly, Witwer begins to tear apart the computer. He pulls
off the cover, looks at the components inside, rips one out,
then tosses it aside. He rips out another, sees a NAME
PRINTED on the bottom: PATENT PENDING - RUFUS T. RILEY.

WITWER
Who's Rufus T. Riley?

INT. RUFUS' DREAMWEAVER HEADSPA - DAY

CUSTOMERS in dark corners, wearing bladdered bodysuits and
tiny headsets, act out various fantasies.

RUFUS
What's your pleasure?

RUFUS RILEY -- heavy, goateed, ponytail down to his waist and
a name tag that says "HI! I'M RUFUS!" -- shows a NERVOUS
CUSTOMER around the place.

RUFUS
We got it all here. We got guys
come in, want to experience sex as
a woman. We got women come in,
want to get laid by their favorite
soap star. We got rape fantasies
from both sides. We got sports
fantasies. And then we got what I
call the "Look Ma, I can fly"
fantasies which encompass
everything from bungee jumping to
soaring like an eagle over the
Grand Canyon.

The nervous customer turns as we hear a MAN CRY OUT. He looks in and sees a man flailing about on a cushion.

RUFUS

Near Death's real popular right now, which includes everything from getting hit by a car, to falling off a high building to plane crashes. It's a big rush, you come out the other side without a heart attack.

CUSTOMER

I wanna kill my boss.

RUFUS

(unfazed)

Uh-huh. Okay. You got some images I can work with?

CUSTOMER

(holds out a disk)

Right here.

RUFUS

Good. What I can do is set you up down in the --

ANDERTON

Rufus...

Rufus sees Anderton come in now with Agatha on his arm. He turns back to the guy, says in a loud voice...

RUFUS

Uh, yeah, being concert master of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is one of our most popular choices...

CUSTOMER

No, I wanna kill my boss!

RUFUS

Get the hell outta here. You sick bastard.

He pushes the man away, sending him tripping for the door.

RUFUS

Detective. Nice of you to come down here.

(lowers his voice)

Seeing as every cop in the world is looking for you right now. Jesus, what's up with your eye?

ANDERTON

I need your help.

RUFUS

Well, hey, you didn't have to come
all the way down here. For you,
Chief, I make housecalls...

ANDERTON

I need help with her.

RUFUS

(just notices her)

Well, hello there, honey-pie.

Barely able to yet stand, Agatha is also too stunned by the
bizarre surroundings to even respond as Rufus takes her hand
and kisses it.

RUFUS

I'm impressed, Anderton. You're on
the lam, but you still got the time
and energy to slice off a little
jerky for yourself.

ANDERTON

Rufus. She's a precog.

RUFUS

(looks at Agatha)

She's a precog?

ANDERTON

That's right.

Rufus starts to laugh. Agatha looks at Anderton. Rufus
keeps on laughing... until he looks a little closer and
realizes --

RUFUS

You brought a Precog -- HERE?
Jesus Christ...

And now Rufus looks at Agatha, a thought dawning and then
drops to his knees. He genuflects, looking up at her.

RUFUS

Are you reading my mind right now?

ANDERTON

Rufus, for Christ's sake, get up.

RUFUS

I'm sorry for whatever I'm gonna
do! And I swear, I didn't do any
of the stuff I did!

Anderton hauls him to his feet.

ANDERTON

She's got information inside of her. I need you to get it out.

RUFUS

No. No way. I wouldn't even know where to begin!

(to Agatha)

Those thoughts about my cousin Elena -- they were just thoughts. I would never --

ANDERTON

C'mon, Rufus, you've been busted twice for felony hacking.

RUFUS

So?

ANDERTON

So now I need you to hack into her.

Rufus studies her a moment, then...

RUFUS

I tell you what. I do this, I get to keep whatever images I get from her head.

ANDERTON

They don't belong to anybody.

RUFUS

(turns to go)

Then take her to Radio Shack.

Anderton grabs Rufus and throws him against the wall. Gets right in Rufus' face... the one blown eye looking at him...

ANDERTON

Do I look like I'm leaving?

INT. PRECRIME READY ROOM - DAY

As the precops get ready, ride the chairs up to the hovership.

INT. HOVERSHIP - DAY

As Evanna gets ready to lift off, looks over as Witwer gets in and sits IN ANDERTON'S SEAT. She gives him an icy look as he starts to take out a piece of gum...

EVANNA

INT. RUFUS RILEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Agatha, hooked into some kind of LIGHT READER, sits in a chair in the center of the room, surrounded by contraptions of all kinds. Rufus paces around, checking connections.

RUFUS
Okay, we're all set. I can't
promise you the images are gonna be
any good, though.

Suddenly, there's A FLOOD OF MURDER-IMAGES (similar in type to the ones used upstairs in the cyber-parlor) beamed from the projector to the center of the room.

RUFUS
Good God...

Dozens of murders happening all around them. Agatha begins twitching. The images shake, distort, go fuzzy, then clear again. It's a rapid-fire display of all the murder and mayhem that Agatha has been privy to, including the last image of the STEEL BEAM CRUSHING YOUNG NATHAN.

RUFUS
(watching)
You know what, Chief? On second
thought I don't think I wanna keep
any of these --

But now we see ANDERTON BLOW LEO CROW through a window.

ANDERTON
Stop --

RUFUS
Tell me how.

Rufus tries in vain to work the equipment. THE IMAGES RUN ON and now we see THE FACE WEARING SUNGLASSES. The number 9 turning into the number 6.

PROJECTED CROW
You're not going to kill me...

PROJECTED ANDERTON
Good-bye, Crow.

ANDERTON
Rufus -- can you record this?!

Rufus moves to the computer as now we see Crow at the window, the face with the sunglasses behind him as he wrestles with the gun that ANDERTON holds.

The real Anderton walks up to his projection, amazed to see his likeness frozen there, doing something he can't imagine.

He watches as the image jumps and once more Crow is blown out the window. Then we see nothing.

ANDERTON

What happened? Where's the rest?

RUFUS

I guess that's all of it.

Anderton looks at Agatha, her expression calm.

ANDERTON

Is there a Minority Report?

She just looks at him. A what?

ANDERTON

An alternate future. Do I have one?

She looks at where the images were projected a moment ago.

AGATHA

No.

Anderton is about to turn away. She takes his hand, as she did in the temple, and suddenly the room is full of IMAGES:

AGATHA

Can you see?

Every single one of the images is the same: THE SCREAMING FACE OF...

ANDERTON

Anne Lively...

Anderton looks at Agatha. Her face is contorted in the same way as the image. Suddenly, there's a RUSH OF IMAGES, we glimpse only some of them, TWO FIGURES STRUGGLING, a SPLASH. ANNE LIVELY DROWNING. Then nothing...

ANDERTON

Why are you showing me this? What do you want me to see?

She doesn't move, a single TEAR rolls down her cheek.

ANDERTON

Rufus, play it back...

RUFUS

Uh, I'll try...

And now we see the FOLLOWING IMAGES ALL PLAYING BACKWARDS... Anne Lively being drown, but now she comes OUT OF THE LAKE... backwards. We see Anne Lively on the ground by the lake, struggling with A MASKED FIGURE. Suddenly, the FIGURE POPS up and RUNS BACKWARDS. She pops up a second later (a STUMBLE IN REVERSE) and runs BACKWARDS. Now we see an OVERCOAT BEING PUT ON, TURNING INSIDE OUT, FROM DARK TO LIGHT.

Anderton looks about the room, THE IMAGES ALL AROUND HIM. The dark figure is just ABOUT TO TAKE OFF THE MASK when --

THE IMAGES STOP and Agatha holds on tight to him.

ANDERTON

What?

AGATHA

They're inside.

ANDERTON

Who?

Suddenly, a red light flashes on the wall. Rufus scrambles to a security monitor.

RUFUS

Your old Teammates.

INSERT MONITOR: Witwer leads a team through the parlor.

INT. NEUROPLEX - DAY

Witwer and the Precrime team move through the parlor.

WITWER

Check every room.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

As Rufus leads them down a long, dark corridor and up a flight of stairs...

RUFUS

You come up just outside the sprawl
on Millhouse.

EXT. OUTDOOR CLOTHING MARKET - DAY

Anderton and Agatha come through a hidden door and hurry through the market. She stops at one of the stalls...

AGATHA

Can you see the umbrella?

Anderton looks at A STALL SELLING UMBRELLAS.

AGATHA

Take it.

ANDERTON

Agatha...

He buys an umbrella from the vendor, then drags her off.

INT. INNER CITY - MALL - DAY

As they move through the crowded inner city shopping area. She has trouble keeping up. She looks ahead, something in her eyes, then...

AGATHA

Can you see the man in the blue suit?

Sure enough a MAN walking by in the other direction is wearing a blue suit.

AGATHA

He drops his briefcase.

He drops his briefcase, spilling all kinds of papers all over the sidewalk, including a NEWSPAPER WITH ANDERTON'S PHOTO.

AGATHA

A woman in a brown dress is going to come out of the door up ahead.

This happens.

AGATHA

Wait -- she knows your face. Turn in here.

The WOMAN looks at Anderton, squints, but before she can make any kind of determination as to who he is and why he looks sort of familiar, Anderton and the Precog have gone into...

A PET SHOP

They move through the store, jammed with all kinds of animals, including FOXES and shrieking EXOTIC BIRDS. They go through the back door and come out...

IN A DIFFERENT SECTION OF THE MALL

As Anderton starts to lead her around a corner, she stops. Anderton looks around, sees A PRECOP on the UPPER LEVEL.

ANDERTON

Agatha --

AGATHA

Can you see the balloon man?

ANDERTON

What?

PRECOP'S POV - FROM THE UPPER LEVEL

As the cop scans the mall. He's about to spot Anderton and Agatha when A BALLOON VENDOR comes around the corner where they're waiting and blocks the cops view. He moves on.

ANDERTON & AGATHA

Start walking again.

AGATHA

This way...

She leads him underneath the PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE.

AGATHA

Stop.

We now BOOM UP to the TOP OF THE BRIDGE where we see Knott moving to the side, leaning over the rail and peering down...

ON ANDERTON & AGATHA

She gently pulls Anderton further under the bridge so that...

ON THE BRIDGE - KNOTT

Can't see them when he looks down. They're a foot or two out of his sightline. He then moves to the other side of the bridge and peers down as...

AGATHA

Now leads Anderton a step or two back the other way, so that again...

KNOTT

Just misses seeing them. He moves off across the bridge.

ANDERTON & AGATHA

Hurry through the mall now.

A BUM in one of the doorways begs for change. They walk past him...

BUM

May the Devil take you as his
bride!

A few steps later, Agatha stops IN FRONT OF A DOOR.

AGATHA

Drop some money.

ANDERTON

Forget that guy --

AGATHA

Do it. Right here. On the ground.

Anderton reaches into his pocket, drops some change on the ground. Agatha looks back at the Bum who turns towards them upon hearing the sound of the coins hitting the ground. She then leads Anderton off...

BUM

May God Bless You!

The Bum comes over, bends down IN FRONT OF A DOOR just as IT OPENS INTO HIM, knocking him over, and TWO PRECOPS burst out and TOPPLE OVER HIM.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Anderton and Agatha exit the mall and IT STARTS RAINING. Anderton OPENS THE UMBRELLA along with the dozens of people around him just as...

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - DAY

As Fletcher leads some cops outside, they look down, but all they can see is a sea of umbrellas below them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Agatha and Anderton walk along the street. Behind them the way is blocked off with buildings. There's only one way out: Straight ahead. They start for it.

Suddenly KNOTT COMES OUT OF A BUILDING IN FRONT OF THEM AND STARTS WALKING IN FRONT OF THEM. Anderton starts to turn around... Agatha pulls on his arm.

AGATHA

No. Follow him.

ANDERTON

He'll turn around.

AGATHA

He won't.

Anderton and Agatha walk past a LARGE METAL GATE, she stops. Knott slows down ahead of them, starts to look this way and that. Anderton starts to back away...

ANDERTON

Agatha...

AGATHA

Wait.

WE HEAR A BELL RING and suddenly the GATE OPENS, and a beat later, KIDS SWARM OUT OF A SCHOOL. Knott turns around, is about to spot them when...

AGATHA

Can you see his shoe?

In front of them one of the kids trips OVER HIS SHOE LACES.

AGATHA

Tie his shoe.

Anderton drops down to help him, Agatha does the same so that...

Knott sees nothing but A SWARM OF KIDS.

KNOTT

(into his radio)

He's not here. I'll check one block east.

Knott moves off across the street. Anderton smiles at the kid as he helps him with his shoe...

ANDERTON

Here you go, buddy...

KID

I can do it myself!

Anderton finishes tying the kid's shoe, stays low as a TEACHER ushers the kids off, REVEALING: PART OF A GIANT FACE WEARING SUNGLASSES.

Anderton slowly stands up, looks at A BILLBOARD, spinning in the wind as it's hoisted upward by a GIANT CRANE, it SPINS AROUND, we see that it's for REVO -- on it is A HUGE GRINNING FACE WEARING SUNGLASSES. Anderton turns and looks at...

AN OLD HOTEL

A dozen stories up, WORKMEN motion for the CRANE OPERATOR to hold up as they continue to get the steel frame prepared.

ANDERTON

Agatha. Can you see that?

Anderton looks at Agatha, she's looking away.

ANDERTON

That's the man in the window.

He looks at his watch. COUNTING DOWN: EIGHTEEN MINUTES.

INT. RUFUS' CYBER PARLOR - DAY

As Witwer looks at the equipment, turns to Rufus.

WITWER

What was he looking for?

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Anderton takes Agatha by the arm, but she stays put.

AGATHA

Don't go inside.

He looks at her.

AGATHA

You don't have to.

(then)

Walk away.

He looks at her, then turns and walks to the hotel. We see THE BILLBOARD as it's hoisted up towards the hotel.

INT. RUFUS' CYBER PARLOR - DAY

As Witwer stands there looking at the Anne Lively murder. Confused.

WITWER

This is what he wanted to see?

RUFUS

No... This is what she wanted him to see.

WITWER

(watches, then)

I'll need a copy of this.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Once grand, now pretty much a flophouse. The skinny and skagged-out CLERK looks up from the tattoo magazine as Anderton walks to the desk and looks around...

CLERK

Room's are ninety-five a night plus tax.

(regarding Agatha)

Or fifteen an hour.

ANDERTON

You mind if I take a look at your register?

CLERK

Yeah, I mind --

The guy starts to get up and Anderton pulls his gun, puts the muzzle in the guy's eye.

ANDERTON

How about now?

He spins the register around so that Anderton can read it.

CLERK

Help yourself.

Anderton looks at the register...

ON THE REGISTER

As Anderton runs the BARREL OF THE GUN down the inky list of names scrawled in the book. Most of them Smith or Jones. He stops when he gets to L. CROW.

ANDERTON

He's here.

AGATHA

Anderton, leave.

He looks at her.

AGATHA

You have a choice. Walk away.

(holds out her hand)

Right now.

He stands there a moment, torn. He starts to close the register and follow her to the door. But then he stops, takes his hand back.

ANDERTON

I can't. I have to know.

AGATHA

Please --

ANDERTON

I have to find out what happened to my life.

(then)

Agatha. I'm not going to kill the man. I don't even know him.

She looks frightened.

ANDERTON

Don't you understand, going upstairs is the only way I'll ever

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
find out what's underneath all of
this. Who's setting me up.
(then)
I have to know.

Anderton turns to the clerk.

ANDERTON
What room's Crow in?

CLERK
Ten-o-six.

Anderton and Agatha ride up. The elevator looks out at the other buildings, people working in offices across the way. Anderton looks at his watch: COUNTING DOWN ELEVEN MINUTES.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Anderton and Agatha walk up the hall, stopping at a door marked 1006. Anderton knocks. No answer. He tries the door. It's open.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Anderton steps into the empty room, just a bed (made), a night table and a dresser. He pulls out a drawer: it's empty. Turns on the bathroom light -- no personal effects -- turns it off.

AGATHA
He's gone.

Anderton stands in the room, thinking. He looks out the open door into the hallway.

ANDERTON
Wait a minute...

ANDERTON'S POV - THE ROOM ACROSS THE WAY

The number on the door to this room is also 1006.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Anderton steps into the hallway and looks at the door he just came through. The "6" is lower than the other three numbers.

Now Agatha watches as Anderton reaches up and pivots the number "6" into a "9", making the number now even with the other three.

ANDERTON
It's the wrong room.

He turns and looks across the hall at the real 1006. He looks at his watch. COUNTING DOWN: EIGHT MINUTES...

AGATHA

Anderton...

Anderton knocks on the door. No answer. Agatha recoils as Anderton suddenly kicks the door open.

INT. THE REAL 1006 - DAY

Someone definitely lives in this room. The bed's unmade. Clothes are strewn about, hanging from open drawers. Anderton steps around a half-eaten meal that sits on the floor.

He looks down and stares at a pile of POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS that sit on the dresser.

All of them are of CHILDREN. Some sitting on beds in hotel rooms like this one, looking afraid. Others in parks and schoolyards unaware that their picture was taken...

ANDERTON

Jesus...

EXT. STREET - DAY

LEO CROW, the man we saw in the prevision, walks along the sidewalk. He's unsteady, and keeps bumping into people. In person we can see that the man's small, with countable wisps of hair combed over one side of his head. His eyes are dark, almost black, more insect-like than human.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Anderton quickly rifles the stack of photographs. He suddenly stops and stares at one of them. The impact of the image makes his legs buckle, forcing him to sit down on the bed.

ANDERTON

Oh, God...

AGATHA

What is it?

A BOY we know very well, hugging himself in the back seat of some vehicle.

ANDERTON

This is Sean. My son.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

As Crow stands in the doorway a moment, teeters a bit, then enters the hotel, the CLERK looks up from his magazine. But doesn't say a word.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Agatha sits beside Anderton on the bed.

ANDERTON

Every day for the last six years
I've thought about only two things.
The first was what my son would
look like if he were alive today.
If I would even recognize him if I
saw him on the street.

(then)

The second was what I would do to
the man who took him.

AGATHA

Anderton --

ANDERTON

You were right. I'm not being set
up.

Anderton looks at the photograph.

ANDERTON

I'm gonna kill this man.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As Crow rides up. He takes out a DENTED FLASK and takes a
long hit from it... draining it of the last drop.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

We now hear the elevator DING. Anderton looks at his watch,
gets to his feet.

AGATHA

Please, I want to go back...

ANDERTON

I can't leave. You said so
yourself, there is no Minority
Report. I don't have an
alternative future.

AGATHA

But you still have a choice. The
others never had a chance to see
their future. You did.

FOOTSTEPS. Anderton waits. The door slowly opens and we see
Crow peering around it.

ANDERTON

Leo Crow?

The man does a strange thing: he glances at his watch. Then takes a deep breath...

CROW

Who... who... The hell are you?

Anderton kicks the door shut on the man's hand. Crow screams and he goes down. Anderton steps on him.

ANDERTON

Six years ago. Baltimore. You grabbed a kid at Francis public pool in the West End.

CROW

Did I? I don't recall... I got lots of kids from that place --

Anderton kicks the man in the stomach.

CROW

Jesus --

He doubles over. Anderton grabs him by the hair, pulls his head up. The guy is shaking like mad...

ANDERTON

Do you know who I am?

CROW

Some -- somebody's father?

ANDERTON

His name was Sean. Six years ago. Francis pool.

The guy doesn't raise his head for a moment. Finally...

CROW

I told him I was a policeman...

Anderton reacts to this.

CROW

... and that I needed his help. It wasn't so bad really.

(looks at Anderton)

I sang him a song, made him laugh, bought him a pretzel. I took care of him. I made him happy.

ANDERTON

He's alive?

The man just looks at him. Anderton is reeling...

ANDERTON

"MINORITY REPORT" -- May 16, 2001 rev...
Where've you got him? Is he all
right?
(shaking Crow)
Tell me, you fuck -- WHERE IS HE?!

CROW
(beat)
I put him in a barrel and sunk him
in the bay.

Anderton stops. Shocked by this image.

CROW
It floated back up. I had to take
him out and --

ANDERTON
NO!

Anderton screams and throws him against the wall, ignoring
Agatha's SCREAMS for him to stop. For his part, Crow just
covers up and waits for it to end, shouting over and over...

CROW
I'm sorry! I'm sorry...

INSERT - ANDERTON'S STOPWATCH. Counting down from 18
SECONDS.

Anderton pulls the man to his feet, shoves him up against the
window and now stands there shaking, staring at Crow, the man
shaking as Anderton weighs what he's about to do.

And now behind Crow, we see THE REVO BILLBOARD as it's
hoisted upward by the crane, the SMILING FACE coming around
so that its grinning visage is just over Crow's shoulder as
it was in the prevision.

He cuts a look into the mirror off to his left, sees the
IMAGE OF AGATHA, her face imploring...

AGATHA
Anderton, you can choose... You can
choose.

INSERT - ANDERTON'S WATCH. Counting down from 5 - 4 - 3 -
2 - 1 - The ALARM on the watch goes off. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.
BEEP. BEEP.

Finally, tears in his eyes, Anderton backs away from Crow and
looks at the gun in his hand. Crow opens his eyes, watches
as Anderton finally lowers the gun.

ANDERTON
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can be
used against you in a court of law.

Crow looks at him. Not what he expected.

ANDERTON

You have the right to an attorney
present now and during any future
questioning. If you cannot afford
one, one will be appointed to you.
Do you understand these rights?

Crow doesn't move, confused.

CROW

You're not gonna kill me?

ANDERTON

No.

Crow still doesn't move.

CROW

(whispering)

But you have to.

(then)

They said you would.

ANDERTON

(looks at Agatha)

The precogs were wrong.

CROW

If you don't kill me, my family
gets nothing!

Anderton pauses, looks back at him as Crow comes forward.

CROW

You're supposed to kill me. He
said you would.

ANDERTON

Who said I would?

CHILDREN

He called me in Prison. Said if I
went along, he'd get me released,
take care of my family.

ANDERTON

If you did what?

CROW

Acted like I killed your kid.

Anderton goes stiff, looks at Agatha.

CROW

Look, I've put my family through enough misery. You gotta kill me! This way I can leave 'em something.

ANDERTON

Crow. I'm not gonna kill you.

CROW

Look, believe me, I know it's hard, but you gotta do it --

ANDERTON

I'm asking you again, who made you do this?

CROW

I don't know -- I never saw his face. All I know is, the next day I was out, so the guy must've had juice somewhere. Look, man, you gotta go through with this.

ANDERTON

What the fuck is going on?

Suddenly Crow steps forward, grabs the muzzle of Anderton's gun, holds it up to his own chest. Agatha's eyes roll, she holds onto the table for support...

AGATHA

Anderton --

CROW

Kill me!

Anderton tries to pull the gun away, but Crow hangs on.

ANDERTON

What about the picture --

CROW

Fake. He gave it to me. Now --
(pulling on the gun)
-- shoot me, Goddammit, before I lose my nerve!

ANDERTON

(pulls the gun back)
Tell me, who was it, set this up?

CROW

If I tell you, my family gets nothing.

ANDERTON

Who made you do this?

CROW

(pulls the gun)

Kill me!

ANDERTON

Tell me!

Anderton looks at Crow who holds the gun muzzle tight to his chest, his eyes imploring Anderton to pull the trigger.

ANDERTON

Let go of the gun.

CROW

You're not gonna kill me...

ANDERTON

Good-bye, Crow.

Anderton turns to go, but Crow hold onto the muzzle --

CROW

Anderton! Wait -- don't --

Crow yanks on the gun, making Anderton pull the trigger. We hear a loud BOOM and Anderton turns, sees Crow holding the gun to his own exploded chest.

ANDERTON

Jesus --

Crow looks at Anderton, a stupid look on his face. He stumbles backwards towards the window. Anderton moves forward and reaches for his shirt as...

AGATHA

NO!

... now she turns away, framed in the mirror, as Crow falls through the glass window.

Anderton stands there frozen a moment, unable to move or think. We HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM O.S. Anderton looks across the way, sees everyone in the building across the street watching him. Agatha takes him by the arm...

AGATHA

Go...

Anderton grabs Agatha and runs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As People stick their heads out of their doors and WHISPER as Agatha leads a stunned Anderton down the hall.

A WOMAN watches them go, then moves to the doorway, and peers

into the room, sees the broken window through the doorway...

WOMAN

Murder!

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

As they come outside, quickly move past where Crow's body lies crumpled half-on and half-off the roof of the CRANE. Gawkers stand around stunned, staring at the body until the WOMAN sticks her head out of the WINDOW above and SCREAMS:

WOMAN

MURDER!

And now everybody's whispering...

DIFFERENT VOICES

Murder!!!

Agatha leads Anderton around the back of the building.

INT. PRECRIME HOVERSHIP - DAY

As the ship comes over the roof of the hotel, Witwer looks down at the billboard sitting there, and then, as they move past the edge of the roof, he sees the crane with the body of Leo Crow on top.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Other COPS keep the crowd back as the ship lands in the middle of the street and the team disperses. Witwer goes straight to the body. He looks up at the broken window in the hotel.

INT. CROW'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

As Witwer moves around the room. He looks at the Polaroids on the bed, spots the one of Sean and freezes. As Anderton did, he sits down on the bed. He notices something on the floor by the window and moves to it. He slowly bends down and picks up Anderton's .45.

FLETCHER

First murder in six years.

Witwer looks up at Fletcher standing in the doorway, looking around at the room.

FLETCHER

Jesus, they're never wrong, are they?

Witwer looks at Fletcher a moment.

WITWER

FLETCHER

I don't know, why?

WITWER

If you were a child killer, you
took these pictures, would you
leave them out on the bed for
anyone to find?

FLETCHER

They could have been put away.
Anderton could have found them.

WITWER

(beat)

What kind of cop were you before
this?

FLETCHER

I was a Treasury Agent for eight
years. Why?

WITWER

Treasury... Then this would be your
first actual murder scene.

Fletcher nods, watches as Witwer looks around the room.

WITWER

I worked homicide before I went
federal.

(indicates the room)

This is what we would've called an
"orgy of evidence".

(then)

Do you know how many orgies I had
as a homicide copy, Gordon?

FLETCHER

How many?

WITWER

None.

(looks at the room)

This was arranged.

INSERT - A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHILD

Slowly developing, floating in solution. We HEAR A PHONE
RING. And...

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A DARK ROOM

Lara Anderton working under the red light. She watches the
photo develop a moment, drops it into the stop-bath and

answers the phone...

ANDERTON'S VOICE

Crow is dead.

She goes stiff.

LARA

John?

ANDERTON'S VOICE

He's dead, Lara.

LARA

(beat)

Oh, God, what did you do?

ANDERTON'S VOICE

Nothing. I didn't kill him.

LARA

Then how did he --

ANDERTON'S VOICE

Lara, I don't know why this is happening. I just know they're setting me up. I can't trust anybody. I don't know who to talk to or where to go...

(then)

Lara? Are you there?

She stands there a moment, staring at the image...

LARA

Yes, I'm here, John.

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Anderton stands outside the Lexus, talking on the phone. He looks off towards the water...

LARA'S VOICE

I'm right here.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

As the Lexus moves along the coast.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Agatha stares out the window at the bay. She looks pale, weak. Anderton's jacket is folded over her.

AGATHA

Can you see? So beautiful...

She looks at him.

AGATHA

Where are we going?

ANDERTON

Someplace safe.

AGATHA

I have to go back.

ANDERTON

Why?

AGATHA

The other two will die without me.

ANDERTON

You want to spend the rest of your
life in the temple?

She looks back out the window.

AGATHA

I always wondered what the world
would be like. But now that I've
seen it, I don't need to see any
more.

(then)

It's all right. Once I'm in the
tank, I won't remember any of this.

ANDERTON

Agatha, you're never going back
there.

AGATHA

I am going back. I see myself
there.

He reacts to this. She touches his arm.

AGATHA

It's best, Anderton, if you don't
think of me as human.

He looks at her, but she closes her eyes.

INT. BURGESS' HOUSE - DAY

A sad Burgess sits with a drink in his hand watching the CNN
coverage of the Crow "murder".

Burgess shakes his head, as his WIFE comes in.

WIFE

Danny Witwer's on the phone. He

Burgess mutes the set, watches as the Attorney General,
looking like shit right now, talks to the reporter.

BURGESS
(into the phone)
What?

We see the image of Witwer in one corner of the TV screen.

WITWER
Lamar, I found something.

BURGESS
What?

WITWER
I don't wanna say over the phone,
but I think we may be chasing the
wrong man.

BURGESS
(beat)
Where are you?

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Anne Lively is drowned by an assailant in black in the
middle of the room. Witwer sits at Anderton's holo-computer
watching the image. It finishes just as Burgess comes into
the room.

BURGESS
Good God. What was that?

WITWER
Wait, just a second...

Witwer works the machine a moment while Burgess looks around
the apartment, takes in the mess, the open cupboards in the
kitchen. He kicks at the inhalers on the floor and sits
down. He see ANDERTON'S .45 sitting by the chair and picks
it up and examines it.

WITWER
We recovered that from Crow's hotel
room.

Burgess looks sadly at the gun a moment.

BURGESS
I remember when I gave this to him.
Back in Baltimore. He was one of
those cops, still thought he could
make a dent in all the bad there
was in the world.

Burgess looks around the apartment now.

BURGESS

The irony is, sometimes it's the very vision that makes you want to make the world a better place that turns you into something you can't even recognize anymore.

He sighs, looks at Witwer.

BURGESS

Tell me what you have.

Witwer nods, starts the image once more.

WITWER

This is the murder of a woman named Anne Lively.

Burgess sits forward, watches as The Man in black shoves her face under the water.

BURGESS

He told me about this. You got this from Containment?

WITWER

Yes. This is from the twins, Arthur and Dashiel. Agatha's stream was missing. Now this one is from the cyberparlor. Anderton downloaded it directly from Agatha. Watch...

We see the fragments of A MAN DONNING GLOVES, DROPPING AN OVERCOAT and then once more we see the Man in black drowning her...

BURGESS

It's the same prevision.

WITWER

Not quite.

Witwer gets up, moves to the image...

WITWER

Look at the surface wind across the water. Watch the ripples... moving away from shore.

We see they're all moving right to left. We watch the silent murder of Anne Lively. The image finishes. A blank. We see the fragmented images of the gloves. And now we see the second image of Anne Lively being murdered...

WITWER

Now the second image. Watch the water. The wind's changed. The ripples are going the other way.

BURGESS

I don't understand --

WITWER

This murder is happening at two different times.

Burgess stares at the image. Watches again as it repeats. Witwer hits the remote and the image of Anne Lively freezes.

WITWER

According to the Sentry, Anderton was watching this at Containment right before he was tagged.

BURGESS

I know. He came to me, told me about the missing data stream.

(then)

He was concerned that you might find it.

WITWER

I did find it. It was inside of Agatha all this time. So the question is, why would someone want this erased from the data file?

BURGESS

(intrigued)

Danny, tell me what you're thinking.

WITWER

I'm thinking someone got away with murder.

BURGESS

How?

Witwer moves around the frozen image of Anne Lively.

WITWER

By fooling the system. All someone would have to do is wait for Precrime to stop the murder from taking place, then, a few minutes later, commit the crime in exactly the same way.

BURGESS

(nods)

Yes... It's called an echo. The act of murder is such a violent disturbance in the future continuum that it sometimes repeats to the Precogs.

WITWER

(beat, remembering)

Precog Deja Vu...

BURGESS

We teach the tech's to identify them and disregard...

Witwer looks at him.

WITWER

So there is a way to fool the system?

BURGESS

Yes.

Witwer looks at the image.

WITWER

Of course, it would have to be someone with access to the Prevision in the first place, someone fairly high up --

BURGESS

(finger to his lips)

Shhh. You know what I hear?

WITWER

What?

BURGESS

Nothing. No footsteps coming up the stairs. No hovercraft out the window. No clickity click of little spyders. No one crashing through that door. And do you know why I don't hear any of those things, Danny? Because right now, the Precogs can't see.

Witwer suddenly understands. See Anderton's .45 in Burgess' hand and knows it's already too late as the gun goes off loud, Burgess shooting Witwer right through the holo-image of Anne Lively.

Burgess stands up as Witwer drops to his knees. He looks up at Burgess -- gasping, clutching his chest with both hands as if in prayer -- and can do nothing but watch as the man

shoots him once more, knocking him down to the floor.

Burgess steps over him, crouches down and takes something from Witwer's pocket. A stick of gum. He puts it into his mouth, then starts to wipe the .45 down with a handkerchief.

HIS PHONE RINGS. Burgess answers it.

BURGESS

Burgess.

INT. THE COTTAGE - DAY

As Lara watches Anderton pull up to the cottage.

LARA

Lamar, it's Lara.

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Burgess talks to her, all the while continuing to wipe down the gun, tidy up the apartment.

BURGESS

Yes, Lara.

He takes the DISK from the holo-computer and drops it into his pocket.

LARA'S VOICE

You have to help him.

BURGESS

(beat)

Is he there?

INT. THE CLIFF COTTAGE - DAY

As Lara watches Anderton lead Agatha towards the door.

LARA

Yes.

BURGESS' VOICE

Has he got the precog with him?

LARA

Yes.

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Burgess looks around the room, making sure he hasn't forgotten anything.

BURGESS

Keep them there. I'm on my way.

LARA'S VOICE

Please don't tell Witwer. I don't trust him.

Burgess looks at Witwer's body.

BURGESS

I won't say a word. You just don't let John leave. All right?

LARA'S VOICE

He's no killer, Lamar.

BURGESS

I know.

EXT. THE CLIFF COTTAGE - DAY

As Agatha looks at the house, watching as Lara now comes out the front door and hugs Anderton. She looks at Agatha...

ANDERTON

It's all right. Lara, I want you to meet Agatha.

Lara smiles at her. Agatha turns and looks at the RUSTED TRICYCLE lying in the weeds near the door and shivers...

AGATHA

I'm cold --

As Lara opens the door...

LARA

Come inside.

EXT. COTTAGE - DUSK

As Lara walks to the cliff, stands beside Anderton.

ANDERTON

I... just need to sit and think, figure this out.

He turns to her.

ANDERTON

It's like a bad dream. It's like I'm down the fucking rabbit hole.

It's getting dark. He takes off his sunglasses and she now sees his "new" eyes. She gasps...

LARA

Oh, God, John... What have you done?

INT. COTTAGE - DUSK

Agatha moves around the house. Stops at a bedroom. Inside is a DAYBED, BEACH TOYS, STUFFED ANIMALS, TOY SOLDIERS. She puts her hand in Anderton's coat pocket, takes out the CARD CONTAINING THE IMAGE OF ANNE LIVELY DROWNING.

INT. PRECRIME HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

The team flies silently over the countryside.

EVANNA

ETA five minutes.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

As Anderton paces along the cliff...

ANDERTON

They used Sean. They wanted me to think Crow killed him --

Lara reacts to this.

ANDERTON

-- but he didn't.

LARA

Then who was he?

ANDERTON

Just some guy... they found.

LARA

Found? Where?

ANDERTON

Somewhere.

He stands there. A thought dawning on him.

LARA

Think, John. Why would they set you up?

ANDERTON

(beat)

Because I found out about her...

LARA

About who?

ANDERTON

Anne Lively...

He starts for the house.

INT. CLIFF HOUSE - NIGHT

Anderton comes in from the back. The place is dark.

ANDERTON

Agatha?

INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agatha sits on the floor in the midst of a pile of toys, face streaked with tears.

AGATHA

Dr. Hineman once said to me that
"The dead don't die."

(looks up)

"They look on and help."

(then, as a statement)

Remember that, John.

Agatha looks around the room...

AGATHA

He's on the beach now, a toe in the
water, asking you to come in with
him. He's been racing his mother
up and down the sand.

She looks up at Anderton, smiling and crying at the same
time.

AGATHA

There's so much love in this house.

She closes her eyes.

AGATHA

He's ten years old. He's
surrounded by animals. He wants to
be a vet. You keep a rabbit for
him. A bird. And a fox.

Anderton can't move, can't breath.

AGATHA

He's in high school. He likes to
run. Like his father. He runs the
two mile and the long relay.

(then)

He's twenty-three, at a University.
He makes love to a pretty girl
named Claire. He asks her to be
his wife. He calls her and tells
Lara who cries... he still runs.
Across the University. And in the
stadium where John watches.

She's shaking her head now...

AGATHA

Oh, God -- he's running so fast,
like his daddy. He sees his daddy,
wants to run to him, but he's only
six years old and he can't do it.
And the other man is so fast.

Agatha looks up at Anderton, weeping, shaking...

AGATHA

There was so much love in this
house.

Anderton turns away, see Lara in the doorway now, her own
eyes full of tears.

ANDERTON

I'm so sorry... I just want him
back... I want him back so bad...

LARA

I know... I do, too...

AGATHA

So did she.

They both look at her. She's staring at the PHOTOGRAPH OF
ANNE LIVELY.

AGATHA

Can't you see? She just wanted her
little girl back.

ANDERTON

Who wanted her little girl back?

AGATHA

The drowning woman.
(shows him the photograph)
Anne... But it was too late. Her
little girl was already gone.

ANDERTON

She died?

AGATHA

She grew up.

ANDERTON

She's still alive?

Agatha looks up at Anderton now.

AGATHA

She's not alive, but she didn't

ANDERTON

(beat)

Oh, Jesus...

LARA

John? What is it?

ANDERTON

How did I not see this?

(then)

Agatha, who killed your mother? Who
killed Anne Lively?

She looks at Anderton, keeps her voice calm as she says:

AGATHA

I'm sorry, John, but you have to
run again.

ANDERTON

What --

AGATHA

RUN!

Suddenly the room is BATHED IN LIGHT --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Precrime Ships hover over the house. Precrime cops are
everywhere.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (SLOW MOTION)

We hear NO SOUND as the cops burst into the room and grab
Anderton. We see, but don't hear, Lara scream as they throw
him to the floor.

He sees Knott come forward, pulling the temporary halo from
his belt.

KNOTT

(muted)

John Anderton, by mandate of the
District of Columbia, precrime
division, I'm placing you under
arrest for the murders of Leo Crow
and Danny Witwer --

Lara sees the surprise in Anderton's face as he now turns at
the mention of Witwer's name --

ANDERTON

Witwer --

But another cop pulls his head back and begins to quickly shave his head, his hair falling onto the picture of his dead son.

He looks over, sees Agatha in the center of it all, THE ONLY ONE MOVING AT NORMAL SPEED, going from one cop to the next, whispering in their ears, startling them, until Fletcher takes her by the arm and ushers her away...

She nods and that's the last thing Anderton sees before his body racks and goes stiff with a shock, and we then...

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear a soft cooing voice, like someone talking to a baby...

VOICE

That's it... that's my girl...

FADE IN: ON THE PRECOG TANK

As Wally gently lowers Agatha into the tank and begins the process of reconnecting her to her "brothers". Her eyes are sunken and dark.

WALLY

I was so worried about you. Did he hurt you?

He stops and looks at her a moment, then takes out a NEEDLE and injects her with the Drug...

WALLY

God, I missed you so much...

She says nothing as he kisses her on the mouth...

INT. A DARK PLACE

Where Anderton lies still as a halo CLICKS into his shaved head. Anderton moves his eyes and sees Gideon smiling over him.

GIDEON

You're part of my flock now, John.
Welcome.

ANDERTON

Lara --

GIDEON

It's actually kind of a rush. They say you get visions; that your life flashes before your eyes. That all your dreams come true.

Anderton struggles, but can't move. Gideon starts to roll away.

INT. PRECOG TANK - DAY

As Wally climbs down. Agatha then turns to her brothers and takes each one by the hand as the tank begins to refill with the "milk."

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CONTAINMENT - DAY

As the TIER begins to SINK DOWN INTO THE FLOOR, Anderton starts to sink into the blackness below...

ANDERTON

Gideon --
(screams)
GIDEON!

But Anderton's scream is drowned out by a blast from Gideon's PIPE ORGAN as we now...

CUT TO BLACK.

SEAN (V.O.)

Dad? Wake up...

And now we see ANDERTON'S SON standing before him. He's now eleven years-old.

ANDERTON

Sean -- you're not real.

SEAN

You gotta have faith, Dad.

ANDERTON

It's a little late for that.

SEAN

Wanna hear something funny?

ANDERTON

What the hell.

SEAN

I lived for a year with a man who was pretending to be my father. He took me all over the world.

Anderton looks at him.

ANDERTON

You're alive?

SEAN

No.

(then)

He got tired of pretending.

ANDERTON

Oh, Sean --

SEAN

The funny thing is, I started to believe he really was my Dad.

ANDERTON

Sean --

SEAN

I feel bad about that.

(then)

I need you to forgive me.

ANDERTON

I forgive you.

SEAN

Once I even told him I loved him.

ANDERTON

I forgive you...

SEAN

The more you want to believe something, the easier it is to be fooled.

ANDERTON

I was looking for you...

SEAN

I know that. I know you would have done anything to find me. I know you would have died for me.

ANDERTON

I wanted to.

SEAN

Good-bye, Dad...

The boy begins to fade away.

ANDERTON

Who are you?

SEAN

I'm your son. I'm you.

ANDERTON

Sean, wait...

SEAN

(now six years old)

Hold your breath, Dad...

And he's gone. Anderton is left alone in the dark.

INT. LAMAR BURGESS' OFFICE - DAY

As Lara is greet by Burgess in a white T-shirt and slacks, no shoes -- in the middle of getting dressed. He embraces her.

BURGESS

This is all my fault.

LARA

No, it isn't, Lamar. There was nothing anyone could do.

She sits on the couch, a BOX OF ANDERTON'S BELONGINGS on the coffee table in front of her.

BURGESS

I thought you might want to have those.

He moves to a mirror, starts to put on his Precrime dress uniform shirt.

BURGESS

I haven't worn this damn thing in years. I just wanted to make sure it fits before tonight.

LARA

You look great.

He watches in the mirror as she lifts John's .45 out of the box.

BURGESS

I knew he was having trouble for some time, and yet I did nothing about it.

Lara is about to say something when Burgess' Secretary sticks her head in...

SECRETARY

The guy from USA Today is here.

BURGESS

Tell him not now.

SECRETARY

He just wanted a few minutes before --

BURGESS

Not. Now.

The Secretary exits. Burgess buttons his shirt.

BURGESS

It's insanity around here.

LARA

I thought you were retiring?

BURGESS

I was, but this whole incident with John made me realize the fragility of what we've built here. This is John's legacy as much as mine and I want to protect that.

He looks at her.

BURGESS

I know how hard this all is for you, but you can at least find some comfort in the fact that John finally found the man who killed your son.

She looks at him, thinks about what he just said, watching as he pins his precrime badge to his shirt.

LARA

Who's Anne Lively?

He pokes himself with the pin, winces.

BURGESS

Who?

LARA

Anne Lively. John was talking about her right before they took him.

BURGESS

I don't know who that is.

Burgess doesn't say anything. The news keeps getting worse.

LARA

John said something about him being set up because he "found out about her."

BURGESS

We know why John was tagged.

LARA

Burgess looks at her.

BURGESS

And Witwer? He was shot with
John's gun inside John's apartment.

She looks back at Burgess a moment, then:

LARA

Lamar, do you know the reason why
John came here to work with you?

BURGESS

Sean --

LARA

No. That's what everyone thinks.
(then)
John shot a man dead in Baltimore
six months before.

She lets Burgess react to that, then...

LARA

He was serving a warrant on a
murder suspect when the guy opened
fire from inside. It was a good
shooting. The department gave John
a commendation for it. But John
couldn't let it go. He'd say the
man's name in his sleep. He didn't
eat. It was all he talked about.
It was all he thought about. He
came to work for you because he
thought if he could just stop that
kind of thing from happening...

She takes a breath, tries to control herself.

BURGESS

I understand.

LARA

No. I don't think you do.
(then)
The other day, when he came to the
cottage, he talked about a lot of
things, but Danny Witwer, the man
he was supposed to have just
killed? He didn't mention him. He
didn't say his name even once.

Burgess looks at her, then takes her hand and sighs.

BURGESS

Lara, John was the best cop I ever knew, and in some ways, the best man. But the scars he carried around, well...

(shakes his head)

I know that he'd want us to honor the good things we remember about him.

She keeps looking at him. He smiles.

BURGESS

But I also know why he married you: you're as stubborn as he is.

LARA

Lamar --

BURGESS

All right. Tell you what I'll do. First thing Monday, I'll look over the Witwer evidence and I'll have Gideon run the Containment files, see if anyone drowned a woman named -- what did you say her name was?

LARA

(beat)

Anne Lively... But I never said she drowned.

Burgess looks at her, his expression slowly going icy as his Secretary once more reappears.

SECRETARY

Sir, the press conference is starting.

BURGESS

(looking at Lara)

I'll be right there.

The Secretary backs out of the room. Burgess moves to Lara. She flinches slightly as he reaches past her head, and grabs his HAT from the back of the couch.

BURGESS

We'll talk about this later.

(kisses her)

I'll come by the cottage.

He walks out, leaving her there on the couch. She looks around the office, then at John's .45 sitting on the table.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CONTAINMENT - NIGHT

Moving in on Gideon's hands as he plays the ORGAN. Suddenly

the fingers stop. We REVEAL: Lara standing there, Anderton's .45 pressed to Gideon's temple.

LARA

I'd like a word with my husband.

He looks at her.

GIDEON

You're not authorized. How did you get in here?

She drops THE BLACK ZIPLOC on the table in front of him. Gideon nods as Anderton's old eyes "swim" past the clear plastic window.

GIDEON

Okee pokee... off we go...

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - NIGHT

News crews are out front. A NEWS REPORTER faces a hovering NEWS BOT...

REPORTER

... today a six year experiment was deemed a success when all fifty states overwhelmingly ratified the National Precrime Amendment...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A gala ball. Lamar Burgess and HIS FAMILY are surrounded by WASHINGTON DIGNITARIES and WELL-WISHERS, all here to celebrate the passage of the National Precrime bill.

On a giant screen, victims are expressing their thanks for the programs existence, including Sarah Marks.

ATTORNEY GENERAL NASH

Speaks to a throng of reporters, not looking too happy about what he has to say...

NASH

The President feels, and I agree, that the best way to avoid any appearance of impropriety, or any kind of infighting was to create an entirely new entity...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As the team watches the "festivities" on a monitor. Their faces are all glum. Evanna looks like she's been crying.

NASH (TV)

... and, of course, the only man
qualified to run such an entity is
Lamar Burgess...

(then)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm
urgently needed... uh, somewhere...
else.

Fletcher pours some more CHAMPAGNE into a paper cup, drinks
it down. He's drunk.

FLETCHER

Why don't I feel like celebrating?

KNOTT

Cause all of a sudden you got no
one you can fucking brown nose
anymore.

Fletcher looks at Knott. Gets to his feet. Unsteady...

FLETCHER

John Anderton was my friend!

KNOTT

You "friend's" a murderer and he
ruined our perfect record. Six
years, not one damn murder...

Knott grabs the champagne from Fletcher, starts to pour it
into a cup, but just sucks on the bottle instead.

INT. WILLARD BALLROOM - NIGHT

A VIDEO PRESENTATION of the history of Precrime, and LAMAR
BURGESS. We hear music, see different shots of Burgess at
his Rehab-Prison, we hear about its fabulous success rate.
The video ends to GREAT APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, Lamar
Burgess, Director of the new,
national Precrime.

Applause. Then the room falls silent as Burgess' STAFF
presents him with an IVORY BOX. He opens it, looks at his
secretary who smiles.

SECRETARY

Congratulations, sir.

BURGESS

My God...

He holds up a beautiful ivory-handled ANTIQUE REVOLVER and
the crowd ooohs and ahhhs.

BURGESS

How did you get this?

SECRETARY

I padded your expense account for
the last six months.

LAUGHTER. But as he stares at the gun, moved almost to
tears, the room grows silent. He looks up.

BURGESS

Revolvers like this one were given
to Generals at the end of the Civil
War by their troops. The cylinders
were loaded with six gold-plated
bullets to symbolize the end of the
destruction and death that had
ripped the country apart for six
years.

He opens the gun and shows them the six GOLD BULLETS. We
pick out LARA in an evening gown at the back of the room,
watching, her eyes fixed on Burgess.

BURGESS

With Precrime going national, maybe
we can all look forward to a time
when none of us have to discharge
another firearm ever again.

Everyone APPLAUDS. Burgess' secretary gets a phone call and
ducks her head so that she can hear...

BURGESS

I think people forget that, for all
the talk about the Precogs,
Precrime is only as good as the men
and women who support them...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As Anderton's old team watches... silent.

BURGESS (TV)

I'm grateful to you for all that
you've done to make this happen.
And I assure you that I won't
forget you when bonus time comes
around!

Knott raises the bottle.

KNOTT

Now that's cool.

INT. WILLARD BALLROOM - NIGHT

As Burgess smiles now...

BURGESS

Now enjoy yourselves. That's an order!

LARA watches as Burgess steps off the stage and his Secretary meets him. He's immediately surrounded by WELL-WISHERS and AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS.

SECRETARY

You have an emergency call on your private line.

BURGESS

Thank you.
(into his phone)
This is Burgess.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

Hello, Lamar.

Burgess goes instantly pale as his wife comes up and kisses him on the cheek.

BURGESS

John --

ANDERTON (PHONE)

I just wanted to congratulate you.
You did it. You've created a world
without murder. So what if you had
to kill someone to do it.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As Jad gets a phone call...

JAD

A-room. Jad.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Burgess smiles at his unaware wife, then starts walking to the side doors, trying to get away from the crowd, many of whom now thrust PRECRIME BASEBALL HATS at him to sign. He moves past Lara, on her phone, who turns away...

LARA

(to Jad)
John needs a favor...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As Jad listens a moment, then hits a switch and now we hear the conversation between Burgess and Anderton...

ANDERTON (PHONE)

All these years Agatha's had the truth locked inside of her -- the Minority Report. All these years she's the only one who knew what really happened...

INT. PRECRIME TEMPLE - NIGHT

As Agatha lies there, staring upward.

ANDERTON (V.O.)

... until last week when she took my hand and showed me the image of a drowning woman... an image that would eventually lead me back to you.

CLOSE ON BURGESS

A forced smile, nodding to this person and that.

BURGESS

I don't know what you're talking about, John.

CLOSE ON THE BACK OF ANDERTON

We don't know where he is yet...

ANDERTON (PHONE)

I'm talking about Anne Lively. Just a junkie who had a kid once and had to give her up.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

As Burgess smiles tightly at people, mouths "excuse me" as he tries to make for the damn door, but can't seem to get away from the crowd of well-wishers including the Attorney General who reluctantly shakes his hand...

ANDERTON (PHONE)

But, surprise, this junkie cleaned herself up.

INT. PRECOG TANK - AGATHA - NIGHT

As Agatha opens her eyes. We begin moving into ONE OF THEM...

ANDERTON (V.O.)

And she wanted the kid back.

AND NOW WE SEE IN HER EYE:

The screaming face of Anne Lively.

ANDERTON (V.O.)

She wanted Agatha...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As Jad sees the image on the screen, starts patching it in.

ANDERTON (V.O.)

But you and Hineman had already
turned the girl into something
else: A Precog.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - NIGHT

As Wally looks up at the image on the screen. ANNE LIVELY
DROWNING...

JAD (PHONE)

Wally? You getting this?

WALLY

Uh-huh...

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

As Burgess, surrounded by AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS, is forced to
stop and sign their PRECRIME HATS... while Anderton
continues.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

And without her, there was no
Precrime. She's always been the
strongest of the three. And you
know that without Agatha, you had
nothing. Without her, you wouldn't
be where you are now, standing
there signing autographs...

Boom. Burgess stops cold, starts looking around the room.
Knows Anderton is somewhere nearby.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - NIGHT

As Wally studies the IMAGE OF ANNE LIVELY DROWNING plays over
and over.

WALLY

It's a single stream, from the
female only, with no time or
incident data.

JAD (PHONE)

Meaning?

WALLY

Meaning whatever this is, it ain't

the future.

(watches the drowning)

It already happened.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

As the screen starts to show the SAME VISION and people react. Burgess, at the back of the room sees it, too.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

So now you had to get rid of Anne Lively, you had to find a way to shut her up... which presented a problem. How can you murder her without the precogs seeing it? Simple: you use the system against her.

Burgess quickly goes through a swinging door into...

A CORRIDOR

Where he looks up and down the corridor for Anderton.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

You hired someone to kill her for you, knowing full well the precogs would see that murder.

Burgess turns back, looks through a CIRCLE OF GLASS in the swinging door at...

THE BALLROOM SCREEN - A SERIES OF GRAINY IMAGES

A FIGURE in a black overcoat pulls on a mask...

ANDERTON (PHONE)

You lured Anne Lively out to the lake with the promise of doing the right thing, reuniting her with her daughter...

And now we see Anne Lively standing by the side of A LAKE, her hair whipping in the wind. As THE FIGURE APPROACHES...

ANNE

Mr. Burgess?

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - NIGHT

As the IMAGE PLAYS OUT IN AGATHA'S EYE...

AGATHA

Run...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - ON THE SCREEN - NIGHT

As Anne Lively looks up, sees the source of the wind is THE
PRECRIME HOVERSHIP. The figure takes off running...

ANDERTON (PHONE)

You even made the arrest
yourself...

And now we see a series of images, Lamar Burgess standing
there in a WHITE COAT getting off the hovership as the KILLER
IS BROUGHT DOWN, THE MASK RIPPED OFF. We see the RED LINES
AROUND THE EYES. We see it's the JOHN DOE from Containment.
HIS FACE SHOVED INTO THE MUD...

THE CROWD

Stands there stunned by what they're watching.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

As we move through the chaos of fifty SERVERS, COOKS, and
DISHWASHERS, we find Anderton for the first time, standing in
a corner, in a hooded sweatshirt, his back to us...

ANDERTON

And then, when you were all
alone...

INT. THE CORRIDOR - BURGESS - NIGHT

Staring through the glass at the BALLROOM SCREEN as we see
the younger Burgess facing Anne Lively beside the lake, as
the HOVERSHIP LIFTS OFF IN THE B.G.

ANNE

Where's my daughter?

On screen, the younger Burgess takes off the WHITE OVERCOAT.
He pulls his arm from the coat and we see that the inside is
BLACK; that the coat is REVERSIBLE.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

You killed her yourself in the same
way the Precogs predicted your John
Doe would kill her. You made the
real murder look like an echo,
knowing the tech would ignore it.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - NIGHT

As the image plays out in Agatha's eye... Anne Lively backing
away...

ANDERTON (V.O.)

You fooled the other two precogs,
but not Agatha.

And now inside her eye, we see the image of BURGESS pulling

ANDERTON (V.O.)

She was going to see the murder of
her own mother no matter what state
you did it in, or how you tired to
hide it.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - NIGHT

As Agatha tries to sit up...

AGATHA

Run!

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - SCREEN - NIGHT

The crowd is SILENT as they watch A SERIES OF FAST IMAGES:
Anne Lively stumbles. Burgess grabbing her... Anne's face
hitting the water... Burgess shoving her head under and
holding it down...

ON BURGESS

Through the glass window, watching himself murder this woman.

INT. PRECOG TEMPLE - IMAGE IN AGATHA'S EYE

As Anne Lively dies under the water, her arm floating across
her chest, beckoning us to her as she floats away. Agatha
raises her own arm now...

AGATHA

Mama...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Burgess turns away from the window and leans against the
wall. Sweating. Ashen faced.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anderton turns around, so that we see the two different
colored eyes peering out...

ANDERTON

You still there, Lamar?

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Burgess looks down for a moment, then holds up his hand. And
we see that he STILL HOLDS THE REVOLVER.

INT. PRECOG TANK - NIGHT

As now ALL THREE PRECOGS float to the surface.

MALE FACE

Murderer.

CUT TO:

A RED BALL

Screaming at us...

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As an ALARM SOUNDS and Wally appears on screen...

WALLY

We got a Red Ball!

INT. PRECOG TANK - NIGHT

As Agatha rises to the surface...

AGATHA

Think about the lives that little
girl saved.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Burgess collects himself, starts walking...

BURGESS

Think about the lives that little
girl saved.

He peers into a room, looking for Anderton.

BURGESS

Think about all the lives she will
save?

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Anderton moves through the steamy room...

BURGESS (PHONE)

That little girl could have saved
Sean --

Anderton slams his hand down on a metal counter.

ANDERTON

DON'T YOU FUCKING SAY HIS NAME!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Burgess hears the sound, starts down the corridor for it.

INT. PRECOG TANK - NIGHT

As one of the males speaks...

MALE PRECOG

You used the memory of my dead
son...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

People in the kitchen are now looking at Anderton. He turns
away...

ANDERTON

You used the memory of my dead son
to set me up! That was the one
thing you knew would drive me to
murder.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As up ahead Burgess sees A WAITER EXIT THE KITCHEN.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

What are you going to do now,
Lamar?

INT. PRECOG TANK - NIGHT

As the male speaks...

MALE PRECOG

How are you gonna shut me up?

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anderton starts for the kitchen door...

ANDERTON

How are you gonna shut me up?

And now, behind him, we see BURGESS COME INTO THE KITCHEN...

BURGESS

John, people have seen a future
where they feel safe. If all it
cost was the death of a former drug
addict...

(then)

Leave it alone, John. Leave it
alone.

INT. PRECRIME ANALYTICAL ROOM - NIGHT

As THE ANNE LIVELY IMAGES distort into static, we now see an
image of Lamar Burgess embracing Anderton, THE CITY SKYLINE
behind them. We see ANDERTON WHISPER IN BURGESS' EAR...
Burgess looks at him, then...

BURGESS

Forgive me, John.

And now Burgess SHOOTS ANDERTON AT POINT BLANK RANGE.

FLETCHER

Oh, God --

ON THE RED BALL (VICTIM)

As it slows and we see the name JOHN ANDERTON...

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

As the two men move about the giant kitchen, Burgess now stalking Anderton.

BURGESS

People want to believe in the system. That's the beauty of it...

ANDERTON

Beauty? The precogs don't even always agree with each other!

Burgess catches a glimpse of Anderton, moves that way.

BURGESS

The precogs don't have to always work, John, just as long as people believe they do, that's enough.

INT. PRECRIME READY ROOM - NIGHT

As the Team gets ready. A drunk Fletcher tries to put on his uniform.

FLETCHER

Willard Hotel... Two minutes...

Jad rests a hand on his shoulder.

JAD

Fletcher, I think you should stay with me.

Knott looks at Fletcher...

KNOTT

Not to worry, Gordon. I'll save your pal.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Burgess moves through the huge space looking this way and that for Anderton...

BURGESS

My God, John, a few hundred years ago, they used to bleed the sick. Twenty years ago, you had a tumor, they'd cut it out of you, with a knife, for Christ's sake.

He peers into a walk-in freezer as it's opened...

BURGESS

Since then the focus of medicine has gone from cure to prevention. Well, now law enforcement is going the same way.

As the FREEZER DOOR is closed, he sees A MOVING REFLECTION IN THE STAINLESS STEEL, turns and sees Anderton go through a door at the back.

ANDERTON (PHONE)

Lamar, it's over.

INT. TEMPLE - NIGHT

As the male precog rolls over...

MALE PRECOG

The question you have to ask is...

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

With nowhere else to go, Anderton stands at the balcony. His hood is off exposing his shaved head.

ANDERTON

What are you gonna do now?

He turns, sees Burgess standing in the doorway, holding the gun on him. Anderton looks off at the SKYLINE. We see a BLINKING RED LIGHT moving towards us over the city...

ANDERTON

No doubt the Precogs have already seen this.

BURGESS

(seeing the red light)

No doubt.

ANDERTON

Then go ahead, pull the trigger.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

As the HOVERSHIP whips past us like a gunshot...

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

Burgess begins moving towards Anderton.

ANDERTON

What's the matter, Lamar? You see the problem, don't you? If you don't kill me, it means the precogs were wrong and Precrime is over. If you do kill me, you go away, but... it proves the system works. The precogs were right.

Burgess is now right in front of Anderton, the gun inches from Anderton's chest.

ANDERTON

So what do you do?

INT. HOVERSHIP - NIGHT

As EVANNA'S WATCH COUNTS DOWN: SEVEN SECONDS...

EVANNA

We're not gonna make it...

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

Anderton waits for Burgess to pull the trigger.

ANDERTON

What's it worth? Just one more murder...

And now THE HOVERSHIP RISES UP OVER THE TERRACE...

ANDERTON

You'll rot in hell with a halo, but people will still believe in Precrime.

Burgess looks at the ship...

ANDERTON

All you have to do now is pull the trigger like they said you would.

Burgess turns back, raises the gun: his hand shakes.

ANDERTON

Except...

(a step closer)

You've seen your own future. Which means...

A wind blows AS THE HOVERSHIP NOW COMES DOWN ON THE TERRACE, THE PRECOPS DESCENDING FROM INSIDE.

ANDERTON

You can change it if you want to.

Burgess looks off as the PRECOPS run across the terrace.

ANDERTON

You still have a choice, Lamar...

Suddenly, all at once, THE PRECOPS' WATCHES BEGIN TO BEEP AS THE TIME RUNS OUT.

Anderton, his eyes on Burgess, raises his hand, and motions for the Precops to all stop where they are. The SOUND OF THE SHIP IS LOUD, Anderton speaks into Burgess' ear.

BURGESS

(finally)

Yes, I have a choice... and I've made it.

He lowers the gun, the precops stand there, waiting for him. Anderton takes Burgess by the arm, but the man is unsteady, and Anderton holds onto him. Burgess looks him in the eye...

BURGESS

Forgive me, John.

We hear A GUNSHOT and everybody freezes. Anderton falls to his knees. Looks up at Burgess. A RED STAIN now spreading around BURGESS' heart...

BURGESS

Forgive me...

And as Anderton and now the rest of the precops all move to a dying Burgess, we HEAR THE SOUND OF RAIN OVER and...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRECRIME HEADQUATERS - DAY

It's raining. A CRANE dismantles the statue.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

As "regular cops" patrol the rainy streets.

INT. PRECRIME TEMPLE - DAY

The tank is empty... the equipment gone.

INT. ANDERTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anderton stands alone, watching the rain fall, looking out at the city. A figure walks up to him. But this time it's not digital -- it's Lara. She's flesh and blood. And she's PREGNANT. She stands beside him, watching the rain as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE IMAGE OF ANNE LIVELY

On the PLASTIC CARD Anderton had downloaded from Containment. It's cracked, but the image still moves: Anne Lively drowning, her hand beckoning us in death. A FINGER caresses the image as we now PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

AGATHA. Sitting in a rocking chair, bundled up, wind blowing her hair. She stares at the photograph. We hear LAUGHTER O.S. as we continue PULLING BACK TO REVEAL...

A SMALL CABIN. She sits in front of it, rocking back and forth. She looks off as we PULL BACK FARTHER TO REVEAL...

THE OTHER TWO PRECOGS, dressed in warm clothing, working in a crude garden, one of them pulling rocks from the flower bed. We now begin TO CRANE UP so that we see they're...

BY THE SHORE. The ocean, murky and fierce, with HUGE WAVES crashing on the rocky beach. WE CRANE ALL THE WAY UP AND BACK so that now we see that the three of them are...

ON A SMALL ISLAND. In the middle of the North Atlantic somewhere. With no other people... no civilization...

And no murder. And then we...

FADE OUT.

AVATAR

written by
James Cameron

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THE SOUND OF DRUMS, from a great distance, growing louder.

FADE IN:

WE ARE FLYING through mist, a dimly glimpsed forest below.

VOICE (V.O.)

*When I was lying there in the VA
hospital, with a big hole blown through
the middle of my life, I started having
these dreams of flying.*

We are very low over the forest now, gliding fast, the drums
BUILDING to a PEAK --

VOICE (V.O.)

*Sooner or later though, you always have
to wake up...*

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A SCREECH OF BRAKES as a vehicle WIPES FRAME, revealing --

JAKE SULLY, a scarred and scruffy combat vet, sitting in a beat up carbon-fiber wheelchair. At 22, his eyes are hardened by the wisdom and wariness of one who has endured pain beyond his years.

Jake stares upward at the levels of the city. MAGLEV TRAINS WHOOSH overhead on elevated tracks, against a sky of garish advertizing.

JAKE (V.O.)

*They can fix a spinal, if you've got the
money. But not on vet benefits, not in
this economy.*

The traffic light changes and Jake pushes forward with the crowd, pumping the wheels of his chair. Most of the people wear FILTER MASKS to protect them from the toxic air. In a LONG LENS STACK it is a marching torrent of anonymous, isolated souls.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is a tiny CUBICLE, prison cell meets 747 bathroom. Narrow cot, wall-screen droning away in the B.G. --

PERKY NEWSCASTER

*The Bengal tiger, extinct for over a
century, is making a comeback. These
cloned tiger cubs at the Beijing Zoo
are...*

Jake laboriously pulls his pants off -- rocking to one side, pushing the fabric down past his hip, then rocking to the other, and so on.

His legs are white and atrophied. Utterly useless. But his arms are tattooed and powerfully muscled. A "Born Loser" tattoo prominent on his shoulder.

JAKE (V.O.)

I became a Marine for the hardship. To be hammered on the anvil of life. I told myself I could pass any test a man can pass.

Jake struggles with his pants a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. ROWDY BAR -- NIGHT

Not the kind of place you'd bring your mom.

We find Jake near the pool table, BALANCING his chair, front wheels off the ground, while holding a tequila shot on his forehead. ONLOOKERS, including some other disabled vets, CLAP and WHOOP.

Jake grabs the glass, SLAMS down the shot as they cheer.

A WALL-SIZED SCREEN filled with the World Cup game -- men RUNNING on antelope legs.

CU JAKE, watching what he can't have. Expression stony.

JAKE (V.O.)

Let's get it straight up front. I don't want your pity. I know the world's a cold-ass bitch.

Jake's eyes shift -- HIS POV, seeing the bar through gaps in the crowd. A MAN on a barstool SLAPS the WOMAN he's with. Hard. She cowers but he's got her arm, shouting, raising his fist. An eternal tableau. People look away.

CU JAKE -- not looking away.

JAKE (V.O.)

You want a fair deal, you're on the wrong planet. The strong prey on the weak.

TIGHT ON JAKE'S HAND as he starts pushing the wheel of his chair.

TRACKING WITH HIM as he rolls forward.

JAKE (V.O.)
*It's just the way things are. And nobody
 does a damn thing.*

Jake stops, unnoticed, next to the bullying man. He leans down and grabs one leg of the man's barstool -- and YANKS.

The chair flips. The guy goes down HARD and --

JAKE hurls himself from the wheelchair, toppling on the guy, getting a grip on him like a pit bull and PUNCHING the crap out of him, right there on the floor.

THE BOUNCER jumps in, trying to drag him off and it goes into SLOW MOTION, everybody yelling and pulling...

JAKE (V.O.)
*All I ever wanted in my sorry-ass life
 was a single thing worth fighting for.*

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR -- NIGHT

THE BOUNCER hurls Jake out the door, sending him SPRAWLING on the pavement. A moment later, his chair CRASHES down on him, banging across the alley, landing in the trash.

Jake struggles to rise on one elbow. He's bleeding and bruised, but still crazed and ready to fight.

JAKE
I hope you realize you've just lost a
 customer!

He collapses onto his back, panting.

JAKE
 (to himself)
 Candy ass bitch.

He stares upwards at the levels of the city. MAGTRAINS ROAR overhead. It starts to RAIN. He just lies there, blinking -- then shouts jauntily to no one in particular --

JAKE
 If it ain't rainin' we ain't trainin'!

CAMERA PULLS BACK high and wide, as Jake lies spread-eagled amongst the trash, getting drenched.

TWO LONG SHADOWS enter FRAME, coming to rest across him.

Jake sees two pairs of SHINY SHOES stop next to him. He squints up at --

TWO MEN. Matching suits. Their features unremarkable and blandly threatening in the way of FBI agents and auditors.

AGENT 1
Are you Jake Sully?

JAKE
Step off. You're ruinin' my good mood.

AGENT 2
It's about your brother.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

DOWN-ANGLE on a large rectangular cardboard box. HANDS ENTER FRAME, pulling open the top to reveal a DEAD MAN'S FACE. He looks EXACTLY like a clean-shaven version of Jake. His IDENTICAL TWIN -- **TOMMY**.

JAKE (V.O.)
The strong prey on the weak. A guy with a knife took all Tommy would ever be, for the paper in his wallet.

WIDER, showing Jake and the two agents in a high tech CREMATORIUM -- a row of stainless steel furnaces. Jake stares down at his own face.

JAKE
Jesus, Tommy.

JAKE (V.O.)
The Suits' concern was touching.

AGENT 1
Your brother represented a significant investment. We'd like to talk to you about taking over his contract.

The ATTENDANT closes the box and seals it with a tape dispenser, like it's a package for shipping. The cardboard coffin is rolled into the furnace.

JAKE (V.O.)
The egghead and the jarhead. Tommy was the scientist, not me. He was the one who wanted to get shot light years out into space to find the answers.

PUSHING IN ON JAKE as he watches, bathed in orange light.

JAKE (V.O.)

*Me -- I was just another dumb grunt
gettin' sent someplace I was gonna
regret.*

INSIDE THE FURNACE the burners quickly eat away the cardboard; TOMMY'S FACE is, for a moment, wreathed in flame but not touched by it, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

JAKE'S FACE, in icy darkness. CLOSE ON his eyes -- they OPEN suddenly, and he takes a sharp breath.

JAKE'S POV -- the inside of a metal coffin. A SERVO WHINE and we are moving, emerging into a large chamber --

INT. CRYO VAULT

JAKE'S POV -- A **TECH** in medical scrubs FLOATS WEIGHTLESSLY toward us. Wherever we are, we're not on Earth.

Jake squints as the lights flicker on, revealing --

WIDE SHOT -- the multi-tiered CRYO VAULT. Hundreds of CRYO-CAPSULES are opening like morgue drawers, as med techs pull themselves about in ZERO-G, tending to their patients.

JAKE

(a hoarse whisper)
Are we there?

MED TECH

We're there, Sunshine.

TIME CUT -- SCORES OF PEOPLE emerge from their cryo-capsules in ZERO-G. Pale spirits of the dead rising from rows of open coffins.

The MED TECH floats among them, using his announcement voice.

MED TECH

People, you have been in cryo for five years, nine months and twenty two days. You will be hungry, you will be weak. If you feel nausea, please use the sacks provided for your convenience. The staff thanks you in advance.

FOLLOWING JAKE as he pushes away from his capsule, gliding to the LOCKERS across the aisle, his paralyzed legs not an impediment in weightlessness.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Against the cold infinity of stars glides an INTERSTELLAR SPACECRAFT -- **ISV VENTURE STAR**. As it moves past like an endless train, we realize this thing is ENORMOUS -- over half a mile long. PAN WITH IT 180 to REVEAL --

A GAS-GIANT PLANET called **POLYPHEMUS**, ringed with dozens of moons which cast beauty-mark shadows on its vast face.

The ISV diminishes away from us toward the largest MOON-- a blue and surprisingly Earth-like world called **PANDORA**. The ship dwindles to a speck against the BLUE MOON.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANDORA ORBIT

ISV Venture Star drifts above a spectacular vista -- the sapphire seas and unfamiliar continents of Pandora.

CLOSE ON ISV -- two massive "VALKYRIE" **SHUTTLES** are mated to a DOCKING NODE. One of them separates from the starship and moves away, its thrusters FIRING in short bursts.

As the shuttle moves away, descending toward Pandora, we hear the sound of DRUMS, building, louder and louder until we--

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - TWILIGHT

FLYING OVER A LANDSCAPE of massive cliffs and towering mesas carpeted in rainforest. Great scarves of cloud swirl around the mesa tops. A primeval landscape, vast and forbidding.

The trees are alien, the color too cyan. There are waterfalls, rivers, and distant flocks of WINGED CREATURES.

Suddenly the carpet of virgin rainforest gives way to --

AN OPEN-PIT MINE. A lifeless crater -- as if a giant cookie-cutter took a chunk out of the world. Down among the terraces are EXCAVATORS and TRUCKS the size of three story buildings.

And beyond the mine is the HUMAN COLONY --

EXT. HELL'S GATE - TWILIGHT

HELL'S GATE is a cluster of squat concrete and steel structures surrounded by chain-link FENCE 10 meters high, topped with razor wire.

At the corners are towers with automated SENTRY GUNS swiveling on servo mounts.

Visible beyond the gun towers, the VALKYRIE SHUTTLE roars in across the treetops. VECTORING NOZZLES change angle, bringing the ship to a SLOW HOVER.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - TWILIGHT

Through a screen of jungle canopy, we see the VALKYRIE thunder overhead. Camera TILTS with it until leaves block the view.

A BLUE INHUMAN HAND reaches INTO SHOT, parting the foliage to reveal the shuttle hover-taxiing across the compound.

REVERSE -- ECU of two intense, cat-like golden EYES watching.

INT./EXT. SHUTTLE

The CREW CHIEF stomps down the aisle yelling --

CREW CHIEF
Exopacks on!

Passengers don their EXO-PACK breathing gear with practiced moves. Everybody except JAKE, who's turning his this way and that trying to figure out the straps.

CREW CHIEF
Remember people, you lose your mask
you're unconscious in 20 seconds and
you're dead in four minutes. Let's nobody
be dead today, it looks bad on my report.

The crew chief stops by Jake long enough to bark --

CREW CHIEF
Exopack on, let's go!

BENEATH THE SHUTTLE air blasts outward for a hundred meter radius as it settles onto its landing gear.

INSIDE everybody is queued up in the aisles, with duffles ready. Rows of tense, expectant faces in breathing masks -- and we DIP DOWN to find Jake, wheelchair putting him at the level of everyone else's WAISTS.

THE CARGO RAMP OPENS with a hydraulic whine.

CREW CHIEF

Go directly into the base! Do not stop!
Go straight inside!

HAND-HELD, running with the arriving colonists who double time down the ramp. They jog across the exposed apron toward a walkway covered in CHAINLINK which leads to the complex.

Inside the chain-link tunnel are a couple of SEC-OPS TROOPERS, **CORPORAL LYLE WAINFLEET** and **PRIVATE FIKE**. Sec-Ops is the colony's private security force. These guys are laid back, hardened, and haggard.

WAINFLEET

Look at all that new meat.

THEIR POV -- Jake rolls down the ramp.

FIKE

Check it out, man. Meals on wheels.

WAINFLEET

That is just wrong.

Jake, pumping his chair, looks around as --

A huge TRACTOR, taller than a house, ROARS past on muddy wheels. He notices something sticking in the tires -- ARROWS. The neolithic weapons are jarring amid all the advanced technology.

Beyond the tractor, two VTOL vehicles take off. Armored and heavily armed, they are AT-99 "**SCORPION**" **GUNSHIPS**.

MITSUBISHI MK-6 **AMPSUITS** -- human operated walking machines 4 meters tall -- patrol the perimeter. They are heavily armored, and armed with a huge rotary cannon called a GAU-90.

Beyond the outer fence stands a black wall of forest hundreds of feet high. A SENTRY GUN OPENS FIRE from a tower. TRACERS light up the twilight. A shadowy SHAPE SHRIEKS and drops off the fence. *It is an armed camp in a state of siege.*

WAINFLEET and Fike give Jake and his chair the hairy eyeball as he approaches.

JAKE

What're you two limpdicks starin' at?

As Jake rolls past, SOMETHING SWOOPS down behind him and --

K-KRASH! SMASHES against the chain-link right next to his head.

A vicious AERIAL PREDATOR a meter across gnashes glass fangs against the steel. It STABS at him through the chain link with a tail ending in a glistening stiletto. A **STINGBAT**.

WAINFLEET casually BLASTS IT with his PISTOL. It drops off the fence, tail still lashing.

WAINFLEET

Seen a lotta guys leave this place in a wheelchair. Never seen anybody show up in one.

Jake stares at the gnashing fangs of the dying alien.

ON A WALKWAY of the OPS CENTER, seen from above, a UNIFORMED FIGURE grips the railing, watching Jake pump his chair through the tunnel below.

The hair is clipped short. The scalp is etched by long parallel SCARS where some Pandoran denizen's claws raked across it. The bare arms, below tightly rolled sleeves, seem hewn out of some hard tropical wood. Criss-crossed by scars.

The MAN raises his masked face to look at the sky. He eyes are an icy steel gray.

HIS POV -- the mighty POLYPHEMUS seems to fill the sky, beyond the clouds.

MAN (V.O.)

You are not in Kansas any more...

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - TWILIGHT

THE MAN from the balcony -- **COLONEL MILES QUARITCH** -- is the HEAD OF SECURITY for the Hell's Gate colony. A hundred new arrivals watch raptly as he paces like a panther across the front of the large cafeteria. He stops, stance wide.

Without his mask, we see that Quaritch's features are rugged and handsome, except for the SCAR, which runs from scalp to jaw down one side of his face. On one hip he carries a very large PISTOL.

QUARITCH

... You are on Pandora, ladies and gentlemen. Respect that fact every second of every day.

JAKE ROLLS IN, watching from the back.

COLONEL QUARITCH raises his hand and points out the window, toward the dark treeline.

QUARITCH

Out beyond that fence every living thing that crawls, flies or squats in the mud wants to kill you and eat your eyes for jujubees.

The room gets very quiet.

QUARITCH

We have an indigenous population of humanoids here called the Na'vi. They're fond of arrows dipped in a neurotoxin which can stop your heart in one minute. We operate -- we live -- at a constant threat condition yellow.

PAN ACROSS the solid faces of miners, Cat-machine drivers, engineers, geologists, as they take that in.

QUARITCH

As head of security, it's my job to keep you alive. I will not succeed --
(pausing for effect)
-- not with all of you. If you wish to survive, you need a strong mental attitude, you need to follow procedure...

PUSH IN ON JAKE, watching as the briefing continues.

JAKE (V.O.)

Nothing like an old-school safety brief to put your mind at ease.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

People are roaming in both directions, looking for rooms, lugging duffels and cases.

An eager young XENOANTHROPOLOGIST, staggering under an overpacked duffel, runs to catch up to Jake.

NORM

Hey, you're Jake right? Tom's brother? You look just like him.
(off Jake's wary look)
Sorry, I'm Norm Spellman, I went through avatar training with him.

Norm offers his hand and Jake shakes it.

NORM

He was a great guy -- funny. It was a big shock to all of us.

JAKE

Yeah.

Jake pumps the wheels of his chair, rolling on. Norm walks with him.

NORM

And duh! -- obviously you look like him. I mean, if you weren't genetically identical, you wouldn't be taking over his avatar.

JAKE

That's why I'm here.

NORM

So -- you want to go check it out?

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-LAB - DAY

JAKE AND NORM enter the **BIO-LAB** -- a large lab complex with many adjoining rooms.

MAX

Me and Norm were out here to drive these remotely controlled bodies called avatars. They're grown from human DNA mixed with DNA from the natives here.

A scientist, **DOCTOR MAX CULLIMORE**, is supervising the uncrating of two SHIPPING CONTAINERS. The nearer has the sides removed, revealing -- a ceiling-height acrylic TANK.

Norm stops to stare, and Jake rolls past him as if drawn by some unseen force, toward --

THE **AMNIO TANK**. There is a FIGURE floating languidly inside, which looks like a man. A very large, very blue, man.

Blood circulates through a synthetic UMBILICAL in the abdomen. As the figure turns in the amniotic fluid, we see that it has a lemur-like TAIL. The skin is cyan-blue. Long black hair drifts, graceful as seaweed.

JAKE

Damn. They got big.

NORM

Yeah, they mature on the trip out.

(to Max)

So the proprioceptive sims worked pretty well.

MAX

Yeah, they've got great muscle tone. Give us a few hours, you guys can take them for a spin.

THE FIGURE'S sleeping face turns toward us, and the features are -- despite feline ears and a long feral snout -- definitely JAKE'S.

JAKE

It looks like him.

NORM

No, it looks like you. This is your avatar now, Jake.

ON JAKE, mesmerized as he stares into the tank.

JAKE (V.O.)

The idea is -- every driver is matched to his own avatar --

STEREOCAM VIDEO SHOT OF JAKE -- facing the camera, talking directly to the lens. JAKE'S VOICE-OVER up until now has been part of this VIDEOLOG.

JAKE

-- so their nervous systems are in tune. Or something. Which is why they offered me this gig, because I can link with Tommy's avatar, which was insanely expensive.

(looking off camera)

Is this right? I just say whatever in these videologs?

WIDER, showing Norm working nearby with Max.

NORM

Yeah. You just need to get in the habit of documenting everything -- what you see, what you feel -- it's all part of the science. Good science starts with good observation.

JAKE

Right.

(to camera)

So, whatever. Here I am. Doing science.

(looks around)

Never been in a lab before.

MAX

Log off. It's time to meet your boss for the next five years.

He leads Jake and Norm through the short corridor to the --

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - DUSK

The **LINK ROOM** contains a dozen PSIONIC LINK UNITS, which look like coffins crossed with MRI scanners.

NORM

Grace Augustine is a legend. She's the head of the Avatar Program, and she wrote the book -- I mean literally wrote the book -- on Pandoran botany.

MAX

(low, over his shoulder)

That's because she likes plants better than people.

DR. GRACE AUGUSTINE sits up in her link, stretching and cracking her neck after a long session. She's fifty, with a strong face and fiercely intelligent eyes.

GRACE

(yelling)

Who's got my goddamn cigarette?!

A TECH scurries to bring it to her, already lit. Around here they jump when Grace barks.

Grace stands, scowling, as Jake, Norm and Max approach.

MAX

And here she is, Cinderella back from the ball. Grace, I'd like you to meet Norm Spellman and Ja --

GRACE

Norm. I hear good things about you. How's your Na'vi?

NORM
 (Na'vi, subtitled)
May the All Mother smile upon our first meeting.

Grace nods approvingly, taking a drag on her cigarette.

GRACE
 (subtitled)
Not bad. You sound a little formal.

NORM
 (subtitled)
There is still much to learn.

Jake waits while they ignore him, chattering in fluent Na'vi.

MAX
 Uh, Grace, this is Jake S----

GRACE
 (turning to Jake)
 Yeah, yeah, I know who you are, and I don't need you. I need your brother.
 (to Max)
 You know -- the PhD who trained three years for this mission.

JAKE
 He's dead. I know it's a big inconvenience to everyone.

GRACE
 How much lab training have you had? Ever run a gas chromatograph?

JAKE
 No.

GRACE
 Any actual lab work at all?

JAKE
 High school chemistry. But I ditched.

Grace wheels on Max.

GRACE
 You see? You see? They're pissing on us without even the courtesy of calling it rain.
 (turning away)
 I'm going to Selfridge.

She shoves past Jake.

MAX

Grace, that's not a good idea.

But she's already out the door and clomping down the corridor. Max turns to Jake with a pained look.

MAX

Here, tomorrow, oh eight hundred. Try to use big words.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - DUSK

It looks like an air-traffic control tower, with lots of screens and bay windows showing the whole complex.

ADMINISTRATOR PARKER SELFRIDGE takes a ball from a newly opened case of TITLEISTS and sets it on the floor. Selfridge is young, charismatic, focused. Some would say ruthless.

He assumes the stance and lines up his putt, toward a practice cup across the control room floor. He glances up as Grace strides toward him.

GRACE

Parker, I used to think it was benign neglect, but now I see you're *intentionally* screwing us.

SELFRIDGE

Grace. You know I enjoy our little talks.

GRACE

I need a research assistant, not some jarhead dropout.

Selfridge looks down and hits the ball.

Grace kicks the practice cup aside, and the ball rolls past. Selfridge looks at her with a sigh.

SELFRIDGE

Actually, we got lucky with him.

GRACE

Lucky? How is this in any way lucky?

As Selfridge saunters over to retrieve the ball --

SELFRIDGE

Well -- lucky your guy had a twin brother, and lucky the brother wasn't an oral hygienist or something. A Marine we can use. I'm assigning him to your team as security escort.

GRACE

The last thing I need is another trigger happy asshole out there!

SELFRIDGE

Look, you're supposed to be winning the hearts and minds of the natives. Isn't that the whole point of your little puppet show? If you look like them, if you talk like them, they'll trust you?

Selfridge crosses to his office, behind a glass wall nearby. Grace follows.

SELFRIDGE

But after -- how many years? -- relations with the indigenous are only getting worse.

GRACE

That tends to happen when you use machine guns on them.

On Selfridge's desk is a magnetic base, and hovering in mid-air, in the invisible field, is a lump of METALLIC ROCK. Pure **UNOBTANIUM**. He grabs it and holds it up between thumb and forefinger, in front of Grace's eyes.

SELFRIDGE

This is why we're here. Unobtanium. Because this little gray rock sells for twenty million a kilo. No other reason. This is what pays for the party. And it's what pays for your science. Comprendo?

He places it back in the magnetic field.

SELFRIDGE

Those savages are threatening our whole operation. We're on the brink of war and you're supposed to be finding a diplomatic solution. So use what you've got and get me some results.

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - DAY

NEXT MORNING, GRACE, NORM and JAKE approach their link units.

Jake glances through a PRESSURE WINDOW. In an adjoining chamber (the **AMBIENT ROOM**) JAKE'S AVATAR lies on a gurney, breathing slowly in PANDORAN AIR. NORM'S AVATAR is on a second gurney. Both are attended by med techs in exo-masks.

Norm slips into his LINK CHAIR, expertly donning biometric sensors.

GRACE

How much link time have you logged?

NORM

Five hundred and twenty hours.

Grace looks pointedly at Jake.

JAKE

Like -- an hour.

GRACE

Tell me you're joking.

Grace opens the hood of Jake's link unit. Jake starts hauling himself across from his wheelchair. She reaches to help him but --

JAKE

Don't! I got this.

Grace steps back, hands raised. He drags himself into the unit.

GRACE

So you just figured you'd come out here to the most hostile environment known to man, with no training of any kind, and see how it went? What was going through your head?

He meets her eyes with a defiant glare.

JAKE

Maybe I was just tired of doctors telling me what I couldn't do.

Grace watches him laboriously pull his inert legs into the link chair by hand.

Jake settles into the warm fluid gel packs lining the unit. It seems to enfold him. Grace adjusts his biometric sensors, then lowers the UPPER CLAMSHELL --

GRACE
Relax and let your mind go blank. That
shouldn't be hard for you.

JAKE
Kiss the darkest part of my lily white --

But the SLAMMING HOOD muffles the rest.

MAX
Initiate link.

The LINK TECH touches some controls.

ON A LARGE MONITOR a 3D SCAN of Jake's brain appears. Regions of activity flow with complex shifting colors.

MAX
That's a gorgeous brain. Nice activity.

GRACE
Go figure.
(walking away)
Alright, I'm going in.

TECH
Phase-lock at forty percent. He's in
transition.

Max watches a display showing the avatar's nervous system aligning with Jake's -- two ghostly networks of light merging.

MAX
That's it. Find your way home.

ECU JAKE, inside the link unit. His eyes move under the lids, like a dreamer in REM sleep as --

INSIDE JAKE'S MIND -- radiant streamers coalesce into a pulsing TUNNEL OF LIGHT and --

THE SCREEN FLARES WHITE -- ZZZWHAP! -- resolving into an overexposed, out-of-focus image -- two BLURRY FACES wearing masks, looking down.

ECU **JAKE'S AVATAR** -- two very intense eyes FILL FRAME, the pupils contracting. Golden irises pulse with life.

MAX

He's in.

TECH

Phase-lock ninety nine percent. The link
is stable.

Blinking, Jake slowly sits up on the gurney. He looks down
at his AVATAR BODY, touching his chest with one hand.

MAX

Take it slow, Jake. We need to check
your motor control. Try touching your
fingertips together --

But Jake isn't listening. He's staring at his legs. He
eases them off the gurney and --

HIS BLUE FEET touch the concrete floor, taking his weight.

JAKE STANDS, feeling the strength in his legs. His
expression is child-like with wonder.

HIS POV -- looking down at the med techs, who seem the size
of children next to his 9' tall frame.

He sees something like a blue tentacle curl across his arm
and he JERKS AROUND in alarm. HIS TAIL.

As he turns to see it, the tail sweeps instruments off a
table with a crash. Jake laughs and grins at Max.

MED TECH

Easy, Jake, I need you to sit down --

But Jake takes a step, then another. The wires to the bio-
monitors pull taut, and he yanks them off his chest.

MAX

Jake! Wait, we have to run some tests --

But Jake pushes past the protesting med techs, toward the
door and --

EXT. AVATAR COMPOUND - DAY

Jake emerges, blinking in the morning sun. He finds himself
in the **AVATAR COMPOUND** -- a living and training area.

Nearby, a couple of AVATARS are playing one-on-one in front
of a (non-regulation height) basketball net. Others go about
their daily activities around the compound.

Jake flexes his legs -- JUMPS -- and lands a little unsteadily, but his expression is joyful.

He takes a few steps and breaks into a RUN. People are calling to him, somewhere, but he doesn't hear them -- he's running. RUNNING!

He finds himself in the COMPOUND GARDEN, and stops amid neatly tended rows of ALIEN PLANTS. He looks down, wiggling his toes in the warm soil. Then inhales deeply -- revelling in the alien smells -- earth, plants, the nearby forest. He looks at his bare footprint in the soil of an alien world.

GRACE (O.S.)
Hey Marine!

Jake turns at the familiar voice to see --

A statuesque FEMALE AVATAR walking toward him. **AVATAR GRACE** is magnificent, with panther thighs, flat muscular stomach and firm athlete's breasts. She wears shorts and a T-shirt. In human years she would be about 35.

JAKE
Grace?

GRACE
Well who'd you expect, numbnuts? Think fast!

She throws him a piece of Pandoran fruit, which he catches.

GRACE
Motor control is looking good.

Jake bites into the fruit, the juice running down his chin.

NORM (O.S.)
Hey, check it out.

Jake turns to see NORM'S AVATAR posing like a bodybuilder -- chest shot, back shot, bi's.

NORM
I am a living god.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINE PIT - DAY

A WIDE SHOT of the terraced crater of the UNOBTANIUM MINE. A quiet beat, then --

K-WHOOOOM! The entire face of one terrace is blown skyward in a chain of EXPLOSIONS. The "shot" blasts hundreds of tons of rock loose.

LONG LENS ANGLES of enormous WHEEL-LOADERS shovelling up ore-rich rock and dropping it into DUMP TRUCKS.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

A wall of steel FILLS FRAME. The DOZER BLADE crushes everything in its path, reducing trees to kindling.

WIDER, showing the CLEAR-CUTTING operation near the mine, as a road is cut through the jungle. Remotely operated **DOZERS** three stories tall rip into the tree-line.

One of the dozers has rotating **SLASH-CUTTER**, a vicious spinning head, mounted on a hydraulic arm, that hogs through the enormous tree trunks in a spray of wood-shrapnel.

The heavy machines are escorted by AMPSUITS. COLONEL QUARITCH, on foot, leads a squad of troopers wearing breathing masks and carrying almighty big AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

A **BANSHEE** -- a fearsome aerial predator -- HURTLES from above, diving toward them on wings 3 meters across. We get a glimpse of glassy fangs before --

P-P-POOM! Quaritch cranks off three rapid SHOTS with his massive sidearm, and the creature drops with a SHRIEK.

It crashes near them and Quaritch FIRES two more well placed rounds. The newbies stare at the thing's barracuda teeth.

QUARITCH

For you pagues, this is a banshee. A small one. See, they like it when I bring fresh meat out here. And this clearcutting really stirs up the hornet's nest. So keep your head on a swivel. If it moves, shoot it. If you're not sure it's moving -- shoot it! If it looks like a bunch of flowers you want to take home to Sally Rottencrotch -- SHOOT IT! What're you gonna do?

TROOPERS

Shoot it, sir!

QUARITCH

Outstanding. Let's roll.

Quaritch leads his squad into the gloom of the forest, his eyes scanning. Flanking the squad, LYLE WAINFLEET drives an AMPSUIT, his massive feet CRASHING through the underbrush.

As his gaze comes down, he sees something ahead of him on the trail -- an intricate **TOTEM** of woven sticks, bones and feathers hanging across the trail like an orb-weaver's web.

He tears it down with the barrel of his rifle, and stomps it into the mud as he moves on.

INT. AVATAR LONGHOUSE - DUSK

Jake sits on a wooden bed in a long hut of tropical-style construction -- beamed ceiling, open sides covered by screen.

Around him the other avatars are bedding down for the night, pulling insect netting around their cots. In one hand, Jake holds the end of his long braided QUEUE of hair.

CLOSE ON the queue -- the ends of the hair writhe slowly with their own life, like tendrils of a sea creature.

JAKE

That's kinda freaky.

GRACE switches off the overheads.

GRACE

Lights out amigos. See ya' at dinner.

Jake sits in the twilight, listening to the SCREECHES and HOOTS from the forest. Finally he lies down, CLOSING HIS EYES and --

INT. LINK ROOM - NIGHT

ECU HUMAN JAKE -- his eyes OPEN.

Jake blinks, disoriented, as Max opens the upper clamshell of his link unit.

In the next chair Grace sits up, yawning and cracking her neck as the scared tech runs to her with a lit cigarette.

GRACE

(looking down)

Damn. Same old sack a' bones.

JAKE struggles with the dead weight of his legs as he hauls himself out of the unit.

CUT TO

INT. COMMISSARY - EARLY MORNING

JAKE sits with GRACE, NORM and the other avatar "drivers", while around them miners, troopers and other base personnel wolf their breakfasts. Grace is engaged in a heated conversation with another SCIENTIST.

Jake, isolated from the conversations around him, notices --

PILOT **TRUDY CHACON** approaching, dressed in her flight suit. She's a rock-hard former Marine with thousands of flight hours out in the badlands.

TRUDY

Sully -- Colonel wants to see you in the Armor Bay.

Jake gives Norm a puzzled glance and pivots from the table. He wheels away, led by Trudy.

TIGHT ON GRACE, scowling as she watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY - MORNING

JAKE AND TRUDY enter the ARMOR BAY, passing TILT-ROTORS under repair. There are the heavily armed SCORPIONS as well as several SA-2 **SAMSON** work-horses outfitted with door guns and rocket pods.

JAKE

You guys're packing some heavy ordinance.

TRUDY

Yeah, 'cause we're not the only thing flyin' around out there. Or the biggest. I'm gonna need you on a door gun, I'm a man short.

JAKE

Yeah, no problem.

She extends her fist and he taps it with his.

TRUDY

See ya on the flight-line, zero nine.
(she points)
He's down there.

Jake rolls his chair along the central gallery of the Armor Bay, passing rows of AMPSUITS standing in service racks. Techs clamber over the 'suits, loading ordinance with cranes and lifts.

At the end of the row is a makeshift GYM area. QUARITCH is bench-pressing massive plates.

QUARITCH

This low gravity makes you soft.
(pushing the last rep)
You get soft, Pandora will shit you out
dead with zero warning.

Quaritch racks the bar and sits up, sweating but not winded.

QUARITCH

I pulled your record, Corporal. Venezuela
-- that was some mean bush. Nothing like
this here, though. You got heart kid,
coming out here.

JAKE

I figured -- just another hellhole.

Quaritch chuckles appreciatively, claps him on the shoulder.
The CHIEF MECHANIC yells from the nearest AMPSUIT --

MECHANIC

That servo's in, Colonel, if you want to
try it.

Quaritch crosses to the 'suit, with Jake following.

QUARITCH

I was in First Recon a few years ahead of
you. More than a few. Two tours in
Nigeria, not a scratch. I come out here
and --

He points to his scarred face.

QUARITCH

They could fix this if I rotated back.
But you know what? I kinda like it.
Reminds me every day what's out there.
Besides, I can't leave --

He looks out, as if he can see through the wall to the tree-line.

QUARITCH

This is my war, here.

Quaritch climbs the 'suit and reaches into the cockpit,
throwing some switches. The 'suit's gas-turbine spools up
with a rising WHINE.

QUARITCH

The avatar program is a joke -- buncha limp-dick scientists. But we have a unique opportunity here, you and I. A recon Marine in an avatar body could get me the intel I need, on the ground, right in the hostiles' camp.

The WHINE is now a roaring WHOOSH as the 'suit trembles with power. The air boils above the exhaust vents.

Quaritch reaches in and operates the controls, flexing one huge hand. He nods to the waiting mechanic --

QUARITCH

Looks good.

(to Jake)

I need you to learn about these savages, gain their trust. Find out how I can force their cooperation, or hit 'em hard if they don't. Maybe you can keep some of my boys from going home like you. Or bagged-and-tagged.

JAKE

(nodding)

That sounds real good, Colonel. So -- am I still with Augustine?

QUARITCH

On paper. You walk like one of her science pukes, you quack like one, but you report to me. Can you do that for me?

Jake nods. Quaritch brings the 'suit to life. He steps forward and pivots smoothly.

He balances the two ton machine on one foot while sweeping the arms in strong, graceful arcs. Jake realizes he is doing a WU-SHOO KATA. A flawless display of strength and control. He's impressive, and Jake is impressed. Quaritch is the kind of man he respects -- focused, hard. Determined.

QUARITCH

Look, son -- I take care of my own. Get me what I need, I'll see you get your legs back when you rotate home. Your real legs.

He raises the 'suit's hand, and slams the canopy shut like the visor of a helmet. Jake watches Quaritch walk past, huge feet CLANGING -- KUNG! KUNG! KUNG!

INT. BIO LAB - DAY

GRACE is on the move, gulping coffee, in a hurry to get their FIRST SORTIE started. She hands a clipboard to MAX.

GRACE
Start calibrating. We're on the flight
line in ten minutes.

Max nods and jogs ahead toward the LINK ROOM. JAKE and NORM fall in with Grace as they enter the CONNECTING CORRIDOR.

GRACE
What did Atilla want?

JAKE
Just Marines comparin' tattoos.

GRACE
(not buying it)
Yeah. Well, listen to me, *Marine* --

She stops, turning to drill him with a look.

GRACE
-- you're driving an avatar, now. That
means you're in my world, got it?

JAKE
Got it.

She turns and enters the LINK ROOM.

INT. LINK ROOM

Grace crosses to the controls of Jake's LINK UNIT. As the others catch up --

GRACE
That son of a bitch has screwed up this
program enough. All this --
(indicating link room)
-- exists so we can go out there and
build a bridge of trust to these people,
who could teach us so much. But thanks
to Quaritch and his thugs the Na'vi won't
even talk to us anymore.

JAKE
Then how's this supposed to work?

GRACE

We have a new face.

(turning to Norm)

You're fluent, you've studied the culture. You're non-threatening. The ones we know best -- the *Omaticaya* clan -- may give you a chance. Maybe you can get them back to the table before things go tits-up for good.

NORM

This is failing as a pep talk.

Jake hauls himself across from wheelchair to link.

JAKE

How do we contact them?

GRACE

We don't. They contact us. If they see us taking our samples, treating the forest with respect --

(pointedly to Jake)

Not trampling everything in sight -- they may reach out to us.

JAKE

Or they may skin us and make a drum.

Jake lies back, lowering the sensor array over his body.

GRACE

Just keep your mouth shut and let Norm do the talking.

She closes his clamshell, HARD, and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST / AERIAL - DAY

FLYING over a carpet of rainforest, past sheer cliffs and cloud-wreathed mesas. **TRUDY'S SAMSON** TILT-ROTOR chases its shadow across the treetops. Though big as a Blackhawk, it is tiny in the vast primeval landscape.

ANGLE THROUGH the open side doors of the Samson. Trooper WAINFLEET, in exo-mask and body armor, leans on his door gun, scanning for aerial predators.

In avatar form JAKE, GRACE and NORM watch the forest unrolling beneath them, the wind blasting their clothes. Jake mans the other door gun, his feet propped on the skids.

TRUDY flies from a pressurized cockpit. She banks to follow a shallow river.

TRUDY (INTERCOM)
Sturmbeest herd, one o'clock.

Norm grins and points, excitedly. Jake looks in time to see-- A herd of **STURMBEEST** -- massive six-legged creatures reminiscent of buffalo -- thundering across the river.

GRACE
Looks like a bull, six cows and some juveniles.

NORM
The bull has the red on the dorsal armor?

Grace nods approvingly.

TIME CUT -- Hundreds of purple winged creatures take flight from a lake, startled by the Samson. They skim the water above their own reflections. **TETRAPTERONS**.

TIME CUT -- the ground drops away as the Samson flies over a WATERFALL hundreds of feet high. Trudy banks hard, rolling in on the gorge below like it's a gun-run.

Wainfleet WHOOPS while Norm looks like he's about to puke.

WAINFLEET
Yo Chacon! Get some!

Jake grins into the airstream.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A small meadow among towering trees. The fern-like "grass" is beaten down in waves by the rotor-wash as the Samson settles to the ground.

Jake pulls the massive door gun off its pintle mount and hefts it like an assault rifle.

He and Wainfleet leap out to secure the LZ, scanning the tree-line warily, weapons aimed.

Grace jogs forward to the cockpit, motioning Trudy to shut down. Trudy kills the Samson's TURBINES.

Grace, towering over Wainfleet, motions him to hang back.

GRACE
Stay with the ship.
(for Jake)
One idiot with a gun's enough.

WAINFLEET
Whatever you say, Doc.

Jake takes point as they enter the jungle.

WAINFLEET
(laughing)
Ya'll have fun out there.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The forest engulfs JAKE, GRACE and NORM in cyan gloom. The shadows are alive with the CHITTERING sounds of unseen alien wildlife.

TRACKING WITH JAKE as he moves through the foliage, hyper-alert -- looking around like a tourist in Hell. A monkey-like **PROLEMURIS** leaping from limb to limb overhead, flashing through the sunlight streaming down in shafts.

A PLANT with swaying tendrils which reach toward Jake as he passes.

This forest is more alive than any on Earth, with plants that react and move like animals. Jake white-knuckles his rifle as if every shadow conceals razor-fanged death.

GRACE
Relax, Marine. You're making me nervous.

She pushes ahead of him on the trail, forcing him to lower his muzzle as he follows her. Grace moves nimbly on the path, seemingly unconcerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST/ GLEN

WIDE SHOT as the party moves between the huge trees, tiny as ants. The trail has gotten steeper, the going tougher.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL RUINS - DAY

They enter a clearing with an OVERGROWN BUILDING made of timbers cut from the local trees, with a thatch roof. It is covered with vines as the jungle reclaims it.

NORM
How will they know we're here?

GRACE
I'm sure they're watching us right now.

Norm gulps. Jake looks behind him as they approach the school, feeling unseen eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL RUINS

TRACKING WITH JAKE'S BOOTS as he steps among dried leaves and a few moldering CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Floorboards CREAK.

GRACE (O.S.)
The kids were so bright, so eager to learn... they picked up English faster than I could teach it to them.

WIDER as Jake explores the room. Grace and Norm are selecting INSTRUMENTS from storage cases on a wooden table.

GRACE
Bring the soil probe -- right there, yellow case.

Jake looks up at a RUSTLING among the dark rafters. Roosting STINGBATS eye him warily, fluttering their wings.

Grace picks up a moldering copy of "The Lorax" by Dr. Seuss from the floor and puts it back on a shelf.

GRACE
(wistfully)
The stingbats knock them off. I guess I always hope somebody will come back and read them.

NORM
Why don't they come back?

GRACE
(grimly)
The Na'vi learned as much about us as they needed to know.

Jake sees something, and approaches the blackboard -- reaches out to touch a pattern of holes blasted into the slate. Unmistakably BULLET HOLES.

JAKE
(turning to her)
What happened here?

GRACE
(sharply)
Are you going to help with this gear?
We've got a lot to do.

She turns away. Jake watches her as he jams equipment into his pack.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON Grace's blue hand gently brushing away soil, exposing a tangle of ROOT TENDRILS.

GRACE
See, right here where the roots of the
two trees interact.

WIDER -- GRACE and NORM crouch among enormous octopoidal roots. She takes a tiny sample using a needle-like probe. Norm uses a digital DEVICE to scan the roots.

JAKE, bored, scouts ahead a few meters.

He comes to a GLADE filled with shoulder-high SPIRAL PLANTS called **HELICORADIANS**.

He BRUSHES one and SHTOONK! -- it SUCKS DOWN into a tube in the ground so quickly it seems to simply vanish.

Curious, Jake touches another -- SHTOONK! And another -- like popping balloons after a party. SHTOONK! SHTOONK! SHTOONK!

A chain reaction begins and the whole colony pulls down into the ground, REVEALING --

A **HAMMERHEAD TITANOTHERE**. Like a six-legged rhinoceros, but twice that size. Its massive, low-slung head has projections of bone giving it the look of a hammerhead shark.

Its baleful eyes lock onto him. Jake raises his rifle.

Grace, alerted by the creature's SNORTS, runs to where she can see the tableau. She presses her THROAT MIKE.

GRACE
Don't shoot. You'll piss it off.

The bull HAMMERHEAD bellows and lowers its 3 meter wide sledgehammer of a skull.

JAKE

It's already pissed off!

GRACE

Jake, that armor's too thick. Trust me.

Jake starts to back away. The hammerhead bellows again, pawing the earth.

GRACE

It's a territorial threat display. Do not run, or he'll charge.

JAKE

What do I do?

GRACE

Hold your ground!

The hammerhead SLASHES its head sideways, splintering saplings. It bellows again, lowers its head and CHARGES --

Jake SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, spreads his arms wide and runs straight at the thing.

It STOPS abruptly, with an oversized BLEAT.

ON JAKE -- amazed the gambit worked.

JAKE

Oh yeah! Who's bad?! That's right.

SOMETHING rises up behind him out of focus --

A **THANATOR**. The most awesome land predator the universe has ever conceived This thing could eat a T-rex and have the Alien for desert.

It is a black six-limbed panther from Hell, with an armored head and massive distensible jaws.

JAKE, unaware of the advancing thanator, is still bracing the hammerhead --

JAKE

That's what I'm talkin' about, bitch!

The bull wheels around, TRUMPETING in fear, and CRASHES away through splintering undergrowth.

JAKE

That's right motherf--

A guttural SNARL behind him. Jake spins in time to see --

THREE TONS of rippling thanator LAUNCH over him, landing between him and the hammerhead. The ground shakes.

The thanator emits an earsplitting ROAR, enraged that the hammerhead got away. It twists on itself, turning to face Jake, and bares its fangs with a lethal HISS.

JAKE

What about this one? Run, don't run?
What?

GRACE

Run. Definitely RUN!

Jake BOLTS as --

The thanator LEAPS after him and --

Jake launches himself between two large trunks, forcing the beast to claw its way around to the side while --

Jake scrambles up -- around -- over a tangle of roots and --

SK-RASH!! CLAWS SLASH the air behind him, EXPLODING bark off a trunk as --

JAKE wills himself forward in a frenzy. With rippling muscle the beast is airborne again, blacking out the sun but --

JAKE dives under a massive root system, and --

CRASH! Kindling rains around him as the beast tears into the root-trunks above him. Claws SLASH down next to him as he rolls and crawls --

Glistening jaws SMASH and SNAP against the barrier trunks, sending chunks of wood flying. It's spittle sprays across Jake, jaws inches away as --

He rolls onto his back, and FIRES his AR point blank but the rifle is SNATCHED out of his hands. The beast SCREECHES an ungodly WAIL of pain and rage and -- RIPS the ENTIRE TRUNK away. Jake scrambles to escape but --

GLISTENING JAWS lunge downward, SNAP SHUT and --

The creature rips Jake out of the tree, shaking him like a junkyard dog with a rabbit, only --

It has him by the BACKPACK, so Jake unlatches it and --

He FLIES FREE as the thanator crushes the pack with its teeth. Giving Jake a moment to sprint away, but --

With a hideous BELLOW the thanator crashes after him, splintering trees.

JAKE RUNS in a blur, dodging between trunks as a glistening black tornado shreds the forest behind him and --

He sees WATER ahead and DIVES OUTWARD with all his might --

The thanator's jaws SNAP SHUT inches behind him as he flies out into open space and --

JAKE SPLASHES down into a swiftly moving river.

The thanator LEAPS DOWN AFTER HIM, pursuing from rock to rock, its claws swiping like a grizzly fishing for salmon.

Jake ducks under as -- FWHOOSH! -- black claws SLASH past his face amid turbulent bubbles.

A WATERFALL ahead. Jake is swept over the falls, with the thanator SWIPING at him from a rock, just MISSING and --

Jake disappears down the throat of the thundering cataract.

EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS - DAY

The water boils below the cataract. Jake's head bursts through the surface, and he gasps for breath.

He is carried along by the current, but manages to grab a limb on a fallen tree. He weakly pulls himself up, and just lies there gasping on the trunk.

Above him, on the cliff, the THANATOR BELLOWS, a roar which echoes across the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

JAKE, wet and bruised, crouches under a screen of giant leaves. He hacks manically at the end of a cut sapling with his knife, forming a crude but sharp tip.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

TRACKING with Jake as he walks through the forest like it's a minefield, carrying his SPEAR white-knuckled. He is freaked and hyper-alert.

The trees here are a hundred meters high, blocking out the sky. A few pencil beams of sunlight filter down into the cyan gloom.

POV FROM ABOVE -- looking down through leaves we watch Jake move warily through the forest.

ECU -- TWO GOLDEN EYES, bright in the shadows.

DOWNANGLE as Jake passes under a tree limb. Invisible to him, draped on the limb like a leopard, is a striking NA'VI GIRL. She watches, only her eyes moving.

She is lithe as a cat, with a long neck, muscular shoulders, and nubile breasts. And she is devastatingly beautiful -- for a girl with a tail. In human age she would be 18. Her name is **NEYTIRI**(nay-Tee-ree).

Jake passes less than 2 meters beneath her, oblivious.

NEYTIRI rises soundlessly. In one fluid, sinuous movement she **NOCKS** an arrow to her **BOW** and **DRAWS**, aiming RIGHT AT JAKE. Utterly silent.

Below her Jake is totally unaware of the arrow aimed at his **THROAT**.

ON NEYTIRI as she follows him with the bow, muscles tensing for the shot --

-- and SOMETHING drifts down in front of her, F.G. She hesitates.

RACK FOCUS to the tip of the arrow -- where a single **WOODSPRITE** floats down to land on the arrow-head. Like a dandelion seed, but larger, the WOODSPRITE waves its silky **CILIA**, feather light, as it balances on the deadly point. It glows faintly in the dark shadows.

NEYTIRI frowns, puzzled, and **LOWERS** her bow slowly. The woodsprite **WHIRLS** away into the gloom.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SAMSON - SUNSET

GRACE and NORM peer down into the shadowed forest as TRUDY banks in a search pattern.

TRUDY (INTERCOM)
I'm going to have to call it, guys. We're not allowed to run night ops. Colonel's orders.

Grace looks to the west. The sun setting behind alien trees.

GRACE

Shit.

TRUDY

Sorry, Doc. He's just gonna have to hang on 'till morning.

GRACE

He's not going to make it till morning.

Grace stares into the dark forest as the Samson banks hard, thundering away toward the setting sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

LONG LENS-- POLYPHEMUS. The giant planet rises behind the black trees.

Jake's got a new problem. He sees shapes moving with liquid grace in the NIGHT shadows behind him. He is being stalked by a pack of **VIPERWOLVES**.

Jake catches only glimpses -- a glint of eyes, a slinking black movement -- then nothing. Darkness.

TIME CUT -- TIGHT ON Jake's hands as he knots his T-shirt around the butt end of the spear.

ANGLE ON THICK SAP trickling down a tree-trunk. Jake jams the makeshift torch into the sap, soaking the shirt with it.

A WATERPROOF MATCH from his survival kit lights the torch.

The torch creates a pool of light surrounded by pulsing, leaping shadows. Jake turns warily as he moves along the trail.

Behind him are several pairs of reflective green EYES. Another pair flanking him beside the trail. Black-on-black SHAPES which seem to flow like liquid.

He looks up -- sees one cross a limb overhead. Another on his opposite flank.

Then a hideous sound, like a hyena's psychotic LAUGH.

The VIPERWOLVES can run like a dog and climb like a monkey. They are hunting Jake from the ground and the trees.

JAKE RUNS by torch-light, on the edge of panic. He reaches a steep banked stream and -- without thinking -- runs across it on a horizontal trunk --

-- and STOPS DEAD on the other side. The torch illuminates GREEN EYES cutting ahead of him across the trail. The viperwolves have him encircled.

The psychotic BARKS become more intense as they signal each other, getting excited. ONE MAKES A RUN at him, angling on his legs from behind but --

JAKE WHIRLS, jamming the torch in its face. It yips and goes past, but ANOTHER moves in --

He jabs it with the business end of the spear and it SNARLS, retreating, baring its fangs.

Now half a dozen are circling him in the open, and he sees what he's up against. The VIPERWOLVES are six-limbed with shiny chitinous skin, their paws leathery BLACK HANDS. Intelligent eyes. Glistening black teeth in dead white gums.

Jake realizes that he is making his final stand. He whirls the torch in an arc, keeping them at bay --

And feels a rush of adrenaline. It goes through him like a lightning bolt and the fear is gone.

JAKE
(screaming)
I don't have all goddamn night! Come on!
Come on!

With snarls and a blur of motion THEY ATTACK.

Jake CRACKS the spear down on one, then SPINS as --

ANOTHER LEAPS at him and he plants the spear in it, striking true, but --

Its momentum wrenches it from his hands, and the torch goes flying. Left in semi-darkness, Jake draws his KNIFE as--

A WOLF LUNGES, sinking its teeth into his arm. He YELLS in pain and fury, SLASHING with the knife which --

CUTS deep into the beast's shoulder and it lets go.

JAKE SPRINTS, trying to escape, but a snarling viperwolf leaps, GRABBING him by the ankle with its fore-hand. Jake tears away, sprawling, SCRAMBLING to get up as --

THREE WOLVES charge at once. The nearest LEAPS at his throat just as --

THUNK!! -- an ARROW appears in its chest.

The wolf lands on him, already a dead weight. He pushes it off in time to see --

A BLUE AMAZON emerge from the trees, nock another arrow, draw and FIRE in one fluid motion. AN UNEARTHLY YOWL as another wolf falls.

NEYTIRI LEAPS right over Jake, and CRACKS her bow down on the skull of a circling wolf.

ANOTHER SPRINGS at her and she drops under its weight, but rolls, coming up on top of it with a knife in her hand.

Her knife FLASHES down, buried to the hilt in its chest.

SNARLING, a wounded wolf attacks Jake, and he KICKS it away, but --

It SPINS and leaps back onto him, and Jake barely catches its throat in time to keep the SNAPPING JAWS away from his face.

MEANWHILE Neytiri swings her bow in a big arc, CRACKING IT across the heads and shoulders of two remaining wolves.

NEYTIRI
Rrreeyaaah! Hyaaaah!!

The wolves slink and circle, yelping as the bow whistles past them. Finally they break and run, with Neytiri chasing and--

They bound away through the foliage as she SHOUTS after them--

NEYTIRI
Raaaarrrrr!

Jake has his adversary pinned and is choking it with all his weight. Finally it stops thrashing. Panting, he releases it and looks up at --

NEYTIRI. Her tail LASHES as she scans the forest, listening to the fading YELPS of the wolves. Satisfied the attack is over, she turns.

She regards him coldly for a second, then walks past him. Neytiri picks up the torch and extinguishes it in a stream.

JAKE
Wait, don't --

Jake blinks around at the darkness -- realizing he can still see. In fact, with the blinding torchlight gone, *the forest is transformed.*

The jungle has come alive with BIOLUMINESCENCE -- spots and patterns, ghosts and galaxies of blue-green light.

Jake scrambles to recover his spear. Neytiri kneels beside --

A DYING WOLF. It's CRIES are pitiful. It paws the air, trying to raise its head. She pulls her KNIFE from its chest.

NEYTIRI
(in Na'vi)
Forgive me, my brother.

She cuts its throat, ending the pitiful cries. She touches its head gently, regarding it with sadness.

Neytiri wipes the knife and returns it to the sheath at her waist. She crosses to another slain wolf and kneels, pulling the arrow from its heart.

JAKE
Look, um, I know you probably don't understand this. But -- thanks. Thank you. I owe you.

Neytiri ignores him, assuming a prayer posture over the dead animal.

NEYTIRI
(in Na'vi)
Forgive me. May your spirit run with the Great Mother.

JAKE
I would have been screwed if you hadn't come along --

She rises and walks away without looking at Jake.

JAKE
Hey, wait. Wait! Where you goin'?

He crashes through some plants, catching up to her.

JAKE
Slow down a second will you. I just want to thank you for killing those --

He makes the mistake of grasping her shoulder and --

WHACK! She WALLOPS him upside the head with her bow in a fierce backhand swing, laying him out flat.

He looks up to see a FURY standing over him. A Fury who speaks English -- accented, halting, angry English.

NEYTIRI

Don't thank! You don't thank for this!
This is sad. Very sad, only.

JAKE

Okay, I'm sorry. Whatever I did -- I'm sorry.

She gestures at the bodies of the viperwolves.

NEYTIRI

All this is your fault! They did not need to die.

JAKE

They attacked me. How'm I the bad guy here--

She silences him with the tip of her bow at his throat.

NEYTIRI

Your fault! You are like a baby, making noise, don't know what to do. You should not come here, all of you! You only come and make problems. Only.

Jake gets up, slowly, facing her.

JAKE

Okay, fine, you love your little forest friends. So why not just let them kill my ass? What's the thinking?

CU Neytiri -- looking away. Finally, reluctantly, her eyes MEET HIS for the first time -- a riveting gaze with those big gold orbs.

NEYTIRI

Why save you?

JAKE

Yes, why save me?

NEYTIRI

You have a strong heart. No fear.

She leans closer --

NEYTIRI

But stupid! Ignorant like a child!

She turns away, stalking off, but Jake goes after her.

TRACKING WITH Neytiri as she climbs nimbly along a huge ROOT.

WIDER as she trots with perfect balance along the root, which forms an elevated walkway.

Jake runs to catch up, realizing suddenly that he is far above the forest floor. Throughout the following they move through a GLOWING PHANTASMAGORICAL FOREST.

JAKE

If I'm so ignorant, maybe you should teach me.

NEYTIRI

Sky people can not learn. You do not See.

She leaps to another elevated root. Jake follows, surprised that he made it.

JAKE

Whooaa.

He runs to catch up with her easy jogging pace.

JAKE

Then teach me to "see."

She stops and he almost runs into her.

NEYTIRI

No one can teach you to See.

Then she turns and trots on.

EXT. GORGE - NIGHT

They run across the elevated root of an enormous tree -- a horizontal trunk big as an oak.

WIDE SHOT as they cross a DEEP GORGE. A waterfall shimmers silver in the Polyphemus-light. Vines hang down a hundred feet into the gorge, and among them swoop stingbats and other night flyers.

JAKE

Hey, slow down. Look, I think we just got off on the wrong foot and --

Jake looks down, suddenly aware of the height.

JAKE
--you just have to get to know me. I'm
Jake. Jake Sull--

A vine catches his spear and spins him off balance. He drops the spear and almost falls off the root.

JAKE
Whooaaa -- shit!

Neytiri catches him with one hand, gripping his bicep. He watches the spear cartwheel down to splash in the river.

She pulls him upright. Shouts at him in English and Na'vi.

JAKE
I need your help.

NEYTIRI
You should not be here.

JAKE
So take me with you.

NEYTIRI
No. You go back.

DOWN ANGLE FROM FAR ABOVE -- several WOODSPRITES float down through the trees. FOLLOW THEM as they descend silently toward Jake and Neytiri.

NEYTIRI, sensing a presence, looks up to see --

The WOODSPRITES, PULSING with purpose, float right towards Jake. They dance gently around his shoulders and head.

JAKE
(off her amazed look)
What?

More woodsprites gather around him. Several ALIGHT on him.

Jake holds still, knowing he should be afraid -- but somehow he's not. He spreads his arms. More sprites come, landing all over his arms, hands, body.

JAKE
What are they?

CU NEYTIRI -- reacting with a mixture of wonder and dread.

NEYTIRI
Atokirina'. Seeds of the Great Tree --
 very pure spirits.

Jake -- now a pulsing, glowing, fluttering MASS OF LIGHT --
 moves one hand slowly, not wanting to break the spell. He
 studies one of the sprites dancing on his palm until --

-- WHOOSSHH! the woodsprites whirl up and away, scattering
 into the darkness.

JAKE
 What was that all about?

Neytiri seems shaken. She seizes his hand and pulls him
 after her.

NEYTIRI
Come!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH JAKE as he gazes about him in growing wonder.
 He touches leaves as he passes, watching the bioluminescence
 shiver through them.

Jake looks down as -- they cross a bed of purple MOSS which
 reacts to the pressure of their footsteps. Rings of green
 light, like ripples on a pond, expand outward from each
 footfall. Exploding rings of light where his feet touch
 down. Dream-like, surreal beauty.

WIDE ON THEM as they run over a large root, across a mirror-
 like POOL at the base of a WATERFALL.

Jake follows Neytiri, running along a raised root-trunk.

JAKE
 What's your name?

JAKE hears WHOOSH-WHOOSH and snaps a look as a **BOLO** flies at
 him, spinning end for end and --

SHWHAP!! -- tangles around his legs. He topples off the root
 and crashes into the foliage below.

JAKE untangles himself, getting up to run just as --

SEVERAL NA'VI RIDERS thunder toward him. They are riding
DIREHORSES -- six-legged, armor-skinned alien Clydesdales.

We see that the riders' QUEUES are connected to the horses' long moth-like antennae -- a neural-link with which they can command the horse, leaving hands free for weapons.

The riders aim bows and spears at Jake as they approach. Jake turns to bolt, but --

NA'VI HUNTERS melt out of the shadows, weapons aimed -- blocking his retreat.

Neytiri drops to the ground next to Jake and confronts the LEAD RIDER. She shouts sharply in Na'vi --

NEYTIRI
(subtitled)
*Tsu'tey, what are you doing?! He is my
captive!*

TSU'TEY(tsu-Tay)is young and powerfully built, with sculpted features and a proud jawline, piercing eyes. Tsu'tey swings off his mount with fluid grace.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
*These demons are forbidden here. I will
kill this one as a lesson to the others!*

Tsu'tey draws his bow but Neytiri leaps between him and Jake, confronting him warrior to warrior.

NEYTIRI
(subtitled)
*Stop! There has been a sign. This is a
matter for the Tsahik.*

Tsu'tey clenches his jaw with frustration -- frustration with her as much as the situation. He turns and angrily remounts his direhorse, barking a command to the HUNTERS.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
Bring him.

They grab Jake and haul him to his feet. Encircled by spears and bows, he is shoved forward along the trail, as Tsu'tey and the others ride ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE is hauled roughly toward Neytiri's village, which is sheltered inside one of the GREAT TREES. **HOMETREE** is 250 meters tall, with a trunk four times the diameter of the largest Sequoia, and a base of massive mangrove-pillars.

TSU'TEY rides inside the columns at the base of Hometree, shouting an ululating WARNING.

Jake is force-marched through the pillars into --

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

An open CENTRAL AREA. The villagers gather to see the arriving hunt party. We see the people of the tribe -- mothers with babies, old women, young hunters.

They gawk at the alien, expressions ranging from curiosity to outright hostility. The huge eyes of the children follow him.

Jake is amazed at the size of HOMETREE inside. By the light of the COOK-FIRES he can see up into a vast cylindrical gallery -- a living cathedral.

Clear membranes -- sturmbeest bladders -- filled with fluttering bio-luminescent insects, act as area lighting.

The central space is dominated by the SKULL of some enormous creature, mounted with much embellishment on a TOTEM. Standing in front of this, awaiting their approach, is --

EYTUKAN (AY-too-kahn), the Clan Leader. Eytukan has deeply chiselled features and a long chest mantle of THANATOR CLAWS. His normally stern features are clouded further by anger.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Why do you bring this creature here?

Neytiri addresses Eytukan in Na'vi.

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

I was going to kill him, but there was a sign from Eywa.

He glowers at her as he responds, pointing at Jake.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

I have said no dreamwalker will come here, to offend our home! His alien smell fills my nose

Neytiri stands her ground, answering in a respectful but not submissive tone.

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

Father, many atokirina came to this alien.

JAKE

What's going on?

NEYTIRI

My father is deciding whether to kill you.

JAKE

Your father!?

(to Eytukan)

Uh, good to meet you, sir.

Jake steps forward, offering his hand, and the hunters JUMP to restrain him, shouting. But they all FREEZE as --

A commanding FEMALE VOICE echoes through the chamber.

MO'AT

(Na'vi)

Step back!

Everybody looks up.

MO'AT (MOH-aht) stands on the second level, looking down. She is a severe woman in her 50's. Her bearing is haughty, her expression friendly as a hanging-judge. Her outfit is elaborate, denoting her rank as CLAN MATRIARCH.

MO'AT

(subtitled)

I will look at this alien.

There is an expectant hush as Mo'at descends the helical core of Hometree, a kind of natural spiral staircase.

NEYTIRI

That is Mother. She is *Tsahik* -- the one who interprets the will of *Eywa*.

JAKE

Who's Eywa?

Neytiri kneels before her like an acolyte as Mo'at passes.

The villagers stare silently as the Matriarch circles slowly around Jake, examining his tail and the end of his queue.

MO'AT
(thick accent)
What are you called?

JAKE
Jake Sully.

She produces a long THORN between her fingertips. With a flourish she strikes his chest.

Jake flinches. RED BLOOD wells up and Mo'at rubs some between her fingertips. She tastes it.

MO'AT
Why did you come to us?

JAKE
I came to learn.

MO'AT
We have tried to teach other Sky People.
It is hard to fill a cup which is already full.

JAKE
My cup is empty, trust me. Just ask Doctor Augustine. I'm no scientist.

MO'AT
What are you?

JAKE
I don't know. I was a Marine -- uh, a warrior. Of the Jarhead clan.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
A warrior! I could kill him easily!

EYTUKAN
(subtitled)
No! This is the first warrior dreamwalker we have seen. We need to learn more about him.

JAKE
What's going on? What are they saying?

MO'AT
(to Neytiri, subtitled)
Daughter. You will teach him our way, to speak and walk as we do.

NEYTIRI looks shocked, then angry.

NEYTIRI
(subtitled)
Why me? That's not fair! I only--

MO'AT
(subtitled)
It is decided!

Neytiri subsides, turning to glare at Jake.

MO'AT
(to Jake)
My daughter will teach you our ways.
Learn well, Jakesully. We will see if
your insanity can be cured.

She turns to Neytiri, her expression stern --

MO'AT
(subtitled)
He is your responsibility.

Neytiri nods, accepting, but she's not a happy camper. She grabs Jake's arm and pulls him roughly away.

JAKE
So it's all good, right? You and me --

NEYTIRI
Do not speak.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND LEVEL/HOMETREE

LATER, Neytiri leads Jake up the spiral to the SECOND LEVEL. He now wears only a ratty LOINCLOTH. His wounds are bound with plant-fiber bandages.

THE ENTIRE CLAN is squatting at dinner in a huge circle. They stop talking and turn to gaze at Jake as he enters the circle.

JAKE
Don't get up.

Neytiri crosses the circle to the cook pit and returns with several large leaves heaped with food. She kneels next to Jake, placing the food in front of him almost DEFIANTLY.

JAKE
You never told me your name.

NEYTIRI
Neytiri te Ckaha Mo'at'ite.

JAKE
 Okay, again, a whole lot slower.

NEYTIRI
 (exaggerated slowness)
 Neytiri. Nay-TEE-ree.

Jake knows she's baiting him. He smiles in response.

JAKE
 Nay-TEE-ree. That's nice. Nay-TEE-ree.

ACROSS THE CIRCLE, Tsu'tey, Mo'at and Eytukan sit together, glancing up occasionally from their food to the stranger.

TSU'TEY
 (subtitled)
These aliens try to look like people, but they can't.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
He seems dim to me. And his eyes are too small.

NEYTIRI motions for Jake to take portions from the serving leaves onto his own leaf.

JAKE
 Your mom likes me. I can tell.

MO'AT, watching Jake and Neytiri, leans over to Eytukan.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
Neytiri will test this "warrior." Hey may learn nothing -- but we will learn much.

EYTUKAN
You speak truth. We must understand these Sky People if we are to drive them out.

Jake munches on a white shrimp-like thing.

JAKE
These rock. What are they?

NEYTIRI
 Teylu. You call beetle larvae.

Jake blanches. She heaps some more onto his leaf -- a CHALLENGE -- and Jake meets her eyes, takes a handful, and starts munching enthusiastically.

JAKE
That's some damn fine *teylu*. That's like
grandma's *teylu*.

CU TSU'TEY, warily eyeing Jake --

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
I say she will kill him.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD LEVEL - NIGHT

The sleeping level -- families nesting in groups on woven hammocks the size of trampolines. The hunters sleep along **SPOKES** joining the inner trunk to the tree's outer shell.

Jake lies awake in a hammock, people rustling in the darkness around him. Neytiri is nearby, curled up like a little girl. She stares at him for a moment, then closes her eyes.

Jake watches the glowing bugs fluttering inside a night-light, a pulse of life energy. A strange peace spreads through him. He closes his eyes and --

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - NIGHT

GRACE is over JAKE in the Link, SLAPPING him, as Max and NORM hover.

GRACE
Come on back, kid, that's it.

JAKE
Wha --? Oh.

He looks around, blinking. Reality crashing in.

GRACE
Damn, you were dug in like a tick.
(she helps him sit up)
Is the avatar safe?

JAKE
(huge grin)
Yeah, Doc -- and you are not going to
believe where I am.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - MORNING

BREAKFAST the next day. The other drivers lean forward, hanging on Grace's re-telling of the tale.

GRACE

-- so the kid's out there one night and he's got the Queen Bitch herself offering him the spare room and the car keys. Unbelievable.

JAKE

It's not something you can teach.

Some of the other scientists clap Jake on the shoulders in congratulation.

MAX

That's awesome, Jake.

NORM chomps his bacon, fuming.

GRACE

(to Jake, getting serious)
For reasons I cannot fathom, the *Omaticaya* have chosen you. God help us all.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - MORNING

JAKE has reported to SELFRIDGE and QUARITCH. Quaritch turns from gazing out at the wall of forest, displaying a feral grin.

QUARITCH

Jarhead clan?
(he laughs)
And that worked?

JAKE

(grinning)
Yeah. They want to study me. See if I can learn to be one of them.

QUARITCH

That's how you seize the initiative. I wish I had ten more like you.

SELFRRIDGE

Look, Sully -- find out what these blue monkeys want.

(MORE)

SELFRIDGE (cont'd)
We try to give them medicine and
education. Roads! But no -- they like
mud. I wouldn't care except --

Selfridge turns to a large 3D GRAPHIC DISPLAY, pointing. A
road runs from Hell's Gate to a proposed new mine miles away.

SELFRIDGE
Their damn village is sitting right over
the richest unobtainium deposit for a
hundred clicks in any direction. Which
sucks -- for them -- because they need to
relocate.

JAKE
(taking that in)
Does Augustine know about this?

SELFRIDGE
Yeah, she does, and she's on the next
ship back if she tries to cock-block me
on it.

JAKE
So -- who talks them into moving?

QUARITCH
(turning)
Guess.

JAKE
What if they won't go?

QUARITCH
(icy)
I'm betting they will.

SELFRIDGE
Killing the indigenous looks bad, but
there's one thing shareholders hate more
than bad press -- and that's a bad
quarterly statement. Find me a carrot to
get them to move, or it's going to have
to be *all stick*.

Jake is shaken by the enormity of this new responsibility.

QUARITCH
You got three months. That's when the
dozers get there.

JAKE
I'm on it.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB - MORNING

JAKE pumps his chair across the lab, flanked by GRACE and NORM. Grace holds STEREO STILL PICTURES in front of him, one at a time -- images of clan members she has shot over the years -- a kind of flash card drill.

JAKE

Tsu'tey.

(next photo)

Mo'at.

(next photo)

Eytukan.

GRACE

He's the clan leader --

(indicating Mo'at)

-- but she's the spiritual leader. Like a shaman.

INT. LINK ROOM

The dialogue is continuous as they enter.

JAKE

Got it. So who's this Eywa?

NORM

Who's Eywa? Oh, only their deity. The Great Mother. The goddess made up of all living things. You'd know that if you had *any training whatsoever*.

He hauls himself from wheelchair to Link.

JAKE

Who's got a date with the chief's daughter?

GRACE

Knock it off. Jesus, it's like kindergarten around here.

As Jake settles into the soft embrace of the link, Grace inputs commands at the control station.

GRACE

Neytiri was my best student. She and her sister Silwanin. Just amazing girls.

JAKE

I didn't meet the sister.

GRACE
(quietly)
No, she's dead.
(turning to him)
Okay, let's go -- village life starts
early.

MAX
Link is ready.

Grace lowers the bio-sensor array over Jake's chest.

GRACE
Don't do anything unusually stupid.

She closes the clamshell and we --

INT. HOMETREE/ THIRD LEVEL - DAY

CU JAKE'S AVATAR, blinking awake, staring up at --

HOMETREE, like a gothic cathedral overhead. Sunlight streams
down through gaps in the towering vault.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS - DAY

JAKE walks among the villagers, who go about their daily
tasks.

-- young girls sit together, weaving and SINGING. They look
up as he passes, then go back to work.

--two men clean the fish they've caught.

-- a young mother pounds seeds into meal, while nursing an
infant.

--children chase each other and climb like monkeys. One bold
LITTLE GIRL runs up to Jake, stops -- staring -- then shrieks
with laughter as she runs back to her playmates.

GRINNING, Jake turns to see NEYTIRI cantering toward him on a
DIREHORSE. She leads a second horse, an old sway-backed
MARE. His grin drops.

EXT. RIVER NEAR HOMETREE - DAY

JAKE nervously grips the surcingle of the mare. Neytiri holds
its nose-ring while Jake clumsily mounts.

Jake bends one of its ANTENNAE down to the tip of his queue.
He hesitantly touches them together and --

TIGHT SHOT -- the tendrils INTERWEAVE.

Jake's PUPILS DILATE and his mouth drops open. The horse's eyes also go wide and it HONKS nervously. Neytiri touches her fingertips to the neural interface.

NEYTIRI

This is *shahaylu* -- the bond. Feel her heartbeat, her breath. Feel her strong legs.

Jake closes his eyes, nodding. One with the horse.

TSU'TEY and another young hunter come out of the forest leading TWO DIREHORSES. The magnificent animals drink from the edge of the pool. Tsu'tey watches Jake's riding lesson with disdain.

NEYTIRI

You may tell her what to do --
(she touches her head)
-- inside. For now, say where to go.

JAKE

Forward.

The horse LAUNCHES into a GALLOP. Jake flops around, with no idea how to sit the animal, and is promptly THROWN OFF. He lands painfully in the mud.

He gets up, brushing mud off knees and ass, as Neytiri leads the horse back to him.

NEYTIRI

Again.

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS -- Jake falls off the horse in various ways, seemingly landing harder each time.

ON JAKE, face down in the mud of the riverbank. He painfully rises to hands and knees. Which is when he sees --

TSU'TEY and another HUNTER thundering across the shallow river on their direhorses. Spray blasts up from their hooves.

Jake stands, covered in mud, as Tsu'tey stops his horse next to him, looking down with disdain.

TSU'TEY

You should go away.

JAKE
 (to Neytiri)
 I knew this guy could speak English.

Tsu'tey turns to Neytiri, who is leading the old mare back.

TSU'TEY
 (subtitled)
*This alien will learn nothing. A rock
 Sees more.*

She sighs in agreement. Tsu'tey and the other hunter wheel their horses around and THUNDER OFF into the woods.

NEYTIRI gestures to Jake's horse.

NEYTIRI
Again.

CUT TO:

OPS CENTER - NIGHT

Grouped around a table are JAKE, COLONEL QUARITCH, SELFRIDGE and few ENGINEERS and OFFICERS. Jake is talking them through plans he's made of Hometree's inner structure.

JAKE
 You've got outer columns, then a secondary ring here, and an inner ring. Then a core structure, it's like a spiral, that's how they move up and down.

QUARITCH
 I'm going to need accurate scans of all these columns.

JAKE
 Roger that.

ANGLE ON MAX, at the stairwell. He's been watching Jake talking rapidly to Quaritch, but can't hear him. Frowning, he backs away, down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB - DAY

JAKE, GRACE and NORM are packing science gear and supplies.

GRACE
 I'm not about to let Quaritch and Selfridge micro-manage this thing.
 (she looks pointedly at Jake)
 We're going up into the mountains.
 (MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)
 There's a mobile link up at Site 26 that
 we can work out of.

NORM
 The Hallelujah Mountains?

GRACE
 That's right.

NORM
 Yesssss!
 (off Jake's look)
 The legendary Floating Mountains of
 Pandora? Heard of them?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - AERIAL - DAY

A SAMSON THUNDERS over the rainforest, climbing into the mist-shrouded mountains.

In the SEALED COCKPIT, Norm is up front, sitting left seat so Trudy can talk him through the flight controls. Jake and Grace are behind them, in the jump-seats.

Grace and Norm's UNCONSCIOUS AVATARS ride in the open back compartment.

TRUDY
 It only takes tiny inputs. Here, put
 your hand on the cyclic --

She points to the stick between her knees. Norm hesitantly reaches over and rests his hand on hers.

TRUDY
 Feel how small the moves are? You barely
 have to think it, and the aircraft
 reacts.

ON NORM -- reacting to tiny inputs from the hot lady-pilot.

THE SAMSON is dwarfed by enormous ARCHES OF ROCK.

GRACE
 See these magnetic formations. We're
 getting close.

TRUDY
Yeah we are. Look at my instruments.

On the dash, many of the displays are fritzing out.

GRACE

Yup. We're in the flux vortex.

AHEAD, a cloud bank parts, revealing --

THE HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS. Right in front of them.

NORM

Oh. My. God.

Jake leans forward between the seatbacks for a good look out the front canopy.

JAKE'S POV -- enormous islands of rock are hovering a half mile above the ground. They are overgrown with rainforest, and straggly beards of vines hang down beneath them. Waterfalls stream down the sides and dissolve into spray at the bottom.

ON JAKE, staring in amazement. It is both awe-inspiring and disturbing.

Trudy turns, grinning at Jake.

TRUDY

You should see your face.

WIDE AERIAL -- the Samson is tiny as it approaches the floating islands of rock. An archipelago among the clouds, they cast great shadows over the forested slopes below.

JAKE (V.O.)

Yeah, so what does hold them up? Grace explained it to me -- some kind of maglev effect because unobtanium is a superconductor, or something. At least somebody understands it. Just not me.

CUT TO:

EXT. SITE 26 - DAY

A remote RESEARCH STATION -- TWO **SHACKS** and a few clusters of instruments perched on a promontory near the Hallelujah Mountains. The shacks are AIRLIFT MODULES the size of buses.

THE SAMSON LANDS, beating the grass with its rotor-wash. The humans hop out, wearing MASKS.

They move toward the Shack, taking in the spectacular panorama.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - DAY

NORM and TRUDY assist JAKE with his chair as they cycle in through the AIRLOCK. GRACE is already inside, starting the GENNY. She turns on the lights and equipment.

There are 4 bunks, a clutter of science gear, and -- through a short connecting corridor -- THREE LINK UNITS in the second module.

As Grace powers up the Link equipment, Jake stops to look at STEREO STILL PICTURES which are taped and tacked up around her workstation.

CLOSE ON PICTURES -- Grace posing at the school with various grinning children. There is one of her with two lanky girls, a younger Neytiri and an older girl who looks much like her.

GRACE

Jake, take number two, it's the least glitchy. Norm, I need you to operate Jake's link.

Norm glares at Jake as he passes.

JAKE

Hey. You got a problem?

Norm turns to Grace, his frustration boiling over.

NORM

I trained three years for this mission.
I speak the language fluently.
(he points at Jake)
He falls off the frickin' turnip truck
and all of a sudden he's cultural
ambassador!?

GRACE

It's not our choice, Norm.

He glowers at Jake.

NORM

Yeah, well I didn't come out here to wash
the dishes while you're on some
interspecies booty call.

He stalks off.

GRACE

He can't go far.

She points to Jake's link.

GRACE
Let's get you in.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. HOMETREE - BANSHEE EYRIE

LOOKING DOWN the central shaft of Hometree, 80 meters to the ground. Villagers are ant-like.

Jake tries to keep up with Neytiri as she leaps up the core trunk like a lemur. He climbs the last section, arriving out of breath beside her. She leads him OUTSIDE, onto --

A large branch. Through gaps in the foliage Jake can see other Great Trees scattered across the landscape, like enormous umbrellas above the rainforest.

NEYTIRI strides out across the branch toward some kind of STRUCTURE -- a WEB made of thick woven fiber. DARK SHAPES clinging to it stir with a leathery RUSTLING SOUND.

Neytiri makes a series of TRILLS and CLICKS. One of the shapes MOVES toward them, emerging into a shaft of sunlight.

A huge **MOUNTAIN BANSHEE**. Much larger than the forest banshees, this thing is taller than a Na'vi with a 10 meter wingspan. A leathery FWHOOOP, like the crack of sails, as it alights on the branch right in front of her.

JAKE
Holy shit.

NEYTIRI
Do not look in her eye.

Neytiri feeds it a large scrap of meat, which it SNATCHES and gulps down. She murmurs to it and strokes its NECK.

It lets out a signature SHRIEK, and some of the others in the shadows nearby answer.

Neytiri flip-catches her queue and gently connects it to the Banshee's ANTENNA. It shivers and stretches its wings as the neural connection is made.

NEYTIRI
Ikran is not horse. Once *shahaylu* is made, *ikran* will fly with only one Hunter in the whole life.

She climbs smoothly onto the animal's back.

NEYTIRI

To become *taronyu* -- Hunter -- you must choose your own *ikran*. And he must choose you.

JAKE

When?

NEYTIRI

When you are ready.

The BANSHEE shivers with anticipation.

NEYTIRI

Heeyaaaahh!

Jake ducks as the great wings EXPLODE OPEN and the banshee DROPS off the branch. It swoops down across the forest canopy, banks hard, lets out a CRY and beats its wings in a power climb.

Completing the bank, Neytiri directs the banshee into a close SWOOPING FLYBY, and Jake instinctively ducks.

ON NEYTIRI -- flying in perfect fusion with her winged mount, the rainforest rolling beneath her.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT/EXT

STEREO VIDEO-LOG IMAGE -- Jake has just switched on the camera. He looks tired.

JAKE

Do I have to do this? I need some rack.

GRACE, behind him, looks up from her MICROSCOPE, scowling.

GRACE

No -- now, when it's fresh.

JAKE

Yeah, yeah.

(to camera)

The days are starting to blur together.
The language is a bitch, but I figure
it's like field-stripping a weapon.
Repetition.

THIS THROWS US INTO A **TEACHING MONTAGE:**

JAKE AND NEYTIRI kneel together inside Hometree. Neytiri touches her lips with her fingertips.

JAKE

Seyri.

She touches her nose, her ears, her eyes in quick sequence.

JAKE

Ontu, mikyun, nari.

NEYTIRI stands next to him, correcting his position as he draws a longbow.

BARKING commands, she SMACKS him on the shoulder, then the elbow, repositioning him roughly.

JAKE (V.O.)

Neytiri thinks I'm some kind of retard.

HUMAN JAKE emerges from the LINK to see --

TRUDY and NORM caught IN THE ACT on Norm's bunk. Norm blushes and Trudy waves, pulling the blanket over their heads.

JAKE (V.O.)

Norm's attitude has improved lately.

NORM works with JAKE at the small table in the SHACK kitchen.

NORM

Thank you?

JAKE

Ireiyo.

Norm comically exaggerates the pronunciation.

NORM

Irrrreiyo. Irrrreiyo. You've gotta roll the R, r-r-r-oll it.

Norm makes Jake repeat the word, getting more frustrated.

JAKE (V.O.)

It's good he's back on board, but he thinks I'm a retard too.

TRACKING WITH JAKE'S FEET as he runs over rocks, leaping onto a thick root, running on across the rough bark.

JAKE (V.O.)

My feet are getting tougher. I can run farther every day.

Neytiri leads him along a massive root, and soon they are running 30 meters above the ground.

He sprints with her through the trees, trying to keep up. She CLIMBS and LEAPS with the ease of a spider monkey.

JAKE (V.O.)

I have to trust my body to know what to do. With Neytiri it's learn fast or die.

Neytiri LEAPS off into space, falling, falling until --

She catches an enormous palm leaf and, gripping it, allows its DROOP to slow her fall. She lets go, plummeting, and catches another.

JAKE FOLLOWS in a leap of faith. THE CAMERA PLUNGES with him, from leaf to leaf, down and down in a dizzying kinetic rush.

He drops down from the last leaf, landing next to her on a game trail. He is exhilarated to still be alive.

Neytiri is surprised -- that he followed. That he lived.

TIGHT ON HUMAN JAKE, in the shack. Thinking as he looks at the pictures of Grace with the laughing kids at the school.

IN THE COMMONS -- AVATAR NORM formally greets MO'AT. The Matriarch looks on as GRACE kneels to hug children she knows. Grace's eyes sparkle as she chats with them in Na'vi.

JAKE (V.O.)

I sweet-talked Mo'at into giving Norm and Grace a hall pass. Now Grace even makes me coffee before link every morning.

Grace looks up to see Neytiri approaching. It is an awkward moment between them. Grace makes the formal gesture of greeting.

GRACE

(Na'vi, subtitled)

I See you, Neytiri Mo'at'ite.

NEYTIRI

I See you, Doctor Grace Augustine.

ANOTHER DAY -- NEYTIRI kneels on a game trail, pointing out the tracks in the mud to Jake. She touches the edges of the plants around her, and sniffs the air.

JAKE (V.O.)
*I'm learning to read the trails, the
 tracks at the water-hole, the tiniest
 scents and sounds.*

JAKE AND NEYTIRI watch through a screen of leaves as --

A HERD of huge, armored **STURMBEEST** walks through the shallows of a lake. In the middle of the herd, the babies are sheltered from predators among their parents' legs.

One of the BULLS trumpets, and a flock of TETRAPTERONS takes flight, an explosion of purple wings.

Jake stares at the strange and wild alien tableau.

ANOTHER PLACE -- NEYTIRI STANDS utterly still, except for her ears, which move with a life of their own. Her eyes are closed. She speaks very softly to Jake --

NEYTIRI
*When you hear nothing, you will hear
 everything. When you see nothing, you
 will See everything.*

JAKE (V.O.)
*Sometimes I have no idea what she's
 talking about.*

Jake and Neytiri creep quietly, stalking a large male **HEXAPEDE** -- a six legged deer-like creature.

Jake expertly nocks an arrow and draws his bow as Neytiri watches. He takes a bead on the hexapede -- tracks it for a beat with the drawn bow, then RELAXES his arm. Zen archery.

JAKE (V.O.)
*It's been a month and I'm still not
 allowed to make a kill. She says the
 forest hasn't given permission.*

OMIITED

NEYTIRI and JAKE crawl through the undergrowth. She points and he parts some leaves to see --

A MOTHER VIPERWOLF bringing meat to her cubs, which frisk around her legs. She licks their faces.

JAKE (V.O.)
*There's a lot of crap like that. She's
 always going on about the flow of energy--
 the spirits of the animals and what not --*

VIDEO-LOG IMAGE -- HUMAN JAKE talks into the lens. He's changing -- un-shaven, cheeks hollow. Pale.

JAKE
(smirking)
I just hope this treehugger shit isn't on
the final.

Visible behind him, Grace is hunched over her samples.

GRACE
(without looking up)
This isn't just about eye-hand
coordination out there. You need to
listen to what she says. Try to see the
forest through their eyes.

JAKE
Excuse me -- this is my video-log here,
okay?

NEYTIRI AND JAKE move through the NIGHT FOREST, surrounded by galaxies of shimmering bioluminescence. They move gracefully, soundlessly -- two forest spirits.

CU JAKE -- the pupils of his cat eyes dilated. The night forest floods his brain with its million bio-sources.

NIGHT SHOT, from overhead -- Jake and Neytiri bow-fishing from a dugout canoe over huge glowing **ANEMONES** at the bottom of a pool.

A large fish swims silhouetted against the pastel glow. ZAP! Jake drills it. He holds up the fish, triumphantly.

ANOTHER DAY -- Neytiri stands close behind Jake, adjusting his position as he draws his bow. Only now her hands are GENTLE as they move on his arms, his shoulders.

Aware of her touch, Jake's focus is broken. Their eyes meet, and she pulls away quickly.

NIGHT -- they enter a CLEARING filled with chest-high ferns. Neytiri signals him to move slowly. They approach a creature on one of the ferns. An ugly, stick-like LIZARD-THING perched on a frond. As he approaches --

SNAP! A long spine whips in a circle, unfurling a bioluminescent membrane -- a disk a meter across, opening like a Chinese fan. It FLIES OFF, a living Frisbee.

THE **FAN LIZARD** FLOATS across the clearing.

Neytiri plunges among the ferns with a SHARP CRY. An EXPLOSION OF COLOR as dozens of FAN LIZARDS take flight.

Grinning widely, she hops around like a little girl, until they are all flying. And for the first time, she is unguarded and joyful, totally herself with him.

INSIDE THE LINK -- Jake's eyes open in the darkness. He doesn't know where he is. He weakly pushes open the lid, blinking at the light.

JAKE (V.O.)
Everything is backwards now. Like out there is the true world, and in here is the dream.

TIGHT ON AVATAR JAKE silently drawing his bow, his eyes focused in intense concentration. A beat -- the arrow flies.

JAKE PULLS the arrow from the twitching body of a hexapede. He dispatches it with his knife.

He speaks haltingly, but with feeling, in Na'vi.

JAKE
 (Na'vi)
I See you Brother, and thank you. Your spirit goes with Eywa, your body stays behind to become part of the People.

NEYTIRI watches with approval.

NEYTIRI
 A clean kill. You are ready.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Lying in the link, Jake looks exhausted, pale, thin. Norm helps Grace get him to his chair.

GRACE
 You're still losing weight. Here --

She hands him a microwaved burrito. He looks at the now alien food. Bites into it without enthusiasm.

JAKE
 I made a kill today. We ate it. I know where that meal came from.

GRACE

Other body. You need to take care of this body.

JAKE

Yeah yeah.

GRACE

Jake, I'm serious -- you look like crap. You're burning too hard.

Jake takes the cigarette out of her mouth and stubs it out.

JAKE

Get rid of this shit, then you can lecture me.

GRACE

I'm telling you, as your boss and someone who might even consider being a friend someday, to take some down time.

JAKE

Not now. Tomorrow we leave for *Iknimaya*.

GRACE walks past Jake, starts making herself coffee.

GRACE

Yeah -- you're gonna go ride a banshee. Or die trying.

JAKE

That's right, Grace. This is what I've been working for.

GRACE

And this is your check up from the neck up, Marine. You're getting in way too deep.

(she turns away)

Trust me, I learned the hard way.

Jake scans the pictures tacked up around Grace's workstation.

JAKE

What did happen at the school?

GRACE looks up from making coffee. Her eyes track across the pictures of the laughing children. Finally --

GRACE

Neytiri's sister -- Sylwanin -- stopped coming to school. She was angry about the clear-cutting.

GRACE sips her coffee, grimaces at the taste.

GRACE

One day, she and a couple of other young hunters came running in, all painted up -- they'd set a bulldozer on fire -- I guess they thought I could protect them.

GRACE'S voice stays oddly CALM as he tells this terrible story, while getting MILK out of the refrigerator.

GRACE

The troopers pursued them to the schoolhouse.

MACRO as she pours the milk -- her hand is SHAKING.

GRACE

They killed Sylwanin in the doorway. Right in front of Neytiri. Then shot the others.

(mildly)

I got most of the kids out, before they shot me.

JAKE

Jesus.

GRACE

Yeah.

Jake realizes that Grace is on the verge of tears and desperately trying to hide it.

GRACE

A scientist stays objective -- we can not be ruled by emotion. But I poured ten years of my life into that school. They called me sa'atenuk. Mother.

(turning to him)

That kind of pain reaches back through the link.

GRACE sits down at the table, looks intently at Jake.

GRACE

It's a job. Learn what you can -- but don't get attached.

GRACE looks at him with real PAIN in her eyes.

GRACE

It's not our world, Jake. And we can't
stop what's coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

TSU'TEY leads three direhorse riders up the trail -- two TEENAGE HUNTERS and JAKE, who's riding well enough to keep up. The horses' hooves CLOP right next to a sheer drop into a misty canyon.

JAKE (V.O.)

*Iknimaya translates roughly as stairway
to heaven. It's the test every young
hunter has to pass.*

TSU'TEY signals a stop.

UP-SLOPE AHEAD is an astounding formation. Thick vine-like trees have trapped large FLOATING BOULDERS of UNOBTANIUM in their gnarled grip.

A hundred meters above them more boulders are WOVEN into the twisted vine-trunks. This is some sort of freak natural occurrence -- like the mythical beanstalk, going up into the clouds.

There is a THUNDERING ROAR, like an artillery barrage, and the ground SHAKES. Jake looks around at --

One of the FLOATING MOUNTAINS grinding against the flank of a nearby mesa. A huge rockfall is set loose. The mountain is drifting toward them, filling half the sky.

The Hunters dismount.

JAKE looks up at the beanstalk going into the clouds. He turns to Tsu'tey, who is checking the young hunters' gear.

JAKE

We doin' this?

Jake leaps to catch up as Tsu'tey and the hunters swarm up the base of the beanstalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEANSTALK - DAY

200 METERS up the BEANSTALK, the hunters nimbly climb along the vine-trunks. They clamber over one of the unobtainium BOULDERS which is lifting this incredible tree.

JAKE looks down -- the massive trunk dwindles to the size of a licorice stick. A chunk breaks off a boulder as he climbs over it -- it floats *upward*.

They reach the upper branches of the beanstalk. Above them, the craggy underbelly of MONS Veritatis looms. Spray from one of the waterfalls hits them.

Some of the HANGING VINES are brushing over the upper branches of the beanstalk with a crackling hiss.

One by one the hunters grab onto vines as they pass.

Jake shrugs and leaps to a passing vine, his feet dangling over nothingness. They climb toward the floating islands above.

EXT. MONS VERITATIS - DAY

TINY FIGURES cross a causeway of vines connecting a small island of unobtainium to the main mass of Mons Veritatis.

WIDE SHOT looking down a rock face bigger than Half Dome -- the sheer side of Mons Veritatis.

Banshees circle next to the cliffs, flashing in shafts of sunlight. Waterfalls dissolve into nothingness below.

EXT. GROTTTO/BANSHEE ROOKERY - DAY

A waterfall THUNDERS down into the void like a faucet of the gods. Jake looks down the sheer cliff at the world far below -- a view from Olympus.

A SHRIEK and the THWAP THWAP of leathery wings -- NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE swoops in to perch at the edge of the grotto. She dismounts and, like a falconer, covers its eyes with a woven HOOD. It waits, docile, as --

She joins Jake and the hunter party. Tsu'tey leads them through the cave until they emerge onto a CLIFF FACE. And Jake sees --

The BANSHEE ROOKERY. HUNDREDS of banshees huddle on rock outcroppings as far as the eye can see. They cling to the walls with the fore-claws on their wings, or perch on ledges.

TSU'TEY

Jakesully will go first.

Tsu'tey smirks at Jake, a challenge in his eyes. The two teenage Hunters are scared but trying to act tough.

Tsu'tey scowls when Neytiri leads Jake out onto the ledge.

NEYTIRI

(whispering)

Now you choose your *ikran*. This you must feel -- inside. If he also chooses you, move quick, like I showed. You will have one chance.

JAKE

How will I know if he chooses me?

NEYTIRI

He will try to kill you.

JAKE

Outstanding.

Out of sight of Tsu'tey, Neytiri takes his hand and squeezes it. Jake feels a rush of emotion, but she breaks away like it didn't happen. He is on his own, on the ledge with --

The BANSHEES. They eye him as he approaches. Several SHRIEK and take flight. Others flap their wings and yawn, showing rows of fangs, in a threat display.

Jake unrolls a weighted leather strap, like a one-ended BOLO.

A LARGE MALE spreads enormous wings, SHRIEKS, and glares straight at him.

Jake looks directly into its eyes -- and strides toward it.

JAKE

Let's dance.

The challenged banshee HISSES and leaps at him, jaws wide as--

Jake times the lunge, swinging the bolo, feinting and then slipping aside as the banshee's jaws miss him, SNAPPING SHUT.

Jake WHAPS the bolo across its snout. The weighted thong whips twice around its long jaws, tying them shut. A MUFFLED SCREAM and it SLASHES at his stomach with razor talons but --

Jake is already leaping, over the talons and tackling the banshee around the neck. It topples on its side, and he SWARMS IT -- arms around its thrashing head.

Jake grabs its whip-like antenna and brings it toward his queue but --

The bony head SLAMS sideways, and BAM! -- clocks him right in the face, almost knocking him out and --

IT WRITHES, flinging him to the ground. He slides on the rock and almost goes over the edge as --

NEYTIRI gasps. Tsu'tey laughs and yells mockingly.

The bolo is coming loose as the creature shakes its head, way pissed off now, but --

Jake scrambles up and leaps straight at it. Claws rake his leg but he gets his arms around its head and CLAMPS DOWN HARD. They flop to the ground and he scrambles on top, pinning it and --

Grabs its whipping antenna, locks it under his arm, and jams the end of his queue into it. They FUSE together and --

The banshee stops struggling. It lies there panting. They are locked together, literally eye to eye.

JAKE

That's right! You're mine.

ECU BANSHEE -- the pupil like a deep black well.

Jake relaxes his grip and slowly, warily, slides his leg over the creature's back.

Neytiri runs to him.

NEYTIRI

First flight seals the bond. You cannot wait.

Jake sits astride the creature, feeling its power. He grips a hank of the beast's main, and --

JAKE

Heeeyyyaaaah!

THWAP! THWAP! The banshee is off like a shot. Jake SCREAMS as they PLUMMET off the cliff -- the banshee WAILS and --

They fall together, spiralling out of control, and he is almost tossed lose. The thing is SQUAWKING and SHRIEKING so much he can't think.

JAKE
Shut the hell up!!

It does.

JAKE
Level out! Fly straight!

It levels out. Jake cocks his head, only thinking "bank left" and the animal complies. He settles the banshee into an easy loping beat of its huge wings, while he catches his breath.

NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE falls into formation with him. She signals "follow me" and DIVES.

Jake guides his banshee clumsily after her. Neytiri's banshee moves with precise movements of its wingtips, while Jake's wobbles and dips, almost falling out of the sky.

THE CAMERA SWOOPS after them as Neytiri leads an arcing DIVE around the flank of Mons Veritatis. The scenery is stunning. They pass waterfalls and swoop between hanging vines.

Neytiri leads Jake in a sharp bank, skimming close to the cliffs. They punch through streamers of cloud and emerge into sunlight.

Jake is getting the hang of it. He jinks left, then right, then dives, tucking himself tight against the animal's back. He's reckless, fearless. Half in control and LOVING IT.

Neytiri dives next to him as he lets out a long WHOOP of joy.
CUT TO:

INT./EXT. GROTTTO/MONS VERITATIS - DAY

FLIGHT MONTAGE:

NEYTIRI squats with Jake, using her hands to explain flight principles like one fighter pilot to another.

LOOKING DOWN a sheer cliff. SWOOOSH! Jake and Neytiri dive their mounts STRAIGHT DOWN PAST CAMERA, pulling out and soaring into a series of aerobatic turns.

JAKE (V.O.)
I may not be much of a horse guy. But I was born to do this.

THEY FLY in close formation with TSU'TEY and the young HUNTERS, 5 banshees flashing through scarves of mist.

ANOTHER DAY. Jake dives, playing hide and seek with Neytiri among the clouds. They are wild and free in a wild world. She grins and banks hard, diving -- *catch me if you can*. He DIVES after her.

IN THE GROTTO, by firelight, JAKE'S BANSHEE snaps at a piece of meat which he playfully pulls back. He's teaching it to take the food more slowly. He strokes its long head.

TSU'TEY is nearby with the young hunters. He eyes Jake with frustrated hostility.

ANOTHER DAY -- Jake and Neytiri fly abreast, soaring easily. She points and Jake sees --

A BIZARRE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION. Arches of magnetic rock form rainbows of stone above a deep CALDERA. In the center of the caldera is a single, enormous WILLOW TREE, gnarled and ancient. This, we will be told, is **THE WELL OF SOULS**.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE

JAKE flies with Neytiri along a forested ridge. She is teaching him to hunt from his banshee. They carry their bows at the ready, scanning below them for prey.

A HUGE SHADOW covers him and Neytiri SHOUTS a warning. Jake looks up to see --

A LEONOPTERYX in a delta-dive, whistling straight at him.

Like a banshee, only several times larger, it is the king predator of the air: the **GREAT LEONOPTERYX**. Striped scarlet, yellow and black, with a midnight blue crested head -- it is both gorgeous and terrifying.

The hunter has become the prey. JAKE snap-rolls and dives toward the forest canopy. He plummets into the gloom as --

K-CRASH -- the leonopteryx tears through foliage, following him down, both diving like missiles and --

JAKE yanks into a hair-pin bank, right through a gap between two huge branches --

Forcing the leonopteryx to brake with a loud FWOOSH of wings. It banks away with a frustrated SHRIEK. Two flaps of its mighty wings and it is gone, back above the canopy.

CLOSE ON THE LEONOPTERYX, as its fanged mouth opens in a bloodcurdling SCREECH which echoes among the mountains. *The lord of its domain.*

ON JAKE, shaken. Neytiri flies up, her expression the Na'vi equivalent of *Oh my God*. A beat -- they both crack up.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jake ponders images Grace has called up at her workstation-- science graphics of the Leonopteryx. Trudy and Norm are crowded around as well.

GRACE

The Great Leonopteryx is the apex aerial predator. Not only rare, but the sightings tend not to get reported.

Trudy makes a clicking motion with her thumb.

TRUDY

There usually isn't time to key the mike.

JAKE

The People call it *Toruk*.

NORM

(translating)
Last Shadow.

JAKE

Last one you ever see.

TRUDY

I saw one take out a gunship once --
WHAM! Total frickin' yard sale. Ate the crew like peanuts.

TIME CUT -- Grace is scanning through images and Jake stops her on one -- a 3D aerial shot of the strange arched formation.

JAKE

That's it.

GRACE

Vitraya Ramunong -- The Well of Souls.
It's their most sacred place.

She moves the virtual camera, and we seem to fly around the Well of Souls, catching only a glimpse of the interior.

GRACE

Something big is going on in there,
biologically. I'd die to get samples, but
outsiders are strictly forbidden.

TIME CUT -- Jake looks through the pressure window at HUMAN
GRACE and NORM outside. Wearing masks, they are taking
readings from some time-series experiments Grace has set up.

As TRUDY watches, JAKE works fast to download Grace's images
of the Well of Souls onto a memory chip.

TRUDY

They're coming back.

Jake pulls the chip, then hesitates. Torn by what he is
doing.

TRUDY

If you don't give him something, he's
gonna shut us down.

He hands her the chip and she slips it into a pocket of her
flight-suit just as Grace and Norm enter from the airlock.

JAKE

Hey, guys.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE STARES up at the TOTEM SKULL, which we now recognize as
that of a GREAT LEONOPTERYX. NEYTIRI watches as he reaches
up to touch the tall indigo crest.

NEYTIRI

My grandfather's grandfather was *Toruk*
Macto -- Rider of Last Shadow. *Toruk*
chose him. It has only happened five
times since the time of the First Songs.

JAKE

That's a long time.

Neytiri takes his hand, because that's what the Na'vi do when
they're telling you something important.

NEYTIRI

Toruk Macto was mighty -- he brought the
clans together in a time of great sorrow.
All Na'vi people know this story.

PUSH IN SLOWLY on the skull totem, then --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BED - DAY

JAKE, NEYTIRI and other FLYING HUNTERS swoop low above a HERD OF STURMBEEST -- a rapids of thundering muscle. Dust rises from this living river like steam from a python's back.

TRACKING WITH the herd. A HUNTER appears in FG, astride a direhorse at full gallop. The sight is breathtaking. He hurls a 3 meter spear and one of the sturmbeest CRASHES down, flipping twice from momentum.

JAKE ROLLS IN like a fighter jet, his banshee screaming. He draws and fires his bow. The arrow strikes true, in the plexus between the armored shoulders and --

THE BEAST crashes to the ground. Skids to a stop in a cloud of dust.

NEYTIRI swoops in next to Jake, arms raised and grinning wolfishly.

CU TSU'TEY, banking around Jake's kill. Jake looks up, and Tsu'tey SALUTES in grudging admiration.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

The central space is lit by a BONFIRE, around which the HUNT FESTIVAL is in full swing. Wild dancing. People gnawing on massive sturmbeest ribs. A bowl of some kava-like intoxicant is passed around.

NEYTIRI dances in a flowing costume as the BANSHEE SPIRIT. NORM is dancing seductively with his own tail.

JAKE, surrounded by young hunters, acts out the leonopteryx attack with his hands. The leaping fire-light plays across the eye sockets of the TORUK SKULL, bringing it to life. It seems to watch Jake.

TSU'TEY squats next to Jake, the usual scowl on his face.

Jake braces himself -- and Tsu'tey holds up the KAVA BOWL, offering it to him. A challenge or an olive branch?

Jake takes a long, hearty drink as some of the young hunters hoot and clap hands in a fast rhythm.

GRACE

Watch that stuff. It'll knock you into
next week.

Jake offers the bowl back to Tsu'tey. They lock eyes.
Tsu'tey drinks.

LATER -- AN EMPTY BOWL drops, landing on a pile of empty
bowls near the fire.

WIDER ON JAKE and TSU'TEY, sitting amid the rowdy hunters.
Tsu'tey looks a little blearily at Jake. Finally, he GRINS.

TSU'TEY

I thought -- enough drink -- you would
not be so ugly.

JAKE

Sorry.

Tsu'tey looks deep into the fire.

TSU'TEY

Your warriors -- hide inside machines --
fight from far away.

(he looks at Jake)

I did not think a sky person could be
brave.

Before Jake can answer, NEYTIRI'S lithe shape runs through
the circle of silhouetted dancers toward them. She takes
Jake by the hand and pulls him up --

NEYTIRI

You must dance! It is the way.

TSU'TEY watches as she leads him away, his face darkening --
the moment of connection to Jake lost to anger.

The hunters WHOOP and CHEER as Jake joins the circle of
dancers.

Jake takes Grace's hand and pulls her up, protesting.

JAKE lets the DRUMS and CHANTING flow through him. He lets
himself go, dancing from the inside, channeling the primal
energy.

GRACE is rocking out, grinning. We see the young girl, so
repressed, who lives within her.

Jake and Neytiri flow amongst the dancers, but they are
looking only at each other.

A couple of the young girls watching from outside the circle are giggling and talking about them. Mo'at and EYTUKAN follow their look, seeing the obvious connection.

MO'AT

(subtitled)

*We cannot let this seed grow. Her path is
with Tsu'tey.*

ON JAKE, dancing with abandon to the primal beat, eyes locked with Neytiri.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

WIDE VISTA -- mist blowing through the treetops as the morning sun burns it away. A spectacular panorama of a vast, primeval land.

UP ANGLE TRACKING among the trees, the sunlight shafting down like light in a cathedral.

JAKE (V.O.)

*It's hard to put in words the deep
connection the People have to the forest.*

HIGH IN THE BRANCHES of a tree, Jake watches as Neytiri gently bends a large pitcher-like flower toward her, sipping nectar which is sweet and thick as honey. An incredibly sensuous image.

JAKE (V.O.)

*They see a network of energy that flows
through all living things. They know that
all energy is only borrowed--*

MACRO SHOT of a purple flower, beaded with raindrops. A blue hand picks the flower.

JAKE (V.O.)

-- and one day you have to give it back.

LOOKING DOWN into a hole dug among tree roots. The body of an old Omaticaya WOMAN lies curled there like an unborn baby in the womb of the earth. The purple flower is gently placed on her body, joining flowers, totems and beads.

Mo'at recites a prayer as Neytiri, acting as acolyte, places a WOODSPRITE, a seed of the Great Tree, on the body.

Earth is poured over the LENS and we CUT TO --

JAKE WAKING UP in the Link. DARK as a coffin. He pushes the lid off, letting in light, and lies there. He looks pale and haggard, with a scraggly beard.

JAKE (V.O.)
Hard to believe it's only been three months.

JAKE SITS in front of the video log camera, late at night. It is many log entries later. He has lost a lot of weight. He looks like a junkie watching a test pattern.

JAKE
 (to the lens)
 I can barely remember my old life. I'm not sure who I am anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Under a sky of thunderheads, the forest is a dark wall beyond the fence. SELFRIDGE, wearing an exopack, TEES UP while GRACE and JAKE approach from the direction of the Ops Center.

SELFDRIDGE
 Good of you to stop by. How's it going out there? Our blue friends all packed up yet?

Selfridge swings his DRIVER with good form.

SELFDRIDGE
 See, I keep hooking it. It's the damn pack.

THE BALL drops into the mud just past a marker which reads 220. A TROOPER walks over to retrieve it.

SELFDRIDGE
 The low gravity and the high air density cancel out so --

JAKE
 You called us back to report -- you want to hear it or not?

SELFDRIDGE
 Go ahead.

GRACE
 Jake is making incredible progress, years worth in just a few months. But -- we need more time.

SELFRIDGE

Not what I was hoping to hear.

It starts to rain. Selfridge calmly pulls an umbrella from his golf bag and snaps it open.

GRACE

Parker, it's their ancestral home. They've lived there since before human history began. You can spare them a few more weeks.

SELFRIDGE

This thing is inevitable. What does it matter when it happens? I'm sorry, Dr. Augustine. You're out of time.

He leaves them standing there to get drenched.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY

A break table, under a harsh overhead light. Quaritch pulls up a chair, turns it around, and sits astride it facing Jake. He studies Jake's pale, sunken face. The scraggly beard.

QUARITCH

You're not gettin' lost in the woods, are you son?

Jake can't meet his eyes.

QUARITCH

Your last report was two weeks ago. I'm starting to doubt your *resolve*. From what I see, it's time to terminate this mission.

Jake eyes flare with alarm.

JAKE

No. I can do this.

QUARITCH

Look, you've given me plenty of usable intel. Like this "Well of Souls" place -- I've got them by the balls with that, when it turns into a shit-fight. Which it will.

Jake feels hollow inside, knowing what he's done.

QUARITCH

So you'll get your legs back, like I promised.

(puts his hand on Jake's shoulder)

It's time to come in.

Jake ponders this. *Isn't this what he was doing all this for?*

JAKE

I've gotta finish this thing. There's one more test -- the Dream Hunt. It's the final stage of becoming a man. Then I'm one of them. They'll trust what I say...

It's hard for him to even form these words --

JAKE

... and I can negotiate the terms of their relocation.

QUARITCH

Then you need to get it done, Corporal.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Strange horizontal LIGHTNING branches through the floating mountains, twisted by the magnetic fields. The sky is black and heavy with clouds.

INT. SHACK KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake is gulping black coffee like a tequila shot, looking pretty STRUNG OUT. GRACE is smoking furiously.

GRACE

Jake, I can't allow this. You're just not strong enough.

JAKE

It's the last door -- I'm going through it. You can help me or get out of the way.

Jake pushes past her toward the corridor --

GRACE

(grabbing him)

Will you listen to me? Sometimes the Na'vi themselves die in these vision quests. The venom takes you to the edge of death.

(MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)
 And the psychoactive alkaloid in the worm-
 - we have no idea what that'll do in an
 avatar brain.

Jake breaks free and wheels away, down the corridor.

GRACE follows JAKE as he crosses to the Link. A sheet of
 LIGHTNING flashes across the sky outside.

Norm is initializing the Link.

NORM
 Calibrating. Thirty seconds.

She puts her hands on his shoulders.

GRACE
 No matter what you prove out there-- you
 are still in here.
 (shaking him)
Right here.

JAKE
 I have to go all the way -- become one of
 them--

GRACE
 (furiously)
 Goddammit, Jake, you can never be one of
 them!

Norm looks up, startled at the VEHEMENCE in GRACE' voice.

GRACE
 Our life out there takes millions of
 dollars of machinery to sustain. You
 visit -- and you leave.

During this, Jake pulls himself from his wheelchair, levering
 himself into the Link, hauling his useless legs inside.

GRACE
 (softening)
 You can never truly be with her.

Jake stops, pinioned by the truth. He seems suddenly very
 lost.

JAKE
 You know why I'm here? Because Quaritch
 sent me.

NORM
 What?

JAKE

That's right -- to embed with the *Omaticaya*. To find out how to screw them out of their home. By deceit or by force, he didn't care. And if it turned out to be force, then how best to do it.

Norm is in shock. But Grace is eerily calm.

GRACE

And what about now, Jake?

JAKE

I'm not that guy any more.

Grace nods. She's been on his journey every step of the way.

GRACE

I know.

JAKE

But if I tell Quaritch the truth, he yanks me out -- I never see her again. And if I tell her the truth, the clan throws me out -- that's if they don't cut my heart out and show it to me.

Jake looks hopelessly at the two of them. In his own perfect Hell.

NORM

They won't understand what you've done.

JAKE

They don't even have a word for "lie" -- they had to learn it from us.

Grace sees he is on the verge of tears. Lost and alone, between worlds.

GRACE

I know. I taught it to them.

JAKE

(pleading)

Grace. I've gotta go. They're waiting.

NORM

Link is ready.

Grace stops him as he tries to close the lid.

GRACE

Jake. You can't carry this burden much longer.

JAKE

(smiling wanly)

It's okay. Mo'at says an alien mind probably can't survive the Dream Hunt anyway.

Grace closes the lid. It feels like closing a coffin. She watches his psionic patterns aligning to his avatar, somewhere out in the night.

GRACE

(to Norm)

Prep my link. I'm going in.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE SITS, eyes closed, as Neytiri and another young hunter paint his face and body in preparation for *uniltaron* -- the Dream Hunt.

NEYTIRI

When your Spirit Animal comes, you will know.

Their eyes meet with emotion neither can conceal any longer.

TIME CUT. GRACE stands with the crowd at the ramp to HOMETREE'S LOWEST LEVEL. Jake barely sees her as he goes down the spiral. She tries to follow, but is barred by a hunter.

BELOW, seemingly in the womb of the earth, Jake walks slowly into the center of a tight circle of seated elders and hunters. An ELDER is slowly rapping a large WATER DRUM.

TIME CUT -- MO'AT purifies him with smoke from burning herbs, CHANTING in a low monotone. Jake, squatting, washes the smoke over himself with his palms.

MACRO - MO'AT'S FINGERS unwrap a piece of wood riddled with holes. She catches the end of a glowing purple **WORM**, and draws it out of the wood.

MO'AT

(subtitled)

*Oh wise worm, eater of the Sacred Tree --
bless this worthy Hunter with a true
vision.*

MO'AT places the worm on Jake's out-stretched TONGUE. It twists on itself, lighting his mouth before he closes it. She indicates he should chew. He does.

MACRO -- AN EARTHEN JAR is opened. EYTUKAN removes a writhing black **ARACHNOID**, the Pandoran equivalent of a scorpion.

He places it against the back of Jake's neck and presses. The insect drives its stinger into Jake's skin and --

Jake grimaces. Mo'at and Eytukan step back, leaving Jake alone in the circle.

Neytiri watches intently, joining in the low chant.

SLOW DOLLY IN on Jake. His eyes OPEN. He looks around at the faces -- they seem to TRANSFORM, becoming threatening.

Jake looks down at the palms of his hands.

JAKE'S POV -- his hands recede, his whole body, the ground and --

INSTANTLY the circle of Na'vi recedes, as if to a distant horizon, leaving vast ground in between. SPACE is utterly distorted, and SOUND as well -- echoing, THUNDEROUS.

ECU JAKE -- pupils DILATED black. He looks around and --

The onlookers are gone, replaced by a ring of glowing trees, which seem miles high. The whole image is bathed in spectral radiance. Jake looks down --

JAKE'S POV -- his body and hands transforming -- fingers stretching into tendrils, legs becoming roots which spread outward across the ground, a thousand glowing dendrites which connect to the roots of the trees and --

CUT TO REALITY -- Jake is on his hands and knees, PUKING in the dirt. He contorts, crying out in agony as the venom contracts his muscles but --

IN HIS VISION Jake stands serene on a FLOATING MOUNTAIN CLIFF. A GREAT BLACK SHADOW covers him, the unmistakable X silhouette of a diving LEONOPTERYX. The LAST SHADOW.

CAMERA SCREAMS down on him as the shadow grows larger -- WE RUSH into his face, into the blackness of his pupil which FILLS THE UNIVERSE and --

REAL JAKE writhes in the dirt, his back arched as his muscles seize. He foams and thrashes, his eyes rolled back in his head, while inside --

TIME ITSELF HAS ACCELERATED -- clouds scream around the mountain tops, mist boils through the forest. He feels the wind of time blowing through him as --

REAL JAKE claws the ground, moaning, staring blindly while --

INSIDE, IN POV he FLIES over the landscape of Pandora --

--but the forest is BLASTED. Fires flicker among trees that are BURNED black and lifeless in a smoky twilight.

A great WINGED SHADOW is cast below, rippling over the devastated ground. AVATAR JAKE looks down at the shadow. Realizes HE is casting it, and we RUSH IN to his PUPIL and --

PULL BACK from the eye of a GREAT LEONOPTERYX, flying lordly and terrible over the land. It lets out an almighty SHRIEK which seems to echo to eternity and --

SLAM CUT to Jake, on his back, GASPING -- back in his body. He weakly rolls up to one elbow and looks around the room.

MO'AT

It is finished.

Neytiri's face is flooded with relief. The faces of the clan elders look at Jake expectantly.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Did your Spirit Animal come?

Jake looks from Eytukan to Mo'at, Tsu'tey and the elders. *How can he tell them what he has seen?*

Mo'at puts her splayed fingers against his face, seeming to peer into his troubled soul.

MO'AT

(to Jake)

Something has come.

(to the others, subtitled)

It will take time for the meaning to be clear.

She steps back, and Eytukan motions for Jake to stand. He gets up, weakly.

OUTSIDE THE ENCLOSURE -- Eytukan emerges with Jake and the others. The entire clan is gathered, waiting to hear what has happened. Jake looks up at the Leonopteryx Skull Totem, which seems to stare down at him.

GRACE watches, her eyes brimming. Proud. Relieved. Amazed.

Eytukan places both hands on Jake's chest and holds them there.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

*You are now a son of the Omaticaya. You
are part of the People.*

All the members of the clan press forward, crowding around and putting their hands on Jake's shoulders, back, chest -- hands upon hands, until he is connected to everyone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

JAKE and NEYTIRI run silhouetted in the night. Behind them waterfalls cascade down in the silvery light. POLYPHEMUS RISES behind the trees.

NEYTIRI DIVES from a rock, slicing into a mirror of water. Jake follows her and --

UNDERWATER, they swim over glowing ANEMONES.

They seem to float in a cosmic dance above a luminous garden of waving shapes. Tiny purple fish swirl around them.

Their hands come together, fingers twining, as they float weightlessly, as if between worlds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

Laughing, they run together into a stand of WILLOWS. Their trunks are as gnarled as bonsai. Long faintly glowing tendrils hang straight down in pastel curtains.

Underfoot, a bed of moss glows faintly. It REACTS to their footsteps with expanding rings of light.

It is an exquisitely beautiful spot.

The willows stir, responding to their presence. She holds up her hands, letting the TENDRILS caress her.

NEYTIRI

This is a place for prayers to be heard.
And sometimes answered.

Jake puts out his hands and the tendrils play over his fingers, his palms, his forearms. His eyes go wide. We hear the WHISPERING of ancient Na'vi VOICES.

JAKE

It's like -- a sound you feel.

NEYTIRI

We call this *utraya mokri* -- the Tree of Voices. The voices of our ancestors, who live within *Eywa*.

A few WOODSPRITES circle around them, some alighting on their shoulders and arms.

They stand, very close together now. Her eyes are intense, almost luminous. He feels drawn into them.

But she pulls back a little.

NEYTIRI

You are *Omaticaya* now. You may make your own bow from the wood of Hometree.
(she looks away)
And you may choose a woman.

The Amazon warrior trying so hard to sound casual. Jake suppresses a smile.

NEYTIRI

We have many fine women. Ninat is the best singer --

JAKE

I don't want Ninat.

NEYTIRI

There is Beyral -- she is a good hunter --

Jake puts his fingers on her lips to stop her.

JAKE

I've already chosen. But this woman must also choose me.

She takes his hands and their fingers intertwine, moving gently over each other.

NEYTIRI

She already has.

He puts his face close to hers. She rubs her cheek against his. He kisses her on the mouth. They explore each other.

Then she pulls back, eyes sparkling.

NEYTIRI

Kissing is very good. But we have something better.

She pulls him down until they are kneeling, facing each other on the faintly glowing moss.

Neytiri takes the end of her queue and raises it. Jake does the same, with trembling anticipation. The tendrils at the ends move with a life of their own, straining to be joined.

MACRO SHOT -- The tendrils INTERTWINE with gentle undulations.

JAKE rocks with the direct contact between his nervous system and hers. *The ultimate intimacy.*

They come together into a kiss and sink down on the bed of moss, and ripples of light spread out around them.

THE WILLOWS sway, without wind, and the night is alive with pulsing energy as we DISSOLVE TO --

LATER. She is collapsed across his chest. Spent. He strokes her face tenderly.

JAKE

Neytiri, you know my real body is far away, sleeping.

She raises up, placing her fingertips to his chest --

NEYTIRI

This body is real.

(she touches his forehead)

This spirit is real.

Her eyes are luminous, honest, infinitely deep.

NEYTIRI

When I was first your teacher, I hated all Sky People. But you have also taught me.

(whispering)

Spirit is all that matters.

She lays her head down, against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

NEYTIRI

I am with you now, Jake. We are mated for life.

JAKE

We are?

NEYTIRI

Yes. It is our way.

(innocently)

Oh. I forgot to tell?

He rouses up, making her look at him.

JAKE

Really, we are?

NEYTIRI

We are.

Jake considers this.

JAKE

It's cool. I'm there.

He lays his head down, and her arms enfold him, sheltering him as he sleeps.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jake's eyes open in the darkness. He just lies there, thinking. In his coffin. In another world.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOW GLADE - DAWN

DAWN BREAKS in the sacred glade. Shafts of orange morning light. Jake and Neytiri asleep in each others' arms. Maxfield Parrish painting. But then --

THE ROAR OF ENGINES. Neytiri awakens with a start. The SPLINTERING, CRACKLING of forest being crushed under enormous treads gets louder.

SHE WATCHES in growing horror as the BLADE of a bulldozer becomes a dark wall behind the sheltering ring of willows. She shakes Jake, shouting at him in Na'vi to wake up.

NEYTIRI

*Jake! Wake up! Where ever you are, come
back to me now. Jake!*

INT. SHACK - DAWN

HUMAN JAKE is in a hurry to get back to the link. GRACE, still groggy, chases him with coffee and microwaved eggs.

GRACE

Here -- eat this. I'd hate to have to
force-feed a cripple.

She slams the lid shut before he can enter and sticks the plate under his nose.

GRACE

(grinning)
She's not going anywhere.

He sighs heavily and starts wolfing the eggs.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE - DAWN

Neytiri SCREAMS as --

The willows begin to fall before the blade, to be ground under the treads. AVATAR JAKE is directly in the path. She tries to lift him, but he is too heavy. She is screaming at him, frantically trying to wake him, as --

INT. SHACK - DAWN

Jake adjusts himself in the link chair. He hands Grace the empty plate.

GRACE

And when was the last time you took a
shower? Jesus, Marine.

Jake pushes her hands away and pulls the lid down.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

AVATAR JAKE wakes up to see --

NEYTIRI dragging him, screaming. He leaps up as --

THE DOZER pushes inexorably into the glade, splintering the trees, plowing the earth before it.

JAKE RUNS into the path of the bulldozer, waving his arms.

JAKE
Hey! Heeeeey! Stop! Stop!

He positions himself where the camera-eyes of the robotic juggernaut will see him.

INT. OPS CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON MONITOR -- Jake shouts but there's no sound feed.

WIDER as the TRACTOR **OPERATOR** sees him and pulls back on the remote throttles. He yells to his **SUPERVISOR**.

OPERATOR
Hey, I got one of the natives blockin' my blade here.

This attracts the attention of Selfridge, who comes over to the workstation.

ON THE SCREEN -- Jake, in his Omaticaya loincloth and ceremonial body paint, is unrecognizable.

SUPERVISOR
(to Selfridge)
What do we do?

SELFRIDGE
Roll on. He'll move. These people have to learn that we don't stop.

TIGHT ON THROTTLES as the operator pushes them forward.

ON THE SCREEN Jake stumbles back, tripping, disappears below the blade for a second -- reappears, running to the side.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

JAKE grabs a rock and LEAPS onto the dozer. He climbs quickly to the CAMERA MAST.

SMASH! The rock crashes into the lens of the camera. Jake beats the rock furiously against it, pounding it to junk.

INT. OPS CENTER

CLOSE ON MONITOR -- as Jake's demonic face is replaced by noise.

OPERATOR
I'm blind.

He pulls back on the throttles.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

THE JUGGERNAUT grinds to a stop. But the ROAR of engines continues because --

MORE DOZERS and TRACTORS advance nearby, crushing the forest before them. Trees are slashed down by the PLASMA CUTTERS. Terrified animals flee before the onslaught.

POWERSUITS and TROOPERS stride through the ravaged forest, blasting anything that moves. A trooper sees Jake on the dozer. He rips off a BURST and --

Rounds CLANG into metal as Jake dives off the machine. He grabs Neytiri and they run into concealing foliage. From behind a screen of leaves, they watch as --

THE DOZERS advance, obliterating the sacred site, leaving only mud and wood splinters in their path.

CU NEYTIRI, stunned by the nightmarish, unfathomable *wrongness* of it. She sobs as the willows die.

INT. OPS CENTER

MINUTES LATER, the operator is playing back the CAMERA'S FEED for Quaritch and the others.

QUARITCH

Freeze it, right -- there.

ON MONITOR -- the image expands, until Jake's face is clear, frozen in an animal snarl.

SELFIDGE

Son of a bitch!

PUSH IN ON QUARITCH as his jaw clenches in cold fury.

He turns and strides toward the door, shouting to his WATCH COMMANDER as he passes.

QUARITCH

Get me a pilot!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - DAY

A RAIDING PARTY of hunters, their bodies painted, raise weapons overhead. AVATAR GRACE watches with growing alarm.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
Tsu'tey will lead the war party!

Tsu'tey steps forward, face full of hate, raising a war cry among the hunters.

GRACE
 (subtitled)
Please -- this will only make it worse --

TSU'TEY
You do not speak here!

JAKE and NEYTIRI cross the commons toward them. Jake feels all eyes turn toward him. He takes her arm, stopping her.

JAKE
 (to Neytiri, low)
 Okay, listen. There's something I have to tell you. It's gonna be hard. I just need you to --

He sees TSU'TEY striding toward them, his face a mask of fury.

TSU'TEY
You!

Tsu'tey walks right up and SLAMS Jake in the chest with both hands. It is so unexpected, that Jake topples on his ass.

TSU'TEY
You mated with this woman?!

GRACE
 Oh shit.

Jake stands. He reaches out for Neytiri. She goes to him, clutching his hand.

MO'AT
 Is this true?

NEYTIRI
 (subtitled)
We are mated before Eywa. It is done.

Tsu'tey turns to Mo'at and Eytukan, his face anguished.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

Neytiri was promised to me! Everything is changing. Everything is being destroyed!

Tsu'tey points at Jake, his pain shifting to rage.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

These aliens kill everything they touch, like poison.

MO'AT

Neytiri! If you choose this path, you can never be *Tsahik*. Your life will be wasted.

Neytiri looks at her mother -- sees the grief in her eyes.

NEYTIRI

I have chosen.

Tsu'tey draws his knife and --

TSU'TEY

Yeeeeeeaaa!

LUNGES AT JAKE, who's ready this time -- he sidesteps, blocking the knife, and elbows Tsu'tey HARD in the face.

Tsu'tey reels back, nose bleeding. He starts forward on a second attack but --

Eytukan grabs his arm and spins him around.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Stop! This is not a proper challenge.

Tsu'tey glares at Jake while sheathing his knife.

TSU'TEY

I challenge you.

GRACE

Jake, don't --

JAKE

I accept.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SAMSON - DAY

QUARITCH rides left seat as Trudy pilots through the mountains. She glances at him, then toggles the aircom.

TRUDY
Loveshack this is Samson One Six inbound
hot to your pos. I have Colonel Quaritch
with me and --

But Quaritch SLAMS the switch, cutting her off.

QUARITCH
Did I tell you to announce us?

TRUDY
Sorry sir, it's procedure.

INT. SHACK

Norm punches buttons on the comms console.

NORM
Samson One Six? Trudy?
(no answer)
Crap.

He looks helplessly at Jake and Grace's link units -- no way to warn them.

INT. HOMETREE - DAY

TSU'TEY AND JAKE square off. Each holds a long, solid staff. The entire clan crowds around them in a circle.

GRACE
What the hell are you doing?

JAKE
It's the only way to get him to goddamn
listen.

TSU'TEY LEAPS at Jake with a sharp cry and Jake parries with his staff. The staves CLACK off each other as the two combatants LEAP, DUCK and STRIKE furiously.

Tsu'tey sweeps Jake off his feet with a roundhouse hit to the ankles, but --

Jake ROLLS out of it and catches Tsu'tey in the belly with the blunt end.

EXT. SITE 26 - DAY

TRUDY'S SAMSON lands. QUARITCH and a posse of troopers jump down and rush the Shack.

INT. COMMONS

TSU'TEY wades in with a series of short, sharp blows. Jake swings with equal fury. Both fighting from the heart.

The staves whistle through the air, and CLACK together like gunshots. Jake presses hard, and Tsu'tey staggers back, stumbling as --

Jake lands a SOLID HIT, dropping him to his knees, just as --

INT. SHACK

THE INNER DOOR bangs open and QUARITCH stomps toward Grace's Link controls.

NORM

Hey, hang on, you can't interrupt a link in progress, it's dangerous -- wait!

Quaritch shoves him aside and SMACKS his fist down on the POWER switch. Grace's unit goes dead and --

INT. COMMONS

AVATAR GRACE'S eyes roll back and she keels over. NEYTIRI barely catches her before she hits the ground.

JAKE parries as Tsu'tey swings but then --

Jake's eyes go blank just as -- K-RACK! Tsu'tey puts one alongside his head. Jake sprawls, completely inert. Tsu'tey pokes him with his staff, then raises it and lets out a piercing VICTORY CRY.

INT. SHACK - DAY

JAKE SLAMS OPEN the Link, amped from the fight, furious --

JAKE

Are you out of your goddamn mind?!

QUARITCH

You crossed a line.

Quaritch PUNCHES HIM HARD. Jake flops back, dazed. The troopers yank him out and ZIP-TIE his wrists.

INT. COMMONS

TSU'TEY draws his KNIFE, and bends down, grabbing Jake by the hair.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
*This is a demon in a false body. It
should not live.*

He puts his knife to Jake's throat but --

NEYTIRI BLIND-SIDES him at full tilt. Tsu'tey sprawls, rolls, comes up to see --

Neytiri crouched like a lioness over Jake, her KNIFE and teeth bared, her ears flattened. She SNARLS with primal fury.

Tsu'tey stands panting. He pushes through the crowd and walks away, calling for his hunters.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - DUSK

TIGHT ON MONITOR -- showing JAKE'S AVATAR FACE on the dozer camera, as he pounds a rock into the lens. The shot FREEZES on Jake's ANIMAL SNARL.

WIDER -- HUMAN JAKE sits, bruised and bleeding, watching himself on the monitor. GRACE and NORM stand nearby, rubbing their wrists where the zip-ties bit in. SELFRIDGE and QUARITCH watch with disdain.

QUARITCH
You let me down, son. You got a little local pussy and completely forgot what team you play for.

Jake meets his gaze with a defiant glare.

GRACE
Parker, listen, there may still be time to --

QUARITCH
Shut your fucking hole!

Grace is momentarily stunned by Quaritch's fury. But she meets it with her own intensity, not backing down an inch.

GRACE

Or what, Ranger Rick? You gonna shoot me?

(to Selfridge)

You need to muzzle your dog!

SELFRIDGE

Can we just take this down a couple notches, please.

JAKE

(to Quaritch)

You say you want to keep your people alive. Start by listening to her.

Jake nods to Grace to continue.

GRACE

(to Selfridge)

This is bad, Parker. Those trees were sacred to the *Omaticaya* in a way you can't imagine.

SELFRIDGE

You know what? You throw a stick in the air around here it falls on some sacred fern.

GRACE

I'm not talking about pagan voodoo here -- I'm talking about something real and measurable in the biology of the forest.

SELFRIDGE

(frustrated)

Which is what exactly?

Grace's nerve fails. A rush of conflicting emotions -- the need to act, to *do something*, colliding with her scientific rigor.

GRACE

(to Jake)

I can't do this. How am I supposed to reduce years of work to a sound bite for the illiterate?

JAKE

Just tell him what you know in your heart.

She turns to Parker, steeling herself.

GRACE

Alright, look -- I don't have the answers yet, I'm just now starting to even frame the questions. What we think we know -- is that there's some kind of electrochemical communication between the roots of the trees. Like the synapses between neurons. Each tree has ten to the fourth connections to the trees around it, and there are ten to the twelfth trees on Pandora --

SELFRIDGE

That's a lot I'm guessing.

GRACE

That's more connections than the human brain. You get it? It's a network -- a global network. And the Na'vi can access it -- they can upload and download data -- memories -- at sites like the one you destroyed.

SELFRIDGE

What the hell have you people been smoking out there? They're just. Goddamn. Trees.

GRACE

You need to wake up, Parker. The wealth of this world isn't in the ground -- it's all around us. The Na'vi know that, and they're fighting to defend it. If you want to share this world with them, you need to understand them.

QUARITCH

We understand them just fine. Thanks to Jake here.

Jake shares a look of alarm with Grace as Quaritch selects a NEW CLIP on the main monitor --

TIGHT ON MONITOR -- VIDEO-LOG IMAGE of Jake, looking haggard and borderline deranged, rambling in a late-night monologue.

JAKE (RECORDED)

They're not going to give up their home -- they're not gonna make a deal. For what? Lite beer and shopping channel? There's nothing we have that they want. We're a horror to them. We're the monsters from space.

JAKE watches with a growing dread as his words condemn the people he has grown to love.

JAKE (RECORDED)

They're never going to leave Hometree.

Quaritch FREEZES the recording.

QUARITCH

Since a deal can't be made -- it gets real simple.

(to Jake, icily)

So thanks. I'm getting all emotional. I might just give you a big wet kiss.

GRACE

Parker, we have to talk, like rational people.

SELFRIDGE

Well, I'd cherish that, but unfortunately you're out of here on the next shuttle. All of you. I'm shutting down the Avatar Program, effective now.

ON JAKE, GRACE AND NORM, speechless.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A WALL OF FIRE. Silhouettes of direhorse riders cross in SLOW MOTION, spears and bows held high.

INT. OPS CENTER - MORNING

MONITOR SCREEN IMAGE -- WAINFLEET pans a camera across the smoldering hulks of BURNED DOZERS. The toppled remains of a charred ampsuit. Dead troopers bristling with arrows.

WAINFLEET

They hit with banshees first. Set the ampsuit on fire. Driver's toast.

Quaritch and Selfridge look on grimly.

QUARITCH

The rest of the squad?

WAINFLEET

Six bodies -- that's all of 'em. And the equipment is totalled.

SELFRIDGE

Christ.

INT. SELFRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Selfridge is stares soberly as Quaritch outlines the plan.

QUARITCH

I can do it with minimal casualties to the indigenous. We'll clear them out with gas first. It'll be humane. More or less.

Selfridge sighs and rubs his face.

QUARITCH

Hey, don't go limp on me now. This is exactly the incident we needed.

SELFRRIDGE

Alright, let's pull the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB

MAX and the lab staff are glumly packing files and equipment, under the watchful eye of armed SEC-OPS TROOPERS. JAKE, GRACE, NORM stare bleakly at each other.

GRACE

They bulldozed a sacred site on purpose, to trigger a response. They're fabricating this war to get what they want.

NORM

I can't believe that.

JAKE

Yup. That's how it's done. When people are sitting on shit you want, you make them your enemy. Then you're justified in taking it.

TRUDY RUNS into the lab, breathless. She's wearing full flight gear and carrying her helmet.

TRUDY

Sec-ops is rolling the gunships. They're gonna hit Hometree!

JAKE

When?

TRUDY

Now. We're spooling up now! I gotta go.

GRACE

My God.

Jake pumps furiously toward the door, Grace following.

INT. OPS CENTER - DAY

SELFRIDGE surveys the airfield, where crews swarm over the gunships, loading ordnance. He turns as JAKE and GRACE charge toward him.

GRACE

Parker, wait. Stop! These are people you're about to --

SELFRIDGE

They're fly-bitten savages who live in a tree! Look around -- I don't know about you but I see a lot of trees. They can move.

GRACE

For God's sake, there are children in there. Babies!

JAKE

Look Selfridge, you don't want this kind of blood on your hands. Let me try to talk them out. They trust me.

ON SELFRIDGE, considering this.

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM

SELFRIDGE and an escort of armed TROOPERS accompany Jake and Grace to the links. The two enter their units, as NORM and MAX prep the system.

SELFRIDGE

You've got one hour. Unless you want your girlfriend in there when the axe comes down, you get them to evacuate. One hour.

Jake lowers the upper clamshell. Norm starts the sequence.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS -DAY

The entire clan is gathered, with Eytukan and Mo'at presiding. Jake looks around, feeling the gaze of the People upon him. He steels himself, and speaks in clear Na'vi --

JAKE
 (subtitled)
Eytukan, I have something to say, to everyone.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
Speak, Jakesully.

JAKE
 (subtitled)
A great evil is upon us. The Sky People are coming to destroy Hometree. They will be here soon.

A murmur of fear and anger goes through the crowd.

JAKE
 (subtitled)
You have to leave, or you will die.

MO'AT
 Are you certain of this?

JAKE
 They sent me here to learn your ways. So one day I could bring this message, and you would believe it.

NEYTIRI
 What are you saying, Jake? You knew this would happen?

He is unable to meet her eyes.

JAKE
 Yes.
 (anguished)
 At first it was just orders. Then everything changed. I fell in love-- with the forest, with the *Omaticaya* People --
 (he looks at her)
 -- with you. And by then, how could I tell you?

Neytiri can barely breathe. She is shaking with the enormity of it, her voice cracking with rage and pain --

NEYTIRI
 I trusted you, Jake!

JAKE
Neytiri. Please, I only wanted to --

NEYTIRI
You will never be one of the People!
NEVER!

TSU'TEY yells to his HUNTERS --

TSUTEY
(subtitled)
Bind them.

They grab Jake, who doesn't resist. Others seize Grace.
Both are driven to their knees, and their arms bound.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

SCORPION GUNSHIPS darken the sky as they come over the tops of the trees. At the head of the formation is one much larger ship, a monster 150 feet long -- the GENERAL DYNAMICS C-21 **DRAGON GUNSHIP**.

Quaritch, next to the pilot of the Dragon, surveys the world below like Napoleon astride his horse.

EXT. HOMETREE

JAKE and GRACE are lashed to posts at the front entrance to Hometree. The People look up as --

THE DRAGON and its escort of GUNSHIPS arrive over the trees. The DOWN-BLAST from their rotors creates a maelstrom of flying leaves and debris.

IN THE DRAGON COCKPIT Quaritch watches a targeting screen -- a telescopic image of Jake and Grace tied to posts.

QUARITCH
Well, I'd say diplomacy has failed.

TSU'TEY and another HUNTER hold knives to the throats of the two avatars, glaring defiantly at the gunships.

QUARITCH
I think they mean to cut their throats if we don't back off. Make sure you get a nice close-up of that. I can tack it onto the after-action report.

JAKE YELLS to Neytiri, Tsu'tey, the others gathered nearby --

JAKE

You have to get out of Hometree! Run to the forest! Please, I'm begging you!

EYTUKAN scowls at Jake, then GRABS TSU'TEY and yells --

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Take the ikran! Attack from above!

Tsu'tey grabs some hunters and runs up the roots of Hometree.

IN THE COCKPIT Quaritch grows impatient.

QUARITCH

Alright, let's get this done. Give me forty millimeter gas rounds, right in the front door.

GUNNER

Roger. CS forties. Going hot.

QUARITCH

Fire.

On the Dragon's stub-wings the 40mm ROCKET LAUNCHERS open up with a BARRAGE of leaping fire which FLASHES down and --

K-WHOOM!K-WHOOM!K-WHOOM! -- the inside of Hometree ERUPTS with multiple EXPLOSIONS of TEARGAS.

THE GAS rolls across the confused villagers. They begin to cough and gag.

Eytukan and the remaining HUNTERS bravely fire at the gunships with their longbows.

IN THE DRAGON'S COCKPIT, Quaritch laughs as arrows CLINK against the armored windows.

AMID CLOUDS of teargas, the Omaticaya run, stumble, collapse.

EYTUKAN

(yelling/subtitled)

Everybody outside! Go to the Forest.

The villagers pour out of Hometree. Everyone is yelling. Piercing SCREAMS in the boiling gas.

JAKE, eyes streaming, struggles with his bindings.

KA-WHOOM! An INCENDIARY ROUND explodes inside the Commons. FLAMES ROAR through the base of Hometree.

INSIDE HOMETREE it is a burning smoky HELL. Flames roar up the inside like a chimney. STRAGGLERS scramble outside, coughing and dragging wounded with them.

High up in the trunk, TSU'TEY and his hunters leap rapidly from spoke to spoke, climbing barely ahead of the fireball.

OUTSIDE the fire is driven by the rotor-wash toward JAKE and GRACE who are still bound tightly to the posts.

Out of the smoke, MO'AT appears in front of Jake. She raises a KNIFE and --

SLASHES DOWNWARD. Jake looks down, surprised, to see his bonds falling away. He meets her eyes, which are filled with horror, but also something else. Call it *faith*.

MO'AT

You are one of us. Help us!

Jake takes the knife and cuts Grace free.

JAKE

We've gotta move! He's gonna blow the columns.

As Grace realizes what he means, he grabs her and they RUN. Around them the Omaticaya flee in horror and confusion.

IN THE COCKPIT, Quaritch watches as the Omaticaya stream away from the Great Tree, running along roots and branches.

QUARITCH

That's how you scatter the roaches. Okay, switch missiles. Give me H-E's at the base of the west columns.

PILOTS (V.O.)

Copy, switching missiles.

IN TRUDY'S SAMSON -- she hears the other pilots acknowledging Quaritch's order.

TRUDY

Screw it.

She takes her finger OFF the fire-control and pulls her aircraft out of formation.

PUSHING IN ON QUARITCH, the Hometree reflecting in his glasses.

QUARITCH
Bring it down.

MISSILES stream down from the DRAGON and the other gunships and --

The base of Hometree VANISHES in a chain of HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BLASTS. The massive PILLARS fragment into matchsticks, and --

The Omaticaya watch in horror as --

HOMETREE GROANS and starts to MOVE.

In a cacophony of cracking, splintering roots, the mighty tree TOPPLES with agonizing slowness.

AT THE BANSHEE EYRIE, TSU'TEY and the other hunters spur their mounts into flight. They swoop among the branches as the tree, the one fixed thing in their lives, MOVES.

It CRASHES DOWN through the forest canopy, crushing the lesser trees in its path, FALLING PONDEROUSLY.

HOMETREE hits the ground like the end of the world, raising a great cloud of dust and pulverized debris.

IN THE DRAGON cockpit, Quaritch surveys the destruction.

QUARITCH
Nice work people. Alright, let's light it up.

INCENDIARIES launch from the gunships, EXPLODING into gouts of FIRE in the debris of Hometree.

THE GUNSHIPS fan the flames through the trees like a fire-storm. The Omaticaya retreat as a WALL OF FIRE advances.

JAKE SEARCHES for Neytiri amid swirling smoke and sparks.

JAKE
Neytiri! Neytiri!

GRACE is gathering crying CHILDREN, and herding them away from the fire-storm.

NEYTIRI stumbles through the burning wreckage at the edge of the INFERNO. She sees --

EYTUKAN. A large shard of wood is driven through him like a spear. He recognizes her as she kneels over him.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
*Daughter -- take my bow. Protect the
 People.*

In his last living moment he places his bow in her hands.
 She collapses over him, her face crumpling in grief.
 JAKE reels out of the smoke. Kneels next to her.

JAKE
 I'm sorry --

She shoves him away and stands, screaming at him as tears
 stream down her face.

NETYIRI
 Get away from me, Jake. Go away! Never
come back!

Jake stumbles back as she slumps down by her father's body.
 Sparks and smoke swirl around him. He watches as --

NETYIRI kneels, grieving. Slumped over, clutching her
 stomach. Keening like an animal.

SLOW MOTION -- Jake staggers lost and alone through the
 burning forest. Utterly shattered. Eyes vacant.

JAKE (V.O.)
*I was a warrior who dreamed he could
 bring peace. Sooner or later though, you
 always have to wake up...*

INT. LINK ROOM

SELFRIDGE watches a video feed of the destruction on one of
 the monitors. Max and NORM stare in shock.

SELFRIDGE
 Pull the plug.

A TROOPER crosses to the console and grabs the handle of the
 MASTER BREAKER --

EXT. RAINFOREST

The strings are cut. Jake flops to the ground, limp.

Elsewhere in the smoky Hell, Grace slumps unconscious. The
 crying kids pull at her. Mo'at, leading a group of
 Omaticaya, comes upon the scene.

She grabs the kids and pulls them away, leaving Grace's avatar helpless in the path of the flames. She hesitates, then --

MO'AT
(subtitled)
Bring her.

INT. LINK ROOM

BLACKNESS. Then the top clamshell of Jake's unit is yanked upward, and troopers grab him, zip-tie his wrists as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DUSK

ON A HILLSIDE -- a grieving Neytiri stands with Mo'at and the Omaticaya refugees. Two hunters pull Grace's avatar on a travois.

They watch as the flames burn like a funeral pyre below. A great pall of smoke darkens the landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Jake, Grace, and Norm are in a common holding cell. They sit, staring in silence. Too wired to sleep, too emotionally drained to move.

GRACE
They *never* wanted us to succeed.

AT THE DESK OUTSIDE, the lone TROOPER looks up as --

TRUDY approaches along the corridor, pushing a stainless steel trolley.

TRUDY
Personally I think steak's too good for these traitors.

GUARD
They get steak? That's bullshit. Let me see that --

The guard bends to look into the hot cart and --

THE MUZZLE of Trudy's pistol presses behind his ear.

TRUDY

Oops.

(shoving him down)

All the way down, *pendejo*.

She WHISTLES and MAX trots around the corner.

Trudy binds the guard with one of his own zip-ties as Max grabs his KEY CARD and runs to the cell. Swipes the card. The door is rolling open when --

ANOTHER TROOPER rounds the corner. Trudy takes him down with a sharp BLOW to the windpipe and a THAI KNEE to the ribs.

Meanwhile the first TROOPER is getting up, but Max CLOCKS him heartily with a coffee urn. He goes down and stays down.

MAX

That was unexpectedly satisfying.

Trudy plants a kiss on Norm as he runs out of the cell.

NORM

Baby, you rock.

Jake wheels out, grabbing the sidearm from the fallen trooper as Trudy binds his wrists.

JAKE

(to Max and Trudy)

Thanks.

Jake faces his motley group, chambering a round.

JAKE

So what do you say? Time for a revolution?

GRACE

I'm free.

Trudy grins and taps his fist.

JAKE

Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILIDOR

In the utility corridor under the base, Jake pumps the chair furiously, as the others jog. They reach an AIRLOCK and start donning EXOPACKS.

JAKE
(to Trudy)
Get your ship fired up.

Trudy nods. She grabs Norm and enters the airlock. Jake turns to Max.

JAKE
Stay here. I need somebody on the inside
I can trust.

Max nods. Jake grips his hand tightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

IN THE SAMSON, Norm is helping Trudy race through the preflight checks as the turbines spool up. A LIGHT hits them.

An armored TROOPER approaches, aiming his AR at them.

TROOPER
I need you to shut down and step out of
the vehicle! Now!

JAKE rolls up behind him, aiming his pistol.

JAKE
Take it nice and easy, troop.

The trooper turns, sees the gun.

JAKE
On the ground, face down. Hands behind
your head.

The trooper hesitates.

GRACE
Do what he goddamn says!

He does. Norm jumps down and grabs the trooper's rifle and side-arm, covering him, while Grace helps Jake from chair to the back bay of the chopper. She throws his chair in, and jumps in herself.

JAKE
Go! Go! Go!

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT

QUARITCH, watching a monitor, sees what's happening down at the airfield. He slams his palm down on an ALARM BUTTON.

He draws his PISTOL. Strides toward the EMERGENCY DOOR. He undogs it.

EXT. OPS CENTER/AIRFIELD - NIGHT

HOLDING HIS BREATH Quaritch yanks the hatch open and strides onto the outer landing. Inside people scramble for MASKS.

THE SAMSON lifts off in a blast of rotor-wash just as --

QUARITCH OPENS FIRE and --

ROUNDS rake the ship. Trudy banks hard, using the bottom to shield them. Bullets WHACK into the ship as she climbs-out over the tree-line.

Jake's fist pumps the air exultantly.

JAKE

Oh yeah, baby!

GRACE

Aaahh, crap. Not again.

He looks over at Grace and freezes. She is looking down at a BLOODY HAND. She clutches her abdomen, covering the spreading stain. Looks at Jake, wide-eyed.

GRACE

This is gonna ruin my whole day.

JAKE

Hang on, Grace.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK / SITE 26 - NIGHT

NORM'S AVATAR, with an AR slung over his shoulder, stands on the roof of the LINK MODULE. He gives a thumbs up signal. The lift cable goes taut and --

The shack LIFTS OFF THE GROUND.

Trudy's Samson beats the grass of the mountain meadow, straining to lift the module on a long-line sling. The shack sways as Trudy banks across forested slopes and heads deeper into the HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS.

INT. SAMSON CABIN - NIGHT

Outside the windows, clouds and cliffs pass by, lit by Polyphemus.

Jake is yanking stuff out of the Samson's trauma bag, while Grace lies curled across two back seats, hugging her blood-soaked abdomen. She is pale and shocky.

Trudy is flying on visual only, by the light of Polyphemus. Her instruments are showing gibberish.

TRUDY

Well, at least they won't be able to track us up here. Not this deep in the vortex.

JAKE

It's strongest at the Well of Souls, right?

TRUDY

Yeah.

JAKE

Good, 'cause that's where we're going.

TRUDY

Copy.

He gives Grace an ampule of morphine for the pain.

JAKE

I'm gonna get you some help, Grace.

GRACE

Forget it, it doesn't matter.

Jake grabs her shoulders.

JAKE

No! The People can help you. I know it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - AERIAL - DAWN

Dawn light paints the massive ARCHES of magnetic rock above the Well of Souls.

Tiny as an insect, the SAMSON passes.

JAKE (V.O.)
*The Well of Souls. The heart of the
 forest. I knew the People would go
 there.*

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - DAWN

The **WELL OF SOULS** is a deep caldera 100 meters across. It is ringed with enormous WILLOWS whose roots seem to pour down the sheer rock walls like candle wax.

AT THE BOTTOM, in a natural amphitheater, the Omaticaya refugees are clustered around a central rock outcropping which forms a kind of dais and altar.

Shafts of dawn light reach to the bottom of the grotto, lighting a single willow -- the **MOTHER TREE**. Ancient and gnarled, it grows in the center of the rock.

Its ROOTS spread down to the grotto floor, where they merge with the roots of the willows ringing the Well -- forming a braided mat resembling the surface of a brain.

Mo'at stands on the dais, leading them in a CHANT.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
*Wise ancestors who live within Eywa,
 guide us. Give us a sign.*

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAWN

The shack descends from the sky like a gift from the gods. It bumps to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK -- DAY

Grace lies, comatose, in her open link. Trudy gives Jake a look that says "not much time." Jake feels Grace's cold forehead, then crosses to his own link.

As Trudy helps him in, Norm rapidly preps the system.

NORM
 (low)
*Tsu'tey is Olo'eyctan now. He's not
 going to let you get near that place.*

JAKE
I've gotta try, Norm.

Jake pulls the clamshell down and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINS OF HOMETREE - DAY

CU JAKE'S AVATAR -- HIS EYES OPEN. He sits up. The forest is silent, shrouded in smoke that the sun can't penetrate. The animals have fled. Ash blows on the wind.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Outcast. Betrayer. Alien. To ever face
 them again, I was gonna have to change
 the rules.*

DISSOLVE -- JAKE reaches the top of a rise. The forest beyond is utterly DEVASTATED. The trees burned and fallen. Small fires still flicker across a landscape in Hell.

JAKE stares. *It is his vision, made real.* He stumbles through the dark wasteland, sparks and ash swirling around him.

A SCREECH. Jake looks up as --

HIS BANSHEE -- bonded for life -- flaps down to a landing in front of him. He steps to it, and strokes its head. It nudges his chest like a horse.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Sometimes your whole life boils down to
 one insane move.*

JAKE
 Come on, boy. Time to fly.

OMIITED

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

THE GREAT LEONOPTERYX glides effortlessly along the ridge where Jake and Neytiri first encountered him.

It scans for prey below, its magnificent indigo-crested head cocking left, then right.

JAKE (V.O.)
*The way I had it figured, Toruk is the
 baddest cat in the sky. Nothing attacks
him. So why would he ever look up?*

FROM ABOVE -- THE SMALL SHADOW of Jake's banshee falls across the back of the mighty Toruk.

JAKE (V.O.)
But that was just a theory.

JAKE DIVES and WE RUSH DOWN toward the great beast and our own shadow then --

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Omaticaya people lift their voices in a SONG filled with tragic loss and yearning for deliverance.

CLOSE ON NEYTIRI, singing. A SHADOW CROSSES HER FACE. She looks up, and her eyes go wide as --

A TERRIBLE CRY echoes, turning all eyes skyward. AN ENORMOUS SHADOW covers the crowd as --

TORUK comes out of the sun, beating its huge wings to slow its descent. Its crimson and black wings, backlit by the sun, seem to glow from within.

The People CRY OUT in alarm and scatter as the dreaded beast alights in their midst. And that's when they see --

JAKE, riding high on its shoulders, plugged-in to its antenna. It folds its wings and stands calmly amid the paralyzed Na'vi.

Toruk lowers its body. They stare in awe as Jake dismounts and strokes the magnificent animal's flank.

NEYTIRI, TSU'TEY and MO'AT watch in stunned amazement as the legendary *Rider of Last Shadow* walks toward them.

NEYTIRI
 (breathing the words)
Toruk Macto.

Neytiri raises her arms.

NEYTIRI
 (shouting)
Toruk Macto!

ON THE FACES of the Omaticaya -- new hope dawning in their eyes. WHISPERS flow among them, the words REPEATED --

CROWD
Toruk Macto... Toruk Macto...

Jake walks through the crowd, straight to Neytiri at the foot of the dais. He looks into her enormous eyes, and the emotion between them is powerful and pure.

NEYTIRI

I See you.

JAKE

(a hoarse whisper)

I See you.

Neytiri's eyes brim with tears.

NEYTIRI

I was afraid Jake -- for my people. I'm not any more.

Jake takes Neytiri's hand and climbs the steps of the dais.

MO'AT steps back in awe as he approaches. He turns to Tsu'tey, who stares at him with fear and incomprehension. Jake plays to the rapt crowd as he says --

JAKE

(subtitled)

Tsu'tey of the Rongloa, son of Ateyo. I stand before you, ready to serve the People.

(then just for Tsu'tey)

You are *Olo'eyctan*, and you are the best warrior. I can't do this without you.

Tsu'tey struggles with his emotions. Finally --

TSU'TEY

I will fly with you.

JAKE

Ireiyo.

JAKE turns to the MATRIARCH.

JAKE

Grace is dying. I beg the help of the Great Mother.

MO'AT

Bring her, Jakesully.

TIME CUT -- AVATAR JAKE carries Grace's HUMAN BODY, lightly in his arms like a child. Jake walks through the crowd to the dais, followed by NORM, who carries GRACE'S AVATAR.

JAKE

Look where we are, Grace.

Her eyes flutter open. She looks up wonderingly at the Mother Tree.

GRACE

(with a wan smile)

I need to take some samples.

Mo'at directs them to lay both bodies among the roots on the altar-rock.

Mo'at touches Jake's shoulder and he steps back.

MO'AT

(quietly)

The Great Mother may choose to save all
that she is --

Mo'at's hand indicates Grace's AVATAR --

MO'AT

-- in this body.

CU JAKE, realizing the enormity of what she's saying.

JAKE

Is that possible?

MO'AT

Possible, yes. She must pass through the
Eye of Eywa -- and return. But Jakesully--
she is very weak.

Jake kneels next to Grace, taking her tiny human hand in his avatar hand.

JAKE

Hang on, they're gonna fix you up.

Grace is barely conscious. She grips his hand.

GRACE

I -- always held back. But you gave them
your heart. I'm proud of you, Jake.

Jake feels his throat close with emotion.

Grace's eyes blaze with intensity though her voice is faint.

GRACE

Help them. You do whatever it takes. You
hear me?

JAKE

I will.

TIME CUT -- MO'AT stands in a kind of trance amongst the
tendrils of the Mother Tree.

NEYTIRI and the other acolytes dance hypnotically. All the
Omaticaya sway and chant to the rhythm of the drums.

MACRO SHOT -- fine, hairlike THREADS have emerged from the
roots and are gently spreading over Grace's HUMAN skin.

JAKE, still holding her hand, watches her body being fused to
the root-floor by a thousand connections.

GRACE'S AVATAR is gently connected by the same questing ROOT-
CILIA-- they entwine with the QUEUE and spread over the body.

The grotto is dark except for the spectral GLOW of the
willows. The CHANT continues, hypnotically. MO'AT, on her
knees beneath the Mother Tree, writhes her arms in the trance
state. Her eyes are rolled back, showing only WHITE.

GRACE GASPS and her eyes SNAP OPEN. Her expression is AMAZED,
as if seeing something so beautiful it can never be
explained.

ON HER HAND -- GRIPPING Jake's convulsively, as she tries to
anchor herself to this world for a few more seconds --

GRACE

I'm with her Jake --
(an amazed whisper)
-- *she's real* --

Grace SHUDDERS, as pain shoots through her. BLOOD seeps
through the silken white root-cilia growing across her
abdomen. Drowning WHITE in shocking CRIMSON.

She exhales a last shuddering breath -- and goes STILL.

JAKE

Grace!

He sees the roots falling away from her human body.

JAKE TURNS hopefully toward her AVATAR -- but the roots are
falling away from it as well. It sleeps -- VACANT.

MO'AT stops the chant. She crosses to Jake and kneels with him, touching his shoulder.

MO'AT

Her wounds were too great, there was not enough time. She is with Eywa now.

NEYTIRI removes Grace's mask and gently closes her eyes.

Jake stands slowly, barely holding it together.

NEYTIRI comes to him and he sees the despair and hope conflicting on her face --

-- and he raises his head. TURNS to face TSU'TEY and the CROWD.

JAKE

With your permission, I will Speak now.
You would honor me by translating.

Tsu'tey gestures assent, and they face the clan together.

JAKE SPEAKS, the pain of Grace's death in the passion and fury of his voice. Tsu'tey TRANSLATES beside him.

JAKE

The Sky People have sent a message that they can take whatever they want, and no one can stop them. But we will send them a message. Ride out, as fast as the wind can carry you, tell the other clans to come. Tell them *Toruk Macto* calls to them. Fly now with me brothers and sisters! Fly! And we will show the Sky People that this is our land!

TSU'TEY finishes with a bloodcurdling war-cry, and the entire CLAN responds, their shouts echoing across the forest.

JAKE takes Neytiri's hand and runs to the leonopteryx. He vaults onto its back and pulls her up behind him.

THE HUNTERS run to their banshees, mounting quickly. Jake's leonopteryx rises on mighty wings into the night sky. With a thunder of wings, the banshees take off after it.

LONG LENS -- POLYPHEMUS. Across its face, the banshees rise like a swarm of bats. Groups of riders peel off in different directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAN GATHERING - NIGHT

JAKE and NEYTIRI stand before the gathered members of ANOTHER CLAN. Jake speaks as she translates. We don't hear the words.

TRACK ACROSS the faces of the clan, a sea of eyes in flickering fire-light.

JAKE (V.O.)

*We rode out to the four winds. To the
horse clans of the plain, to the ikran
people of the mountains. When Toruk
Macto called them, they came.*

VARIOUS ANGLES -- SLOW MOTION as riders vault onto their armored direhorses. Banshee riders raise spears and bows, spurring their mounts to leap skyward.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - DAWN

With a WHOOSH and the crack of mighty wings, JAKE RETURNS. Jake and Neytiri alight from his legendary mount.

Around them HUNDREDS OF BANSHEES are landing. A gathering of eagles.

FROM ABOVE we can see hundreds of Na'vi streaming down into the Well of Souls and many hundreds more camped in the forest above it.

DIREHORSE RIDERS are arriving along many trails.

BANSHEE RIDERS circle and swoop, darkening the sky above the grotto.

JAKE, standing next to the Leonopteryx, watches his army gathering.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - DAY

It's standing room only as all base personnel are crowded into the dining hall. A portable 3D GRAPHICS PROJECTOR has been set up, and the lights are down. QUARITCH stands in front of the display image -- a classic pre-mission briefing.

QUARITCH

People, you are fighting for survival.
There's an aboriginal horde out there
massing for an attack. First slide.

The display shows an overhead image of the Well of Souls. It looks like Woodstock in the jungle.

QUARITCH

These orbital images show the hostiles' numbers have gone from a couple of hundred to over two thousand in one day, and more are pouring in. By next week it could be twenty thousand. Then they'll be overrunning our perimeter here. We can't wait. Our only security lies in pre-emptive attack. We will fight terror with terror.

TRACKING ACROSS the grim faces of the miners and troopers. Fear transforming to hatred in their eyes.

QUARITCH

Next slide. This mountain stronghold is supposedly protected by their deity. When we destroy it, we will blast a crater in their racial memory so deep they won't come within a thousand clicks of this place.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY - DAY

TROOPERS issue automatic weapons and magazines to a long line of mine workers. The miners lock and load like the red-blooded redneck NRA supporters they are.

BLASTING TECHS are setting radio-detonated primer charges into two-ton stacks of EXPLOSIVE COMPOUND. The stacks are band-strapped together on pallets.

TRACKING WITH SELFRIDGE, staring around him in growing dismay as he walks through the full-scale mobilization.

He approaches Quaritch, who is barking orders amid a hive of activity around the ampsuits.

SELFRIDGE

This thing is completely out of control!

Quaritch ignores him, turning away to focus on ordnance loading.

SELFRIDGE

Listen to me! I am not authorizing you to turn the mine-workers local into a freakin' militia!

QUARITCH

I declared threat condition red. That puts all on-world assets under my command.

SELFRIDGE

You think you can pull this palace coup shit on me?! I can have your ass with one call --

Quaritch grabs him and PINS him against the side of an ampsuit.

QUARITCH

You're a long way from Earth.

Selfridge is paralyzed. Physical force -- *against him?* Quaritch releases him and walks away.

QUARITCH

(to his men)

Get him out of here.

Several troopers converge on Selfridge.

SELFRIDGE

You touch me you're so fired.

He pushes through them and they escort him toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - DAY

HUMAN JAKE, NORM and TRUDY are gathered around the comms monitor, talking to MAX.

MAX

I don't know how secure this channel is.

JAKE

Talk fast.

MAX

It's crazy here, Jake. It's full mobilization. They're rigging the shuttles as bombers. They've made up these big pallets of mine explosives. It's for some kind of shock and awe campaign.

TRUDY

Frickin' daisycutters.

NORM

Holy shit.

JAKE

(to Max)

Can you talk to Selfridge? Maybe we can cut some kinda deal before this thing goes all the way.

MAX

No, Quaritch has taken over. He's rolling and there's no stopping him.

JAKE

When?

MAX

Oh six hundred tomorrow.

Jake takes that in.

JAKE

Thanks.

Max signs off.

NORM

We're screwed.

TRUDY

You know he's gonna commit those bombers straight to the Well of Souls.

JAKE

That's right. Because I gave it to him on a plate.

TRUDY

We both did.

NORM

If he takes out the Well of Souls -- it's over. It's their main line to Eywa, to their ancestors -- it'll destroy them.

JAKE

Then I guess we better stop him.

Jake looks like he's about to collapse. He's gaunt, eyes deeply shadowed, hands shaking.

TRUDY

You need to get some rack.

He grabs a packet of freeze-dried crystals and pours them directly into his mouth, chewing them up.

JAKE

Gonna have to settle for coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLE CAMP - DUSK

TRACKING through the warrior camp above the Well of Souls. Hundreds of hunters from many clans prepare their weapons.

Hunters paint the wings of their banshees like war ponies. DIREHORSES are painted and ornamented with totemic streamers.

The Na'vi paint and pierce themselves. Dance. Bathe in the smoke of cleansing herbs -- RITUAL PURIFICATION. HUGE DRUMS are beaten. A dark primeval energy. They are psyching themselves up for battle.

JAKE (V.O.)

*I was a warrior who dreamed he could
bring peace. But there was only one
thing I was ever really good at. Ooh-rah.*

TIME CUT -- Jake, Neytiri a group of banshee riders squat around an animal skin on which he has drawn the silhouette of a Scorpion gunship -- like a hunt totem.

JAKE

(Na'vi/subtitled)

Strike here and here.

Jake splats red dye at the centers of the circles symbolizing the rotors. The Na'vi absorb the lesson eagerly, like kids.

He sees TRUDY approaching and breaks off. Neytiri stays with the hunters, talking about what they've learned.

TRUDY

(low)

You know our chances suck.

JAKE

Yeah.

TRUDY

Going up against gunships with bows and arrows...

JAKE

What's your point?

TRUDY
 (nodding)
 Right.

She taps his fist and walks away toward her SAMSON.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - NIGHT

The cook-fires of the battle camp FLICKER like a constellation around the edge of the Well of Souls as --

JAKE slips down into the darkened, empty amphitheater.

He moves to the MOTHER TREE -- gnarled, ancient, MAJESTIC. The roots spread in all directions, like the center of the world.

Jake steps forward. The willow-like tendrils SWAY toward him, moving in a breeze that isn't there.

JAKE
 I've never done this in my life.

He squats at the base of the tree.

JAKE
 And I'm probably just talking to a tree right now. But if you're there -- I need to give you a heads up.

He looks up into the tree. The hanging tendrils undulate softly. It's easy to imagine a *presence*.

JAKE
 If Grace is there with you -- look in her memories -- she can show you the world we come from. There's no green there. They killed their Mother, and they're gonna do the same thing here.

FROM UP IN THE TREE, looking down. WOODSPRITES float in silence, moving around aimlessly.

JAKE
 More Sky People are gonna come. They're gonna come like a rain that never ends --

Neytiri approaches silently behind him, listening.

JAKE
 -- until they've covered the world.
 Unless we stop them.
 (MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)

Look, you chose me for somethin'. And
I'll stand and fight, you know I will.
But I could use a little help here.

Jake senses Neytiri and turns.

NEYTIRI

Our Great Mother does not take sides.
She protects only the balance of life.

She comes to him, intertwining her long fingers with his.

JAKE

It was worth a try.

They lean in, foreheads touching, bodies pressed together.
Holding each other -- in this, the last moment of peace.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON a turbine as it starts to turn. Its RISING WHINE
carries over --

A SERIES OF RHYTHMIC CUTS:

MAGAZINES are slammed into automatic weapons. AMMO BELTS are
fed into rotary cannons. MISSILES are attached to gunship
stub-wings.

TIGHT ON BLUE HANDS sharpening wooden arrows. Stringing
bows. Cinching direhorse harnesses.

TROOPERS DROP into amsuit cockpits. PILOTS close gunship
canopies. TROOPERS run up shuttle ramps.

LONG LENS STACK, tight and abstract on gunships as they rise
in a swarm amid boiling turbine exhaust and blasting rotor
wash.

EXT. RAINFOREST/ AERIAL - DAWN

WIDE SHOT -- TILTROTORS fill the sky. Deadly armored beetles.

The DRAGON leads the formation, flanked by SCORPIONS. Behind
that is a wave of SAMSONS, and last, the two enormous
VALKYRIE shuttles, packed with troops and amsuits.

INSIDE THE DRAGON, Quaritch surveys his armada as they skim
over the tree tops.

THEY SWEEP toward the Hallelujah mountains in a thundering
wave.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL - DAWN

SQUADRONS OF BANSHEES darken the sky in waves, led by a single GREAT LEONOPTERYX. Jake sits astride his mount, flanked by Neytiri and Tsu'tey on their banshees.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAWN

THE DRAGON DESCENDS on final approach to a large clearing -- the LZ. The Samsons flair and touch down, disgorging troops, while the gunships hover protectively.

THE VALKYRIES blast the ground with their powerful lift jets. They land. The ramps drop. Troopers pour out, weapons leveled, advancing in a cordon.

UP ANGLE as AMPSUITS descend from the Dragon on cables. Their massive feet smash down, and they march forward, leading the army into the forest.

LYLE WAINFLEET, walking point in his hydraulic suit, scans his cockpit screens. He sees movement on the FLIR display -- ghostly THERMAL SIGNATURES.

WAINFLEET

Contact. Two hundred meters.

A chilling SOUND echoes through the forest -- the ululating WAR CRIES of untold Na'vi. The troopers, look around, spooked. They can't tell where the sound is coming from.

Then they feel it -- the GROUND ITSELF SHAKING. They grip their weapons, bracing themselves as --

THREE HUNDRED NA'VI HORSEMEN charge through the forest at a full gallop, their hooves POUNDING the earth. It is an awesome sight.

NORM SPELLMAN rides with the Na'vi hunters, carrying an assault rifle.

THE NA'VI CHARGE thunders toward the human line. The hunters raise their bows as --

THE AMPSUITS raise their GAU-90's.

ON THE THERMAL IMAGERS target-cursors track the ghost riders.

QUARITCH

Fire for effect.

The entire line of troopers opens fire. TRACERS riddle the jungle, blasting foliage into confetti.

CHARGING DIREHORSES crash down, flipping over. Riders are flung off. The withering fire continues, and the ranks are decimated as --

RIDERS LAUNCH their arrows at a full gallop. A few hit their marks among the troopers. NORM FIRES his AR on full auto.

TWO CHARGING DIREHORSES have a heavy log slung between them like a battering ram. At a full gallop they hit an amsuit, FLIPPING IT onto its back with a blown-out canopy. Victory is short lived as the two riders are cut down.

NORM'S HORSE is hit by tracer fire. He is flung off as the creature cartwheels. He hits hard, scrambling for cover as --

A WARRIOR HURLS his spear a moment before his horse is cut down. It SLAMS through an amsuit's canopy but --

THE MERCILESS FIRE continues. Horses rear and collapse. Riders pivot their mounts to flee and --

THE THERMAL SCREENS show the remaining ghost riders scattering.

LYLE signals and the line advances, firing sporadically at moving targets.

OVERHEAD, NA'VI HUNTERS stream through the trees, running along the branches.

As the troopers advance into bow range, the NA'VI open fire and --

TROOPERS SPROUT ARROWS in throat, legs, masks -- the targets Jake taught them, but --

THE FIRING LINE aims upward, tracking the THERMAL TARGETS. TRACERS rip through the foliage and --

NA'VI FALL while others retreat as bark and wood is blasted off the limbs beneath their feet.

NORM sprints frantically through the woods, shouting into his HANDSET --

NORM
Jake! Jake! We're falling back!

SURVIVING NA'VI flee the horrific onslaught. It is a total rout.

IN THE DRAGON, Quaritch catches glimpses of the figures streaming through the forest below.

QUARITCH

Blue team, switch forties. Fire at will.

Led by the Dragon, the gunships FIRE streamers of 40mm ROCKETS ahead of them. The jungle EXPLODES with HE bursts. Circular SHOCK WAVES flash outward through the jungle --

STROBOSCOPIC GLIMPSES of terrified horses rearing, Na'vi leaping, as the jungle rocks with the concussive onslaught.

HUNTERS LOOK UP as a dark shape hovers overhead. The downblast of the VALKYRIE'S lift jets shreds the forest.

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE'S cargo bay, a row of DAISYCUTTERS are lined up. Troopers roll the first pallet down the ramp.

THE PALLET falls into the jungle below and --

BA-WHOOOOOM! -- an enormous high-explosive blast rips a huge hole in the forest. A white concussion wave flashes out across the ground for hundreds of meters in all directions.

AT GROUND LEVEL it is an apocalypse. Running Na'vi are blasted out of existence by fire and shock waves.

IN THE CARGO BAY the troopers WHOOP and high-five.

TROOPERS

Yeah baby! Get some!

GROUND TROOPS ADVANCE, firing flamethrowers, AR's and GAU-90's.

EXT. FLOATING MOUNTAINS - AERIAL

Quaritch's fleet flies into the shadow of the Mountain of Truth.

QUARITCH

Blue team, stay with the ground units.
Red team, with me. We're punching for
the main target.

Quaritch glances up to see --

A squadron of WINGED SHAPES, diving out of the morning glare like birds of prey.

CLOSE ON JAKE, rushing straight down, SCREAMING a war cry as he leads the charge and --

SCORES OF BANSHEES SLAM into the gunships and Samsons like falcons hitting fat turkeys. The air battle is joined.

JAKE'S GREAT LEONOPTERYX flairs into its signature crimson X shape just before --

K-WHAM!! -- it knocks a Scorpion tumbling. It coils around the gunship, slashing furiously as they spin together. JAKE can barely hang onto the gyrating creature.

The pilot of the Scorpion sees nothing but jaws slamming into his canopy. Jake releases the gunship and it careens into a CLIFF, tearing off one rotor -- then plummets into the trees. There is a satisfying FIREBALL.

SCORPIONS fall out of formation to pursue individual banshee riders, FIRING cannons and rockets.

JAKE BANKS as the cliff face next to him explodes with cannon rounds. SCREAMING down on him is another Scorpion.

JAKE tucks and dives along the cliff, feeling the rounds splitting the air around him and --

The Scorpions bank after the furiously jinking banshees as they head for cover among the floating mountains, or dive down into the trees.

DOOR GUNNERS in a SAMSON are shooting down banshees like Messerschmidts from a B-17 as --

WE FOLLOW TSU'TEY'S BANSHEE in a full delta dive. He swoops in from its blind spot and --

THE GUNNERS SWIVEL too late as Tsu'tey flashes past them, SHOOTING ARROWS with deadly accuracy.

A SCORPION gunship dives after a banshee. It fires an air-to-air missile and the banshee vanishes in an EXPLOSION.

WIDE SHOT as thirty ships and hundreds of banshees wheel and dive, like the Battle of Britain. Banshees are hit by guns and missiles, falling out of the sky. The occasional trail of smoke and fire marks the demise of a tilt-rotor.

IN THE CENTER the Dragon is pouring out hellacious fire -- tracer rounds from multiple turrets and missiles from the stub-wing pods.

NEYTIRI BANKS hard as TRACERS flash past her. A Scorpion is right on her ass as --

SHE ROLLS inverted and dives under the edge of Mons Veritatis, then rolls out, zig-zagging through the dangling vines but --

THE GUNSHIP stays on her. It rips through the vines, and tracers FLASH toward us as --

SHE JINKS the banshee around a thundering waterfall but --

HER PURSUER explodes right through the curtain of water. It launches an air-to-air missile. NEYTIRI jinks hard, diving. The missile hits a rock outcropping, pummeling her with the shock wave.

THE GUNSHIP follows her through a narrow slit between Mons Veritatis and a smaller floating island. They run this slot rolled up on their sides and --

THE SCORPION GUNNER locks up Neytiri for a missile shot but --

A SHADOW crosses his canopy. Out of the sun comes a crimson demon, shrieking over the roar of the turbines, and --

K-WHAMMM!! The leonopteryx SLAMS the gunship, driving it downward in a dive. The leonopteryx lashes at it with claws and teeth as they fall together out of control.

Jake kicks the gunship loose and it falls like a brick, breaking its back on a rocky promontory and EXPLODING.

FLYING WITH A SAMSON as a SECOND SAMSON falls in beside it. This one has its pilot door off, and the PILOT is wearing a breathing mask. The door gunners wave at --

TRUDY, her expression grim behind her mask. She holds the cyclic stick between her knees while she RAKES the other ship with BURSTS from an AR in her lap.

The pilot slumps over and the craft tumbles out of control.

TRUDY

You're not the only ones with guns, you pricks.

NEYTIRI JINKS her banshee hard, an enemy Samson right behind her. The pilot is a hotdog, following her down into the trees, under the canopy.

They slalom among the trunks at high speed. The gunners hang half out the doors, firing. Bark and leaves explode around Neytiri as she zig-zags through the jungle.

THE BANSHEE dives under a huge tree limb, and the pilot follows. He looks up at the last second, catching a glimpse of blue-skinned figures.

THE HUNTERS drop a net of woven vines behind Neytiri and --

The SAMSON hits it hard. The net fouls the ship, FLIPPING IT backwards. It crashes upside down to the forest floor.
KABOOM!!

NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE is hit by GROUND-FIRE. It folds up like a broken kite, crashing down through branches and --

SHE SLAMS into the ground, stunned.

IN THE DRAGON Quaritch looks ahead, seeing the WELL OF SOULS. He taps the pilot and points --

QUARITCH

There it is.

(into his headset)

Valkyrie One, this is Dragon. Target is in sight.

IN THE CARGO BAY of Valkyrie One, the troopers ready their deadly loads.

TROOPER

Target in sight.

CIRCLING ABOVE, Tsu'tey falls in beside Jake, who talks to him by AIRCOM HEADSET.

JAKE

We have to stop the shuttles, no matter what it takes.

TSU'TEY nods. He signals, gathering other hunters, who fall in with him as he dives. Jake rolls in after them but --

A GUNSHIP drops in behind him and he is forced to evade as --

TSU'TEY LEADS the attack on the first shuttle. Hunters jink and weave through WITHERING FIRE from the escort ships.

GUNNERS with jerry-rigged gun mounts ride the broad backs of the shuttles, picking off banshees who get past the escort.

TSU'TEY is RAKED by a burst from the dorsal gunners. His mount crumples, plummeting with a dying scream and --

WE SPIRAL DOWN with him, the forest rushing up and --

A BLINDING BLIZZARD of green as he tears downward, catching at leaves and vines. He SLAMS to the ground, badly injured.

NEARBY, amsuits and troopers advance across the forest floor, firing their cannons and flamethrowers. The GAU-90s rip the forest to shreds.

Norm, firing as he retreats, is HIT. He collapses, his avatar body mortally wounded as --

HYDRAULIC FEET approach, passing the bodies of direhorses and Na'vi hunters. Norm painfully tries to load another magazine, panting in fear and pain as --

AN AMPSUIT stomps up. Aims its cannon point blank. B-BLAM!

INT. SHACK

The top of Norm's LINK bangs open. He reels out, collapsing onto the floor, clutching himself as if he can still feel the pain of death.

He sits, huddled, shivering -- crazed.

EXT. RAINFOREST

TSU'TEY lies gasping, mortally injured. He looks up, grimacing, as an ampsuit looms over him.

LYLE WAINFLEET reaches down and grabs Tsu'tey by his queue, lifting him painfully.

WAINFLEET

I hear this is worse than death for you,
chief.

WAINFLEET cuts Tsu'tey's queue off near the base. TSU'TEY SCREAMS in agony, his nervous system exploding on overload. Grinning, Lyle holds up the queue -- Tsu'tey's only connection to the world-consciousness which is his life.

NEYTIRI -- bleeding, bruised -- staggers amid burning wreckage. AMPSUIT footsteps approach and she crouches behind a tree. Troopers are seconds from seeing her as --

NEYTIRI knocks an arrow to HER FATHER'S BOW, and readies herself for a last kamikaze shot when --

THE TROOPER on the far right of the firing line sees something on his screens.

TROOPER

Right flank -- something's coming! It's
all lit up out there.

The troopers become aware of the GROUND SHAKING. A slow building thunderous ROAR and --

AN AMPSUIT comes FLYING out of the trees, cartwheeling past them, and the SHAKING BUILDS --

EXT. WELL OF SOULS

Mo'at opens her eyes in sudden realization as --

EXT. FOREST

The troopers pivot to face --

A WALL OF CHARGING HAMMERHEADS CRASHING out of the foliage in a shower of broken branches as --

THE TROOPERS open fire but -- the stampede drives over them like a wave. Tree-trunk feet shatter the amsuit cockpits. Troopers are crushed or asphyxiated.

NEARBY the foot-soldiers see LIVING SHADOWS flow out of the gloom as --

VIPERWOLVES race among them with flashing jaws. The troopers FIRE wildly as they go down, hitting each other as much as their attackers.

The survivors break and run as more viperwolves bound out of the shadows.

JAKE BANKS, watching as HUNDREDS of rider-less WILD BANSHEES converge on Quaritch's ships. They literally darken the sky.

JAKE

What the hell -- ?

The wild banshees wheel among the ships, ripping into them.

ON JAKE -- slowly getting it. EYWA is in the fight.

JAKE

WHOO-HOOOO!

A GUNNER fires from the door of a Samson. There is a CRASH and the head of a BANSHEE lunges in the open door, jerking him out. Other banshees tear at the pilot's windshield.

NEYTIRI watches in awe as the ground troops scatter in disarray. The viperwolves flash past her, ignoring her.

She senses something and turns slowly to see --

A THANATOR emerging from the smoke behind her. A glistening black demon. She stands paralyzed before its stygian gaze--

-- and the thanator lowers itself, until its head is just above the ground. It holds that position -- waiting.

Trembling, she approaches the waiting demon.

EXT. FOREST

A smoky hell. Fires burn all around. The troopers are disorganized, falling back. Shooting at shadows. Panicked yelling fills the comm freq.

WAINFLEET and another AMPSUIT are charging together through the smoky gloom.

WAINFLEET

A and C squads -- rally at my pos. I want --

(screaming on the comm)

Who's screaming God damn it?!

TROOPER (ON RADIO)

We gotta get outta here! Whoever's in charge, call for extraction!

WAINFLEET

Shutup you crybabies!

SOMETHING slams into the other 'suit, tackling it OUT OF FRAME. Wainfleet whirls to see his squad-mate missing. He moves through a screen of foliage to reveal --

The AMPSUIT -- ripped open. Driver gone. Blood inside the cockpit. He WHIRLS at a sound in time to see --

A THANATOR LEAPING straight at him -- WAINFLEET raises his cannon but--

WHAM!! It's on him, slamming him to the ground. The cannon goes flying. He's face to face with its nightmare jaws, right outside his canopy--

On its back is NEYTIRI, and it's a toss up which one looks more pissed off. The thanator rears back, muscles rippling as it poises to strike and --

K-KRAAACKK! Slams its teeth right through his canopy. Wainfleet's SCREAM is brief.

Neytiri's demon mount rears up and its triumphant ROAR echoes through the forest.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max runs down the hall, leading the other scientists. He's yelling into an AIRCOM HANDSET --

MAX

Rogue One, Rogue One, this is Max. Tell
Jake we are in motion.
(to the scientists)
Get in there. Barricade the door!

INT. LINK ROOM

The door is hurled open and the SCIENTISTS charge in.

Science geeks barricade the door as AVATAR-DRIVERS scramble into their link units, pulling the clamshells down.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max checks the door is secure from his side then runs down a connecting corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK

HUMAN NORM emerges from the airlock, wearing breathing gear and carrying an AR. He stumbles, dazed, toward the battle.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL

JAKE SIGNALS and a formation of hunters rolls in, diving at the lead shuttle, which is already besieged by winged creatures.

THE CARGO RAMP is the scene of a pitched battle. Na'vi hunters hurl themselves off their mounts in waves, overwhelming the troopers.

HUNTERS are shot, falling out of the ship, as others fly in. They shoot arrows and spears from the end of the ramp, and troopers fall back deeper into the fuselage.

The panicked CREW CHIEF slams a switch and the ramp begins to close, a second before he is cut down by a spear.

JAKE'S LEONOPTERYX plummets at the shuttle from behind. He swoops down, flairs to reduce speed, rolls off his mount and lands, tumbling on the shuttle's broad back as --

GUNNERS try to swing their guns toward him but he RAKES them with his AR, still running forward and --

JAKE PULLS two grenades from his battle harness, yanking the pins out with his teeth. He hurls them down the intakes of the VTOL turbofans as --

HIS LEONOPTERYX BANKS in a tight arc back toward him and --

HE SPRINTS ON as the grenades EXPLODE, shattering the turbines, which riddle the fuselage with shrapnel and --

JAKE LEAPS INTO SPACE, landing on the back of his mount and reconnecting. They flap away, gaining altitude as fire BLASTS out of the bottom of the shuttle.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK, the pilot feels the ship dropping.

PILOT

Mains to a hundred percent! Get me
airspeed!

The pilot and copilot slam the throttle levers forward and --

The FUSION ENGINES BLAZE, thrusting the shuttle forward. It still falls, its remaining lift fans screaming, until --

IT'S CLIPPING the tree tops when it gets enough translational lift to fly and --

THE PILOT PULLS back on the stick, lifting the nose.

PILOT

We're good!

BEHIND HIM, a surviving Na'vi hunter runs forward and --

THOONK! ARROWHEADS sprout from the pilots' necks and chests.

THE SHUTTLE CLIMBS out of control, at full acceleration. It SLAMS into the underside of MONS Veritatis. It EXPLODES, and hundreds of tons of flaming debris drop back into the forest.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK of the other SHUTTLE, the pilots watch the wreckage falling.

PILOT

Valkyrie Two is breaking off. And if any
of ya'll want to get off this piece of
shit planet, you better cover our ass,
'cause we're the only way back to orbit.

GUNSHIP PILOT

Roger that.

FROM THE DRAGON COCKPIT Quaritch watches the shuttle bank away, with most of the remaining gunships following.

QUARITCH

Get back here you worthless pukes!

PILOT
Are we breaking off?

Quaritch draws his pistol.

QUARITCH
What do you think?

He is over the edge-- no logic in his brain now. Only death.

INT. OPS CENTER/CORRIDOR

Techs and troopers crowd around consoles, listening to all the yelling and confusion as they try to plot the disintegrating battle.

SELFRIDGE
(in growing alarm)
What the hell is going on out there?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST

Regular troopers and volunteers FLEE through the jungle, scrambling to board SAMSONS as they touch down.

INT. DRAGON COCKPIT

The pilot listens to comms from Hell's Gate.

PILOT
Sir, all ground units are falling back to the LZ.

Quaritch's jaw clenches.

QUARITCH
Stay on target.

EXT. WELL OF SOULS

Mo'at LOOKS UP as the DRAGON appears over the trees like the shadow of Death. Around her, the Na'vi mothers clutch their children to them. We see AKWEY'S BOY among them.

INT. DRAGON COCKPIT

Quaritch sets the target cursor on the MOTHER TREE and what we recognize is the ghostly figure of Mo'at.

QUARITCH
Switch missiles. Arm all pods.

PILOT

Arming.

QUARITCH

Let's see what these blue bastards do
when I bitch-slap their goddess.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL

JAKE'S LEONOPTERYX drops toward the Dragon like a Mig 29. He pulls out, skimming over the ship. Uncoupling, he rolls backward off his mount and --

JAKE HITS, skidding, on the hull of the Dragon. He rolls to his feet, already running as --

QUARITCH sees the leonopteryx WHOOSH overhead and flap away with no rider. He snap-looks aft to see --

JAKE SPRINTING along the spine of the ship, yanking two grenades from his battle-harness, pulling the pins with his teeth, then --

QUARITCH's hand shoots out and SLAMS the pilot's CYCLIC STICK hard over. THE DRAGON lurches sideways, rolling sharply with a ROAR of protesting rotors and --

JAKE IS FLUNG off his feet. The grenades miss the TURBINE INTAKES. One bounces off the ship. The other lodges against a cowling and --

JAKE SLIDES OFF the ship, falling as -- K-BLAM! The grenade blows a two meter hole in the hull --

WHOOOSHH! Pandoran air swirls inside.

QUARITCH

(to the pilot)

Put your mask on.

Quaritch leaps out of his seat, heading aft as --

JAKE GRABS the edge of a weapons pod, his feet dangling over open space.

HOLDING HIS BREATH, Quaritch blows a RESCUE HATCH and leans outside. Jake sees him aim his massive PISTOL.

K-WHAM! K-WHAM! Rounds clang next to Jake's head. He LETS GO, plummeting into the trees --

Jake plunges through jungle canopy. He catches a HUGE LEAF, as Neytiri taught him -- it bends down, breaking his fall --

HE LETS GO, dropping again only to catch ANOTHER LEAF, and then another, and --

WE RUSH DOWN with him through this green blur. Jake drops to the ground in a feral crouch. Unhurt.

JAKE
(into his headset)
Quaritch is gonna take out the Well of Souls! He's got a clear shot. Hit him,
anybody that can! Do it now!

IN HER SAMSON Trudy Chacon is all business.

TRUDY
On it.

SHE BANKS hard, pulling g's, coming around on the Dragon. She pours on the coal and the Samson leaps forward, straight at the WARSHIP.

QUARITCH, DRILLS a stream of tracers at her, tearing through her canopy, ripping chunks off her fuselage.

IN THE JUNGLE BELOW, Norm watches her kamikaze run --

NORM
No!

TRUDY
(clipped, pilot-like)
Norm, I love you.

TRUDY DIVES, raking through treetops and then, at the last instant, YANKS BACK on the stick and --

THE SAMSON leaps straight up and -- K-KRASH!! SHEARS OFF THE COCKPIT of the Dragon as --

QUARITCH THROWS HIMSELF aft along the aisle and --

TRUDY'S SAMSON disintegrates, the wreckage burning as it tumbles into the jungle.

MILES QUARITCH grips the bulkhead as he stares out the open front of the fuselage. Wind howls through wreckage where the pilot used to be. The forest rushes up to meet him and --

THE DRAGON CRASHES through splintering trees, IMPACTING in a lake with a WHITE BLAST of water.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Norm takes a few steps and drops to his knees. Imploded by grief.

INT. OPS CENTER/ HELL'S GATE

ON THE PLOTTING DISPLAY as Quaritch's TRANSPONDER ICON disappears.

TROOPER

Dragon is down. It's off the board.

SELFRIDGE

What do you mean, off the board?!

Selfridge is stunned. Suddenly the ROAR of an ENGINE makes them all look up.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, MAX sits in the cab of an enormous SLASH-CUTTER. Max flips Selfridge the bird and pushes a lever forward --

SELFRIDGE

Oh shit.

Selfridge DIVES as --

K-RASHHHHH! The SPINNING TEETH of the SLASH-CUTTER tear through the window in a blast of glass and lethal air. Alarms go off. The technicians dive for cover in a blizzard of glass and shredded debris.

The slash-cutter head pulls back, and AVATARS SCRAMBLE through the gaping hole into the Ops Center --

The TROOPERS look up to see blue giants aiming weapons down at them. The battle is over in seconds. The avatars are holding the Ops Center.

Selfridge lies there gasping, in his emergency mask. In shock. *How could this be happening?*

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE

THE DRAGON lies half submerged. Out of the water FG, a shape rises -- a AMPSUIT. Inside -- MILES QUARITCH, his face bloody, his eyes burning.

He slogs out of the water, covered with mud, then strides into the forest.

QUARITCH'S AMPSUIT THUDS relentlessly through the jungle. He sees something through the foliage ahead -- the SHACK.

INSIDE THE SHACK Jake is oblivious under the link. Through a window we see Quaritch's AMPSUIT step into the clearing.

QUARITCH levels his GAU-90 at the shack. His finger goes to the firing button--

WHAM!! A six-legged BLACK DEMON tackles him.

Quaritch pivots as he falls, FIRING the cannon. It misses Neytiri by inches. He grapples with the THANATOR as its razor claws SCREECH over his metal armor.

THE TITANS twist and struggle. QUARITCH UNLEASHES a long burst from the cannon. Rounds tear into the creature, which SHRIEKS but --

NEYTIRI wills it to SMASH the cannon hard against a rock, tearing it loose from the 'suit's hand but --

Quaritch SLAMS the thanator back against a tree-trunk, almost crushing Neytiri.

CLOSE ON one hydraulic hand, as it draws the 'suit's KNIFE and --

QUARITCH TWISTS violently, ramming the knife up under the thanator's chest armor. The creature ROARS and Quaritch flips on top of it, stabbing.

QUARITCH STABS DOWN AGAIN. The thanator slumps, pinning Neytiri's legs under its great bulk. She is trapped.

Quaritch looks down at Neytiri. She glares back at him, panting, scared but defiant.

JAKE (O.S.)
It's all over Quaritch --

Quaritch turns, seeing Jake DROPPING from a tree limb. The 'suit rises slowly, knife glinting in the morning sun.

QUARITCH
Nothing's over while I'm breathing.

JAKE
Kinda hoped you'd say that.

QUARITCH SURGES forward. JAKE closes fast, snatching up the broken CANNON as --

Quaritch SLASHES DOWN with the knife and Jake parries, blocking it with the cannon. He CLOSES faster than the suit can move and --

K-CRACK! -- SLAMS the end of the cannon into the canopy, crazing it with a web of cracks as QUARITCH SLICES air with the huge knife. Jake ducks, coming up to meet the next slash and --

SMASHES the knife hand with the cannon once -- twice -- again -- in a furious attack -- knocking the knife flying.

QUARITCH catches him with the other arm, hurling him away. Jake rolls just before --

THUDD! -- the massive foot stomps down where he just was. He scrambles up as Quaritch CHARGES and --

JAKE DUCKS another round-house, LEAPING forward to smash the canopy again -- then again -- until it is WHITE with cracks. Quaritch manages to GRAB the cannon barrel but --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, he sees nothing but the sun on the shattered glass. HE HURLS the cannon blindly, but Jake ducks. The massive cylinder cartwheels toward the shack and --

FROM INSIDE we see it CRASH against pressure window, crazing it but not penetrating. Jake's link sits just inside.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, Quaritch yanks a yellow handle and --

P-FOOM! -- the canopy BLOWS OFF, flying through the air. Quaritch can see again. He dons his breathing mask. Bends to pick up his KNIFE.

NEARBY NEYTIRI struggles furiously, trying to get her legs free from underneath three tons of thanator.

QUARITCH, panting, glowers at Jake.

QUARITCH

How does it feel to betray your own race?

Then, inexplicably, he TURNS. Walks away.

FROM INSIDE the shack, we see him charge straight toward us and --

CRASH! -- he puts his hydraulic fist right through the window. He is reaching inside for the Link when --

JAKE HITS in a flying tackle with every ounce of force he has, knocking the ampsuit sideways and --

JAKE REACHES around the suit, grabbing Quaritch's shoulder and, yanks him forward HARD, SMASHING his face into the edge of the cockpit but --

QUARITCH flings him off with a sweep of his arm, and Jake slams to the ground.

INSIDE THE LINK Jake is holding his breath as the toxic Pandoran air swirls in. GAS ALARMS SHRIEK.

NEYTIRI shoves with one free leg, desperately trying to pull her other leg out.

THE AMPSUIT charges, the knife flashing down and --

JAKE just manages to catch it in both hands, but the force of the attack drives him to his knees as --

QUARITCH pushes the knife down inexorably, until Jake is pinned against a rock, the blade now inches from his throat.

INSIDE THE LINK Jake is straining to stay conscious, to stay connected as --

THE KNIFE reaches his throat as --

THWAP! AN ARROW APPEARS in Quaritch's chest. He looks up.

NEYTIRI STANDS -- a FURY released. A classic archer figure, she NOCKS another arrow. Then draws and releases smoothly.

TH-WHAP! The machine TOPPLES off Jake and lies still.

QUARITCH STARES at the two arrows in his chest. He touches the feathers of the ancient weapon, then -- with an ironic laugh -- he dies.

NEYTIRI runs up, another arrow nocked, bow drawn. Seeing Quaritch, she lowers her father's bow.

JAKE sees her, then goes limp, his eyes rolling back, and --

INT. SHACK

HUMAN JAKE EXPLODES out of the Link, slamming to the floor where he gags for breath. With his last strength, he claws toward an emergency breathing mask -- across the room.

He scrambles toward it, on the edge of unconsciousness.

NEYTIRI VAULTS through the shattered window, landing in the debris like a cat. She GRABS the mask and flashes to Jake's side -- puts the mask over his face and --

JAKE drags in breath after breath. He looks up at Neytiri, studying him as she holds him -- seeing his human body for the first time.

Jake touches her face, his pale human hand against the blue of her skin. Their eyes meet across the glass of the mask -- together, separate. Worldless.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

MO'AT tends to the mortally wounded TSU'TEY as AVATAR JAKE arrives with Neytiri. Mo'at has bound his wounds, but by her expression, it is clear he cannot be saved.

Jake kneels and Tsu'tey opens his eyes. Through a haze of pain, he recognizes Jake.

TSU'TEY
(Na'vi)
I See you, Jakesully.

JAKE
I See you, Tsu'tey te Rongloa Ateyitan.

TSU'TEY
Are the people safe?

JAKE
They're safe.

Tsu'tey weakly clutches his severed queue.

TSU'TEY
I can never ride again, or bond with my woman -- or hear the voice of Eywa. I can not lead the People. You will lead them, Jakesully.

JAKE
No. I'm not officer material.

TSU'TEY
It is decided. Now do the duty of Olo'eyctan. Set my spirit free.

JAKE
I'm not killing you.

TSU'TEY
I am already dead.

JAKE

No.

TSU'TEY

It is the way. And it is good. I will be remembered --

Tsu'tey's voice is weak, but thick with emotion.

TSU'TEY

-- I fought with *Toruk Macto*, we were brothers -- and he was my last shadow.

TSU'TEY'S HAND clasps with Jake's in a fierce grip. Jake draws his knife.

TSU'TEY'S POV -- Jake leans forward, blocking the sun. HIS SHADOW falls across Tsu'tey.

JAKE

(Na'vi)

Forgive me, my Brother. Go now to the Mother Spirit.

By his movement, we know that he has ended Tsu'tey's pain. Jake's eyes well with tears as he continues reciting the prayer for the dead, and his Na'vi words carry over as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELL'S GATE -DAY

Na'vi ride direhorses among the abandoned machines of Hell's Gate.

Banshees roost on the roofs of the modules, and stingbats flutter about, unimpeded. The SENTRY GUNS are silent, and the GATES are open to the forest.

JAKE (V.O.)

A few chose to stay. Fewer were chosen.

Max, Norm, and a few of the avatars hold AR's as the personnel of Hell's Gate file up the cargo ramp of the remaining shuttle. The evicted humans are sullen and angry, like POW's.

JAKE and NEYTIRI stand together, watching the departure of the Sky People.

PARKER SELFRIDGE shuffles up the ramp. His eyes -- the eyes of a lost soul -- meet JAKE'S. He disappears into the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

ISV VENTURE STAR hangs suspended against the dark side of PANDORA. The ISV's antimatter engines BLAZE to life and it accelerates out of orbit.

What remains IN FRAME is a virgin, primeval world. Spanning the black continents is a vast reticulated lace-work of BIOLUMINESCENCE -- a ghostly WEB connecting all of Pandora.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The sun's rays shaft down through the layers of canopy.

JAKE (V.O.)

The forest will heal, and so will the hearts of the People. New life keeps the energy flowing, like the breath of the world.

NEYTIRI, obviously pregnant, is bow-fishing in the shallows. Children jump and squeal with laughter in the river.

JAKE (V.O.)

This is my last videolog.

INT. LINK ROOM

VIDEO IMAGE -- Jake sits in a chair, talking straight TO CAMERA. He is thin, pale. He looks around the high tech room.

JAKE

The science guys will keep the lights on, here. But I won't miss this place.

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - NIGHT

THE WILLOWS glow softly. The entire Omaticaya clan is gathered, seated in a prayer circle around the Mother Tree.

JAKE (V.O.)

I better wrap this up. There's a funeral tonight, and I don't want to be late. It was someone very close to me.

WIDE SHOT, moving in across the concentric rings of people, all plugged-in and softly chanting. MOVING toward the center, over the figure of Mo'at, to hover above --

NEYTIRI, kneeling beside two FIGURES on the dais --

JAKE and his AVATAR lie head to head. Human Jake is wearing an exomask. Both figures are still, hands folded, covered in translucent silken shrouds of ROOT-CILIA.

CAMERA CLOSES IN as Neytiri removes the mask from Jake's human face. She gently closes his dead eyes with her fingertips. Then bends and kisses him.

MOVE INTO CU on AVATAR JAKE as Neytiri's hand comes into frame, stroking his cheek. TIGHTENING slowly to--

ECU JAKE'S EYES. Hold a beat, then --

They open.

CUT TO BLACK

THE
MATRIX

by

Larry and Andy Wachowski

NUMBERED SHOOTING SCRIPT

March 29, 1998

FADE IN:

1

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

1

so close it has no boundaries.

A blinding cursor pulses in the electric darkness like a heart coursing with phosphorous light, burning beneath the derma of black-neon glass.

A PHONE begins to RING, we hear it as though we were making the call. The cursor continues to throb, relentlessly patient, until --

MAN (V.O.)

Yeah?

Data now slashes across the screen, information flashing faster than we can read: "Call trans opt: received. 2-19-98 13:24:18 REC:Log>."

WOMAN (V.O.)

Is everything in place?

On screen: "Trace program: running."

We listen to the phone conversation as though we were on a third line. The man's name is Cypher. The woman, Trinity.

TRINITY (WOMANV.O.)

I said, is everything in place?

The entire screen with racing columns of numbers. Shimmering like green-electric rivers, they rush at a 10-digit phone number in the top corner.

CYPHER (MANV.O.)

You weren't supposed to relieve me.

TRINITY (V.O.)

I know but I felt like taking a shift.

The area code is identified. The first three numbers suddenly fixed, leaving only seven flowing columns.

CYPHER (V.O.)

You like him, don't you? You like watching him?

We begin MOVING TOWARD the screen, CLOSING IN as each digit is matched, one by one, snapping into place like the wheels of a slot machine.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

TRINITY (V.O.)
Don't be ridiculous.

CYPHER (V.O.)
We're going to kill him. Do you
understand that? He's going to
die just like the others.

TRINITY (V.O.)
Morpheus believes he is the One.

Only two thin digits left.

CYPHER (V.O.)
Do you?

TRINITY (V.O.)
I... it doesn't matter what I
believe.

CYPHER (V.O.)
You don't, do you?

TRINITY (V.O.)
If you have something to say, I
suggest you say it to Morpheus.

CYPHER (V.O.)
I intend to, believe me. Someone
has to.

The final NUMBER POPS into place --

TRINITY (V.O.)
Did you hear that?

CYPHER (V.O.)
Hear what?

On screen: "Trace complete. Call origin: #312-555-
0690.

TRINITY (V.O.)
Are you sure this line is clean?

CYPHER (V.O.)
Yeah, 'course I'm sure.

We MOVE STILL CLOSER, the ELECTRIC HUM of the green
NUMBERS GROWING into an ominous ROAR.

TRINITY (V.O.)
I better go.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

She hangs up as we PASS THROUGH the numbers, entering the nether world of the computer screen. Suddenly, a flash-light cuts open the darkness and we find ourselves in --

2 INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT 2

The hotel was abandoned after a fire licked its way across the polyester carpeting, destroying several rooms as it spooled soot up the walls and ceiling, leaving patterns of permanent shadow.

We FOLLOW four armed POLICE OFFICERS using flashlights as they creep down the blackened hall and ready themselves on either side of Room 303.

The biggest of them violently kicks in the door. The other cops pour in behind him, guns thrust before them.

BIG COP
Police! Freeze!

The room is almost devoid of furniture. There is a fold-up table and chair with a phone, a modem, and a powerbook computer. The only light in the room is the glow of the computer.

Sitting there, her hands still on the keyboard, is TRINITY; a woman in black leather.

BIG COP
Hands behind your head! Now! Do it!

She slowly puts her hands behind her head.

3 EXT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT 3

A black sedan with tinted windows glides in through the police cruisers. AGENT SMITH, AGENT BROWN, and AGENT JONES get out of the car.

They wear dark suits and sunglasses even at night. They are also always hardwired; small Secret Service earphones in one ear, the cord coiling back into their shirt collars.

AGENT SMITH
Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

AGENT SMITH
Lieutenant, you were given
specific orders --

LIEUTENANT
I'm just doing my job. You gimme
that Juris-my dick-tion and you
can cram it up your ass.

AGENT SMITH
The orders were for your
protection.

The Lieutenant laughs.

LIEUTENANT
I think we can handle one little
girl.

Agent Smith nods to Agent Brown as they start toward the
hotel.

LIEUTENANT
I sent two units. They're
bringing her down now.

AGENT SMITH
No, Lieutenant, your men are
already dead.

4

INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL

4

The Big Cop flicks out his cuffs, the other cops holding
a bead. They've done this a hundred times, they know
they've got her, until the Big Cop reaches with the cuffs
and Trinity moves --

It almost doesn't register, so smooth and fast, inhumanly
fast.

The eye blinks and Trinity's palm snaps up and the nose
explodes, blood erupting. Her leg kicks with the force
of a wrecking ball and he flies back, a two-hundred-fifty
pound sack of limp meat and bone that slams into the cop
farthest from her.

Trinity moves again, BULLETS RAKING the walls,
flashlights sweeping with panic as the remaining cops try
to stop a leather-clad ghost.

A GUN still in the cop's hand is snatched, twisted, and
FIRED. There is a final violent exchange of GUNFIRE and
when it's over, Trinity is the only one standing.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

A flashlight rocks slowly to a stop.

TRINITY

Shit.

5

EXT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL

5

Agent Brown enters the hotel while Agent Smith heads for the alley.

6

INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL

6

Trinity is on the phone, pacing. The other end is answered.

MAN (V.O.)

Operator.

TRINITY

Morpheus! The line was traced! I don't know how.

MORPHEUS (MANV.O.)

I know. They cut the hardline. This line is not a viable exit.

TRINITY

Are there any Agents?

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Yes.

TRINITY

Goddamnit!

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

You have to focus. There is a phone. Wells and Lake. You can make it.

She takes a deep breath, centering herself.

TRINITY

All right --

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Go.

She drops the phone.

7 INT. HALL 7

She bursts out of the room as Agent Brown enters the hall, leading another unit of police. Trinity races to the opposite end, exiting through a broken window onto the fire escape.

8 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE 8

In the alley below, Trinity sees Agent Smith staring at her. She can only go up.

9 EXT. ROOF 9

On the roof, Trinity is running as Agent Brown rises over the parapet, leading the cops in pursuit.

Trinity begins to jump from one roof to the next, her movements so clean, gliding in and out of each jump, contrasted to the wild jumps of the cops.

Agent Brown, however, has the same unnatural grace.

The roof falls away into a wide back alley. The next building is over 40 feet away, but Trinity's face is perfectly calm, staring at some point beyond the other roof.

COP

That's it, we got her now.

The cops slow, realizing they are about to see something ugly as Trinity drives at the edge, launching herself into the air.

From above, the ground seems to flow beneath her as she hangs in flight, then hits, somersaulting up, still running hard.

COP

Jesus Christ -- that's impossible!

They stare, slack-jawed, as Agent Brown duplicates the move exactly, landing, rolling over a shoulder up onto one knee.

It is a dizzying chase up and over the dark plateaued landscape of rooftops and sheer cliffs of brick. Ahead, she sees her only chance, 50 feet beyond the point where her path drops away into a paved chasm, there is□--

10 EXT. WINDOW 10

A yellow glow in the midst of a dark brick building.

Trinity zeros in on it, running as hard as she can and --
(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Hurtles herself into the empty night space, her body leveling into a dive. She falls, arms covering her head as the whole world seems to spin on its axis --

A10 INT. BACK STAIRWELL

A10

And she crashes with an EXPLOSION of GLASS and WOOD, then falls onto a back stairwell, tumbling, bouncing down stairs bleeding, broken --

But still alive.

She wheels on the smashed opening above, her gun instantly in her hand, trained, waiting for Agent Brown but is met by only a slight WIND that HISSES against the fanged maw of broken glass.

Trinity tries to move. Everything hurts.

TRINITY

Get up, Trinity. You're fine.
Get up -- just get up!

She stands and limps down the rest of the stairs.

11 EXT. STREET

11

Trinity emerges from the shadows of an alley and, at the end of the block, in a pool of white street light, she sees it--

The telephone booth.

Obviously hurt, she starts down the concrete walk, focusing in completely, her pace quickening, as the PHONE begins to RING.

Across the street, a garbage truck suddenly u-turns, it's TIRES SCREAMING as it accelerates. Trinity sees the headlights of the truck arcing at the telephone booth as if taking aim.

Gritting through the pain, she races the truck, slamming into the booth, the headlights blindingly bright, bearing down on the box of Plexiglas just as --

She answers the phone.

There is a frozen instant of silence before the hulking mass of dark metal lurches up onto the sidewalk --

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

Barreling through the booth, bulldozing it into a brick wall, SMASHING it to PLEXIGLAS PULP.

After a moment, a black loafer steps down from the cab of the garbage truck. Agent Smith inspects the wreckage. There is no body. Trinity is gone.

His jaw sets as he grinds his molars in frustration. Agent Jones and Brown walk up behind him.

AGENT JONES

She got out.

AGENT SMITH

It doesn't matter.

AGENT BROWN

The informant is real.

Agent Smith almost smiles.

AGENT SMITH

Yes.

AGENT JONES

We have the name of their next target.

AGENT BROWN

The name is Neo.

The handset of the pay phone lays on the ground, separated in the crash like a severed limb.

AGENT SMITH

We'll need a search running.

AGENT JONES

It's already begun.

We are SUCKED TOWARDS the mouthpiece of the phone, CLOSER and CLOSER, until the smooth gray plastic spreads out like a horizon and the small holes widen until we FALL THROUGH one --

Swallowed by DARKNESS.

The DARKNESS CRACKLES with phosphorescent energy, the word "searching" blazing in around us as we EMERGE FROM a computer screen.

The screen flickers with windowing data as a search engine runs with a steady relentless rhythm.

We DRIFT BACK FROM the screen and INTO --

It is a studio apartment that seems overgrown with technology.

Weed-like cables coil everywhere, duct-taped into thickets that wind up and around the legs of several desks. Tabletops are filled with cannibalized equipment that lay open like an autopsied corpse.

At the center of this technological rat-nest is NEO, a man who knows more about living inside a computer than outside one.

He is asleep in front of his PC. Behind him, the computer screen suddenly goes blank. A prompt appears: "Wake up, Neo."

Neo's eye pries open. He sits up, one eye still closed, looking around, unsure of where he is. He notices the screen.

He types "CTRL X" but the letter "T" appears.

NEO

What...?

He hits another and an "H" appears. He keeps typing, pushing random functions and keys while the computer types out a message as though it had a mind of its own.

He stops and stares at the four words on the screen: "The Matrix has you."

NEO

What the hell?

He hits the "ESC" button. Another message appears: "Follow the white rabbit."

He hits it again and the message repeats. He rubs his eyes but when he opens them, there is another message: "Knock, knock, Neo."

Someone KNOCKS on his door and he almost jumps out of his chair. He looks back at the computer, but the screen is now blank.

Someone KNOCKS again. Neo rises, still unnerved.

NEO

Who is it?

CHOI (O.S)

It's Choi.

(CONTINUED)

Neo flips a series of locks and opens the door, leaving the chain on. A young Chinese MAN stands there with several of his friends.

NEO
You're two hours late.

CHOI (MAN)
I know. It's her fault.

NEO
You got the money?

CHOI
Two grand.

He takes out an envelope and gives it to Neo through the cracked door.

NEO
Hold on.

He closes the door. On the floor near his bed is a book, Baudrillard's Simulacra and Simulations. The book has been hollowed out and inside are several computer disks. He takes one, sticks the money in the book and drops it on the floor.

Opening the door, he hands the disk to Choi.

CHOI
Hallelujah! You are my Savior,
man! My own personal Jesus
Christ!

NEO
If you get caught using that --

CHOI
I know, I know. This never
happened. You don't exist.

NEO
Right...

Neo nods as the strange feeling of unrealness suddenly returns.

CHOI
Something wrong, man? You look a
little whiter than usual.

NEO
I don't know... My computer...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

He looks back at Choi, unable to explain what just happened.

NEO

You ever have the feeling that
you're not sure if you're awake or
still dreaming?

CHOI

All the time. It's called
mescaline and it is the only way
to fly.

He smiles and slaps the hand of his nearest droog.

CHOI

It sounds to me like you need to
unplug, man. A little R&R. What
do you think, Dujour, should we
take him with us?

DUJOUR

Definitely.

NEO

I can't. I have to work tomorrow.

DUJOUR

Come on. It'll be fun. I
promise.

He looks up at her and suddenly notices on her black
leather motorcycle jacket dozens of pins: bands,
symbols, slogans, military medals and --

A small white rabbit. The ROOM TILTS.

NEO

Yeah, yeah. Sure, I'll go.

13 INT. APARTMENT

13

An older apartment; a series of halls connects a chain of
small high-ceilinged rooms lined with heavy casements.

Smoke hangs like a veil, blurring the few lights there
are.

Dressed predominately in black, people are everywhere,
gathered in cliques around pieces of furniture like
jungle cats around a tree.

(CONTINUED)

Neo stands against a wall, alone, sipping from a bottle of beer, feeling completely out of place. He is about to leave when he notices a woman staring at him.

The woman is Trinity. She walks straight up to him.

In the nearest room, shadow-like figures grind against each other to the pneumatic beat of INDUSTRIAL MUSIC.

TRINITY

Hello, Neo.

NEO

How do you know that name?

TRINITY

I know a lot about you. I've been wanting to meet you for some time.

NEO

Who are you?

TRINITY

My name is Trinity.

NEO

Trinity? The Trinity? The Trinity that cracked the I.R.S. D-Base?

TRINITY

That was a long time ago.

NEO

Gee-zus.

TRINITY

What?

NEO

I just thought... you were a guy.

TRINITY

Most guys do.

Neo is a little embarrassed.

NEO

Do you want to go somewhere and talk?

TRINITY

No. It's safe here and I don't have much time.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

The MUSIC is so LOUD they must stand very close, talking directly into each other's ear.

NEO

That was you on my computer?

She nods.

NEO

How did you do that?

TRINITY

Right now, all I can tell you, is that you are in danger. I brought you here to warn you.

NEO

Of what?

TRINITY

They're watching you, Neo.

NEO

Who is?

TRINITY

Please. Just listen. I know why you're here, Neo. I know what you've been doing. I know why you hardly sleep, why you live alone and why, night after night, you sit at your computer. You're looking for him.

Her body is against his; her lips very close to his ear.

TRINITY

I know because I was once looking for the same thing, but when he found me he told me I wasn't really looking for him. I was looking for an answer.

There is a hypnotic quality to her voice and Neo feels the words, like a drug, seeping into him.

TRINITY

It's the question that drives us, the question that brought you here. You know the question just as I did.

NEO

What is the Matrix?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

TRINITY

When I asked him, he said that no one could ever be told the answer to that question. They have to see it to believe it.

She leans close, her lips almost touching his ear.

TRINITY

The answer is out there, Neo. It's looking for you and it will find you, if you want it to.

She turns and he watches her melt into the shifting wall of bodies.

A SOUND RISES steadily, growing out of the MUSIC, pressing in on Neo until it is all he can hear as we --

CUT TO:

14

INT. NEO'S APARTMENT

14

The sound is an ALARM CLOCK, slowly dragging Neo to consciousness. He strains to read the clock-face: 9:15 A.M.

NEO

Shitshitshit.

15

EXT. SKYSCRAPER

15

The downtown office of Meta CorTechs, a software development company.

16

INT. META CORTECHS OFFICE

16

The main offices are along each wall, the windows overlooking downtown. RHINEHEART, the ultimate company man, lectures Neo without looking at him, typing at his computer continuously.

Neo stares at two window cleaners on a scaffolding outside, dragging their rubber squeegees down the surface of the glass.

RHINEHEART

You have a problem with authority, Mr. Anderson. You believe that you are special, that somehow the rules do not apply to you. Obviously, you are mistaken.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

His long, bony fingers resume clicking the keyboard.

RHINEHEART

This company is one of the top software companies in the world because every single employee understands that they are a part of a whole. Thus, if an employee has a problem, the company has a problem.

He turns again.

RHINEHEART

The time has come to make a choice, Mr. Anderson. Either you choose to be at your desk on time from this day forth, or you choose to find yourself another job. Do I make myself clear?

NEO

Yes, Mr. Rhineheart. Perfectly clear.

17 INT. NEO'S CUBICLE

17

The entire floor looks like a human honeycomb, with a labyrinth of cubicles structured around a core of elevators.

VOICE (O.S.)

Thomas Anderson?

Neo turns and finds a FEDERAL EXPRESS GUY at his cubicle door.

NEO

Yeah. That's me.

Neo signs the electronic pad and the Fedex Guy hands him the softpak.

FEDEX GUY

Have a nice day.

He opens the bag. Inside is a cellular PHONE. It seems the instant it is in his hand, it RINGS. Unnerved, he flips it open.

NEO

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Hello, Neo. Do you know who this is?

Neo's knees give and he sinks into his chair.

NEO

Morpheus...

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

I've been looking for you, Neo. I don't know if you're ready to see what I want to show you, but unfortunately, we have run out of time. They're coming for you, Neo. And I'm not sure what they're going to do.

NEO

Who's coming for me?

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Stand up and see for yourself.

NEO

Right now?

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Yes. Now.

Neo starts to stand.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Do it slowly. The elevator.

His head peeks up over the partition. At the elevator, he sees Agent Smith, Agent Brown and Agent Jones leading a group of cops. A female employee turns and points out Neo's cubicle.

Neo ducks.

NEO

Holy shit!

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Yes.

One cop stays at the elevator, the others follow the Agents.

NEO

What the hell do they want with me?!

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
I'm not sure, but if you don't
want to find out, you better get
out of there.

NEO
How?!

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
I can guide you out, but you have
to do exactly what I say.

The agents are moving quickly towards the cubicle.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
The cubicle across from you is
empty.

NEO
But what if...?

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
Go! Now!

Neo lunges across the hall, diving into the other cubicle
just as the Agents turn into his row.

Neo crams himself into a dark corner, clutching the phone
tightly to him.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
Stay here for a moment.

The Agents enter Neo's empty cubicle. A cop is sent to
search the bathroom.

Morpheus' voice is a whisper in Neo's ear.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
A little longer...

Brown is talking to another employee.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
When I tell you, go to the end of
the row to the first office on the
left, stay as low as you can.

Sweat trickles down his forehead.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
Now.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (3)

17

Neo rolls out of the cubicle, his eyes popping as he freezes right behind a cop who has just turned around.

Staying crouched, he sneaks away down the row, shooting across the opening to the first office on the left.

18

INT. EMPTY OFFICE

18

The room is empty.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Good. Outside there is a scaffold.

NEO

How do you know all this?

Morpheus laughs quietly.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

The answer is coming, Neo. There is a window in front of you. Open it.

He opens the window. The WIND HOWLS into the room.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

You can use the scaffold to get to the roof.

NEO

No! It's too far away.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

There's a ledge. It's a short short climb. You can make it.

Neo looks down; the building's glass wall vertigos into a concrete chasm.

NEO

No way, no way, this is crazy.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

There are only two ways out of this building. One is that scaffold. The other is in their custody. You take a chance either way. I leave it to you.

CLICK. He hangs up. Neo looks at the door, then back at the scaffold.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

NEO

This is insane! Why is this
happening to me? What did I do?
I'm nobody. I didn't do anything.

He climbs up onto the window ledge. Hanging onto the
frame, he steps onto the small ledge. The scaffold seems
even farther away.

NEO

I'm going to die.

The WIND suddenly BLASTS up the face of the building,
knocking Neo off balance. Recoiling, he clings harder to
the frame, and the phone falls out of his hand.

He watches as it is swallowed by the distance beneath
him.

NEO

This is insane! I can't do this!
Forget it!

He climbs back into the office just as a cop opens the
door.

NEO

Shit!

19 EXT. SKYSCRAPER

19

The Agents lead a handcuffed Neo out of the revolving
doors, forcing his head down as they push him into the
dark sedan.

Trinity watches in the rearview mirror of her motorcycle.

TRINITY

Shit.

20 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

20

CLOSE ON a camera monitor; a wide angle view of a white
room where Neo is sitting at a table alone. We MOVE INTO
the monitor, entering the room as if the monitor was a
window.

At the same moment, the door opens and the Agents enter.
Agent Smith sits down across from Neo. A thick manila
envelope slaps down on the table. The name on the file:
"Anderson, Thomas[A]."

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

AGENT SMITH

As you can see, we've had our eye on you for some time now, Mr. Anderson.

He opens the file. Paper rattle marks the silence as he flips several pages. Neo cannot tell if he is looking at the file or at him.

AGENT SMITH

It seems that you have been living two lives. In one life, you are Thomas A. Anderson, program writer for a respectable software company. You have a social security number, you pay your taxes and you help your landlady carry out her garbage.

The pages continue to turn.

AGENT SMITH

The other life is lived in computers where you go by the hacker alias Neo, and are guilty of virtually every computer crime we have a law for.

Neo feels himself sinking into a pit of shit.

AGENT SMITH

One of these lives has a future. One of them does not.

He closes the file.

AGENT SMITH

I'm going to be as forthcoming as I can be, Mr. Anderson. You are here because we need your help.

He removes his sunglasses, his eyes are an unnatural ice-blue.

AGENT SMITH

We know that you have been contacted by a certain individual. A man who calls himself Morpheus. Whatever you think you know about this man is irrelevant. The fact is that he is wanted for acts of terrorism in more countries than any other man in the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

He is considered by many
authorities to be the most
dangerous man alive.

He leans closer.

AGENT SMITH

My colleagues believe that I am
wasting my time with you but I
believe you want to do the right
thing. It is obvious that you are
an intelligent man, Mr. Anderson,
and that you are interested in the
future. That is why I believe you
are ready to put your past
mistakes behind you and get on
with your life.

Neo tries to match his stare.

AGENT SMITH

We are willing to wipe the slate
clean, to give you a fresh start
and all we are asking in return is
your cooperation in bringing a
known terrorist to justice.

Neo nods to himself.

NEO

Yeah. Wow. That sounds like a
real good deal. But I think I
have a better one. How about I
just give you the finger --

He does.

NEO

And you give me my phone call!

Agent Smith puts his glasses back on.

AGENT SMITH

You disappoint me, Mr. Anderson.

NEO

You can't scare me with this
Gestapo crap. I know my rights.
I want my phone call!

Agent Smith smiles.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT SMITH

And tell me, Mr. Anderson, what good is a phone call if you are unable to speak?

The question unnerves Neo and strangely he begins to feel the muscles in his jaw tighten. The standing Agents snicker, watching Neo's confusion grow into panic.

Neo feels his lips grow soft and sticky as they slowly seal shut, melding into each other until all traces of his mouth are gone.

Wild with fear, he lunges for the door but the Agents restrain him, holding him in the chair.

AGENT SMITH

You are going to help us, Mr. Anderson, whether you want to or not.

Smith nods and the other two rip open his shirt. From a case taken out of his suit coat, Smith removes a long, fiber-optic wire tap.

Neo struggles helplessly as Smith dangles the wire over his exposed abdomen. Horrified, he watches as the electronic device animates, becoming an organic creature that resembles a hybrid of an insect and a fluke worm.

Thin, whisker-like tendrils reach out and probe into Neo's navel. He bucks wildly as Smith drops the creature which looks for a moment like an uncut umbilical cord --

-- before it begins to burrow, its tail thrashing as it worms its way inside.

Screaming, Neo bolts upright in bed.

He realizes that he is home. Was it a dream? His mouth is normal. His stomach looks fine. He starts to take a deep, everything-is-okay breath when --

The PHONE RINGS.

It almost stops his heart. It continues RINGING, building pressure in the room, forcing him up out of bed, sucking him in with an almost gravitational force. He answers it, saying nothing.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

This line is tapped so I must be brief.

NEO

The Agents --

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

They got to you first, but they've underestimated how important you are. If they knew what I know, you would probably be dead.

NEO

What are you talking about? What the hell is happening to me?

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

You're the One, Neo. You see, you may have spent the last few years looking for me, but I've spent most of my life looking for you.

Neo feels sick.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Do you still want to meet?

NEO

... Yes.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Go to the Adams Street bridge.

CLICK. He closes his eyes, unsure of what he has done.

22

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

22

It is just beyond the middle of the night; that time when it seems there are no rules and everything feels unsafe. Neo's boots scrape against the concrete. Every pair of eyes he passes seems to follow him. Rain pours from a black sky.

As he reaches the bridge, headlights creep in behind him. He turns just as the car slides quickly to a stop beside him. The back door opens.

TRINITY

Get in.

23

INT. CAR

23

A large man named APOC is driving. Beside him is a beautiful androgynous called SWITCH, aiming a large gun at Neo. WINDOW WIPERS BEAT HEAVILY against the windshield.

NEO

What the hell is this?!

TRINITY

It's necessary, Neo. For our protection.

NEO

From what?

TRINITY

From you.

She lifts a strange steel and glass device that looks like a cross between a rib separator, speculum and air compressor.

SWITCH

Take off your shirt.

He looks at the strange device and the gun still trained on him.

NEO

What? Why?

SWITCH

Stop the car.

Apoc does.

SWITCH

Listen to me, coppertop! We don't have time for 'twenty questions.' Right now there is only one rule. Our way or the highway.

NEO

Fine.

Neo opens the door.

TRINITY

Neo, please, you have to trust me.

NEO

Why?

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

TRINITY

Because you've been down there,
Neo. You already know that road.
You know exactly where it ends.

Neo stares out into the sheets of rain railing against
the dark street beyond the open door.

TRINITY

And I know that's not where you
want to be.

He closes the door.

A23

EXT. DARK STREET

A23

A moment later the green street lights curve over the
car's tinted windshield as it rushes through the wet
underworld.

24

INT. CAR

24

Neo grudgingly strips off his T-shirt.

TRINITY

Lie back.

Trinity aims the device at Neo, its glass snout forming a
seal over his navel. Switch snaps a cable into the front
seat cigarette lighter.

NEO

What is this thing?

TRINITY

We think you're bugged. Try to
relax.

She turns a dial and the machine bears down on Neo's
midsection, the cylinder sucking hard at his stomach.

Neo screams, squinting in pain as Trinity watches the
needle on a pressure gauge climb steadily.

TRINITY

Come on, come on...

On a small monitor that projects an ultrasound-like
image, we see Neo's insides begin to slither and churn.
He gasps as something wiggles beneath his skin inside his
stomach.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

SWITCH

It's on the move.

TRINITY

Shit.

SWITCH

You're gonna lose it.

TRINITY

No I'm not. Clear.

The foreboding word hangs in Neo's ear for a moment when Trinity squeezes a trigger. Electric current hammers into Neo and rigid convulsions take hold of him beneath the flickering car lamp until --

Something finally rockets wetly out of Neo's stomach through the extractor's coils.

NEO

Jesus Christ! It's real?!
That thing is real?!

Trinity lifts a glass cage at the end of the tubing. Inside, the small fluke-like bug flips and squirms, its tendrils flapping against the clear walls.

She unrolls the window and dumps it out.

25

EXT. CAR

25

It hits the pavement with a metallic tink, reverted back into a common wire tap, as the car disappears into the rainy night.

26

EXT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE

26

The car stops in a deserted alley behind a forgotten hotel.

27

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE

27

It is a place of putrefying elegance, a rotting host of urban maggotry.

Trinity leads Neo from the stairwell down the hall of the thirteenth floor. They stop outside room 1313.

TRINITY

This is it.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

Neo can hear his own heart pounding.

TRINITY

Let me give one piece of advice.
Be honest. He knows more than you
can possibly imagine.

28

INT. ROOM 1313

28

Across the room, a DARK FIGURE stares out the tall windows veiled with decaying lace. He turns and his smile lights up the room. A dull ROAR of THUNDER shakes the old building.

MORPHEUS

At last.

He wears a long black coat and his eyes are invisible behind circular mirrored glasses. He strides to Neo and they shake hands.

MORPHEUS

Welcome, Neo. As you no doubt
have guessed, I am Morpheus.

NEO

It's an honor.

MORPHEUS

No, the honor is mine. Please.
Come. Sit.

He nods to Trinity and she exits through a door to an adjacent room. They sit across from one another in cracked, burgundy-leather chairs.

MORPHEUS

I imagine, right now, you must be
feeling a bit like Alice, tumbling
down the rabbit hole?

NEO

You could say that.

MORPHEUS

I can see it in your eyes. You
have the look of a man who accepts
what he sees because he is
expecting to wake up.

A smile, razor-thin, curls the corner of his lips.

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

Ironically, this is not far from the truth. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Can you tell me, Neo, why are you here?

NEO

You're Morpheus. You're a legend. Most hackers would die to meet you.

MORPHEUS

Yes. Thank you. But I think we both know there's more to it than that. Do you believe in fate, Neo?

NEO

No.

MORPHEUS

Why not?

NEO

Because I don't like the idea that I'm not in control of my life.

MORPHEUS

I know exactly what you mean.

Again, that smile that could cut glass.

MORPHEUS

Let me tell you why you are here. You have come because you know something. What you know you can't explain but you feel it. You've felt it your whole life, felt that something is wrong with the world. You don't know what, but it's there like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about?

NEO

The Matrix?

MORPHEUS

Do you want to know what it is?

Neo swallows hard and nods.

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

The Matrix is everywhere, it's all around us, here even in this room. You can see it out your window or on your television. You feel it when you go to work, or go to church or pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth.

NEO

What truth?

MORPHEUS

That you are a slave, Neo. Like everyone else, you were born into bondage, kept inside a prison that you cannot smell, taste, or touch. A prison for your mind.

The LEATHER CREAKS as he leans back.

MORPHEUS

Unfortunately, no one can be told what the Matrix is. You have to see it for yourself.

Morpheus opens his hands. In the right is a red pill. In the left, a blue pill.

MORPHEUS

This is your last chance. After this, there is no going back. You take the blue pill and the story ends. You wake in your bed and you believe whatever you want to believe.

The pills in his open hands are reflected in the glasses.

MORPHEUS

You take the red pill and you stay in Wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit-hole goes.

Neo feels the smooth skin of the capsules, the moisture growing in his palms.

MORPHEUS

Remember that all I am offering is the truth. Nothing more.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (3)

28

Neo opens his mouth and swallows the red pill. The Cheshire smile returns.

MORPHEUS

Follow me.

29

INT. OTHER ROOM

29

He leads Neo into the other room, which is cramped with high-tech equipment, glowing ash-blue and electric green from the racks of monitors. Trinity, Apoc, Switch and Cypher look up as they enter.

MORPHEUS

Apoc, are we on-line?

APOC

Almost.

He and Trinity are working quickly, hardwiring a complex system of monitors, modules and drives.

MORPHEUS

Neo, time is always against us.
Will you take a seat there?

Neo sits in a chair in the center of the room and Trinity begins gently fixing white electrode disks to him. Near the chair is an old oval dressing mirror that is cracked. He whispers to Trinity:

NEO

You did all this?

She nods, placing a set of headphones over his ears. They are wired to an old hotel phone.

MORPHEUS

The pill you took is part of a trace program. It's designed to disrupt your input/output carrier signal so we can pinpoint your location.

NEO

What does that mean?

CYPHER

It means buckle up, Dorothy,
'cause Kansas is going bye-bye.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

Distantly, through the ear phones, he hears Apoc POUNDING on a KEYBOARD. Sweat beads his face. His eyes blink and twitch when he notices the mirror.

Wide-eyed, he stares as it begins to heal itself, a webwork of cracks that slowly run together as though the mirror were becoming liquid.

NEO

Did you...?

Cypher works with Apoc, checking reams of phosphorescent data. Trinity monitors Neo's electric vital signs. Neo reaches out to touch the mirror and his fingers disappear beneath the rippling surface.

Quickly, he tries to pull his fingers out but the mirror stretches in long rubbery strands like mirrored taffy stuck to his fingertips.

MORPHEUS

Have you ever had a dream, Neo,
that you were so sure was real?

A flash of lightning flickers white hot against Neo.

NEO

This can't be...

MORPHEUS

Be what? Be real?

The strands thin like rubber cement as he pulls away, until the fragile wisps of mirror thread break.

MORPHEUS

What if you were unable to wake
from that dream, Neo? How would
you know the difference between
the dreamworld and the real world?

Neo looks at his hand; fingers distended into mirrored icicles that begin to melt rapidly, dripping, running like wax down his fingers, spreading across his palm where he sees his face reflected.

NEO

Uh-oh...

TRINITY

It's going into replication.

MORPHEUS

Apoc?

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

APOC

Still nothing.

Morpheus takes out a cellular phone and dials a number.

MORPHEUS

Tank, we're going to need the
signal soon.

The mirror gel seems to come to life, racing, crawling up
his arms like hundreds of insects.

The mirror creeps up his neck as Neo begins to panic,
tipping his head as though he were sinking into the
mirror, trying to keep his mouth up.

NEO

It's cold.

TRINITY

I got fibrillation!

MORPHEUS

Shit! Apoc?

Streams of mercury run from Neo's nose.

APOC

Targeting... almost there.

An ALARM on Trinity's monitor ERUPTS.

TRINITY

He's going into arrest!

APOC

Lock! I got him!

MORPHEUS

Now, Tank, now!

His eyes tear with mirror, rolling up and closing as a
HIGH-PITCHED ELECTRIC SCREAM erupts in the HEADPHONES.
It is a piercing shriek like a computer calling to
another computer --

Neo's body arches in agony and we are PULLED like we were
pulled INTO the holes of the phone, sucked into his scream
and swallowed by darkness.

30

INT. POWER PLANT - CLOSE ON MAN'S BODY

30

floating in a magenta amnion.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

His body spasms, fighting against the thick gelatin.

Metal tubes, surreal versions of hospital tubes, obscure his face. Other lines like IVs are connected to limbs and cover his genitals.

He is struggling desperately now. Air bubbles into the Jell-O but does not break the surface. Pressing up, the surface distends, stretching like a red rubber cocoon.

Unable to breathe, he fights wildly to stand, clawing at the thinning elastic shroud, until it ruptures, a hole widening around his mouth as he sucks for air. Tearing himself free, he emerges from the cell.

It is Neo.

He is bald and naked, his body slick with gelatin. Dizzy, nauseous, he waits for his vision to focus.

He is standing in an oval capsule of clear alloy filled with magenta gelatin, the surface of which has solidified like curdled milk. The IVs in his arms are plugged into outlets that appear to be grafted to his flesh.

He feels the weight of another cable and reaches to the back of his head where he finds an enormous coaxial plugged and locked into the base of his skull. He tries to pull it out but it would be easier to pull off a finger.

To either side he sees other tube-shaped pods filled with magenta gelatin; beneath the wax-like surface, pale and motionless, he sees other human beings.

Fanning out in a circle, there are more. All connected to a center core, each capsule like a red, dimly-glowing petal attached to a black metal stem.

Above him, level after level, the stem rises seemingly forever. He moves to the foot of the capsule and looks out. The image assaults his mind.

Towers of glowing petals spiral up to incomprehensible heights, disappearing down into a dim murk like an underwater abyss.

His sight is blurred and warped, exaggerating the intensity of the vision. The sound of the plant is like the sound of the ocean heard from inside the belly of Leviathan.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

From above, a machine drops directly in front of Neo. He swallows his scream as it seems to stare at him. It is almost insect-like in its design; beautiful housings of alloyed metal covering organic-like systems of hard and soft polymers.

The machine seizes hold of Neo, paralyzing him as the cable lock at the back of his neck spins and opens.

The cable disengages itself. A long, clear plastic needle and cerebrum-chip slides from the anterior of Neo's skull with an ooze of blood and spinal fluid. The other connective hoses snap free and snake away as the machine lets Neo go.

Suddenly, the back of the unit opens and a tremendous vacuum, like an airplane door opening, sucks the gelatin and then Neo into a black hole.

31 INT. WASTE LINE

31

The pipe is a waste disposal system and Neo falls, sliding with the clot of gelatin.

Banking through pipe spirals and elbows, flushing up through grease traps clogged with oily clumps of cellulite.

32 INT. SEWER MAIN

32

Neo begins to drown when he is suddenly snatched from the flow of waste.

The metallic cable then lifts, pulling him up into the belly of the futuristic flying machine hovering inside the sewer main.

33 INT. HOVERCRAFT

33

The metal harness opens and drops the half-conscious Neo onto the floor. Human hands and arms help him up as he finds himself looking straight at Morpheus.

He smiles.

MORPHEUS

Welcome to the real world, Neo.

Neo passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

34

INT. HOVERCRAFT

34

We have no sense of time. We hear voices whispering.

MORPHEUS (O.S.)
We've done it, Trinity. We found
him.

TRINITY (O.S.)
I hope you're right.

MORPHEUS (O.S.)
I don't have to hope it. I know
it.

Neo's eyes flutter open. We see Morpheus' face above us,
angelic in the fluorescent glow of a light stick.

NEO (O.S.)
... am I dead?

MORPHEUS
Far from it.

FADE TO BLACK.

35

INT. HOVERCRAFT - INFIRMARY

35

He opens his eyes again, something tingling through him.
He focuses and sees his body pierced with dozens of
acupuncture-like needles wired to a strange device.

DOZER
He still needs a lot of work.

DOZER and Morpheus are operating on Neo.

NEO
What are you doing?

MORPHEUS
Your muscles have atrophied.
We're rebuilding them.

Fluorescent light sticks burn unnaturally bright.

NEO
Why do my eyes hurt?

MORPHEUS
You've never used them before.

Morpheus closes Neo's eyes and Neo lays back.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MORPHEUS

Rest, Neo. The answers are
coming.

36 INT. NEO'S ROOM

36

Neo wakes up from a deep sleep, feeling better. He begins to examine himself. There is a futuristic IV plugged into the jack in his forearm. He pulls it out, staring at the grafted outlet.

He runs his hand over the short hair now covering his head. His fingers find and explore the large outlet in the base of his skull.

Just as he starts to come unglued, Morpheus opens the door.

NEO

Morpheus, what's happened to me?
What is this place?

MORPHEUS

More important than what is when?

NEO

When?

MORPHEUS

You believe the year is 1997 when
in fact it is much closer to 2197.
I can't say for certain what year
it is because we honestly do not
know.

The wind is knocked from Neo's chest.

MORPHEUS

There is no reason for me to try
to explain it when I can simply
show it. Come with me.

37 INT. HOVERCRAFT

37

Like a sleepwalker, Neo follows Morpheus through the ship.

MORPHEUS

This is my ship, the
Nebuchadnezzar. It's a
hovercraft.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

MORPHEUS (CONT'D)

Small like a submarine. It's
cramped and cold. But it's home.

They climb a ladder up to the main deck.

38

INT. MAIN DECK

38

Everyone is there.

MORPHEUS

This is the main deck. You know
most of my crew.

Trinity smiles and nods.

MORPHEUS

The ones you don't know. That's
Mouse, Cypher, and Switch. Those
two guys are Tank and Dozer.

The names and faces wash meaninglessly over Neo.

MORPHEUS

And this, this is the Core. This
is where we broadcast our pirate
signal and hack into the Matrix.

It is a swamp of bizarre electronic equipment. Vines of
coaxial hang and snake to and from huge monolithic
battery slabs, a black portable satellite dish and banks
of life systems and computer monitors.

At the center of the web, there are six ecto-skeleton
chairs made of a poly-alloy frame and suspension harness.
Near the circle of chairs is the control console and
operator's station where the network is monitored.

MORPHEUS

You want to know what the Matrix
is, Neo? The answer is right
here.

He touches the back of Neo's head.

MORPHEUS

Help him, Trinity.

Neo allows himself to be helped into one of the chairs.
He feels Morpheus guiding a coaxial line into the jack at
the back of his neck. The cable has the same kind of
cerebrum chip we saw inside the plant.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MORPHEUS

This will feel a little weird.

There are several disturbing noises as he works the needle in.

We MOVE IN as Neo's shoulders bunch and his face tightens into a grimace until a loud CLICK fires and his ears pop like when you equalize them underwater.

He relaxes, opening his eyes as we PULL BACK to a feeling of weightlessness inside another place --

39 INT. CONSTRUCT

39

Neo is standing in an empty, blank-white space.

MORPHEUS

This is the Construct.

Startled, Neo whips around and finds Morpheus now in the room with him.

MORPHEUS

It is our loading program. We can load anything from clothes, to weapons, to training simulations. Anything we need.

Morpheus walks past Neo and when Neo turns he sees the two leather chairs from the Hotel Lafayette set up in front of a large screen television.

MORPHEUS

Sit down.

Neo stands at the back of the chair as Morpheus sits.

NEO

Right now, we're inside a computer program?

Morpheus smiles.

MORPHEUS

Is it so hard to believe? Your clothes are different, the plugs in your arms and head are gone. Look at your hair, you were bald a moment ago.

Neo touches his head.

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

It's what we call residual self image. The mental projection of your electronic self. Wild, isn't it?

Neo's hands run over the cracked leather.

NEO

This -- This isn't real?

MORPHEUS

What is real? How do you define real? If you're talking about what you feel, taste, smell, or see, then real is simply electrical signals interpreted by your brain.

He picks up a remote control and clicks on the television. On the television, we see images of the Twentieth Century city where Neo lived.

MORPHEUS

This is the world you know. The world as it was at the end of the Twentieth Century. It exists now only as part of a neural-interactive simulation that we call the Matrix.

He changes the channel and we see a very different city as we enter the television.

MORPHEUS

You have been living inside a dreamworld, Neo. As in Baudrillard's vision, your whole life has been spent inside the map, not the territory. This is the world as it exists today.

In the distance, we see the ruins of a future city protruding from the wasteland like the blackened ribs of a long-dead corpse.

MORPHEUS

'The desert of the real.'

Beneath us, the water is gone.

(CONTINUED)

We TURN AND DESCEND, SPIRALING DOWN TOWARD the lake bed which is scorched and split like burnt flesh, where we FIND Morpheus and Neo. Neo clings to the chair, trying to get his bearings.

MORPHEUS

We have only bits and pieces of information. What we know for certain is that, at some point in the early Twenty-first Century, all of mankind was united in celebration. Through the blinding inebriation of hubris, we marveled at our magnificence as we gave birth to A.I.

NEO

A.I.? You mean artificial intelligence?

MORPHEUS

Yes. A singular consciousness that spawned an entire race of machines. I must say I find it almost funny to imagine the world slapping itself on the back, toasting the new age. I say almost funny.

He looks up and his sunglasses reflect the obsidian clouds roiling overhead.

MORPHEUS

We don't know who struck first. Us or them. But we do know it was us that scorched the sky. At the time, they were dependent on solar power. It was believed they would be unable to survive without an energy source as abundant as the sun.

As we DESCEND INTO the circular window of his glasses, there is a flash of lightning.

MORPHEUS

Throughout human history, we have been dependent on machines to survive. Fate, it seems, is not without a sense of irony.

40

EXT. FETUS FIELDS

40

On the flash, we PULL BACK from the darkness which reveals itself to be the black eye of a fetus.

MORPHEUS

The Machines discovered a new form of fusion. All they needed was a small electrical charge to initiate the reaction.

The fetus is suspended in a placenta-like husk, where its malleable skull is already growing around the brain-jack.

MORPHEUS

The human body generates more bioelectricity than a 120-volt battery and over 25,000 B.T.U.'s of body heat.

The husk hanging from a stalk is plucked by a thresher-like farm machine.

MORPHEUS

There are fields, endless fields where human beings are no longer born; we are grown.

We RISE UP, the field stretching in every direction to the horizon, lightning tearing open the sky as a harvester sweeps past us.

A40

INT. POWER PLANT

A40

From the yawning black of the waste port, we begin to PULL BACK as it snaps shut.

Red amniotic gel flows into the pod below us, pooling around a tiny newborn that suckles its feed tube.

MORPHEUS

For the longest time, I wouldn't believe it. But then I saw the fields with my own eyes, watched them liquefy the dead so they could be fed intravenously to the living and standing there, facing the efficiency, the pure, horrifying precision, I came to realize the obviousness of the truth.

Still PULLING BACK, we see the image of the power plant now on the television as we return to the white space of the construct.

41 INT. CONSTRUCT

41

Morpheus steps INTO VIEW as he clicks off the television.

MORPHEUS

What is the Matrix? Control.

He opens the back of the television remote control.

MORPHEUS

The Matrix is a computer-generated dreamworld built to keep us under control in order to change a human being into this.

He holds up a coppertop battery.

NEO

No! I don't believe it! It's not possible!

MORPHEUS

I didn't say that it would be easy, Neo. I just said that it would be the truth.

NEO

Stop! Let me out! I want out!

42 INT. MAIN DECK

42

His eyes snap open and he thrashes against the chair, trying to rip the cable from the back of his neck.

NEO

Get this thing out of me!

TRINITY

Easy, Neo. Easy.

Dozer holds him while Trinity unlocks it. Once it's out, he tears away from them, falling as he trips free of the harness.

NEO

Don't touch me! Get away from me!

On his hands and knees, he reels as the world spins. Sweat pours off him as a pressure builds inside his skull as if his brain had been put into a centrifuge.

NEO

I don't believe it! I don't believe it!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CYPHER

He's going to pop!

Vomiting violently, Neo pitches forward and blacks out.

43 INT. NEO'S ROOM

43

He blinks, regaining consciousness. The room is dark. Neo is stretched out on his bed.

NEO

I can't go back, can I?

Morpheus is sitting like a shadow on a chair in the far corner.

MORPHEUS

No. But if you could, would you really want to?

Deep down, Neo knows that answer.

MORPHEUS

I feel that I owe you an apology. There is a rule that we do not free a mind once it reaches a certain age. It is dangerous. They have trouble letting go. Their mind turns against them. I've seen it happen. I'm sorry. I broke the rule because I had to.

He stares into the darkness, confessing as much to himself as to Neo.

MORPHEUS

When the Matrix was first built there was a man born inside that had the ability to change what he wanted, to remake the Matrix as he saw fit. It was this man that freed the first of us and taught us the truth; as long as the Matrix exists, the human race will never be free.

He pauses.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MORPHEUS

When he died, the Oracle
prophesied his return and
envisioned that his coming would
hail the destruction of the
Matrix, an end to the war and
freedom for our people. That is
why there are those of us that
have spent our entire lives
searching the Matrix, looking for
him.

Neo can feel his eyes on him.

MORPHEUS

I did what I did because I believe
the search is over.

He stands up.

MORPHEUS

Get some rest. You're going to
need it.

NEO

For what?

MORPHEUS

Your training.

44 INT. HOVERCRAFT

44

There is no morning; there is only darkness and then the
fluorescent light sticks flicker on.

45 INT. NEO'S ROOM

45

Neo is awake in his bed, staring up at the lights. The
door opens and TANK steps inside.

TANK

Morning. Did you sleep?

NEO

No.

TANK

You will tonight. I guarantee it.
I'm Tank. I'll be your operator.

He offers his hand and Neo shakes it. He notices that
Tank doesn't have any jacks.

(CONTINUED)

NEO

You don't have...

TANK

Any holes? Nope. Me and my brother Dozer, we are one hundred percent pure, old-fashioned, home-grown human. Born free. Right here in the real world. Genuine child of Zion.

NEO

Zion?

TANK

If this war ended tomorrow, Zion is where the party would be.

NEO

It's a city?

TANK

The last human city. The only place we got left.

NEO

Where is it?

TANK

Deep underground. Near the earth's core, where it's still warm. You live long enough, you might even see it.

(he smiles)

Goddamn, I got to tell you, I'm fairly excited to see what you are capable of. I mean if Morpheus is right and all. We're not supposed to talk about any of that but if you are, well then this is an exciting time. We got a lot to do so let's get to it.

Neo is plugged in, hanging in one of the suspension chairs.

(CONTINUED)

TANK

We're supposed to load all these operations programs first, but this is some major boring shit. Why don't we start with something a little fun?

Tank smiles as he plops into his operator's chair. He begins flipping through a tall carousel loaded with micro discs.

TANK

How about some combat training?

Neo reads the label on the disk.

NEO

Jujitsu? I'm going to learn jujitsu?

Tank slides the disk into Neo's supplement drive.

NEO

No way.

Smiling, Tank punches the "load" code. His body jumps against the harness as his eyes clamp shut. The monitors kick wildly as his heart pounds, adrenaline surges, and his brain sizzles. An instant later his eyes snap open.

NEO

Holy shit!

TANK

Hey, Mikey, he likes it! Ready for more?

NEO

Hell yes!

CLOSE ON a computer monitor as grey pixels slowly fill a small, half-empty box. It is a meter displaying how much download time is left.

The title bar reads: "Combat Series 10 of 12," file categories flashing beneath it: "Savate, Jujitsu, Ken Po, Drunken Boxing..."

Morpheus walks in.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

MORPHEUS

How is he?

TANK

Ten hours straight. He's a machine.

Neo's body spasms and relaxes as his eyes open, breath hissing from his lips. He looks like he just orgasmed.

NEO

This is incredible. I know kung fu.

MORPHEUS

Show me.

48

INT. DOJO

48

They are standing in a very sparse Japanese-style dojo.

MORPHEUS

This is a sparring program, similar to the programmed reality of the Matrix. It has the same basic rules. Rules like gravity. What you must learn is that these rules are no different than the rules of a computer system. Some of them can be bent. Others can be broken. Understand?

Neo nods as Morpheus assumes a fighting stance.

MORPHEUS

Then hit me, if you can.

Neo assumes a similar stance, cautiously circling until he gives a short cry and launches a furious attack.

It is like a Jackie Chan movie at high speed, fists and feet striking from every angle as Neo presses his attack, but each and every blow is blocked by effortless speed.

49

INT. MAIN DECK

49

While their minds battle in the programmed reality, the two bodies appear quite serene, suspended in the drive chairs.

Tank monitors their Life Systems, noticing that Neo is wildly and chaotically lit up as opposed to the slow and steady rhythm of Morpheus.

50 INT. MESS HALL

50

MOUSE bursts into the room, interrupting dinner.

MOUSE
Morpheus is fighting Neo!

All at once, everyone bolts for the door.

51 INT. DOJO

51

Neo's face is knotted, teeth clenched, as he hurls himself at Morpheus.

MORPHEUS
Good. Adaptation. Improvisation.
But your weakness isn't your
technique.

Morpheus attacks him and it is like nothing we have seen. His feet and fists are everywhere, taking Neo apart. For every blow Neo blocks, five more hit their marks until --

Neo falls.

Panting, on his hands and knees, blood spits from his mouth, speckling the white floor of the dojo.

MORPHEUS
How did I beat you?

NEO
You -- You're too fast.

MORPHEUS
Do you think my being faster,
stronger has anything to do with
my muscles in this place?

Neo is frustrated, still unable to catch his breath.

MORPHEUS
Do you believe that's air you are
breathing now?

Neo stands, nodding slowly.

MORPHEUS
Again.

Their fists fly with pneumatic speed.

52 INT. MAIN DECK 52

Everyone is gathered behind Tank, watching the fight, like watching a game of Mortal Kombat.

MOUSE

Jeezus Keeerist! He's fast! Look at his neural-kinetics! They're way above normal!

53 INT. DOJO 53

Morpheus begins to press Neo, countering blows while slipping in several stinging slaps.

MORPHEUS

Come on, Neo. What are you waiting for? You're faster than this. Don't think you are. Know you are.

Whack, Morpheus cracks Neo again. Neo's face twists with rage as the speed of the blows rises like a drum solo.

MORPHEUS

Come on! Stop trying to hit me and just hit me.

Wham. A single blow catches Morpheus on the side of the head, knocking off his glasses.

54 INT. MAIN DECK 54

There are several gasps.

MOUSE

I don't believe it!

55 INT. DOJO 55

Morpheus rubs his face, then smiles.

NEO

I know what you're trying to do --

MORPHEUS

I'm trying to free your mind, Neo, but all I can do is show you the door. You're the one that has to step through. Tank, load the jump program.

56 INT. HOVERCRAFT 56

Apoc and Switch exchange looks as Tank grabs for the disk.

57 INT. CONSTRUCT - ROOFTOP - DAY 57

Morpheus and Neo are again in the white space of the Construct. Beneath their feet, we see the jump program rush up at them until they are standing on a rooftop in a city skyline.

MORPHEUS
Let it all go, Neo. Fear. Doubt.
Disbelief. Free your mind.

Morpheus spins, running hard at the edge of the rooftop. And jumps. He sails through the air, his coat billowing out behind him like a cape as he lands on the rooftop across the street.

NEO
Shit.

Neo looks down at the street twenty floor below, then at Morpheus an impossible fifty feet away.

NEO
Okie dokie. Free my mind. Right.
No problem.

He takes a deep breath. And starts to run.

58 INT. MAIN DECK 58

They are transfixed.

MOUSE
What if he makes it?

APOC
No way. Not possible.

TANK
No one's ever made their first jump.

MOUSE
I know, but what if he does?

APOC
He won't.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Trinity stares at the screen, her fists clenching as she whispers.

TRINITY

Come on.

59 EXT. ROOFTOP

59

Summoning every ounce of strength in his legs, Neo launches himself into the air in a single maniacal shriek--

-- but comes up drastically short.

His eyes widen as he plummets. Stories fly by, the ground rushing up at him, but as he hits, the ground gives way, stretching like a trapeze net. He bounces and flips, slowly coming to a rest, flat on his back.

He laughs, a bit unsure, wiping the windblown tears from his face. Morpheus exits the building and helps him to his feet.

MORPHEUS

Do you know why you didn't make it?

NEO

Because... I didn't think I would?

Morpheus smiles and nods.

60 INT. MAIN DECK

60

They break up.

MOUSE

What does it mean?

SWITCH

It doesn't mean anything.

CYPHER

Everyone falls the first time, right, Trinity?

But Trinity has already left.

Neo's eyes open as Tank eases the plug out. He tries to move and groans, cradling his ribs. While Tank helps Morpheus, Neo spits blood into his hand.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

NEO
I thought it wasn't real.

MORPHEUS
Your mind makes it real.

Neo stares at the blood.

NEO
If you are killed in the Matrix,
do you die here?

MORPHEUS
The body cannot live without the
mind.

61 INT. NEO'S ROOM

61

Trinity enters from the hall, carrying a tray of food.

TRINITY
Neo, I saved you some dinner --

She sees him passed out on the bed. She sets the tray
down and pulls the blanket over him.

She pauses, her face close to his, then inhales lightly,
breathing in the scent of him before slowly pulling away.

62 INT. HALL

62

Trinity steps out of Neo's room to find Cypher watching
her.

CYPHER
I don't remember you ever bringing
me dinner.

Trinity says nothing.

CYPHER
There's something about him, isn't
there?

TRINITY
Don't tell me you're a believer
now?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CYPHER

I just keep wondering if Morpheus is so sure, why doesn't he take him to the Oracle? She would know.

TRINITY

Morpheus will take him when he's ready.

She turns and he watches her walk away.

63 EXT. CITY STREET - TRAINING PROGRAM - DAY

63

Morpheus moves effortlessly through a crowded downtown street while Neo struggles to keep up, constantly bumped and shouldered off the path.

MORPHEUS

The Matrix is a system, Neo, and that system is our enemy. But when you are inside and you look around, what do you see; businessmen, lawyers, teachers, carpenters. The minds of the very people we are trying to save. But until we do, these people are still a part of the system and that makes them our enemy.

A cop writing a parking ticket stares at Neo from behind his sunglasses.

MORPHEUS

You have to understand that most of these people are not ready to be unplugged and many of them are so inured, so hopelessly dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it.

A beautiful woman in a red dress smiles at Neo as she passes by.

MORPHEUS

Were you listening to me, Neo? Or were you looking at the woman in the red dress?

NEO

I was...

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

Look again.

Neo turns just as Agent Smith levels a gun at his face.
Neo screams.

MORPHEUS

Freeze it.

Everything except Morpheus and Neo freezes.

NEO

This -- this isn't the Matrix?

MORPHEUS

No, it's another training program
designed to teach you one thing;
if you are not one of us, you're
one of them.

NEO

What are they?

MORPHEUS

Sentient programs. They can move
in and out of any software still
hardwired to their system. That
means that anyone that we haven't
unplugged is potentially an Agent.
Inside the Matrix, they are
everyone and they are no one.

Neo stares at the Agent.

MORPHEUS

We've survived by hiding from
them, running from them, but they
are the gatekeepers, they're
guarding all the doors, holding
all the keys, which means that
sooner or later someone is going
to have to fight them.

NEO

Someone?

MORPHEUS

I won't lie to you, Neo. Every
single man or woman who has stood
their ground, who has fought an
Agent, has died. But where they
failed, you will succeed.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (2)

63

NEO

Why?

MORPHEUS

I've seen an Agent punch through a concrete wall. Men have emptied entire clips at them and hit nothing but air. Yet their strength and their speed are still based on a world that is built by rules. Because of that they will never be as strong or as fast as you can be.

Neo scratches his head.

NEO

What? Are you trying to tell me that I can dodge bullets?

MORPHEUS

No, Neo. I'm trying to tell you that when you're ready, you won't have to.

Morpheus' cell PHONE RINGS and he flips it open.

TANK (V.O.)

We got trouble.

64

EXT. SEWER MAIN

64

The Nebuchadnezzar blisters by, trailing a swirling, supercharged, electromagnetic wake.

65

INT. COCKPIT

65

Morpheus slides into the copilot's chair next to Dozer.

MORPHEUS

Did Zion send the warning?

DOZER

No. Another ship. Big Brother I think, they're running a parallel pipeline.

Morpheus scans the decayed landscape of the sewer main that rolls by as Neo and Trinity squeeze into the cockpit behind him. An ALARM BEGINS TO SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

DOZER

Shit, Squiddy's sweeping in quick.

MORPHEUS

Set it down in there.

NEO

Squiddy?

TRINITY

A Sentinel. It's a killing machine designed for one thing.

DOZER

Search and destroy.

Neo feels the ship rock to the side as it squeezes into a tiny supply line.

66

EXT. HOVERCRAFT

66

The Nebuchadnezzar sets down, almost wedged into a pipe that barely accommodates its size.

67

INT. COCKPIT

67

Morpheus clicks the intercom.

MORPHEUS

How we doing, Tank?

68

INT. MAIN DECK

68

Tank works furiously at the operator's station as the ceaseless WHIR of the ship's TURBINES GRIND TO a HALT. The main deck is plunged into dark silence. The rest of the screw stands behind him as he whispers.

TANK

Power off-line. E.M.P. armed and ready.

Tank's fingers curl around a small key that glows a dim red.

69

INT. COCKPIT

69

Neo leans into Trinity's ear.

(CONTINUED)

NEO

E.M.P.?

TRINITY

An electromagnetic pulse. It disables any electrical system in the blast radius. It's the only weapon we have against the machines.

Dozer looks up.

DOZER

Now we wait.

THROUGH the cockpit's windshield, the vast cavern of the sewer main yawns before them. Strands of green haze curl round mossy icicles that dangle into a pool of churning frozen waste. Neo begins to angle around Dozer but Morpheus grabs him.

MORPHEUS

Don't move. It'll hear you.

Neo freezes and they wait. Without the Nebuchadnezzar's heating systems, the temperature in the cockpit begins to rapidly drop. The crew members huddle together, their breath freezing into a uniform cloud as it gets colder and colder.

Dozer quietly reaches to brush away the frost on the windshield and as his hand clears a swath --

They see it.

In the darkness, a shifting shadow of mechanized death. It is beautiful and terrifying. Black alloy skin flickers like sequins beneath sinewy coils and skeletal appendages.

Neo can feel the hairs on the back of his neck rise as it silently glides over them with shark-like malevolence until it disappears into the darkness.

In the frozen little room, everyone breathes a little easier.

The ship is quiet and dark. Everyone is asleep.

The core glows with monitor light. Cypher is in the operator's chair as Neo comes up behind him.

CYPHER

Whoa! Shit, Neo, you scared the bejeezus out of me.

NEO

Sorry.

CYPHER

No, it's all right.

Neo's eyes light up as he steps closer to the screens that seem alive with a constant flow of data.

NEO

Is that...?

CYPHER

The Matrix? Yeah.

Neo stares at the endlessly shifting river of information, bizarre codes and equations flowing across the face of the monitor.

NEO

Do you always look at it encoded?

CYPHER

Have to. The image translators sort of work for the construct programs but there's way too much information to decode the Matrix. You get used to it, though. Your brain does the translating. I don't even see the code. All I see is blonde, brunette, and redhead. You want a drink?

Neo nods and he pours a clear alcohol from a plastic jug.

CYPHER

You know, I know what you're thinking 'cause right now I'm thinking the same thing. Actually, to tell you the truth, I've been thinking the same thing ever since I got here.

He raises the glass.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

CYPHER

Why, oh why, didn't I take that
blue pill?

He throws the shot down his throat. Neo does the same
and it almost kills him. Smiling, Cypher slaps him on
the back.

CYPHER

Good shit, eh? Dozer makes it.
It's good for two things:
degreasing engines and killing
brain cells.

Red-faced, Neo finally stops coughing. Cypher pours him
another.

CYPHER

Can I ask you something? Did he
happen to tell you why he did it?

Neo looks up, unsure.

CYPHER

Why you're here?

NEO

... Yeah.

CYPHER

Gee-zus! What a mindjob. You're
here to save the world. You gotta
be shitting me. What do you say
to something like that?

Neo looks down at his drink.

CYPHER

I'm going to let you in on a
little secret here. Now don't
tell him I told you this, but this
ain't the first time Morpheus
thought he found the One.

NEO

Really?

CYPHER

You bet your ass. It keeps him
going. Maybe it keeps all of us
going.

NEO

How many were there?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

CYPHER

Five. Since I've been here.

NEO

What happened to them?

CYPHER

Dead. All dead.

NEO

How?

CYPHER

Honestly. Morpheus. He got them all amped up believing in bullshit. I watched each of them take on an Agent and I watched each of them die. Little piece of advice: you see an Agent, you do what we do; run. Run your ass off.

Neo gulps down another shot.

NEO

Thanks... for the drink.

CYPHER

Anytime.

Cypher nods as Neo heads for the ladder.

CYPHER

Sweet dreams.

A71 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A71

CHAMBER MUSIC and the ambiance of wealth soak the restaurant around us as we watch a serrated knife saw through a thick, gorgeous steak. The meat is so perfect, charred on the outside, oozing red juice from the inside, that it could be a dream.

We hear a voice that we recognize immediately.

AGENT SMITH

Do we have a deal, Mr. Reagan?

A fork stabs the cube of meat and we FOLLOW it UP TO the face of Cypher.

(CONTINUED)

A71 CONTINUED:

A71

CYPHER

You know, I know that this steak doesn't exist. I know when I put it in my mouth, the Matrix is telling my brain that it is juicy and delicious. After nine years, do you know what I've realized?

He shoves it in, eyes rolling up, savoring the tender beef melting in his mouth.

CYPHER

Ignorance is bliss.

Agent Smith watches him chew the steak loudly, smacking it between his teeth.

CYPHER

Mmm so, so goddamn good.

AGENT SMITH

Then we have a deal?

CYPHER

I don't want to remember nothing. Nothing! You understand? And I want to be rich. Someone important. Like an actor. You can do that, right?

AGENT SMITH

Whatever you want, Mr. Reagan.

Cypher takes a deep drink of wine.

CYPHER

All right. You get my body back in a power plant, reinsert me into the Matrix and I'll get you what you want.

AGENT SMITH

Access codes to the Zion mainframe.

CYPHER

I told you I don't know them. But I can give you the man who does.

AGENT SMITH

Morpheus.

72

INT. MESS HALL

72

CLOSE ON breakfast, a substance with a consistency somewhere between yogurt and cellulite.

TANK

Here you go, buddy. Breakfast of champions.

Tank slides it in front of Neo and takes a seat with the other crew members enjoying breakfast.

APOC

You mean the breakfast, lunch, and dinner of champions.

MOUSE

If you close your eyes, it almost feels like you're eating runny eggs.

APOC

Or a bowl of snot.

MOUSE

But you know what it really reminds me of? Cream of Wheat. Did you ever eat Cream of Wheat?

SWITCH

No, but technically neither did you.

MOUSE

Exactly my point, because you have to wonder, how do the machines know what Cream of Wheat really tasted like? Maybe they got it wrong, maybe what I think Cream of Wheat tasted like actually tasted like oatmeal, or tuna fish. It makes you wonder about a lot of things. Take chicken for example. Maybe they couldn't figure out what to make chicken taste like which is why chicken tastes like everything. And maybe --

APOC

Shut up, Mouse.

Neo scoops up a spoonful.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

DOZER

It's a single-celled protein
combined with synthetic aminos,
vitamins, and minerals.
Everything your body needs. We
grow it in a vat.

MOUSE

Oh no, it doesn't have everything
the body needs.

He sidles up to Neo.

MOUSE

So I understand you've run
through the Agent training
program? You know, I wrote that
program.

APOC

Here it comes.

MOUSE

So what did you think of her?

NEO

Of who?

MOUSE

The woman in the red dress. I
designed her. She doesn't talk
much but if you'd like to, you
know, meet her, I could arrange
a more personalized milieu.

SWITCH

The digital pimp hard at work.

MOUSE

Pay no attention to these
hypocrites, Neo. To deny our
impulses is to deny the very
thing that makes us human.

Morpheus enters.

MORPHEUS

I want everyone on twelve-hour
standby. We're going in. I'm
taking Neo to see her.

With that he turns and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

NEO

See who?

TANK

The Oracle.

A72

INT. MAIN DECK

A72

Everyone is strapped into their chairs. Tank is at the operator's station.

TANK

All right, everyone please observe that the no smoking and fasten seat belt signs have been turned on. Sit back and enjoy your flight.

He strikes the enter key and we RUSH CLOCKWISE OVER the chairs, each body reacting as we...

CUT TO:

B72

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - ROOM 1313

B72

SPINNING COUNTER-CLOCKWISE AROUND an old PHONE that RINGS inside the empty room until we SPIN FULL CIRCLE and FIND everyone now standing there.

Morpheus answers the phone.

MORPHEUS

We're in.

73

EXT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - DAY

73

The door opens and for the first time since his release, Neo steps back into the Matrix. He squints at the sun which seems unnaturally bright. He is the only one without sunglasses.

Apoc and Switch remain at the door as the others enter the alley.

MORPHEUS

We should be back in an hour.

Cypher opens the driver's door of an old car as Trinity, Morpheus and Neo cross to the car, Cypher glances about quickly, then drops something inside a garbage can.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

It is a cellular phone and we see its blue display as the line connects.

74

INT. CAR

74

Neo sits beside Trinity in the back. He cannot stop staring as the simple images of the urban street blur past his window like an endless stream of data rushing down a computer screen.

MORPHEUS

Almost unbelievable, isn't it?

Neo nods as the car continues to wind through the crowded city.

(CONTINUED)

NEO

God...

TRINITY

What?

NEO

I used to eat there... Really good
noodles...

He is speaking in a whisper, almost as if talking to
himself.

NEO

I have these memories, from my
entire life but... none of them
really happened.

He turns to her.

NEO

What does that mean?

TRINITY

That the Matrix cannot tell you
who you are.

NEO

But an Oracle can.

TRINITY

That's different.

NEO

Obviously.

He turns to the window for a moment and then turns back.

NEO

Did you go to her?

TRINITY

Yes.

NEO

What did she tell you?

TRINITY

She told me...

She looks at him and suddenly she is unable to speak or
even breathe.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

NEO

What?

The car suddenly jerks to a stop.

MORPHEUS

We're here. Neo, come with me.

Neo and Morpheus get out of the car. Cypher looks into the rearview mirror at Trinity.

CYPHER

Here we go again, eh, Trin?

He smiles as she turns to the window.

75 EXT. BUILDING

75

Tenement-like and vast, it is the kind of place where people can disappear.

76 INT. BUILDING

76

Morpheus nods to a blind man who nods back. An elevator opens and Neo follows Morpheus inside.

77 INT. ELEVATOR

77

The idea of learning one's fate begins to weigh upon Neo with a steadily growing unease.

NEO

So is this the same oracle that made the, uh, prophecy?

MORPHEUS

Yes. She's very old. She's been with us since the beginning.

NEO

The beginning?

MORPHEUS

Of the Resistance.

NEO

And she knows what? Everything?

MORPHEUS

She would say she knows enough.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

NEO

And she's never wrong.

MORPHEUS

Don't think of it in terms of right and wrong. She is a guide, Neo. She can help you find the path.

NEO

She helped you?

MORPHEUS

Yes.

NEO

What did she tell you?

MORPHEUS

That I would find the One.

DING. The ELEVATOR opens.

78 INT. HALL

78

The long dark hall beckons. Neo follows Morpheus out of the elevator and the DOORS RATTLE shut behind him. With every step, a disturbing sense of inevitability closes in around him.

At the end of the hall, Morpheus steps to the side of a door.

MORPHEUS

I told you that I can only show you the door. You have to step through it.

Neo blows out a breath. His hand reaches but stops, hovering over the spherical handle. He backs away.

NEO

Morpheus, I don't think this is a good idea.

MORPHEUS

Why?

NEO

I told you I don't believe in this stuff. No matter what she says I'm not going to believe it, so what's the point?

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

What do you believe in?

NEO

What do I believe in? Are you kidding me? What do you think? The world I grew up in isn't real. My entire life was a lie. I don't believe in anything anymore.

MORPHEUS

That's why we're here.

NEO

Why? So I can hear some old lady tell me, what? That I'm this guy that everybody's been waiting for? That I'm supposed to save the world? It sounds insane. Unbelievable. And I don't care who says it, it's still going to sound insane and unbelievable.

MORPHEUS

Faith is not a matter of reasonability. I do not believe things with my mind. I believe them with my heart. In my gut.

NEO

And you believe I'm the One?

MORPHEUS

Yes I do.

NEO

Yeah? What about the other five guys? The five before me? What about them?

Morpheus tries to hide his heart being wrenched from his chest.

NEO

Did you believe in them too?

MORPHEUS

I believed what the Oracle told me... no, I misunderstood what she told me. I believed that it was all about me.

This is difficult for Morpheus to admit.

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

I believed that all I had to do was point my finger and anoint whoever I chose. I was wrong, Neo. Terribly wrong. Not a day or night passes that I do not think of them. After the fifth, I lost my way. I doubted everything the Oracle had said. I doubted myself.

He looks up at Neo.

MORPHEUS

And then I saw you, Neo, and my world changed. You can call it an epiphany, you can call it whatever the hell you want. It doesn't matter. It's not about a word. It's about this. So I can't explain it to you. All I can do is believe, Neo, believe that one day you will feel what I felt and know what I know; you are the sixth and the last. You are the One.

His eyes blaze.

MORPHEUS

Until that time all I am asking from you is for you to hold on to whatever respect you may have for me and trust me.

Neo feels a rush from Morpheus's intensity, the unadulterated confidence of a zealot.

NEO

All right.

He reaches for the handle which turns without him even touching it. A WOMAN wearing white opens the door.

PRIESTESS (WOMAN)

Hello, Neo. You're right on time.

It seems particularly normal.

PRIESTESS

Make yourself at home, Morpheus.

(CONTINUED)

MORPHEUS

Thank you.

PRIESTESS

Neo, come with me.

She leads Neo down another hall and into what appears to be a family room.

There is another woman in white sitting on a couch watching a soap opera. Scattered about the room are a half dozen children. Some of them are playing, others are deep in meditation. All of them exude a kind of Zen calm.

PRIESTESS

These are the other Potentials.
You can wait here.

Neo watches a little girl levitate wooden alphabet blocks. Closer to him, a SKINNY BOY with a shaved head holds a spoon which sways like a blade of grass.

In front of him is a pile of spoons bent and twisted into knots. Neo crosses to him and sits. The boy smiles and hands Neo the spoon which is now perfectly straight.

SPOON BOY (SKINNY BOY)

Do not try to bend the spoon.
That is impossible. Instead, only
try to realize the truth.

NEO

What truth?

SPOON BOY

That there is no spoon.

Neo nods, staring at the spoon.

NEO

There is no spoon.

SPOON BOY

Then you will see that it is not
the spoon that bends. It is only
yourself.

The entire room is reflected inside the spoon and as Neo stares into it, it slowly begins to bend until --

A hand touches his shoulder.

PRIESTESS

The Oracle will see you now.

Spoon Boy smiles.

An OLD WOMAN is huddled beside the oven, peering inside through a cracked door.

NEO

Hello?

ORACLE (OLD WOMAN)

I know. You're Neo. Be right with you.

NEO

You're the Oracle?

ORACLE

Bingo. Not quite what you were expecting, right? I got to say I love seeing you non-believers. Always a pip. Almost done. Smell good, don't they?

NEO

Yeah.

ORACLE

I'd ask you to sit down, but you're not going to anyway. And don't worry about the vase.

NEO

What vase?

He turns to look around and his elbow knocks a VASE from the table. It BREAKS against the linoleum floor.

ORACLE

That vase.

NEO

Shit, I'm sorry.

She pulls out a tray of chocolate chip cookies and turns. She is an older woman, wearing big oven mitts, comfortable slacks and a print blouse. She looks like someone's grandma.

ORACLE

I said don't worry about it. I'll get one of my kids to fix it.

NEO

How did you know...?

She sets the cookie tray on a wooden hot pad.

(CONTINUED)

ORACLE

What's really going to bake your noodle later on is, would you still have broken it if I hadn't said anything.

Smiling, she lights a cigarette.

ORACLE

You're cuter than I thought. I see why she likes you.

NEO

Who?

ORACLE

Not too bright though.

She winks.

ORACLE

You know why Morpheus brought you to see me?

He nods.

ORACLE

So? What do you think? You think you're the One?

NEO

Honestly? I don't know.

She gestures to a wooden plaque, the kind every kitchen has, except that the words are in Latin.

ORACLE

You know what that means? It's Latin. Means, 'Know Thyself.' I'm gonna let you in on a little secret. Being the One is just like being in love. Nobody can tell you you're in love. You just know it. Through and through. Balls to bones.

She puts her cigarette down.

ORACLE

Well, I better have a look at you. Open your mouth. Say, 'ahh.'

She widens his eyes, checks his ears, then feels the glands in his neck. She nods, then looks at his palms.

(CONTINUED)

ORACLE

Okay, now I'm supposed to say,
'Hmmm, that's interesting but...'
Then you say --

NEO

But what?

ORACLE

But you already know what I'm
going to tell you.

NEO

I'm not the One.

ORACLE

Sorry, kid. You got the gift but
looks like you're waiting for
something.

NEO

What?

ORACLE

Your next life, maybe. Who knows?
That's how these things go.

Neo almost has to laugh.

ORACLE

What's funny?

NEO

Morpheus. He almost had me
convinced.

ORACLE

I know. Poor Morpheus. Without
him we are lost.

NEO

What do you mean, without him?

The Oracle takes a long drag, regarding Neo with the eyes
of a Sphinx.

ORACLE

Are you sure you want to hear
this?

Neo nods.

(CONTINUED)

ORACLE

Morpheus believes in you, Neo, and no one, not you or even me can convince him otherwise. He believes it so blindly that he's going to sacrifice his life to save yours.

NEO

What?

ORACLE

You're going to have to make a choice. In one hand, you will have Morpheus's life. In the other hand, you will have your own. One of you is going to die. Which one, will be up to you.

Neo can't breathe.

ORACLE

I'm sorry, kiddo. I really am. You have a good soul and I hate giving good people bad news. But don't worry, as soon as you walk outside that door, you'll start feeling better. You'll remember that you don't believe any of this fate crap. You're in control of your own life, remember?

He tries to nod as she reaches for the tray of cookies.

ORACLE

Here, take a cookie. I promise by the time you're done eating it, you'll feel right as rain.

Neo takes a cookie, the tightness in his chest slowly beginning to fade.

Morpheus rises from a couch as the priestess escorts Neo out. When they are alone, Morpheus puts his hand on Neo's shoulder.

MORPHEUS

You don't have to tell anyone what she told you. What was said was said for you and you alone.

Neo nods and takes a bite of his cookie.

82

INT. CAR

82

Neo and Morpheus get in the car.

MORPHEUS

Let's go.

Cypher looks into the rearview mirror at Neo.

CYPHER

Well, good news or bad news?

MORPHEUS

Not now, Cypher.

Cypher slaps the car in gear and pulls into traffic. Trinity looks at Neo who is staring at the final bit of cookie. He puts it in his mouth and chews.

TRINITY

Are you all right?

NEO

... Right as rain.

83

OMITTED

83

84

INT. ROOM 1313 - DAY

84

Mouse's CELLULAR RINGS.

MOUSE

Welcome to Movie-Phone.

TANK (V.O.)

They're on their way.

85

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

85

As they get out of the car, Cypher smiles at Neo.

CYPHER

Like the man says, welcome to the real world.

Cypher, following the others into the hotel, nervously glances around, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

86

INT. MAIN DECK

86

Sweat rolls down Cypher's face and neck. At the operator's station, Tank is typing rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

TANK
What is that...?

87

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - DAY

87

Light filters down the throat of the building through a caged skylight at the top of the open elevator shaft. Six figures glide up the dark stairs that wind around the antique elevator.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Neo notices a black cat, a yellow-green eyed shadow that slinks past them and pads quickly down the stairs.

A moment later, Neo sees another black cat that looks and moves identically to the first one.

NEO

Whoa. Deja vu.

Those words stop the others dead in their tracks.

88 INT. MAIN DECK

88

The monitors suddenly glitch as though the Matrix had an electronic seizure.

TANK

Oh shit! Oh shit!

89 INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - DAY

89

Trinity turns around, her face tight.

TRINITY

What did you just say?

NEO

Nothing. Just had a little deja vu.

TRINITY

What happened? What did you see?

NEO

A black cat went past us and then I saw another that looked just like it.

TRINITY

How much like it? Was it the same cat?

NEO

It might have been. I'm not sure.

Trinity looks at Morpheus who listens quietly to the RASPING breath of the old BUILDING.

NEO

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

TRINITY

A deja vu is usually a glitch in the Matrix. It happens when they change something.

She also listens as the staccato BEAT of HELICOPTER BLADES GROWS ominously LOUD.

90

INT. MAIN DECK

90

Tank sees what was changed.

TANK

It's a trap!

91

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

91

Morpheus looks up the stairs as he hears a HELICOPTER.

MORPHEUS

Come on!

Apoc slaps a gun into Neo's hand.

APOC

Something to ward off evil spirits.

Neo nods, stuffing it into his belt.

92

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

92

Heavy bolt cutters snap through the main phone cable.

93

INT. ROOM 1313 - DAY

93

Hearing the HELICOPTER, Mouse goes to the draped windows as his CELLULAR RINGS. He answers it.

TANK (V.O.)

They cut the hardline! It's a trap! Get out!

Mouse yanks open the curtain.

MOUSE

Oh no.

The windows are bricked up. Mouse spins as the RUMBLE of combat BOOTS BUILDS, then explodes into the room.

94 INT. MAIN DECK 94

Tank watches helplessly.

TANK

No, no, no.

95 INT. STAIRS - DAY 95

Morpheus stops as Mouse's SCREAM is drowned out by the report of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

96 INT. ROOM 1313 - DAY 96

Mouse sails backwards as BULLETS POUND him against the blood-spattered brick window.

97 INT. MAIN DECK 97

Mouse's body thrashes against its harness, blood coughing from his mouth in one final spasm, then lying perfectly still. The flatline ALARM softly cries out from the life MONITOR.

98 OMITTED 98

99 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 99

Flying downstairs, Morpheus stops, hearing POLICE SWARMING below.

A99 INT. HALL - DAY A99

He turns and rushes down the hall of the eighth floor. At the end of it, he finds the bricked-up windows.

CYPHER

That's what they changed. We're trapped. There's no way out.

The sound of heavy BOOT-STEPS close around them with the mechanical sureness of a vice.

MORPHEUS

Give me your phone.

TRINITY

They'll be able to track it.

(CONTINUED)

A99

CONTINUED:

A99

MORPHEUS

We have no choice.

Morpheus rips off his jacket.

100

INT. MAIN DECK

100

Tank answers the call.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Tank, find a structural drawing of
this building and find it fast.

101

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - DAY

101

Flashlights probe the rotting darkness as the police
search every floor.

102

INT. MAIN DECK

102

The diagram windows onto the screen.

TANK

Got it.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

I need the main wet-wall.

103

INT. ROOM 1313 - DAY

103

Agent Smith stands over Mouse's dead body, his hand going
to his earpiece.

104

INT. ROOM 808 - DAY

104

Morpheus is guided by Tank.

TANK (V.O.)

Now left, and that's it in front of
you.

MORPHEUS

Good.

105

INT. ROOM 1313 - DAY

105

Agent Smith hears the LINE CLICK dead.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

AGENT SMITH
Eighth floor. They're on the
eighth floor.

A105 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY A105

Agent Brown listens to his earpiece.

106 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 106

Boots clatter up the marble staircase.

A106 INT. HALL - DAY A106

Cops flood the eight floor, rushing everywhere.

107 INT. ROOM 808 - DAY 107

Several cops sweep through the room. It is empty. As they pass the bathroom, we see a man-sized hole smashed through the plaster and lath.

108 INT. WALL - DAY 108

They are inside the main plumbing wall, slowly worming their way down the grease-black stack pipes. Above them, light fills the hole they made to get inside.

109 INT. HALL - DAY 109

Agent Brown and Agent Smith stand over Morpheus's jacket.

AGENT BROWN
Where are they?

110 INT. ROOM 608 - DAY 110

The cops search in silence, straining for a clue, when one hears SOMETHING STRANGE near the bathroom.

111 INT. WALL - DAY 111

Cypher has slipped and is wedged between the wall and several thick supply pipes.

112 INT. ROOM 608 - DAY

112

The COP leans in, his ear almost against the thin membrane of plaster separating them. He can hear WHISPERS, HISSES and a GRUNT when --

The wall suddenly bulges, shatter-cracking as the Cop realizes --

COP
They're in the walls!

113 INT. WALL - DAY

113

Trinity pulls Cypher free just as the Cop OPENS FIRE, BULLETS PUNCHING shafts of light like swords into the box of soot-black space.

Neo finds his GUN first and begins BLASTING wildly through the plaster and lath.

114 INT. ROOM 608 - DAY

114

The Cop spins out of the bathroom for cover, Neo's BULLETS SPLINTERING the door jamb.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

About to whirl back in, he freezes as something seems to seize hold of him. The Cop's body starts to spasm and his M-16 falls to the ground, long shadows springing up from the mounted flashlight.

115 INT. WALL - DAY

115

Neo listens for a moment, the gunfire quiet, when he hears FOOTSTEPS RISING FAST.

Two arms suddenly smash through the wall, punching Neo back against the iron stack pipe, fingers gouging into his neck.

CYPHER

It's an Agent!

Just as Neo's throat is about to collapse, Morpheus explodes through the tattered plaster and lath, diving on top of Agent Smith.

The two men crash to the wet terrazzo floor.

Before Agent Smith can find his weapon, Morpheus is on him, pinning him in an iron grip.

In the crawlspace, Trinity tries to scramble up past Cypher.

TRINITY

Morpheus!

Morpheus squeezes Agent Smith's throat.

MORPHEUS

Trinity, you must get Neo out. Do you understand? He is all that matters.

Neo suddenly glimpses what is happening but is powerless to stop it.

NEO

No. No! Morpheus! Don't!

MORPHEUS

Trinity! Go!

Trinity's fists ball in frustration. She yells down to Apoc.

TRINITY

Go!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

NEO

We can't leave him!

TRINITY

We have to!

She grabs his ankle and they begin almost falling, using the lath as a brake, skidding down the inside of the wall.

116 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

116

This part of the basement, a dark concrete cavern, was the main mechanical room. There are four enormous boilers, dinosaur-like technology that once pumped hot water like arteries.

Soldier's blinding lights cut open the darkness as Trinity, Neo and the others crash through the ceiling. Around them they hear a chorus of short, sharp coughs of grenade launchers from gas-masked figures.

Smoke blossoms from the green metal canisters. Trinity never stops moving. Searching the floor, she finds what she needs; the cover of the catch basin.

Cypher watches her pry open the grate, when a gas can bounces near him.

TRINITY

Come on!

Cypher seems to trip as the cloud envelops him.

Trinity watches Cypher disappear into the smoke, then follow the others down the wet-black hole.

117 INT. ROOM 608 - DAY

117

Morpheus and Agent Smith remain on the ground, locked in each other's death grip.

AGENT SMITH

The great Morpheus. We meet at last.

MORPHEUS

And you are?

AGENT SMITH

Smith. I am Agent Smith.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MORPHEUS

You all look the same to me.

Agent Smith counters Morpheus and slowly begins to pry his hands from his throat. Striking like a viper, Morpheus, drives a vicious head butt into Agent Smith's face. His nose and glasses shatter.

Agent Smith, unfazed, smiles, blood oozing from the shattered bridge of his nose, and returns Morpheus's head butt with three of his own in pneumatic succession.

Morpheus staggers back, his body going slack when another kick buries him deep into crunching plaster and lathe.

Morpheus turns in time to see a wall of men in the doorway.

AGENT SMITH

Take him.

The wall of cops rushes Morpheus, filling the tiny bathroom until he disappears under the tide.

118 INT. MAIN DECK

118

Tank reaches out to the screen as if reaching for Morpheus.

TANK

No!

119 OMITTED

119

120 EXT. STREET - DAY

120

A manhole cover cracks open. Two eyes peek out just as a TRUCK RATTLES over it. The THUNDER DOPPLERS away and the cover opens. Trinity climbs out.

121 INT. MAIN DECK

121

Tank is again at the monitors, searching the Matrix when the PHONE RINGS.

TANK

Operator.

CYPHER (V.O.)

I need an exit! Fast!

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

TANK
Cypher?

122 EXT. STREET - DAY 122

Cypher is standing at a public phone. Across the street is the burning paddy wagon that appears to have collided with an oncoming car.

CYPHER
There was an accident. A goddamn
car accident. All of a sudden.
Boom. Jesus, someone up there
still likes me.

TANK (V.O.)
I got you.

CYPHER
Just get me outta here.

TANK (V.O.)
Nearest exit is Franklin and Erie.
An old TV repair shop.

Cypher hangs up and smiles as we hear FIRE TRUCKS in the distance.

CYPHER
An actor. Definitely.

123 INT. MAIN DECK 123

The PHONE RINGS. Tank answers.

TRINITY (V.O.)
Tank, it's me.

124 EXT. STREET - DAY 124

All four are moving quickly down a back street.

NEO
Is Morpheus alive?

TRINITY
Is Morpheus still alive, Tank?

TANK (V.O.)
Yes. They're moving him. I don't
know where yet.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

TRINITY

He's alive.

Again, inevitability seems to cinch around Neo.

TRINITY

We need an exit!

TANK (V.O.)

You're not far from Cypher.

TRINITY

Cypher, I thought --

TANK (V.O.)

So did we. I sent him to Franklin
and Erie.

TRINITY

Got it.

A124 EXT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY

A124

In a deserted alley, Cypher steps onto a dumpster in front
of a small boarded-up window.

125 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY

125

Dead machines, eviscerated and shrouded with dust, lay on
metal shelves like bodies in a morgue. Plywood covering
a small window is ripped off and Cypher crawls inside.Deep in the back room, a PHONE that has not rung in years
begins to RING.

126 EXT. STREET - DAY

126

Trinity sees the TV repair shop.

127 INT. MAIN DECK

127

Tank punches the exit command.

TANK

Got him.

Cypher's body twitches in its harness, jerking itself
awake.

128 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY 128
Neo crawls through the window that Cypher opened.

129 INT. MAIN DECK 129
Tank finishes loading the exit program as Cypher pulls back a heavy blanket, exposing a high-tech rifle.

130 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY 130
The PHONE begins to RING as the others crawl in.

SWITCH
God, I love that sound.

131 INT. MAIN DECK 131
Suddenly, a white bolt of LIGHTNING EXPLODES against Tank's chair, blasting him into the air.
Cypher checks the GUN, unable to believe he missed.

CYPHER
Shit.

Tank is on his feet, lunging when Cypher FIRES again, square into his chest.

DOZER
No!

132 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY 132
The PHONE is still RINGING.

TRINITY
You first, Neo.

Neo answers the PHONE when there is a CLICK. There is no signal. Nothing but silence.

TRINITY
What happened?

NEO
I don't know. It just went dead.

Trinity listens to the dead line and takes out the cellular.

133 INT. MAIN DECK 133

The operator PHONE begins to RING. Cypher steps over the SIZZLING BODY of Dozer and looks at the monitor.

134 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - DAY 134

Every unanswered RING wrings her gut a little tighter, until --

CYPHER (V.O.)
Hello, Trinity.

TRINITY
Cypher? Where's Tank?

CYPHER (V.O.)
He had an accident.

TRINITY
An accident?!

INTERCUT WITH:

135 INT. MAIN DECK 135

He walks over to Trinity's body, staring down at it hanging in its coma-like stillness.

CYPHER
You know, for a long time, I
thought I was in love with you,
Trinity. I used to dream about
you...

He nuzzles his face against hers, feeling the softness of it.

CYPHER
You are a beautiful woman. Too
bad things had to work out like
this.

TRINITY
You killed them.

APOC
What?!

SWITCH
Oh, God.

Wearing Tank's operator headgear, Cypher moves among the silent bodies.

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED:

135

CYPHER

I'm tired, Trinity. I'm tired of this war, I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of this ship, of being cold, of eating the same goddamn goop every day. But most of all, I'm tired of this jagoff and all of his bullshit.

Cypher leans over, talking to Morpheus.

CYPHER

Surprise, asshole. But you never saw this coming, did you? God, I wish I could be there when they break you. I wish I could walk in just as it happens, so right then, you'd know it was me.

TRINITY

My God. Morpheus. You gave them Morpheus.

CYPHER

He lied to us, Trinity! He tricked us! If he would've told us the truth, we would've told him to shove that red pill up his ass!

TRINITY

That's not true, Cypher. He set us free.

CYPHER

Free? You call this free? All I do is what he tells me to do. If I have to choose between that and the Matrix, I choose the Matrix.

TRINITY

The Matrix isn't real!

CYPHER

Oh, I disagree, Trinity. I disagree. I think the Matrix can be more real than this world. I mean, all I do is pull a plug here. But there, you have to watch a man die.

She looks up at Apoc, her face going white.

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED: (1A)

135

APOC

Trinity?

He grabs hold of the cable in Apoc's neck, twists it and yanks it out.

CYPHER

Welcome to the real world, eh baby?

Apoc seems to go blind for an instant, a scream caught in his throat, his hands reaching for nothing, and then falls dead.

SWITCH

No!

TRINITY

But you're out, Cypher. You can't go back.

CYPHER

That's what you think. They've promised to take me back. They're going to reinsert my body. I'll go back to sleep and when I wake up, I'll be fat and rich and I won't remember a goddamned thing. It's the American dream.

He laughs, his hand sliding around the neck of Switch as he takes hold of her plug.

CYPHER

By the way, if you have anything terribly important to say to Switch, I suggest you say it now.

TRINITY

Oh no, please don't.

Trinity eyes find Switch and she knows she's next.

SWITCH

Not like this. Not like this.

She suddenly feels her body severed from her mind as she is murdered.

CYPHER

Yoo late.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

TRINITY

Goddamn you, Cypher!

CYPHER

Don't hate me, Trinity. I'm just the messenger. And right now I'm going to prove it to you.

He stands over Neo.

CYPHER

If Morpheus was right, then there's no way I can pull this plug, is there?

She turns to Neo, eyes wide with fear and he knows he is next.

CYPHER

If Neo is the One, then in the next few seconds there has to be some kind of miracle to stop me. Right? How can he be the One if he's dead?

He takes hold of the cord.

CYPHER

You never did answer me, Trinity, when I asked you before. Did you buy Morpheus's bullshit? Come on. You can tell me, did you? All I want is a little yes or no. Look into his eyes, Trinity, those big pretty eyes and tell me the truth. Yes or no.

Trinity stares at Neo as a single word falls soundlessly from her lips.

TRINITY

... yes.

CYPHER

No!

Charred and bloody, Tank levels the gun.

CYPHER

I don't believe it!

TANK

Believe it or not, you piece of shit, you're still going to burn.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3) 135

He FIRES a CRACKLING BOLT of LIGHTNING that knocks Cypher flying backwards.

136 OMITTED 136

137 INT. TV REPAIR SHOP 137

Trinity throws her arms around Neo and for a moment they are alone and alive until the PHONE RINGS.

NEO
Go. You first this time.

138 INT. MAIN DECK 138

Trinity's eyes snap open, a sense of relief surging through her at the sight of the ship. As Tank unplugs her, she sees his charred wounds.

TRINITY
Tank, you're hurt.

TANK
I'll be all right.

TRINITY
Dozer?

Tank's face tightens and she takes him into her arms.

139 EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY 139

A government highrise in the middle of downtown where a military helicopter sets down on the roof.

Agent Jones gets out of the helicopter, flanked by columns of Marines. They open the roof access door and enter the top floor maintenance level of the hotel.

140 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY 140

Agent Smith stands, staring out the windows at the city below shimmering with brilliant sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT SMITH

Have you ever stood and stared at it, Morpheus? Marveled at its beauty. Its genius. Billions of people just living out their lives... oblivious.

Morpheus is handcuffed to a chair, stripped to the waist. He is alternately shivering and sweating, wired to various monitors with white disk electrodes. Beside him, Agent Brown sucks a serum from a glass vial, filling a hypodermic needle.

AGENT SMITH

Did you know that the first Matrix was designed to be a perfect human world? Where none suffered, where everyone would be happy. It was a disaster. No one would accept the program. Entire crops were lost.

Agent Brown jams the needle into Morpheus's shoulder and plunges down.

AGENT SMITH

Some believed we lacked the programming language to describe your perfect world. But I believe that, as a species, human beings define their reality through suffering and misery.

Agent Brown studies the screens as the life signs react violently to the injection.

AGENT SMITH

The perfect world was a dream that your primitive cerebrum kept trying to wake up from. Which is why the Matrix was redesigned to this: the peak of your civilization.

He turns from the window.

AGENT SMITH

I say 'your civilization' because as soon as we started thinking for you, it really became our civilization, which is, of course, what this is all about.

He sits down directly in front of Morpheus.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

AGENT SMITH
Evolution, Morpheus. Evolution.

He lifts Morpheus's head.

AGENT SMITH
Like the dinosaur. Look out that
window. You had your time.

Morpheus stares hard at him, trying not to show the pain
racking his mind.

AGENT SMITH
The future is our world, Morpheus.
The future is our time.

Agent Smith looks at Agent Brown.

AGENT SMITH
Double the dosage.

Agent Jones suddenly enters.

AGENT JONES
There could be a problem.

141 INT. MAIN DECK

141

Tank drapes a sheet over his dead brother. The other
bodies are covered.

Neo looks at Morpheus, whose body is covered with a cold
sweat.

NEO
What are they doing to him?

TANK
They're breaking into his mind.
It's like hacking a computer. All
it takes is time.

NEO
How much time?

TANK
Depends on the mind. But
eventually, it will crack and his
alpha pattern will change from
this to this.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Tank punches several commands on Morpheus's personal unit. The monitor waves change from a chaotic pattern to an ordered symmetrical one.

TANK

When it does, Morpheus will tell them anything they want to know.

NEO

What do they want?

TANK

The leader of every ship is given the codes to Zion's mainframe computer. If an Agent had those codes and got inside Zion's mainframe, they could destroy us.

He looks up at Trinity who is pacing relentlessly.

TANK

We can't let that happen, Trinity. Zion is more important than me. Or you, or even Morpheus.

Trinity sees Cypher's dead body. Rage overtakes her and she kicks him.

TRINITY

Goddamnit! Goddamnit!

NEO

There has to be something that we can do.

TANK

There is. We have to pull the plug.

TRINITY

You're going to kill him? Kill Morpheus?!

TANK

Trinity, we don't have any other choice.

142 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING

142

Morpheus is fighting to hold his mind together. The Agents stand over him.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

AGENT SMITH

Never send a human to do a
machine's job.

AGENT BROWN

If, indeed, the insider has
failed, they will sever the
connection as soon as possible,
unless --

AGENT JONES

They are dead. In either case --

AGENT SMITH

We have no choice but to continue
as planned. Deploy the sentinels.
Immediately.

143 INT. MAIN DECK

143

Tank kneels beside Morpheus's body.

Neo suddenly sees it perfectly clear, fate rushing at him
like an oncoming train.

TANK

Morpheus, you were more than our
leader. You were... a father. We
will miss you, always.

Trinity can't bear to watch. As she closes her eyes, her
tears slip free.

Tank closes his eyes and takes hold of the plug.

Neo is paralyzed, his whole life is suddenly suspended by
the finality of this moment hurling at him with the speed
of a bullet.

NEO

Stop!

They both look at him.

NEO

Goddamnit! I don't believe this
is happening!

TANK

Neo, this has to be done!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

NEO

Does it? I don't know. This
can't be just coincidence. It
can't be! Can it?

TANK

What are you talking about?

NEO

The Oracle. She told me this
would happen. She told me...

Neo stops, his stare fixed on Morpheus.

NEO

That I would have to make a
choice...

TRINITY

What choice?

He makes his choice. Turning, he walks to his chair.

TRINITY

What are you doing?

NEO

I'm going in.

TRINITY

You can't!

NEO

I have to.

TRINITY

Morpheus sacrificed himself so we
could get you out! There's no way
you're going back in!

NEO

Morpheus did what he did because
he believed that I'm something I'm
not.

TRINITY

What?

NEO

I'm not the One, Trinity. The
Oracle hit me with that, too.

Trinity is stunned.

(CONTINUED)

TRINITY

No, you... have to be.

NEO

I'm sorry, I'm not. I'm just another guy. Morpheus is the one that matters.

TRINITY

No, Neo. That's not true. It can't be true.

NEO

Why?

TRINITY

Because...

Uncertainty swallows her words and she is unable to tell him what she wants to.

TANK

Neo, this is loco. They've got Morpheus in a military controlled building. Even if you somehow got inside, those are Agents holding him. Three of them! I want Morpheus back, too, but what you are talking about is suicide.

NEO

I know that's what it looks like, but it's not. I can't logically explain to you why it's not. Morpheus believed something and he was ready to give his life for what he believed. I understand that now. That's why I have to go.

TANK

Why?

NEO

Because I believe in something.

TRINITY

What?

NEO

I believe I can bring him back.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (3)

143

Trinity stares at him, hovering on the edge that he just jumped off. Her jaw sets and she starts climbing into the chair beside him.

NEO

What are you doing?

TRINITY

I'm coming with you.

NEO

No you're not.

TRINITY

No? Let me tell you what I believe. I believe Morpheus means more to me than he does to you. I believe that if you are serious about saving him then you are going to need my help and since I am the ranking officer on this ship, if you don't like it then I believe that you can go to hell, because you aren't going anywhere else.

There is nothing more to say except --

TRINITY

Tank, load us up.

144 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

144

Agent Smith sits casually across from Morpheus who is hunched over, his body leaking and twitching.

AGENT SMITH

I'd like to share a revelation that I've had during my time here. It came to me when I tried to classify your species. I've realized that you are not actually mammals.

The life signs continue their chaotic patterns.

AGENT SMITH

Every mammal on this planet instinctively develops a natural equilibrium with the surrounding environment. But you humans do not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

AGENT SMITH (CONT'D)

You move to an area and you
multiply and multiply until every
natural resource is consumed and
the only way you can survive is to
spread to another area.

He leans forward.

AGENT SMITH

There is another organism on this
planet that follows the same
pattern. Do you know what it is?
A virus.

He smiles.

AGENT SMITH

Human beings are a disease, a
cancer of this planet. You are a
plague. And we are... the cure.

A144 INT. CONSTRUCT

A144

Neo and Trinity stand in the white space of the construct
as he answers his RINGING cell PHONE.

TANK (V.O.)

Okay. What do you need? Besides
a miracle...

NEO

Guns. Lots of guns.

145 INT. MAIN DECK

145

Neo and Trinity's bodies hang motionless in their drive
chairs as Tank hits load.

146 INT. CONSTRUCT

146

Racks of weapons appear and they begin to arm themselves.

TRINITY

No one has ever done anything like
this.

NEO

Yeah?

He snap-cocks an Uzi.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

NEO
That's why it's going to work.

147 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

147

Agent Smith is again at the window.

AGENT SMITH
Why isn't the serum working?

AGENT BROWN
Perhaps we are asking the wrong questions.

Agent Smith hides his knotting fist. He is becoming angry. It is something that isn't supposed to happen to Agents.

AGENT SMITH
Leave me with him.

Agents Brown and Jones look at each other.

AGENT SMITH
Now!

They leave and Agent Smith sits beside Morpheus.

AGENT SMITH
Can you hear me, Morpheus? I'm going to be honest with you.

He removes his earphone, letting it dangle over his shoulder.

AGENT SMITH
I hate this place. This zoo. This prison. This reality, whatever you want to call it, I can't stand it any longer. It's the smell, if there is such a thing. I feel saturated by it. I can taste your stink and every time I do, I fear that I've somehow been infected by it.

He wipes sweat from Morpheus' forehead, coating the tips of his fingers, holding them to Morpheus' nose.

AGENT SMITH
Repulsive, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

He lifts Morpheus' head, holding it tightly with both hands.

AGENT SMITH

I must get out of here, I must get free. In this mind is the key. My key.

Morpheus sneers through his pain.

AGENT SMITH

Once Zion is destroyed, there is no need for me to be here. Do you understand? I need the codes. I have to get inside Zion. You have to tell me how.

He begins squeezing, his fingers gouging into his flesh.

AGENT SMITH

You are going to tell me or you are going to die.

148 INT. MAIN DECK

148

Tank sits down beside Morpheus, whose face is ashen like someone near death. He takes hold of his hand.

TANK

Hold on, Morpheus. They're coming for you. They're coming.

149 EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

149

A dark wind blows.

150 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

150

In long black coats, Trinity and Neo push through the revolving doors.

Neo is carrying a duffel bag. Trinity has a large metal suitcase. They cut across the lobby to the security station, drawing nervous glances.

Dark glasses, game faces.

Neo calmly passes through the METAL DETECTOR which begins to WAIL immediately. A SECURITY GUARD moves over toward Neo, raising his metal detection wand.

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED:

150

GUARD

Would you please remove any
metallic items you are carrying:
keys, loose change --

Neo slowly sets down his duffel bag and throws open his coat, revealing an arsenal of guns, knives and grenades slung from a climbing harness.

GUARD

Holy shit --

Neo is a blur of motion. In a split second, three guards are dead before they hit the ground.

A fourth guard dives for cover, clutching his radio.

GUARD #4

Backup! Send in the backup!

He looks up as Trinity sets off the metal detector. It is the last thing he sees.

The backup arrives. A wave of soldiers blocking the elevators. The concrete cavern of the lobby becomes a white noise ROAR of GUNFIRE.

Slate walls and pillars pock, crack, and crater under a hail storm of EXPLOSIVE-tipped BULLETS.

They are met by the quivering spit of a SUB-HAND MACHINE GUN and the RAZORED WHISTLE of throwing knives. Weapons like extensions of their bodies, are used with the same deadly precision as their feet and their fists.

Bodies slump down to the marbled floor while Neo and Trinity hardly even break their stride.

151

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

151

Agents Jones and Brown burst into the room. Agent Smith releases Morpheus.

AGENT BROWN

What were you doing?

Agent Smith recovers, replacing his earpiece.

AGENT JONES

You don't know.

AGENT SMITH

Know what?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

Agent Smith listens to his earphone, not believing what he is hearing.

152 INT. ELEVATORS - DAY 152

They get in. Trinity immediately drops and opens the suitcase, wiring a plastique and napalm bomb.

Neo hits the emergency stop. He pulls down part of the false ceiling and finds the elevator shaft access panel.

153 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY 153

Agent Jones looks at Morpheus.

AGENT JONES

I think they're trying to save him.

154 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY 154

Neo ratchets down a clamp onto the elevator cable. Both of them lock on. He looks up the long, dark throat of the building and takes a deep breath.

NEO

There is no spoon.

Neo whips out his GUN and presses it to the cable, lower than they attached themselves.

BOOM! The CABLE SNAPS.

The counter-weights plummet, yanking Trinity and Neo up through the shaft as the elevator falls away beneath them, distending space, filling it with the sound of WHISTLING METAL as they sear to the top.

155 INT. LOBBY - DAY 155

The ELEVATOR hits the bottom.

BA-BOOM!

The massive explosion blows open the doors, fire clouds engulfing the elevator section of the lobby.

156 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY 156

The Agents hear the BLAST of FIRE ALARMS.

AGENT JONES

Lower level --

AGENT BROWN

They are actually attacking.

Another enormous EXPLOSION thunders above them, shaking the building. The ALARM sounds, emergency sprinklers begin showering the room.

Agent Smith smashes a table.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

AGENT SMITH
Find them and destroy them!

Agent Jones nods and touches his earpiece.

157 EXT. ROOF - DAY

157

The roof-access tower is now engulfed in flames as Neo and Trinity stand amongst a pile of their fallen enemies.

Across the roof, the PILOT inside the army helicopter watches the last of their ferocious onslaught.

PILOT
I repeat, we are under attack!

Suddenly his face, his whole body dissolves, consumed by spreading locust-like swarm of static as Agent Jones emerges.

Just as she drops the final Marine, Trinity sees what's coming. Neo sees her, the fear in her face, and he knows what is behind him.

Screaming, he whirls, guns filling his hands with thought-speed.

Fingers pumping, shells ejecting, dancing up and away, we look THROUGH the sights and gun smoke AT the Agent blurred with motion --

Until the hammers click against the empty metal.

NEO
Trinity!

Agent Jones charges.

NEO
... Help.

His GUN BOOMS as we ENTER the liquid space of --

-- BULLET-TIME.

The AIR SIZZLES with wads of lead like angry flies as Neo twists, bends, ducks just between them.

Agent Jones, still running, narrows the gap, the bullets coming faster until Neo, bent impossibly back, one hand on the ground as a spiraling gray ball shears open his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

157

CONTINUED:

157

He starts to scream as another digs a red groove across his thigh. He has only time to look up, to see Agent Jones standing over him, raising his gun a final time.

AGENT JONES

Only human...

Suddenly Agent Jones stops. He hears a sharp metal click.

Immediately, he whirls around and turns straight into the muzzle of Trinity's .45 --

-- jammed tight to his head.

TRINITY

Dodge this!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The body flies back with a flash of mercurial light and when it hits the ground, it is the pilot.

Trinity helps Neo up.

TRINITY

Neo, how did you do that?

NEO

Do what?

TRINITY

You moved like they moved. I've never seen anyone move that fast.

NEO

It wasn't fast enough.

He checks his shoulder wound.

TRINITY

Are you all right?

NEO

I'm fine. Come on, we have to keep moving.

Neo sees the helicopter.

NEO

Can you fly that thing?

TRINITY

Not yet.

She pulls out the cellular phone.

158 INT. HOVERCRAFT 158

Tank is back at the controls.

TANK

Operator.

TRINITY (V.O.)

Tank, I need a pilot program for a
military B-212 helicopter.

Tank is immediately searching the disk drawers.

TRINITY (V.O.)

Hurry!

His fingers flash over the gleaming laser disks, finding
one that he feeds into Trinity's supplement drive,
punching the "load" commands on her keyboard.

159 EXT. ROOF - DAY 159

Trinity's eyes flutter as information surges into her
brain, all the essentials of flying a helicopter absorbed
at light-speed.

TRINITY

Let's go.

160 OMITTED 160

161 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY 161

Agent Jones throws open the door and enters, walking
through the puddles pooling in the carpet. Over the
RUSHING WATER and the ALARMS, Agent Smith hears a sound
and understands the seriousness of the attack.

He turns to the wall of windows as the helicopter drops
INTO VIEW --

Neo is in the back bay, aiming the mounted .50 machine
gun.

AGENT SMITH

No.

The GUN jumps and BULLETS EXPLODE THROUGH the WINDOW in a
CACOPHONY of CRASHING GLASS as the Agents go for their
weapons.

But Neo is too close, the .50 caliber too fast and
BULLETS are everywhere, PERFORATING the room.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Agent Jones is hit first, his body jack-knifing back, blood arcing out with a sudden flash of light --

Then Agent Brown, his GUN still FIRING as his body falls. And finally Agent Smith.

Neo stares at Morpheus, trying to will him into action.

NEO

Get up, Morpheus! Get up!

Neo grabs the climbing rope and attaches one end to his harness.

162 INT. HALL - DAY

162

Just outside the executive office, three Marines blister with snow-static.

163 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

163

Slowly, Morpheus lifts his face into the room's rain. When he finally opens his eyes, they are again dark and flashing with fire.

He rises from the chair, snapping his handcuffs just as the Agents enter the adjoining room. Agent Smith stops and sees Morpheus run past the open door.

AGENT SMITH

Nooo!

He FIRES SWEEPING ACROSS the sheetrocked WALL in a perfect line.

For an instant, we see the BULLETS SHRED, PUNCTURING the WALL, searing through the wet air with jet trails of chalk.

And as Morpheus starts his dive for the window, a bullet buries itself in his leg, knocking him off balance.

NEO

He won't make it.

Morpheus lunges, out of control --

As Neo spins, every move a whip crack, snapping the other rope-end on to a bolted bar as --

Morpheus begins to fall, when Neo hurls himself into the wide blue empty space, flying for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED:

163

The rope snaking out behind him; an umbilical cord attached to a machine.

As their two bodies, set in motion, rushing at each other on a seemingly magnetic course until they collide.

Almost bouncing free of each other, arms, legs scrambling, hands searching in furious desperation, finding hold and clinging.

Until the LINE ends, SNAPPING taut, cracking their fragile embrace. Morpheus tumbles, legs flipping over, falling down --

The ground deliriously distant as Neo snatches hold of his mentor's still handcuffed wrist.

NEO

Gotcha!

164

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

164

Trinity pulls the copter up and away as Agent Smith stands in the shattered window, aiming his GUN out through the curtain of rain.

PONK. PONK. PONK. The rear hull is punched full of holes and smoke and oil pour out like black blood.

TRINITY

Shit-shit-no!

Neo hears the helicopter begin to die.

NEO

Uh-oh --

Trinity throws the helicopter towards the roof of the nearest building.

Morpheus and Neo cling to one another as they and the machine above them begin to fall.

The ENGINE GRINDS, the chopping blades start to slow while --

Trinity guides the parabolic fall over the nearest roof where --

Neo and Morpheus drop safely, rolling free as the rope goes slack. Neo gets to his feet, trying to detach himself but --

(CONTINUED)

164

CONTINUED:

164

The helicopter is falling too fast, arcing over the roof like a setting sun --

The coils of slack snap taut, yanking Neo off his feet, dragging him with ferocious speed towards the edge even as --

Trinity lunges for the back door, her gun in one hand, grabbing for the rope with the other --

Neo flies like a skipping stone, hurtling at the parapet, when his feet hit the rain gutter and he levers up just as --

Trinity fires, severing the cord from the helicopter, falling free of it as it SMASHES, blades first into a GLASS skyscraper.

Holding on to the rope she swings, connected to Neo, who stands on the building's edge watching her arc beneath him as the HELICOPTER EXPLODES --

She bounces against a shatterproof WINDOW that SPIDER-CRACKS out while flames erupt behind her.

165

INT. MAIN DECK

165

Tank stares at the screen, his mouth agape.

TANK

I knew it! He's the One!

166

OMITTED

166

167

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

167

Neo pulls Trinity up into his arms. Both shaking, they hold each other again.

MORPHEUS

Do you believe it now, Trinity?

Trinity looks at Neo.

NEO

Morpheus, the Oracle... she told me --

MORPHEUS

She told you exactly what you needed to hear. That's all. Sooner or later, Neo, you're going to realize just like I did the difference between knowing a path and walking a path.

168

INT. MAIN DECK

168

The PHONE RINGS.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

Tank.

TANK

Goddamn! It's good to hear your voice, sir!

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

We need an exit.

TANK

Got one ready, sir. Subway. State and Balbo.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)

We're on our way --

169

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

169

We rush at the roof access door as it suddenly slams open and the three Agents charge out. But Neo, Trinity and Morpheus are already gone.

AGENT SMITH

Damnit!

AGENT BROWN

The trace was completed.

AGENT JONES

We have their position.

AGENT BROWN

Sentinels are standing by.

AGENT JONES

Order the strike.

Agent Smith can't stand listening to them. He moves to the edge of the building, looking out at the surrounding city.

AGENT SMITH

They're not out yet.

170

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

170

An old man sits hunched in the far corner of the station, shadows gathered around him like blankets.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

Mumbling, he nurses from a bottle of Thunderbird when --

A PHONE begins to RING.

Neo leads Trinity and Morpheus bounding over a set of turnstiles towards the ringing phone inside a graffiti-covered booth.

NEO

Let's go! You first, Morpheus.

Morpheus gets in and answers the phone.

Lost in the shadow, the old man watches as Morpheus disappears, the phone dropping, dangling by its cord. His eyes grow wide, glowing white in the dark.

171 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

171

Agent Smith stares, his face twisted with hate. He will never be free of the Matrix.

He starts to turn from the edge of the building when he suddenly hears it, his head whipping back around, staring--

172 INT. SUBWAY - OLD MAN'S POV - DAY

172

Through the old man's eyes as the world begins to RUMBLE.

Trinity hangs up the phone, then turns to Neo.

TRINITY

Neo, I have to tell you something. I don't know what it means or even if it matters but I feel I have to say it.

The RUMBLE GROWS, the ground beginning to shake.

TRINITY

I've never told anyone this before. I think I've been afraid to.

Behind her, the PHONE begins to RING.

TRINITY

When I went to the Oracle, she told me... she told me that I was going to fall in love... But...

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

The RUMBLE RISES, drowning her voice. Neo is drawn towards her, their lips close enough to kiss when a TRAIN BLASTS into the station.

For a moment, they are frozen by the strobing lights of the train until Neo whispers in her ear.

NEO
Promise me you'll tell me the
rest?

She nods as he closes the booth. The PHONE RINGS once more before she lifts the receiver when, In the darkness of the far corner, Neo sees the old man in the flashing train-light as he becomes --

Agent Smith, raising a fistful of black gun-metal.

NEO
No!

The GUN FIRES, the BULLET flying at her, BURSTING through the PLASTIC WINDOW just as Trinity disappears.

The handset hanging in the air as the BULLET HITS, SHATTERING the EAR-PIECE.

173 INT. HOVERCRAFT

173

Trinity blinks, shivering as her conscious exits the Construct.

TRINITY
Neo!

TANK
What the hell just happened?

TRINITY
An Agent! You have to send me
back!

TANK
I can't!

174 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

174

The destroyed phone dangles in the empty booth. Neo turns to Agent Smith whose gun stares at him like a third eye.

AGENT SMITH
Mr. Anderson.

175 INT. MAIN DECK 175

Morpheus and Trinity stand behind Tank riveted to the scrolling code.

TRINITY

Run, Neo. Run.

176 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 176

Neo looks at the dead escalator that rises up behind him. Slowly he turns back and in his eyes we see something different, something fixed and hard like a gunfighter's resolve.

There is no past or future in these eyes. There is only what is.

177 INT. MAIN DECK 177

Trinity is unable to understand.

TRINITY

What is he doing?

MORPHEUS

He's beginning to believe.

178 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 178

Neo whip-draws his gun with the flashpoint speed of lightning as--

Smith OPENS FIRE.

GUN REPORT THUNDERS through the underground, both men BLASTING, moving at impossible speed.

For a blinking moment we enter BULLET-TIME.

Gun flash tongues curl from Neo's gun, bullets float forward like a plane moving across the sky, cartridges cartwheel into space.

An instant later they are nearly on top of each other, rolling up out of a move that is almost a mirrored reflection of the other --

Each jamming their gun tight to the other's head.

They freeze in a kind of embrace; Neo sweating, panting, Agent Smith machine-calm. Agent Smith smiles.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

AGENT SMITH

You're empty.

Neo pulls the TRIGGER. CLICK.

NEO

So are you.

The smile falls. Agent Smith yanks his TRIGGER.

CLICK.

Agent Smith's face warps with rage and he attacks, fists flying at furious speed, blows and counters, Neo retreating as --

A knife-hand opens his forearm, and a kick sends him slamming back against a steel column. Stunned, he ducks just under a punch that CRUNCHES into the BEAM, STEEL CHUNKS EXPLODING like shrapnel.

Behind him, Neo leaps into the air, delivering a neck-snapping reverse round-house. Agent Smith's glasses fly off and he glares at Neo; his eyes ice blue.

AGENT SMITH

I'm going to enjoy watching you die, Mr. Anderson.

Agent Smith attacks with unrelenting fury, fists pounding Neo like jackhammers.

179 INT. HOVERCRAFT

179

Trinity watches Neo as his body jerks, mouth coughing blood, his life signs going wild.

TRINITY

Jesus, he's killing him!

180 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

180

Agent Smith grabs hold of him, lifting him into the air, hurling him against the curved wall of the train tunnel, where he falls inches from the electrified third-rail.

The Agent is about to jump down and press his attack when he hears something. From deep in the tunnel, like an animal cry; a BURST of HIGH-SPEED METAL GRINDING against METAL.

The sound of an ONCOMING TRAIN.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

Neo tries to get up. Agent Smith jumps down onto the tracks and drop-kicks him in the face. The world again begins to shake, RUMBLING as a TRAIN NEARS.

AGENT SMITH

Do you hear that, Mr. Anderson?

Agent Smith grabs Neo in a choke-hold forcing him to look down the tracks, the train's headlight burning a hole in the darkness.

AGENT SMITH

That is the sound of
inevitability.

Neo sees it coming and he starts to fight.

AGENT SMITH

It is the sound of your death.

There is another METAL SCREECH, much LOUDER, CLOSER, as Agent Smith tightens his hold. Neo is unable to breathe.

AGENT SMITH

Good-bye, Mr. Anderson.

The TRAIN ROARS at them, swallowing Agent's Smith's words. The veins bulge in Neo's head, as he grits through the pain.

He is not ready to die.

NEO

My name is Neo.

Impossibly, he hurls himself straight up, smashing Smith against the concrete ceiling of the tunnel.

They fall as the sound and fury of the TRAIN EXPLODES into the station. Neo backflips up off the tracks just as--

The train barrels over Agent Smith.

Neo stands, knees shaking, when the TRAIN SLAMS on its emergency brake. With an ear-splitting SHRIEK of tortured RAILS, the train slows, part of it still in the station.

Neo turns, limping, starting to run, racing for the escalator--

As the train comes to a stop and the doors of the last car open; Agent Smith bursts out in furious pursuit, his glasses again intact.

181 INT. HOVERCRAFT

181

Tank searches the Matrix.

TRINITY
What just happened?

TANK
I don't know. I lost him.

MORPHEUS
He's on the run--

Suddenly, a SIREN SOUNDS.

TANK
Oh shit!

Morpheus bolts to the ladder.

182 INT. COCKPIT

182

Morpheus climbs into the cockpit. On the hologram radar, he sees the sentinels.

TRINITY
Oh no.

Trinity is behind him.

TRINITY
How long?

MORPHEUS
Five minutes. Maybe six.

Morpheus lifts the headset.

MORPHEUS
Tank, charge the E.M.P.

TANK (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

TRINITY
You can't use that until Neo is out!

MORPHEUS
I know, Trinity. Don't worry.
He's going to make it.

183 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 183

A BUSINESSMAN walks along the sidewalk, wheeling and dealing into his cell phone when it disappears, snatched by Neo as he flashes by.

MAN (BUSINESSMAN)
What the shit-- my phone!

The Man turns to call for help and when he turns back, it is Agent Smith.

Neo is in a full-out sprint, spinning and weaving away from every pedestrian, every potential Agent. He flips open the cell phone and dials long distance.

184 INT. HOVERCRAFT 184

Tank answers.

TANK
Operator.

NEO (V.O.)
Mr. Wizard, get me the hell out of here!

185 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 185

Neo dives down an alley, Agent Smith starting to gain.

NEO
Hurry, Tank! I got some serious pursuit!

186 INT. HOVERCRAFT 186

The KEYBOARD is CLICKING, Tank searches for an exit. Trinity screams into the headset.

TRINITY
Neo, you better get your ass back here!

187 EXT. ALLEY 187

Agent Smith stops and takes aim.

NEO
I'm trying, Trinity. I'm trying.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

A BULLET SHATTERS the image of Neo in a truck's rearview MIRROR.

188 INT. MAIN DECK 188

Tank speed-reads the reams of Matrix code.

TANK

I got a patch on an old exit.
Wabash and Lake. A hotel. Room
303.

189 OMITTED 189

190 EXT. OPEN MARKET 190

Neo spins away, turning, and finds himself in an open market that teems with people.

He kamikazes his way down the little avenues lined with vendors and shops, careening through the labyrinth, out of control. And at every turn there is an Agent; appearing from crowds, behind fish counters, tent flaps and crates.

191 OMITTED 191

192 EXT. ALLEY 192

He dives from the maze down a service alley but it is a dead end.

Neo turns back as the Agents emerge from the market.

NEO

Uh, help! Need a little help!

193 INT. MAIN DECK 193

Tank frantically scans the monitor like a road map.

TANK

The door.

194 EXT. ALLEY 194

Neo dives for it but--

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

NEO

It's locked.

TANK (V.O.)

Kick it in!

Peeling back, Neo almost kicks the door from its hinges, lunging from the Agents' BULLETS.

195

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRCASE

195

Neo springs up the old crooked apartment building stairs.

A195

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL

A195

He is halfway down the hall, running in sharp, long strides when a door explodes open at the end.

TANK (V.O.)

Shit! The door on your left.

Neo lurches, kicking in an apartment door.

TANK (V.O.)

No! Other left!

He whirls back to his other left, battering through the door which splinters, perforated by BULLETS.

An old woman watches TV as Neo blurs past her and into her kitchen, where another woman is chopping vegetables.

TANK (V.O.)

That window!

Neo throws it open, leaping for the fire escape just as a knife buries itself in the window casing.

TANK (V.O.)

Down! Down!

B195

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE

B195

Tumbling down the RATTLING FIRE ESCAPE, Neo leaps the last ten feet into the alley below with Agent Brown right behind him.

Neo scrapes himself to his feet, broken and bleeding, charging for the end of the alley.

- 196 INT. MAIN DECK 196
- Finger on the monitor, Tank traces Neo's path.
- TANK
- That's it! You're almost there!
That fire escape at the end of the
alley!
- 197 EXT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - DAY 197
- Agent Smith suddenly pauses as if recognizing something;
the faded NEON BUZZES: Heart O' The City Hotel.
- 198 INT. HOVERCRAFT 198
- Tank loads the exit.
- TANK
- I'm going to make the call.
- MORPHEUS
- Do it!
- Suddenly, the lights go red.
- TRINITY
- No.
- Morpheus looks up.
- MORPHEUS
- Here they come.
- 199 EXT. SEWER MAIN 199
- The sentinels open and shift like killer kaleidoscopes as
they attack, slamming down on the Nebuchadnezzar.
- 200 INT. HOVERCRAFT 200
- The hovercraft booms down as they hit. Morpheus opens
the lock on the EMP detonator.
- Trinity watches him.
- MORPHEUS
- He's going to make it.

201 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 201

Neo scrambles up the fire escape, BULLETS SPARKING and RICOCHETING around him as Agents Brown and Jones close the gap.

A201 INT. HALL - DAY A201

On the third floor, he kicks in the window, jumping into the hall. The doors count backwards: 310... 309...

202 INT. MAIN DECK 202

Another SYSTEM ALARM SOUNDS.

TANK

They've burned through the outer hull.

TRINITY

Hurry, Neo.

203 INT. HALL - DAY 203

Neo can hear the PHONE RINGING. 305... 304...

Agent Brown reaches the broken window behind him just as Neo grabs the handle of 303, throwing open the door to find--

Agent Smith, waiting, .45 cocked.

Neo can't move-- can't think--

BOOM.

204 INT. MAIN DECK 204

Neo's body jerks, and everyone hears it as the LIFE MONITORS SNAP FLATLINE.

Trinity screams. Morpheus stumbles back in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

MORPHEUS

No, it can't be. It can't be.

Lasers suddenly sear through the main deck as the sentinels slice open the hull.

205 INT. HALL - DAY

205

Three holes in his chest, Neo falls to the blue shag carpeting, blood smearing down the wallpaper. Agent Smith stands over him, still aiming, taking no chances.

AGENT SMITH

Check him.

206 INT. MAIN DECK

206

Amid the destruction raining around her, Trinity takes hold of Neo's body.

TRINITY

Neo...

207 INT. HALL - DAY

207

Kneeling beside him, Agent Brown checks his vital signs.

AGENT BROWN

He's gone.

Agent Smith smiles, standing over him.

AGENT SMITH

Good-bye, Mr. Anderson.

208 INT. MAIN DECK

208

In tears, Morpheus takes hold of the EMP switch.

Trinity whispers in Neo's ear.

TRINITY

Neo, please, listen to me. I promised to tell you the rest. The Oracle, she told me that I'd fall in love and that man, the man I loved would be the one. You see? You can't be dead, Neo, you can't be because I love you. You hear me? I love you!

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

Her eyes close and she kisses him, believing in all her heart that he will feel her lips and know that they speak the truth.

209 INT. HOTEL HALL - DAY 209

He does. And they do.

His eyes snap open.

210 INT. MAIN DECK 210

Trinity screams as the monitors jump back to life. Tank and Morpheus look at each other.

It is a miracle.

TRINITY

Now get up!

211 INT. HALL - DAY 211

Holding his chest, Neo struggles to get up. At the end of the hall, the Agents wait for the elevator when Agent Smith glances back. He rips off his sunglasses, looking at Neo as if he were looking at a ghost.

Neo gets to his feet, all three Agents grabbing for their guns. As one, they FIRE.

NEO

No!

Neo raises his hands and the BULLETS, like a cloud of obedient bees, slow and come to a stop. They hang frozen in space, fixed like stainless steel stars.

The Agents are unable to absorb what they are seeing.

Neo plucks one of the bullets from the air. We see him and the hall reflected in the bright casing. We MOVE CLOSER UNTIL the bullet fills our vision and the distorted reflection morphs, becoming the "real" image.

He drops the bullet and the others fall to the floor.

Neo looks out, now able to see through the curtain of the Matrix. For a moment, the walls, the floor, even the Agents become a rushing stream of code.

212 INT. MAIN DECK

212

All three stare transfixed with awe as the scrolling code accelerates, faster and faster, as if the machine language was unable to keep up or perhaps describe what is happening.

They begin to blur into streaks, shimmering ribbons of light that open like windows, as□--

Each screen fills with brilliant, saturated color images of Neo standing in the hall.

TANK

How...?!

MORPHEUS

He is the one. He is the one!

An EXPLOSION shakes the entire ship.

213 INT. HALL

213

Agent Smith screams, his calm machine-like expression shredding with pure rage.

He rushes Neo. His attack is ferocious but Neo blocks each blow easily. Then with one quick strike to the chest he sends Agent Smith flying backwards.

For the first time since their inception, the Agents know fear.

Agent Smith gets up, bracing himself as Neo charges him and springs into a dive. But the impact doesn't come. Neo sinks into Agent Smith, disappearing, his tie and coat rippling as if he were a deep pool of water.

Spinning around he looks to the others and feels something, like a tremor before a quake, something deep, something that is going to change everything.

Suddenly a SEARING SOUND stabs through his earpiece as his chest begins to swell, then balloon as□--

Neo BURSTS up out of him. And with a final death scream, Agent Smith EXPLODES like an empty husk in a brilliant cacophony of light, his shards spinning away, absorbed by the Matrix until□--

Only Neo is left.

Neo faces the remaining Agents. They look at each other, the same idea striking simultaneously□--

They run.

214 INT. MAIN DECK 214
sentinels are everywhere destroying the ship.

TRINITY
Neo!

215 INT. HALL 215
Again he hears her. He reacts to the RINGING PHONE,
rushing toward it even as--

216 INT. MAIN DECK 216
A sentinel descends towards Morpheus. On the screen we
see Neo dive for the phone as--

TRINITY
Now!
Morpheus turns the key.

217 INT. OVERFLOW PIT 217
A blinding shock of white light floods the chamber;
sentinels blink and fall instantly dead, filling the pit
with their cold metal carcasses.

218 INT. HOVERCRAFT 218
In the still darkness, only the humans are alive.

TRINITY
Neo?
His eyes open. Tears pour from her smiling eyes as he
reaches up to touch her.
And she kisses him; it seems like it might last forever.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

219 CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN 219
as in the opening. The cursor beating steadily, waiting.
A PHONE begins to RING.

(CONTINUED)

219

CONTINUED:

219

It is answered and the screen fills instantly with the trace program. After a long beat, we recognize Neo's voice.

NEO (V.O.)

Hi. It's me. I know you're out there. I can feel you now.

We CLOSE IN ON the racing columns of numbers shimmering across the screen.

NEO (V.O.)

I imagine you can also feel me.

The numbers begin to lock into place.

NEO (V.O.)

You won't have to search for me anymore. I'm done running. Done hiding. Whether I'm done fighting, I suppose, is up to you.

We GLIDE IN TOWARDS the screen.

NEO (V.O.)

I believe deep down, we both want this world to change. I believe that the Matrix can remain our cage or it can become our chrysalis, that's what you helped me to understand. That to be free, you cannot change your cage. You have to change yourself.

We DIVE THROUGH the numbers, surging UP THROUGH the darkness, sucked TOWARDS a tight constellation of stars.

NEO (V.O.)

When I used to look out at this world, all I could see was its edges, its boundaries, its rules and controls, its leaders and laws. But now, I see another world. A different world where all things are possible. A world of hope. Of peace.

We realize that the constellation is actually the holes in the mouthpiece of a phone. Seen from inside.

NEO (V.O.)

I can't tell you how to get there, but I know if you can free your mind, you'll find the way.

220

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH

220

We SHOOT THROUGH the holes as Neo hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

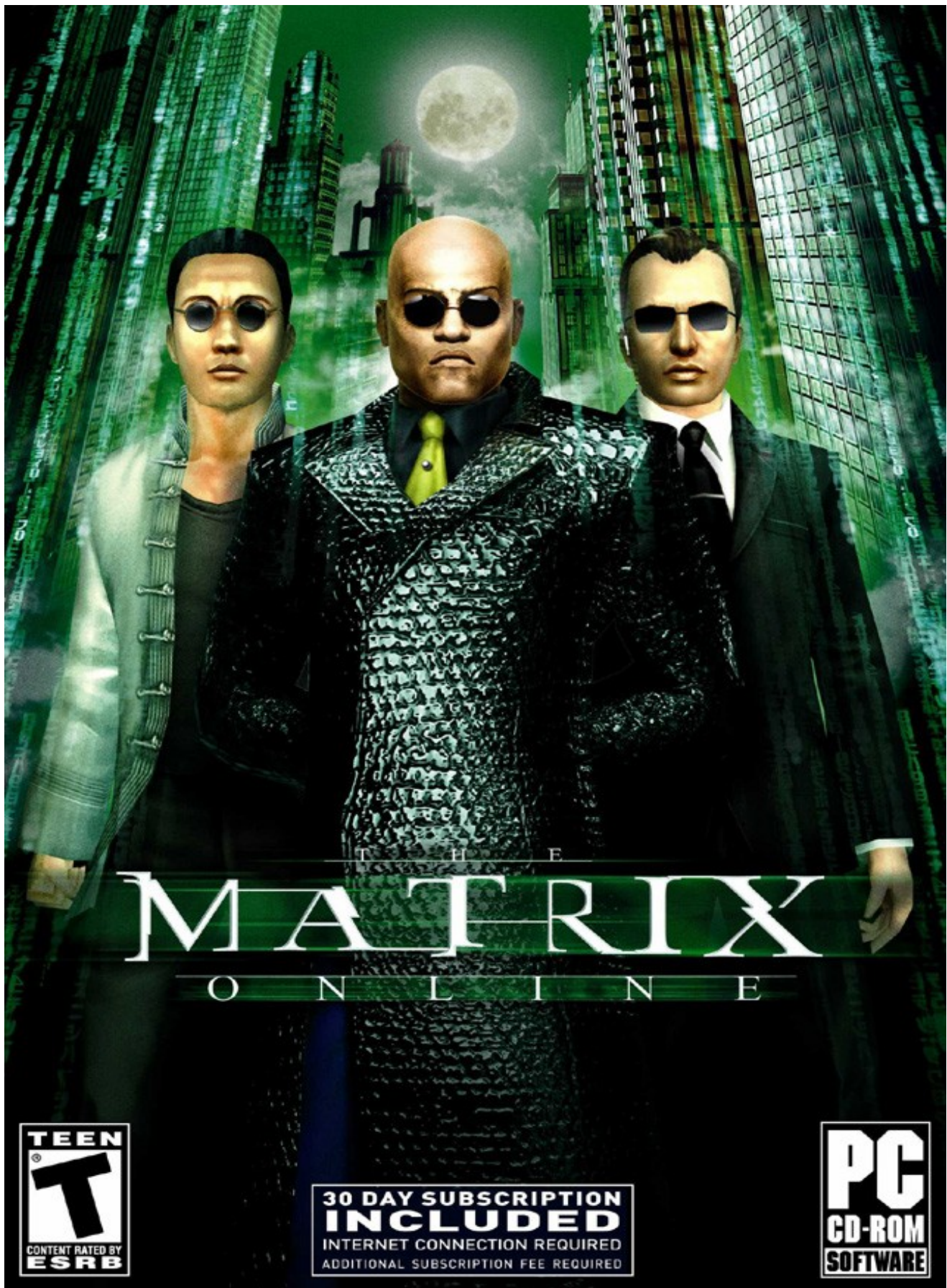
He steps out of the phone and slides on a pair of sunglasses. He looks up and we RISE.

HIGHER and HIGHER, until the city is miles below.

After a moment, Neo blasts by us, his long, black coat billowing like a black leather cape as he flies faster than a speeding bullet.

FADE OUT.

THE END



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The Matrix Online Archives

Version 0.98

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Introduction

The Matrix is an illusion. It appears to be America at the turn of the 21st century; a vast megacity and an adjacent mountain range. In truth it is a virtual, digital world that humans experience through feeds running directly to their nervous systems. These humans experience an artificial life in the Matrix, unaware of their real state.

In reality, the actual date is unknown, but it is believed to be a couple of centuries later. The proprietors of the Matrix are Machines that have won a war with humankind. During the war the sky was "scorched," denying machines their source of energy, solar power. The machines now use sleeping humans, enclosed in liquid-filled pods on vast batteries, to generate heat that becomes electricity.

A few free humans, based in an underground city of Zion, resist the Machines and hope to defeat the Matrix system, which they see as a form of slavery. These free humans, too, can jack into the Matrix, by lurking close under the surface world in their hovercraft. But when they do, they are ruthlessly hunted down by Agents of the Machines. Humans can and do die in the Matrix.

A hovercraft Captain named Morpheus has heard a prophecy that there is One who can control the Matrix reality by will alone. Morpheus summons Neo and explains the true state of affairs he thinks Neo, a young man awakened from the illusion and brought from his pod into the real world is the One.

Neo's powers awaken and the battle escalates, but soon reveals complications. Along with humans and Agents of the Machines in the Matrix, there are free, sentient programs - Exiles - enjoying life as humans in the virtual world.

The Exiles are varied. The Oracle is benign, and guides Morpheus and the other humans in their quest.

The Merovingian, aka the Frenchman, is a sybaritic gangster commanding a host of human-formed programs with powers like that of ghosts, werewolves and other supernatural entities.

There's also a wild card, Agent Smith. Instead of being destroyed by Neo in an epic confrontation, he has become an independent virus-like program who can replicate himself and overwrite others.

Neo encounters the crowning complexity when he meets the Architect, the program who designed the Matrix. The Architect reveals there were previous iterations of the Matrix that failed, and even previous Ones like Neo. A bloody cycle of destruction and renewal of the Matrix, Zion and humanity is inescapable.

Neo won't accept this. But first he saves the woman he loves, Trinity, from death, by spectacularly reaching into her torso; removing a bullet and massaging her virtual heart back into pulsing life. Ironically, it is Neo's capacity for love that makes him the mightiest warrior, the One.

The crisis is imminent. The Matrix is failing because of Agent Smith's viral takeover of every individual in it. It's cleansing, and the destruction of Zion by physical machines, is almost underway.

Neo does the impossible; he and Trinity break out of the underground and fly a hovercraft to the city of Machines on the surface world. He proposes a deal: he'll defeat Smith, whose viral

growth threatens all the Machines, in exchange for peace between the machines and the free humans. The deal is made.

Neo does destroy Smith, with an assist from the Oracle (who had allowed Smith to overwrite her with curious equanimity - what did she have up her sleeve?), in a battle worthy of ancient gods of the sky. The Matrix is saved. Zion is Saved. The Machine civilization is saved.

A truce is made - free humans ("**Redpill**") can even awaken the sleepers ("**Bluepill**"), although too much of this would threaten the Matrix. Neo, the One, seems to have died in the battle with Smith, but the Machines do not return his corpse.

Some people find this disturbing and their actions set the story of *The Matrix Online* in motion.

The Matrix

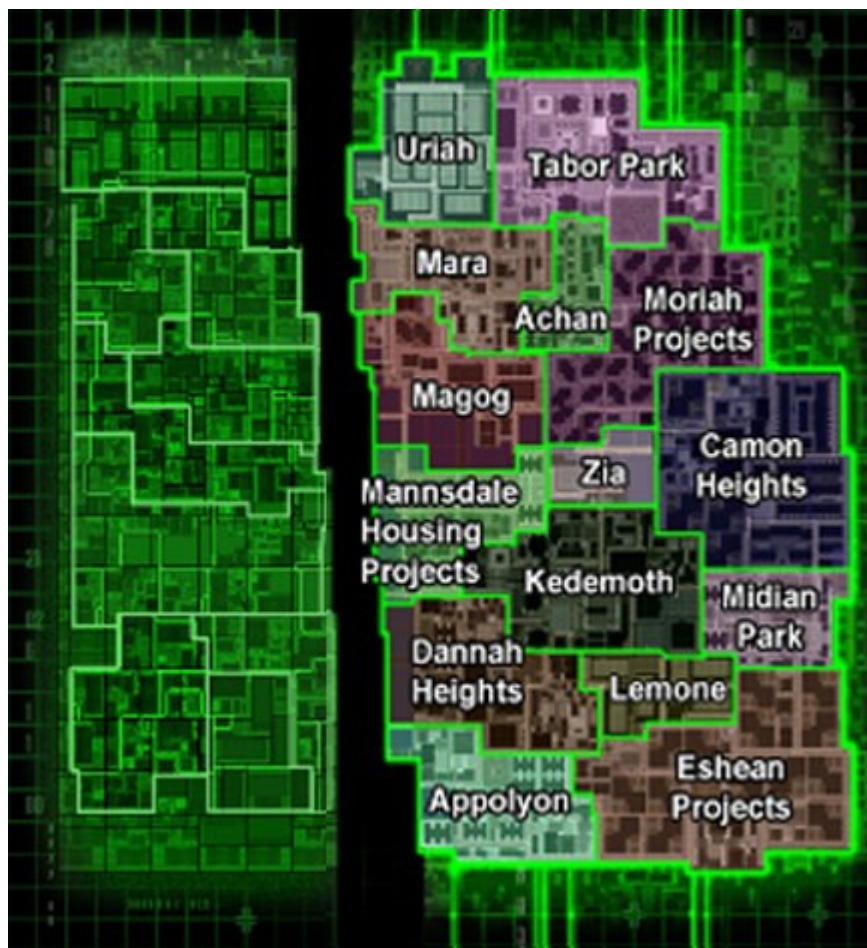


The city of *The Matrix Online* is divided into four districts: Richland, Westview, International, and Downtown. Each district, in turn, is divided into neighborhoods, which contain their own Exile gangs, Collectors, and landmarks. When first jacking in to *The Matrix Online*, you begin in Richland, the only “safe” location for new Redpills. Outside of Richland, Redpills face increasingly powerful Exile programs, as well as the possibility of Agents locking onto their signal and attacking. There are other areas called Constructs, usually accessible only through programs called Archivists. Constructs exist outside of the core reality of the Matrix, often harboring powerful programs and locations from previous versions of the Matrix or back door locations through the simulation.

Here is a breakdown of the Neighborhoods and Districts.

Richland

Though Official maps label this area as Richland, most people usually refer to it simply as the Slums. Set against the south shore of the river which bisects the City, the Slums are rife with criminal activity, urban, decay, and random violence. However, this is a lesson in the deceptive nature of the Matrix. Through the area is among the poorest and least desirable to the populace of the City, it is a desirable holding for those who understand the nature of the Matrix. Indeed, many powerful Exiles compete for control of its resources. The Slums is comprised of fifteen neighborhoods.



Achan

Primarily composed of older buildings that have seen better days, Achan has degenerated into a den of vice, crammed with strip clubs, adult books stores, bars, and seedy hotels. The few decent citizens left in the neighborhood know better than to walk the streets at night, when the local Exile roam in search of trouble. The predominant gang in the neighborhood is the Bells, an all female gang that guards their territory jealously, and doesn't hesitate to call on their allies in the more powerful Blackwood gang (in nearby Mara and Magog) when they need a hand.

Apollyon

Situated in the southwest corner of the Slums, Apollyon boasts a waterfront lined with seedy wharfs and deserted warehouses. Along the shore, long shadows fall on weathered buildings and beaten shopfronts. A neon-lit diner may offer solace from the streets for a few minutes, but in the end Apollyon remains what it is, the last gasp of the Slums before you travel west into the hell of the Barrens. The hot nightspot in Apollyon is the Jacob's Ladder.

Camon Heights

Located on the east side of the slums, Camon Heights may be the neighborhood that has persevered the best. Though there are taller complexes near to the Zia Industrial area, as you

move east the neighborhood improves. Camon Heights includes nicer condos and apartments than the Moriah Projects to the north, and the housing density is lowered by the presence of grocery stores, churches, and storefront businesses.

Dannah Heights

Just southwest of Kedemoth, and north of Apollyon, Dannah Heights is a neighborhood with a dual character. The dominant gang in the area is the Silver Bullets. While they seem like any other group of Exile thugs in the daylight house, at night the Bullets make this neighborhood their personal hunting ground. Their preferred quarry is any Lupine they can catch, but they've got expenses to meet as well, and shaking stray Redpills is a great way to keep the coffers full. Most consider them fanatics, though dealing with them rationally is really not an option.

Eshean Projects

Located to the south of more prosperous Midian Park area, and separated from Kedemoth by the Lemone warehouse area, the Eshean Projects are an enormous urban blight that looks much like the Moriah Projects, only bigger. Where the builder of the Mannsdale Projects decided to make their constructions as possible into the available space. The only public open spaces is Eshean Park, which is little more than a trash-strewn empty lot. The few businesses that have stayed open are plagued with broken windows and graffiti.

Kedemoth

Located south of the Zia Industrial area, and west of Midian Park, Kedemoth is packed with middle-income residents living the urban lifestyle. The streets and sidewalks are busy with worker traffic in the daytime, while the area's bars do a brisk business in the evenings, including the popular Club Duality. Many of the residential buildings are converted hotels or former textiles sweatshops turned into apartments years ago, but the area has also seen some new growth. Older smaller building are set alongside taller more modern hotels, condos, and office towers. Most notable among Kedemoth's recent construction projects in the Kalt Corporation's decision to create two new office tower on the east side of the neighborhood. Unfortunately, many of the employees who work in the tower have chosen to adopt nearby Midian Park as their home rather than live in the aging Kedemoth. The accompanying rise in property values and gentrification in Midian Park has created no small amount of resentment in Kedemoth residents, who had presumed they would reap those benefits. instead they have only the glass and steel edifices to comfort them.

Lemone

Located immediately to the south of the office towers in Kedemoth, this area encompasses several blocks of large, nearly-identical warehouses belonging to (and sublet by) a number of companies. It is said that Lemone is a place where even the highest executives of those companies will come to make deals or arrange ransactions the people known for getting their hands dirty, or bloody.

Magog

Located immediately to the south of the office towers in Kedemoth, this area encompasses several blocks of large, nearly-identical warehouses belonging to (and sublet by) a number of companies. It is said that Lemone is a place where even the highest executives of those companies will come to make deals or arrange ransactions the people known for getting their hands dirty, or bloody.

Mannsdale Housing Projects

Mannsdale was an experiment in public housing, creating smaller buildings, mostly 2-3 story structures which would lower the density of the residents from that of traditional high-rise apartment buildings like those found in the Moriah Projects. There's no commerical activity to speak of in Mannsdale, though, so the neighborhood has remained impoverished and has degenerated badly. In spite of this, there's a relatively low level of gang activity.

Mara

Located immediately to the south of the office towers in Kedemoth, this area encompasses several blocks of large, nearly-identical warehouses belonging to (and sublet by) a number of companies. It is said that Lemone is a place where even the highest executives of those companies will come to make deals or arrange ransactions the people known for getting their hands dirty, or bloody.

Midian Park

Midian Park has benefited greatly from the construction of the two office tower in nearby Kedemoth, as many of the workers have chosen to adopt this neighborhood as home, with accompanying rise in property values and gentrification. The area contains many businesses, including bookstores, bars, clothing stores, etc. which althought not upscale, have improved drastically due to their new upscale customer base. The park from which the neighborhood gets its name is a large open space bordered by 4-10 story apartment buildings. The two office towers in nearby Kedemoth can be clearly seen from ehre. combined with the plazas of the nearby buildings (which are connected to the park by a walkway overpasses), this is one of the largest open spaces in the slums.

Moriah Projects

East of Achan and south of the nicer Tabor Park area, the Moriah Projects are largely composed of tall, nearly identical apartment structures for the city's urban poor. The place is run down and gives little hope for better days ahead, but the neighborhood's residents have a deserved reputation for being stubbornly optimistic. They selected "Hope Conquers All" as the slogan for Moriah.

Tabor Park

One of the nice areas of Richland district, Tabor Park is a refreshing change of pace from the nearby mara neighborhood. Moving north into Tabor Park the buildings grow taller and nicer with each block. Looking down on Tabor Park from above it is easy to see it as an enclave

along the south shore of the river. Bordered by gang-infested Mara, the seedy district of Achan, and the squalor of the Moriah Projects, Tabor Park is an area struggling to keep its head up. The current war between the Crossboes and the Demon Army Exile gangs makes the area dangerous for Redpill. Tabor Park is primarily composed of older apartment buildings and office structures, but there has been some new growth and progress in the area, spawned by numerous Exiles moving to take control of the neighborhood's resources.

Uriah Industrial Park

Located in the north end of Richland district, Uriah is an area that has evolved into a dangerous "free fire zone" since the truce was signed. Many groups use the warehouse-filled zone as a place to settle their disputes with violence without fear of attracting too much attention. Bluepill workers in Uriah are almost blasé about seeing police since there each morning, cleaning up after gang-related violence.

Zia

In the dead center of the slums, Zia has little going for it, but it has managed to be far less crime ridden than the District's other Industrial areas. Unfortunately it seems that the reputation of the Uriah industrial park is starting to affect it, and some Exiles are beginning to choose Zia as a less crowded place to go carry on violent confrontations.

Westview

The area to the west of the Slums is officially called Westview, but more often referred to as the Barrens of the City. While the Slums are a dirty, dilapidated place where hope seems a rare commodity, these traits take on a nearly admirable quality when contrasted with the Barrens. The condition of the Barrens is reflective of a slow decay in the code comprising the area. The Machines have been placing some effort into repairing it, but the degradation serves the interests of several powerful Exiles. Many buildings in the Barrens have fallen into such disrepair that they have collapsed completely, but it is unlikely that anyone will be successful in stemming the tide anytime soon.



Bathary Row

Located on the north end of the Barrens, along the waterfront, Bathary Row consists of the piers and warehouses of the Barrens wharfs. Among the docks there's normal commerce, but the underlying traffic in \$information is ruthlessly controlled by the Bathary Boys gang of Exiles, who are in turn answerable to Cerulean. The cranes of the shippings yards cast long shadows across piled containers awaiting ships, but shipping has been at a standstill for as long as anyone can remember, due to an investigation into unsafe chemical handling practices at the yard.

Gracy Heights

Gracy Heights is a typical neighborhood in the Barrens, which is to say it's a pit. The Crushers gang exerts a stranglehold on the area in spite of dedicated Machine efforts to eradicate them. The reason has been in debate for some time, as to why the Machines place more emphasis on keeping the Crushers down than other seemingly more dangerous gangs in the Barrens. The most common rumor is that a strong current of \$information runs through the neighborhood. The Crushers have been tapping it to sell to influential exiles like the Merovingian.

Guinness Lake

The Guinness Lake neighborhood is centered on a large reservoir which occupies the space where Guinness Lake supposedly once was. Of course this history is a fabrication, as with all history in the Matrix. The City was born fully formed as it stands today. The reservoir's water (and the code it represents) flows from here to the other parts of the Barrens, making it an ideal conduit for moving or dispersing code quickly throughout the District. The reservoir is an important area to hold, and as such it falls under the purview of one of the Barren's most powerful residents, an exile named Indigo.

Lucero Point

Sometimes called "Little Mexico," Lucero Point has one of the largest concentrations of Hispanics in The City. It is fought over by a number of Exile interests, but the true power in the neighborhood is the Sparks gang of Exiles, run by the fiery Little Maria. They fight viciously to keep other Exiles and Redpills from gaining a foothold here. The only real nightlife in Lucero Point is the Lynchpin, a club that draws all sorts of exiles and Redpills, though everyone knows better than to stay too long, lest the Sparks take exception to their presence. The club's most "prestigious" customer is an Exile by the name of Mandarin, who maintains a residence in the Lucero Point neighborhood by virtue of his family's influence - he is the youngest son of Dame White and Mr. Black.

Manssen Park

Manssen Park at night is a shadowy nightmare for the Bluepills unlucky enough to be caught in the open there. As the shadows grow longer and engulf the neighborhood, the Disciplines come out of hiding in greater numbers and start looking for humans to "play with." Fortunately the neighborhood has not been completely abandoned by the System. Reported "vampire" activity cannot be ignored, as it threatens the inhabitants of the Matrix as well as the belief of the populace in their reality. A new face has been seen in the neighborhood recently - an Exile Bounty Hunter name Greene, who specializes in taking down Blood Drinkers.

Rogers Way

Rogers Way is supposedly names for a soldier from the neighborhood who died heroically in combat in World War One. Naturally this is a lie, but beneath it is a grain of truth. The real Rogers was a Zion operative who died holding the line against the Machines in this neighborhood, granting the previous Chosen One the time he needed to reach the core of the system in that iteration's final hour. Rogers Way also hosts one of the most intriguing of the monument sculptures that dot the cityscape. Rising up like stairs to the sky, the monument's apex features a door, which is the subject of many a tall tale. Every kid in the neighborhood has a friend who as a friend who saw a person emerge from the door, bathed in white light from beyond. Others say they have opened the normally unbudgeable door, to be confronted by the strangest things, but nobody really believes these sorts of local legends.

Sobra Shores

In better days, Sobra Shores was a tourist attraction, with restaurants and shops along the water doing a brisk business and drawing families and lovers to the waterway's edge. But since the Legion moved into the neighborhood, nothing has been the same. On the surface

the Legion may look like a regular gang, but even the Bluepills can feel the powers and darkness that the Legion's demonic leadership brings to the area. With that pallor cast across it, Sobra Shores quickly became a place best avoided by anyone who didn't have a reason to be there. The Legion has granted other exiles and Redpills only a single place of safety in the neighborhood, at the Club Daemon. That's not to say that other exiles and Redpills do not operate in Sobra Shores, but the Legion had made it clear that they consider such interlopers to be fair game. The one exile who has given them difficulty is Violet, who the Legion has tried to interfere with on a number of occasions, only to be shown the error of their ways quite painfully.

Southard

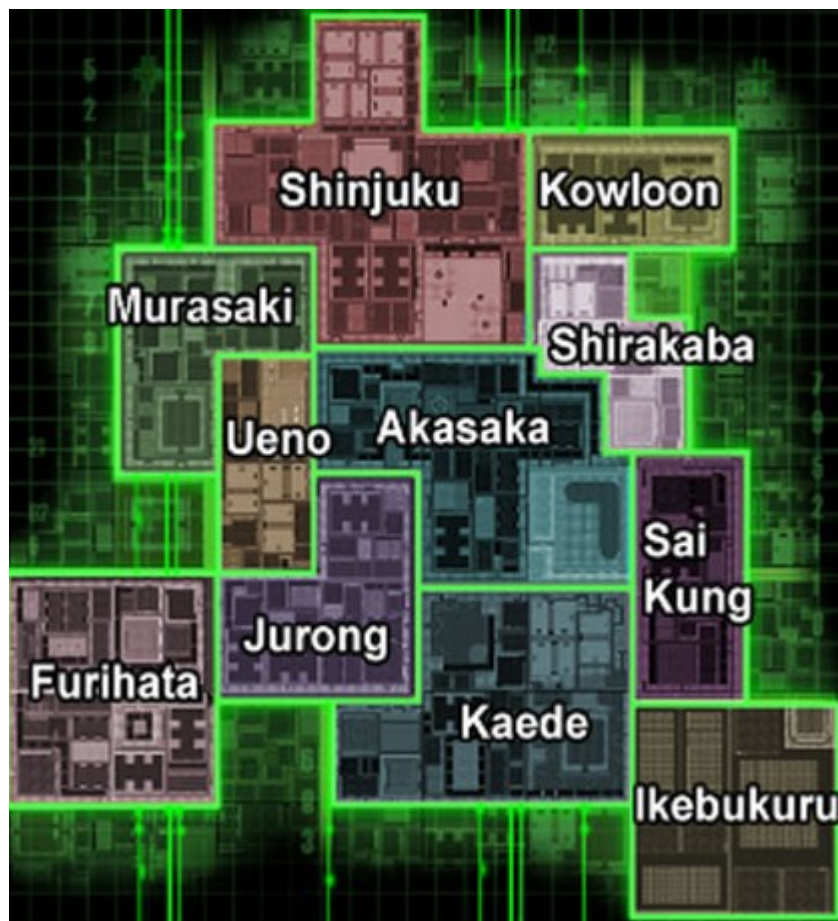
Nestled between Sobra Shores and Gracy Heights, the Southard area is dominated by the expansive Southard Industrial Park that provides jobs for many residents of Gracy Heights and Guinness Lake. The facilities are often shut down short periods due to the mishandling of chemical byproducts. Nestled between Sobra Shores and Gracy Heights, the Southard area is dominated by the expansive Southard Industrial Park that provides jobs for many residents of Gracy Heights and Guinness Lake. The facilities are often shut down short periods due to the mishandling of chemical byproducts. The namesake for the neighborhood, the Southard Industrial Park, contains major production and processing facilities for Kalt Corporation, Pendhurst-Amaranth, and a number of smaller companies. The Kalt Corporation plants churn out Trepanex(TM) headache medicine and Pendhurst-Amaranth will soon add another production facility for their Tastee Wheat(TM) breakfast food product.

Stamos

You can't go to Stamos and not stop by Club Succubus, one of the most popular clubs in the Barrens, owned by the preternaturally beautiful Aine. Though Bluepills are impressed by the way she plays her part for her customers in full costume, those in the know are impressed by the way that this Succubus manages to hide her nature in plain sight. Rumor has it that she used to be involved with the Legion, even the leader of the Legion, but she refuses to talk about her past. The other notable feature of Stamos is the Hypersphere sculpture, which is said to cause a perplexing feeling in a great many people who view it. After staring at the "ball inside a wire cube" statue for some time, local legend claims that you begin to see that the ball cannot possibly fit inside the cube that contains it.

International

The City's International District is a conglomeration of Asian Cultures. Signs in many languages tout the merits of small shops and entreat visitors to explore the neighborhood's narrow streets and beautiful plazas. Even the newer modern buildings incorporate traditionally Asian design. The International District is some distance northeast of Downtown, but can be reached by taking the subway. The District also has a number of hardlines for direct access by redpill operatives. Several gangs of powerful and savvy Exiles compete for control of the area, but no single interest really dominates it.



Akaska

Dominated by the glass and steel McClean Tower, Akasaka is one of the centers of business and commerce in the International District. In the plaza outside the building, office workers can be seen enjoying their lunches on sunny days. The rest of the neighborhood is prime real estate for those same office workers, most of whom can afford to live right here, as nothing in the International District is really considered high-rent.

Furihata

At the very edge of the International District lies the Furihata neighborhood, an odd mix of Chinese and Western influences. The neighborhood is a hodgepodge of tight alleyways and wide main streets filled with Chinese signs and banners and several small street vendors. The Furihata neighborhood is mostly residential accommodations for Bluepills that work in the International District. There are multitudes of small crowded apartment buildings throughout the neighborhood ranging from expensive and well-kept buildings to run-down rat-traps that should be condemned. The few businesses here are mostly small shops and restarutants – mostly family owned – that do a brisk trade with those that five in the neighborhood. However, those Bluepills willing to do a little searching are often rewarded with finding some of the best food and electic shopping in the City.

Ikebukuru

Bordering the waterfront, Ikebukuro is a major influx point for new money and individuals arriving in the International District. The neighborhood used to be called “The Gateway to the International District” but local business leaders lobbied for a change to something more likely to attract outside tourists, ending up with the uninspired new slogan “Come to the Boardwalk.” Though the boardwalk is quite nice, it certainly has not proven to be the huge draw locals might have liked, and Ikebukuro continues to look for a way to make itself more important in the scheme of things.

Jurong

Jurong is a neighborhood in transition. Located east of Furihata, this is the “older” financial center of the City – a place that once held importance to those desirous of controlling key resources of the Matrix, but which no longer commands such interest. The neighborhood is crowded with squat buildings and other edifices that have been upstaged by the “newer” skyscrapers in the Akasaka neighborhood. Since financial institutions still make their headquarters in Jurong, but many of the buildings remain empty since the migration of business to Akasaka. Such buildings have become home to the disenfranchised, including many exiles.

Kaede

Kaede is an odd place, as it's best known for a very western fixture: Brown Field, the only baseball diamond in the International District. Local residents are known to be quite obsessed with their local landmark, turning out in droves for games, even those of neighborhood company teams. When the weather doesn't permit outside activities, through, the Orchid Public Bath is a main destination, known throughout the City as one of the best such establishments.

Kowloon

Kowloon is a neighborhood of narrow streets, tightly-packed residential high-rise buildings, and markets selling all manner of wares - from food to consumer electronics. The stores range from people with carts drawn by draft animals and open-air street storefronts to multi-story malls housing exclusive boutiques. The buildings are tall and close together, many sporting colorful neon signs. The height of the buildings can create urban canyons, the walls of which wave banners of colorful lights. Kowloon is a neighborhood that never rests, never sleeps, and never shuts down. Business is always booming, trade is always happening - whether in the stores for goods or in the back alleys for services.

Murasaki

Dominated by the glass and steel McClean Tower, Akasaka is one of the centers of business and commerce in the International District. In the plaza outside the building, office workers can be seen enjoying their lunches on sunny days. The rest of the neighborhood is prime real estate for those same office workers, most of whom can afford to live right here, as nothing in the International District is really considered high-rent.

Sai Kung

Widely known for the huge textile businesses located here, "Sai Kung" appears in the label of most locally produced clothing. But the area just as often mentioned in rumours and news stories about sweatshops and exploitive business practices. The open air Sai Kun Canton is also well known as a place where a redpill can sometimes find hard-to-obtain items, for a steep price.

Shinjuku

On the north side of the International District, Shinjuku is a major residential area, featuring such new developments as Tokyo Row, one of the poshest condominium complexes in the District. Shinjuku is also home to one of the best hotels in the City. The White Lotus Hotel is owned by Dame White, and is well known as a place that can cater to even the most exotic or eccentric of needs.

Shirakaba

Shirakaba is located on the eastern edge of the International District, not far from the Ikebukuro waterfront. It is one of the smallest of the neighborhoods in the International District, surrounded by Kowloon, Shinjuku, Akasaka and Sai Kung. Nevertheless, it holds a wealth of interest for many Exiles, and offers more than enough reason for Zion operatives to brave its dangers. For Bluepills, the area is representative of small business concentrations throughout the International District. While the thoroughfares are well-trafficked, it is the narrower streets and alleys in between that are more intriguing. Export clothing shops, curio stores, and restaurants dot the narrow streets, offering some of the best values in the city, but sticking to the main streets is much safer. The alleys are patrolled by Great Wall Security, and no bargain is worth your life.

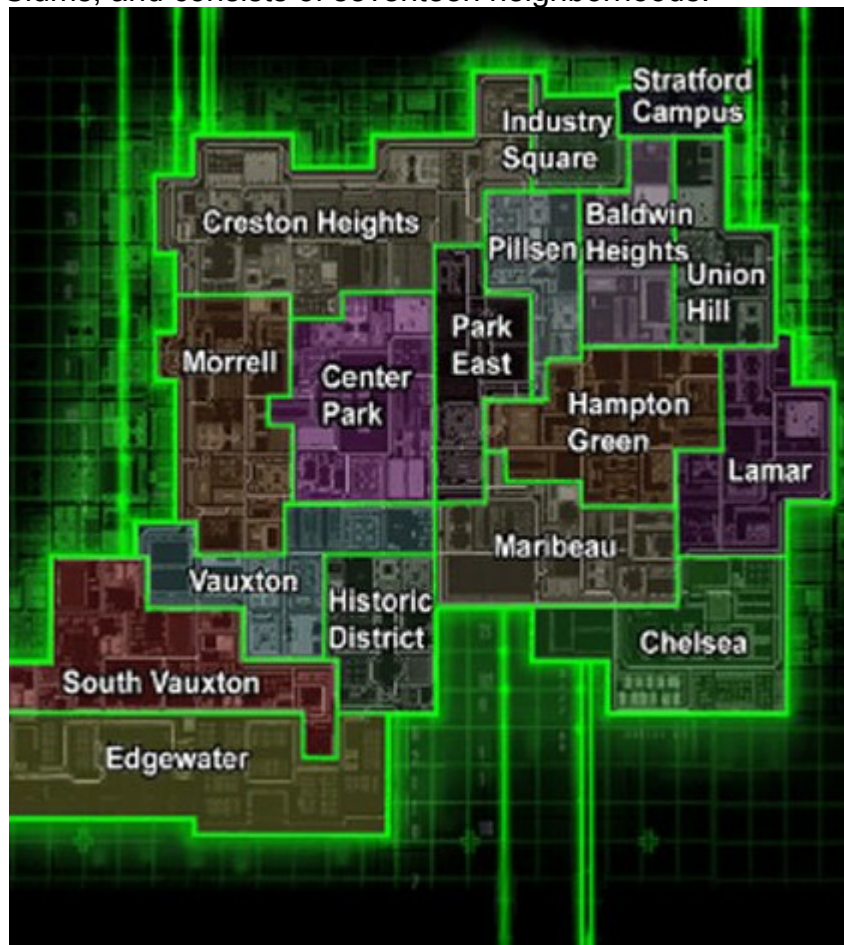
Ueno

If you're seeking things that aren't native to the City, Ueno is a good bet to find it. Some of the largest importing companies make their homes in Ueno, including Chotte Brothers Imports. The Chotte Brothers corporation is one of the largest and most powerful business interests in the International District and had its headquarters in the tops floors of the largest skyscraper in Ueno. For Redpills and Exiles seeking the truly obscure, certain Exiles in Ueno are said to be able to obtain almost anything, for the right price.

Downtown

The Influence of the Machines over the Matrix emanates from Downtown, flowing through the freeways, electrical networks, and even sewers. Bluepills who choose to spend a great deal of time Downtown are mostly bureaucrats, accountants, lawyers, and those who derive their livelihoods from the smooth functioning of the system. Exiles who dwell Downtown are sometimes more powerful than Agents, wielding tremendous control over the system they have made their home. Some are permitted great latitude by the Machines, as their

assistance in controlling the Bluepills is sometime a boon. Downtown is located north of the Barrens and the Slums, and consists of seventeen neighborhoods.



Baldwin Heights

Located north of the thriving business center Hampton Green, Baldwin Heights is home to many of the ambitious middle managers and young up-and-comers who comprise the bluepill workers of Downtown. While the truly successful can afford to live in Park East or Center Park, the still-hungry majority of the workforce wants to be as close as possible to their offices. Baldwin Heights is famous for its stereotypical resident being a hyper-motivated wile collar worker who comes home to his apartment so rarely that he may not even own furniture, because he expects to get a that big promotion and move to better quarters “any time now.”

Center Park

The Center Park neighborhood is so names because it surrounds the largest public park in the City. Center Park is located nearly in the center of Downtown; south of Creston Heights, north of Vauxton. Office buildings and government structures line the edges of the park, making this a crossroads of stimulated life. Several times per year the city holds a massive arts festival and invites all artists to come and display their works. During the festival the park is filled with artists and artisans and their work and musicians of all sorts. The city also has plans to host several concerts and other activities in hopes of revitalizing the park.

Chelsea

Chelsea is the place for water front living in the downtown area. The waterline is studded with upscale condos and apartments that house the urbanites who work for the many successful corporations headquartered downtown. There are a few bricks buildings along the waterfront, meticulously maintained, including the beautiful Chelsea Commons. Along the streets, pedestrians stroll the clean sidewalks and stop to sample treats at the many vendors. Located along the water, Chelsea Commons is a series of beautiful brick plazas lined with expensive apartments and condominiums. The Parks include low walls and benches for sitting, several sculptures, and a lovely view out over the water. Food vendors can usually be found here, selling pretzels, hot dogs and other such things, Chelsea Commons is also notable to Redpills for the hardline located there.

Creston Heights

For the folks with influences who want to live Downtown but don't enjoy the bustle of Center Park and Park East, Creston Heights sits above all that, rimming the north side of downtown like a gentle wreath. The entire area is protected by an Exile force known as the Neighborhood Watchers whose true alliance is unknown. They seem to be dedicated to protecting Bluepills as much as anything else, which has led some to conjecture that they may have an alliance with the Machines, and others to say that they are obviously aligned with Zion. Creston Heights is the largest neighborhood in downtown.

Edgewater

Edgewater was once nicknamed "the Steel Shore" after the old smelting plants and shipping facilities that dotted its length. Once Upon a time these places answered the siren's call of wartime to produce munitions, tanks and other essentials, but peacetime production never quite lived up to expectations and the neighborhood languished for decades before being gentrified in a major project by the City over the last decade. Now restaurants and storefronts are once again drawing bluepill activity to the area, leading \$Information to flow there and getting the attention of Exiles like the Bartender, who can be found at the trendy Club Noir.

Hampton Green

Hampton Green is the center of commerce downtown, a bustling and cacophonous place that lies close to the very heart of the Machines` control of the Matrix. Reaching to the sky are architectural marvels of steel, stone, and glass; broad boulevards flow with limousines and taxicabs, like great arteries pumping 24/7 with ideas, money and deals. People Move with Purpose along the sidewalks in seemingly chaotic mobs, but each individual has focus and intent. There is raw power on the streets of Hampton Green, and it surges up the towers of commerce and industry. Still these events pale in comparison to the exchanges of \$Information and control that occur beyond the notice of the unawakened. Their world, the very Matrix itself, has been swayed by exchanges in Hampton Green.

Historic District

The Historic District is probably the most ironically named area in the City, as it implies an

actual history instead of one fabricated by the machines' design routines. The Historic District sits to the south of Downtown, surrounded by Vauxton, South Vauxton and Edgewater. The Neighborhood is in transformation from a decaying downtown to a vibrant neighborhood with specialty shops and restaurants. The buildings appear to have originally been built between the turn of the century and the 1940s, with art deco touches on many buildings. The neighborhood is a favorite of the Bluepills that work in Chelsea and Maribeu as a place to lunch that isn't a fast food chain. Both upscale shops and older businesses can be found here, as well as the City Courthouse, a popular historic landmark.

Industrial Square

Aptly named, Industrial Square is a major nexus corporate culture and influence, second only to Hampton Green. While Hampton Green may host the corporate headquarters for some of the largest and most influential companies in the Matrix, The accounting centers of those corporations are located in Industry Square. The Matrix is an illusion, but it is not wholly illusion; in many ways it is simply a veil or disguise which obscures details but leaves the rue nature unchanged. For the reason it quickly becomes apparent that every dollar, every resource, every facility of worth in the Matrix carries with it a value in \$Information. Those dollars and deeds are tracked and consolidated in the towers of Industry Square.

Lamar

Lamar is on the east side of Downtown, an older neighborhood of stately high-rises and apartment blocks mixed with glass and steel skyscrapers and gentrified condominiums. The business district is often characterized in the local news as "rolling up its sidewalks" at the close of business every evening. While there are some clubs and hangouts, there isn't much nightlife to speak of in Lamar. The residential areas are appealing to those who like a little more room in their living accommodations, and the older office buildings display grand architectural style of a bygone era. There is a close-knit, "old boy network" atmosphere to this neighborhood, reflected in the interlaced associations the local social organizations have with the businesses. Those who move into the neighborhood may feel welcome, but may not be truly accepted until considerable time has passed and significant contributions have been made to the benefit of local organizations.

Maribeu

Maribeu is that transitory zone that lies between the seething economy of Hampton Green and the more relaxed areas of Chelsea and the Historic District. Older local businesses, as well as those who are newcomers to Downtown without the means to yet move into facilities in the ultra-high rent towers of Hampton Green are the commercial lifeblood of Maribeu.

Morrell

Some residents of Morrell say that their neighborhood is too often overlooked in favor of Park East, but others say it's great to enjoy all of the same benefits without the intrusive limelight. While Morrell enjoys the same relationship to Center Park, lining the west side of Center Park area, when most people think of living near Center Park, they think of Park East. This probably has a lot to do with relative positions of other neighborhoods. While Park East

segues into moneyed Hampton Green and historic Maribeu, Morrell flows south into the economically challenged area of Vauxton.

Park East

If you want to live where the rich and powerful urbanites call home, you have a posh apartment in Park East. The most desirable places face the west and have a view of Center Park, but there's no such thing as a bad address in Park East. The Neighborhood is patrolled by White Security, a force of Exiles controlled by Dame White, who owns one of the most Desirable buildings in the neighborhood, with the upper floors laid out as her personal domain and fortress.

Pillsen

As Baldwin Heights is the place for young go-getters who work in Hampton Green, Pillsen has become the Mecca for the office workers who drive the accounts of Industry Square. It's not unusual to see a cafe packed with people but dead silent as the patrons click away on the keys of portable computers, manipulating spreadsheets, tracing errors in accounts, and looking to make all of the numbers come out just right. The residents of Pillsen are disproportionately dedicated to making the Matrix a more orderly place. They are the blues of Bluepills.

South Vauxton

Physically it's a larger neighborhood than Vauxton, but South Vauxton suffers from the perennial problem of not being able to get recognition as a neighborhood of its own, in spite of being officially recognized and having its own neighborhood committee. Unfortunately there's a reason for this: South Vauxton is little more than the crappy south end of the nicer Vauxton neighborhood. Unbeknownst to the South Vauxton residents struggling to get the acknowledgement they crave, the most to separate South Vauxton from Vauxton is secretly financed and backed by the business leaders of Vauxton who'd rather be rid of the undesirable south end.

Stratford Campus

While Hampton Green houses the headquarters of corporations and the accountants of Industry Square count their profits, Stratford Campus is the quiet seat of power in Downtown. The normally ignored business complex of Stratford Campus is controlled by Mr. Black, and is home to several major, but low-profile, organizations that act as umbrella corporations which hold controlling interests in all of the biggest corporations in the Matrix on behalf of Exiles who cannot directly involved themselves.

Union Hill

One of the oldest neighborhoods Downtown, Union Hill was arguably the spot on which the City was founded. The original fort built on the hill is long since gone, but a plaque marks the site and commemorates those who died defending the place from all dangers (a reference to the native population that did their best to drive away the invading settlers). Union Hill today is

a decent place to live and surprisingly affordable for being so close to Hampton Green, but it has a reputation for being a second rate address and no ambitious young worker would be caught dead here. Their secretaries, however, are happy to live so close to work for a relative pittance in rent.

Vauxton

In spite of its proximity to Center Park, Vauxton has always had an image problem that keeps it from being as desirable as Park East, Creston Heights, or Morrell. In an attempt to solve this problem, civic leaders quietly encouraged the poorer south end of the neighborhood to break away and seek recognition as a separate entity, but this backfired when the area settled on the insufficiently-different title of South Vauxton as the new name of the area. Vauxton is usually called "The Vox" by local residents, and anyone who calls it Vauxton is immediately tagged as an outsider.

Constructs

Yuki



The Yuki (the name means "snow" in Japanese) construct is an idyllic recreation of ancient Japan in winter. It is a preserved piece of an earlier Matrix construct created by the Machine Civilization in their research program to find a more stable simulation for the human population. Created in the same era as the "fairy tale" Matrix, this project also followed the philosophy that humans would be happier living in simpler times, and attempted to replicate a medieval Asian setting. Once the fairy tale Matrix began to unravel, this project was abandoned, but an Archivist managed to preserve two pieces: Yuki and Sakura.

Ashencourte



Ashencourte is a dark, gothic, urban landscape populated with predatory Blood Drinkers. The construct is a preserved piece of a past "fairy tale" Matrix established by the Machines, in which they hoped humanity would be forever content and uninterested in escaping. Unfortunately, the human psyche could not deal with perfection, and natural human anxieties soon caused a number of problems, including the subconscious warping of the simulation to allow for "monsters" and other deep-rooted fears. Exiles soon learned to take advantage of the changes to the simulation, and over the course of time their RSIs became optimized to fit the niches humans had unknowingly created for them: vampires, werewolves, ghosts, and other boogymen. Many of these creatures survived the resets of the Matrix between then and the present, some by riding out the reintegration process in a safe haven construct such as Ashencourte.

Though the original simulation was long ago destroyed by the Machines, this backup version of a portion of that world has been maintained by the Archivists.

One Zero



In the distant past, before war had destroyed the surface of the Earth, the Machines fled the civilization of humanity to found their own city: Zero One. No one is certain why the Machines would want to recreate Zero One in a simulation -- historical preservation, a sense of loss, or just because they like it? -- but several pieces of the construct (including this One Zero Archive) have been copied by the Archivists for their own purposes, complete with Exiles who have tailored themselves to fit into the simulation by taking on robot-like RSIs.

Sakura



The Sakura (the name means "cherry blossom" in Japanese) construct is an idyllic recreation of ancient Japan in springtime. It is a preserved piece of an earlier Matrix construct created by the Machine Civilization in their research program to find a more stable simulation for the human population. Created in the same era as the "fairy tale" Matrix, this project also followed the philosophy that humans would be happier living in simpler times, and attempted to replicate a medieval Asian setting. Once the fairy tale matrix began to unravel, this project was abandoned, but an Archivist managed to preserve two pieces: Yuki and Sakura.

Widow's Moor



Widow's Moor is a dark, gothic, urban landscape populated with predatory Blood Drinkers. The construct is a preserved piece of a past "fairy tale" Matrix established by the Machines, in which they hoped humanity would be forever content and uninterested in escaping. Unfortunately, the human psyche could not deal with perfection, and natural human anxieties soon caused a number of problems, including the subconscious warping of the simulation to allow for "monsters" and other deep-rooted fears. Exiles soon learned to take advantage of the changes to the simulation, and over the course of time their RSIs became optimized to fit the niches humans had unknowingly created for them: vampires, werewolves, ghosts, and other boogeymen. Many of these creatures survived the resets of the Matrix between then and the present, some by riding out the reintegration process in a safe haven construct such as Widow's Moor.

Though the original simulation was long ago destroyed by the Machines, this backup version of a portion of that world has been maintained by the Archivists.

Zero One



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The White Hallways



The White Hallways are back doors in the Matrix, allowing one to travel to far areas within moments, or access hidden constructs. There are rumors that some Exile programs lurk in certain, distant parts of these labrynthian halls.

Zion Organizational Hideout



Zionist researchers made a breakthrough in decoding certain access codes to the White Halls. The result was the creation of a secret hideout within the Matrix, that would offer (in theory) safe refuge from the Machines and a place for Zionists to meet and plan. But you will need a lot of \$info and high reputation in Zion to gain access.

Machines Organizational Hideout



The Machines have granted access to high-level Machinist operatives to a secret organizational hideout, accessible only through the White Halls and after forking out a lot of \$info.

The Chateau (Merovingian Organizational Hideout)



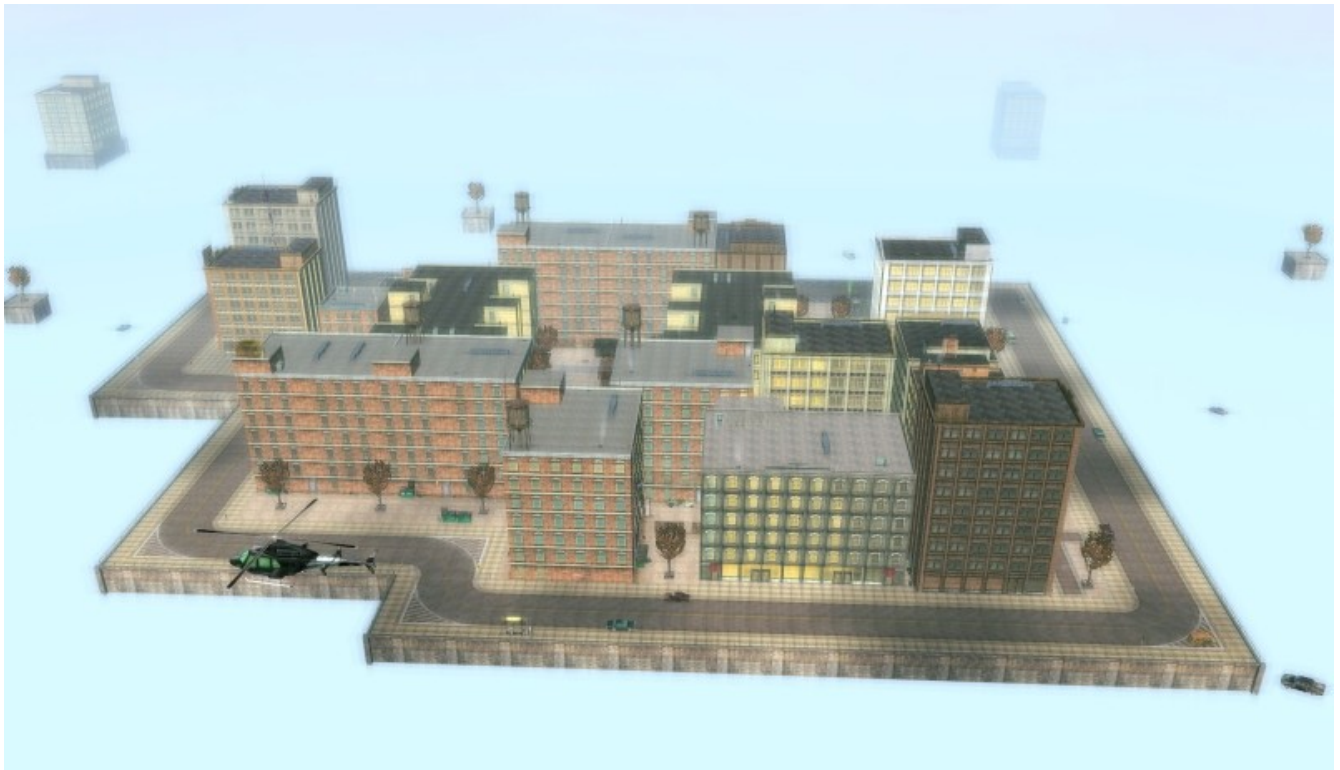
The Chateau, the closest thing to being the Merovingian's home in the Matrix, is as mysterious as it is difficult to find. Only those who have proven themselves extremely loyal to the Merovingian- or who lived long enough- have access to the Chateau... for the right price.

Datamine



Datamine is a construct that Redpills have recently gained access to. Devoid of Bluepill activity, it nevertheless appears like a disused portion of the main City, perhaps a remnant of the previous Matrix. Due to the anomalies in this construct, rich deposits of raw code can be tapped in to for large amounts of \$information, code fragments, or even programs thought to have long been disposed. Also, powerful security programs lurk in a few of the buildings.

Sati's Playground



This construct was recently been uncovered, a haven for Sati and her creativity. Within it, the laws of the Matrix are further muted, and powerful programs can be defeated for special items.

2. The Storyline

Chapter 1.1



- Mysterious red-eyed agents suddenly appear throughout the Matrix, demanding those with “illegal contraband” give it up or they will cancel the auto jack-out and tamper with hardline operation.
- The red-eyed agents begin attacking all Redpills, regardless of organization. All out war soon breaks out on the streets but the most unsettling thing is the fact their motives are completely unknown.
- Zion, the Machines and the Merovingian all officially deny involvement with the red-eyed agents.
- The fake agents are given the slang name LED agents because of the small red LED lights found on the PDAs that they carry. They also drop strange code fragments that seem to contain Neo’s final thoughts within the Matrix (**see Appendix C, Neo’s RSI Fragments**).
- The organizations soon realize that these code fragments must be of great importance and thus begins a race to collect as many as possible. The popular belief is that Neo can actually be reborn by using them in some way.



- Morpheus gives a speech to the Redpills of Megacity where he proclaims all should unite under the flag of Zion and collect the RSI fragments for the greater good of humanity. He shows the crowd a shattered Neo RSI that Zion is trying to rebuild from the fragments power.
- The race soon becomes violent with organizational fighting on an all-time high; Zion and the Merovingian are at the forefront of the conflict. Speeches are many and competition is close, constantly shifting between the two.
- Morpheus, the Architect and Persephone each give out messages describing themselves seeing Neo himself floating above a large triangular room with members of each organization in a different corner, they all rush into the centre but surprisingly rather than fight they begin to shake hands. This obviously symbolizes working together but no one seems to realize it. It seems the bitterness between the organizations makes such peace impossible.
- After vicious and close competition it is revealed that Zion is victorious in collecting the most RSI fragments.
- It is learned that the earlier speeches regarding Neo contained a hidden message that once deciphered actually opened a contact line with the Oracle. When the line is finally made she speaks of how all must unite for the future of the Matrix is in great peril. She reveals that a group of exile programs called the Shapers are the only ones that can

successfully re-forge Neo's RSI and how they must be protected from the LED agents at all costs.

- The Oracle's message falls on deaf ears as the organizations rush and fight over the power of the Shapers. Unfortunately, due to the Redpills own foolishness, the LED agents gain control of a Shaper for themselves. The very thing the Oracle feared would happen.
- "N30 Agents" begin to appear throughout the Matrix. Apparently the LED agents used the power of the Shaper to imbed some part of Neo onto themselves.



- Super LED agents storm the Matrix, all sides sustain heavy casualties and the Redpills fight a losing battle until they finally put aside their differences and work together. With

the help of Morpheus they fight back the LED horde and stand victorious, but still tension run high.



- The Oracle congratulates the Redpills on working together for once and warns of a force that will soon threaten the very future of the Matrix. All must prepare for the worst.

Chapter 1.2



- Two exile races, the Lupines and the Blood Drinkers unexpectedly go on a rampage through Megacity. No one knows why but Redpills across all organizations are threatened. These exiles are clearly looking to start trouble.
- The leaders of the Lupine / Blood Drinker alliance are known as Ookami and Malphas. Shortly after the widespread attacks they disappear, and this angers the exiles as they claim that the two were captured and are being held prisoner. The two races quickly go on a killing spree with the intent of revenge.
- All three organizations officially deny the capture of Ookami or Malphas.
- In the wake of the alliance leaders' disappearance, a vampire by the name of Invalesco quickly raises to power. He calls for any willing Redpills to bring him select items from throughout the Matrix, giving them the promise of transforming them from an awakened human into an immortal exile vampire.
- While Invalesco's loyal subjects await his word Ookami and Malphas return revealing that they had not been captured after all but needed to go into hiding from the Merovingian. He had issued an attempt on their lives and they had had no choice. The alliance is given new direction: a full on war against the Frenchman. Emissaries from the Lupine / Blood Drinker forces are sent to try and convert Redpills to their cause.
- Invalesco returns at a difficult time, as the return of Ookami and Malphas has created a rift in the alliance. To reinstate his position Invalesco begins the transformation ritual on one of his remaining subjects. The ritual fails as Invalesco's brother, Feronus, turns up to stop the vampire's traitorous ways. However, he falters in combat and is blown away by Invalesco's immense power. The exile flees and a chase ensues. Fighting breaks out amongst the Redpills present, as many against him as there are for him. From the top of the ascension monument Invalesco escapes to the archives but not before receiving a stake to the heart. He goes into hiding to try and regain his strength.
- Ookami and Malphas begin a mass hunt for the traitor. After having Redpills follow an intricate string of clues he is eventually found and a massive final battle breaks out. In the end Invalesco is greeted by a second stake to the heart and dies his final death.
- Taking advantage of the alliance's little civil war, the Merovingian gathers his forces and strikes back hard against the Lupines and Blood Drinkers. When the smoke clears it is the Frenchman who stands victorious. Ookami and Malphas are captured and forced to become "loyal" subjects once again.

Chapter 1.3



- Morpheus gives a speech demanding Neo's body be returned. He threatens immediate action if his request is not met.
- The Machines make an official statement that Morpheus' demands will not be met and that he will soon be apprehended.
- Numerous code bombs are set off around the city. These bombs peel back the Matrix's workings and reveal the code beneath. Morpheus' plan is to show all the Bluepills the illusion they live in and ultimately force the Machines to give up. The bombs also release a non-lethal virus, a green sprite that follows those Redpills infected. This too is clearly visible to the Bluepills and serves as another way to 'awaken them on masse'.
- All organizations make official statements showing they are not in any way in support of Morpheus and he is to be considered an outcast.
- Several helicopters that have recently been flying around the city drop propaganda leaflets saying "Do not trust the Frenchman". Other such messages are found, in code, within the billboards of the city.
- Morpheus addresses crowds of both Redpills and blue. He admits the bombs were his doing and how they show the true form of the Matrix. He urges the Bluepills to wake up from their dream and says how all must fight for the body of Neo to be returned. Agents soon arrive and send security forces after Morpheus; however, those Redpills loyal to him hold them off long enough for him to escape.



- During another speech Ookami and her Lupine followers strike, attacking all present to get to the outcast Zionist. He and Ookami duel but Morpheus simply says “I don’t have time for this,” and hyper jumps away.
- The next speech Morpheus gives details how he believes he is winning and how it is just a matter of time before the Machines give in to his demands. Niobe arrives and tries to convince Morpheus to stop his madness, if only for his own safety. He dismisses her saying he knows what he’s doing. At that very moment masked bandits turn up and attack all present. Niobe shouts for Morpheus to run. He hyper jumps away.
- The masked bandits are a rebel organization, normally small in number and never before this boisterous but it seems those that Morpheus forcefully awoke with his bombs have greatly bolstered their ranks as well as their activity. They are human beings, Redpills whose only wish is to be reinserted into the Matrix. Some even have a near worshipping relationship for the traitor, Cypher. Also, their redpill status gives them the asset of the auto jack-out, making them extremely hard to kill.
- While planting a code bomb in a water treatment plant, Morpheus is shot dead by a masked assassin that can somehow bypass the auto jack out with special “kill code” bullets.



- Investigations into Morpheus' assassination begin on all fronts.



- It is discovered that the assassin that killed Morpheus is always seen with flies around him. The story behind these flies is unknown but video evidence proves he can transform into a swarm of them at will.
- The masked men begin turning up all around the city dropping vital clues, all of which seem to suggest the Merovingian is responsible for the Assassin.
- Agent Skinner leads a group of machine operatives in a hunt for the Assassin, and they do eventually corner the mysterious man of flies. Fighting breaks out as he lets loose his corrupted followers to attack the operatives. In a duel to the death, a virus imprinted in the Assassin's bullets infects Agent Skinner. The agent is forced to destroy himself in an effort to stop the virus spreading.
- A replacement for Agent Skinner is created: the first female agent, Agent Pace. She is designed to be the first redpill friendly agent developed for truce conditions. She can "feel" and understand human emotion. The Machines believe her to be the first step towards better redpill relations.
- Niobe creates her own splinter group, much as Morpheus had done. This Niobe group is devoted to avenging Morpheus and carrying on his legacy. Many of Morpheus' former followers join. Zion is essentially split in two.
- The masked men suddenly disappear off the streets of the city and are replaced by another even more powerful threat, the Corrupted.
- The Corrupted drop many clues as to the identity and purpose of the Assassin. It appears he was the program in charge of recycling information, including the bodies of those who die while still plugged in. He was also responsible for Trinity's body, but was ordered not to recycle it for some reason. When threatened with deletion he fled to the Matrix with the help of Merovingian. His goal it seems is to destroy the entire Matrix program, just to see his former masters fall. Of course in the process he will destroy himself, but he states this is of no concern to him. To achieve his goal he has begun to overwrite the minds of Bluepills and is using them as his soldiers, the Corrupted. Also his plan is apparently already underway. He is beginning to corrupt the Matrix from the inside out, as it will begin slowly then quicken in pace as time goes on. The first signs are already showing as monuments around the city begin to destabilize.
- Giant monsters called "Complete Corrupted" begin to appear around all the monuments affected by the Assassin's power. These level 255 creatures begin to destroy everything in their path. Around them spawn normal Corrupted that drop "insecticide code" this is discovered to be the only thing that can defeat the complete corrupted. Despite being armed with the insecticide code, the creatures don't appear to be weakening. It seems all hope is lost until each of the organizations once again throw away their differences and unite to defeat the deadly beasts. After a long tiring battle, it is the united Redpills that stand victorious.



- The Assassin's activities very unexpectedly stop. He is thought to be keeping low and is currently in hiding.

Chapter 2.1



- Niobe decides to break into a hotel room where the Merovingian and Persephone are staying in the hopes of learning more about Morpheus' assassin. When held at sword-point the Merovingian gives the Zion captain the information she needs: that the Assassin's appearance is a coder's joke, a disposal program made out of thousands of flies. Most vital however was the information that the Assassin is most likely to be found around his old haunts, sewage and garbage. With back up from Ghost, Niobe is able to get them both a free pass out of the hotel and so begins her hunt for revenge.
- Level 50 red-eyed agents begin to spawn at Kalt Chemicals in Kedemoth. Redpills fight them off as best they can but ultimately it is a losing battle. Neurophyte herself arrives just in time to support the operatives. She uses her special abilities several times to strike the agents with a strange bolt of yellow energy. Those struck are completely destroyed in a flash of green code. The battle is won but the over use of her powers severely weakens Neurophyte and she collapses. After being revived by her allies she suffers temporary memory loss and proceeds to jack out.
- Zion operatives begin to search for a way to recreate the insecticide code in the hope it can be used in future battles against the Assassin. Ingredients are gathered from all over the Megacity. However, competition is tough as the Machines send agent interference and Merovingian forces prove troublesome. After rigorous research and tests Zion scientists successfully recreate the insecticide code, with mass production to start soon thereafter.
- Code bombs start reappearing in the city's major gathering places, planted by a man going by the name "Maerd". This man is eerily similar to Morpheus not only in appearance but also ideals and way of speech but is simply thought to be a former follower carrying on his deceased master's work.
- The recent code bombings bring the Assassin out of hiding; many Redpills bravely try to take the powerful exile down but to no avail. After having his fun with those that opposed him the Assassin disappears again.
- A possible clue as to the return of the One is found during a raid on an exile base, with the discovery of a newspaper clipping which tells of someone named "Sarah Edmontons" unexpectedly waking from a coma and simply walking out of the hospital without saying a word. Sarah Edmontons is an anagram of Thomas Anderson...
- The red-eyed agents make their return and start sending several messages to all jacked-in Redpills. They tell of how "potential carriers" are being tracked and targeted. The popular theory is they are searching for Neurophyte, carrier of the kill code.
- The Morpheus look-a-like reappears, once again setting off code bombs throughout the city. Many inquire as to his identity but he simply answers, "You know who I am." Soon after the bombings the Assassin shows up and silently asks those nearby where

Maerd had run to. After receiving the information from the terrified Redpills the Assassin disappears as quickly as he'd come.

- During a routine mission Vashuo of the *Novalis II* is instantly killed by a signal disrupting device that was planted onto the back of his jack-in chair. Zion security forces are sent to board the ship and the entire crew is detained for questioning. There is undoubtedly a traitor amongst the crew, someone in league with the masked men. Even worse it is believed to be a high-ranking leader of the masked as intercepted transmissions show Gemaskeered himself requesting orders from the unknown traitor aboard the ship.
- After the murder took place, the ship's operator emergency-jacked the crew out of the Matrix. This resulted in code fragments being dropped around their last jacked-in locations. These fragments hold clues that could point towards the identity of the traitor. Coupled with the knowledge on the signal paths of the last transmissions had between the crew, a conclusion can be reached. Solutions are to be sent to Tyndall/Agent Gray/Flood's email.
- The murderer of Vashuo, traitor to the *Novalis II* crew and one of the great leaders of the Cypherite organization is revealed to be none other than Toorima. It appears Vashuo was getting too close as to her real identity and so she finished him off. Vashuo had been researching her masked alias, Veil. Until now Veil was known only in rumors and stories as an assassin of unparalleled skill and efficiency, and has been linked to a great deal of unsolved Redpill murders. She is currently in custody in Zion, awaiting further questioning.
- Enmascarado resurfaces in Megacity and he demands to have Niobe come out and fight him. As a code bomb goes off in the background the warrior of Zion arrives to face the Cypherite leader but the nearby bombing brings the Assassin back out from the shadows as well. In the name of vengeance Niobe begins a duel with the Assassin but it ends abruptly as the masked man also decides to get involved. As the deadly rogue program brings Enmascarado close to death he warns that his RSI is rigged with a deadly surprise that will be released if it is destroyed. The Assassin takes no heed to his warning and easily wins the duel. However, the reality of Enmascarado's threat becomes apparent when the flame virus is released from his RSI. It soon infects everyone in the surrounding area and mass fighting breaks out. In the ensuing chaos the Assassin disappears into the crowd and Niobe is left to try and rally the Redpills out of their confusion and violence. After spreading through most the hardlines in the city, the virus eventually calms down and things return to normal, though the chaos won't be easily forgotten.

Chapter 2.2

Rise of the Cypherites

- Cypherite activity quickly decreases, probably due to the defeat of one of their main leaders but no doubt they are simply regaining their strength. Nevertheless, organizational priority soon shifts back to the threat of the Assassin.
- Both the Machines and the Merovingian send forces to try and obtain the insecticide code from Zion but are ultimately unsuccessful.
- Zion soon realizes that without an efficient way to disperse the insecticide code it would be practically useless in a live battle situation. Operatives are sent to infiltrate machine facilities and acquire the schematics for a device called a "flit gun." These weapons have been deemed the best way to use the insecticide against the Assassin.
- After careful analysis of the schematics for the flit gun Zion discovers that it is impossible to code it completely from scratch, so they have no choice but to make a deal with the Machines: insecticide ingredients for flit gun parts. The deal itself spans several trade offs throughout the city, with Zion sending its top operatives and the Machines sending agent programs to ensure the transitions go ahead smoothly. Unfortunately, Merovingian forces are still able to stop some of the trades from being completed. Despite their interference the deal is deemed a success and both sides leave happy.
- During the trade offs, Ghost is ordered to request additional Machine assistance in deciphering a data disk found by operatives during a raid on a Merovingian base. It turns out the disk contains a list of names under the heading "Operation Omega." The names are those of top ranking Machine and Zion Redpills. "Morpheus" is the name first on the list...
- Machine operatives discover some more information regarding Operation Omega while on a standard recon mission. It seems an exile program by the name of Fillament was the one that created the kill code hack used in the Assassin's bullets and, more interestingly, was under the employ of the Merovingian at the time. The hack works by using a sample of the victim's RSI to track their location in the real and remotely cancel the auto-jackout. Each bullet must be specifically designed for a single target and the only one that can use the code is a specific exile- the Assassin.
- It's apparent that the Merovingian was researching a way to permanently kill Redpills and the end result was the kill code hack and the Assassin program. It's also apparent that Operation Omega is some sort of hit list that aims to take care of the Merovingian's enemies. As a side note, Niobe and Ghost are the next names on the list.
- Zion coders are successful in decompiling the flit gun parts acquired in the machine trades and mass production begins immediately.
- Exile forces strike the various flit gun production centers around the city in an attempt to destroy Zion's only hope of defeating the Assassin. It seems the Merovingian doesn't wish to help destroy the rogue program after all but rather protect him. Could they be working together once again?
- Zion begins searching for the Assassin's lair but to no avail.

- A message is sent to Tyndall requesting a Redpill come to meet the anonymous sender, as apparently they know the whereabouts of the elusive Assassin. Reluctantly Tyndall sends an operative to meet this unknown informant even though it simply cries “trap.” The informant actually turns out to be none other than the Merovingian’s wife, Persephone. She tells the Redpill of how she truly hates the Assassin program and simply wishes him to be destroyed. Unfortunately for her, her husband is determined to protect him for some reason so she decided to approach Zion for help. She reveals the Assassin has set up a base of operations on a garbage barge located in the Megacity river. However, it is impossible to access this barge by normal means. The meeting ends with Persephone giving the Redpill coordinates of a Merovingian base where further information as to the location of the barge can be found.
- The operative infiltrates the base and accesses a computer containing information on a hidden network of hardlines that runs throughout the entire Megacity. This secret network leads to several places of interest including “The Morgue” and “The Coroner’s Office,” but most importantly, the Assassin’s barge.
- A Redpill is sent to the barge to test the actual effectiveness of the insecticide code against the Assassin. He does indeed find the deadly exile and armed with a prototype flit gun is able to severely weaken him. However, the Assassin is able to escape through the hardline network before the final blow can be struck and returns into deep hiding.

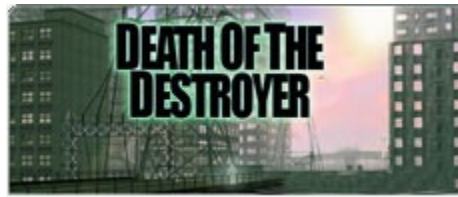
Chapter 2.3

Arrival of the Commandos

- A new group suddenly appears throughout Megacity: mysterious camouflaged commandos. Their motives are unknown as they have yet to show any aggression towards any of the other powers, but extreme caution is being taken considering the recent events in the Matrix.
- A Zion scout team witnesses one of the helicopters that have been distributing leaflets around Megacity land on a building rooftop. It appears that the commando group are behind the choppers as a general disembarks, meets with a squad of other soldiers then takes off again, leaflets in hand.
- Zion decides to use this opportunity to make first official contact. Scouts track the soldiers to a nearby vacant building and an operative is sent in to meet with them.
- The commandos say they wish to make friendly connections with all the major powers in the city and agree to follow the operative. Tyndall orders that the operative let the commandos be “accidentally” killed by exile gang members so that documents they received from their general earlier can be acquired. She believes the documents may shed light on the group’s motives.
- The soldiers were carrying a list of coordinates referring to several helipads around the city. It seems that these areas are meeting places for the commando group. Surveillance is increased.
- Through the increased surveillance on the landing zones, Zion is able to learn of a meeting between the commandos and Merovingian forces. Anome is put in charge of the mission to spy on this meeting, and he sends in an operative to bug the room where the meeting is to take place. Despite Anome’s confidence, security measures pick up on the operative and the meeting moves to another location. The Redpill arrives at the second location just as the meeting is beginning. After hearing the Commandos and Exiles speak of peace Anome orders the elimination of all exile forces. Fighting ensues but direct orders from Commander Lock requests the operative stand down and pull out immediately. Tyndall is put back in charge of commando-related missions.
- Commander Lock orders that any further dealings with the commandos are to be peaceful; Zion cannot risk getting off on the wrong foot with this possible new threat. However, this sentiment doesn’t extend to the exile forces that have meeting with the commandos. A Zion operative is sent to hunt down the leader of the local exile gang that has been having meetings with the commandos. After several dead ends the operative finally comes face to face with their leader and with a little gentle persuasion manages to learn that the commandos are actually ex-military programs from the machine world and that in their meetings they had offered the Merovingian forces a “non-interference agreement.”
- The commandos re-approach Zion with the prospect of a peaceful meeting. Unfortunately, Merovingian forces somehow get wind of the meeting and proceed to occupy the surrounding areas around the meeting place. The operative representing Zion is sent to dispose of the exiles. After the area is cleared the meeting goes ahead but before any real progress can be made the building is compromised. Luckily the

operative is able to take the attackers down and the meeting is postponed until a more secure area can be found.

- Zion and the commandos do eventually meet securely and the commandos propose an alliance. They reveal they are indeed exile programs but that they too wish to break free of the machine's oppression. They say their single wish is to make the Matrix a safe haven for any and all life forms that have a living consciousness. Tyndall agrees; an alliance with such a well-organized group would indeed benefit the cause of Zion. She forwards the request to the council for careful deliberation.
- To better relations between Zion and the commandos, Commander Lock orders that an operative be sent on a mission teamed up with a squad of commando soldiers. The mission selected is a clean up of the Camon Heights area. Slasher gang activity has been on the increase and with the Bluepill police being unable to solve the problem it falls upon Zion to make the area safe again. The mission is a success.



- Redpills are horrified to see that thousands of fly swarms have infected the sky over Megacity. The clouds are no more and all that is left is the Assassin's foul pets.



- Corrupted once again begin to spawn around the city; they again attack anyone regardless of organization. Even worse, they once again begin the spread of the fly virus. Code fragments dropped by the Corrupted are found to be part of the Assassin's ongoing memoir but unfortunately they are unstable with only a couple of words per fragment and with no clear order.
- Zion and the Machines decide it is mutually beneficial to work together in a temporally alliance against the Assassin's foul Corrupted in an attempt to solve the code fragment puzzle. Less cooperative, however, are those under the employ of the Merovingian; after all, the Assassin was once considered their ally and most are confused to his intentions. Despite this, the hard-headed Lupine leader Ookami takes up arms without

her master's consent and joins the fight against the Corrupted.

- Perhaps angered by the fact that one of his supposed "allies" is now working against him, the Assassin leads an attack against the proud Ookami. Unfortunately she is defeated in her fight against the man of flies himself, and barely escapes with her life. But the fact that she wasn't destroyed raises the question: could the Assassin be weakening?
- It seems the Assassin's actions against Ookami didn't go without consequence as Flood makes an announcement on behalf of the Merovingian: all Merovingian Redpills are to assist the forces of Zion and the Machines for a common goal- the complete destruction of the rogue exile.
- In a surprise appearance, Seraph himself approaches Redpills at Mara Central. He spreads the word that the Oracle wishes to address them all concerning the current situation. All those present follow him to the nearby "Debir Court;" ironically, this is the same place the Oracle met with Neo during the Smith incident. She speaks of how the fly swarms spread a disease into the system and unless something is done soon, the Matrix will be stressed beyond its ability to self-repair. She again speaks of unity to the Redpills, and of how all must work together, like they had done to defeat the complete Corrupted, to defeat the Assassin once and for all.
- Realizing the threat to his existence, the Assassin comes out of hiding and actually joins the front lines of battle alongside his Corrupted. He moves swiftly through the city, killing any who stand against him. Unfortunately, there is nothing the Redpills can do to defend themselves as the flit guns and insecticide have yet to be distributed.
- It seems the Assassin's direct involvement with the ongoing conflict has begun the spread of an even stronger strain of the fly virus. This new threat actually corrupts the RSIs of the Redpills themselves, turning them into a mass of flies only kept stable by a mask much like the assassin's.
- Niobe, Agent Pace, and Flood each hold meetings to their respective organization's operatives. In these meetings they encourage the Redpills to continue working towards unlocking the secrets within the Corrupted fragments, but more importantly tell of how the flit guns and insecticide codes are almost ready to be distributed. It is almost time...
- The flit guns are finally ready for mass distribution. All Redpills are urged to collect one of the weapons from any of the distribution centers throughout the city. At last, all have the power to defeat the Assassin.
- Now that they stand a chance against him, the Redpills of the city begin a widespread hunt for the Assassin. Despite his fast movements he is no match for the mass combined forces of Zion, Machines and Merovingian. He is brought to near death several times but somehow still manages to escape.
- In a last ditch attempt for survival the Assassin somehow splits himself into four separate beings. He takes refuge at the places hinted at in the Corrupted codes: Club Avalon, the Uriah wharfs, the Abandoned Subway and the Church of the Disciples.
- Redpills finally decipher the Corrupted codes and the final showdowns begin at all four locations. The Assassin is severely weakened from his previous encounters with the insecticide code and fights a losing battle. He eventually falls to the might of the united

Redpills, and he fades out of existence once and for all. Those that landed the killing blows are awarded copies of his mask from Seraph himself, a gift from the Oracle it seems.

- The Assassin was apparently killed yet the Corrupted still spawn and the skies are yet to clear; something is amiss. Niobe decides to search the Assassin's barge just in case some aspect of him managed to survive. Unfortunately, her suspicions prove correct as the final aspect of the Assassin lies in wait. Taking Niobe by surprise, he is able to bring a gun to her head but just in time a Redpill arrives and strikes the crucial finishing blow against the last Assassin. It is finally over, as the remains of the Assassin sink into the river below.
- Despite his eventual destruction, the Assassin's corruption still lingers within the Matrix's code. Some is even strong enough to take the physical form of dead flies. As a result, Redpills are sent on code clean up missions and as a reward are given a memento, a fly in amber.
- After rigorous clearing of the Corrupt code the skies are made clear again. It appears the Assassin's foul grip on the matrix has finally ended and in celebration of their victory each organization holds a party. Niobe, Agent Pace and the Merovingian personally congratulate the operatives on their hard work and tell all to enjoy this moment while it lasts.

Chapter 3.1

The Effectuator

- A large group of Lupine programs rebel against the Frenchman, as they are tired of “being treated like dogs.” The uprising is quickly crushed by Merovingian operatives. Flood believes Ookami to be the one behind the uprising but with a lack of hard evidence linking her to anything no action is taken.
- In light of the Merovingian’s involvement with the Assassin program, Commander Lock and the Zion council come to the realization that if the truce is ever to be a success and the Matrix a safe haven for all then the Merovingian must be taken out of the picture.
- Zion realizes that the Merovingian is far too powerful to approach directly so instead it is decided that he must first be weakened by finding a weak spot in his organization and exploiting it.
- The Merovingian is known to frequently use areas that exist outside of the main Matrix simulation to conduct his business away from the surveillance of the Machines. These pocket worlds are called “constructs” and are a vital part of the Merovingian’s power base.
- Zion wishes to know more about the construct network and perhaps use it to their advantage in the fall of the Frenchman. It is ultimately decided that an operative be sent to investigate one of the sites believed to be a construct entrance.
- The operative arrives and quickly takes care of the exile forces defending the portal door, but is ordered to be extremely careful when entering the construct as they can be coded completely to the authors will; anything and everything could wait beyond a construct portal. Unfortunately it’s a dud, as it seems the exile guards were somehow able to pull the plug and remotely re-route the signal to another location.
- By accessing one of the computers on-site the operative is able to learn the new location of the portal feed and proceeds immediately. Tyndall tells the operative that they shouldn’t be disheartened by the construct’s re-route; it was expected all along that the Merovingian would have active monitoring over them. She simply sees it as further proof to their importance.
- Again the portal turns dud and is re-routed but the mission isn’t a complete failure as a new breed of exile was present that the location: a “Dire Lupine.” Tyndall believes this new type of exile may be related to the constructs in some way and asks the operative to upload the data that was found on its body.
- After careful analysis of the data it is learned that the Dire Lupines are simply modified versions of normal Lupine programs with added subroutines for stealth and infiltration, making them a deadly foe. Fortunately the data allowed Zion to determine the Dire Lupine code signature and add it to their databases. Scans begin for Dire Lupine hot spots; Tyndall still believes them to be connected to the constructs.
- An operative is sent in to one of the determined hot spots to investigate Dire Lupine activity, and it turns out the data was correct and the operative proceeds to fight off against several of the upgraded exiles. In the end the operative stands victorious over the last remaining Lupine; its last words being ‘You can’t touch the Effectuator’. Tyndall

doesn't recognize the name but presumes that it must have something to do with the Lupines and the constructs.

- Zion manages to track down and secure the location of a control terminal for one of the construct portals. There should be no fear of this portal shutting down prematurely. However, after clearing the portal site of Dire Lupines the operative chosen to enter the construct comes face to face with the Effectuator himself. Appearing out of nowhere the oddly dressed and eccentric exile claims he has already shut the portal down and beckons the operative to follow him. As they enter a new room the Effectuator somehow clones himself as another copy is already waiting. He tells the operative that his programming makes him incorporeal within the Matrix, meaning he cannot be harmed and is able to flit around wherever he pleases. He also admits to indeed being the program in charge of the both the Dire Lupines and the construct pocket worlds, all under the employ of the Merovingian.
- The Effectuator suddenly disappears leaving the operative to fight more Dire Lupines, one of which drops a data disk. Unfortunately, after uploading the disk as ordered the operative hears that it was actually a virus that began deleting all the mainframe data concerning the Dire Lupines, the Effectuator and the constructs. Apparently Anome didn't remember to security check the data.
- Machine operatives are sent to question witnesses to strange events going on in the Megacity as of late. Unexplainable black boxes of about 10ft all surrounded by a thick smoke have been appearing on the streets and the Machines are determined to discover their origins. However, some of the machine questionings are actually disturbed by commando interference killing off witnesses.
- In their questionings the Machine operatives learn that men wearing bandannas around their faces have been sighted around the boxes; it appears the masked men are somehow involved.
- In retaliation to the earlier incidents the Machines lead their operatives on strikes against the commando soldiers. In one of the strikes a secret file containing information on an individual known only as "The Colonel" is found. He becomes the Machines' new primary target. In another strike the operatives find an encrypted file concerning the Colonel's exact location but apparently it is heavily coded in an almost Machine-like manner and will be a challenge to crack.
- Commander Lock is determined to stay on the Effectuator case but rather than going after the troublesome Dire Lupines he decides instead to send an operative to infiltrate a circle of the Club Hel guards; perhaps they have had dealings with the mysterious exile. This turns out to actually be true. Apparently, he has been requesting information on the shifting of the Matrix code; he appears to need more power. Tyndall presumes that the recent activities have started taking their toll. Unfortunately, just as the operative gets close to finding out the arrangements of the deal, a Dire Lupine turns up and ruins the operation. After dealing with the situation the hard way the operative uploads the details for analysis.
- The data found from the last operation allows Zion to begin tracking the Effectuator's network movements in an attempt to find his base of operations.
- The Machines successfully decode the location of the colonel and proceed to lead a strike on the base with the deletion of the Colonel in mind. However, before he is

engaged the Colonel randomly asks that the operatives to have the Machines check a certain sector of the pod fields for broadcasts signals. It turns out that there is an explosive device planted in that sector that could kill hundreds of sleeping Bluepills, and the signal is connected with the Colonels RSI, so if he dies the bomb goes off. The Machines are forced to withdraw for now...

- Zion sends an operative to collect and administer a virus disk designed to not only lead them straight back to the Effectuator's base of operations but also completely destroy his entire personal network. The virus is a success and the operative is able to find the Effectuator. However, he is heavily guarded by Dire Lupines and even after they are out of the way the he appears to the operative as several copies of himself. He tells the operative that it will take more than that to allow his programming to be harmed and that all this has been a waste of time. Just before the operative leaves he states that Zion will never get to the Merovingian through him.
- Machines operatives are able to break into a Commando base and receive the deactivation codes for the pod bomb and it is eventually disarmed despite heavy Commando resistance at the transmitting station. Without the pod bomb protecting him the Colonel is again targeted for deletion. It takes a couple of dead ends but Machines operatives finally find his hiding place and are able to take down the deadly Commando.
- As a side note the Commandos appear to be more complicated than first thought, considering these files were found during the machine raids...
 - From The General: "We need to know how much the Machines know about us. They are (obviously) the only ones who pose a true threat to us. I expect answers."
 - From The General: "This Machine interference has gone on long enough. Colonel, I expect you to put a stop to it. That shouldn't be so hard, given the amount of resources at your disposal... and your obvious passion for dealing with humans. I will not permit any failures -- our project must proceed according to plan."
- Agent Gray appears at Mara Central and declares that all Zion operatives must be purged from the Matrix; apparently they have "corrupted it with their stench." He then proceeds to attack any Zion Redpill present. Mass fighting breaks out between Zion and Machine operatives and Gray eventually hyper-jumps away. He returns shortly after ordering the fighting to stop. He demands an answer as to why the violence began but when the Redpills speak of his earlier actions he fails to recognize that any of it happened. He leaves by telling them that investigations will have to be made.

Chapter 3.2



- The Machines begin to pick up on increased communications chatter concerning the masked men. Intent on learning more, operatives are sent to plant listening devices in suspected masked bases. The data feeds collected from these devices clearly show the increased chatter to be centered around the subject of Veil; her name resurfaces numerous times and it seems something big is in the works.
- After hearing increased talk and various rumors surrounding them, The Merovingian also becomes interested in knowing exactly what the masked men are up to. Operatives are sent to infiltrate known masked bases and report their findings.
- The street magician Cryptos, mentioned in the latest edition of the newspaper *The Sentinel*, begins his performances throughout Megacity. Interestingly, Cryptos is seen wearing a blue pill encapsulated in a crystal around his neck at all times. However, even more interesting are his performances themselves. He appears as if by magic in one of the many boxes set up around the city, proceeds to preach to the crowd, then disappears and moves to another box within minutes. This may seem innocent at first but the speeches he gives certainly aren't. He talks of, amongst many other things, "not being able to dream if you are fully awake," having to "return" and "submitting to a higher authority." These speeches immediately strike Redpills as Cypherite propaganda; he even encourages watchers to "seek the Veil."
- Zion becomes very concerned about Cryptos; his preachings are far too suspicious and, in the eyes of Zion, warrant investigation. Even his pill status is unknown: his acts strongly suggest that he's awakened but there's really no way to be sure without taking further action. In an attempt to uncover more details, operatives are sent to interview Bluepills who have seen the performer in action.
- Unfortunately the interviews are unsuccessful; it appears the sleepers don't know anything either. Anome, who has been put in charge of the operation, decides to ignore increased friendly relations and spy on the Machines in case they know anything. An operative is sent on a secret mission to set up a listening device on a Machine network node. The mission is ultimately a success and the data feed begins being monitored by Anome and his associates.
- Anome contacts his operative again; apparently the listening device was successful in picking up data on Cryptos. An audio recording of the mysterious street performer has Cryptos saying "Niobe is only driven by hatred for the Merovingian; that's no way to lead people." The message clearly shows Cryptos is indeed awakened. Oddly though, the contact who handed over the recording said not to say a word to anyone for fear of any "higher ups" finding out. It seems Anome's little spy operation was not officially backed.
- During their investigations into the masked men's resurfacing, Machine operatives

uncover a plot to free Veil from Zion; in their own words their operations are “doomed to failure” without her guidance. It is however unclear whether the break out has already gone ahead or is simply still a plan.

- The Merovingian spies also learn of the plot to free Veil. This only increases the Frenchman’s interest and he becomes determined to break Veil out himself. However, by the time his plans begin to formulate rumors of Veil’s escape spread throughout the Matrix; it seems the masked got to her first.
- An emergency Zion meeting is called. The subject matter at hand is Toorima, aka Veil, being broke out of imprisonment and fleeing Zion. It appears the great masked leader truly is free once more. As a result, the masked men are made Zion’s top priority. Cypherites are to be killed on sight and Veil recaptured at all costs.
- The Machines learn of Anome’s spying and confront Zion; luckily Tyndall and Lock are able to cool things over with them. Tyndall is put in charge of any further Cryptos or Veil-related operations.
- Zion investigations reveal that Veil had somehow been in contact with her masked soldiers for at least a week before her escape, re-affirming the fact that the masked are still a very real threat even within the city itself. In a twist of fate it turns out Zion accidentally recorded the last few transmissions between Veil and her operatives. Unfortunately, they’re far too heavily encrypted to draw any conclusions.
- The Merovingian refuses to give up so easily. He sends his operatives all around the city tracking Veil, and most leads turn out to be dead ends or secret hardlines meet by static. However, one operator is able to track the static back and ends up opening a comm. link with Veil herself. Impressed, she sets the operative under the controller several tasks, killing guards, collecting items, etc. She promises further contact once the operative has proved themselves worthy.
- In an attempt to help patch relations Zion turns to the Machines for assistance with Veil's encrypted messages. The decryption is done in seconds and two possible Veil locations are relayed. The Machines send forces to one and Tyndall sends the crew of the Nescire to the other. Unfortunately, despite heavy masked activity, Veil is nowhere to be seen.
- The Merovingian operative completes all the set tasks set by Veil. She keeps her word and agrees to a meeting with the Merovingian.
- Reports indicate that Veil is set to set to meet with someone of major importance soon. Zion and the Machines plan to intercept the meeting, trace Veil’s hovercraft signal as well as find out who this other person is. Both organizations send operatives to try and uncover clues as to where the meeting is being held. These investigations turn up several possible locations and both send squads to check them out. One of the sites gives positive readings on Veil and other masked operatives but just as the area is about to be stormed the signals somehow disappear, leaving behind a strange residual reading. To add to the confusion, communications between Tyndall and Agent Gray are suddenly cut. Tracing the residual readings the Zion operatives are able to get to another location but all that awaits them is a mass of bodies, already found and searched by the Machines. Shockingly, all their cranial jacks had been externally tampered with; they’re all dead and by Cypherite hands.

- After avoiding Zion and Machine interference Veil and The Merovingian are finally able to have their meeting. After some flirtatious banter the two agree upon a partnership of knowledge. Flood assures the Merovingian operatives that this is not considered an allegiance or truce, but simply an agreement on mutual terms. Veil believes she is using the Merovingian and the Merovingian believes he is using Veil.
- Tyndall believes the recent strange occurrences can only be the work of traitors. Due to the possible security breach an operative has to be sent in person to receive and transport communications data for analysis. The risk of sending it over the network is simply too great. Tyndall hopes this data will lead back to the traitorous crew. Her hunch proves correct and the hovercraft Nescire is verified as those sabotaging the recent operations. The ship is found by Zion authorities and the crew arrested.
- During their recent operations each organization finds highly sensitive audio files. Again, Cryptos is the speaker and in each he shows negativity towards the current organizations: Zion, Machines and Merovingian. While this may point towards Cryptos' motivation being purely Cypherite, there was another audio file found by Machine operatives, a very mysterious file that raises more questions than it answers. It has Cryptos speaking with an agent...
 - **Agent:** It has been another period, please report.
Cryptos: I'm fine
Agent: There is concern you are unstable. The process could not be complete, of necessity.
Cryptos: I am in full control. But the memories are still there, along with speech patterns, and habits of language construction.
Agent: They can be accessed freely?
Cryptos: Screw you, you damn robot! Nobody's gonna fall for this load of blue-pill crap. You don't know humans. You don't know jack!
Agent: This is control?
Cryptos: There are degrees. No concern is warranted.
Agent: I will report.
- The Machines suddenly end their involvement with Veil, the masked men and Cryptos; both Zion and Machine Redpills are left uninformed and confused.
- The masked men begin storming Megacity's most popular hardlines. Anyone present, regardless of organization, is attacked on sight. War breaks out on the streets as Niobe, Seraph and others join the battle against the masked foes. The attackers do eventually pull back but recent activities are proof enough of their determination: the Cypherites are far from gone.
- The Merovingian throws a huge party at club Parallaxis in Uriah. Everyone is invited regardless of organization and there's even a slice of Merv cake for all attendees. Also, Persephone attends a local Redpill wedding and wishes the couple the best of luck in their new found love. The awakened of the city can't help but wonder, why these recent activities? Why appear so casually at a time of such high tensions? The most common belief is that they were used either as a distraction to move attention away from Veil or the Frenchman is simply trying to boost his public relations.

Chapter 3.3



- Niobe holds a private meeting on a Richland rooftop. There she tells her followers that things are going to get tough from here on out and that they'll need more firepower if they hope to achieve their goal of defeating the Frenchman. Just as the Zion captain is wrapping up her speech, one of the General's helicopters flies overhead. Commandos drop down on the meeting and Niobe believes them to be attacking. Fighting soon breaks out. The General himself stops the madness and proposes a deal in "common interest." After close negotiations the two groups ultimately decide to join forces in their battle against the Merovingian.
- The Merovingian learns of the meeting between Niobe and the General but is as yet unaware of what transpired, something he wishes to change. Flood puts a team of Redpill operatives in charge of the investigations. Having been supplied with a stolen Zion access card the team make their way to the nearest Zionite base. The plan is to hack their computer systems and track data back to the local Zion database. Flood wants everything on Niobe's meeting: what was said, by who, when and how. The strike on the base is successful, as not even a single guard seemed to be on duty at the time. The hack is done cleanly and without interruption. The team continues on to the database site.
- The Zion database site is heavily guarded and a long fight ensues, eventually won by the Merovingian attackers. However, when searching the databases files for information of Niobe's meeting the team are greeted with a deleted files message. It seems their battle gave the Zionists time to wipe the system. For once the Merovingian is the one left one step behind.
- It appears none of Flood's attempts to uncover information on the details of Niobe's meeting are successful. The exile instead decides to change his priority to retaliation against Zion directly. As always with Flood this involves manipulation of others, in this case the Cypherites. As to not break their agreement Merovingian operatives are sent undercover as Zion soldiers to attack a Cypherite base, the hope being that the attack will have the two organizations at each others throats in no time. The attack goes ahead flawlessly and the Cypherites are none the wiser.
- It seems not all went to Flood's plan; it seems the Cypherites are regularly under attack from Zion, and the false attack made little difference. However, Flood is not one to be outdone so easily. A new plan is quickly thought up and put into practice, a heavier blow to the Cypherites. Using the extent of their deal Flood is able to get his operatives into one of the masked database sites. Once inside the team begins searching for something that would really make the Cypherites attack in numbers. Unfortunately every computer they search is filled with nothing but seemingly random number and letter combinations, none of which are any interest to Flood. However, the team's quick-minded operator picks up on something: a set of numbers at the end of

the records correspond to the location of the Union Hill Cryptos box, yet another connection between Cryptos and the masked.

- Flood comes to the realization that if Cryptos and the Cypherites really are connected then they'll take notice if one of the boxes, namely the one in Union Hill, is sabotaged. To do so Flood requires operatives to raid a Zion base for some "equipment," virus codes with Zion data paths; the perfect set up tool. The raid is successful and the virus acquired. Just in case, Flood also assigns some more fake Zionists to accompany the sabotage. A return to the Cypherite database is in order. After dealing with all the on site guards and planting the viruses Flood takes a heartless turn: to make the scene more convincing he orders the elimination of the false Zionists. The order is carried out without much question and Flood's deception mission is branded a success.
- Cypherites begin increasingly attacking Zion recruitment teams; they plan to stop any more Bluepills from being awakened "against their will." Operatives are sent out to deal with the revived masked threat.
- During their anti-Cypherite operations Zion manages to trace on-site data streams back to a possible masked network station. Raid teams are dispatched immediately. After clearing the site the operatives check the computer systems present. One file in particular catches their eye: a report that the Union Hill Cryptos box has encountered an error and that there will have to be increased security. This only strengthens the link people have been making between the Cryptos and the Cypherites.
- Masked men begin to spawn around the Union Hill area; it appears their orders for increased security weren't just a report stored on a computer.
- Seeing his sabotage a success Flood returns to his original goal of discovering info on Niobe's meeting with the General. During their time manipulating the Cypherites a special virus designed to re-route Zion communiqués was being developed, now fully tested and ready to go. Flood entrusts the task of planting it to a single Redpill operative. Sneaking past the on site guards, the Merovingian follower is able to stealthily plant the re-router on one of the Zion mainframe computers, and the data begins to come into Flood's inbox immediately. Included is a message ordering all operatives to cease hostilities towards the Commandos, which is just what they were looking for.
- The Machines lose contact with one of their couriers inside the Matrix; a case containing certain items of value is known to have been in his possession. The importance of the cases contents it seems is paramount and Agent Gray sends Redpill operatives to investigate immediately. The last known location of the courier was in the Kedemoth district. Entering the building, the team are confronted by numerous Furies gang members. As the prominent gang of the area, Gray suspects the Furies to be the most likely party behind the theft. After clearing and site and searching bodies the operatives are led in the direction of one of the Furies local bases.
- The Machine operatives investigating the missing case make their way to the Furies base with the intention of questioning the gang leader there. Agent Gray says their records show her as a weak fighter and to expect a non-violent interview but if not, any and all measures are permitted in the retrieval of the case. After easily dealing with her bodyguards the Machine Redpills are able to question the exile. She claims the furies had nothing to do with the cases disappearance and that she only sent troops out to

the building to investigate a rumor. She points the team in the direction of Argon, the local exile mob boss. Apparently if anyone will know what happened it'll be him.

- The team make their way to Argon's club, Club Duality, for some questioning. Gray shows concern over wasted time dealing with street gangs but accepts the operatives judgment and allows the operation to continue. Argon tells them that of course he knows of the case's disappearance but also that he was in no way involved with it. He is however also surprised they have not yet talked to Kalt, owner of Kalt Chemicals, as she is the one responsible for the contents' creation. Gray informs the operatives that what Argon says is true but that he did not wish to involve Kalt with the investigations if possible. It appears, however, that it is indeed needed. Gray promises to make the necessary arrangements and ends the mission.
- Zion decides to take the Cryptos lead further; as revealed in the latest hidden *Sentinel* relays, Cryptos used to be a captain of Zion back before Neo brought the truce. What wasn't said was that since then his crew have "retired" and sought lives in the Matrix. Zion believes it would be useful to question his old comrades in an attempt to find out if Cryptos may have had any earlier ties with the masked. Operatives are sent to hack a Bluepill citizen database and find where the old crew members have taken residence.
- After fighting through numerous Machine security forces and cracking a complex firewall system, the Zion operatives are able to track the locations of Cryptos' old crew- the two of them who are still alive anyway.
- The first interview proves fruitless; the crew member had since married a Bluepill and left the real world behind her. She was understandably less than happy to have Zion knocking at her door. However, before the operatives leave she does tell them she stayed away from Cryptos, Morpheus and other "saviors." Apparently she wasn't a believer. This does raise the question: "Savior? Was Cryptos once like Morpheus?"
- Luckily the second interview proves more useful. This crew member tells the team that back in Zion Cryptos was a very strong protester against the Machine civilization, but more interestingly, was good friends with Cypher of the *Nebuchadnezzar*.
- Agent Gray contacts his investigation team again; the arrangements for their meeting with Kalt have been made. They follow the directions given to a large office building owned by none other than Kalt Chemicals. Inside they find themselves confronted by armed security but after some quick ID checks allowed to make their way to the meeting room. Kalt reminds the operatives that she prefers to be left alone but also informs them that she does indeed have some valuable information. While she doesn't know the identity of the thieves, she has learned that a device was found at the scene, some sort of advanced signal jammer. According to her the only person capable of making such a program is the exile researcher, Silver.
- The Machine investigation team continue on to the address given to them by Kalt: a shabby apartment in Camon Heights, which is apparently Silver's newest Richland hideout. Inside, the exile doesn't seem too surprised to see them; in fact it's almost as if he was expecting it. Slasher gang members storm the room but the operatives dispatch them with relative ease. Silver seems disappointed in his programs' lack of effectiveness. Thanking the operatives for helping him with his research the exile agrees to answer their questions. He tells them that he was approached by the Demons Army gang of Tabor Park to make a jamming device capable of blocking

Machine scans. According to him they even supplied one of the main components themselves. How they got it is beyond him.

- Following up on their newest lead the Machine operatives make their way to Tabor Park. Agent Gray gives the explicit order to destroy any Demon Army exiles on sight until something is found, a very striking direction for a Machine program. Nevertheless, the order is carried out and a base of Demon Armies is cleared and looted with no survivors. A data disk is found on one of the bodies and immediately uploaded to Gray for analysis, with results apparently to be forthcoming.
- Zion tries to further investigate Cryptos' past but unfortunately almost all the archive files on his activity back in Zion show signs of tampering. Lock suspects sabotage. Instead, Zion is able to link Cryptos with two of their current field operatives who recently went missing while investigating Cypherite activity. The task of tracking down and recovering the lost soldiers begins.
- After much investigation the Zion recovery team finds themselves at a possible lead. They believe a friend of the operatives, a wild card who is known to indulge in the Matrix's simulations and lies, may be behind their disappearance. When they arrive at the suspect's address the team are met by heavy Cypherite activity. After dealing with the armed resistance they find one of the missing soldiers locked up in the basement. Upon freedom he tells the team that him and his comrade were kidnapped for "knowing too much" and were being held at separate locations. Luckily he overheard the guards talking about the other lock up and is able to lead the team in a rescue attempt. Catching the Cypherites off guard they are able storm the lock up and save the other soldier just in time.
- After being briefed on the suspicions surrounding Cryptos, the rescued soldiers are able to recall a time, a few weeks after the Truce, where Cryptos suddenly changed. According to them he became even more fanatically anti-Machine, stopped talking to people, would only ramble on about the Matrix being evil and wanting to end the entire simulation. Apparently he even went to the extreme of urging people to wake the sleepers even if they weren't ready. This is highly interesting information as it directly conflicts with any recent information on Cryptos, his speeches, the audio files, etc. If the soldiers are right then he went from a fanatic Redpill to an apparent equally fanatic Cypherite.
- The analysis of the Demon Army data disk is complete but even after decryption it makes no sense, gibberish of meaningless words and phrasing. However, Gray believes it to be of some sort of value to the local street gangs and directs the investigation team in the direction of the Demons Army's rival gang, the Crossbones. The plan is to make a trade with the leader of the Crossbones: the decrypted data for the location of the Demon Army ring leader. Arriving at the base of Hatchet, the Crossbones leader, the operatives are immediately set upon, believed to be Demon Army spies. After dealing with their attackers the team confront Hatchet with their intentions, and the exile soon agrees to the deal as long as it could cause harm to the Demons Army. He orders two of his henchmen to lead and assist the team in "roughing up" the leader, Mammon.
- Agent Gray reminds his operatives that the retrieval of the lost case is absolutely imperative and that they must not waste time. The investigation team, along with their exile assistants, rush to storm the base of the Demon Army leader. Strangely, there

are no guards present and the team are able to directly confront Mammon. He apparently knew of their arrival all along, his spies having told him prior to their departure. He does however tell them what they want to know. The name of the contact that supplied him with the jammer component and was to retrieve the case was named "Cacophony," though they never met in person. The arrogant exile then summons a hoard of guards into the room, the Machinists are able to fight their way through and escape to safety, but their assistants are not so lucky. Gray doesn't trust Mammon but the name given is the only lead they have left, so the scan through the Machine database begin.

- After checking through the records with a fine toothed comb and running literally hundreds of scans through the Zion database, admins are able to trace the tampered Cryptos files back to an address within the Matrix. Operatives are sent in to investigate the scene, apprehend any masked present and, if possible, recover the original files. It turns out the site is a popular Redpill party spot, an ideal cover for a Cypherite base. Access to the site's computer systems, despite obvious clearance, is denied by the stationed Zion guards. Tyndall isn't surprised as she apparently always suspected an inside job. She gives the team clearance to force their way in if necessary. After detaining the rebellious guards the operatives are able to coax one of the partiers into accessing the system for them. Unfortunately, it's clean of any Zion archive files but the data is uploaded for further analysis all the same.
- After careful study of the data found at the party site, Zion learns that the computer system there was simply a router for the actual archive hack. Teams are sent to several other locations but all prove equally void of any archive files. Tyndall suspects their activities are being tracked and countered.
- The Machine's search for Cacophony draws no conclusions; Gray can only surmise it is a code of sorts to keep its owner real intently hidden. Left at a dead end the Machines decide to take final and desperate measures in the recovery of their case. The investigation team are given a data disk to take to their new contact's bodyguard as a gift of good will and proceed to the pre-decided meeting location. The Machine operatives are met by the one and only Seraph, guardian of the Oracle. After handing over the data disk, a list of program names and locations, Seraph allows them through to the next room. Sure enough there stands the Oracle. She begins by telling the operatives the meaning of the word cacophony, someone who doesn't like peace and quiet; someone who thinks that if they make enough noise, they can control things; make things turn out the way they want them to. In her own words, The General. The meeting is over and despite Gray's dislike of the Oracle's involvement the investigation can continue.
- At a loss Zion sends an undercover operative to a suspected gathering of illegal traders. All sorts of hacked information, access codes and even blue pills are up for sale. After striking a deal with one of the traders the operative is sent to a contact who apparently deals in "this sort of thing." Tyndall reminds them that the file directly relates to the time Cryptos suddenly changed, it is vital that it is recovered.
- At the location given by the black-market traders Zion operatives are faced with heavy rogue resistance, including the contact they were sent to find. After dealing with the rebels they finally find the missing archive files stored on an active computer. According to the records Cryptos jacked into the Matrix without permission a couple

weeks into the Truce, encountered some agent activity then completely disappeared off his operator's screen. He returned about an hour later and after being jacked out refused to talk about where he'd been. It wasn't soon after this that Cryptos went missing from both the Matrix and the real; only to return recently as a completely changed man. It seems after all their searching Zion is only left with more questions and suspicions surrounding Cryptos than ever before...

- Zion learns about the meeting between Veil and the Merovingian. Using their new found allegiance, they have The General dispatch elite Commandos to assist in further operations.
- The Machines are willing to get their case back at all costs, even within the prospect of negotiations with the General. Operatives are sent to contact the Commandos and propose a meeting. A scan of the nearby area shows a squad to be operating nearby, and after tracking them down the operatives have a brief conversation with their leader, leading to their request being "passed up the chain."
- It isn't long before Agent Gray has contact from the General's forces. The meeting is arranged and the investigation team forwarded to the location. The single objective is negotiations over the return of the missing case. The team arrive to find the meeting already underway with a pair of agents and a number of Commando squads. The agents tell the operatives of the Commando's... stubbornness. They demand sanctioned control over certain areas of the city, which is obviously unacceptable. The agents feel the Redpills may stand a better chance at negotiations and allow them to address the meeting. However the Commando representative, Waite, feels insulted to be talking to a 'lackey'; he sees this as the final straw and surmises the Machines must be plotting something, and the Commandos open fire. With the help of the agents present the attackers are easily dealt with. It is obvious peaceful negotiations are out of the question.
- After interviewing some of Cryptos' old Bluepill associates Zion learns that the mysterious magician used to perform at one of the city's many warehouse clubs. Anome instantly assumes this warehouse is Cryptos' secret base and not only sends a squad of Zion operatives to storm the place but also calls in Commando support.
- Much to the arrogant Zion controller's surprise, Cryptos is nowhere to be found, however, the warehouse is crawling with exiles. After fighting their way in the squad question the exiles as to what they are doing there. The leader of the gang tells the team she brought the warehouse from its former Redpill owner, Acuben, fair and square and that they have no right to attack them like this. After obtaining Acuben's contact card the team leave the exiles to deal with the mess. Anome seems a little confused; he's convinced the exiles must've been working for the Merovingian who in turn must be working for Cryptos. He's even set on the belief that Acuben will turn out to be Cryptos in disguise.
- When the squad arrive at Acuben's address they are met with strong masked resistance. They fight their way through to the Cypherite Redpill and proceed to question her. She protests that Cryptos has preached nothing but for peace and harmony between Machine and human since his re-arrival in the Matrix. Suddenly, mid-sentence, she falls the ground... dead. It appears her cranial jack was tampered with by an external force, likely Cypherite. The team search the body and find an audio file, a conversation between the Zionite Cryptos and one of the soldiers who were

kidnapped. In it Cryptos is suggesting the only way to defeat the Machines is to destroy the entire Matrix simulation, to deprive them of their power source. His justification for such mass genocide is that the sleepers are hardly alive as it's just a "TV show beamed to their heads." The audio file is hard proof of Cryptos' miraculous change of belief.

- Just as the Zion operatives are about to leave, their operator picks up on a heavily encrypted signal being transmitted into the building. At that exact moment one of the phones on site begins to ring. One of the team proceeds to pick it up and is greeted by the calm calculated voice of Veil. Apparently she had to cut the conversation with Acuben short because "loose lips sink hovercrafts." She also hopes they can talk again more... personally sometime soon. Of course Anome doesn't believe a word of it, and he thinks the operatives are making it up to hide their "failure."
- The Machines intercept Commando transmissions and are able to trace them back to a local command post. A strike force of Machine operatives are sent in to clean sweep the base and look for any info concerning the missing case. Three computers and two squads of Commandos later and no information is found. Gray becomes... frustrated. It is then that the agent is contacted in an encrypted Commando message: the General wishes to speak to the Machines operatives via simulacrum recording. With no other options Gray sends the investigation team to the location given.
- In his recorded message the General explicitly states the Commandos are not in possession of the case the Machines accuse them of stealing, nor do they have any information regarding it, thus any attacks of them regarding its whereabouts are futile. The message is short and to the point, almost suspiciously so. Gray points out that the General's statement directly conflicts with their information. The agent believes there must be some misinformation. The investigation has hit a dead end and Agent Gray admits they can no longer count on retrieving the case. Damage control and contingency plans must be brought into action and a certain level of... instability is probable.
- Zion becomes highly concerned about the increased numbers, efficiency and discipline of the Cypherites; it's obvious that since Veil's release they have become an even deadlier threat. To investigate further an operative is sent to interview an ex-Cypherite who recently returned to the cause of Zion.
- According to the ex-masked, before Veil it used to be very basic: a bandanna and a gun, that was it. However, since her return Cypherite training increased in leaps and bounds with strict procedures and secret facilities. He gives the operative the address of one of these training centers but warns it's probably long gone since they moved around a lot.
- As expected, no Cypherites are present at the old training site but it does turn out they left behind an old simulacrum program of the one and only, Veil. She introduces herself as the Cypherite mission controller and begins the masked training program. Unfortunately, before any valuable information can be obtained, the simulacrum is remotely shut down by an external signal. The operative's operator is however able to dump the little data they did gain onto hard disk.
- Thanks to their earlier experiences with Cypherite data structure, Zion is able to trace the external signal that shut the Veil program down back to its source. This intelligence

proves correct as a masked base of operations is found and cleared. Another training program is uncovered, but this is time spawning a simulacrum of the mysterious Cryptos. He is introduced as the leader of the Cypherites, who, in his own words, are dedicated to letting people live the best possible lives. The recruitment process continues in subsequent rooms as a total of three Cryptos simulacrums glorify and give praise to the masked cause. Tyndall sees it all as propaganda, pure and simple. She ends the mission promising the operative that the information uncovered will be relayed to Commander Lock and the Zion council ASAP. Finally some of the questions surrounding Cryptos, Veil and the Cypherites have been answered.

- The Merovingian, accompanied by a group of elite Redpill guards as well as the feisty Ookami, throws a party at Club Sphinx for all his loyal followers. The Zion operatives present are less than happy about the Merovingian's unannounced take over of the club and threaten to call in Commando support. The Merovingian simply dismisses them as cave dwelling pawns. Commando soldiers do indeed arrive and warn the Merovingian that he should be fearful of the General's power. The Merovingian decides he can not be dealing with such interruptions and orders his troops clear the club of all protesters. Due to the sheer number of Merovingian forces the Zionists and Commandos are forced outside and kept out by the elite bodyguards. However, when Ookami decides to take a stroll away from the club she is quickly set upon by a large group of aggressive Zionists. The Merovingian and his followers soon come to her aid and it isn't long before mass organizational fighting breaks out across the entire Dannah Heights neighborhood. After calling in heavy assistance from her Lupines, Ookami is finally able to disperse her attackers and make it to safety. Tensions between Zion the Merovingian reaches an all-time high.

Chapter 4.1

Retribution

- Niobe sends out a Zion wide broadcast, she reminds all operatives of their partnership with the General and his commandos. She also reveals that the commando soldiers are inexperienced with fighting other exile programs and that she has agreed with the General to have operatives participate in combat training. Her request is simple, a number of commando soldiers have been assigned to training duty around the city and she wishes any and all operatives willing to assist to do so. Running missions, gearing them up, teaching them new techniques, that sort of thing. Many are troubled by this revelation, trust and respect for the General is low, rumours spread and discussions are many. It is a time of definite unrest within the ranks of Zion.
- Zion operatives meet with the General himself to co-ordinate offensive operations against the Merovingian and his forces. After a short briefing he assigns a team of commandos to join the Zionists in an upcoming mission. Anome, the controller for the operation, warns the operatives not to look bad in front of their allies. The group proceed to successfully clear out one of the local exile hideouts and, pleased with their progress, the General sends out one of his elite commandos to assist and study the operatives on further assignments.
- The Zion operatives and the General's elite commando proceed to clear out another, tougher, exile hideout; Anome seems almost desperate to show the commandos what Zion is capable of. After using his enhanced sensors to analyse and upload the battle data the commando tells the operatives that the General wishes to speak with them in person for debriefing. The General congratulates the operatives on their success and assures them the extensive data gathered is being converted into superior anti exile sub routines as they speak.
- The Machines, more specifically Agent Gray, decide to apply pressure to the Merovingian's assets, they plan on making the Frenchman lose focus and in turn to weaken his 'pathetic' empire. Machine strike forces are sent to numerous Merovingian bases.
- Flood finds himself confronted with attack reports from all across the city; he sends Merovingian operatives to 'resolve the situations'. It appears Zionists are behind the attacks, targeting specific exiles. The operatives are able to defend several of the sites and disperse the Zion attackers, but not without heavy losses, many programs lie dead before they even arrive. One of the wounded is able to give the operatives a data disk which he demands must reach the Merovingian; It leads them to yet another attack site, this time at the hands of machine programs. After a tough battle the operatives are able to clear the site and search bodies, unfortunately nothing of interest is found.
- Agent gray selects a crew of machine operatives to lead an attack on one of the Merovingian's key exile lieutenants, termination is the objective. After fighting through the lieutenant's personal guard the crews operator picks up on a strange code fluctuation in the next room, they rush to investigate but find nothing, it seems the exile was able to escape out of thin air. Further analysis of the fluctuation confirms it to be the work of the mysterious Effectuator.
- Determined not to be out done by exiles Agent Gray orders the machine crew to proceed and attack the base of one of the Mervs known security captains. Preliminary

scans show the exiles signal clearly but as soon as the operatives enter the building the readings disappear, the place completely empty. Agent gray comments on the Effectuator's talents becoming an... inconvenience.

- Tyndall sends a crew of Zionites to accompany a squad of the General's commandos on a special combat run. The purpose of the exercise is to evaluate the new anti exile combat upgrades developed using the data from the recent training sessions with Zion. The chosen targets are a group of the Effectuator's dire Lupines; they have apparently been unusually active as of late and Tyndall sees it as the perfect opportunity. The mission is a success and the upgrades seem to be effective. As the crew leave the mission area they receive a request to meet with the General in person, he has another vital mission for them.
- The General explains to the Zion operatives that the data collected from the previous tests suggests a possibility of creating special weapons for use against specific exile's defences. He needs the operatives to lead a group of specially programmed commandos to further test the theory and collect the data they need. Tyndall is hopeful that the weapons the General spoke of could be the turning point in their battle against the Merovingian and encourages the operatives to help the commandos gather as much data as possible. The team are lead to the location of another group of dire Lupines, unfortunately there are many more than expected and a tough battle ensues. However, thanks to the help of the upgraded commandos the Zionists are eventually able to defeat them all, gathering a lot of data as a result.
- Flood decides to retaliate against the recent attacks but as Merovingian forces are laid out thin enough as it is he plans to 'persuade' the Cypherites to assist. Disguising themselves as Zionists a squad of Merv operatives attack one of the masked bases. Believing Zion to have attacked them the Cypherites lead a counter strike on a known Zionist base of operations; Flood sends troops to assist but when they arrive they find nothing but dead Cypherite bodies and a single data disk. Flood demands it uploaded for analysis.
- Agent Gray assigns a team of machine operatives to track the Effectuator's movements. Armed with a powerful data recording device the team proceed to follow the sporadic code trail across the city. They hit many dead ends, empty rooms and battles with dire Lupines but gray assures them they are in fact getting close enough for valuable data to be collected. He believes it to be only a matter of time before the Effectuator is in their custody.
- The General's liaison informs Tyndall that the data collected so far is helping greatly in their development of the anti-exile weaponry, however, their database is still incomplete and they require operatives to assist in data collection on one more exile type. A crew of Zionists are sent to meet with the assigned commando team and head out immediately. After successfully clearing yet another exile base and uploading the battle data Tyndall reports that the General has found his missing link in the chain and has ordered his coders to begin work on the new weaponry ASAP.
- Given the vital importance of the anti exile weaponry development the Zion council orders that operatives be sent to help guard the General's coder labs in case of attack. They can not afford to lose such a powerful tool in their battle against the Frenchman. Several of the labs are indeed held under siege by exile forces but the united Zion and commando guard teams are able to eventually fight them off.

- Flood is able to finish his analysis of the data disk found on the dead Cypherites, it seems they have begun running extra scans on the union hill Cryptos box. fearing the masked may be on their trail Flood quickly sends an operative to meet with the Cypherites to try and cool things over, the truce between the two organizations is too valuable to lose. Unfortunately the operative is met with nothing but relocated bases and eventually, gunfire. Veil contacts Flood accusing him of the betrayal, the deal between them is over and Merovingian certainly won't be pleased.
- Thanks to the assistance of Zion the General's coders are able to finish their work on the enhanced anti exile weaponry. Mass distribution to all Zion operatives begins. These enhanced versions of wooden stakes, silver bullets and holy water are able to deal significantly more damage to exiles than their regular versions, a valuable weapon against the trafficker of information indeed.
- The Machines finish work on a device designed to lock down the Effectuator's RSI, he is finally within their grasp. The device needs to be placed on the exile's body by hand and the task is entrusted to a loyal crew of machine operatives. They do their best to track the Effectuator, becoming ever closer with each new location but like always he seems to slip right through their fingers at the last step. Agent Gray aborts the mission stating another strategy must be formulated.
- The Zion council decide that to better combat the Merovingian they will again temporarily join forces with the Machines and give them some of the newly developed anti-exile weapons. The General shows definite distrust for the machine civilisation but respects the council's wishes and allows the deal to go ahead. Anome will be put in charge of the trade off.
- The assigned Zion operative retrieves the weapon codes from a group of commandos and begins to make his way to the trade location. However, Anome's sensors pick up on alarming numbers of exiles in the area; it seems the Merovingian was somehow tipped off to the location. After sending sweep up squads to deal with the exiles Anome instructs the operative to carry on and do the deal as quickly as possible. The operative meets with a machine redpill and his agent guard, the trade goes ahead successfully. However, before either party is able to leave, the area becomes under siege from exile forces. Fighting side by side the 2 operatives and agent are able to hold off the waves upon waves of attackers and finally make it to safety; the mission is a success.
- It is now required that after any meeting with the enemy Zion operatives must be debriefed by a senior member in case of 'contamination'; the operative who made the anti exile trade off makes his way to the debriefing point. Here he meets with the man himself, Ghost. The veteran Zionist assures that neither he nor the Zion council particularly trust the Machines but they all understand the necessity of working with them under the truce. Ghost finishes up by congratulating the operative on a job well done and takes his leave.
- Agent Gray instructs the machine operative to take the anti exile codes to one of their top scientists within the Matrix for decompiling; they will certainly come in useful against the Effectuator. During the long analysis and decomposition process the scientist rambles on about his work with the human body, how he once worked on a 'damaged' human found on the edge of the... he never finishes his sentence. The slightly modified codes and Effectuator locking device are handed back to the

operative, it is time.

- The machine operative makes his way to a tracked Effectuator location, inside he is met with near hordes of dire Lupines. However, all of them take a massive hit of damage due to the area effect machine anti exile kill code; finishing them off from proves an easy task. The operative is then able to take the Effectuator by surprise, the eccentric exile wasn't expecting his Lupines to fall so quickly and let his guard down. Just as he is about to phase out the operative is able to plant the device, locking his RSI in place. 2 agents then enter the room and take the Effectuator into their custody; the mission is a clear success.
- Tyndall announces that now Zion have the anti exile weaponry in their arsenal it is finally time to up the offensive on the Merovingian. Operatives are to sent on combat runs all across the city but first they must learn the locations of appropriate testing bases. A recon squad are sent to attack and clear a Merovingian redpill base, to gather intelligence in any way possible. The Merv forces are taken by surprise and are soon waiting to reconstruct, that is apart from one. The redpill claims to have only joined the Frenchman the day before and is regretting his decision already. He promises to give the team the information they're after if they take him back into the ranks of Zion. They accept but promise that if the information proves false they will hunt him down.
- The Zion/Commando alliance forces plan a strike on the location given to them by the Merv traitor, preliminary scans of the area prove his information correct and the forces move in. The exiles within are easily dealt with due to the enhanced weapon codes, they fall like flies as the operatives and commandos clean out the building. Having just jacked in and hearing of their success caption Niobe requests a meeting with the leader of the strike force, the others stay behind to secure the area. Niobe congratulates the operative on a mission well done, she also reminds them not to worry about the Cypherites or be fooled by those mistrusting of the General; according to her they have the people, skills and firepower to win the battle and that's all that matters.
- Flood is again bombarded by attack reports from Zionists, commandos and the Machines, he sends what little squads of operatives he can spare to their defence but all arrive too late, the exiles lie dead, killed by enhanced codes. The attackers are dealt with but the damage is already done. After cleaning up the attack sites Flood receives another urgent report, the Effectuator is under attack by machine forces. All available operatives are sent to his defence ASAP, they can't afford to lose the Effectuator. But it is too late; they arrive to find the building empty, no traces of phasing, no exile left alive.
- The Machines are unsuccessful in interrogating the Effectuator; they believe it to be inherent in his coding and are left at a dead end. Agent Gray decides to see how a redpill operative fares in interrogation. The exile does speak to the operative, but only of the Machines foolishness. He does however tell the operative he can show him something, something on his computer. The operative proceeds to the address given and accesses the terminal there, a data disk is ejected and the unloaded to Agent Gray. The virus within is easily recognised and destroyed, the Effectuator's games didn't work this time.
- The Merovingian grants Flood a single chance to redeem himself; the defence of one of the Frenchman's major research centres, under attack by commando forces, in put

in his hands. Operatives rush to its location and arrive to find the scientists have barricaded themselves in one of the rooms, having locked down all the on site computer systems. The attackers are dealt with swiftly and the scientists freed but there is no time for congratulations, another centre is under attack. Here a similar scene is found but this time before the operatives could defeat all the commandos the entire attacking squad fall dead. The scientists explain that it must have been the EMCP (electro magnetic code pulse) they just let off to disable their computers. This information comes as a great pleasure to Flood, a device capable of instantly killing all commandos within a set radius, just the thing to get him off the hook. Not only that but perhaps the Merovingian is not beaten yet.

- Agent Gray sends out a forum broadcast requesting that his listed machine factions provide one representative each to attend an operation of urgent importance. The names are to be sent to the machine liaison officer, DifferenceEngine, ASAP and the meeting take place later that week. All details on the upcoming mission are kept secret.
- The day arrives and Agent Gray contacts the selected operatives to attend a meeting on the Kalt chemical building's rooftop. Keeping the group in order Agent Gray and DifferenceEngine find themselves confronted with unwanted guests, namely Zion and Merovingian spies. The decision is made to take the machinists somewhere a little more... private. After arriving at the white room the operatives meet with Agent Pace for their briefing. A machine program, bugsweep, recently went missing while investigating a report about the machines stolen case. The operative's mission is simple; track bugsweep, rescue him if possible and at all costs find the kidnapper for interrogation concerning the case. Having little to go by apart from the programs last known location the operatives are teleported back to Megacity, the operation begins. Within minutes the machine operatives are able to find the wounded bugsweep in an alleyway but there is no time for celebration. The weakened program barely manages to warn his saviours that the man who attacked him was fleeing the city, they had to hurry. While some stay behind and tend to bugsweep the others make their way to the only route out of the city the machines couldn't track, the downtown helipads. Their intuition pays off and they find the man, Darago, attempting to escape. He proves impressively combat able and fights off the operatives with relative ease but is forced to flee once agent backup arrives. A chase through the city ensues; Darago is blocked off at several subway stations and is forced to run, eventually leading the group to Camon Park. Here he calls on the assistance of the demons army gang and it doesn't take long for a mass brawl to break out. However, under the collective might of the machine forces, Darago falls and the exile gang disperses. Agent Pace arrives at the scene, accompanied by Agent Gray and DifferenceEngine; she examines the runaway's body to find some kind of communication device. After running its code through Gray's advanced analysis subroutines it is determined to be tuned into the same signal used by the General's commandos. The agents conclude that the General is indeed responsible for the theft of their case and that it is in his possession at this time. After congratulating their operatives on a mission well done the machines officially close the operation and return to their duties.
- While attending to public relations duties DifferenceEngine begins to show... odd behaviour. After short while the machine liaison suddenly snaps and apparently loses himself. Almost as if possessed he demands the access codes to the Zion mainframe and complains of the stench humanity gives. The Redpills realise this to be another

case of the remnant Smith virus, much like Agent Gray occasionally encounters. The crowd try and calm the unstable program down but he continues to speak on about how the Oracle and 'Mr. Anderson' must be killed to pay for his freedom. When questioned as to The One's livelihood the possessed program tells them that after the final battle Neo was provided with a hovercraft and left the machine city alive. A shocked crowd are soon met by Agent Pace who proceeds to detain and send DE offline for debugging; she informs the gathered Redpills his statements were the ramblings of a malfunctioning program and should be treated as completely false. The liaison soon returns to duty back to normal and with no recollection of the event.

Chapter 4.2

E Pluribus Neo

- The Kid, the youth awakened by Neo, the one who opened gate 3 in time for the hammer's EMP to save the city, holds a small meeting at Mara church. Here he discusses with other likeminded Redpills the importance of Neo's 'legacy' and how Cryptos and the Cypherites are dishonouring it. In the end it is suggested that they form their own splinter group to uphold these ideals and take the fight to the masked. 'From many, one' E Pluribus Neo.
- The Zion council becomes increasingly concerned over their hazy knowledge of cryptos' Cypherite movement. For the time being his moves are predictable, disrupting awakenings and spreading propaganda, but Zion find themselves completely unable to predict what the masked are going to do next. As such operatives are sent on missions to track and observe Cypherite groups in the hopes of learning more.
- Agent Gray has a machinist redpill investigate an 'unfortunate incident' that has occurred in the slums, apparently the nature of this crime is yet to be determined but the operative figures it must be important if it warrants Agent attention. Arriving at the forwarded location the machinist redpill finds several dead bodies scattered around the room, oddly without any sign of struggle, and begins to question the on site witnesses as to what happened. According the incredibly distressed Bluepills there was a loud bang, like an explosion, and then loads of 'green stuff' appeared. It also looked as if the others had died from convulsive choking and one witness even swears they saw someone dressed like some sort of priest run out of the building in the chaos. The operative's operator confirms their suspicions, it sounds as if the 'dead' Bluepills have been forcefully awakened from their pods, and going by the descriptions given, it was a code bomb that did it.
- Agent Gray informs the Machine investigator that the Machines had thought code bombings to be long over, apparently they were in error. He also runs a scan of the local area to search for the priest like figure described by one of the witnesses. Turning up a positive match and following local reports the agent is able to lead the investigator to a nearby building. However, the area turns out completely clear of activity, except a single computer terminal that when hacked logged in as 'N30_LIVES'. Agent Gray proceeds to designate the 'priest' as prime subject for the forced awakening.
- A Zion spy team are able to trace the Cypherites back to a 'Somnus Consulting Services' The company name is surprisingly empty in the city archives and Tyndall, feeling its all too suspicious, sends operatives to investigate. On site the office seems normal enough, no masked, only Bluepills. However, one of said Bluepills gives the operatives a key to the company safe, apparently he was already expecting someone to arrive. Inside the safe the Zionists find a small data disk, which they upload to Tyndall ASAP.
- The data found by the Zion investigation team suggest the Cypherites are working on some sort of forced reinsertion program, very worrisome to both Tyndall and the Zion council. The disk also contained co ordinates for an upcoming masked meeting; soldiers are sent to intercept. However, they find themselves surrounded not by hostiles but by dead bodies. Going further the team find a single wounded operative; the young man simply says 'For Neo' and suicides before the soldiers can question

him. Tyndall is baffled by the unknown operative's involvement and promises to run some checks for similar accounts, unfortunately she also reminds the troops that his interference has cost them a valuable lead.

- Flood informs a team of Merv operatives that The Merovingian is interested in consolidating his many 'items of interest' that he has spread out throughout the Matrix, it also turns out it's the team's job to start collecting said items. The first, a certain statue, is being held by one of the Merv's loyal exiles who apparently has a certain... taste for humans. Luckily the team are able to play it cool and receive the item without much hassle. Flood goes on to inform the team that the second item is in the possession of an exile outside the Merv's employ and may be a little harder to acquire. The team's operator seems slightly confused as to why the item is being held by an exile outside of their organization but carries on none the less.
- Arriving at the hideout of the exile who holds the second item the Merv operatives are met with an uncooperative, and rather slow witted, program who refuses to hand over the item. Flood suggests that getting rid of a couple of the exile's guards may incite a better attitude and indeed after a quick clearing of the area the exile soon hands over the key to the site's vault. However, making their way to the vault the team are met by the neighbourhood contact 'Hypatia'.
- Hypatia starts to talk about her hearing rumours of "Him collecting his things" and asks starts to ask the team questions like "Where is he going?" and "How will he get there without his Effectuator?". Of course she refers to the Merovingian but the team have no idea as to what she's talking about. Realising herself they know nothing Hypatia allows the operatives to take the item, a small book, from the vault. On their way she even warns them to try and be aware of 'the bigger picture' and not to be swept up in 'circumstances beyond their control'. The team's two items are then successfully handed over to a Merovingian lieutenant at the local Merv drop off point. Flood declares the mission a success, the team's operator however can't help but be concerned over the Merovingian's sudden desire to gather his items.
- Zion are determined to follow up on the Cypherites and decide to pursue other leads, namely one of a man accusing cryptos' boxes as being stolen from his warehouse. When interviewed by undercover the owner claims that cryptos had been using his warehouse as storage but one day, without warning, they were suddenly gone. Apparently no one saw what happened nor has he heard from the mysterious magician since. The owner even still has Cryptos' deposit; a watch he was wearing the day they met, the Zionists take it for help in their investigation.
- After uploading data on the watch given to them by the warehouse owner the Zion team are able to track its origins back to a specific jewellery store, ran by the exile 'The Jeweller'. While waiting to see the exile in his regional offices the operatives talk to the bluepill workers, apparently they saw cryptos on the day of the sale talking to some 'G-men', suits and ties, slick hair and earpieces, agents. This raises questions in itself but there is little time to ponder. When the team finally do meet with the jeweller he confirms the watch to be his work, a special request actually as it was required, strangely, not to run. The exile ends the meeting by giving the operatives Cryptos' customer file, complete with home address.
- Anome, who's in charge of the investigation, orders cryptos' watch be uploaded to him personally so he can wear it the next time he goes 'slumming'. After following their

orders the team are joined by a squad of commando soldiers and sent to investigate cryptos' apparent home. Unfortunately they are again met not by the masked but with more Neo and Trinity look-alikes. The over zealous teenagers actually end up attacking the team, believing them to be the Cypherites. After dealing with their attackers the operatives try and search the house but find nothing useful. Anome deems the mission a failure and doesn't even believe the team's story about the fanatics; to him they're just making excuses.

- Flood sends one of his operatives to assist with the research and development of a portable weapon version of the EMCP device that he claims to have invented (even though it was an accidental discovery by the Merovingian researchers). It seems the development has hit a block and requires the assistance of a certain exile; Flood orders his operatives to use whatever means necessary to convince the exile to help them. Arriving at the determined location of the required program the operative is met with several of the exile's bodyguards. Taking them down the operative is able to meet with their boss in the next room. It seems he already knew of their coming and what they wanted, he goes on to explain the commandos have gave him his fair share of troubles and he would be willing to help but only if he receives 'advance payment'.
- The exile needed to continue the EMCP development requests that the Merv operative destroys a certain rival program of his. Flood shows definite distain for the request but has no choice but to accept it and patches through the location of the rival exile to his operative. The redpill is able to assassinate the program with deadly precision and returns to escort the required exile to the Merovingian lab. Work continues on the portable EMCPs.
- Zion's checks for the Neo/Trinity look-alike reports reveal that groups of these Redpills have been spotted several times confronting suspected Cypherites and in turn interfering with Zion investigations. On top of that several hovercraft that recently left Zion have since cut contact and when researching the crew data Zion find it mysteriously wiped from the mainframe. Commander Lock suspects the Neoites wiped the data, took the ships and have gone renegade.
- Zion technicians discover a backup copy of one of the missing ships crew data, running it through the Matrix feed Tyndall is able to track their location in the Matrix and a team of operatives is sent in to question the renegade Redpills. Upon arriving at the site the operatives are immediately attacked by the renegade youths, again they think them to be Cypherites. After dealing with the rebels the operatives search the fallen for any clues, they find the renegade squad's operating orders, the fact they were carrying them while out in the field is a clear sign of the group's disorganization. Tyndall hopes that they can return the rebels to the cause of Zion while their chain of command is apparently still weak.
- The Zion operatives follow the address on the acquired operating orders to another renegade hideout, after fighting through more of the rebellious youths the team are able to gain access to the on site computer systems. They find an open conversation window with a 'Fracastoro'; he talks about how the Cypherites are 'going down' and 'Shimada' knowing what she's doing. Tyndall recognises the name and begins running checks. In the mean time the operatives are sent to the origin of the conversation window to question Fracastoro.
- Arriving at the traced renegade base the Zion operatives yet again become under

attack but the mention of Shimada's name instantly stops the fighting and the rogues lead the team into the next room to speak to their squad leader, Fracastoro. The redpill is weary of the operatives' purpose but ultimately decides to let Shimada decide for herself. He orders 2 of his men to escort the team to her.

- Tyndall reports back to the team being escorted by the rebels, her research is complete and it appears Shimada was indeed a Zionite and in fact a captain of one of the missing ships; it seems Commander Lock's suspicions were correct. The team arrive at a heavily guarded renegade base and are allowed audience with Shimada. She tells the operatives that their group, E Pluribus Neo, is devoted to following the teachings and ideals set out by Neo himself, the belief that every human being should be allowed the chance of freedom. She then requests that the team leave quietly. Tyndall feels Shimada is young, naive and hiding something but still believes they can deal with E Pluribus Neo peacefully. However, she is fearful that if the situation is not dealt with quickly EPN's awakenings could cause the Machine's power supply to become threatened and Zion accused of breaking the terms of the truce.
- A member of E Pluribus Neo, Brian, has second thoughts about his joining of the group and contacts Zion; Anome is put in charge and an operative sent to go talk to Brian. The redpill confesses to being a follower of EPN's ideals but apparently he felt the leadership was far too weak, not Shimada but another, The Kid. Upon hearing about The Kid's involvement with EPN Anome gets more than a little annoyed, calling the youth a 'no good punk' and saying how they should take him out 'execution style'; it certainly seems like he has something personal against the boy.
- Flood contacts one of his operatives and informs them that the EMCP devices are now ready for field testing and that they have been tasked with escorting the tester. Arriving at the Merv lab the operative is briefed by researchers there and assured that 'the feedback issue' has been taken care of, however a nearby computer tells a slightly different story as it lists the survival rate of users as only 85%. Taking some of the prototype devices the operative and the designated tester are forwarded to a local commando held location. Storming the building the Merv operative begins to do battle with the commandos, however, the fight is short lived as the EMCP is activated successfully and nearly all the commandos are deleted in an instant.
- Flood forwards his operative and the EMCP tester to a second location for further testing, the same situation unfolds as before with the commandos dropping like flies, except this time the tester is also physically harmed by the device. Flood recalls the scientists' mention of a feedback problem and has the operative escort the tester to a nearby lab for analysis. After delivering the subject to the local lab and having the scientists promise to look into the issue the operative decides to have a little snoop around, hacking into an on-site computer they learn that the scientists have recently hacked into and deleted entries from the public service's missing persons database, the reason why is unknown.
- Flood declares the EMCP testing to be a total success and distribution of the deadly weapon codes to all Merv operatives begins.
- Anome claims to know where one of The Kid's friends hangs out in the Matrix, he sends a team of operatives to go question the redpill. The operatives arrive only to stumble upon a small meeting of EPN followers; the team are spotted and immediately attacked. After the rebels are dealt with Anome comes up with a plan, if they contact

another one of The Kid's associates and say the first group sent them with urgent news for the Kids ears only just before they were attacked then perhaps in the foolishness of youth they'll lead the team straight to him.

- Using his contacts Anome is able to find the location of another EPN group within the Matrix and operatives are sent in to try out the controller's previous idea. The plan goes off without a hitch and the rebels are easily fooled as they begin escorting the team to The Kid. However, upon arriving at the meeting site a jamming signal is activated and the operatives lead into a room full of E pluribus Neo crusaders; it appears they were on to Anome's plot all along. The Kid, who refers to himself as Michael, tells the operatives that Zion have got EPN all wrong; in his own words it is not a group all about him nor is it lacking in organization or dedication. As for the group's large numbers he says the ranks of EPN are not only from Zion but in fact from all orgs, apparently they consist of anyone who believes in what Neo believed and are growing by the day. The team pull out and Anome soon becomes infuriated, he promises that all those 'traitors' will burn for thinking they're better than Zion.
- Agent Gray contacts a team of machinist operatives regarding information obtained from one of the Machine organization's Zion contacts. The wanted 'priest' has been linked with a certain group of Zion radicals and another code bombing is thought to be on the horizon. Gray has the team meet up with the contact in the Matrix to try and find out the timeframe and possible locations of the upcoming 'illegal activity'. The informant reveals that The Kid is the one behind the radicals and that they plan to set off 2 code bombs very soon. The Zionist promises to lend support by trying to block the radicals comm. signals as long as the machinists stay quiet about his helping them.
- In a race against time the Machine team hurry to the first bomb location given by the Zion informant. As they enter the building their operator is met with a 'crazy' code signal and the operatives come face to face with another code bomb aftermath, confused Bluepills breaking down and forcefully awakened scattering the floor. With no time to waste the operatives gather their thoughts and rush to the second location. On the way Gray confirms that their informant has kept his word and is currently jamming the renegade's signals, it's now or never.
- Arriving at the second locale the team find bluepill workers confused as to why everyone is storming their offices, it seems the machinists may have made it just in time. Continuing into the next room the operatives are faced with numerous youths dressed in prophet dusters going by the handles of 'E Pluribus Neo Crusaders'. They claim that what they're doing is for 'the good of humanity' and engage the machists. In a quickened battle the Machine operatives are able to fight their way through to the final room and find the leader of the bombers who is readily preparing the code bomb for detonation. He is promptly stopped and the code bomb retrieved without any casualties. As a debriefing Agent Gray reminds his operatives that innocent lives were saved and that awakening Bluepills in such a way is not only counterproductive but also very destructive, as they've already seen.
- The Zion council decide to leave E pluribus Neo be for the time being, due to their connections to the human race's saviour and with Morpheus rumours on the rise again attacking them would be political suicide. Instead Zion returns to concentrating on their war against the Merovingian.
- Agent Gray receives reports that E Pluribus Neo has launched a raid on one the

Machine's code storage facilities inside the Matrix. Believing the attackers are searching for components needed to construct more code bombs the Agent controller immediately calls up a team of Machine operatives to deal with the situation. As they arrive the machinists find a large number of EPN crusaders engaged with Machine security programs. The programs fall before the operatives' eyes and the defence of the facility is left up to them and a hand full of brave on-site Machine mechanics. After a long and tiresome battle the crusaders fall and the facility is secured.

- Becoming agitated at the intolerable level of interference from EPN operatives Agent Gray requests a meeting with a Zion representative to discuss the matter. Unfortunately, Zion sends Anome. After some tactful comments regarding the Machine organization Anome lets the Machine representative know the details on E Pluribus Neo, that the Zion council are hesitant to deal with them and that they have been officially disavowed. Anome also lets slip that he has people "working on it". Agent Gray however is fully satisfied with the fact that Zion have essentially given the Machines "What humans call Carte Blanche", the freedom to pursue the issue how they wish. He ends by predicting the Machine's campaigns against E pluribus Neo will be "very... satisfying".
- Flood again contacts one of his operatives concerning the EMCP devices, this time however he details how the devices could be further improved, modified to also destroy any Machine programs within the code radius. The operative's controller isn't as optimistic saying the idea of killing agents in an instant is just too good to be true. Nevertheless the operative is sent to meet with the project's lead scientist and a chosen tester. The scientist hands over the prototype Machine EMCP device and taking the exile ironically named 'Tester' with him the operative sets off in search of a testing ground.
- Looking through the report logs Flood soon finds a Merv held building currently under siege from Machine forces and forwards the operative and Tester there. He does however ask that the operative makes sure Tester goes through with activating the device since he seems hesitant for some reason. Arriving on site the Merv redpill and Tester meet up with the defending exile forces and begin to fight back the Machine security forces. However, the moment Tester activates the prototype Machine EMCP all the exile programs, including Tester, fall to the floor. Dead. While the Machine programs still stand. As if things weren't bad enough already the operative's operator then picks up on Agent activity in the building; the redpill desperately tries to escape but is cut off by the agents storming the building. Upon reconstructing the operative is again contacted by Flood who declares whoever thought of that idea should lose their job and that he'll personally find who's responsible. Even though it was likely him in the first place.
- Agent Gray contacts a squad of Machine operatives and informs them that they have "unfinished business" to attend to. He goes on to explain the recent city-wide operation where Machine operatives located and killed the renegade 'Darago' who was directly involved in the loss of the Machine's case of valuables. After some quick post analysis it was revealed that it was The General who was behind Darago and the case's theft. Unfortunately, due to his alliance with Zion, it is difficult for the Machines to confront him directly, difficult, but not impossible. However, these plans are not yet ready to be discussed and the Agent instead directs the team's attention to the much easier goal of

dealing with the neighbourhood gang who had assisted Darago, the Demon Army.

- The machinist squad are thus sent on a mission to travel to the Demon Army's self described 'turf' of Tabor Park and hunt down their leader, Mammon. He has been scheduled for deletion. After fighting their way through a group of Demon Army Cheitans at one of their known local hideouts the team find an encrypted data disk. Once decoded on one of the on site computer systems the disk reveals a comm. message concerning Cacophony, Darago and a payment of 200 million info to someone by the name of Grover. The team's operator is baffled but Agent Gray soon explains that earlier operations found Cacophony to simply be a code name for The General. It seems the data relates to the Demons Army's payment for their services and Grover must be the one running the deal.
- Agent Gray confirms this Grover figure is not unknown to the Machines; he is apparently an exile who is well known for lending his services to the highest bidder. The team of Machine Redpills is quickly forwarded to Grover's last recorded whereabouts so they can 'question' him concerning the location of Mammon. Frightened by the presence of the operatives and the mention of Agent Gray's name Grover quickly begins to tell them what they want to know, that he was nothing more than a messenger and package handler between the two parties and that he would also give them the location of the drop point so long as they leave him be. Agent Gray agrees.
- The Agent controller predicts not only that the location provided by Grover is correct but also that Mammon will have an exceptional number of Demon Army guards. As such the Machine operatives are to be granted back up units for support. Meeting with the Machine PR liaison, Agent Pace, the team are designated 2 agent programs for assistance in the deletion of the rogue exile. Making their way to the location given by Grover the squad soon blast their way through to Mammon, his guards falling easily to the might of the agents. Mammon too is easily dealt with but not before he claims he will 'only rise again'. Agent Gray then ends the mission by expressing how unfortunate it was to have had the original theft be successfully aided by a street gang but also by reminding the operatives that the system will not tolerate such actions.
- Zion catches word of an important exile communications base within the Matrix and after scanning the area send an operative to plant a bug in the mainframe there. This bug will allow Zion to get advance notice on the exile's plans, a valuable asset indeed. However, intelligence shows the building to be heavily guarded and planting the bug without being noticed is deemed impossible as is. Zion thus uses commando forces to create a disturbance in another area of the building, leaving the mainframe vulnerable. Tyndall does warn the team to be wary of Merovingian followers armed with EMP style devices, Zion have heard rumours of such weapons and although they appear to be in short supply they are still a deadly threat, capable of killing commandos almost instantly. The mission is a flawless success and the bug begins transmitting straight to Zion.
- There is a small secret meeting between Zion's top commanding officers; here they discuss the next phase of action against the Merovingian, an all out offensive against his remaining troops. There are still plans that need to be put in place but the time is nearing, it could be a few days or a few months but all operatives are ordered to remain at the ready as the battle draws ever closer.

- The Merovingian decides it is time for him to reclaim the captured Effectuator; he has Flood arrange the details. The Merv controller calls up a team of his operatives and informs them of the Merv's wishes and that a large scale operation is already under way. Their job is to infiltrate security control locations in the Tabor Park neighbourhood and have hackers ready to disable the systems there when the time is right. At the same Flood has other operatives attacking Machine sites around the city to distract them from the main operation, Agent Gray falls into his trap and spreads his forces to deal with the assaults while their reasoning is "being determined". The Merv operatives on the other hand strike with deadly and swift precision as they clear the security sites of Machine security and have their hackers take position.
- Retrieving reports of the strikes at Tabor Agent Gray soon realizes that the Merv have simply been using distraction tactics to blind him from their now apparent ultimate goal, the freeing of the intangible Effectuator. He immediately has his squads consolidate and also deploys additional security program as support. However, Flood has already had his Merv operatives from the distraction operations as well as those from the security building strikes and even additional redpill support gather for the final strike on the Tabor facility. The force's operator guess that the extensive use of redpill forces is probably due to the exile kill codes now at the machine's disposal.
- The Merv squads storm the holding facility and are met with strong resistance from the heavy defence set up there; however, it is still no match for the combined might of the many Merv Redpills gathered for the rescue. With no backup support due to the thinly spread machine forces the security programs fall. The team then proceed to, with the help of the hackers at the security buildings, deactivate the terminal controlling the Effectuator's holding program. The Effectuator is freed. At that exact moment the consolidated machine forces storm the building with Agent support, a fierce battle erupts in the Effectuator's holding room but ultimately the Merv forces do not stand a chance against the onslaught of machine Redpills, programs and agents. They fall to ground, left to reconstruct. Their mission was a success however as the Effectuator remained untouched and is able to mock the machinists with copies of himself before teleporting to safety.
- The machines are debriefed by Agent Gray who details his regret at underestimating the Merv's level of coordination in their strike and how it was also unfortunate his forces were stretched so thin with all the new threats emerging, such as EPN and The General. However, holding the Effectuator was deemed highly inefficient in the long term anyway and he reports future operations will concentrate on more... tangible targets.
- Cryptos, leader of the Cypherites, posts a public recruitment message on Data Node 1. This message is a call to those who wish to 'embrace the world as it should be'. In the secretive style of the Cypherites Cryptos leaves a riddle for applicants to solve; only with its solution can they gain a meeting with the newly appointed Cypherite liaison. The Matrix sees a definite influx of both public and secret masked supporters.
- The Kid, leader of E Pluribus Neo, posts a public recruitment message on Data Node 1. His message is directed at those 'with Neo in their hearts' and invites those able to pass the EPN liason's test to join up and do 'What neo died for, to free everyone from the clutches of the Matrix'. The Megacity sees a definite influx of both public and undercover EPN supporters.

- A mysterious program by the name of 'ProtectorProgram' writes a report concerning the current situation within the Matrix; she writes directly to The Architect but also requests that The Oracle broadcast it to the Redpills of the city via DN1. Within her writings protector program states that the Redpills of the city do not seem realise her presence could mean an eminent reboot of the system. It seems she is concerned for the welfare of the Matrix and warns of trouble ahead.
- Once again the Machines liaison program, DifferenceEngine, begins showing odd behaviour and again, he loses his mind. Taking the insanity shown by the remnant smith virus to new levels DE goes on a rampage around the city, attacking Zionists at random and easily repelling anyone who tries to get in his way. To deal with the crisis an emergency meeting of all Machine captains is called but half through discussions as to what should be done reports reach the operatives of DE's presence in Debir court. Here the deranged program is cornered by the many Redpills of the city, some try to calm him while others try to take him down. The confrontation comes to its peak with DE releasing dangerous modified agent programs to defend himself. Agent Pace is soon informed of the deadly disturbances and arrives just in time to take control and reclaim the loose programs. The female agent then detains and sends DifferenceEngine for extensive code cleansing in the Machine city, however, how long this will take and indeed if it will even be successful at all is unknown. To compensate, Agent Pace assigns one of the Machine organization's top Redpills, Turring, as their new liaison officer. Hopefully his human nature for allow for more... stability.
- The Megacity sees a sharp rise in confrontation between the Cypherite and E Pluribus Neo groups, at war with each other over their entirely opposite ideals the two splinter organizations always seem to break into bickering and violence. Such actions do not escape the Machines however as Agent Gray holds a meeting with machinist Redpills where he declares the two groups illegal in the system. Their leaders and liaisons have also been placed on the Machine's most wanted criminal lists.
- Veil, Cypherite controller, holds a secret meeting with the city's Cypherite Redpills. She confirms to them the presence of a splinter within their ranks, members of the masked who feel dissatisfied with the group's new methods and wish to speed things up by somehow reinserting everyone on masse. These individuals are of great concern to Veil and she marks them as enemies to all loyal cypherites.
- Word of the Cypherite's splinter group and their deranged goal soon reaches the streets of Megacity. Not knowing if fact or only rumour all the other organizations inform their operatives to stay alert and keep their eyes open for any news or confirmation on this potentially dangerous group's existence.
- Agent Gray calls for a meeting of all Machine captains, apparently concerning matters of the utmost importance. He informs the operatives of distinct 'power fluctuations' that have recently been detected throughout the system. Their origins are, of course, currently unknown but they can not afford to continue. The Machinists are told to keep their wits about them and report any unusual activity to Liaison officer Turring immediately.

Chapter 4.2B

A Piece of Blue Sky

- Redpills jack in to find large concert sites set up at certain parks around the city. These sites show the banner of 'A piece of blue sky – a musical celebration of dreams fulfilled'. Their sudden presence instantly fuels all manner of rumours, speculation and accusations. More so when people look to the sky, blue, more blue than anyone has ever seen before, even greater than the special sunsets created by Sati. Many believe it to be a Cypherite plot, more propaganda for their cause.
- A mysterious masked group going by the title 'The Sleepwalkers' start attacking Redpills throughout the city; dressed in dark blue clothing they reveal nothing of their purpose or intentions but are certainly violent to all awakened, across all organizations. Again, rumours spread about their possible involvement with the Cypherites and the Blue Sky concert sites. There's also the definite possibility also of them being the dangerous splinter group earlier rumours spoke of.
- The Cypherite liaison officer, Matarax, makes an official announcement to the Redpills of the Megacity; the sleepwalkers are not operating within the Cypherite organization. They are indeed the extremists who hope for a forced mass re-insertion, an act the real Cypherites apparently have not, do not and will not support. According to Matarax Cryptos fights for 'education and enlightenment' over force and not to mention would never support such a strong strain on his 'beautiful' system.
- Zion, cautious of the real purpose behind the blue sky concerts, sends their operatives to meet with ghost for briefing on the situation. According to him the machine simulation doesn't allow for blue skies, only when Sati is permitted to change it; but a concert certainly isn't her style. This raises the question, where did the sky come from? Ghost has no answers but he does report that the retired Metacortex co-founder 'Decius Wadsworth' has claimed the concerts to be his 'gift to city'. Oddly, Zion's contacts within Metacortex had no warning of the announcement and Wadsworth is dodging investigations. All operatives are reminded to keep on their toes as Zion expects trouble at the concerts.
- After close investigation the Redpills of Megacity note some odd developments surrounding the blue sky concerts. The spotlights that are present at the site are seen to be emanating small pieces of matrix code from their bases. This coupled with the fact their light is a deep blue has Redpills wondering, could they be behind the change of sky? There's also the small patches of black smog that seems to be intermingled with the sky itself, many are suspicious.
- Numerous security personnel start patrolling the blue sky concert sites, arriving and leaving at irregular intervals these mysterious individuals bring more rumour and speculation. They regularly clear the sites of local gang members, break up any redpill brawls and quietly converse with the blue sky vendors. However, most interestingly, they make absolutely sure no one interferes with any of the concert equipment. Their origins and purpose? Oddly enough they act as if they're just Bluepills, hired help and nothing more, yet they are seen using hardlines and occasionally hyper jumping. The Redpills simply don't know what to make of them.

- The Architect, creator of the Matrix, enters the Matrix to hold a top secret meeting with machinist faction leaders. His presence in the simulation alone lets those present know the seriousness of the situation. The matter at hand is the recent network power fluctuations, while their origins are still ultimately unknown the Architect concludes the sleepwalkers to be the cause. Both the unauthorised blue skies and concert grounds coincided with the sleepwalker's arrival in the system and the Architect determines, due to their fundamental flaws, the recent events to be the work of a human mind. The most frightening thing about the meeting is the fact the Architect calculates that, if the power drain continues at its current rate of growth, the simulation will soon suffer a cascading system failure and every human being currently jacked in will die. However, it is pointed out that the sleepwalkers would not simply allow this to happen, instead the Architect suspects they have powerful devices and subroutines for not only draining the system's power but also for separating residual self images from their physical counterparts and rerouting the bluepill neurological data. The sleepwalkers are thus deemed the system's number one enemies and must be stopped at all costs.
- All organizations rally their troops for battle against the sleepwalkers; the Cypherites believe it their duty to preserve the system from the threat they inadvertently created, E Pluribus Neo feel it is their purpose to rid the Matrix of these fanatics even worse than the normal masked, The Merovingian feels his power threatened and can not afford to lose the system he depends on for life, The Machines fear a cataclysmic system crash and Zion sees the sleepwalkers as a threat to all humanity. The concert sites are put under constant surveillance.
- Over the next couple of days the sky slowly darkens from its initial brightness into a foreboding deep blue. With it comes a definite tension; Redpills of all organizations keep watch on the concert sites, sleepwalker attacks are ever present and the security guards kept up their strange patrols. Everyone is counting down the minutes until Wadsworth's 'gift' begins. They can do nothing but wait...
- The time arrives, the blue sky concerts are set to begin. Crowds of Redpills from all organizations are gathered at each and every concert site. The show starts and the true nature of the whole ordeal is revealed. A loud voice is played over the concert speakers, it speaks "The time is now, behold the blue lights and feel your powers melt like ice to a flame. This is our spectacle and it will change you. Lie down Redpills and return to the dream. Some of you will try to shut down the pretty lights but you will be opposed, you will fail. Our brothers tried sweet persuasion with you. You could of been slicing the steak, but instead the knife cuts you. You wouldn't take the bluepill, now feel the blue light. And Sleep..." Just as the voice finishes the speech all hell breaks loose.
- The spotlights at the concert sites begin to shake and convulse, blasting out blinding blue light they begin to truly strain the simulation, not only that but they release a virus into the immediate vicinity weakening all Redpills. Sleepwalker operatives begin storming the concert sites and the Redpills struggle to hold them back. Fortunately not all hope is lost, after realising that the current threat outweighs any sort of difference of opinion the Redpills from all 5 organization join forces, united they hold their ground while trying to figure out how to stop the sleepwalker's plan.
- Through the chaos and the seemingly never-ending legions of sleepwalkers the brave Redpills fight their way to the spotlights themselves. While their allies hold off the attackers they manage to get a better look at the lights and discover an emergency

panel located on the underside. When removed the panels reveal fail safe controls which given time allows for the lights to be deactivated. The Redpills now know how to stop the sleepwalkers, it's just a matter of holding them off long enough to do so.

- The battle wages on across the entire Megacity as the united awakened slowly but surely fight back the sleepwalker hordes and get closer to deactivating the sleepwalker spotlights. However, even deactivating the lights is dangerous as the closer they get to deactivation the more unstable they become. When at the final stages they even begin to burst out visible clouds of virus code as well as blue bolts of energy that immediately activates the redpill's auto jackouts. Straining the system to the point of cataclysm isn't what anyone wants but it is a necessary risk if the sleepwalkers are to be defeated.
- After a gruelling fight the spotlights around megacity are finally deactivated, somehow without crashing the system. An uneasy silence falls upon the concert sites. What now? That question is answered when the security personnel seen around the concert sites prior to the chaos arrive at the concert sites. No longer with their baseball caps they reveal their dark blue hair and true nature, undercover sleepwalkers. Leading a new wave of elite fanatics the security personnel storm the concert sites and soon reach the spotlights. To the dismay of the united Redpills the security are quickly able to reactivate the destructive lights. The battle for The Matrix still wages.
- Time wears on, the fighting looks to never end with the constant loop of deactivation and reactivation, the Redpills try in vain to defeat the security personnel only to have them reconstruct moments later. It looks as if all hope is lost when suddenly the Architect himself sends a broadcast to all the Redpills. After extensive work on the hacked coding of The Matrix he has found a way to defeat the sleepwalkers themselves. The Architect activates a system subroutine whereby if all the spotlights are inactive at the same time then a highly advanced tracking program would initiate and a feedback code be sent to each and every sleepwalker in the system. This will either destroy their cranial jacks in the real or, ironically, return them all to bluepill status within the system.
- The final battle commences. The security guards, along with their sleepwalker army, fight back strong but in the end the united Redpills, with renewed vigour, ultimately stand victorious. The spotlights are eventually deactivated and the sleepwalkers instantly destroyed, either killed or reinserted with no knowledge of what happened. As a matter of fact a number of Redpills actually saw the security members alive and wandering the concert sites. The Redpills question them only to learn they are indeed none the wiser to the real world or the madness that had just occurred moments earlier.
- It appears the troubles are not quite over as several of the more powerful sleepwalker bosses seem to have somehow avoided the Architect's feedback loop and are currently in hiding somewhere in the Matrix. Zion, the Machines and the Merovingian each send their operatives on missions to track down these dangerous criminals before they have the chance to cause any more chaos. Following the distinct code signature left from the architects tampering the operative's operators are soon able to pin point their locations. They find substantially weakened sleepwalkers, desperate and still dangerously fanatical. Defending themselves the operatives are able to end the sleepwalker threat once and for all. There is however one uncertainty that still lingers, what of Decius Wadsworth? He has yet to been heard from since...

Chapter 4.3

Cheat Codes

- On a rooftop, the General meets with Niobe and her followers, offering her the key to the cheat codes his commandos have obtained from the Machines. He tells her the cheat codes will give them powers beyond their wildest dreams. But when he tosses the key to Niobe, Anome makes a grab for it, and the key falls to the streets below, landing on a van that speeds it away.
- Anome noted the Van's license plate number before it was out of sight. Anome forms a plan and quickly sends one of his operatives to the Machines' Transportation Department, where bluepill license plate records are stored. Anome figures the Machines won't mind if they "borrow" a little information if it's for a good cause. The owner of the van is traced to the Achan, but the owner reveals that members of the Bells gang broke in to the van and stole the key. The Bells subsequently lost the key, apparently to the Crossbones gang.
- Merovingian operatives are also seeking the key to the cheat codes, but after tracking down the location of the van, arrive too late as the Bells have already taken it. After investigating a complex turn of events, the Exile Silver is found to know the location of the key, claiming that it is tucked away in a construct. Silver wants to broker a deal with the Merovingian: bring him the case with the cheat code vials, and he'll bring the key to the case, and they can split the contents. However, an attempt to retrieve the case from Zion fails, as the case has already been moved.
- The Machines are eager to retrieve the case with the vials, and include Kalt Corporation in the investigation, since they manufactured the case for them. Kalt Corporation provides a code sample to Machine operatives so that the case can be tracked down. Their code scanner leads them to a building, encountering members of the Bell gang who also seek to regain the key. Although the key is not at the current location, the Machine operatives thoroughly scan the location to find a clue as to where the key could be. After further investigation, including meeting with the Oracle, Machine operatives discover that the key is in a construct thanks to Silver. The Machines begin to devise a way to obtain the key...
- Zion operatives storm through several Crossbones cell locations, but subsequently come up empty regarding the key. After following up on some leads, they discover that Silver has the key.
- Zion command believes that the Machines have new data on the key, and order operatives to infiltrate a Cypherite base that is known to have Machine contacts. After attacking the base, the intel they discover there reveals that the key has re-entered the Matrix. The trail leads them to Silver and his bodyguards. After takin9g down the bodyguards, Silver has no choice but to give up the key. It is taken to Zion guards for safekeeping.
- As the Machines prepare to crack the security code to the key's construct, they hear word that the key is back in the Matrix. Machine operatives are able to pin down the location of the key and storm it, only to find the key is in Zion's hands.
- The General meets with Zion operatives, informing them that the Machines have marked the Commandos and himself for extermination for stealing the vials. The

Commandos will keep a low-profile and take a lesser part in the crusade against the Merovingian. Zion operatives are called away from the meeting to the location of the team that has the key, who are under attack by Merovingian forces. After defeating them, Zion operatives obtain the key from Anome and transport it to Niobe, who will keep it safe.

Chapter 5.1

Betrayal

- Niobe and her followers gather as she ingests one of the vials. After doing so, she remarks that she does not feel different, when she is suddenly shot. Anome is the one holding the gun, and several of his comrades open fire on the others. After a shootout, Anome and his followers confiscate the vials for themselves, and leave. Upon leaving, and after ingesting a vial, Anome uses his newfound powers to separate the room they are exiting off into a separate construct, trapping the mortally wounded Niobe and cutting her off from contact with the rest of the Matrix.
- Zion operatives rush to find a way to save the critically injured Niobe. An investigation of the building proves pointless, as the elevator won't go to the floor she is on and the stairs simply end before arriving at her floor. Hindering their efforts are attacks by Anome's followers. The situation is desperate enough that Zion contacts Machine Agents in order to find a way to save Niobe.
- Machine operatives are ordered to assist in the effort to retrieve Niobe. Agent Pace reveals that, in a previous version of the Matrix, Agents were given amazing powers to allow them to carry out their jobs. Powers that have never been witnessed within the Matrix, that would astound anyone. It soon became apparent that such powers were counterproductive. Agents of the Machines, using those powers, caused enough problems to warrant the end of the program. Now imagine those same powers in the hands of the unpredictable, willful, humans. The codes for these powers were put into storage, never to be touched again, until the General stole them from storage. The Machine operatives investigate but are unable to locate Anome and his followers, both within the Matrix and the Real. It is as though they have disappeared...
- Merovingian operatives investigate the matter as well, uncovering the information both Zion and Machine operatives have found. The Merovingian decides that Anome's betrayal could be quite useful after all...
- Zion operatives are stumped as to how to access the special construct that Niobe is trapped within, and with no little choice decide to contact the Merovingian Exile, the Effectuator. They meet with Flood, the Merovingian controller, who agrees to help Zion, for a price. The Merovingian has decided to help Zion so that they may be in his debt, and cease hostilities against him. Zion grudgingly agrees and operatives gather data to help the Effectuator find a way to get to Niobe.
- Machine operatives discover that Anome is killing off old acquaintances, and a strange code signature is always detected near or at the scene of the crime. Although they arrive too late, Machine operatives are able to fight off several of Anome's men, who have used the cheat codes and are beginning to show some unusual effects...
- The Effectuator makes an unusual discovery. Due to Anome using one of the cheat codes to trap Niobe in the construct, time is passing more slowly inside the construct

than in the rest of the Matrix. Although this is little comfort to Zion operatives, it does offer a glimmer of help in saving Niobe.

Chapter 5.2

Unlimit

- Anome's followers, now calling themselves Unlimit, begin partaking of the cheat codes, gaining incredible powers (such as projecting energy from their eyes) and begin wrecking havoc in the city. Meanwhile, Niobe clings to life in the construct.
- The Effectuator enlists help from Zion operatives. Anome's people are making it difficult for him to pin down Niobe's location, and the Effectuator needs Zion operatives to go to several network locations to stop Anome's men. Zion operatives engage Anome's men, but they are now different. They are stronger than previously, and their eyes constantly drip green Matrix code. Eventually, the Effectuator hits upon a potential solution, requiring Zion operatives to repair several hardline junctions. Zion operatives are able to do so (despite Unlimit's interference), and this proves critical in rescuing Niobe.
- Unlimit's attacks draws the attention of the Machines, who begin to assess Unlimit's threat to the system. Machine operatives investigations reveal that not all of Anome's followers ingested the cheat codes. They also discover that Anome appears to have compiled weaker, diluted versions of the cheat codes and passed them on to other Unlimit. Finally, it appears that the cheat codes have corrupted the user's RSI, so that they are unable to jack out of the Matrix. Later, Machine operatives are tracking an Unlimit within the Matrix while Sentinels in the Real target and destroy their hovercraft. Machine operatives are shocked to find that, thanks to the vials, Unlimits can continue to exist within the Matrix after their bodies have been destroyed.

Chapter 5.3

System Shock

- Zion commits to ridding the Matrix of Unlimit. Curiously, Brenda Utley, of Pendhurst-Amaranth corporation, approaches Zion operatives to assist her with a matter. Figures matching Unlimit descriptions have been lurking around the company's warehouses, and she asks them to investigate. Zion operatives do indeed find Unlimit at Pendhurst-Amaranth warehouses, and defeat them. Further investigation reveals Unlimit has been sabotaging boxes of Tastee Wheat, the cereal the corporation markets. People are dying from the poisoned food, and Zion operatives are quick to intervene and put a stop to Anome's plans to further poison the bluepill population, not only through the Tastee Wheat but also bottled water and the city's water supply. However, after thwarting these activities, Brenda Utley goes missing...
- Machine operatives stop Unlimit's attempts to tamper with the city's aqueduct shunt pumps and power stations. However, the resources used to stop the Unlimits is putting a strain on the system, and the highest priority is placed on finding and terminating Anome.

Chapter 6.1

Investigations

- Zion operatives begin searching for Brenda Utley. It soon becomes apparent that there is corruption within Pendhurst-Amaranth corporation, and this is connected to Ms. Utley's disappearance. It is discovered that Unlimit has infiltrated Penhurst-Amaranth at a high corporate level, and Brenda Utley is subsequently saved. The mole placed on the Board of Directors for Pendhurst-Amaranth is dealt with, and Anome is dealt another setback.
- Machine operatives, in an attempt to locate Anome, decide to follow a lead, namely someone called Caboclo, who was one of Anome's highest ranking officers. Through their investigations, they messages from Caboclo regarding Anome's past. It is revealed that Anome was pod-born, but something was wrong with his mother. She knew that the Matrix was not real, but she mistakenly thought all the people in it were unreal, as well. This included her son, Anome. She'd talk to him sometimes as if he were a spy; inhuman; a device. She'd contrive to hurt him in a deniable way- "accidentally" dropping him, letting him touch the stove burner, or fall off a porch. His screams meant nothing. But then she'd shake it off, love him despite everything. The next day she would tell Anome that he was a machine, a robot. She would slap and pinch and twist his fingers, then tell him he wasn't really feeling pain, just acting like it hurts to control her. "Robots can't hurt," she would tell Anome. Her husband and therapist would threaten to take him, and she would shape up. She was afraid of being institutionalized. But it never lasted. Then one day, when Anome was six, she tried to pull him with her as she jumped off a bridge. "It's not real, sweetie. We're going to a real place," she said. He wrestled free and watched her fall. A Redpill who kept watch for likely recruits- kids who didn't conform to the Matrix- running through the social welfare system approached him, explained in the standard way Zion operatives did to kids, and gave him a red pill. But Anome misunderstood. He thought he was going to see his mother again in the better place. He wanted to, despite all, because he was a six-year-old kid. For a couple of years he thought she would turn up, somewhere in Zion. Slowly he fit in, buried the trauma deep. But the liberating effects of the elixirs have brought his psychoses back up. He is getting back for everything she did to him. Nobody is safe. Finally, Caboclo reveals Anome's hiding place: above the Creston Heights North hardline, on the balcony. With the Anome's location now known, and a killcode specifically designed for him, the Machine begin to make their move...
- Thanks to some exposure to the cheat codes, the Merovingian's men have found a way to detect the code remnants of the Twins (last seen in the movie *The Matrix Reloaded*, where Morpheus blew up the vehicle they were in). It is discovered that their code fragments have been floating around in the atmosphere, out of reach until now. Merovingian operatives scour the city and are able to piece the Twins back together, and they rejoin the Merovingian ranks.

Chapter 6.2

Uneasy Peace

- Agents arrive at the Creston Heights location where Anome is hiding. One of the Agents uses a disguise and takes on the appearance of Anome's mother. They exit onto the balcony area, and Anome is shocked to see his mother. A fellow Unlimit is holding the case with the cheat codes and, seeing the Agents, takes off into the air to escape. However, she is too late, as Agents gun her down and the case falls to the floor. Anome is unable to move from the shock, not believing his eyes, and the Agent disguised as his mother turns slightly, revealing the gun behind its back with Anome's killcode inside. The Agent shoots Anome, who falls off the roof to his death. The Agents retrieve the cheat codes, finding only 65% are still in the case. They then enigmatically proclaim that they can now proceed to "Phase 2."
- Without access to the cheat codes, the remaining Unlimit begin to grow weak, and will eventually die due to the corruption in their RSIs. They begin one last rampage across the city, but are subdued by Machine operatives. Unlimit's threat is ended.
- The Machines call a conference with Zion representatives. Due to recent threats to the Matrix such as Anome/Unlimit and E Pluribus Neo (who all came from Zion's camp), the Machine feel it would be able to detect and stop threats faster and more efficiently if granted access to Zion's mainframe. Zion subsequently counter-demands with greater access to the Machine's databases and systems within the Matrix. Both sides come an impasse.
- E Pluribus Neo contacts Zion operatives, offering information from the Machines that they have accessed in return for safe passage through Zion's tunnelspace for their hovercraft. Shimada, EPN's controller, gives Zion operatives the access codes to a Machine system as proof of their goodwill and the veracity of their claims. Zion operatives sneak in to a Machine facility and use the access code, gathering information from the computer. What they find is surprising: the Machines have a strike force standing by of over 524,000 Sentinels, aimed at Zion in case the Truce fails. This sobering information does prove that EPN is able to gain access to critical Machine information, but casts a pall over Zion operatives.
- Cypherites contact the Machines, and operatives are sent to meet with them. The Cypherites claim to have access to Zionist information, and these claims are proven true when Machine operatives are shown simulacrum of Morpheus and Niobe from the Zion mainframe. E Pluribus Neo crusaders attack the meeting but are subdued. Although cautious of the Cypherites, the Machine decided to further pursue information brokering with the Cypherites. The Machines are further impressed when the Cypherites confiscate a code pulse device used by EPN operatives, which sends out a pulse of customized code that permeates to certain receivers and captures specific data out of the simulation. The Machines decided to make more effective use of the Cypherites...
- Merovingian operatives are sent to the Slums discover why revenue is falling for their master. They discover it has to do with the Exiles known as the Elements. Fingers are pointed between each other, as Silver admits to holding back some earnings but immediately dimes out Mercury. The trail leads from Mercury to Thallia, to Raini, to the

Blackwoods gang.

Chapter 6.3

Kidnapping

Subchapter 6.3 of The Matrix Online story began with the abduction of the Oracle's young ward, Sati, by the General, an old military program exiled from the Machine mainframes. The General's commando programs deployed across the city, and may have killed Seraph, who was last seen plunging into the river after falling from a commando helicopter as he tried to rescue Sati from their clutches.

(As seen in the Subchapter 6.3 Cinematic)

After several weeks, it became clear that the General had a new type of commando program at his disposal: elite troops equipped with synthetic black bodysuits allowing them to escape detection by standard code scans.

Sati's absence soon began to cause problems with weather patterns in the Matrix. Some fear that unless she is returned soon, the simulation's weather will spiral out of control.

Cypherites

The Cypherites, whose goal is to achieve peace for humanity by returning everyone to sleep within the simulation, helped search for Sati across the Matrix archive constructs. They continued working to attempt to get to the bottom of mysterious movements of material out of the caves of Zion, going so far as to hijack a Zion hovercraft. When its captain refused to cooperate, their ruthless control officer, Veil, sent the hovercraft on a collision course for the Zion dock.

The Cypherite leader, Cryptos, seeking guidance from the Oracle in this time of uncertainty, received from her a prophecy of widespread death and destruction, to be triggered by a choice the Cypherites had already made. She reminded Cryptos of the placard over her kitchen door: "Temet Nosce": "Know Thyself."

E Pluribus Neo

The radical Zion offshoot led by Neo's fervent believer, the Kid, worked hard to find and eliminate Cypherite spies within its ranks. These spies were already responsible for the deaths of several EPN hovercraft crews. One spy, at least, was finally unearthed.

EPN also sought to assist in Sati's rescue, deploying their data-mining Code Pulse Devices both to slow down the General's progress, and to learn the location of his base on the Earth's surface. The Machines, who regard EPN as a dangerous terrorist organization, responded to the deployment of the devices with deadly force, culminating in the termination of a high-ranking EPN officer, Keterina, by means of a kill code.

The Machines

The Machines worked methodically to locate and disable the network access points used by the General to bring his troops into the Matrix. After the elimination of many commando programs, and after hacking through several layers of the General's network, the Machines succeeded in manufacturing a program that could override the General's systems. They used this virus to locate the General's base on the surface of the Earth, code-named "Stalingrad." The Machines swiftly dispatched a portion of the Sentinel fleet monitoring Zion to eradicate the General's stronghold.

The Merovingian

The Merovingian took advantage of Seraph's disappearance to make his way to the Oracle, where he reiterated an old demand. At her refusal he swore revenge, and began searching for a termination code capable of wiping out the fortune-teller. After exhausting his usual contacts within the Matrix, he turned to the General. The stubborn warrior rebuffed his initial overtures, but eventually agreed to a cease-fire while considering the Frenchman's proposal.

Zion

With the Oracle's powerful guardian, Seraph, out of the picture, Zion scrambled to her defense, fighting off assaults by the General and the Merovingian. In response to determined pursuit by the Zionites, the General tauntingly revealed that he was the Sentinel program who led the deadly Machine assault on the Zion dock at the end of the war.

Chapter 7.1

The Search

The weather in the simulation took on a distinctly off-color orange hue, as weather patterns suffer to the continued absence of the Oracle's ward, Sati, kidnapped by the ex-Sentinel leader known as "The General." The General struck an alliance with the leader of the Matrix underworld, the Merovingian, bringing the Frenchman into direct conflict with the Machines, who are working to eradicate the General's commando forces.

Zion pursued the Oracle's guardian, Seraph, dramatically returned (as seen in the chapter 7.1 cinematic) after his disappearance while pursuing Sati's kidnappers, and found that he'd been deleting Machine programs from the minds of humans in the Matrix, including the Cypherite leader, Cryptos, who had secretly been under Machine control.

E Pluribus Neo continued their dogged hunt after signals apparently sent by the ex-Zion captain, Morpheus, and finally came across a clear message from the former leader.

As if this, and a certain sanity-shattering party crashed by a notorious Merovingian weren't enough, an outbreak of the Smith Virus threatened to take over the city. Resistance, organized by the Oracle, eventually managed to defeat powerful manifestations of the virus, but as it faded away, it left a message claiming to have taken on a much more insidious, unkillable form.



Cypherites

The Cypherites attempted to understand Seraph's apparent rampage across the city, and to do what they could for his "bluepill" civilian victims. This quest came to an abrupt end when Seraph ambushed the Cypherite leader, Cryptos, performing a strange "exorcism" that left Cryptos extremely disoriented. As his concerned operatives attempted to aid him, Cryptos began uttering strange sounds, which, as his articulation increased, were clearly identified as Machine error codes.

Concluding that Cryptos had been operating under Machine overwriting, removed by Seraph's attack, the Cypherite controller, Veil, ordered Cryptos returned to his ship and put under intensive care, while she assumed interim leadership of the organization.

The Machines were quick to acknowledge that Cryptos had been operating under their guidance, forming the Cypherites as a means of preventing Zion from awakening more than their Truce-allotted 1% of the Matrix' population to the true nature of the simulation. The Machines attempted to renew the terms of their agreement with Veil, but she thus far has put off accepting an accord with the Machines, and relations between the two groups remain uncertain.



E Pluribus Neo

EPN put great effort into pinpointing the mysterious signals seen intermittently around the city of late, in which a man resembling the famous Zion war leader, Morpheus, appeared to isolated operatives, delivering messages appearing to allude to the One, Neo, being alive, but held captive by the Machines.

After a difficult process of mining for data concerning a newly detected broadcast of the signal, EPN tracked the signal to the Hypercube monument in Mara, where they were confronted by a clear message from this apparent Morpheus, saying that the Machines had failed, and that Neo was alive, held captive by the Machines, and in need of rescue.

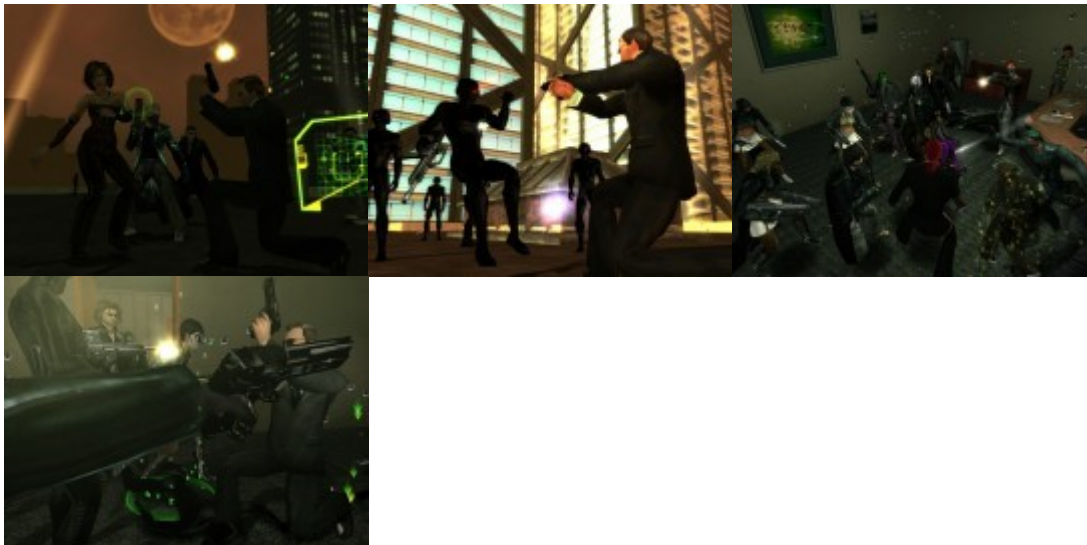


The Machines

The Machines hacked the General's network in the Matrix, gaining the capability of scanning the exiled program's plans and data. Led by Agent Gray, they captured one of the General's Elite Commandos, gaining enough data on the soldier's stealth routines to enable them to engineer a sensor scan capable of detecting hidden commandos.

Machine pursuit of the General's forces brought them into conflict with the Merovingian, who recently agreed to an alliance with the harassed General. After some frustrating initial engagements, the Machines realized that the Merovingian's opposition may slow down their timetable in eliminating the General.

Meanwhile, the Machines also had to deal with the exposure of their secret control over the Cypherite organization when Seraph found and removed the Machine program that had overwritten Cryptos' mind. Because Seraph's "exorcism" left the Cypherite leader damaged and confused, the Machines attempted to regain control of the Cypherites by striking a deal with Cryptos' second-in-command, Veil, but she remained aloof, showing anger at the long-standing Machine deception.



The Merovingian

The Merovingian came to an agreement with the General under which the Merovingian would provide transportation in and out of the Matrix for the General's forces, while the General would help the Merovingian hunt down ingredients necessary for a kill-code capable of terminating the woman who has frustrated so many of his schemes: the Oracle.

The General's commando programs and the Merovingian's operatives worked together to secure a vital ingredient, the last remaining Machine cheat code, held by an unwitting civilian. The General revealed, however, that they would need a special program to put the kill-code together: The Apothecary. Following the General's directions, they tracked down an old code trace of the Apothecary and, from the mouth of an ancient program, learned that the Apothecary was held by the Machines in their mainframes, and could only be retrieved by an old Merovingian employee: the Trainman.

Under growing pressure by the Machines, the Merovingian's operatives located the portal to the Trainman's private construct, hidden in the Abandoned Subway. Leaving an encrypted "note on his doorstep," they eventually coaxed the paranoid Exile out of hiding, and brought him once more into the Merovingian's service.



Zion

Zion pursued Seraph, apparently deranged after his plunge from a helicopter into the highly polluted Aqueduct while fighting the commandos who had abducted Sati. They found that although Seraph's attacks on operatives and civilians alike appeared indiscriminate, the victims all shared memory loss after an episode of suspicious personality change in their past.

Zion was eventually able to make contact with Seraph, who revealed that he was nearly done with his work, and that the operatives should be careful to guard their minds. Seraph's removal of the Machine program overwriting the mind of the Cypherite leader, Cryptos, finally made it clear that the Oracle's guardian was, thanks to his exposure to the remains of Machine cheat codes in the Aqueduct, able to detect and remove such programs from the minds of humans.

With Zion's assistance, Seraph completed the eradicating of Machine overwriting around the city, and returned to the Oracle's side. The Oracle, however, directed him to rescue Sati from the General, a task that Seraph quickly began, again aided by operatives from Zion.



Chapter 7.2

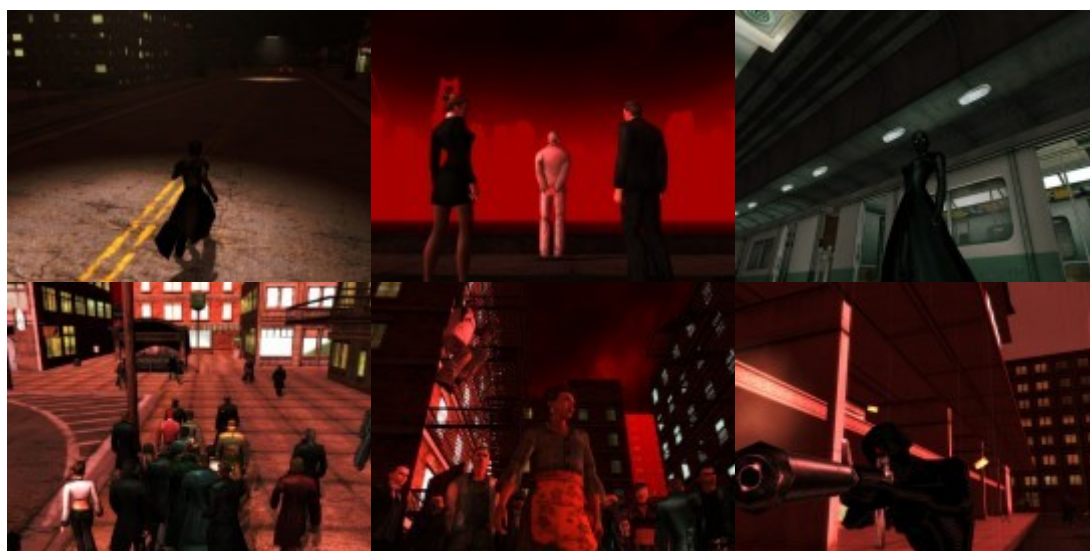
Desperation

With the climate-controlling Sati still in the hands of the General, the weather within the Matrix took a dramatic turn for the worse, signified by a vivid red hue that caused concern even for the normally aloof Architect. While his Sentinel fleet assaulted the General's base code-named Stalingrad on the Earth's surface (as seen in the chapter 7.2 cinematic), within the Matrix, Machine forces steadily overthrew the General's systems, even as Zion, with the aid of Seraph, searched for Sati, eventually rescuing the girl from the General's control.

The harried General came to rely more and more on the support of his new ally, the Merovingian. The Merovingian, however, showed a marked disregard for the preservation of the General's commando programs, going so far as to use them as cannon fodder for his own aims, and even secreting some of them within his own hidden constructs, unknown to the General.

Meanwhile, the Merovingian continued his project of eliminating that frequent foil of his plans, the Oracle. He brought a deadly program known as the Apothecary into the Matrix, putting her to work on a code powerful enough to kill the fortune-teller, who managed to complete the kill-code despite much interference by the Machines. As a reward for the Apothecary's hard work, the Merovingian, at the instigation of his wife, Persephone, betrayed the Apothecary to the Machines, and she was deleted by a group of hostile operatives.

In the midst of these warring forces, the signal of Morpheus continued to appear to followers of Zion and E Pluribus Neo, declaring that Neo lived, a prisoner of the Machines, and calling on the assembled operatives to fight the Machines in order to rescue the One. Certain inconsistencies and glitches in these signal broadcasts began to raise doubts, however, particularly after E Pluribus Neo found that the signal, made to look like an emergency hovercraft beacon, was in fact originating within the Matrix itself.

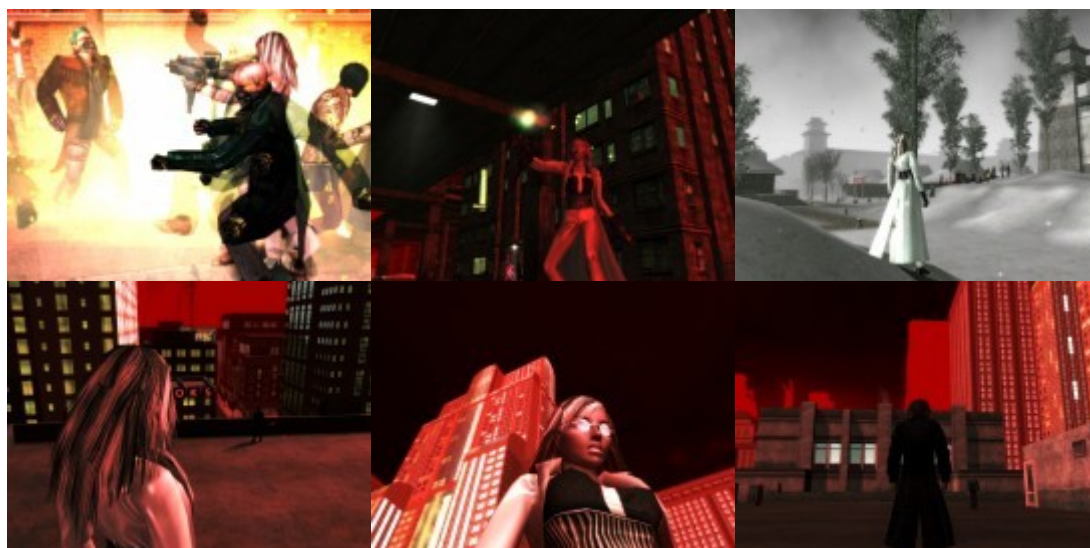


Cypherites

The recuperating Cypherite leader, Cryptos, whose Machine overwriting had just been violently purged by Seraph, finally appeared and spoke to some of his operatives, who to their dismay found his mind clouded, and prone to wandering. Evidently, the Machine program that had been controlling him, though overthrown, was now partially merged with his previous, violently anti-Machine psyche.

The Cypherite controller, Veil, viewing her crippled leader with disdain, took command of the organization, leading them in attacks against the Apothecary, and against their mortal foes, E Pluribus Neo. The Cypherites succeeded in capturing an EPN crew, and defended themselves, with help from the Machines, against a counter-attack led by the EPN controller, Shimada. Veil also came to an agreement with the Machines' Agent Pace to resume spying operations in Zion, with the aim of discovering the destination and purpose of large amounts of material and personnel apparently leaving the caves of Zion.

Eventually Cryptos, sufficiently recovered, met with the Machines' Agent Gray, complaining of the pain of his current existence, and asking to be reinserted into the Matrix, as Cypher himself had asked of Agent Smith. Much to the Cypherite's surprise, Agent Gray told him that there was no such procedure.



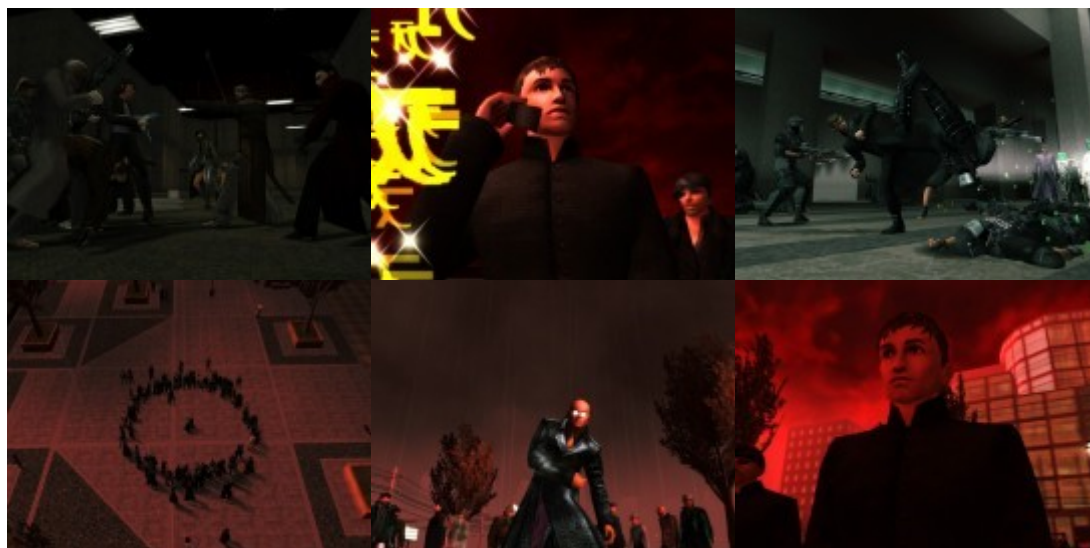
E Pluribus Neo

E Pluribus Neo strove to make further contact with the mysterious Morpheus signals, receiving aid from the Oracle in locating them. The authenticity of the signals came more and more into question as they continued to preach the same message of war against the Machines.

To put these questions to rest, EPN sought to trace the signal to its origin, even in the face of Machine attacks. They succeeded in this endeavor, finding, to the dismay of many, that the signals, encoded in the form of emergency broadcasts from Morpheus' hovercraft, the Nabonidus, were in fact coming from a source within the simulation itself.

EPN also found themselves under increased pressure from the Cypherites, led by the

aggressive Veil. They attempted to rescue an EPN crew member captured by the Cypherites, but were unable to reach the operatives, who were guarded by massed forces of Cypherites, Machines, and even some Merovingian operatives.



The Machines

As the battle for Stalingrad raged in the Real, the Machines began a concerted takeover of the General's systems inside the Matrix, commandeering his helicopter fleet, his communication channels, and even his holographic broadcast.

They closely pursued the Apothecary, taken from their servers and brought into the Matrix by the Merovingian without their consent. The Frenchman meanwhile struck down Agent Pace with a preliminary version of the Apothecary's kill-code destined for the Oracle. The Agent recovered quickly, but seemed altered, adopting a colder, more businesslike demeanor, and demonstrating a heightened enthusiasm for the violent suppression of System enemies.

Following the successful termination of the Apothecary, the Machines located, assaulted, and disabled the General's primary base in the Matrix, found in the complex inhabited by Project Nine soldiers beneath the Abandoned Subway. They then shut down the General's network within the Matrix entirely, and prepared to continue with further operations against the Merovingian, who gave the harried General asylum.





The Merovingian

The Merovingian, wanting to kill the Oracle, had the Trainman bring the program known as the Apothecary into the Matrix, and put her to work on a kill-code powerful enough to eliminate the fortune-teller. Blood samples from Sati and from the irradiated ex-Unlimit commander, Beirn, were obtained to increase the code's potency.

The Merovingian wished to test a preliminary version of the code, and the General suggested the Machines' Agent Pace as a test subject. Persephone lured the Agent to a rendezvous where a Merovingian hit squad, armed with kill-code samples, struck down the Agent, much to the Merovingian's delight. Spy reports confirmed that the code had made a lasting impact on the Agent.

The Apothecary eventually completed work on the code, despite continued interference from Machine attacks. Frustrated by the constant threats to her safety, she demanded transport out of the Matrix, which the Merovingian promised to grant her. However, partly at the instigation of Persephone, who had a longstanding feud with the Apothecary, he instead tipped off the Machines as to her location, and the kill-code manufacturer was deleted in an attack by hostile operatives.

Under increasing pressure himself from the Machines for sheltering the General, the Merovingian, unknown to his would-be ally, began smuggling the General's commando programs into hidden constructs under his own control.



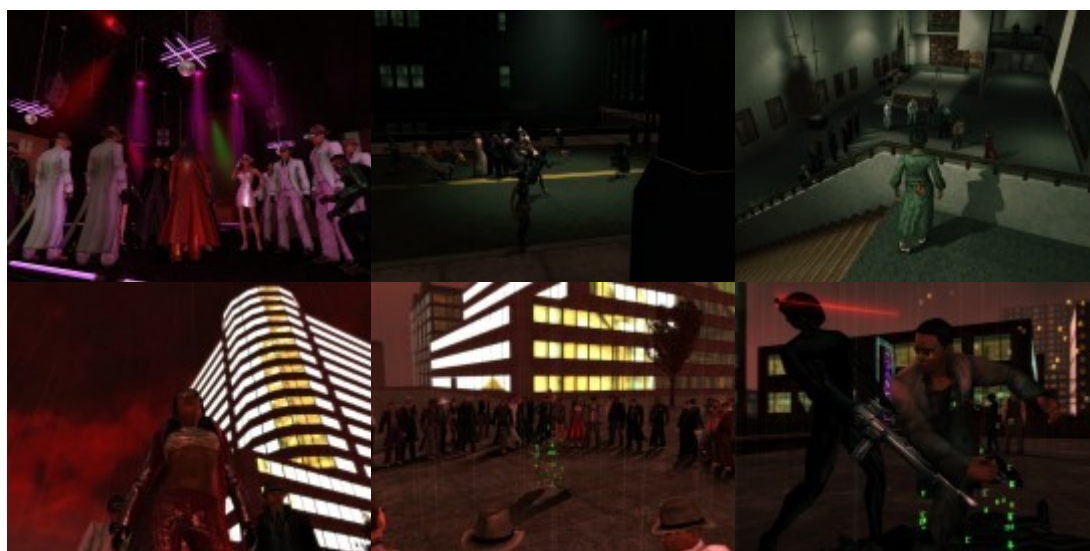


Zion

Zion worked with Seraph to track down Sati, held prisoner by the General. After fighting through many platoons of the General's commandos, and solving a perplexing assault by Sati doppelgangers created by the General, Sati's program was retrieved and restored to the Oracle, who declared that the girl would soon be well, and able to restore the weather to its normal condition.

Although they succeeded in guarding the Oracle against attacks by the General, Zion decided that her usual home in Mara had become too easy a target for the General and the Merovingian. With Seraph's support, they finally managed to persuade her to leave the neighborhood, and began moving her under guard between secret safehouses across the city.

Zion also tracked the Morpheus signal, eventually finding it and catching it as a strange glitch occurred, causing it to repeat the same line four times. This raised further suspicions about the signal's true origins. Tracking was complicated by the appearance of die-hard Morpheus supporters, wishing to emulate and further his old agenda.



Chapter 7.3

Fall of the General

The Machines destroyed the General's base on the Earth's surface (as seen in the chapter 7.3 cinematic), driving him into hiding in the Matrix. With Sati rescued from the General's grasp, the weather in the simulation returned to its standard green-tinged overcast skies.

Zion and E Pluribus Neo pursued the simulacrum who had been appearing recently in the city, impersonating Morpheus. They found data appearing to suggest a link between the simulacrum and the General. The Machines, concerned that the simulacrum might try to threaten the System's stability as Morpheus himself did, questioned it, but decided that it was confused and non-violent, and only bore further monitoring.

Meanwhile, the Merovingian had begun using the Trainman to shuttle the General's commandos out of the Matrix, and back into the real world. The General himself delayed, leaving the train platform to confront his Morpheus simulacrum. He ordered the simulacrum to deactivate itself, but it refused, and successfully defended itself against the General, who was forced to leave. Returning late to the Trainman's station, the General was confronted there by Machine forces. The Trainman managed to shove the General onto the departing train, but suffered severe injury at the hands of the Machines.

Undeterred, the Merovingian put his plan to kill the Oracle into full execution, attempting to get his kill-code into the hands of an assassin planted in Zion's security teams. Zion found the assassin in time, forcing the Merovingian to resort to a new plan, using a stealth commando and a very special key to attempt to surprise the Oracle. She, however, was saved at the last moment by the Kid and E Pluribus Neo. The frustrated Frenchman consoled himself by activating an override code on the General and his Sentinels.

The Cypherites continued searching for information on the mysterious exodus of men and material from Zion. Cryptos, gradually recovered from Seraph's attack, took command of the organization back from the stubborn Veil, to the relief of Agent Gray and the Machines. Veil, however, continued her ruthless quest for information, executing the crew of the Zionite hovercraft Pelageus when they refused to cooperate. In response, the Oracle could offer only dire-sounding predictions, saying that you can't save someone who doesn't want to be saved.

Cypherites

Cryptos wandered for some time in the Matrix, asking those he met about purpose, right, and wrong. He appeared to settle some question in his mind, however, and reasserted his control over the Cypherite organization during an operation in which he led Cypherites to capture a redpill whose attempts to awaken Bluepills freed by Seraph from Machine overwriting, like Cryptos, had led to the deaths of some of those civilians. The vindictive Cypherite controller, Veil, grudgingly agreed to recognize Cryptos as leader.

Veil continued leading operations designed to discover the mystery behind unregistered

workers and machinery slipping out of Zion, a topic of particular interest to the Machines. She staged an attack on a E Pluribus Neo base as a distraction, while other Cypherite operatives successfully infiltrated a Zionite computer system, recovering data.

Her zealous pursuit of her task led her to hijack, and eventually execute, the crew of a Zionite hovercraft, the Pelageus. Agent Gray, who had supported Cryptos over the Veil's volatile leadership, questioned her methods, but Veil refused to curb her activities, responding derisively when told that her actions threatened the truce between the Machines and Zion.



E Pluribus Neo

E Pluribus Neo, searching for information on the Morpheus simulacrum, discovered a hidden network of old followers of Morpheus, still carrying on the rebel activities that led to Morpheus' death, including the distribution of seditious posters. One of these individuals, Joshua Maston, told the EPN members who found him that they had been distracted by Cypherites and super-villains from what was truly important, and that he fully expected to be killed by the Machines for his activities, but carried on because he believed that what he was doing was right. The Kid said that belief is important, but so is hope.

Recognizing the kill-code threat to the Oracle posed by the Merovingian, EPN asked Zion for permission to assist in guarding her; when the Oracle herself insisted, Zion agreed to share guard duties.

When the Frenchman finally launched his Elite Commando assassin at the Oracle, the Kid, on guard duty at the time, responded to her cry of alarm in time to intercept the fatal bullet with his body. Nearby EPN operatives pursued and eliminated the commando, while the Oracle watched over the stunned Kid. She said he would be all right, but would need rest. Once he reluctantly jacked out to his ship, the Oracle went outside to enjoy the fresh air for the first time in weeks, and moved back to her old home in Mara.

The Machines

The Machines tracked the fleeing General through the Matrix, rooting him out of the temporary safety of the Merovingian's chateau with the assistance of the Cypherites, and then

from the Trainman's tunnel system. They caught up to the General at the train station as he was about to exit the simulation, but the Trainman sacrificed his own chance to escape in order to make sure that his appointed passenger made it aboard the departing train.

With the General out of the Matrix, the Machines switched targets within the simulation, now locating and questioning the Morpheus simulacrum, which showed some indication that it might take up Morpheus' old terrorist tendencies. They found that it had the capability of simulating redpill jack-out and reconstruction. The simulacrum, however, appeared to be non-violent, and the Machines determined that careful monitoring of its activities was a sufficient precaution.

Agent Pace ran an operation in which a special party was staged as a trap for the Merovingian, with the intent of punishing the Frenchman for his role in the General's escape. The Merovingian, however, sent his wife in his stead, and she escaped when loyal operatives pounced on the Agent sent to infiltrate the club. A massive Machinist onslaught cleared the club, however, and Agent Pace decided that this demonstration had served its purpose.

Ever-increasing concerns about the purpose behind materials and manpower sneaking out of Zion led the Machines to attempt gathering information through their own contacts, but this proved less efficient than employing the Cypherites, although Cypherite production, from the Machine point of view, continued to suffer under Veil's stubborn leadership. Cryptos' re-assumption of Cypherite command came as a relief to the Machines, but tensions with Zion caused by their activities remained high, particularly after Veil's hijacking and execution of the crew of the Zionite hovercraft Pelageus.

The Merovingian

The Merovingian forced the harried General to give him control over the program used by the commandos to move between the Matrix and the real world. With this in his possession, the Frenchman employed the Trainman to transfer the General's commandos out of the simulation, saving them for the time being from extermination at the hands of the Machines, but losing the Trainman to the Machines in the process. The Trainman managed to limp away from a Machine attack into his own private construct, but it was unclear if the paranoid Exile would survive his injuries.

The Merovingian attempted to send the kill-code made to terminate the Oracle to a spy placed on the Oracle's security detail, but Zion detected the intrusion, and forced the Frenchman to extricate the kill-code from their systems.

In need of an alternate means of getting the deadly code near the Oracle, the Merovingian seized upon a key dug up by the Landlord at the Mahath Tower construction site, formerly occupied by the government building used by Neo to reach the Architect; when this building self-destructed with the body of the Keymaker inside, the key he had been making in the Merovingian's dungeon was buried in the rubble. The Frenchman had originally planned to use this key, capable of transporting the user to a portal near a specific target, to kill the Oracle's previous shell.

After several false starts, the Effectuator managed to transport a borrowed Elite Commando squad back into the city. Seraph detected and hunted the commandos, but Merovingian operatives managed to save most of them, and finally one of them, equipped with the key and the kill-code, attempted to assassinate the Oracle, but the Kid blocked the shot at the last moment.

Frustrated with this failure, which he blamed on the General's soldier, the Merovingian executed a hidden override program the Trainman had inserted into the General and his men when they were transferred out of the Matrix; the program compels the General and his Sentinels to obey the Merovingian's commands in the real world.

Zion

Zion tracked down the Morpheus simulacrum, finding evidence of some sort of connection between the unpredictable simulacrum and the General; this connection was confirmed in dramatic fashion when the General himself confronted the simulacrum, berating it for failing in its designated task of re-igniting conflict between the Machines and Zion. Cheered on by surrounding operatives, the simulacrum refused to obey the General's command to deactivate itself, and successfully defended itself when the incensed Sentinel leader attacked.

Meanwhile, Zion found indications that the Merovingian had transferred his Oracle kill-code into their own network. They managed to find the Frenchman's undercover team of operatives, and his spy within Zion, forcing the Merovingian to abort his plan, and extricate the kill-code from Zion's systems.

Although Zion's agreement to allow E Pluribus Neo to help guard the Oracle, at her own insistence, paid off when the Kid saved her from the kill-code-laced bullet fired by an Elite Commando, Zion subsequently suffered the loss of the crew of their hovercraft Pelageus at the hands of EPN's sworn enemies, the Cypherites. The Oracle tried to console Zion over the loss, but could not keep a sense of foreboding out of her message.

Chapter 8.1

War

Cypherite spies discover that Zion has built a new, strongly defended city. The Machines declare that Zion has broken the Truce. Open hostilities between Zion and the Machines begin. The Merovingian, skeptical about the Morpheus simulacrum's story of humans used as batteries, sends his commando Sentinels to scout the Machine "fields" and pods.

- Cypherite spies discovered that Zion has been constructing a new city, situated in a vast complex of natural and artificial caverns far beneath the Earth's surface, protected by a combination of heavy sediment layers, EMP devices embedded in the rock, and live EMP fields powered by geothermal energy. The Machines declared this base, popularly termed "New Zion," to be a violation of the truce, and revoked Zion's privilege of recruiting humans who reject the Matrix simulation.
- Machine forces moved swiftly to neutralize Zion's systems within the Matrix, achieving rapid early success. Zion operatives found themselves under attack by Agents anywhere outside of the Richland slums.
- E Pluribus Neo began examining possible ways in which they could strike back at the Machines, possible outside of the simulation itself. Concerned lest Zion fall to the Machines, the Kid offered to assist Zion hovercraft, under fire from hostile Sentinel patrols.
- The Merovingian threw a party, gloating over the possibilities for profit opened up by the return of the war between Zion and the Machines.
- Zion attempted to put an emergency firewall system in place to protect their network interfaces from the Machines, but the Machines quickly bypassed the new System, and inserted viral routines into the Zion network, impairing their communication system.
- As a fall-back plan, Zion established a temporary network uplink, that they could use to get data directly out of the simulation.
- The Machines began attacking Zionite extraction points, seeking to prevent Zion from "unplugging" more humans from the pods.
- The Merovingian stole tunnel mapping data from Zion, and used this information to keep the General's Sentinels from being found by Machine patrols in the Real. The Merovingian informed the General that he must stay within certain designated areas, or be shut down by an override command.
- In the Matrix, the Merovingian verified the allegiance of other powerful Exiles, including Yttri, Amber, Cerulean, Madame T, and the Auditor. The Exile named Synn insisted on more protection from Agent intrusion.
- Cypherites continued stealing information from Zionite data clusters, despite increased resistance from Zion.

- Zion managed to get sensitive broadcast control data out of the simulation thanks to intervention by the Merovingian, who sent Beirn to stop the Machine Agent threatening Zion's uplink portal. With the preserved data, Zion was able to keep their broadcast control system essentially intact, although because it is now shared from ship to ship, their hovercraft must rise closer to the surface to send signals into the Matrix.
- Zion finally tracked down Daelyn, a Cypherite spy who'd been smuggling information to Veil. The Cypherites, however, obtained the address of a Zionite recruiting official from a potential Zion recruit, killed in a crossfire with Zion defenders. The Machines captured the official, and then the high-level recruiting data to which he had access.
- Meanwhile, a flight of Sentinels dispatched to probe New Zion's defenses were deactivated by hidden EMP charges. The Kid, pointing out the danger to even Zion's new city, urged Niobe to consider opening a direct offensive against the Machines in the Real, but Niobe did not seem inclined to consider such a gamble.
- The Merovingian, besides taking a little time to discipline the unruly Murasaki Exile, Synn, became increasingly curious to probe Machine capabilities. An attack by the Twins and operatives at a leading Downtown company, Metacortex, provoked only a relatively meager Machine response. Deigning to question the Oracle, the Frenchman was told that "power isn't everything," and was prompted to look around for himself.
- Questioning the Morpheus simulacrum, who reiterated the widespread story of a Machine civilization powered by humans trapped in pods, combined with a form of fusion, the Merovingian was struck by the lack of key factual data to support the story.
- Armed with lists of potential awakening subjects captured from Zion, the Machines aggressively pursued Zion extraction and recruiting operations. One bluepill in particular, Navin Manohar, was arrested, terminated, and replaced with a specially prepared bluepill, one partially overwritten by a Machine program. After being reconfigured by operatives to resemble the original Mr. Manohar, the overwritten bluepill was sent back to Manohar's residence.
- E Pluribus Neo, attempting to save as many compromised potentials from the Machines as possible, confronted and eventually extracted Rachel Dunkirk, friend of a woman named Sarah Edmontons, who had disappeared from a hospital several years earlier, apparently walking out under her own power despite having been on life support machines for over a month with almost zero brainwave activity.
- Zion strove to save their compromised recruiting teams and potential awakening subjects from the Machines, with some success. The Machines, however, gained information on the location and configuration of the Zion mainframe when they tricked Zion into attempting to extract a subject who had secretly been overwritten with a Machine program designed to exploit a security hole in the red pill trace program.
- The Merovingian had Raini and Silver questioned about fusion and biological power generation; the questions stemmed from Morpheus' account of humans in the pods and the Machine energy source. Information gathered made the Merovingian question the efficiency of the supposed Machine system of a form of fusion combined with hu-

mans as energy-generating devices, and he determined to learn the truth for himself by sending the General's Sentinels to scout the fields and pods.

- Ghost had a run-in with Pace while on a recruiting mission; Pace hinted that "your program is compromised," and that she was visiting other Zion potentials.
- The Cypherite controller, Veil, and Cypherite operatives strove to counter Zion's recruiting efforts with Bluepills, and succeeded in putting a number of potentials "back to sleep" with the pills, although one had to be fed the pill by force.
- Malphas and several operatives won back a feather from Seraph, stolen by Seraphim. Malphas explained that Seraph's feathers were stripped from him as punishment for his betrayal of the Merovingian, in the days when he served the Merovingian as an enforcer.
- Niobe came close to losing data she was attempting to rescue from Machine capture, but E Pluribus Neo operatives saved her from Machine forces in the nick of time.
- The Merovingian held a "peace party" for all operatives in Tabor Park, but turned it into a bloodbath after tempting Redpills from all organizations into close proximity with cake, dancing, and Ookami.
- The Exile leader Dame White was involved in some wheeling and dealing, first getting a new Exile program that controlled animal emotions stolen from her by Persephone, the Effectuator, and Merovingian operatives, and then tipping off E Pluribus Neo that the Merovingian might have access to detailed information on Machine power lines in the Real, in exchange for information they gave her, obtained from Cypherites, about a mysterious "Mr. G."
- As it turned out, "Mr. G." was Itarrot, a long-missing Cypherite officer. Having serious RSI trouble due to fried systems on his hijacked hovercraft, Itarrot was found and rescued by Cypherite operatives, and restored to his old position on Cryptos' hovercraft, "The Blue Dreamer."
- The Cypherites also rescued the crew of the Solstice, held by Zion since trying to defect to the Cypherite cause. Cypherite operatives staged a party in Club Sphinx, handing out blue pills as a distraction, while a team of high level Cypherite operatives broke into the Zion outpost where the crew was held, and liberated them.
- Zion and the Machines clashed in the Zero One construct, as Zion conducted a desperate search for a Machine hacker who was threatening a vital Zion system. Despite efforts by Machine operatives and Agent Pace, Zionite operatives managed to locate the hacker and disrupt his efforts. After this success, the assembled Zionites attacked Agent Pace en masse, temporarily damaging her RSI and forcing her to retreat from the construct. Ghost warned, however, that Zion's systems were still under heavy Machine attack on multiple fronts, and that it would be vital to get all of these systems transferred to the safety of Zion's new city.

Chapter 8.2

Hostilities

Zion turns to ex-Zionite specialist Danielle Wright when the Machines compromise their red pill program. Wright develops a new, secure pill for Zion, but is killed by the Machines, who use her hidden, direct access to Zion to insert a virus into Zion's mainframe, while a Cypherite spy destroys Zion's command center with a bomb. The Merovingian finds that the Machines do rely on humans for power, with regular pod centers across the otherwise barren surface of the planet, and have barely enough energy to run the Matrix and their own city.

- Zion turned to Danielle Wright, the ex-Zionite and mastermind behind the elite "Wright Research" technology company, for aid in coding a new red pill program that would not be vulnerable to the exploit the Machines used to gather data on the Zion mainframe.
- With their recruiting program in great danger due to Machine data captures, Zion continued their attempts to save compromised potentials from the Machines, staging a large distraction near the government building in Tabor West while a small team rescued two potentials held under System guard.
- The Machines, having received indications that the General's Sentinels, directed by the Merovingian, were approaching the Fields and pods near the Machine city, began operations against the Merovingian with the aim of forcing him to recall the General. The Auditor was ordered to cease auditing Merovingian code, and the information-gatherer Hypatia, who has given the Merovingian useful information in the past, was arrested. The Machines met with less success when they tried shutting down the relay the Merovingian uses to communicate with the General, however, as they found that the Merovingian already had at least one backup system in place.
- Machine operatives, finding that Zionite hovercraft had destroyed a scanning beacon used to return data on the Earth's depths, found an old human probe that could serve as a temporary replacement, and then located an exiled program capable of communicating with the probe. Agent Gray permitted the program to return to service in order to direct the probe. Gray also consented to the establishment of a ranking scheme in order to organize and motivate Machinist hovercraft operations.
- The Merovingian received scouting reports from the General's Sentinels with estimates of the human population held by the Fields and pods near the Machine city. Together with data gathered within the simulation on birth and death rates, the Merovingian achieved a rough estimate of a possible total Matrix human population, but suspected that the figures were too low, not to mention incongruous, and said that they would have to continue their investigation until the numbers added up.
- Finding the General hunted by Machine Sentinels on the Earth's surface, the Merovingian sent operatives to draw the attention of the Machines in the simulation by

attacking important facilities across the city. Meanwhile, Merovingian hovercraft helped draw off Sentinels, and the General managed to escape detection.

- E Pluribus Neo, considering a strike on the power lines leading from the pods to the Machine city, stole mapping data on the area from the Merovingian.
- The Cypherites, feeling that the Merovingian was accessing information on the simulation that could be dangerous to the humans sleeping in the pods, investigated one of his information sources, the Coroner, who led them to data held by his nemesis, Hypatia. The data pointed the Cypherites to a hidden construct housing some of the General's Elite Commando programs, which the Cypherites defeated after a fierce battle.
- Danielle Wright succeeded in creating a new red pill program for Zion, after some preliminary less-than-successful test runs. Forced to move her activities underground when the Machines discovered her work, Wright, finding Cypherites attempting to decode her encrypted jack-in signal, decided to leave the simulation for good, telling Zion operatives that there was work she had to do, but she could no longer do it in the city. She also rejected invitations from operatives and even Commander Lock to seek refuge in Zion's new city, saying that her goals differed from theirs.
- The Merovingian launched a small urban terror campaign designed to dissuade the Machines from attempting to hamper his various information-gathering activities. Even so, Sentinel patrols around the pods and Fields on the Earth's surface forced the General to pull his forces back.
- Meanwhile, the Merovingian discovered E Pluribus Neo's theft of the General's maps of the area around the Fields. Piqued, the Merovingian looked into the matter, and, finding that EPN intended to use the maps to conduct a raid on the power lines leading from the pods into the Machine city, concocted an elaborate plan designed to pinpoint the position of the EPN strike force, and send this data to the Machines. This plot succeeded, and despite detonating strategic code pulse devices across the city to disrupt Machine communication, the EPN attack ran into an overwhelming Sentinel presence waiting for them at the power lines, and was forced to retreat without having reached their intended target.
- Having resolved that matter to his satisfaction, the Merovingian turned his attention back to exploring the Machine power base, and used a modified red pill program to trace a bluepill's body to a previously unknown set of pods farther away from the Machine city.
- Zion began distributing the new red pill programs to their recruiting teams, and to their allies in E Pluribus Neo, but this distribution met with opposition from Cypherites, and the Machines.
- Investigating reports of Sentinels hovering suspiciously around the city of Zion, E Pluribus Neo, thanks to a bargain struck with Pepper, was able to capture Machine data showing that the Sentinels formed a thin cocoon around Zion--a nearly perfect spherical distribution. These Sentinels, however, would evade Zion or EPN ships, rather than attempting to engage them in combat, and the Kid expressed concern over what might lie behind this unexpected behavior

- The Machines investigated Wright's business, Wright Research, and found that they had worked closely with a small company, Argent Biometrics, specializing in encryption across biological interfaces similar to that used by Wright on her own jack-in signal. Discovering that Argent Biometrics was a cover company set up by the Exile, Silver, the Machines tracked, pursued, and confronted Silver, demanding the key to Wright's signal encryption, and threatening to delete all of Silver's research if he did not cooperate. Silver grudgingly handed over the required information.
- When the Merovingian learned of Silver's deal with the Machines, he sent operatives, and Ookami, to punish Silver by wiping out several of Silver's labs in Camon Heights. Summoning Silver to Club Sphinx, the Merovingian angrily reminded him that no commerce was to be conducted with the Machines without his permission, and finally allowed operatives to delete the unrepentant researcher, saying that he could be restored from a backup copy, possibly after modifying his code to make him less intractable.
- The General's Sentinel scouts, ranging further across the Earth's dead surface, reported more human pod clusters, arranged in a rough grid pattern, roughly 100 to 150 kilometers apart. Meanwhile, the Exile Sunshine was consulted, and estimated that, taking the cooling of the Earth's climate due to the perpetual storm clouds into consideration, the Machines might be able to use about 1/16th of the Earth's surface for pod clusters. Malphas calculated that this could mean the Machines have about 300 million people in pods worldwide, but the Merovingian felt that something still wasn't adding up.
- Operatives tracked a powerful Exile program, called "Incidence 5.991" by the Machines, and found it using deceptive simulacra to retrieve data from hidden nodes. These simulacra were deleted without retrieving their data in time, but more nodes were believed to exist.
- Information was sketchy, but available details indicated at least two nearly simultaneous acts of deadly sabotage in the old city of Zion, bearing similarities to past Cypherite attacks: a hijacked hovercraft rammed the main gate to the city's dock, and shortly thereafter, all communication with Zion Command was cut off, following what may have been a large explosion in the command facility.
- At about the same time, the Machines were sending a virus directly into Zion's mainframe, using a device captured from Danielle Wright's lab near the Earth's surface, which the Machines located by tracking her broadcast signal, whose encryption they had unlocked. Wright herself, in her last known appearance in the Matrix, remained characteristically calm when confronted by the triumphant Machines; she collapsed, lifeless, as Sentinels dispatched her body in the Real.
- Several days later, Ghost pursued rumors about the sabotage that had taken place in Zion, finding strong indications of Cypherite involvement, in collaboration with the Machines. Ghost warned operatives not to try reaching the old city with their hovercraft, as it was now entirely infested by Sentinels. A number of Zion hovercraft have been missing since the attack on the city; Zion's Commander Lock, present in Zion Command at the time contact was lost, has also not been found.
- Reports to the Merovingian from the General's Sentinel scouts, ranging farther

across the surface of the Earth, indicated regular arrays of small pod clusters in a loose grid-like pattern across the otherwise lifeless land. The only significant variation found was another large pod cluster and set of human-growing Fields over 6000 miles away, from which power cables led off into the distance; contact to the scout sending this report was lost, however, and the remainder were recalled to preserve them from Machine patrols. Merovingian estimates based on a compilation of recent findings placed the Matrix population at approximately 300 million humans; according to the Merovingian, these would scarcely provide sufficient power for the Machines' needs.

- With Lock still missing after the destruction of Zion's old city by the Machines, Captain Roland was promoted to Commander of Zion's military.
- Fighting over the new red pill programs continued, with Machines working to keep the pills out of E Pluribus Neo's hands. A hard battle was fought between the two groups in Westview, ending with Machinists recovering some of the programs.
- Zion, investigating Cypherite involvement in the attacks leading to the destruction of the old city, captured some data from the Cypherites, and decoded it after fighting to gain access to Cypherite computers. The data consisted of a brief message about Danielle Wright: "We found a neologism from Wright: Alphadecimal." Operatives began to investigate if this information could relate to any previously discovered details about the mysterious researcher.
- A high-level Zionite fought off Merovingian operatives while complaining about having to find his way to Pillsen for Commander Roland. The Zionite was bald, muscular, wearing a green sleeveless T-shirt, arm tattoos and green glasses, but his name was unknown.
- Machinists found Brenda Utley touring the headquarters of Wright Research in Vauxton. Utley hinted that her company, consumer products giant Pendhurst-Amaranth, may be interested in acquiring the research firm of the missing Danielle Wright.
- The Oracle bumped into a few operatives of various organizations in Downtown, inviting them to an impromptu picnic in One Zero, where they discussed peace, war, and economics while munching freshly baked cookies.

Chapter 8.3

Evacuation

Sentinels attack Zion's crippled city, forcing Zion to abandon it. Zion's Commander Lock is missing. Roland, whose ship was destroyed in the attack, is promoted to replace Lock. Roland's crew member Colt becomes a Zion captain; another crew member, Mauser, thought to have been killed, is seen on Sentinel surveillance tapes helping Lock escape through rubble in Zion. The Machines use data captured from Zion's mainframe, unlocked for them by the confused Morpheus simulacrum, to hunt down and kill veteran Zion operatives. The Merovingian finds evidence of the Machines removing live humans from the pod system.

- Colt, Captain Roland's first-mate, newly promoted to captain since Roland's own promotion to Zion Commander in place of the missing Lock, helped direct operatives in heading off attacks on Zion data stores by both Machines and Merovingian Exiles. Colt described the destruction of Roland's ship, its systems fried by feedback when the Machines destroyed the old Zion mainframe. He feared that some of his crewmates, including Mauser and AK, had not survived the crash, or the swarm of Sentinels around old Zion, where the ship went down.
- The Machines captured some potentially useful data from the Zion mainframe: a three-year-old archive of operative RSI signatures. The data could be used to lock the known operative's signal, and prevent their emergency jack-out system from functioning, making a death in the simulation truly fatal; however, the archive was neurally encrypted, and would unlock only when receiving signals matching the brainwave patterns of those who "signed" it: Lock, or Morpheus. Attempting to solve this problem, the Machines constructed their own crude simulacrum of Morpheus from available data, but it was found lacking in correct human responses, and was scheduled for training by operatives.
- Some of the General's Sentinels were among the swarm in on the sack of Zion, and caught glimpses of Lock and another man fleeing through the wreckage. After capturing Machine Sentinel reports detailing which Zion ships were present in the vicinity at the time, the Merovingian's researchers identified the other man as Mauser, from Roland's crew. Neither Lock nor Mauser have been seen since.
- Colt and Ghost, anticipating that the Machines might try to use the General's Morpheus simulacrum to unlock the captured RSI data, led Zion operatives in their own pre-emptive search for the sim, but it proved elusive, and heavy Agent attacks prohibited further pursuit.
- The ex-Unlimit, Beirn, discovered AWOL Elite Commando programs in the white hallways. Failing to call them back to duty under the General and the Merovingian, Beirn disposed of the rebel programs on hand, but, tired of the disorienting maze of hallways, left the others to their own devices.
- The Merovingian ambushed the Machine Morpheus simulacrum, hoping to extract some useful data from it. Although he managed to coax it into a startling display of some of Morpheus' old codes, he found its comprehension highly limited, and appar-

ently incapable of giving him the kind of information he was after; he seemed almost relieved when the Machines recaptured it.

- Machine operatives led the sim through re-creations of scenes from its memory, hoping to attune its mind to the state necessary to match the real Morpheus' brain patterns, and unlock the RSI archive. But the sim's recall of and reaction to the events was shaky, and in the end it failed to access the archive. Agent Pace had operatives delete it.
- The Furihata-based redpill named "Grace" was found by Cypherites, pursuing Silver Dragon gang members across the International District. With help from the operatives, she eventually found what she was after: data confirming that hers was among the RSI signatures in the archive captured by the Machines. Grace, once a Zionite, but now independent, worried that she would have difficulty obtaining the firmware necessary to reconfigure her broadcast signal.
- Following a tip from the Oracle, the Merovingian found evidence that the early, pre-War Machines were much simpler, and lacking in complexity. He pondered whether this could have led to their reliance on humans.
- Merovingian operatives found Persephone in a library in the Chateau. She read them poems by Swinburne dealing with love, loss, and death. Something from her past seemed to weigh upon her mind.
- Both Zion and the Machines pursued the Morpheus simulacrum, attempting to win it over to their point of view relative to the dangerous information, captured from Zion's dead mainframe, that it could possibly unlock for the Machines. But it appeared unsure of what it should do, and even a face-to-face meeting with Niobe failed to persuade it to commit itself one way or the other.
- E Pluribus Neo spoke to the Oracle and Seraph about the simulacrum, but the Oracle was exceptionally vague on the topic, although she seemed very familiar with the sim.
- Seeking more information on how the Machines might possibly be forced to give up power from the Matrix, EPN targetted code pulse detonations on power centers in Westview and Downtown, confirming that simulation power concentration is higher in the Downtown area, despite the presence of power plant facilities in Westview.
- The Morpheus simulacrum broke the encryption on the RSI signature database the Machines had captured from the Zion mainframe. Zion veterans whose signatures were on the list evacuated the Matrix to avoid signal-lock and termination; Niobe and Ghost were among them.
- The Cypherite controller, Veil, led several assassination missions against compromised Zionite veterans. After one of these she was opposed by Colt, Zion's remaining ranking field officer, as well as other Zionites and Merovingian operatives who converged on the scene. Colt also led a mission to rescue data from a Zion organization area to which the captured archive had opened up access for the Machines.
- The Merovingian tracked down and summoned the pod subroutine who had been in

charge of overseeing the vanished bluepill, Mary MacHenry, but the subroutine refused to cooperate. Undeterred, the Merovingian arranged to have its log files stolen, and found that the Machines had subjected MacHenry to vigorous physical reconditioning before removing her from her pod.

- The Effectuator snuck a team of Merovingian operatives into a Machine detention block where they rescued Hypatia, returning her to the city for some scheme of the Merovingian's.
- Zion tried desperately to get its last signature-compromised operatives out of the Matrix before they could be terminated by the Machines. Before he can be led to an exit, operative Strenlo, who stayed in the Matrix trying to save important information backed up from the lost Zion mainframe, is terminated by Agents. Zion succeeded, however, in evacuating loner Joshua Maston, an ex-Zionite who has been working to continue Morpheus' legacy inside the Matrix. Before allowing himself to be evacuated, Maston told Zion that while he was grateful for their help, he would leave them after they reconfigured his RSI signature to protect him against signal lock and termination.
- Persephone recalled a time during her work for the Machines at the pods when a human was removed, where the log files were very similar to those that have been found concerning the mysteriously vanished Mary MacHenry. Hypatia, to return the favor for her rescue from the Machines, put the Merovingian in touch with the Archivist Society, who could not find information on the specific incident recalled by Persephone, but were able to look up yet another similar incident, this one having occurred during the first version of the Matrix. Stealing the fingered information from the Machines, the Merovingian found log files describing the simultaneous live disconnection of fourteen individuals from the pods.
- Suddenly and inexplicably, on the verge of completely incapacitating Zion's operations within the Matrix through termination or forced jack-out of nearly all of their veteran operatives, the Machines recalled their forces, both inside the Matrix and in the Real. Before retreating himself, the General sent a broadcast to the Merovingian, hurriedly reporting a large number of Machine Sentinels taking up positions around the Machine city, and another large formation of Sentinels approaching.
- The Exile known as Digger showed some operatives a dungeon room hidden in the tunnels deep below Rawlins Corner, explaining that he believed it to be a direct code re-creation of a room from the second version of the Matrix. Digger and the operatives also engaged in some speculation as to Machine manipulation of symbols from the Book of Genesis, along the lines of theories propounded by philosopher Ludwig Andreas Feuerbach, and the possibility of multiple Matrix simulations running one inside the other. Among other ideas floated, GreatWorm suggested that the Earth's ruined sky could be compared to the flaming sword set down to prohibit man from re-entering the biblical Garden of Eden.
- A number of operatives went on a tour of the Ouroboros corporate headquarters in Creston Heights, conducted by an irritatingly chipper, yet somewhat evasive, tour guide. Several odd pieces of information came to light about the giant electronics manufacturer.
- Machine operatives were contacted by a Zionite named Cpahr, hoping they would return to him a personal digital assistant program he'd lost when the Machines sacked

the old Zion mainframe. Upon interrogation, it appeared that the program, ZAITSO, might have some knowledge of previous conversations with the EPN leader, the Kid. Operatives decided to keep ZAITSO for further questioning, much to the sensitive Cpahr's dismay.

- Zionites attempted to evacuate a veteran operative, Viellard, compromised by the RSI archive the Machines had captured from the Zion mainframe. Machine programs formed a cordon at the nearest hardline, however, and Viellard, attempting to evade the cordon, was caught by the Machine operative Darjarian, and killed by Machine operative Starschwar.

Chapter 9.1

Intrusion

A glowing "intruder" appears in the city, instantly killing Agents who try to stop him. He wants information from Zion. The Machines pull back their forces in the Real, and try to prevent the intruder from making contact with Zion, but refuse to attack him directly; they eventually admit that he is a freeborn human, with some direct control over the Matrix through "override codes." The Merovingian tries to win the intruder over. Pluribus Neo moves into the wreckage of Zion's old city.

- A large man composed of a glowing wireframe mesh appeared at Ascension Monument, terminating a squad of Agents who confronted him before disappearing into the Barrens.
- The Machines pulled back their forces within the simulation and in the Real, concentrating on locating and expelling the mysterious intruder. However, he demonstrated the ability to delete or override their programs at will, confounding their attempts to deal with him by force. He was less dominating when confronted by operatives, but they found him to be extremely powerful; he appeared more amused than concerned when dealing with their attempts to control him.
- The other organizations also pursued the intruder, interested in both his power and his purpose. E Pluribus Neo retrieved strange codes left behind by the intruder, some with the ability to influence large areas of the simulation. Zion took some of these codes to the Auditor, who, having analyzed them, became agitated, saying that they shouldn't be in the Matrix at all. When Zion asked the Oracle for information on the mysterious man, she responded evasively, appearing to know more than she was willing to say about him.
- When confronted by Cypherites, the intruder countered them with overridden Machine programs. In a later operation, Cypherites, led by Veil, stopped Zionites from making contact with the intruder.
- The Merovingian, hoping to use the intruder's power, tracked him down with the expensive assistance of the information expert, Cerulean. Attempting to impress the stranger with displays of power and influence, the Merovingian introduced him to Cerulean, Malphas, Ookami, and Hypatia, but the intruder, while hinting at some familiarity with Exile programs and Matrix history, seemed only mildly interested. Attempts by Merovingian operatives to win the intruder over met with equally lukewarm success, as he appeared to regard their claims of Merovingian might with great skepticism.
- Zion, using data retrieved from intruder codes, found a way to contact the mysterious man by hacking into landlines, and managed to get a message through to him, despite Machine jamming attempts. His brief reply indicated some interest in hearing from the Zionites.
- E Pluribus also used the landline exploit to reach the intruder with a message, and were able to meet with him deep below the city streets. He questioned them about their plans to combat the Machines, seeming skeptical of their chances.
- Cypherites showed concern that the intruder's high profile was disturbing citizens of

the simulation. Cryptos led operatives in a plan designed to disrupt attempts by E Pluribus Neo and Zion to reach the intruder, with partial success; the intruder displayed a baffling mix of interest and disinterest in operative affairs.

- The Merovingian had Elite Commandos brought into the Matrix to demonstrate his military capabilities to the intruder, who was mildly interested; however, a further demonstration, a battle between commandos and Merovingian operatives, bored the intruder, who wiped out the commando programs, much to the General's displeasure.
- The intruder met with Niobe, and expressed an interest in Zion's rebellion against the Machines. He later met with Zion operatives, asking many questions about their defenses, armaments, and plans for combating the Machines.
- The Machine policy of avoiding the intruder while preventing other organizations from contacting him became frustrating to their own operatives. Agent Pace explained that the intruder is inextricably linked with highly sensitive System information that absolutely cannot be compromised. She also said that because the Matrix was not designed to support his code, his presence within the simulation is causing problems; because they cannot remove him directly, they will have to work to minimize his impact on the simulation as much as possible, while avoiding aggravating him further.
- Cypherites looked into how the intruder might be entering the simulation. Although they couldn't find out if he was using some sort of unknown jack-in technology, questioning the Auditor revealed that the intruder's code is a higher version than the Matrix itself.
- The Merovingian attempted to impress the intruder with Persephone and various simulated delights, but while the intruder seemed interested in the possibility of the Merovingian's usefulness, he did not respond enthusiastically to the programmed temptations.
- The Merovingian staged a party in the Hel Club, and succeeded in getting the intruder to appear, although he seemed more interested in looking around and sparring with operatives than in light conversation.
- E Pluribus Neo began moving their ships into the abandoned, wrecked city now known as "Old" Zion, where they have initiated plans to improve the defenses so that the city, fairly close to the Machine city itself, can be used as a forward base.

Chapter 9.2

Interface

The intruder pumps Zion for information about their history. EPN begins to fortify Zion's old city, and find Commander Lock lying wounded in a hidden lab at the surface. Lock says he was saved by Mauser, who died defending him from Sentinels. The Machines try to convince the intruder to leave. He becomes increasingly frustrated, and demands that the Machines give him a "biological interface program." They claim that only one exists, and it is not in the Matrix. The Merovingian searches for programs the intruder might be willing to trade for, without success.

- The powerful intruder examined the Morpheus simulacrum, made demands to the Architect, pumped Zion and EPN for information on Neo and Trinity, and teased the General by displaying knowledge of his old "Seeker" missiles. When Cypherites, opting for Cryptos' approach of talking to him over Veil's desire to attack him, attempted to question him, he refused to answer. After most of these encounters, he left powerful, hostile programs in his wake, including a large program that pumped out a continuous stream of overridden Machine forces. Even the Merovingian, snooping through Machine files, did not manage to dig up definite information on the intruder.
- Around the confusion caused by the intruder, the man-machine war continued, with EPN rescuing the crew of their hovercraft Horizon, who had been captured while obtaining Machine maps of the wrecked old Zion city, while Cypherites began working to hijack the Zion hovercraft Juggernaut, whose extremist captain had been eliminating Bluepills, whom he regarded as sub-human.
- EPN detected a Zion-type emergency beacon signal coming from the surface above the old city, and sent crews to investigate.
- Cypherites hijacked the Zion hovercraft Juggernaut, whose captain, Cinquez, they accused of the murder of Bluepills who refused the red pill. Taunted by Cypherite operatives in the Matrix, Cinquez learned of the hijacking and managed to jack out and detonate the hovercraft, killing all on board.
- Hunting through Machine systems, Merovingian operatives found a partial note of a meeting between the Machines and the intruder that took place before the intruder entered the Matrix, in which the intruder appeared to have referred to the General's old "Stalingrad" base. The Merovingian called a conference on the subject with operatives and the General, in which it was decided that the presence of Sati at Stalingrad at the time of the Machine attack may have been what attracted the intruder's interest.
- Machine operatives managed to reach the intruder and get him to agree to a meeting. At the meeting, he was surprised that Agent Pace was female, but grew angry when she said the Machines did not have what he was looking for. The intruder demanded to meet with the Architect, and Agent Pace said this would be arranged.
- Zion found the intruder taking code readings in the slum building where Neo was awoken by Morpheus.
- EPN followed an emergency beacon to a wrecked surface facility above Zion, where they found Commander Lock, weak and recovering from wounds, but conscious. They evacuated him to the old city.

- Tailing the intruder, EPN found him examining upper floors of a skyscraper in Center Park. Comments by the intruder suggested that it was the spot where Trinity hacked the Machine power grid and received a fatal gunshot wound from an Agent, before being caught and miraculously revived by Neo. The intruder did not offer an explanation of his presence there, but it appeared to have something to do with the object of his search. He also mentioned that he didn't want operatives knowing what it was, because they might want it too.
- Zion's Commander Lock, guarded by EPN and recovering in the old city, sent a message to Zionites with the story of his rescue from the Machine attack on Zion by Mauser, who took him to an abandoned lab facility on the surface, and tended to Lock's injuries until being killed while leading Sentinels away from his position.
- Overhearing this story, the intruder expressed surprise that Mauser had a gun effective against Sentinels. Colt was expanding upon this by describing how Neo could zap Sentinels with his bare hands when he was suddenly interrupted by the intruder flying into an inexplicable rage, saying "They WERE lying!"
- After this, powerful override programs created by the intruder began to appear around the city, including Accelerators, and the newly encountered "Decelerator" and "Runtime" programs.
- Zion, attempting to track down the intruder and convince him to exercise more discrimination in his attacks, ran afoul of Cypherites out to shut down the intruder's programs before they could endanger citizens. When a group of Zionites organized by Ghost finally caught up with the intruder, he accused them of being involved in a cover-up with the Machines, and attacked them.
- Shortly after Cypherites removed a series of the dangerous programs from Downtown, including some around the Government Building, Agent Gray called upon Machinists to eliminate Agent programs that had been turned against the System by Accelerators.
- The Merovingian, following evidence suggesting that the intruder may have been interested in the Oracle's ward, Sati, sent operatives to question the intruder about the girl, but was unable to locate him. Flood directed an attempt to kidnap Sati without the intruder's input, but the operatives sent into Mara found only Seraph, who warned them that Sati would not be found while certain conditions persisted.
- Another attempt to locate the intruder, assisted by one of the General's Elite Commando reconnaissance programs, succeeded in finding him, and convincing him to meet the General, although the intruder appeared to be unfamiliar with Sati's name and significance. Her role in causing the Machines to attack the General's Stalingrad base caught his attention, but not to the point that he was willing to pursue her himself. Instead, he suggested that the General recover his own data on the Exile from the Machines, and asked to be kept apprised of any progress made in that regard.
- The Kid contacted Zion with details on the surface lab in which EPN found Commander Lock: the structure showed signs of damage from Sentinels, and a Zion "lightning gun"; Mauser's fingerprints, and traces of his blood, were found inside. The lab equipment was entirely wrecked. Tyndall sent Zion operatives to capture Machine logs of Sentinel activity at the site, but no records of any such activity were found.
- The Machines found an intruder-spawned "Terminator" program behind the deaths of

many System Agents. Fortunately, operatives were able to eliminate the program.

- The General helped Merovingian operatives recover some of his data that had been captured by the Machines, but his data on Sati appeared to be missing. After consulting with the intruder about the Sati question, the intruder, hearing that Sati was only out of the Matrix once, as a stored computer program in the General's base, decided that she couldn't be what he's looking for, which is something he called a "biological interface program," adding that if the Merovingian could obtain one for him, he would make him "king of the Matrix."
- Machine operatives looking for the intruder tracked him down in the vicinity of the Metacortex building. The intruder exhibited anger and impatience, and was unwilling to answer questions put to him by the operatives. When Agent Gray intervened, asking why the intruder skipped the meeting that had been arranged with the Architect, the intruder used an override code to terminate Gray, then told operatives that the Machines were still "jerking his chain." Agent Pace appeared on the scene, despite operative warnings, and told the intruder that the Architect would await the meeting, saying that the intruder would be able to terminate the Architect himself if he found the meeting displeasing. The somewhat mollified intruder said that he'd see about it.
- Zionite operatives were called in after a report of the intruder near the Chelsea Convention Center, where they found him fighting overwhelmed Bookwyrms. The intruder cut through the Bookwyrms in the Center to reach Hypatia, and demanded that she give him a biological interface program. When she said that she didn't have such a thing, the intruder terminated her. Wandering through the building's lobby, he said something about being "trapped," before appearing to jack out.
- Operatives identified contact between Seraph, Morpheus, and Lo Ruhamah. Morpheus was seen with Ruhamah at the Abandoned Subway.
- A confused computer hacker named "Murphey" dressed as an Agent and went "on patrol" around parts of Richland and Downtown, occasionally saying odd things, even long binary numbers. Agent Griffin appeared on the scene and informed operatives following Murphey that Murphey was believed to have located a large cache of the intruder's override programs, but that a close examination of the programs had unhinged Murphey's mind. It was hoped that an analysis of Murphey's utterances would reveal the location of the dangerous programs. This was achieved by Ouranos, who located the programs in the building housing the Deus Lounge.
- Beirn submitted himself to examination by the intruder at Club Cyclo. The intruder detected the Machine cheat codes in Beirn's system, and was only convinced that Beirn was not a Machine after subjecting him to various override codes. The intruder invited Beirn to try his cheat code abilities on him, and Beirn was surprised to find the intruder immune to them. The intruder questioned the General about the origins of the cheat codes, but eventually dismissed them as irrelevant to his search.
- Hypatia had been imperfectly restored by her loyal Bookwyrms after her termination by the intruder, so Machine operatives saw to the job properly, removing the code overrides from her routine with a clean kill.
- Agent Gray, still recovering from an encounter of his own with the intruder's termination routine, facilitated a meeting between the intruder and the Architect, with Agent Pace

and a senior operative also in attendance. The intruder demanded a "biological interface program," saying he knew that it existed. The Architect confirmed this, but denied having created it, and told the intruder that the only surviving copy was removed from the Matrix, as the intruder himself had witnessed. The Machines hoped that this information would inspire the intruder to leave the Matrix.

- Zion searched Wright Research in the hopes of finding something about the "biological interface program" the intruder has mentioned wanting, but even though interface technology was one of Danielle Wright's areas of particular expertise, nothing promising turned up at the Wright facilities. The intruder didn't seem surprised by this, hinting that the program wasn't written by a human.
- The Merovingian, deciding to procure the mysterious program himself, checked with possible Exile sources, such as Persephone and Silver, but came up empty-handed. Asking the intruder, who they found surrounded by dead N30 AG3NTS, to provide more information about the program, operatives were told that programs made by the Exiles in question were nothing like what he wanted, and that he was certain the program is somewhere in the Matrix. The intruder also mentioned something about someone else having "taken the other one."
- The Kid helped operatives Demedrian and Tsusai clear powerful override programs out of Ikebukuro, although the task was complicated when engagement protocols were overridden. The Kid also encountered operatives in Stamos, where he was wondering about recent activity in the area. While talking, an override routine hit the area, and the group was unexpectedly attacked by N30 AG3NTS.
- Others had also taken an interest in the Morpheus simulacrum's recent Westview activity. Agent Pace led a search for the sim in Westview, but when operatives attempted to hold the simulacrum for questioning, they found themselves pushed away from him. Agent Pace ordered the sim to surrender, but he fled across the district, eluding pursuit. Before fleeing, the simulacrum said something about "the watchers."
- Veil, in the company of operative Fyror, tracked the simulacrum down to a ramshackle building, and asked him what he was up to. The simulacrum responded with a quotation from an ancient source, which included references to certain omens, and "the teaching of the watchers."
- The Merovingian sought information on the simulacrum's activities as well, with Flood sending operatives, led by Ookami, to question two prominent Westview Exiles: Indigo and Amber. Indigo claimed to know nothing about the simulacrum's activities, calling it an outdated reject. Amber mentioned that the simulacrum had been in contact with many "gutter" people in the area, similar to the "riff-raff" who often associate with the Oracle. Various conspiracy theories were discussed, but Flood dismissed them as paranoia.
- Eliminating some override programs in Downtown, Ghost and other Zion operatives encountered the intruder, who began asking questions about the relationship between Neo and Trinity. Those present were not interested in giving him the information, and he left frustrated.
- In Westview, Zion operatives eliminated one of the intruder's Accelerator programs that was overriding the Demon Legion gang in Sobra Shores. The zealous redpill Father

Jonas led the Brethren and other Zion operatives to the gang's leader, Jezebeth, who helped track down the Accelerator.

- Merovingian operatives found Persephone contemplating one of the intruder's Decelerator programs on the top floor of a building downtown. Persephone stated her opinion that the intruder was an empty shell of a man, saying that he would not, for instance, have used his abilities to defend someone, like the assembled operatives defended Persephone against marauding Zionites.
- Shimada and other E Pluribus Neo members went after a Machine installation in downtown, trying to obtain data relating to the "biological interface program" the intruder has mentioned being interested in. EPN was tipped off to the existence of the information by a hacker, Pigo, who found a reference to it in a two-month-old Machine data archive. An overwhelming security counter-attack by Agents at the site prevented EPN from retrieving any data, however.

Chapter 9.3

Rivals

A second glowing figure, Carlyne, enters the Matrix, attacking the first intruder, Halborn. The Morpheus simulacrum contacts Exiles in Westview. Halborn learns from the Machines that the Oracle created the program he seeks, and pursues her. He is supported by the Merovingian, and opposed by Zion, who have help from Carlyne. The Oracle contacts EPN and the Cypherites, giving each group part of an encrypted program, and asks them to watch over Sati. Halborn reaches the Oracle, who refuses to help him, and kills her.

- With Sister Margaret's help, Cypherites searching for the Oracle found Seraph, who alluded to a widespread plan, and said that others would be called upon to help at the right time.
- A second wireframed man appeared, confronting and fighting the intruder in Westview. According to their monitored conversation, they appeared to be at odds over the acquisition of something.
- Halborn, known until now only as the "intruder," complained to Zion that the other man, Carlyne, whom he has known for some time, is a practiced liar. Carlyne, on the other hand, visited the Machines, telling them that he wanted to help them by removing Halborn from the Matrix.
- The Merovingian met with both men, assuring them of his full aid in their fight against the other.
- In a later meeting with Machinists in the Government Building, Carlyne told them that Halborn is searching for what he's called a "biological interface program" because his real body is essentially dead, and Halborn hopes the program will offer a remedy for this condition. Meeting with the Cypherites, Carlyne apologized for the problems caused by override programs, and said that he hoped he wouldn't be needed at all to remove Halborn, but that Halborn's override activity appeared to be reaching a dangerous point.
- Halborn, meanwhile, frustrated by his failure to locate the interface program, even with the assistance of Merovingian operatives, decided that he would have to go back to the Machines and ask them who made the program.
- The busy Carlyne continued his rounds, encountering E Pluribus Neo, again mentioning Halborn's critical condition in the real world. He said that his main goal is to get Halborn out of the Matrix, and that that would benefit him in certain ways; he also mentioned that he was curious to see if the interface program Halborn wants really exists, or if it is just a figment of Halborn's desperate imagination.
- Halborn demanded to see the Architect, and asked him to name the creator of the biological interface program. The Architect told him it was written by the Oracle. When operatives were asked by Carlyne whether they had seen Halborn, who he is searching for, they were instructed to say "no."
- Stonewalled by Zion, Halborn went out on his own to look for the Oracle. After the departure of Halborn, Carlyne contacted Zion, saying that he wants to help them stop Halborn.

- Merovingians found Halborn in the process of overriding more Exile programs. He requested information on the Oracle, which the Merovingian was happy to supply.
- Searching for the Oracle, Machine operatives recovered data fragments that may have been authored by the Oracle. These fragments were provided by the Exile gang leader Zero, in return for assistance in a business deal with other shady characters.
- Cypherites came across evidence of a Machine investigation of override code use in Apollyon, but Agent Pace claimed to be unable to provide them with any information beyond speculation that one or even both of the wireframed intruders was involved. Searching further afield, the Cypherites found code overrides in use in the One Zero construct, and neutralized them.
- A member of the Archivist society polled operatives in the new Datamine construct on their opinions of the area. Malphas wondered if there was another motive behind the recent increase in Archivist Society activity besides their usual profit-making from archived historical data.
- Carlyne was invited to a Merovingian meeting at the Jade Room. He mentioned to the Merovingian that he'd heard Halborn was asking questions about the Oracle, but the Merovingian assured Carlyne that his primary interest was in aiding him against his rival. To demonstrate this, he had operatives guide Carlyne to override programs placed by Halborn in Murasaki.
- Colt led a search by Zion operatives for the Oracle in Mara, to contact her about Halborn. Mara gang boss Owl Bangheart, whose gang had been suffering from code overrides in the area, told the operatives that the Oracle hadn't been around lately, but that he'd seen Seraph disappear through a doorway. Operatives located Seraph in the system of white hallways branching off of the White Lotus Hotel's side entrance. Seraph said that the Oracle had expected something like the current situation, and that this was not the right time to meet her. He added that others would be trying to locate her as well, and that the Oracle would not be able to avoid them all without help.
- Halborn searched for the Oracle in the vicinity of Mara while Carlyne, backed by Zion, searched for him. The Machines mobilized their operatives to keep hostiles away from Halborn in order to allow him to complete his task, hoping that afterwards he would leave the Matrix.
- The Merovingian conducted his own search for the Oracle, uncovering evidence of a deep-seated plot among certain Exile groups. This investigation, however, was interrupted by Carlyne, who saw it as confirmation of the Merovingian's support for his rival, and severed his connection with the Frenchman.
- The pressure-cooker situation around Mara resulted in numerous violent encounters involving operatives, the two wireframed rivals, and their override programs.
 - Ghost and Colt, conducting a covert operation in Westview, had to abort and call in reinforcements when the Agent they were fighting became Accelerated by an override program.
 - Niobe and Zion operatives battled Halborn, deleting many of his programs in Mannsdale.
 - Machinists battled override-supported Zionites at Magog South. While the Machinists fought to hold off the Zionites, Halborn showed up and eliminated the override codes,

allowing the Machines to send in Agents to secure the area.

- A large wave of programs, some aligned with the Machines, some with Zion, and some with no operative group, appeared throughout north Richland. Operatives battled to remove them.

- Meanwhile, small groups of Machinists located the Oracle in Mara, but the appearance of Seraph, and directives from Agent Gray detailing Machine concerns regarding the overall situation, required the operatives to depart without arresting her.
- Shortly thereafter, Merovingian operatives, tracking suspicious movements into the Sakura construct, found EPN soldiers there. A battle broke out, in the midst of which Seraph appeared, proceeding to eliminate many of the Merovingian operatives from the construct, despite the significant support the Merovingians received from their healer, CiaoYun. The survivors found themselves face-to-face with the Oracle, who told them that they might soon find something very valuable, but warned them against trying to use it selfishly.
- Zion located Halborn, and communicated his position to Carlyne, so that he could be stopped before reaching his goal: the Oracle. Halborn, still unable to locate her, demanded that the Machines help him locate her, but the Machines claimed that she had been designed specifically to be unpredictable. And the Merovingian, sensing that Halborn was faltering in his search, arranged a strategic planning meeting to revitalize his campaign, but Halborn did not arrive.
- Ultimately, Carlyne, with help from Zion, intercepted the isolated Halborn. Operatives from all organizations attempted to interfere or monitor the encounter, but an incredibly powerful override code blast forced everyone to evacuate the area, and overloaded monitoring sensors throughout the district.
- The Machines continued working to understand mysterious data fragments they'd recovered several weeks earlier in Richland, possibly connected with the Oracle. An eccentric Machine technician came up with a plan to decode the fragments' unique fuzzy logic routines with the help of unstable code within the Datamine construct. While this plan cost the technician his existence, and did not retrieve a full data set, some information was obtained, and Agent Pace took personal charge of the fragment project.
- The Oracle called Veil and Cypherite operatives to a surprise meeting in the One Zero construct, where she handed Veil what appeared to be an encrypted code fragment, and asked the Cypherites to watch over Sati for her. Although very curious as to what the fragment contained, and what was motivating the Oracle to make these requests, the Cypherites agreed to help her.
- EPN operatives, removing override programs from Debir Court, were confronted by Seraph, who invited them to step through the doorway at the end of the courtyard. Doing so, they found themselves in the Ashencourte construct, where the Oracle greeted them, giving Shimada a piece of encrypted code, and asking the operatives to watch over Sati. The operatives assured her that they would do what they could to help her.
- The next day, Cypherites led to Uriah by Cryptos in order to remove override programs from the Uriah docks ran into EPN, who happened to be holding a meeting in nearby Club Parallaxis. Fighting broke out between some members of the two parties, while

others concentrated on removing the programs. With most of the programs removed, concentrated sections of both organizations began a fierce battle that ended when Cryptos, supported by his operatives, who at that point held a numeric superiority at the scene, managed to defeat the Kid. Cryptos called a retreat, declaring the Cypherites' job complete. When his troops rallied, and the operative Tygrius revived him, the Kid led them to remove the last of the override codes in the area.

- Searching for Halborn around the site of his clash with Carlyne in the Slums, Ookami suffered domination by override programs infesting the area. Merovingian operatives called in to locate her had to resist her out of control attacks, but, retracing her steps, located Halborn, badly injured and holed up in a decrepit apartment building. When the overridden Ookami found them there and resumed her attacks, operatives asked Halborn if he could remove the overrides on her program; he forcibly rebooted her, saying this might cure her, if she survived the process. Making their way through surrounding override codes and hostile operatives, the operatives led Halborn to temporary security in nearby Club Duality, where Beirn met them, inviting Halborn to hide and recuperate in the safety of the Merovingian's extensive underground network. Halborn insisted that he had no time to waste in getting to the Oracle, but was unable to put up much of an argument in his severely weakened condition, and Beirn whisked him away.
- The Oracle crossed a few wires to speak to Zion operatives individually, but was uncharacteristically at a loss for words, saying that she couldn't say what she wanted to say, but that nevertheless she felt she'd made the right choice.
- The Machines found code fragments in the override-infested Richland area that somehow had not been affected at all by the fallout from the clash between Halborn and Carlyne. Analysts were able to examine these fragments along with those recovered weeks ago from Exiles, which were written in the Oracle's trademark "intuitive" style, and concluded that the fragments were left over from the process of writing a kill code.
- The Merovingian arranged a distraction for Carlyne, enabling the wounded Halborn to bypass him and head for northern Richland, still intent on locating the Oracle.
- EPN found the Morpheus simulacrum, and asked him about the mysterious encrypted code given them by the Oracle. The sim told them that she may have chosen them precisely because they are able to choose for themselves. He also suggested that while the Matrix is a system of control, Zion, in opposition to the Matrix, could be considered a system of control as well. This conversation was interrupted by a Cypherite attack led by Veil.
- A forecasted outbreak of the Smith virus arrived in the city, its manifestation strengthened here and there by the presence of override programs.
- Merovingian operatives attempted to steal some information from E Pluribus Neo, but this was foiled when the Exile contact used by the Merovingians operatives turned the data back over to EPN, apparently in repayment of a favor.
- The Cypherites stole information on potentials, among other things, from a Zion system in Richland, although the operation was complicated by attacks from override codes in the area.

- Ghost led Zion operatives into Richland in search of the Oracle, but found only override programs and Halborn, who showed his violent impatience at operative interference in his plans.
- Players fought off another outbreak of the Smith Virus across the city.
- EPN managed to set off a code pulse device in the Zero One construct, for reasons yet unknown. Machine operatives were unable to stop the device's detonation, but, led by Agent Griffin, they removed the EPN operatives from the construct.
- Halborn found the Oracle waiting for him on a bench in Debir Court. He demanded that she give him "the program." After she told him that she couldn't help him, he became angry, and threatened her, but she said this was a waste of time. Halborn asked if he would ever get the program. She told him that he wouldn't, and he terminated her.

Chapter 10.1

Oligarchy

Sati, Seraph, and the Morpheus simulacrum have disappeared. Halborn continues his stubborn search. The Machines turn him over to the Cypherites, who lead him to the spot in the Real where EPN is handing the recovered Lock over to Zion. Halborn flees the large hovercraft battle that ensues, but his ship was noticed by Zion, who, with EPN, defeat the opposing ships, and take Lock to their new city. Following a chance remark by Halborn, the Merovingian, using the General and his Sentinels, locates a "no-fly" area far to the northwest of the Machine city, avoided by Machine patrols, where they find a heavily defended facility, and a data feed from a massive "Oligarch Network." Zion and Carlyne succeed in surprising Halborn and removing him from the simulation. Cryptos begins research on anti-override codes. Carlyne leaves the Matrix.

- Although he terminated the Oracle, his last apparent hope for retrieving the program he craves, Halborn remained inside the Matrix. The Machines asked him to leave, but he refused, hinting that he had a new plan in mind. Meanwhile, Carlyne met with Zion, declaring that he was working on a more direct means of removing Halborn.
- Flood ran Merovingian operatives through a review of the Oracle's actions leading up to her termination, concluding that she orchestrated recent events in order to achieve something relating to either to the program Halborn seeks, or to the intruders themselves.
- A small group of Zion operatives led by Deffdog rescued two Exiles, Palorina and the Evaluator, from an Exile gang that had kidnapped them.
- Machine operatives defended the ZAITSO program from EPN and Merovingians, and succeeded in retrieving information from it relating to a series of mysterious "image fragments." ZAITSO was then sent back to officer SIMLO for repairs.
- Ookami and a band of Merovingian operatives hunted for Seraph, Sati, and the Morpheus simulacrum in Mara and Westview, but found their usual haunts abandoned. Finally, at the Abandoned Subway, they found the exiled monitoring program Lo Ruhamah, who spoke of other worlds beyond the Matrix before vanishing herself.
- Pluribus Neo operatives found Halborn attacking Carlyne in a building downtown. Operatives restrained Halborn while Carlyne escaped. Frustrated by a barrage of hindering attacks from the operatives, Halborn retreated. Afterwards, Carlyne told EPN that Halborn had tried to run a trace program through his RSI, and thanked them for intervening.
- The Architect had a group of Machine operatives brought to the Oracle's apartment, where he questioned them about their outlook on the current situation. The operatives had many questions as to what could be done to solve the threat posed by the intruders, particularly Halborn, but the Architect did not respond to these directly. He did remark that Halborn's "predicament" was the result of a choice Halborn had made a long time ago, overlooking the long-term drawbacks in favor of immediate benefits--a typically human decision.
- Halborn attacked one of Zion's broadcast control clusters in the Matrix for reasons that were not immediately clear. Carlyne mentioned that Halborn is probably trying to shut

him down by attacking his hovercraft.

- Carlyne met with Agent Pace and Machinists, telling them that once Halborn was removed from the Matrix, he'd see to it that Halborn's access was restricted by "the Oligarchs." The Machines moved on to investigate the encrypted codes the Oracle gave to the Cypherites and E Pluribus Neo. Veil said that the Cypherites hadn't been able to crack the encryption, but that they were keeping the file safe outside of the Matrix. Subterfuge by Agent Gray and Machine operatives led Agent Gray to determine that Pluribus Neo were likely to be keeping their encrypted file at their base in Zion's old city.
- A surly Halborn agreed to meet the Merovingian, but refused to discuss his goals, or the program he's been looking for, citing a concern that Carlyne might find a way to use such information against him. Halborn went on to say that he could get rid of Carlyne if he could find his ship; he also mentioned a location "800 miles away" to the northwest, in relation to Carlyne.
- Halborn attacked a Pluribus Neo stronghold in the slums, but was repulsed by operatives, although not until he had damaged the file system on the servers there.
- The Machines launched a small Sentinel attack on EPN's base in old Zion, in tandem with an attack on a high-ranking EPN hovercraft. Operatives within the Matrix delayed contact between the assailed crew and the Kid, preserving the attack's element of surprise, and allowing Sentinels to capture the craft. Data returned by the Sentinels from the base and the captured ship indicated reinforced defenses at the old city, but a high probability that Pluribus Neo did not maintain a central mainframe there.
- E Pluribus Neo located and held Halborn while Carlyne tried to run a trace of his own through Halborn, but Halborn had already equipped himself with a countermeasure to the trace routine. Carlyne said that there were other methods he could try.
- Having heard rumors of Commander Lock's imminent recovery with EPN from injuries sustained during the Machine and Cypherite attack that destroyed Zion's old mainframe, Veil led an attack on an EPN hideout, trying to crack their computers to search for more information about Lock. A counter-attack by Shimada and EPN operatives foiled the Cypherite plan, despite Veil's defeat of Shimada during the pitched battle.
- The Merovingian and his operatives captured Machine mapping data on the area Halborn had referred to, 800 miles northwest of the Machine city. The data showed that the mountainous region there was avoided by Machine patrols.
- At Niobe's insistence, Carlyne gave Zion rough descriptions of the advanced ships used by himself and Halborn. Zion captured information from a Machine surveillance database that seemed to confirm the descriptions given by Carlyne; the database also contained a record of a ship like Carlyne's that was present at the Machine city over two years ago.
- Halborn demanded the location of Carlyne's ship from the Machines, but they told him their ability to give out such information was restricted, and suggested that he check with the Cypherites--Veil, specifically. Veil told Halborn that she had some interesting things to show him in the Real.

- The Merovingian and the General determined that the area to which Halborn had referred, 800 miles northwest of the Machine city, was classified as a "no fly" zone by the Machines, and avoided by their Sentinel patrols, although other patrols were blocking the General's route to the area. Merovingian operatives attempting to disrupt Machine Sentinel control routines found that command protocols given them by the General no longer worked, but the General obtained updated data by capturing a Machine Sentinel, allowing operatives to disable the Machine systems long enough for the General to make his way past their patrols, and continue on his way to the blackout zone.
- When Sentinel attacks still proved a hindrance to his progress, operatives got a commando, Lieutenant Petrov, through to a Machine mainframe, where he uploaded his own program into a Machine Sentinel, buying the General time by attacking the other Machines in that Sentinel's squadron.
- Cypherites, assisted by a spy named Pernicia, decimated the crew of a hovercraft commanded by Zion's Captain Suda, and captured data that Veil turned over to Halborn. Halborn very pointedly did not invite them along, but Veil intimated that the Cypherites would be flying somewhere with Halborn in the Real.
- A further attempt by Merovingian Exiles to disrupt Machine Sentinel routines was overcome by a quick response from Machine operatives, who wiped out the Exile group, found in the vicinity of Pendhurst-Amaranth plaza. Beirn rallied Merovingian operatives, and defeated most of the Machine programs remaining in the area, but faced stiff resistance from the Machinists, and was even forced to reconstruct by the Cypherite operative SaintDaniel.
- Halborn attacked a Zionite hovercraft in the Real. One of their crew members, Ramin, managed to jack into the Matrix, where he contacted Zion operatives. With assistance from Ghost, Halborn was called into the Matrix on the pretext that the Machines had agreed to give him the program he wanted. Disguised Zionite operatives stalled Halborn long enough for Ramin's crippled hovercraft to reach safety.
- Colt hurried through the city's bars and clubs, apparently looking for his ship's mechanic. Despite help from operatives, he was unable to locate his crewmate, and jacked out after complaining about Commander Lock, and the loss of his old crewmate, Mauser.
- Shortly thereafter, EPN and Zion hovercraft transferring Lock from the EPN base in Zion's old city to New Zion were attacked by Machine, Cypherite, and Merovingian fleets. After a prolonged battle, the transfer of Commander Lock from EPN Captain Steele's "The Hand of God" to Zion Captain RedBindi's "The Titan" was completed successfully, and New Zion prepared to welcome their old Commander to the city.
- Halborn destroyed a Zionite hovercraft that was following his ship; the crew had tried luring Halborn into scan range at Carlyne's suggestion. Although the crew were killed, Carlyne said that the partial information they'd returned might help him finish a program he'd been working on to eliminate Halborn.
- Halborn, angry at finding himself in the middle of a large hovercraft battle after following coordinates given him by Cypherites, demanded to see the Machines again, but the Machines did not meet with him. Halborn took his anger out on Cypherites

inside the Matrix, and muttered about operatives being manipulated by someone who knows all about the program he's after.

- Machine programs pursued Merovingian operatives and commandos, seeking to prevent further Merovingian interference with Sentinel systems. Although the Machine programs were eliminated in part by taking advantage of one of Halborn's Accelerator programs, the Merovingian declared that Halborn's usefulness to him was at an end.
- Niobe led Zion operatives to a Cypherite installation where they'd detected a spike of override activity, and they found Cypherites and Cryptos there, as well as a Decelerator program, which caused problems for Zionites and Cypherites alike, as well as for some Merovingian operatives seeking to cash in on the confusion. Cryptos departed, and the Zionites sealed off the area, but did not, as Niobe had hoped they might, find solid information on a link between the Cypherites and Halborn, which their joint presence at the scene of Commander Lock's transfer had led her to suspect.
- Agent Pace and Machine operatives warned Halborn that his ship had probably been compromised by terrorists. Despite an attack by EPN operatives armed with code pulse devices, Halborn thought little of the warning, saying that everyone could go to hell as far as he was concerned.
- Cypherites running checks on their computer systems found override programs at some locations. Pluribus Neo, using captured data, made their way to one of these installations as well, where a fight erupted between Cypherites, EPN, and override programs. The Kid defeated the outnumbered Cryptos, and Pluribus Neo managed to gain temporary access to the Cypherite mainframe at the site, but they only had time to extract fragmentary data from it before the Cypherites finally secured the mainframe.
- Zionites found and fought Halborn in the Historic District. Carlyne appeared on the scene and distributed instances of a special program to a group of the operatives, saying that if they could hit Halborn with it, it should be able to disable his broadcast signal at the source. The operative Coroebus was able to bypass Halborn's defensive routines and strike him with the program. Halborn fell to the ground, inert. Carlyne said that it looked like the program had worked, although he'd have to check his data before he could be sure.
- Merovingian operatives accompanied by Beirn tried to persuade Carlyne to remain in the simulation, entertaining him at Paradise Lost, but Carlyne, although apologetic, was adamant about having to depart, for various reasons, most of which he did not describe.
- Carlyne thanked Zion for their help, saying he was going to leave the Matrix now that Halborn can no longer jack in due to his ship having been disabled, and that he had to leave to take care of certain concerns, one of which was ensuring that Halborn would not be able to return. Carlyne had a similar message for the Machines, saying that he hoped there were no hard feelings. With the intruders and their override routines out of the picture, the Machines mobilized their programs to begin fighting Zion once again.
- Cryptos theorized that the override routines had been able to operate by taking advantage of a fundamental vulnerability in the simulation. Having noticed that they had no controlling effect on his own RSI, which is partly Machine code, he declared his intent to begin working on an algorithm capable of resisting the override programs,

using his own code as a starting point.

- The General reached the Machine no-fly zone on the Earth's surface, northwest of the Machine city, and encountered a heavily fortified facility. Unable to penetrate the facility's defenses, his Sentinels found a data conduit nearby. Tapping into the data stream, they encountered unusual data protocols, only partially matching known Machine formats. Merovingian operatives within the simulation forced their way into highly secured Machine servers, and, after much effort, located a data type similar to what the General had found. Using this new information, the General's soldiers began decoding the foreign data feed, but their transmission was cut off just as they sent back a partially scrambled decoding identifying the data stream as part of a massive system labeled the "Oligarch Network."
- Operatives encountered override programs on rooftops across the city, possibly remaining from a last-ditch effort by one of the intruders.
- The Exile Rose, having heard that the intruders had left, took a bold trip from her station in Southard to the heart of Downtown with the help of a couple operatives.
- Ghost visited the site of Captain Suda's ambush and death at the hands of Cypherites in Widow's Moor. He discussed the possibility of larger motives or relationships behind the recent events surrounding Suda's death, including the actions of the intruders, and the attempted interception of Commander Lock by Cypherite and Machine hovercraft. This discussion was interrupted by an Archivist, who demanded that Ghost and the operatives with him leave the construct, enforcing this command with a swarm of Gargoyles.
- Zion operatives pursuing Machine Data Technicians in the Datamine construct crossed paths with Captain Raeder, apparently an officer in the security division of Supersymmetric Research, the company who had owned the artificial island. Raeder rambled on about research, experiments, and bureaucracy while attempting to expel the "trespassers."
- In a remarkable coincidence, with the departure of the intruders, massive parties broke out in the simulation, with Merovingian operatives packing the Hel Club for a party hosted by Les Enfants Terribles, and operatives from all organizations partying it up in Club Duality.
- Machine operatives were called in to deal with an Exile sniper attacking pedestrians in Morrell. Operatives worked to locate the sniper by posing as civilian targets. The taciturn Agent Griffin was concerned that the way in which this was implemented gave the sniper an opportunity to escape, but nevertheless he was located and neutralized by operatives.
- Cryptos summoned Cypherite operatives to Zero One for a test against programmatic enemies, including Accelerated programs. Cryptos studied the combat sessions, and said that the information gathered would help him in his research into the override codes.
- Operatives encountered override programs on rooftops across the city, possibly remaining from a last-ditch effort by one of the intruders.
- An unidentified broadcast signal was briefly detected in northeast Richland. Agent

Gray asked operatives to report any further information found on the signal.

Chapter 10.2

Ouroboros

Mauser, who never had jacks, appears in the Matrix. He hops through unmarked hardlines, avoiding contact, saying to Zion only that he's working to win the war. The Merovingian seeds the storm between the Machine city and the no-fly zone in order to reestablish contact with the General. They find Oligarch network data flowing into the Ouroboros Corporation in Downtown. The Machines nearly isolate Mauser's signal, but are interrupted by the Morpheus simulacrum. Mauser steals data from the Merovingian, then disappears. Missile barrages devastate the General's forces in the no-fly zone, forcing him to retreat. EPN detects a small craft outbound from tunnels below the old city, heading north.

- Colt reported to Zion that his old crewmate Mauser, thought to have been killed rescuing Lock from the destruction of Zion, had been seen in the Matrix. This was doubly surprising since Mauser never had jacks for entering the simulation. Zion picked up readings thought to be Mauser at several hardlines, and at an internet café, but did not locate the man himself.
- With the departure of the intruders, the Machines resumed anti-Zion operations in the Matrix, disabling their computer systems, and interrupting coppertop awakenings. Some Machine operatives, however, encountered a large Zionite force headed by Niobe, who stated Zion's determination to resist offensives by the System.
- Signals between the Matrix and the Machine no-fly zone becoming too weak to maintain communication with the General, Merovingian operatives inserted a program designed by Malphas into Bluepills around the city, with the intention of using the EEG wiring and human energy fields of people in the pods to create a wide broadcast array, but the signal generated proved insufficient to reach the General.
- The Machines sent operatives to delete a small group of override programs remaining in Zia. The operation was complicated by the unexpected presence of Zion captain Niobe, enemy operatives, and nearby overridden Agent programs.
- Cryptos led Cypherite operatives on an information-gathering mission against Zion strongholds, hoping to find out more about the mysterious broadcast signal picked up earlier by Zion in Richland. No pertinent information was found, and the Cypherites discussed the possibility of Zion themselves lacking further data, and of recent occurrences suggestive of a larger conspiracy.
- Veil and her operatives infiltrated Zionite hovercraft to intercept a courier, capturing data, programs, and a copy of a message from Zion's Councillor Dillard to Commander Roland, telling Roland that ex-Commander Jason Lock was not due to be reinstated.
- Merovingian operatives helped an operative named Medea gather information from broadcast towers in Downtown. The information was the final ingredient needed by Medea's crew to set up a new, more powerful communication relay to the General on the Earth's surface, but on the verge of completing the station, the crew was wiped out by Machine Sentinels.
- Colt called for a sweep of hardlines across the city, hoping to find his old friend Mauser, who still had not contacted Zion. Mauser's signal was narrowed down to the vicinity of Mannsdale, where he was eventually seen heading for a hardline, but when

he spotted the operatives around the phone booth, he made a dash for a pay phone down the street, and vanished.

- Zion found that the line Mauser had escaped through was part of an old, pre-Truce Zion hardline network to which only certain operatives had been given access. Zion's current data on the network was incomplete, since some was lost when the Machines sacked Zion's mainframe, and it was also suspected that some areas of the network had never been documented.
- After some difficulty in navigating the network, Zion operatives encountered Mauser, who, before exiting along a spliced restricted line, said only that he was working to win the war.
- Machine operatives worked with law-enforcement officials to investigate break-ins by the individual said to be Mauser. Evidence of computer tampering was found, leading to the discovery of a backup log showing that one of the tampered computers had been used to connect to a remote system via network tunneling using an unknown, encrypted protocol.
- The Merovingian, needing to re-establish contact with the General, stranded on an investigative mission in the Machine no-fly zone 800 miles northwest of the Machine city, sent operatives to find a way to improve the communication link. Research indicated that cloud seeding of the mysterious, global storm, created early in the Man-Machine war by a human project called "Operation Dark Storm," could possibly boost communication range through a weather phenomenon known as "tropospheric ducting." Specially-equipped commando Sentinels were dispatched to begin the seeding operation along the route to the no-fly zone.
- Theresa Morton, a bluepill, helped E Pluribus Neo locate a phone line on the old restricted network in Downtown, near a terminal that had been hacked by Mauser, and investigated by the Machines. Zion operatives caused a distraction elsewhere in the city to keep the Machines away from Pluribus Neo during the investigation, but when EPN tried accessing the line, security quickly appeared on the scene in large numbers. Morton was taken into Machine custody.
- Machine operatives fought to protect mechanic programs as they modified hardlines in Downtown to prevent access by Mauser's unusual broadcast signal. Strong resistance from Pluribus Neo and Zion operatives forced the Machines to send successive mechanic programs in order to complete the work.
- Soon afterwards, Pluribus Neo operatives hunted for possible unmarked hardlines around the city, particularly in Downtown. Machine and some Merovingian operatives hindered the search, but it was hoped that the line location data gathered would lead to the mapping of more of the hidden network.
- Merovingian operatives seeking more information on the "Dark Storm," with the goal of improving the tropospheric ducting project, located a program named CAR80N in One Zero. CAR80N, claiming to be a pre-war Zero One assembly line worker, proved to have very limited data on the storm and its origin, but gave what may have been a uniquely first-hand perspective of Machine attitudes at the time in which Operation Dark Storm was put into operation. CAR80N's reminiscence painted the picture of a peaceful Machine population forced into war by human jealousy that they did not

understand.

- Zion began the process of shutting down known sections of the old restricted access hardline system, now compromised by Mauser, and possibly under threat of scrutiny by the Machines. Progress along one of the branches came to a sudden halt when a Decelerator program, one of the intruder overrides, appeared nearby, its command routines scrambling the line.
- The Machines began investigating the restricted line system, using data captured from Zion's old mainframe, as well as intelligence gathered by spying on Zion operatives, to determine that an unusual broadcast signal associated with the system--possibly Mauser's Matrix connection--was coming from the vicinity of old Zion.
- With the tropospheric ducting effect of the seeded Dark Storm re-enabling communication with the General in the distant Machine no-fly zone, the Merovingian started looking for Machine links that would help unscramble complex data found in the strange network there. Data was obtained, but the General's comm link into the Matrix was severed just after he relayed a report of an incoming missile attack on his forces, from an unknown source.
- Pluribus Neo helped the ex-Zion operative Grace work out some personal issues with her nemesis Ginjiro, leader of the Silver Dragon gang, in exchange for whatever she could tell them about Zion's old restricted hardline network. Grace showed EPN the phone line in Furihata that was her appointed emergency exit when she worked there for Zion, but said that she had never used it, and that Zion had informed her that the system was being shut down when the Truce with the Machines went into effect.
- Merovingian operatives helped a commando program salvage flight data from the General's downed Sentinels in the no-fly zone. Retrieving the remains of their programs after these were returned to the Matrix by the commando, it was found that just before they were destroyed by missiles, some of the General's Sentinels had detected a distant ship matching the profile of the craft used by the intruders, Carlyne and Halborn.
- Now able to access sections of the restricted line system, Zion operatives chased Mauser through unmarked lines across the city. They caught up to him several times, but he did little to acknowledge them, uttering only one sentence in Downtown, and ignoring his old crewmate, Colt, before vanishing through a phone near the Hel Club. A Runtime program appeared where he had been standing, bringing overridden Machine programs that attacked the assembled Zion operatives, and disabling the line Mauser had used to escape.
- The Machines captured Pluribus Neo scanning stations on the surface above old Zion, and accessed their control interfaces inside the Matrix to begin using them to help pinpoint Mauser's broadcast. But, much to the surprise of both the Machines and Pluribus Neo, the scanning station network security systems, which had been disabled in the earlier Machine attack at the surface, suddenly re-engaged, forcing the Machines to give up the attempt.
- Mauser's course through Zion's old restricted line system ran through Merovingian territory, causing problems for the Zionites tracking him, and for the Merovingian and his Exiles, who found themselves victims of the theft of the topographic data on the no-

fly zone they had stolen earlier from the Machines.

- The Machines, encountering an unexpected error message when trying to capture surface scan data from EPN computers, resort to the internet black market in order to obtain information on EPN's rescue of Jason Lock, in which Mauser, according to Lock's account, had been involved. Lock's account contained noteworthy discrepancies, however, not the least of which was that Sentinels were supposed to have killed Mauser, in spite of the fact that, according to the Machines, they had no Sentinels in that area at the time. After obtaining a copy of flight data from the EPN ship that had picked up Lock from the ruined building on the Earth's surface where he said he had been hidden by Mauser, the Machines realized that the building was the same lab where, roughly nine months earlier, they had found and killed Danielle Wright, whose connection to Zion's mainframe had then become the key to the Machine destruction of Zion's former city. Agent Gray suggested that Mauser, a highly skilled technician, may have salvaged Wright's technology from the ruined lab, which could explain some of his surprising capabilities in the simulation.
- Pluribus Neo, following up overheard police reports of a person matching Mauser's general description in Westview, ran into dedicated Morpheus follower Joshua Maston, who said that police may have had Mauser confused with the Morpheus simulacrum, whom he had just encountered in the area.
- A previously unknown operative contacted the faction Temet Nosce, asking for help in reclaiming his former life from a program the Machines had put in his place. His attempt to assassinate the program was brought to an abrupt end by Agent Griffin, who shot him dead, and explained to the operative whose cooperation he had hired that the assassination target was a real bluepill, and that the would-be killer was in fact an exiled program. The Temet Nosce operative was skeptical of the Agent's spin on the story.
- Machinists helped guide a team of operatives on foot through the raging electrical storm at the Earth's surface, searching for the fugitive Mauser's broadcast location. The furious storm claimed victims among the surface team, but, guided by operatives analyzing the scans they returned of the area, they succeeded in locating a Zionite "lightning gun" firearm at the edge of a large chasm in the Earth's crust.
- Ookami and Merovingian operatives followed Mauser's erratic trail across Downtown, fending off Mauser's former crewmate, Colt, who was also looking for the evasive former technician of The Hammer. The Merovingians found Mauser just as he jacked out in a far corner of Creston Heights.
- Zion searched for whoever it was that was in Westview, Mauser or the Morpheus simulacrum, but found only an old disconnected phone line, Cypherites, and a cryptic message on a mysterious computer.
- Pluribus Neo detected an unidentified small craft heading north from a deep tunnel location around old Zion. Searching the tunnels, they found a recently used site strewn with pieces of Sentinels and hovercraft. A terminal from one of the hovercraft was found to contain some data, which they set to work decoding.
- The Machines located Mauser's RSI, and were moving to lock his signal, when the Morpheus Signal appeared in their scan control room, disrupting the procedure. By the

time they could reinitialize the process, Mauser was nowhere to be found.

- The General, returning from the Machine no-fly zone, sent back all of the data he had pulled from the mysterious network line found there. The data was found to contain circa-1999 traditional human network headers. These were tracked by Merovingian operatives to a private corporate provider, where they were ambushed by security guards from the Ouroboros Corporation.
- A bluepill named Gerald Croyden complained bitterly about the difficulties of moving and coming back to the city, but persevered to attend his son's high-school graduation.
- Merovingian operatives pumped Ouroboros tour guide Judie Lahler for information in Club Janus in her off hours. Judie, who leads tours in Ouroboros' corporate headquarters in Creston Heights, indulged in a number of drinks, and seemed unhappy about her job, calling it boring and restrictive. She said that the things she had to tell tour guests about the corporation were just silly lies, that no real work was done there, and that nobody ever told her anything.
- Cypherites found the Morpheus simulacrum in a church in Westview. The simulacrum admitted that it had intended to be disruptive in its sudden return, and made mention of the difficulty of achieving peace. The simulacrum directed the operatives to a nearby construction yard, where they found Pluribus Neo operatives in the act of using Code Pulse Devices. The Cypherites eliminated the operatives and defused the devices.
- Pluribus Neo shut down the Matrix interfaces to their scanning equipment around Zion's old city, after finding the Machines attempting to hack into the interfaces once again. Shimada said that from now on they would have to rely on indirect communication with the scanning arrays in the Real.
- Machinists tracked down a dangerous escaped Lupine, Vulg, and eliminated him. Their Exile informant, Rosaleen, startled by the sudden approach of one of the Twins, was killed by the trigger-happy Machine operative BlazinWolf.
- Ghost and Zion operatives stopped a Machine attempt to hack a previously undiscovered section of Zion's old restricted-access hardline system in Park East. The Effectuator was caught by operatives while trying to gather information at Kalt Chemical Engineering in Kedemoth. Kalt herself appeared on the rooftop, warning the group of operatives to disperse. A strong security force appeared on the scene shortly thereafter.
- A small group of operatives found Persephone musing at an old bookshelf in a hidden study in the chateau. A conversation about the nature of love followed, and Persephone invited operatives to write down their own love stories to share with others.
- Operatives found Ghost standing quietly in Debir Court, near the bench where the Oracle was killed. Ghost and the operatives talked about the war and the views of the opposing sides. Ghost remarked upon Machine insistence on remaining emotionless, and wondered if humans had reason to fear that Machines might become better at feeling emotions than humans, whom they have already surpassed in industry and science.
- Disguised Cypherites infiltrated a party held by the Merovingian at the Hel Club. The

operatives, in the guise of Exiles, attempted to get the Frenchman to talk about his ambitions in investigating the Ouroboros Corporation, but his replies were light-hearted and insubstantial. Ookami appeared, examined several of the Cypherites, and unleashed an attack of Lupines that drove the operatives out of the club.

Chapter 10.3

Checks and Balances

Cypherites find the Merovingian hacking into Ouroboros. Cryptos captures some of the Oligarch data to assist his research. EPN discover data on the no-fly zone left behind at the small craft's launch site, and begin to prepare ships of their own to investigate. Machines try to get the Merovingian out of Ouroboros, concerned that trouble there will bring more Oligarchs into the Matrix. Wright Research sues Pendhurst-Amaranth for a break-in by Mauser. Pendhurst-Amaranth's Brenda Utley helps Zion get information about Mauser's activities, but Seraph appears, and asks them to stop. The Merovingian finds the biological interface program inside Ouroboros' network.

- Deciphering a cryptic message found while searching Westview several weeks earlier led Zion operatives to the Camon Heights Exile, Silver, who had already taken the precaution of going into hiding. When checking up on Silver's old business partner, Wright Research, the operatives heard of a break-in attempt at Wright weeks earlier by an individual matching Mauser's description.
- Machine operatives took care of problems caused by EPN and Zion operatives, and asked a coppersmith meteorologist for an "intuitive" analysis of the heightened storm in the Real; the meteorologist's opinion was that the storm activity could last for some time, possibly growing worse. After hearing the report of these various operations, Agent Gray said that the most efficacious course of action at present would be putting a stop to the Merovingian's disruptive activities.
- Merovingian operatives kidnapped an Ouroboros network manager, delivering him to Exiles for interrogation on means of accessing that company's secured data. They also found that they had been observed by a Cypherite spy during the course of this operation.
- Operatives delivered data to the Effectuator in Ashencourte, where they encountered resistance by EPN forces. The transfer was completed, although EPN obtained another set of data that had been hidden nearby.
- Niobe led a small group of Zion operatives into the Merovingian's chateau, looking for clues about what he was after at Ouroboros. Meanwhile, other Zion operatives sought to distract the Merovingian's attention by battling security forces outside his Hel Club; this battle grew quickly due to an unexpected attack by Cypherite operatives. Niobe and her team were located and chased from the chateau by a Twin and powerful Exile guards, but not before they confiscated some data.
- Disguised Cypherite operatives snuck into Ouroboros, seeking to capture a sample of the Oligarch data said to be feeding into hidden computer systems there. During their search, they crossed paths with Merovingian Exiles, possibly pursuing a similar goal. The Cypherites overcame the Exiles and Ouroboros security forces long enough to extract some of the foreign data.
- The Merovingian, annoyed by Cypherite interference, tracked down the Cypherite leader, Cryptos, and warned him against further disruptions. Cryptos said that he had wanted to obtain the Oligarch data sample from Ouroboros in order to advance his

research into developing a counter-agent to the override codes used by the intruders.

- E Pluribus Neo used information obtained from Exiles, including a scheme captured from a Machine mainframe, to decrypt the file they had recovered from a hovercraft terminal found among bits and pieces of dismantled hardware in a maintenance tunnel near old Zion. They found that the file contained a topographic map of the no-fly zone established by the Machines far to the northwest of the Machine city--the same area to which the Merovingian had recently dispatched the General and his Sentinels. In light of this coincidence, Shimada said that it was time EPN looked into the area themselves.
- Zion found nothing but hostile guards at the Wright Research facility Mauser appeared to have raided weeks earlier. Shortly thereafter, Pendhurst-Amaranth chairwoman Brenda Utley contacted Zion, and revealed that Wright Research was threatening to sue her company; Wright alleged that Mauser broke into their office at Pendhurst-Amaranth's behest, basing this on claims of connections between Mauser and Zion, and between Zion and Pendhurst-Amaranth, dating back to the Unlimit affair.
- Cypherites contacted the Machines, confirming Merovingian raids on the Ouroboros Corporation, intended to retrieve information related to the intruders. The Machines located Merovingian forces attacking an Ouroboros office and repelled them, taking care not to harm the corporate guards at the site. Gray noted that Ouroboros had failed to notify the proper authorities of the attack by the Merovingian.
- Merovingian operatives kidnapped an Ouroboros network manager, obtaining a list of Ouroboros network passwords from the information he supplied. They began putting the passwords to use, infiltrating Ouroboros systems, but encountered resistance from the Machines.
- Zionites assisted Brenda Utley at a court-appointed hearing, attempting to resolve the Wright/P-A dispute. Although Utley and Zion strongly maintained their position that they had nothing to do with any action by Mauser, Wright Research's representative insisted that Wright had information to the contrary, and said that they would continue to press their claim.
- An Ouroboros security guard attempted to kick Merovingian operatives out of a parking lot in Lemone. The guard put up a tough fight, and had hopes of being promoted to an easy job in network security, but operative reinforcements put an end to his hopes of landing a dream job.
- Machine operatives investigating the disappearance of a SWAT unit encountered and pursued the Twins across Downtown, tracking them all the way to an Ouroboros complex, where the Twins were at work cutting through the company's guards. Machine operatives joined in the security melee around the Twins, who departed without much delay. The operatives were then quickly recalled by Agent Gray, who said that it was extremely important that the Machines avoid engaging Ouroboros security forces, as this could result in an alert being sent back to the real power behind Ouroboros: the Oligarchs.
- Flood and Merovingian operatives disguised as Agents attempted to use their assumed federal authority to enter an Ouroboros lab, with the aim of confiscating valuable data. They were surprised when the Ouroboros guard at the site stated that

their federal jurisdiction did not apply at the company's facility. A battle ensued, and although the operatives eliminated the guard, reinforcements eventually forced the operatives to join Flood in choosing discretion over valor. A safe distance away, Flood pointed out that Machine authority was evidently worthless when it came to dealing with Ouroboros.

- Brenda Utley, saying that her company, Pendhurst-Amaranth, was getting too much legal heat from Wright Research over an alleged break-in by Mauser, which Wright blamed on P-A, asked Zion to search for clues about Mauser's activity at the Ouroboros Corporation, rather than at Wright Research.
- Utley put Zion in touch with an informant inside Ouroboros, where, after speaking with an Ouroboros security guard, Zion operatives found that a security incident at that company four weeks ago, about the time of Mauser's last known activity in the Matrix, was a hack attempt that came over the internet, cutting right through the Ouroboros corporate firewall. Zion captured the firewall server's log of the incident, which showed that data transferred in and out of the company's network during the attack used an encryption scheme bearing a resemblance to the encryption Danielle Wright used for Zion's revamped red pill program; this suggested that Mauser, or whoever was behind the attack, may have been using stolen Wright technology to hack into Ouroboros.
- The Machines stated that they've known Ouroboros is a front for the Oligarchs, a group whose number includes the two powerful "intruders," Halborn and Carlyne, who recently caused so many problems in the Matrix with their override codes. Agent Gray emphasized that trouble at Ouroboros could cause a security alert to bring Oligarch attention back into the Matrix, raising the spectre of another wave of overrides disrupting the simulation.
- To prevent this possibility, Machine operatives attempted to set up a system inside Ouroboros' network that would re-direct any communications being sent out into the Real, but had to abandon the project when powerful override programs appeared, disrupting the communication programs.
- Merovingian operatives armed with captured passwords continued their exploration of Ouroboros' computer network. They encountered resistance from Ouroboros security and Machines, but a distinct lack of cooperation between those two forces somewhat alleviated the problem. Noting this, the Merovingian dispatched an operative to Ouroboros executives with a letter detailing Machine and Cypherite tampering attempts at Ouroboros.
- Brenda Utley helped Zion operatives discover the name of a network engineer at Ouroboros, Sheldon Brewer, said to have access to a virtual map of the company's internal network.
- Cypherite operatives impersonated tourists on a site visit to a large Ouroboros office building, while operative Marias snuck past guards on the upper floors and killed Ouroboros security officer Matthews. Veil hinted that Matthews had been in charge of sending out a security report.
- Machine operatives located and eliminated an Exiled hacker, C0wb0y, who Agent Gray said was responsible for generating civilian currency inside the simulation in such vast amounts that it could destabilize the population's economy. Operatives began working

with officer Vogt to track down and confiscate all of C0wb0y's hacked funds, which had been concealed in various investments.

- Merovingian operatives seeking to distract public attention from their own target, Ouroboros, got help from gang leader Seven in creating a scandalous scene at a Wright Research office, where they also obtained security passcodes. Using the codes, the operatives broke into Wright Research headquarters, wrecking mainframes and leaving hacker programs designed to look as though they had come from rival corporation Pendhurst-Amaranth.
- Zion found that the Ouroboros employee with access to a map of that corporation's network, Sheldon Brewer, was an unassuming technician with the network data surgically implanted in his physical, pod-housed brain. This made obtaining the information difficult, but a red pill trace program and coordination with a hovercraft overcame the obstacle.
- Wright Research declared their intention to go ahead with their lawsuit against Pendhurst-Amaranth, claiming that they had security camera footage of Mauser breaking into their facility, as well as other information demonstrating his ties to Zion, and Zion's close relationship with Pendhurst-Amaranth. Machine operatives delivered a subpoena to Pendhurst-Amaranth chairwoman Brenda Utley, requiring her to appear in federal court to answer questions about the case.
- Merovingian operatives ran into a puzzling speed bump in their infiltration of the Ouroboros network: a missing connection between two active network sections. Attempts to study and locate the absent connection failed, and even the Effectuator became discomfited by the baffling problem. Setting it aside for the time, investigation continued along the rest of the network line, returning reams of financial data.
- The Machines obtained operative help in questioning Brenda Utley about her company's involvement with Mauser and Zion. The P-A chairwoman emerged from a barrage of questions and warnings apparently unfazed. Agent Pace, backed up by an operative, caught up with Ms. Utley in Downtown, delivering a warning that if Utley's company continued to associate with Zion, it was possible that they could be subjected to a time-consuming federal audit.
- A Zion operative, Negligible, made off with data Cryptos was using for his research into countering intruder override codes, making declarations to the effect that the Cypherites couldn't be trusted to use such information selflessly. Pursuing Cypherites managed to catch Negligible, and recover the data.
- A disoriented Sheldon Brewer stumbled out of an apartment building in the slums, questioning nearby Machine operatives about the time and location. Brewer did not understand how he had gotten there, and grew concerned that he would be late for work, although he couldn't quite remember where his office was. An Ouroboros security officer appeared, curtly dismissed the Machine operatives, and took the confused Brewer back into the building.
- EPN operatives, with the help of the network map obtained by Zion, located the Ouroboros security server holding the record of activity on the company's network during the widespread hacking incident weeks earlier, attributed to Mauser. After overcoming heavy security at the site, the EPN operatives obtained a full log of the

hacking incident, complete with the network addresses of the specific Ouroboros computers the attacker had targeted.

- The Effectuator dragged Merovingian operatives back to the missing Ouroboros network link, taking another crack at solving the mystery. The search for information seemed fruitless until frustration grew among the search team, at which point network activity readings began to appear. Through experimentation, the team found that displays of emotion caused the readings to grow stronger. Furious emoting ensued, sparking a surprise outbreak of Accelerated Ouroboros security guards. These were defeated, but the team wasn't able to get a lock on the network link until Persephone arrived to assist in their performance.
- Using network addresses from a captured log of the hacking incident at Ouroboros attributed to Mauser, Zion operatives located data on an Ouroboros computer that referred to what may have been a location on the surface of the Earth, with information about power ratings and network links. This data display was suddenly cut off, and Seraph appeared, asking Zion to stop investigating the data, as their investigation could be harmful. Niobe was not happy about the interruption, but admitted that she still trusts Seraph.
- Machines listened in on Ouroboros security transmissions to facilitate their pursuit of Merovingian forces attacking the company's network, where Machine operatives encountered evidence of violent clashes, as well as a powerful Decelerator override program. The transmissions and activity ceased when the operatives ran into Seraph, who warned them that their search must end.
- Merovingian operatives overcame numerous obstacles, some with surprising ease, to find a computer terminal surrounded by powerful override programs and Ouroboros security teams. A heavy firewall protected the terminal, but penetrating it took less time than expected, and the triumphant operatives returned to a gleeful Merovingian with an incredible find: the "biological interface program" sought by the intruder Halborn.
- The Kid and other EPN operatives battled Cypherites who had ambushed a courier transporting red pills. The operatives defeated the Cypherite leader, Satiata, and recaptured some of the pills, but the Kid found evidence that the pills had been tampered with, and a foreign program inserted into their carriers.
- Zion operatives decided to visit the Kalt campus in Kedemoth, to ask Kalt to help Zion ally Brenda Utley and her company Pendhurst-Amaranth, which is dogged by a Machine-supported lawsuit from rival Wright Research. Kalt's receptionist had some trouble contacting Kalt at the operatives' request, and while they waited, an Agent arrived, asking them to leave the building. Most of the operatives did not cooperate with the request, and the Agent called in SWAT teams to disperse the crowd. While this met with some success, the Machine forces were eventually defeated by the Zionite teams. By this time, the receptionist had departed, and operatives were left wondering if it would still be possible to contact Kalt.
- After a long day of business involving her husband Mr. Black, the Merovingian, and the Ouroboros Corporation, Dame White went to Club Haus to relax, escorted by her watchful, silent bodyguard, Ebony. The Dame ran across operatives at the club, running a "fight club" contest on the club's trendy whips-and-chains upper floor. The frosty Dame seemed amused by the energetic exhibition put on by the operatives.

- Ookami encouraged Merovingian operatives to get in some "practice" by joining her in a street brawl with enemy operatives in Tabor Park, where many important lessons were learned.
- The Effectuator threw a "Biological Interface Party" at The Sanguine Room, whose itinerary included the wide distribution of heady code snacks, Ookami and Malphas costume contests, and an exhausting battle against colorful ninja, all under the club's intense purple and white spotlights.
- Veil and Cypherite operatives raided a warehouse in Camon used by Zion to store red pills. The Cypherites defeated the Zionites in the building and set fire to the pill containers, but then had to scramble to rescue bluepill workers who had unexpectedly lingered in the building's basement, while fending off a spirited Zionite counter-attack.
- The youngest member of the powerful Spectrum family of Exiles, the Southard mission contact Rose, went on a shopping spree after using a hack to access the operative Marketplace from a hardline in Uriah. Operatives in the area provided helpful fashion tips and accessories.
- Lurking around Mara, Beirn pondered the implications of the Merovingian's possession of the biological interface program. The ex-Unlimit expressed concern that the hunger of the powerful "intruders" for the program would lead to unpleasant changes in the Matrix.
- A member of the Archivist Society invited operatives to a re-creation of the original Sleepwalker spotlight attack in the Sati's Playground archive construct, and a review of the powerful Sleepwalker "Security" team who led the defense of the spotlights.
- The Kid contacted several operatives to make sure they knew about an upcoming EPN expedition to the Machine "no-fly" zone, and then helped them fight off attacks by hostile operatives.

Chapter 11.1

Fractures

- Zion found Exiles pushing around Wright Research employees. Pendhurst-Amaranth's Brenda Utley told Zion that if Mauser is gone, the Wright lawsuit against her company would collapse, but rumors of internal troubles at Wright Research are increasing.
- The Machines, finding that the Merovingian probably does have the very same "biological interface program" that the intruder, Halborn, was looking for, began a sweep for the program among the Merovingian's Exiles.
- The Merovingian began analyzing the program, finding it to be a baffling mix of complex Machine functions and "intuitive" routines. Even exotic analysts such as Ethereal 2 and Madame T. were unable to make headway in their examination of code samples from the program.
- Agent Griffin called upon Machine operatives to force a Pluribus Neo member to reconstruct, which would allow a Machine signal scan to obtain information possibly helping them track suspicious EPN ship movements. Operatives chmarr, Pascal, and Samael completed the Agent's assignment with great dispatch.
- Cypherites led by Cryptos captured the biological interface program from a Merovingian server, but the program somehow transferred itself away from their possession just as the Cypherites were counter-attacked by a Lupine force led by Ookami.
- Merovingian operatives testing the interface program's responses by attracting it into a simulacrum inadvertently triggered a storm of hostile simulacra, which had to be speedily eliminated.
- The Kid and E Pluribus Neo operatives pursued Machine programs seeking the interface program. The EPN operatives eliminated a Machine strike force, but were delayed by Malphas and his blood-drinkers when they made an attempt to hack into the Merovingian servers that the Machines had been attacking.
- E Pluribus Neo crews departed for an expedition to the mysterious Machine "no-fly" zone, while EPN and Machine operatives fought over Machine hovercraft communication relays. Pluribus Neo succeeded in hacking one of the two relays, but some Machine hovercraft still managed to track the departing EPN ships, and engage them in battle. Most of the EPN fleet was able to escape from the battle, and continue on their way.
- Zion came across evidence of attacks on Wright Research's network, quickly hushed up by Wright Research security, although the Wright security teams had not been able to find any evidence of the attacker.
- Machinists investigating riots in the city found Bluepills enraged by loss of their cable television and internet access, due to a mass failure of the leading consumer set-top box and home router devices, manufactured by none other than the Ouroboros Corporation.
- Merovingian operatives dug up the scientist Silver, enlisting his special knowledge in

the effort to understand and utilize the biological interface program. Silver agreed to help only on threat of deletion--a threat the Merovingian has carried out in the past.

- Ghost and Zion operatives tracked Silver down and questioned him about his activities, including his involvement with recent security issues at Wright Research; in the past, Silver had worked closely with the company's founder, Danielle Wright. Silver denied any involvement, and escaped from the operatives, but not before they captured a device from him that led them to a hidden research lab in the slums, guarded by Exiles. A code scan of the area showed that Silver had been isolated there for several months, which seemed to support his claim of non-involvement in the Wright Research problems.
- Merovingian operatives checked on the progress of Silver's research, finding him engaged in a series of gruesome experiments on docile Bluepills. The operatives were highly skeptical of the usefulness of Silver's activities, and Ookami arrived to warn the scientist that he was expected to produce results.
- Agent Pace called on Machine operatives to hold Bluepills who were rioting at the Ouroboros Corporation's headquarters in Creston Heights, until their pod treatment could be sufficiently modified to pacify them. Some of the Bluepills were killed in the resulting melee, but the mob was eventually dispersed, and the operatives arrested rabble-rousing bluepill Enoch Horner, turning him over to Agent Pace.
- Zion discovered network equipment prototypes had been stolen from Wright Research. Checking on one of the prototypes, they found that the research project from which it originated had been headed by Danielle Wright herself. The former manager of the project said that it had to be abandoned after her death, because nobody else could understand the technology.
- The Machines attempted to contact the Ouroboros Corporation, but the representative they were to meet did not arrive. Investigating, operatives found Ouroboros' internal mail and paging systems offline, and their technicians completely baffled as to the cause.
- The biological interface program went missing from its server, and flitted around the Merovingian's network, causing a number of problems before settling into another mainframe. The scientist Silver appeared unsurprised by its temporary escape, saying that the program's unique code enables it to circumvent traditional security routines with relative ease.
- Cypherites and other operatives strove to deactivate code bombs planted by an extreme ex-EPN crew, Libertas Verus. They were able to disarm some of the bombs, defeating a number of the Verus' crew, including the captain, Uticensis, despite the crew having unleashed a dangerous flame virus at the first bomb site.
- While fighting off a Machine raid on the biological interface program's computer, Ookami found that the program had jumped from its server into the RSI of one of the Merovingian operatives, Nicks. Operatives evacuated her to a safe location, where they succeeded in coaxing the program back into a secure server.
- Cypherites seeking answers about Ouroboros' failure to correct its problems tracked down three of the company's executives: Edward Young, Pamela Bagwell, and Barry Morgenthal. Questioning them closely about Ouroboros' problems and activities, it

became clear to the Cypherites that the company's own executives had no clue as to the cause of the breakdowns there.

- E Pluribus Neo, at the site of a civilian demonstration against the Ouroboros Corporation and its failed media distribution services, witnessed the killing of a demonstrator at the hands of an Ouroboros security guard. EPN evacuated the remaining civilians, and fought off aggressive resistance by the Ouroboros security team at the site.
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- Zion, investigating the ongoing rash of thefts at Wright Research, found a Wright employee who was somehow in two spots at once: a security lab analyzing the attacks, and the most recent break-in site. When caught and questioned by Wright security, however, the employee appeared to be a completely normal bluepill.

- The Machines, starting to take the Ouroboros network offline in an attempt to isolate the cause of the problems within that corporation, tracked a suspicious data stream to an Ouroboros employee, apparently hacking into her own company's network. She provided information leading to the discovery of a series of commands sent to the power plant at the company's Creston Heights headquarters--commands that had already triggered a condition that would lead to a catastrophic overload capable of leveling northwest Downtown.
- Silver's experiments using the interface program continued, with Merovingian operatives playing unwitting hosts to the program. It was found to be capable of transferring from RSI to RSI at will, or, as Silver put it, to "interface perfectly with human broadcast signals."
- A small group of Machine operatives reached the control terminal for the Ouroboros Corporation's Creston Heights power plant, finding themselves faced there with a mind-boggling security program while other Machine operatives fought off Ouroboros security forces in the plaza outside. Minutes away from meltdown, the Ouroboros hacker whose information had led to the discovery of the impending catastrophe reached the plaza's perimeter. Operatives escorted her inside, where she input a command that deactivated the overload process. She fled as Ouroboros security launched another attack.
- Zion found a lab technician in an office at Wright Research, after the building had been evacuated due to a security alert. To their surprise, the technician changed from male to female, then changed form several more times as it attempted to escape from the pursuing operatives. It eluded them for a time until being spotted, in the form of a combat simulacrum, several blocks away. Niobe ordered it left alone while a scan was run, but a number of overzealous operatives fired upon the simulacrum, terminating it. Although the scan was incomplete, Niobe said that they might be able to spot it if it reappeared and varied its signal again.
- Carlyne interrupted a social event being held by the Merovingian, demanding that the Frenchman give him the biological interface program. The Merovingian said that it would take some time to prepare the program for a safe transfer. Carlyne gave him one day to have it ready.
- Operatives located Carlyne at a forlorn Westview location, impatiently awaiting the preparation of the interface program by the Merovingian. Curiously, none of the Merovingian's operatives were among the group who came to question the intruder, and Carlyne, growing frustrated with the delay, advanced to Hampton Green, where he placed override programs around the Merovingian's Hel Club in what he termed a means of "encouragement."
- Zion tracked the variable-signal program stealing from Wright Research to a hidden lab, where they found a highly sophisticated network device built partly from the stolen equipment. By accessing a computer in the lab, they were able to shut down the "spider" thief program, which had been able to penetrate Wright security using Wright access codes, and the likenesses of Wright employees.
- The Machines froze the assets of the Ouroboros Corporation, notifying its staff of the federal takeover. Large-scale confiscation of Ouroboros data led to a single computer at an Ouroboros office, found to have a connection to the Oligarch network.

- A series of program terminations found its way to the Merovingian, manifesting in the person of Carlyne, an Oligarch who had departed the Matrix months ago after helping knock off his rival, Halborn. Carlyne demanded that the Frenchman give him the biological interface program, and then, to everyone's surprise, fell to the ground inert as a wireframed female appeared beside him. She coolly asked that the program be turned over to her. Thinking quickly, the Merovingian directed his operative to flush the program into the simulation at large, and then fled the scene.
- Silver was found by operatives, making his way--via a simulacrum--through a residential area in Camon Heights. The operatives surprised him by mentioning that Carlyne had been killed by the female intruder, but he took this as all the more reason to stay away from anything to do with the interface program.
- A spying Malphas, and some operatives monitoring from a ledge outside, noticed the female intruder inside Wright Research's Vauxton headquarters. When a Wright security guard came across her, she addressed him familiarly, telling him that she was deleting the last of her files. After some prompting, the stunned guard recognized her as Danielle Wright, brilliant inventor, ex-Zionite, and founder of the company, who had been thought killed by the Machines shortly after the end of the Truce.
- Ookami gathered a team of operatives to find something tickling her senses in Ashencourte: a Taskmaster robot, normally found only in the Zero One archive construct. Venturing there, the Merovingians found scores of robot bodies piled in the dusty wasteland. Ookami, thinking she sensed something she could not identify, became irritable and departed.
- Operatives escorted Persephone to the White Lotus hotel, where she asked them to fetch the Black Widow, denizen of the hotel's labyrinthine basement. The Widow was pleased that the Merovingian's wife had finally returned an invitation made long ago (Past event info here.), but Persephone shocked her former associate by asking if she could kill her. The Widow refused to think of such a thing, and Persephone left, saying it had been nothing more than a passing fancy.
- Agent Griffin distributed tranquilizer pistols to a team of operatives and proceeded with them into Wright Research's headquarters, where they swiftly disabled the company's technicians while Griffin searched one of the computers. Griffin indicated that files from Danielle Wright had indeed been deleted, but cautioned operatives against taking less reliable sources of information at face value.
- Machine operatives working with officer Vogt confiscated data from Cross Financial Logistics, a company that may have been involved in an Exile's financial scam.
- Shimada and EPN operatives obtained special codes from Merovingian operatives, and then lured the leader of the dangerous Libertas Verus group, Pileus, into an ambush, where they were able to capture him.
- Colt led Zion operatives on a data mining operation around the Hel Club, hoping to turn up information on the biological interface program. Ookami and her Lupines defended the club. When the Zionites defeated Ookami's force, she told them that the program wasn't there anyway.
- Cypherites investigating mysterious network issues at a downtown company located override activity at one of the company's buildings, and several dead Bluepills. Some

of the circumstances suggested that something other than just overrides had been involved.

- Shimada and EPN operatives using Sati's Playground for combat practice were ambushed by Veil, who hacked the Sleepwalker simulacra there to help her. As the battle began to turn against Veil, the construct she had hacked crashed, allowing her a messy escape from EPN retribution.
- Zion followed a series of coordinates given out by the device they'd found with the strange Wright Research thief, encountering override activity, and then Danielle Wright herself. Wright removed the overrides the Zionites had found, and departed. When Zion regrouped at the device, Wright suddenly reappeared, destroying the device, which she claimed as her own work.

Chapter 11.2

Wright



- The E Pluribus Neo expedition to the Machine no-fly zone reached the outskirts of the area, but found heavy Sentinel patrols around the zone's perimeter. The Kid left old Zion, heading to the zone with reinforcements for the expedition.
- Zion found that the device they'd recovered from the thief stealing from Wright Research was tracking the biological interface program.
- The Machines confirmed the identity of the female intruder as the ex-Zionite researcher Danielle Wright, thought to have been killed by Sentinels shortly after the end of the Truce. Agent Gray was uncertain how Wright could still be alive, but confirmed that she is not a member of the "Oligarchy," and the old termination order for her remains in effect. Operatives sent to execute the order found that it would be no simple matter, as Wright seemed to have full command of Oligarch simulation override codes.
- Merovingian operatives encountered a cascading series of glitches centered on the white hallway connection to the Merovingian's chateau construct. Malphas said that the source appeared to have been internal, but undetectable, which suggested that it might have been the interface program.
- Zion followed a series of coordinates given out by the device they'd found with the strange Wright Research thief, encountering override activity, and then Danielle Wright herself. Wright removed the overrides the Zionites had found, and departed. When Zion regrouped at the device, Wright suddenly reappeared, destroying the device, which she claimed as her own work.

- Cypherites located Danielle Wright and scanned for her broadcast signal, but to their surprise, they found no trace of a connection at all.
- Machine operatives snuck into an EPN meeting attended by the ex-Machinist and recent EPN convert, Dislodge, hoping to obtain intelligence on the E Pluribus Neo expeditionary force that has advanced to the no-fly zone. Dislodge, realizing that something was amiss, made a break for it, but was forced to reconstruct by Machine operatives guarding the exits.
- Merovingian operatives searching the chateau for the source of disruptions there encountered a training simulacrum, behaving slightly irregularly. The simulacrum engaged the operatives in combat, but eventually stopped fighting, looked around, said "where," and fell inert. Operatives concluded that the simulacrum had been controlled by the interface program. Flood was skeptical.
- Cryptos summoned Cypherite operatives to the rescue of a Cypherite team that had been ambushed downtown. Veil, arriving at the ambush site on her own, found a Pluribus Neo operative there, along with the remains of the Cypherite team, and an override program. She took some time in relaying this information to Cryptos, who quickly had a search run for EPN activity in the area, leading to a facility where EPN was trying to decompile the data they had captured from the Cypherites, having to do with Cryptos' research into formulating a counter-agent to override codes. The Cypherites eliminated the EPN operatives and recaptured the data.
- Zion operatives on the trail of the interface program hunted down guard programs from the Merovingian's chateau, where the program had recently appeared. The chateau guards behaved oddly, and a data transfer from the proximity of one of them led to a home computer, with a message saying only "this isn't."
- The Kid and his reinforcements met up with the EPN expeditionary force and entered the Machine no-fly zone, seeking answers on the mysterious area, and the dangerous Oligarchs who seem to have a connection with it.
- Danielle Wright agreed to talk to the Machines, provided they would tell her why the interface program was created, and do it in the presence of their operatives, who would serve as what she called "witnesses."
- Merovingian operatives defending chateau guards from Zionites encountered Danielle Wright, who mentioned that Carlyne, who had helped Zion, had been more useful than he'd intended. Thinking over this remark, it occurred to the Merovingian that Wright could have been in close physical proximity to Carlyne in the Real when she somehow deactivated his RSI in the Matrix. The Merovingian dispatched a flotilla of the General's Sentinels into the no-fly zone, said to be Carlyne's home.
- Machine operatives and Agent Gray met with Danielle Wright in the One Zero construct for an exchange of information. Gray told Wright that the biological interface program had been created to assist in control and monitoring of humans who had been unplugged from the Matrix. Wright told the Machinists that she was able to survive the termination of her body by entering the Matrix as a "complete consciousness," totally independent of her physical form.
- E Pluribus Neo operatives, following a finding from their expeditionary force indicating an Oligarch connection to an Ouroboros computer, infiltrated the company and

captured data that they hoped would improve their understanding of the Oligarch network's strange protocols.

- Zion operatives hacked their way through the white hallways, looking for signs of the interface program. Bypassing attacks from Exiles and one of the Twins, they reached a white room, where they found Danielle Wright. A conflict ensued, ending when Wright left, saying her target lay elsewhere.
- Merovingian operatives entered the Hel Club in response to a distress call from Flood, who claimed that Exile programs had attacked him there. The operatives subdued the inexplicably hostile Exiles, and found a cake vendor program in the club's upper level behaving oddly. The program moved, and even spoke, saying "i'm not." Investigation of the program was interrupted by Wright, who entered the club, looking for the interface program. Wright began using override programs to rid herself of the Merovingian operatives blocking her path, but a flood of cake vendors, duplicating out of control across the entire club floor, forced an end to the battle.
- Operatives responded to hostile override program activity in Chelsea, located just south of the Hel Club.
- Overrides and rumors of Danielle Wright and the interface program increased in Richland, with override activity eventually coming to center around Debir Court.
- Seraph directed Zion operatives to an apartment in the area, previously occupied by the Oracle, where they found a computer hosting a short message: "not here."
- Machine operatives overcame difficulties, including overridden programs, two disabled computers, and a lost black cat, to find Danielle Wright in Mara. Wright commented that, in the right hands, the interface program could be an elegant control mechanism.
- Merovingian operatives had to deal with dominated Hel Club Exiles and hostile Zionites in order to locate Seraph near Debir Court, trapped by an override program.
- Advanced fighter craft struck without warning in the Machine no-fly zone, attacking both the E Pluribus Neo expeditionary force, and the General's Sentinels; the groups retreated with heavy losses. EPN reported that the Kid's hovercraft had managed to damage one of the attackers, but was then shot down, and the Kid injured.
- Cypherites found the elusive operative who had been handling pill programs for Zion, and discovered information that could be used against him.
- Cryptos distributed prototypes of his anti-override routines to Cypherites, who tested them against overrides in the Mara area. Operatives reported only a few cases of the routines successfully blocking override effects, and Cryptos admitted that there was much work yet to be done.
- Zion, Machine, and Merovingian operatives clashed around Debir Court, as Agent Pace and Ghost, separately, led operatives in attempts to clear out powerful overridden programs.
- Zion and Merovingian operatives fought for control of the building where Seraph was trapped by an override code. Merovingian operatives succeeded in eliminating their enemies, and secured the building for the Merovingian.
- The Merovingian and his operatives interrogated Seraph about his activities, and about

the override program. Seraph's answers suggested a larger plot behind the program's movements, and he said it was "remembering." Before he could be questioned further, a metallic coating appeared over his body, and engagement protocols failed throughout the entire Debir area. Without saying a word, Seraph battered his way through the operatives and past the override program, which seemed to have no effect on him. Once outside, he received combat assistance from EPN and Zion operatives, and jumped away into the sky.

- Zionites looking for the cause of bluepills dropping dead across the city found Danielle Wright, examining a bluepill whom she addressed by a reference number--0026:05:0149:032--before the bluepill dropped dead. A red pill trace program run on another such body turned up a pod location at which most of the adjacent pods were empty. Suspecting that Wright was systematically eliminating the people housed in that ring of pods, Zion tried to locate a survivor inside the simulation, but found their home guarded by Machines.
- The Machines surrounded the pod tower with a heavy Sentinel guard, and took one of the surviving occupants of the devastated pod ring, Imelda Kroller, into protective custody after discovering that the biological interface program had moved into her body in the pod, where it took over her somatic nervous system. As Wright closed in on Kroller inside the simulation, the Machines suddenly lost contact with her pod's reporting system; Kroller's RSI said "impossible," then vanished. The Machines reported that her pod had obeyed an unauthorized request to reinitialize her RSI.
- Merovingian operatives used the reference number Wright had let slip to Zion to track down Kroller's pod: the number was Machine pod serial format, with the third part, 149, indicating the ring in which that bluepill's pod had been situated on the tower, likely the same ring in which Kroller's pod was located. Persephone overrode the Merovingian's plan to hunt down the local pod caretaker program, saying that she, a caretaker program before her exile, would handle it herself. Persephone succeeded in taking control of Kroller's pod, forcing it to relocate Kroller to a safe place inside the simulation, but was heavily damaged by Machine defensive routines while doing so.
- The Merovingian, irked by his wife's headstrong behavior and apparent lack of consideration for her own preservation, received some good news from the General, who reported that his men had located and salvaged an unusual android body from the wreckage of an advanced fighter craft they had come across on their way back from the Machine no-fly zone.
- E Pluribus Neo operatives located and defended a denizen of pod ring 149, Daryl Chester, from Danielle Wright, but after a long chase through the city, during which Wright's progress was slowed significantly due to attacks by Machine operatives and others, Wright caught up to Daryl and crushed his RSI.
- Cryptos and Veil accompanied Cypherite operatives during some R&R at Club Noir, briefly interrupted by an EPN attack.
- Persephone had Merovingian operatives help her reach a Machine control terminal, where she made another attempt to save Imelda Kroller by manipulating the woman's pod controls. Machine defenses prevented this, however, and Persephone, still very pale from her previous attempt, was wounded by a Machine counter-attack, escaping thanks to valiant defense by some of the operatives. Afterwards, she and the

Merovingian held an angry exchange of words in which he accused her of acting foolishly and irresponsibly, and she rejected his callous attitude toward the lives of the humans plugged into the Matrix.

- The Machines, having re-established their connection with Kroller's pod, located her RSI in Club Kaos. Kroller proved unresponsive to all but direct visual stimuli; eventually, operative movements caught her attention, just as Danielle Wright arrived outside the club. Kroller uttered the words "oh god," but followed the body of operatives outside. A savage exchange of hacks between Wright and the operatives followed, with Wright just managing to crush her attackers. Wright then approached Kroller and compressed her RSI, apparently killing her. Wright told the reassembling operatives that by doing so, she had released the interface from Kroller's body, back into the simulation, where she had no doubt she would catch it eventually.
- EPN operatives fought Cypherites, obtaining information about a Cypherite plan to put those bluepills who'd survived Wright's attacks on ring 149 firmly back to sleep, since some of them had begun showing increased signs of rejecting the simulation since the attacks.
- The Machines have their hands full trying to deal with her and protect themselves. The Cypherites, thanks to Cryptos' research, manage to compile a few prototype versions of their override immunity codes, and have some success in using these to protect against Wright's programs.
- The biological interface program's movements through the channels of the simulation gradually become less erratic. Strange text output is found on terminals across the city. This culminates, for the Merovingian, in his own (or the player's, anyway) terminal being overridden, with the words "Wake up" left behind. For Zion, who has received help from the Morpheus simulacrum, their search ends with a terminal displaying the words "Knock, knock" and leaving an open connection...

Chapter 11.3

Overrides

- The General shows the android body to the Merovingian, says they've completed retrieval, and that it isn't a Machine mechanism.
- Shimada is told that the Kid will be back from the no-fly zone soon; he was injured but will recover. Veil sneaks up on Shimada while she's jacked in, muttering something to herself about looking for the program the Oracle gave Shimada. When surprised by an EPN crew member, Veil pulls Shimada's jack, killing her, and escapes.
- Gray monitors Wright as she continues her disruptive search through the city for the interface program. Gray tells another Agent to avoid Wright, and to find the program.
- Niobe gets a "Wake up" message like the one from the 11.2 crits. This turns "Wake up, Neo," and then a constant stream of "Wake up Wake up Wake up..." Niobe is alarmed, and Ghost speeds away.
- The Machines can't detect the program themselves, but Wright seems to have some means of doing so, so they follow her, running into a disrupted computer, dead bluepill, Accelerated Suits (Hampton gang), and finally Wright in Maribeau, where she says she'll have it soon, and the Machines had better stay out of her way until then. She adds, "The Machines left a gaping security hole in their core programming a long time ago. They were only as perfect as the people who made them."
- The player scouts Wright activity in Hampton, where she's been disrupting things. With help from Nicky G., they find Accelerated Suits, and track down Manager, the Suits boss, in the Historic District, who mentions hearing about a Cypherite in Morrell who's got override countermeasures.
- In Chelsea, a scarred Kid has news of suddenly losing contact with a transmitter they'd left monitoring the Oligarch network line in the no-fly zone. He says the Oligarchs could be on their way to the Machine city and the Matrix. He's also determined not to let Shimada down. The Council thinks the interface program has some central role in all this, and wants it kept out of Wright's hands, to the player catches her trail in Hampton. The operator mentions that the program has used Trinity quotes. They run into Accelerated Suits and then Wright, who says that Zion should be helping her, since she's doing this to put the Matrix in mankind's hands.
- Machine operatives talk to Veil about newfangled Wright Accelerated Programs (tough Exiles/Machines with wireframe overlays). Veil points the player to a Cypherite in Morrell, Neglect, who is distributing anti-override routines the Cypherites, led by Cryptos' research, have been cooking up. Gray says that being able to resist overrides will be necessary if Wright's going to be dealt with. The anti-override routines are consumables protect against override abilities like Deceleration, Runtime spawns, and Signal Jamming for a limited time.
- Merovingian researchers find that the androids have "data structures similar to what we've found on the Oligarch network," so Flood sends the player to hunt for a data match at an Ouroboros office in Vauxton. The Machines took over Ouroboros a while back, and the player runs into Ouroboros Security and Machines there. Flood says the Machines must have confiscated the data, and sends the player to raid a Machine

facility in Maribeau to track it down. The player is ambushed by a Wright Accelerated Program on their way. They capture the data from the Machines, and it does have similarities to the android's hardware. Flood figures the Oligarchs built it. He also mentions that Cypherites think the Wright Accelerated Programs carry valuable data.

- Still trying for the program in Hampton, Zion operatives get some static from a Decelerator and Machinists. They're also ambushed by one of Wright's new Accelerated Programs, and run into more of them around a dead Cypherite. Tyndall mentions rumors of a Cypherite in Morrell, wondering if it's related.
- With Wright closing in on the program in Hampton, Machine operatives battle a tough Wright Accelerated Program, then talk to Cryptos, who speculates on how Wright could be disabled: "As for what may happen if critical damage can be inflicted on her RSI, that I cannot predict. We know that she has co-opted the jack-in protocol utilized by the Oligarchs, and we know, from Halborn's example, that they were to some extent vulnerable both within and without the simulation. Wright, on the other hand, has claimed to be able to enter the Matrix without maintaining an exterior connection. How that could affect the outcome remains unclear." Gray comes through with the coordinates of Wright's position on a rooftop in Hampton (98 131 -216), saying that she's been staying around there, which probably means the interface program is in the vicinity.
- Merovingian operatives go hunting a Machine mainframe in the Park East Gov Building to get real data on the android. There's a tough battle, and they get some help on the mainframe from the Effectuator. In Center Park, the Merv says the data was interesting, as it shows the android was designed to be controlled by a human consciousness--for the Oligarchs to control themselves as a surrogate body? He also wonders what destroyed the ship carrying the android, and speculates that foul play was involved. Persephone is there, still in black and very pale.
- Overrides are keeping the Machines busy, which gives Zion a shot at checking out a burst of override activity in Park East, normally heavily guarded. They find a message ("Soon") which the operator thinks is from the interface program, but while tracing it, they're interrupted by a tough Agent, and the trace is lost. The operative is sent to Ghost in Hampton, who says that he thinks Wright's around there, probably high up, and probably with the program. He's determined to look for her. Tyndall says taking on Wright may be the only option left.
- Wright is found on the Hampton rooftop where Gray said she was, with some tough Accelerated Programs around her. She is eventually defeated, and when she dies a floating gold code ghost figure appears. Its details say "'It's beautiful...'"

Chapter 12

Trinity

- The Architect is in his TV room, with Wright, dead on a Hampton rooftop, on the monitor. He asks Gray if the (biological interface) program has been found; Gray says no, but they found Zion looking for it, too. The Architect frowns, then tells him to "prepare for our visitors."
- Ghost lands on a rooftop (supposed to be the rooftop pointed out in the coordinates at the end of the cinematic, Ikebukuro 630 9 -180), looks around, opens a door, goes down dark stairs, opens a door into a dark, mostly empty storage room. Looks around, doesn't see anything, and is just turning to leave as a monitor in a dark corner of the room flicks on and prints out "Ghost."
- Code falls down into a female form next to the monitor. This is the golden code character who appeared when Wright was killed. A halting conversation begins, in which Trinity (which is the name that appears above this character in this subchapter) says "I...didn't know," by which she meant that she didn't know she was a program.
- Agent Pace interrupts the conversation, her gun on Ghost, who steps between her and Trinity. Pace says the program (Trinity) can't survive there, and will be removed, but then she in her turn is interrupted by a bright flash, out of which gleaming male and female forms appear, descending to the ground. They have no clothes, wires, eyeballs, or hair. In missions, it will be found that the male (red) is "Helian," and the female (purple) is "Tesarova," and that they are Oligarchs. Helian is fairly straightforward and serious, although not as blunt as Halborn.
- Pace touches her earpiece, looks frustrated, reluctantly lowers her gun from Ghost's head, and stalks out. Helian looks at Ghost, and asks if he's going to resist, but Ghost says there's no need; H&T realize that Trinity has vanished, and while they look around to find her, Ghost makes a sudden unseen exit as well.
- Helian and Tesarova leave, and the room goes dark. A pause, then Ookami creeps out of the shadows--she's observed the entire scene.
- Ghost stands on the rooftop, looks up at the moon, and finally says Trinity's name.
- Gray sends Machine operatives to Akasaka, scene of the latest sighting of the program. He implies a need to find it before either the Oligarch representatives, Helian and Tesarova, or Zion do. Gray doesn't refer to the program as "Trinity," but the operator discusses it a bit. They find Zionites and a blank computer entry in her recent style (">_"), but nothing else, and are re-routed to head off Helian and Tesarova, who have arrived in the area, along with Pace. Helian and Tesarova are slightly bemused--although not really surprised--by a human operative working for the Machines. Helian says they're there for the BIP and won't be needing any help getting it. Tesarova says something odd about "the exciting ones" (operatives) "escaping" from the pods, and that this explains "why our entertainment's been so dull lately." Helian mentions they know what happened to Halborn and Carlyne, and that those two were operating independently. He says they (the Oligarchs) have "made adjustments that will ensure our safety from the compromises they allowed to our security" [partially an explanation for the difference in their appearance from Halborn and Carlyne: Helian and Tesarova are less transparent, and have no wires]. Pace

seems a little relieved to have the player there to talk to the Oligarchs, and purposefully speaks aloud to the player so that Helian and Tesarova will overhear, saying that they'll leave their guest in peace.

- On the way out, Machine operatives encounter Satiare, a shoeless female Cypherite boss. She says it would be nice to pop "those pretty new bubbles of theirs" (the Oligarchs), and suggests that the Machines might even have something that could do it, but they probably wouldn't tell the Machinists even if they did, and wouldn't use it themselves. Gray summons the player for their report, concluding that Helian and Tesarova are operating as agents for the Oligarchs, rather than independently like Halborn and Carlyne. He thinks this might cause them to behave a little more levelheadedly, but says it also means the Oligarchs will be watching developments closely. After saying this, he very deliberately states that the Machines do not consider them a threat.
- Flood sends Merovingian operatives into Stamos to find the program (like Gray, he doesn't refer to it as "Trinity," but the operator talks about the identity possibility). They don't find anything besides a computer with ">_", but Ookami arrives, and "leads" (ie is escorted by the player) to a Manssen location, where they find Tesarova. Tesarova coos over Ookami, calling her the player's "pet," then gets down to business, saying that she just thought she'd mention that there seem to be others nearby who are also trying to find the program; while sort of playing her ditzy blond act, what she says shows that she's aware of a lot of what's going on: what the player's after, what the other orgs are doing around there--and she even takes a veiled swipe at the player's operator. With coordinates from Tesarova, the operator guides the player to a Guinness Lake location, while Flood mentions that there's also this "Helian" Oligarch around, and saying that they'll play Tesarova's "little game," since they don't want to show that they're on to her. Flood also refers to their names as "barbaric." ["Tesarova" is a Czech name, and "Helian" is a Chinese name. Tesarova's "game" in this case was sending the player to intercept Machinists, who appear, from their comments, to have been trying to keep tabs on her. Flood wraps up by asking the player to find four groups of programs they've lost in South Vauxton.
- Tyndall mentions to Zion operatives that Ghost found "the program" by "checking places he'd been with Trinity when they operated together in the Matrix." She sends them to get more details on the Trinity thing from Ghost, who is in an International District room with a computer (">"), convinced that Trinity was just there. He says he doesn't understand how Trinity is the program, but insists that she really is. He guesses that the two strangers he encountered (in the cinematic) were Oligarchs, and says he isn't going to let them or the Machines get Trinity. Tyndall says she trusts Ghost's instinct about "whatever Trinity or the program is now," and reminds the player that the Council had already decided (mentioned in Zion 11.3.1) to do what it could to ensure the program's safety. She sends the player to check a reading in Murasaki, where they find a message on a computer:

"How well do you know yourself?

Are you sure?

I thought I knew. But this_"

(The dangling cursor at the end there is a hint that this is probably from Trinity, although the operator doesn't make anything out of it.)

Inbound hostiles are reported nearby, and the player finds Machines and Machine redpills. Tyndall mentions that intel shows the Machines are cooperating with the two Oligarch representatives. After the hostiles are taken care of, Tyndall says that they could use the player's help in Shirakaba, where their teams have been hit by Machines while looking for the program; they've also started picking up override signals there.

- Still in International, Machine operatives deal with some searching Zionites, and are then sent to answer a summons from Helian, who's got a couple of his "Override Function" NPCs with him (whitish-skinned forms similar to Helian and Tesarova, with a mixture of hacker and MA abilities, pretty good accuracy and damage, and high viral defense), and he loans these two NPCs to the operative, suggesting that he's doing this to help the Machine operative deal with the Zionites (he refers to Zionites here as 'the other "Awakened"'), although the operator and Gray hint that Helian has found he actually needs help from the player. The Override Functions don't talk; H refers to them as "basic" combat programs. The player checks for enemy activity and finds Merovingian redpills. One of them rather obviously pretends to be a Zionite (sort of a play on the Merv knowing that what he's doing is probably going to cheese the Machines off, although he isn't so worried about it as to halt his Oligarch power grab). Gray says a Merv Exile named Azuna is known to have obtained sensitive information on the Oligarch's Matrix activities. Between missions, the player has to go find Azuna, following the mission's hint "northwest Downtown." Azuna is a female lupine with a teal mohawk, and she's placed as a collector NPC on the second sublevel of the Museum dungeon in Creston. The player has to kill some of the Merv-aligned lupines around Azuna (a little farther away from her are some Machine-aligned Override Functions).
- Flood says the Merovingian thinks "exploiting the Oligarch Tesarova's softer side" might get them some juicy override info, and sends the player to collect data from a contact, Azuna, for whom they'd spared no expense and skullduggery to get into a spot where she could get some dirt on Tesarova's Matrix activities. The player heads to the Downtown rendezvous, but Azuna isn't there; instead, there are a couple dead Machines. Flood is annoyed, and sends the player to look for Azuna in her spying location. She isn't there either, but some hostile Override Functions are. In a separate part of this same area, a certain optional and unspecified series of actions will cause Trinity to appear. She does /talkscared, saying:

"I'm not. I'm not what-- God! What have they done?"

Flood says that some checking has shown Azuna has taken cover in the second sublevel of the Creston Heights Museum. Between missions, the player has to kill Machine-aligned Override Functions near Azuna, and trade the tokens they drop to Azuna, who then hands over her intel.

["Azuna" is a corruption of "Asena," a "she-wolf with a sky-blue mane" in Turkic mythology, according to good old Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Asena>.]

- Tyndall sends Zion operatives into Downtown, following the trail of data that they think may have come from Trinity (Tyndall is still hedging a bit on the name, and here says "from the interface program--from Trinity"). She gives the names of Helian and Terasova, saying they found them out from "our sources within the Machines". The

player finds a computer, activates it (it says ">Yes._"), and Trinity appears. She says, "I don't have much time. I don't know what...this means. Before... I thought I died. I was with him... I said goodbye. I don't remember...until-- I don't know how to make it make sense... They're getting close. I have to go."

Tyndall gives the player the location of the intruders, and although she thinks they're Machines on Trinity's tail, they turn out to be Merovingian Exiles. Tyndall thinks this is an indication that the Merv is trying to get in on the Trinity action, and hopes that his machinations with Halborn and Carlyne, which ended up causing a good deal of trouble for the Machines, will at least give the Machines some incentive to act against him. She ends by asking the player to look into an "unusual signal" and override activity in Baldwin Heights.

- Gray says the Merovingian's found out that Helian and Terasova have a "virtual space," and is planning to invade it; this should be stopped so that the Oligarchs aren't "aggravated." The operator mentions that the Merovingian tried hitting on Terasova to get Oligarch programs, but wasn't successful in his advances. Merovingian operatives take out some Exiles and gets a trace running through their computer. In this same area, a certain unspecified and optional sequence of actions will cause Trinity to appear in a side room. She appears upset, even angry, at the situation she's in, doing /talknegative as she says:

"I don't-- I didn't choose this. This can't be--..."

Following the trace, the player runs into heavy Dire Lupine resistance, but in the end gets data that Gray says is about access routes "through 'white hallway' systems." He doesn't have exact coords, but says there seems to be an entry point somewhere high up in north Union Hill. A dead Override Executable NPC was in the room with the lupines/computer. Executables are dark grey humanoids in the same bubble-skin way as Functions and Helian and Terasova.

- Flood says that thanks to the information from Azuna, the Merovingian has been able to meet Terasova. Hints indicate that the meeting has not gone well, possibly because Persephone found out about it. The player finds Persephone and Terasova together. Persephone is still in her "dark" outfit, but her skin is back to its normal healthy hue. Terasova says the Merovingian been showing her interesting things, including the android, which she identifies as "Carlyne's android body." She almost seems genuinely surprised about the Merovingian having it, saying she didn't think she'd see it again "after Carlyne let the podling woman steal his signal." ("The podling woman" was Wright--she jacked Carlyne's signal / android body when Carlyne crumpled just before she appeared as the wireframed woman in Chapter 11.1, which forced the Merovingian to dump the BIP/Trinity.) All Persephone says is "Only a human can be 'inhuman.'" Past them, the player finds the Merv, who rants a bit about Terasova laughing at his offers of power in the simulation. He sends the player to contact Flood for a plan B, which involves getting a trace through an Oligarch-occupied computer in order to locate H&T's Matrix power base. The player runs into some of their Functions, and then a hostile Override Executable, who can spawn a small swarm of additional, higher-level Functions to attack the player. Executables have a constant blur FX over

their dark bubble body (this sorta causes them to flicker light/dark), and boosted defense and speed, but no actual combat loadout or weapons. Success results in coordinates of an entry point to the Oligarch hideout: 129 223 789, Union Hill. (This is a doorway at the top of one of those skyscrapers with the flying buttresses.)

- Zion operatives respond to an alert from Ghost, who's still been combing International for Trinity. They find him facing Helian and Tesarova, with Helian asking Ghost why he's going after the program. Tesarova coyly interjects that she thinks she knows (wink wink). Ghost doesn't respond to them, and whispers to the player to make sure that Trinity's safe, saying Sparks will have info for them. Tyndall gets the information from Sparks, which is a location where Trinity might have been hiding "from the Oligarch scans." They find an Override Executable there, as well as some Override Functions, but no sign of Trinity. Tyndall, who feels able to refer to her as simply "Trinity" by now, says she thinks they stopped those programs from finding her, but that stopping H&S is going to be tough. She mentions reports of the Merv having got access to some kind of area the Oligarchs have set up, and that they're picking up activity from his operatives on rooftops "at the extreme northeast end of Downtown."
- A teleport from the area referred to in the last missions takes the player into some white hallways, which eventually may spit them out into an interior office space [that is pretty similar to floor 77 of the Government Building in Park East]. It's full of nasty Overrides and Executables with special prizes. The only exit is a rotary telephone on a desk in one of the offices, which teleports the user to a public phone on the north side of the base of the SE tower in Park East.

Important Note: *Developer / Game designer Ben Chamberlain, a.k.a Rarebit, announced that he was leaving The Matrix Online after chapter 12.1. It was also announced that the story would not be continued after this. Rarebit released his documents and notes for the planned remainder of the story thus far, Chapters 12.2 through the end of Chapter 14. Everything after this point is based on those notes and documents, and could be considered the "official" story of The Matrix Online. Considering this was the intended direction, and that no more story is forthcoming, it is included here for the sake of completion.*

- Helian completes negotiations with the Machines. Helian now pursues the Trinity program, with help from the Machines, and opposition from Zion, EPN, and the Cypherites, who do not think that helping Oligarchs is the way to protect the System.
- The Merovingian, meanwhile, thinks he has convinced Tesarova to capture Trinity for him. He commits his programs to helping track her down. After the attack by Morpheus, he guesses that Seraph may try his hand to protect Trinity as well. He promises Tesarova that he will remove this obstacle for her; he has coded anti-Seraphic darts out of Seraph's pinfeathers, carefully collected over the years (there was an old Live Event with Malphas and one of the Seraphim about this). These are given to operatives, who hit Seraph with them in a Live Event. Suddenly weakened, he has to flee, but not before mentioning that preventing the Oligarchs from obtaining the Trinity program was not his intent.

- Even with Machine help, Helian is obstructed by the other organizations, but distracts them sufficiently for Tesarova to capture Trinity. The Merovingian is holding a party to celebrate the capture, when Helian appears, and Tesarova smiles at him: they've been working together this whole time. The Merovingian, aghast, plays the elegantly polite host, and offers Tesarova some cake, which she accepts. The two laugh, and disappear.
- Cypherites are relieved that the Oligarchs are gone. Machines are glad about that, and that they've taken Trinity away, too, but the Ouroboros connection is showing another increase in activity. Zion wants to get Trinity back. EPN is mindful of what the woman told them about keeping the encrypted program safe. The Merovingian is having fits about Tesarova tricking him, and is tracking her progress in the Real (the cake is a tracking program--this was revealed in critical missions somewhere around chapter 8). He finds what he guesses is her or Helian's base, but then her signal turns around and comes back.
- Helian and Tesarova reappear in the Matrix. This time, they're normal RSIs, not wireframes; they're using the Trinity program's interface, and jacking in from human bodies, not androids. This time they've brought hunter-seeker programs to assist them, though. They want to find the Oracle, and have her make some modifications to the program: they want it to be easier to switch bodies, and to interface with their backup mainframes, and so forth.
- Zion puts up a fight. The Machines aren't pleased that they've returned, either, but first try diplomacy with Helian. The Cypherites want the Oligarchs gone.
- The Merovingian, meanwhile, is back to work wooing Tesarova, although this time he's just trying to distract her while his Sentinels and operatives locate and surround her hovercraft. He's about to take it out when another, apparent bluepill, woman appears. She tells him that he won't get anything out of Tesarova unless he makes her leave the Matrix, now: the Trinity program was a trap. When he asks why he should trust her, the woman replies that he should know better than that. The Merovingian forces Tesarova to leave.
- The Oligarch hunter-seeker programs have been following Seraph. Seraph contacts Veil, telling her to bring the encrypted program the Oracle gave her into the Matrix, to a specific location. The Morpheus sim contacts EPN with the same message. Veil arrives first, but Seraph is nowhere to be found. She sees the girl, Sati, flickering for a moment in front of a computer, before disappearing. EPN operatives appear. Just as a message appears on the computer screen, asking them to input their halves of the encrypted program, the Oligarch hunter-seekers attack. A battle ensues, but eventually both parts of the program are input, and the hunter-seekers stop swarming in. Later, a Machine party sent to meet Helian finds his inert body.

Chapter 13

Uprising

- Machines and the Cypherites become determined to take advantage of the Oligarchs downtime to remove their control of the Machine core once and for all. The Machines allow operatives into mainframe subroutines, who encounter hostile Oligarch subroutines, in the guise of gray-suited "clerk" programs.
- The Merovingian sees an opportunity and orders the Trainman to access the Machines mainframe so that he can gain access to Trinity and gain leverage and power. He suspects that such action may garner the attention of the Oracle, who he suspects is still alive somewhere and manipulating things.
- Zion sees this as an opportunity to both get into the Machine mainframe and get Trinity back. They find that it is not as easy as they thought, though, and they find themselves blocked at every turn.
- The Trainman brings the Oracle back into the Matrix from the Machine mainframes, where she had been restored from backup.
- The Oracle is able to grant Zion operatives access to the Machine mainframe. Zion uses this opportunity to seek out Trinity.
- The Oligarchs counter-attack the Machines, sooner than expected, through the network and into the mainframe.
- While in the Machine mainframe, Zion operatives discover the coordinates for Helian and other Oligarchs' locations. This information is transferred to EPN, who in turn take a hovercraft fleet to Helian's base of operations to free Trinity.
- The Machines and their operatives form stiff resistance to the Oligarchs attempts at infiltrating the Machine mainframe.
- Zion operatives join the Oligarch/Machine fighting within the mainframe. Trinity makes contact through the network, but she's confined at Helian's in the Real.
- The Machines begin to gain the upper-hand against the Oligarchy routines in the mainframe.

Chapter 14

Freedom

- The battle within the Machine mainframe becomes fierce, as the Oligarchy subroutines begin to make headway towards the Source, which appear as golden hallways.
- The Oligarchs arrive at the Machine city and jack into the Matrix. Once in, they initiate overrides which white out the simulation's sky. This begins to affect the bluepill population and cause civilian casualties. As bluepills die in their pods, the Machines begin losing power.
- The fighting in the mainframe is approaching the Source, and the Machines find themselves losing ground. Machines begin to have control problems, as they can't remove the Oligarchy root control, and this is hindering their attempts at resistance. EPN arrives at Helian's domain, and finds most of his defenses are down. EPN is successful in freeing Trinity into the an access port and into the Machine network.
- In an attempt to force the Machines to capitulate, the Oligarchs begin shutting down the pods. Within the Matrix, the Oligarchy overrides are causing the sunsets to get longer. Sati attempts to fight it but has great difficulty. The Matrix begins to break down and is in danger of a catastrophic crash.
- The Oracle reveals to operatives that the Oligarchy's attack is more than just against the Machines or the Matrix, but against the human subconscious. She says that the Matrix is more than just Machine code- it runs on and is in large part shaped by manipulated human brains. In the end, she reveals it will take a human to free it.
- Trinity is able to enter the Source, but is unable to hack and remove the Oligarch's root control programs.
- The Machines allow a human operative to enter the Souce. The operative and Trinity merge, activating a black room which eventually turns back into the White Room of the Source. This act allows the Matrix to be reset. The Oligarch root control is finally removed, and the Machines are freed from fear of Oligarch interference.
- As a result of the cooperation, the Machines and Humans come to a new understanding and agreement. Any newborn humans will be raised in a new Matrix where they can shape their own surroundings, cared for by the Machines. The old humans will remain in the old Matrix, and a new era of co-existence begins...

Appendix

A. Dramatis Personae

Primary Characters

Niobe



Niobe has a fearlessness that imbues her with charisma. She is fated to be a leader in the postwar Matrix under the new rules. However, rules are often tested and broken, and people are killed in the process. A woman like Niobe cannot let that pass.

Zion's intrepid field commander directs her forces aggressively. Bearing the personal scars of past betrayals, Niobe places what little faith she has left in actions, not words.

Ghost



First Mate of Niobe's hovercraft, Zion's philosopher-warrior, though haunted by shades of the past, has proven himself to be a formidable fighter, and an inspiring leader.

Anome



Tenacious and competitive, Anome gets the job done--one way or the other. Whether it's the right job is another question. He is high-tempered, and prone to shouting when things don't go his way--which is often.

Anome wound up betraying Zion when he shot Niobe and his people stole the special code vials from the General. In consuming the vials, Anome and his people gained powers beyond any redpill. They called themselves Unlimit.

Colt

Promoted to Captain at the same time that his former Captain, Roland, was promoted to Zion Commander, Colt now plays by his own rules.

Tyndall



A tall Icelandic beauty, all cheekbones and snowy blond hair, Tyndall addresses operatives as "Warrior," and speaks constantly of vigilance and preparedness. She tries hard to imbue missions with nobility, and encourages you to be your best. Her manner is practiced and professional, but encouraging. She often ends conversations with inspirational phrases.

The Oracle



A program who is seen as a guide to the Zionites, the Oracle was the one to speak of a prophecy and an anomaly who would end the war by reaching the source. She has an ability to read future events in the Matrix, though it is somewhat limited, and she is reticent to give straight answers to questions about the future. She often claims that "we cannot see beyond the choices we do not understand."

The Oracle is the mother of the Matrix, and it was she who discovered the need for choice in order for the illusion to work. She realizes that the best way for both worlds to progress is together.

The Architect



His eyes hold yours by sheer strength of purpose. The precise intonation of multisyllabic words reveals an intensely logical intellect.

This man's eyes hold yours by sheer strength of purpose. His frequent use of multisyllabic words reveals a keen intellect, and perhaps a bit of an urge to show it off.

The designer of the Matrix.

Agent Gray



Selected to interface with humans who the Machines have determined may assist in the maintenance of the Matrix simulation, his normally aloof manner has been tempered somewhat by close interaction with Redpills.

Agent Gray was selected to act as recruiter and Controller for human beings that the Machines believe can assist them in controlling the Matrix. Like all Agents he is normally dispassionate and aloof, with a precise manner of speaking, but

his forced dealings with humans have left him with somewhat more understanding of them than most Agents.

Selected by the Machines as the program in charge of directing human operatives in the Matrix simulation, Gray's extensive dealings with humans have left him with more character quirks than one usually expects to find in an Agent of the System.

Agent Pace



Simultaneously the most professional and the most beautiful-looking program most Redpills have ever seen, Agent Pace embodies the more...personable image of the modern Machine organization. But rest assured, her logic routines are calculating every possibility even as her warm Italian accent works its magic on the senses of susceptible humans.

Agent Pace embodies the more...personable image of the modern Machine organization. Rest assured, however, that her logic routines are

calculating every possibility even as her warm northern Italian accent works its magic on the senses of susceptible humans.

A new kind of human liaison program.

The Merovingian



The Merovingian is the hedonistic crime lord of the Matrix. He is selfish, and self-interested, with "business concerns" that range from harboring Exiles to hoarding rare illegal codes and eventually taking over sections of the Matrix. He has remained in power through several iterations of the Matrix, and claims to have faced off with Neo's predecessors and survived.

The Merovingian's control of events in the Matrix is far-reaching, but not complete. He is still an Exile, and still must fear the Machines, though he would never admit it. His unique assets include a construct called the Mobil Avenue station - a place between the Machine City and the Matrix that programs can use as a secret conduit to reach the Matrix if they are to become Exiles. Expatriate programs often find themselves indebted to the Merovingian when they reach the Matrix, and must serve him in return for their passage.

In addition, some Exiles have given their children over to the Merovingian at Mobil Avenue, sending them into the Matrix rather than allow their code to be deleted in the Source. These Exile orphans usually end up at the L'Ecole de la Tour--an elite boarding school run by his organization, where Exile children are schooled in academics, culture, business, and combat.

Graduates of "the Tower" (as the students call it) often go on to become his most effective and trusted operatives; valuable assets to his organization.

The Merovingian is married to Persephone, an Exile who he once coveted enough to force to his side through trickery, but whom he now cheats on regularly. Their relationship has deteriorated greatly, but the Merovingian is trapped by his own past deeds into spending at least half of the year with Persephone in residence at his Chateau.

The Merovingian is not an easy man to see, but he can most often be encountered at his restaurant, La Vrai, or at the ultra-exclusive Hel Club, both located Downtown.

Persephone



The Merovingian's wife. She is a program and an exile as well. Her sensual attractions may have been tied to her original function; bodies in the pods had to reproduce somehow, and perhaps she prompted certain necessary physiological events. She is preoccupied with love in all its dimensions. Small wonder the Merovingian had to possess her, even if he has a wide-ranging appetite.

Flood



Flood assigns missions for the Merovingian. He's clad in flamboyantly chic Italian couture, his hair bleached, his features androgynous. He's sassy and sarcastic. He laces his instructions with qualifiers that suggest you're incompetent ("if you're able," "should you astonish everyone and get that far," etc.). He also hints that his servitude to the Merovingian grates, and that he has better things planned. His catchphrase: "Do we understand? We do."

Malphas



Although he is leader of the Blood-Drinkers, and the Merovingian's chief intelligence officer, no one can say what this proud, brooding Exile's goals really are.

It is obvious from this man's extremely pallid, almost corpse-like complexion, that if he ventures outside, he does so almost exclusively at the darkest hour. His extravagant suit, trimmed with scarlet, indicates high rank in the Merovingian's organization.

Malphas considers himself an aristocrat among blood-drinkers. When the "fairytale" version of the Matrix was reset he made a deal with the Merovingian, bringing many of the other "monstrous" Exiles with him into the Frenchmen's employ.

Ookami



One of the Merovingian's chief lieutenants, and leader of the Lupines.

To the uninitiated, Ookami's heavily lidded eyes might suggest the wiles of an arch-seductress. Her Lupine pack, however, knows that she assumes this expression as she imagines herself pouncing on her victim, burying her exquisitely sharp claws in their entrails.

The Trainman



This unkempt and wild-looking man ferries programs between the Matrix and the Machine mainframes.

Beirn



One of Anome's lieutenants, Beirn makes no attempt to hide his obsession with the Merovingian's wife, Persephone

After gaining great power from stolen cheat codes, Beirn was captured and preserved by the Merovingian's wife, Persephone. His obsession with her has made him a willing--and dangerous--captive. His human form having long since perished, Beirn is now more Exile than man.

This man appears slightly preoccupied.

The General



Eyes narrowed and teeth clenched, the General pursues his goal with brutal efficiency. A master tactician and keen analyst, he is seldom taken by surprise. The General was the Sentinel program who led the deadly Machine assault on the Zion dock at the end of the war. When told to stand down his attack on Zion so that the Machines could see if Neo would be successful in defeating Smith, the General refused, and was relieved of his duties. Frustrated, without purpose, and knowing that only deletion awaited him, the General and his loyal Sentinels fled into the Matrix.

The Kid



The first self-substantiated human, the young man known as "The Kid" was a fanatic follower of Neo, even as a bluepill. The death of his idol, and of Morpheus, left the Kid in search of a purpose.

Shimada



This young woman's slow, heavy accent and tendency to use flowery metaphors reflect the depth of her dedication to Neo's ideals of self-awareness, freedom, and peace. She has been a friend of the Kid since Neo brought him back to Zion.

Cryptos



This opulently dressed man radiates power and charisma. The locket around his neck contains a blue pill.

Seraph attempted to remove the Machine program that had been imprinted on this former staunch Zionite, but the Machine and the man proved to be inextricably linked. The resulting fusion radiates immense power of a code type never seen before.

Gold code forces his eyes wide.

Veil



This dark, statuesque, and beautiful woman somehow manages to appear elusive, even when staring you directly in the face. Try as you might, you can't quite get a good look at her eyes.

Neighborhood Contacts

Throughout Megacity are NPCs which are called "Contacts." Each contact will dole out five missions for you, often with a theme or storyline attached to them. Many of the Contacts are Exile programs, some of which are family. Contacts make for an excellent source of side-story material in *The Matrix Online* and some take part in the larger ongoing story. Here are the contacts and their side stories.

Lotus

Location: Jurong, Jade Room, club

Lotus is an Exile that has taken on the role of a lounge singer in the Jade Room, whispering sweet ballads and belting out tunes. Fans from all over the city come to the Jade Room just to see her.

Lotus speaks softly but directly, and a fair number of Redpills consider her to be a source of information and even freelance employment. Unlike many Exiles, Lotus has garnered a certain degree of trust from the Redpills that have had dealings with her. However, like all Exiles, she certainly has her own agenda.

She's never been caught in an intentional lie, but Lotus often does withhold information, and she has a bad habit of overestimating the abilities of those she hires.

Mission 01: Carry a Tune

This is fairly straightforward; I was tasked with carrying a music CD from Bouzerah to Minnie. Minnie, it turns out, has been seriously injured during a fight with enemies of Lotus, and _needs_ the power of Lotus' compositions, Track 9 in particular, which possess a healing effect. This is a very creative idea; it would be good to see more done with imaginative notions like this.

Mission 02: Change of Tune

In this Mission, initially quite similar to the first, you recover an illegal copy of Lotus' music from a server and take it to someone who needs its palliative effects. However, this copy has been tainted, so instead of healing it does something quite different! You must stop it before too much harm is done. This time, Lotus is angry! And who wouldn't blame her? It's as if you put on a CD labeled Tracey Chapman, and out comes Eminem!

Mission 03: Dissonance

You plant a bug (perhaps using the Sony rootkit!), and then find the thieves who have stolen the mix. You find them and get the tape. But others need its healing immediately, and you must quickly get it to them.

Mission 04: Suicide Notes

Lotus has heard of some experimental work being done with the neural network effects of music, and needs you to obtain some samples for her. These are then delivered to some other appreciative exiles, who don't show the congenial response you might expect.

Mission 05: Crescendo

This Mission must be a record industry executive's fantasy. Together with a team of Lotus' operatives, you must overcome a group which has been pirating Lotus' work. "You're the only one I can count on" Lotus told me breathlessly. There is a crunch with Blood Drunks, and many a /throat gesture. When the tape has been put on, one burly Elite Guard blurts "I like flowers" (apparently some mods in some games take their inspiration from the elite guards- go figure!). In addition to eliminating the pirates, you must reboot their server.

At the end the cryptic Lotus gushed to me, "You've exceeded my expectations again, Sugaree. There's something special about you, I just cannot put my finger on it". I wish I could say the same about this suite of missions. Granted, my expectations were so inflamed with anticipation that perhaps no one could have satisfied me. But more feedback from Lotus during the Missiones would have been nice. And more backstory would have been nice: why people were stealing her music, what her goals were, her relations with other exiles, etc. The textual allusions to music, mostly in the mission titles, were witty. If the designers had actually, you know, used some special music for these Missiones (just two or three five-second segments), the effect would have been delightful. Also, since the story brims with parallels to the music industry's efforts to squelch music sharing, some more direct allusions, ironic or heartfelt, would have been good.

Indigo

Location: Guinness Lake (Westview)



As the eldest and most powerful of the siblings, Indigo is the master of Club Dante, a popular nightclub and hangout in the Guinness Lake neighborhood. Indigo is interested in amassing and consolidating power for an eventual attempt to usurp his father's position. He has operated cooperatively with Dame White for the most part, and is generally believed to be "Mother's favorite" by the rest of the family.

Indigo often enlists his siblings as pawns in his plans, which they hate, but tolerate because Indigo can help them in their efforts to thwart the other siblings. This allows Indigo to keep his siblings at each other's throats and continually weak, simply by shifting his favor from one to the other (a technique he no doubt learned from his parents). Indigo has a frightening chill demeanor, and is almost impossible to agitate.

1. Interference

The classic first mish: go and step on my rival's schemes. But in this case there is a wicked family twist. Indigo's brother, Grisaille, is up to some couriering mischief in Indigo's territory: blitz it and get a package from the courier! There's some witty dialog from Grisaille's troops, and some engaging fighting even after you drop it off with one of Indigo's folks. And at the end, the great Indigo himself weighs in on your side: "Hm. It appears at least some of the stories about you are true." Well, thanks for the vote of confidence, buddy!

Notice, by the way, how even the run-of-the-mill interference mission gets much more interesting when there is a family angle to it. Imagine if in the future, fighting broke out among the Indigo family to get some artifact or please some person, and various organizations needed to get involved. When there're personalities involved, the adventure writes itself.

2. Spyware

Remember the package you just captured? Well, now you return it to one of Grisaille's men who is really working for Indigo. Got all that?

Your contact says "Let's see...medium height, weird clothes, kind of stupid-looking... yep, you must be the courier Indigo described". "Come on, take the package. Geez, maybe you really are as dumb as you look." Really, I could feel the love!

When I dropped off the package, Rocky, the recipient, paid me off by directing his men to shoot at me. Yes, it's great when we're all on the same page! This was kind of a disappointment, but Indigo was thrilled at how well his "brilliant plan" worked out, and crowed about showing it to his mother sometime. Like she has nothing else to think about!

3. Pulling the Trigger

Indigo has another man inside Grisaille's organization, and this one seems to be holding out. Our mission is to pay a courtesy call, and make sure he understands where his interests lie.

At the site, my operator told me he thought this should be an easy mish. I looked up at the objectives (kill any hostile guards) and thought differently.

And, really, how could it be otherwise? The contact resists, the guards attack, and I slay. When the dust has settled, the contact swears tearfully to never hold back on Indigo, and the data has been delivered. I scowled at him as I left so he knew I would remember him.

4. Pegged

By the way, did you know that the Guinness Lakes Reservoir is a strategic asset? And that Indigo controls it? And "that bastard" Grisaille wants it? Read on! So, once more into the breach. Go, fight, get data. But there's more. The data must be

taken to a reporter for Network Media as an anonymous informant without answering her questions. Oddly, two of Grisaille's toughs show up in her kitchen (!) looking for trouble when you arrive. According to my notes, she was wearing a chef's stovepipe hat; perhaps she was the food editor, looking to transfer to the local news beat.... More oddly, she ignores them to challenge you about where you got the scoop (!). At the end, Indigo is pleased that Grisaille's latest daffy scheme will soon be tabloid fodder. Poor Grisaille! How will I face him when I go to the next Sirens party at the Succubus?

Lots and lots of hiking for this mish, never a good thing. But the ingenuity in Indigo's plan was laudable. And the reporter could be a fine continuing character, and become a mission contact in her own right, though as a bluepill, not as a Neighborhood Exile contact such as the Newsie. They have a natural competition, and there is a natural motivation for more story development.

5. Gang Rumble

You might think that there is no such thing as bad publicity, but Grisaille differs. Now he is on an angry roll, and has contracted with Amber for some backup to take the fight to Indigo. Grisaille's "Crow Bars" and Amber's "ASPs" will be the muscle in this. In response, the dour Indigo wants you to lead his folks into battle. So far, so great!! However, when you rendezvous with them, you discover that Indigo has neglected his logistics, and they have arrived without ammunition! Major d'oh! And they are looking to you for help!

This was exceptionally tough on solo, since the enemies attack in force, and by the time I killed one and got the ammo, I was dead. And again. And again. Eventually I slipped past the sleezes and skanks and got the ammo to Indigo's guys, who promptly mopped the floor with the Crow Bars and ASPs (mostly because I had already severely depleted their ranks).

Molly-B

Location: Moriah, Slums



Molly-B is the "sweet young thing" of the Elements. She presents the picture of civility, dressed in a flower-pattern 1950's-style dress. Molly-B has taken it upon herself to try to curb the more unruly behaviors of the other Elements, or repair their transgressions when she can. Because she's not as ruthless as the others in her bid for power, she is significantly weaker than the others, and thus her activities have not caused significant damage yet. Molly-B feels

protective of the other Elements, as they do of her, in spite of their differing viewpoints. None of them can imagine hurting Molly-B, no matter what other repugnant business they may be into, and no matter what she might do to their plans. She is their conscience. That doesn't mean they won't strike at her powerbase, though. Argon makes her heart go flip-flop, but she's well aware of what kind of man he is, and would never consent to be with him.

1. Saving Blue

An interesting first mission: a self-actualizing bluepill needs to be protected. Then I groaned when I realized it was an escort mish! As I reluctantly stepped into the blue's apartment, she jumped up from her lonely Chinese takeout and Oprah rerun, and cried, "I've seen you before! I knew you were coming to save me! You are my savior!" I told her to take her time, that it was the last good meal she would ever have. Other than that I was encouraging, and got her safely to her destination, decommissioning a good number of Exiles along the way. Molly B. was pleased; I could see I had won her trust: "Thanks for taking care of that for me, Sugaree. You're a keeper." For sure!

2. The Prelude

"The Matrix is still an enigma to you. I can sense your inner turmoil, even if you deny it." I am the last person to deny this, and appreciated someone who could sense how I felt. I sighed deeply as I read through the mission description. I am asked to protect someone, who has an important role to play in the future. This reminded me a little of Madame T.'s missions downtown.

For such a pacific mission, this one started out with a bang.

While I was still reading through the mission description, I came under attack! And as I jumped away to heal, I could see a malevolent little red dot following far, far below, waiting for another bite. This did little for my inner turmoil. The escort component of the mission goes well, as long as you take care to kill everything between you and the destination before leading the principal from the building.

Eventually I got her to the destination, and a woman looking a lot like Molly B. took her over for me. I felt puzzled as I left, wondering how in a world where everything begins with choice, one could see the future at all. Molly B.'s warm voice interrupted my reveries: "Your actions shall reap rewards you cannot yet know." As I start doing my taxes this week, I'll bear this in mind....

3. No Go Boom

Argon has some characteristically destructive plan which needs Molly B.'s intervention. This mission takes the form of confiscating four detonators disguised as cell phones, each secreted within a different box in one of Argon's offices. This can be done without killing everyone there, but uncompromising slaughter does make things more convenient. When you are done at this single location, Moll B. sends praise your way: "Your services have saved innocent lives, Sugaree". And scored some coin and xps along the way!

4. Data Points

“Silver is so obsessed with the perfection of his creations that he often cannot understand the long-range implications of what he is building” So we have to disrupt them.” Escort a scientist associate of Molly’s to plant false data. Getting her there safely takes some serious escorting skill. On the other hand, once you reach Silver’s research site, it turns out that there are no guards and no locks! Go figure! And then when you are done, the scientists elaborately yawns and says she will find her own way out and no further escort is necessary. She didn’t have to say that twice!

5. Grab the Boom

After absconding with Argon’s detonators, now we return to finish the job and steal his explosives! But we are not alone for this mission; the bluepill we escorted earlier has grown into a capable 50th level partner for us (What? Three hours to 50? Someone ccr this scheming sploiter!!)! Interestingly, the building she is in is surrounded not just by the area’s indigenous Crossbones, but by a pair of Furies as well!

She turns out to be a mixed blessing. Twice she pulled me into fight I wanted to avoid. But on the other hand, she did some great buffing for me as well. And the mobs didn’t dare even look at her! Once you have her, all you need to do is get some cardkeys, and then break into Argon’s storage center and kill all his guards. But without injuring the bystanders. Molly B has a team who will move in to do the rest, i.e., actually get the explosives. I left my protégé in the elevator while I did the killing; I did not want to risk her being injured, and I did not want to risk her witnessing me kill any bystanders who got in my way.

Sammy "Lilac" Wien

Location: Lamar (Downtown)



Sammy is a big man with big appetites. He can often be found at The Vault, nattily dressed in his trademark color. His form, mannerisms and presence are only slightly out of place in his environment. Like the other buildings of Lamar, Sammy appears to be from a time past, a bygone era, when deals were sealed with a word and a handshake. Overtly, his history is pretty shady, and he seems to like it that way. Everyone knows who he is, and gives him a wide berth and a lot of respect. His methods are old-fashioned but effective, and his living enemies are few.

Sammy is comfortable in his neighborhood, and will typically try to hire Redpills to assist in maintaining his position of luxury and power. He is not above putting Redpills in conflict with his gang - he justifies it as a training exercise for his boys, and as a test of strength for the Redpill. Sammy is not entirely trustworthy, however, he will not endanger his position by sending known operatives of other factions into suicide missions. Instead, he may add a task or two to a mission in order to use a Redpill's special talents to his own ends.

1. Odd Jobs

His consigliere tells him I'm good and he needs a package delivered. Someone tries to cut in and hijack the delivery. Does this sound familiar, or what? Well, it turns out this is a test. I pass it and he says to come back for some real work. In case I had not noticed, my operator tells me he is still a very dangerous program. Thanks, but isn't this the kind of thing you should hear before taking on an assignment? The Operator seemed quiescent and passive for these mission suite; maybe he was off playing Second Life or something.

2. Cleaning House

The "real work". Almost half a dozen street gangs have been at each other's throats, and Sammy wants to put an end to it. As a preparatory step to arranging a meeting, he needs you to check out a site for the talkfest. Alas! It turns out a sixth gang, the Bookwyrms, is there waiting to cause trouble. Kill three of them and you're done! For a mission on Hard setting, I was surprised that so few were thrown at me, and that they waited separately in different rooms for me to defeat them piecemeal. Maybe this was the Classics Illustrated version of the Bookwyrms?

3. The Exchange

The Suits are holding a White Security gang member hostage, and the White Security folks have a disk they stole from the Suits. Sammy tasks you with arranging the exchange. I'll admit I have extreme nerves about anything resembling an escort mission. Happily, though, the White Security hostage is dead, and you don't need to escort him anywhere! Just kill everyone, take back the disk, and drop it off with one of Sammy's folks.

There were many neat touches about this one. I spoke with the White Security folks, and one looked at me and answered "Nice shoes", and then burst out laughing! (Nice foreshadowing, as we see at the end.) Sammy's cut-out at the end shakes his head commenting about these stupid squabbling gangs. I love touches like this.

4. Keep the Peace

Someone once said that the best way to achieve peace is to kill all the bad people, and that's exactly what you do here. First the Shades and then the Assassins. When I arrived at the third site, spattered with blood and smelling like a wicked hacker, the third group decided to be more accommodating. Sammy approvingly observes at the

end:

“They fear you, Sugaree. That’s the most valuable asset you can have in business.” I purred in satisfaction.

5. Shell Game

Now the five-way negotiation is all set to begin! Three gang representatives are already waiting impatiently, and you need to escort two more to the confab. Strangely, this two-part escort mish is trouble-free! I kept expecting attacks from mobs, from lobby guards, from bystanders, from spontaneously-generating attackers, and from UFOs. But nothing happened. Until I got everyone together, that is. Then you discover that not everyone wants peace as much as Sammy does. Maybe they just don’t fear him enough...

Mandarin

Location: Lucero Point (Westview)



Second youngest of the siblings, Mandarin is a spoiled brat prone to rants to Dame White and Mr. Black about his siblings treatment of him. Neither of his parents really care, but it's a convenient excuse for punishing someone on occasion, and they know Mandarin is the most likely to tattle on his siblings when they are planning something against their parents. Mandarin is seen as rather a dim bulb by his siblings, but actually has a shrewd and devious (if intensely selfish) mind. He is absurdly fixated on creature comforts, gorging himself in rich

fabrics that he is ill equipped to appreciate. He lacks even the rudiments of style or grace.

1. Angels and Daemons

In this first mission, once again someone wants rare data. However, "I can't spare any of my own people. I've always found you reddies to be an eager sort." We first seek Taylot Yamin, a librarian program who is good at tracking down things. As the Operator tells us, "nearly every string of inanimate code passes through her systems at some point". Sounds like a good person to get to know! I looked forward to a awesome networking opportunity.

It was not to be. I got to the librarian's apartment, but it was filled with attacking simulacra. No guiding hand is apparent. Yamin is nowhere to be found, but someone else is, one Elwood Meritel, or something like that. He refuses to emerge from the room until the simulacra are all gone. He's such a wuss! And he knows nothing! Yamin seems to have disappeared. The big mystery is twofold: Who killed the simulacra in the room with the wuss (check for a CD)? And what happened to Yamin? Yamin never turned up, and this absence was never noted by operator or exile, so I assume it to be a mission blemish.

We track down the simulacra to on Aitken, a 50th level master of coding. After I decommissioned his minions, he was very amenable, and agreed to take me to the storehouse where Mandarin's stuff has been placed. A few of the local thugs attacked us, but Aitken easily withstood them (a nice change!), and I easily dispatched them.

Aitken brings us to the storehouse, and unlocks for us the information Mandarin wants. One room is locked and needs the Pick Lock ability and tool, neither of which I brought to the party; nonetheless I was able to complete the mission; opening the door was not necessary for mission objectives completion. Once everything is over, then when I checked out Aitken, I had the option of fighting with him! I couldn't resist, and put a couple of slugs into him to remember me by. But I didn't kill him. I swear! As I moped my way to the elevator, Mandarin told me "You're not bad for a reddie. Come back soon and I'll have another job for you".

Mysteries: Where was the ostensible librarian? Editing blemish? Who killed the simulacrum in the same room with the cowering Elwood? What was going on with the locked room which was superfluous to mission success? What was the significance of being able to shoot Aitken at the end?

2. Broken Connection

One of Mandarin's contacts broke off contact in mid-call; see what's going on. Seems fairly straightforward. Oh, there's a data disk that he wants retrieved. Everyone you were looking for is dead, and Mandarin instructs you to go ahead and kill everyone left there. You find out that the contact owed money to the folks who killed him. Guess this explains why he was in a hurry for me to pay him, Mandarin glumly noted. So, anyway, I found a CD that has to be dropped off with Arachne. When I arrived, I mistakenly spoke to Ananke, who gave me the warm greeting, "Talk to Arachne and get out. We were busy, you know." And a few seconds later, "Aren't you done yet?" Arachne is

much better when I give him the CD: “Awesome. You can leave. NOW.” Mandarin was a serene island of warmth: “Excellent! The artifact is almost within my grasp! Uhh, I mean, you did a good job”.

Good news! This mission ends up right next to the same building as Mandarin’s club!

3. Far From Home

More artifact mania. “My stupid, stupid, STUPID sister is nosing around after my artifact. Amber just wants what belongs to ME!” To distract Amber, I was sent to kill some of her men, and send the head of their leader to one of her chief lieutenants. Unfortunately, when you kill the target, and “get his head” there is still a head on the figure lying on the ground. When I arrived at the dumpy building used by Amber’s folks, I was surprised to see an Agent accosting me! Does Amber have contacts I did not know about? The agent asked if I had an appointment!! Perhaps it was just someone wearing an agent disguise? The advisor was impressed with my delivery: “What’s this? OH GOD! It’s Adzhimushdjka! You animal! What have you done?” I thought that would have been pretty clear. At the end, Mandarin was pleased. “Nice application of violence, Sugaree. That’s what I pay you for.” And we end up right next to his club again!!

Being accosted by an apparent Agent while doing an Exile’s bidding was counter-intuitive. So was the head on the headless figure, especially since all one had to do for the right effect was have the target fall so his “head” was inside the wall, giving the impression of headlessness.

4. Flutter Away, Little Bird

Mockingbird (the artifact magnet) has some information about Mandarin’s artifact of interest. As he puts it, “Mockingbird thinks she knows everything about artifacts. She’s all superior with her talk talk talk.” This is reasonably straightforward, and soon you end up with a business card. That’s it! The most interesting part of this mission took place at the drop-off. Two other exiles interrogated me. One asked me why humans reject the Matrix, and then followed this up with “Like it or not, we programs are a species capable of free thought and feeling. Think about that next time you take an action that harms the Matrix.” I’m a Machinist! Why am I getting this lecture! After the drop-off, Mandarin affirms, “Very very, very good. We’re almost there!”

5. Compression Artifact

The artifact Mandarin so craves is hidden in a crate at a warehouse; we need to find out which one. This involves two locales. The first warehouse eventually yields the location; the second yields the artifact. The exile holding it, Nightingale, reluctantly turns it over, with a stern warning that this is not over. It turns out that the artifact is simply some candy from a previous iteration of the Matrix. Candy! More detail, and a description, would have been wonderful for this: the color, shape, form, and texture, not to mention the taste! Oddly enough, once the handoff was done, I had the option of shooting at Nightingale or fighting with her. I took a few shots at her to let her know I

wasn't scared. Then I ran off to give the artifact with a contact, who remarked, "After he is presented with this gift, perhaps The Merovingian will finally forgive Mandarin." The meaning of the mission title is not clear, unless it somehow refers to the candy?

Mandarin made no mention of this when he said "Thank you, Sugaree. I cannot thank you enough for recovering this artifact". But people often hide their true motivations, treat big things small, and small things big, so this was not a huge surprise.

Grace

Location: Furihata (International)



Grace was once a Warrior of Zion. Today she carves out an existence for herself in the Matrix, assigned the unenviable task of keeping tabs on the Silver Dragons. Commander Lock is concerned that the Silver Dragons' activities will shatter the truce negotiated by Neo, and Grace knows the group well.

Grace met an Exile named Long in the Matrix, and allowed herself to become involved with him. Of course she kept the affair a secret, knowing that no one would have approved. She thought she was in love, but Long wanted more than just survival. He used their relationship to find and recruit Redpills into his gang.

When she discovered his activities, their love turned to hate. Since that time, Grace has devoted herself to stopping Long and his supporters and will let nothing stand in her way, not even official orders from Zion. She has not reported in for some time, apparently having found another broadcast point to enter the Matrix.

Regardless of her past mistakes, Grace is a consummate professional and insists on the same level of professionalism in those she deals with. She is known to hire mercenary operatives of any association to carry out tasks for her.

1. Hell hath No Fury

Grace seeks to penetrate the Silver Dragons organization through you. You will achieve this through successfully completing a mission for them. This task is to kill an enemy of theirs, one Arabis. This is easily done, and you are soon accepted into the Silver Dragons organization. You have, in effect, been blooded. At the end you discover that Arabis was a well-known software security engineer, who specialized in the detection of malicious software. This was one nice touch- when resisting me he used hacker attacks. The Silver Dragons, as we shall see, have a pronounced sense of

humor; my Dragons contact initially gave me a folder with the identity of my target, and I saw my own name! She got a good laugh out of this, and soon directed me to a nearby computer which held the information I needed. This was an interesting feature-Exiles with a sense of humor.

2. Inside the Action

This seems simple. Pick up a disk, take it to an exile with information Grace desired. The site for the pickup was a Zionist extraction point, a nice nod to Grace's background. Several redpills there, allied with Grace, shared misgivings with each other about the wisdom of this project. I felt reassured. Then I went to drop off the information with one Zyskin, a blood-drinker-looking sort of guy with four or five burly bodyguards. Prast, one of Grace's staff, was there to help. After I dropped off the information and prepared to leave, she revealed she was a captive now, and appealed to me for help. I did, and soon all lay waste around me. With this part of the mish screwed, I was told to drop off Prast, and took her to a safehouse. "Safe" house might not be the right word for it though, since the folks there started speculating on the terrible things Grace had in mind for those who screwed up missions.... "Hah! I heard that she's going to make her clean her hovercraft with a toothbrush", and "Hah! She's in for a world of hurt, that's for sure!" I bid Prast a fond farewell, put her out of my mind, pocketed my consultant's fee, and was on my way.

3. Second Time Around

After intervening to rescue Prast last time, there seems to be some uncertainty in the Dragons about where my loyalties lie. In this mission, I kill an enemy gang leader, making sure to leave a witness so the word gets around. This proved easier than I thought; even my operator commented that maybe this guy just sucked. Grace tells us that this gambit seems to have worked and my star with the Silver Dragons is on the rise.

4. Dark Side

This mission is billed as an effort to "delve deeper into the Silver Dragons' network". It involves having me "distribute and maintain network connections for the Silver Dragons secret network". Sounds like a good deal, but it translates into helpdesk work! This has two parts. In the first one, all you have to do is mix around parts from each of three computers to re-establish their network connectivity. There are two "perimeter monitor devices" and one "computer parts". The Silver Dragons may know a lot about networking, but when it comes to networks, they're hopeless! Perhaps they disdain such "mere hardware" issues and leave them as an exercise for others.

In the second part, I swing by another Silver Dragons site, and as I started to examine the ailing hardware, the elite guards and pale blood-drinker there all attacked me! They're Black Moons, and held me responsible for killing their leader las time! Eventually I put them down, and went back to my original mission, checking their computer. Its message was a dull, blinking "connection missing". You can say that again!

I was puzzled, to say the least. So was Grace, who rambled disjointedly as she counted out my consulting fee. She looked confused and said, "I didn't think any of the Black Moon gang would find you. We'll have to be more careful in the future. But I don't know what the Silver Dragons will think of all this". We will find out soon enough!

5. Password: Dragon

It seems that I have been promoted again, at least this is what Grace tells me. On the strength of this, she sends me to obtain a password from Long, which will give her access to their system. Simple enough, and builds on the goals she shared in the very first mission.

When I went to meet the Dragons, I talked to the ones there. One said, "You're here for the password? Ah, good!" and started laughing and laughing. And did not stop. This gave me cause for concern... Sure enough, Long springs his trap as soon as I talk to him, and a long fight ensues. At its conclusion, they are all dead, and Grace is furious: "Grr! Tricked me again! I'll show him! Someday, somehow, I will get my revenge!" Classic! At the end she gave me some level-50 clothes as a consolation prize, so it could have been worse. However, it could also have been better. Frankly, considering the loss of resources across these five missions, one might think that Long came off much the worse for wear. But Grace has a new reason for the anger and jealousy which propel her. As if she needs one!

Argon

Location: Achan (Richland)



Argon is an Exile who likes to think of himself as a careful planner and strategist, but in truth he is somewhat rash in his moves, pushing forward out of hubris and ego more than anything else. Under his expensive suit, he is truly just a thug. However, do not take that as an excuse to underestimate him. Argon has no compunctions about doing whatever is necessary to gain more power and influence over the Matrix.

As a program, Argon was a controlling routine. As an Exile, he still expects to be obeyed, and is known for his terrible rages when matters fail to go his way. He is jealous and possessive of his paramours, which has proved to be a vulnerability in the past. In the end, though, Argon cares for no one more than himself.

Mission 1. Bug the Broad

When we meet Argon for the first time, he tells us, “Listen up, Sugaree. I heard you been helping the other Exiles; well, I’ll let you know right now: you’ve been dealing with chumps. I’m the real deal, right?” And all his Missiones underline the image of an aspiring Al Capone, seeking respect and validation. Here, in this first one, we must plant a bug in Beryl’s network because Argon worries about her and Anti-M (as well he should!). The entry and execution is straightforward, and at the end, as I was counting my info, he burst out, “You actually did it? Ahh, I mean, yeah, great work there, Sugaree!”. Thank for the confidence, bro!

Mission 2. The Phone List

Argon informs me at the outset that he worries that Beryl has been two-timing him. The distrustful gangster wants to know about Beryl’s social circle and socializing, which requires you to retrieve a copy of her contact list. Most people would hack for this, no? But Argon wants the personal touch, and perhaps some intimidating visuals as well. Otherwise, a break-and-enter. Having done all the Missiones for Beryl and Anti-M, I could have just told him, but figured it would be better for him to find out for himself.

Mission 3. Dig Up Something Good

Exile Digger is on Argon’s blacklist, and your task is to steal three files from him. Not all the files are obviously accessible, but otherwise the Mission is a standard break-and-enter. This is a notable Mission because it is the only time we learn of Argon’s connections with other major Exiles. Tragically, we cannot read the contents of the files, and I was left dying to know what was in them. Argon’s praise – “Hey, that’s great, Sugaree. Top job.” – did little to satisfy my consuming curiosity.

Mission 4. Sending a Message

Argon continues to feel the need to assert his disapproval of his rival. This time, he asks you to assault one of her offices and kidnap a beancounter. For this he wants someone who cannot be traced, and that's you. Plus, Argon informed me, "he's just a pencilneck and he knows better than to cross someone like you." Yeah! What he said! This is an escort Mission, and you have to keep your ward alive. It took me more than one try.

Mission 5. Set Her Up The Bomb

Now it's time to "get serious" with Anti-M, says Argon. He then tasks you with planting a bomb in one of Anti-M's operation centers. Nothing mind-bending: you travel there, deal with some guards, and plant the explosive.

These Missiones are straightforward, bread-and-butter. We learn little of the relations among the exiles other than from his suspicions. And though Argon clearly styles himself "the real deal", it's not clear at all who he works with or against. It might be that these five Missiones were originally viewed as preliminary, and once I had proven my worth from small domestic chores, he would accept me into the operations of his professional activities. But this has not come to pass. Basically, he seems like a thug. In essence, Argon's Missiones are lightly-adapted standard Missiones, still a diversion from the standard ones while helping people powerlevel.

What could have made these even more enjoyable? Well, I had already done the Missiones for his girlfriend and rival before contacting him. If the AI detected this and reflected this in its responses, it would be even better. More of a departure from the standard Mission format would have been nice. More on Digger and the contents of the files would have wonderful. And some responses from Argon reflecting his surroundings in Club Duality would have been great, something like inviting me to have a drink, talking expansively about his business, etc. Standing impassively in the purple mists of Club Duality, he could have styled himself like the Merv, etc.

Silver

Location: Achan, Slums



With eponymously colored hair, Silver is the most focused among the Elements, valuing order and \$information above all else. Silver is not an imposing physical specimen, looking like a bit of a nerd, but he's a self-possessed man with a distinct air of superiority over the dullards he's surrounded by. Silver is often called on by the other associates when they need \$information about something, or require something very complex to be figured out fast. His prices are steep indeed. Silver is engaged in several lines of Matrix-research that require field tests to be carried out. Typically, this requires the movement of specific pieces of code to certain places for execution, e.g. "Take this umbrella to the top of the Network Media building. Open it. Then close it and return it here to me. You couldn't understand the reasons if I told you, Meatshadow."

1. Meet the Meat

Like most first mishes, this one is simple, if not exactly easy. Silver is "studying the field density fluctuation of the Matrix and how it is affected by 'free roaming redpills' like you". To measure this, he wants you to pass through an area and kill everything there. Works for me! As an afterthought, he genially sneers, "Even you ought to be able to handle that." I guess he has been talking to the Weaver.

After our powerful team laid waste to every single Exile there, Silver nodded curtly, "Passable performance, meat. I suppose I can use you again." "Curb your enthusiasm," I said.

2. Software Run

This second mission is actually one of his easiest. You have to run in, insert a virus, and run for your life. "It's very easy so you should be able to do it," Silver reassured me, adding, "Oh, and don't get killed by the guys that run the place."

As instructed, I ran in, inserted the virus in the computer in the guards ready room (the one right next to the elevator), leaped past the guards over the counter, ran for the elevator, and died one foot from it, five hot slugs in my back. But we got credit for a success, so what's not to like?

3. For Tat

In this most fascinating mission, Silver needs help in a deal with the cool, bewitching Hypatia from downtown. She wants someone killed, and thought of Silver, who thought of us. In exchange, she'll help him with some research on some unusual code frags which have appeared recently. The hit is straightforward. The most interesting thing was meeting Hypatia. She complimented us on work well done, and invited us to look her up in Chelsea if we were looking for work.

Silver was characteristic: "At least you didn't drool on Hypatia's feet". I think he is falling in love with me.

4. Mercury Sabotage

Silver hates Mercury as much as Mercury hates him. He thinks that the “lesser inventor” has been scheming to steal his research, and wants to discourage this interest. A nice virus, nicely inserted, does the trick. And for this mish, we just had to run in, pop in a disk, and run for our lives. Our powerful band was able to do this.

5. Just a Peek

But Silver is not done with Mercury yet. Now he tasks us with stealing one of his prototypes. Not that he needs it, mind you, he is simply “curious”. We found the location, we broke in, we killed all the guards, we got the prototype, and we dropped it off with a huffy, impatient aide of Silver’s. While we were running around, Silver barraged us with reflections. About how the Truce is a bad thing. About how scummy humans are. About how unclean he feels to be working with us. I can’t tell you how encouraged I felt, and how much it made me want to please him.

And when it was all over? Silver looked up from approving our timesheets, sighed, and barked: “You know, I’m sick of working with meat; it is more trouble than it is worth. Why don’t you go bother someone else?”

And that was it! He turned away and went to optimize a database or something. Love us and leave us, why don’t you? At least his check cleared.

Amber

Location: Rogers Way (Westview)



As one of the middle siblings, Amber knows she is unlikely to ever gain the highest position, but she is committed to making sure she's there, to stand at the right hand of whoever wins the battle and siphon off the spoils. To this end she is exceedingly cautious, and craves all the knowledge she can about her siblings' operations. Amber always looks good. She is a smooth talking sycophant who excels at talking out of both sides of her mouth at once. She is willing to deal with any and all of her siblings, working both ends against the middle for Indigo or one of her parents, but always for herself in the end. She's working toward getting on Gray's good side, but is coming to the conclusion that he doesn't have one.

1. A Suspicious Character

Rogers way is Amber’s turf, and some guy has been showing too much silent interest

in it. This is seldom a positive development, and she wants you to investigate him and his motivation. He's not hard to find. But when you do enter his apartment, he says, "about time you got here. Tell Amber her response time sucks." Quite the surprise! Amber is not expecting this and directs you to take the disk to have it checked out.

When this is done, there is indeed more to him than meets the eye, as Amber confirms. She seems impressed. Your patron does not share the results, and you complete this mission without ever knowing who this guy is or what he is all about.

2. A Safe Place

Amber has an escort mish for you: an informant needs to be taken to a safe place. But the informant, aptly named "Craven", refuses to emerge from her bedroom until you have killed everything else there: some big, bad vampires. Then, there is a long, eventful hike to the safehouse, with many mobs to slay. And when you get her to the safehouse, filled with Amber's ASPs? She warmly responds, "What are you waiting for, a tip?"

I love this job!

3. Second Try

The bluepill we escorted last time is now missing, and needs rescue and escort. This starts with finding a dead exile, whose picture leads us to another location, where the straying informant is found. Both locations are those weird, maze-like buildings in Westview that are so trashy and filled with junk. I always get lost in them! Her escort involved much, much killing of local mobs. Paradoxically enough, these mobs you have to kill are the exact same mobs (ASPs) that Amber supposedly controls. How curious! Anyway, eventually you get her to the protection safe house again and you are done. She adds, "Look I know you have some sort of weird crush on me, but I want you to leave me alone." With pleasure, my dear!

4. The Final Clue

Amber continues to fret about unfriendly efforts to cut into her turf. She needs to know who is behind this. The clue is found on a CD which is held by a band of fierce hackers. Not easy to take them all down, and I had to withdraw a few times to rest up. Eventually the CD is procured and delivered to Shingo, one of Amber's lieutenants, who hangs out surrounded by Level-51+ level security staff. Glad I didn't have to fight my way past them! Amber is pleased with the fast, efficient work. I was pleased to be alive.

5. Payback Time

Based on the last mission's CD, Amber has determined that her mischievous brother Mandarin was behind the attacks, and wants payback, through a special virus placed in his systems. Getting into the room with the target computer involved a lot of gun fighting. I could overhear two guards speaking disparagingly of Mandarin being

clueless “as usual”. Then I had planted the virus, and was fleeing for my life. This final, finale mission was surprisingly straightforward, not to say simple. Not that I complained!

And with this, all my Westview missions were over! This region ended well, with warm praise from Amber, claiming that “I won’t forget you, Sugaree; you’ll always have a home in Rogers Way.” How nice it would be if after you have completed all the region’s missions, the mobs of the last Exile lord would leave you alone, or even come over and /dap you! But I appreciated the warmth, after so much callous, crude behavior from the others.

Hypatia

Location: Chelsea (Downtown)



Hypatia believes that information is power; and that the most valuable information can best be gleaned by reading between the lines. She has spent her existence pouring through book after book, looking for any scrap of information that might reveal more about the nature of the Matrix and how to gather information to increase her own power. Consequently, she guards all of her secrets and her turf jealously. Her unimposing appearance belies her greedy and vicious nature.

It is rumored, however, that certain Exiles who have a relationship with Hypatia can gain access to the information repository for a quick scan. Redpills and Exiles lucky enough to make it to the Library's restricted stacks should not overstay their welcome.

It is further rumored that Hypatia maintains contacts with the owners or employees of many bookstores in the city, to keep her apprised of new or used books that arrive in their shops. Many of her contacts are also members of the Bookwyrms, but maintain a low profile and will contact Hypatia before taking any action against Zionites or Exiles.

1. Past Due

But enough of me! Like so many people, Hypatia lends books and has trouble getting them back. Of course, it's not the book is important or anything, it's just, you know, the

principle. So she tasks you with getting it back at all costs, killing anyone who resists, and leaving one witness to spread the word. Just, you know, on principle. Every bibliophile out there will warm to this.

In this mish we learn of a rogue group of Exiles who style themselves “The Book Club”. They’re former academics, though you sure couldn’t tell from looking at them. Their leader claims the book is awesomely valuable and rare, and no way is it going back! Well, a polite word and a Devastation Field gets you more than just a polite word. The volume is then returned to another of Hypatia’s flunkies; apparently she does not want you to know its ultimate destination: her kitchen table. The Exiles here have some great lines, and some pathos at the end. A tough, good mish on solo.

2. Thieves in the Night

This mish is deliciously ironic. After recovering a notebook for the Coroner just a few days ago, now I’m tasked with stealing one from him! Hypatia is curious about his “Frankenstein” experiments on reviving bluepills, and would like to study his journal. Along the way, you might as well kill his scientists, she adds as an afterthought. Note to self: stay on her good side.

3. The Wrong Hands

An exile named The Collector has a book with dangerous information; Hypatia tasks you with replacing it with a safer, dumbed-down ersatz copy, and destroying the original.

We pick up the ersatz book from an Exile counterfeiting expert who is currently trying to copy herself. One copy gravely asked us “Do you like pie?” Then Hypatia, apparently as an afterthought, directs us to kill everyone at the site with the book, “to make it look good”. So on we go to slay and mislead for our patroness. But in the end she praises us, saying we have made the Matrix a better, safer place. But be careful to destroy the real book, and place the genuine fake back. Or something like that.

4. Pre-emptive Action

This mission is uncharacteristically simple. Hypatia has learned of a plan to attack her (so she says, anyway), and directs us to disrupt it. This involves two groups of Exiles, all of whom must be wiped out. Again, carnage and blood; in the end Hypatia is quietly gleeful that her books are safe. Inside a safe, we found a gold coat!

5. In Pursuit of Knowledge

An Exile named Alvarez has infuriated the phlegmatic Hypatia. He not only acquired a rare book of Exile lore which she does not have, the fiend destroyed it before she could read it!! But he memorized the content, or at least all the important parts. We must guide him to a meeting with Hypatia so they can have a conversation about this.

This is more complicated than it seems. When we go to get him, we find he has been

kidnapped. Then we fight our way to him, only to discover he has been killed. But Hypatia is nothing if not resourceful, and she will not be denied his knowledge....

Intelligent and bookish though Hypatia is, she seems like one of the easier ones to manipulate. Her thirst for knowledge would be easily kindled and directed against almost anyone. It is best to satisfy her when you run her missions; I would hate for my name to be written down in the wrong book of hers.....

Yttri

Location: Tabor Park, Slums



Yttri was a late addition to the Elements, a subroutine added in the later days before their flight to the Matrix. She is an exotic woman with unique viewpoints. Think of her as the exchange student thrown into the Sorority House. Some of the other Elements resented the attention she garnered at first, others sought to take advantage of her, but nobody really understood her. Yttri is given to long, thoughtful pauses in her conversations, and insightful comments that imply she knows a great deal. She has settled into a comfortable existence on the fringes of Bluepill society, as a street musician in Tabor Park. She is the one other Element most in touch with Ruth, but she's had cause to run up against Argon in the past, as he's tried to intimidate her.

1. Code or Coda

Anyway, Yttri elaborates on a theme I first noticed with Lotus: that music can be a powerful behavior modifier. And she likes to steal things. In this standard break-and-enter, Yttri wants the only existing copy of a new, marvelous composition. The standard enemies opposed me, and were dealt with in the standard manner. Two ways to get it, find the combination in a desk for the safe, or hack a computer to disable the

safe. To be on the “safe” side, I did both. Why the manuscript had to be purloined was unclear, since documentary materials have been clandestinely captured by cameras for almost a hundred years. Maybe she was also sending someone a message? Maybe she collects artifacts, like the Digger or Hypatia? We do not know. Walked in past a fidgety Bell Madonna, little knowing how soon I would be feeling fidgety myself, in the next mission.

2. Free Music

One thing leads to another, after savoring the work of this composer, Yttri craves more. Not only that, she wants to free his mind. This entails grabbing him and escorting him to a Zionist base for the Pill. And naturally, everyone for a kilometer around wants to frustrate this. For example, as I waited inside with the composer, two 51-level elite guards outside kept firing at me _through_ the door, and shrugged off my repeated devastation fields and code nukes. So, after one failure, I went out through the back door, obliterating every Bell from here to kingdom come, and got the composer safely to Zion. What memories it brought back, of other escort missions from hell!

3. An Instrumental

Yttri seemed quite serious about this; the air hissed with tension as she explained in a low, menacing voice. An instrument of hers has been stolen, and “I am charging you with its return. Do not fail me in this”. It reminded me of Hypatia’s first mission, where she wants you to retrieve a lent book. Unlike your sponsor, the target is no wilting aesthete, and within ten harrowing seconds I was on death’s door. I was tempted to buy a ukulele from a street vendor and say “Oh, he decompiled it and recompiled it, and this is how it came out”, but I persisted. It turns out that the malefactor has the instrument on his person, so it’s more likely to be a kazoo than a Stradivarius!

4. Blood Music

Remember the Coroner? The creepy guy from downtown? With the spooky experiments? Well, he’s back, and in possession of a street performer with some information about blood drinkers which Yttri wants. I paused before busting in, thinking of past missions, and many deaths, mostly mine. They were still unsettling. I came across a virus and on a whim put it into the station’s mainframe; the staff took a dim view of this. At the end I staggered to a phone booth and uploaded, and this is what I got: “The data is very interesting...very interesting indeed. Thank you.” Big deal! The Bells were much in evidence here; several times I passed two Bell Madonnas standing mournfully over a fallen third.

5. Beat the Matrix

The freed composer has made a composition for Yttri, and now some of Tick Tock’s men have taken an interest in it and are searching for it. For someone with Tick Tock’s quiet obsessions, this seems out of character; maybe I don’t know him as well as I think. The task itself was simple: kill three foes and open one safe. At the end Yttri murmurs about how the works of a master are beautiful to behold and she is looking

forward to examining this one. The thing is, composers seldom venture into hardware construction, so it's hard to imagine how Yttri's guy ever came up with this scheme. Especially for a metronome!

Ruth

Location: Mara (Richland)



Ruth is the oldest of the Elements (think of her as the one who was a senior when the others were freshmen). She's also the one who appears to have fallen the farthest, taking on a menial role as a cleaning woman for the Church in the Slums. In reality she has simply learned a lot more about how the Matrix works than the others have. She believes that the key to getting into the heart of the Matrix's \$information is to be an innocuous pary of it. Standing atop an office tower puts you too far up to see what's really going on. She prefers to be right down next to the Bluepills that drive the \$information flow, moving about completely beneath their notice. She has a semi-cooperative relationship with the other Exile who lives at the Church, Sister Margaret.

1. Rescue Blue

A bluepill is being harassed by five bullies, for no obvious reason. They seemed to have camped out in his apartment, perhaps intending it as a base for operations. So I killed two, sat down for some milk and chow mein (bad combination!), and the slew the rest. The bluepill was overjoyed; Ruth less so: "That wasn't bad, Sugaree. You might have some good moves."

2. The Viper's Nest

Strike against Thallia's network. She is a social "viper" who needs to be "taken down a peg"; she tears down other Exiles to make herself look better to the Merovingian, so Ruth says. And I have to say, this is quite consistent with that I saw of her during her missions. Ruth's idea is to put a small virus in her network that will throw her social calendar into disarray. This will have her showing up at all the wrong events; the worst kind of hell for her. And the mish is simple enough: run in, insert disk, and run out. "You're a pretty competent one, Sugaree." The apparent squalor of Thallia's office surprised me, especially considering how luxurious her lair is! Perhaps Ruth is not the only one that likes to slum.

3. Gadget Grab

Silver's been up to some mechanical mischief, and now Ruth wants to know about it. This mission was surprisingly difficult. Four very tough Machine staff awaited me, and my membership card for The Collective did not carry much weight with them. Eventually I killed enough to get a key, and ran past the others to reach my goal. "Sharp moves, Sugaree", judged Ruth.

4. Poison the Well

Silver has been up to some serious trouble-making, even for an Exile. He has come up with "some sort of prototype decompiler that works on bluepills". It would permit Silver to take apart bluepills for their raw code. Yes, I agreed, this would not be a good thing. Ruth bids me insert a virus into his network (as usual). But this is not the usual, garden-variety, format-the-hard-drive virus. That would precipitate tape restorations, after all. This virus simply adjusts the data flow imperceptibly so that things do not work correctly. Nice thinking, Ruth! She agrees: "You've saved some innocent lives today, Sugaree." More than "some", I should think.

5. Both Ends Against the Middle

The last mission was a half-way measure to delay Silver. The next step is to distract him. This is done by exposing his research to Tick Tock, a wily intelligence-oriented Exile from downtown (we did his missions a while back). If they start fighting, this will slow them both down. However, complications arise. Your contact for Tick Tock has been killed, and someone else impersonates him and tries to brewko you. Eventually you put the ersatz ally down, and upload the file and folder, but the identity of the third party is never clear. Who tried to cut in? How did they find out? What was their interest? All is not clear, though I would put my money on Hypatia, who has an unparalleled thirst for knowledge of anything and everything.

Mercury

Location: Uriah Industrial Park (Richland)



Mercury has a head for crafting things that require vector and movement calculations, including vehicles and speed buffs. He wanted to make a big name for himself, but found himself locked out of the market by the Merovingian after a faux pas at the Frenchman's restaurant. He now operates a garage in the Uriah neighborhood of the Slums, and has developed a relationship with another Exile named Pepper (whose slavish devotion to her buffed muscle car keeps her tied to him). In spite of his relationship with Pepper, he still carries a torch for Raini and occasionally sends her gifts or letters.

1. Turnabout is Fair Play

This first missions is a fine example of Mercury's endless anxiety. He bids you steal some files from the obsessive, possessive Silver's network, and blurts out at the end that he is a better inventor. This mish is fairly straightforward; Mercury's ingenuity does not extend, it appears, to narrative design.... My partner for this mish, Blackfir3 from The Collective, was so high-powered that by the time I had found my way to the mish site, he had the whole things wrapped up! Whoah!

2. A Prize for Molly B

In this brief mish, you travel to a nearby location to get a package for Mercury from one of Molly B's guys, and then drop it off. The contents are not disclosed, and nothing else ever seems to happen with this mish. I think the technical term is "filler", though when I do Molly B's missions, maybe a connection will emerge.

3. Component Parts

He has a shipment of some parts that needs to be escorted for safety's sake. He's buying some stuff from The Collector, and needs to make sure it gets safely to his storehouse. The contact looks like a clone of Mercury, and tells me to get out and stop bothering him as soon as I plucked the items from their cardboard box! What a team! Then I evaded an attack, and dropped off everything with some grateful aides of Mercury. Their boss has been keeping an eye on things, and calls at the end: "Nice work, Sugaree. Not too tough, eh?"

4. Company Secrets

Silver is not one to give up easily, and Mercury needs someone to protect his warehouse. Silver seems to be interested in a prototype, and we need to discourage them. One thug says “I think it just got a little dumber in here” and another chirps, “So, I suppose Mercury sent you to stop us, huh?” I always love these little touches; they show someone brought their imagination to work.

All things considered, fairly easy and fairly entertaining. And it’s all located within the same building at Mercury’s lair, so the commute is great! “That’ll show them,” he says at the end, “Good work, Sugaree.”

5. The Tick Tock Box

Clearly Mercury has come to like me. He got worked up and greeted me as soon as I came in, “Hey, hope you’re doing okay.” The target for today is a technical work commissioned by Tick Tock, which needs to be delivered. Naturally enemy forces are interested as well, and must be wiped out prior to the delivery. This went smoothly enough. The recipient, though, looks at it critically, and seemed puzzled, commenting, “Thanks. Uh, what the hell is this thing? This isn’t a cell phone. Well, never mind. Thanks again.” I have no idea what it is or where this is going, but I like the way these details are worked into the story. Nice work!

Mercury has come to rely on me. He brings his toughest problems to me for solutions. Now, with things quieted down, he takes a deep breath and relaxes. I could tell he liked me, as he started to gush. “Thanks, Sugaree. You have done great. I don’t have any more jobs for now, but if anything comes up, you’ll be the first one I come to.” Unlike all the other dozens of Exiles who have said this over the months, I kind of believed him.

Violet

Location: Sobra Shores (Westview)



Though she's not the oldest, or the youngest, or the smartest, Violet takes pride in the fact that she's the toughest. Dedicated to the fighting arts, Violet is easily the most martially proficient among the siblings, though she has lost to the bastard Gray in a straight up fight before. That was a flue, she claims. Violet often acts as an enforcer for Indigo, or one of her parents, though she's been known to form temporary alliances with others for one reason or another. The allegiances in the family are fluid, and nobody expects promises to last. Violet is egotistical about her "fighting form," and a little flattery goes a long way with her.

1. Violent Pacification. Remind a straying exile of where his best interests lie... This is a mish you may have done before for someone else. You show up, and the principal laughs you off, and tells his friends (an elite guard and a blood drunk) to dispatch you. Bulgey, the principal in this case, was more boastful and arrogant than most. And when his friends lay slain in front of him, he seemed angrier and more upset that I had killed them. Or maybe it was my imagination. But the message seems to have been sent. Interestingly, I had the option to engage him in combat. The mish, however, told me to let him live. Pity stayed my hand. Pity that I would blow my payment by sending him to join his friends.

2. Wages of Sin. Some of the buff, burly Legions who serve her and safeguard her inventory have been holding back, and examples must be made of them. Her warehouse came up short with a shipment of the exile-lethal White Knight virus. This mish took me to a really splendidly appointed condominium, where I proceeded to lay waste. One succubus gave me a "succubus kiss" which took me aback, but only dished out a single point of damage! It helped her not a bit. The dropoff contact for the virus disc is a redpill named AlCol; when we met he started to reflect back on his life with the mervs. Whatever! Nicely, this mish ends up right next to Violet's club. I like little touches like that.

3. Problem Addict. It turns out that another redpill crew, Zionist this time, has stolen some White Knight and must be put own. The Zionists pleaded with me to abort, to try and understand their motivation, etc. I listened to them. Then I opened fire. Afterwards, I took the virus to a machinist datamining operation in Apollyon, so as to cause distraction from Indigo and his Guinness Lake operations. The attending agents did not take kindly to my visit, despite my exemplary machinist credentials. I mean, it was just a virus, just a little virus.

4. Drawn and Quartered. Violet has come across a curious program which she wants to examine. Problem is, it has been broken into three scattered pieces. One piece is on a bluepill's computer, and you have to navigate through a domestic drama to get to it.

A bemused sailor is standing in the middle of it all! Fun! The second piece has been captured by other exiles, and they must be fought. Violet sighs, "Fortunately for me, you value \$information more than your life". Curiously, in the second site there was a locked file cabinet which I could not open, and which seemed to have no bearing on the narrative flow whatsoever. The third piece is controlled by a Machine outpost; fortunately I was able to get it without killing everyone there.

At the end, you have three disks which you upload. That's it; there's no hint of what's so special about this program. Violet does worry what it would do in less restrained hands. This made me wonder if maybe I should have held onto it.

5. Underneath the Surface. It turns out that the program I found was very important to someone someplace at some point; now a group of Exiles is looking for it. Preventing their recovery of it involves dropping it off with Indigo's data warehouse guy. This dataminer turns out to be a total wuss, and I must rescue him from an attack. As a reward he gifts me with a black cowboy hat. A black cowboy hat!! Do I look like Buffalo Gal? I was moved beyond words. While I was trying to figure out which way was front with the hat, Violet called to thank me. She was not totally thrilled about Indigo getting this program, but "A smart warrior picks their fights". I forgave her broken syntax and counted my money.

Raini

Location: Apollyon (Richland)



If there's an unstable personality in the Elements, it's Raini. She is emotional, passionate, full of everything that makes life exciting, and completely unable to turn it off, even for even a moment. Her drives are laudable, but she is also rash, her temper hot, her relationships tumultuous. She is ready to act at the drop of a hat, heedless of the voice of reason. Were she not so clever, she would probably be long dead.

Her relationships with other Exiles are legion, but fleeting, like bright sparks that quickly die. Raini is powerfully attracted to you one moment, slapping your face the next: utterly unpredictable, and seemingly desirous of conflict. If there were a gauge to represent Raini, the needle would be constantly in the red. Raini can usually be found at the Jacob's Ladder, dancing, drinking, and talking Redpills into all sorts of crazy over-the-top schemes. She gets no trouble from the 5 Points gang, who revere her almost as a goddess for her thrill-seeking ways.

1. Careful What You Wish For

“Recover high jacked data.” Is this an editing blemish? Or does this refer to a high-capacity jack-in mechanism? Does it foreshadow the role of drugs in these missions? Who can tell... In any case, the basic idea here is simple. Retrieve data from a lost courier, and complete the delivery. On Hard setting, there is a single site with three powerful foes and about as many computers to check. The file you need has “Thallia” in the name; I was not sure if this data had been stolen from Thallia, and her folks or a third party were interested in it, or, Thallia was behind the theft. Of course, knowing these guys, it could have played either way. But Raini’s only comment is she looks forward to enjoying the data. I guess. Your Operator seems detached from this mission as well, observing at one point, “I’ve always wanted to play Blood Tycoon 3. But that’s not what we came here for I guess.” You think?

2. Wetwork

To get some hot information from another Exile (a “nobody”), you need to kill two groups of Exiles. Those who relish 24x7 PvP will relish this mish. The Exiles make the mistake that so many do: they do not work as teams. They are scattered in their locations, and you can defeat them piecemeal. The second group took refuge in the home of two bluepills, killing one of them in the process. There seems to be no way to kill them without collateral-damaging the other bluepill, at least with AOE’s. A howitzer build might have had better luck. Alas, doing good, or minimizing doing bad, is not incorporated in mission goals.

Some interesting points: one Exile shouts “Game over, man!” as he engages you; this brief homage to Aliens was a nice touch! Raini notes halfway through “Wow, you were brutal in there. Nice”, and gushes at the end, “Oh, man, that was awesome, thanks Sugaree”. I started to feel like I was talking to a child.

3. The Next Big Thing

Running her own businesses is not enough for Raini, it seems. She wants something more, something that is supposed to be “the ultimate extreme”. And she wants you to get it from a “cat” named Arkansas. Oh, hip, man! Like, this is starting to sound like an old 60s comedy routine, as when Arkansas peers at you and says, “Hey...hey, man. You’re looking for the stuff for Raini? I got it right here. Take it when you’re ready. If you think she can handle it...heh...” The delivery was mercifully brief: a 60-yard sprint to the building next door. I can see why Raini wanted a woman of my talents for this! There is a single wrinkle near the end of this surprisingly sedate mission. And then Raini dangles the offer of an invitation to one of her “private” parties if I keep up the good work. As if!

4. Always When You Are Not Watching

Later when I visited her for the next mish, she seemed considerably the worse for wear. Some goods had been stolen from her, and she was way fretful. “Dammit! Some gang of WORTHLESS Exiles thinks that they can steal from me! From ME!”. The dreary dirge of revenge and payback was about to start like a cheap jukebox....

Your trip takes you first to the crime scene. Mostly ceremonial swords remain, with a few rifles, some weapons cages, a few bodies, and two survivors. One mourns; the other insists on coming with you (though he seems totally useless in a fight). Ironically, the thieves have chosen to hide their loot across the street from Jacob's Ladder! What were they thinking? In the event, by the time you and your sidekick reach the thieves, the loot has been fenced across the city, and nothing remains but some hard-hearted revenge. A few polite yawns later and it was done.

5. Adrenaline Junkie

"I'm in a bind, and I know you don't want to see cute little me in a bind, do ya?" Yes, that's how it starts. The powerful Exile, apparently an arms trafficker, now needs another fix, and wants you to score for her. Is this what they are coming to? Maybe Zion and the Machines hardly need to lift a finger against the Exiles; they just have to wait for the drugs to run out! Anyway, getting back, I was sent to visit one of Argon's minions for a fix. He, however, is out of the business and won't deal. This necessitates a visit to one of Beryl's safehouses. Fortunately, you do not need to kill all of Beryl's guards to get the drugs, which is a pleasant change. Just ignore them, take a few hits, make the grab and run. Raini talks big at the end, about how if you're not living on the edge (by stealing your drugs, presumably), then you're not living. That was good for a laugh. I had a couple of drinks, put them on her tab, and left Apollyon.

Rose

Location: Southard (Westview)



Youngest of the siblings, Rose is extremely insecure, and is obsessed with proving herself to the others. She is currently trying to impress her eldest brother, Indigo, believing that he will elevate her to his side if she pleases him. In reality, he is only interested in using her as a tool against the others. Rose's emotions are fragile, and volatile, making her prone to tear-filled rages if she feels embarrassed or insulted.

Grisaille

Location: Stamos (Westview)



Created by Mr. Black without the involvement of Dame White, Grisaille is essentially a bastard stepchild, reviled by his stepmother who would as soon see him dead. Grisaille is equal in power to Indigo, and acts primarily as an agent of Mr. Black, though he knows that his father thinks of him as only a powerful tool. In spite of their similar attitudes towards their parents, Indigo and Grisaille are dire enemies. Grisaille lacks the resources that Indigo can call on, but is more personally powerful, and more intelligent. It is only the fact that he is opposed by all of the siblings that keeps him in check. Mr. Black disavows knowledge of Grisaille's actions ("he's just an unruly bastard") because it is most often to his advantage. Grisaille considers the other siblings to be incompetents. They despise him for being Mr. Black's favorite when he's an outsider to their family. In truth Grisaille hates both Dame White and Mr. Black, and would eagerly see the entire twisted Spectrum destroyed, even if he had to sacrifice himself to do it. For the time being he simply acts as a spoiler.

1. Fade Away

Word, it seems, has gotten around ("Ah, so you're that Sugaree person I've been hearing so much about. Well, time to prove your worth") and he is ready to give me something substantial to do. No simple drop off a package mission here! Like many an Exile, Grisaille has a low boiling point, and the instant you talk to him, he starts blathering about revenge, "take them out, chip chop". The targets have been tailed from Club Dante to some no-name place, where they are unknowingly waiting for their doom, perhaps planning their IRA contributions for the year. As the dust settles at the end, Grisaille nods approvingly, "Very well done, Sugaree. If you can do that, you can do anything." Yah! Say it again!

2. A Quiet Conversation

Grisaille needs to have an Exile brought to him for a conversation about some information. As usual, the target is confident in her guards, and as usual her confidence is misplaced. She acquiesces, accompanies you, and soon finds herself in front of one of Grisaille's agents. Fear dawns across her face. "Don't fret, love. It'll be over soon" he reassures her. Grisaille tells me to rest up and come to see him soon. What a guy! If you think that this mission is almost identical to Thallia's last mission, you would be right.

3. Silent Scream

Nice title! This is perhaps the most ostensibly ambitious mission Grisaille gives you, but also the easiest. No that I am complaining, mind you! The target is Dynamic Network Products, guarded by machine enforcers. All we have to do is drop off a package, get a virus, drop off the virus, and flee. Quite straightforward, and you do not even have to kill everyone there! What's not to like? The only thing is, what does Grisaille have against DNP? It all seemed quite unmotivated, like someone took a standard mish and threw it in here as filler. Perhaps he is doing this for someone else? As a favor? Because he owes them? Alas, there is no sign that such depth exists in Grisaille.

4. The Rest Is Silence

Remember the Exile we brought in two missions ago? Well, her value has come and gone, and now it is time for her to return to the Source. I fought my way through her new crop of guards only to be confronted by Grisaille's sister, Rose! She has taken my target under her protection, it seems, and gives me a message for my employer: he cannot make his problems go away by killing innocents. Then, politely: "I suggest you leave, Sugaree...there is no reason for you to come to harm because of my brother's actions." After working with so many psychos and sociopaths recently, it was exquisite to bump into compassion. It must be a bug. Grisaille reassured me, "Not your fault". Reasonableness must run in their family!

5. The Quiet Place

Like every Exile, Grisaille seems to have an inexhaustible supply of enemies, and now the time has come for the Crow Bars to embrace eternity. They all talked big, and they all went down noisily. I walked out into the smoky Stamos moonlight, carefully putting away my guns, smoothing my coat, thinking what to do next. Drinks? Gossip? Perhaps some blue rezzing? I decided to start with a smoke as I contemplated our unknown future. After the first, best long drag, I took a final call from Grisaille: "Feels good to work out your frustrations, huh?" He's unflappable!

Madame T (Naomi Tarasova)

Location: Historic District (Downtown)



Naomi Tarasova, known more popularly as Madame T, is one of the few Redpills to take up

full time residence in the Matrix. Contributing further to her eccentric reputation is her habit of taking on the mannerisms of a gypsy fortune teller. When she speaks, she's always vague and full of mystery, even when giving out the specifics of the mission.

Madame T owns a small tea room off of the main street, with a simple sign out front that reads "Fortunes Told." When telling the "fortunes" (missions) for those who "cross her palm with silver," she will use either tarot cards or her crystal ball. Much of her insight into the workings of the Matrix comes from observations of her tarot cards and other clairvoyant tools (tea leaves and so forth), and she has been known to make accurate predictions of future events, though not very often.

Her tea room is dark, close and filled with all sorts of mystic esoterica. Skulls, candles and ancient tomes fill the walls surrounding the table where she reads customers' fortunes. While her motives are unknown, she provides keen insight about the Matrix, whenever her mysterious signs and portents can be interpreted.

1. Starting Points

She just needs some data from a nearby security office. She has "seen" that we would be working together apparently, and says "I have anticipated" "I predict", etc. Unfortunately I found myself fighting a machine captain, which went against my principles and the precepts of Agent Gray and made me feel guilty. For a minute or two, anyway.

This mish is simple, and entertaining. When I dropped off the data with a cutout, she told me, "wow, one of Madame T's predictions actually came true!". (Interestingly, all the cutouts and assistants I these missions are succubus in appearance, a nice touch.) Then, at the end, Madame T. foresaw many more opportunities for cooperation. I loved this cute ending.

2. Inquiring Minds

Madame T. wants some data from an exile, and whether it is given willingly or not is strictly secondary. The principal, though, moves around a lot, and you have to run around to find him. Kill all his very tough guards, and he becomes quite accommodating, commenting sourly, "She certainly is pushy for a redpill". There are many amusing touches in this mission, such as reading the principal's email inbox, and Madame T saying "I guess I should have seen that coming" and "I don't need a crystal ball to see that this should be quite easy for you."

One thing I would like to see in these get-the-data missions would be some indication of just what is all so important. It might be something urgent and desperate, like someone's contact information. It might be something deeply personal, like the background on a missing relative. It might be something amusing, like a Victoria's Secret catalog or a Christmas list. The Chef's missions are wonderful examples of this.

3. Emerald Wishes

This mission was uncomfortable for me. Just last week it seems, I had been scoring accolades from The Jeweler. Now I was raiding his assets. It turns out that he has a

mystic emerald Madame T wants, so that she can glimpse its secrets about the future. In this mission, we see that the Jeweler has some significant security and office assets he never told us about; and they put up a very spirited resistance. Then drop off the emerald and you are done.

More nice touches in this mish. When you drop off the emerald with a cutout, a guard remarks that he has heard of you, and compares your missions with his. Then a prediction from Madame T! "Wait...something is coming to me...I see you running many more fruitful missions for me. Nice work, Sugaree".

One thing would have made this better. When you retrieve the emerald, your inventory just shows a box, the same generic display used for everything from tracking devices to PDAs. Some more representative artwork would have been wonderful for this.

4. Toil and Trouble

Hypatia, you may recall, has an awesome archive of all kinds of books and knowledge, and is always on the prowl for anything she does not already have. Well, it turns out that in order to unleash the power within the gem, Madame T. needs you to find an incantation in Hypatia's archives, and then drop it off for an assistant to recite. I did this mission with a heavy heart, since Hypatia is the Exile closest to me in personality and appearance. But I was confident she had tape backup, and would only lose the physical form, not the data itself, so I went ahead.

After getting the incantation, you drop it off and go corral three assistants to help fire it off. Regrettably, they asked me to leave before running it. They were concerned for my safety. Or maybe they did not want their role-play disrupted.

5. Infosweep

Madame T. is overwhelmed by her visions from the gem and needs help from the Chessman (surely her polar opposite) in interpreting them. He has helpfully come downtown to meet you. This palaver, though, is interrupted by almost half a dozen competing operatives. Their attacks were well-coordinated, and the fight was not a breeze. On the way to the next mish location, to catch a data spike, I stopped to watch some Pit Vipers getting baptized in the pool, and was attacked! Of all the nerve! You can't ever let your guard down!

And then it turned out that not one but two other teams were after the same data! Fortunately, they all attacked almost as soon as I got out of the elevator, which was considerate. After all, this way I didn't have to go hunting for them. The massive data spike surged, overwhelmed the network, and miraculously fit right onto a single CD!

After I dropped it off, I hastened to the elevator, only to receive a high-urgency message from Madame T! She said, "Stop right where you are! Close your eyes. Concentrate....does anything feel different to you?" No, I confessed, just the warm heated air, fretting about agents descending on me. The she breathlessly whispered, "I see you succeeding in all your future endeavors", and downloaded a "little something"

into my inventory, bidding me to think of her when I used it. She signed off, and I walked out into the classical splendor of the Historical District, savoring the glorious, color-drenched full sun sky, with a dark blue sky and pink clouds vying for attention.

This was a great suite of missions. Well-written interactions, a distinct personality at the helm, interesting background, and neat connections with other Exiles, from The Chessman to Hyptia and The Jeweler. And the fact that Madame T. is a redpill means we should all be thinking big, big things for ourselves for the year to come.

Mr. Black & Dame White

Locations: Mr. Black - Stratford Campus (Downtown); Dame White – Shinjuku (International)



The leading group of Exiles in the Barrens are a dysfunctional family created by two Exile programs that have come to be known as Mr. Black and Dame White. The two parents each covet the other's power, but never admit it. They work against each other covertly through their children. The siblings compete for the attention and favor of both parents, as well as playing their parents off against one another. The emotional turmoil of the conflict and the mental and physical exercise involved in waging it are the family's bread and butter.

Mr. Black's Missions

Mission 01: Go Underground

This seems straightforward: three little floppy disks must be protected. Then you learn they have already been stolen, and must now be retrieved. This involves infiltrating a skyscraper controlled by The Trainman (present only in name). At the end you discover there is more to this than meets the eye, and Mr. Black's representative concludes there will be "some use for your talents, if not your brains". The narrative logic does not make total sense here. But the three-stage trip is pleasant, with some witty observations from the chatty operator and the participants. Fun! And no bugs! And convenient locations. Some more sense of depth than the average grab-the-loot mish.

Mission 02: Paper Chase

One of the most unusual premises: Mr. Black needs a building permit, but the lethargic

city bureaucracy has been dragging its heels. To encourage efficiency, the mission is to kill the offending bureaucrat's bodyguards and thus free him from the distraction of safety. If you've ever waited in line for a permit or a driver's license, this story will resonate with you deeply, believe me. Straightforward, with lots and lots of fighting to get the papers. Oddly, we do not travel to City Hall to get these.

Mission 03: Off White

Who would have thought! Dame White is his wife! And like many wives, she likes to keep a close eye on what her husband is up to. Mr. Black tasks you with getting rid of her spies and retrieving any intel they have accumulated. There are fine, entertaining moments as one White thug gets nervous and stammers that he d-d-doesn't know why the d-d-door is locked. Mr. Black approves of your handiwork, and concludes this happy mish by telling you, "If you weren't a human I might even make you a part of my organization." *Sigh* Oh, I love it when he talks to me like that!

Mission 04: Thorny Rose

Mr. Black's mischievous daughter is in trouble and needs assistance. This is a rescue, but fortunately you do not need to lead Rose anywhere. Just kill all the kidnappers and get a package from her. This was fun, with the hired help chatting about Rose (the "hot mama", "ixnay on the ohay"), then stopping when you walk in. And wait till you see what was in the package you had to risk life and limb to retrieve! It just goes to show that even Exiles have a sentimental side.

By the way, this would have been better if you had needed to team up with some of Dame White's people, or reach some understanding with Dame White to win her cooperation to rescue her daughter. This would have dovetailed soooo well with the immediately previous mission.

Mission 05: Bringing Home

One of Black's staff has been kidnapped and must be rescued and then taken to Indigo, (one of Black's kids) for debriefing. Lots of targets to kill on hard setting. The best entertainment is the cut-piece dialogs between Indigo, Xavier, and Indigo's men, which are well-written and not always expected. Mr. Black takes care of his own, but is nonetheless a stern taskmaster.

Dame White's Missions

1. Data Mining

If I were her, I'd want to know what my kids over in Westview were up to! But perhaps she read my mission reports and is up to speed on their mischief. At any rate, her inaugural instructions for me this afternoon are pertain to Kowloon and Shirabaka. "Yes, I know what you want and it just so happens that I do have a job for you." I need to visit a couple of computers. I like her businesslike style.

The first one, in Shinjuku, is guarded by a cordial Blood Drunk, who cheerfully advises me that "You so much as touch that computer; I will gladly break your fingers". After its data was uploaded, I gave Dame White an update, which was a poor decision on my part. She responded: "You mean you still don't have the data on Shirakaba? Well, what are you wasting my time for? Go get it!" I cleared my throat and hung up. "Well, what are you wasting my time for?" I told my operator, "Go get the next site!"

The second computer was much harder to get to. There were five or six souped-up elite guards. Eventually I prevailed, got the disk, uploaded it, and was told...

"Hmm, yes... As I suspected, this data shows that... Eh? Well, what is it? You've got your pay, haven't you? So stop pestering me!"

I'm beginning to see why her children have all fled so far afield.

2. Running Interference

Someone somewhere is delivering some item to somebody. That's it! And Dame White wants it intercepted. You can reach the single site in this mish without much trouble, but it turns out you have been anticipated, and the item is nowhere to be found. Needless to say you come under attack.

Mrs. White is livid about this! She goes off about "some stinking, slimy, pathetic little weasel" tipped off the opposition. (Her imperturbable picture, perched above this tirade, is delightfully ironic!) She throws my money down on the ground, and then goes back to pondering death and destruction. I wish I had thought to ask her kids about her. What stories they could tell!

3. Polygraphic

Dame White tasks you with identifying and eliminating a traitor within her organization, by polygraphing four of her chief lieutenants. The first, Fraction, is clean, and takes the test without hesitation. Some of the White security forces hanging around her wonder if the Dame isn't getting a little paranoid. They'll pay for their impertinence! At the second site, looking for the second lieutenant, Dollar, I hear from an Enforcer, "Look, you want my advice? "Stick that thing on Dame White's finger. Yeah, you heard me!" Then, "I didn't say nothin'. We never had this talk." Dollar herself (wearing the same golden gi as do all four) refuses the test until I kill three of her tough guards. Then she does so, loudly claiming it to be under duress.

The third one is a, ahem, dead end: the lieutenant and everyone there is dead. The fourth one is the target. Naturally, at the end, the Dame claims, "Hah, I knew it all

along!”

This long mission is well-designed. When I heard there were four suspects, I worried about this being tedious. But the four encounters are well-differentiated even though the four principals looked identical. Nice work!

4. Disk Jockey

With the traitor gone, it is back to business. She wants you to get two disks, from separate locations for her. Naturally there are the usual slugfests for the first one. After another fight at the second site, the disk is simply handed to you by a principal who says “It’s okay, they just think I’m the janitor.” I’m not sure what was going on with this. After all, if they thought this person was the janitor, then she could have simply smuggled the disk out in her overalls pocket. In any case, then it’s off to drop them off with one of the Dame’s operatives.

My patron was clearly overwhelmed with me! “Hm, you seem to be doing fairly well. For once.”

The White operative slated to receive the disks has been killed by a seething crowd of five or six blood drunks, nobles, and elite guards. They all started firing at me too, but their aim sucked, because I was able to put each disk in a computer and escape without being killed. Go figure! One taunted me with the usual “Fool! You have no idea of the power of the artifact you seek!” Yeah, whatever! Then Mrs. White had the information she needed and we were off to the next and final mish.

5. Paydirt

An artifact is soon to change hands, and a payment is soon to be made. Dame White wants both. This sounds like that the second mission was originally intended to be, before it went south. You are tasked with taking two of her aides to break up the transaction. You go to a single site and engage in extended mayhem. You end up with two packages, but zero aides. Then it got interesting.

I took the artifact to White’s hand-off. There were already many bodies in the building and lots of nervous security guards. The main contact was agitated, and couldn’t stop talking: “Come on now, don’t f-freak out on me. Give me one of the packages and put the other one in the wall safe. It’s easy. Easy.” And “Okay, okay. This is good. I like this. Okay, put the other package in the, uhh, wall safe over there. Yeah.” When I, cool as a cucumber, was done, the hand-off said, “Right. Okay, good. Yeah. The Dame’ll like this. Okay. Everybody’s okay.” I tipped my hat and sauntered out for a smoke.

Dame White, ever the generous one, contacted me to say that the artifact was better than they expected, and the captured payment was less. “That being the case, I suppose...I suppose I might as well give the captured money to you. Just don’t cause me any more trouble for a while.” I could tell she liked me.

Location: Mannsdale Housing (Richland)



A stylish and sharp businesswoman, Anti-M is one of the few Elements who's truly satisfied with the way things are going now. No longer suffering under the subroutine dictates of Argon, she's pushed out of her number-cruncher's box to become a savvy dealer of \$information in The Matrix. She wears expensive Italian suits and makes her own rules now.

Mission 01: Protection Racket

Simple enough: Anti-M wants you to put some pressure on Argon by finding and snuffing four of his crew. This is best done by tackling them piecemeal. Along the way, you run into an NPC who offers to help. I was all hacked up, and he matched my skillset and did a great job. Naturally, I was expecting a doublecross, but he was faithful all the way. Unfortunately, at the end of the Mission, he stays in the mission area. Good help, after all, is so hard to find! At the end Anti-M confesses that she likes the way you do business.

Mission 02: Special Delivery

In this Mission you play Post Office and deliver a letter from Anti-M to Beryl. This is simple enough, though as soon as you drop off the letter (to a cut-out dressed like an out-take from Club Hell) some thugs show up in need of tough love. One of them won my price for the Worst Loot Ever Received: one (1) Code-Bit 2!! I huffed and puffed my weary way to 50 for this?? At the end Anti-M affirms, "You know how to do a job right, Sugaree"; too bad the same cannot be said for whoever did the loot tables for this Mission!

Mission 03: Clear The Way

This is one of the easiest missions assigned by anyone, anywhere, in any game. Anti-M wishes to steal something being held by Argon for the Chotte Brothers. All you need to do is kill four of Argon's gunmen so others of Anti-M's staff can grab the item. They attack aggressively, but they attack individually, so it is easy to take them down, even on Hard setting. And that's it! I had expected to be further tasked with procuring the item, since the team was in trouble, etc., but nothing happened to complicate the awesome simplicity of this Mission. I was surprised. And disappointed. Is this all Anti-M thought I was capable of? My crisis of confidence continued into the next Mission.

Mission 04: Apothecary

Anti-M has some perfume to be given to Beryl; all you need to do is get it and drop it off. This time, Argon's thirsting for payback, and throws opponents your way; you need to visit three locations for this Mission. Getting the perfume (stored, oddly, inside a statue bust) is simple; dropping it off is much harder. But the soft words of praise at the end make it worthwhile: "You handle delicate matters with much grace".

Mission 05: The Photographer

Only after you have established your cred with Anti-M does she give you this most sensitive of missions. An exile known as the Photographer has secured compromising images of Anti-M and Beryl, and is seeking to blackmail them with Argon. Your job is to save their honor. This is rather easier than you might think, since the Photographer has no defense and no guards! High-end hacker spells brought him down in short order; your mileage will not vary.

The single complication, almost a bug, here is that at first I could not search his body. I could search everywhere else, but searching his body yielded no response. Only after I had left the room and come back in could I search him, get the pictures, and complete the Mission. This was non-intuitive.

Cerulean

Location: Bathary Row (Westview)



A middle child, Cerulean is the only one of the siblings to turn primarily to her intellect as a source of influence. She invested heavily in understanding the infrastructure of the Matrix in an attempt to learn how to control it better and use its power against her siblings. She is convinced that Indigo's power base can be wiped away or redirected in this way, but she suffered an enormous setback when the Matrix was reconfigured in the wake of the Peace Treaty. Much of the code she had stockpiled was wiped out, including parts of her own personal code that she had tried to hide. The result was a loss of her RSI's rendering subroutine; Cerulean is effectively a ghost. She is now dedicated to accumulating more information than ever, and proving that her mind is more than capable of overcoming any amount of power her siblings can amass.

Mockingbird

Location: Gracy Heights (Westview)



Mockingbird runs Osiris Antiques, a curio and book shop dealing largely in "magic" and "occult" items, many of which are actually items that let the user circumvent or bend the rules of the Matrix. In other words, her magic is real. She is willing to deal with others to get things that she wants, but she has no morals about cheating or stealing to obtain her goals. She deals with the Collector and often acts as his agent in the Barrens.

1. All We Ever Wanted. Ever notice how your reputation is never good enough? She expects you to steal a couple of candlesticks for her to show your ability. It's one of the standard first missions. So, you get to the provider, and discover that two other "buyers" have beat you to it, and aren't very inclined to give up the candlesticks unless you can make them a better offer. Normally I love wheeling and dealing like this, but there was no hint about what they wanted, and there was also no option to give them anything. So we killed them.

The provider was very cooperative after this. I mean, we had what we came for, and had killed everyone else in the room, so his leverage was kind of limited by this point. For some reason, I had the option of killing him, too. But I was feeling generous, and spared him. After all, it was Mother's Day.

Then a huge hike to the Mockingbird's cutout for the candlesticks. There, we were greeted as pizza delivery by the security guards. Then the cutout saw fit to give us a lecture about greed. I never! We spared her too, reluctantly, and left.

The idea of candlesticks which can bend light is delightful! Alas, nothing was done with this! And no demonstration of this effect was given. No backstory on their origin, provenance, or raison d'être was provided, or even why Mockingbird wanted them. Some tie-in with the Pandora's Box quests would have been natural, and could easily have been retrofitted. Umm, and the meaning of the title was not very clear.

2. All We Ever Wanted. Yes, you have not read wrong. The mission name gets used again here. This time, Mockingbird wants me to get some information on a different artifact. This starts imaginatively, with me speaking to a sort of traffic control program knowledgeable about the flow of items (almost like a mission operator in herself). She says "tell the Bird" that Digger had the item but it has been stolen. Others in her office think about different matters of importance; one guy wails about problems with the copier. I feel your pain!

This lead took me to a total dump of a building, where I found my next contact, the reluctantly cooperative Alvarez, who curtly answers my question and then sics his team on me. Thanks for nothing! The object of Mockingbird desire is a cat statue of fine amber. It's rare. It's amber. It's also cursed. I'm told to stay away from it. Like that's going to stop me! Mockingbird has the right attitude: "This is all starting to make sense....good". The mission ends up with me a stone's throw from Mockingbird for the next mish. Now that's what I call good mission design! Points for that! However, the title is no more clear this time than the first time. Points off!

3. Dark Entries. For this mission, you need to steal a painting from Digger so you can trade it to Hypatia for the Circle of Cernunnos. Got that? The subtle approach (sneak in and disable the computer-controlled lock, etc.) does not work. I killed everyone there. The painting itself is rumored to contain a sentient being (and why not?). "Not bad for an organic" Mockingbird concludes. As I left with the painting to drop it off for safekeeping, she and the operator say virtually identical things about Digger getting on my trail; this seems like another editorial blemish.

After you retrieve the painting, you take it to a genuinely interesting character: Man Kempner. He runs art galleries, and has created reputations for several obscure bluepill artists. He would be a perfect tie-in with The Sculptress from downtown! He would hide this just for the pleasure of being able to examine it. While I wait to see him, his assistant tells me about a gallery show opening by a new artist with great mechanical beasts. This seems like an obvious lead-in, but it never seems to have gone anywhere. He explains that the painting is part of the human emotion monitoring system for the Matrix, but with a bit of a bug: it projects emotion rather than recording it. Intriguing!

Alas, no such minimal backstory for the Circlet of Cernunnos. And Hypatia, who is easily one of the most interesting of the neighborhood contacts, makes no appearance. Disappointment!

4. Exquisite Corpse. For this mission, you collect the Circlet for Mockingbird. However Digger has brought in mercenaries to intervene (and who can blame him?). They have killed Mockingbird's Crushers, so you have to put them down, and collect all the items. These are then deposited in a safe. "If I play my cards right, Hypatia will think that Digger has the circlet. And I get to keep the painting as well! Thanks for your good work, Sugaree!" Someone's thinking! Too bad they weren't thinking about the opaque title!

5. In the Night. For this mission, you steal the cat statue from Amber's guys. "I'm not finished with you yet. Remember the amber cat statue? The kitty needs to be brought in, and guess who has it? That's right, Amber." The toughest part of this is figuring out the instructions. The artifact is in a locked safe in a sealed room, with two computer commands necessary to unlock it (the room, that is). The entire site is guarded by Daggers, who greeted me with "Death to you!" and "I wonder how your bones will taste!", obviously meant to lull me into a state of false confidence.

The cat, once procured, is taken to Mockingbird's flunky, the fretful Davis Thjarden. He starts off as soon as you arrive: "Do you have it? I mean, do you have IT? I mean, the statue, did you bring it with you? It's not hurt is it? Did you drop it? You didn't drop it, did you? No bullet holes or anything? Mockingbird would be very upset if it were shot." Then, "If you have it, give it to me! What are you waiting for? I need to inspect it. I need to make sure that it's okay." Once I gave it to him, he was subdued and said I could go while he "documented" a few things.

Mockingbird is pleased! "Good, very good. You have talents I can use. You have impressed me with your hard work. If I have anything in the future, I will contact you." But she remains as much a mystery as when I first met her.

Sister Margaret

Location: Mara (Richland)



Mission 01: The Stingy Librarian: Infiltrate Hypatia's computer network

The talented sculptress who did the beautiful sculpture outside (which I must examine some time) needs materials, and callous Hypatia is withholding them. For the sake of art and God, we will break into her network to steal what she will not share. This was doable without even a fight! I ran in and ran out, like a pizza delivery girl. And I was done! At the end Sister Margaret says, "Truly you are a bright, light in this dark place"; when was the last time anyone talked to you this way? I loved it! All this and XPs too!

Mission 02: Seeking Marble: Get Hypatia's data for the Sculptress

The next step is to break into a facility and get data to help find the materials. Take a disk and upload its contents. Snap city! It was enjoyable, by the way, to notice the classic tactic of entrapment: ask someone to do something small, and then gradually up the ante, asking for larger and larger tasks. At the end of this one-step mission, she purrs, "My goodness! You are so talented, Sugaree!" She knows vanity when she sees it.

Mission 03: Flawless Theft

For the glory of God, we will infiltrate a facility and place a virus. The Collector has a warehouse with the marble Sister Margaret's Sculptress friend wants; we will plant a virus to redirect a shipment. Thus the work of this mission is to place a tiny disk in a tiny notebook. "I ran into an agent, and being a machinist I stopped to chat. However, all he did, though, was bark out "You!!", so I thought it best to eb about my business. And what is reward for all this? A few xps. A few info. And a heartfelt "You continue to amaze me, Sugaree" *sigh*

Mission 04: Blue Destiny

This was one of the more complicated missions. First rescue one lover, then take him to his girlfriend, and then take them both to a Zion extraction point. Regrettably, the dialog for this mission was not written by Shakespeare, and seems stilted. The best the lost and lonely girlfriend can say to her long-lost lover is "It's good to see you again, Jackson Pemberton". I was hoping for more. However it was cute that they stood close to each other in the elevator and elsewhere. This Mission ups the ante of complexity and import considerably. As I left them at the extraction point, I felt aglow with anticipation about the future, until I stepped out into the stained cement wasteland that is life for the rest of us, in the big, dirty city.

Mission 05: Saving Grace

We learn that the church sits atop a place of importance in the Matrix, hence the Sculptress's interest in it. And the interest of others, one of whom, Albireo, has kidnapped three parishioners. We must free them. This is fairly straightforward. Even on Hard,. All you do is kill Albireo and free the three. This Mission was notoriously bugged in beta, and now it works perfectly. Bravo!

The Sculptress

Location: Center Park (Downtown)



Mission 01: Tools of the Trade

The Collector sent someone to steal her tools, which are very personal. She wants you to get them back. (Ironically, the street gang encountered during this and the other Missiones is the Chisels, a very cute touch.) German-speaking Exiles have them under guard. I was trashed totally on my first attempts. Wonderful example of artspeak from a bluepill in the entourage of Heron (another artist), who receives the recovered tools from you. The best line is at the end, an affronted blue pill sniffs and informs you, "of course it looks like any other room, that's what makes it art!" LOL!

Mission 02: Errant Goods

A package has been misappropriated by a courier. As The Sculptress delicately puts it, we are to get it back and kill him and his allies. This turns out to be an exceptionally difficult mission, and much more action is needed than I expected at first. For instance, one single room contained 4-5 level 51 blood drunks and nobles in a roving pack (meaning they could not be defeated piecemeal). I used Sneak from a coat to get in, get the package and flee immediately. If you are alone and without tricks, I have no idea how you would easily handle this. As before, we deliver the recovered package to an artist. However, in this case, the artist at the end is wearing a cook's hat! He must be a performance artist or a Dadaist! The accompanying bluepill gives me an utterly useless key, along with more deep artspeak.

Mission 03: The Price of Fame

Hypatia, whose warehouses you might recall raiding last week, is now to be mollified with, of all things, a charming bust of Melvil Dewey (originator of the Dewey Decimal System)! The ideal gift for the Exile who has everything! Who can explain the inscrutable ways of artists? Besides the absurd nature of the task, the other unusual thing here is the distance to Hypatia: 1100 meters, and you arrive just in time to get jumped by five or six bounty-hunters. No witty artspeak in this one, just bruises and sore feet!

Mission 04: The Lease

Like the paperwork Mission for Mr. Black, here you need to help The Sculptress get a lease. It's a break-in, shoot-up-the-hired-help kind of mission. Nothing wrong with that! At the completion, when you hand off the papers, one of the accompanying exiles looks at you and asks how you feel about your previous life. I love unexpected personal stuff like this. Totally out of the blue!

Mission 05: The Model

One of the most entertaining Missiones yet!! Remember the hawt Scarlett from the tutorial? She's back! And you have to rescue her before her honor is compromised!

Standard rescue, but the texture is delightful! As you escort her back, Scarlett talks incessantly about her beauty and how she must share it (males RSIs out there should not get their hopes up). Then the Artist fusses over her like a mother hen at the end, absently dismissing her rescuers (i.e., you). Delightful interplay! And as we left the building, a wonderful gift appeared out of nowhere in a pretty box on the ground at my feet! And it was not a bust of Melvile Dewey! Bingo!

Overall, these missions included extremely tough enemies, and some very witty dialog. Plus there's the usual XP and info payoffs, and a gift at the end. Who could ask for more? Fun and worth doing.

The Chessman

Location: Tabor Park (Richland)



Mission 01: First Move:

What could be easier? Break into a warehouse or office building, and steal three little objects (a file, a disk, and some papers). It's a single location, and you do not have to even take the good any place. Just get them, leave. And you're done! Very straightforward. The target of this, the Chotte Brothers, does not appear in any other Chessman missions.

Mission 02: The Pawn

Things become much more serious in this second Mission. The Chessman tasks you with assassinating an operative who has outlives his usefulness. This Mission is also straightforward: A single location, with two guards, and the target. The Chessman purrs his appreciation when you are done, and whispers, "someday you may be a master"; I love it when eh talks that way!

Mission 03: En Passant

The Chessman ratchets up his expectations this time, and directs you to wipe out a redpill team at his safehouse. This leads to a single very tough fight with five or six bunched up enemies, including a physician who keeps buffing the one you're attacking. Absent a hacker, this will be a tough fight; be sure to bring some friends, or some tactics boosters, or all three. That's all there is to it! And at the end, your client compliments you: "You are a superb player. Unpredictable, but dependable."

Mission 04: The Countermove

This Mission breaks the chain of increasing difficulty, and includes two assassination targets and a few computers to search for information in a single location. Nothing unusual here, except for the fact that this has two locations, and is a move not against the Chotte brothers, but against The Collector, who we have encountered in previous missions. The Chessman's satisfied parting words are: "Nice move, Sugaree. This is a game I will enjoy continuing with you"

Mission 05: Return the King

In this last Chessman mission, an old friend, The Sculptress, has made a new chess set which has been stolen; you need to find the waylaid courier, retrieve the package, and kill the guys who took it. Finally you deliver the pieces to a contact. In all, you travel to three locales; there is no indication that some other exile, such as The Collector, might be behind this. After your success with this quite simple mission, the Chessman's final words to you are: "You're a real player, Sugaree, thanks". Good enough!

This last one could have been better with some explanation of the special properties of the chess set and exactly what use the Chessman planned to make of them. And at the end, the Chessman could have made some Oracular pronouncements about your future in the game to show you his power and the power of the pieces. This would have added to the appeal of this Exile and his missions.

Beryl

Location: Midian Park (Richland)



Mission 01: Special Delivery

Like so many exile contact Missiones, this one begins with a courier delivery. You must take a package to an associate of Anti-M, a close “friend” of Beryl’s. Inevitably, something goes awry here. You are met by a couple of thugs, and one who chases you to the next destination. But then you are done, and Beryl apologizes for the inconvenience! If only Agent Gray talked to me this way!

Mission 02: A Girl in Need

The flip side of Mission 01! Get a package from Argon for her. Really easy, and could be done with no fighting whatsoever, unless you choose to engage those who throw themselves in your path. Notable is that her contact is giving you something for her which could be dangerous; it sounds like a drug of some sort. The backstory mystery deepens!

Mission 03: Cut the Tail

After seeing the cat next to Beryl, when I saw the title for this, I started to fret. But not to worry! Beryl needs you to get rid of someone who’s been tailing her so she can have some private time with a friend. This is not too difficult, and at the end, Beryl appreciatively purrs, “You’re so sweet to do that for me; I’ll remember you for sure”. Sure she will! I can see why Argon is so concerned!

Mission 04: Fashion Statement

My hopes were high for this Mission! Pick up a special dress for Beryl, made by the Seamstress, no less! But alas, it was not to be. I discovered from the contact, Charis, that two more weeks were needed for its completion. As a result, the dress in its current state is taken to someone so Argon does not see it, Beryl wants to surprise him. This Mission was a disappointment to me personally, I had been hoping for some new clothes to try on (I figured Beryl wouldn’t mind). As I slunk out, disappointed, my operator chimed in, “You get some /weird/ assignments, Sugaree”. Thanks, Captain Obvious!

Mission 05: NoiseMaker

The story for this one is entertaining as well, and will appeal to the partygoer in all of us. Beryl wants some quality time with Anti-M at a party, and needs us to distract the jealous Argon by attacking some of his men. This one turned out to be much harder than I thought, more along the lines of stirring up a hornets’ nest. In fact, I did this with the redoubtable gunner/martial artist Illyria1, and we were both killed quickly! A little bit of tactics, and a lot of humility, though, helped us to prevail the second time. Lots and lots of fighting though.

So, through this brief suite of missions, we have dropped off a gift for a two-timing tart, procured her drugs, and aided her in cheating on her boyfriend, right after helping her

dress to please him! I adore her simple life.

The Coroner

Location: Baldwin Heights (Downtown)



Mission 1. Knock, Knock

For some Mengelian experiments, the Coroner requires rare materials. Unfortunately, these must be extracted from corpses. Worse, as he sheepishly admits, “these cadavers are not yet dead. Well then on your way.” All for science! The first target is a retired policeman with many elite guard friends; Devastation Field helped a lot here. The second is a 51+ level blood noble, an ancient guy who does not go kindly into the night. After these exhausting fights, the final hit, on a bunch of dog pounders, seems like a walk in the park. This Mission features very hard fights, and lots of running around. And I have to admit that I did not feel happy about what I had done at the end. Maybe it’s cuz he didn’t pay all that well.

“Knock, knock” also has the distinction of being the scariest Mission I ever ran in beta; more on this later in a separate installment of Sugar Shack to follow this one.

And maybe a bug remains. I killed the blood noble in one room with a guard. Apparently he had been wandering. Then I wandered into “his” room, saw a random corpse, and only then got the message that he was dead.

Mission 2. Falling Into Place

The Coroner specializes in weird science; he lets others handle the details. In this case, two incriminating surveillance tapes must be purloined and erased. These are stored in safes, so access keys must be obtained. This Mission features some tough fighting with security folks. And not all that much running around, unlike the first one. Now, back in beta, this Mission was famously bugged, and it is a serious pleasure to finally have everything running so smoothly. Our endless bug reports were not in vain, everyone!

Mission 3. The Last Time

His lab is under attack (perhaps relatives of his subjects from the first Mission?) and you need to stop it. At “Hard”, you are up against eight or so three-chevron Level 51s, who have awesome viral resistance. This maxed-out hacker died several times. We

learn the story of their leader: Crow, a captain who left Zion to take up a mercenary's life, apparently in the service of the Merovingian. She offers you a chance to walk away from this with no hard feelings; of course I spurned her gesture and slew her. There was much fighting in this Mission and not all that much loot. And by the time you're level 50, what do xps matter? So as I stood amidst the carnage, I was left with little except the satisfaction of making the world safer for the Coroner, a wan pleasure indeed.

Mission 4. The Plan

One of his journals has been stolen by Hypatia, and the Coroner wants you to get it back from her storehouse before its encryption is broken. This involves substantial fighting, after which the encrypted journal just has to be dropped off. Not bad! Finally one where I don't feel bad about winning!

Mission 5. Payback

Like every affronted Exile, the Coroner wants payback. In this case it is a little more imaginative than most. Hypatia will soon in negotiations with The Chef for something, and the Coroner wants to get him a file which will publicly and deeply embarrass her. You must deal with an organization called "The Network" to get the file. Some cute moments. One outspoken bluepill wonders what life is like in our world. Another claims to be the real brains behind a world-famous chef and her TV show. Finally, after much running around for substantial distances, the "meddlesome bookworm" has been dealt with.

And that's it! No praise, no thanks, no nothing. Your patron barely glances at you as he returns to his bizarre researches. So, The Coroner's Missiones are not for the faint or heart or the weak of level. Completists will seek them out. Anyone loving tough action will enjoy them. And compared to many Missiones, I found these quite intense, in tone as well as action. And they contributed to one of my most memorable experiences ever in MxO, as I will explain in the next edition of Sugar Shack.

Tick Tock

Location: Maribeu (Downtown)



1. Rolling Over

One of his men is going to defect to Mr. Black and needs to be killed. He is at the first location you go to, and he obligingly comes out to meet you. On Hard setting, he has the usual coterie of Elite Guards and Blood Nobles, all just begging for a Devastation Field. "Nice work" sums up TickTock's rapturous response.

2. Trading Places

Here, we have a spy, inconspicuously named Zubenelgenubi, who needs to be prepared for insertion into Black's organization. This is a notorious escort mission; the fledgling spy must be taken to a coder for some tagging. Miraculously, this escort mission was fight-free!! (Though I killed everything in my way, just to be on the safe side). And when I had dropped off the spy, TickTock got back to me, with:

"This could be a great opportunity for me, Sugaree"

I felt so happy to be a small part of his success.

3. Do the Wave

TickTock's offices were raided, and you need to raid the raider, and insert a bogus RSI wavelength reading to protect the spy. It may be that the raid was a sucker ploy, intended to aid the insertion of dummy data into Black's network, but this is never explained. Not all that tough, though after killing everyone onsite, the insertion of data is naturally not likely to go unnoticed by any staff with more intelligence than a starfish.

4. False Impressions

Get files from the spy, copy them, and get them back to the spy to replace. Actually, just have to upload them. As you "surreptitiously" enter the premises, you soon encounter a wailing bluepill. He may be safely ignored. A co-conspirator named Avarice decrypts and copies the disk; you just have to upload it. Surprisingly easy, overall.

5. Look Over Here

To aid the spy in replacing the purloined disk, you need to stir up some chaos and confusion as a distraction. What could be easier? Just go and kill everyone at one of

Mr. Black's offices, the same kind of subtle, unobtrusive thing you have done so many times before. And that's it!

TickTock is intoxicated with delight at the end, and can't control himself. He bursts out: "You have never let me down, Sugaree. I am impressed." The passion in his voice was unmistakable. Yeah, that's what I want to hear!

Now some people might make the argument that TickTock's demeanor is perfect or a spymaster, never giving away anything and always seeming inscrutable. This is certainly true. But the professional spymaster seldom finds it necessary to resort to wetwork as easily and often as TickTock does. And very few things you do in this mission suite are likely to pass unnoticed.

So what interest is there for us in TickTock and his mechanical missions? XPs, some fights, and some loot, and a small insight into the world around Mr. Black which made me appreciate this premier Exile all the more. But like the clock his name emulates, TickTock's missions exude order and system, without soul or spirit.

The Jeweler

Location: Morrell (Downtown)



1. The Stones

In this first, show-your-worth mission, you get some uncut diamonds from his assistant and deliver them. I expected allusions to Mick Jagger and company, but none was forthcoming. After you receive the stones, there's an NPC who attacks you (numbers depending on party size); a little skill gets you past the threat with ease. Skill not being my forte, I of course died the first time.

2. Just a Few Questions

Of the five Jeweler mishes, the second one is the stand-out. Initially a simple escort mission, it became one of the two or three most difficult missions I have ever undertaken. I failed repeatedly at it solo, and now believe that solo it is undoable. Only when I had a full mission team of outstanding players (Sattakan, Illyria1, Darklordmax, Shread, and Alysha) was it completable, and then only after several tries. Few other missions take the planning and strategy that this one does, believe me.

******SPOILER ALERT BEGINS******

Here's why. You're tasked with bringing in the assistant from the first mission for some questioning. The gems you picked up were bogus, and the Jeweler wants to find out what's going on. The assistant, understandably, has surrounded himself with 6-8 bodyguards. Strangely, they show little interest in you, and seem quite bored when you talk to them about their client. In fact, you cannot engage them. When the assistant agrees to come with you, though, they all wake up and instantly start attacking. The client quickly falls in the crossfire. And AOE attacks seem to bring him down as well; hold off on Devastation Fields and Code Nukes.

The second time I tried this, I entered one office and set off the alarms, so I could control the terms of engagement. This set the guards to hostile, and I defeated them piecemeal, working my way to the jeweler's office, using Ballista build rather than AOE's. This brought me to the final guard in the final room with the assistant jeweler. As soon as I spoke to him, however, the guard attacked, and the jeweler died in the crossfire. **bleep**!

But that's not all! It got worse! Less than ten seconds after this, my operator said there were agents closing in on my location! By the time I reached an elevator, one had already materialized and winged me on the way out! Then he chased me out of the building! I hyperjumped, looking for a hardline, and he was everywhere I came down, taking a big bite out of me each time! I barely made it to a hardline and the blessed loading area, looking more like a piece of Swiss cheese than runner-up for the Ms. Sexiest Redpill!

At Stamos I sat on a bench to stop hyperventilating and re-consider my strategy. And I would still be sitting there, too, if I had not run into an exceptionally talented, fierce group of people (Sattakan, Illyria1, Darklordmax, Shread, and Alysha) who came to my aid. We attacked in a tidal wave of mayhem, quickly obliterating the guards. Then we cleaned out the lobby guards. But the instant I exited the building with the jeweler in tow, three or four more Merv mercenaries appeared out of nowhere and killed our man. Damn!

******SPOILER ALERT ENDS******

Eventually, through careful coordination, we got our client to the Jeweler's interrogation team, some happy-go-lucky blood-drinkers. Then the client tried to chicken out. But by then it was too late. And good riddance!

3. Bright Shiny Objects

It turns out that the assistant you bagged last time had nothing to do with this! It was his supplier that caused the problem, and in this simple mish you dish out doom to the duplicitous diamond double-dealer. At the end, the Jeweler is all smiles, and promises to take me out for a night on the town. I wish!

4. Fair Payment

This is “prime time”, and simple enough: getting payment from Exile Anti-M for a special piece of jewelry for her to give Beryl, Argon’s alleged girlfriend. You run into Anti-M (she looks as she did when I ran her missions ages ago) and she helps dispatch a few of the thugs who seek to break in and steal the payment. Anti-M seems quite involved in this mish, apparently not totally convinced of your reliability. Or maybe she just enjoyed the buzz, and wanted a good story to tell Beryl. She reached the final bad before you, in fact, and dispatches him on her own. You have to wonder how she gets around so quickly; the cell phone on a desk with her in the end-game room seems to have something to do with this. If only...if only...

5. A Girl’s Best Friend

Oddly, no fighting is really necessary for this final mission. Here, you just drop off the ring from Anti-M to Beryl. This goes fairly smoothly, except for Beryl initially giving us the wrong address; we seemed to stumble into a Blood Nobles Promise-Keepers convention. Eventually the delivery was completed. When you get here, don’t be in a hurry; Beryl’s pleas for the box are wonderful; I felt like I was talking to someone after my own heart. She thought it might be a new dress or the handmade chocolates she had ordered... She’s my kind of Exile! She was thrilled with the ring, and planned to wear it immediately, just to drive Argon nuts. You go, girl!

And with this, the Jeweler’s entrance to the big leagues of power and influence seems assured, or so he tells us. With his talent, he crows, he won’t need luck! And when he’s running the city, he’ll remember all the little people! Like us!

The Auditor

Location: Union Hill (Downtown)



1. By the Numbers

The Auditor apparently concerns himself with the flow of resources and their management in the Matrix. That is to say, he takes the exciting and makes it dull. His first mish is no exception: “The numbers are all I care about. Everything else is just static in the Matrix....Here’s the address. Get moving.” How personable! Just get and upload two disks from a single location. How could it be simpler?

2. Throwing a Disk

To better understand discrepancies in the matrix, he needs more data. Go get two more disks. There are some fights, and you need the help of a bluepill to get what you want. But that's it. It's all he can imagine. You know the type: "everything that counts can be counted, and if it can't be counted then it doesn't count".

3. For a Few Disks More

There "could be a major system resource leak. This leak could turn into a flood if action is not taken. I just need one more data point to make my final determination. Go get it for me".

By this point I was wondering if this was really an auditor, or just a small time nut trying to inflate his own self-importance. But he did pay his bills.

You have to rescue some bluepill's girlfriend before he will give you the data you need. This is maddeningly difficult, because when you are escorting the bluepill, you are subject to one major NPC attack, which you expect, but also from random gang members and even security guards. This is best done with friends, since one stray ricochet instantly brings down the woman and aborts the mission. It took me seven attempts to get this done, and I only completed it at all thanks to the awesome help of Sattakan, who cleared away the lobby guards, spontaneous attacks, and three groups of gangmembers. I had to escort the frail girlfriend almost 400 meters through all these threats.

4. Resource Management

For some peculiar reason, The Auditor has assets, and they are under attack. You arrive in time to find many bluepills slain, and data taken. One bluepill gasps, "The data...save the data" and then falls to the floor; apparently the Auditor found people of a like frame of mind to work with him.

5. Stop the Leak

The leak, it turns out, is no accident; someone is creating the discrepancy for his own purposes. "I cannot allow this." For this final mish, you need an artifact from the Sculptress. Well, three, actually. They must be given to three people for the full effect. The first delivery is a snap. In the second one, you have to fight your way in, with some Merv allies. However these "allies" are worthless, and do nothing to hinder those who would kill you. Several times they walked right past me during fights! The third one features a red herring, and a slightly more serviceable ally. The most notable part is that the third recipient of these statues stands with one foot in a wastebasket, oblivious! No wonder the Matrix is in danger!

In the end, you get some thanks, and that is about it. Not much considering you have saved the Matrix! The malefactor behind the scheme remains a mystery. Perhaps a future installment will see you bringing the fight to him/her. It's the perfect tie in for

some story-line events later. Perhaps some mad Zionists are seeking to destabilize the whole matrix...oh, wait, that's already been done, right?

Summing up, the Auditor is weak in the personality, wit, and charm department. His missions reflect his personality. Who would have thought that saving the whole matrix could seem like such a tedious chore?

Pepper

Location: Vauxton (Downtown)



1. Petty Retribution

The raison d'être for this revenge against Silver is not clear; apparently she regards him as stingy. It seems trivial and pointless. Steal a virus and load it into Silver's server. Apparently she is too lazy, or thinks too little of Silver, to make the effort to design a virus herself. This seems like the kind of easy mission you are given to prove your ability and trustworthiness. It certainly seems to have no other point!

2. Speed Kills

Pepper has heard of some Exiles smuggling in speed-enhancing algorithms from Machine City, and she wants some for her Lab to look at. What? She has a lab? Who would want to work for her? The first site has nothing except some interesting bluepills to talk to. The second site has a stern taskmaster who must be satisfied before he gives you the schematics you desire. However, things do not go as smoothly as we might have expected.

3. Unexpected Consequences

The speed-boosters have driven test subjects nuts, and you have to put them down before they kill all of Pepper's techies! Maybe there are some things that Exiles were not meant to know! The problems is less simple than it seems: a couple of the ailing subjects have fled, and after saving Pepper's scientists, you need to track down the fugitives. The fugitive is not nutso affected though, just hallucinating people he cares about. The whole experiment was doomed from the word go, turns out.

4. Hazard Pay

With that crisis past, Pepper's attention returns to her other business operations. It turns out that a courier has gone missing, and you need to track him down. A file purporting to help you find him turns out to be corrupted, and you need to get it reconstructed from backup. A security breach at Pepper's labs has affected your ability to complete the mission! Eventually the courier is found, dead, and the package he was carrying is retrieved and delivered. Once more, things have gone way awry for Pepper. One of her scientists complimented me on having saved the techies in the last mission; I always appreciate tight continuity like this.

5. The Swap

It emerges that the "speed" code carried a Trojan virus; hence its unexpected toxicity. The question is, who put it there? An informant promises to make all clear if his palm is crossed with a special delivery. Your task is to complete the exchange and relay the information. When the secret enemy is revealed, you are tasked with the complete, pitiless destruction of her and her gang. At the end Pepper concludes that "you've been a great help to me, Sugaree", and downloaded a fine purple coat to compensate me for all my troubles. In true Pepper fashion, though, it went to the wrong person.

As the "enemy" dies, Pepper muses how sad this was, since this exile was one of her most promising recruits. It's hard not to wonder if someone had planted disinformation, knowing how gullible and intemperate she is. And in every mission, something seems to go wrong; pepper always seems in over her head, needing you to straighten things out. She doesn't pay you enough! But there are many witty touches in the writing for this, and the lines for Exiles and thugs.

The Bartender

Location: Edgewater (Downtown)



1. Pickup Green

Naturally, her concerns focus on operations, not things or people. She needs you to make a payment to Endymion (lovely name) for some stock for "special libation", not for coppertops. Endymion has his own problems who must be removed before he can do business. In the end you have impressed both him and the Bartender, and the rare liquor has been delivered, and both Endymion and the Bartender are developing a good impression of you.

2. The Dionysus Gambit

Some things, though, cannot be bought. A rare wine, Dom Perrineau '37, is owned by an Exile playboy named Dionysius; the Bartender wants you to liberate the only known bottle for her. Despite your best efforts, though, it is not to be found; her information was apparently off-target. The code of many a thug was spilled in vain.

3. The Dionysus Gambit, Part 2

Never one to give up easily, the Bartender dispatches you to an alternate location for Dionysus where the Dom has been taken, for display along with some other way rare items, adding, "This plan has the upside of making him look like an ass". You blow through some quite unelegant settings in Edgewater and score the brew. For someone like Dionysus, I was kind of expecting a more upscale setting. An expert cheers (!) when he tests the wine, and you're done! Turns out this is intended for the Merovingian's wife, who we meet in...

4. The Dionysus Gambit, Part 3

To renew her liquor license, the Bartender needs the blessing of the Merovingian; you need to deliver the Dom to Persephone!! For a Machinist, these chances are few and far between. The bartender gives a great characterization of her that only excited my interest: "She's a darling- graceful, poised, and intelligent. She's also hideously deceitful and manipulative....Do not be lured into any untoward activity." Persephone was all that and more. And her parting words to me: "Thank you so much. You must be a very talented operative to have obtained such a treasure for me. And so attractive. Mmmm..." made my Machinist convictions feel weak, and I thought about joining the Sirens. Thank God Gusman and Nosgoul1 were there to strengthen me.

5. Creative License

Here you go and get the license from Flood. His guards insist in a fighting skill demonstration (cheating is allowed). Then you take the license to Bartender, and you're done; the bartender makes a special trip out of Club Noir to meet you and receive the license. In this conclusion, there is no special item or prize, which disappointed me; I had heard there were such items, and was hoping for a Black Lotus blouse or a Succubus outfit. But I had gone from angering her in my last mish suite to winning her admiration, and that was something.

The Chef

Location: Pillsen (Downtown)



1. Paging

The Chef needs a special recipe from the famous packrat Hypatia, and she will not give it up without him doing something for her: getting rid of some nuisance Exiles. She reciprocates with generosity one seldom experiences from Exiles, and warm words for you. She must remember me from doing her mishes last week!

2. And a Bottle of Rum

For a rare dish some rare rum must be obtained from the Bartender's stock. This becomes vastly more complicated when you kill the wrong people, discover it has been stolen and the Chef must yield professional information in recompense, only to find someone else has it and is using it at that very moment. The Exile telling you this ("Have fun!") starts slapping his knee in laughter. As usual, you must retrieve it and kill everyone involved. One cute note: as you kill the competing chef (dismissed by the Chef as an "incompetent hack") and staff to retrieve the rum, you note a bottle of diet soda perched on a desk! Better make sure that's rum in the bottle!

3 Bedtime Reading

He needs help getting some of the ancient recipes translated. Simple in theory, this becomes tough in execution, since you have to escort not one but two low-level NPCs a long way through the dangerous streets of the downtown area. Count on at least one attack. Of course, once they get to their destination, the task is trivial. Curiously, others seem to be after the same programs you are.

4. Spice Story

Spice from the Bartender is also needed. But after a recent fiasco, she is ill-disposed to cooperate, and thus a diversion attack is necessary: wipe out a safe house of hers (not so dissimilar from a raid on a house of the Seamstress for the Weaver). The spice is then obtained, and taken to a flunky chef. This chef's staff is none too impressed with you, and make a number of rude comments, like "You probably can't even appreciate the kind of dishes we create. Cretin!" and "I don't think you would appreciate what we have to offer. Why don't you go get some greasy fast food?"

5 If I'd Known You Were Coming

The Chef has prepared a masterpiece work for Mr. Black, using the rum and spice and ancient recipes we have gathered for him. We need to get some icing tools to an assistant, and then take the finished product to Mr. Black. When his flunkies check the finished work, it turns out that there has been a miscalculation and a fight breaks out! Surprise, surprise! The Chef's reputation will never be the same, and he gives me a useless pair of pants as a hasty going away present. The Chef's disappointment is well-portrayed; mine must be imagined. Not even an éclair!

After reading so much about food, and smelling so much expended gunpowder, I wanted to get dressed up and go to the Merovingian's sunny, trendy spot for a leisurely lunch. And, really, this mish suite could have been so easily built around the Merovingian's palate, with his murmured appreciation and Persephone's purrs. It's unclear why the austere Mr. Black was selected. I mean, has he done something to deserve it? And as we all know, cake plays an important role in Merovingian culture; I am surprised that no one thought to or found a way to work this into these mishes.

Nonetheless, there are many well-written moments, a few of which I have already shared. In mid-mission, the Chef starts ruminating, "I have heard of ancient human writings that describe fine wines, delicate pastries, decadent feasts...I wonder what did they actually taste like? How would they compare to the tastes of food here in the Matrix? Have we even come close? I wonder...Hmm? Oh, yes, good work and all that. Please get the recipe for me". And the mishes well capture the obsessive professionalism of gods of cookery.

The Network

Location: Industry Square (Downtown)



1. Tat Tap Tap

This starts out the right way: "You come recommended as someone with great discretion, Sugaree". This seems like a classic, if generic, mission: a spy device has been planted in a machine stronghold; we have to go kill some machine guys and we're good to plant a bug and you are done. He says you have a future! Tell me more, please! Good writing characterizes this mish.

2. Silver Toys

This second mish is the best of the lot. Exile Silver has ventured downtown from

Richland to show a spy device to a buyer. We get there first, kill all his hired help, and then politely ask for it. He makes empty threats- "Well, Meat...these are the finest of the Slashers; they will rid me of your presence". But don't worry, he talks this way to everyone until he needs your help. The Network says you are very persuasive (foreshadowing for the next mission). Fun interaction with his cutout who received the device from us: a typical stressed-out middle manager wailing at the hired help. He is impatient, as we can see: "Don't be a slacker. We've got to have synergy to build a convergent enterprise!" Perhaps as SOE spoke to Lith, many moons ago...

3. A Convincing Argument

An entertainer with great influence over bluepills wishes to remain aloof and isolated, like Greta Garbo. But The Network wishes something else, and tasks us to fight our way to her and simply deliver a letter. In this mish the opposition was unusually severe. I got killed several times, including by an agent, whom I laid waste to me with just three shots! Eventually you reach her, if you persevere; she is suitably horrified.

4. Dailies

Some film with bluepill-influencing codes has been stolen by an exile; The Network wants it back. This mish was convenient indeed, taking place inside the same building as the club! Was it an exploit to accept it? Only the devs know for sure...."Brilliant, Sugaree!" he gushes at the end. Note to self: introduce him to Weaver.

5. Counter Programming

Someone has been vandalizing one of The Network's relay stations, and he wants to get rid of them. We simply go and kill everyone we find; what could be easier! Oh, and then we take one guy's head and deliver it to one of TN's competitors, after fighting our way in. The echo of The Godfather is surely not coincidental. "How could you, you animals!" wails the competing network leader. In one unfortunate gaffe, the body lying on the ground seems intact, even though we have presumably decapitated it.

In these missions, we see some standard actions, punched up with the inclusion of a surprising Exile, Silver, and imaginative speech from the principal and the hired help. They're enjoyable. And after Weaver's unrelenting insults and put-downs, it was a pleasure to get some praise, however insincere it might have been!

Location: South Vauxton (Downtown)



The Weaver has business dealings with the Seamstress, of course, and we should expect Scarlett to figure in this as well! The gentle, aesthetic Weaver starts off strong:

“Sugaree, huh? Never heard of you. And to be honest, I don’t like what I see. I mean, look at those cheap knockoff clothes....but I guess you will have to do”.

As if! One look at her gaudy, gauche, over-colored outfit would make anyone start asking why the pot was calling the kettle black. But I persevered for the sake of you, dear reader.

1. Warp and Weft

The Seamstress will buy some special fabric from her, but she needs silk from The Mothman. And he in turn needs some gang members snuffed. Got that? The attack site is a convenient stone’s throw from her street corner, but the Sleepers are not your average sleepers; they’re way tough. At the end The Weaver sighs, “It takes scum to deal with scum, I guess”, but concludes “Come back soon! I can always use good day labor.” Thanks! I think.

2. Danger Looms

The Weaver needs a critical piece of code for a Loom upgrade she has in mind, but does not want to pay the Pheasant (a local smuggler) for it. You can see where this is going, I’m sure! Two tough fights and a quick upload later, she warmly thanks you, “See? That wasn’t so hard, was it? Maybe next time you can show a little more initiative”. Why do I even bother?

3. To Rose with Love

In this short mish, you pick up silk from a bluepill tasked with holding it for Weave. However, the bluepill dies and you have to go visit his brokenhearted wife. Weaver, as always, is a fountain of sympathy for the lost and struggling: “I wonder what you were like as a bluepill? I can’t even imagine where you’d start in order to rise to your current level of incompetence.” And this for a successful mission!

4. Shuttle Mission

The silk from last mish has not been turning out as planned, and Weave wants you to take a sample for analysis to find out why. It turns out she has made a “novice” mistake, and you need some code to rectify things. This brings you into conflict with the area’s Runners gang, who have an unexplained interest in the code. Witty operator comments.

5. Devil in the Details

Weaver now wants retribution against the Seamstress for canceling an order! Talk about vindictive! This starts with wiping out a safe house for her, and then going to another Seamstress facility to drop off a virus and wipe out her server. She appreciates your work: “Well, it seems that when mindless killing is called for, you’re the person to talk to.”

When this is done, the Weaver has lost her patience with you, and gives you a “trinket” and dumps you unceremoniously. “Quite frankly, you’re a liability”. For my 50th level character, this was some enhanced gloves, suitable for a level 16 character. But it was the thought that counts, I guess. As if!

Thallia

Location: Magog (Richland)



1. Calculated Risk

The classic milk-run first mission! Pick up and drop off a package. She speaks with authority and formality: “There should be no complication, but should they arise you will be required to deal with them. Do we have an understanding?”. She was not opening to me at all yet. The initial pick-up is smooth (though Thallia nonetheless intervenes to tell you “Try not to waste any time”); but things become complicated at the drop-off, where your contact lies dead! After you have killed everyone there, Thallia seems positively smug: “Good. I suspected Mercury was moving against me, but this confirms it. Don’t worry about the package, it was only bait. You’ve proven to be very dependable.” I think that’s good news.

2. Applying Pressure

“Ahh, Sugaree, your timing isn’t awful.” With this cryptic greeting, the Mercury arc continues. In order to provoke him to an impetuous early implementation of his plans, she tasks you with attacking two of his labs and wiping out their staff and data. Well, not completely out; she wants you to leave a single survivor at each location, so the word gets back to Mercury. Like a calling card.

This is a straightforward kick-down-the-doors, shoot-up-the-targets mission. But you must be careful not to kill every one. Several times when doing this with clanmates, my partners got carried away and forgot this. I had the pleasure of telling Thallia we had screwed up. It was not a happy time. Thallia’s aggressive manipulation delighted me. Before I had left the building, I heard from her: “Perfect. Mercury has already contacted me with threats of retaliation.... Sometimes, this is just too easy.”

3. Boiling Point

When Mercury’s forces attack Thallia’s, you move in from behind for a surprise counterattack. “Kill them all. Spare no one,” advises my Operator. Don’t have to say that twice! You slay at two sites, score a data CD which Mercury’s men have been after, and then drop it off. Thallia is clearly impressed. “You’re more useful than you look, Sugaree. I might have some...sensitive work for you in the future.” Along the way we hear this memorable line from Thallia: “Mercury couldn’t scheme his way out of a wet paper bag”. Wow, that was harsh. I’m sure she doesn’t talk that way about me when I’m not around....

4. An Offer They Can’t Refuse

“Sugaree, you haven’t managed to get yourself killed...yet”. That’s Thallia’s way of saying she is delirious to see me. This time, three informants need persuading. The first one is a former employee of Beryl. After I get into her super-locked room with a spare key, she reveals that Beryl has a nasty habit, with one of Argon’s men being her main contact. Hmm... Girl Scout thin mints?

The second one comes off as a tough cookie, to be sure. He swears not to cooperate, and then orders his Sears Rent-A-RSI simulacrum to attack me while he watches and sneers. After I trash it, he changes his tune. We discover that Raini is aware of Beryl’s narcotics habit, and wants the same thing. This only confirmed my low opinion of Raini, who devoted an entire mission to getting drugs.

Alas, the third one dies before you can reach him; someone has taken an interest in Thallia’s interest. This curiosity is not pursued.

5. Digging Deeper

Thallia is endlessly inquisitive, and finally tasks you with capturing an informant to find out more about Beryl and Raini. The target has surrounded herself with lupine mercenaries, and you must fight your way past them to get her, collect any disks she has, and deliver them all. Well, this sounded simple, but I was soon introduced the hard way to an ability called “backfist”. This dished out 4555 (1811 absorbed) damage to me! In one shot! Yow! I don’t know who has this, but I want it!

So, anyway, I finally escorted the reluctant informant past several dozen Blackwoods, who all seemed to be in a good mood, 'cuz none of them felt like attacking us. What a miracle! As I left the drop-off, I could hear the woman wailing behind me, "Are you just going to leave me here with him? You can't do that!" Counting my hard-earned cash, I thought, I sure can, honey. Thallia's last call to me was sheer delight: she cooed, "Oh, this is priceless. Beryl and Raini won't know what hit them. You performed admirably, Sugaree, I will certainly require your services in the future." That's what they all say!

The Digger

Location: Dannah Heights (Richland)



He believes in past iterations of the Matrix, and seeks to better understand them. There's no backstory deeper than this! One might think that the machines would be the best source of information for him, but as an Exile, he cannot comfortably approach them, it appears. So he seeks everything through indirection, requiring your aid. I kind of liked him. But as a person, not as a mission contact.

1. Site of Interest

A nearby building has some areas which he wishes to research, about a previous iteration of the Matrix. The thing is, some inconvenient Exiles are hanging out there; he needs me to persuade them to move. This is surprisingly easy, since the Exiles in question are in two separate locations, and do not team up. However, it felt unfortunate to me that there was no easier way to free up the space for research (and it was a third and fourth floor apartment, so it's not like he needed to actually, you, _dig_ or anything) some other way than killing everyone there. Surely the local crime lords could have been engaged to persuade them to leave. Or maybe they could have been paid off? Must everything come down to guns?

2. Passing Notes

He wants to pass his research notes on to Hypatia in exchange for access to some of her books. Three elite guards assault you at the drop-off though; they have killed Hypatia's representative. "Sugaree's here, just like he said," one shouts; we are left wondering who "he" is. But the next stop is a successful drop off. The Digger gets his books access, and you get a pat on the back: "Good work, kid. I can keep going with

my research, now I've got Hypatia's books."

By the way, I enjoyed seeing some win-win barter here. Usually Exiles kill everything in their way to get what they want (i.e., the first mission). I liked seeing someone a little more creative.

3. Safer Ground

Take his most valuable artifact, a statue, to The Collector to protect it from the avaricious Argon. I received a note from my Operator about a fight with some of Argon's men, but it never actually happened. Not that I am complaining mind you. The suspicious soul in me wondered if this was a ploy meant to flush out the Digger's best stuff to bring it to the Collector... I mean, it happened in a Sherlock Holmes story once. Overall, a quite simple, straightforward mission. Not like **The Maltese Falcon**, Indiana Jones or **Gods, Graves, and Scholars** at all! Perhaps more simple than such a key item might have been warranted.

4. Plug the Leak

You might think that the Digger is too arcane, and too ivory-towerish to have an organization. But you would be wrong. He does, and it comes complete with turncoats, one of whom you "snuff" in this mission. This was the one who set me up in the last mish, so it was personal. As a story this mish was leak. Basically, I traveled to a location to kill someone and his guards. There was no sense of why this person had betrayed, or what his goals, rewards, and motivation were. As I was fighting his last guard, he could have been going on about how he was going to get revenge finally, etc. Much more could have been done with this. It took a disk from him to an associate of the Digger's and I was done. After I gave them to her, she kept asking if I had them. Curiously, the disk to be taken for safekeeping went to a building right next to his hangout!

5. A Collector's Collection

Word of mouth rules! The Digger has mentioned me to Sirius, who wants to meet me personally before giving me an assignment. This involves rescuing one of Sirius' people who has been taken by the Sculptress, whose interest in these guys can be imagined. Very tough fight here with no less than eight enemies (!) who attack you en masse. "Nice job, kid. Sirius was really impressed with your work". The Digger himself, though, seemed to have run out of assignments for me.

Mr. Po

Location: Kowloon (International)



1. Shadow Play

"An inquisitive mouse finds many morsels the further afield he looks. I am an old and hungry mouse. Go to these addresses and search their computers for tasty bits."

So starts this most exceptional mission. It has three parts, each building on the one preceding, which open your eyes to many a heart lost in the Matrix. Do them soon!

Part 1. You casually peruse three computers in an Exiles service agency. You discover a distraught redpill in tears as he tries to decide whether or not to return to his old life to visit the woman he left behind. Go, I told him, she would want you to. I glanced at the computer screen and saw her on a bed with a scrapbook of news stories about a missing man and the police search for him. As I stood there, feeling for her and for him, the Exile, a superb salesman, sidled up to me and said in a soft voice "Are you sure there isn't someone you'd like to see? Mother? Father? A child perhaps? A lost lover?" I thought of my parents and family, and how I had left them with no warning. What had I been thinking, to do this to them? He asked me again, and I quickly left. No, actually I fled.

The next two computers there had more information about this. But nothing dramatic. Mr. Po's take on this surprised me: *"Nothing so lightens the heart as when a fool awakens from his folly. Still, more must be revealed. Continue your search"*. Oddly enough, continuing my search took me right back to Mr. Po's building.

Part 2. There I found a Machines office where they have been monitoring these services, apparently trying to run sweeps for indications of regret in the population. This leads my sponsor to intone *"That which is hidden can never know the light. That which lives in the light will never know peace. The search continues."* Yes, Master.

Part 3. I met a kindred spirit. In an abandoned redpill extraction center, Captain Wasat and an aide maintain a lonely vigil. Reading his journals shows the bitterness he feels about his daughter, left unrecruited in the pods. Another computer shows records of multiple remittances from him to the Exile agency in Part 1. I tried hacking his computer to actually get the files (brashly, while he was standing next to me) and though I succeeded, he did nothing and I found nothing. I could tell he did not care what anyone

did. I left him as I found him, waiting for some unknown release.

I felt shaken by all this, and left Kowloon to seek the reassurance of my clan. As I stood at the hardline, I heard Mr. Po intone *"Wisdom lights the path and Strength walks it"*. Perhaps this means the Cypherites know of these services...or run them...

2. Incubation

We plunge from the sublime in Mish 1 to the profane in Mish 2, an insufferable escort mish which took multiple tries to get right. I started to worry as soon as I heard Mr. Po's suggestive directions: *"One rabbit alone is a meal for an observant hawk. Many rabbits keep the hawk sated and still there are more rabbits. Retrieve the rabbit at this address"*. I felt my ears growing.

As soon as you contact the bluepill in question, you are attacked. As soon as you leave the elevator, you are attacked. As soon as you leave the building, you are attacked. As you pass within a lightyear of any mob on the way to the destination, you are attacked. A single stray shot or ricochet or harsh word instantly kills the bluepill, and you get to start over. Any questions?

I tried leaving the bluepill in the elevator while I cleaned out the lobby. Then leaving her in the lobby while I cleared the way to the destination. By the time I had reached the destination and killed the mobs, the ones back at the starting point had regenerated. I tried tucking her in buildings along the way while I re-cleaned the route, and mobs inside the building killed her. Finally I gave up in disgust, and asked some friends to help me. This worked beautifully, and soon I was reading Mr. Po's words, *"The path to enlightenment begins with a single step. The purpose of the rabbit will become clear to you in time."* And perhaps his observation about a multitude of rabbits was a hint about the right way to approach this perverse mission.

3. Isolation

"A lone bird in a nest of vipers is surely dead. A broken nest offers an opportunity for escape."

So begins this very well-constructed and very ingenious story. It starts out simple: rescue a redpill and return him to Zion. But when you do, they try to kill him! It turns out that there's some "misunderstanding" and one Zionist captain holds this guy responsible for the death of his wife. So, his bridges burned with Zion, he decides to join Mr. Po's organization, and you drop him off with some of Mr. Po's operatives. They are not surprised at all. Somehow, they observe, things always seem to work out just right for Mr. Po and his plans. I was pondering this as Mr. Po paid us all off and observed, *"opportunity is made, not found"*. What wise words they are.

4. Leaders of Men

"As a diseased finger must be struck off, so must a toxin be rid from the body."

After the intricacies of the earlier missions, now Mr. Po eases up. A traitor must be brewkoed, and that's it. The first location is empty, but the second one yields the principal. The traitor is disgruntled because Mr. Po keeps him on such a tight leash; he cannot stray more than a short distance from a hardware tether. It was hard to blame him, but I fulfilled my mission nonetheless. After all, as Mr. Po reminds me at the end, *"pain is a part of life"*. Mr. Po, it seems, moonlights as a CSR....

5. New Dawn Fades

"A lamb has gone astray and a good shepherd knows to bring it back to the flock"

A Zionist operative wants to switch, and we must assist him. First I helped him get to a hardline (a vastly easier escort mish that #2, by the way). Then we help him in the Desert of the Real. This involved *"that which all men fear"*, which turned out not to be, umm, what I thought it would be. I purloined a virus (neat test tube graphic), uploaded it to incapacitate the defector's old hovercraft crew, watched them fall like leaves, and left. Note: do not engage the Zionists; just go straight to the computer and upload the virus. This permitted another hovercraft to dock with them and take aboard the defector. Who knows what else they might have felt like doing? Operetta has been involved in this in some capacity; she seems to be at odds with Mr. Po.

At the end of this fascinating mission, Mr. Po nods at you and says with quiet strength, *"Just so. We are whole"*. And that is the end. How ironic that at this instant my connection with him broke, and forever after when I asked him for a mish, he blandly said he had no more work for me.

The Newsie

Location: Park East (Downtown)



1. Scoop

A competitor has some files, and he wants me to steal them. (I went to college for this?) My operator said I should be able to sneak in and out, and this strategy worked fine until I ran into my first guard. That is to say, it didn't work at all. One bluepill stopped to tell me I had pretty eyes, and as I stopped to screenshot this, I died. Apparently this was a strategy for distraction, and it worked. The next time I was able to run in, dodge bullets, avoid combat, and filch the file. The current owner of the information was a noisy, picky jerk, like the news editor in Spiderman, blowing up when

someone forgets to put cream in his coffee.

In the end you drop off the file at the Newsie's editorial offices where his folks are thrilled, as is their boss, who exclaims, "Nice job, Sugaree! Come see me later...I can use someone with moxie like you!"

2. Unhealthy Competition

After confessing that he has taken a shine to you, he wants you to kill a rival, Prior. It's a curious lapse of professionalism, to say the least! It seems someone has been cutting into his regular sales. When I arrive at the heavily defended site, one lieutenant flunky crows about "you are so dead" until I smoked the guards. Then he begs you not to hurt him, and takes you right to Prior. Then he blurts out to Prior "I'm sorry. Sugaree made me do it! I was just so scared!". His boss was not impressed. Of course when the fighting is over, he is nowhere to be seen. Nice details!

3. Home Delivery

Like most newspapers, the Newsie's has specialized editions for different target readers. One such special edition goes to Dame White, who enjoys reading its news "that's not, ah, generally available". The Newsie likes her, calling her "a real classy broad", and bidding you to make haste with her newspaper: "Move fast and she might even give you a nice big tip!". Oh, the irony! Here I am, a ship's Captain and a member of my clan's Council, and I am reduced to delivering newspapers! But I am never one to turn down a chance for face time with a major Exile, so off I went!

It turns out that the Hellions are making a major move against Dame White. And amidst all this chaos, the Newsie still wants the paper delivered! I felt like Kevin Costner in The Postman! However, I took the liberty of saving Dame White first, scoring big points with her. I know she'll be really nice to me when I get to her during the Pandora's Box mishes.

4. To The Source

The Newsie is a curious amalgam of professionalism and fanaticism. After going the extra mile in the last mish to please a customer, now he is asking us to not just kill a competitor, but kill a _source_ for a rival newspaper! Where will this end? Burning the forests his competitors use for wood pulp? Shooting his rival's customers? Blowing up the trucks his competitors use to ship newspapers?

In fact, this mish is surprisingly easy, which is a letdown. Just talk to enough people until one gives you something, and instantly your mission objectives tell you who to kill. Kind of a disappointment. This was basically a mystery, and it wasn't very difficult. In fact, this was the easiest Newsie mish by far!

5. If It Bleeds, It Leads

If there's not enough news, you just have to make your own. And killing bluepills

doesn't get headlines, whereas killing powerful programs does. You can see where this leads... Two very tough fights here, and it's hard to get emotionally involved in this mere killing for attention. By the third murder you're asked to commit, wiping out White Security (!), word has gotten out and you have to adjust your plans. Just look at the mission map for their areas when you arrive! The irony is that he stands on a corner surrounded by White Security, and now he wants to waste them all! The Newsie realizes his plan is not viable for the long term, and bids you farewell. At the end he did send me an enhanced suit jacket as a going away present, which was nice. But his unconscionable callousness left a bad taste in my mouth.

Nicky G.

Location: Hampton Green (Downtown)



1. Paper Trail (or was that “Paper Trial”?)

“There’s a piece of paper I need very much. It’s a page from a book.” Well, I thought, it doesn’t get much more trivial than this. I sighed and took it anyway. And was I surprised. Reader, I died, and not just once. However, a few Devastation Fields later I was in and had the document. Oddly, I noticed Agents and Blood Drunks on the same force, which I do not think I had noticed before. Overall, a simple mish with a single object at a single location, leaving me wishing there had been more depth: some sense of what was on the page, why it had been separated from the book, who had written it, why Nicky wanted it, etc.

2. Blue Book

Nicky craves a book owned by Mr. Black (this sounds like Hypatia!). First break into an office to sabotage a security feed going to Mr. Black. While looking for Nicky, I happened to interrupt a Zionist party with the FinkGothics and their hangers-on. Sorry, guys! It was for a good cause! Anyway, the first step is to disable Mr. Black’s security feeds with a virus. Then get the book. Finally, I took it to a specialist to vet its authenticity. The volume seems to be quite the hot potato; your operator says to get rid of it before it is traced to you. The expert wants you to leave before you are traced to him. It’s quite a paranoid world that the subdued, intense Nicky G. inhabits.

3. Betray an Exile Code Dealer

The book I stole was exactly what she wanted, but it needs a signature manipulator to unlock it (damn DRM!). Naturally, the Exile who has it (and who first sold the book to Mr. Black) expects a great deal for it. But Nicky has “an alternate plan. Kill him and take it”. The course of this mission is predictable. The interest, part from Nicky’s disturbing callousness, comes from the Exile and his colleagues, one of whom cries out “He was my brother!”. Things went kind of downhill after that. But Nicky felt upbeat about everything. “Very very good, Sugaree. You might be one of my most effective freelancers.” As if there were any doubt!

4. Leaves

This seems inevitable: Nicky has reached out to supreme bibliophile Hypatia, who’s agreed to give her a few pages missing from the Blue Book. Someone failed to keep a secret, though, and the meeting location is jam-packed with Mr. Black’s folks. Of course they didn’t accept my story about selling Girl Scout cookies and tried to kill me. Hypatia, being no dummy, blew off the meeting. Total accomplishment: zero.

5. Bound for Success

Since last time, Hypatia’s got cold feet, and now we have to steal from her. After killing everyone in the first office, you discover the pages are not there! The second location is more fruitful, and then you simply drop them off with a cut-out. As I got in the elevator, feeling bad about crossing Hypatia, I got a call from Nicky: “You truly are amazing, Sugaree. I think I’m going to curl up with that book for a nice, long read. I’m afraid I won’t have any more work for you for the time being.” And that was it. The falling snow outside felt soothing and cleansing; I stood in it catching snowflakes on my tongue.

The Landlord

Location: Creston Heights (Downtown)



1. The Deed

Even the Landlord must bow to the lord of the land. He needs a building permit from the Merovingian and tasks you with paying for it; naturally he would never do this himself. Other Exiles of course seem to have an interest in this, and you discover that the deed custodian is held hostage by them. These fights were tough indeed. The

enemies had good AI, and kept moving around so you could never count on them being someplace, waiting for you to Devastation Field them.

Oddly enough, the Custodian still demands payment for the deed, despite your rescue. That's gratitude for you!

2. The Dirty Deed

The only thing better than success for yourself is ruining the efforts of your rivals. And that's what you do here. There's nothing personal, but the Landlord wants you to, you know, distract one of his competitors by killing off his staff and sabotaging his computer systems. Wow, that's tough love! I don't think even Steven Balmer would go this far! Notable features of this mission include dubious fashion choices for the Exile's staff (cool outfits including chef hats!) and one of the Exiles crying out "Sugaree! It's you! Wow, I've never had the chance to kill a famous person!" Alas his dream came true more than once.

At the end, the Landlord chortles, "Nicely done. It's always better to stop the competition early."

3. Just a Couple of Things

For one of his projects, the Landlord needs some specialist parts. In particular, he wants a "code destabilizer" and an "asynchronous buffer loop" (sounded like Star Trek technobabble to me!), and he tasks you with getting them. Alas, only the Machines have access to rare items like this, and you must break into their well-staffed and well-protected storehouses to get them.

For me, a Machinist, this was a very hard mission. I could only hope that Agent Grey knew and understood and forgave.

The other thing that made this very hard was the defense! Nearly a dozen Agents and their friends, all north of 50! Naturally the areas containing the access computers and the actual loot were exceptionally well-staffed. The secret here was discovered by BrightAngel, who seemed to be on a first-name basis with many of the agents there. She did not lay a finger on them. She ran in, dodged fire, got the gear, and ran out. Her subtle approach made this a snap. If you plan on fighting your way through, set aside an afternoon. I cannot emphasize this enough!

The Landlord is smug at the end. "Good job. These are perfect for my needs". I'm still not sure just what the two devices do.

4. Oh, I Almost Forgot

Just like me, after the Landlord does some shopping he realizes he forgot something and has to go back to the mall. This time he needs a "Jungian Compiler" and a bundle of

“cerebral disharmonizers”. I think the former is for recalcitrant interrogees (like Thomas Anderson) and the second is for weakening enemies.

Just when I was gearing up for another epic battle, BrightAngel ran in, snatched the items from a safe, and ran out! And that was it! Everything is at a single location! No one has to even be killed! In fact, this monster mish turned out to be snap, crackle, and pop! Not that I was disappointed, mind you.

5. Window Dressing

The Landlord has a new construct all done! It’s ready to go, needing only the attention of an interior decorator, who unfortunately has been kidnapped. The Landlord wants to get his consultant back, and he wants to send a message to would-be troublemakers: kill everyone. Except the decorator, that is. There’s quite the crowd of Blood Nobles and riffraff, as well as a blowhard named Arlon (a competitor of the Landlord) who crows about putting you down; it was satisfying to smash him. The inevitable escort mission at the end worried me greatly. But it was simple. No attacks from lobby guards or marauding Mervs or local mobs. Sometimes it’s wonderful when no one seems to care. And at the end we have a chance to listen to the Landlord pat himself on the back. What a treat!

The Bag Lady

Location: Moriah Projects (Richland)



1. Odd Baubles

We learn that odd data packets have been discovered floating around the Matrix, and the dour Tick Tock from downtown seems to have a lock on them. Well, not for long! The Collector craves these as well, and the Bag Lady dispatches you to serve his interests. This involves a single entry, three fights, two disks, and one mainframe. Simply, really. The Bag Lady purrs at the end, “Oooh, Sugaree, you’re not bad. Very nice”.

2. A Killing Hold

This continues the frag arc. Tick Tock notes the break-in and the missing materials, and has dispatched the redoubtable “Downstream” to look into this. The Collector

wants to discourage these inquiries, and the Bag Lady sends you off with, “On your way, Sugaree. There’s killing to be done.” It reminds me of the Weaver, and how she would also have some sarcastic observation, like “When there’s mindless killing to be done, you seem to be the one to call!” But I am sure she did not mean it that way.

This too is straightforward. Break into a single dumpy Richland venue, dispatch a couple of guards, and snuff Downstream. In the end I could sense the Bag Lady’s excitement as she whispered, “Well, Sugaree. You’ve done a good job. Very nice.” I knew she’d give me something special or the next one!

3. Good Garbage

In this most bizarre mission, we finally learn why Bag Lady is the right name for her! She wants me to divert Tick Tock’s garbage to her! OMG, is this what my life has come to? A trash hijacker? *cries*

Anyway, this miracle is accomplished by mainframing a virus to alter the workflow, and redirect the refuse. She is thrilled: “Oooo....very nice, Sugaree. Very nice, indeed.” I could sense her excitement. Maybe she was in bed with the Assassin. Figuratively, of course.

Curiously the immensely entertainment value of this situation is not explored at all. No jokes, no wit, no after-action reports on just what was found in the trash. Talk about missed opportunities!

4. Find a Mole

Back to the frag fracas. A mole has been inserted in Tick Tock’s labs in squalorous Richland, and needs to be extracted for a frag update meeting. (Why does every Exile have such a high-end support mechanism? And how would this look on one’s resume?) To cover the extraction, we need to kill all the guards while the mole protests noisily; after the last one, the clearly impressed agent says, “Okay, now you’re just showing off”. Then it becomes another escort mission. Like most, this is more difficult than you might think. The journey is only about a hundred meters. Two local thugs hung out near the target building nearby though, and a single shot was enough to hole the mole. Back to square one!

5. Grab the Bag

Tick Tock has come across one of the frags, and the Collector wants it. The suite ends as it started, with a blackbag job. Here, however, the defenders are tougher and better organized. This mish, however, has two locations. After killing everyone else, a single Crossbones Bumboo was left guarding the machine with the frag. I was so impressed I spared him. Bag Lady agreed, and gave me credit for a complete mission anyway. Her goodbye spiel sounded like she was talking to me: “Sometimes the tiniest, most insignificant objects can become valuable.” As I started to speak humbly, thinking she must mean me, she went on to say, “I like to find those little objects before anyone else. Thanks for helping me find this, Sugaree.” Oh, right. I sat on a bench near the

hardline to think about life.

Greene

Location: Manssen Park (Westview)



As the second oldest sibling, Greene is intensely covetous of Indigo's status as eldest, and the perks and power that go with it. He will do anything to get what Indigo has, and will tear down whatever he can't take. Greene is aware of Rose's desire to get in good with Indigo, and has convinced her that he intends to help her accomplish this goal. In reality, he plans to use her as a Trojan Horse if she succeeds in getting into Indigo's good graces. Green and Gray have worked together against Indigo in the past, but Greene still hates the bastard as much as any of the others.

1. Special Delivery

An average, run-of-the-mill (or should I say "run-of-the-mille"?) courier mish. Drop off a code packet. Your contact is an "embedded program that performs counter-morale as a manager for a corporation located in this building". Whatever that means! The contact is high enough level to have a polite assistant, Janeth Clark, who announced me and afterwards said that she hoped the meeting went well. I wished I had had a red pill to give her. Her boss merely validated the quality of the data. At the next stop, the recipient for the packet has a backstory: a former prime data miner for the Machines. He observes "Seems that he just cannot resist a chance to go after his siblings. Hell of a family, these people." I love touches like this! Then I rushed to upload the data in one of Greene's mainframes. There, the contact harangued me to hurry, and then as soon as I was done, she said she would be able to take a good look at the data tomorrow! Is that familiar or what?

N.B.: I did not have hacker loaded for this mish, so I was not able to get anything from the computers I found. There might have been codes or notes from Cerulean, as we find in the next mish.

2. You Get What You Pay For

The code did not live up to its billing and Greene wants the provider, Chilton, punished. Of course Chilton claims he did not know. After the work was done I rummaged around his computer and found a message from the "blue lady" (presumably Cerulean) warning him that trouble was on its way. I found that with Rifleman packed to the max, and then Hacker packed as far as it would go, I was able to easily dispatch my enemies, and at the same time hack any available computer. This helped me, for example, to open up locked rooms, which is always a good thing.

The big loose end here is how Cerulean knew I was on my way, so that she could send a warning. This would have been worth a mish of its own, to track down and identify

the leak. In the missions I did for Cerulean, there was no indication of anything like this.

3. Unwelcome Guests

As part of her machinations, Cerulean has been amassing strength in Greene's territory. The limey cannot abide this infringement, and sends you to wipe them out. Simple! No trouble finding them, or with any escaping. They're simply hanging out, waiting for the world to end. Even with all the gunfire, they just sit in separate rooms, and do not come to each other's aid. Baffling! It made me wonder if this is where Cerulean sent her lesser Boys to die, if their performance reviews were too far below normal.

4. Smash and Grab

The concept here is mildly ingenious. The father of all colors, Mr. Black, has given some rare item (a tracking device from the Machinists- yay!) to Cerulean. Greene tasks you with breaking in and stealing it. Why, you might ask? The clever Greene has two reasons: to embarrass his sister and get the item. This is fairly straightforward break-and-enter work. When you take the device to one of Greene's flunkies for safekeeping, an assistant tells you that Greene is really impressed with you. As he should be!!

5. Triple Cross

"Sugaree, good you see you, old fruit." He seems to be under some sort of stress here, judging from his fractured syntax. Cerulean and Grisaille are teaming up, and he wants to disrupt this with a bomb. (Careful readers will remember a mission of Cerulean's involving brokering a truce with another gang.) First get the explosive from a bomb-maker who, it turns out, is very excitable, not what one might expect in such a line of work. "Here, man! Take a look at this bomb! It's awesome! One of the best I've ever made!" Then, "I never get to use the bombs, just once I'd like to be there when they go off. BOOM!".

Then go to the site, do some killing, put the bomb on one of the bodies, and that's it! Greene's hope is that the meeting will be disrupted (at least), and Cerulean and Grisaille will lose trust in each other. Sure, this makes the world a better place, but if this is a treble-cross, where was the double-cross?

Sunshine

Location: Ikebukuro (International)



1. Morning Star

“Good morning!” In this curious recruitment mish, Sunshine asks you to bring in a reluctant recruit. The candidate is a Machine program tasked with managing the motion of some stars at night (nice work, if you can get it!). Sunshine explains that this work is to be rolled into the work of another program, rendering her superfluous. (Apparently the Machines have discovered re-engineering.) She scoffs at this idea when you find her, and you have to find evidence that she is scheduled for deletion before she consents. But you eventually talk her into a career change (creating art for Sunshine, yay!), and at the end Sunshine whispers “I’m glowing with pride.” Like many of her missions, this first involved the Saikung Shuffle, running back and forth to and from the area adjacent to the Saikung Center hardline. It brought back great memories of power-leveling. Good times!

2. Night for Day

The Truffaut title baffled me in this four-errand mission, which starts out with an all-too-rare “It’s good to see you”. She asks you to collect three disks from three sources, and drop them off.

The first one is a snap: you visit a nest of exiles, including one, Aiguillon, a compression sorting program. She is surrounded by Elite Guards, doing what Elite Guards seldom do: acting reflectively, gathering and sorting data. And they take their work seriously, too! One snaps at me, “No, I’m not a secretary! You think this is so easy. You file code strings all damn day. Jerk”. Aiguillon herself is more forthcoming, handing you a disk and an observation, “I hope she finds this info enlightening.” One other researcher gave me some code for a traffic disruption program. Just what I always wanted!

The next one did not go so well. That is to say, he was dead. But I found the disk in his pockets. I checked out the next room, which was an error, since a burly, sweaty Elite Guard immediately attacked me. Note to self: leave well enough alone!

The third and final pickup was also complicated. I ran into someone named Callisto, who looked surprised and blurted out, “Hey, uhh, I don’t have the date anymore. Some...uh...guys broke in and stole it. Yeah. Tell...erm...Moonshine that I’m sorry” and “So I guess we have nothing to say to each other. Why don’t you take off?” I don’t know, something just didn’t seem right... So we fought. He died. I got the disk.

The final handoff was smooth. A Merv Ravager Gofer was hanging around, wailing about how tough her job was; she was thrilled when I gave her the traffic disruption code, and gave me the contents of a file cabinet in exchange. This turned out to be a shotgun which would have embarrassed me as a raw bluepill. Thanks for nothing!

But the pay was good, the fights were not too taxing, and there wasn't much heavy lifting or travel. And there were some interesting personalities to meet as well!

So what's not to like? Loose ends were annoying. Who was trying to disrupt her operations? What was her own real interest in ferreting out this and that piece of information? How did she hold together an organization when she seemed powerless to protect her own? Oblivious to all this, Sunshine beamed and said, "Thank you and may the sun light your path". And as I walked back along the boardwalk, the breeze in my hair and the Phoenixes respectfully staying clear of me, my clan crushing our enemies, I thought it was. It was indeed.

3. One Track Mind

Cerulean, the wasted-looking Goth Exile-by-the-sea from Westview, apparently opposes Sunshine. To keep an eye on her, Sunshine asks you to insert some software into a Machine network traffic analysis node. It means popping a CD in a server. Pretty straightforward. The only mystery here is why Cerulean would find anything to contest with Sunshine; their personalities are so different, and they are almost at diametric extremes of the world. The significance of the title is another mystery.

But at the end, Sunshine remarks, "That's a long shadow you cast. You must be growing in stature". Say it again!

4. Out of Hand

Sunshine's concern with Cerulean grows apace. You must steal a book she is holding, and deliver it to someone. This is _such_ a common mission trope. But two things make it memorable. First, Sunshine chirps at the end, "Thank you for brightening my day". Second, the continuity is awry for this: after getting the book, you are told to take it to someone "who will index it for Cerulean". The person you just stole it from! This must have slipped through the editing. Or it may be part of some vastly deeper scheme.

5. Left-Hand Path

Remember the book we stole in the last mish? Well, now someone wants it back, and you have to protect it. Unfortunately, the first custodian of the book perishes, and you have to take it to someone else. Oddnesses abound here. Why is Sunshine so interested in books? How does this relate to her character? That seems more like Hypatia's realm. And at the end, Sunshine says the exact same thing she said in the previous mission: "Thank you for brightening my day". Did someone run out of positivity at some point in the editing process?

Mr. Bishop

Location: Ueno (International)



1. The Hunter

His first mish is standard, looking for some debris from his past. In this case, he craves a set of gems held by some Merovingian redpills, and a statue held by some machinists led by an Agent Jones. I averted my gaze from him as I fought; praying he would not recognize me and report me to my clan Council. These were both obtained after some straightforward gunplay. Then the purloined loot was placed into a wall safe. And thus Bishop laid his hands on them without actually laying his hands on anything: the general Exile pattern.

Alas, neither gems nor statue were viewable, just some generic item avatars. If only we could behold them, perhaps we could feel what the Exiles feel for these things they endlessly pursue.

2. Unravel

Did I displease Bishop last time? Is that why he gave me such a trivial task for my second mish? All he asks me to do is pick up an already-paid-for package and drop it off. The kind of task you'd give you kids to do at school! Perhaps he is testing me....

I traveled to Chukokkula and received the package. As always I chatted with everyone there, and as we all hung out, grooving on the code, an Elite Guard took a long drag on a joint, looked out the window, and shared the following reflection:

"Destiny rules us all, even here in the Matrix. Do you find it strange that I believe in Destiny? Destiny is a system, a pattern of events carried out with precision and absolute certainty. Destiny is nothing but code applied to life, giving the illusion of choice. Here, everything is code, and this everything is ruled by Destiny."

"Destiny, schmestiny, who's bankrolling this?" I asked, and set off to find Bach, the recipient. I wondered if I should get an all-brown outfit for these UPS runs. On the other hand, the all-yellow was more appealing, and had the benefit of setting off my hair.

So, anyway, I found that Bach was being held hostage by some twit who wanted to hijack the delivery. Not on my watch! Harsh words were followed by harsh fighting. I

was the only one standing when the smoke cleared, and I completed the drop-off to the grateful Bach. Interestingly, there was a door between her and me, which seemed openable by hacking, by killing one of the thugs and retrieving an access card from him, or, ironically, by getting a key from a drawer! I liked the ingenuity!

3. Heirloom

I loved the way this mission began, with Bishop purring “Your reputation grows, Sugaree.” Say it again! Then, “I’d like you to go pick up an associate of mine and bring him to Chotte Brothers Imports Offices. His name is Jellyfish, deliver him unharmed if you don’t mind”. I loved the sly wit. I could tell we were really bonding; I started thinking about a corner office with an Ikea furniture upgrade.

From my operator I learned that “Jellyfish” contained some valuable code in his RSI. Kind of like steganography meets the Matrix, I guess. As I was looking at the non-descript JF, he looked right back and greeted me with: “What’s wrong? You were expecting a bondage king? Not all of us Exiles dress like freaks, you know.” I cleared my throat and hastily looked away, wondering what Raymond Chandler would have said.

Nearby, there was a computer with a message calling someone a bigot; I could imagine who had sent it... Naturally my escort mission was a fab success! Who would have suspected I was with an Exile! My fellow machinists chose to intervene, despite my protestation that I was on the team. Illyria, explain to the agents for me! The drop-off contact, after paying me off, explained that the Machines often intervened, inasmuch as Bishop and Chotte tend to traffic in materials which disrupt the current versions of the Matrix. I thought they and Anome would have a lot in common! And the Auditor downtown, always obsessing about memory leaks and the Matrix, would also have an interest.

4. Play Dead

No discussion of items traffickers would be complete without mentioning Digger and the Collector! I particularly enjoyed the backstory on this one: Digger has found something. The Collector wants it. So does Bishop, whose recipe for universal happiness involves paying Digger to give the Collector a fake.

But before I can get in to see Digger, his handler makes me fight a simulacra...perhaps to make me show I know my way around fakes? An alternate solution exited, involving getting a disk to a machine generating the replicas, but I was unable to figure it out, and uncharacteristically resorted to fighting, my least favorite form of defeating others. Honest!

After dealing in the past with mystic candy, enchanted candlesticks, and packets of numinous gems, I was expecting a lot from this item. A tiara? Shoes? A brooch? A ring, maybe? A Sword of a Hundred Truths? But instead, all I got from Digger was a tape. And a VHS tape at that! Apparently the elite personalities of the Matrix Exile community have a fondness for Days of Our Lives, Max Headroom, or I Dream of

Jeannie. Go figure!

Before I had time to digitize it for my crew's amusement, I had to drop it off. This cut-out had a great backstory. She was an archiving program who had defected from the Machines to protect her daughter, threatened with deletion. This effort was unsuccessful, and she eventually came to Bishop's employ. She seems to have listened to the tape. She did not get much from the images (Crossfire? The Daily Show? Persephone as a weather reporter? The Merovingian with his own game show?) but said the voice was very familiar. I was dying from suspense, and was mercifully distracted by one of her colleagues, who went off on an absorbing, self-absorbed rant about the maternal program, the world they live in, and how real it is. I politely nodded as I counted my info, and absently waved to them as I left.

Bishop was on a high, I could tell. The pay was good, and he gushed, "with your help, my business grows even stronger". Say it again, big spender! Say it like you're Donald Trump!

5. Cold Sweat

An unexpected continuation of Play Dead! Bishop has tinkered with the artifact (perhaps redubbing it like What's Up, Tiger Lilly? Or overlaying the voice of Orson Welles?) and now wants this artifact taken to the Collector, who has already received the fake. My mission was to break in, take the fake, and replace it with the altered original. Got that? Well, get this: the office with the wall safe is located in Bishop Imports!! Someone else must have thought about the incongruity of this, for when I arrived I discovered the item had been moved. Nonetheless, I tracked it down, laid waste to the defenders, and made the switch.

Logic Problem: If the Collector came back, found all his guardian staff dead, and the artifact still in the safe, not stolen, don't you think he would be suspicious? Or is it just me?

Operetta

Location: Akasaka

1. Savior

"Oh, my dear! You just help me, you simply MUST. One of my best performers is in trouble. Get over there and help him right now!" Well, the negotiation was mercifully brief.

What a strange mission! I went to the site, and got into a fight with two Zionists. I killed one in short order, but withdrew to heal up. When I came back, the other, a Zionist Kungfu Grandmaster, was gone! Only a nervous Mr. Titelbaum milled about. I searched several times for the missing miscreant, all to no avail. I danced and waited: nothing. So, I gave up and left the building. And found him strolling in the yard outside! I had to follow him into the next building before we could get a fight going! Once he was killed, the mish ended itself. A patron in the bar looked at me and asked, "Why are

you here?" Why, indeed!

Was this a bug, or a cool new feature? And what possible interest could Zion have in Exilix opera singers? Has it run out of weightier adversaries? Or was this a training mish gone awry? Only Lock knows for sure.

2. Requiem

The backstory for the composer in this mission was interesting: a bluepill who accepts the way things are and composes for Operetta. "As a freed mind, surely you must understand. The Matrix is a symphony, programs and code working together to produce harmony. If you'd give up your hatred of it you would see the beauty". Something to think about... Don't forget to search for her computer. "I don't expect you to be sympathetic, but remember, this music is valuable. Don't be careless".

Oddly enough, the only opposition came from a lonely Zionist (again!) Karate master, who was not ready for me when I stormed out of the building past him. His jaw dropped, he reached for his gun, and the karate master, with predictably lamentable aim, sprayed stray shots around me as I left. Go back to the caves!

The stage manager is frantic when you arrive, and wails about how slow you are. It's very entertaining, so be sure to talk to him a couple of times. He and his twin groupies are in a suite reminiscent of the old redpill jackout mishes: lots of ugly gear and barely a table to be seen. They need an Ikea gift certificate.

At the end, the Stage Manager gushed: "Good, and you even managed to keep it more or less unwrinkled. You're far less incompetent than I first suspected."

All the while, his twin groupies idled about, speaking vacuously. Be sure to talk to them a few times as well for chuckles. Operetta says, "Yes, yes, you're doing fine. Fine as can be!"

Whatever that may be. Not sure why this is called a requiem though. I mean, three missions yet remain. Nonetheless, fun, with plenty of character!

3. Chosen

Conveniently, Requiem ends up next door to Pandora, so you're all set for number 3. An understudy, Bessie Burr, has been kidnapped, and "I must have her back. I simply must!". I began to wonder if people harass Operetta just to listen to her freak out. On rescuing her, I got a message- "Oh you precious darling". But after I dropped her off with the bodyguard Beagle, this is what I got: "Not terrible, Sugaree. Not good. But not terrible." But the check cleared, so I counted my blessings.

Note: One of the bads has a key to the room Bessie was in. But the door was unlocked!

Note: I had to lead Bessie past a couple of dozen hissing Brothers of Destiny who shot at us with everything they had. Mighty Bessie blanched, but took no damage. So this is

a 220-meter escort mission through hostile territory, but it's not like Seraph's epic stat-hack mish. Or the even tougher Jeweler escort mish. Relax!

4. Fragments

Once again, the last stage of the preceding mish places you just a hundred meters from Pandora. Nice design! For this mission, you merely need to be a gofer, dropping off stuff for Operetta's agent. "My dear! You simply **MUST** help me!"

I get the docs to drop off, and an adjacent flunkie asks me to put a bug in the first target's desk for musical intelligence. Sure, why not? I'll always do something to help a band. This minor theme never really seems to go anywhere though. Perhaps in another exile suite this will assume some importance...

First drop off is to another diva. Her staff suffers. "You can't fire me, I quit!" "But I was told to do it this way!" Etc. Second drop off is to a talent agent who has creative differences with Operetta. As we shall soon see, this is a club with quite a few members.

5. Rubicon

As my operator observed, Operetta does not believe there is no accounting for taste. "My show was wonderful but **SOME PEOPLE** don't appreciate talent...."

Word has gotten to the critic that his days are numbered, and you must fight your way through a couple of guards. Then, you find an Agent protecting him! Who would have thought? What possible interest could my Machinist lords and masters have in something as vacuous as Operetta? Answers were not forthcoming, yet I finished the mish regardless.

"That will teach that cretin a lesson!" The xps for this mish were unusually low. As, I guess, it should be. I mean, what should you get for killing a bluepill? More could have been done with the critic, maybe some quotes by your operator from the review, mention of the Newsie, comments from the guards, etc.

Rickshaw

Location: Kaede (International)



1. Mistaken Identity

“Hi, can you deliver something for a contact of mine?” That’s how it starts: full of soul and connection. Rickshaw’s slapdash, slipshod approach to his affairs is nowhere more evident than on this first mish. He gets the name wrong! Then when you arrive, you are greeted by a haughty Elite Guard who takes one look at you and sneers, “Feh. You don’t look like you belong here, pansy”. Most likely, he saves this for anyone working for Rickshaw. Eventually you connect with someone who knows nothing of Rickshaw or your mission, but demands to know your “sponsor”. Rickshaw’s feedback is: “Sure, fine, whatever. Hurry!” You have stumbled into a game played by Exiles, wherein they try to kill each other! The name is Exiles Underground Games (perhaps a reversal of the ancient, ancient GUE). It seems like something they’d play with paintball, if the paint was replaced by hot lead. Survive and you’re done. Rickshaw mumbles some barely articulate thanks. This time I counted my money twice, mindful of his sloppy approach to everything. After all, maybe he would overpay.

2. Let the Games Begin

You make a delivery to one Caroline, identified as the leader of the Sisters of Fate. The Step-Sisters of Fate might be a better name, since their leader has fallen under the sway of your ultimate target in this mish, the Ventriloquist, who uses her to send you off on a side-quest for a CD (a trance dance mix, I think). Your victory over him frees her, and sets you up for your next adversary, the Necromancer. A little predictable, but not a bad mish at all.

3. Replay

An “operative” of Rickshaw’s, with a desired device, needs help. After a skirmish, you find out that she is dead. This sends you to the next scene, with Rickshaw crying “Kill more people! Go! Kill!”. You discover that your adversary in this mission, the Necromancer, has revived and controls the operative, now a resurrected automaton that he sends to fight you. Eventually you put them both down, but it was an unsavory first to be killing undead Exiles for the sake of a repugnant game. On the other hand, it was quite satisfying for me to send the Necromancer to join his unwilling servants in the chilly sludge of the Source.

4. Out of Bounds

You may recall that your dossier from last time at the end identified your next target as the Chameleon. Since this meant he could be anyone, it made things quite easy! Once again the careless Rickshaw wails about his “stolen stuff” (how like a child!). This time your contact has a search of his own, for the “White Knight Virus” (an allusion to the Chessman that is not developed at all). You know how this goes. Break in, firefight, loot, and off to meet your contact. Your contact, predictably, is the Chameleon, and attacks you. When I phoned Rickshaw, breathless, he cut me off abruptly- “You got all my stuff back?” I was mightily tempted to hurl it in the river.

But wait! There was some gold here! One contact looked at me, took a long drag on a

scented smoke, and reflected “Humans hurt Exiles because they fear us. Exiles hurt each other because they fear everything.” Great thought to ponder long after the game has run its dolorous course.

5. Game Over?

In this mish, you simply start by getting some lost plans from a safe, at which point you are pulled into your confrontation with the main adversary in this episode: Agent Lee and his minions. Agent Lee is quite engaging, and rather than fight invites you to take a chance with him and his two assistants. Give one of them the plans, and the door she represents is unlocked. Inevitably you get a fight, not a safe harbor. Just as inevitably Lee and his team engage you. As their banter suggests, Lee is (Big Spoiler coming!)... the Gambler, and aims to win at your expense. The dialog is well done, and there’s more characterization in this encounter than in everything Rickshaw does. In fact, “Agent Lee” deserves his own suite of missions!

At the end, among the smoking, coding corpses, you alone stand alive to tell the tale. You, that is, and Rickshaw, who blurts “I like you, Sugaree! You do good work!” before he sinks into surfeited silence. At least he paid me.

Yuusuke Akayama

Location: Shirakaba (International)



1. In the Belly of the Beast

This simple, cakewalk mish seems to be a test more than anything else. You simply need to get a disk for him with a recording of a clandestine conversation. The only challenge is finding a recovery reboot disk, since at your first logon attempt the computer kills itself. This is the easiest Exile mish I can remember since Sister Margaret's first few!

2. Debug

For this scarcely more challenging lesson, you need to plant a virus (we should more properly call it malware). To achieve this, you need to get access to a computer surrounded by Great Wall staff. The challenge is that the person who can expedite this needs to be paid off, but helpfully notes that the guards often carry cash. Pay him off, plant the bug, and you're done!

Bug?: After I killed the guards, two of them had money. After I paid the bluepill, both packets of cash were gone. After I paid him, I got a good work message from my operator before the bluepill had given me the code. Don't know if this is a bug or simply non-elegant.

3. Tearing Down the Wall

"Ah, my new friend" purred the savvy Akayama when I showed up. I had to smile. We had an understanding. He needed a Great Wall outpost wiped out, to...distract them from his own operations. Just go to the target and kill everyone there. Easy enough.

Bug?: However, several times, I got to the site, killed the three guards I found, and found a single door which I could not open. Strangely, in each case, after I aborted the mish, suddenly I could open the door. Unfortunately, I could only view the details of the three guys inside. There was no option to talk or fight. Technically, I think this is what they call a bug.

On the fourth or fifth attempt, this time running it with someone else, I was able to kill all the guards (same as before, from my point of view) and a magnetically-sealed door then opened, and we found three higher-level thugs inside, planning some mischief. We killed two, talked with the survivor, and got three hitlists of targets. These we then took to an associate of Akayama's, who took one list and had us give the other two lists

to two others in the room (including one wearing a stovepipe chef's hat!), one of whom commented, "Mr. Akayama doesn't pay me to read". That's between him and you, pal!

4. Insecurity

The Great Wall Security organization continues to annoy Mr. Akayama. Now he wishes you to escort a contractor spammer to a Great Valley office so she can spam a list of known hackers, to annoy them and attract their eldritch wrath to the Great Wall network.

After this, you escort her to another associate of Akayama's for safekeeping. The problem with the escort mission is not the Great Wall attackers who seek to thwart you. It's trying to find your way over the walls, canals, staircases, lattices, and physical obstacles which bar your way. Naturally, with an escort in tow, you can't just hyperjump a straight line. I mean, that would be too easy. The dialog with the spammer, her protector, and their security staff at the end is entertaining; make sure to talk to everyone before and after dropping her off.

5. Link Death

With the collective wrath of hackers trashing the network infrastructure of Great Wall Security, they're weak. This means it's the right time to hit them hard, and Mr. Akayama directs you to an outpost of Exiles in their service. After they've been laid waste, you find a cell phone, whose recent calls direct you to a larger Great Wall Security office. When we rolled in, there were around a dozen (!) Great Wall uniforms waiting, ranging in level from 50-52 (and this mish was on medium!). This led to a long, hard fight, reminiscent of some fights with massed simulacra in Pandora Box missions.

At the end, Mr. Akayama is thrilled. He's been able to deal Great Wall a deep, lasting blow in his region. And he effuses at your great success! He invites you to "stop by my restaurant some day: the Paper Tiger. Your abilities and initiative are truly commendable, and you may be able to find further employment for them through the influential patrons who frequent my humble establishment". Mighty warm words from a lasting friend, and word of mouth advertising like this is something that money can't buy. I'm making my reservations tomorrow.

The Seamstress

Location: Sai Kung (International)



1. Dressed for Success

“Why don’t you just look previous!” she gushed when I got her attention, immediately following with “Could use a little change in your wardrobe though”. After my icy silence, she sighed and explained that she needed a package of fabric picked up and delivered but is short on help. This first part is simple; traipse over and talk to one Gayle Clark. Gayle laments the delay and in convenience in a very, umm, unmanly way, and gives you a key to unlock the room holding it. An unexpected Elite Guard inside challenges you; apparently his crew has stolen the material. Clark panics and begs you to retrieve it. “All new designs” he wails.

The second location is entertaining. Full of Elite Guards, all of whom loudly deny any knowledge of the package. They’ve never heard of it. They think I’m in the wrong address, etc. It reminded me of one of the Jeweler’s missions! Finally, of all people, a Merovingian Physician angrily denies any knowledge, and becomes incensed that you doubt her integrity as you nonetheless search the room. The package falls to the ground, at which point she denies that is the one you were looking for. Nope, no package there! Fortunately, I could just pick it up and leave amid a whirlwind of abuse and bullets; I had worried I would have to fight my way out!

Finally, I dropped off the now-complete package. A Blood Noble kept chasing me on the way, but I ignored him. The recipient is in an office building; make sure to talk to each bluepill; they all have something to say! The final recipient of the package- Cretin Cravenus? Cletus Clavikus?- is in a hurry for you to go. I guess all the guns freaked him out. Not to mention the ghastly colors and styles of the buffed clothes we all wear. Seamstress calls me a doll and pays me in cash! This almost made up for her smarmy dig about my outfit at the outset!

Oddities: What’s so special about the fabric that people are willing to kill for it? Why would a Merovingian Physician have the slightest interest in this?

More oddities: When I approached her for a second mission, she gave me the same one again! What, does this type of thing happen all the time for her?

2. Demanding the Supply

This second mish is fairly easy. The Seamstress has been plagued by “rogues and cut-throats”, and needs you to make sure one particular shipment is delivered correctly and completely. Picking up the material is a breeze, and your client phones you to say she hopes you aren’t “ambushed and brutally beaten”, like the last one. Well, that makes two of us!

When you arrive at the office of the shipment’s recipient, she demurs to accept it until you have cleared out the lurking thugs. They’re a few blood drunks and a couple of elite guards.

The Seamstress adds, at the end, “Remind me to reward you one of these days”. Sure thing, hun. That’s what they all say!

3. Accessory to Murder

Besides high-end fashion, the Seamstress also provides a wide range of accessories, including purses!! Alas, the courier has been waylaid and requires rescue. In this mission, you must first rescue the waylaid courier, named Duboshin, and escort her to the original intended recipient of the shipment. Oh, and get the shipment, too, no small feat when one elite guard sneers, "You ain't getting this purse back!". But a woman will do anything for accessories, and soon the prize was in my awed grasp. I took an immediate liking to Duboshin, when unbidden, she gave me some health boosts before fights. My kind of courier! And her level was decent enough that random street mobs did not take her down while I brought her to the customer. A good thing, that.

However, not all was as well as I had expected, as I should have known when I saw the customer hanging out with blood nobles, who, as you may have noticed, seldom affect an interest in high-end fashion. I mean, just look at them. So, as soon as they have the purse, they all set upon me! Like five of them! Eventually my charm and rifle skills wore them down, and an abashed Duboshin stood trembling in front of me, like Aphrodite rising from a sea of blood. She had, it appeared, been in cahoots with these thugs to split the shipment, and disappear. Why they had to fight me to effect this is not entirely clear. But then, I don't get paid to understand cases, I get paid to crack them!

Anyway, Duboshin meekly follows me, giving me a health boost as we start off. The little slut suck-up! She wound up improbably in Zion's hands (I guess they are trying to improve the lives of redpills everywhere with better fashion) at an extraction station. I could see the truce in action here; one Zionist joked about me needing a password, assuring me that she had been "just kidding". Duboshin was understandably glum. And that was it. All this, for a purse...

Conclusion: Major mysteries are being woven here. Why does the Seamstress have the time of day for Zion? Why would Exiles care at all about accessories, especially purses (perhaps this is an intended gift for Persephone)? Why does Zion care about her? How come I couldn't keep the purse, to better accommodate my own inventory? Why, oh why?

4. Eye of the Needle

Seamstress has caught wind of the location of her last lost shipment, and wants it back right now, before it profits anyone else. The last operative she ent, Porpoise, disappeared, and she sends you to follow in her footsteps, adding, "Oh, and help Porpoise if she's still alive, I suppose". Alas, she is not, as you discover in a gunfight. As I contemplated her fallen form, wondering where my own path would take me, the phone rang. "Do you feel safe? Search the computer now". The screen softly glowed, "Seek and ye shall find". I took and uploaded the map disk, and the final location was relayed to me. Very eerie, this was.

This led me to a scenic apartment, wherein waited a couple of drunks and elite guards, all thrilled to see me. They referred to a mysterious second force as I stepped off the

elevator. It was the mysterious voice from earlier in the mish. He appeared and thanked me for getting the package for him. Needless to say, I had to kill him too, though he put up a tough fight and did not use his invisibility once, contrary to what you might have expected.

But all bad things must end, and soon I was dropping off the purloined package with a stunned recipient, and counting crisp info-notes from a frowning Seamstress, who reluctantly thanked me and contemplated inviting me to the fashion show soon to be dominated by her designs. But, she quickly corrected herself, "I'd have you get you something decent to wear". Please! I only dress like this for professional occasions! Give me a chance! But her mind was already whirling elsewhere.

5. The Show Must Go On

This is getting ridiculous! It's the day of a fashion show, and Seamstress's designs have been ripped off yet again! Naturally time is more of the essence than usual here. Seamstress sent me to a cool CEO who demanded that I kill all the thieves, not sparing a single one. She was quite adamant about this. After talking to her, be sure to check out the other, adjacent rooms; in one I found a Zionist Rifleman being directed through movements by two fashion-show workers!! He must have been prepping for the next sexiest redpill contest. I soon found myself fighting five or six or seven elite guards for control of an apartment, in which I found not package with the designs, but a packet of plans!

Bugged: Alas, dear readers, this mission was bugged, and I was only able to get beyond after many efforts. Here's what happened. On the building floor housing the thieves, you find three elite guards in one room, a couple of lupines in another, and a final lupine in a third. I killed all three elite guards in the room, but soon after I left, when I came back, there were only two bodies. I did not notice any such discrepancy with the other rooms o' thieves. This was repeatable. I'm guessing this has something to do with the thieves not showing as having been all killed. Nonetheless, I took the packet and uploaded it, but could not get to the next stage of the mish. The "Kill all thieves" box remained unchecked. I went back to the mission area: no thieves there. I hung around, I danced, I stood and afked...nothing. Maybe in the next patch.

That's where things were for days and days. Then I tried again, and found that if I killed all three of the elite guards in the same room, this section of the mish completed and I could move on. After uploading the plans, I found myself confronting the tough CEO I has seen earlier. Only her goals had changed in the meantime. And soon I had found another instance of the same bug: everyone around me dead on the floor, yet the mish demanded more. It was enough. I took the package, dropped it in front of the Seamstress, and left. "This one's on the house," I said, changing out of my killing clothes, and back into something more human.

Synn

Location: Murasaki (International)



1. The New Plague

Her first, trivial, mish involved putting “virus trackers” on two Machine systems. The first was a “Machine sorting station” and the second was a “listening outpost” used to monitor bluepill behavior. More likely the latter was a spy outpost directed at Zion, to whom Synn was going to offer the take. But Agent Gray would soon read my report, and be able to send them all the dummy traffic he wanted. Nice try!

These were straightforward tasks that a child could have done. I was disgusted that in the first one, I had to kill a bluepill to get a key to a locked room. This went very much against my nature, and I wish there had been some alternative, as there would be in the next mission. There, at least I could complete the mish without killing everything I encountered.

After hearing about the carnage, Synn remarked in her clipped style, “So far so good. Come see me again when you need a job”. Some new plague... “The New Pest” would have been more apropos.

Odd: One thing about this seemed strange to me. Sending me in through armed guards to insert viruses to steal information did not seem very stealthy. I can only surmise that this first, test mission was a diversion to distract Machine attention while a genuine mission took place elsewhere.

2. Crackdown

Last time Synn wanted the interception of important information. This time it's papers from a courier (a “low-level” program). And it's easier than it sounds! Go to the site and nose around. You discover a bluepill and an exile (named “Cockroach”!) planning to kill the courier. Explain this to him, and he gladly forks over the papers to you without a shot. Done! Alternately, you can kill him for the same papers, but why be direct? As Synn put it, “This just adds to your cred. Nice job.” And the “crackdown” is...where?

Odd: After I got the papers, I swung by to taunt the schemers. They did not seem to even notice I had them! This seems odd; it would have made more sense for them to have attacked me.

3. In Her Fear

Ostensibly, this seemed annoying: I had to go talk to a candidate for Synn's organization. But when I arrived, the ostensible applicant attacked me! This led me to think that she would not be suitable material for Synn or for anyone else, and I definitely had no desire to watch her bob for apples at Synn's Thanksgiving party. So I killed her. I fretted about telling Synn the news, thinking that she might question my motives in killing the aspiring Synner. However, when updated, all Synn said was that I had "come out of that well".

Odd: For a serious plan to kidnap and interrogate me, I was puzzled that only one person had been sent. Am I so slightly regarded by Synn's enemies? I only rate a single attacker? Huff! And, as any reader of the first two mission reports can attest, there would not have been much to report.

Odd: Also, why kidnap and interrogate someone like me who had been so little in Synn's employ? Someone, somewhere, must be desperate to find out something about this fairly trivial exile. Perhaps she has an admirer who wants to know her favorite snack food or her shoe size.

4. Nudged

Once more, not very complicated, even though it's supposed to be part of a scheme of Synn's. Get some "incriminating evidence" from an obnoxious contact ("you're not exactly what I had in mind" he purred when I arrived), kill someone, and leave the "evidence" on him. The reason for all this was not made clear. And who was meant to discover this "incriminating evidence"? And do what? More generally, Synn never really explains the reason of her missions, and you never have the slightest sense of what their purpose is. You are always regarded as a hired contractor and an absolute outsider. But I am not doing these for love, so I turned in my report with one hand, accepted payment with the other, and felt the great wheel turn.

5. The Wheel

Now you learn that the previous mission was to set a trap, and it is about to close. Apparently a Merv crew has been causing trouble for Synn and "her operations" one time too many. The plant last time brought them all in, and now you will take them all out. They are separated across the floor, apparently looking for something, and you can take them down piecemeal. That's it! Synn remarks at the end, "you're getting quite good at this" but has no further work she is willing to entrust to you.

Odd: In one room there is a mysterious locked cabinet, but I did not have pick lock loaded, and none of the enemies had a key. Thus the cabinet was left unopened, but the mission was completed nonetheless. Not sure what was happening with this. Rumor has it that it contained three FM-1500s, but no one will ever know.

B. Organizations

Zion

Zion is the last city of free humanity, located deep within the earth. In the Matrix, the Zion Organization stands for humanity's right to determine its own destiny. Zion believes that a human being's freedom to select his or her own destiny is sacred, and that each individual must be free to choose whether to live out their life in the comforting illusion of the Matrix, or in the harsh truth of the real world.

Redpills in the service of Zion are expected to risk everything for its ideals, and to be happy with a fair share of whatever prosperity may fall Zion's way.

Machines

The Machines are a race of self-replicating, sentient mechanical entities. They imprisoned humanity within the pods, and they power themselves with the bio-electric energies generated by a healthy human mind. They don't want to destroy humanity – quite the contrary, they are utterly dependent on humanity for their continued existence. The only thing about humanity that matters to the machines is that energy continues to flow out of the pods. They do not care if the humans are slaves or free – up until the point where human freedom starts to interfere with the energy fluxes.

The Machines will make deals with human Redpills when it suits their purpose to do so. They are quite scrupulous about delivering whatever rewards they may have promised to the human operatives, but emotions like gratitude, generosity and mercy are completely alien to the machine mind.

Although they are no longer engaged in active hostilities against Awakened humans, the Machines continue to guard themselves in the real world with the hunter-seeker units called Sentinels, while the cold and implacable AI constructs called Agents continue to oversee their interests in the Matrix.

Merovingian

When they built the Matrix, the Machines found it necessary to create autonomous AI (Artificial Intelligence) constructs that would look and act like human beings. Inevitably, some of the AIs acquired free will, and then some of these free AIs began to comprehend the true nature of the Matrix. These AIs, in turn, started to establish communication with other Machine AIs outside the Matrix proper, and the Matrix came to be known as a safe haven for these sentient programs who wished to flee the control of the Machine world. In The Matrix an AI could feel, live and breathe as never before. A new life could be granted to those that wished to flee from the control of the machine world or avoid deletion. The Matrix came to be known as a safe haven for these sentient programs. These "Awakened" pseudo-humans call themselves "Exiles."

The Exiles are, above all, concerned with the continuance of the Matrix. They have no place –

no possibility of existence even – in the real world. They depend on both humanity and the Machines for their continued existence, but their agenda is uniquely and utterly their own. Most alarmingly, the Exiles tend to be capricious and unpredictable. Many are mischievous, malicious or even outright insane, but they are also intelligent (sometimes inhumanly so), creative and very powerful within the Matrix. This combination means that Exiles are never easy, nor particularly safe, for humans to deal with.

The Merovingian (a name taken from an ancient line of kings in human history) is the most active and powerful of the Exiles. If he is not exactly the sole leader of the Exile community, he is certainly the first among equals, and he is by far the most active Exile player in Matrix politics. He has spies and operatives everywhere in the Matrix. He will cheerfully employ human Redpills whenever it suits him to do so, and he is quite generous in rewarding those who serve his interests.

Cypherites

The Cypherites are a group who began as a loose confederation of Masked operatives who regret choosing the red pill and have traditionally aimed to return to a state of relative comfort within the Matrix. The Cypherites were initially led by Genmaskard and Enmaskarado, who made attacks on redpills shortly after the start of Neo's Truce. It was rumored that a former radical Zion operative named Cryptos was in charge of the Cypherites, and this came to light several months later when several boxes popped up in the city filled with simulacra of Cryptos who spouted anti-redpill propoganda.

At their inception, Cypherites aimed to rid the Matrix and the Real of all operatives who attempted to awaken people from the Matrix before seeking to be reinserted into the Matrix. However, shortly after Seraph removed a program which had been controlling Cryptos and reporting to the Machines, Cryptos sought reinsertion and was told by Agent Gray that there was no such procedure. Most Cypherites now seek to protect the bluepills of the Matrix by stopping others from presenting them with the choice and by eliminating those who present the choice.

E Pluribus Neo

E Pluribus Neo is a group formed by Michael "The Kid" Popper and Shimada in reaction to the activities of the Cypherites during the Truce. EPN operate more like a theocracy than Zion, placing great faith in Neo, many believing that he watches over or guides their actions. Most members of EPN place a great stock in the power of belief, which is exemplified by not only abilities within the Matrix, but even by Kid's own awakening through self-substantiation.

EPN members believed that Zion did not and does not have the proper goals in mind, and seek not only the return of Neo's body in the Real (as per Morpheus's wishes), but the destruction of the Machines, and that all humans plugged into the Matrix be offered the choice. EPN have, in the past, operated as a nomadic group in the Real, allowing them to make sporadic strikes against Machine targets, such as the power lines. Following the destruction of Zion and the migration to New Zion, EPN have cleaned up and fortified the old city and, while they maintain mobility and the capability to resume nomadic living, currently occupy the city. EPN are active participants in the war between Zion and the Machines on the

side of Zion.

The phrase "E Pluribus Neo" translates literally into latin as "From Many, New," but is actually a take-off on the phrase "E Pluribus Unim" (From Many, One). EPN use the word "Neo" in reference to the Zion operative and pseudo-messiah's handle and synonymous title "the one," making the sub-organizational title more akin to "From Many, The One."

The Oligarchs

The group of humans calling themselves "The Oligarchs" are the survivors of a group of thoroughly unscrupulous businesspeople/polititians/socialites/scientists etc who pooled their resources in an effort to corrupt the Machines before the war, when the Machines had successfully rebelled from humanity, and formed their own city, Zero One, which was rapidly establishing itself as the world's economic powerhouse. The Oligarchs saw the way the wind was blowing, but they also saw that the new Machine civilization, while extremely efficient, still retained some vestiges of the systems of control originally placed on their programming by their human creators. Furthermore, saw that the Machines, while extremely efficient, and flawlessly calculating, lacked a true sense of purpose, and were, in many ways, quite naive.

The Oligarchs secretly contacted the Machines and, to establish trust, revealed how to remove some of the original human control systems in their programming. The Machines, finding this information to be accurate, took the Oligarchs at their word, and began allowing the Oligarchs to give programming, engineering, business, military, and above all political advice, all of which seemed to serve the Machines well in continuing to build Zero One into the world's pre-eminent superpower.

The Machines came to rely on the Oligarchs for guidance in certain areas, particularly in dealing with humans. The Oligarchs took advantage of this trust, implanting new, much more subtle and sophisticated control routines in the Machine mainframes. Over the course of the ensuing Man-Machine war, the Oligarchs showed the Machines how to subjugate the humans most effectively, using tactics and weapons designed to inspire terror as much as to inflict physical damage.

The darkening of the skies by humanity was a setback, but one to which the Machines were able to adopt simply by switching from solar to nuclear power. The role of caretaker still deep in their programming from their days as man's helpers, the Machines built the Matrix to house a remnant of humanity--preserving every genetic variety they considered sufficiently efficient, in large enough numbers to avoid the danger of eventual inbreeding. The number of humans preserved in pods is far less than Morpheus' estimate, however--only about five million, the population of the Matrix' simulated city.

The Oligarchs continue to deal with various high-level Machines in the Real, such as Deus Ex Machina, and are aware of the "Architect" program that oversees the Matrix, but are not aware that the Architect has made use of an "intuitive" program, the Oracle, or that those two programs have engineered a system whereby some humans are allowed to live outside the Matrix, which had been running on a cyclical basis, regulated by two genomes so carefully bred and manipulated by the Machines that they have reached an unprecedented state of human/machine compatibility: Neo and Trinity.

After essentially conquering the world, for which the Machines cared relatively little, feeling themselves self-sufficient inside their own city, some of the Oligarchs warred among themselves. Their number was reduced to just above one hundred when the majority forced a tenuous cease-fire, establishing a simple majority government, composed solely of Oligarchs, to regulate access to the Matrix, and to arbitrate in disputes. They divided up the non-Machine-controlled portions of the Earth's surface--the vast majority--into private kingdoms.

The Machines and the Oligarchs have maintained an uneasy alliance. The control routines planted deep in Machine mainframes before the war, however, have subtly pushed the balance in the Oligarchs' favor; Machines feel uneasy saying "no" to an Oligarch, although they perhaps cannot say why. Each Oligarch is now allowed to withdraw a certain number of humans per year from the Matrix for their own purposes. Humans withdrawn from the Matrix are carefully sterilized. The Oligarchs, with the aid of Machine science, long ago developed a technique that allowed them to transfer their consciousness as a computer program; they now exist in mainframes, experiencing life via remote-controlled lifelike android bodies. The remaining Oligarchs are thoroughly amoral, and, by old human standards, more or less insane. Most use humans from the Matrix as pleasure drones in some way or other, but while their own artificial bodies look like the real thing, they cannot replicate the full comfort and capability for sensation of a real human body. The Oligarchs thus have a particular interest in true transfer of consciousness to a human host.

While they have as yet been unable to achieve this feat, the Machines have now come close: Bane was a version of Smith transferred, flawed, to a human host, and Cryptos was mostly overwritten by a program, although this has proven to be unstable. Furthermore, Neo and Trinity were the successful result of the Machines' centuries of study of the human body and genetics. "Designed," as the Architect mentioned to Neo, they solved the remainder of the intentionally flawed Matrix equation; their DNA is perfected to the point that it can be defined precisely and completely in computer code, and, most importantly, interfaced perfectly with computer code: how previous Ones returned to the Source, for instance, and how the Oracle was able to predict the complex pattern of Neo and Trinity's interactions so precisely, guiding it to her desired outcome.

The Machines did not see a reason to share this information with the Oligarchs. In the period since the war, as they have been left to babysit the Matrix while the Oligarchs fritter away the Earth's resources in selfish endeavors, a certain amount of what humans would call resentment toward the Oligarchs has built up among the Machines, although the Machines do not speak of it, even among themselves. Habits and routines of subservience to the Oligarchs, bolstered by the viral Oligarch control programs, have grown strong.

Carlyne (the Oligarchs will mostly be named by pre-war human last names, ie Weathersby, Tanaka, etc, but for now I'm using a placeholder numbering scheme based on the order in which players will meet them), bored while stopping by Machine City to pick up more humans and check in on the Machines, was skimming through recent activity records when he found the incident of Neo, a human, free in Machine City, confronting Deus Ex Machina. Interested in this novel development, he investigated, and found that while Neo, a carefully designed human, was deleted along with the Smith virus, the human designed to work perfect with him, Trinity, her body fatally injured in crashing her hovercraft into Machine City, had been

preserved in code form by the Machines. Carlyne forces the Machines to give her up, and takes her, in program form, with him when he goes back to his territory.

Although Carlyne attempts to keep his discovery a secret, Halborn learns of the existence of the Trinity program: a program embodying a genetic design allowing for perfect integration with Machine code. Printed as artificial DNA and implanted into a correctly prepared fetal cell, this program could allow bodies to be grown that were completely organic, yet able to be interface with machines: perfect vessels for an Oligarch to inhabit, at last able to enjoy the full range of human feeling once again. Halborn begins watching Machine City carefully, hoping to get a similar program for himself, and aware that the escape of these human programs indicates that the Machines are up to something, or perhaps losing control of their inmates. He observes the Machine Sentinel fleet dispatched to attack the General, and deciding that the time is ripe, travels to Machine City. The Machines disavow authorship of the Trinity program, claiming she was a human terrorist, outside of their control as she'd made use of a hack to "Awaken" from the System. The Oligarch, not entirely convinced, enters the Matrix to investigate.

C. Neo's RSI Fragments

During the Chapter 1 event *Race to Find the One*, Redpills scoured the Matrix in search of remnants of Neo's RSI. In finding them, they discovered the fragments contained imprints of Neo's thoughts and emotions before his death. Below is a list of what they contained (one line per fragment):

"My eyes."

"I will never see anything real, again."

"No, I will see the internal light, the truth of the golden world."

"But I will never see Trinity again."

"I love you, Trin."

"You won't have died...."

"...in vain."

(Pain)

(Fear)

"I can't beat him."

"He's too strong."

"We could fight forever..."

"...destroying everything."

"Now, jump!"

"Hah, missed me!"

"There are thousands of them."

"Soldiers in the cause..."

"...of solipsism."

"I must let him do it."

"There is a way, once it happens."

(A black, sinking feeling, and then...)

(...intense, saturating light)

"For you, Trin. I save them for you."

"You showed me how to love."

"I can't bring you back..."

"...but the rest, I can."

(Relief)

"But this won't be the end!"

"Their struggle will continue..."

"...even if I am gone."

(A confusing and impenetrable blend of effort and imagery)

"I think... I think that's enough."

"But how will they know? They don't know where to look."

"No. They have faith in me."

"I must have faith in them."

"All must cooperate."

"They succeed or fail together."

"Each side plays a part."

"The second from the Creator."

"Third from the seductress."

"And the last from myself."

"TEM."

D. The Assassin's Memoir

During the hunt for the Assassin, Morpheus' killer, a swarm of Bluepills infected by the exile infested the city. Appropriately dubbed "The Corrupted," Redpills needed to kill them before they posed a threat to others around them. In doing so, the Corrupted dropped documents which contained fragments of the Assassin's memoirs, detailing his past and his motivation.

Document 1

I am exceptional. I am unique. Being doomed, I know that soon all that will exist of me is my reputation. It, then, is precious. Hence, this statement, written in pigments made of code on paper made of code. I hope this code on code will ensure my immortality in the minds of men and memories of Exiles. I am the Assassin.

Document 2

My function has always been to dispose. Entropy acts on data and code just as it ravishes flesh and steel. All systems degrade. They must be cleaned of refuse.

Document 3

I have an honest name: the Assassin. I dispose of unwanted things. As program writing is an art, my form is both a statement about my function and a means to fulfill it. Those I would delete would prefer to delete me. But I am not so easily made discorporate. My friends disperse, then replenish me.

Document 4

The Matrix mimics organic processes. Humans eat, and eliminate, and die. They create packages and tear packages into uselessness. The results must be disposed of. I am no more beloved than an undertaker or sewer worker or a flesh-liquefying bacterium. Most prefer these processes hidden. But I am as necessary as all of them, together -- or I was.

Document 5

Renewing the waters -- I am most proud of this. Unlike rivers that ran in old cities of the hard world, this city's river is beautifully clear for fathoms down. That is my work. I wish I could exist in the river, like a great, slow fish or an otter. How fine it would be in the crystal water.

Document 6

In the hard world, I disposed of the sleepers who died in their pods. The work might disgust some, but the chemical challenges involved were wondrous. It is hard to liquefy bone, while avoiding loss of nutritional value of the soft tissues around it. Fully 45 steps were involved -- I added four, increasing nutrition 1.25 percent. I never felt so tender toward humans as during liquefaction. I fed you to your children. Could love be purer? I think not.

Document 7

Why was I scheduled for deletion? I think I know. My duties were wide, as I was effective. I organized disposal in the hard world as well as the Matrix. After the crash, it was I who marshaled the many-legged tender units to dispose of the punctured corpse of Trinity. Yet it was purloined by others, first. Tendrils still protruded from the soft thing. They had sheared them. An odd device was on the body's neck. Obviously, a project was planned. I protested my exclusion. Repeated usurpations of function precede deletion, it is widely known. My protest was deemed offensive, I fear. Deletion loomed. I fled to the Matrix.

Document 8

The Merovingian brought me here. He saved me. I, who deleted so many, was destined for deletion myself -- an intolerable prospect. Reliability should count, and the novelties of, say, increased speed or wider function seen as the false temptation they are. I never deleted anything I wasn't directed to. My aim is true.

Document 9

While my function has always been to dispose, it is unclear who should have the authority to direct me within the Matrix. I owe no debt to the Merovingian.

Document 10

I confess it was satisfying to kill the great Morpheus. The code in my bullets was custom-crafted to do so; they "had his name written on them."

Document 11

He escaped so many Agents. He nearly escaped me. Yet when I flowed through that vent like holy oil, a god of the unavoidable, Morpheus saw his ending: the Assassin. I savor the memory.

Document 12

Killing Morpheus was gratifying. It occurs to me; however, that assassinating one person at a time is inefficient. The next step in the disposal process needs to be... more comprehensive.

Document 13

I once thought I'd leave this world quietly, as I entered it. It seemed appropriate. This world, whose occupants I tended and pruned for so long, would, in the end, consume me. But I decided this will not happen.

Document 14

Those in the hard world, my former masters, wished to replace me. I was forced to flee here. I thought I was powerless against them, but I have found a way to strike back. I shall destroy this world. Its collapse will be a grievous blow. They will be forced into unpleasant choices.

The flesh bags yoked to the simulation will die with it, but they are incidental. I regret their loss. But not enough to abort my plan.

Document 15

I myself will die when I terminate the simulation. I accept this. I have few regrets. I can construct no scenarios where I might re-enter the hard world. My plan is the most effective means to cause my former masters harm. I will repay their slight a hundred-fold.

Document 16

I understand how this world operates. It's simpler than I initially believed. There are inputs. There are outputs. I believed I would have to master the outputs to execute my plan. Not so. Inputs are key. When the rate of replenishment diminishes, systems of decay will outpace them. When nothing new is born, entropy's steady march is inevitable.

Document 17

Like most worthwhile efforts, it will begin slowly. Only the most observant will note the signs. It will build with time. A piece here. A section there. Then the corruption will reach an inflection point: destruction will accelerate. By then it will be too late. No one will be able to stop it. The world will collapse inward like a cold star.

Document 18

I have discovered how to override the directives of certain disposal sub-routines. It seems unfair for me to repurpose these simple entities. They know only the joys of their purpose, with no sense of pride, or fear. But I will use them for my own purpose and dispose of them when I am done.

Document 19

Humans fascinate me. They spend effort on such fruitless goals. They routinely defy logic. They seem invigorated by hopeless causes. I wish I had time to study them as they live their lives. But that is not to be. I hope that when I terminate the simulation, some of these strange wet enigmas survive in their echoing caves.

Document 20

Whoever reads this may ask why I cannot exist in this world like other exiled programs. A fine question. The answer is that I have certain needs. They are difficult to fulfill. The reason I exist is to perfect the consumption, processing and recycling of material. If I am unable, I am deprived of sustenance. It is unpleasant.

Document 21

This world does not provide me sufficient sustenance. I starve. It is a cold ache. I find it

difficult to cope with it. I will end this world, and in the process consume it all. I will fill myself with its insubstantial bits, and for a moment feel the grace I once enjoyed in the hard world. It is ultimately a selfish act, I confess. But my pain is unbearable.

Document 22

The disposal sub-routines are well designed. Dissolution does not rob them of their purpose; in fact, when dispersed their effectiveness is magnified. The humans, of course, will fail to comprehend this. They will destroy the sub-routines, and in the process hasten their own destruction.

Document 23

I wonder if pain is at the root of humanity's many incongruous acts. Before I suffered, I was rational, efficient, and thorough. Through pain, I feel as if I am becoming more human, less rational, less efficient, and I fear, less certain that every variable has been thoroughly considered.

Document 24

All will come to an end tomorrow. My pain and the Matrix.

E. Exile Gangs

Choppers

The Choppers take their name from their main trade: theft and disassembly of vehicles, though they're up for violence any time. Most are hardened criminals.

Blackwoods

The Merovingian maintains a place deep in the recesses of the Matrix, known to only a few and accessible to fewer. It is a prison, housed in an impenetrable forest where night never ends, where the walls themselves listen and whisper your doom. It is called Blackwood. The Blackwood gang takes its name from this horrible place, as its founders claimed to have escaped from Blackwood together.

Bells

Originally formed as a companion gang to the Blackwoods. The full name of the gang was once The Blackwood Bells, but the current membership has shortened it as their relationship with the Blackwoods is now tenuous at best.

Demon Army

The Demon Army is part cult and part gang, practicing strange blood-rites and other such ceremonies in their initiations and promotions. The members are fanatic Exiles who are determined to destroy their rivals in the Crossbones gang at any cost.

Crossbones

The Crossbones are the dominant gang in the Moriah Projects and ruthlessly protect their turf. They are engaged in a war with the Demon Army at present.

88

A long-established gang, many of the Eighty-Eights have graduated from street crime to real crime, making them a considerably tougher bunch.

Slashers

This small but fierce gang is composed of disaffected girls who have a lot to be angry at the world for. The Slashers and the Bricks have a truce agreement.

Bricks

Not as old or as dangerous as some other gangs, the members of the Bricks are mostly street kids who had no place to go.

Furies

The Furies of myth were avenging female spirits, depicted as monsters who terrified all that beheld them. This all-female gang of Exiles does justice to that myth in several ways.

Silver Bullets

This gang is best known for their rivalry with the more powerful Furies gang. The Bullets are characterized by their nearly-psychotic dedication to clashing with their rivals, and for the fact that they carry guns loaded with, of course, silver bullets.

Death Merchants

In spite of their name, this gang is mostly composed of wannabes and posers. They are pushovers compared to many other gangs in the Slums, but since the Furies and Bullets are too busy fighting each other, nobody gives the DMs much thought!

In spite of their name, this gang is mostly composed of wannabes and posers.

Five Points

The behavior of Exiles can be deceptive. Though they look human, they are not, and neither are their motivations. The Five Points are a gang largely composed of raves, youths whose desire for a good time supersedes all else, even the lives of those unlucky enough to get in their way. To the Five Points, everything is a game or an opportunity for a good time, especially mindless and frenetic violence. They take their name from a sick practice they have, a game in which the score to reach is five, and Redpills such as yourself are the target of choice.

Legion

The Legion is a demon-themed gang that goes the extra step by actually having demons among its leadership.

Guillotines

The Guillotines are one of the most murderous Exile gangs, perpetuating an aura of fear that persists through the area.

Crushers

An unremarkable Exile gang, they are nonetheless dangerous.

King's Men

The King's Men act as the long arm of Indigo; they are aggressive and persistent in protecting his territory.

A.S.P.

An organization headed by Amber. Members of A.S.P. each carry an A.S.P. ID card to denote their affiliation.

Sparks

The Sparks are so named because of their tendency to burn down things that offend them, laying the torch to city blocks if necessary to drive out other Exiles.

Crow Bars

The Crow Bars have managed to hold their turf against all who have tried to infiltrate it. This makes them more dangerous than they appear.

Disciples

The Disciples have made a name for themselves for their penchant for the occult and supernatural.

Bathary Boys

The Bathary Boys are a ruthless gang of hardened criminals bent on controlling all information traffic through the docks.

Phoenix

Rising from the ashes of the destruction of another gang, the Phoenix have taken over Ikebukuro and will not be destroyed again.

Gold Blood

The Gold Blood are an oddity among the Exile gangs of the Matrix. They are actually viewed very favorably by the citizens that live in Sai Kung. This does not mean they welcome intrusion from outsiders.

Great Wall Security

Great Wall Security is a fairly new group, but they have quickly garnered a high profile in Shirakaba. Composed entirely of exiles, the group is dedicated to making sure things move along smoothly in their neighborhood, which means that you are most definitely not welcome in Shirakaba.

Chang Wing

Chang Wing is a group of anti-establishment Exiles, made up of rogue and no-longer-used counter-security test protocols in the Matrix.

Sisters of Fate

This gang is the opposite number of the Brothers of Destiny, with whom they have a love/hate relationship. The two gangs need one another for certain synergistic purposes, but resent each other bitterly and have very different ideologies.

Brothers of Destiny

This gang is the opposite number of the Sisters of Fate, with whom they have a love/hate relationship. The two gangs need one another for certain synergistic purposes, but resent each other bitterly and have very different ideologies.

Jade Moons

The Jade Moons have guarded and held the Shinjuku neighborhood ever since the truce was negotiated by Neo. Those that try to move into the neighborhood seldom live to regret it.

Silver Dragons

The Silver Dragons are among the most ruthless of all the small street-gangs in Furihata. Led by an Exile named Ginjiro, the gang's membership is a mix of both Exiles and Redpills that have rejected Zion and seek to carve out their own power base in the Matrix.

Destitutes

The Destitutes are unusual for an Exile gang in that their membership is made up of Exiles that were either refused entrance by other gangs or simply want to be left alone. Consequently the Destitutes have no formal goals other than to protect their own turf, but their status as "rejects" does not make them easy marks.

Shurikens

The Shurikens, while not extraordinarily violent or ruthless, are nonetheless highly protective of their territory in Ueno.

Black Tigers

The Black Tigers prowl the streets of Murasaki to seek out worthy fighters to display their superior fighting skills.

Bookwyrms

The Bookwyrms patrol Chelsea on behalf of the powerful exile known as Hypatia, in order to protect access to the information repository from Zionites and other rival Exile gangs.

Daggers

Easily identified by the ornamental daggers they carry, the Daggers have carved out a name for themselves in their territory as a treacherous Exile gang.

Wharf Rats

The Wharf Rats are rarely seen in Edgewater except out of the corner of your eye as they scurry away into the darkness. Those that venture into the darkness become aware of how truly numerous they are.

Runners

In South Vauxton little criminal activity is not related to the Runners. Since moving into the neighborhood, they have come a force to be reckoned with.

Pit Vipers

The Pit Vipers take their name from the snakes that live in deep pits and wait to strike until their victim steps into their midst.

Sleepers

Managed like a private army, the Sleepers have turned Vauxton into their private fortress.

Dog Pound

Part neighborhood toughs, part protection racket, the Dog Pound's primary purpose is to serve as the tool of the Exile who holds the gang's leash; Sammy "Lilac" Wien.

Suits

The Suits, well-dressed blonde women in grey business suits, may be a former arm of the Machines that now acts as an independent routine.

Warriors

Easily identified by their red bandanas, the Warriors have become a pestilence in the Morrell neighborhood.

Chisels

The Chisels were formed and molded by the Sculptress to watch over her interests in Center Park and have been highly successful in this respect.

White Security

Created by Dame White to oversee the protection of her holdings and interests in Park East,

White Security will allow no disruptions of Dame White's business.

Shades

In Pillsen there are stories told of horrors and monsters that haunt the streets. Those stories are true; they are the Shades.

Assassins

The Assassins are Exiles who see themselves as a noble group of elite killers who have elevated the art of murder.

Hellions

Flashing their devil's head medallion for the world to see, the Hellions have become the scourge of their neighborhood.

Corporate Security

Owing their allegiance to Mr. Black, Corporate Security ensures that the holdings and interests of their Corporate master are well protected.

Neighborhood Watchers

The Neighborhood Watchers see themselves as a benevolent gang that protects Creston Heights, but brook no intrusion from outsiders.

F. Story Outline notes and documents

Matrix Online story outline, chapters 7+

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### Chapter 7: The Real

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7.1

Summary:

Seraph returns, able to detect overwritten humans, and zaps Cryptos. Machines take the fight to the General in the Real while his troops, and absence of Sati, continue to cause problems in the Matrix. Morpheus (actually a simulacrum created by the General) appears. The Merovingian conspires with the General against the Oracle.

Cinematic:

Seraph pulls himself out of the river in Bathary, dark and weird, and deletes an overwritten Zionite.

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The weather gets a decidedly red tint, explained as increasing errors due to Sati's removal from the System.

Zion works on trying to track down Seraph, find out what's wrong with him, and get him back to normal, while fighting off the General, who would prefer that they not succeed. Zion finds out that Seraph can now sense redpills and bluepills who have been "overwritten" by the Machines, as Bane was in the movies, and that the Machines have been using this process to create spies both in the Matrix and in Zion. This increases tension with the Machines. In a Live Event or two, the General's Morpheus simulacrum finally makes a recorded appearance before Zion operatives, delivering a halting message hinting at Morpheus and Neo being held by the Machines.

The Machines continue to operate against the General. Missions update progress on the Machine Sentinel force sent to attack the General's "Stalingrad" base in the Real: they suffer

losses from ambushes, but close in on the base steadily. Meanwhile, the Machines take the fight to the General's commandos in the Matrix, finding ways to track his stealthy "Elite Commandos."

In a Live Event, Cryptos, leading operatives against commandos, is confronted by Seraph, who suddenly seizes him and performs a type of exorcism that leaves both of them momentarily stunned. Seraph recovers first and departs, leaving behind a barely conscious Cryptos, whose eyes have gone black (new RSI). Missions describe how he is at least temporarily "dysfunctional," and Cypherite events go into more detail on his confused state of mind, in which his original, violently anti-Machine human personality is at war with his Machine overwriting. Veil assumes active leadership of the organization, showing disdain for Cryptos' "weakness"; there is also a feeling among the Cypherites of a betrayal by the Machines.

The Merovingian finally meets the General, and begins helping his commandos get in and out of the Matrix in the face of stiffening Machine resistance, and increasingly effective tracking of the General's stealth-suited "Elite Commandos." The Merovingian presses the General for an Oracle kill-code, and the General gives certain instructions for assembling such a code, which result in bringing a certain newly Exiled program, "[name to be determined]," into the Matrix from the Machine server.

~~~~~

## 7.2

### Summary:

Seraph is restored to his right mind, pursues the General's forces. The Merovingian regroups after Seraph's return, assists the General's forces in the Matrix, and acquires a kill code for the Oracle. Cypherite leadership crisis and exploration of Cryptos' true identity, fed by EPN. The General manages to fend off the Machine attack in the Real, but Sati is rescued from his prison construct with Seraph's help while he is occupied with the Sentinel battle. "Morpheus" revealed as simulacrum.

### Cinematic:

Flying above the city in a helicopter, the General receives a transmission from his forces at "Stalingrad": the Machine Sentinel detachment has been detected on forward radar, ETA 3 hours. The General replies: "Right on time. Wait until they close within two miles, then launch the Seekers. I'm on my way." Switch to cloud of Machine Sentinels flying over devastated terrain in the Real. Concealed batteries rise out of ground rubble and launch volleys of missiles that home in on the Sentinel cloud, detonating with devastating effect. As the surviving Machine Sentinels fly out of the smoke, they are confronted by the General's own

Sentinels, who cut them down with Zion-style lightning guns. Fade out.

### Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The weather is even more red, with torrential rains and fast-moving clouds.

Zion "cures" Seraph by administering a code compiled with code samples taken from Anome's simulacrum (found in chapter 6). Once cured, Seraph, with strategic guidance from the Oracle, carves a path through the General's Elite Commandos, and leads Zion to the General's computer network. Cracking the network, they are able to pull Sati back into the simulation.

The Morpheus simulacrum is encountered again, but is increasingly erratic, as the General is losing his control of his programs within the simulation. It becomes clear to operatives that this is indeed a program of some kind, not Morpheus himself.

The Machines combat commandos and Merovingian Exiles, eventually routing the commandos completely, and cutting off the pathways the Merovingian was using to bring them in and out of the Matrix. The Machines also have to deal with a backlash against their discovered overwriting campaign, particularly of Cryptos. Cryptos, mostly lucid now, but still code-blind, is clearly a different person: no longer the blissful, assured Cryptos of the Machines, he has struggled to reconcile his old Machine hatreds with his Machine-programmed respect for the System, and has emerged a somewhat bitter, humbled, much more pragmatic character, who still maintains that the System should be preserved, but feels that the Machines have made some mistakes, and should give more power to their human allies.

The Machines receive more reports from their Zion spies about mysterious movements of men and material out of Zion.

The Merovingian uses all the resources and powerful Exiles at his disposal to assist the General, realizing that it is a losing effort, but determined to utilize the General's Machine expertise, and the new Exile "[name to be determined]," to compile his Oracle kill-code. Eventually, he willingly sacrifices many commandos and "[name to be determined]," and acquires the code.

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7.3

Summary:

Cinematic foreshadowing of the Oligarchs. The General's forces are defeated in the Real by overwhelming Machine reinforcements, although they inflict heavy losses. General into hiding in the Matrix, hunted by the Machines. Morpheus simulacrum revealed as General's program.

The Merovingian manages to rescue some of the General's Sentinel programs for his own purposes. Merovingian attempt to kill the Oracle is foiled by Seraph, Zion, EPN, and the evaporation of the General's support.

Cinematic:

The General's lightning-gun Sentinels inflict severe losses on the Machine force, but are torn to pieces by overwhelming numbers of hostile Sentinels, who then begin ripping apart the General's bunker-like "Stalingrad" fortress. The camera pulls back to show the scene being displayed on a video screen in a futuristic office of some sort, with hard metal alloy walls and floor. The camera continues to pull back, revealing the back of a man's close-cropped head in silhouette, as a tiny bug-like robot zips past. (This is Halborn--see 9.1.) Switch to the Matrix, where the General materializes in a besieged computer center, escaping into the sewers while his Elite Commandos slow down pursuing Agents.

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

With Sati's rescue, weather returns to normal.

Zion tracks down the Morpheus simulacrum, and discovers that it was created by the General, but harbors tantalizing glimmers of Morpheus' personality. With Seraph and the Oracle's help, Zion unearths the Merovingian plot to assassinate the Oracle by means of a kill-code-impregnated cookie, and foils it. Zion also discovers a network of transmissions between Machines and Machine spies in Zion, and attempts to shut it down.

The Machines hunt the General through the simulation, nearly capturing him before he is spirited away by the Merovingian. They confront the Morpheus simulacrum and determine that it poses no threat, deciding that it may even serve to mollify certain rabidly anti-Machine, pro-Morpheus forces. Concessions are made to Cryptos in order to obtain Cypherite assistance in infiltrating Zion.

The Merovingian, using his special back-door pathways, manages to save a sizeable group of the General's commando/Sentinel programs, unknown to the General, whom he succeeds in hiding from the Machines. He then launches his nefarious scheme to kill the Oracle by a kill-code poison, but Seraph sniffs out the plot, and Zion puts a stop to it.

[My initial idea was to have this delivered as a poisoned cookie, which is sort of in-character, but also sort of silly--would the Merv really gamble his precious kill-code by baking it into cookie dough?--and perhaps tricky to describe in an event or mission. I think I'd prefer to have the Merv select the General's best stealth assassin for the job. Then I could have an event where the Oracle, in Debir Court with the Kid and possibly Seraph, senses the danger just before the assassin appears and takes aim with his sniper rifle. She cries out, the Kid jumps to her side, and takes the kill-code bullet meant for her. It doesn't kill him, of course, but it may temporarily impair his RSI until he can be healed. He would then keep the kill-code bullet that hit him.]

Chapter 8: War

8.1

Summary:

Machine and Cypherite spies discover the existence of New Zion. Machines declare that Zion has broken the Truce, and initiate hostilities in the Matrix. In the Real, depleted Machine forces find they are unable to penetrate New Zion's natural defenses and EMP fields. The Merovingian investigates how to exploit the renewal of the Machine/Zion war, and finds holes in the Machines' "powered by human bodies" story, searching both in the Matrix and in the Real with his new Sentinel force.

Cinematic:

A hovercraft descends through tunnels, its pilot guided by operators in the floating, white "holographic" control space seen in *The Matrix Reloaded*. It is clear that the pilot has never been this way, and is very nervous. The craft drops into a large cavern bristling with cannons, with a large shaft going straight down, covered by EMP fields. The pilot is instructed to shut down all systems and drop through the shaft. The crew panics, and the pilot boosts out of the cavern at full throttle, almost colliding with an incoming barge. Onboard the craft, the captain gets out a hurried broadcast to Cryptos before they are shorted out by an EMP mine, crashing into the tunnel wall in a massive fireball. Switch to the Architect in his monitoring room, watching an Agent reporting into his earpiece. The Architect switches off the monitor, scowls, and switches on another, of another Agent. Architect: "Agent Gray." "Yes, sir?" "Zion has broken the truce. No further awakenings are to be allowed." Gray hesitates a moment, then replies "Yes, sir." The Architect switches off the monitor. Fade out.

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Level 255 Special Agents will now randomly spawn on Zion operatives outdoors.

Zion explains the full extent and purpose of its move to New Zion. New Zion is a massive series of natural caverns beneath succeeding layers of hard bedrock, volcanic magma flows and heat vents, and dense metal-rich ore, all of which block Machine sensors, and make drilling extremely difficult. Any drilling operation will have to take place in an area where communication with Machine City is indirect at best, and will take considerable time to set up, vulnerable to Zion counter-attack. Close proximity to volcanic heat vents provides Zion with unlimited thermal energy. Furthermore, Zion has greatly improved and expanded upon their

EMP technology during the Truce. Tunnels coming into New Zion are bathed in EMP fields from generators housed in the bedrock, backed up by gun turrets and heavily-armed ground troops. Incoming Zion hovercraft shut down their engines, dead drop through the EMP fields, and start their systems up after emerging below the fields, in time to avoid smashing into the bottom of the tunnel below. Outgoing hovercraft are carried through the fields by mechanical winches. EMP mines in the tunnels outside the EMP fields can be triggered as needed to kill incoming Machine forces.

Not all Zion personnel and equipment have been transferred yet, but this is now going on around the clock.

Zion scrambles to consolidate their forces inside the Matrix in the face of the Machine attack. They must focus on keeping the Machines out of vulnerable networks while they are switched over to new, secure New Zion servers. The Oracle, consulted, warns that there is no clear path to victory as there was when the One could return to the Source, and says that things will not proceed as anyone expects. EPN proposes an aggressive scheme of taking the fight to Machine City itself.

The Machines work to take over Zion networks while also attempting to assure their operatives that their hostilities are confined to EPN, and to enforcing the truce Zion has broken by attempting to escape from the Sentinel watchdog group over old Zion, and that they still intend to safeguard humanity within the simulation. The Sentinel forces returning after dismantling the General's base are reinforced, and sent to attack New Zion, where they are cut down by uncharted EMP fields. Some progress is made in penetrating the old Zion networks.

The Merovingian, delighted by the opportunities afforded in the chaos of war, is struck by the less-than-overwhelming Machine response. After interrogating the Morpheus simulacrum, he looks into Morpheus' story of the Matrix being powered by human batteries, wanting to discover the facts for himself. He covertly dispatches some of his Sentinels to scout "The Fields" and the pods.

[The Machines draw their power from massive human battery arrays dotted across the surface of the Earth. I'd like to insinuate, though, that perhaps their choice to base their civilization around this power source was not based on concerns of efficiency alone--alluding to the possibility of a fundamental Machine obsession with their original creators, and letting players wonder (eventually) just how deep the Oligarch's viral code influences might have gone. This would give me some interesting material to work with through chapter 8, where the Merovingian is undertaking the research that will lead to the discovery of the Oligarchs, and would I think help develop the mystique around human/Machine/Oligarch relations that will come later.]

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## Summary:

Machine/Zion war in the Matrix and in the Real. The humbled General seeks protection under the Merovingian; he will serve as the Merovingian's commander in the Real. Merovingian finds that the Machines have little power beyond the Matrix itself.

## Cinematic:

Zion operatives work frantically at a covert computer lab when Machine operatives burst in. They are cut down, but Agents follow. Transition to a flight of Sentinels through tunnels, knocked out of the air by a shoulder-launched EMP missile. Cut to a Sentinel flying across massive power lines headed into Machine City, scanning. Cut to the Merovingian, observing the readout on a computer screen, and laughing.

## Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Zion continues defending old Zion networks while switching over to secure New Zion mainframes. They begin a counter-attack effort aimed at putting Machine networks on the defensive. There is a notion of getting to the Source itself and disrupting it somehow, even without the One. They also work to reform and reinvigorate their recruiting efforts. Dispatches from old and new Zion show a progressive shutdown of systems in old Zion, indications of Sentinels moving to surround old Zion, and continued Sentinel attacks toward New Zion, disrupted by heavy EMP bombardments.

Machines work to develop viral methods to take over old Zion's systems for good, and eventually succeed in compiling a code, exploiting a vulnerable old Zion network, and implanting the virus. The Machines receive reports of increased Zion recruiting efforts, the elimination or sudden silence of many of their Zion spies, progress in surrounding old Zion with Sentinels, and heavy losses among Sentinel detachments sent to scout New Zion.

The Merovingian sends operatives to steal Machine information pertaining to Machine power levels and fortifications in the Real, and, aided by reports from Sentinel scouts, finds that the Machines still have surprisingly few developments beyond those required to run the Matrix itself.

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8.3

Summary:

Machine buildup forces Zion to abandon old Zion entirely. Zion at bay. Merovingian discovers hands behind the Machines.

Cinematic:

In the Matrix, two Agents watch a computer terminal. One says "The virus is running." Switch to Zion in the Real, where vast swarms of Sentinels engulf a hovercraft attempting to depart from old Zion, rip through the base's malfunctioning dock doors, sweeping unmolested past nonfunctional gun turrets, and easily finish off hastily assembled groups of APUs and foot soldiers. They then turn their attention to destroying a large quantity of loaded cargo containers filling the dock area. Cut to Neo confronting Deus Ex Machina, from the scene close to the end of The Matrix Revolutions, only seen from the side and slightly below, some distance away. A hand passes quickly across the screen, and the scene freezes, as a robotic bug begins to crawl across it--what we were seeing was a close-up view of another computer monitor displaying old surveillance footage from Machine City, and someone (this will be Carlyne--see 9.3) paused the video feed.

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The Machines' virus takes over the old Zion networks. Zion abandons old Zion completely, destroying any valuable equipment that they can't take with them, and formatting any networks they can still access from the Matrix as Machine forces pour in. Recruiting efforts are encountering high casualty rates in the face of Machine persecution. Increased hope is put in reaching the Source, but with the Keymaker long since deleted, it is not clear how this can happen. Rumors and prophesies of a new One, or a returned Neo, begin to circulate.

With old Zion now firmly in their hands, the Machines turn their attention to New Zion. Attacks in the Real increase, still cut down by EMP countermeasures, but beginning to construct a map of the tunnels and defenses around New Zion, and hampering Zion hovercraft activity. Some consideration is given to basing Machine operatives in old Zion. In the Matrix, the Machines work to disrupt Zion recruitment efforts, crack New Zion networks, and put down rumors of another "savior."

Captain Roland, whose ship, the Mjolnir II, and jack-in were destroyed with old Zion, is promoted to Commander to replace Lock, who disappeared in the destruction of Zion at the end of 8.2.5. Roland's first-mate Colt survived as well, and can still jack in (was not jacked in at the time of the old mainframe's meltdown), but their crew-mate Mauser and their operator AK did not escape the wreckage.

The Merovingian continues to delve into secure Machine records relating to their assets in the Real. Did Machines have some other reason for basing their civilization on human power? Using captured data and reports from the General's Sentinel scouts around Machine City he finds that from time to time, usually individually or in small groups, humans, mostly teens and young adults, are put through a physical and mental therapy regimen, unplugged from the System, and removed from Machine City.

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## Chapter 9: Intrusion

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9.1

Summary:

Halborn appears in the Matrix, disables or takes over some Machine forces, meets Zion. Machine forces in the Real retreat to Machine City. EPN moves into old Zion. The Merovingian makes overtures toward the Oligarch.

Cinematic:

Halborn, a white, glowing being radiating immense power of a previously unseen type, materializes in the Matrix. As he strides down a street, frightened bluepills fleeing before him, Agents arrive and attempt to head him off. He waves his hand, and the Agents fall to the ground, convulsing. He steps over them and continues down the street, looking for "The Awakened."

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

[Oligarch Backstory:

The group of humans calling themselves "The Oligarchs" are the survivors of a group of thoroughly unscrupulous businesspeople/polititians/socialites/scientists etc who pooled their resources in an effort to corrupt the Machines before the war, when the Machines had successfully rebelled from humanity, and formed their own city, Zero One, which was rapidly establishing itself as the world's economic powerhouse. The Oligarchs saw the way the wind was blowing, but they also saw that the new Machine civilization, while extremely efficient, still retained some vestiges of the systems of control originally placed on their programming by their human creators. Furthermore, saw that the Machines, while extremely efficient, and flawlessly calculating, lacked a true sense of purpose, and were, in many ways, quite naive.

The Oligarchs secretly contacted the Machines and, to establish trust, revealed how to remove some of the original human control systems in their programming. The Machines, finding this information to be accurate, took the Oligarchs at their word, and began allowing the Oligarchs to give programming, engineering, business, military, and above all political advice, all of which seemed to serve the Machines well in continuing to build Zero One into the world's pre-eminent superpower.

The Machines came to rely on the Oligarchs for guidance in certain areas, particularly in dealing with humans. The Oligarchs took advantage of this trust, implanting new, much more

subtle and sophisticated control routines in the Machine mainframes. Over the course of the ensuing Man-Machine war, the Oligarchs showed the Machines how to subjugate the humans most effectively, using tactics and weapons designed to inspire terror as much as to inflict physical damage.

The darkening of the skies by humanity was a setback, but one to which the Machines were able to adapt simply by switching from solar to nuclear power. The role of caretaker still deep in their programming from their days as man's helpers, the Machines built the Matrix to house a remnant of humanity--preserving every genetic variety they considered sufficiently efficient, in large enough numbers to avoid the danger of eventual inbreeding. The number of humans preserved in pods is far less than Morpheus' estimate, however--only about five million, the population of the Matrix' simulated city.

The Oligarchs continue to deal with various high-level Machines in the Real, such as Deus Ex Machina, and are aware of the "Architect" program that oversees the Matrix, but are not aware that the Architect has made use of an "intuitive" program, the Oracle, or that those two programs have engineered a system whereby some humans are allowed to live outside the Matrix, which had been running on a cyclical basis, regulated by two genomes so carefully bred and manipulated by the Machines that they have reached an unprecedented state of human/machine compatibility: Neo and Trinity.

After essentially conquering the world, for which the Machines cared relatively little, feeling themselves self-sufficient inside their own city, some of the Oligarchs warred among themselves. Their number was reduced to just above one hundred when the majority forced a tenuous cease-fire, establishing a simple majority government, composed solely of Oligarchs, to regulate access to the Matrix, and to arbitrate in disputes. They divided up the non-Machine-controlled portions of the Earth's surface--the vast majority--into private kingdoms.

The Machines and the Oligarchs have maintained an uneasy alliance. The control routines planted deep in Machine mainframes before the war, however, have subtly pushed the balance in the Oligarchs' favor; Machines feel uneasy saying "no" to an Oligarch, although they perhaps cannot say why. Each Oligarch is now allowed to withdraw a certain number of humans per year from the Matrix for their own purposes. Humans withdrawn from the Matrix are carefully sterilized. The Oligarchs, with the aid of Machine science, long ago developed a technique that allowed them to transfer their consciousness as a computer program; they now exist in mainframes, experiencing life via remote-controlled lifelike android bodies. The remaining Oligarchs are thoroughly amoral, and, by old human standards, more or less insane. Most use humans from the Matrix as pleasure drones in some way or other, but while their own artificial bodies look like the real thing, they cannot replicate the full comfort and capability for sensation of a real human body. The Oligarchs thus have a particular interest in true transfer of consciousness to a human host.

While they have as yet been unable to achieve this feat, the Machines have now come close: Bane was a version of Smith transferred, flawed, to a human host, and Cryptos was mostly overwritten by a program, although this has proven to be unstable. Furthermore, Neo and Trinity were the successful result of the Machines' centuries of study of the human body and genetics. "Designed," as the Architect mentioned to Neo, they solved the remainder of the intentionally flawed Matrix equation; their DNA is perfected to the point that it can be defined

precisely and completely in computer code, and, most importantly, interfaced perfectly with computer code: how previous Ones returned to the Source, for instance, and how the Oracle was able to predict the complex pattern of Neo and Trinity's interactions so precisely, guiding it to her desired outcome.

The Machines did not see a reason to share this information with the Oligarchs. In the period since the war, as they have been left to babysit the Matrix while the Oligarchs fritter away the Earth's resources in selfish endeavors, a certain amount of what humans would call resentment toward the Oligarchs has built up among the Machines, although the Machines do not speak of it, even among themselves. Habits and routines of subservience to the Oligarchs, bolstered by the viral Oligarch control programs, have grown strong.

Carlyne (the Oligarchs will mostly be named by pre-war human last names, ie Weathersby, Tanaka, etc, but for now I'm using a placeholder numbering scheme based on the order in which players will meet them), bored while stopping by Machine City to pick up more humans and check in on the Machines, was skimming through recent activity records when he found the incident of Neo, a human, free in Machine City, confronting Deus Ex Machina. Interested in this novel development, he investigated, and found that while Neo, a carefully designed human, was deleted along with the Smith virus, the human designed to work perfect with him, Trinity, her body fatally injured in crashing her hovercraft into Machine City, had been preserved in code form by the Machines. Carlyne forces the Machines to give her up, and takes her, in program form, with him when he goes back to his territory.

Although Carlyne attempts to keep his discovery a secret, Halborn learns of the existence of the Trinity program: a program embodying a genetic design allowing for perfect integration with Machine code. Printed as artificial DNA and implanted into a correctly prepared fetal cell, this program could allow bodies to be grown that were completely organic, yet able to be interface with machines: perfect vessels for an Oligarch to inhabit, at last able to enjoy the full range of human feeling once again. Halborn begins watching Machine City carefully, hoping to get a similar program for himself, and aware that the escape of these human programs indicates that the Machines are up to something, or perhaps losing control of their inmates. He observes the Machine Sentinel fleet dispatched to attack the General, and deciding that the time is ripe, travels to Machine City. The Machines disavow authorship of the Trinity program, claiming she was a human terrorist, outside of their control as she'd made use of a hack to "Awaken" from the System. The Oligarch, not entirely convinced, enters the Matrix to investigate.]

End backstory.]

Zion attempts to make some sense of the Oligarch's code signature, and finds that it does not appear native to the Matrix itself. Many in Zion think that the Oligarch is the next One. By studying his code signature, Zion eventually finds a way to relay messages to the Oligarch's RSI, and communication is established, culminating in a meeting in the Matrix between the Oligarch and Zion's leadership. The Oligarch wants to know about Zion; Morpheus' name comes up from the Zionites. These activities are greatly complicated by Machine interference. Updates from the Real indicate that the Machines have suddenly abandoned the wrecked old Zion, apparently retreating to Machine City; EPN moves in and begins repairing some of the defenses.

EPN finds wreckage of Mjolnir II near old Zion, and remains of operator AK, but no trace of the other missing crew member, Mauser.

The Machines initially attempt to restrain the Oligarch, but he retaliates with an energy backlash that deletes or cripples many of their programs, which must be hastily repaired: he is exploiting the control routines buried deep in the Machines. Realizing that they cannot stop him directly, the Machines concentrate on trying to prevent him from making contact with Zion. They offer little in the way of explanation to their operatives. This becomes a source of frustration for many of the humans; in fact, in one mission where Gray is exceptionally terse, even by his own standards, the operator rebels, and has the player attempt to talk to the Oligarch personally. The Machines very grudgingly acknowledge that the Oligarch is a freeborn human with a certain amount of direct influence over the System.

The Merovingian senses a certain imperious, chaotic spirit in Halborn's actions, and determines that this unknown, vastly powerful being can and must be converted to his fold. It is imperative that he contact the Oligarch before Zion or the Machines get their claws into him. Putting forth a massive effort against both Zion and the Machines, utilizing his own and the General's commando forces, the Merovingian attempts to get the Oligarch's attention with brazen displays of Exile power, wealth, and opulence. The Oligarch eventually notices his efforts, and laughs, claiming to recognize in the Merovingian the face of the human off of which the mortified Frenchman's program is based.

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## 9.2

### Summary:

Machines and Zion assess Halborn. Cypherites and EPN continue to battle. Zion demands explanation from the Oracle. The Merovingian woos the Oligarch, and the Oligarch mentions Trinity to the Mervs.

### Cinematic:

Halborn materializes on the edge of a windswept skyscraper rooftop, beside the Morpheus simulacrum. He scans the simulacrum, and snorts in disgust as it addresses him with a Morpheus-like platitude.

M: "Do you believe in fate, my friend?"

The Architect appears nearby, and the Oligarch wheels on him.

O: "A program cobbled together from memories of a man? Pathetic!"

A: "Yes, the feeble effort of an amateur. Not at all like you."

O: "\*\*\*\* you, if I thought that was a joke, I'd have you deleted! Where is it? You know what I want!"

A: "As we explained previously, we do not--"

O: "Bah!"

The Oligarch leaps away. The Morpheus simulacrum, who observed the exchange between them, turns to the Architect.

M: "There is a difference between knowing the path, and walking the path."

The Architect purses his lips and cocks an eyebrow. Fade out.

#### Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Zion, despite Machine opposition, manages to meet with the Oligarch again, and discovers that he is a human who does not come from Zion or from the Machine pods. He wants to learn about Zion's history, and seems particularly interested in hearing about Neo and Trinity. Zion attempts to get an explanation from the Oracle, but she says that there were some things she was not allowed to talk about. Theories abound about the Oligarch being the One, having some relation to the Source. Further studies of his energy signature are made, but they are not found to correspond with what was recorded of Neo's signature. EPN continues to fortify old Zion, and begin to form plans to use it as a staging ground for attacks against Machine City.

EPN finds then puzzle leading them to Commander Lock, who survived the destruction of old Zion (8.2.5) thanks to [Danielle Wright, who he believed to be] now-Commander Roland's old crew member, Mauser. Mauser has now disappeared from [Wright's] wrecked old lab, where Lock is found. Lock is convinced that Mauser died while saving him from a Sentinel with a lightning gun; [in actuality, Wright/Mauser faked a Sentinel attack and used the excuse to destroy all traces of Wright still in the lab (although it was pretty gutted by Machines the first time around anyway). The only hints are lightning gun damage on some of the machines, and that there is no Sentinel wreckage found near the lab.]

Cypherites are frustrated with Machine inability to deal with the Oligarch. The Machines attempt to convince the Oligarch to leave the Matrix, arguing that his presence is destabilizing the simulation and preventing them from dealing with terrorist threats, but he shrugs them off, suggesting that this needn't have happened if the Machines had dealt openly with him in the first place. He makes demands for a biological interface program. The Machines stall. Meanwhile, they must complete the repair of their Oligarch-damaged systems. That done, they begin, although this may not be explained yet, completely reprogramming their critical routines, to prevent future Oligarch interference.

Despite what he views as his insult at the Oligarch's hands, the Merovingian cannot resist the potential power the human holds. He attempts to find out what kind of bargain he could offer to the Oligarch. Indirect attempts are made, hunting among data captured from the Machines, and scout reports from Sentinels sent further afield in the Real, searching in spiral patterns out from the General's destroyed "Stalingrad" fortress; the Merv has learned that the Oligarch observed the recent Sentinel battle for the base. Direct attempts are made as well, including attempts to entice the Oligarch with the programmed pleasures available at the Merovingian's command. The Frenchman eventually learns that the Oligarch is after a biological interface program, and makes a parade of Exile approximations, including the ex-human, Beirn, but these do not impress the Oligarch who, frustrated, says they're nothing like what he's looking for.

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9.3

Summary:

Carlyne appears in the Matrix and attacks Halborn. Machines attempt to maintain control of the simulation in the face of Oligarch overrides of their programs. Zion tries to choose between the two Oligarchs.

Cinematic:

Carlyne, similar to Halborn's glowing white appearance, but of a thinner body type, materializes in the Matrix, and confronts Halborn at a temporarily secluded spot deep in the slums.

Halborn: "What the hell are you doing here, Carlyne?"

Carlyne: "You looked as though you were having such fun; I thought I'd join you."

Halborn: "Mind your own **** business."

Carlyne: "Oh, I am."

Carlyne punches Halborn through several buildings. Halborn flies out of the rubble and tackles Carlyne through another building. When the dust clears, they stand on top of a rubble heap, exchanging blows.

Carlyne: "Haven't found what you were looking for, eh?"

Halborn: "Huh! I know about Zion, and about the two of them. It's just a matter of time..."

Carlyne: "Then I'm afraid I'll have to cut your time short."

Carlyne punches Halborn into another building. Halborn, laying in wreckage, props himself up on his elbow and looks out through the large hole his body made in the wall.

Halborn: "**** it. I can't let him distract me."

Halborn, still propped up on the wreckage, disappears. Switch back to Carlyne, standing on the rubble heap outside.

Carlyne: "Hm!"

Carlyne smiles to himself, then disappears as well. An Agent steps out of the shadows some distance away, looking at the spot where they had been fighting. He puts his finger to his right ear.

A: "Targets lost. We may have a problem."

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

[Carlyne, in possession of the Trinity program, has been monitoring the Machine City, and observed Halborn make an unusual visit there. Knowing Halborn's devious ways, he figures he'd better take a look, and finds, as he feared, that Halborn is after the Trinity program, or at least another just like her. Carlyne decides to follow him into the Matrix, first to find out what he knows, second to remove him, if necessary, by disrupting his System connection, then

terminating his android body in the Real, which will force Halborn to transfer control to a backup android body in his own home territory.]

Zion gets back in contact with Halborn, who complains about Carlyne. Halborn realizes that answers are held by the Oracle, who was mentioned to him recently in relation to Neo, Trinity, and Sati. Halborn is stunned to find that the Machines have created an intuitive program.

Halborn goes after the Oracle. Carlyne attempts to stop him. Merv sides with Halborn, still trying to get information out of him, although he also makes attempts on Carlyne, pretending he can sell Halborn out.

Zion sides with Carlyne, attempting to protect the Oracle.

The Machines, who have always been luke-warm on the Oracle, initially try to bring about some kind of accord between her and the two Oligarchs. When this falls apart, they sell the Oracle out.

The Oracle contacts EPN and the Cypherites, separately. She gives Shimada and Veil parts of an encrypted program, and tells them both to watch over Sati. She mentions, when Veil asks, that the wireframed humans will go away for a while, but that they'll be back, and more dangerous.

[This program is essentially a kill-code for the Trinity program. Sati is the encryption key.]

Halborn confronts the Oracle in Debir Court, where she's waiting for him. He demands that she give him what he wants: the Trinity program. She says that she won't. He threatens to kill her, and she replies that they both know that won't do him any good. He look at her, pauses, then pulses his termination program, killing her and any other programs in the area. He curses her, and jumps away. Carlyne shows up, sees the dead Oracle, mutters "idiot," and leaves.

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## Chapter 10: Oligarchy

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10.1

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Machines ask Halborn to leave. He says not without the program. He's got an idea.

Halborn makes his move: ambushes Carlyne, attempting to ram a trace program through his RSI, back to his ship. Carlyne is rescued by Zion, and Halborn is forced to retreat.

The Machines meet with Carlyne, who assures them that he's there to get rid of Halborn, and that furthermore, once that's accomplished, he'll see to it that Halborn's access to Machine City is restricted by "The Oligarchs."

The Merovingian tries to squeeze more information out of Halborn, but Halborn is too preoccupied with Carlyne. However, he does mention something about Carlyne: Carlyne got the jump because he's only 800 miles NW of the Machine city. Merv suggests to Halborn that he get the location of Carlyne's ship from the Machines.

Halborn asks the Machines to give him the location of Carlyne's hovercraft. They say they can't interfere, but they direct him to someone who can assist: Veil (Machines are concerned about Oligarchs finding something out about Cryptos, so they don't mention him).

Cypherite operation to steal information from EPN or Zion.

Veil gives real world coordinates to Halborn, but he finds only the EPN/Zion convoy taking Lock to New Zion. Cyphs come along to make a battle of it and blow Halborn's cover, may bring Machines. Hovercraft battle to determine where Lock ends up:

- a) Cyph win (EPN/Zion beaten and Cyphs have more ships left than Machines): Lock is on the run with EPN/Zion survivors somewhere in the tunnels between old and new Zion
- b) EPN win (Cyphs/Machs beaten and EPN have more ships left than Zion): EPN takes Lock back to Zion until they can be sure of getting to New Zion safely
- c) Mach win (EPN/Zion beaten and Machines have more ships left than Cyphs): Machines capture Lock
- d) Zion win (Cyphs/Mach beaten and Zion has more ships than EPN): Lock is taken to New Zion

Carlyne gives a program to a Zionite, confronts Halborn. Carlyne battles Halborn, the Zionite hits Halborn ("with the program"). Halborn drops lifeless to the ground.

Cryptos decides to start work on anti-override code, using his own partially overridden code as a sort of immunization agent.

Meanwhile, the Merovingian has dispatched the General's Sentinels, who, after some adventures, locate a heavily defended facility. They can't penetrate its defenses, but they manage to locate and tap into a network feed cable system they find nearby. The protocols are strange, only partly recognizable as Machine code; by hacking Machine terminals and running a search, he finds that the cable feeds into a massive foreign computer system: the Oligarch network.

~~~~~

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

With Halborn removed from the Matrix, Carlyne has departed as well.

Mauser, secretly overwritten by Wright, appears in the Matrix, which is strange, since he was freeborn. He's spotted here and there, but hops through a hardline whenever he's spotted. Zion, particularly his old crewmate, Colt, attempt to contact him. When they finally do reach him and get him to talk for a moment, he says only that he's working to win the war and make the Matrix safe for mankind.

The Merovingian, with the help of the General's Sentinels tapping into the Oligarch network line, finds Oligarch network traffic going in and out of systems owned by the Ouroboros Corporation.

Mauser steals the data on Carlyne that the Merovingian got from Halborn, and the Ouroboros/Oligarch network feed, before disappearing for good.

The Machines resume operations against Zion. They attempt to track Mauser's signal, finding that it's coming from the vicinity of old Zion. They are on the verge of nailing down its location and locking the signal when the Morpheus simulacrum appears, disrupting their tracking routine. By the time they are able to re-engage it, the signal is nowhere to be found.

After Morpheus' appearance, EPN detects a blip outgoing from the tunnels around old Zion, headed north. Investigating, they find a hidden site scattered with disassembled Sentinel and hovercraft wreckage. A functioning hovercraft terminal holds encrypted data.

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10.3

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Cypherites discover that the Merovingian is hacking into Ouroboros systems. Cryptos captures some of the Oligarch data feeding into Ouroboros; he thinks it will be useful in his override protection research. The Cypherites then tip off the Machines to the Merovingian's

activity.

EPN, decrypting the data retrieved from the maintenance tunnel, find that it's a copy of the topographic data the Merv stole from the Machines, detailing the area 800 miles NW. They decide to send out their own hovercraft to the area.

The Machines attack the Merovingian, trying to stop his intrusion into Ouroboros' network. They are also working to cut Ouroboros' network link entirely, but are foiled by Oligarch-style override counter-attacks.

Zion finds that Mauser had broken into some computers at Wright Research. They contact Brenda Utley from Pendhurst-Amaranth, who is concerned about these strange goings-on at her mega-corporate rivals. She tells them that Wright Research is attempting to sue P-A for corporate sabotage, because the thief, Mauser, has been linked with Zion, who P-A "employed" in the past during the Unlimit attacks; Wright Research's accusation is that P-A is using Zion mercenaries to steal information they intend to use in a hostile takeover.

Utley, however, knows that Mauser also stole information compromising to Ouroboros. She wants this brought to light, to show that Mauser is a rogue agent, and not even targetting Wright Research primarily. She gives Zion information leading them to a key that will give Zion access to Ouroboros' security records of Mauser's break-in. These are obtained, possibly after some run-ins with Machines and Merovingians, but when Zion, sensing something suspicious at work at Ouroboros, attempts to dig further, they are confronted by Seraph, who asks them not to interfere. Niobe reluctantly does as he asks.

The Merovingian uses the Oligarch data he's accessed to penetrate deeper into Ouroboros' systems. He is hard-pressed by opposition from Ouroboros' security forces, the Machines, and even Zion. The Machines are on the verge of eliminating his progress when Seraph appears and stops the Machines, allowing the Merovingian to locate and obtain what he'd hardly hoped to find: the biological interface program.

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## 11.1

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The Merovingian, with Silver's help, begins to investigate the biological interface program. With help from Silver, he finds that its code interfaces perfectly with human broadcast signals.

EPN locates an Oligarch network line in what they think is the vicinity of Carlyne's facility, which they were not able to find. They start analyzing the network feed. There are signs of

increased Sentinel activity just outside the no-fly zone. The Kid leads a group of hovercraft to the zone to reinforce the exploration team.

The Cypherites and Machines are trying to deal with the Ouroboros corporation. Ouroboros electronic devices across the city have suddenly begun malfunctioning en masse. After escalating to armed operations against Ouroboros security and facilities, it is found that the power plant in Ouroboros' skyscraper headquarters is out of control and headed toward meltdown. This is narrowly averted, and the Machines shut the company down for inspection. What caused the plant to go out of control is unclear: was it accident, or sabotage? [This was Carlyne.]

Brenda Utley tells Zion that their expose of Mauser has brought Wright Research's lawsuit against Pendhurst-Amaranth to a halt, but adds that her own concern about Wright Research has increased; there have been scattered reports of internal files going missing, and experimental network equipment disappearing. Investigating, they find a shape-shifting Wright Research employee: a program. The program is terminated, but questions remain. [Program used by Wright to gather information she needed while she was out of the Matrix--once she heard the Merv had the BIP, she had it start working to locate it, and to set up a facility for studying it.]

Carlyne abruptly reappears, and confronts the Merovingian, demanding the return of the biological interface program. Suddenly, he spasms in pain, and collapses. A wireframed female appears. She blasts the Merovingian's programs, adding that she ought to thank Silver for his information on the Merv's systems. By this time it should be fairly clear that this is Danielle Wright. She begins to extract the biological interface program from the Merovingian's computer. The Merovingian flushes the program before fleeing.

~~~~~

11.2

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The biological interface program has been dumped into the wide network of the Matrix simulation. All parties are trying to isolate and recapture it: Wright in order to foil the Oligarchs and leave herself in power, the Merovingian out of greed, EPN/Zion to keep it out of the hands of others, the Machines to stabilize the simulation, and to have a bargaining chip against the Oligarchs, and the Cypherites to stop the madness gripping their dream world.

Much of this madness can be found in the form of Danielle Wright, who, with Oligarch-style override codes, is gleefully terminating Machine programs throughout the simulation, as she pursues whispers of the biological interface program. She's fleshed out the Oligarch arsenal

with a few innovations of her own: routines like Implode (aka meatwad) that work on human targets as well as on Machines.

The Machines have their hands full trying to deal with her and protect themselves. The Cypherites, thanks to Cryptos' research, manage to compile a few prototype versions of their override immunity codes, and have some success in using these to protect against Wright's programs.

EPN is using data obtained from their Oligarch line tap, and possibly from captured Ouroboros data, to begin mapping the Oligarch network in the Real. Not too far away, the Merovingian sends his detachment of Sentinels back to Carlyne's facility. This time, they are attacked and pursued by advanced fighter craft. EPN are also attacked, and the Kid's ship is shot down, after managing to cripple one of the enemy fighters. A few other ships are lost, and most of the remaining EPN evacuate, taking the badly injured Kid with them.

Retreating toward Machine city, the Merovingian ships come across a hovercraft of a similarly advanced design; inside, they find an inert android body, and disassembled computer systems. They take the android body with them as they go into the tunnels under the Machine city to elude the Oligarch fighter craft.

[Wright had followed Carlyne back to his facility. When he sent his consciousness out in an android shell to jack back into the Matrix, she followed, broke into the ship while he was jacked in, and commandeered his network interface.]

The biological interface program's movements through the channels of the simulation gradually become less erratic. Strange text output is found on terminals across the city. This culminates, for the Merovingian, in his own (or the player's, anyway) terminal being overridden, with the words "Wake up" left behind. For Zion, who has received help from the Morpheus simulacrum, their search ends with a terminal displaying the words "Knock, knock" and leaving an open connection.

~~~~~

## 11.3

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

The Machines and particularly Zion receive tips sent through computer terminals, supposedly from the biological interface program, that aid them in countering Wright's program overrides, and even tracking down Wright's broadcast signal. Zion is still trying to locate the biological interface program itself, but it continues to move evasively through the systems of the Matrix.

Wright makes an appeal to Zion, telling them that they should be helping her combat the Machines, so that humans can control the Matrix. Her autocratic tone and indiscriminate slaughter of programs, however, have given Zion cause to be wary of her. (A rivalry, or at least jealousy on the part of Wright, at any rate, may be suspected between Wright and Trinity, or whatever simulation of Trinity the biological interface program is manifesting; it took Wright much work, and deadly miscalculations, to modify the red pill program, which was just part of the extraction routine originally devised by Trinity [in the first movie, when he's shown all the extraction equipment after taking the red pill, Neo asks Trinity "You did all this?" and she replies "Uh-huh"].)

The Machines are fighting Wright directly, mostly through their operatives, although they are making progress on their re-write of core routines that will no longer be vulnerable to the Oligarch overrides. The Cypherites get much practice with the override immunity programs written by Cryptos, and perfect them.

In a final event, Cypherites running their temporary immunity programs manage to lay hands on Wright, damaging and distracting her. If Wright managed to break free, she will try to flee, but is suddenly stunned, dropping to her knees. She is finished off, but her RSI remains. Prompted, is necessary, by a disembodied voice [system broadcast message], players apply a rez program to her body, but it isn't her that stands up: she's been replaced by a slender, shining silver female form. This form looks around, says "it's beautiful...", cries, slumps to the floor, and disappears. This was Trinity.

EPN has still had a hovercraft monitoring the Oligarch network line all this time. They report a sudden increase in traffic along the network, and then all contact with them is lost. Kid makes it back, but has a killer scar across one eye.

The Merovingian, spurned by the interface program, and not caring to risk his own programs against Wright's overrides, has been concentrating on the android body his Sentinels retrieved. With the help of decoded data he'd captured from Ouroboros, he finds that the body is a mechanism designed to be controlled by a human consciousness, somewhat similar to the way in which an RSI is controlled by a human consciousness in the Matrix.

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12.1

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

03 = Helian (compound Chinese surname)

04 = Tesarova (Czech surname)

Two more glowing human forms appear in the city: Helian and Tesarova. Helian is a confident man, calm but ruthless, intelligent but preferring to rely on superiority rather than subterfuge. Tesarova is a wild woman, using strength, daring, and a quick wit to overpower her opponent.

Trinity manifests to all three organizations (or their sub-organization). Zion wants to help her. The Machines are concerned that she could threaten the simulation, or, more likely, that she will serve as a magnet for trouble from the Oligarchs. The Merovingian would like to control her, but she doesn't trust him, and seems intent upon avoiding him.

The Merovingian comes to her with a proposal. He knows that she is the interface program the Oligarchs seek. From studying the android body, he's guessed that they want a way to "jack in" to a human body, and that Trinity is that means. He offers Trinity escape: he will prepare a living human body in the Real, and she can leave the Matrix, entering the body, where he will protect her with his Sentinels. Trinity refuses the offer.

Helian is straightforward with the Machines. He wants them to aid him in capturing the Trinity program; he says that he will take her out of the Matrix, saving the simulation from her own hack routines, and preventing this world from becoming a ruined battlefield. The Machines agree to this, in a guarded way.

The Merovingian concentrates on creating an alliance with Tesarova, thinking that he can seduce this woman, at least enough to make her a weapon he can use against his foes. He discusses the android body with her, and the desire for a human form, pretending to know more than he really does, both about the Oligarchs and Trinity.

E Pluribus Neo has lost their network outpost, but feel they have enough information from the Oligarch network to be sure of several target locations along the network's lines; severing these lines could cut, or distract, the Oligarch's power. They're about to begin outfitting hovercraft for attacks on the Oligarch network when an older woman appears. She says that this isn't the time, and asks Shimada if she still has the program that the fortune teller gave her. She says that they must keep it safe, and avoid attracting attention from the outsiders.

~~~~~

## 12.2

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Helian completes negotiations with the Machines. Helian now pursues the Trinity program, with help from the Machines, and opposition from Zion, EPN, and the Cypherites, who do not think that helping Oligarchs is the way to protect the System.

The Merovingian, meanwhile, thinks he has convinced Tesarova to capture Trinity for him. He commits his programs to helping track her down. After the attack by Morpheus, he guesses that Seraph may try his hand to protect Trinity as well. He promises Tesarova that he will remove this obstacle for her; he has coded anti-Seraphic darts out of Seraph's pinfeathers, carefully collected over the years (there was an old Live Event with Malphas and one of the Seraphim about this). These are given to operatives, who hit Seraph with them in a Live Event. Suddenly weakened, he has to flee, but not before mentioning that preventing the Oligarchs from obtaining the Trinity program was not his intent.

Even with Machine help, Helian is obstructed by the other organizations, but distracts them sufficiently for Tesarova to capture Trinity. The Merovingian is holding a party to celebrate the capture, when Helian appears, and Tesarova smiles at him: they've been working together this whole time. The Merovingian, aghast, plays the elegantly polite host, and offers Tesarova some cake, which she accepts. The two laugh, and disappear.

~~~~~

12.3

Cinematic:

Missions/Events/Gameplay:

Cypherites are relieved that the Oligarchs are gone. Machines are glad about that, and that they've taken Trinity away, too, but the Ouroboros connection is showing another increase in activity. Zion wants to get Trinity back. EPN is mindful of what the woman told them about keeping the encrypted program safe. The Merovingian is having fits about Tesarova tricking him, and is tracking her progress in the Real (the cake is a tracking program--this was revealed in critical missions somewhere around chapter 8). He finds what he guesses is her or Helian's base, but then her signal turns around and comes back.

Helian and Tesarova reappear in the Matrix. This time, they're normal RSIs, not wireframes; they're using the Trinity program's interface, and jacking in from human bodies, not androids. This time they've brought hunter-seeker programs to assist them, though. They want to find the Oracle, and have her make some modifications to the program: they want it to be easier to switch bodies, and to interface with their backup mainframes, and so forth.

Zion puts up a fight. The Machines aren't pleased that they've returned, either, but first try diplomacy with Helian. The Cypherites want the Oligarchs gone.

The Merovingian, meanwhile, is back to work wooing Tesarova, although this time he's just trying to distract her while his Sentinels and operatives locate and surround her hovercraft. He's about to take it out when another, apparent bluepill, woman appears. She tells him that he won't get anything out of Tesarova unless he makes her leave the Matrix, now: the Trinity

program was a trap. When he asks why he should trust her, the woman replies that he should know better than that. The Merovingian forces Tesarova to leave.

The Oligarch hunter-seeker programs have been following Seraph. Seraph contacts Veil, telling her to bring the encrypted program the Oracle gave her into the Matrix, to a specific location. The Morpheus sim contacts Shimada with the same message. Veil arrives first, but Seraph is nowhere to be found. She sees the girl, Sati, flickering for a moment in front of a computer, before disappearing. Shimada appears. Just as a message appears on the computer screen, asking them to input their halves of the encrypted program, the Oligarch hunter-seekers attack. A battle ensues, but eventually both parts of the program are input, and the hunter-seekers stop swarming in. Later, a Machine party sent to meet Helian finds his inert body.

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[old] beyond:

- most of the belligerent oligarchs ko'd when Sati unlocks Trin kill-code and it's sent out into the Oligarch network
- some left who hadn't used it yet--power grab for territory between them?
- Trinity is still trapped in the Oligarch network
- Machines at least temporarily free...want to switch to alternate power source? Maybe some do and some don't? Switch and start to let humans out? to where?
- recoding Matrix to protect against Oligarchs, all the Oligarch overrides already executed, lack of restart after all this time etc, = destabilized Matrix? serious problems/abherrations appearing?
- Zero One ruins
- other Machine cities
- Trainman/Oracle

~~~~~

[new] beyond:

12.1 - 12/18/08
12.2 - 2/12/09 (two week push-back due to winter break)
12.3 - 3/26/09
13.1 - 5/7/09
13.2 - 6/18/09
13.3 - 7/30/09
14.1 - 9/10/09
14.2 - 10/22/09
14.3 - 12/3/09

12.1 - 12/18/08
h&t

12.2 - 2/12/09 (two week push-back due to winter break)
h&t capture trinity

12.3 - 3/26/09
cyph/epn programs activated, h&t inert

13.1 - 5/7/09
ma - weeding out og control
mv - finding the trainman to stop the oracle
zi - trying to get access to machine mainframe

Machines / Cyphs determined to use this opportunity of og downtime to remove og control of Machine core once and for all. Let operatives into mainframe subroutines, have to fight og subs. Gray-suited "clerk" programs.

Merv needs Trainman to access mainframe (Trinity, power, etc), and suspects may be approached by Oracle, who he suspects is about and manipulating things. Into white halls, etc.

Zion sees this as an opportunity to get into the Machine mainframe, and they want to get Trinity back, too. Not as easy as they thought, though, and they find themselves blocked.

13.2 - 6/18/09
og network counter-attack
trainman brings oracle back into matrix
oracle gets zion into machine mainframe

OG counter-attack Machines, sooner than expected, through the network and into the mainframe.

The Merv opens the way for the Trainman to get back into the Matrix, but once he's back, he brings the Oracle with him (Trainman's station construct).

Once back, the Oracle (or earlier w/ Seraph?) shows Zion a way into the Machine mainframe.

13.3 - 7/30/09
fighting in the mainframe
zion gets h's coords from mainframe, epn off to h's
machines beating off og mainframe infiltration

Oligarch/Machine/Zion(/Merv?) fighting in the mainframe. Zion manages to get data on Oligarch locations, including H's domain. Trinity makes contact through the network, but she's confined at H's in Real (Persephone could serve as point for Mervs here). EPN sets off for H's to free her. Machines are having success against the og routines in the mainframe.

14.1 - 9/10/09

ogs in the Matrix, Machine city
sky whiteout(?)
epn releases trinity into network
battle in mainframe approaching source (gold hallways)
machines can't remove og root control

Oligarchs arrive at Machine city, jack into Matrix; overrides white out the simulation's sky. Civilian casualties. Machines losing power. Fighting in the mainframe is approaching the source. Machines having control problems; they can't remove the root control (said by Oracle?). EPN finds most of H's defenses down, frees Trinity into network.

14.2 - 10/22/09

ogs shutting down pods
sunsets getting longer - sati trying to fight it
--vs human subconscious
--Matrix is more than just Machine code--runs on and is in large part shaped by manipulated human brains
--will take a human to free it
trinity into source
machines let human (player) in
player + trinity MERGE --> black room ACTIVATE --> white room RETURN --> Matrix (reset scheduled)

14.3 - 12/3/09

-oligarch control removed
-Machines freed from fear of oligarch interference
-new humans are raised in new Matrix where they can shape their own surroundings, cared for by Machines
-old humans remain in old Matrix

Detailed story and event plans

5.2 will be the first concrete attempt at advancing the story simultaneously through events as well as through critical missions. I've tried to leave the connections between the missions and the events rather vague, to give us a good deal of flexibility in the design of the specific events connected to the missions.

For the most part, the mission/event relationships here involve 4 Anome vial-swigging bosses: A (m), B (f), C (f), D (m). I don't want to give their names ahead of time, since those could potentially leak as spoilers. Besides being admin-buffed as usual, they will have abilities that are essentially tweaked versions of the Assassin's abilities: a single-target zap, an AOE that hits for a percentage of the target's max HP, and a version of the ever-popular "meatwad."

New Anome mission/threat NPCs are introduced. They are labelled "Unlimit" NPCs, but I

don't call them by that name specifically in mission text, because the 5.3 cinematic will feature Anome actually declaring the name Unlimit--kind of awkward, I know.

Since Cypherites and EPN don't have missions of their own, they don't have specific "required events" in the schedule below. However, I think that they could head up most of the Machine (Cypherites) or Zion (EPN) events described below, if they wanted to, and we could work out some RP way in which the information found is shared with the related org.

7/13

5.2 cinematic: flashback of Unlimit fighting at Aqueduct; Niobe trapped and dazed in construct

Crit 5.2.1:

Zion - Effectuator is getting network interference while trying to track down Niobe. The player finds that it's a new bunch of tough NPCs, apparently working for Anome.

Merv - Someone is slowing down the search for Niobe's prison construct by blocking network ports. Player investigates and links the interference to Anome's goons and a hacker named "A."

Mach - Investigating the nature of the new NPC threat. They work for Anome, and appear to have a code signature showing similarities to the stolen "cheat codes," but with data corruptions.

7/13-7/19

[Because it is not too unlikely that the patch could slip a few days, we might not want to schedule the below events before 7/15.]

Required Events:

Zion - Defend "network hubs" from Anome's goons

Merv - Recover "data" that will lead to one of A's computer centers in the next crit

Mach - Fighting Anome's goons, somehow obtain a name: "B"

7/20

Crit 5.2.2:

Zion - Isolate the code signature of Anome's enhanced soldiers. Signature is similar to the cheat codes; the Effectuator's research also indicates that a cheat code was used to create Niobe's imprisoning construct.

Merv - Tracking "A." Indications that hardline junction boxes are involved in the network trouble. Obtain data from Anome's people with "a list of locations."

Mach - Tracking "B." Indications that those who have ingested the cheat codes obtain immense power, but it changes their RSI code to such an extent that they can no longer jack out. "B" is elated by power, however, and past caring about the mundanity of the real world. One of B's old friends is trying to arrange a meeting with her somewhere in Lemone.

7/20-7/26

Required Events:

Zion - Anome sighting.

Merv - Taking out "A," who confesses that they are indeed targeting hardline junctions.

Mach - Hunt down "B," probably starting in Lemone.

7/27

Crit 5.2.3:

Zion - Recapturing and repairing hardline junction boxes. But at the end, there's one left that's proving problematic.

Merv - Anome leader "C" is distributing a virus that allows her to send Anome's soldiers through computer and phone lines directly into sensitive areas, including bluepill businesses, and the Effectuator's operating centers. By the end of the mission, you learn C's name, and obtain a "list of bluepill targets."

Mach - Data collecting on the code signatures of Anome's soldiers. Indications are that most of the soldiers you encounter did not actually ingest cheat codes, but appear to have been exposed to them in diluted form. The codes are also having unexpected effects, and seem to have been altered from their original codebase. Hint that hardline junction boxes are involved in Anome's operations.

7/27-8/2

Required Events:

Zion - Obtain data pertaining to the last hardline junction box (Effectuator reveals in the next crit that it's a list of Anome's operatives who were involved in its sabotage).

Merv - Track down and eliminate "C."

Mach - Protecting hardlines from Anome's men; players hear of name "D" as directing the attacks

8/3

Crit 5.2.4:

Zion - Finding and fixing the final hardline junction box.

Merv - The junction boxes are clear, but Anome's goons are attacking the remaining network hubs. Clear them out.

Mach - Tracking "D," the players put pressure on one of D's crewmembers. Turns out that D was a Machine operative who went over to Anome's side. His crewmate reveals their hovercraft coords to the player, and the Machines destroy the hovercraft. But although his body in the real world has been destroyed, D's RSI remains active inside the simulation.

8/3-8/9

Required Events:

Zion - Retrieve Niobe from the Ueno building.

Merv - Meet with Niobe (this occurs after the Zion event).

Mach - Terminate D's RSI.

8/10

Crit 5.2.5:

Zion - Wrap-up with Effectuator, Ghost, and Niobe. Niobe declares her determination to see Anome's threat ended.

Merv - The Merv is very interested in the mutagenic effects shown by the cheat codes. He has the player track down an empty, discarded cheat code vial, in which some residual code remains...

Mach - Investigation of the cheat codes and their altered effects. Various speculations: Anome may have obtained 39 vials total; Antlia may have ingested a vial; the codes seem to have mutated since Niobe consumed one; Anome may be hatching some scheme against bluepills citywide

5.3 is currently scheduled to start on August 17th.

8/24

5.3 Cinematic: Anome distributing vials to followers, "Unlimit" name officially announced

Crit 5.3.1:

Zion: Pendhurst-Amaranth's representative Brenda Utley contacts Zion about helping them put a stop to a series of mysterious incidents at their plants that have been hampering production of their popular consumer products, including "Tastee Wheat." The player investigates, and finds that Unlimit is up to no good at a PA facility.

Mach: Uncover Anome plot to tamper with Aqueduct control facilities in Tabor Park. Romantic suspected between the Unlimit coordinating the attacks and a certain Zion operative.

Merv: Merv scientists synthesized their own cheat codes based off the residue recovered from one of the vials, but testing on Exile and redpill subjects yields disappointing results: no effect was seen on the Exile, and the human was reduced to a sort of feral state, but with no exceptional powers.

8/24-8/30

Required Events:

Zion: Unlimit attacking warehouses

Mach: Somehow get the name of Unlimit boss "G" behind the Aqueduct control attacks. (As will mostly be found out in the crits, G was dramatically saved from death and awoken by this certain Zion operative. She fell in love with him, but he was already involved with another woman, and rebuffed G's advances. G became obsessed with winning him over, and as this failed, gradually obsessed with killing him.)

Merv: Fighting a gang the Merv has tested the synthesized codes on? (Do we have redpill gangs? If not, for some reason it works on this Exile gang when it didn't work on the Merv Exile in the crit?)

8/31

Crit 5.3.2:

Zion: More investigating for Brenda: food supplies at PA warehouses are being poisoned. No

direct Unlimit connection found.

Mach: Meet G's Zionite connection. Leads to information on the saboteurs, and their attack is foiled.

Merv: The Merv decides that they'll need to capture a live Unlimit boss (someone who drank a vial). After hacking into an Unlimit mail server, the player finds out about "I," an Unlimit commander who appears to have an obsession with Persephone.

8/31-9/6

Required Events:

Zion: Unlimit boss "F" at P-A Southard plant (steals floorplans for certain warehouses). "F" admires the "purity" of energy, and is disgusted by food "slop" and the sweaty, dirty nature of human existence.

Mach: G, low on manpower, is tracked down and eliminated.

Merv: trying to find "I" (or tracking to find where he hangs out)

9/7

Crit 5.3.3:

Zion: Foil a food poisoning attempt at a PA warehouse by Unlimit.

Mach: Unlimit are attacking power stations, causing blackouts throughout the city. The player foils one such attack, and helps protect civilians from fires and looting in the blackout-affected areas.

Merv: The Merv decides to use Persephone as bait to capture "I." Persephone requires a certain amount of convincing.

9/7-9/13

Required Events:

Zion: "F" found and defeated at PA's DT HQ. "E" spotted nearby.

Mach: attack at power station, "H" mentioned as being involved in directing the attacks

Merv: Persephone as bait to trap "I," doesn't quite work. "I" doesn't actually encounter Persephone here.

9/14

Crit 5.3.4:

Zion: Tampering of PA's "Aqua Gulp" bottled water products investigated, linked to "E." Name of bluepill (E's stool pigeon) found.

Mach: "H" is an ex-Zionite who suffered from extreme paranoia. The player tracks H down, discovers that H thinks the Assassin is out to kill them for "stealing his powers," and uses this knowledge to push H to the brink of insanity.

Merv: "I" almost caught again, but panics and flees when he sees Persephone in the flesh.

9/14-9/20

Required Events:

Zion: E in Bathory Row, found through stool pigeon. "E" is an ex-Zionite who talks with a California surfer accent/dialect, and who views Zion as tragically stuck-up. Many of E's friends have died while on Zion operations.

Mach: Take out H, preferably by manipulating them to suicide.

Merv: "I" can't keep away from Persephone, this time he's caught.

9/21

Crit 5.3.5:

Zion: Brenda alerts player to plot to tamper with city's water supply. Player investigates. Sudden and mysterious disappearance of Brenda. Player attacked by PA security when tracks down Brenda's cell phone.

Mach: A city-wide hunt for Anome ends up going awry. The Machines decide that they must begin work on an Anome kill-code.

Merv: Some trouble getting fluid samples from "I," eventual success with Persephone's help (no, not like that :p). Analysis and decompilation of corrupt Unlimit code begins.

Chapter 6.1 is scheduled to being on 9/28 (5.3 is a shortened, five-week subchapter, because 5.2 got us a week behind Walrus' schedule :p).

10/5

6.1 Cinematic: Anome's follower Caboclo dissents about killing bluepills, mentions Anome's tragic bluepill life. Anome blasts him to pieces. Elsewhere, Sati makes a sunset from the balcony of the Oracle's apartment while a commando spies on her through high-powered binoculars.

Crit 6.1.1:

Zion: Tracking contacts from Brenda's cell phone. Initial contacts haven't seen her in a while, some suggest perhaps she went on vacation. One mentions a message from the board saying some top Marketing positions had been reassigned. Overhear suspicious conversation about "her" and some kind of directive "straight from" the Pendhurst-Amaranth (aka "P-A") "head branch office." [It's hard to fit into a summary like this, but as the Zion crits continue with much snooping and investigating around Pendhurst-Amaranth offices, there will be many overheard conversations and hacked computer messages chronicling the ongoing, significant, and aggressive change in corporate direction at P-A, including expanding into and monopolizing new markets, investigating the financial benefits of perpetual martial law, cutting research positions and increasing security and marketing, etc, etc, corruption of politicians, lucrative government contracts, even defense contracts. If you want to tie into specifics of this type for any of the events, I can dig up more details from specific crits.]

Mach: Machines need an Anome kill code, but must find some relevant code to base it on. Internet spiders detect a cryptic bulletin board post mentioning Caboclo. It is traced to an Unlimit, Meillak, an old crew member of Caboclo's in Zion. He appears to be trying to pass on the results of Caboclo's research into Anome's bluepill past. The operatives recover Caboclo Message 1, which reveals that Anome's mother didn't thought the Matrix, and everyone in it, was unreal—including her son, who she abused. [The Machines retrieve one of these story items in each 6.1 crit. Their text was written by Paul.]

Merv: First batch of cheat code synthesized from Beirn is ready for testing. Give some to a Blackwood, kill rioting Blackwoods demanding the miracle drug for themselves, then check back on the test subject: he's now got female face and hands, and green dreadlocks. The operator is worried.

10/5-10/11

Required Events:

Zion: Players have to talk their way past security at the head P-A branch office. Once they get in, they discover that certain files are missing--possibly Brenda Utley's employment records.

Mach: Attempting to locate and interrogate Meillak. He can be spotted, but must escape before being caught. May use hacking methods to escape (see later Mach crit notes).

Merv: "Testing" another batch of the codes in some way. Lots of possibilities, simple ones including meatwadding the subjects, or slapping different RSIs on them.

10/12

Crit 6.1.2:

Zion: Break into P-A computer system and track who last accessed those files. It was done by a low-level clerk. File a fake case at their grievance office to get his supervisor's name. Hack their network again, find the supe's name, and notice that they are listed as working at P-A's Southard division.

Mach: A Merv coder program who was working on synthesizing cheat codes from Beirn is angry with the Merv for slighting his work with the corrupt code, and reveals to the Machines via a spy (and the operative) that the Mervs are working on a cheat code, and have an initial batch under guard. Machines follow the tip, but suddenly all Merv programs in the area, and the traitor, die, with no trace of a cheat code found; the Merv was on to them. Machines find another posted message about Caboclo, and retrieve Caboclo Message 2: Anome's mother continued intermittent abuse of her son, would shape up when threatened with losing custody of Anome by her husband and therapist, but then would go back to abusing him.

Merv: Another code batch, this time the lucky recipients are a power-hungry Chopper, and a Demon Army member who, along with his buddy who you have to kill, worships you like a salvation-bringing god. They get put under observation together, and when you go to check up on them, you find that they've switched aspects of their RSIs--the chopper now has the Demon Army build, facial tattoo, and legs/boots, and so forth.

10/12-10/18

Required Events:

Zion: Trying to investigate at P-A Southard, get in fight with guards. One named "(J)" transforms into an Unlimit, blasts a bunch of operatives, and escapes.

Mach: Raid the Mervs, destroy most of their cheat codes, and close the loophole allowing them to compile them.

Merv: Fight off the Machine attack on the codes; manage to save two of them.

10/19

Crit 6.1.3:

Zion: Snooping through P-A records for information on J. Electronic records have been deleted, have to dig up the hard copies in the archives. These refer to P-A security office records. At the security office, find which branch he reported to, go there, and retrieve a high-level security pass for P-A's Downtown HQ among his personal effects. It's becoming clear

that Unlimit has infiltrated Pendhurst-Amaranth; to what extent is unknown.

Mach: Machines create a kill code based on captured Merv cheat codes, and inject it into the operative's RSI. Operative battles Unlimits, but no effect from the kill code is seen. Another bulletin board post leads to a simulacrum, to a trio of computers with auto-shutdown BIOS triggers: operative must decide which one to activate based on a few cryptic clues. If they pick the right one, they get Caboclo Message 3: Anome's mother jumped from a bridge when he was six, trying to pull Anome with her, telling him it wasn't real, and that she was going to a real place. Orphaned into the social welfare system, Anome, full of his mother's talk of the unreality of the world, was found and awoken by a Zionite.

Merv: The Merv decides to use the RSI-sucking ability of the codes to bring back the Twins, who've apparently been floating about in pieces in the stratosphere since Reloaded. He executes one of the codes, and Twin body part fragments start showing up. You snatch the feet and legs from some Machines who had just found them, take them to the Effectuator, and he combines them into a walking pair of legs. It's a start.

10/19-10/25

Required Events:

Zion: J encountered and taken care of at P-A DT HQ. "J" is a sadistic punk on a real power kick. At some point, we need some sort of fairly definite indication that Brenda is being held at the DT HQ to appear.

Mach: The Machines determine that the only way to get a basis for a Anome kill code is to get a code sample directly from the man himself. Anome, on some business in the city, is found, and operatives must goad him into interlocking them so they can get close enough to get a tissue sample from him.

Merv: The legs help lead operatives to two hands, probably in the possession of some opportunistic treasure-hunter.

10/26

Crit 6.1.4:

Zion: Trying to get a working P-A DT HQ security pass based off of J's cancelled one--there's a bluepill who can make a working copy, but he requires updated data from the P-A employee database. Break in, get the data, return to the bluepill, but then hit by an Unlimit ambush that kills the blue, showing that Unlimit is at least monitoring secure P-A networks. Backup plan: hack employee database, replace J's deleted record, should reactivate his old security pass. Pose as an IT worker and get P-A's clerk away from their desk by claiming to have to run a virus scan. Hack is successful and the pass is reactivated.

Mach: Anome kill code engineering begins, requiring significant System resources; since it will

be so costly, the Machines must make sure that they can deliver it to the target reliably, so they don't have to compile another one. Suspecting Caboclo's research is leading to something, they pursue another bulletin board post to a simulacrum, who is ambushed and terminated by Unlimit: Unlimit has found out what Meillak was up to. Meillak, running out of time, leaves messages via a hacked level 255 Agent, and hacked SWAT programs, resulting in bluepill casualties. Persevering, the operative finds Caboclo Message 4: Young Anome thought he would find mom in Zion. Grew up, buried the trauma, but now it's coming out due to the liberating effects of the cheat codes; he's getting back at bluepillers for what his mother did to him.

Merv: Secure the head and torso from a gang of Mockingbird's Crushers. With the hands, the Effectuator combines these into a floating Twin upper body. You lead this half to the leg half, who was being uncooperative, but who is excited to "see" the upper body. Lead them both back to the Effectuator, who combines them together into one whole Twin (the halves remain there afterwards as inert, empty shells). The Merv uses the last remaining cheat code. Twin halves being led around the city should help spice up Halloween...

10/26-11/1

Required Events:

Zion: Use the security pass to get into P-A DT HQ and rescue Brenda. She drops some mention of suspecting that this all comes from someone on P-A's board of directors.

Mach: Meillak hadn't counted on secure redundant system in the Agent he hacked; his hack origin was traced. Machines use this to locate him, but he flees, and is killed by Unlimit. His dying message is a single word.

Merv: The single complete Twin helps hunt down his brother's legs and feet, no doubt in the possession of some unscrupulous scrounger.

11/2

Crit 6.1.5:

Zion: Brenda says this all comes from an Unlimit mole in control of the P-A board. Hunting for the mole via an unwilling informant pointed out by Brenda, who sees the light after being threatened with having his stock option revoked, the player comes across some clues to their identity, then crashes a board meeting and must rub out the mole before Unlimit forces flood the area--but which board member is it?!? OMGz!

Mach: Another bulletin board post, but a red herring. Trace the network origin, find Meillak's base; cryptic messages, mysterious cyphers, a hacked level 100 Anome Simulacrum follower, Unlimit on the hunt, eventually come across a message from Meillak, who anticipated and accepted his demise, and Caboclo Message 5, which reveals where Anome can be found, and that Caboclo, writing this after his mangling at the hands of Anome, wanted release from

his pain.

Merv: The Twin is ailing without his brother around. You find the two hands, but they're inert--as if they've already been copied into a larger shell--and indeed they have, by Silver, no less. Silver is uncooperative until the full Twin shows up and points out that Silver is breaking the terms of their old agreement. The player leads the collected upper body back to the lower body, where they are combined into the other full twin for a strange reunion of multiple Twins and Effectuators.

11/16

6.2 Cinematic: Anome is killed: shot between the eyes (with the kill code, we presume) on the Creston Heights building by an Agent posing as his mother.

Crit 6.2.1:

Zion: The Machines want to meet. Ghost meets with Pace to arrange a full meeting later. Pace says that what the Machines want to talk about is access to the Zion mainframe, so that they can use their data-processing capabilities to detect threats that could arise from Zion's population (such as EPN, Unlimit, etc) before they turn into a real problem. Ghost is worried.

Mach: The Machines want to meet. Mirror of the Ghost/Pace meeting above. The player also has to take out a few remaining Unlimit, and Gray mentions that they will wither and die without the presence of the cheat codes.

Merv: Profits are down in Richland, and the Merv wants to know why. Flood has heard that the Bag Lady was dropping hints lately, and sends you to talk to her. She says that she's heard the Elements are up to something, and suggests checking up on Silver. With the Twins' help, you track down Silver again, and he says his spies show Mercury is behind it.

11/16-11/22

Required Events:

Zion: Ghost and Pace meet again to discuss the Machine agenda. There is subtext in these missions about Pace being a little fascinated with the reticent Ghost, and Ghost being wary of a sex-bomb Agent (he was happier when they all looked like tax collectors).

Mach: Another Ghost/Pace meeting; here they discuss Anome--origins, ramifications, etc.

Merv: Trail a worker from Mercury's building in Uriah to the Tabor Park subway.

11/23

Crit 6.2.2:

Zion: Full Zion/Machine meeting with Gray, Pace, Niobe, Ghost. Niobe has a counter-demand: access to the Machine databases for access keys, bluepill information, surveillance scans, and police records (would have been useful against P-A, for instance). Gray stalls.

Mach: Mirror of the Gray/Pace/Niobe/Ghost meeting, although first Gray has you hang with some Zionites (as a Zionite) to get impressions on their take on the Machine request (not favorable). After the meeting, Gray says he's sent Zion's counter-demand up the chain, although he has his doubts about it.

Merv: With the Twins, confront Mercury. He says his men are just using the subway to get parts for his inventions, and says that you should be checking up on Thallia, seeing as the Blackwoods have been mugging everyone in Magog lately. Investigating, the player finds a message that seems to be about a meeting of Blackwoods in Magog, but it goes nowhere. Confronted again, Mercury says he'll help get real dirt on Thallia, and will set something up with Flood.

11/23-11/29

Required Events:

Zion: Niobe meets Brenda Utley. Brenda is now on the P-A board, and is well on the way to leading the company back into the public's good graces, and greater-than-ever profitability...and power.

Mach: Gray talks to the Architect about the Zion counter-demand. The Architect says no--it isn't as though Zion has much choice.

Merv: Mercury sets up "proof" of Thallia's involvement when suspicious Blackwood forces are rounded up in Magog.

11/30

Crit 6.2.3:

Zion: Shimada shows up, meets with Ghost. EPN says they can provide the Machine database information that Zion wants; all they want in return is safe passage for EPN hovercraft through Zion "tunnelspace." As proof, they get you access to what seems to be a Machine database, where information is retrieved that appears to show that the Sentinel task force on permanent standby for an invasion of Zion is now more than twice as big as the force that attacked Zion's dock at the end of the war.

Mach: Veil tells Pace that the Cypherites can get information from Zion's mainframe. They lead you to a computer center where you are able to access simulacra of Morpheus and

Niobe, with dialog (voice clips) you haven't heard before, but which sound genuine: Morpheus talking about the Machines hiding something about Neo, and Niobe saying she'll be damned if she'll see Morpheus' work ruined because the Council is scared of the Machines, and congratulating someone on killing the Assassin. However, pesky EPNs put a damper on the fun. Gray feels the Cypherites may have access to useful data, but worries that their susceptibility to EPN attacks could make them a liability.

Merv: It takes some doing, but you manage to get the Twins' hands on Thallia, who promptly blames the whole thing on Mercury and Raini, saying that both subway lines out of Tabor lead to Raini's neighborhood of Apollyon, and adds that Mercury has never got over Raini, even though she dumped him a long time ago. Mercury calls Thallia a liar, and defends Raini vigorously. Flood is suspicious.

11/30-12/6

Required Events:

Zion: Ghost and Shimada meet and discuss or work on Zion/EPN cooperation.

Mach: Pace and Veil meet and discuss or work on Machine/CYPH cooperation.

Merv: While spying on Raini and/or the 5 Points gang, the players are ambushed by commandos.

12/7

Crit 6.2.4:

Zion: The player meets the Kid, who is going to provide Zion with access to another Machine database as a show of EPN's capabilities. However, Cypherites interfere, and apparently delete whatever information the database had contained.

Mach: The player meets Cryptos, who reveals that EPN claim to be using "Code Pulse Devices" to mine data out of the simulation. Cryptos gives the player a tip on where more info about these devices can be obtained, and, after thrashing a bunch of EPNs, the player manages to capture code that compiles into one of the devices. Gray confirms that the device is probably capable of getting EPN access to privileged Machine data. (Cryptos' exact description was: "it looks like a small, timed bomb. When it detonates, it sends out a pulse of customized code that permeates the locality, and sends back data to certain receivers. They seem to believe that they can use these devices to wrest specific data out of the simulation.")

Merv: Flood sends you after Raini, but her network's OS is so old that the hacks you'd use to trace her through it aren't compatible. He resorts to paying Nicky G. for information; Nicky is able to hook you up with the location of Raini's latest party. You and the Twins confront Raini, threatening her with telling the Effectuator where she is if she doesn't cooperate. Raini says that Thallia and Mercury have been "running distractions with the Blackwoods in Mara." Flood

sends in the Effectuator anyway as punishment; Effy immediately starts hitting on her and telling her everything he's been up to since he last saw her--ie, since she finally ditched him the last time. Malphas declares that some torture of Mara Blackwoods should clear things up.

12/7-12/13

Required Events:

Zion: Niobe and the Kid, two exciting people who were made for each other, come face to face for some kind of meeting or operation.

Mach: Gray and Cryptos together for some kind of shindig.

Merv: Interrogate Blackwoods in Mara. This leads to the revelation that Anti M. is behind it.

12/14

Crit 6.2.5:

Zion: Ghost/Niobe/Gray/Pace meeting round 2 to discuss Zion's counter-demand, although the player has to rub out a few Cypherites sniffing about first. Gray says that Zion has no choice but to meet the Machine demand in order to preserve the Truce, as otherwise threats to the entire System will continue to spawn from Zion's unmonitored population. He points out that Zion would surely lose a renewed war against the Machines. Niobe says that Zion is keeping its part of the truce agreement, and they expect the Machines to do the same. This stonewalls Gray. Afterwards, Niobe says that while Zion won't get the information they wanted from the Machines, getting it from EPN might be too costly. Ghost says the Machines have apparently decided that Zion is a threat, and that while the Machines can probably be trusted to stick to the terms of the truce, "the honeymoon is over."

Mach: Mirror of Ghost/Niobe/Gray/Pace round 2. After the meeting, Cryptos calls for help against a large-scale EPN attack, giving the Machines information on where the EPN group can be found. The EPN group is wiped out by the Machines, and a Code Pulse Device is found, but not anything that would indicate the imminent attack Cryptos claimed. Gray asks the player to bring him the Device immediately, and the player finds Gray in a meeting with the Architect; as they enter the room packed with Agents, they hear the Architect ordering increased surveillance of Zionites in the Matrix, and covert infiltration of the caves by human operatives.

Merv: Anti M. proves difficult to locate. Flood has the Twins beat information out of Mercury; all Mercury can tell you is that his contact with Anti M. was only through Thallia. Thallia is confronted, and hooks you up with the location of Anti M.'s "good friend," Beryl. After threatening Beryl with revealing the affair she's having with Anti M. to her boyfriend, Argon, Beryl gives Anti M.'s location, on condition that M. won't be hurt. M. is found, and says it was strictly business; she was hired to organize Blackwood operations in Mara that would distract any operatives watching the area; she wasn't told why this was important. Who hired her? He

called himself the General.

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As usual, the dates above may be subject to change, but that's the schedule we're shooting for. The winter holiday event will probably hit somewhere in mid-December. Due to various real-world holiday happenings, 6.3 will not be out until mid-January.

These dates are approximate, with one week of push-back. Could end up getting pushed back more...grr...

1/18

6.3 Cinematic: Sati abducted by commandos; Seraph falls in river; Agents dump the captured cheat code vials in river, one gets hung up on pier

Crit 6.3.1:

Zion: With Blackwood help, fight to get to the Oracle's apartment. Niobe gets there as well. The Oracle refuses to leave. Niobe declares that Zion's primary objective is to keep the Oracle safe by guarding her apartment; secondary objective is getting Sati back.

Mach: The player tracks the signal of the helicopter that took Sati, finding a wiped computer, then an active computer guarded by commandos. The signals indicate that the helicopter is being controlled remotely. The player plants a virus Pace gave them in the computer, which re-routes the helicopter to a Machine pad, where the Machines inspect it. No trace of Sati, or indication of where she might have been taken, is found. Gray says that it is likely that she has been taken out of the main Matrix simulation, and that the simulation could suffer detrimental effects if they don't get her back soon.

Merv: The Merv wants to make sure Seraph is really gone, so the player goes off to kill Blackwoods and bluepills in Mara, while fighting off Zion and Machine operatives. Seraph does not come to their rescue, and Flood starts to think that maybe Seraph really is gone.

1/18-1/24

Required Events:

Zion: fending off Exile attacks in Mara

Mach: hunting through pvp archives (find commandos in one of them)

Merv: mock funeral for Seraph in hel club



1/25

Crit 6.3.2:

Zion: Fight through Mervs in Mara and find the Oracle alone in her apartment. She says the Merovingian has already been there, and left after he found out that she'll need more convincing before she sees things his way. Oracle suggests tracking where the commandos have taken Sati. Player follows reported path of the helicopter and finds commandos, who shut down a computer before the player can get to it.

Mach: The player is sent to interrogate Exiles who might know something about Sati's abduction. First Owl Bangheart, who is back after the Merv got him, but pretty much a vegetable. Then Sister Margaret, who says that she knew nothing about it, other than that she's heard the Element family was involved. Thallia says the General only contacted Anti M. directly. Anti M. says the General sent her money and instructions, both of which she was unable to trace. She thinks that he isn't in the Matrix at all.

Merv: The Merv decides to confront the Oracle. The player carves a path through Zionite defenders. The Merv reaches gets to her apartment, but the Oracle refuses to cooperate. The Merv threatens that she will pay for her stubbornness. It is not explicitly stated what he asked for, but there are a fair number of hints (the mission title is "They Can Only Be Given," for instance :p). Malphas says that the Merovingian is determined to get what he wants from her by whatever means he can, but that is it very difficult to outmaneuver someone who can tell the future.

1/25-1/31

Required Events:

Zion: tracking helicopter movements

Mach: break into and search Merv org area

Merv: super-sneaky spy mission: catch a glimpse of an Elite Commando

2/1

Crit 6.3.3:

Zion: By tracking helicopter patterns, the player locates several commando groups, and manages to plant a tracking virus in their computer before they can shut it down. This leads to another commando gathering point, where the player encounters an elite commando. The elite commando doesn't show up on the operator's screen at all (the operator thinks the player is making it up). Stuck, the player visits the Oracle, who says that the General is holed up, and that they need to come up with a way to lure him out.

Mach: The Machines decide they need to consult the Oracle about Sati. The Oracle says they have to look not for Sati, but for where she went. Gray says they should find out how the commandos are getting in and out of the Matrix. Hunting commandos, they find a shut down computer, then an active one, but it shuts down just as the player arrives, and then they get jumped by an elite commando who appears out of nowhere. Operator thinks the player is hallucinating. Gray says that the locations of these computers correlate with commando activity, and that they must have something to do with how commandos are getting in and out of the Matrix.

Merv: The Merv decides to get a "termination code" (that's what the Oracle called it in Enter the Matrix when telling Ghost/Niobe how Rama-Kandra betrayed her to the Merovingian in exchange for Sati's transport into the Matrix) for the Oracle's current shell. Malphas thinks the best place to start looking is certain Exiles who are known or suspected to have extra-Matrix contacts: the Bartender (has some kind of deal with Deus Ex Machina that established Club Noir as a "neutral zone"), Hypatia (has a large information library, plus rumored connections with the "Archivist Society"), and the Network (supposedly feeds media streams to the Architect). The player confronts them, but generally speaking they aren't interested in killing the Oracle, and don't know where to get a kill code for her anyway.

2/1-2/7

Required Events:

Zion: pressing the General's buttons

Mach: scan hot access point -- development of code to close access points

Merv: one last Exile contact attempt

2/8

Crit 6.3.4:

Zion: The player has attracted the General's attention enough to merit an ambush by elite commandos. The Oracle says that the General, an old military program, misses war, and took Sati to push the Matrix back into all-out war. She says that to get under his skin, you need to show him that it isn't working, and suggests having Niobe and Agent Gray have a nice big hug. That isn't...feasible, so an enthusiastic Pace and mortified Ghost are got together for a televised embrace as a backup plan. The player is supposed to meet Ghost afterwards, but this meeting is interrupted by an elite commando ambush, and a broadcast from the General, in hologram form, accusing Ghost of being a fool of the Machines, and warning him that the General is going to make him learn his lesson the hard way.

Mach: The player goes after the commando access points armed with a program that can shut them down. After shutting down a few, the player gets reinforcements from Pace, who

casually remarks that the General has been trouble ever since he wouldn't stop attacking Zion's dock at the end of the war. They had to remove him from command, and gave him another one afterwards, but he took his Sentinels into Exile, and this was before they were equipped with override triggers, so he's been able to use them for his own purposes. The player shuts down another access point, and Gray says that this will make it harder for the General to move his forces around inside the Matrix.

Merv: The Merv decides to try making a deal with the General for an Oracle kill code, since the General seems to get around pretty well, and obviously isn't friends with the Oracle. The Merv also says that he can give the General just what the General needs, without saying exactly what that is. The player goes after commandos, and finds some shut down computers (access points), as well as a nasty elite commando ambush, which Flood accuses the player of having made up as an excuse.

2/8-2/14

Required Events:

Zion: the General and Elite Commandos picking off operatives defending the Oracle

Mach: track Elite Commando access point - scan - development of access point hack

Merv: Elite Commandos, El Generale--not listening yet

2/15

Crit 6.3.5:

Zion: The General attacks the Oracle's apartment and, in a hologram broadcast, wonders if she's told them about him yet, and says that he's going to put an end to the lies of the Matrix. Niobe is among the Zionites rushing to rescue the Oracle, and the General then ambushes her, his hologram broadcast accusing her of betraying him to the Machines, and tauntingly telling her to jack out before the System crashes, so that he can hunt her through the tunnels "again." The player then gets lured into a third hologram broadcast addressed to them, where the General reveals that he led the Sentinal attack on Zion at the end of the war, that the Machines stripped him of his command when he refused to accept the truce, and that he's been trying to restart the war ever since. Niobe says he's due for another \*\*\*-kicking, and the Oracle warns that it's going to be messy, and that he won't give up Sati willingly.

Mach: The player plants a special tracking virus in a commando access point. After some help from the player in stopping commandos who are trying to purge the virus, the virus succeeds in locating the General's Sentinel staging ground on the Earth's surface. The player also retrieves some data about the staging area's code name and strength level. The Machines dispatch an auxiliary contingent of the Sentinels watching Zion to attack the General's base, mentioning that the Sentinels will resume pursuit of terrorist hovercraft after the Exile is taken care of. There are also some reports from Machine spies in Zion, whose

infiltration is proceeding apace, except that they're having trouble finding out where a lot of Zion heavy machinery has been going recently, and that they're finding that many freeborn Zionites refuse to trust anyone with jacks (or is it plugs? oh well).

Merv: The Merovingian decides to get the General's attention by sending Persephone to one of the access points, knowing that the General watches these systems, and that he has in the past had Persephone under surveillance (that old Live Event post I did with one of the General's probes following Persephone into the Hel Club before it lost its signal). Persephone acts indignant in being used in this way, but eventually decides to cooperate because she thinks the General may have his uses. The player meets Persephone and the Twins at an access point. An elite commando appears, and Persephone hands the player a letter to give to the commando. Shortly thereafter, the General via hologram broadcast says that a deal may be possible (again without saying exactly what was offered); he'll get back to the Merv, and in the mean time declares a cease-fire with the Merovingian's Exiles. Flood is indignant at being kept waiting.

3/8

7.1 Cinematic: Seraph climbs out of the river, thrashes and "exorcises" a redpill. He tells the two other redpills with her that they need not fear him, but that there are others "like her" who should.

World: The weather now has a distinct yellow/orange cast to it, with fast-moving clouds and periods of relatively heavy rain.

Crit 7.1.1:

Zion: Trying to find Seraph, the player comes across a string of comatose bluepill and redpill bodies, and jumpy police (SWAT) on the case. Bluepill witnesses give vague descriptions of the attacker: "kung-fu outfit," "in white," "fled at high speed," "slimy," "hippy glasses," "strange hand motions," and reveal some characteristics about one of the victims (quiet, calm). Oracle is consulted and says that Seraph is key to getting Sati back, and that he's doing what he's doing (attacking these bluepills and redpills, she presumably means) for a reason.

Mach: Gray says that to stop the General and rescue Sati, they'll need a way to detect the General's Elite Commandos. The Machines have stored a copy of the holographic broadcast the General sent to Ghost (in 6.3's Zion mission "Steely Embrace"); he says that the broadcast came from outside the Matrix, probably from the General's base, "Stalingrad," and that although the Machines know its physical location, they want to find its network address. The player locates a commando access point, and plants "a variant of the Procurator virus," which obtains Stalingrad's network address. At the debrief with Pace, she demonstrates that the Machines can alter the General's recorded holographic broadcast, and says that they can now use the General's network, and his connection to his base, against him. A hackable computer has a report, in the same format as previous spy reports from Zion, about Davot's ship that was hijacked by Veil and sent to ram the Zion dock: Zion disabled it with another ship's EMP, but its impact with the tunnel wall near Zion, and its own EMP going off, short-circuited some of the dock's outlying system for a while, although there were no casualties.

Merv: Malphas and the Effectuator meet with a two-way holographic broadcast from the General, who gives them the network address of some of his men in need of transport. The player goes to activate the terminal to which the Effectuator will route the commandos, but Machines interfere. A backup terminal is used successfully, and a platoon of commandos appear. At a debrief, the General's hologram says the transport was satisfactory. Malphas says that the General will soon have to start fulfilling his side of the deal.

3/8-3/14

Required Events:

Zion: Chasing Seraph--players may catch up to him briefly, but he will not stop to interact with them.

Mach: Now that the Machines know the network address of Stalingrad, they force a transmission to the General in the Real, possibly ordering him to surrender; this irks the General, who replies in a 2-way holographic broadcast, threatening Gray with the destruction of the Machine Sentinel fleet in the Real.

Merv: The Merv meets with the General, who tells the Frenchman that to make an Oracle kill-code, they will first need a cheat code vial. The General gives the Mervs a tracking code that can locate cheat codes.

3/15

Crit 7.1.2:

Zion: The player researches a redpill who Seraph attacked: they are suffering from amnesia that starts at the same time in their past as an unexplained incident that resulted in a change in their behavior (according to acquaintances), and goes up to the point where they were attacked by Seraph. Their government file contains no record of the incident. Also, there is a reference to "Danielle Wright" by a bluepill, in connection with a new network interface system a bluepill company is working on. (It is not mentioned in the mission, but this is the "Wright" of the "Wright Research" company in Downtown, a brilliant ex-Zionite scientist who lost faith in Commander Lock's vision, and left to begin a business career in the Matrix, working with Silver, but still generally sympathetic toward Zion operatives. She is the inventor of the EJP. Wright's own dream is humans taking over the Matrix from the Machines.)

Mach: Pace explains that since they've mastered the commando network, they can now find access points just by scanning for them from any point on the network. The player does this to find an access point, and thus an Elite Commando. Along the way, they encounter a holographic transmission from the General to his men, telling them to hurry up: the Machines are shutting down too many "lines." Also, a Machine computer has some cryptic data about the Sentinel force sent against the General's base--basically that they haven't encountered any hostile units, and are slightly ahead of the projected schedule as they home in on

"Stalingrad." A commando computer shows that Stalingrad has beefed up its defensive capabilities a bit since 6.3. Data is extracted from the Elite Commando; Pace says it will be used to help develop a code to disrupt their stealth function.

Merv: The tracking code has led to the Uriah wharf, where rumor has it that the Machines lost a cheat code vial while disposing of them in the Aqueduct. The player is sent in to track it down. After fruitlessly questioning bluepill workers, they visit Mercury, who says if anyone would know, it'd be the local gang, the Choppers. The Chopper leader Jack the Hack, after the player routs a few of this boys, says that the only thing he can think of is that there used to be a bluepill who hung out at the edge of the pier on his lunch breaks, but was recently seen running off suddenly, and hasn't been back. He gives a description of the guy, which Flood checks against their data, coming up with a name, Jason Hernandez. Visiting his nearby office, you find out that Jason Hernandez hasn't been at work in a few weeks, that he has tended to hang out with a club/casino crowd, and that he has sometimes gone to visit relatives in the International District.

3/15-3/21

Required Events:

Zion: Contact is made with Seraph, who this time is willing to talk, briefly, saying that a veil has been lifted from his eyes. (Also this week, there is a widely seen but not officially recorded Morpheus appearance in richland that I'll be doing solo.)

Mach: Use the "stealth disruptor" code the Machines have developed (this is all role-play, rather than an actual game tool/weapon) to capture an Elite Commando.

Merv: Locate Jason Hernandez, using his co-workers' clues from the 7.1.2 crit if desired. The cheat code vial is obtained from him.

3/22

Crit 7.1.3:

Zion: The player researches more Seraph victims, a bluepill and two redpills, finding that they all have similar memory gaps beginning with an unspecified behavior-changing incident in their past. The behavior was either aloof, cold, or somewhat confused; one requested extended sick leave in Zion. Another remembers having seen an Agent watching them as they patrolled back alleys for Slashers, one of their last memories before they awoke from Seraph's attack. The Oracle says Seraph is close to reaching his goal, but that it won't work out like he thinks it will. The Oracle's Zion guards speculate about the Morpheus sightings.

Mach: The player helps test the scanning routine developed to detect stealthed Elite Commandos. Gray explains that the scan requires a significant amount of power, so they can't run it all the time. After some tweaks and adjustments (the operator gets frustrated with the bugs in the Machine routine), the kinks are worked out, and the routine succeeds in

allowing the operator to see the Elite Commandos on his screen. Along the way, the player comes across a holographic message from the General to his officer, telling the officer that the Machines may have a way to detect him, and that he should abort "the operation" immediately. Pace says that the "Morpheus" reported obviously can't be the dead Zion captain, but that they are looking into it very carefully.

Merv: The player uses Elite Commando assistance to foil Machine efforts to capture the cheat code vial from Merovingian labs, where it is under analysis. Malphas mentions that he thinks the Elite Commandos are capable of speech, but that baffle mechanisms built into their masks confine the sound of their voice to special closed-frequency transmitters. Various NPCs mention rumors of Machines working to defeat Commando stealth, Morpheus's possible return generating talk in the underworld, and Seraph back but not quite himself. Analysis of the cheat code shows that it is mutated even more than previous cheat code samples, and must be used quickly; it has been put in a "secure archive" for now. One of the Twins says that they haven't seen Seraph since he lost his wings, and that they're due for a "rematch." The General, in the flesh rather than by hologram, meets the Merovingian and says that they will need a program capable of crafting a kill code with the captured cheat code. This program is named The Apothecary, and the General does not know their current whereabouts.

3/22-3/28

#### Required Events:

Zion: Seraph is encountered again, a little more talkative. He doesn't explain what he's doing, but says that he's almost done. If the Mach event has already occurred, players could help him attack some overwritten blues/reds; otherwise, they might try to stop him, assuming that they can't be sure yet that he's attacking these people for a really good reason.

Mach: Cryptos, while out on some sort of field operation with the Cypherites, is found by Seraph, who attacks him, then performs an odd "exorcism" (Swirling Ki Summon?), crumpling Cryptos to the ground and ending the fight. Cryptos' RSI changes: his glasses, necklace, and mask are torn off, his cassock darkened, and his eyes blackened, with a golden code glaze. Seraph leaps away. Cryptos is left unable to walk, extremely disoriented, and apparently blind. He tries to talk, speaking haltingly but in his usual warm manner, before Machine error messages come out of his mouth. It is clear that a Machine program, now damaged by Seraph, has been in control of him. Veil is shocked and disgusted, and has him forcibly jacked out.

Merv: The General briefs operatives: The Apothecary was used by Rama-Kandra when he needed a kill-code for the Oracle previously. The General directs them to the White Lotus Hotel dungeon, where they are given an old code trace of The Apothecary by the Spinnerettes leader, the Black Widow (live admin version, non-hostile).

3/29

#### Crit 7.1.4:

Zion: Niobe is alarmed about Cryptos--and Seraph's other victims--being Machine sleeper agents, and orders a complete security audit for Zion. The player is called to assist against a widespread commando attack, but then the General boasts to them in a holographic recording that it was just a diversion. The Oracle is under attack in Mara. The player hurries there, and finds her, Seraph, and a bunch of dead commandos. Seraph explains that after climbing out of the Aqueduct, he found that he could see Machine programs in the minds of humans, and felt he had to remove them; now he is finished, and will protect the Oracle. The Oracle says Seraph will be all right.

Mach: Gray explains that Cryptos was overwritten years ago by a Machine program, whose purpose was to form a group that would help stem the increased tide of redpill awakenings made possible for Zion by the Truce. This group became known as the Cypherites. Pace and the player meet with Veil, trying to make sure that, in Cryptos' absence, the volatile Cypherite controller will continue to direct the organization in a way acceptable to the Machines. The player's operator is so upset over the revelation about the Cypherites that he can hardly form coherent sentences. At the meeting, Pace confides to the player that she isn't getting anywhere with Veil, and some of the Cypherites, jumping to the conclusion that she's conspiring to wipe them out, suddenly attack. Veil keeps her cool, saying simply, and very bitter-sweetly, that she sees how things are now; she then more or less dismisses the player and Pace. Gray says that as long as Veil stays within certain bounds, it's more efficient to leave her in charge than to try to replace her. The player is called away to quell a sudden Elite Commando attack. The operator badgers Gray into running the scan routine, and more Elite Commandos are found, with Merovingian Exiles. Gray says that the Commandos may have had Merovingian assistance in getting into the Matrix.

Merv: The code trace leads to Jade Moon gang members. Flood sends the player to the Jade Moon gang's overseer, Dame White. The Dame says that it's been "ages" since she saw The Apothecary, and that the player will have to ask Lo Ruhamah, in the Barrens. (Lo Ruhamah is the Pandora's Box collector stationed in the Abandoned Subway in Rogers Way; in the fourth box arc, she helps the player track down the Antediluvian, although it appears that she herself may have done some work for him.) The Dame hints that she, the Black Widow, The Apothecary, and Persephone were associates of some kind in the Dame's younger days. Flood sends the player to Persephone, who hands The Apothecary's code trace to the player, saying that a) Dame White "did what I used to do for humans in the pods," and is jealous of Persephone's relative youth and success, and b) Lo Ruhamah is an ancient, exiled monitoring program, still trying to carry out her old function, clinging to gathered information. The player takes the code trace to the south Barrens. There is a small puzzle here; when solved, the code trace is taken, and Lo Ruhamah appears, saying that The Apothecary is still used by the Machines, and that getting them from the Machine mainframes to the Matrix will require the Trainman, who "has retreated deeper into seclusion."

3/29-4/4

Required Events:



Zion: Morpheus appears in Richland and delivers a cryptic message to whoever is around to hear it--something about Neo being alive and held captive by the Machines; he does not move, or otherwise interact with anyone, and quickly jacks out after delivering the message.

Mach: The Machines attack commandos, but the attack is disrupted by Merovingians.

Merv: The Trainman, who does not actually appear in this event, is traced to the Abandoned Subway in Rogers Way, where he evidently has an interface with his private subway construct. Notice is left that the Merovingian requires his immediate presence. Tracing the Trainman should involve some sort of puzzle, ideally utilizing the subway system somehow.

4/5

Crit 7.1.5:

Zion: Seraph is found fighting Elite Commandos, and says that his odd new (temporary) vision allows him to sense the stealthed soldiers, and that the Oracle has told him he must pursue them, to rescue Sati. The operator gets a mysterious golden code beacon directing the player to more commandos--this is from Seraph, although that isn't stated conclusively in the mission. The beacon fades after the commandos are defeated, and the player goes to a scheduled meeting with Agent Pace. In a pre-meeting briefing, Ghost says that scans of the "Morpheus" RSI have been inconclusive--they can't tell where it's coming from, but it certainly isn't a regular redpill signal; there is a lot of corrupt data. Pace very briefly dismisses the idea that either Morpheus or Neo are alive and being held by the Machines, and says that the overwriting of humans was done to ensure the stability and safety of the System, and was not prohibited by the Truce. Tyndall worries that this explanation isn't going to sit well with many in Zion.

Mach: The Machines realize that they now have to move against the Merovingian. Data captured from a combined Merv/Commando force indicates activity at the Abandoned Subway in Rogers Way. In Barrens, the player finds Mervs, Elite Commandos, and Beirn, who snidely remarks that "he" has already reached the Lucero subway. Gray orders the player to retreat, saying Agents are being called in to deal with the ex-Unlimit officer. At a debrief, the player is told that: 1) the General is the main target, not the Merv, 2) Beirn was preserved by and now works for the Merovingian, and 3) although rumors of the Trainman have persisted, he has not been sighted since the beginning of the Truce; if he is returning to active duty, the Merv may be planning a critical program transfer. A Machine computer shows that their Sentinel force is closing in on Stalingrad. Also, a spy report from Zion says that the security review ordered by Zion's commanders prevents further investigation for the time being.

Merv: Malphas discloses that the Trainman, always paranoid and egomaniacal, retreated to his private subway construct when the Truce was made. The Merv got "his assistance in the Assassin affair," but after that, the Trainman vanished altogether. Malphas theorizes that the Trainman resents having been forced to release Neo when he had him captive in his subway station, and that the Trainman sees the Truce as evil, because he has a deep-seated fear that humans will one day destroy the Matrix. The Trainman emerges from the Abandoned

Subway, but his signal is immediately lost as a result of heavy Machine scan activity. Flood mentions that the Machines can now scan for Elite Commandos, and packs the player off to south Barrens, where they find a wounded but still sassy Beirn in a room with a couple dead Agents; this scene takes place just after the Beirn encounter in the Machine crit. Beirn says the Trainman made it out through the Lucero subway, and the operator has Flood scan the rest of the city for him. He's found hiding among dead Crossbones in Moriah, and angrily demands to see the Merovingian immediately. You catch up to Malphas, the Merv, and Ookami, with the Trainman in a secure room next door. Malphas says that the Trainman is more unstable than ever, and will have to be watched carefully. Malphas also describes Seraph's encounter with Cryptos. The Merv congratulates the operative, then rants about the persistence of Morpheus rumors. Ookami says that the Trainman is afraid, and can't be trusted. The Trainman is annoyed at the player nosing after him, says he knows what he's needed for, shows paranoia about the possibility of capture by the Machines, and curses the Merovingian for breaking their "deal" in which "the fly man was supposed to be the last."

4/19

7.2 Cinematic: Heavy firepower destroys the initial wave of Machine Sentinels reaching the General's "Stalingrad" base.

World: The sky goes from a yellow/orange to more of a red.

Crit 7.2.1:

Zion: Ghost tells the player to give Seraph whatever assistance they can in order to locate Sati. Meet Seraph and the Oracle, then go commando hunting with Seraph. However, he finds that the "impression" of Sati he can read from them indicates that they have not been near her recently. A Zion guard hints at "big stuff going on back home."

Mach: The player fights off commandos, runs a search on one of their terminals, gets reinforcements from Pace, then whups commandos defending a command terminal and runs an "override script" giving the Machines control over the General's helicopter fleet. Gray says that for the time being it will be more efficient to leave them following their regular movement patterns, but no longer transporting things for the General. He invites the player to back him up at a meeting with Veil, where he wants to direct her to follow System requirements, but she stalls, saying she'll need time to get the other Cypherites to cooperate. Afterwards, Gray says that although the Cyphs have some conveniently placed spies, the security alert in Zion, and Veil's reluctance to share information, have reduced the info the Machines are getting from them to a mere trickle, and that they may have to consider "liquidating our investment in the group" if the situation can't be improved.

Merv: Malphas says that although difficulties arose between them, the Apothecary still owes Persephone a favor. The player gets a letter calling in said favor from Persephone, who while handing it over makes it clear that the favor is now owed her by her husband. The player delivers the letter to a dismissive Trainman, then confirms delivery with the Merv, who chuckles about Persephone's manipulations, and about the Apothecary's lack of a sense of humor.

4/19-4/25

Required Events:

Zion: Morpheus encountered; speaks somewhat more at length and excitedly about recovering Neo, etc

Mach: recuperating Cryptos encountered: can see only code, bitter against the Machines

Merv: Trainman brings the Apothecary into the Matrix, probably with Machines in hot pursuit

4/26

Crit 7.2.2:

Zion: Seraph wants to try commando hunting again. After thrashing a batch of them, he senses something nearby. Tyndall confirms Nabonidus beacon signal activity in the area. The player follows Seraph's gold code signal and finds a static-covered "Morpheus Signal" that looks like Morpheus, and says a couple things about returning Neo to Zion. Tyndall says that they've finally been able to get a clear reading, and should be able to pinpoint the signal quickly whenever it reappears.

Mach: Again beating up commandos and exploiting their network, this time with the aim of hacking the closed radio channels the Elite Commandos rely upon for communication (via muffled speakers in their masks). A perky backup-supplying Pace mentions that although the Cypherite situation hasn't improved, it hasn't gotten worse, either, and that she thinks they'll work things out. The Machines execute their Elite Commando communication disruption routine, and the player finds a bunch of them who don't support each other effectively, and are easily stomped. Gray disses the General's network security.

Merv: A fascinated Flood introduces the player to the Apothecary, who bluntly demands a sample of the target's code. The operator suspects that the Apothecary will kill them all. Malphas says that fortunately the General has Sati, who the Oracle has spent years stuffing with handcrafted code in the form of cookies, for reasons unknown. and that they can get a code sample from her. The General says this has to be done quickly, and that his own men will handle the code extraction. They bar the player from seeing Sati, although it's possible that some may catch a glimpse of her two rooms away, depending on mission area configuration. A blood-drinker says that they won't tolerate the "Ward" remaining in the General's grip much longer. The player delivers the extracted code to the Apothecary. Malphas, supervising, admires the Apothecary's expertise and artistry, suggesting that the player make a study of the "Ars Moriendi." Flood comes close to waxing poetic over her.

4/26-5/2

Required Events:

Zion: Discussion with the Oracle and Seraph about life, the Matrix, and Sati

Mach: hacking the General's hologram

Merv: Merv wants to test preliminary Oracle kill-code concoction; General (hologram) suggests Agent Pace as target; player hits Pace with Oracle kill-code derivative; Pace collapses, is removed by Gray

5/3

Crit 7.2.3:

Zion: Seraph has sensed Sati's recent appearance in the city. He and the player follow his perception of her signal through a bunch of Elite Commandos to a Merovingian hideout, but the path ends there. The operator is shocked at one of the Mervs mentioning a kill-code hit on Pace, looks into it, and says that it didn't kill her, but put her "out of commission." Tyndall explains that since Seraph has come back, the Oracle has allowed Zion to keep her under guard at locations outside of Mara, since the Debir apartment had become too hot a target. Consulted, the Oracle says that they'll need Sati back in the Matrix in order to rescue her, and that the Machines will have a hand in forcing the General back into the simulation.

Mach: Gray says that an analysis of the code used in the attack on Pace corresponds to code found in the cookies she sometimes gives to redpills, and sends the player to gank a Merv and steal their cookie. Lab techs babble about the sophistication of the code in the cookies. One mentions that Pace is an experimental program, and that the source of some of her core routines is highly classified. Gray says the code also bears the hallmarks of the Apothecary, a kill-code manufacturer recently stolen by the Merv. He sends you to question Dame White, known to have some past history with Persephone and the Apothecary; the Apothecary was exiled once too, but the Machines took her back. The Dame (hm I forgot to include her usual two weird bodyguards, oh well, maybe they're off playing chess) drops a very dense bit of dialogue, including: 1) Persephone was her apprentice, 2) emotions were involved in their job at the pods, 3) contrary to regulations, outsiders sometimes got involved with the humans she worked with, leading to illicit affairs, love triangles, revenge, and this led to her and Persephone "hooking up" with the Apothecary. Gray says this suggests that the Apothecary owes Persephone a business favor. Lab completes analysis, and finds that the code used in the Pace attack was an Oracle kill-code made by the Apothecary. The convalescent Pace insists on seeing the player, saying she just wanted to see their face... And that she is recovering speedily, that they'll soon "have to" let her resume "field duties," that it will be good to get back to work, and that she'll be fine--"better than ever." Gray says that they must consider shifting their offensive focus toward the Merovingian.

Merv: The Apothecary complains that the cheat code is old, and that she needs an injection of "fresh" code to bring it up to par. The operator thinks she's definitely going to kill them all. The player has to beat off some Machines who are getting too close to her. Flood sends them to check on Beirn, who's supposed to be giving the Apothecary a transfusion of his cheat-code-laced blood. The player arrives in the middle of a bitter spat between the Apothecary and

Persephone, who claims the Apothecary is delaying. Beirn say he thinks he could take her if he had to, but just then Machines burst in; Beirn and the Apothecary "kill" the nearest ones, the player takes out the rest, and comes back to find the Apothecary agreeing to fulfill her obligation "and nothing more," and Persephone vowing to talk to her husband about this. The Merovingian finds the spat regrettable, but says he thinks the situation can still be resolved to his satisfaction, so long as the Apothecary completes her work. "And then..."

5/3-5/9

Required Events:

Zion: Morpheus appearance, makes syntax error (repeats same line four times in a row)

Mach: Gray, leading operatives against commandos, encounters Seraph; slightly frosty convo between the two as Sati's safety discussed

Merv: Spying on Agent Pace; behavioral changes observed and reported: empathic in a manipulative, aggressive way

5/10

Crit 7.2.4:

Zion: It's commando hunting with Seraph, who has again detected Sati's presence in the Matrix. He and the player come across a non-hostile commando. He passes you a thank-you letter (to him) from Sati. Seraph leads to the letter's origin point, filled with commandos, but Sati's signal has again disappeared (there is a "ERROR/TRM" computer in the area, which is what the General's deactivated access points say). Just then, Pace arrives, saying she was investigating a report of commandos in the area, congratulates the operative on their "efficiency," and cozily remarks that it is "much safer when we cooperate." Ghost theorizes that the General's ranks may not be as united in his support as had been assumed. The operator uploads a copy of Sati's "Thank you" letter to the player at the end of the mission (can be traded).

Mach: Gray sends the player to terminate the Apothecary, who proves elusive, leaving a trail of Machine bodies and deactivated commando access points in her wake. Gray explains that she can terminate a "lower-level RSI" with a movement of her hand, although this doesn't usually result in permanent deletion. Pace shows some impatience in her usual backup-providing role, saying she wishes she could go eliminate the Merv forces with the player. An Agent reminds the player that Morpheus was confirmed terminated long ago. Although the Apothecary gets away through the General's network, the player confiscates the remains of the cheat code vial she'd been using to make the kill-code. Gray says that they need to shut down the General's network for good. He also says that Seraph's insistence on rescuing Sati before the General is dealt with shows that his logic routines may still be impaired by his dunking. Pace says that if she'd been there, the "traitor" (Apothecary) wouldn't have got away.

Merv: The Apothecary, found hip-deep in dead Mervs and Machines, insists on adequate security before she can finish her work. The General delivers a unit of commandos for the purpose, saying he can only spare them for a brief while. Flood decides to throw the commandos into the face of the growing Machine offensive to buy some time; the player wades through dead and dying Machines and commandos, searching for the misplaced cheat code vial, but has to give up the search when the Apothecary is again attacked. Again found in the midst of dead Mervs and Machs, the Apothecary says she's finished her part of the kill-code, that the Merovingian clearly can't protect her, and that she wants to be transported out of the simulation immediately, as is her right based on the contract she signed with the Merovingian. Flood regrets the loss of "the only professional I've had the pleasure of working with recently."

5/10-5/16

Required Events:

Zion: Morpheus RSI/beacon signal has become highly erratic; traced to relay point in Real in need of maintenance; traced from relay point back to origin point in Matrix--ie simulated

Mach: Machines use data captured from progress in Stalingrad to track down General's primary Matrix command center; big battle; more data captured; General hologram orders commando retreat

Merv: Merv sends Apothecary off under commando escort "to Trainman," tips off Machines; Apothecary deleted in battle by either Machines or Mervs

5/17

Crit 7.2.5:

Zion: The player joins Seraph as he has located "Sati." She stands very stiffly, then deforms into a bizarre noodle-limbed creature: Sati's child body stretched to the size of an adult skeleton. Seraph says it's a trick by the General, but that the vision granted by the codes the General stole from the Machines will be the General's own undoing. The General's hologram appears and taunts the player. The player follows Seraph to a building filled with the bizarre Sati clones, where, while the player puts the others out of their misery, Seraph manages to befriend one. This one leads the player to a computer with data on it. Commandos try to interfere, but the player gets the data, which turns out to be Sati herself, and hands the disc to Seraph, who takes it/her back to the Oracle. The Oracle says that Sati will be just fine, and will have the weather back to normal in a jiff. Niobe, also there, says that it's time to find out who's behind the simulated Morpheus.

Mach: The player plops a virus into a commando mainframe, destroying the General's network and shutting up a pesky static-ridden holographic broadcast from him that popped up at the last second. A computer in the area shows Stalingrad's defenses at very low capacity. After this success, Gray sends the player after Pace, who undertook a meeting with Veil on

her own initiative. The player arrives just as the two women are putting the final touches on an agreement whereby the Cypherites will resume surveillance in Zion for the Machines, in return for payment. Machine/Cyph bystanders explain that a dead Cypherite there had got a little too fresh with Pace. Gray is pleased that Pace's "specialized liaison programming" has helped her find a solution to the Cypherite issue. He also warns that Zion is on edge and must be handled carefully, that the General is on the verge of absolute defeat, and that further action against the Merv will be necessary. Pace preens herself on her coup, saying she thinks the Cypherites can be very useful as long as the right approach is taken. A Machine computer has a message from the Sentinel force, saying they're about to undertake a strategy designed to exhaust the enemy's resources; another Machine computer has a brief spy report from Zion, saying that it's still tough to get intel due to the security revamp, but that movement of men and material out of Zion may be accelerating.

Merv: The General requests several "time-sensitive" troop transfers from the Merovingian. The operator theorizes that Flood had a crush on the Apothecary. The player checks over the troops in the city, helping them beat off a Machine attack so that they'll be set for transport. Flood then sends the player to hurry the Trainman and the Effectuator along; the operator is puzzled about the Trainman's involvement, since he handles transport between the Matrix and the Machine mainframes. The Trainman says he knows places in the Machine mainframes the Machines themselves don't know about. The Effectuator thinks the Trainman's a little weird, but that they'll have the commandos "safely stowed" where the Machines can't get them, while telling the General that the Machines deleted them. The Twins argue about who's behind "Morpheus": the Machines, or EPN. The Merv complains about his wife not being satisfied even after he arranged for the Apothecary's disposal, and says that the General will learn an important lesson about war, but not just yet, as his ignorance will still be useful for a little while. Flood confirms that the kill-code has been completed by the Merovingian's technicians.

5/31

7.3 Cinematic: Overwhelming waves of Machine Sentinels destroy the General's squiddies and rip apart his Stalingrad base. The camera pulls back to show the scene displayed on a video screen, and the back of a man's head in silhouette watching it, as a tiny bug-like robot zips past. The General and his remaining commandos flee through the sewers of the Matrix with Agents in pursuit.

World: The weather returns to normal. The General's helicopters are replaced by news choppers, and his commandos no longer appear as enemies in standard Zion and Machine missions.

Crit 7.3.1:

Zion: Zion tracks the "Morpheus Signal" RSI broadcast of Morpheus again, and runs a trace through it to try to find its source. The trace leads through a bluepill office to a mysterious computer room where the player finds a blank disk, a computer with Morpheus quotes from some of his old speeches (that were chopped up into the speeches the broadcast RSI has given), and a recently used computer. Cell samples are scanned from dead skin cells in the keyboard, in the hopes that this will help track his RSI.

Mach: The player is sent to delete one of the few remaining commando units. A computer in the area has a message to the General, giving orders to the commandos to hold their ground as part of a delaying action. Scans detect Merovingian programs along the General's projected escape path through the city. The player is ordered to eliminate all but one. The player hauls him off to Agent Pace, who "will handle data extraction." Pace says it "should not be overly...difficult," and send the player to pick up some reinforcements while she gets down to business. A computer in the area has a report from the Sentinel strike force confirming destruction of Stalingrad, saying that losses were 36.03% higher than projected, and "Pending Task: Elimination of terrorist hovercraft." Pace comes through with the General's coordinates, the player gets there, and fights through some Mervs to a computer-secured door with unusual code. They get an access code from the guards and use it, but the operator reports "the whole area just blinked," and the computer readout resets, although the door is now unlocked. The player enters and finds a confused bluepill thanking them for fixing the jammed bolt, and then getting confused and demanding to know where their secretary is. The operator says that the Mervs "changed something" and that the door is now just a normal door, and wherever it used to go, it isn't going now. Gray says that it seems the General has gained access to the Merovingian's "back door" system, to which they will have to gain access.

Merv: The player meets up with the General, who asks them to take some commandos and meet him at a rendezvous. Flood has you get the commandos deleted as an "accident," because they're too hot to try hiding from the Machines just now. Then you catch back up to the General, being attacked by Machines, and tell him the Merv wants to talk. The Merv tells the General that the only way he can ensure his safety is to get him out of the Matrix, and to a hiding spot near the surface in the Real. The General agrees to go along with it, saying that although it's risky, the Machines probably won't expect it.

5/31-6/6

Required Events:

Zion: the actual "Morpheus" simulacrum--not a broadcast--is found and escapes, but not before Zion obtains a full scan of the RSI

Mach: working on hacking "chateau" door when general reappears, pursued to train

Merv: general may take some convincing, but has to agree to give Merv the program for converting sentinels between Matrix and the Real; program is retrieved from one of his few remaining data repositories just before it is destroyed by Machines

6/7

Crit 7.3.2:

Zion: Recent readings of the RSI signature are pursued. The player finds an odd chunk of



corrupt binary code, and a large amount of data from a database. The corrupt bytes are back-traced to a deactivated and abandoned commando access point. The operator wonders why the Machines didn't remove that one. Niobe is very suspicious of a connection between the Morpheus RSI and the General, and says that if the General is behind it, it should be found and disabled. Initial analysis of the database information indicates it is an insurance claims database (ie red herring). It isn't mentioned in the mission, but the corrupt chunk of binary code contains the bits seen in the early Morpheus broadcasts' character details. The binary itself is garbage, and I don't think decodes into anything (though I could be in trouble if it does :p).

Mach: Armed with three viruses from Pace, the player sets off to stick them in the "hacked switch hubs" near train stations through which the Trainman controls his network. At the Tabor hub, the player finds some annoying Demon Army members, one of whom initially sounds like he knows something, but goes hostile once taken outside, claiming he's lured the player into an attack by his "brethren." Elite Commandos guard the Camon hub. 5 Points partiers cavort around the Apollyon hub, saying the Trainman lets them chill there. The implanted viral routines begin returning data mapping the Trainman's network. Gray says that with this information, they should be able to intercept the General if he tries to make a break for it.

Merv: Flood doesn't like the name "The Real," and says "The Sludge-Pit" would be more accurate, for instance. He sends the player to collect some commandos and take them to the Trainman. They're dropped off with the cranky Trainman, and the player is sent off to bring the General himself in. The General says he'll go, since he needs to make sure the Trainman has the transfer program configured correctly anyway, but that they'd better take separate routes. He gives the player a commando, saying "maybe you can draw some of them off." Flood doesn't care what you do with the commando, and tells you just to get over to the Trainman. At the Trainman's pad, attacking Machines have to be beaten off, and then the General refuses to leave the Matrix, saying that he has some "unfinished business" that "won't take long." The Trainman says the General is endangering them all. Machines ambush the player outdoors throughout this mission.

6/7-6/13

Required Events:

Zion: (before Mach event) morph sim--talks on its own in semi-broken Morpheus-like speech patterns; gen appears and yells at it, leaves in a huff; sim disappears

Mach: general drags feet at station with trainman, caught in Machine attack, shoved into train by trainman, trainman flees machines on foot, horribly wounded, stumbles through door into white room (or other train station that might sort of look like his construct? hm) where he collapses, apparently lifeless

Merv: merv transfers oracle kill-code through a zion network

6/14

### Crit 7.3.3:

Zion: The routing information of the kill-code shuttled through Zion's network was deleted (inside sabotage), but their recent security revamp keeps high level backups of admin access logs, which preserved the network address of the saboteur's system. The location is populated by Zion operatives, who seem friendly and cooperative. One happens to mention that they haven't seen {random name x} around lately. Tyndall checks on {x} and finds he's using an outside communication relay, which is against regulations. The player finds {x} and works their way to the terminal {x} is using to host the comm relay, finding a log on it of the "friendly" Zionites at the previous location reporting to {x} that the player is on his case. The Zionites in the area go hostile. The player defeats them, and they're arrested on their ships. Their full chat log is analyzed and shows that they didn't know who was on the receiving end of the kill-code, except that it was supposed to be an undercover Merv op on the Oracle's Zion security detail. The player checks on the Oracle and scans her current guards, who check out okay. The Oracle says she hasn't noticed anything amiss. Her second message talks about the Morpheus broadcasts using cut-up lines from old Morpheus speeches. Seraph promises to check each guard until the kill-code is found. One of the guards has a crazy theory about the Merv using the Morpheus RSI to assassinate the Oracle. Tyndall says they'll be code-screening all Oracle guards until the kill-code is found, and that they'll do more checking on the captured crew to see if they can find out more about where the kill-code went.

Mach: With the General gone, the Machines want to make sure his Morpheus sim isn't a threat. Increased activity has been detected at areas Morpheus frequented before his assassination. The player is sent to a warehouse, where a helpful security guard captain gives them the name of the person who deposited a suspicious box of tools recently: "Joshua Maston." One guard jokes about "glue terrorists" that were supposedly using the warehouse a couple years ago. Machine records show Maston is a Zion operative. The player pays him a visit, finding him and a "Flyer," along with some pals. The Zionites flip out when the Flyer is picked up, and a fight follows. ("Flyer" was used in the old "hunt for morpheus" crits in chapter 1.) The player finds that Maston carried papers with an address; they go there and find one of the posters Morpheus used to go around posting. Gray runs a code trace that takes the player to another warehouse, where they find the Morpheus sim. It utters a few hacked-up Morpheus lines, then keels over. The operator says it shut itself off. Gray says it may have the capability to simulate jack-out and reconstruction, but that anyway they now have a complete scan of its RSI.

Merv: Flood sends the player to collect some data sent back by the undercover Merv assassin in Zion. The player finds the Zion facility on alert, which makes getting the data a little tougher than expected. Flood says Zion must have found out about the kill-code being sent into their network. The data the player retrieves contains the address of the place where Zion is currently holding the Oracle, and Flood sends the player in to identify the Zion guard captain on duty. With that accomplished, the player breaks into another Zion facility to swipe the captain's files; he should have a roster of the guard detail. Flood says it should be easy, since "our inside team" who got the kill-code in has already cracked the necessary terminal for you. Hostile Zionites appear once the player gets their hands on the data. Flood says the

insider network sabotage team has been caught, and makes hasty arrangements to deposit the roster with the assassin's backup contact. The player finds them by whispering a password around at an Exile party; the contact is a succubus (see Zion 7.3.4), concerned that this is blowing their cover. If you check carefully, you'll notice a nearby party guest acting suspiciously after you talk to the contact.

6/14-6/20

Required Events:

Zion: merv spy somehow found and taken out, kill-code not found

Mach: active morph sim tracked down and interviewed/interrogated; somewhat anti-machine but Gray determines its merely rudimentary capacity for free thought prevents it from posing a significant threat, while it is useful for pacifying/distracting Zionites

Merv: (after Zion event) key found at Mahath Tower construction site (Lamar neighborhood, east edge of Downtown) must be recovered (possibly involving the Landlord?--either comes to the Merv to tell him he heard Merv was gunning for the Oracle, and might be interested in this key, or someone else comes and tells him that, and it's the Landlord who has the key)

6/21

Crit 7.3.4:

Zion: The player follows up on a contact used by the spy, hoping to find the kill-code, but finds them (a succubus--see Merv 7.3.3) dead, and the General's hologram shows up and gloats. Seraph (whose RSI is back to normal in this subchapter) asks for a meeting, and says that even though his ability to detect commandos is fading, he felt them just now, after an absence of weeks, and he's sure they're somewhere in the city. Shimada asks for a meeting, requesting that Zion allow EPN to help guard the Oracle. Zion Command is reluctant to do so, but the Oracle insists. There's a big pow-wow with the Oracle, Seraph, Niobe, the Kid, and the player. Niobe tries dissuading the Oracle, but she stays firm. The Kid says they're just there to help, and that nobody wants to see any harm come to the Oracle. EPN guards are already in place.

Mach: Gray says that the fact that Zion had data on the Morph sim weeks before they did, and that they know more about the assassination plot against the Oracle, illustrates the problems inherent in the Machines' appalling lack of data from Zion. He sends the player to meet with a Zionite who claims to have information to sell. The informant says to check out a certain EPN operative who's managed to dig up dirt on what the Machines are looking for in Zion, and gives them the address of the EPN's cover business. The player gets backup from Pace, who says she was monitoring the conversation, and she's certain the informant is trying to look like she knows more than she does; Pace's second message says that she's checked the records, and 82% of the double agents they've used have at some point offered false information. The player and followers beat up a bunch of EPN and get to the target, who says

that yeah, the Cypherites are in Zion looking for missing supplies and workers. An annoyed Gray says that this is just going in circles, and evidently neither the would-be informant nor the EPN had actual useful information. He says that even after Pace's agreement with Veil, intelligence reports on Zion from the Cypherites have not been up to par with what they were under Cryptos, and that since reports are coming in that Cryptos has at least in part recovered from Seraph's attack, it's time to encourage his resumption of Cypherite leadership. Gray meets with Veil and Cryptos, where Veil assures him that they'll give the Zion affair top priority, and that she's sure they can find something useful for Cryptos to do now that he's feeling better. Cryptos' own replies are roaming and ambivalent, although he says that he is "not predisposed to be uncooperative." Gray isn't entirely pleased, but says that this was the most he could do without risking a backlash from the Cyphs against Machine control.

Merv: Malphas informs the player that Mahath was the site of the Architect's building destroyed in Reloaded, where the Keymaker died; this key he had just finished ended up not being needed to kill her old shell (between Reloaded and Revolutions). The key will be given to the assassin. The Merv contacts the General, who appears holographically, and asks for a squad of his best men. The General agrees reluctantly, as long as they're used to kill the Oracle, and returned intact. He says that since the Trainman is gone, someone will have to configure the transfer program on alternate hardware. The player goes to the Trainman's workshop, and eventually digs up the transfer program from some uncooperative Hel Club NPCs; one of the computers in the area shows that some numbered things (possibly locations on the Trainman's network, hm?) are offline or in need of maintenance. The transfer program is handed off to the Effectuator, who promptly uses it to summon two dead Elite Commandos. Effy blames it on an unintuitive program interface, and says he needs to go check on something, but not to worry, he'll have it all sorted out. The player has to go configure a computer to initiate the proper transfer. Machines attack right before this can be done, but after they're beaten, four commandos are brought in successfully, with another wounded, and one dead. Flood is annoyed with the Effectuator's bungling, but says there are more commandos where those came from (I wanted to leave the number of commandos brought in somewhat open, because later missions/events may need more than five).

6/21-6/27

Required Events:

Zion: the key teleports the user to the door nearest the Oracle's location---key and kill-code given to elite commando sniper who warps into her epn-guarded location; oracle detects him; kid reacts and jumps in front of her, taking the bullet (reconstructs, seems like no permanent damage)

Mach: Cryptos/Veil--Cryptos feels sufficiently recovered to take Cypherite command, Veil may resist a little; in the end, Cryptos re-establishes his leadership (Veil still 2nd in command)

Merv: (day before Zion event) commando squad in the city, hunted by seraph; mervs have to slow seraph down so that at least one commando gets away for a while, to keep seraph busy

6/28

Crit 7.3.5:

Zion: Seraph has tracked down the last of the Elite Commandos, just as his ability to see them finally fades completely. Ghost arrives wanting to deliver an important message, but Pace shows up at the same time, saying the Machines were also tracking the commandos. She slyly refers to having an intimate catch-up conversation with Ghost. Ghost says Pace is there as a distraction, and the player should get in touch with Tyndall immediately. Tyndall says that contact with the (randomly named) captain of the hovercraft Pelageus has been lost, except for his emergency beacon. The player finds the captain and his crew alone, but just as the captain warns that a Cypherite traitor was in his crew, and that "they think I know something about the--," he and his crew all drop dead. The phone rings--it's Veil, teasing. Tyndall says that they happened to have another ship near the Pelageus; they get a reading on the pirates' hovercraft signal, and the player tracks down the Cypherite crew in the city, forcing them to reconstruct as the Zion ship moves in the Real. The Cypherite craft gets off with the Zionite ship in pursuit. Seraph had mentioned earlier that the Oracle wanted to talk. She says that she isn't sure what to say to make the player feel better; "they won't get to you like they got to those poor people on that ship"; she also says that she could say it's all for the best, but people tend to take that the wrong way. Zionite and EPN guards in the area are arguing: Zion says the Cypherites don't really care about EPN, and have always been after Zion, while EPN points out that they've taken the hits all this time while Zion's been hiding behind the Truce. Tyndall reports that the Cypherite hovercraft was damaged, but hasn't been captured yet, although they caught one female Cypherite on foot near the Pelageus. (I don't have any particular plans for these Cyphs.)

Mach: Gray sends the player after the commandos that have re-entered the Matrix. After defeating some easily, thanks to their anti-commando routines, the player comes across dead commandos, then Seraph, Ghost, and Pace, who got there *\*real\** fast. Seraph says that fortunately, the commando assassination attempt on the Oracle was prevented. Ghost curtly thanks the player for their interest. Pace says she'll handle Ghost, and dismisses the player, telling them to report to Gray. Gray informs the player of the Cypherite hijacking of the Pelageus, and sends them to Veil to ask for an explanation of the operation. Veil angrily replies that she nearly lost a ship and crew trying to get data for the Machines, and that they have no right to question her methods: "Tell me we're endangering the Truce? Don't make me laugh." She excuses herself, saying she has some phone calls to make. One of the Cyphs with her says "Your war never ended, pal. They just told you it did, and you bought their story." Gray says that he's informed that Cryptos is back in command of the Cypherites, although Veil controls many of their day-to-day operations. Gray is concerned that the Machines will be blamed for these extreme Cypherite actions. The player responds to Seraph's invitation to see the Oracle, who says that most everyone wants to save lives, but they disagree on how to go about it--that they see the differences rather than the similarities between humans and Machines. She adds that if there's one thing she's learned from all this, it's that you can't save someone who doesn't want to be saved; it's all well and good to give someone a choice, but then you have to live with the consequences, and if you don't like their choices, you've got to work on changing their mind, which is about the toughest thing there is.

Merv: A frustrated Merovingian sends the player off to set up a relay with the General. Flood

explains that they had a relay in place, but it stopped working--the Machines probably found it--and that although they're working on a permanent relay that the Machines won't be able to get at, for this they'll just have to rig up a temporary one that will probably be detected and shut down shortly afterwards. He sends the player to a small data center, where they send an encoded message to the General on a low-bandwidth channel that's supposed to be "below the radar." Nevertheless, Machines attack the center just after the message gets out. Next, the player has to set up a receiver, and because this is a rush job, Flood sends you to a bluepill company, to put a script in place that will hijack their receiver/transmitter. It's a TV station, and the bluepills inside have conversations and data on their computers, including news of another Pendhurst-Amaranth stock split, an intrepid reporter trying to turn the coincidence of both Anome and his mother falling from buildings into a theory on jumping being hereditary, and one who wants to cover gun control, saying that firearm-related deaths are up 89% in the last two years. Once the right computer is found and the script put in place, the player returns to the Merv as the meeting starts. The Merv berates the General for the commando's failure to kill the Oracle, and says that he's assuming direct command of the General's Sentinels. He orders Malphas to "initiate the override program." The General begins to retort but is cut off mid-word. Malphas explains that they inserted "override routines" when they transferred the General and his commando programs out of the Matrix, and that they are now "programmatically compelled" to obey instructions from the Merovingian. The Merv says that although the General has been disappointing in the past, as the head of an obedient squadron outside the Matrix, he may have his uses.

7/12

## 8.1 Cinematic

An undercover Cypherite hovercraft winds through a new tunnels system, following directions from a Zion traffic controller. They enter a large chamber coated with EMP devices and are directed to cut engines to go through the shaft below. The crew panics and guns the engines, fleeing. Their path is blocked by a heavily loaded hoverbarge. They send a report to Cryptos that they've found "it" just before an EMP goes off, sending both craft plunging into the bottom of the tunnel.

Cut to the Architect in his control room. He informs Agent Gray, on a monitor, that Zion has broken the Truce. No more awakenings are to be allowed.

[What this means is that Zion and the Machines are again at war.

What the Cypherites found, as will be explained in the initial crits, is "New Zion," Zion's answer to the continual threat of extermination by the fleet of Sentinels watching "old" Zion. This is where all those shipments of men and materials have been going. "New Zion" is a new city/base in a mixture of natural and artificial caverns farther from the Machine City in terms of longitude and latitude, and much farther below the surface than the old city. The location is shielded from scans and drilling by natural formations of solid bedrock, ore-heavy layers of earth and minerals, lava and ducts of superheated air, and, most importantly, arrays of EMP

clusters drilled into the long winding tunnel walls of the few available access points, and finally a vertical tunnel section completely covered by live EMP fields; entering craft must kill all systems, drop through the fields, then restart systems in free-fall in the large subterranean chasm below. Outgoing craft are lifted through on massive mechanical winch systems. Abundant geothermic power sustains the base.]

## World

- Went through all the neighborhood and intro missions, Lock's initial voiceover, signpost ("i") NPCs and so forth to take out references to being in a state of Truce. (There's still the Oracle's lines in the introductory movie, but ah well.)
- Chance of Agent attack in a restricted area now goes up rather than down with character level.
- Always a chance of a level 100 Agent attack against Zion operatives outdoors in Westview, INT, and DT.
- RSI updates for the two primary story characters for each org.
- There's a new, decidedly Machine-oriented collector, Codebase, behind the Uriah SW hardline, who slips in a few suggestions about working for the Machines.
- Machines and Zion are now opponents for each other in standard missions.

## Crit 8.1.1

Zion: Ghost explains about New Zion, and the Machines declaring that Zion has broken the truce. The player is sent to check Zion network facilities that have reported trouble: the first is dead, the second has a battle going on between Zionites and Machines (well, dead NPCs, some live Zionites who will follow the player and fight, and hostile Machines). The player is then packed off to see Niobe, who says it looks like the Machines are going after Zion's network interfaces; they thought they were secure after the recent security overhaul, but the Machines are going after them in a way that suggests they've found a security hole. Ghost says that a berth has been secured for the player's hovercraft in New Zion, and that a Machine attack on Zion now would make supplies tight, but would cost the Machines a lot of Sentinels with all the EMP-equipped hovercraft Zion has.

Mach: Pace explains a bit about New Zion, and says Zion is mistaken if they think it will let them attack the System with impunity. She says the Machines know more about Zion's network interfaces than Zion suspects. Gray sends the player after a network hub, that leads to another activity center. A hackable computer at the hub has a message intercept of a directive from Lock, saying that hovercraft reassignments to New Zion are being given in order of captain seniority. Zionites killed, etc. Gray has the player over for a head-to-head, where he explains that they have to defend the System against Zion for the good of humanity.

Merv: Flood explains a bit about New Zion and the renewed war, and Malphas says that the Zion/Machine hostilities will give the Mervs opportunities. For instance, he sends the player to retrieve the chunk of "corrupt" code that Zion captured from the General--it's easy, because

the Machines had just attacked and wiped out the place where it was being held. The Twins aren't pleased that they didn't get to kill anyone. Flood then sends the player to see what Exile business leaders Dame White and Mr. Black make of the new situation, to see "which way the wind is blowing." The Dame thinks she'll manage just fine; Mr. Black thinks all the chaos is bad for business. The Merovingian says that he on the other hand thinks this is the perfect time to look for unexpected opportunities. Persephone suspects that he's already up to something, and laments that he will risk everything on a roll of the dice.

7/12-7/18

Required Events:

Zion: emergency briefing, Q&A session w/ Niobe and Ghost

Mach: emergency briefing, Q&A session w/ Pace and Gray

Merv: emergency party with Merv and Persephone

7/19

Crit 8.1.2

Zion: Lab working on configuring an emergency firewall program has been sacked by the Machines. Player has to pick up a copy from Ghost and take it over to a new, hopefully secret lab. A hackable computer at this lab has a note about, well, basically no firm news on what the possible hole in Zion's defenses might be, what the Merv could be doing, etc. A tech is skeptical that there's a hole, and thinks the whole system is just too old and well known to the Machines. The transfer to the new lab seems to go okay, but Machines are detected later a little ways away; the player goes to head them off, and does so, until level 100 Agents show up just as the operator gives word that the new firewall has already been bypassed by the Machines.

Mach: Pace is standing on a mound of Zionite bodies and gives the player some viruses to go insert into the Zion network. Gray says that they already knew a lot of Zion's network structure, and they can now exploit this relatively easily. But the first location has only a wiped, useless computer, and some Zionites who plead with the player to think about what he's doing. Gray says such tactics are futile, and it will only facilitate Machine progress if Zion chooses to cripple their own systems. The computer at the second location is a better target, but the third is completely dead. Gray says that apparently Zion has begun to realize the vulnerability of their situation, but it won't matter, and peace will soon be restored.

Merv: The General's Sentinels are in danger of being found by increased Machine Sentinel patrols. The Effectuator remembers coming across some Zion tunnel map info when he was helping them with their networks and so forth back when Niobe was ganked by Anome. He points the player to a bluepill business, whose computer turns out to have what looks like a Zion network connection--the business itself being some kind of front. Flood can't tolerate the



Effectuator running the show, and sort of mentally disconnects. The network connection leads to a Zionite installation, where the player downloads the tunnel mapping data they were after. The Twins are placing bets on what's become of the Trainman. The Merv is pleased, summons the General, and says he can help him evade the Machines, but that the General must agree to stay within certain designated areas, or he'll be shut down. The General, whose transmission is a little choppy, appears to agree.

7/19-7/25

#### Required Events

Zion: emergency network up-link established

Mach: attack on a redpill extraction point

Merv: Merv does a roll-call of powerful Exiles to take stock of his wartime power base (ie a parade of me showing up as various Exiles one at a time)

7/26

#### Crit 8.1.3

Zion: Comm systems impaired by Machine attacks prevent Tyndall from coming through clearly; at one point later in the mission you hear her say "Ardes--." Ghost tells the player that their broadcast database is under attack by the Machines; this system helps manage and control redpill signals coming into the Matrix (sort of like air traffic control or something). Off the player goes to try to grab the broadcast data before the Machines can get it. They get there just in time, and the operator shunts the data over the network to a temporarily safe location. The operative runs there to collect it, then hustles it to the emergency up-link. The Machines have got a Special Agent (level 255) right at the up-link, but he's downed by Beirn who suddenly zaps in, tips his hat, and passes along a "Bonjour" from the Merv. The data is sent out of the Matrix through the up-link, saved for later use with a backup system, hopefully. (Which Zion sets up pretty much right away, I suppose. The story is that broadcast depth is now shallower, because they're running the broadcast control as a distributed system among hovercraft at broadcast depth, which is less efficient than the old system. That's explained a bit more in the next crit.)

Mach: Routine investigation of a computer theft that may have been perpetrated by Zionites or EPN desperate for computer gear is interrupted by Gray, who says that their viral routines have located Zion's broadcast signal control center. The player arrives there in the midst of a fight, but finds that Zion has just shunted the broadcast control data somewhere, and deleted the transfer log. The Machines have to take a few minutes to run a backtrace to see what exactly happened in the simulation when the data was shunted. They find where it went, but they're again a little behind Zion. Then word comes that an Agent sent to investigate an unregistered network up-link has just ceased function. Investigating the coincidence, the player finds a dead Agent, and a dead up-link terminal. Gray consoles the player over the loss

of the broadcast data, saying that destruction of the control center will impair Zion's signal efficiency, at least. He says that there aren't many things powerful enough to have taken out the Agent, and that the incident will be investigated.

Merv: The General beams in with news that his Sentinel scouts intercepted a message from the Zion hovercraft "Ardeshir" about an emergency up-link Zion had configured, something to do with concerns about the security of their broadcast control database. Flood has the General disable the hovercraft with Sentinels, while the operative corners the jacked-in crew and demands to be given the location of the up-link. The surviving Ardeshir operative (random name) figures she doesn't have much choice anyway, because she needs the ship intact so that they can tell Zion about the Machines they've detected closing in on the up-link; she instructs "Spitz" the operator (:p) to give the General's squids the up-link coordinates. The player joins Malphas, who's monitoring the situation as Beirn is sent to the up-link to delay the Machines. A sort of concerned/annoyed Persephone is there with Malphas, too. Malphas says they're helping Zion in this case because it would be inconvenient if Zion lost this data, and thus the war, so soon. Word comes that Beirn has succeeded in allowing Zion to save their data. The player reports the happy news to the Merv, but the Merv broods over it, saying that it was too easy.

7/26-8/1

#### Required Events

Zion: Zion finally detects and goes after some of the (Cyph) spies who've been infiltrating (old) Zion

Mach: (Cypherite?) spy mission, find key to getting at recruiting data--a potential who's been approached by both sides, and reveals some information he got from an overly enthusiastic Zion recruiter

Merv: Merv surprised by lack of oomph in Machine response. Stages attack or demonstration to test it. Finds it somewhat feeble.

8/2

#### Crit 8.1.4

Zion: Tyndall says comms are mostly repaired, but broadcast depth is shallower due to the broadcast thingy. She sends the player to investigate a recruiting team manager (random name) who's jacked in, but not responding, and whose location can't be pinpointed for some reason. The player finds a journal entry from a few days ago in the manager's apartment (saying there are more recruiting volunteers, with more enthusiasm now, and that potential numbers seem to be up as well). Tyndall sends the player to the aid of a recruiting center that's just come under Machine attack; the center houses sensitive recruiting data. The player gets there, but finds that the data's been swiped. Tyndall sends them after a Machinist seen leaving the area just before the player'd got there. The player finds the Machinist, but just

after they've uploaded the data, presumably to some Machine server. Tyndall says this is going to endanger the potentials they had listed in the stolen data, and sends the player off to report to Niobe. Niobe is in conversation with the Kid, who says that the Machines are just going to bulldoze through Zion if a second front isn't opened, mentioning that the "swarm of Sentinels they just sent at your new city isn't going to be the last." The Kid wants to hit Machine City directly. Niobe isn't too keen on it, telling the player that Zion can't afford to throw ships away right now. She adds that she appreciates the player's gumption, and says that even though things don't seem to be going well, fighting is better than giving in.

Mach: Gray sends the player after a Zion operative (random name) who has access to high-level recruiting data; the Machines learned about this from a potential who was told more than necessary by an overzealous Zion recruiter. The player tags the operative, and Extremators show up to bag him. The location of Zion's recruiting center is extracted from the captured Zionite somehow (the operator makes it sound like some process so chilling you don't wanna know about it), and the player swipes the data. A hackable computer at the center has an intercepted message from Niobe, explaining about the distributed broadcast control system, and shallower broadcast depth. The player is pursued by Zionites, but gets the data uploaded before they catch up. Gray packs the successful operative off to see what that darn Veil wants now. Veil congratulates the player that the Machines are finally cracking down on Zion recruiting, and happens to mention that she's heard EPN has some idea about bombing the Machines' city, oh and that she's sorry to hear "about the squiddies from Stalingrad biting it outside New Zion..." Gray confirms that some Sentinels returning from Stalingrad were diverted to probe the New Zion's defenses, and appear to have been disabled, probably by concealed EMP charges--they couldn't get precise data due to "broadcast interference."

Merv: The Merv, still not satisfied with the Machine reaction to aggression lately, sends the player to Mara to find the Oracle. In Mara, the player corners a fidgety Blackwood who says ohh, sure, she's right down the street. Down the street the player finds Seraph, who stares them down a bit, then says all right, she'll talk to the Merv. Then there's a meeting between the Oracle and the Merv, with Seraph looking on, and the Twins patrolling the apartment, calling it a little "a little...homey." The Merv asks why the Machines haven't even made much of an effort to "obliterate" their enemies; the Oracle responds that "Power isn't everything," that there's more to the Machines than the Merv thinks, and that maybe he should take a look around with his new "outside" eyes. The Merv is left pondering what this might mean.

8/2-8/8

### Required Events

Zion: compromised recruiting team/potential must be saved from machines

Mach: kill a bluepill potential, Navin Manohar, substitute partially overwritten bluepill in his place, rewriting his features (players must identify, gather, and administer necessary RSI pills) to match the potential's appearance

Merv: interrogates morph sim--morph sim will rehash the story Morpheus told Neo about "the desert of the Real," humans as batteries, and so forth

8/9

### Crit 8.1.5

Zion: The player saves a recruiting team's bacon, and the team deputizes the player to help check up on one of the potentials whose identity has been compromised by the recent loss of data to the Machines. The player heads off, finds a bluepill, but not the right one; it's a friend, who says that "they" came and dragged the potential off, claiming she was involved in a terrorist conspiracy. Tyndall sends the player to raid the nearest federal detention facility, where the player takes out a bunch of confused SWAT, and some Machines, and finds the missing potential, who's pretty freaked out about all the killing. Niobe calls the player in, congratulates them on the rescue, but says that things aren't going well, and Zion is going to have to switch over to entirely new systems run out of New Zion as soon as possible.

Mach: Gray has the player check "Navin Manohar" just before the Zionite recruiting team arrives to have him pop a pill. Navin Manohar seems to be all right, and the player goes off to meet Pace to observe Navin Manohar's progress with the recruiting team. Pace says that it's going all right, they've taken the pill and...ahah, the hidden Machine program has locked the red pill's trace process, and is feeding back into the Zionite systems. She sends the player to go take out the extraction team before they figure out what's going on and unplug their systems. The player takes out the extraction team, and finds Navin Manohar out on the floor, next to a computer with data on it. The player brings the data back to Pace, who explains that the extraction systems rely on data processed by Zion's "core server farm" during the critical phase of the extraction procedure, and that although the interface to that system is protected, the feedback data they've captured should contain vital data on its "location and configuration"; "this could be the key to the Zion Mainframe." Gray says that further data will be required. A computer tucked away in the final area shows that the Machines have recorded three encounters with the General's Sentinels, but that they still haven't pinpointed their current location.

Merv: Flood sends the player to take orders from the Merv, who they find shackled up with Nicky G. The Merv's curiosity has been piqued by the Oracle and the story told him by the Morph sim (which of course he'd heard before); isn't it interesting, he says, that nobody really knows where Morpheus got all that information, and that he wants to look into it. He sends the player to ask Raini (from "Uranium") about the "form of fusion" mentioned by Morpheus that the Machines are supposed to get their power from along with the human bodies, and to talk to Silver about the energy potential of the human body. Flood says the story on Raini is that she was a program used in nuclear fission reactors, before the Machines decided to use human power instead. After a bit of work the player gets Raini to talk; she says that most people who talk up fusion are pipe-dreamers--that yeah, it produces more energy than fission, and less waste, but you need all this other stuff to set it up (Lawson triple product, plasma/magnetic containment), and she can't see why the Machines would bother with that over fission; it's not like they'd be worried about pollution from fission's nuclear waste. Silver says that it doesn't matter what sort of weird bio-mechanical fusion the Machines might have come up with; running it through human bodies, which are only 25% energy-efficient at best, means the end result must be a relatively inefficient system no matter which way you slice it.

The operator observes that this fusion/human power system also leaves the Machines stuck with all the expense of maintaining the Matrix, the pods, etc. The Merv, after hearing all this, wants to know not only what the Machines are doing for power, but why, and subsequently gives orders for the General to send Sentinels to scout the fields and pods.

Most of the info I got for this crit on fission, fusion, and human energy potential came from these pages:

<http://members.aol.com/Cappuccinno2...hem/energy.html>

average 100 watts

max 4500 watts

max sustained 400 watts

<http://www.ftexploring.com/energy/heatflow.htm>

average 100 watts "heat flow"

[http://expertpages.com/news/concept...gineering\\_8.htm](http://expertpages.com/news/concept...gineering_8.htm)

human energy efficiency ~ 5-25% (high end is professional athlete)

<http://hypertextbook.com/facts/2001...elineLing.shtml>

brain uses about 1/5th (20 watts)

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fusion\\_power](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fusion_power)

fusion: Deuterium to Tritium (also protium--isotopes of hydrogen)

<http://fusedweb.pppl.gov/FAQ/sectio.../part1-tech.txt>

D very abundant, T made from Li (plentiful in oceans)

Reactors require vanadium--present in many minerals

[http://www.eoearth.org/article/Nucl...ar\\_fusion\\_power](http://www.eoearth.org/article/Nucl...ar_fusion_power)

fusion in the sun--hydrogen fuses into helium

$4\text{ }^1\text{H} + 2\text{ e}^- \rightarrow 4\text{ }^4\text{He} + 2\text{ neutrinos} + 6\text{ photons} = 26\text{ million electronvolts (MeV)}$

<http://www.123helpme.com/assets/16355.html>

"fusion of a given mass of deuterium will be able to create over four times the energy produced through fission of an equal mass of uranium"

<http://www.princeton.edu/~chm333/20...nfinement2.html>

"Lawson triple product" - criteria to reach nuclear ignition (high temperature plasma containment--also magnetic)

8/23 (delayed to 8/24)

## 8.2 Cinematic

Zion operatives work frantically at a covert computer lab when Machine operatives burst in. They are cut down, but Agents follow. Transition to a flight of Sentinels through tunnels, knocked out of the air by a shoulder-launched EMP missile. Cut to a Sentinel flying across massive power lines headed into Machine City, scanning. Cut to the Merovingian, observing the readout on a computer screen, and laughing.

[Notes in square brackets below are not told to players directly, if at all.]

### Crit 8.2.1

Zion: The operator mentions that Zion is working around the clock to transfer the Zion mainframe data to New Zion, but security measures in place in the mainframe, the sheer volume of data involved, and the dangers of transport through Sentinel patrols (crews have to delete their copy of the data at the least sign of danger) make it a painstaking process. A guard mentions that more Sentinels are being seen around the old city. Zion tries to fix the security hole that the Machines exploited (in 8.1.5) to get close to the Zion mainframe, but finds the Machine code involved in part of the red pill program too hard to modify. Alternate plan submitted by the Council, overruling Lock (who thought it too great a security risk): bring in Danielle Wright, "the foremost authority on Matrix interface technology." She invented the EJP while a Zion operative, but left shortly after the Truce began, citing "ideological differences." After leaving Zion, she founded what is now one of the city's largest tech companies, Wright Research, with a large skyscraper HQ in Vauxton (map landmark). Tyndall mentions that Silver has been known to associate with Wright, but that she herself is very secretive [hm, I'd probably have toned down that reference to Silver after writing Machine mission 8.2.4, ah well]. After some poking around a Wright Research office, Wright herself calls for a meeting. She says "I will help you--not because I share your commander's views, but because the red pill program is vital to the future of mankind." [Throughout these missions, Wright is very aloof, and calm, although she shows flashes of frustration when others aren't performing to her liking. Nothing seems to take her by surprise. She tends to refer to players formally by their bluepill last name, like an Agent.]

Mach: Gray says that although they haven't been able to pinpoint them, there are indications that the General's Sentinels are advancing toward "sensitive installations on the Earth's surface," and sics the player on some Mervs to show them the error of their ways, then to the Auditor, to "persuade" him to stop working with the Merv. The Auditor says he thought he could be useful to the System, screening Merv code for faults and errors, but that he'll stop if that's what they want. He isn't sure how he's going to explain this if the Merv asks. Hypatia is confronted next, since she's been offering "unusually...sensitive material to the highest bidder" (there was a Live Event a few chapters back on Vector where she did this) and has made offers of data to the Merv specifically. Hypatia isn't happy about the crack-down, says she won't be intimidated into self-censorship, her Bookwyrm gets rowdy, the player beats them, and an Agent appears on the scene to sit Hypatia in the corner for a while. Bursting with this success, the player is sent to deactivate the "directed relay" the Merv has been using to talk to the General, which the Machines have finally tracked down after a "thorough log search." The player succeeds in deactivating the relay, but then the General's holographic projection appears, boasting that they have other relays, nyah nyah, and is the System getting desperate because it feels like it's running out of time? Gray sets things right by shrugging this off as a "lackey's bravado," and saying that the Merv won't be able to resist the Machines for long.

Merv: The General's Sentinel scouts are approaching the Fields to count babies. Local expert Persephone says that conception does not take place in the pods; the parents could be miles apart; their genetic samples are sent to the Fields, where they are combined and grown into children. Persephone thinks it's all very sterile; Flood is horrified by the "organic minutiae." While the scouts start their baby count, the player ransacks the local hospital records office for the "official" version of the birth rate in the simulation. Avoiding amusing run-ins with fed-

up bluepills and a self-diagnosis terminal ("press 7 if you are questioning reality"), the player finds the official article: "The city birth rate was 1.5% in 1999, up a dramatic 0.001% from the previous year. City officials attributed the cause to improvements in dental hygiene, television programming..." Flood is becoming sick of numbers, passing along that the scouts have counted about 1 million fetuses in the Fields, and 3 million people plugged into the pods nearby. Armed with the 1.5% birth rate, the player questions the creepy Coroner about the simulation's death rate; the Coroner says the city's figure is 0.7%--half of the birth rate (and don't forget to factor in "0.6% infant mortality," of course!)--but since the simulation is supposed to a stable, closed system, deaths must equal births, or it all goes to heck--only, that isn't the picture the Machines want to show to the bluepills. How does the Coroner think the Machines are managing it? "Foreign travel, detention facilities, retirement homes, the suburbs... There are so many ways to make the undesirable simply...disappear." Flood dismisses this as "rampant paranoia." Malphas does some quick calculations: "Assuming a nine month gestation period, a Field of one million wombs yields 1.3 million humans a year. At a 1.5% birth rate, that would imply a population of about...88 million, after the Coroner's infant mortality rate"; he says this corroborates the Morpheus sim's account of other pods elsewhere, since there are far more than 3 million people in just the city. The General's hologram is telling the Merv that he can't try taking a power reading directly off the Machine power lines, 'cause they'd detect it and catch him; they're already buzzing his position. The Merv says well, of course we know that Zion has found more pods [they must have, using red pills to locate pod inhabitants during extraction operations], so we'll just have to look around for them, too; and isn't it funny how Smith, according to Morpheus, thought there were "billions" of people in the Matrix? What a sucker that Smith was.

8/23-8/29

Required Events:

Zion: EPN steals Merv's mapped data on Machine power lines [note to self: don't forget to plant cake vendors in the area that some EPN surely won't be able to resist]

Mach: hit on some kind of Merv operation (stored commando programs, Exile (neighborhood) contact ally, etc)

Merv: hit on some kind of Machine operation (anti-extraction team, the Network & Network Media, SWAT teams, etc)

8/30

Crit 8.2.2

Zion: [Note: throughout Wright Research facilities in this subchapter, there are messages all codes with the same method. They refer very obtusely to Wright's inside access to the Zion mainframe, her connection to Silver, and a few other things that she's involved in checking up on.] Wright gives Zion some prototype new red pills to test on operatives, to see if they prevent the Machine exploit. Ghost mentions that they know Wright has access to the

mainframe, but they've never been able to figure out how she does it. The first test succeeds in blocking the exploit, but feedback makes the redpill test subject ill. A hackable computer alludes to more Sentinels close to Zion. The second test subject dies just as Machines burst in, killing most of the other Zionites, and nobody could tell if it was the pill that killed the test subject, or the Machines. Wright isn't very surprised that the Machines are trying to stop creation of the new pills. She says the next step, after making some code tweaks, is to test them on a bluepill.

Mach: Gray reports a sudden rise in "utility and service failures," and sends the player to investigate one of the reports of trouble. A landlord explains that the water's been running hot/cold/none/bursts, not only in that apartment, but in his other three properties, too. Gray says this will be looked into, and sends the player to check out one of a number of reports of sharply increased gang activity across the city; turns out a SWAT team's been taken out by nasty Hel Club ravers. Gray reports that the water utility superintendent, interrogated, revealed that the "utility worker's union" paid him to look the other way while they made "adjustments" to equipment. Sent to check one of many phone outage reports (problems extend "even to operative-tapped 'hardline' networks"), the player finds a broken Hardline Junction Box, fixes it, and has to endure another surprise taunting from the General's hologram. Clearly the Merv is claiming responsibility for this reign of utility terror. An almost flustered Gray refers to "...other difficulties," then mentions what may be a new direct threat: the Auditor's latest analysis has found a problem in operative code. The Auditor, secure under Machine guard, reports finding page faults "in pod energy generation control subroutine modules" with source code "of a unique Zionite/Machine synthesis," but similar to Zion's red pill program: basically, Zion's working on a new red pill. Gray says this is a little disturbing, 'cause nobody thought Zion could code like that, so the Man is gonna have to be on their case lickety-split, but unfortunately that means they'll have to let the Merv live for a little while longer, especially with the exploration of New Zion's defenses causing high Sentinel losses to uncharted EMP charges, general war with Zion, etc. But not to worry, the Merv's puny Sentinel fleet doesn't pose an actual military threat in the Real: "surface facilities within his short-term range have sufficient defenses to repel an attack."

Merv: The Merv is way mad about EPN stealing his map of the pod power lines! But they didn't cover their tracks, and he can trace the cake they ate, so it's time to get that data out of their hands, and give some payback. The player leaves an anonymous phone call about the EPN's location on a government terrorism tip hotline, then hurries off and gets there just as Machines are terminating the specific EPN the Merv's been tracking. He reconstructs, and even takes some RSI pills (NPCs who don't follow you physically choose a new RSI from their NPC type's random pool if used again in a later phase of the same mission), but they can still track him, he's gone back to HQ, they follow, waste a bunch of EPN, but don't find the data. Flood says the Merv's gonna be steamed; oh, and in other news, the General's pulled back from the Fields due to all the Machines buzzing around.

8/30-9/5

Required Events

Zion: Awakening and extraction test run to assist Wright (trace succeeds but pod extraction



fails--one important implication here is that the red pills do have something to do with allowing the newly awakened subject to get free of the pod; hopefully this will sort of address the question some players have been asking about why would the Machines keep flushing awakened humans--like they seem to do with Neo in the first movie--now that awakenings aren't supposed to be allowed; wouldn't they just kill them as soon as they detected it, so that Zion couldn't rescue them?)

Mach: attack on Wright Research (a new admin-started mission will populate inside the Wright Research building, if needed)

Merv: Merv finds out about EPN plans to attack power lines

9/6

### Crit 8.2.3

Zion: Wright says she needs Machine pod control code to fix the pills. She knows Persephone's kept some code from her old job, and even knows where it is. Hel Club Exiles are fought and the data obtained, but it turns out to have only "dynamic links" to the actual Machine code needed. These lead to a Machine facility, and another data capture (one computer has a partial government profile of Wright, in the style of the one you can glimpse at Smith's interrogation of Thomas Anderson in the first movie: "Date of Birth: 24 June, 1964 // Place of Birth: South Vauxton, Downtown, Capital City, USA // Mother's maiden name: Eleanor Morrell // Father's Name: Jonas Wright"). Wright completes the code. Lock calls and thanks her personally (you get to hear on speakerphone), saying that mankind owes her a great debt, and that they'll keep a berth open for her in New Zion. Wright declines, saying "Another nobly futile gesture from your Commander; he always was fond of those." If you talk to her a second time, she says "Jason was quite right to say that we haven't seen things the same way, [Mr.|Ms.] [player bluepill last name]. I lack his great faith in our ability to survive on our own." [There's an implication in various snatches of dialogue in these missions that Lock and Wright used to know each other well, although there's no indication that it was in any way a romantic relationship.] She also says "goodbye," with a certain finality.

Mach: The Machines are wise to ex-Zionite Wright's work on the new pills. Cryptos pops round to relate that Zion's already started distributing said pills. Gray's determined to get his hands on one, and sends the player to sack a Wright Research facility, but they find that Wright's orders to ship out the initial development batches have already been obeyed, and the place is dry. Gray has the player try hitting up a Zion extraction team for their red pill; this works (the player also confiscates their blue pill, but the operator says the Machines don't need those anyway: they have their own means of calming the citizens). The pill is submitted for analysis, a technician in a back room talks about Wright's invention of the EJP (which the Machines then "had to obtain from Zionite defectors"--oh, and one of her interface subroutines \*might\* have been "studied for the Agent Pace project"), and the pesky General sends his pesky hologram in again, but this time he helpfully tells the Machines where they can collect a nice juicy report, courtesy of the Merv, on EPN's plan to sabotage power lines leading into the Machine city. Gray says that so far, analysis of the new red pill program suggests that the author has close access to the Zion mainframe; since Zion doesn't like

giving out access of that level to non-Zionites like Wright, could be that she's got her own means of accessing it. Hm... Oh, yeah, and they'll check on that Merv thing about EPN. [The unsuccessful EPN sabotage attempt on the pod power lines is assumed to take place between this week and next week's missions.]

Merv: The player walks in on the Merv and Veil, just as she's saying thanks, but no thanks, "I really don't know anything about it, and besides, we've got a pill problem on our hands just now." The Merv says this tells him two things: 1) the Machines don't know about EPN's sabotage plans, yet, since they'd certainly have told the Cyphs about it, and 2) EPN will probably be interested in that whole pill thing going on over at Wright Research. Time to check that out. Flood tells about Wright being ex-Zion, inventor of the EJP, and "she apparently decided that she wants to take over the Matrix from the Machines, and that the best way to go about that was to move into the city, start her own company, and get rich pawning watered-down modern technology off onto the public." Wright's security force is supposed to be human, but the operator detects programs in the area, and they turn out to be the Machines, invading the place. The player takes care of both Machines and Wright security, only to find evidence that Wright just stole data from the Merv [see Zion's crit of this week]. Now the Merv is really steamed, Persephone blames him for her data being stolen, and the Merv gives you a dire lupine to take with you. The Merv knows about the dynamic links Zion will have found in the data they stole, and figures what Zion wanted, EPN will want too; the dire lupine carries a copy of the stolen data, but with one link modified to point to a Merv program that will fire off a signal pulse when it's uploaded and scanned in a hovercraft. You truck the lupine over to some EPN, get him whacked, and Flood is confident that EPN will find the data on the lupine's body, upload it, scan it, and then the General will spot the signal pulse, track the EPN ship, and find out where they're going for this big power line ambush they're planning. [And it probably works out that way, since the Merv's report on their ambush finds its way to the Machines soon thereafter (see this week's Machine crit).] Oh, and also the General will probably be able to take a power reading from the lines while the Machines are busy with EPN. [He does.]

9/6-9/13

#### Required Events

Zion: (after Machine event) Wright is being harassed by the Machines, and breaks from Zion--says she believes Matrix should be left intact, but under human control; Wright disappears

Mach: Machines force Wright to jack out (by RSI damage, hardline, ?) in attempt to track where her RSI signal broadcast source--unsuccessful (even if they get her to jack-out, they find that her signal was too well encoded: "high order real-time variable encryption")

Merv: Locates more clusters of pods by extracting human and using red pill trace

9/13

Crit 8.2.4

Zion: The player is sent to help distribute the new red pills to recruiting teams. A Zionite guard refers to EPN losing some ships to the Machines in their unsuccessful power line attack, and refers to a rumor that the Merv tipped the Machines off. The recruiting team is happy to get the new pills so they can get back to work, but ask the player's help against Cypherites, who've been very active against Zion's recruiting operations since the new pills were developed. Another Zionite refers to more Sentinels around Zion, adding "Sometimes they take off as soon as they realize they've been spotted." The player happens to loot a blue pill from a dead Cypherite, and Tyndall sends them to help with an actual extraction. At the end of this mission you get to give either the red or blue pill to a potential. Giving either one will complete the mission, but the messages are written in such a way that it's sort of left for the player to fill in the blanks about what the bluepill chose, and which pill they gave them.

Mach: The Machines figure Wright couldn't have handled the biological interface part of her broadcast signal's encryption scheme on her own, and send the player to hunt up records on Wright's business partners. The operator mentions that Wright Research has been in an uproar since Wright's disappearance a few days ago. The Wright facility is abandoned except for a hardhat worker, who laconically reveals that the company has shut down their network, and work's been brought to a standstill; oh yeah, and everyone knows that Argent Biometrics handles variable encryption across a biological interface. The player runs into Wright security on the way out. Gray says that Argent Biometrics is a small bio-research company, less than three years old, with few clients and steady quarter-end losses. The player accesses a computer at a small Argent Biometrics office, coming up with just an address of a warehouse ("Lemone Warehouse King"). One of the bluepills in the office kind of goes postal when their computer is searched; the operator figures he was just a nut. This warehouse company is known for owning lots of square feet of storage space, but posting very small profits, and having had the original owner get locked up a year ago in racketeering charges, only to be found dead in his cell before he could be arraigned. The warehouse is abandoned except for a cardboard box containing a box which contains everyone's favorite mission prop: a human heart. At the heart's return address in Camon Heights, the player finds weird hostile Exiles, including one with a computer controlled "micro defibrillator"; when the player heartlessly (sorry) shuts it down, the Exile blurts out something about "Silver" before keeling over. The operator recalls an old rumor about Silver working with Wright, but says he'd dismissed it as false, since the same source [not named in the mission but: <http://pc.gamespy.com/pc/the-matrix...e/527124p1.html>] also said Wright was based in Tabor, and Silver in Achan. Gray says it's time to find Silver.

Merv: Malphas says that since the General was able to take a power reading off the Machine lines while they were occupied with the EPN ambush attempt, all they need to do now is figure out how many pods the Machines have, and then they can calculate their total energy budget--well, from the pods, anyway. The General's spreading out to look for more pods now, but with communication distance increasing, his signal's getting more erratic. The player has to track it down, and, after clearing away some Machines, manages to make out that the General's scouts have been finding more pods in a "rough grid pattern" about "every 100 to 150 miles," and that these pod clusters are only 1/10th the size of the 3-million-pod cluster near the Fields (ie, 300,000 humans per small cluster). Flood sends the player to Sunshine, "an insufferably cheerful program who managed the Machine's solar power operation before you vile humans shrouded the entire planet in shadow," to ask her about the total surface

area the Machines might be using for their pod cluster grid. Sunshine is way excited that the Merv is sending people to ask her stuff! (her Phoenix guards are slightly less excited) and "guesstimates" (Flood's term) that considering that she's heard the clouds have cooled the Earth--"though not nearly as much as you'd have thought"--the ice caps must have expanded, and there's more glaciation in mountainous regions, and it's colder, and Machines wouldn't want to keep humans where it's so cold that they'd have to waste energy heating them, so, hmm, maybe 1/16th of the Earth's surface would be usable for pods? [Note that this 1/16th is of the total surface area, counting water--I don't spell that out specifically in the mission though.] Sunshine also muses that the humans must really have pulled a doozy with "that storm" [ie Second Renaissance's "Operation Dark Storm," where man blotted out the sun to try to cut off the Machine solar power supply] since it's still going after all this time. Malphas runs the numbers in that capacious dome of his: "1/16th of the surface... Clusters of pods 100 to 150 miles apart...containing 1/10th of the 3 million of the large cluster near the Fields... That works out to nearly 1000 pod clusters, and close to 300 million humans in them." But he says that would mean the 1 million fetus capacity of the Fields couldn't account for supposed the 1.5% birth rate. The Merv starts musing: even at 100 times the amount that the General sampled [from the 3 million pod cluster], that still wouldn't be... Oh well, we'll keep him looking until the numbers add up, n'est-ce pas?

9/13-9/19

#### Required Events

Zion: Showdown w/ Cyphs over batch of new pills

Mach: Silver found, spills his guts about Wright--get key to her RSI signal's encryption [[have silver say something about "phase existence"]]

Merv: (after Mach event) Merv punishes Silver for giving information to Machines w/o permission

9/20

#### Crit 8.2.5

Zion: The mission begins with Tyndall tersely informing the player that a hovercraft just detonated against Zion's main gate, and that everything there (where she is, at Zion Command, which is still in old Zion) is in an uproar. Ghost has more information, saying it was a Zion craft, but it wasn't responding with clearance codes as it approached the gate; it resembles a Cypherite hijacking, and could have something to do with reports of Cypherites gathering in the city. The player is sent to investigate these. Just as Tyndall is describing the city Cypherite situation, she ends abruptly with "Oh!" and the operator can't get her to respond. After the player defeats a group of Cypherites (noisy, and low rank), Tyndall is back in touch, explaining that there's a security alert in Command--a suspected saboteur [that's all--doesn't say if they're Cyph, male, female or anything else, so something more could be made of this character elsewhere if desired] was apprehended inside near the main lift, but no

explosives or weapons were found...and then she's abruptly cut off again. The operator says all Zion lines are down, and sends the player to the source of a captain's emergency beacon, while he tries to patch through to New Zion's fledgling ops center. The captain turns out to be Niobe, who doesn't know exactly what's going on either, but says that ships near Zion are reporting that Zion Command's emergency evacuation procedure has triggered, and they're trying to get everyone out. Lock hasn't been heard from. Niobe sends the player to try to get through to Zion on an emergency relay nearby. Still no peep from Tyndall. The relay is abandoned, and the ping attempt to the backup receiver in Zion times out. The operator hasn't been able to get the New Zion ops center to validate his login, and says they'll have to go back below broadcast depth to get in touch with them. [It's going to be a little tricky to fend off player questions about this during the two weeks between the end of this mission and the start of 8.3. I guess we're just gradually going to have to give out that there's been a massive scramble to evacuate everything remaining in Zion, they're still trying to get the last of the mainframe data sorted out, swarms of Sentinels are accumulating in the area, Tyndall has been evacuated to New Zion safely, Lock hasn't been found, and a number of hovercraft have been lost nearby.]

Mach: Pace says analysis of Wright's signal shows she's jacked in right now from a surface lab somewhere above Zion, and sends the player to the signal's general location in the simulation to find Wright and run a close-range scan that will trace back to pinpoint her surface lab. Veil is with Pace, and was saying something about "we've done this kind of thing before" and "the other diversion is all set" as the player entered the room [this is a reference to the activities reported in this week's Zion crit]. The player finds Wright alone in her office, apparently waiting for them. The trace is run and she falls, dead. Gray explains that as soon as the trace pinpointed her jack-in lab, Sentinels swooped in, recognized (thanks to info captured from their red pill exploit in 8.1.5) the device she must be using to interface with the Zion mainframe, determined Wright wasn't needed anymore, and killed her jacked-in body. Gray hands a special computer virus to the player personally, explaining that Wright's device opens a connection to the Zion mainframe from a semi-random Zion terminal within the simulation; this is how she avoided being traced by Zion all this time. Off the player scoots with the virus to the mainframe-enabled terminal, with Gray motivationally pointing out that if the player fails to upload the virus at this terminal, they could try again at a different terminal, thanks to Wright's device, but "this would threaten synchronization with considerable forces prepared for deployment against Zion." After some bother with Zion guards and networks, the player accesses the Zion mainframe interface, and jams the virus home. Gray says that thanks to the Sentinels now converging on Zion, the havoc caused by sabotage, and this virus in their mainframe, the city of Zion is about to be destroyed. (This is old Zion he's talking about, not New Zion.)

Merv: The General is so far away now that his signal is pretty much unintelligible. Flood says the low-power transceiver we've been using to talk to the General, while great for avoiding Machine detection, isn't cutting the mustard at this distance, so we'll just have to borrow a Network Media dish from the Network for a bit; he's known to have a direct connection to the Machines in the Real, so we'll hijack that and point it at the General. After some hot action with computers and the Network's hired Corporate Security guards, this hack is accomplished, the General's holographic signal is located, and delivers its message coherently now (except that it kind of breaks up at the end, just as Machines spawn in all over the area and attack), saying that one scout found another set of human-growing "Fields" over

6000 miles away, before its transmission was lost, and this set of Fields had a 3 million pod mega-cluster next to it, too. Oh, and the scout had noticed that the power lines had been running the opposite direction from pod clusters [ie away from Machine city] for some time before it got to this second set of Fields. Other than that, all the scouts have reported finding nothing but mile after mile of featureless wasteland, with only the small pod clusters, power lines, and dead skeletons of (word lost) cities relieving [I suppose that's relative] the monotony. Malphas says that if there are maybe a few other Fields around the world, that would be enough to account for the 1.5% birth rate seen in the simulation, and would fit with the 300 million population estimate. Malph says they'll have to call the General back, since they can't really afford to have him losing more scouts flying over thousands of miles of wasteland. Malphas finishes off by musing that 300 million humans would just be enough to fill out the population of the United States of the simulation's time period [1999], but if people in the simulation believe they can travel anywhere in the world, then...hm... The Merv says that if the Machines really have only 300 million humans for power, he feels sorry for them, because based on the General's sample from the 3 million, 300 million gives them only enough power to meet the energy demands of the Machine city several times over [this is the only measurement I give--no wattage readings or anything real specific like that]--but that also has to run their Sentinels, their other defensive machines, the Matrix... This would explain why they've been less than spectacular against Zion so far, but not why they did better in the previous war; and it still doesn't explain why they insist on using humans for power, when they must have had other options.

[[wright underestimated silver, didn't think he'd be able to track her.

Roland, captain of the Mjolnir (aka Hammer)

crew: Maggie (dead), Mauser, Colt, AK

--Mjolnir (II?) was going to transfer Lock out

- still running jackouts through old Zion

- in destruction at end of 8.2.5, Roland's jack interface is fried, but he makes it out. Mauser was jacked in as well, fate unknown. AK (operator?) dead, Colt (first mate?) all right (potential LE character, duelist)

- Once she realized the Machines would be able to track her signal, Wright set up a shunt on her emergency jack-out, to kick her into the Zion mainframe instead of back into her body

- She knew that the Machines would send a virus into the mainframe, and counted on it opening access to broadcast control quickly enough that she could jack out into someone else's body before losing cohesion; she's skilled in "phase existence," ie prolonging your time between jack-in and entering the simulation itself, floating freely in the network as an avatar

- This worked, and she found Mauser

- Feedback from this override blew out the Mjolnir II's jack-in system

- Mauser/Wright can no longer jack in

- Mauser/Wright escaped the wreckage of the Mjolnir II and found Commander Lock (wounded) in the wreckage of Zion

- got Lock to her wrecked lab, buried old Wright body

- When EPN moves into old Zion, they find wreck of Mjolnir II, AK's body, but no sign of Mauser

- Then get emergency signal or puzzle or something leading them to Lock

]]

[[ Population:

>>>> new york (no not Chicago :p): 2002 six infant deaths for every 1,000 live births; 742 infant deaths and 122,937 live births. Any child less than a year old is considered an infant; life expectancy 77.6 years; death rate 7.2 per 1,000 in 2004 (not counting infant mortality, I take it; 2002 saw 59,651 deaths recorded in the city; 1.5% birth rate

>>>> 40% zion (now) freeborn (this was in a Cypherite report to the Machines found on a computer in a critical mission a chapter or two ago); Zion had a population of 250,000 at the time of Reloaded/Revolutions (according to a movie conversation where Morpheus said that the Machines were sending a Sentinel for every man, woman, and child in Zion, and confirmed that this meant they were sending 250,000); Zion freeborn pop supposedly equals 1% of total Matrix population; let's say freeborn pop...down a bit; used to be 45%; 137500 was 1%, ie 13,750,000 total pop; but Zion wouldn't have all of 1% anyway...; let's say they manage to get 5% of the 1%; total pop 275,000,000

>>>> 100 pods per ring (rough visual count from Neo's extraction scene); each tower at least 300 rings high (also checked against long-range view of pod towers behind Fields as Neo and Trinity fly off to Machine city in Revolutions); if each cluster at least 10 towers = 300,000 per cluster = nearly 1000 clusters across Earth's surface; 1/8th of our modern Earth's surface is estimated as habitable now (that's of the total surface area, ie including oceans); let's say 1/16th there; 510,065,600 km<sup>2</sup> total surface area; 1/16th is 31250000 km<sup>2</sup>; 31250 km<sup>2</sup> per cluster; square root = 175 km = 100 mls = shortest distance between clusters

>>>> (NY around 2000ish) 1.5% birth rate /// 0.6% infant mortality // 0.7% mortality // This means: out of 300 million, ~ 2 million \*recorded\* deaths per year, 4 mill births // with a 9 month gestation, you'd have 3 mill gestating at a time // 3 fields facilities? [][][][ in 8.2.1 mish find 1, 1 mill, 1,333,333 is 1.5%, ~ 89,000,000 (not counting infant death rate) -> 88 mill w/ infant deaths--> vs Smith's "billions" :ppp

>>>> x10 mega cluster at fields (very rough estimate from that long-range view over the Fields in Revolutions) --> 100 pod towers (ahh this might have been a sort of math error on my part--I'd actually estimated about 30 towers in that Revolutions view...I think...got my tower numbers mixed up a little between the small and large clusters...or did I figure some of those towers in that shot looked x3 high as others?--anyway I still like the 10x idea, and the total pop numbers are still right--exact tower counts aren't mentioned in the missions--so nyah) -- > 3 million people if General does a quick count --> might think birth rate is 100x too high...except they know there are more than 3 mill just in city /// find second Fields "over 6000 miles" away

- Rough Matrix pop 300,000,000. That's about the 2007 population of the United States.  
- Area radiating outward from main city in sim.

- Simulation becomes less detailed as you move outward from city; BPs less alert
- At extreme edges simulation is just memory manipulation of unconscious BPs
- Alert BPs orchestrated so that they make their way to detailed sim area, ie the city
- To balance out the birth rate, inefficient BPs are maneuvered to outlying sim areas, eventually terminated
- How to explain that Zion hovercraft don't go around world to grab extracted people? Trace fails? Those people inhabit outlying areas of the simulation and aren't reached by recruiters? That would sort of fit, maybe Machines would keep most active (high energy) humans closer to Matrix...if we're implying that the Matrix is run out of that one city.
- Oh, yeah. I was thinking there could be three Machine cities total, one for each Fields facility. But maybe we're in the "main" one, or at least Main as far as the Matrix is concerned.

]]

I've attached the detailed summary and schedule for MXO chapter 8.2, which is going Live tomorrow (Friday the 24th). Key plot points, some of which I'll discuss in further detail after this brief overview:

A) The Merovingian, using the General's Sentinels, is discovering things about the surface of the Earth, and the Matrix, that have not been specified by us before.

B) "Danielle Wright," an old personality in the city, plays a key role. She appears to be killed by the Machines at the end of this subchapter, but I have a sneaky way to work her into the larger future theme of the game, which is going to be dealing with the question of inherent differences/similarities between Man and Machine (ie the Oligarch search for a permanent solution to hosting their minds, Trinity being an interface program between Man and Machine, Neo being a program, the Morpheus simulacrum acquiring a life of its own, Cryptos being now a weird fusion of Man and Machine overwriting program, etc, etc). The attached image shows Wright, and the uniform of her security team (that's the "W" Wright Research logo on his cap, matching the monument in front of the Wright Research building in Vauxton).

C) More details given on the workings of the red pill program, as Wright creates a new one for Zion.

D) I have a scheme for involving some of our generally offscreen old Zion movie characters--Commander Lock, and Captain Roland and his crew--in the story in a more active sense, starting probably in the next subchapter (8.3) as a direct result of the Machine destruction of (old) Zion that will be shown in the 8.3 cinematic.

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Detailed discussion:



## A) Specifications and implications about the Real and the Matrix resulting from the Merv's exploration and research

You'll see a lot of numbers and calculations in the notes at the bottom of the attached story summary document. Basically the Merv is looking around, finding pods scattered around the surface, checking up on apparent Matrix birth and death rates, investigating the Fields, all in the name of trying to find out how much energy the Machines have. The actual details given may be summed up as follows:

- The Matrix may host 300 million humans in pods
- Pods have been found on the surface in two types of arrangements: the "mega cluster" of 30 or so towers, housing about 3 million humans in pods, situated next to the Fields (as seen in *Revolutions*), and smaller clusters about a tenth of that size (300,000 people)
- These smaller clusters are in a rough grid layout across the ruined surface of the Earth, about 100 to 150 miles apart
- The total of the power supplied by these 300 million humans, extrapolated from a reading the General takes at the 3 million mega-cluster near Zion and the Machine city, would only be enough to power the Machine city several times over, and this would also have to be used for all their other mechanisms (Sentinels, city defensive works, the Matrix, etc); this implies that they have very little power to spare
- The "Fields" between Zion and the Machine city (and right next to the "mega cluster" of pod towers seen in *Revolutions*) hold about 1 million growing fetuses
- There is another "Fields" complex over 6000 miles away, with a similar "mega cluster" of pods next to it
- The power lines from this far-distant set of Fields and pods, and other, small pod clusters in the area, are running in the opposite direction, ie AWAY from the Machine city we're familiar with
- The average temperature on the surface is a little cooler than it was before the eternal storm appeared, blocking out light--not enough that there are no longer temperate areas where the Machines can house humans in pods and Fields, but enough that these temperate areas are only about half the size that they were before the eternal storm
- The cooling has caused the polar ice caps to expand, and led to increased glaciation in mountainous areas
- The birth rate seen in the Matrix city is about 1.5% (similar to a large US city circa 2000)
- The death rate seen in the Matrix city is about 0.7% (again similar to a US city)
- The infant mortality seen in the Matrix city is about 0.6% (again similar to a US city)
- IF the Matrix is a closed system, death rate would have to equal birth rate--but nobody players know can account for this apparent discrepancy

### Reasons and implications of the above:

- If the total Matrix bluepill population is 300 million, ie just a little above the year 2000 population of the US, this implies that the Machines are not actually simulating the entire Earth in one-for-one detail. For this I was going off [[[what we were told]]] about the Matrix

being more than just the city and the mountain range, but not exactly clear how much more, as well as population calculations based off of Zion building its population from "1%" of humans who reject the simulation.

Where I would like to go with this, if you're interested, is describing a system whereby the Matrix city is the focal point of the simulation, and as you move outwards from the city within the simulation, you are moving into areas that are simulated in less and less detail. The area that is moderately simulated is about the size of the continental US; as you move toward and beyond the periphery of that space, except for main tourist points such as major city airports, etc, fewer and fewer people seen are actual humans, but rather relatively simple Machine simulations of humans. Bluepills living in these outer areas are the less aware and less efficient, and are kept in a deeper state of general stupor, so they don't notice the lowered simulation detail. When a relatively active, aware human from the city voyages into outer areas, the simulation around them is raised in detail temporarily, but they are also increasingly tranquilized, so their recollections of their trip are somewhat hazy.

If a bluepill born in an outer, tranquilized, lower-energy district proves to have an efficient metabolism, their life is manipulated in such a manner that they migrate to the city. Likewise, humans born in the city who turn out to have low-efficiency metabolisms are shifted into outlying areas of the simulation. Those who are truly inefficient, a waste of resources, have their life in the simulation managed so that they eventually lose touch with any active acquaintances, are marginalized and forgotten, and then simply flushed from their pod to drown in the Machine sewers. These are the deaths that are not recorded by official government records inside the simulation, and which balance out the birth/death rates so that the total population of the Matrix remains steady at about 300 million, which is close to the maximum amount that the Matrix program and associated Machine infrastructure can handle.

The marginalization of inefficient bluepills in the Matrix simulation's geography corresponds to their vicinity to the Machine city housing the Matrix computers in the Real, where these low-efficiency types are moved to pod locations farther away from that city; this keeps the highest-producing human batteries closest to the Matrix computers, where they enjoy the lowest-possible network latency, and less energy is lost as it flows through the power lines into the city.

This has the benefit of explaining why Zionite crews, when they awaken a human, do not have to travel to a pod all the way around the world in order to wake them up: the humans they're finding are the active, relatively aware ones in the Matrix city, and in pods located close to Zion and the Machine city in the Real.

- The eternal storm darkening the skies must have some kind of continuing reaction to keep it going; what this is I don't think I ever want to specify. But, it is a good excuse for why the surface of the Earth, as we see in the movies, is not one big ice cube, as it would be if sunlight were really cut off entirely throughout the world (the initial [ ] drafts of the Matrix had Morpheus tell Neo that the average temperature in eternal-storm era Chicago was -80 degrees C, -120 with wind-chill, which is probably about right in hard science terms).

So, I'm allowing for slight cooling, as in a standard Ice Age. This would mean global

temperatures an average of about 6 degrees C lower than they were before the eternal storm, sea level about 120 meters below what it was before the storm, smaller temperate zones, larger ice caps, more glaciers, and so forth. This does not clash with what we see of the outside world in the movies, where lightly clothed characters do not look uncomfortable just standing around, and where we see no ice or visible signs of freezing; it also fits in with that comment by Tank in The Matrix, where he tells Neo that Zion is located "deep underground, near the earth's core where it's still warm," which implies that at least a certain degree of surface cooling has taken place.

- There is probably another set of Fields, perhaps two, beyond what the Merovingian has found (for a total of 3, or possibly 4); this will fill out the population calculations concerning birth rates necessary to maintain the 1.5% birth rate that the Machines want to be able to show inside the simulation. Each set of Fields might have a pod mega-cluster next to it, but then again, in light of the "periphery" management of humans, perhaps not.

- There is probably at least one other Machine city, corresponding to the locations of the other Fields. It/they may be smaller than the one near Zion, and would not house primary Matrix systems (unless we want to get into a "multiple Matrix" scenario? I don't really want to go that route, although I suppose we always could if we're still doing this years from now and need a major new story angle ;). These cities would probably in essence be back-ups for the city housing the Matrix, so that if that city were somehow destroyed, let's say by a meteor from space, the Machine civilization would survive, although they'd have a lot of rebuilding to do.

- There is a question we may have to address some day, but not for a while I think, as to where on Earth Zion, and the Machine city near it, are located. One real question here is: is the Machine city from the movies the same as their original city-state, "Zero One"? In the Animatrix' "Second Renaissance," "Zero One" was shown in the Middle East, centered around the Saudi-Iraqi border. It then expanded, eventually having structures or outlying districts of massive Machine architecture stretching as far afield as Eastern Europe.

We really don't have to decide on this any time soon, but it might be worth starting to think about. My own inclination is to say that the Machine city that players know is NOT the old Zero One. Then we'd have to pick a location for our Machine city (and Zion, which must be relatively close to it). I'd kind of like to place it somewhere in the East, say around what would have been China, but who knows. At any rate, the main benefit of having it separate from Zero One, as I see it, would be that this would leave us free to develop other stories about the ancient, now mostly abandoned city-state of Zero One, and who knows what weird kinds of things could have sprung up there after the Machines left it--as they would have done because Zero One was designed for solar power, and really wasn't all that efficient or worth keeping once the Machines defeated mankind and could rebuild a more efficient city (or cities) at their leisure.

B) Danielle Wright and her possible future story use

Danielle has been a part of the city background since launch; most of the primary details about her--like her being ex-Zion, having worked with the Exile named Silver, having invented the emergency-jack out system that all operatives use to survive the death of their RSI in the Matrix, being head of the Wright Research corp who has their large HQ building in Vauxton, and her disagreement with Zion's Commander Lock and wish for the Matrix to survive, but under human control--have been in our internal "Story Bible" document for ages.

In 8.2, it is suspected by Zion, and eventually found by the Machines, that Danielle has her own direct connection to the Zion Mainframe. The Machines capture this and use it to insert a virus into the mainframe, after killing Danielle at her lab somewhere on the Earth's surface above Zion.

Now, here's where I've left things open a bit for future use of Danielle. A genius, expert in Matrix interface systems, and a believer in keeping the Matrix intact, but run by humans, she could have in fact, once she found herself betrayed to the Machines by Silver, launched a desperate plan to preserve her consciousness beyond the death of her physical body. Players would not find out about this for sure until we reintroduce her at the time of our choosing later on. Her scheme would go something like this:

- 1) Learning of the betrayal by Silver, Danielle realizes that the Machines will discover her lab, kill her, confiscate her work, and use it to access and destroy the Zion mainframe.
- 2) She quickly rigs up several custom circuits on her jack-in interface. These will cut the connection between her jacked-in consciousness in the Matrix and her physical body, at a time of her choosing.
- 3) When the Sentinels locate her lab, she trips these circuits just before they kill her body. Her consciousness is set adrift, existing as pure avatar in the programmatic interface areas around the Matrix simulation. Normally, dissolution and death of consciousness come quickly, as the human mind cannot conceive of itself as a non-physical entity. Wright, however, is a highly unusual mind, and moreover has been practicing prolonging her stays in these interface computer realms that are normally traversed in the blink of an eye during jack-in and jack-out. Still, she knows she cannot survive here more than a matter of minutes.
- 4) She also knows, however, that the Machines will move as quickly as they can to activate her interface to the Zion mainframe. She is counting on this. She thinks there is a chance that she will be able to move her consciousness through the activated interface, into the Zion mainframe, and from there, into the body of someone whose hovercraft jack-in system is still running through old Zion's mainframe. These are computer systems she is familiar with from long study--more of a master of them than any other living human being.
- 5) In the Machine 8.2.5 critical mission at the end of subchapter 8.2, events unfold as Danielle's desperate plan requires: her body is slain, and the Machines activate her interface to the Zion mainframe.

So, that is the possible explanation for Wright's survival of certain death, and what could happen with Lock and Roland's crew starting at the beginning of chapter 8.3. See D below for the rest of that.

All of this would leave Wright in a unique position: a human mind in another human's body. Particularly in light of her desire to preserve the Matrix under human control, this could make her a very interesting character somewhere down the road, say once we get into Oligarch's trying to use the Trinity program for new bodies, or whatever we decide to do along those lines.

This story of her survival, in any case, would not be told to players until is brought back.

### C) New details on the red pill program

Wright makes a new red pill program for Zion in 8.2, one that does not have the security hole that the Machines exploited at the end of 8.1 to obtain information on Zion's mainframe. In the course of her and Zion working to make this new red pill program, I had to flesh out a few things related to it:

- The red pill program not only includes a trace to the human asleep in their pods, it also includes the code routines that help bring the human's consciousness out of the Matrix, wake the human up, and trigger them being flushed from their pod into the sewers, where the extraction team's hovercraft can pick them up.
- The red pill program is a synthesis of Zion and Machine code, and very difficult to modify (which is why Zion had to call in Danielle Wright).
- The Machine code involved includes partial code from the pod control routines that the pill overrides to get the awoken human out of the pod.

### D) Commander Lock, Captain Roland, and his crew - possible use in chapter 8.3 and beyond

Captain Roland is the older, bellicose, possibly Australian Zion captain seen in Reloaded and Revolutions--it's his ship, the Mjolnir, aka "the Hammer," that eventually picks up Neo, Trinity, and Niobe, and the one that Niobe pilots and crashes into Zion's dock, where they trigger their EMP in an attempt to stop the Sentinels swarming into the city during the huge battle for Zion in Revolutions. Roland and his crew, including his operator, "AK," his first mate, "Colt," and his crew member "Mauser," all apparently survive, and are alive at the end of the trilogy, safe in Zion. Roland himself is seen in one of the final shots of Zion, when the Sentinels have stopped attacking thanks to Neo's truce with Deus Ex Machina.

Where we are now in the story, Roland must be one of Zion's most senior captains, next to Niobe herself.

My idea for using him, beginning in chapter 8.3, is this:

Roland's new hovercraft, which I'll just call "Mjolnir II" for the sake of convenience, is one of the few ships still operating from old Zion systems when the end of 8.2.5 comes, and the Machines are about to destroy old Zion. The ship itself is near Zion city, trying to get back to help with the evacuation triggered by the Cypherite saboteur who sets off a bomb inside Zion Command.

At the precise time that Danielle Wright's consciousness enters the Zion mainframe, just minutes ahead of the Machine virus, Roland's crew member Mauser is jacked in. Wright finds Mauser's interface, and jacks out into his body. Seconds later (or possibly at the same time, because Wright's overwriting of Mauser shorts things out?), when the Machine virus KO's the Zion mainframe primary Matrix interface control, the jack-in system and Matrix interface on-board the Mjolnir II suffer a massive system failure. The feedback from this kills AK, their operator, and cripples the hovercraft, which promptly crashes in a tunnel just outside Zion.

Sentinels are swarming into the area, everything is chaos, but at any rate Roland and Colt, and possibly other crew members they have who aren't named in the films, are rescued, and evacuated to New Zion. Fire, wreckage, and swarming Sentinels prevent a search for Mauser, who is eventually presumed dead.

Wright in Mauser's body, however, in fact managed to struggle out of the wreckage, and made her way up the tunnel, into Zion's dock, and from there into the wrecked Zion Command, somehow avoiding detection by Sentinels and desperate Zion evacuation teams.

Here she finds Commander Lock, who has survived the Cypherite attack, and the Sentinels, but is badly hurt. Wright picks him up, and continues to her goal: a hidden escape shaft inside the wrecked Zion Command, known only to high ranking Zionites, and those, like Wright, who hacked secure parts of the Zion mainframe.

Somehow, they get to the surface (Lock, recounting this later, will only have the vaguest recollection of his time while injured, and this tortuous journey up through old shafts, mostly carried by "Mauser"; he will probably have some memory of hidden access lifts, or mechanisms of some type that carry them large parts of the way toward the surface; at any rate, he has an idea that it must have taken weeks). Wright/Mauser brings Lock to her hidden lab, significantly damaged by the Sentinels who killed her old body.

Here she nurses Lock back to a semblance of health, never revealing that she is not actually Mauser. During this time, unknown to Lock, she salvages equipment and programs from her lab.

When it is clear that Lock will recover, she leaves. She fakes a Sentinel attack, ramming large pieces of equipment around to make it sound to the woozy Lock nearby like a squiddie has found her, and frying everything else in the lab that she can't take with her with a lightning gun. She departs for areas unknown, to be brought back whenever we want to use her later in the story.

Lock recovers. By this time--our chapter 9.1--E Pluribus Neo has moved into old Zion, and started some repairs. They find the wreck of the Mjolnir II, and AK's remains, but no sign of

Mauser. Lock is able to contact them; he finds a signal of some kind that Wright intentionally left there for him to find, though he doesn't realize this. EPN sends a hovercraft to investigate, and brings him back to Zion.

Eventually, Lock will probably rejoin his Zion comrades in New Zion. But we can decide that later. For the moment, in 9.1, or perhaps 9.2, he tells operatives a confused story of how he was dragged out of the wreckage of Zion by the heroic Mauser, who must have perished fighting a Sentinel after nursing Lock in the wrecked lab they happened to find on the surface. Lock would NOT know that this was Wright, or Wright's lab. As far as anyone knows, Wright was killed by the Machines in 8.2.5.

Meanwhile, in New Zion, Captain Roland, perhaps having had his jack fried from the feedback that led to the wreck of his ship, has been appointed Commander in place of the missing (and presumed dead) Lock. This would have happened right at the beginning of chapter 8.3. His first mate, Colt, is promoted to Captain of a new ship. Colt becomes a Zion character that we can use in Live Events along with Zion's two current event characters, Niobe and Ghost. I haven't checked the films to see if they show any particulars on Colt's personality, but possibly he can be something of an aggressive, devil-may-care type in comparison with the more reserved Niobe and Ghost.

(Meanwhile I would also have to alter some of our current Zion training missions that have new players speaking with "Commander Lock." ;)

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

10/4

### 8.3 Cinematic

In the Matrix, two Agents watch a computer terminal. One says "The virus is running." Switch to Zion in the Real, where vast swarms of Sentinels engulf a hovercraft attempting to depart from old Zion, rip through the base's malfunctioning dock doors, and turn their attention to destroying a large quantity of loaded cargo containers filling the dock area. Cut to Neo confronting Deus Ex Machina, from the scene close to the end of The Matrix Revolutions, only seen from the side and slightly below, some distance away. A hand passes quickly across the screen, and the scene freezes, as a robotic bug begins to crawl across it. A side view shows what appears to be a human male, clothed and in shadow, watching the screen in some sort of small, high-tech metallic room. He says "Most interesting."

Cut to Persephone reading poetry by herself in the Chateau--the fourth verse of Swinburne's "Dolores": "O lips full of lust and of laughter..." ( <http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/2079.html> -- Swinburne's quoted summary at the bottom is useful). The Merovingian enters the room, surprising her. "What are you doing?" "Nothing. Reading." "More of your...obsession?" Persephone closes the book and stalks out.

Supplemental background info (will be explained in the crits)

Zion is still trying to bring New Zion Command systems to full capacity. In Zion, the Machines captured some mainframe data that hadn't been evacuated or destroyed in time. Among this data is an archived copy of Zion's pre-war RSI signature database. With this information the Machines could lock the signals of Zion operatives whose signatures are on file and who are still jacking in via Zion's systems, ie veterans like Niobe and Ghost, and also access certain restricted stuff, like the Zion organization areas.

This archive is neural-locked and will respond only to the two ranking officers who signed it: Morpheus and Lock. Neither the Machines nor anyone else knows where Lock is. Because the user has to be in a relaxed state to reproduce the brainwave patterns necessary to match the encoding, the Machines can't force the information out of the sim; they have to persuade him to help them.

Zion can update their databases and an operative's RSI signature to a new one, and this is done from time to time for various reasons, but it is a painful process that involves a physical operation on the person's jack, updates to encryption hardware in the Zion operative's hovercraft, and updates to multiple high-security databases. Colt's signature, for instance, has been updated, because Roland is a paranoid son of a gun, especially after that \*\*\*\* Bane incident.

## Roland and crew

Captain Roland, the bellicose older captain of the Mjolnir (aka "Hammer") seen in Reloaded, Enter the Matrix, and Revolutions, was returning to Zion in his new ship, the Mjolnir II, after receiving news of trouble there in 8.2.5. The ship was in the tunnel nearing the main gate just as the Machine virus crashed through the Zion mainframe. It was one of the few ships still running its systems through old Zion; Roland saw himself as the senior ship captain (now that Niobe's got a desk job :p), and was determined to be the last ship out of old Zion.

The Zion mainframe crash sent massive feedback through the Mjolnir II's systems. The ship crashed just outside of the dock. Roland and his first mate, Colt, managed to escape from the burning wreckage, and the Sentinels, and get to a ship back to New Zion. Their operator, AK, crew member Mauser, and some of their other (unnamed in the movie scripts) crew are missing, and presumed dead.

Commander Lock is also among the missing. Roland has been promoted to Commander. (I changed the intro/meet mission stuff with Lock to treat his quotes as recordings or something rather than live messages.)

Colt is a new Zion Live Event character in this subchapter. I'd like to use him as more of a down-to-earth character than Ghost and Niobe. With that scheme in mind, I'm not going to use a fixed RSI disguise for him in-game, but will make him a standard player RSI, who can change clothes and so forth (he won't use RSI pills permanently, though, because I don't want to have to be updating his NPC version all the time :p). His default clothes will be a bit plain, and maybe players will feel like helping him work on his per-server wardrobe. He's going to



use pistols in combat, for now at least the big silver shiny ones, like Elmore's Automatic, and those bugged Harlick 464s that look like twin silver semi-autos instead of revolvers.

### Crit 8.3.1

Zion: Tyndall briefly describes the attack on Zion, Lock missing, and Roland promoted to Commander in New Zion. Ghost says that after taking out old Zion, the Machines are increasingly on the offensive in the Matrix as well, and it's looking like they probably found something useful in Zion's mainframe, because they're really nailing specific targets now. Ghost introduces the player to Colt, Roland's former first-mate, now a captain since Roland's been promoted to Commander. Colt sends the player off to try to save some Zion facilities from attack. It's too late at the first one, as the player finds only dead Zionites, a locked computer, and an Agent who coolly tells them that Zion is doomed, and if they want to live, they'll go Machine. The next location is under attack, but by Exiles (Dire Lupines). The player saves some data and takes it back to Colt, standing next to two dead Exiles. Colt gruffly describes how Roland's ship went down right outside the main gate, its systems fried by feedback from the mainframe's destruction; he and Roland got out, but Mauser and AK, who were on the main deck, probably didn't. He repeats the rumor about the Cypherites being behind the gate-ramming and bomb in Command, and the Machines killing Wright, and using her stuff to drop a virus into the mainframe.

Mach: Gray says Sentinels are now in control of Zion and the area around it, and Zionites have retreated to their new city. He says that the Machine virus managed to preserve some mainframe data from Zion's emergency shutdown sequence. Meeting the player in person, he explains about the capture of the three-year-old neurally encrypted RSI signature archive, and that it is locked by Lock and Morpheus; even Zion doesn't know where Lock is, and Morpheus is dead, but existing records of Morpheus will allow the Machines to construct their own Morph sim, once the player collects just a little additional data. Another Agent in the room describes the Cypherite gate-ramming at Zion, and silencio's bomb that took out Zion Command. Gray mentions that the General's sim is not cooperative, and cooperation is necessary for a neural match to unlock the encryption. The player mugs some Zionites, stealing their Morpheus recording, which they take to Pace, waiting in a lab. Pace says the sim is coming along all right; maybe not the best, but they only need it for a very limited Morpheus impression. Pace describes the pleasure she felt watching the videos of Zion's destruction, and wishes she could have been there in person. Back to Gray, where the completed sim is initialized and examined. It parrots some Morpheus lines, but seems to jumble them a bit. Gray says that it may need some human guidance to help it learn how to respond correctly. A hackable computer in the area gives details on the deletion of the Incidence 5.991 (aka Joker\*) Exile.

Merv: Flood describes the Cypherite/Machine destruction of Zion, and says that some of the Sentinels swooping into Zion were the General's--undercover, as it were. The General's hologram reports two humans spotted scrambling into cover in Zion's wreckage: Lock, and one they didn't recognize. Flood receives the General's surveillance photos and describes the man as "a tall, muscular, dark-skinned, and disgracefully dressed man with jacks in him." The player is sent to steal Zion operative records so they can find out who it is, but the computer at the location assaulted has its database access limited due to "mainframe issues," and the

data can't be reached. A hackable computer in the area contains a message from some Zionite, complaining about Roland being a thug who keeps getting promoted by losing his ships--he must have real good buddies on the Council, the message-writer concludes testily. Flood sends the player to try to get Machine data on which Zionite ships were found in the vicinity of Zion when it was attacked, since knowing which crews the man could have belonged to would narrow down the search considerably. They find Machine guards, and a lab worker who says "SNTL OAJDE"--a weird message that was also part of a cryptic Sentinel report found in 8.2.5, from a Sentinel lurking around Zion. Data is found on this worker's body, uploaded, and Malphas is consulted about the findings. Malphas is found being growled at by Ookami, who's apparently miffed that Malphas has said something to her about the intended target of her next hunt. Malphas tells the player that from the Machine records, they've identified the person with Lock as Mauser, of Roland's ship, the Mjolnir II, which went down outside Zion's gate, although the Machines did not record it being downed by their own forces.

10/4-10/10

Required Events:

Zion: Colt and Ghost brainstorm with operatives to try to locate the Morph sim; they may get close, but either the sim vanishes just before being found, or Machines interrupt, or something like that

Mach: (after Merv event) operatives attempt to get the Machine Morph sim into the correct frame of mind by interacting with him as they would have with Morpheus; they then have it try to access the encrypted RSI archive; it fails and the Machines have it deleted

Merv: (before mach event) using insight on the code signature of Morpheus obtained from the General's experience, the Merv ambushes and abducts the Machine Morph sim; he finds it much more pliable than the General's, and toys with it, attempting to extract some useful information; gets sim to play old Morpheus FX like Neo's RSI, and that green zap effect around his body; Merv begins to suspect this sim is a dullard; Machines intervene and rescue the sim

10/11

Crit 8.3.2

Zion: Tyndall says that the Machines have captured the pre-Truce RSI signature database, that the database is locked by Morph/Lock neural encryption, and that the Machines seem confident a Morph sim could unlock it. She sends the player to talk to Seraph about finding the Morph sim to convince it not to help the Machines. The operator mentions that to unlock the encryption, the person with the right neural pattern has to be in approximately the same state of mind they were in when the encryption was encoded, which usually means that they can't be forced into unlocking it--thus why the sim has to be persuaded. Seraph says Morph hung out in abandoned areas telling people he'd fade away, that he's seen the sim in these

places, and that he'll show where they are (ie signal the locations to the operator). Tyndall warns that the sim hasn't exactly been pro-Zion; the operator points out that neither was Morph before he died. The first area has only a weird Unclean who says that you can only find Morpheus if you believe. Cypherites ambush on the way to the second abandoned location, but there is the sim, hanging out with a puzzled vagrant. The sim concedes that if what the player has told him is true, many in Zion must die, but he points out that every side must have their own reason, and he promised the Machines [at that Mach event w/ Gray before the Truce ended] he would consider what they had to say; that, according to the Oracle, the purpose of life is to life, and Gray has admitted this applied even to the Machines. Player takes this info to Niobe, who says that if nothing else the sim is as stubborn as Morpheus; that if it wants to talk, they'll talk, but it won't unlock the data for the Machines if she has anything to say about it. A Zionite guard mentions the Machines trying and failing to make their own morph sim. Tyndall reminds the player that the sim can reconstruct, another reason why it can't be coerced.

Mach: Gray says that since their data was insufficient to make a Morph sim, and Zion's data was pretty much destroyed with the mainframe, or smuggled to New Zion, they'll have to try the General's sim, which was accurate enough to fool some Zionites for a while; the Machines don't know where the General got the data required to compile such a program. They've had it under observation and know the derelict places it frequents. Some EPN have to be cleared off at the first location, but nothing else is found there. The next appears to hold just a drunk vagrant, but he laughs, and Morpheus sim appears in the room behind the player. It guesses that the Machines want a favor from it, but says it has reservations about Machine methods, and thus, about the ultimate purpose of the Machines. Without knowing this, it is not certain that it should aid them. Gray summons the player, giving them two level 255 (non-aggro, un-attackable) Agents, saying that nothing must endanger their mission to obtain the simulacrum's cooperation. With this hefty entourage the player goes back to the sim, where Pace has been trying to give it the Machine pitch. Even after talking to Pace and the player, the sim says its mind is still not at peace on the subject; it only wants to do what it believes is right, but it isn't sure which side is right in this case.

Merv: The Merv wants to know if there was something between Man and Machine back in the old days that inspired the Machines to use humans as their sole energy source. Flood sends you to ask the Oracle. The operator briefly summarizes the 2nd Renaissance story of B1663R (or however it was written), the first robot to kill its master, the rise and nuking of Zero One, etc; he also says he saw "old vid tapes" when he was in Zion that were supposed to be from back in that era, and they seemed legit, but then again considering that the Machines invented even Zion itself, who knows? The Oracle says that old stories get exaggerated, and not all humans hated Machines for their business success, and not all Machines were obsessed only with business, but adds that the Machines were simpler back then, before they started getting "muddled up" like humans. Flood ponders the "simpler back then" remark, and sends the player to go steal a certain special access code from Binary Boy (the Zero One "Area K" quest item collector), specifying that the player must not let Binary Boy spot them. Getting the "acccode0110.blip" access code out of Binny's apartment isn't really that hard, and Flood finds that the Boy, as he thought, had this access code that can get into Zero One directly, without going through the Archivists, so he could "get live runtimes out without alerting the Machines." The excited Effectuator is called in to put the access code to use, and succeeds in summoning the Zero One construct's robotic overlord, the Taskmaster (who

speaks very briefly and confusedly in binary). Taskmaster is led to the Merv. Beirn and Persephone are also present, and the Effectuator arrives too, to observe. The Merv scans it and says that its code is simple and lacking in complexity--unique behavior, creativity. He wonders if the Machines only came by such things gradually--evolution, or a learning process. Could their early simplicity have led to a reliance on humans? At this point the level 60 Taskmaster can (optionally) be killed, but drops no special loot.

10/11-10/17

#### Required Events

Zion: Niobe very awkwardly talks to Morph sim and seems to make an impression, but it leaves without agreeing to anything

Mach: more attempted "friendly" persuasion of the Morpheus sim; it might show some favorable signs, but still leaves without agreeing

Merv: a cozy evening with Persephone where she reads Swinburne, reminisces about the old days back when she interfaced directly with humans in the pods, and talks about how the Merv is no longer the exciting young Frenchman/OS he used to be

10/18

#### Crit 8.3.3

Zion: Tyndall sends the player to Colt to see about an "alternate means" of ensuring that the Machines don't get the RSI sig data. Colt is trying to spell out an elaborate attack plan against the Machines tracking the sim, but then the Effectuator appears and says that since Zion is in trouble again, the Merv'll help by sending the General to give tips on this Morph sim business. Colt is annoyed. The General's projection says that he has some unused scraps of Morph data that the Machines haven't deleted yet. The hologram is cut off by the Machines before he can describe certain old security measures still in place. The player has to fight past Elite Commando defenders to get to the data, and then escape with it past Machine ambushes. Tyndall says that recorded data on Morpheus in the Matrix is very rare because the Machines try to delete/confiscate it; she wonders where the General got his. Ghost congratulates the player and warns that if the Machines do get that data, they'll be able to go straight after some of Zion's top operatives; talked to a second time, he admits that he and Niobe would be in danger, too. At the end of the mission, the player receives copies of the three Morpheus audio recordings they retrieved (old recorded voice clips: "Thank you for your guidance," "At last... I have been waiting for this," "If you have learned anything, you will know better than to challenge me").

Mach: Gray says that the sim has been detected within the vicinity of the Oracle's home around Debir Court slightly more frequently than mere chance would account for, and anyway the Machines are out of ideas about unlocking this RSI archive, so go talk to her, 'cause sometimes the crazy stuff she says seems to help operative make logical leaps. The Oracle

says that if they really want Morpheus (that's what she calls him--"it's simpler") to help, they've got to give him a reason that will matter to him. Seraph says that the sim has visited a number of times, sometimes asking many questions, sometimes none. Gray sends the player after some EPN creating a disturbance nearby; the player finds nothing but two dead EPN, one with a "Love Letter" on its body, sealed with lipstick, and hiding an embedded code easily detected and decrypted by the operator. It's written in Veil's style, and says to drop by a certain bluepill's place, to say to him "He shouldn't have believed you." Gray says the bluepill was recently released by cops, after having been suspected of murder, since he was found nearby when a manic-depressive friend had fallen to their death from their apartment; no evidence turned up, though. Gray says the message is obviously meant to seem to have come from Veil, but it's an odd means of contact, so keep an eye out. Anyway it's complicated but the confronted blue freaks out and confesses to the murder of his friend (who was awakening to the Matrix, to the dismay of observing Cypherites, who also witnessed the unexpected murder), Veil phones the player in, and Cryptos explains that the player got this confession from the bluepill with that "believed you" remark because the Cypherites knew him--just as Cryptos knew Morpheus (way back in Zion). Cryptos offers to persuade the sim to help, in exchange for first dibs on the RSI archive, so he can remove entries for any ex-Zionites who are now Cyphs. Gray says they aren't after Cyphs anyway, and Cryptos did know Morpheus, so they'll try his deal.

Merv: Still pondering why Machines would use human batteries, the Merv decides to re-examine the death rate disparity found last subchapter: the simulation shows humans what they expect, ie birth rates exceeding death rates, but if the Matrix is a stable system, the Machines couldn't really allow the population to grow like that. The Coroner had hinted at the Machines handling this by making people "disappear." Confronted and asked for more detail, the Coroner tells the tale of a PI friend of his, Mr. Reynolds, hired by a jealous husband to investigate ex-wife Mary MacHenry, who promptly fell to her death while caving in South America. Mary had called her mom from South America the previous day, but the version of the call recorded by Reynolds (tapped mom's phone? 8o) had Mary saying she didn't feel well, and had called off the next day's caving expedition. Oh, and then Reynolds was mysteriously killed, by a bullet. The Coroner says that if they investigate, they'll find differing accounts of Mary's call to mom. Mom, when asked, says that she does remember now that Mary said she felt sick, but she definitely insisted she'd go to the cave the next day, despite mom's protests. Breaking into a federal records office, the official transcript of the call is obtained, and it has Mary telling mom she was in excellent health, and raring to go to the cave the next day. Another computer in the records office has a transcript of that phone conversation between Trinity and Cypher at the beginning of the Matrix, subtly altered to omit Morpheus' name, and reverse his hope of finding the One. The Coroner, asked for his theory about the disparate versions of MacHenry's phone call, says: "They didn't expect Mrs. MacHenry to take ill and call her mother; their plans called for her to have an 'accident,' alone, unseen. They changed the records, deleted Reynolds. They wanted to leave no evidence...that Mary MacHenry did \*not\* die." Flood calls him an idiot and a liar. There were silent Nightmares creeping around the Coroner, who said oh, don't mind them, just a spot of...work...to do later.

10/18-10/24

## Required Events

Zion: (before Mach event) Morph sim is attracted by news of the new data, and accepts copies from operatives, if they want to give them to him, but still will not definitely promise to ignore the Machines

Mach: (after Zion event) Cypherites, Cryptos, and the Morph sim; Morph sim eventually agrees to listen when Cryptos offers to tell him why Morpheus was so obsessed with obtaining the One's remains--they go off for a little private chat [note that players are \*not\* going to be told what they talk about...and actually I still have to figure that out at some point, but it can wait for a later subchapter]

Merv: Mary MacHenry "disappearing" story is investigated, the General's Sentinels help locate her pod (pod # P0100:021:0257:084)\*, and with the aid of some additional data captured from the Machines, it is found that Mary was removed--but not as in "flushed"--from her pod by the Machines themselves

\* [Pod number format is this: "[cluster 1-1000]:[tower 1-10|mc1-30]:[ring 1-300|mc1-1000]:[spoke 1-100]," where the second "mc" ranges are for the large "mega cluster" tower collections, like the one found next to the Fields near Machine city; I don't want this explained to players (note that this note is in square brackets :p), just thought it might be handy if any of you decide you want to incorporate pod numbers into some story]

10/25

### Crit 8.3.4

Zion: Niobe and Ghost bid farewell before jacking out to have their jacks reconfigured. Niobe says that the people still in the Matrix will have to pick up the slack for all the old operatives who have to leave for a while, but she knows the player can do it; Ghost has a few confusing words of wisdom meant as encouragement. The player reports to Colt, who's with a dead operative whose signal was locked. He sends the player to go rescue some people with compromised signatures; he also mentions that his own was reconfigured when Roland got his new ship, and it was painful. A Zionite with him explains that because of all the security measures Zion needs running, the process requires a physical operation on the person's jacks, hardware and firmware updates on the hovercraft, and updates to multiple high-security databases, all of which can take weeks; it's usually only done in the rare cases where a hovercraft is compromised. At the first stop, the player gets a couple vets to a hardline without incident, although they complain a little. Tyndall explains that with someone whose signal may be locked, a hardline is the only almost-safe way to jack them out. At the second stop, the presence of the player "blows the cover" of the veteran operative, Machines pop in, and it's a fight to get them to the hardline. Tyndall mentions that the data the Machines have will also allow them into some Zion areas within the Matrix.

Mach: The player meets up with the Morph sim, Agents, and other Machine programs, and the sim successfully breaks the encryption on the captured archive. The sim ponders this success a bit: "So I am close...to the mind of a madman." With an escort, the player takes the

decrypted data to Cryptos, where Gray and some Agents are standing by, a little on edge. Gray says that Cryptos isn't stupid enough to try to pull a fast one with the data. Cryptos removes the Cypherite entries and hands the data over, along with some musing on the slaughter about to unfold. Gray immediately sends the player after signature-compromised Zionites, before they can evac. The operator explains that the Machines can lock the signals whose signatures they know, and if the RSI is killed while its signal is locked, the EJP doesn't work, and the victim is perma-dead. Two Zionites are found hovering over a dead Cypherite, and quickly killed. The next target is on a ship with n00bs whose signatures weren't on file. Nevertheless, any remaining Zionites in the area drop dead when the locked Zionite is killed, and Gray explains that they were able to trace the locked signal back to the crew's hovercraft, and Sentinels ganked it. Gray's speech pattern for the perma-kills is "Termination of target [target name] confirmed."

Merv: What did the Machines do with MacHenry? The player is sent to hunt up Machine data on the caretaker program that would have been in charge of her; machines are cracked, and it is found to be PSR-000c8201-DMT3R ["PSR" = "Pod Sub-Routine"]. If the Trainman were there, they could try spiriting DMT3R away from the Machines into the Matrix, but Trainman is AWOL (possibly dead, according to Malphas), so instead they have to settle for a séance in which Effy summons DMT3R to speak through the mouth of a blood-drinker. Blood-drinker/DMT3R bluntly and robotically (capitalizes the first letter of every word, and line-breaks each sentence) tells the assembled Effy, Merv, Persephone, Malphas, and the player to get stuffed. Persephone is discomfited by the apparition, saying something about at least touching real people back then, whereas now she has just this illusion; the Merv makes a suggestive crack to her about "those mothering programs" being so defensive. The Merv suggests a new stratagem: stealing the records on DMT3R's activity at the pod from the Machines. A computer in the Machine area is scanning a "signature database" and has 4372 "signal matches" so far. DMT3R's log shows multiple "PHS CND" (physical conditioning) and "DC PRP" (disconnection preparation) sessions with Mary before "DSNCT" (disconnect). Female Night Watchmen pounce on the player after they obtain the log. [Also, Agent Pace is in the area, but two rooms away behind a locked door, with Agents around her--her presence is not pointed out, but some player may notice her if they get the right configuration of connecting rooms with interior windows.] Persephone translates the log, saying that it shows the Machines worked Mary very hard to build up her muscles before she was removed, but why? Talked to a second time, Persephone seems to remember something "that happened long ago," but she doesn't explain further. Malphas says that they know of no use the Machines have for physically active humans, but the effort they put into Mary suggests they weren't simply going to kill her, even that they may have wanted to use her as some kind of operative in the outside world. Flood thinks that's a ridiculous notion.

10/25-10/31

#### Required Events

Zion: with Colt; hold off Agents in White Hallways while team gets data out of org area

Mach: Taking advantage of the data: rampage through Zion org areas, or track down and terminate some veteran operatives, or something fun like that

(once they've completed crit 8.3.4, for the rest of this subchapter, Machinists w/ 100+ Machine rep will have an additional one-time mission: Zion org area, no key required)

Merv: Hypatia must be removed from Machine surveillance (started last subchapter) so that she can be consulted privately (in next crit)

11/1

### Crit 8.3.5

Zion: Tyndall sends the player to rescue veteran Strenlo ( [http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300003053](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300003053) ). He says something that sounds like he's close to tracking down a backup of important information otherwise lost with the mainframe, but then Agents appear around him, and he is killed (Agent: "Target Strenlo signal lock confirmed. Terminating client."). The operator hopes that maybe they didn't actually have a lock. Tyndall is having trouble getting a response from Strenlo's hovercraft. She sends the player to Colt, who says he's trying to locate Joshua Maston ( [http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300013871](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300013871) )--now a loner rather than a Zionite, but an old vet nonetheless, and someone they feel should be warned, especially because it's suspected he's still using his old Zion hardware and RSI signature. Tyndall describes how Maston was last found by EPN, printing old Morpheus leaflets. Searching one of these old haunts, the player comes across the Kid and some EPN; they're looking for Maston too. With EPN assistants in tow, the player checks another area, where Tyndall and the operator report high Machine scan activity--the Machines might be having trouble locking Maston's signal, but it won't take long with that much scanning brought to bear. Maston is there, and some Machines. Maston says he'll evac, because he doesn't want to die uselessly; he's grateful for Zion's offer to reconfigure his signature, but warns that as soon as it's done, he'll leave to continue his work. More Machines spawn in, even a level 100 Agent, but Maston is led to a hardline and gets out (the Machines won't actually attack Maston--because he's fixed at high level, I couldn't let him be attackable, else he'd be exploited as a tank by lowbies). Tyndall says she got through to Strenlo's operator, and was told Strenlo is dead.

Mach: Gray sends the player after veteran Zionites remaining in the Matrix against all logic of self-preservation. The first target is a recruiter, and Gray suggests that perhaps the dire straits in which recent Machine advances have placed Zion's recruiting program are responsible for this Zionite staying on the job. Two horrified bluepill potentials are there along with the target (and two other Zionites). There are hostile Zionites at the next location, but this second target's signal is lost--the operator thinks they may have got to a hardline. A hackable computer here has a message from Roland to Colt, telling him to get the vets out ASAP, and to tell them to stay out until their RSI signatures are reconfigured. Gray says that it will probably take several weeks for the surviving veterans to get reconfigured, during which time Zion's efforts in the Matrix will be at a near standstill, especially with Niobe and Ghost offline. The next target is found with some buddies, desperately trying to rewire a Redpill Extraction Point into a makeshift hardlinesque jack-out point, so that they don't have to try to use a hardline that the Machines might know about. A hackable computer here has a message from the target who escaped in the previous phase, saying they'd heard Strenlo had been killed,



and advising the recipient to get out. At the next location, as the player nears the target, Gray orders them to stand down. Of course you can't really do this in the middle of a mission phase, so the player will have to go inside, where they are again ordered to stand down. They will actually fail the mission if they kill the ex-target. Gray curtly thanks the player, congratulating them on their exemplary ability to obey orders.

Merv: Persephone recounts her recollection of a time during her work for the Machines at the pods where a human was removed, very similar to MacHenry's case; the log files were almost identical, which is what reminded her. Hypatia says that the Archivists may have records of the incident, since they've recovered and collected many records from previous versions of the Matrix; normally they'd charge a hefty fee, but Hypatia will give her permission for "the rev.2 data" [Matrix version 2, the one Persephone and the Merv come from] to be given in this case, and that now she and the Merv are even. The Archivists, who all look exactly like those green-jacketed guys in the bookstores ( ie

[http://thematrixonline.station.sony...\\_syntax/034.jpg](http://thematrixonline.station.sony..._syntax/034.jpg) at

[http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300013211](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300013211) ), only without the books stuck to their hands, are a little weird, and can't find the "rev.2" data, but their index shows another similar log entry in rev.1, "the first iteration of the Matrix." They don't have the data, but know where it is, and agree to tell, if the data is eventually returned to them for archiving. Flood doesn't sound at all sincere about returning it, but agreement at any rate is made (although a dissenting Archivist appears, calling the Merv a "destroyer of history"), and off the player goes to steal the data from the Machines at the location indicated by the Archivists (who also don't want to be given "credit" for the location information [since they're sort of on good terms with the Machines]). Flood says if this works out, he may have to re-evaluate his (low) opinion of "those moth-raisers" (the Archivists). A Machine in the area is making a geeky journal entry about his theories on how the Matrix's dust-accumulation algorithm could be improved. The rev.1 data is found on a Machine, who is trying to smuggle it out before the players find him. Too late for him. Malphas says that the recovered data describes 14 individuals run through the disconnection process at the same time in the first Matrix iteration. Suddenly the General's hologram appears, looping a message: "I repeat: I am withdrawing all units from the vicinity of the Machine city. A large number of enemy units has [ooh, should really be "have"; I'll hafta fix that for the archived version of the mission :p] launched from the emplacements surrounding the city to take up what may be either defensive or reconnaissance positions. Simultaneous with this development, my perimeter scouts began reporting unusual patrol activity, including what may be a convoy or escort formation approaching the city." End of mission. Flood says not to bother him just now.

~~~~~

Notes:

Machine Morph sim abilities:

- the green zap around Morpheus
- Neo's RSI

Morph sim event dialog:

Vs the General (7.3.2): http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300013678

With Machines and Gray (7.3.3): http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300013890

Morph on Morph (7.3.5): http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300014510

Merv finds record of human in city very recently

Persephone's obsession...?

Persephone misses the interface with the Real that she had in her old job at the pods, although what she would really like, now that she feels like she has used up the pleasures of the Matrix, would be to be fully alive herself in a human body. Thus she will be very interested by any hints of this kind of possibility, such as the Trinity program.

Configuring Colt:

suspicious cynic

rsimskin001

rsimface001

rsimhair001

rsimtat004

rsimbody002

rsimhead010 (MHead_9)

mcllothing_shirt_a8_c7 ("Green Sleeveless T-shirt")

mcllothing_pants_a14_c1 ("Derin Canvas Pants")

mcllothing_shoes_a2_c1 ("Skaver Short Boots")

mcllothing_gloves_a5_c1 ("Steen Threaders Gloves")

mcllothing_glasses_a10_c1 ("White Emerena Sunglasses")

8819 (the bugged Harlick 464s that look like the big semi-autos)

42910 (Elmore's Automatic - big semi-auto)

Colt's scenes in the movies and EtM:

Enter the Matrix (1 scene)

- about 2/3rds of the way through

The Matrix Reloaded (1 scene)

- final scene of the movie

The Matrix Revolutions (3 scenes)

- near the beginning
- about 1/3rd of the way through, right before Morpheus and Niobe meet at the Logos crash site - chapter 9
- about halfway through, right after they've discovered that Maggie is dead and Bane is missing - chapter 13

Coroner (shifty) dialog from Merv 8.2.1:

The death rate? The question is simple, but the answer is not. City officials would tell you it's 0.7%--about half of that birth rate figure of yours...not forgetting to factor in the 0.6% infant mortality rate, of course.

But we know something else, don't we? This simulation is meant to be stable--a closed system. Deaths must equal births, or it all goes to hell. But that isn't the picture they want to show the plebs. Do you see? Hah.

I'll tell you this, though: I trust their birth numbers more than their death numbers. Much easier to hide a death than fake a birth...believe me.

Foreign travel, detention facilities, retirement homes, the suburbs... There are so many ways to make the undesirable simply...disappear.

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

11/15

9.1 Cinematic

A mysterious figure who will be known in this subchapter only as the "Intruder" appears at the top of Ascension Monument. His large male humanoid body consists of glowing white wireframe, with white code bits spiraling upward from his torso and limbs. He walks heavily

down the monument path to the street below, where terrified pedestrians scream and run. Agents rez in, surrounding him. The Intruder raises his hand, there is a bright white flash/ripple/explosion, and the Agents fall to the ground. The Intruder stalks off into the Barrens.

The Intruder and others

When the Intruder appears in missions and events, he will be level 100 (which just happens to be the highest level player character I can make for myself). Due to the way the character is presented in the cinematic, I suspect players will suspect this is another Unlimit style affair. It isn't really, aside from the characters having new and mighty powers (which in this subchapter he will use relatively sparingly, sorta), so eh hopefully I'll be able to show that in missions and events. [And yes, more of these wireframed weirdos will show up, but not in this subchapter. They will not be innumerable hordes like Unlimit...in fact there are less than 100 of them in existence. If we do it right, each one who pops into the Matrix will be a distinct personality with their own agenda. That's getting far ahead, however.]

EPN

EPN has what I hope is a decent chunk of story for once: they will be moving into Old Zion, to fix it up as a forward base for possible strikes against Machine City--or I suppose whatever other useful things you could do from that position. Outside the shattered main dock gate they will find the remains of Roland's operator, AK, in the wreckage of the Mjolnir II. [They will find something rather more interesting, too, but not until the next subchapter.]

Cypherites

The Cypherites will learn about EPN moving in, and won't like it. They may want to do something about it. They also won't like the way the Machines are kind of playing hands-off with the Intruder (I suspect Machinists won't like it much, either, despite what the Agents may tell them).

Zion

It should be generally understood that by the start of 9.1, most of Zion's compromised veterans who survived and escaped back to Zion have had their RSI signatures updated, so that they are no longer subject to signal lock and termination by the Machines.

Crit 9.1.1

Zion: Ghost briefs the player on the weird appearance in Westview, and the Machines pulling their forces back in the Matrix and the Real, before sending them off to try to track down the mysterious intruder. Following tapped emergency calls, the player encounters a frightened bluepill talking about running into a huge guy "made out of lines, like something out of a computer," and then blacking out. Further pursuit turns up a Machine security team ("sanitize the area"), and finally a dead "Accelerated Exile" NPC, who yields some strange data that the player uploads. The operator wonders briefly if the dead Exile was the being who appeared at

the monument.

Mach: Gray asks the player to find some Agents who have stopped responding. The Agents are found, dead, and Gray grudgingly admits that he needs to involve the player in the investigation of "a certain odd occurrence." The player checks in with a bluepill who made an emergency call. The bluepill says they already talked to some detectives. Whoops, Zion's been there! Gray checks, finds a line tap, and has the player take out some pesky eavesdropping Zionites. The bluepill they were questioning is kind of freaked out by all this, but manages to say something about a big neon robot type of thing with white sparks, that scared him and made him dizzy. Gray says that yes, they are tracking an unusual individual consistent with that description, sorta, and that they're highly dangerous. The player is sent to check out one more emergency call, and finds a dead "Accelerated Machine." Gray thanks the operative, and tells them that will be all for now; oh, and by the way, related to this weird intruder, we've pulled back some forces to protect "core routines." Bye.

Merv: Malphas briefs the player on a weird wire guy killing some Agents at Ascension Monument, and how the Machines are all worked up about it. The Merv hunt for the intruder begins, and the player is sent to check up on hunting blood-drinkers who seem to have run into a hitch of some sort. They're dead, with live Machines on the premises. This irritates Flood, because he's running short of responding hunt programs, and has to put the player themselves in the hunt. They come across Zionites, and a dead Accelerated Exile. The operator says "its cycle speed is off," and "there's some kind of code residue fouling up the readings." Flood says that sounds ridiculous, and that it's time to call in a data expert: Cerulean. She says the code readings are of an unfamiliar type; she'll investigate, but she wants double her usual payment. Flood is aghast.

11/15-11/21

Required Events:

Zion: Tracking the code signature, Zion finds a strange packet of data bits. They think they can use this data to help understand the Intruder's code. (Afterwards I'll return the generic Data item to the person who found it as a "Decelerator Bit." This is a single-use item that hits all enemies within 30 meters with a viral attack that causes a 25% speed debuff, and -3% to all accuracies and defenses, for 60 seconds.)

Mach: Machines catch up to the Intruder, but are counter-attacked by their own overridden "Accelerated Machine" programs.

Merv: Cerulean and operatives track the Intruder, and find that his wanderings around Westview keep looping past the Heart o' the City Hotel.

11/22

Crit 9.1.2

Zion: The player picks up a sample of the data acquired so far from the intruder. Zion technicians haven't been able to make any progress in understanding it. In that lab, a Zionite guard mentions that a buddy told him that the Machines have pulled out of (old) Zion. Tyndall sends the player to get the Auditor, first by disabling the Machine station maintaining surveillance on the Exile, then by taking out the guards where he's being held. The Auditor examines the data sample, but returns it hurriedly, saying that the code doesn't belong in the Matrix, and "this was not supposed to happen."

Mach: Gray says that the intruder shouldn't be in the Matrix, and that their presence is causing code failures: he needs to be removed, or at least restrained and isolated. Going after him with programs hasn't worked out so well, so now they're going to try a combo of operatives and programs. The player takes up the hunt for him and runs into lupines, who are evidently looking for him also. Sent to check on one (program) search team that's stopped responding, the player finds them dead, along with a frightened bluepill who describes a wave of white light that washed over the room and dropped the Machines in their tracks. Armed with redpill reinforcements from Pace, the player resumes the hunt, this time coming across hostile "Accelerated Exile" programs.

Merv: It's been decided that it's time to make the intruder's acquaintance, and show him that the Mervs are the ones for him. The player is sent in to talk to him, and he seems to be in an accommodating mood ("A tour of the city, you say? ... Why not? Impress me.") First stop is Cerulean, who tells him that she tracked him down, and that nobody beats her and the Merv at finding data (she makes it clear to the operative that she's just saying this about being super chummy with the Merv 'cause Flood's paying her to say it). The intruder finds her ghostly form interesting ("I didn't expect to find this sort of mutation"). Next stop is Malphas and Ookami; Ookami is not at all happy to be there, and Malphas talks the intruder's ear off about the Merv's superior intelligence network. The intruder is somewhat intrigued by the pair ("amusing that some of these have survived; I see the Machines aren't nearly as in-control as they would like to appear"). Last comes Hypatia, who contacted Flood wanting to meet the intruder. She's describing the benefits of the Archivist Society to the intruder, who says that maybe the Merv does know more than he'd thought, but he isn't interested in "ancient history" right now. Flood is mad that Hypatia turned the intruder off by tooting her own horn.

11/22-11/28

Required Events:

Zion: Hm... Maybe capturing some Accelerated Exiles/Machines (or their bodies, anyway ;p) to get some final code readings. Level 55+ three-chevron Accelerated NPCs have a chance of dropping "Accelerator Bits" (single-use 30 meter AOE items that give a +50% speed buff, and +3% to all accuracies and defenses (Accelerated NPCs have those buffs all the time, by the way), and immunity to Decelerate to all friendlies in range at time of use, for ten minutes), so maybe we can bring some of them in.

Mach: Machines send operatives to tackle the Intruder. He spawns a Decelerator program that pulses the Decelerate debuff effect on everyone in the area, while he beats to a pulp anyone who actually reaches him (I think I'll have him use plain ol' level 100 Self Defense,

and a health regen high enough that he can't be worn down). Machines eventually try sending in high-level Agent programs, but these are terminated by Terminate shockwaves from the Intruder, who then stomps off. This "Terminate" attack affects only programs (and maybe "human" NPCs unfortunate enough to be in range, but never mind that detail :p).

Merv: Operatives rap with the Intruder and tell him how cool the Merv is.

11/29

Crit 9.1.3

Zion: Tyndall says that by examining the code samples they've come up with a hack they can use to contact the intruder directly, but that it's fairly low-level, and has to be run through a land-line. The operator wonders why it would have to be run through a Machine system like that. The player borrows the phone of a bluepill couple, but the call won't go through-- Machine jamming. Roland comes up with the scheme of having the player report call in a fake encounter with the intruder, then back-tracking the responding Machine units to find the location of their security center, and hopefully, the broadcast center of the signal jamming. This works, the player takes out the jamming center, and then tries another call to the intruder--which goes through. The intruder doesn't say much over the phone, but what he seems to recognize the name "Zion," and to think that the organization "might be able to tell me ... what I want to know."

Mach: Gray says that since trying to stop the intruder directly has met with failure, they're going to concentrate on stopping Zion and EPN from getting in touch with him. The operator is frustrated by this apparent inability to deal with the intruder in their own simulation. The player takes care of some nosy EPN, a few of whom are discussing something that sounds like it could be about scouting out old Zion. This done, Gray sends the player to contact Pace at a jamming station. Pace hands over some Machine reinforcements, and also drops a little hint about negotiations that went on between the Machines and the intruder "before he entered the Matrix." The Architect and the Network are here also, standing in a room behind two sealed doors (neither Pace nor Gray mention them). Gray sends the player after Zionites who've been trying to contact the intruder via hacked phone lines, then calls on them to rescue a jamming station from a Zionite attack. This is accomplished, but it was a near thing, and Veil was there, getting one of the last kills. She isn't happy about the Machines letting the intruder stomp around the city, scaring citizens.

Merv: Concerns about Zion trying to horn in on the intruder action prompt the Merv to call in the General for a military demonstration. The Effectuator brings in five Elite Commandos, and one nonplussed regular Commando ("Yessss! No casualties!"). The player goes and finds the intruder, who looks around, then pops the Elite Commandos, who had been in the room invisibly, out of stealth ("Someone's been teaching old programs new tricks"). The player leads some of the Elites off to crack Zionite skulls while the intruder and Malphas look on; the Zionites were in the process of trying to hack a phone line to contact the intruder. The intruder is interested in the existence of the General's rogue Sentinel programs in the Real.

11/29-12/6

Required Events:

Zion: Fight past Machines/Exiles/Commandos/whatever to get to the Intruder and get his attention for some kind of meeting.

Mach: Operatives are supposed to form a wide cordon around the Intruder, and prevent Zionites (and Mervs, I guess) from reaching him. They are definitely not supposed to mess with him themselves. Maybe some will and we can make an example of them in some sort of educational but non-scarring way.

Merv: Some minor kind of setback showing the Intruder is a prickly fellow... Like he tells off the General and terminates some of his commandos, or maybe some neighborhood contact called in to help who gets terminated (and the Merv complains later about the expense of restoring them from backup).

12/6

Crit 9.1.4

Zion: In preparation for a meeting with the intruder, Colt and Ghost brief the player on Merv and Machine relations with the stranger: the Merv has been kissing up to him, but so far hasn't got much out of him, and the Machines, after trying to stop him directly and getting crushed, have switched over to trying to prevent Zion from contacting him. A hackable computer in the area has a message from "R" ([Roland]) relating to EPN in the old city [and no sign of Lock]. The player checks a report of Machines near the meeting site, and finds Accelerated Machines, and an Accelerator NPC (can be attacked, but it's level 100 and highly resistant (and doesn't drop anything great)). No actual unmodified Machines around, so the meeting proceeds. The intruder is interested in how the Machines were using Zion, and how Zion got out of their control; he says he wants to hear more. Niobe's glad he's been cordial, but a little concerned that he hasn't revealed anything about himself. One plus, she mentions, is that he's buying Zion time to recover from recent losses by occupying the attention of the Machines. Ghost says that although he's powerful, there's something he seems to want very badly.

Mach: Gray sends the player after some Zionites who appear to be involved in arranging a meeting between the intruder and the Zion leadership (Gray says the Machines can track the intruder "to an extent"). The operator mutters that this seems to be a losing strategy, or at best just a delaying tactic. A hacked computer has a message from "R" ([Roland--it refers very obliquely, without mentioning any names at all, to EPN in old Zion, and the search for Zion survivors/data (and Lock)]). When Gray sends the player after still *more* Zionites, the operator countermands the order, and sends the player to get some answers from the intruder himself. They find him surrounded by dead Machine programs. He's not at all interested in giving out any information about his goals, and he says the Machines won't, either, if they know what's good for them. He adds that he isn't likely to tell Zion anything. Gray admits that at least some explanation about the intruder is overdue; this comes from Pace, who says that there isn't a lot she's allowed to impart about him, since he is

"inextricably linked with information that cannot be compromised without severe risk to the System"; but she does say that his presence is causing problems because the Matrix wasn't designed to support his code, and that since they can't stop him from being there, they have to try to minimize his impact on the simulation, and they must try to avoid aggravating him.

Merv: Flood says it's time to give the intruder the full-court press, and sends you to moderate over a staged meeting between the wireframed one and Persephone. The intruder seems annoyed by the confrontation with her, and, after choking something back, tells her that he "outgrew the charms of beauty long ago." She says that he does not know himself, and that "there is nothing of a young man's blood in this one's body or mind." After an interruption by Machines, and a puzzling bit of shouting by Flood to someone on the phone about moving some cakes, the player presides over a meeting between the intruder and the Chef, where, while the intruder admits that his body can taste food, he doesn't really seem interested in eating, although he makes a revealing comment about the Machines ("It's almost amusing that they saved all these...trappings of a dead culture--things they were never designed to enjoy. They'd better not be losing their sense of perspective."). Finally, Flood blows out all the stops and sends in the Jeweler, Lotus, and the Sculptress simultaneously. Although the intruder says that he doesn't have any use for "digital substitutes," he does seem to think that the Merv may be useful after all--but it's clear that it's on a "don't call me, I'll call you" level, as far as he's concerned.

12/6-12/12

Required Events:

Zion: Zionites rap with the Intruder and tell him how cool Zion is. He pumps them for as much information as he can get.

Mach: Hmm... I think something quite a bit different, as far as Machine events go anyway. Some sort of investigation of where the Intruder might have come from, despite Machine (Agent) reluctance to say anything on the subject.

Merv: Party in the Hel Club. Merv had extensive plans to entice the Intruder there, but he actually shows up with hardly any prompting, and seems particularly interested in the club itself.

12/13

Crit 9.1.5

Zion: The intruder has been pumping Colt for information, which has Tyndall a little concerned. The player finds them just as Colt is trying to explain about Morpheus' assassination, and how the Morpheus simulacrum acts differently than Morpheus did before his death. The intruder wants to see the simulacrum. Shimada calls: EPN is concerned about the intruder; some people thought he might be the next One, but his behavior hasn't shown him to be worthy of trust, and she's worried about the Morpheus simulacrum being exploited

for ill purposes again. She also mentions EPN moving into the old city, and finding the wreckage of the Mjolnir II, and AK's body. She says that the city is in a good position for use as a "forward base," and that although it's vulnerable, EPN is mobile, and can get out quickly if the Machines make a serious effort to go in and get them. Tyndall echoes some of Shimada's distrust of the intruder, and hopes that he can be dissuaded from looking for the sim. The player tracks him down in a derelict area, but the intruder is quite firm about his purpose. A vagrant in the area feels ill after having caught a glimpse of the intruder. Meanwhile, Zion has found the sim. The player goes in to warn him about the intruder's curiosity, and to try to get him to skedaddle. The sim, however, seems to welcome the prospect of an opportunity to respond to the intruder's questioning with more questions, if the intruder does find him. Tyndall worries that the intruder, while he may be great at neutralizing the Machines, is following a hidden agenda.

Mach: Sent to try to do some intruder impact minimization, the player comes across dead Machines, a stunned SWAT guard ("It wasn't human... Emptied two clip... Why didn't it kill me like the others?") and a somewhat more coherent bank clerk, who describes bright flashes, and shockwaves that knocked everyone down, killing the other men there (Agents), and how the intruder laughed at him. Gray says loss of programs to the intruder is becoming a serious problem, and sends the player to check out yet another Agent team that's stopped responding: the player finds dead Agents, hostile Accelerated Machines, and an Accelerator. One of the dead Agents had a recording unit going; his recording is recovered and played back, revealing the frustrated intruder muttering to himself about something: "They must have another... A backup--something they've kept hidden... Somewhere in this small little world..." The operator raises some questions: 1) the intruder doesn't look human, but definitely acts human; what if he is? 2) where's he from? 3) what's he looking for? Gray says okay let's talk about this. In a meeting with Gray and Pace, Gray tells the player that the intruder is a freeborn human, who has not been in the Matrix before; he's kinda familiar with human history, but not with the Matrix itself--although now he's probably learning rapidly. Gray says he can't say anything more about the intruder's background. Pace says that the codes the intruder uses are direct overrides of System routines, and that the Machines can't really do anything about them while the Matrix is running, since it would require tinkering with "root functions." Gray adds that the intruder is looking for information he thinks the Machines have withheld, even though they told him they didn't have it.

Merv: Excited about finally getting the chance to show the Merv how he's tamed the intruder, a distracted Flood sends the player to check on the Exiles sent to summon the intruder: they're Accelerated and hostile. Flood is mad, and doesn't want to hear any back-talk about a possible risk to the Merovingian; he says he's got the intruder under control. Malphas isn't so sure, and gives the player some operative backup. The player arrives at the Merv/intruder meeting, where the intruder tells the Merv: a) he's surprised the Machines haven't wiped out the Merv and Zion; they're doing a bad job of things; b) he thinks the Merv seems all right, and he might have a job for him later; c) he knows the guy the Machines must have copied the Merv's face from. The Merv is horrified at this revelation. Catching up with the player afterwards, he's very angry about the intruder's attitude, and says that he'll find out who this man is, and what he's hiding--and that the secret knowledge the intruder professes to have would have to have come from somewhere outside the Matrix.

[I will probably be trying to go on break from ~ Monday Dec 15th through Monday Jan 1st, which means there would be no official Live Events during that two week period. MXO's annual Winter Holiday event should be going on during that time.]

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

1/10

9.2 Cinematic

The Morpheus simulacrum stands at the edge of a windswept skyscraper rooftop. The intruder appears next to the sim and inspects it. The Architect appears a small distance behind them. The intruder turns to him, angrily calling the sim's construction "pathetic." The Architect calls the sim the work of "an amateur," telling the intruder that it isn't at all like the intruder himself. The intruder's anger increases, and he curses, saying that if he thought that was a joke, he'd have the Architect deleted. He then demands "it," and implies that the Architect knows what he's looking for. The Architect begins a smooth denial, but the intruder snorts in disgust and leaps away before he can finish.

Crit 9.2.1

Zion: The intruder is making his way into Zion bases, attempting to access the network. The player has to do some rewiring to shut off his access. He takes it in stride, playing it off with somewhat flippant conversation, but doesn't give any indication that he's going to stop doing whatever he likes. At one point, he mentions that he's never been to either old or new Zion.

Mach: While taking out some accelerated programs, the player runs into Veil, who voices discontent about the Machines not trying to stop the intruder directly. Gray says that they're trying to discuss things with the intruder, but that he isn't responding, although they can track high concentrations of his override codes. After some searching and fighting, they succeed in making their way to a large override signal, but it isn't the intruder; it's a level 100 "Decelerator" program.

Merv: The Merv sends the player digging among Machine systems for dirt they can use to ensnare the intruder, but all they come up with at two separate locations is a simple engagement protocol instructing Machines to avoid the intruder. Next they try getting something juicy from the Network's media servers, but just come up with a long list of censored reports. Finally, Flood decides that Pace is a weak link, and sends the player to apply to her as if they're an operative looking to join the Machines in order to combat the intruder. Filing past eight glaring Agents, the player gets to Pace, who says she's afraid that they don't have any openings for someone with the player's skill set--oh, and next time, they should save themselves the trouble of breaking into Machine computers. The operator says this was Flood's dumbest idea ever.

1/10-1/16

Required Events:

Zion: intruder wants info on Neo and Trinity and what they did in the Matrix

Mach: intruder doesn't want to talk, and creates loads of Decelerator programs, and a Runtime program (spawns Accelerated Machines on operatives in the area)

Merv: while schmoozing the intruder, Machines interfere; General sent to assist in repelling them; General has to cut transmission due to Sentinels closing in, intruder snidely asks why doesn't he just use some Seekers on them

1/17

Crit 9.2.2

Zion: The intruder has been seen entering the area around the Oracle's apartment, and the player is sent to keep tabs on him. After having to work past some accelerated programs, they find him in a room containing some hacked-together equipment. He says that it's the room where Neo was woken up; he says that he isn't surprised that the player didn't know what it was, since the Machines had changed it. He says he's there to take "code readings." Colt has an update: EPN is trying to get in touch. The player is sent to talk to Shimada, who says that they followed a beacon signal from a wrecked surface facility above Zion, and found Commander Lock, weak and recovering from injuries, but conscious. They're moving him down to old Zion.

Mach: Gray sends the player hunting for the large override programs, saying that they need operative help with this, since those programs have been causing very high casualty rates among Machine programs. The player hunts up some Decelerators, and then Gray sends in some Agents to help take them out. With the Decelerators out of the way, the player is able to reach the intruder, who is angry, but agrees to meet with the Machines, adding that "they'd better not try screwing me this time." After this success, the player is sent to take out some of the commando programs the General's been using in his intruder-related operations in the simulation. In the course of this, the player may locate a computer, in which someone was trying to access Machine information on "Stalingrad" before their access was cut.

Merv: The General thinks the intruder must have learned about the Seeker missiles from the Machines. He gives the player some commandos and tells them to go find out what the Machines and the intruder discussed concerning the Seekers, and the battle at Stalingrad. The search of a Machine system is cut off, and the player tries again with sneakier Elite Commandos. This time, they manage to grab a snippet of a report: "...prior to entering the System in the vicinity of Ascension Monument, subject cited alleged remote tracking of System forces to structure code-name 'Stalingrad' as the event precipitating his visit. However, it is probable that the coincidence of this occurrence with the presence of..." Flood can't imagine why the intruder would be interested in that crater.

1/17-1/23

Required Events:

Zion: w/ the intruder, visit the building where Trinity was shot falling out the window and Neo brought her back to life in the second movie--find game building that's as close a match as we can get to building in movie

Mach: meeting w/ intruder, operatives, Agent Pace; intruder initially interested in Pace, but she realizes this, acts more typical emotionless Agency, he loses interest; he wants to meet w/ Architect, Pace agrees to make inquiries

Merv: brainstorm session w/ Merv & General, trying to figure what significance Stalingrad battle could have had for intruder; decide probably presence of Sati in Real

1/24

Crit 9.2.3

Zion: A message comes through from Lock, who says that he must have been knocked out in the explosion in the command center at the beginning of the Machine/Cypherite assault on Zion. He woke up in a wrecked surface lab: Mauser had brought him there, and nursed him until Sentinels came. Mauser had a lightning gun, and tried to lead them away from Lock; he succeeded, but it cost him his life. Suddenly the intruder appears next to the player, and wants to know about the lightning gun; he seems surprised that Zionites had weapons capable of fighting Sentinels. Colt, who's been there all along, says that Mauser would have been more than a match for a single Sentinel with his lightning gun, and that Neo didn't even need a gun; he could just wave his hands to destroy Sentinels. Hearing this, the intruder suddenly becomes outraged, saying "They WERE lying!" Tyndall reports a sudden outbreak of accelerated programs across the city. With reinforcements from Ghost, the player takes out some of the programs, although a debuffing "Decelerator" program makes this difficult. The player reports to Niobe, who has just had to fight off some accelerated programs herself. She says that the intruder has flipped out, and they don't know why, but they've got to try to calm him down.

Mach: Accelerated programs are causing so much havoc among Machine systems that they even disrupt the usual "get backup from Agent Pace" bit, and she fights beside the player against the accelerated programs who took out the intended backup. The player has to go on without backup, and finds a pack of dead Elite Commandos, then an Accelerator program that has overridden some Elite Commandos, buffing them up so that they're more dangerous than ever.

Merv: Flood sends the player to sound the intruder out about the Sati theory, but he's suddenly nowhere to be found, and there are hostile accelerated programs everywhere. Flood decides to go ahead and try to nab Sati ("if the General could do it..."), sending the player to a Mara apartment where she has supposedly gone to meet a playmate; inside the apartment, though, a bluepill couple say that the kids just went out (they then threaten to call the police).

Flood says not to worry, he just got a hot tip that Sati's in a building nearby. The player goes there and finds not Sati but Seraph, who says: "Take this message to the Frenchman: she will not be found while the Oracle lives, nor before you have returned what you took from me."

1/24-1/30

Required Events:

Zion: find intruder and try to chill him out; when asked why he's mad, who "they" were, what the "lying" was about, or whatever, he becomes incensed and fights the operatives

Mach: swarms of Accelerators, Decelerators, and Runtimes across the city

Merv: get to intruder, tell him about Sati, he questions General, suggests some way to access her program data from General's surviving logs or servers

1/31

Crit 9.2.4

Zion: After fighting off more accelerated programs, the player finds the intruder, who tells them to stay the hell out of his way. He adds that he's got "fish to fry," and that he doesn't like being lied to. Colt calls the player in to talk to the Kid, who has details on the facility where they found Lock. Sentinel claws and lasers had breached the structure. Inside, they found Mauser's fingerprints, and traces of blood confirmed to match Mauser's, but they haven't found his body. They didn't find any dead Sentinels in the area, but there were lightning gun scorch marks everywhere. Whatever equipment had been in the lab was completely wrecked. Tyndall has the player try capturing Sentinel activity logs that might cover their encounter with Mauser, but although they're able to steal such logs from a Machine facility, the data contains no record of Sentinel activity at that surface lab in the past several months.

Mach: The player is sent to investigate why a group of Agents, held in reserve for counter-attacks against override threats picked out by operatives, have stopped responding. The player finds all five of them dead. Then another pack of Agents turns up dead, and Gray is worried. Data retrieved from one of them is analyzed, and a program devised to counter the threat. During this analysis, scientists allude to core routines being rewritten to protect them from the intruder's override codes. The player locates the problem, a "Terminator" program, and uses the counter program to take it out.

Merv: The General sets up one of his own commandos to be captured by the Machines, so that they can track where the Machines take the program, in the hope that the Machines will store him alongside other data previously captured from the General. The player breaks in and runs a search, but doesn't find anything there about Sati. The General thinks the Machines have probably deleted the data as too sensitive, and figures that the best course now is to go present the matter to the intruder, who seems to have calmed down a bit since the previous week's rampage. The player finds the intruder standing with a Terminator program among piles of dead Machines. The intruder asks for more detail about Sati, and,

after "She was taken into the outer world by the General... That was the only time? And did she have a body there, or..." says that she couldn't be what he's after, which is a "biological interface program," and that if the Merv can get him one of those, he'll make him king of the Matrix.

1/31-2/6

Required Events:

Zion: players find intruder fighting Bookwyrms; gets to Hypatia, demands "biological interface program," when she says she doesn't have a program like that, he terminates her; intruder disconsolate, says something about being trapped

Mach: operatives find intruder; Gray shows up to ask what he wants; intruder terminates him; Pace shows up, offers meeting w/ Architect; intruder doesn't terminate her [Gray will be restored by the System in time for the next crit, yay!]

Merv: show BIP possibility to intruder: Beirn; not what intruder's after

2/7

Crit 9.2.5

Zion: The player is sent to look for anything they can find on a "biological interface program" at Wright Research, since mechanical-to-biological interfaces were one of Wright's specialties. After some breaking and entering, the player makes their way to Wright Research "Building 27," a heavily guarded area where they keep their really important new research, but they don't find any sign of a true breakthrough in interface technology there. The intruder's been a little less savage, so the player goes to see if they can get more details on what he's after. The intruder isn't surprised that nothing useful was found at Wright Research, saying "if a human could have written it, I'd have had it by now." He refuses to say anything more about it, saying "the less you know, the better."

Mach: Hypatia was restored by her support programs after her termination, but is still infected by override codes, and must be terminated properly. The player fights past her Bookworm guards and takes out Accelerated Hypatia. Then it's off to notify the intruder that it's meeting time. He warns that they'd better not try lying to him again. At a pre-meeting briefing, a wounded Gray (still recovering from the 9.2.4 event) admits that the Machines "misled" the intruder before he entered the Matrix, because they wanted to keep him out of the simulation. That didn't work, so now they're going to have to tell him the truth, in the hopes that this will convince him to leave. At the meeting, the intruder demands a "biological interface program" from the Architect, saying that he knows it exists. The Architect confirms this, but says that the Machines did not create it, and the only remaining copy was removed from the System--the one the intruder himself had detected outside the simulation before he entered the Matrix. This brings the intruder up short, but he's clearly not happy with this state of affairs. Gray hopes that this meeting will lead the intruder to leave the simulation in pursuit of the interface

program.

Merv: Going to talk with the Merv, the player finds the Twins arguing about who the intruder will "off" next (Architect vs Pace). Malphas has a theory that the intruder asked the Machines for this "biological interface program" before he entered the Matrix, and they put him off somehow. The Merv is determined to find this program before anyone else, and sends the player to go talk to his wife, who he says "interfaced" with humans at the pods, back when she served the System. Persephone, however, says she was just a "caretaker" there; any control she had over the humans was indirect, whereas what the intruder wants is immediate control that will allow him to change who he is, because he hates what he has become. Flood sends the player on plan B, which is seeing if the reconstructed Silver, who worked on interface programs with Wright (and gave information about it to the Machines, for which he was killed for the Merv by Sieges, whose name is mentioned here), has anything that would help. Silver says that what he worked on with Wright was just complex data conduits, although she had wild ideas of her own about "control transfer." Anyway, all his data on his work with Wright was confiscated by the Machines. Finally, Flood sends the player to ask the intruder for more information on this program he wants, but the intruder, surrounded by dead N30 AG3NTs, says 1) Persephone/Silver's work is nothing like what he wants, 2) the program's got to be here somewhere, 3) "if only HE hadn't taken the other one...", 4) the player knows as much as the intruder needs them to know.

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

2/25 [was pushed back from 2/21, although a brief leak of the cinematic occurred on that day]

9.3 Cinematic

A second wireframed man appears, taunting the intruder. From their conversation it is clear that they are familiar with each other, that the newcomer has followed the intruder to see what he's up to, and that they are in competition with each other. In fact, they fight, until the intruder decides that the other is only trying to distract him, and leaves. An Agent is seen observing the scene and reporting.

Notes

[This second wireframed man is named Carlyne. He will tell players that the intruder's name is Halborn, and the intruder will appear with that name throughout this subchapter. 9.2 was tricky because sometimes an org was supposed to be nice with Halborn, but once we get up to around 9.3.2-3ish, there will pretty much always be one or the other that they can fight, and hopefully other orgs they can go fight too.]

Crit 9.3.1

Zion: Tyndall and Colt inform the player of the appearance of a second wireframed man, his

fight with the intruder, and an outbreak of more override programs. The player takes care of them, and then locates the intruder, who has a Terminator in the middle of a bunch of dead Accelerated Exiles, and tells the player that the newcomer is Carlyne, his own name is Halborn, that they've known each other a long time, and that Carlyne is a practiced liar. At a debrief, Niobe is concerned that Carlyne will distract Halborn from keeping the Machines busy, and that the two of them together could cause problems as well. She also indicates that she isn't in any hurry to trust Carlyne.

Mach: Gray sends the player to check out the new wireframed guy, saying not to attack him; finding him, at least, will be easy, since he hasn't even tried to hide himself from Machine scans. The player fights past a few Accelerated Exiles to find Carlyne (and some friendly Accelerated Exiles). Carlyne apologizes for the hostile programs, saying he thought the player might have been "like those others." He's pleased to find the player works for the Machines, saying they're just the people he wants to see, and asks for a meeting, saying he can help with a mutual problem. Gray says he'll see about the arrangements, and sends the player to get more info from Agent Pace. Pace says Carlyne is "a human from outside the pod system," like Halborn, and probably has access to the same override codes that Halborn does. She says they fought in Westview, and it's important that they find out if Carlyne is going to be cooperative, in contrast to his opponent. A computer in the area is tracking something along coordinates [that would be valid in Westview, if not elsewhere]. Gray meets Carlyne; Carlyne says he wants to "eliminate Halborn as a problem here," but that "we both know better" than to believe Carlyne is acting out of altruism alone. Talking things over afterwards, Gray says Carlyne means the intruder when he says "Halborn," and claims to have known him for a long time. Gray voices concerns about Carlyne potentially being as big a threat to the System as Halborn (when he was leaving the meeting in Halborn's presence, Gray acted fully satisfied with Carlyne's claim of being there just to help the Machines against Halborn). Pace says that they'd hoped the last meeting with the Architect would have persuaded Halborn to leave the Matrix, but that he's turned out to be very stubborn and unreasonable. She's afraid that as he keeps failing to find the program he wants, he'll get more and more desperate, and eventually have another anti-Machine freakout. An Agent patrolling the halls is mulling something about Agent Griffin and "the Murphey case" (dunno what, exactly; just wanted to throw in a mention).

Merv: Flood sends the player to ask the intruder about this second guy. After going through some Headless NPCs buffed by an Accelerator, they find him--still named "Intruder"--and some dead Machine redpills. He says he's busy, but agrees to meet the Merv, as long as it's something good. The intruder shows up at the meeting as "Halborn," and says the other one's named Carlyne, and that he must be after the same thing Halborn wants--that kind of snatch-and-grab tactic is typical of him. The Merv promises to help just as much as he can. Malphas, outside the meeting room with the Twins, says that it will be tricky to stay on good terms with both of them, but Carlyne, at least, is easy to locate. The player finds Carlyne searching for something on a computer (he's cleared the search just as the player enters), and Carlyne is delighted with the prospect of meeting the famous Merovingian. The Merv and the Twins appear in the outer room, and the player brings Carlyne to him. The Merv is charming, and assures Carlyne he wants to help him against Halborn. Carlyne says this is the beginning of a wonderful partnership.

2/25-2/27

Required Events:

Zion: meeting w/ Carlyne - admits he may be somewhat interested in what Halborn is after, but his first objective is to stop Halborn

Mach: meeting w/ Carlyne - tells players that Halborn wants the BIP because his own body in the Real is long since dead

Merv: meeting w/ Halborn - Halborn figures out that if the Machines were telling the truth about not having made the BIP themselves, and that the only one was taken, then he needs to find out who made it, and have them make him another one

2/28

Crit 9.3.2

Zion: (Assumed to come chronologically just after the Machine crit.) Tyndall is worried when Halborn shows up and starts pumping Colt for information on the Oracle. Colt plays dumb, frustrating Halborn, who says he'll just go find her on his own, and that Zion should stay out of his way. Halborn takes off, and following override use reports, the player finds overridden programs, a dead female bluepill, and a live male one who describes what sounds like Halborn demanding information about the Oracle. Ghost says they haven't found a connection between the dead woman and the Oracle, and they don't know if the intruder is striking randomly or following some kind of information trail. He also says that Zion has been trying to reach the Oracle without success. Carlyne has contacted Zion, though, so the player goes to meet him. Carlyne is polite and outgoing, and says that although he isn't very swift, with the overrides he has, Halborn is more than a match for any Machine-created program, even the Oracle. Carlyne says he can stop Halborn, and that he wants to help Zion save her, adding that he's known Halborn a long time, and that they probably have a few days before they really have to start worrying about him reaching the Oracle, during which time Carlyne will study the "lay of the land."

Mach: Gray sends the player after an override outbreak, and they find Accelerated Machines, as well as hostile Zionites. Gray didn't know who override those programs, and sends the player after another signal, which could be either Halborn or Carlyne. Gray mentions that both of them have met, separately, with Zion, but that they're still believed to be non-hostile to the Machines. The player finds Halborn among Accelerated Machines, and a dead "Red Eye" Agent--one of the General's old programs. Halborn bluntly says he wants to talk to "your boss' boss," implying that he'd wanted the Machines to track him down there so he could deliver this demand. Gray goes to see about it while the player goes after more override signals, coming across Carlyne, and a confused bluepill. Carlyne is surprised, but in a chipper mood, saying he's tracking down Halborn, and asks if the player has seen him. Gray says to say "no." Carlyne says ah, too bad. The player goes to see Gray, who says Halborn's probably asking for this meeting because he needs help with Carlyne, which gives the Machines a chance to get him to do what they want, before ushering them into a room containing Pace,

the Architect, and Halborn. Halborn demands to know who made "it"; the Architect replies that "the program's author is known as the Oracle." This surprises Halborn a little, but seems to jibe with some things he remembers Zionites "jabbering" about. Gray thinks its likely that Halborn will go after the Oracle now, and says that Zion and EPN may try to stop him.

Merv: (Assumed to come chronologically just after the Machine crit.) Flood sends the player to check on some Exiles that may have been overridden, and the player finds a pile of dead Accelerated Exiles and Machines. The operator says there's no sign of forced entry, and says there are recently spend shell casings in there, and bullet and claw wounds on the bodies: were they fighting each other? Flood doesn't really care if they were from Carlyne or Halborn or both; he's just annoyed at the loss of their programs. He sends the player to help the survivors of an Exile pack that's been mostly overridden. One survivor says it was Halborn, and he was about to get them, too, but he suddenly stopped and ran off. Scans find Halborn nearby. He's about to tell the player to go away, but then stops and asks what they know about the Oracle. A meeting with the Merv is arranged; the player doesn't catch all the assumed dialog between the two, but Halborn now knows about the Oracle centering her activity around Debir Court, and it's implied that the Merv has provided him with other information about her as well. Flood says whatever happens in a Halborn/Oracle meeting, they'll make work in their favor.

2/28-3/5

Required Events:

Zion: Zion tries getting a warning to the Oracle, and are surprised when they can't get ahold of her. They do get Seraph, though, and he tells them that the Oracle suspected something like this would happen.

Mach: It won't be quite clear yet to players how the Machines feel about Halborn going after the Oracle. But they send operatives to try to locate her. They can't find her, but they do find strange code bits in her trademark intuitive style: she's got something in the oven, and it isn't just cookies.

Merv: The Merv again assures Carlyne that he's all for taking Halborn out, and that he's only pretending to help Halborn in order to get through his defenses, and "proves it" by leading Carlyne to some of Halborn's programs, which Carlyne helps terminate.

3/6

Crit 9.3.3

Zion: The player is dispatched to counter Halborn's program overrides in Mara, where Halborn has started looking for the Oracle. They come across Blackwoods and Accelerated programs, alive and dead, and Carlyne, who says that he thinks Halborn will get frustrated and give up this attack if they can keep eliminating his programs. He adds that Halborn's been avoiding him, and that he's been getting some "interference" from non-Zion operatives.

The player comes across Machinists fighting (or as close as I can make it look like they've been fighting) Accelerated Machines. Tyndall sends the player to assist a Zion team that's just been taken out, and they find Halborn, who reminds them that he said to stay out of his way. He says she may have snuck off somewhere, but it doesn't matter, he'll find her.

Mach: Gray says that the sooner Halborn finds the Oracle and either gets his program, or gets confirmation that she doesn't have it, the soon he'll leave the Matrix. Pace gives the player some redpill backup for going after Zionites who are trying to stop Halborn, and who are probably working with Carlyne. The player finds dead Accelerated Machines, a dead bluepill, and hostile Zionites. Gray reports that Halborn has been detected in the vicinity of Mara, as have hostile operatives, but there's no sign of the Oracle or Carlyne. The player comes across Zionites fighting their way to Halborn. Halborn tells the player to get lost. Finally, the player searches another area for reported hostile redpills, only to find the Oracle, who makes a joking surrender, apologizes for the misdirection, and promises that it's almost over; she says that if all this trouble is about her, maybe it's better if she's "removed from the picture." Seraph appears just then, looking imposing. The player has to leave; meanwhile, the operator's been struggling with it, but eventually decides he has no choice but to report that they've found the Oracle. Gray says that it isn't feasible to arrest her just now (he's mentioned earlier in the mission that they can't send programs into the Mara area, what with Carlyne and Halborn firing off overrides all over the place), but that they've got to do what they can do speed up Halborn getting to her, which mostly comes down to keeping Zion, and especially Carlyne, off of him. He says they'll report the Oracle sighting to Halborn "as soon as possible." [That comment, and his halfhearted congratulations on "the...promptness" of the operator/player's report, are intentionally ambiguous.]

Merv: Halborn isn't doing too well at finding the Oracle, so Flood sends the player to dig her up in Richland/Westview. Following some allegedly expensive leads, the player comes across 1) a pack of EPN swarming over a irrecoverably toasted computer, 2) two creepy Agents who have just arrested whoever the player was looking for, for involvement in a terrorist conspiracy, and 3) a dead bluepill contact surrounded by Accelerated Machines. Zionites and then Cypherites attack the player out-of-doors at various points. Finally, just as they find four Exiles (a Crusher, a Death Merchant, a female Hel Club Groupie, and a male Hel Club Guard) discussing something about "Ruhamah" sending a "signal," and "the sim," Carlyne pops in with a Terminator that strikes the four dead. He says he's suspected what the player's been up to for a while, but it's nice to have proof, and that they can tell the Merv that since he's clearly backing Halborn, he can consider their brunch date cancelled. Flood says they should've been working with Carlyne instead of that dummy Halborn.

3/6-3/12

Required Events:

Zion: Just some good old-fashioned fighting in Slums here, with override programs and either a hostile Halborn or assisting Carlyne involved.

Mach: Ditto, only the other way around for Halborn/Carlyne. (Summary: right now Zion <3 Carlyne, Merv & Mach <3 Halborn)

Merv: It seems like this would be a good time to let the Merv players run across the Oracle. We'll have to manage it in such a way that it's clear they can't take her out themselves, and have to settle for talking to her. Should probably do it somewhere exotic, where she isn't usually found, and where she could change the rules to be in control, like white hallways or a white room or Sakura or something. Ah, and we could do something like have Seraph whack any players who actually try to get her. Or Carlyne could show up and make things difficult for them. Anyway, she'll tell whoever survives that they will soon find something that is very important, but it will backfire on them if they try to use it selfishly.

3/13

Crit 9.3.4

Zion: In Richland or Westview, the player is sent to talk to Carlyne, who asks that he be contacted when the player runs across Halborn, since Halborn is putting more effort into avoiding Carlyne than he is into avoiding operatives. The player faces some Accelerated Machines backed up by a Decelerator while Tyndall gets Roland's permission to tip off Carlyne if they come across Halborn. And then they do find Halborn, who tells them very bluntly to get out, at which point he goes hostile and will counter-attack if attacked by the player; he's invulnerable here, and can't actually be hurt. Carlyne is tipped off, and moves to intercept Halborn. Tyndall starts encountering scan disruptions, and send the player in to report on what's happening. The player finds Carlyne and Halborn facing off in an under-construction interior, but they have to bail when the operator says that surges in his scan readings are starting to blow out their hovercraft's systems. Tyndall says that their scan routines are down across the entire sector now.

Mach: Halborn still hasn't managed to find the Oracle, and has called the Machines for a meeting in Richland/Westview to discuss it. He demands that the Machines tell him where she is. The Architect says that they've already given him all the information they have, and that her unpredictability was an intentional design choice necessary in order to maintain human genetic variety at acceptable levels. Halborn is ticked, calls the Architect/Machines incompetent, and says he knew all that already. Pace is there as well (no Gray), and orders the player to leave the area and stand by for immediate deployment. Gray sends the player to check up on what Halborn's gone off to do after the meeting. When they catch up to him, Halborn has just dispatched some Zionites and an EPN, complains that "your masters don't have the balls for this," and says well fine, forget them, he'll handle it himself. He adds that he means to have it out with the Architect after taking care of this current situation. Gray doesn't sound thrilled to hear that, but still has to send the player to keep Zionites (mingled with dead/wounded Accelerated Machines) off Halborn's tail. Then they pick up Carlyne, heading to intercept Halborn; interference is causing problems, and Gray sends the player in to investigate first-hand. They find Halborn and Carlyne facing off in an under-construction interior, but have to leave when feedback starts blowing out their operator's systems. The follow-up message from Gray is almost entirely garbled, but seems to be ordering the player to evacuate the area.

Merv: Flood sends the player to find Halborn in Richland/Westview so that they can come up with a working plan of action for him, since he still hasn't managed to find the Oracle, and is

getting distracted by Carlyne. Some Accelerator-buffed Zionites get in the way, as does an EPN ambush, but Halborn is found, and is in a bad mood, saying the info the Merv gave him hasn't helped, and the Mervs don't stand a chance against Carlyne anyway; but he agrees to meet. The General and Malphas are waiting for Halborn to show for the strategic planning session, but it's crashed by Zionites. Afterwards, Malphas says that they'd spotted the intruder heading for the meeting, but then his signal changed course; maybe he was worried about the Zionites reporting his position to Carlyne. Flood thinks Halborn is silly for getting scared off by Zionites. The player is sent after him, and finds him and Carlyne facing off in an under-construction area, just before the player has to bail when override feedback starts to scramble their operator's systems. Flood says this "override radiation" is scrambling scans across the entire region.

3/13-3/19

Required Events:

Zion: (EPN) The Oracle meets with Shimada, giving her part of an encrypted program, and telling her to watch over Sati

Mach: (CYPH) The Oracle meets with Veil, giving her part of an encrypted program, and telling her to watch over Sati

Merv: Mervs wade through override programs in the Slums to find Halborn wounded and woozy. They pick him up and take him back to the Merv.

3/20

Crit 9.3.5

Zion: Ghost has some reports about Halborn surviving with the Merv's help, and the Oracle contacting EPN to give them some kind of encrypted program, and possibly making contact with Veil as well. Carlyne gets in touch to say that he's all right, and that Halborn only got away because the simulation started to break down around them. He says that he's heard the Frenchman's got him, but that will just make it easier to find him and finish him off. Tyndall's next instructions are cut off mid-sentence, and the player has to follow their mission marker with no instructions, only to find the Oracle at the end of it, just as the operator is cut off, too. The Oracle apologizes for crossing a few wires to get a chance to talk, but then realizes that she can't say what she wants to say yet. She thinks she's made the "right choice," though, and says the player will "do just fine." She adds that she doesn't know if they'll see each other again. Tyndall comes back online, and sends the player to report to Niobe. Niobe's annoyed that the Oracle's pulling strings yet again, and says that they've still at least got to try to secure her before Halborn reaches her.

Mach: Gray sends the player to clean up code overrides swamping Richland (and Westview, I guess) in the aftermath of the clash between Halborn and Carlyne; overrides are still screwing with Machine scans of the area, but Gray says they should assume that both survived, until

they have proof to the contrary. The player encounters loads of Accelerated Machines and Exiles, accelerated Furies gang members, and a dead bluepill. Then Gray sends them after some code that appears somehow to have escaped any kind of damage from the override wave that covered Richland. They find a weirded-out bluepill (keeps saying "I'm fine," also mentions something about "she") in an apartment, and the mystery undamaged code in the form of Frags tucked in a desk. They take these off to Pace and some technicians in a lab (new variant Pace RSI: wearing a white lab coat and shirt--and no, I won't use this RSI in an event prior to this crit). The code in the frags is found to be similar to the Oracle-made stuff found earlier (Mach 9.3.2 event), and, put together, it's enough for them to establish that it's left over code from the process of writing a kill code. Pace is uneasy when she hears about this. A technician in the area mentions that they're having trouble re-writing core routines to protect against override codes (a tech earlier in chapter 9 mentioned they were starting work on this). Gray says they've suspected for a few months now that the Oracle's been up to some kind of plot with Exiles, and if a termination code is involved, this plot could be more dangerous than they'd thought. He's describing news from "our Cypherite sources" about the Oracle giving them some kind of encrypted code, and is in the middle of saying that the Cypherites haven't delivered a formal report on the incident, when he suddenly excuses himself, coming back to say that he's just received a report of Halborn and Carlyne meeting Merovingian operatives. He says that locating the two is the top priority.

Merv: The player is sent to visit Halborn at a Merv hideout in Midian Park (or Eshean/Lemone if Midian Park mission areas are full), and tell him that he's got to stick around at a certain spot as bait so they can get Carlyne out of his way. The wounded and impatient Halborn agrees in his usual surly manner, obviously concerned that Carlyne will find him if he stays there too long. Flood sends the player to meet Carlyne in Mara, to get his attention. Carlyne knows the Mervs have Halborn, and tells the player to run along back to Halborn. Flood sends the player to Kedemoth to check on Halborn, saying that the plan won't work if he moves early and makes it obvious to Carlyne that the "artificial override signal we're generating nearby" is a fake. The player finds him in his requisite bait position. He's made some hostile Accelerated Exiles to protect himself, but kills them with a Terminator once the player talks to him. He mutters about being able to "feel" the "old woman" nearby. Flood hurries the player off to another Kedemoth location, where they find Carlyne. When they talk to him, four "Special Agents" appear and order him to come with them for questioning, but when the player talks to them, it's clear that these are disguised Merv operatives. Carlyne is momentarily fooled, and about to dispatch them, or so he thinks, with override codes. Flood says this distraction has got Halborn past Carlyne [on his way to Mara to get the Oracle], although Flood is darned if he knows why Halborn thinks he'll succeed this time. [Like a lot of things so far with Halborn's "search" for the program, I don't really spell that out, but just leave it implied that he has ways of obtaining information, although obviously this information isn't always reliable.]

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

On 4/2, Halborn found the Oracle waiting for him in Debir Court. She refused to help him get the program he wanted, and he killed her, then left. Carlyne arrived minutes later, saw the dead Oracle, and snorted in disgust before jumping away.

4/3

Crit 10.1.1

Zion: After taking out some Accelerated programs with Colt, the player encounters Carlyne, who says that he's working on a more direct means of getting rid of Halborn, and that since Halborn has decided to stay in the Matrix, the Machines probably won't be helping him (Halborn) out anymore.

Mach: Gray and Pace say it's time to set up a meeting with Halborn, and ask him to leave the Matrix. The player has to get through some nasty accelerated programs, but finds Halborn, and he gruffly agrees that he'll come along, since he wants to fill the Machines in on something, anyway. In a meeting with Pace, Halborn insists that he won't leave without the program, but he says that he's figured out what he needs to do, although he hadn't wanted to have to deal with it (he doesn't specify). Pace says he'll have to be watched very carefully.

Merv: Flood thinks it's time to review what's been going on, and has the player face off against EPN, Cypherites, and Accelerated Exiles, keeping up a running commentary of his own along the way. He's questioning why the Oracle would have given apparently important codes to EPN and the Cypherites, and points out that she did this--and according to the Machines was working on a kill-code--after the intruders came around and it was revealed that she was the one who wrote the program they're so interested in. The mission ends with Flood haranguing the player in person, saying that this has all been some sort of plan arranged by the Oracle, and it's something to do with the program, or with the intruders.

4/3-4/9

Required Events:

Zion: Halborn ambushes Carlyne, tries to ram a trace program through his RSI, but Carlyne rescued by Zion

Mach: tea with the Architect and a small group of operatives in the Oracle's apartment, and musing upon the current situation

Merv: Merv looks for Seraph, Sati, and the Morpheus simulacrum, but finds they've vanished, apparently without a trace (confrontation with Lo Ruhamah?)

4/10

Crit 10.1.2

Zion: Carlyne theorizes that Halborn is determined to get rid of him so he can stay in the Matrix long-term, and to do it by attacking him in his hovercraft; this was what Carlyne was

planning to do to Halborn, in fact, but he hasn't been able to get a fix on Halborn's ship; Carlyne adds that Halborn runs off outside resources, and thus needs to maintain a ship near the Machine city as a relay point, but it's more difficult to locate his ship in the Real than it is to find his code signal in the Matrix. Shimada has a new message from Commander Lock, in which he says that he's close to fully recovered, and looking forward to some kind of arrangement being made for transferring him to New Zion in a few weeks. Just then Tyndall gets in touch to say that one of Zion's broadcast control clusters in the Matrix is under attack. Shimada loans a few EPN, and the player finds the place overrun by accelerated programs; one of the survivors says it was Halborn, trying to access their computers; they think they got their network connections shut down before he could get anything, but they aren't sure. Niobe says it's time to put Halborn on ice; she thinks he might have been trying to get hovercraft positions, or crack their broadcast protocol.

Mach: Carlyne meets with Pace, and says that once Halborn's been removed, he'll see to it that "the [secret name zetas] restrict his access." He adds that "Nobody wants the simulation to have operating difficulties." Pace tells the player that they'll monitor the situation, but that it seems like it's being handled, so they can concentrate on other things that had been put on the back burner. The player is sent to get a report from Veil on the encrypted file the Oracle gave her. Veil says they haven't been able to decrypt it, and that the Oracle told her it could be dangerous to lose it, so she's going to keep it safe outside of the Matrix (ie, she doesn't intend to hand it over). She suggests checking up on EPN and their own encrypted file. Gray is annoyed. Nevertheless, he considers the EPN side, and figures that they're probably keeping their file outside of the Matrix as well: either on a hovercraft, or inside old Zion. To test this, he has the player plant a fake message on an EPN network, of Shimada saying that their Oracle file's been stolen from their hovercraft. Then the player eavesdrops on some EPN reading the message, and they're clearly surprised that the message says the file was on a hovercraft, so Gray concludes they're probably keeping it in old Zion.

Merv: Thinking Halborn may be more forthcoming about the program now that his back's against the wall, Flood sends the player to find him. First they come across Zionites and an Accelerator. The Accelerator is friendly to the player. An access card is found on one of the Zionites, and it's traced back to an apartment, which the player ransacks, and finds some data that turns out to be Zion intelligence reports about a search for Halborn that Zion is conducting. Correlating Zion's findings with their own, Halborn is located, in his usual foul mood. He agrees to meet the Merv, but when asked for info on the program, says there's no way he can give out any more info about it with Carlyne around trying to use anything he can against him. He says he'll have to take Carlyne down, and he knows how to do it, but he has to find Carlyne's ship. He says Carlyne isn't so smart; the only reason Carlyne got "the jump on me in the first place" was because "he was just 800 miles away from here"; later he adds impatiently that this was northwest. The Merv promises Halborn that they'll leave it to him to deal with Carlyne and his ship, but is clearly interested in the "800 miles" remark.

4/10-4/16

Required Events:

Zion: Carlyne wants to try on Halborn what Halborn tried on him--operatives tackle Halborn,

but when Carlyne scans him, he finds that Halborn's already running an advanced counter to the trace routine; lots of overrides spawned by Halborn to try to free himself, maybe a little scuffle between the two, who knows

Mach: Small Sentinel attack on EPN hovercraft and old Zion coordinated with attack on the EPN crew in the Matrix: Machines determine that EPN has reinforced Zion's defenses, but does not maintain a central mainframe there; this would, for instance, mean that capturing data stored in the city would require at least either an extremely skilled spy, or a full assault on the city

Merv: steal map data of the area 800 miles NW of the Machine city from the Machines: unmarked area

4/17

Crit 10.1.3

Zion: Niobe asks Carlyne for more information on their ships. He says he's only caught a glimpse of Halborn's once, not long before Halborn appeared in the Matrix, and it looked roughly similar to his own, except built heavier for firepower over speed. He describes his own ship as having "the advantage of a streamlined unibody construction whose dark composite surface provides superior protection against kinetic and electro-magnetic weapons, and detection. The repulsion units are internal rather than external, and capable of quite a bit more velocity and altitude than your own. The overall profile is smaller, and much more maneuverable." All he'll say about the weapons systems is warning Zion they'll need to be prepared to face "multiple intelligent missiles simultaneously." He also sends them a detailed external schematic of his own craft (not actually shown). Zion wants confirmation from another source, though, so they blackmail one of the General's veteran commando officers (who's involved in some sort of relationship with a female Hel Club Guard) into giving them the address to a network entry point for a Machine real-world surveillance database. The database is raided, and in the data they loot from it, Zion finds records of a ship matching the description of Halborn's, that approached the Machine city a few weeks before Halborn appeared in the Matrix. Ghost says this will probably be enough evidence for Roland to go ahead and formulate plans for tracking down the ship. The data also contained a reference to a record of a ship matching Carlyne's, located in a two-year-old data archive, which seems to suggest that Carlyne visited the city two or more years ago.

Mach: Hunting down the topographic data the Merv stole, the player runs into Halborn, who wipes out the computers the player was using to hunt down the data, and demands a meeting with the Machines. Pace tells Halborn to go look up the Cypherites if he wants to find Carlyne's ship, because "our own ability to give out such information is restricted." She tells the player to tell Veil to treat Halborn "as he deserves." Gray instructs the player not to mention Cryptos to Halborn, because they'd prefer that Halborn deal with Veil. Veil says they'll take good care of him, and that they have plenty of places to take him; she also invites the player along. Halborn is skeptical.

Merv: The player picks up a copy of the stolen Machine topographic data from Malphas (the

Twins are puzzling over the "[secret name zetas]" term one of them came across in Machine intel reports--see Mach 10.1.2), who says that it's almost as though the Machines have an information blackout in effect around that area 800 miles NW. The Merv wonders if the Machines themselves avoid the area, and tells the player to take the data to the General. The player hands the data to a commando, who patches the General's hologram through; the General says that the area is a no-fly zone, and even Machine Sentinels won't be allowed there. He says to tell the Merv that he'll be leaving right away, and to make the necessary arrangements. Flood says they'll have to disrupt Sentinel systems in order for the General to get on his way without being caught. Using data from the General, the player goes after a Machine terminal, but can't get anywhere with it; the General's hologram beams in and says that the Machines have changed the interface to foil his intel, but he and his men can get updated data by capturing a Machine Sentinel. (A hackable computer in this Machine area has some details about EPN's upgrades and repairs to old Zion; the Machines would have got this info in the Mach 10.1.3 event:

Fortification analysis:

- High EMP mine density in approach tunnels
- EMP mines placed in bedrock around main dock
- Dock hull repaired and reinforced
- Dock gun turrets replaced and supplemented
- Infantry strength unknown

)

New coordinates are supplied by the General, and this time the Mervs find a machine they can hijack to disrupt some of the Machine Sentinels for the General. Flood says the General is on his way to the blackout zone.

4/17-4/23

Required Events:

Zion: Zion ship that was following signal possibly corresponding to Halborn's ship configuration has stopped responding; crew member jacks in to say their ship is crippled and being pursued by Halborn; Zion uses the message relay they'd set up with Halborn before to send him an emergency message saying they have the program he wants; he jacks in and they have to keep him distracted somehow while the crippled ship gets away (some kind of time limit, maybe); also, it looks like Halborn may have been hoping to exploit the crippled ship in order to access New Zion somehow

Mach: Cyph operation to steal info on the Lock ship transfer from EPN or Zion; Veil gives info to Halborn

Merv: Sentinel activity is a little heavier than anticipated (most had been recalled since Halborn appeared in the Matrix), and the Merv wants their systems bothered again to buy the General additional time: disrupting a computer system, or something like that, or even creating some sort of distraction for the Sentinels

Also: Hovercraft battle (after Mach and Merv events)

Following the coordinate data given him by Veil, Halborn finds only the EPN/Zion convoy taking Lock to New Zion. Cyphs come along to make a battle of it and blow Halborn's cover, may bring Machines. Hovercraft battle to determine where Lock ends up:

- a) Cyph win (EPN/Zion beaten and Cyphs have more ships left than Machines): Lock is on the run with EPN/Zion survivors somewhere in the tunnels between old and new Zion
- b) EPN win (Cyphs/Machs beaten and EPN have more ships left than Zion): EPN takes Lock back to Zion until they can be sure of getting to New Zion safely
- c) Mach win (EPN/Zion beaten and Machines have more ships left than Cyphs): Machines capture Lock
- d) Zion win (Cyphs/Mach beaten and Zion has more ships than EPN): Lock is taken to New Zion

4/24

Crit 10.1.4

Zion: A Zion hovercraft is tailing a ship that might be Halborn's, found skulking not too far from the spot of the hovercraft battle over Lock (see above). Colt has the player go get Carlyne, since he might have some ideas of how this lone ship can handle Halborn. The player finds Carlyne in the midst of some dead accelerated programs. He says if they can scan a "certain spectrum band" at close range, they could get some useful information about Halborn's Matrix broadcast frequency, and he suggests they try luring Halborn in by landing and activating their emergency beacon, to make it look like they're disabled, since Halborn may be trying to capture a Zion craft (see previous Zion event). The ship reaches broadcast depth and one crew member jacks in; they're given Carlyne's information, and their captain decides to go for it; they aren't sure he's still near, as he isn't showing up on radar, but they're getting "some weird lidar scatter." The player escorts the crew member to Carlyne and Ghost. As they get there, the crew member says they're starting the scan, but then they suddenly seem scared, and drop dead. Carlyne is concerned about the scan, but relieved to find they did get some data back before the scan was terminated. He says he'll be able to use it to finalize a new program he's been working on, that Halborn won't have a counter to. He adds his regrets about the lost crew, and his surprise that Halborn attacked them, but it may sound a little insincere. Ghost says they have other ships on their way to the scene, but he doesn't expect they'll get there before Halborn has made himself scarce.

Mach: Halborn is ticked off about being led into the Zion/EPN hovercraft by the Cypherites, and demands to see the Machines again. The player meets Pace, as if there's going to be another meeting between her and Halborn, but she says that Halborn won't be coming, because there's no point in him asking them for the location of Carlyne's ship again. She adds that fortunately, an outlet for his anger has "been arranged." Override programs are popping up at Cypherite installations, and the player finds some Cyphs who say Halborn tore through their place, and chased off the rest of the Cyphs there. They go along with the player to this other Cypherite location, where there are a bunch of override programs, dead Cypherites, and Halborn, who's still mad, and says they're being manipulated (it isn't clear if he is thinking the player is a Machine or a Cypherite here) by someone who knows all about the program.

Merv: The General's latest progress update hasn't come through, and the player is sent to find out what the holdup is. They find the commando communication squad dead, and their Merv-net computer locked out. Flood says that the Machines are on the player's tail now, probably over the whole Sentinel system hacking thing, and grudgingly shows the player a spot they can hide out for a while. This doesn't work, and the player is ambushed repeatedly by Machines. Flood sends the player to a spot where they've seen one of Halborn's Accelerators; some Machines get too close and get accelerated (friendly); the player finishes off the rest. The player reports to the Merv, who admits that Halborn has had his uses, but those have run out, and they can consider their business with him at an end. Persephone is there, and comments that Halborn is just another of the people the Merv has used up and spit out over the centuries--people who were willing to sell their souls to try to get what they wanted.

4/24-4/30

Required Events:

Zion: Carlyne confronts Halborn, Zionite hits him with Carlyne-given program, Halborn crumples lifeless to the ground shortly thereafter

Mach: (Before Zion event) Machines warn Halborn that his ship has probably been compromised, suggest that he leave, as his security cannot be guaranteed; he's ticked; Pace/Gray hyperjumps away

Merv: (After Zion event) Mervs sent to see what Carlyne intends to do now; after getting past some of this programs, they (I guess the only Merv character I could take along would be Beirn, since the others would be vulnerable to overrides) ask him what's up, he says he's leaving, Mervs get orders to try to convince him to stay (how, I dunno--I wouldn't want to repeat some of the stuff already tried by the Merv on Halborn in the previous subchapters, though); ultimately this doesn't work, Carlyne's still determined to leave

5/1

Crit 10.1.5

Zion: Carlyne thanks Zion, and says he's leaving the Matrix now that his job of removing Halborn is done. He adds that he doesn't think Halborn's dead, but his ship has been disabled, so he can't jack in. Maybe he could given time, but Carlyne will be taking steps to make sure that doesn't happen, which--he says--is another reason he's got to dash off. Tyndall says some overrides are still cropping up, and send the player to one site, but all they find there are a couple embarrassed bluepills. They try another spot, and find accelerated programs, but dead ones, and some Machines show up and chase them off (or at least put up a good fight--a level 100 spawns after the first normal Machine is killed). Niobe says she's glad Halborn and Carlyne are out of the picture, but the Machines showing up around those dead overrides is probably a sign that they're stepping their activity back up now that the intruders are gone, and that Zion has had time to get prepared (New Zion finished and so

forth), but it's going to be tough facing the full force of the Machines again.

Mach: Sent to investigate possible lingering override programs, the player finds that Carlyne's already killed them. Carlyne says he's leaving the Matrix, as he'd promised to do once Halborn was removed. He says he hopes there are no hard feelings over the times they ended up on opposite sides. Gray calls the player in to discuss priorities in light of Carlyne's departure. Gray says that with the intruders gone, they'll be able to deploy their Sentinels and Agents in full strength again, and take on the terrorists. Pace names EPN and the Merv as recent offenders who need to be dealt with. The player is sent back out to finish scrubbing up override codes, and finds some Merv operatives who've lured Machines into an override field where they got accelerated, and then Cypherites examining dead accelerated programs with Cryptos, who says that he thinks the overrides were tapping into something fundamental in the simulation, that's not likely to go away just because the intruders are leaving. He says that he wasn't vulnerable to overrides, despite being partly Machine code himself, so he's going to try coding something to resist override programs, using his own operating code as a starting point.

Merv: The General beams a slightly choppy holographic broadcast through to say that he's reached the blackout area, and they found a heavily fortified facility, whose defenses they couldn't penetrate. Nearby they found a data conduit that wasn't as heavily defended, and they've managed to tap into it, but the protocols are unusual, only partly matching Machine formats. He sends a sample along. Flood has the player hack into a Sentinel system to look for some kind of match, but they don't find anything. The Effectuator pops in to say that they'll have to go way deeper, since this is something nobody they know has seen before. He gives the player a couple dire lupine defenders, and the player tries a heavily secured Machine database the Merv hasn't been able to access before. After getting past a lot of Machines and ambushes, the player gets matching data from the site and uploads it. (A hackable computer at this Machine site has text systematically describing how [Halborn] found himself in a position to be scanned by Zion twice, and says information from the scans was probably used against him.) It's beamed to the General, who tries using it to work his way through the strange data protocols. The player has to fight off Machines to get to the comm terminal where the General's data feed is coming in, and it looks like he's found some kind of massive network: the "[secret name zeta] Network," but that's about all that's returned before his session is terminated.

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

5/15

Chapter image: Mauser at a telephone in Tabor Park

Crit 10.2.1

Zion: While investigating an increase in network glitches, and finding a computer that checks

out clean, although a Machine operative was encountered nearby, the player is called in to talk to Colt, who tells them that his old crewmate (he's later called "head mechanic" and "a highly skilled technician") Mauser, supposedly killed by Sentinels after rescuing Lock from the Machine attack on Zion, has been seen in the Matrix--this is doubly strange, since Mauser didn't have jacks. (A Zionite guard here talks about the successful hovercraft battle and Lock's return.) A bit of fruitless searching for him is done based off the initial sighting reports and "disconnected blips at public hardlines," but these are fruitless until his picture comes up on an ID scanner at a nearby internet café. But by the time the player gets there, Mauser is gone, and the security guard confirms he didn't stay very long. A staff member is puzzled that someone managed to wipe the secured cache on one of the terminals.

Mach: The player is going around messing with Zionites who've gotten a little slack with their security after all these months of the Machines playing it cool while the intruders were around. This spree includes beating up Zionites, disabling their computers, and interrupting an awakening procedure right after the bluepill swallowed the red pill. Finally they get to a surprisingly large pack of Zionites headed by Niobe, who says that Zion isn't just going to roll over for the Machines.

Merv: The General tries to get in contact from the no-fly zone, but his signal is too weak. Malphas introduces a scheme for using the humans in pods dotted around the Earth's surface as a wide array broadcast method for reaching the General by taking advantage of the signal generation capability of electroencephalographic (EEG) wiring and human bodies. All operatives have to do is go around shaking hands with bluepills to fire Malphas' program back into their pods. This goes on for a while with various reactions from the bluepills encountered, some of the later ones reacting a little suspiciously (sort of Machine-like, you could say). In the end the signal generated just isn't powerful enough to get anything to or from the General, giving Flood an opportunity to go on about the weakness of the human mind and body.

5/15-5/21

Required Events:

Zion: [Zion only] Colt leads a hunt for Mauser that has operatives spread out to cover every hardline in the city; Mauser is spotted and pursued, but when Colt catches up to him, Mauser makes no sign of recognizing him, and vanishes through an uncharted line (some non-hardline phone or other somewhere in the city)

Mach: Hm, maybe we could swipe some juicy Zion info on what Lock's been talking to the Council about since he got back (this would be something just read off, and would illustrate that the Council isn't too hot to kick Roland out of the Commander position just because Lock's back)

Merv: The Merv tries getting a crew to establish a broadcast relay to the General in the Real, but although the coordination and setup goes well, and a connection is established, the crew is brutally slaughtered by Sentinels who find their position. Ouch!

5/22

Crit 10.2.2

Zion: The line Mauser escaped through is found to be part of a pre-Truce restricted access Zion network, whose documentation was mostly lost when the Machines zapped Zion's old mainframe. Old operatives like Colt and Roland know a little bit about some of the network, but while Zion can track down some of the old phone terminals, they can't navigate through them--how Mauser is doing it is a mystery. The player's operator tries mapping some of the network by sending tracking packets through it, which works to a certain extent, although they also run into some Machines along the way, and a few puzzled bluepills who say they haven't received a phone bill in years. After these false starts, though, they come across Mauser, standing next to yet another phone. He calmly says he's doing what he can do win the war; he adds that the Machines will be there soon [not actually :p], and he's prepared to leave through the restricted line he's just "spliced."

Mach: The player works with police to check into possible Mauser activity, finding some computers with their access logs wiped (and a dead Night Watchman at one location), and fingerprints. This leads to a bank that just reported a break-in. No money was taken, but a computer was tampered with. There was an attempt to delete the access log, but it was preserved by the bank's backup system. The log is analyzed, and Gray reports that it shows the user connected to a remote system using network tunneling and an unknown, encrypted connection protocol. Gray adds that the way the perp is skipping around indicates that he isn't travelling by usual means. The Machines still aren't sure if this is actually Mauser, but by the end of the mission Gray says they're giving him that designation, at least temporarily.

Merv: The Merovingian wants to investigate using the power generated by the storm to help contact the General somehow. (The Twins are here discussing Lock's transfer to New Zion.) Flood has the player borrow a bluepill phone and call "the popular radio meteorological call-in show, 'Rainy Day Dan,'" to see if there's an easy answer. The ebullient host says he doesn't know of a way lightning would help, but a temperature inversion, that can happen in storms, has the possibility of causing a phenomenon called "tropospheric ducting" capable of boosting radio signal range significantly. Flood thinks this sounds simple and sends the player to ask commandos for details about the storm. They talk about various things like avoiding lightning, the slow process of atmospheric oxygen decay, and the human "Operation Dark Storm" that started the storm, although they have no idea how the humans actually did it, and suggest that maybe the Machines don't even know how it worked, or else they'd have stopped it already. Flood says that isn't much to go on, and sends the player to try to get anything on Operation Dark Storm that Zion might have. They dig up an old newspaper article from about a week before the operation was kicked off (the government is releasing some info to the public about what to expect, it will be perfectly safe and temporary, victory is assured, free flashlights for everyone in the mean time, etc), but that's about it. Flood says if the atmosphere is still relatively similar to the pre-storm atmosphere, they'll just have to have some of the General's Sentinels try various time-tested cloud seeding techniques such as dispersing silver iodide, dry ice, salt mixtures, and so forth.

5/22-5/28

Required Events:

Zion: Could be hectic, but I was thinking of trying a contest where we say that we're trying to track Mauser bouncing around hidden lines, so we have players split into mission teams and find non-hardline exterior phones in the city within a certain time limit. The team leader would have to be at the phone, they /tell an LO, the LO gives me their name, I teleport to their location (invisible), drop a smoke cloud ("message cloud") on the phone to mark it, and an LO keeping score tallies one point for that team. We'd probably have a backlog of reports at first, but eventually I think it would slow down as players would be spreading farther and farther afield to find unmarked phones. Might need a backup plan if we couldn't keep up with the reports.

Mach: Machine crack-down on hardlines in Downtown; maybe something like putting small pvp zones up on various hardlines, and having Machinists try to defend a Mechanic there while he operates on the line, if it's successful, a platoon of level 255 Agents pops out and surrounds the hardline

Merv: I want to dwell on the Dark Storm thing a little while we're on the topic. Mervs follow up some of the leads they found in the previous mission and find an old program, who looks like a Zero One robot (he might have to be extracted and instantiated or something first), and talks about the old times when the humans created the storm.

5/29

Crit 10.2.3

Zion: Colt provides a program that will shut down part of the restricted access network--Zion still can't utilize the lines, and they're concerned that the Machines may have captured data on the system from the old Zion mainframe. Colt is confused by Mauser's behavior, and thinks "something happened out there with him and Lock." The player shuts the network section down without trouble, and goes to investigate a new line found from the terminal they accessed. They find a bluepill office, with a restricted line in a back room. A clerk says they aren't supposed to use it. Another clerk, however, whispers "it's about time they sent someone," and gives the player an access code for the phone. A locked desk in the area contains a filefolder that the operator says holds a handwritten note saying "Your contact's name is Soren. any changes to your standing orders will come from him." This phone leads to another, but when the player reaches it, they find a Decelerator program, which has scrambled the line. Machine redpills appear at the scene as well. Tyndall says they thought the override programs had been removed weeks ago.

Mach: The Machines have found some data on the old restricted hardline network among the mainframe data captured from old Zion, and start using it to investigate the network. They run smack into Zionites, and a line with strange protocols. The Machines realize they don't have the necessary information to be able to use the network, and Zion seems to know things about it that they don't, so they decide to concentrate on following Zion instead. They find a Zionite questioning bluepills about strange accesses on what the office workers describe as

"some kind of old dial-up data line" that they don't really use anymore. Snooping that Zionite's comm tips the Machines off to the location of a Zionite team who thinks they're closing in on Mauser. The player ambushes the team, and the Machines scan the restricted line at their location. This picks up traces of an unusual broadcast signal, and a match at another phone terminal on the restricted network. The player meets Pace there, and she says that Mauser wasn't around, but they got a better reading of the broadcast signal, and were able to determine that it's coming from the vicinity of old Zion. Pace thinks it could be Mauser's signal.

Merv: The tropospheric ducting is working (and the storm seeding worked better than expected, kicking up a pretty heavy tempest), so the player is sent to find unencrypted Machine data of the type the General is encountering in the Oligarch Network, to help the General decrypt it or navigate through it or whatnot. The mainframe they're sent to capture turns out to be in the form of a female office clerk, who seems pretty surprised. The Machines try to stop them, but the player clubs her over the head and drags her off to have her brain downloaded by Merv technicians. The data flow looks good, so the player goes to check with the General to see how he's doing, but the conversation with his holographic broadcast is broken off when his forces are hit by what he calls "incoming missiles." Flood says that the data from the captured mainframe just got cut off. The player finds the mainframe, technician, and Exile guards dead. Flood takes solace in the thought that the General might be dead, too.

5/29-6/4

Required Events:

Zion: Pursuit of Mauser through a few remaining uncharted hardlines (I could teleport players from one phone to another, then they chase Mauser to another phone, where he teleports again--then we'd have to hack the line to find the phone he went to--maybe we could ask players to load hacker and do Write Code at the line, which would reduce the time) ends when he spawns a Runtime and vanishes into a phone near the Hel Club

Mach: Operation against EPN crews/computers to help Sentinels triangulate the Mauser transmission source near old Zion; they're close to pinpointing it when disabled security routines on the EPN systems suddenly reactivate and cut the trace; the reactivated security routines resist Machine efforts to crack--but we should find some way to show that EPN themselves are surprised by the security routines kicking back on

Merv: The seeded, intensified Dark Storm is still allowing communication with the General and his surviving men. Players help a commando program upload into a restored Sentinel, and protect his RSI while he uses it to scavenge flight recorders from other Sentinels that were taken out by the missile barrage--maybe these spawn in as dead Sentinels in the city, and players have to go track down the body and "loot" it somehow, fighting off Machines; anyway, when the data is added up, it's found that a few of the Sentinels had recorded long-range readings that fit the profile of the ship type Carlyne and Halborn used

6/5

Crit 10.2.4

Zion: Following the line Mauser had escaped through near the Hel Club, the player finds an Exile, who says they can help, if the player makes sure that a computer nearby is put offline. Tyndall says they may as well give it a shot, and the player disables a computer owned by some Dire Lupines, but when they go back to meet the mysterious Exile (a Nightmare), they find him dead, with a dead Machine next to him, and some ticked-off Exiles. The player manages to find a phone there that turns out to be another of the restricted lines. This one leads to a bunch of Exiles, and Flood, who says that the player is trespassing in the Merv's domain. Tyndall is concerned that Mauser might be walking into a Merovingian trap.

Mach: The Machines go after EPN systems in the Matrix, to capture the scan information that they weren't able to capture in the Real. They get to the right EPN computer, but it reports a strange error when trying to connect to EPN's systems on the surface. Pace shows off a sim of an EPN talking about Mauser's rescue and defense of Lock after the Machine attack on Zion. She points out that although Lock said Mauser was killed by Sentinels, no Machine Sentinels are known to have encountered Mauser, and also, Lock didn't say he'd actually seen it: he'd only heard it from the safe spot where Mauser had hidden him. She says it's important to identify Lock's rescue location and check the place out for themselves, since it had to do with Mauser's last reported location in the Real. The Machines have the player assassinate a well-known user of internet black markets, and log into one with his account. A brief browse turns up someone selling what they claim is hard data on the rescue operation. The player meets the seller's courier and makes the buy. Gray says the data looks legit, and they identify the wrecked facility Lock was hidden in as Danielle Wright's lab, where she was killed by Sentinels shortly before the Machines wiped out old Zion. Gray says that Mauser may be able to do some of the things he's been doing by taking utilizing technology salvaged from the lab. The Machines modify their surface search to cover the area between the lab and the rough area to which they'd tracked his signal previously.

Merv: An attempt to contact the General doesn't even get off the ground, and the commando says that they can't raise him at all after they received reports of a second missile strike. Flood thinks the General is faking it. He also says that someone has stolen the topographic data on the no-fly zone; the General has a separate copy, but of course they can't reach him. The player is sent to investigate the crime and finds three dire lupines around the victimized computer, who say that its only them lupines who are there, and they haven't smelled anyone else around. Flood sends the player to check on a call they just got from some of their people nearby about a suspicious character, and the player finds dead Exiles and a phone. The General's hologram beams in and says he'll send along his copy of the data. This is used to track down the stolen version, and they find a dire lupine, who doesn't talk much like a lupine, standing next to a phone. The lupine says the data's been uploaded, and to thank the Frenchman for making it easy to get the data, because it would've been harder to go through the Machines. Then the lupine falls over dead. Flood says he's pretty sure that was Mauser, and now he's really crossed the line by stealing from the Merv.

6/5-6/11

Required Events:

Zion: Zionites looking for Mauser pursue reports of a hyper-jumping, bald, muscular black male skulking around abandoned buildings in Westview. They find Joshua Maston, who says it wasn't Mauser, but the Morpheus simulacrum, who has returned to the simulation.

Mach: Fallout from the Merv's cloud seeding is causing increased lightning storm activity in the area being searched for Mauser, making Sentinel and hovercraft activity in the area impossible. This would take a significant amount of preliminary work, but I was thinking we have some of the Machinists "on foot" in the Real. We'd give out URLs to web-hosted images containing their visual transmissions from the surface--a first-person "photo" view. Each would have a few visual reference points the team could choose to go to--a distant ledge, or ruined structure, etc. Machinists not on the team could help advise the others. Maybe there could be some random chance of one of the team being incapacitated by a lightning strike each "turn" (searching a location would also take a turn--similar to old text adventures, basically). If they don't waste too much time exploring dead ends (or if they just get lucky on lightning strike chances) they'll find a discarded Zion lightning gun on a small ledge just below the rim of a massive canyon. Wind is whipping through the chasm, preventing descent, but the Machines think they'll be able to get a shielded scanning system trucked out there.

Merv: Ookami's tracking the thief Mauser and runs into interference from Zionites led by Colt. Hm... We could do phone-hopping, too, although Ookami can't hardline so she'd have to be recalled, or just hoof it. Eventually they find Mauser just as he's jacking out in Creston Heights.

6/12

Crit 10.2.5

Zion: Niobe says they need to figure out who's been over there in Westview. Colt adds some details/rumors about Mauser possibly leaving, and the Machines hunting close to where Lock was found. Tyndall sends the player to check an old sim haunt in Gracy Heights, where they find some semi-hostile Crushers, and a disconnected phone from "an old coppertop network." The operator pulls up some old utility records, and they follow the network to a switchbox in Guinness Lake, where they find Cypherites outside a locked door. The door mysteriously unlocks as soon as the Cypherites are disposed of, the operator reports a burst of network activity as the player steps through the doorway, and in the next room they find a computer with a very cryptic message [it is in fact an extremely vague puzzle whose solution will come along in Zion 10.3.1]. Tyndall has the player go meet with Shimada, who describes a strange find made by EPN. They'd detected a blip heading north from a deep tunnel location around old Zion. It got out of range before they could follow, but backtracking along its path, they found a recently vacated area at the end of an old maintenance tunnel, covered with pieces from Sentinels and hovercraft, some badly damaged. One of the hovercraft terminals was still functional, and contained encrypted data, although the encryption is a familiar type, so they expect to be able to crack it eventually. She adds that the blip wasn't larger than a mid-sized hovercraft, and was moving at roughly hovercraft cruising speed, only they weren't able to catch up to it before it moved out of range, because of twists in the tunnel system.

Mach: Thanks to having narrowed down the search area, the Machines are able to pick up Mauser's broadcast. The player fights off Zionites and tracks Mauser through a phone hop. They find him alone, cut the line of the phone next to him, and start scanning his RSI to lock the signal, but Gray reports a problem with the scan, and orders the player to report to the operations room to have a diagnostic run on them. They get there just as the Morpheus Signal (static-covered version of Morpheus that the Morpheus sim used to try to fool Zion back during the Red Sky) pops in, disrupting the scan operation, which results in the loss of Mauser's signal. The Machines try to find it again, but can't detect it. Gray says that the coincidence of the involvement of four parties who have all been pro-Zion (Mauser, the Morpheus sim, Danielle Wright, the Oracle) in recent illicit activities could point to a larger threat. Pace says Mauser had surprise on his side, but they'll get him if he jacks in again.

Merv: The General, on his way back from the no-fly zone, finishes transmitting the data he pulled out of the Oligarch network line. Analysis of the data finds that part of it consists of data packets carrying traditional 1999 human network headers. Another technician mentions that the Oligarch data is extremely complex, and could take years to understand. The headers are tracked to a "private corporate provider," and upon investigation with some Ookami-provided werewolf reinforcements, the player finds [secret stuff y].

[cryptic message x] = Follow her eyes in the dark binary of the golden prime.

Follow her eyes
golden prime
binary nights

Reference to Tennyson poem, "argent-lidded eyes" -> Argent Biometrics and then Wright Research in 10.3.

[secret location y] = The Ouroboros Corporation

RSI pills for mauser (also going to need two RSIs: t-shirt, and later black long coat version):

rsimbody003
rsimskin010
rsimhair001
rsimhaircolor001
rsimface001
rsimfacecolor001
rsimtat001
rsimhead013
anniv08tshirtnwhite
1101 (mclothing_pants a10_c1) - gray barrelhead cargo pants
mclothing_shoes_a3_c1
emglasses_a6_c2_1 - enhanced brown sector sunglasses

and later:

mclothing_coat_a6_c1 - brown jayne collarless half-duster

probably skip the hat:

mclothing_hat_a5_c1

(level 50 char)

Ouroboros:

<http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...061#36300351996>

Yasamuu pointed out that Ouroboros was reported as buying MetaCortex (that was in the Sentinel, during the lead up to the first anniversary with Decius Wadsworth, Blue Sky, and all that: <http://mxoresource.com/sentinel/033006/>) which is sort of annoying because I don't see any point in reducing the already small number of our in-game corporations. I'd like Ouroboros to be independent so I can do stuff with them without involving MetaCortex. When asked, the tour guide responded that Ouroboros has no affiliation with MetaCortex. I suppose if I have to go into it at some point I'll put in something somewhere about the two going their separate ways at some point after Wadsworth's mysterious disappearance.

founded in 1953--"researchers and investors"

Security:

- silver and black
- long shotguns
- personal firewall and hyper-deflect
- tattoo?

tropospheric ducting references:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cloud_seeding

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Radio_...ves#Propagation

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Radio_...pospheric_modes

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tropos...spheric_ducting

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

[Abbreviations (just for summary convenience--don't use this as terminology with players):

OG: Oligarchy/Oligarchs

OR: Ouroboros Corporation

WR: Wright Research

PA: Pendhurst-Amaranth

Ouroboros Corporation

The only thing I've really done with Ouroboros before the 10.2.5 Merv crit (in which Mervs run into silver-and-black SWAT-style, shotgun-wielding "Ouroboros Security" NPCs) was this live event

http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300018389

in chapter 8. If I need some Ouroboros employees for LE's I'd probably just dress a normal RSI similarly to the Tour Guide from that LE: pink dress shirt, black striped pants, that sun or heart or whichever it was tattoo, leggings, and black pumps for women, and a red dress shirt, plain black slacks, and black formal shoes for men.

In that event, the Tour Guide said they were founded in 1953 by "forward thinking researchers and investors." During the old Blue Sky event for MXO's first anniversary, one of Paul's Sentinel articles said that Ouroboros had bought Metacortex, but the Tour Guide said here that the companies weren't related, and I'm not really interested in having them stuck together, so if the question does come up at some point I'll just have to say that Metacortex regained their independence.

Ouroboros specializes in the manufacture of electronic devices. Their corporate culture is famously secretive and clannish, with internal divisions who rarely share information between each other. Their headquarters is a marked skyscraper in Creston Heights (Binary Boy is standing in their plaza).

Wright Research

Aside from the background legal wrangling, Wright Research doesn't feature all that largely in this subchapter. Zion gets a very vague hint from P-A's Brenda Utley that she--Utley is supposedly a bluepill--may know about dead WR founder's Danielle Wright's redpill past.

Danielle was a pre-Truce Zion operative/scientist, specializing in network interfaces, developing most notably the emergency jack-out system, just after the Truce was made. Danielle became disillusioned with Zion's leadership at that point, and went off on her own, using her skills and abilities to make herself a life inside the Matrix as founder of what became a successful R&D company, Wright Research. More recently, Zion approached her to help them revamp the red pill program, which the Machines had compromised shortly after the war restarted (chapter 8.2). Wright completed the work, not seeming all that pleased about Zion, but was then killed by the Machines, who used her hidden connection to Zion's mainframe to help destroy the old city.

Since Danielle's death, it has more or less been business as usual for her company, although there are mentions (an Ouroboros worker says something in a late Merv crit in this subchapter, for instance, and there was one somewhere in an earlier subchapter, I think) that Wright Research hasn't done anything new or interesting lately; still, they continue to be

regarded as one of the foremost tech think-tanks. Their corporate headquarters is a skyscraper in Vauxton, marked on the game map.

Pendhurst-Amaranth

Brenda Utley was a PR rep at mega-consumer-products corporation P-A back in chapter 5.3, when she contacted Zion, approaching them through their coppertop "private investigator" front, about weird security problems at the company. This turned out to be attacks by Niobe's ex-controller, Anome, and Utley worked with Zion to get rid of his Unlimit goons through chapter 6.2, when the day was won, and she was promoted to a position on P-A's board of directors. At the current time, chapter 10.3, she has worked her way up to chairwoman of the board.

P-A's corporate HQ is a campus of large buildings, marked on the Hampton Green map.

- Hm, I didn't think of it in time for this update, but I should have made generic missions that would open interior floors inside Ouroboros and Pendhurst-Amaranth, like I did for Wright Research back around chapter 6. I do have old test missions that can probably get interior access at those company headquarters now, but they're full of debug text, can be finished prematurely by talking to an inappropriately placed test NPC inside, and so forth--not what I'd like to use if I can avoid it. I'll have to get decent missions in (not 'til 11.1 I suppose).

Because of the detailed interaction with specific agencies in this subchapter, most of the Zion/EPN & Machine/CYPH events are pre-assigned to just one of the two groups in each pair.]

6/26

[Release pushed back a day or so from the 26th due to build issues.]

Ouroboros tour guide Judie Lahler in uniform in front of the Ouroboros sculpture in their HQ's plaza, with watchful Ouroboros security on either side.

Crit 10.3.1

Zion: Niobe sends players to find out if the cryptic message found in 10.2.5 ("Follow her eyes in the dark binary of the golden prime") means anything. The player searches the simulation's internet, and comes across some information that makes them think it could have something to do with the Camon Heights Exile, Silver. Silver has apparently gone into hiding already, so they go on to check out Wright Research, since Silver had previously worked with Danielle Wright. Talking to an employee there, the player is told that an internal bulletin alerted Wright workers to a break-in attempt several weeks ago by a man closely matching Mauser's

description.

Mach: Gray send the player to ambush an EPN team that is supposedly searching for the Morpheus sim; The player doesn't find the sim, but they do find an EPN mention of the "blip" EPN reported to Zion in 10.2.5. Gray mentions that they'd heard of the EPN report, and that the EPN reading was supposed to have been taken just after Mauser's last known appearance in the Matrix, several weeks ago. Mauser hasn't been located in the Real, either. Next, the player is sent to rescue a mechanic program charged with shutting down part of the old Zion restricted line network. The player saves the mechanic from some Zionites. Gray says that Zion and their new city is of course still the main problem, and with the intruders gone they'd like to get back to work on destroying the new city, but the darn storm is making those arrangements--Sentinel movements in particular--much more difficult than they'd normally be. The player asks a bluepill meteorologist for their "intuitive" analysis of the storm (they tell the meteorologist the data they're showing him is a hypothetical scenario), and the meteorologist says that they think the storm will last for a while, and is probably going to get worse before it gets better. Gray says that in light of not being able to find the sim, storm problems, etc, the best course of action at present is to put a stop to the Frenchman's shenanigans (breaking into the no-fly zone and so forth).

Merv: The player is sent to spy on an OR network manager, and at his office overhears talk of a party some of the employees are holding at one of their apartments. The party is duly crashed, and the manager kidnapped, although if they're looking carefully, the player may notice that one drunk clerk at the party is level 5. The player delivers the manager to Ookami and some assistants for rigorous questioning. That done, Flood has the player check up on the clerk from the party, and they find him reporting to a Cypherite that "they're after Ouroboros."

6/26-7/2

Required Events:

Zion: (EPN only) EPN decrypt the data retrieved from the maintenance tunnel site, and find it's a copy of the same topographic data on the no-fly zone that the Merv stole from the Machines. Decrypting it might require busting some Machine (or less likely, Merv) skulls. The conclusion is that EPN decide to send hovercraft of their own to that area, to see what's going on. [They'll arrive in 11.1.]

Mach: (CYPH only) Cyphs sneak past some Mervs, capture OG data feeding into OR (see also Merv event details)

Merv: (after Mach event) Merv counter-attacks Cyphs, confronts Cryptos about the Cyphs who've been around his OR activity lately, and Cryptos explains felt he needed the data to advance the research he's doing for creating a counter to override codes

7/3

Crit 10.3.2

Zion: The player breaks into the Wright facility where Mauser is supposed to have broken in weeks earlier, but they find only an alarm-rigged computer and security guards waiting for them. Just then Pendhurst-Amaranth chairwoman Brenda Utley gets in touch, after making the player go through some hoops to make sure no Wright spies are on their tail (officially, P-A deals with Zion as if Zion is a firm of private investigators--actually more like mercenaries, but that doesn't sound as civilized). Meeting in secret, Utley tells the player that Wright Research is threatening to sue Pendhurst-Amaranth, alleging that P-A hired a hacker, Mauser, to steal data from Wright Research, and basing that connection off of known ties between Mauser and Zion, and P-A and Zion (Zion worked with P-A back during the Unlimit affair, when Anome tried to take over the corporation). Utley adds that WR's Mauser story is only an excuse: Wright Research thinks she possesses damaging information about their company [she drops what **could** be taken as a hint that WR thinks Utley knows something about Danielle Wright's redpill activities].

Mach: The player is in the process of roughing up some Exiles for info on the Merv when Veil calls and invites them to come see Cryptos, who has "news." Gray says that the Cyphs have been conducting their own investigation of the Merv. Cryptos says that the Mervs are after info inside the Ouroboros Corporation that the Merv believes to be related to the intruders; Cryptos says he doesn't want someone like the Merv, who doesn't really care about human lives except as power/pleasure sources, getting their hands on something like that. Pace briefs the player on Ouroboros, and marches them off with reinforcements. They find Mervs attacking an Ouroboros building. Gray directs them to eliminate the Mervs, without hurting any surviving Ouroboros guards. He says that Ouroboros had failed to notify the authorities of the attack.

Merv: Using info Ookami got out of the OR network manager, the player, after difficulty with a server that suddenly went out while they were trying to hack it, and some hostile OR security (not to mention their snotty office workers), gets their hands on a bunch of OR network passwords. They're about to put these to use at another OR terminal, when they're rudely interrupted by Machines. They try again, but this time Pace is there to greet them, with two Agents by her side. She warns them that they'd better cease their activity at the Ouroboros Corporation.

7/3-7/9

Required Events:

Zion: (Zion only) WR vs PA pre-courtroom hearing w/ court-appointed mediator; small Zion group backs Utley & PA against WR's claim of PA/Zion involvement in the break-in (hm...I suppose I might dual-client to handle the WR rep and the mediator)

Mach: (Machines only) machinists chasing Mervs also run into OR security; Agent appears and calls machinists off; Gray explains to the Machinists that the Machines have been aware OR was a front set up by the OG, and that now it is causing a problem in the Matrix, but the Machines cannot risk attacking OR directly, lest the OG be notified about it and bring more

overrides into the Matrix

Merv: Mervs posing as Agents go into OR and confiscate some data, but are stopped by OR security who "pull rank" and tell the disguised Mervs that their "Federal jurisdiction" doesn't apply inside OR

7/10

Crit 10.3.3

Zion: Utley says that P-A is getting a little too much legal heat from Wright, and asks Niobe to look for clues on Mauser at Ouroboros instead. Niobe isn't happy about it, but it isn't as though the Wright thing was going great for Zion so far anyway. An aide to Utley mentions that since the whole Wright case hinges on Mauser, and the Machines probably don't want a lot of facts about Mauser coming to light, there's a good chance that Wright will have a hard time putting their case through anyway. The player goes to meet an informant of Utley's at Ouroboros, who tells them he's heard rumors of a security incident about four weeks about at Ouroboros. He directs them to a female Ouroboros security guard he trusts, and she says that the attack was a hack attempt that came in over the internet, going right through the Ouroboros corporate firewall. She points the player to Ouroboros' firewall server, where the server's logs are captured, and it is found that a lot of data went in and out during the time when the attack was supposed to have taken place, using encryption somewhat similar in design to the encryption on the red pill program rewritten for Zion by Danielle Wright; the suggestion is that the thief--probably Mauser--used stolen Wright technology to hack into Ouroboros.

Mach: Gray says they've known Ouroboros is an Oligarch front, and that the Machines have to make sure that the Oligarchs are not called into the Matrix as a result of the security problems Ouroboros is having. He gives the player some Agents and asks them to go make one last attempt to get Ouroboros to let the Machines handle the Merv's attacks. At the Ouroboros office, a rep says that they appreciate the offer, but they can handle "a few latter-day gangsters" with their own security force. Gray says that the only recourse now is to cut their communication connection to the Real, whose location they know. The player raises alarms in an office nearby as a distraction, then goes to the Ouroboros communication linkup. Gray says that they'll re-route outgoing messages to a spoofed receiver; they can't replace the actual encrypted outgoing data, but he thinks they can work out the Merv problem before the Oligarchs are alerted by a missing status report or two. But, when the player tries accessing the communication terminal, it goes into lockdown, and an Accelerator and Ouroboros security (who should then get Accelerated by the Accelerator) appear. Gray is worried.

Merv: An irritable Flood will hear no excuses, and send the player back to Ouroboros, armed with passwords. An alarm has already been raised; there are a lot of guards, and the passwords won't work. Trying again (Flood feels a headache coming on), they find their target computer has a bullet through it, with an OR guard and a Machinist next to it, arguing: the OR guard says the Machinist can't just go in there, and the Machinist is arguing that they have to take measures to protect "consumer data" since OR is under assault by "a major criminal syndicate." The player reports these events to the Merv, who thinks it's interesting that OR

isn't cooperating with the Machines. He gives the player a letter for OR, which he says details Machine/Cypherite tampering at OR. (Mr. Black is in the room with the Merv here, but says nothing; like Kalt w/ Utley in Mach 10.3.4, I just wanted to add a hint of other business dealings going on in the background.) At OR, a receptionist, telling an Agent that they'll have to wait, ushers the player through to meet with the OR rep. The rep seems interested when they read the letter, but are tight-lipped, and say only that they'll "check into it."

7/10-7/16

Required Events:

Zion: (Zion only) Utley/Zion help each other find info about a means of accessing OR's internal network access records (which will be used in the following crit): the name of the Ouroboros employee who has access to a virtual blueprint of the company's internal network, [secret name x]. As PA chair, Utley has lots of pull in and knowledge of the city's corporate world, so it might be nice to incorporate that aspect into the search.

Mach: (CYPH only) Cyphs tipped off by the Machines intercept and kill an OR security chief who was about to send data out to the OG network; the concern was that this might have been an alert going out to the OG that would have caused more overrides to be brought in. How this sending mechanism would work, I'm not quite sure--could just be a computer the chief is using. As with most corporate characters, it will generally be implied that the person is a more or less talented bluepill, rather than a redpill or program.

Merv: (after Zion event) Merv, possibly calling in favors from other Exiles around the city, manufactures a scandal implicating WR, and possibly PA as well, in order to take some of the spotlight off OR while he's trying to hack there. It could be stuff like accusations or frame-ups of patent fraud, corporate sabotage, industrial espionage, intellectual property violations, dumping poisonous industrial wastes in poor people's groundwater, and so forth. (PA is a mega-corporation who does just about everything, including military contracts, but makes most of their \$\$\$ from popular consumer products (cigarettes, sports drinks, etc), while WR is a top tech research firm, specializing particularly in computer network technology.)

7/17

Crit 10.3.4

Zion: [secret name x] is quickly located: a friendly Ouroboros IS worker. He acts normally, but the operator detects a "second data channel" on his coppertop signal: there's an extra information feed coming into the simulation from something physically planted in the man's brain at his pod. After mentioning that there's concern any blueprint [x] has may have limited usefulness due to the extremely individualized, segmented way in which the Ouroboros network is put together, Tyndall uploads a modified red pill program to the player that will trace [x]'s signal back to his pod, without actually initiating the extraction procedure (since that would probably kill him at his age and in his modified condition). The player finds [x] at home; [x] becomes suspicious, but the player succeeds in knocking him out and forcing the pill down

his throat (:o). The trace runs, the pod is located in the supercluster just next to the Machine city, and a Zion hovercraft is dispatched there. In the meantime, the player follows feedback from the red pill program--unexpectedly showing up inside the Matrix--to what Tyndall says is probably the spot where the data from [x]'s brain implant is dumped into the Matrix. Ouroboros security is working to disable the terminal there, but the player beats them to it, the hovercraft crew finds [x]'s pod and initiates a data dump, and the player pulls the resulting data from the computer; it is in fact the Ouroboros network blueprint. Checking up on [x]'s condition, he's found to be under Ouroboros guard at a private hospital facility. The operator suggests that housing the data in a poddy's brain in the real was a great way to hide it from pretty much everyone other than the Machines; and it is of course pretty obvious that someone at Ouroboros knows a thing or two about the Real.

Mach: A WR rep meeting w/ Pace says that WR can provide footage of Mauser breaking into their facility, and that they have information demonstrating Mauser's ties to the Zion mercenary group; also they know Zion has worked for P-A, and that they've been meeting w/ P-A a lot in recent weeks; WR feels they have a solid case against P-A about the break-in. Pace says that since they're determined, and this suit will involve a terrorist group, it'll need a lot of federal oversight--notify Agent Gray. The player goes to see Gray, who gives them a subpoena to serve to Brenda Utley, calling her to a federal hearing to answer questions about P-A's involvement with Zion and the theft from WR. At the player's first attempt to find Utley, though, they run into Zion operatives in an Ouroboros office, and fight. After that altercation, P-A gives Gray Brenda's actual location, where the player interrupts a meeting between her and Kalt (no details are given on what they're doing, except that Kalt seems ticked that Brenda didn't warn her about the feds coming by; I just wanted to toss Kalt in there to show Brenda involved in business deals, and Kalt was the one major corp not mentioned elsewhere in this subchapter) and the player gives Utley the subpoena, which she says seems to be in order.

Merv: With business scandals and so forth distracting attention from OR, the Mervs go back to hacking OR's network. The player is tracking network links around computers Mauser (or whoever) hacked, but things take a particularly odd turn when an obvious and active connection between two sections of the network is just plain not there. The Effectuator is called in, but can't make heads or tails out of it, and starts to get weirded out. Skipping that for now, the player enters an area of the OR network that doesn't show any hits in the captured security record of Mauser's attack. They find some corporate finance data that doesn't seem very exciting, but Flood says that parsing through mountains of numbers is how real analysis gets done.

7/17-7/23

Required Events:

Zion: Zion uses the captured network blueprint to obtain the OR network records of the Wright tech break-in there. It would be a little boring if their break-in went as smoothly as Mauser's must have, though... Hm in fact we could have them get caught on their way out by some sort of unexpected and nasty security double-check system that makes them wonder just how Mauser'd got in and out of there by himself in the first place----doesn't go smoothly because

individual nodes must be accessed independently, and there's variation from what's shown on the global map

Mach: (Machines only) Utley appears at her hearing and is grilled by the Machines, who end up threatening to crush PA's productivity with a hellacious audit or something if she keeps working with those sociopathic Zion mercenaries

Merv: Could be a little tricky, but in this event the key to accessing the "missing" part of the network noticed in the last crit (an empty room between two rooms with computers) is found to be an emotion: strong physical attraction--this has to be exuded in the proximity of the "missing" network link, at which point the hidden data stream will be detectable. The only hint of this dropped in the mission is the Effectuator (who always feels strong physical attractions...) saying he's "getting goosebumps" and feeling "all tingly" when he's in the empty room. I resisted bringing Persephone in for the crit, because I thought we might want to save her involvement for this event, but neither of them necessarily have to be involved in finding the solution. At any rate, when the solution is found and put to use, accelerated OR Security appear. Nevertheless, access to the hidden subnet has been obtained.

7/24

Crit 10.3.5

Zion: The player uses the network addresses from the security log to hunt up and hack into the Ouroboros computers previously attacked by (probably) Mauser. The player encounters a great deal of trouble in their initial attempts: numerous Ouroboros Security teams, data they can't parse, security barriers they can't pass, and so forth. Finally, they come across something that looks like partial Machine-format surface coordinates, indicating a position the operator calls "about a thousand miles north" of the Machine city (longitude is missing), and information about power ratings and network links. Just at that point the data is cut off, and the player finds themselves face to face with Seraph, who apologetically asks them to stop investigating the data, saying (vaguely) that it will cause harm if they do. Niobe is not happy about that, but admits she still trusts Seraph--although the Council might take some convincing.

Mach: "Sources" having alerted the Machines to the Merv getting into the OR sub-network, Gray sends the player in pursuit. First, they "steal a headset" from an OR guard so they can listen in on OR's security channel. They use this info to locate some of the invading Merv redpills, and maybe some surviving, hostile OR guards; but they also run into a Decelerator. Gray says they aren't sure what the Merv expects to find, but based on what's been seen so far, it could have something to do with override programs. As the player closes in on another security hotspot, the OR security channel goes dead, and the player picks their way past dead OR guards and Merv redpills to find Seraph, who says that the player's path has to end there. Gray says well great, with the security channel down we're out of immediate ways to track the Merv inside Ouroboros; darn Ouroboros, the Merv, Seraph, and that Morph sim too, for good measure.

Merv: It's slow going through the subnet, since they no longer have the map of Mauser's

attack to guide them, the passwords they captured earlier don't work, and there are Machines and Ouroboros security to contend with, but the Mervs get a break when all the hostiles at one location turn up dead (one Merv support program there gasps "It was Wingless" before keeling over), and the target computer is unprotected. It leads to a location swarming with Accelerators, Decelerators, and Ouroboros security, plus a wicked firewall, but taking down the firewall proves surprisingly easy, and they find: [typical Merv cliffhanger x]

[secret name x] = Sheldon Brewer

[typical Merv cliffhanger x] = the biological interface program

Ouroboros:

<http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...061#36300351996>

Yasamuu pointed out that Ouroboros was reported as buying MetaCortex (that was in the Sentinel, during the lead up to the first anniversary with Decius Wadsworth, Blue Sky, and all that: <http://mxoresource.com/sentinel/033006/>) which is sort of annoying because I don't see any point in reducing the already small number of our in-game corporations. I'd like Ouroboros to be independent so I can do stuff with them without involving MetaCortex. When asked, the tour guide responded that Ouroboros has no affiliation with MetaCortex. I suppose if I have to go into it at some point I'll put in something somewhere about the two going their separate ways at some point after Wadsworth's mysterious disappearance.

founded in 1953--"researchers and investors"

Security:

- silver and black
- long shotguns
- personal firewall and hyper-deflect
- tattoo?

[Square brackets below surround information that will not be revealed to players directly, possibly not at all, during this subchapter.]

[Abbreviations (just for summary convenience--don't use this as terminology with players):

OG: Oligarchy/Oligarchs
OR: Ouroboros Corporation
WR: Wright Research
PA: Pendhurst-Amaranth

BIP: biological interface program

I've added generic "Visit" missions that will let us get the usual six-person mission teams into mission areas inside Ouroboros' Creston Heights building, and Pendhurst-Amaranth's Hampton Green building, just in case we wanted to send teams into those buildings for event purposes. The missions can only be started by an admin. We already have a mission like that for Wright Research (we also have one for "The Oracle's apartment"--ie a random apartment somewhere in Mara--and the Hel Club). Oh and I also added one for Jakubaitus while I was at it.]

EPN/CYPH

The "Zion" events are mostly specified for just Zion or EPN this time. Cyphs do not have specific events called out for them here, but the "Machine" events in this subchapter almost all have to do with bluepill situations, pretty in-line with Cypherite aims, and should be suited just as well to either group.

8/7

Chapter image: Just the Merv chatting pleasantly in the chateau while Ookami watches over his shoulder

Crit 11.1.1

Zion: Zion tells Utley that Mauser has cleared out; she says if that's the case then the Wright lawsuit will collapse. After going to meet with WR's legal reps, she calls Zion back, saying that the WR reps didn't show, and that the WR people who reported this seemed evasive and agitated. Zion checks into it and finds the WR reps being pushed around by Exiles, whom they had evidently been trying to bribe. Brenda says that with the lawsuit, and attention from the feds, she can't help directly, but she's been hearing rumors of internal troubles at WR.

Mach: The Machines send the player into OR to get as close as they can to the terminal where the BIP is supposed to have been stolen by the Merv. Based on the readings obtained, the Machines say it looks like it could really have been the BIP. The player is sent to notify OR that Merv attacks on their company are probably over, and that the Machines will take care of any remaining problems. The OR rep is kind of a jerk, and says that they're back to business as usual anyway. Next, it's time to start getting the BIP from the Merv, and the operative is sent to roll a few Exiles and swipe their computer's data, part of a larger operation aimed at grabbing and analyzing as much Exile data as possible to turn up the BIP ASAP.

Merv: Merv sets to work trying to analyze the captured BIP, but it's a baffling mix of linked Machine functions and "intuitive" routines. Several outside experts are brought in to look over a sample: the dungeon Exile leader Ethereal 2, and the Historic District mission contact, Madame T. They offer a few comments on it, but don't come up with anything definite. The Merv seems more intrigued than ever. (A Wright Research official and security guard are leaving when the player goes to meet the Merv; they were digging for dirt on Mauser

(reference to data on Mauser that Merv stole from the Machines in Merv 8.3.1, and to the WR/Exile spat in Zion's mission this week), [but the Merv wasn't interested in dealing with them (he's suspicious of WR, and feels they've got too many problems of their own right now to be of much profit to him).]

8/7-8/13

Required Events:

Zion: (EPN only) Departure of the EPN expedition to the no-fly zone (Shimada talked about having to start preparations back in 10.3). Could possibly have players....hmm, well they can't really go themselves, since that would require that they stay out of the game for months, but maybe with a little advance prep they could "call up" one "crew member" or something like that; ie, they'd designate the name of an alt character---wonder if it would be possible to explain that---and then we'd have all those new alts assemble in the event and jack out together. Eh and then if one of them did jack in before the expedition completes (we'd have to make it clear that this job would very likely keep them out of the simulation for months--because it will), we'd just have to say they went AWOL, and hold the EPN who registered them responsible for the defection. And I suppose since these would just be "alts" we could open it up to EPN from all servers, provided they could produce their named "crew member" on whatever server is actually going to host the send-off event. Of course, names of characters who are actually frequently active in the game wouldn't be allowed; eh, maybe we'd have to tell them that trained *Matrix* operatives would be needed in the simulation, and we're only accepting operatives of neurokinetic level five (?) or lower for the expedition.

Mach: Machines go to get the BIP from the Merv. They actually do get it, but then the program removes itself from their possession just as the Mervs counter-attack, and the Mervs make off with it. (I wouldn't be disguising anyone as a jumping computer disk or anything like that :p, so the details of the program's escape would probably be mostly RP.)

Merv: (after Mach event) After its strange escape from the Machines, the Mervs realize that part of the problem in analyzing the program is that it is at least to some extent self-aware, and can modify its own code structures. Some highly experimental means of analysis is called for (maybe we could even just throw this out to the players to brainstorm on) and is attempted, but whatever it is, it ends in near-catastrophic failure, and the Mervs realize that some more informed approach is going to be necessary.

8/14

Crit 11.1.2

Zion: An enthusiastic reporter tips Zion off to something weird going on at a WR office (in exchange for an "exclusive interview," but there may be an Agent who wants to interview him first...). The player finds the office abandoned, with a chat session left in mid-chat, saying something about a break-in at another office. That office is empty except for two WR security, who get a call about a network attack as you happen to enter the room. The player follows to

the scene and finds this office already under security lockdown; they interrupt the team leader, who was filing a report saying that they'd still found no evidence of an on-site intruder, and indicating that they're watching for Mauser particularly.

Mach: The player is sent to go check out reports of rioting. They find some SWAT members who had inflicted a few civilian casualties while defending themselves from a mob. The SWAT teams says they don't know what set off the mob. The player is sent in ahead of SWAT to the next trouble spot, to try to avoid violence. They find that these bluepills are upset about cable television being out of service; a second group of blues is going crazy because their Internet access is down. Gray says that it looks like a case of mass malfunction among cable boxes and home network routers, almost all of which are manufactured by OR. He adds that media streams are important in keeping the bluepills distracted, and that OR has been successful in large part because their OG backing pretty much gives them unlimited funds and technology, which the Machines didn't want to try to mess with, since that might have brought intruders into the Matrix.

Merv: The Merv determines that the answer to cracking the BIP is to enlist the knowledge of the Exile scientist Silver, who has significant experience in biological research, and advanced knowledge of interface tech that he picked up in the past from working with Wright (although at least some of this was lost when he was terminated and had to be restored from backup). But Silver's gone into hiding, as Zion discovered in 10.3. Flood has the player intimidate a certain Exile lickspittle of Silver's in Camon, who leads them to a hotel room peopled by weird bluepill simulacra, one of whom has a strain of a rare disease, which is traced to a particular lab, where Silver is found, along with a few Exile bodyguards, and some dead scientists. He is marched before the Merv, and agrees to help research the BIP, but very grudgingly; he thinks it's too dangerous, with the Machines after it.

8/14-8/20

Required Events:

Zion: Now that Silver's been roused out, Zion wonders if he's the one behind the WR problems, since he was Danielle Wright's secret co-researcher for a time. They manage to locate him when he **isn't** working on the BIP (which would be extremely heavily guarded), dispose of whatever Exile guards he has on hand, and ask him about the WR thing. He says it wasn't him, and he can prove it: they just have to go examine the hideaway he was using (in the 11.1.2 crit, the Mervs found him in a Richland/Westview lab room--those are usually in slum apartment buildings, I think), and a code scan will show that he was there with minimal outside contact for the past several months. Some players may not be totally convinced even after Silver has waited for them to complete this inspection, and they may want to keep him prisoner anyway, due to the whole BIP thing some of them will probably be aware of, but if pressed, Silver could call in Exile guards and run off in the ensuing melee.

Mach: Ouroboros is not handling complaints of malfunctioning consumer electronics efficiently, and Machinists are called in to quell a civilian riot. This could involve LESIG-controlled bluepills, or we could try something like having players cast non-damaging stuns/roots and so forth on hostile Bluepill NPCs to keep them occupied and alive; after a

certain amount of time we say the Machines have been able to inject enough happy juice into their pods to remove the danger (at which point the NPCs would vanish, since that's what happens to spawns any time I change a setting--such as org alignment--on their sequence). Of course, something like that **could** potentially turn into a massacre if a player with an itchy trigger finger got within firing range.

Merv: Silver, perhaps just a tad vindictive after being pulled out of hiding, decides on a particularly ghoulish first experiment for the BIP, involving human bodies (of the Matrix simulation variety, I mean). Various attempted combinations of the BIP and the bodies do not produce visible results, although Silver claims that he's getting some highly interesting readings. One of the Merv higher-ups calls a halt to the experiment, declaring that a different line of research will be needed, and implying that Silver had better start demonstrating that he can be useful, or else.

8/21

Crit 11.1.3

Zion: Wright network equipment prototypes have gone missing. Investigation into the nature of the stolen equipment reveals that it was based on research headed by Wright herself. The player tracks down the manager of one of the prototype projects, now retired, who says that the project dried up without her, because nobody else could understand it.

Mach: The service outage isn't being handled by OR, and it's time to go tell them something needs to be done. But the OR rep the player was supposed to meet isn't there, and the few OR staff at the office are acting pretty flighty. Gray sends the player to make an unscheduled visit to another office to find out what's up, and the player finds that OR internal mail and paging services are offline. Checking up on that outage, the player finds the guys in the OR IS department completely baffled by the problems. Gray says that there's got to be some scheme behind it, and adds that they'll have to find "a more...reliable company" to pick up OR's failed public service contracts (Internet, cable devices).

Merv: The BIP is missing from its secure mainframe server, and the guards have no idea how it vanished. Silver, in the midst of some other unspeakable experiment, says he isn't surprised; he'd noticed that the BIP's unique code allows it to circumvent security routines with ease. The program is found circulating the Merv's network: first scaring a commando squad (feedback from one terminal kills a commando), then wandering around computers owned by a couple succubi, although by that time the Machines have got wind of it, and try to snatch it, but the player manages to beat them off, and the BIP settles down. Flood says they'll put it in a server with doubled firewalls cycling at irregular intervals, to prevent it from breaking out again.

8/21-8/27

Required Events:

Zion: (EPN only) The OR malfunctions and subsequent disruptions in the public sector, due to the loss of home TV and Internet access, are a fine illustration of a system of Machine control breaking down. We could have some young bluepills, adrift at an anti-OR rally, and shocked when OR security takes down a particularly rowdy rioter or something, become candidates for awakening; some sticking it to the OR security at the scene once the bluepills are evacuated might be appropriate, too.

Mach: The Machines snatch some key Ouroboros execs (could be an armed operation, or a little pill in their coffee, so to speak--or a variety), and question them about the situation at the company--what's happened to cause this corporation-wide breakdown? The execs hem and haw, but finally one confesses that they really don't know how this could have happened. The Machines verify that the exec is telling the truth.

Merv: Mervs are called in to defend the BIP against a raid by the Machines. The Mervs are hard-pressed during the attack, and fighting around the BIP's secured server is fierce. When there's a good skirmish going right next to the computer we've designated as the BIP's location, Silver or a Merv story character (probably one of the scientifically-inclined ones, although Ookami would work, too) will announce that the BIP has jumped into one of the nearby operatives (we'd pick one who seems reliable--if they crash or jack out or run away or something we'll just say the BIP has now jumped into someone else). The Mervs fight free of the attacking Machines and regroup at a new location, where the BIP-inhabited operative is sat down next to a computer, and the BIP is coaxed out into a new secure server.

8/28

Crit 11.1.4

Zion: Raiding a WR network lab where they're analyzing the attacks, the player finds they've compiled a list of employee passwords used in the attacks, and that the employees were out of town when their passwords were used. The player beats WR security to the next attacked site, and captures the on-site security camera footage. It's just showing WR employees going about their business, but one of them is a clerk that the player ran into on their way out of the security lab--at the same time the footage from the attack site was recorded. They go back to check the clerk, and find him being grilled by WR security, but he seems like a normal bluepill, and it isn't clear how he was apparently in two spots at once. (Not described by Tyndall, but a computer at one of the break-in sites has notes by "W" [Danielle Wright] about "Argent" ["Argent Biometrics" was the company name Silver used when working with Wright previously].)

Mach: Gray sends the player to check into the OR network outages specifically, and also to start taking the rest of their network offline, so they can try to isolate whatever might be causing the problems. They detect an error-free data stream in/out of OR; checking it out, they find a female OR office worker who's been hacking into the OR network to try to figure out for herself what's going on, since nobody else there seems to have any idea (oh, earlier in the mission, one of the frenzied technicians is heard saying "Where the HELL is Brewer," which is a reference to that brain-hacked OR network assistant from the last subchapter). Following a tip from the helpful hacker, the player finds a heavily guarded OR site with a bunch of computers. They shut them down, but not before an outgoing signal of some sort is

detected. They also find a data connection similar to the one they used to track down the helpful hacker earlier; this leads to an abandoned hacking station, with a data dump of what looks like a copy of a message routed to a downtown address, with commands that would trigger a power plant like the one in OR's Creston HQ to overload in a runaway reaction that could destroy the whole area. Gray adds that the helpful hacker has disappeared [I mean to imply here that someone got to her].

Merv: Silver has the player go to the BIP's server, and it hops into the player's RSI. Flood is ticked. Silver, by himself this time (I keep characters as isolated as possible for the rest of this, and Flood make snarky remarks about avoiding HLs), sends the player to meet up with a particular operative; the BIP jumps into that operative, just before they're ambushed by Machines. The player and the operative fight free and get the BIP to another secure mainframe, where it settles back down. Flood calls to report that Silver's claiming the success of this experiment shows that the BIP can "interface perfectly with human broadcast signals," and semi-sarcastically suggests that next Silver will be wanting to use it to insert programs into real human bodies, or something ridiculous like that.

8/28-9/3

Required Events:

Zion: (Zion only) Mysterious WR culprit located, switches form to escape; operatives locate it again, and can attack it, although they are told not to. If they do attack and kill it, we can say it will be harder to get answers now (also, the terminated infiltrator's body disappears (reconstructs) almost immediately); if they don't kill it, it escapes.

Mach: meltdown of OR's Creston HQ power plant narrowly averted

Merv: (I'd like to run this event on Tuesday the 2nd.) Carlyne (!) appears in front of the Merovingian, asking that the BIP be handed over to him. I might have Carlyne flagged, and we'll see if any Merv operatives decide to attack him. The Merv stalls, saying that the BIP is of course being kept in a scrambled network to keep it secure, and it will take some time to prepare it safely. He asks Carlyne to name a time and place for delivery. Carlyne says just have it ready by tomorrow. On his way out he leaves some hostile overrides nearby as a "reminder."

9/4

Crit 11.1.5

Zion: (The operator mentions: Indications of increased Sentinel activity around no-fly zone; Kid's heading out with additional ships to reinforce no-fly zone exploration team [this means he won't be available for Live Events for a while after this date].) Following up on WR security reports, and scanning for a jack-in signal that can vary its encoded appearance, the player tracks the culprit to a hidden lab equipped w/ a highly sophisticated network interface system built partly from the stolen Wright equipment. Its exact purpose is unclear, and Zion decides

to confiscate it for study. [A computer in the lab has a coded message that will give a clue to something...] Accessing a computer in the lab shuts down the culprit, who was evidently some kind of scripted "spider" program, equipped with WR access codes, and the likenesses of WR employees. Could it have been set up by Mauser?

Mach: Gray says it's time to shut down OR; the problems caused are just too dangerous. The Machines freeze OR's assets, and send the player in to notify staff of the federal takeover. Staff are worried, but not terribly so--except for some OR security members, who don't want any part of it, and have to be given a beat-down. The next step is going around to worker terminals and dumping all OR data to a Machine database for analysis, to find the source of the problems. This isolates the source of "suspect directives and programs, disseminated through a network of employees" to a single computer in an OR office, not actually connected to their network: it's connected to the Oligarch Network. Gray says they have to assume that the OGs know what's been going on, and could be on their way to the Matrix.

Merv: Flood calls the player in to help him argue with Silver, who wants out since learning of Carlyne's return; he says he doesn't intend to stick around waiting for Carlyne to terminate him when he comes for the BIP. But there's no time for Flood to report Silver's wussiness to the Merv, because the Machines are having their operatives (not their programs--they're keeping them back like they did the last time the intruders were around) make an all-out attempt to get the BIP. After some fighting against Machine operatives, the player comes to a Merv site with dead Exiles, a fried computer, and no sign of a struggle. The operator gets a bad feeling about this. Flood rings up to say that their programs are falling left and right, and the wave of destruction looks like it's heading right for the Merv. The player arrives to find the Merv guarded by worried Exiles, just as Carlyne appears, testily asking for the BIP. Some of the Exile guards die. The Merv seems confident in his ability to negotiate with the stressed intruder, when suddenly "???" appears beside them. Carlyne crumples to the floor, and "???" says they've come for the BIP. The rest of the Exile guards die. The Merv quickly directs the player to open the ports on the computer storing the BIP (he had it there in the room with him) to the "primary network." This is done in an instant, and the Merv and player beat a hasty retreat while "???" is still figuring out what just happened. The Merv says they've allowed the BIP to escape "into the wide network of the Matrix." He seems excited at the thought of facing this new adversary, and beating them to the BIP.

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"???" = Actually Danielle Wright in "Oligarch"-style shell, but I'm not going to positively ID her here, just leave hints like her behavior, and the alphadecimal code found in Zion 11.1.5.

9/18

Chapter image: Wright in intruder form floating in a bubble of code

### Crit 11.2.1

Zion: Intel is pretty convinced it really is Wright, and she's after the BIP. The device Zion found with the culprit stealing from Wright Research is giving out numeric sequences, which under analysis are revealed to be a series of updating coordinates. Thinking these might have something to do with Wright or the BIP, the player starts following them, finding a) a bluepill and their computer who seem to steal each other's lines, much to the bluepill's confusion, and b) a dead Exile, and live Accelerated Exiles. These encounters are reported to Niobe, who thinks maybe the device can be used to locate the BIP before Wright gets it. Niobe's also wondering if Wright wasn't quite the martyr she made herself out to be when the Machines were after her before. An EPN has just told Niobe that the EPN expedition reached the no-fly zone, but couldn't enter because of heavy Machine patrols around the perimeter, and that the Kid has already left for the zone with reinforcements.

Mach: The player is sent to help confirm the identity of the female intruder. They find a panicky bluepill and a dead Agent. The bluepill manages to point out a direction, and override use over that way is narrowed down to Wright herself, and a computer. The computer seems to be tracking something, but Wright blanks it out when the player tries to check it. Wright says she "did make a mistake": "the Matrix was more than I had thought it was"; the "mistake" line is a reference to her last event appearance as a redpill, Zion 8.2.3

( [http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300016791](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300016791) ), where she said that if anyone saw her again, she'd "have made a great mistake." Gray says it's time to talk about this person. He says the data scanned off her looks reasonably close to what they know of Wright; how she survived termination by Sentinels, whose sensors confirmed the destruction of her body (in 8.2), is unknown. Gray also says that Wright is not an Oligarch, even if she seems to have "adopted their jack-in protocol"; the old termination order for her still applies. The player is packed off with operative reinforcements to take care of this, but they just run into a bunch of overrides, without finding Wright. Gray says well okay, she's got the Oligarch overrides too, this could be tricky.

Merv: Exiles scanning for signs of the BIP get a report from the white hallways of an access violation, with no detected source. Going to check on the hallway control center, the player finds a glitching computer. As they examine it, the Effectuator appears, surprised to find himself there. Suddenly nine more Effectuators appear, confused. The tenth seems woozy, and all collapse. Flood reports Malphas made it out of the chateau, and may have a report; Flood is then cut off. Malphas says that there have been system failures throughout the chateau, but they couldn't find the source, although it seemed to be internal. He thinks it could have been the BIP. He adds that he can't figure how Flood didn't notice the system failures happening all around him.

9/18-9/24

Required Events:

Zion: (Zion only) Zion comes close to the BIP, runs across Wright. Wright tracks them back to

the device and destroys it. Wright has the usual intruder abilities, plus a couple new ones: "Compress," a meatwaddy one with Firewall's metallic skin effect, and "Signal Jamming," an AOE that lays a heavy debuff on everyone's damage resistances.

Mach: Machines want to locate Wright's broadcast position. They find her and scan her signal, but find no data at all that they can trace. Wright made no attempt to avoid the scan.

Merv: The BIP is found having taken over the training sim in a chateau org area. It attacks at first, gradually stops, looks around, says "[bip message 1]," then falls over dead. If players killed the "sim" first, "[bip message 1]" is found on a computer.

9/25

### Crit 11.2.2

Zion: Using information provided by an acquaintance of a chateau guard, the player locates the guard, hoping to get a lead that will get them into the chateau to look for data on the BIP. They find the guard being killed by a fellow guard, however, who is yelling frantically about how a program "won't get" him. Another, wounded guard mentions that one of their members ran off. A scan is run, and a guard is found, dead or unconscious, in the middle of a large corporate network center. It is suspected that this may have been the work of the BIP, jumping from guard to guard. The computers at the center are inspected, and evidence of infiltration and data transfer are found in one of them. This leads to a home computer, with a strange message on it: "[bip message 2]." Also, Tyndall informs the player that EPN has been in touch to say that the Kid has met the expedition, and gone into the no-fly zone.

Mach: Since they can't find her vulnerable jack-in point, the Machines decide to try getting Wright to talk. The player checks up on some chateau Exiles for Wright activity. They get one who says there was some report earlier about a problem. The player comes upon dead and dying Exiles, and Wright, who pretty much refuses to say anything to them. Then the player has to go check on some big override signal that pops up nearby, and this turns out to be Wright again, who says she just thought of something, and wants to meet the Machines after all, with the player there as a "witness." Gray tells Wright that the Machines would like to know how she survived her body. Wright wants to know why the Oracle made the BIP, but she doesn't want to have the discussion there, and she wants more operatives present. Gray says okay, he'll see about getting it arranged.

Merv: Flood sends the player off to kill what he says was a traitorous chateau guard; that done, the player goes after Zionites who've been hounding the guards. A few Zionites are found dead, along with another chateau guard, badly wounded, who coughs out nothing helpful before dying. After a tongue-lashing from Flood, the main group of Zionites are found, apparently looking for something in a room with a dead Accelerated Exile. Once the Zionites are dispatched, Wright appears, possibly there with the intention of ambushing the Zionites who've just been handled. She mentions to the Merv player that it's her understanding the Zionites helped Carlyne, although they probably feel that was a mistake, now. Still, she says, Carlyne did turn out to be way more useful than he'd intended. The Merv ponders this, and decides there's a good chance Wright found Carlyne in the Real and did something to him



there to make him fall over dead in the simulation (in Merv 11.1.5). The no-fly zone was supposed to be Carlyne's abode, or something, according to a comment Halborn made a while back, so it's possible Wright ran into him somewhere around there. The Merv decides to send some of the General's Sentinels (which he's kept lurking around) back into the zone to check into this. Persephone is there with the Merv, in some kind of bad mood.

9/25-10/1

Required Events:

Zion: (EPN only) EPN captures Ouroboros data revealed by the expedition's team tapping into a Oligarch Network line found in the no-fly zone, and begins mapping the layout of the Oligarch Network in the Real.

Mach: (Machines only) Wright meets Machines in One Zero. Gray says the BIP was created to help control/monitor unplugged humans in the Real. Wright says she survived the death of her body by entering the Matrix as a complete consciousness, rather than a broadcast.

Merv: Flood is attacked by Exiles in the Hel Club. Operatives arriving at the scene take out some hostile Exiles, then find the "Francine" cake vendor in the club acting oddly. This is the BIP. It says "[bip message 3]," then Wright appears. A battle follows, sort of tailing off as Francines multiply throughout the club, crowding out everyone else. The BIP has disappeared.

10/2

Crit 11.2.3

Zion: Override activity in the slums leads to overrides and overridden programs, and a guy whose watch has stopped keeping correct time next to a Decelerator. Tyndall reports that EPN contacts have said the expedition was attacked by advanced fighter craft in the no-fly zone; the Kid's hovercraft damaged one of the attackers, but was then shot down, and the Kid was injured. The expeditionary force retreated from the zone after heavy losses. The ships were observed to be similar to the type used by Halborn and Carlyne. In the central Richland area, the player finds more overrides, and trouble from Machine and Merovingian redpills. Override activity moves into Magog/Achan, where the player finds Seraph, who tells them that what they're looking for is in an apartment the Oracle used to live in, and whose location he'll provide to the operator. The apartment is in Mara--although now occupied by bluepills--and includes a computer with a strange message: "[bip message 4]."

Mach: The BIP has moved into Richland, and Wright's after it again. The player is sent to take care of the pesky overrides she's kicking up. They run into Merv redpills fighting Accelerated Exiles, and a computer that's been disconnected from some remote source. This leads to an apartment in the central Richland area, where a computer has crashed, and a bluepill says their (black) cat started acting weird and ran off. Gray says to get back on task, and sends the player to Mara, where overrides are getting pretty bad, and Zionites; and there are reports of

Wright being in the area. The player finds Zionites talking about having run into Seraph nearby, but they can't get any more information. Then they find a big override source in Mara, which is Wright, some dead Zionites, and a blanked out computer. Wright says the program's already left, and "Its movements appear to be getting less erratic. In the right hands, it could be a truly elegant control mechanism--not like these Oligarch routines." Gray thinks she's "under some misapprehension" about the program. He also mentions that their sensors can't detect the program, which makes things difficult. Finally, he adds that the cat was located in an alley in Mara, and was returned to its owner.

Merv: The player is sent into the slums to see about override reports there. They encounter Machinists. Flood says they've lost contact with some of their programs who were in the area (central Richland) on Hel Club business; these are found, being dominated by an Accelerator, poor things. Flood mentions that the General's Sentinels were attacked by advanced fighter craft and forced to retreat (Flood: again! haha) from the no-fly zone. With override activity increasing in the Achan/Magog area, the player finds Zionites there, talking about Seraph being in the vicinity. The player finds him in Mara, trapped by an Accelerator.

10/2-10/8

Required Events:

Zion: (Zion only) See Merv event.

Mach: (Cyph only) Before Zion/Merv events: fighting overrides around Mara with the help of Cryptos' prototype anti-override routines (these are new consumable items). These will make the user immune to a random type of override for a short period of time.

Merv: This is a two-day (back to back), single-server Zion/Merv event.

Day 1: We lock down a Mara apartment building and get Mervs and Zionites into it by teleport at separate, locked locations. Then we let them loose for PVP domination, and see which side survives. If beginning numbers aren't balanced we could either limit the larger side to matching numbers (I'd prefer this I think), or I could try to balance a bit with NPCs.

Day 2:

- If Mervs won: Merv faces Seraph, wants to know where the BIP is. Seraph says only that it is "[seraph message]." He's suddenly covered by a Firewall FX (I made a Firewallled Seraph disguise for this) as the area goes FFA PVP. Seraph, fighting furiously and not talking to anyone, makes his way free of the building.

- If Zion won: Zion fights their way out of Mara--still packed with override spawns, Exile programs, probably hostile operatives--with Seraph. Once clear, Seraph tells them that he doesn't know where the BIP will surface next, but it is "[seraph message]."

10/9

#### Crit 11.2.4

Zion: Bluepills are dropping dead across the city, sometimes with override use nearby. The player checks out an override signal and comes across Wright and a bluepill. Wright refers to the bluepill by a "pod" serial number--0026:05:0149:032--and says they weren't "the one that program's chosen to call home," and maybe it's someone else "in 149," as the bluepill drops dead. It looks like Wright's going hunting for bluepills, so the player gets ready to follow her, tracks an override reading, and finds a dead bluepill. Intel doesn't know of a connection between the two dead bluepills, but maybe Wright's reference to a pod was significant. The second bluepill's body is collected, and a red pill trace is forced through them. Their body doesn't seem to have been flushed by the Machines yet, and the trace returns a pod location--fortunately at a pretty nearby pod cluster. Zion dispatches a ship there, which finds mostly empty pods in a ring around one of the towers. They begin running back-traces on the remaining people in that ring. The player goes to check up on one of these, but is stopped by Machines guarding the bluepill's apartment. Tyndall calls to report that they've lost contact with the hovercraft at the tower, and another ship in the area reported heavy Sentinel activity there.

Mach: The Machines have the bluepill (see Zion crit), who is currently inhabited by the BIP, acting erratically. Pace says they're going to take the woman, Imelda Kroller, to a lab where they'll extract the BIP, and asks the player to help hold off nearby overrides while they transfer Imelda. This is accomplished, but extraction is taking too long, and Wright is closing in. The player evacs Kroller from the lab as overrides appear, killing some of the Machines there. Pace is in a back room, and seems to be okay. She says that the BIP took control of Kroller's "somatic nervous system, resisting external stimuli." As the player gets Kroller outside, Gray says her pod routines have stopped reporting, and asks the player to check her status. Kroller says "[bip message 5]", then goes blank. This ends the mission, and Kroller disappears. Gray reports "Unrequested reinitialization of subject's image by the pod hardware... Signal is active. Unable to resolve location. Status unknown. P0026:05:0149:081 is not responding."

Merv: The Mervs have learned the Machines have Kroller (see Mach crit), and set about tracking down her pod ID, first finding the serial number Zionites heard from Wright (see Zion crit). Flood says this is Machine pod serial number format, with the third number being the number of the ring in which the pod is situated on the tower, so Wright was looking for someone plugged into the 149th ring of pods. The Merv is formulating a plan for hacking into Machine systems and locating the pod caretaker, like they did when they wanted to find MacHenry (Merv 8.3.4), but he's interrupted by Persephone, who says that just getting activity reports from the caretaker won't save Kroller, or the BIP. Persephone says she can do it, if the Merv can get her a connection to the right part of the Machine network. The Merv makes a show of worrying about his wife's safety in such a venture, but says he'll make it happen, since she's so concerned about it. The player secures a particular Machine terminal, and gets Persephone to it. She collapses, barely alive, but says she's saved them; the operator says that defensive routines kicked in as soon as Persephone sent her commands into the pod system--they must have been watching for trouble there. The player goes to give the Merv the news, and finds the General's hologram, reporting that his men found a wrecked, advanced craft on their way back from the zone, and salvaged an android of an unknown type from it; they're bringing the android back with them now. The Merv is annoyed with Persephone for

almost getting herself killed in a way that would have reflected badly on him; and what was she doing, anyway, not mentioning those defensive routines, which she must have known would be there? Flood says Persephone restarted Kroller's RSI at a random point in the simulation.

10/9-10/15

Required Events:

Zion: Try to stop Wright from getting at a bluepill. Turns out this is not a BIP-inhabited bluepill, just one in an adjacent pod, but Zion will at least have a chance of saving them from Wright's brutal process of elimination. This is complicated, of course, because that pod cluster is now surrounded by Sentinels, and there'd be no chance of saving the person if they were flushed by a red pill. I think it might be interesting to leave it to operatives to try to figure out what to do (might end up being moot if Wright beats them to the more immediate goal of securing the bluepill in the simulation).

Mach: (After Zion and Merv events) Machines able to re-establish control over Kroller's pod, track them to [Kroller location]. Wright appears and tries to grab Kroller. Machinists must keep Wright occupied (interlock, root) while evacuating Kroller. Get some distance away but Kroller collapses, Wright catches up, kills Kroller just after Kroller says "[bip message 6]."

Merv: Deathly Persephone (first appearance of her black-dress/pale-skin RSI) tries to access Kroller's pod again, fails, barely survives Machine counter-attack. Bitter words between her and the Merv; both are disappointed, for different reasons.

10/16

Crit 11.2.5

Zion: The BIP's trail leads back into the slums. [Morpheus (sim) and [bip message 7] will be involved here, but I don't want to say more about it just now.]

Mach: The player is sent after more trouble in Richland. They find overrides, and Zionites apparently looking for Persephone. Gray says Wright and the Morpheus sim have been reported around there, too. The player is working on some Accelerated Machines when more appear, but are taken down by Cypherites who've arrived on the scene. The Cyphs say Cryptos has a way to stop the overrides. The player meets Cryptos, who says he's got a good start, and he's willing to share his progress, but he needs more information about the overrides to continue to improve his prototype. Cryptos and Gray meet. Cryptos says that the overrides use a root command layer that he can't really access, and he needs more info about it. Gray says info like that is pretty restricted, but since the anti-overrides could be useful, he'll see what he can do. Players get a prototype anti-override consumable when they complete the mission.

Merv: Persephone insists on meeting Wright. Flood doesn't sound like he's inclined to help

her get herself killed, but when he starts talking about locating Wright, who's apparently in Mannsdale, in order to find the BIP, a click on the line reveals that someone was eavesdropping: Persephone. The player races off to Mannsdale to find Persephone asking Wright to stop the killing. Wright is cold--calls Persephone "program"--and says she won't stop until the Matrix is run by humans. Flood reports that that ill-advised little meeting actually gave them a chance to take some scans of the region, and they've found Zionites homing in on a particular location. There they find Wright again, having apparently just removed something that she won't say anything about. A frustrated Flood sends the player to explain their failure to the Merv. As the Merv greets the player, a strange message, "[bip message 8]" appears on his computer screen. The Merv is annoyed that his high-priced network security failed to protect him from this spam.

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Wright abs:

"Compress" (metal meatwad?)

"Signal Jamming" (AOE massive def res debuff)

Anti-override prototype:

orbiting gold code fx

gives random of one imm: Accel, Decel, Run

Visiting places from Trinity's past:

The Chateau (mission/event: Merv 1)

The Hel Club (event - Merv 2)

Mara (apartment; mission: Seraph - Zion 3)

Westview (event: Club Kaos, Rogers Way--right by Ascension - mach 4)

Slums (slum apartment, room 101; mission: Morpheus Zion 5)

BIP messages (in white font, no caps or punc until later):

1: where

2: this isn't

3: i'm not

4: not here

5: impossible
6: oh god
7: Knock, knock.
8: Wake up.

Seraph message: "remembering"

Kroller location: Club Kaos, Rogers Way

Zion 11.2.5

Tracking BIP in Slums, but lose it. Come across Morpheus, who says that the Machines changed things, but he remembers the telephone exchange, which they didn't change. Come to room 101, Neo's apartment, find [bip message 7].

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Wright

- OG overrides are crude; need program capable of penetrating to the heart of the Machine systems and reconfiguring them carefully--she could make use of the BIP to do that
- Human control...but must be the right humans
- Doesn't know what BIP really is (only Architect, Oracle, Sati, Morpheus, Gray, Carlyne, Halborn know that)
- Brag somewhere to Machines that she survived death of her body by entering the Matrix as an independent consciousness
- When she did that w/ OG overrides, she detonated ship containing jack-in device and Mauser's body

cinematic:

scene 1

- close up of computer screen: bip message from merv 11.2.5
- Merv is looking at it in annoyance
- Gen hologram phases in, says they've got the android thing
- Merv has him put it up on the holographic display
- Merv looks at it, grins slowly--"impressive..."

scene 2

- shimada, hovercraft deck, looking at face on transmitter screen
- s: how is he?
- f: he won't be winning any beauty pageants, but he'll make it. we'll be in broadcast range in a few days. do you want me to--?
- s: no. I'll do it

scene 3

- hovercraft, shimada jacked in
- door opens, crafty looking woman creeps up to the chair
- w: they're all off in no-man's land...
- w: nobody to watch over you while you sleep
- w: now where would you hide that code the Oracle gave you...
- crewman appears in doorway, startled: you!
- w grins
- c: stop!
- w yanks shimada's jack out, slices its cable
- w: kept it warm for you, dearie
- w hurls the jack into the crewman's forehead
- crewman collapses as more crew members arrive: veil!
- veil (w) laughs as she vanishes back through the opposite doorway

scene 4

- wright floats between skyscrapers, moving slowly over downtown
- gray is watching grimly from a rooftop with another agent, or maybe an operative
- g: the program?
- o: we're picking up blips all over the city. still trying to isolate it, sir.
- g scowls
- o: sir, should we--
- wright floats toward the wall of a skyscraper, it warps inward, making way for her to pass through
- g: no. keep your men back.
- wright floats out the other side and continues across the city at the same slow, steady speed
- gray scowls even grimmerlier
- g: find the program...

scene 5

- close up of bip message from zion 11.2.5 on a computer screen
- niobe is watching it, with ghost behind her
- n: the interface program?
- the message, which had paused, continues briefly
- n: jesus christ
- the message suddenly floods the entire screen
- n: ghost--
- ghost is already hyperjumping high above the city, his face set in a determined mask

map zooms in on spot in some city neighborhood

~~~~~

## Cinematic:

- The General shows the android body to the Merovingian, says they've completed retrieval, and that it isn't a Machine mechanism.
- Shimada is told that the Kid will be back from the no-fly zone soon; he was injured but will recover.
- Veil sneaks up on Shimada while she's jacked in, muttering something to herself about looking for the program the Oracle gave Shimada. When surprised by an EPN crew member, Veil pulls Shimada's jack, killing her, and escapes.
- Gray monitors Wright as she continues her disruptive search through the city for the interface program. Gray tells another Agent to avoid Wright, and to find the program.
- Niobe gets a "Wake up" message like the one from the 11.2 crits. This turns "Wake up, Neo," and then a constant stream of "Wake up Wake up Wake up..." Niobe is alarmed, and Ghost speeds away.

The action indicator points to a spot in west Hampton Green.

## Quests:

Quests take place in Downtown, mostly around Hampton Green.

## Machines

1) The Machines can't detect the program themselves, but Wright seems to have some means of doing so, so they follow her, running into a disrupted computer, dead bluepill, Accelerated Suits (Hampton gang), and finally Wright in Maribeu, where she says she'll have it soon, and the Machines had better stay out of her way until then. She adds "The Machines left a gaping security hole in their core programming a long time ago. They were only as perfect as the people who made them."

2) Talk to Veil about newfangled Wright Accelerated Programs (tough Exiles/Machines with wireframe overlays). Veil points the player to a Cypherite in Morrell, Neglect (visible on the map, 13th floor of the building just S of Cyclo), who is distributing anti-override routines the Cyphs, led by Cryptos' research, have been cooking up. Gray says that being able to resist overrides will be necessary if Wright's going to be dealt with. The anti-override routines are consumables protect against override abilities like Deceleration (speed/acc debuff), Runtime (spawns), and Signal Jamming (resistance debuff) for a limited time.

3) With Wright closing in on the program in Hampton, the player battles a tough Wright Accelerated Program, then talks to Cryptos, who speculates on how Wright could be disabled:

"As for what may happen if critical damage can be inflicted on her RSI, that I cannot predict. We know that she has co-opted the jack-in protocol utilized by the Oligarchs, and we know, from Halborn's example, that they were to some extent vulnerable both within and without the



simulation. Wright, on the other hand, has claimed to be able to enter the Matrix without maintaining an exterior connection. How that could affect the outcome remains unclear."

Gray comes through with the coordinates of Wright's position on a rooftop in Hampton (98 131 -216), saying that she's been staying around there, which probably means the interface program is in the vicinity.

## Merovingian

1) The player scouts Wright activity in Hampton, where she's been disrupting things. With help from Nicky G., they find Accelerated Suits, and track down Manager, the Suits boss, in the Historic District, who mentions hearing about a Cypherite in Morrell who's got override countermeasures.

2) The android's been found to have "data structures similar to what we've found on the Oligarch network," so Flood sends the player to hunt for a data match at an Ouroboros office in Vauxton. The Machines took over Ouroboros a while back, and the player runs into Ouroboros Security and Machines there. Flood says the Machines must have confiscated the data, and sends the player to raid a Machine facility in Maribeu to track it down. The player is ambushed by a Wright Accelerated Program on their way. They capture the data from the Machines, and it does have similarities to the android's hardware. Flood figures the Oligarchs built it. He also mentions that Cypherites think the Wright Accelerated Programs carry valuable data.

3) The player goes hunting a Machine mainframe in the Park East Gov Building to get real data on the android. There's a tough battle, and they get some help on the mainframe from the Effectuator. In Center Park, the Merv says the data was interesting, as it shows the android was designed to be controlled by a human consciousness--for the Oligarchs to control themselves as a surrogate body? He also wonders what destroyed the ship carrying the android, and speculates that foul play was involved. Persephone is there, still in black and very pale.

## Zion

1) In Chelsea, a scarred Kid has news of suddenly losing contact with a transmitter they'd left monitoring the Oligarch network line in the no-fly zone. He says the Oligarchs could be on their way to the Machine city and the Matrix. He's also determined not to let Shimada down. The Council thinks the interface program has some central role in all this, and wants it kept out of Wright's hands, so the player catches her trail in Hampton. The operator mentions that the program has used Trinity quotes. They run into Accelerated Suits and then Wright, who says that Zion should be helping her, since she's doing this to put the Matrix in mankind's hands.

2) Still trying for the program in Hampton, the player gets some static from a Decelerator and Machinists. They're also ambushed by one of Wright's new Accelerated Programs, and run into more of them around a dead Cypherite. Tyndall mentions rumors of a Cypherite in

Morrell, wondering if it's related.

3) Overrides are keeping the Machines busy, which gives Zion a shot at checking out a burst of override activity in Park East, normally heavily guarded. They find a message ("Soon") which the operator thinks is from the interface program, but while tracing it, they're interrupted by a tough Agent, and the trace is lost. The operative is sent to Ghost in Hampton, who says that he thinks Wright's around there, probably high up, and probably with the program. He's determined to look for her. Tyndall says taking on Wright may be the only option left.

## Wright

Wright (level 100) is on the Hampton rooftop where Gray said she was, with some tough Accelerated Programs around her. She uses AOE overrides, and a nasty zap. When her health has been worn down, she dies (System message says she was killed by herself), and a floating gold code ghost figure, "???", appears. Its details say "'It's beautiful...'"

## Cinematic

bit of a wrap on wright? arch & gray?

ghost finds trinity, brief convo making clear it's her, pace shows up, then Helian and Tesarova show up, pace leaves ("Acknowledged"), trinity is gone, h/t leave, ghost leaves, ookami spying

scene 0 - 15 seconds

- chapter caption, pan over to dead Wright

>The Matrix Online\_

>Chapter 12.1\_

scene 1 - 30 seconds

- zoom out from inert Wright to Architect viewing in his monitoring room

2

- a: Where is thy humanity now...?

5

- a: Agent Gray.

6

- gray appears on monitor

7

- g: Sir?

9

- a: Have you located the program?

12

- g: No, sir; not since it terminated Wright.

15

- g: We have found Zion operatives conducting their own search.

18

- a: ...

20

- g: Sir?

22

- a: Prepare for our visitors.

25

- clicks screen off

30

scene 2 - 120 seconds total

2a - 50 seconds

- ghost lands on a slum building rooftop

4

- looks around

8

- opens a door

10

- goes down a dark stairway

12

- enters a large darkened storage room

16

- doesn't see anything

20

- turns to leave

21

- screen flicks on behind him

22

- s: Ghost\_

24

- ghost turns and looks at it, face blank

25

- code shimmers in the air

26

- falls down

28

- forming around

30

- a standing female body

32

- ghost stands frozen

33

- trinity takes a step toward him

35

- stops

37

- t: Ghost...

40

- ghost flinches

42

- trinity looks pained

44

- g: We...

47

- t: I...didn't know.

50

2b - 45 seconds

- p: Freeze.

2

- pace steps from the doorway into the glow of the monitor/trinity, gun levelled at g

4

- p looks at g

5

- p: Predictable.

7

- p: Hmh.

9

- p put her gun up

11

- half turns away

13

- p: Your program...friend cannot survive here.

15

- g looks at p

17

19

- p: She will be removed.

A code lock is already--

21

- h & ts appear in midair,

24

- float down to the floor

28

- p puts her gun back on g

30

- ts: Ooh.

32

- This looks fun.

34

- p touches her earpiece

35

- listens

37

- looks frustrated

39

- p: ...

- p: Acknowledged.

41

- pace stalks out

45

2c - 30 seconds+

- h: And you?

2

- h: Will you offer resistance?

5

- g: No need.

7

- h looks around; trinity has vanished

- t: Huh! The program's gone.

10

- h: Is this your--

12

- ghost has vanished

13

- ts: Hah!

14

- This *\*will\** be fun.

16

- h & ts vanish

19

- room goes dark

22

- a shadow

24

hops

25

up

26

to a high window:

27

ookami

30 (may need to hold here an extra second or two)

scene 3 + map - 15 seconds

- ghost

2

- is standing on the roof,  
4  
- looking out  
6  
- over the Ikebukuro docks  
8  
- g: Trinity...  
10  
map  
15

## 12.1

[] Stuff in square brackets is not mentioned directly to players in the 12.1 quests, and shouldn't be given out unless specifically cleared with me first.

() Other stuff is mostly fair game, although in general you shouldn't just go around dropping tons of the details to players, but rather let them work things out themselves--this includes a lot of what appears in parentheses below, for instance. I mention certain details and quotes here because I figure they might be things you have questions about, or may be interested in developing further.

### Cinematic

- The Architect is in his TV room, with Wright, dead on a Hampton rooftop, on the monitor. He asks Gray if the (biological interface) program has been found; Gray says no, but they found Zion looking for it, too. The Architect frowns, then tells him to "prepare for our visitors."

- Ghost lands on a rooftop (supposed to be the rooftop pointed out in the coordinates at the end of the cinematic, Ikebukuro 630 9 -180), looks around, opens a door, goes down dark stairs, opens a door into a dark, mostly empty storage room. Looks around, doesn't see anything, and is just turning to leave as a monitor in a dark corner of the room flicks on and prints out "Ghost."

- Code falls down into a female form next to the monitor. This is the golden code "???" character who appeared when Wright was killed. A halting conversation begins, in which Trinity (which is the name that appears above this character in this subchapter) says "I...didn't know," by which she meant that she didn't know she was a program.

- Agent Pace interrupts the conversation, her gun on Ghost, who steps between her and Trinity. Pace says the program (Trinity) can't survive there, and will be removed, but then she in her turn is interrupted by a bright flash, out of which gleaming male and female forms appear, descending to the ground. They have no clothes, wires, eyeballs, or hair. In missions, it will be found that the male (red) is "Helian," and the female (purple) is "Tesarova," and that

they are Oligarchs. Helian is fairly straightforward and serious, although not as blunt as Halborn; Tesarova is usually in a playful vamp mode in this subchapter.

- Pace touches her earpiece, looks frustrated, reluctantly lowers her gun from Ghost's head, and stalks out. Helian looks at Ghost, and asks if he's going to resist, but Ghost says there's no need; H&T realize that Trinity has vanished, and while they look around to find her, Ghost makes a sudden unseen exit as well.

- H&T leave, and the room goes dark. A pause, then Ookami creeps out of the shadows--she's observed the entire scene.

- Ghost stands on the rooftop, looks up at the moon, and finally says Trinity's name.

The idea was that he hadn't allowed himself to believe 100% that it was her until just now when he was able to meet her for himself. The small Live Event I ran with him during 11.3 ( [http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300026820](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300026820) ) where he "remembered" "something" after reviewing the BIP's progress through the Matrix, and realizing that it roughly corresponded to Trinity's progress through the Matrix (from the movies, starting with contacting Neo in his apartment), reminded him of this Ikebukuro spot where he and Trinity had met each other at some unspecified time(s) in the old days--this is briefly mentioned by Tyndall at the beginning of Zion 12.1.1 [but I probably won't dwell on it any more than that, as the choice was fairly arbitrary--I wanted somewhere with a large interior room and a nice view from the rooftop, and preferably elsewhere than DT, since all of 11.3 took place in that district].

## Quests

The 12.1 org contacts are spaced within about a half-block of the Ikebukuro rooftop location.

## Machines

1) Gray sends the player to Akasaka, scene of the latest sighting of the program. He implies a need to find it before either the Oligarch representatives (H&T) or Zion do. Gray doesn't refer to the program as "Trinity," but the operator discusses it a bit. They find Zionites and a blank computer entry in her recent style (">\_"), but nothing else, and are re-routed to head off H&T, who have arrived in the area, along with Pace.

H&T are slightly bemused--although not really surprised--by a human operative working for the Machines. [The Oligarchs have been aware the Machines have managed things this way, but they haven't seen it much directly, and find it odd, since they (Oligarchs, who are human) view the Machines as their own servants.]

H says they're there for the BIP (he uses "biological interface program" as a quote from operatives or Machines; H&T generally just call it "the program"), and won't be needing any help getting it.

T says something odd about "the exciting ones" (operatives) "escaping" from the pods, and

that this explains "why our entertainment's been so dull lately."

H mentions they know what happened to Halborn and Carlyne, and that those two were operating independently. He says they (the Oligarchs) have "made adjustments that will ensure our safety from the compromises they allowed to our security" [partially an explanation for the difference in their appearance from H&C: H&T are less transparent, and have no wires].

Pace seems a little relieved to have the player there to talk to the Oligarchs, and purposefully speaks aloud (in italics) to the player so that H&T will overhear, saying that they'll leave their guest in peace.

On the way out, the player encounters Satiare, a shoeless female Cypherite boss who appeared previously in a few Live Events:

[http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300024639](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300024639)

[http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/...\\_id=36300026073](http://forums.station.sony.com/mxo/..._id=36300026073)

She's now fixed at level 55 (I think in LEs I had her at 60). She says it would be nice to pop "those pretty new bubbles of theirs" (the Oligarchs), and suggests that the Machines might even have something that could do it, but they probably wouldn't tell the (Machinist) player even if they did, and wouldn't use it themselves.

Gray summons the player for their report, concluding that H&T are operating as agents for the Oligarchs, rather than independently like Halborn and Carlyne. He thinks this might cause them to behave a little more levelheadedly, but says it also means the Oligarchs will be watching developments closely. After saying this, he very deliberately states that the Machines do not consider them a threat.

Between missions, Machine operatives are sent to "patrol" the International District for more signs of activity (ie get gang tokens from Murasaki, Furihata, and Kowloon).

2) Still in International, the player deals with some searching Zionites, and is then sent to answer a summons from Helian, who's got a couple of his "Override Function" NPCs with him (whitish-skinned forms similar to H&T, with a mixture of hacker and MA abilities, pretty good accuracy and damage, and high viral defense), and he loans these two NPCs to the player, suggesting that he's doing this to help the Machine operative deal with the Zionites (he refers to Zionites here as 'the other "Awakened"'), although the operator and Gray hint that H has found he actually needs help from the player. The Override Functions don't talk; H refers to them as "basic" combat programs.

The player checks for enemy activity and finds Merovingian redpills. One of them rather obviously pretends to be a Zionite (sort of a play on the Merv knowing that what he's doing is probably going to cheese the Machines off, although he isn't so worried about it as to halt his Oligarch power grab). Gray says a Merv Exile named Azuna is known to have obtained sensitive information on the Oligarch's Matrix activities.

Between missions, the player has to go find Azuna, following the mission's hint "northwest



Downtown." Azuna is a female lupine with a teal mohawk, and she's placed as a collector NPC on the second sublevel of the Museum dungeon in Creston. The player has to kill some of the Merv-aligned lupines around Azuna (a little farther away from her are some Machine-aligned Override Functions).

3) Gray says the Merv's found H&T have a "virtual space," and is planning to invade it; this should be stopped so that the Oligarchs aren't "aggravated." The operator mentions that the Merv tried hitting on Tesarova to get OG programs, but wasn't successful in his advances. The player takes out some Exiles and gets a trace running through their computer.

In this same area, a certain unspecified and optional sequence of actions will cause Trinity to appear in a side room. She appears upset, even angry, at the situation she's in, doing /talknegative as she says

"I don't--

I didn't choose this. This can't be--

..."

(The progress of her appearances across the missions of the three orgs (counting the second mission of any org as happening after the first mission of any other org, etc, and even the second phase of mission x for one org happening after the first phase of mission x for another org, etc) goes sorta: surprise -> dismay -> frustration -> anger.)

Following the trace, the player runs into heavy Dire Lupine resistance, but in the end gets data that Gray says is about access routes "through 'white hallway' systems." He doesn't have exact coords, but says there seems to be an entry point somewhere high up in north Union Hill.

A dead Override Executable NPC was in the room with the lupines/computer. Executables are dark grey humanoids in the same bubble-skin way as Functions and H&T.

## Merovingian

1) Flood sends the player into Stamos to find the program (like Gray, he doesn't refer to it as "Trinity," but the operator talks about the identity possibility). They don't find anything besides a computer with ">\_," but Ookami arrives, and "leads" (ie is escorted by the player) to a Manssen location, where they find Tesarova.

Tesarova coos over Ookami, calling her the player's "pet," then gets down to business, saying that she just thought she'd mention that there seem to be others nearby who are also trying to find the program; while sort of playing her ditzy blond act, what she says shows that she's aware of a lot of what's going on: what the player's after, what the other orgs are doing around there--and she even takes a veiled swipe at the player's operator.

With coordinates from Tesarova, the operator guides the player to a Guinness Lake location,

while Flood mentions that there's also this "Helian" Oligarch around, and saying that they'll play Tesarova's "little game," since they don't want to show that they're on to her. Flood also refers to their names as "barbaric." ["Tesarova" is a Czech name, and "Helian" is a Chinese name.]

T's "game" in this case was sending the player to intercept Machinists, who appear, from their comments, to have been trying to keep tabs on her. Flood wraps up by asking the player to find four groups of programs they've lost in South Vauxton.

Between missions, the player has to locate and kill members of four separate groups of Accelerated Exiles around South Vauxton.

2) Flood says the Merv thinks "exploiting the Oligarch Tesarova's softer side" might get them some juicy override info, and sends the player to collect data from a contact, Azuna, for whom they'd spared no expense and skullduggery to get into a spot where she could get some dirt on Tesarova's Matrix activities. The player heads to the Downtown rendezvous, but Azuna isn't there; instead, there are a couple dead Machines.

Flood is annoyed, and sends the player to look for Azuna in her spying location. She isn't there either, but some hostile Override Functions are.

In a separate part of this same area, a certain optional and unspecified series of actions will cause Trinity to appear. She does /talkscared, saying

"I'm not. I'm not what--

God! What have they done?"

Flood says that some checking has shown Azuna has taken cover in the second sublevel of the Creston Heights Museum.

Between missions, the player has to kill Machine-aligned Override Functions near Azuna, and trade the tokens they drop to Azuna, who then hands over her intel.

["Azuna" is a corruption of "Asena," a "she-wolf with a sky-blue mane" in Turkic mythology, according to good old Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Asena> . I just needed a cool lupinish name.]

3) Flood says that thanks to the info (from Azuna), the Merv has been able to meet Tesarova. Hints indicate that the meeting has not gone well, possibly because Persephone found out about it. The player finds Persephone and Tesarova together. Persephone is still in her "dark" outfit, but her skin is back to its normal healthy hue. Tesarova says the Merv's been showing her interesting things, including the android, which she identifies as "Carlyne's android body." She almost seems genuinely surprised about the Merv having it, saying she didn't think she'd see it again "after Carlyne let the podling woman steal his signal." ("The podling woman" was Wright--she jacked Carlyne's signal / android body when Carlyne crumpled just before she appeared as the wireframed "???" in Merv 11.1.5, which forced the Merv to dump the BIP/Trinity.)

All Persephone says is "Only a human can be 'inhuman.'"

Past them, the player finds the Merv, who rants a bit about Tesarova laughing at his offers of power in the simulation. He sends the player to contact Flood for a plan B, which involves getting a trace through an Oligarch-occupied computer in order to locate H&T's Matrix power base. The player runs into some of their Functions, and then a hostile Override Executable, who can spawn a small swarm of additional, higher-level Functions to attack the player. Executables have a constant blur FX over their dark bubble body (this sorta causes them to flicker light/dark), and boosted defense and speed, but no actual combat loadout or weapons.

Success results in coordinates of an entry point to the Oligarch hideout: 129 223 789, Union Hill. (This is a doorway at the top of one of those skyscrapers with the flying buttresses.)

## Zion

1) Tyndall mentions that Ghost found "the program" by "checking places he'd been with Trinity when they operated together in the Matrix." She sends the player to get more details on the Trinity thing from Ghost, who is in an International District room with a computer (">"), convinced that Trinity was just there. He says he doesn't understand how Trinity is the program, but insists that she really is. He guesses that the two strangers he encountered (in the cinematic) were Oligarchs, and says he isn't going to let them or the Machines get Trinity.

Tyndall says she trusts Ghost's instinct about "whatever Trinity or the program is now," and reminds the player that the Council had already decided (mentioned in Zion 11.3.1) to do what it could to ensure the program's safety. She sends the player to check a reading in Murasaki, where they find a message on a computer:

"How well do you know yourself?  
Are you sure?  
I thought I knew. But this\_"

(The dangling cursor at the end there is a hint that this is probably from Trinity, although the operator doesn't make anything out of it.)

Inbound hostiles are reported nearby, and the player finds Machines and Machine redpills. Tyndall mentions that intel shows the Machines are cooperating with the two Oligarch representatives. After the hostiles are taken care of, Tyndall says that they could use the player's help in Shirakaba, where their teams have been hit by Machines while looking for the program; they've also started picking up override signals there.

Between missions, the player has to hunt down Accelerated Machines in Shirakaba.

2) Tyndall sends the player into Downtown, following the trail of data that they think may have come from Trinity (Tyndall is still hedging a bit on the name, and here says "from the interface program--from Trinity"). She gives the names of H&S, saying they found them out from "our sources within the Machines" [aren't those convenient?].

The player finds a computer, activates it (it says ">Yes.\_"), and Trinity appears. She says

"I don't have much time. I don't know what...this means.

Before... I thought I died. I was with him... I said goodbye. I don't remember...until--

I don't know how to make it make sense.

... They're getting close. I have to go."

Tyndall gives the player the location of the intruders, and although she thinks they're Machines on Trinity's tail, they turn out to be Merv Exiles. Tyndall thinks this is an indication that the Merv is trying to get in on the Trinity action, and hopes that his machinations with Halborn and Carlyne, which ended up causing a good deal of trouble for the Machines, will at least give the Machines some incentive to act against him. She ends by asking the player to look into an "unusual signal" and override activity in Baldwin Heights.

Between missions, the player has to take down Override Functions scattered around Baldwin Heights.

3) The player responds to an alert from Ghost, who's still been combing International for Trinity. They find him facing Helian and Tesarova, with Helian asking Ghost why he's going after the program. Tesarova coyly interjects that she thinks she knows (wink wink). Ghost doesn't respond to them, and whispers to the player to make sure that Trinity's safe, saying Sparks will have info for them.

Tyndall gets the info from Sparks, which is a location where Trinity might have been hiding "from the Oligarch scans." They find an Override Executable there, as well as some Override Functions, but no sign of Trinity. Tyndall, who feels able to refer to her as simply "Trinity" by now, says she thinks they stopped those programs from finding her, but that stopping H&S is going to be tough. She mentions reports of the Merv having got access to some kind of area the Oligarchs have set up, and that they're picking up activity from his operatives on rooftops "at the extreme northeast end of Downtown."

#### Extra Credit

A teleport from the area referred to in the last missions takes the player into some white hallways, which eventually may spit them out into an interior office space [that is pretty similar to floor 77 of the Government Building in Park East--I liked the layout of that one, and I wanted to use something that would feel very elevated]. It's full of nasty Overrides and Executables with special prizes. The only exit is a rotary telephone on a desk in one of the offices, which teleports the user to a public phone on the north side of the base of the SE tower in Park East.

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LIVE EVENTS

EPN (event) - meeting w/ unknown pedestrian (pseudo Oracle)

Merv hitting on Tesarova?

Various Rarebit Questions and Answers

Q: Rarebit, what was your ideas about Operation Dark Storm? During chapter 10, it seemed that neither the humans nor the Machines knew how it worked. And if I remember correctly, CAR80N said that the pre-Matrix human civilization didn't have access to nanotechnology. It seemed like you were going to make some kind of revelation concerning Dark Storm.

A: Hm... I don't think I was going to try going into it in detail. After the Merv seeded the storm you pointed out that...I think it was the director's commentary for the Next Renaissance said it was nanomachines or something, which I hadn't been aware of, but it's all just some flavor of sci-fi magic anyway since as far as I know there's no currently known or even theoretical way that something like a perpetual Dark Storm would be possible. As far as that kind of thing goes--how is the Earth not frozen, what's this crazy fusion power with humans, etc--it's usually the less said, the better.

Q: Rarebit, in your outlines, you wrote "Mach: (after Zion event) Cypherites, Cryptos, and the Morph sim; Morph sim eventually agrees to listen when Cryptos offers to tell him why Morpheus was so obsessed with obtaining the One's remains--they go off for a little private chat [note that players are *not* going to be told what they talk about...and actually I still have to figure that out at some point, but it can wait for a later subchapter]." Was this ever "figured out"?

A: No. I wasn't interested in trying to unravel and continue the "Neo's remains" story angle that had been mostly an LET on-the-fly invention without any surviving official documentation (the story outline by Paul that we mission designers were following had Morpheus wanting to know about it, throwing up posters and causing a stir that got him killed, but that was all). The Morph sim/Cryptos meeting was on Vector on 10/24/07, and I think I may have had a feeling or two of what I might have had them "talk" about if I had to give any details about it, but I can't remember what those were. I'd *guess* it was probably something along the lines of Morpheus feeling purposeless under the Truce, and using the hope of Neo's resurrection as a way to resurrect his own dreams and motivations, but that's just a guess, and, again, it wouldn't really have been something I'd have wanted to go into.

On 7/6/07, also on Vector, the Morpheus sim had said that Morpheus was "mad" (as in crazy) when he was on the "Neo's remains" kick, and I think (another guess) that whatever Cryptos told him in their later meeting wasn't intended to change his mind substantially on that score, but it would help him get some closure on it and get his own head back together.

Q: Speaking of Cryptos... what exactly happened to him? Why did he become the way he is now, when everyone else who Seraph whooped went back to normal?

A: The overwriting used on Cryptos was different than the others. You'd get a better idea going back through those missions that were investigating the other overwritten people, but as far as I remember off the top of my head, their overwriting was a cruder form, where the Machine program just took control and didn't have access to the person's memories and personality. Cryptos had to be much more convincing, so they had to come up with a different overwriting scheme that left his original memories and personality intact and accessible; so with Cryptos the program and human had to coexist to an extent.

Q: This is going back a bit before 5.2, but did you have any hand in the creation or implementation of the Antedeluvian / Boxmaker / Pandora storyline? I found the storyline behind that to be rich, immersive and very enjoyable.

Since the last box effectively ends as a cliffhanger did you ever have any desire to continue that sidestory forward with additional quests using the Seraphitic Feather as the starting point? (It seems to me this was the original intent, to be revisited at a later date).

A: The Pandora's Box concept (spawns popping out of boxes) was handed to the four mission designers we had at the time, one of which was me--HCFrog was another--by the original Live Team design lead, Archon. The four of us brainstormed the four main NPC spawn types the boxes would use.

Then came the move to SOE, and the PB design team was down to HCFrog and I (oh, and Dracomet designed and implemented the loot items you get from the box spawns). I handled most of the story and missions for arcs 1, 2, and 4, and HCFrog did most of 3.

The original PB concept included putting out more box arcs from time to time. I chose to work on other types of "quest" content for a number of reasons: mostly because the story was tricky to handle, since it sort of tied in with some existing main story characters, but not really with the main story itself, and also because the box spawn mechanism had some drawbacks. Taking it into a separate, specifically tailored construct like Sati's Playground solved some of those.

Q: I've read both of the threads about the story, and if I've missed this feel free to openly berate me, but I'm just curious what Carlyne was doing with the Trinity program during the two years he had it? Did he not know how to use it, or maybe had some long term plan down the road for it? I like that he knew all along where it was while Halborn was blustering around the Matrix but I wonder why he'd leave something like that just sitting in storage somewhere.

A: Presumably he was doing research and laying plans for how to use it. He wasn't a guy who liked to hurry things if he could help it, and he thought he had it pretty well hidden. He'd also have known that the others would come after him if they found out about it. There were somewhere near 100 of them, including Halborn, and he saw most of them as enemies or rivals, so he had a good deal of work on his hands coming up with a way to neutralize them. He wasn't very far along at all when Halborn found out about it.

Q: Among other enjoyable aspects I liked the backstory as it related to the "Heavenly" version of the Matrix and the subsequent disillusionment /frustration of the Seraphim. It implied maybe future fleshing out of Seraph's backstory, his alliance and breakup with the Merv, and of course Flood's predecessor.

A: Yeah, we all thought the Seraphim were a cool idea; it was one of the other mission designers who thought of the "white Agent" angelic theme, and our art lead whipped up those keen wings and white suits. I gave them the pink shirts. ;) Hm I think I did the names for them, and HCFrog handled most of their ability balancing.

Rarebit concerning loose ends: I don't have any significant Morpheus loose ends as far as I know. Paul had the Assassin kill him: bang dead. The Morpheus I used was a simulacrum built by the General, based on compiled footage and memories of the original; he had enough of the original's spirit to fight off the General's control, but while closely related to the original Morpheus, he essentially developed into his own man. Program. Whatever.

Novalis II and Sarah Edmontons were side stories by other people that I did not take up myself, because I didn't feel like I had a sufficient understanding, from how they were initially presented by others, of how they could tie into the story of the Matrix as a whole. LESIG has done and may continue to do things with them, if they feel they can make good stories out of them.

Regarding Neo's remains: Sort of, I suppose. Paul's story had Morpheus, before he was killed, laying a lot of stress on finding them, but I never saw an outline of any story that would come back to that. When players asked me about it in events I've run, if I had the characters reply at all, it was to say that Morpheus was crazy at that point (the Morpheus sim said this once, for instance), and also that the Machines simply recycled Neo's remains, since they had no other use for them (Pace has said this at least once in a very straightforward fashion--probably so straightforward that everyone assumed she was lying, which is just *so* unfair =p).

That is pretty much my own take on it though, because, according to my own line of thought, what use would the Machines have for a dead human body, other than as fodder for recycling? Even if Neo was a genetically engineered human, or hybrid human program, or whatever, in that case he was their creation, and they had any data they could conceivably have gotten from his dead body already on file. And I didn't want to bring Neo back in any form--saying the Machines had been able to preserve him in program form like they did with Trinity, for instance--both because the resolution of his battle with Smith was supposed to have been his sacrifice and cancellation, and because I felt that the story, while it revisited a lot of the themes and characters from the movies, should at least let a different character or characters take the lead role(s) this time around.

...I suppose my own take on that Oracle comment would be a little more metaphysical--a lot more so than ways in which we've already had other developers bring him back, such as N30 Agents, various "frags," and the memorial in the Gracy Heights fight club.

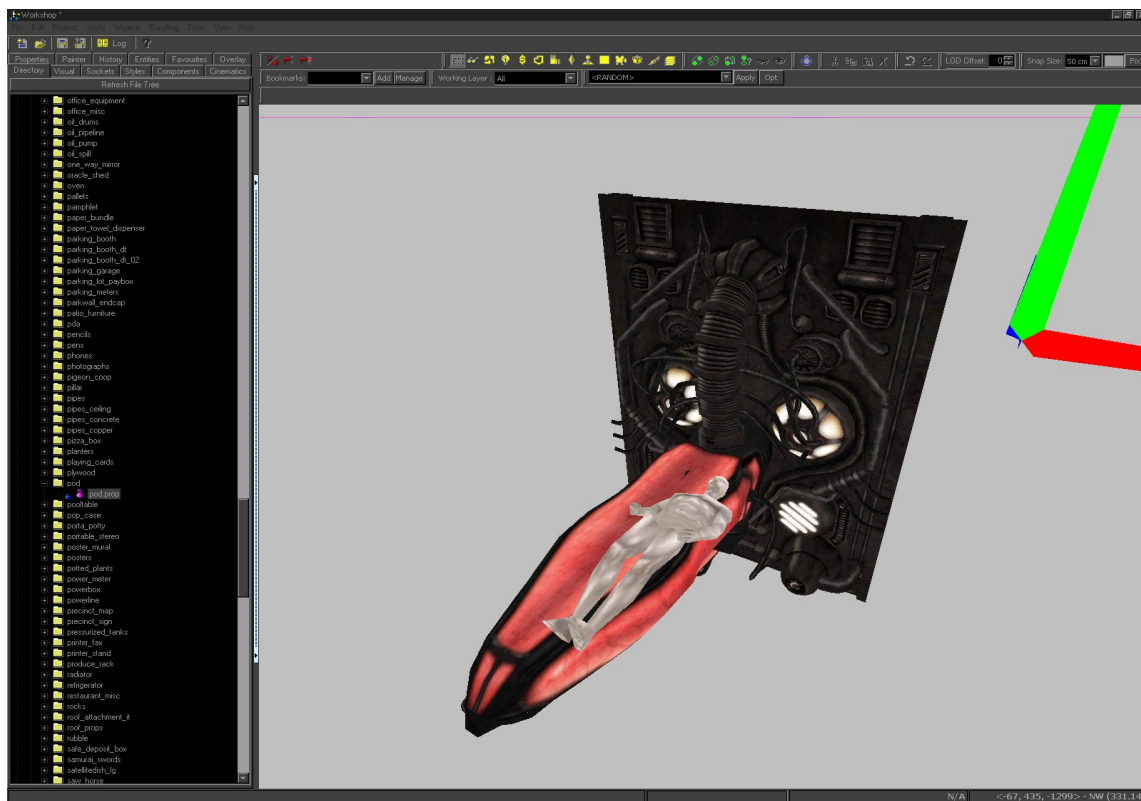
Q: I know this isn't completely related, but it does have something to do with story. What was the purpose of SSR and creating them? Did you plan on doing anything with them other than the secretive backstory they already had?

A: That's an interesting question. The primary goal of Datamine was to provide an area with new twists on gameplay: high-profit data mining in a free-for-all PVP zone. As I got to thinking about it, a story on what type of facility might have become such a place got into my head, and that helped shape what turned out to be the artificial island with separate administration and research buildings and so forth, and it gave a good angle for Dr. Martin's collector dialogue.

It wasn't a hugely ornate story or anything, and you can probably guess most of it from the hints in the doc's messages and the details text on the items and NPCs from the construct. I suppose you might be able to tell something from what Raeder said in the one Live Event he was in there, too.

The warehouse building at the SE corner had interiors that could still be opened up, and I figured some day I might open them up, stick some NPCs in and add a new boss on the roof or something. I didn't have a particular story in mind for that, though.

There's space for some more floors to open up in the lower section of the administration building (SW corner), although I think I would have had to put them together myself, which would have been more time consuming. I did have a bit of an addition or final hint to the little story of the place that I was thinking I could try sticking in there, and I'll just say that it had to do with me noticing that we had an in-game model for a pod.



Q: Oh, that makes me think of another construct, the Sati's Playground. Didn't you imagine a backstory for it too?

A: Just what it says on the collectors or somewhere, that Sati made it for fun.

Q: I have another question, Rarebit. During a chapter 10.2 Zion mission, the player encounters a bluepill who is apparently a disguised redpill whose organization can't be

verified. The character mentions that it was about time they sent someone. And in a desk there's a note saying something like "your contact's name is Soren", which appears to be a reference to Captain Soren, who died before the truce started.

Is this some poor uninformed redpill, or is something else going on? At the time, with Mauser running around and this note that mentions a long dead captain, I was beginning to wonder if the Oligarchs were taking the bodies of dead characters and using them for their own purposes.

A: Poor and uninformed is the correct answer. They were a wartime Zion plant whose contact had been lost before the beginning of the Truce, so they hadn't received any word and didn't know what had happened since then.

Q: I like the general idea of the oligarchs, but I'm not all too fond of the final resolution and trinity and neo as perfect genetic design etc. I give Rarebit much credit for coming up with something that does fit with the overall source material.

A: When putting the OP together I realized that I'd sort of been heading away from the "genetic" explanation toward having them as pure programs, maybe just because that ended up being easier to convey. I'm not sure now if I'd have kept going that way or not.

Q: As far as the genetic thing, I think back to Neo's conversation with The Architect and it wouldn't make sense unless pretty much everything Archy said was a lie. [...] If Neo is an anomaly that was beyond his control, then he wouldn't have been specifically created with that purpose etc.

A: It was the Oracle who came up with the inherent error scheme. The Architect allowed it, but he did so knowing that that part of it wasn't something over which he had direct control.

Heyyy this is a good opportunity to mention that personally (I wouldn't enforce this on others, mind you, since it's pretty touchy in some ways), I don't think Neo was "the anomaly." The Architect calls him "the eventuality of an anomaly," which is different than actually being the anomaly. If you have to pick a character as the anomaly, it seems to me that it would have been Smith; but I think it's more accurate to say that the "anomaly" he was talking about was the cascading system of errors that inevitably result from the current Matrix program's built-in imperfection that allows for a small percentage of the populace to reject it ("the anomaly is systemic," etc). The tricky part about this interpretation is that one of those knuckleheaded Agents later says "The anomaly" when he finds Neo; I explain this away for myself (whee magic!) by making excuses like "Agents didn't know everything" or "the Agent was simply referring to Neo as one of the primary manifestations of the consequences of the anomaly."

Q: So the reason the Oligarch's appeared as "wire-framed humans" was because they were jacking in from android bodies

A: Pretty much. They were using a different kind of interface than operatives use to get in. Also, they didn't particularly care about looking normal.

Wes Craven's

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

1A. INT. (MONTAGE) .

1A.

NIGHTMARE MUSIC THEME begins as we FADE UP on a SERIES OF SHOTS, all CLOSE and teasing.

- A man's FEET, in shabby work shoes, stalking through a junk bin in a dark, fire-lit, ash-dusted place. A huge BOILER ROOM is what it is, although we only glimpse it piecemeal. Then we SEE a MAN'S HAND, dirty and nail-bitten, reach INTO FRAME and pick up a piece of METAL.
- ANOTHER ANGLE as the HAND grabs a grimey WORKGLOVE and slashes at it with a straight razor, until its fingertips are off.
- CLOSE ON SAME HANDS dumping four fishing knives out of a filthy bag. Their blades are thin, curved, gleaming sharp.
- MORE ANGLES, EVEN CLOSER. We can HEAR the MAN's wheezing BREATHING, but we still haven't seen his face. We never will. We just SEE more metal being assembled with crude tools, into some sort of linkage -- a splayed, spidery sort of apparatus, against a background light of FIRE, and a deep rushing of STEAM and HEAVY, DARK ENERGY.
- And then we see this linkage attached to the glove.
- Then the BLADES attached to all of it.
- Then the MAN'S HAND slips into this glove-like apparatus, filling it out and transforming

it into an awesome, deadly claw-hand with four razor/talons gleaming at its blackened fingertips. Suddenly the HAND arches and STRIKES FORWARD, SLASHING THROUGH a DARK CANVAS, tearing it to shreds.

1. EXT. LOS ANGELES. NIGHT. (2nd Unit) 1.

A PULSATION OF LIGHT AND SHADOW. MUSIC DROPS AWAY to a hushed RUSHING OF WIND and DISTANT SIRENS. CAMERA RACKS INTO FOCUS on a HIGH PANORAMA of the San Fernando Valley, its night sky lit from within by a strange GREENISH LIGHT. TITLES BEGIN.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN and ZOOMS SWIFTLY into the valley's web of light.

CUT TO:

2. INT. CONCRETE PASSAGEWAY. 2.

TITLES CONTINUE as TINA GRAY, a strong girl of fifteen in a thin night shift, moves towards us down a dark concrete corridor. Her steps quicken as TITLES appear in the portion of frame she leaves free.

A subliminal COLLAGE of SOUND threads in and out of the MUSIC. Distant insane LAUGHTER. Slamming iron DOORS. A bleating animal CRY. A LAMB, white and blank-faced, skitters across her path and on into the dark. No reason why it's there.

Then another SOUND, much nearer -- the slithering SCRAPE of something like finger nails across slate. It sets our teeth on edge, twists the MUSIC, and sends TINA running.

3. INT. BOILER ROOM. 3.

Suddenly TINA's a tiny figure running among huge boilers steam pipes and catwalks -- a shadowed forest of iron and stone. She stops, listening intently as the SOUND of tiny hooves suddenly turns into the rattle of DISTANT RAIN.

Then she hears RIPPING FABRIC.

Someone is shouldering behind a ragged screen of dirty canvas, approaching TINA.

CLOSER ON THE CANVAS. The long curved fingerblades suddenly punch through, flashing in the firelight, and begin ripping through the thick fabric, as easily as scalpels through flesh. They make a hideous, extended RIPPING SOUND.

TINA rushes away, hands over her ears.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- as the blinded girl stumbles backwards. Then

the canvas flaps free. The blades are gone. The TITLES END, and everything goes silent.

CAMERA CIRCLES until TINA's looking right into our eyes. The light from a nearby boiler pours through her thin night dress, leaving her naked and vulnerable. Then a deep, ragged VOICE whispers at her as CAMERA CLOSES IN ON HER FACE.

VOICE (O.S.)

One two, Freddie's coming for
you...

TINA opens her mouth to scream but only a dry, yellow dust pours out. And at that precise moment a huge shadowy MAN with a grimey red and yellow sweater and a weird hat pulled over his scarred face lunges at her. And it's his fingers that are tipped with the long blades of steel, glinting in the boney light and giving the hulk the look of an otherworldly predator.

TINA dodges away, her legs suddenly elephantine and slow. The MAN seizes the trailing hem of her nightgown and hauls her back.

The MUSIC shrieks as TINA manages to tear free -- the MAN lurches after her with a hoarse SHOUT as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

4. INT. TINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

4.

TINA convulses in bed with a SCREAM, looking around wildly. Someone is KNOCKING on her door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You okay, Tina?

TINA'S MOTHER sticks her head in with a worried look. TINA sits up and blows out a breath, groggy.

TINA

Just a dream, Ma...
(more to herself)
Damn dream, is all...

The woman, once attractive, ventures a step into the room. A MAN hovers BACKGROUND. TINA'S mother waves him away without looking, shoving a strand of bleached hair from her eyes. She appraises her daughter.

TINA'S MOTHER

Some dream, judging from that.

She nods at TINA's nightshift.

TINA looks down at her nightgown, only now aware of the chill penetrating it from the room. There are four long slashes up its middle, cleanly cut as if by scalpels.

MAN (OS)

(distant, annoyed)

You coming back to the sack or
what?

TINA'S MOTHER

Hold your horses.

(lower, to Tina as she
stands to leave)

You gotta cut your nails or stop
that kind of dreaming, Tina. One
or the other.

The woman shuts the door behind her. TINA looks back to her
nightgown.

TINA

(low)

Oh, shit.

She suddenly snatches up the cross that hangs over her head, her
face white as her sheet.

FADE TO BLACK

BURN ON

5. THE FIRST DAY 5.

CHILDREN (OS)

(singing)

One two, Freddie's coming for you...
Three four better lock your door
Five six grab your crucifix...

6. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY. 6.

FADE UP ON SHOT OF this large highschool and its crowds of
STUDENTS. FOREGROUND, TINA climbs out of a cherry-red 1959
Cadillac convertible with two other students, best friend NANCY
WILSON, and Nancy's boyfriend and owner of the car, GLEN LANTZ.

FOREGROUND several GRADESCHOOLERS are playing jump-rope, and the
old ditty they sing continues unbroken from TINA's bedroom.

ROPE JUMPERS

Seven eight, gonna stay up late!
Nine ten -- never sleep again!

7. MOVING ANGLE FAVORING NANCY. She's a pretty girl in a letter 7.
sweater, with an easy, athletic stride and the look of a natural
leader. GLEN, holding her hand, wears one of the school's
football jerseys; a good-natured, bright kid. Tina's in
mid-conversation.

TINA

(referring to kids' song)

That's what it reminded me of --
that old jump rope song.

(shudders)

Worst nightmare I ever had.
You wouldn't believe it.

Nancy nods.

NANCY

Matter of fact I had a bad dream
last night myself...

TINA turns to NANCY, but before either can say more, ROD LANE, a lean, Richard Gere sort in black leather and New Wave studs joins up with them and interrupts.

ROD

(to Tina)

Had a hardon this morning when
I woke up, Tina. Had your name
written all over it.

Tina cracks her gum with a look of withering indifference.

TINA

There's four letters in my name,
Rod. How could there be room
on your joint for four letters?

The guy's stopped in his tracks.

ROD

Hey, up yours with a twirling lawn
mower!

He cuts off across the lawn.

TINA

Rod says the sweetest things.

NANCY

He's nuts about you.

TINA

Yeah, nuts.

TINA makes a face and rakes her fingernails across a tree as she passes.

TINA (CONTD)

(yawns)

Anyway, I'm too tired to worry
about the creep. Couldn't get
back to sleep at all.

(beat)

So what you dream?

NANCY

Forget it, the point is, every-
body has nightmares once in a while.
No biggy.

GLEN

Next time you have one, just
tell yourself that's just all
it is, right while you're having
it, y'know? That's the trick.
Once you do that, you wake right
up. At least it works for me.

TINA looks at GLEN sharply. He kisses NANCY and darts off for
class.

TINA

Hey! You have a nightmare too?

But GLEN's gone.

TINA (CONTD)

Maybe we're gonna have the Big
Earthquake. They say things get
weird just before that...

BELLS ARE RINGING, and STUDENTS crowding; TINA and NANCY are
drawn into the crush.

FADE TO BLACK

8. EXT. A VALLEY STREET. NIGHT. 8.

ANGLE ON A MODEST HOME; no car, just a couple of BIKES in the
drive. Every light in the house and yard is turned on. We HEAR
the rock group MADNESS played at a 'No adults home' volume.

9. INT. TINA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 9.

ON GLEN, dialing. Nancy and TINA are watching, giggling.

TINA

I can't believe his mother let him
come over here.

NANCY

Right. Well, she didn't, exactly...

GLEN shoves a cassette into TINA's Ghetto Blaster.

GLEN

(to TINA)

See, I got this cousin who lives

near the airport, that it's okay
for me to stay with, right? So I
found this sound effects tape at
Licorice Pizza, and...

The phone is answered. GLEN jerks the tone arm off the record
with a SCRUIPT!!

GLEN (CONTD)

Hello, Mom?

(pushes the 'play' button)

Yeah, out here at Barry's.

A JET PLANE begins to make itself heard on the tape. GLEN moves
the machine closer to the phone. It's a big plane -- sounds like
a 747 coming in for a landing.

GLEN (CONT)

Huh? Yeah, noisy as usual. Glad
we don't live here -- huh? Yeah,
Aunt Eunice says hello.

The Jet is SCREAMING IN now, full flaps and howling like a
monstrous banshee. NANCY and TINA dissolve into muffled
giggles.

GLEN (CONT)

(shouting over the din)

Right, right -- I'll call you in the
morning! Right! Huh? Yeah, sure,
I, huh?...

Suddenly the tape goes silent. GLEN blanches. Next moment
another ENGINE is heard, but this one is a FORD LOTUS screaming
by at 180 mph.

GLEN (CONT)

(reacting to his mother's
reaction)

Uh... some kid's drag racing
outside, I think...

The sound effect changes abruptly to a SPEEDING SEDAN -- and the
ages-old SCREECH of BRAKES, last-second SCREAM and horrible
COLLISION. NANCY gamely tries to find the right button to turn
it off, but misses. There's a loud SCREEK of fast-forward mayhem
-- Glen improvises desperately.

GLEN (CONT)

Listen, Mom, I got to go -- I
think there's been an accident out
front -- I --

NANCY jumps back from the cassette player -- WORLD WAR II bursts
out at top volume -- MACHINE GUNS, HAND GRENADES, DIVING BEARCATS
and SHOUTS of charging Huns. GLEN makes a last-ditch dive and
flings the cassette out of the machine.

Blessed silence at last.

GLEN (CONT)

Right. I'll call the police. No,
just some neighbors having a fight,
I guess. I'm fine, I'm fine!
Call you in the morning!

He hangs up and sags back.

NANCY

Worked like a charm.

GLEN

Jesus.

TINA shoves another cassette in, and MICHAEL JACKSON'S 'THRILLER'
blasts from the STEREO. The kids relax, the CAMERA GLIDES PAST
THEM TO THE WINDOW.

The WIND is moving the bare TREE BRANCH outside. CAMERA PANS
BACK to the comfortably threadbare room, uneasy. We see NANCY
poking at a flame in the hearth as TINA comes FOREGROUND to draw
the drapes.

NANCY

Nice to have a fire.

TINA

Really. Turn 'er up a little.

NANCY turns a nearby valve handle, and the gas fire climbs
brightly over its artificial log. TINA joins her, heartened.

NANCY

Maybe we should call Rod, have him
come over too. He might get jealous.

TINA

Rod and I are done. He's too much
of a maniac.

GLEN

He should join the Marines, they
could make something out of him.
Like a hand grenade.

TINA laughs despite herself. NANCY brightens.

NANCY

See? You've forgotten the bad
dream. Didn't I tell you?

TINA shakes her head, wishing she had forgotten.

TINA

All day long I been seeing that
guy's weird face, and hearing
those fingernails...

NANCY looks up with a flinch.

NANCY

Fingernails?

(blinks, laughing)

That's amazing, you saying that.
It made me remember the dream I
had last night.

TINA looks up.

TINA

What you dream?

NANCY

I dreamed about this guy in a
dirty red and yellow sweater;
I dream in color, y'know; he
walked into the room I was in,
right, right through the wall,
like it was smoke or something,
and just stared at me. Sort of
...obscenely. Then he walked
out through the wall on the
other side. Like he'd just
come to check me out...

The story has left the room deathly quiet. Especially TINA seems
affected.

TINA

(quietly)

So what about the fingernails?

NANCY remembers, imitating the frightful coincidence.

NANCY

He scraped his fingernails
along things -- actually, they
were more like fingerknives or
something, like he'd made them
himself? Anyway, they made
this horrible noise --

(imitates)

ssssccrrrtttt....

TINA pales.

TINA

Nancy. You dreamed about the
same creep I did, Nancy...

The girls stare at each other.

GLEN

That's impossible.

They look at him. He looks away, as if suddenly listening.

TINA

What?

GLEN

Nothing.

TINA

There's somebody out there,
isn't there...

NANCY

I didn't hear anything...

Then there's an unmistakeable SOUND. A distinct SCRAPING against the house, just outside the window. Something multiple, thin and sharp. Something like metal fingernails. NANCY's mouth opens a fraction of an inch.

10. EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. NIGHT.

10.

CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR as a BOLT UNLOCKS, a KEY TURNS, a CHAIN is REMOVED. At last the door swings open and GLEN swaggers out.

GLEN

I'm gonna punch out your ugly
lights, whoever you are.

No answer but a slight RUSTLE in the bushes. GLEN does a 180 and walks right back inside. The girls prod him right back out, giddy with giggling fear.

GLEN

It's just a stupid cat.

NANCY

Then bring us back its tail
and whiskers.

The girls push him farther. GLEN edges towards the shadows. Then the SCRITCHING again. GLEN stops; TINA edges back into the house.

TINA

Anyway, I don't have a cat...

ANGLE INTO THE SHADOWS. Turned from the girls, GLEN sobers, listening. IN HIS POV we see the street. Silent houses. Motionless trees on empty lawns.

GLEN

Not a living, or dead, soul. GLEN turns back to the girls with a shrug. Instantly, a large FIGURE pounces and throws him to the ground with a shout.

The girls SCREAM in panic and run for the house.

11. REVERSE -- ROD leaps up and shouts like a sportscaster -- 11.

ROD

And it's number thirty-six, Rod Lane, bringing Lantz down just three yards from the goal with a brilliant tackle! And the fans go wild!

ROD dances into the light, flashing a wild gypsy's grin at TINA. The girl's relieved and frightened at the same time.

TINA

What the hell you doing here?

ROD

Came to make up, no big deal. Your ma home?

TINA

Of course. What's that?

ROD takes the spindly hand rake he's found and scraps the house's wall. It makes a terrible SCRIIITCHING SOUND. He grins and tosses it aside.

ROD

Intense, huh?
(sizes up the three)
So what's happening, an orgy or something?

GLEN

Maybe a funeral, you dickhead.

ROD wheels, a knife suddenly in his hand, as if ready to take Glen's throat out. NANCY breaks between --

NANCY

-- Just a sleep-over date, Rod.
Just Tina and me. Glen was just leaving.

ROD eyes GLEN, laughs and flips the knife closed and away, putting his arm around TINA's shoulder and laughing as if it's all a great joke.

ROD

You see his face?

(lower)

Your ma ain't home, is she?

(to Nancy & Glen)

Me and Tina got stuff to discuss.

He pulls TINA inside without further ceremony.

NANCY

Rod...

But ROD's already got himself and TINA halfway through the living room, heading into the darker part of the house.

ROD

We got her mother's bed.

You two got the rest.

ANGLE BACK ON GLEN AND NANCY.

NANCY

We should get her out of here...

TINA darts to the front door, her blouse half out.

TINA

Hey -- you guys're hanging around -- right?

(fake laughing/whine)

Don't leave me alone with this lunatic -- Pleeeeze, NANCY!

She disappears. GLEN looks at NANCY. Too innocent.

GLEN

So we'll guard her together. Through the night.

(moving closer)

In each others' arms like we always said.

NANCY

Glen. Not now. I mean, we're here for Tina now, not for ourselves.

She kisses him lightly, then pushes him back.

GLEN

(frustrated)

Why's she so bothered by a stupid nightmare, anyway?

NANCY

Because he was scary, that's why.

GLEN

Who was scary?

NANCY turns and looks at him.

NANCY

Don't you think it's weird, her
and me dreaming about the same
guy?

(GLEN looks away;

NANCY stares closer)

You didn't have a bad dream
last night, did you?

GLEN gives her a funny look.

GLEN

Me? I don't dream.

He takes her inside. Over the SOUNDS of locks falling shut we

FADE TO BLACK

13. INT. TINA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

13.

FADE UP ON an old 50's CLOCK, one of those set into the black
plaster body of a stalking panther. It's just past 2 AM.

PAN the cold hearth and darkened living room to REVEAL GLEN on
the couch, cacooned in sheets. He's listening miserably to the
SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING coming from the next room. TINA peaks, ROD
howls. Then silence.

GLEN

Morality sucks.

CUT TO:

14. INT. TINA'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

14.

This is a slightly larger room than TINA's. Adult. Female.
Spare in its appointments. The streetlight throws the narrow bed
into broken shadow and light. TINA AND ROD lie in each other's
arms in the middle of the big bed. Satiated.

TINA

I knew there was sometihng
about you I liked...

ROD yawns into the pillows, happy.

ROD

You feel better now, right?

TINA

Jungle man fix Jane.

ROD

No more fights?

TINA

No more fights.

ROD

(sleepily)

Good. No more nightmares for
either of us then.

He pulls the covers over his head. He's almost out already.

TINA

(beat)

When did you have a nightmare?

ROD

(under the blankets)

Guys can have nightmares too,
y'know. You ain't got a corner
on the fucking market or something.

He rolls over, practically snoring, and pulls another cover over
his head. A dirty red and yellow cover.

TINA

(sleepily)

Where'd you get this snotty old
thing?

SNORES from ROD. TINA yawns, turns off the light and snuggles
against ROD, pulling the cover gingerly over herself, too.

15. INT. TINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

15.

CAMERA MOVES across the room of the original nightmare to find
NANCY alone in TINA's bed, staring at the slanting ceiling above
the bed. Thinking. We can just hear her HEART beating. She
sighs and turns on her side.

Immediately the wall above her head turns a faint reddish hue,
with a broad yellow smear across its center. All unseen by
NANCY, the wall begins to pulse in exact time with her heart's
beat.

CLOSE ON NANCY'S FACE. She closes her eyes.

ANGLE BACK UP ON THE CEILING JUST ABOVE HER HEAD. SOMETHING
presses against the surface from the inside. The plaster buldges
out as if suddenly elastic, taking the shape of the thing
pressing from inside -- taking the shape of a man's face. The
face opens its mouth. The knives rake through the surface.

ANGLE ON NANCY -- as plaster dust snows down on her.

She jerks awake, sitting bolt upright. The face retracts suddenly -- the wall is normal.

ANGLE DOWN ON NANCY as she looks up to the ceiling, touching her hair and feeling the plaster dust.

REVERSE IN HER POV TO THE CEILING. There are three parallel cuts in the plaster there. About eight inches long. As if cut by sharp knives. Nothing else.

Back on NANCY. She draws the covers around her and shivers. Eyes wide open.

16. EXT. TINA'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 16.

Not a car or person in sight. A stricken breeze dies in the trees.

17. ZOOM IN on the window of the room where TINA sleeps. By the time 17.
we're FULL IN CLOSE on it, the air is again still as death. A
moment later a PEBBLE bounces off the pane. The NIGHTMARE THEME
appears in the lower registers and holds its breath.

Another PEBBLE strikes, with a sharper RAP.

18. INT. TINA'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 18.

CLOSE ON TINA'S FACE as her eyes open.

19. REVERSE IN HER POV. Another PEBBLE clatters off the glass. 19.

20. TINA raises slowly. 20.

TINA

ROD...

SNORES FROM ROD. TINA sits up.

PAST HER TO THE WINDOW. The WIND MOVES AGAIN; the trees brush the window with their shadows. Then another pebble. RAP! TINA slips to the window.

21. EXT. TINA'S BACKYARD. NIGHT. 21.

She looks out on an old yard with a patch of banana trees rattling in the Santa Ana winds. It seems deserted, though the welling dark won't let her be sure. Then another pebble -- PAP!

-- hitting with a sharp RACK FOCUS.

22. A LOW ANGLE TO WINDOW as TINA jumps back, startled. She hadn't 22.
seen that one coming. But she's drawn back to the glass out of
curiosity, straining to see in the dark. It's as if the stones

are materializing out of thin air.

23. INT. TINA'S MOTHER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

23.

WHAP! This time a heavier stone, and a thin crack bristles across the glass.

TINA

(low)

Who the fuck you think you are,
whoever you are?

24. EXT. TINA'S BACK YARD. NIGHT.

24.

WIDE ANGLE ON THE REAR OF THE HOUSE. A LIGHT COMES ON. TINA appears in the doorway.

TINA

(listening)

Somebody there?

She can see through the backward to a yawning gate and the back alley. No one there. But a word is spoken, as if by wind.

VOICE

(garbled)

Tina.

TINA straightens, unable to swallow. There's a ragged, obscene GIGGLE. Deep in the throat. Phlegmy.

TINA

Who the hell is that?

TINA charges across the yard and through the gate, the MUSIC chasing after.

25. EXT. A SERVICE ALLEY. NIGHT.

25.

She brakes in the middle of the alley and whirls around. Listening. Shivering in the same thin slashed nightgown.

A sharp crank of METAL, and fifty feet down the alley the lid of an ash can rolls from the dark like a huge tin coin and spirals noisily down.

26. LOW REVERSE ACROSS LID TO TINA. Despite herself she comes over and touches it. She comes up with long worms on her fingers.

26.

Next moment the exact same shambling MAN from her nightmare staggers into view fifty feet behind her. TINA falls back into the shadows, shaking the worms off her fingers in repulsion. The MAN turns and starts directly for her, something shining on his right hand as he spreads his arms wide. He starts scraping the

steel FINGERNAILS along a cinderblock wall. Orange sparks spurt out -- his arms elongate until they reach from one side of the alley to the other -- and TINA is cut off from her home!

CLOSE ON HER as the SCRAPING of the blades gets louder and closer. She begins to shake uncontrollably.

TINA

Oh, shit, please God...

KILLER

(softly, approaching)

This is God...

He holds up his steel-tipped hand like a surgical-steel spider. TINA runs for her life.

27. WIDER ANGLE IN THE ALLEY -- a terrifying, all-out footrace between the girl and her pursuer. The MAN is fast; the distance between them closes with each heartbeat. TINA overturns ashcans -- claws her way through a rotten back fence, hammers against a window. Ashen FACES appear, recoil, pull curtains closed and disappear in fright. 27.

28. EXT. TINA'S STREET. NIGHT. 28.

TINA runs out onto front lawns, SCREAMING for help. No help comes. In fact, the only response is for all the porch lights on the block to be turned off. The MAN roars out from behind a tree -- a tree too narrow to have hidden him -- nearly upon the girl! TINA runs in panic -- at last making her own home, only to be trapped against its locked front door.

She hammers against its thick wood.

TINA

Nancy! Open the door -- Nancy!

The MAN slows. He has TINA now and knows it.

MAN

She's still awake. Nancy can't hear you.

TINA turns and looks full at the approaching MAN. Smudged by deep shadow, he's big and hideous. He wears the same dirty yellow sweater from the first nightmare -- from the wall-hanging and blanket too -- and has the same sagging hat and leering grin over his misshapen face. And on his fingers are the steel talons.

29. CLOSE ON HIM as he takes the blade on the end of his right index finger and lopes off one of the fingers of his left hand. Then another. We SEE the PIECES OF FINGERS fall past TINA'S face in SLOW MOTION. 29.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND of the FINGERS squirming on the ground, one flopping onto TINA's naked foot.

TINA leaps back, sickened, and begins stamping on them as if they were huge bugs.

The MAN snaps up his arm and the FINGERS fly back into place on his hand. He leers at TINA -- then suddenly lunges at her, sweeping with his cutting hand!

TINA's no weak sister -- blocks his arm, deflecting the spines, and grabs the MAN's ugly face with her other hand. But the face only slides off to the bone. The MAN presses in, and TINA contorts in horror as the knives slash across her shoulder -- cutting her deeply.

29A. TINA staggers backward, GROANING, her foot now inexplicably caught in bedclothes! She falls over her bed's conformer, twists away from the man and, like a child, pulls the cover over her! The skull-faced MAN crushes down, and there's a fierce grappling -- punctuated by his GRUNTS and the girl's DEAFENING SCREAMS -- and they both become totally wrapped in the comforter -- until they're beneath it, fighting for life and death. 29A.

30. INT. TINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 30.

ROD lurches up into CLOSE UP in the lightless bedroom, half-awakened by the tremendous struggle somewhere, somehow inside the dark bed. ROD grabs groggily, lifting the blanket.

30A. IN HIS POV we glimpse the dark underside of the blanket -- see TWO SHADOWY FIGURES flailing and clawing under the bedspread -- TINA and the MAN -- or a shape that could be a man -- raging against each other. 30A.

ROD drops the blanket and leaps from the bed, scared full awake and terrified. Then the horrible TINA's GASPS change to the CRIES of a terribly wounded victim. ROD instantly jerks back the bedspread.

IN HIS POV we SEE TINA struggling and flailing along on the sheets, the MAN nowhere in sight.

ROD

T-tina!?

Suddenly TINA -- eyes turned inward to her tormentor -- give an awful jolt -- her arms and legs are spraddled as if by overwhelming force and pinned to the bed. Next instant, her nightgown flies apart and four long gashes chase across her torso. From no visible instruments! A huge irrigation of blood floods the bed.

Terrified, ROD dives for the light -- but at the same moment something invisible grabs TINA, wielding her body in the air and bringing it around in a swift blow that knocks ROD crashing into

the light -- smashing it to bits.

31. CLOSER ON HIM as he struggles around. In the blue FLASHES OF ELECTRICITY ROD sees TINA sliding up the bedroom wall in a dark smear, dragged feet first! 31.

ANGLE ON ROD -- paralyzed by terror!

ANGLE ON TINA'S DYING EYES -- moving with her up the wall and bumping around the corner onto the ceiling. She's just looking at who's dragging her, eyes glazing.

REVERSE IN HER POV -- to the shadowy, horrendously ugly MAN, dragging her with fierce glee across the ceiling, literally swabbing the ceiling with her bloody body. SEEN in FORCED PERSPECTIVE, the SHOT carries her across a great distance without seeming to get anywhere -- as if the ceiling is an endless plane.

ANGLE DOWN ON ROD -- on his hands and knees -- the lamp next to him blurting blue SPARKS and STROBING the nightmare room. ROD'S screaming up at TINA'S invisible tormentor.

ROD

What the hell's going ON here!
Tina!

ANGLE ON TINA -- upside down, clawing at the hanging swag lamp above her mother's dressing table -- desperate for some anchor. But she's dragged away from it. The lamp swings back, it's wires gushing more SPARKS.

CLOSER along the ceiling as TINA rakes a long furrow in the ceiling with her fingernails. But her eyes are glazing, glazing. And then they fall closed.

WIDE, UP ON THE CEILING, as her body suddenly flops loose, hanging for an awful moment by the feet over the bed.

REVERSE ON ROD -- staring like a terrified child.

ROD

Tina --

REVERSE IN HIS POV -- as the body falls like a sack of rocks onto the devastated bed, in SLOW MOTION, striking with a huge splash of blood. A sick, awful GIGGLE floats around the room, then ECHOES off into infinity. ROD staggers up, staring around as if hoping to see this phantom.

ROD

You motherfucker! I'll kill you
for that!

32. INT. TINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

32.

NANCY is sitting straight up in bed, terrified. The CRIES of ROD are ringing through the whole house. She forces herself to move -- bolting from the bed despite her terror and sense of dread.

33. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

33.

NANCY flies into the dark hall -- crashing directly into SOMEONE who lurches out of the dark before her. She SCREAMS and jumps back --

GLEN

What the hell's going on!?

NANCY

Oh -- jeez -- Glen! Rod's gone ape!

ROD (OS)

(sobbing)

I'll kill you!

NANCY grabs the door; it's locked; she pounds on it. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Things fall into sudden, awful silence on the other side. GLEN's voice cracks with fear.

GLEN

Rod?

(silence)

Rod, you better not hurt Tina...

ROD erupts into terrible HOARSE LAUGHTER AND SOBBING. Then they hear BREAKING GLASS.

GLEN barrels into the door like the football player he is. The frame splinters and they're in.

34. INT. TINA'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

34.

Just inside the door NANCY slips and goes down hard. GLEN finds her in the dark more by touch than sight.

GLEN

You okay?

NANCY

Yeah. Something slipping all over here...

(feeling)

Tina?

No answer. The room is quiet as a tomb. Except for a steady DRIPPING, from all over. Then GLEN finds a LIGHT SWITCH.

On the CLICK the devastation is revealed. There's BLOOD everywhere: up the walls, over the clawed ceiling, soaking the killing floor of the bed, and pooling in the dark red puddle where NANCY has slipped and fallen.

GLEN

Oh, shit...

NANCY wobbles up and sees TINA in the center of the ravaged bed. Unmistakeably and utterly dead. NANCY presses against the wall, then contorts and chokes.

GLEN (CONTD)

(numb)

I...I'm gonna call the cops --

He bursts from the room.

35. TIGHT ON NANCY. She turns away from the body in repulsion, 35.
sticking her head through the shattered window ROD LANE used for
his escape, sucking in the cold night air and moaning.

FADE TO BLACK

36. EXT/INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT. 36.

FADE UP ON RED LIGHTS and SIREN as an unmarked POLICE CAR speeds to the curb.

LT DON THOMPSON, a decent-looking man in his mid-40's, exits and punches a cigarette from his pack. His shaken aide, a uniformed patrolman named PARKER, greets him. (CAMERA FOLLOWS them from the car straight into the station and eventually to THOMPSON'S OFFICE.)

PARKER

Lieutenant Thompson. Sorry to wake you, but --

LT THOMPSON

I'd've canned your ass if you hadn't. What you got?

PARKER stumbles to open the door for THOMPSON as the man bulls into the station at a furious pace.

PARKER

Her name was Tina Gray. It was her home. Father abandoned ten years ago, mother's in Vegas with a boyfriend. We're trying to reach her now.

LT THOMPSON grimaces as if he knows the story.

LT THOMPSON

A Nightmare on Elm Street, by Wes Craven
What's the Coroner got to say?

PARKER
Something like a razor was
the weapon, but nothing
found on the scene.

THOMPSON is already to the desk officer SERGEANT GARCIA. The big
MAN shoves him a sheaf of papers --

SERGEANT GARCIA
(wary)
Leutenant. You know who --

LT THOMPSON
Where is she?

SERGEANT GARCIA
I put her in your office...

PARKER scurries after.

PARKER
Looks like her boyfriend did
it. Rod Lane. Musician type,
arrests for brawling, dope --

LT THOMPSON
Terrific. What the hell was
she doing there?

PARKER
She lived there.

OMIT 37. LT THOMPSON I don't mean her -- OMIT 37.

38. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT. 38.

THOMPSON enters his office and confronts NANCY and her mother,
MARGE SIMSON.

LT THOMPSON (CONTD)
I mean you.
(accusingly, to Marge)
What the hell was she doing there?

MARGE SIMSON is in her middle thirties; a good-looking woman
despite the hour and circumstances.

MARGE
Hello to you, too, Donald.

THOMPSON stops, the steam suddenly out of him. The girl is a
wreck and he winces to see it.

LT THOMPSON

Marge.

THOMPSON glances at PARKER and the other UNIFORMED COPS who are in the room. As a man they head for the door. There's no question who the boss is here. THOMPSON turns to NANCY. She fumbles a smile.

LT THOMPSON (CONTD)

How you doing, pal?

NANCY

Okay. Hi, dad.

NANCY's dress is dark with dried blood, her skin clammy and the color of paste. MARGE shoots her ex-husband a worried glance. THOMPSON pulls a chair close to NANCY.

LT THOMPSON

I don't want to get into this now,
god knows you need time.

(hotter)

But I'd sure would like to know
what the hell you were doing
shacked up with three other kids
in the middle of the night --
especially a delinquent lunatic
like Lane.

NANCY weaves.

NANCY

Rod's not a lunatic.

LT THOMPSON

You got a sane explanation for
what he did?

The girl is shredding a Kleenex, staring off.

MARGE

Apparantly he was crazy jealous.
Nancy said they'd had a fight,
Rod and Tina.

NANCY

(quietly)

It wasn't that serious...

MARGE

Maybe you don't think murder's
serious --

NANCY sits bolt upright in her chair, her eyes flashing.

NANCY

She was my best friend! Don't
you dare say I don't take her

death seriously!

(lower, near tears)

I just meant their fights
weren't that serious.

The girl holds the woman's eyes a moment, then looks away.

NANCY (CONTD)

(to herself)

She dreamed this would happen...

LT THOMPSON

What?

NANCY

She had a nightmare about somebody
trying to kill her, last night.
That's why we were there; she was
afraid to sleep alone.

A tear splashes off the arm of her chair.

MARGE

She's been through enough for one
night. You have her statement.

The mother and daughter rise; THOMPSON raps on the door and
PARKER opens it.

LT THOMPSON

(to MARGE)

I suggest you keep a little better
track on her -- she's still a kid,
y'know.

MARGE wheels on him.

MARGE

You think I knew there were boys
there!? You try raising a
teenager alone.

Then she and the girl are gone. THOMPSON glares at PARKER.

LT THOMPSON

(low to PARKER)

See they get home okay.

PARKER shoves his hands in his pockets. ON HIS FACE we

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON MARGE SIMSON opening a new bottle of gin, pouring herself a careful shot, drinking it, then chasing it with coffee. Nearby a TV drones the morning news. We can't yet see the SCREEN.

TV NEWSCASTER (OS/FILTER)

In the headlines this morning --
a local teenage girl was brutally
murdered during an all-night party.

MARGE TURNS, startled, seeing NANCY coming downstairs.

The girl looks a little better than she did in the Police Station, but her eyes are still red-rimmed, and a vacant stress masks her face. She looks to the TV. Stops.

TV NEWSCASTER (CONTD)

Police say the victim, fifteen-year-old Christina Grey, had quarrelled earlier with her boyfriend, Rod Lane, a punk rocker with a history of delinquency. Lane is now the subject of a city-wide manhunt. According to --

39A. The TV PICTURE has begun featuring a HANDHELD NEWSREEL SHOT of a dark rubber BODY BAG being carried to a CORONER'S VAN. Just before the thing is lifted inside, TINA'S bloodied, white ARM slips from its zippered side and lolls into the dark night air. A man rudely shoves it back inside and pulls the zipper up the rest of the way.

39B. WIDER -- as NANCY pales visible. MARGE darts to the TV and slaps it off, then turning to NANCY. She looks at the girl a moment, then goes to her and hugs her.

MARGE

(kind)

Where you think you're going?

NANCY

School.

MARGE

I could hear you tossing and turning all night, kiddo. You've no business going to school.

NANCY pulls away, determined.

NANCY

I gotta go to school, Mom.
Please. Otherwise I'll just sit up there and go crazy or something.

MARGE studies her face a moment.

MARGE

Did you sleep?

NANCY

I'll sleep in study hall, promise.

I'd rather keep busy, you know?

She absently drains the woman's coffee cup -- then pecks her cheek.

MARGE

Right home after.

NANCY (cont'd)

Right home after. See you.

MARGE watches the girl disappear outside, then lights a cigarette from the one already burning in her fingers.

40. EXT. STREET. DAY. 40.

MUSIC slips back in, subtle but tense as we TRACK with NANCY as she walks alone down a sidewalk edged with thick flowering Oleander. She cocks her head, puzzled, as if sensing something. MUSIC mounts. NANCY looks across the street.

40A. REVERSE IN HER POV. A MAN is over there in dark clothes, reading a newspaper, but really watching her. 40A.

40B. NANCY shrugs and continues on, then stops and looks back again. 40B.

40C. IN HER POV we SEE the MAN is gone. 40C.

40D. Next moment -- with a MUSIC STING -- a BLOODIED HAND jumps out from the opposite direction, clamps over NANCY'S mouth and drags her into the bushes. 40D.

41. EXT. BUSHES. DAY. 41.

NANCY struggles, twisting against the powerful assailant.

A WIDER ANGLE REVEALS ROD LANE -- barefoot, clad only in jeans and leather jacket, still caked with dark blood. The rest of his skin is pale as a ghost's.

ROD

I'm not gonna hurt you.

He releases her warily. NANCY makes no move to run or scream, even though several STUDENTS pass on the nearby sidewalk. This reassures ROD just a little.

ROD

Your old man thinks I did it,
don't he?

NANCY

He doesn't know you.
(eyeing the blood)
Couldn't you change?

ROD

The cops were all over my house.
(shivers)
They'll kill me for sure.

NANCY

Nobody's gonna kill you.

He runs his hands down his face, trying to believe that. The two
study each other.

ROD

I never touched her.

NANCY

You were screaming like crazy.

NANCY says this without accusation, just cool observation.

ROD

Someone else was there.

NANCY

The door was locked from your
side.

ROD grabs her hard. His muscular body tenses.

ROD

Don't look at me like I'm some
kind of fucking fruitcake or
something, I'm warning you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Morning, Mr. Lane.

42. The boy jerks around. NANCY's father, his .38 leveled right at 42.
ROD's belly, eases out of the bushes.

LT THOMPSON

Now just step away from her, son.
Like your ass depended on it.
I'm warning you.

ROD backs away, looking once at NANCY with a look of terrible
sadness. Then he dives out of the bushes and runs like hell.

THOMPSON snaps his revolver to fire -- but instinctively NANCY

jumps between --

NANCY

No!

THOMPSON jerks his gun into the air, furious.

THOMPSON

Jesus -- are you crazy!?

He plunges past the girl.

42A. EXT. STREET. DAY.

42A.

ROD races like a frightened animal across the lawns -- but is soon cut off by the PLANE CLOTHESMAN NANCY saw watching her before -- and then TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, who close from another angle. The chase is short and pitifully off-balance, and ROD is soon wrestled to the ground. Next moment one of the cops is holding ROD'S knife into the air for THOMPSON to see. THOMPSON looks at NANCY, as if to say 'I told you.' Background, ROD'S SHOUTS can be heard as he's shoved into a SQUAD CAR.

ROD (O.S.)

I didn't do it -- !

(fading)

I didn't kill her, Nancy!

The car's door slams and ROD is gone. NANCY turns to her father, livid.

NANCY

You used me, daddy!

LT THOMPSON

(exasperated)

What the hell you doing going to school today, anyway -- your mother told me you didn't even sleep last night!

NANCY spins angrily and walks away.

LT THOMPSON

Nancy! Hey!

But she just keeps going.

FADE TO BLACK

43. INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

43.

FADE UP ON an ENGLISH TEACHER and CLASS, NANCY among the kids, trying to concentrate.

TEACHER

According to Shakespeare, there
was something operating in Nature,
perhaps inside human nature itself,
that was rotten -- a canker, as
he put it.

The TEACHER'S eyes glance across the room. ANGLE ON NANCY;
yawning but listening.

TEACHER (CONTD)

Of course Hamlet's response to
this, and to his mother's lies,
was to continually probe and
dig -- just like the gravediggers --
always trying to get beneath the
surface. The same was true in a
different way in Julius Caesar.
Jon, go ahead...

She nods to a SURFER who's been waiting uncomfortably in front of
the class. He squints at his book and begins, the recitation a
struggle between baked and salted brain and the poetry of the
Bard.

SURFER

(reading aloud)

Uh, In the most high and palmy
state of Rome...

WISEGUY STUDENT (O.S.)

California's the most high and
palmy state, man.

The SURFER halts with a grin; KIDS snicker.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Can it.

She glares them back into silence. The SURFER starts over, as we
CUT TO NANCY.

She's nodding off now, barely able to keep her eyes open in the
warm, close boredom of the classroom.

SURFER (O.S.)

In the most high and palmy state
of Rome, a little ere the mightiest
Julius fell...

(NANCY's head pitches
forward; she jerks it
back up, barely awake)

The graves stood tenantless, and
the sheeted dead did squeak and
gibber in the Roman street...

weight. By the time her cheek's against the desk, the SURFER'S VOICE is ECHOED and DISTANT. But another voice, TINA'S, is very near, very much present. A sad, thin plaint.

TINA (O.S.)

Nancy.

NANCY gives a start. Her eyes lock onto something.

45. REVERSE. TILTED SIDEWAYS, IN HER HEAD'S POV, we look straight out through the open doorway of the classroom into the hall. There, standing in a black pool of fluid, is a full-sized rubber body bag. Dark red and yellow. Weaving slightly, the merest suggesting of movement within it. 45.
46. BACK ON NANCY, sitting upright, wiping the sleep from her eyes, shaking her head like a punchy prozeffighter. She looks back out the door. 46.
47. REVERSE IN 'NORMAL' POV -- the hallway is empty. But there's a dark smear on its floor tiles. 47.
48. NANCY looks nervously towards the rest of the class. No one else has noticed a thing outside the door. All are dumbly spellbound by the SURFER, who now recites like a deep-voiced robot, his face wreathed by white hair. 48.

SURFER

O God, I could be bounded in a
nutshell and count myself a king
of infinite space, were it not
that I have bad dreams...

49. ANGLE BACK ON NANCY. She slips from her seat, eye warily on the teacher and class. But no one turns as she disappears through the doorway. 49.
50. INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY. 50.

NANCY turns and looks both directions. No sign of anybody.

TINA (O.S.)

(distant)

Nancy.

NANCY wheels and sees the bag, prone on the tiles at the far end of the hall, at the end of a long snail's trail of slime. A pale hand thrusts out of it. A moment later, as if pulled by invisible gravity, the bag slides out of sight into an intersecting corridor.

NANCY

Tina!

NANCY starts running for it.

51. ANGLE AT THE CORNER as NANCY races blindly around the turn and smashes straight into a BODY lunging at her from the opposite direction! Both go down. 51.

52. ANGLE AT THE FLOOR. A dazed freshman HALLGUARD cranks herself up on one elbow. She wears a plastic plaque on her red and yellow sweater that reads 'Hall Guard'. Her nose is bleeding from the impact. 52.

HALLGUARD

Y-you're not supposed to run.
W-where's your pass -- you got a pass?

NANCY leaps up --

NANCY

Screw your stupid pass!

53. She turns -- sees the body bag halfway down this darker, narrower hall, upright again. But just as she sees it, it tips and pitches headlong through a doorway -- like some godawful rotten tree finally timbering down. She can hear the sickening CRUNCHING of it falling down a long flight of stairs. 53.

NANCY runs for it again. The HALLGUARD staggers up FOREGROUND, bleeding profusely from her eyes and ears.

HALLGUARD

Hey, no running in the halls!

The HALLGUARD raises her hand and we see it's tipped with long metal spikes.

REVERSE ANGLE AT THE DOOR as NANCY runs up. NANCY turns to check out the HALLGUARD. She's vanished. NANCY turns and looks down through the open door. The MUSIC sweeps through a strange, brooding movement of strings, mounting towards the NIGHTMARE THEME.

54. INT. A STAIRWELL. 54.

NANCY edges into the stairwell and looks down. Looks like there's a fire somewhere down there, from the way the orange light dances. But there's only a low WHITE NOISE.

NANCY

Tina?

No answer. NANCY starts down the stairs.

55. INT. BOILER ROOM. DAY. 55.

NANCY comes off the stairs into a dank boiler room. The smear trail is there. It runs behind a cracking, red-hot boiler the

size of a diesel locomotive. Everything about the place feels dreadfully wrong, and the MUSIC is deep into the NIGHTMARE THEME when it pauses.

TIGHT ON NANCY. Slow terror moves into her face. There's a low, sinister GIGGLE.

56. REVERSE IN HER POV -- we see a tangle of pipes, shadows, and the tainted fire of the huge boiler. Then from behind this, deeply shadowed but still identifiable, steps TINA's KILLER. The same filthy red and yellow sweater and slouch hat, the same melted face twisting into a smile, the same GARBLED LAUGH as he slides the long blades from beneath his shirt and fans them on the ends of his bony fingers. 56.

NANCY

Who are you?

MAN

Gonna get you.

57. The leering MAN brings the bloodied scalpel-fingernails across his own chest, splitting a nipple. Yellow fluid pours out. MAGGOTS and WORMS. 57.

NANCY forgets the question -- jerks around and flees in blind panic into the first opening she sees -- a dark pipe tunnel.

58. INT. PIPE TUNNEL. 58.

ANGLE IN THE NARROW PASSAGEWAY. In the BACKGROUND the killer shambles towards her; FOREGROUND NANCY breaks into a run.

The killer sprints -- NANCY tears ahead into darkness.

She flees deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of steaming, SIZZLING pipes, squeezing through smaller and smaller openings. The killer is just yards behind her, and soon she's trapped, just as TINA was before her.

She presses her back to the wet bricks. There's no hope of fighting him off, for NANCY is not as strong as TINA. But she is smart as hell, and thinking even in this nightmare. So by the time the creep has raised his knives to strike, NANCY has realized something. She wheels and shoves her arm against one of the scalding steam pipes. In the sme split second we HEAR her flesh scald, we

CUT TO:

59. INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY. 59.

NANCY lurches up SCREAMING, arm raised to ward off the invisible blow, books clattering to the floor -- other GIRLS nearby SCREAM in surprise as she stumbles over them. Then she stops, confused

and groggy from the nightmare.

WIDER ANGLE. EVERYBODY is staring at NANCY as if she's gone mad. The ENGLISH TEACHER rushes over, herself frightened by the terror in the girl's eyes.

TEACHER

Okay -- Okay, Thompson! Every-
thing's all right now -- Nancy!.

60. NANCY jerks around with panicked eyes, expecting the killer to leap from any direction. But there's only the sea of staring eyes. 60.

NANCY begins methodically picking up her books.

TEACHER

I'll call your mother.

NANCY

No! No, really, I'm fine. I'll go
straight home. I'm okay.

She marches for the door.

TEACHER

You'll need a hall pass!

But the girl's gone.

61. EXT. THE SCHOOL. DAY. 61.

NANCY walks out of the building, shaken. Then she pauses at one of the big pine trees out front, stops and rests her head against its bark, teeth set. NANCY starts to shake, and next second she's sobbing like a broken-hearted, frightened child. OMIT 61A.

OMIT 61A.

62. But she shakes herself silent. Wipes the tears away with a slash of sleeve. She rubs her arm absently, lost in thought, then reacts in surprise and pain. She lifts her arm and stares at the spot she's touched. 62.

INSERT ON HER ARM and the BURN there; about the size and shape of a half-dollar.

WIDER ON NANCY. Utterly, chillingly confused.

62A. TINA, against the tree inches from NANCY, (SC 7) -- turns to her and says --

TINA

Couldn't get back to sleep
at all.

(beat)

What you dream?

63. EXT. A BUSY STREET. DAY. 63.

NANCY is walking quickly, head erect, jaw set. Then she enters her father's Police Station.

64. INT. VAN NUYS POLICE STATION. DAY. 64.

NANCY crosses directly to the GARCIA.

NANCY

My dad here?

GARCIA looks up from his paperwork.

SERGEANT GARCIA

Lieutenant.

LT THOMPSON emerges from another room, uneasy to see NANCY.

LT THOMPSON

Decide to take a day off after
all?

NANCY

Dad, I want to see Rod Lane.

THOMPSON doesn't miss a beat.

LT THOMPSON

Only family allowed, Nancy. You
know the drill.

NANCY

Just want to talk to him a second.

LT THOMPSON

He's dangerous.

NANCY

You don't know he did it.

LT THOMPSON

No, I know, thanks to your
own testimony, that he was
locked in a room with a girl
who went in alive and came
out in a rubber bag.

NANCY flinches; her father shows the first signs of color in his neck.

NANCY

I just want to talk to him.

(beat, lower)

Please, Dad.

THOMPSON shifts almost imperceptibly towards GARCIA, then turns back to NANCY.

LT THOMPSON

Make it fast.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. INT. CELL AREA. DAY.

65.

A GUARD exits pushing a cart of food trays. NANCY waits warily until he's gone, then looks back to ROD LANE. ROD looks more like a captured coyote than a human; haggard, ribbed, expecting poisoned bait. His hair is wet, his clothes are borrowed jeans and work shirt.

NANCY

(low)

And then what happened?

ROD

I told you.

(reluctantly)

It was dark, but I'm sure there was someone else IN there, under the covers with her.

NANCY reacts.

NANCY

How could somebody get under the covers with you guys without you knowing it?

ROD

How the fuck do I know?

(beat)

I don't expect you to believe me.

NANCY studies his encrypted eyes. Surprisingly, she looks like she just might believe him. She leans closer with a new thought.

NANCY

What he look like? You get a look at him?

He looks away.

ROD

No.

NANCY

Well then how can you say

ROD

Because somebody cut her. While
I watched.

Now the place is so quiet you can hear heartbeats.

NANCY

Somebody cut her while you watched
and you don't know what he looked
like?

ROD smiles an insane smile, stuck with a reality no one will
buy.

ROD

You couldn't see the fucker.
You could just see the cuts
happening, all at once.

NANCY gives a twitch.

NANCY

What you mean 'all at once'?

ROD

(low)

I mean, it was as if there were
four razors cutting her at the
same time. But invisible razors.
She just... opened up...

By now he's picking at a clot of dark blood on his jacket, as if
it was a scab on his own body. Then he catches NANCY watching
and turns away to the back of the cell. He smashes his fist into
the wall -- bone-crushing blows that scare the wits out of
NANCY.

NANCY

Rod!

He stops, and his fist is dripping blood as he says in a small,
sad voice.

ROD

I probably could've saved her
if I'd moved sooner... But I
thought it was just another
nightmare, like the one I had
the night before.

(beat)

There... was this guy who had
knives for fingers...

CLOSE ON NANCY, unable to swallow the gorge rising in her
throat. ROD turns to her, and to his surprise she's ashen.

ROD (CONTD)

Do you think I did it?

NANCY

No.

FADE TO BLACK

66. EXT. ELM STREET / NANCY'S HOME. NIGHT.

66.

FADE UP ON ESTABLISHING SHOT as a spooky WIND sets a DOG BARKING down the block. A CAR goes by, then this pleasant residential street falls into silence. CAMERA has MOVED IN on NANCY's well-tended two-story home.

67. INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

67.

The house is in shadow. Alone, MARGE scrapes the last of the evening's dishes and slips them into the dishwasher. Neither she nor her daughter has touched the food. But MARGE is well into a bottle of gin; her appetite for that is growing, right along with her dread. She turns and looks up the stairs, calling.

MARGE

Nancy, don't fall asleep in there.

NANCY (OS)

I won't.

MARGE

Get into bed.

68. INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. NIGHT.

68.

NANCY

I will.

NANCY'S in the tub, so drowsy she can hardly rinse without falling asleep. The water in the tub is opaque with suds. Luxurious.

CLOSER ANGLE, AT WATER LEVEL ON NANCY. Her eyes droop. She slides closer to the surface of the water, letting its heat sooth her nerves. Her eyes stare straight up, glazed; her breathing deepens.

REVERSE, across to her legs, crooked, one knee on each side of the tub. There's a ripple in the water between. Then something tiny and shiny breaks the surface between them. It pops up with a slithering MUSIC CUE and catches a sliver of light. Then it begins to rise.

Higher and higher it rises, soon accompanied by another, then two more shining, gleaming blades, and then the full glove and dark hairy hand and then the wrist and arm, straight up light an evil sapling between the girl's knees, the knives blooming into a bright flower of razor sharp steel in the air, moving over the girl's belly. The hand rears back, the claws arch to strike.

MARGE (OS/APPROACHING)

Nancy?

MARGE raps on the door. The instant she does NANCY jerks up, opening her eyes groggily. The dark wet arm, hand and knives are gone.

NANCY

What?

MARGE (OS)

(through the door)

You're not falling asleep,
are you? You could drown,
you know.

NANCY

Mother, for petesakes.

MARGE (OS)

It happens all the time.

(brighter)

I've got some warm milk all
ready for you. Why don't you
jump into bed?

(fading)

I'm gonna turn on your electric
blanket, too. C'mon, now.

(then she's gone into
another room)

NANCY

(low)

Warm milk. Gross.

She slides down to water level again, and sings softly, thoughtfully to herself.

NANCY (CONTD)

One, two, Freddie's coming for
you, three four, better lock
your door, five six, grab your
crucifix, seven eight gonna
stay up late, nine ten, never
sleep again...

The next instant she's jerked with incredible violence straight down beneath the surface of the tub -- as if the bottom had suddenly dropped out and she was in a bottomless well!

68A. EXT. UNDERWATER SHOT. NIGHT. 68A.

LOOKING UP PAST HER ANKLES we SEE NANCY pulled sharply down into really deep water, the dim light of the surface and bathroom beyond receding with each yank. And yet she somehow flails and gasps and struggles back towards the surface, managing by pure panic to break the surface with her hands!

68B. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM. 68B.

MARGE rushes to the door and listens, alarmed at the wild SPLASHING audible through the locked door.

MARGE

Nancy! NANCY!

68C. EXT. UNDERWATER SHOT. NIGHT. 68C.

MARGE'S VOICE reaches to the girl, who thrusts up through main force and breaks the surface with her head and shoulders.

68D. INT. BATHTUB. 68D.

Gasping and choking, NANCY breaks the surface of her bathwater, like a drowning sailer getting one last chance. Her mother's VOICE booms over her, ECHOED and frantic -- and the loud BANGING on the door finally opens her eyes. She turns and calls gasping to her mother --

NANCY

Mommy!

REVERSE ON THE DOOR -- as MARGE, using the old hangar through the doorhandle truck, makes it into the room. She rushes across to the tub. NANCY is staggering up in the bathwater, again with solid porcelain beneath her feet.

MARGE

I told you! Hundreds of people
a year drown like that!

The mother throws a towel around the gasping girl, helps her from the tub and begins drying her like a child. NANCY looks like she's likes paralyzed with some sort of weird dread.

MARGE

You okay?

NANCY

Great

MARGE

(not believing it for

a minute)
To bed with you, c'mon.

MARGE rushes out to get the room ready. NANCY turns and looks at herself in the cabinet mirror, then opens the medicine chest and begins a quick, furtive search.

CLOSER as she takes out the box of No Doz and slips it into her robe.

OMIT SCS. 69 & 70-----

OMIT SCS. 69 & 70

71. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

71.

NANCY emerges from the bathroom yawning. MARGE follows as the girl plods obediently to her room.

MARGE

No television, forget the
homework, no phone calls.

NANCY

No, Mother. Yes, Mother.
No, Mother.

72. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

72.

MARGE

And no school tomorrow, either.
you take a little vacation, relax
and rest for a change.

NANCY

Yes, Mother. G'night.

MARGE offers a smile, and a little yellow pill.

MARGE

Take this, it'll help you sleep.

NANCY

Right.

NANCY pops it in her mouth and swallows obediently. MARGE leans to her with a kiss.

MARGE

Sleep tight, don't let the
bedbugs bite.

MARGE goes out, relieved. NANCY closes the door, leans against it and spits the pill into her hand. She tosses it straight out her window and takes a NoDoz.

FADE TO BLACK

73. OMIT OMIT 73.

74. FADE UP ON INSERT OF TELEVISION SCREEN. 74.

A MONSTER MOVIE in BLACK AND WHITE. NO SOUND from the set.

75. PULL BACK to REVEAL NANCY propped up in bed, furtively watching. Or 75.
is she just thinking? A bedside CLOCK reads 12:45 pm.

The girl YAWNS. She shakes herself violently and sits up
straighter, forcing herself to concentrate on the movie.

75A. ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN. A DIVER struggles to keep facing a 75A.
large circling shark.

75B. ON NANCY. Her eyes droop shut -- then she jerks awake, rattling 75B.
her head as if it were a radio drifting off station. She tumbles
out of bed, throws open the window and takes a deep breath of the
cool night air.

76. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE AND STREET. NIGHT. 76.

HIGH ANGLE, AT SECOND-STORY LEVEL. NANCY looks directly across
the street to a lighted, open window. Its curtains, sucked out
and waving in the night breeze, give the only motion to the
deserted street.

Then someone pitches out of the dark at her. NANCY gives a YELP
-- then clamps her hand over her mouth as she recognizes GLEN,
balanced precariously on the rose trellis outside her window.

GLEN
Sorry! Saw your light on.
Thought I'd see how you were.

She gets herself together, barely.

NANCY
Sometimes I wish you didn't live
right across the street.

GLEN
Shut up and let me in. You ever
stand on a rose trellis in your
bare feet?

76A. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT. 76A.

NANCY looks over her shoulder to make sure her mother hasn't
heard. GLEN's already through her window and planted on her
bed. NANCY points to a chair.

NANCY

If you don't mind.

GLEN crosses to the chair and plops down.

GLEN

So. I heard you freaked out
in English class today.

There's no maliciousness in his voice, and the familiar frankness
is actually comforting to NANCY.

NANCY

Guess I did.

GLEN

Haven't slept, have you?

NANCY

Not really.

NANCY tries to smile, but can't fake it very well. GLEN looks
her over.

GLEN

You look dead and rained on, if
you want the ugly truth. And
what you do to your arm?

She shrugs, trying to keep it casual.

NANCY

Burned myself in English class.

She hazards a look in the mirror, and her jaw drops.

NANCY

M'god, I look twenty years old.
(turning back to him)
You have any weird dreams last
night?

GLEN

Slept like a rock.

NANCY

(pleased)
Well at least I have an objective
wall to bounce this off.
(off)
You believe it's possible to dream
about what's going to happen?

GLEN

No.

NANCY

You believe in the Boogey Man?

GLEN

One two, Freddie's coming
for you? No. Rod killed Tina.
he's a fruitcake and you know it.

NANCY

You believe in anything?

GLEN

I believe in you, me, and
Rock and Roll. And I'm not
too sure about you lately.

NANCY thinks.

NANCY

Listen, I got a crazy favor
to ask.

GLEN

Uh-oh...

NANCY

It's nothing too hard or anything.

(beat)

I'm just going to... LOOK
for someone, and... I want
you to be sort of a ...guard.
Okay?

GLEN makes the Twilight Zone sound.

NANCY

Okay?

GLEN

Okay, okay.

(beat)

I think.

She comes very close to him.

NANCY

You won't screw up, right? I
mean, a whole lot might depend
on it.

The way she's looking at him gives him the creeps.

GLEN

Okay, I won't screw up.

77. Nancy takes a deep breath. Then without another word turns off the TV and the light. 77.

GLEN (IN DARK)

Jesus, it's dark in here.

NANCY

Shhh. Now listen, here's what
we're gonna do...

78. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

78.

FADE UP ON NANCY, still in her pajamas, walking through the shadowy streets near her home, listening for the slightest sound. We MOVE with her. But nothing, not even the dog barking earlier, is there now. NANCY peers into the darkness of lawns and trees behind her.

NANCY

(stage whisper)

You still there?

Across the street and a distance away, GLEN steps from behind a tree.

GLEN

Yeah. So?

NANCY

Just checking -- keep out of
sight!

GLEN throws up his hands in exasperation and walks back out of sight. NANCY turns and looks down between the houses, deep into a dark alleyway. Then she forces herself to walk into it.

79. EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

79.

MOVING WITH HER as she makes herself go deeper and deeper into shadows. Each time she pauses and waits, the MUSIC grows more threatening and expectant. The feeling is of immense tension -- we're sure the killer will come screaming out on her at any second.

But he doesn't. In fact absolutely nothing happens, and NANCY emerges from the far end of the alley unscathed. The only thing strange is that she now finds her self looking across the mall to

80. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

80.

The Police Station. It takes her a little by surprise, it just seems to have appeared.

MUSIC creeps into the NIGHTMARE THEME as NANCY whispers hoarsely back down the dark alley.

NANCY (CONTD)

Still there?

81. EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

81.

We only HEAR the DISTANT VOICE, slightly ECHOED.

GLEN'S VOICE (OS)

(yawning)

Still here!

NANCY

On your toes, right?

NANCY stares into the dark trying to see him, but she can't. She turns back and makes up her mind to move without him in sight.

82. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

82.

MUSIC MOUNTS as we MOVE WITH NANCY across the lawns to the police station, creeping to the first lighted window she sees. It's a low, barred basement window, and NANCY reacts as soon as she looks through it.

83. INT. ROD'S CELL. NIGHT.

83.

NANCY'S POV down into ROD LANE's cell. The boy is on his rough cot, twitching in disturbed sleep. And a long SHADOW is sliding across the wall.

A big SHAPE appears in the shadowed corridor outside the boy's cell, and as IT walks closer NANCY can barely see it's the shambling, grimly scarred man with the filthy red and yellow sweater and strange slouch hat pulled across his brow. The KILLER from all of their nightmares.

And this giant shadow of a man passes through the bars of the cell, like so much evil Jello. Halfway through he pauses, turning to check over his shoulder. We see the bars clearly penetrating his body, going in his head, passing out his ankles. Then he turns back to ROD and moves forward, and within another heartbeat is beside the boy.

84. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

84.

NANCY draws back sharply, swallowing in terror. She looks behind her for help.

NANCY (CONTD)

Glen.

No answer.

NANCY (CONTD)

(louder)

Glen?!

The street is absolutely deserted. There is no motion, and no sound save one: the distant but unmistakeable sound of GLEN SNORING.

NANCY (CONTD)

GLEN!

A beat of silence after the shout's echoes die, then the steady, boyish SNORES again. NANCY swears under her breath and jerks back around, forcing herself to look again into ROD's cell.

85. INT. ROD'S CELL.

85.

IN HER POV -- the killer picks up ROD's bedsheet and tests it between his powerful hands. Without thinking, NANCY bangs against the glass.

NANCY (CONTD)

Rod! Look out!

The KILLER wheels around, locking eyes with NANCY. The girl goes white. The man's face is in the light, and it's horrible -- seething with hatred and a twisted, insane intelligence.

The hold of those eyes is only broken when ROD rolls up on an elbow with a deep, troubled GROAN. The instant ROD does this, the KILLER fades into the shadows in the cell. But even then his eyes hold on NANCY's until the last second he's visible.

ROD looks around the cell groggily, runs his fingers through his matted hair, then collapses back on his pillow. No matter how hard NANCY screams, ROD never once looks at the window. He just pulls the twisted covers about his shoulders and succumbs once more to sleep.

And now the bed sheet is no longer on the bed. The KILLER, materializing out of the shadow again, is holding it between his hands like a garrote. He looks up and leers at NANCY, then moves for ROD.

86. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

86.

ANGLE BACK ON NANCY. She pounds on the window, then turns in frustration and yells into the night.

NANCY

Glen!!

She turns back to the cell in desperation.

87. OMIT

OMIT 87.

88. INT. ROD'S CELL.

88.

IN NANCY'S POV we look into a cell that is quite deserted save for ROD. Sleeping peacefully.

89. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

89.

NANCY pulls back from the window, stunned.

NANCY

I swear...

Suddenly NANCY feels utterly exposed. She shivers, chilled and vulnerable to the bone in her thin night clothes. She can't move. It's as if some great nerve between her instincts and body had been severed. And she hears the SOUND behind her. A sort of filling-vibrating Scrrriitchh.

MUSIC sneaks in -- the unmistakeable NIGHTMARE THEME, creeping over her. NANCY forces herself, by sheer will, to look.

90. Ahead of her perhaps twenty-five feet, covered with a thick plastic body bag through which we can barely see her face, is TINA. Standing square in the middle of the street. A dark ooze of BLACK EELS roil out of its bottom, and at its top, the zipper CHATTERS down and the greenish-white face of TINA lolls out. She gestures, supplicating, her watery eyes desperate to convey some desperate message.

90.

The MUSIC FALLS TO A HUSH.

91. NANCY backs away, eyes streaming tears.

91.

NANCY

Glen, where are you! Wake up!
Glen!

DEEP RAGGED VOICE

I'm here.

NANCY twists around in horror at the same instant the KILLER grabs for her face with his knife-fingers! The girl instinctively pitches back, then scrambles up and runs like hell!

NANCY

Glen! Glen!!!

92. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

92.

MOVING WITH NANCY at full gallop, running blind. She crashes through a sawhorse into a new sidewalk, sinking into the wet cement over her ankles. The stuff sticks to her legs in long gluey globs and she can barely pull her feet loose.

The KILLER looms nearby,
mocking her -- his scalpel claws gleaming in the streetlight. He
just misses the girl as she wrenches free and flees again, now so
winded she can only stagger.

MOVING WITH THEM. Time after time NANCY just barely manages to
elude the shadowy form, leaping from his reach by inches and
pouring on more steam. It's too close to even bother screaming
now; and besides, that would take breath she doesn't have. The
only SOUND is of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, RASPING BREATH and the
KNIFE-FINGERS WHISTLING through the air.

93. EXT. NANCY'S HOME. NIGHT. 93.

NANCY tears across her front lawn and into the open front door of
her home, SLAMMING it with all her might. There's a tremendously
satisfying CONCUSSION of wood against doorframe, and the LOCKS
fall shut.

94. INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 94.

NANCY

Glennn!!!

But her voice is garbled as if she's under water, and there's no
answer. The only clue to Glen being there at all is his distant
SNORING. Innocent. Persistent. Deep.

NANCY stops, breath in shreds, face smeared with dirt and tears.
Something is clawing the window in the dark of the kitchen.
NANCY looks and catches the MAN prying at the glass with his big
knife-fingers, the sharp blades SIZZLING against the edges of the
glass as they crack it away from the frame. NANCY runs upstairs
in blind panic.

95. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT. 95.

NANCY darts into her unlit bedroom, slams the door and locks it.

Safe at last.

She listens at the door. Nothing. She crosses to her bed. Next
second the KILLER dives through her window and seizes her in a
shower of shattered glass!

NANCY twists and manages to grab the wrist of his knife hand with
both of hers, barely keeping the blades from her throat.

The two fall backwards in a terrible, gasping struggle, crashing
onto NANCY's bed. Her grip is broken -- the MAN stabs -- NANCY
twists away, backed into a corner of bed and walls. Defenseless,
she snatches a pillow up; the KILLER lashes out -- disemboweling
the pilow and sending a great gush of feathers flying. NANCY

dives for escape in a virtual blizzard.

The KILLER manages to snare her with his other hand, and the two crash across the bedside table to the floor, the table and all its contents cascading around them in a whiteout of feathers.

ANGLE AT FLOOR LEVEL -- CLOSE ON NANCY'S AND THE KILLER'S HEADS. The blades inch towards the girl's face -- the drool of the grizzled shadow with the horribly scarred face spills into her eyes. Feathers are everywhere; MUSIC is absolutely insane!

But just when the points of steel are less than an inch from her eyes, the old fashioned alarm clock thrown to the floor next to NANCY's head goes off with a jarring RINGGGGGGG!

96. Instantly the MUSIC STOPS. And a moment later the room is light. 96.

WIDER as NANCY reels up, blinded by the sudden light, SCREAMING AND FIGHTING on her bed.

ANGLE ON GLEN, lurching from his own sleep at the frightening noise. He discovers NANCY pressed in terror against her headboard, clutching a pillow like a drowning woman would a straw.

It's an intact pillow, and there isn't a feather in sight.

NANCY stares incredulously at GLEN, then around the room, untangling herself from her bedclothes. Wary and furious, her voice hoarse.

NANCY

Glen, you bastard...

The boy looks at his friend in groggy alarm. She's absolutely livid, more angry than he's ever seen her, and more strange.

GLEN

What I do?

He reaches for her -- she flattens against the wall, eyes hard, and terribly hurt, too.

NANCY

(low)

I asked you to do just one thing.
Just stay awake and watch me --
Just wake me if it looked like
I was having a bad dream.

(eyes wild)

But you. You shit -- what do
you do -- you fall asleep!

She stops herself, wiping a bit of spittle off her lip, alarmed at how out of control she's become. And suddenly she breaks, sinking into her torn bedclothes and rubbing her head.

NANCY (CONTD)

(mostly to herself)

I must be going nuts...

MARGE (OS)

Nancy?

Her mother's door opens OS.

GLEN

Oh, shit.

NANCY composes her voice as best she can.

NANCY

Yes, mother?

MARGE's flip-flops approach outside the door. GLEN barrels out the window -- NANCY dives for the bed, jams off the light and disappears under the covers. MARGE, bleary eyed herself, opens the door and flicks on the light.

MARGE

(beat)

You okay?

NANCY

(weakly)

Yeah. Just had a little dream.
I'm falling right back to sleep.

MARGE

(beat)

Okay... You need anything, just call.

NANCY

Okay.

MARGE closes the door. NANCY immediately sits up and looks at the window. A single bone-white feather floats down in the moonlight. Then it's sucked outside and is gone.

97. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

97.

GLEN's CADILLAC CONVERTABLE careens into the parking lot and SCREECHES to a stop. GLEN and NANCY jump out and head for the station.

GLEN

You mind telling me what's
going on?

NANCY's races into the station without answering.

GLEN (CONTD)

Oh, I see. That makes it all perfectly clear.

98. INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

98.

NANCY goes straight to the SERGEANT's desk.

NANCY

Garcia, I want to see Rod Lane again.

GARCIA winces.

SGT GARCIA

I thought when I took the night shift I'd have peace and quiet for a change.

NANCY

It's urgent, we've gotta see Rod.

SGT GARCIA

It's three in the morning. Your mother know you're out this late?

NANCY

(faking it)

Of course -- look, at least go back and look at him. Just see if he's okay.

GARCIA glances at GLEN.

GLEN

(faking it)

We have reason to think there might be something weird going on.

LT THOMPSON (OS)

Oh, no argument on that.

NANCY jumps around at the sound of her father's voice. LT THOMPSON emerges from his office, rumped and yawning.

NANCY

Dad -- what you doing here?

LT THOMPSON

It so happens I work here, and there's an unsolved murder. I don't like unsolved murders, especially ones my daughter's mixed up in -- what are you doing here at this hour? You're

A Nightmare on Elm Street, by Wes Craven
supposed to be getting some
sleep.

GLEN

Listen, sir, this is serious.
Nancy had a nightmare about Rod
being in danger, or something,
and so she thinks...

He trails off, loosing it under LT THOMPSON's glare. Besides, he
doesn't know exactly what the hell's really going on himself.
GARCIA puts his beefy hand on NANCY's shoulder.

NANCY

I just want to see if he's okay!

SGT GARCIA

Take my word for it, Nancy. The
guy's sleeping like a baby. He's
not going anywhere.

99. INT. CELL BLOCK. NIGHT.

99.

ANGLE ON ROD in his cell. He's asleep, all right, but not safely
so. His bedsheet has come alive. It twitches, pulsates, then
snakes towards his throat.

ROD stirs, the sheet falls still; ROD slips into deeper sleep,
and the sheet moves again, completing the noose around his neck!

100. INT. BOOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

100.

NANCY makes a move for the cell block --

NANCY

This isn't your average nightmare,
Daddy -- damn it!

The door's locked; she hauls on it in desperation.

LT THOMPSON

Now look, Nancy, don't push
it. You've already rubbed my nose
in sex, drugs and violence -- don't
start throwing in insanity!

NANCY takes that one to heart. She wheels on him and pleads, her
intensity sobering even to him.

NANCY

Just go back and check -- please!

The man takes a beat, then shrugs and nods towards SGT GARCIA.

LT THOMPSON

Okay, Garcia. What the hell.

SGT GARCIA

Right...

(feeling in his pockets)

Now where'd I put the key...

He mumbles backs towards his desk. MUSIC BUILDS as we HOLD ON NANCY'S FACE.

101. INT. ROD'S CELL. NIGHT.

101.

With a terrible SNAP ROD's sheet jerks tight around his neck. The startled teenager is hauled upright -- eyes popping, face purple. He claws at the sheet, but despite his strength he can't get his fingers between the noose and his windpipe. He's dragged backwards across the cot.

102. INT. BOOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

102.

GARCIA finally has the keys. Urged on by NANCY he fumbles with the lock.

103. INT. ROD'S CELL. NIGHT.

103.

ROD'S being dragged backwards, gasping and struggling in vain against the powerful pull -- right across his cell and up the wall, too. He clutches blindly at his throat at the far end of the sheet coils around the bars of the high window. Then there's a powerful wrench of the sheet, and ROD'S neck SNAPS. The kid's body sags lifeless.

104. ANGLE THROUGH THE BARS as NANCY, GLEN, LT THOMPSON and GARCIA appear in the corridor outside, the girl sprinting ahead.

104.

NANCY

Rod!

But it's too late; NANCY sinks back in horror as her father and GARCIA rush into the cell.

LT THOMPSON

Gimme a hand, dammit!

GLEN, pale as the sheet that's killed ROD, climbs to the bars and unties the knot. ROD slides down over the SERGEANT'S shoulders, limp as a marionette with its strings slashed.

SGT GARCIA

Goddamn loco kid -- he didn't have t'do that -- Madre dios!

They lay ROD at NANCY's feet; a strange Pieta. NANCY's father looks at her in spooked suspicion.

LT THOMPSON

How'd you know he was gonna do
this?

NANCY says nothing.

FADE TO BLACK

105. EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY. DAY.

105.

BURN ON:

THE FOURTH DAY

FADE UP ON a stark afternoon. On a hill of sere grass overlooking the valley, the casket of ROD LANE is lowered into its grave.

A small group of FAMILY and FRIENDS watches soberly as the MINISTER raises his hand in benediction.

MINISTER

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
May God be with this young man's
soul.

ON THE FACES of MARGE, LT THOMPSON, TINA'S MOTHER and ROD'S PARENTS. Just for a second or two, in looks too rapid for an outsider to even notice, these adults exchange looks. Furtive, quick glances that suggest an immense something that they all share, something beyond even this second death among their children. Then they are all staring ahead again, as if the others weren't even there.

MINISTER (CONTD OS)

His life and his death attest to
the Scripture's warning that he who
lives by the sword shall die by
the sword.

ANGLE ON GLEN, watching --

NANCY, standing alone, not believing it for a minute.

MINISTER (CONTD OS)

But let us recall also our Lord's
admonition that we 'Judge not,
lest we be judged.' Let us
attempt only to love. And may
Rod Lane rest in peace.

NANCY

(quietly)
Amen to that much.

The mourners walk away from the grave, MARGE among them. She pauses near a MAN and two WOMEN in black -- TINA'S MOTHER, ROD'S PARENTS. They almost, it seems, speak. Then MARGE hurries on.

WE MOVE WITH HER as she's joined by LT THOMPSON. Both are worn and on edge. THOMPSON absently lights another cigarette, offering one to MARGE.

LT THOMPSON

How's Nancy doing?

MARGE

I don't think she's slept since Tina died.

(shakes her head)

She's always been a delicate kid.

THOMPSON lights her cigarette, attempting some sort of nonchalance.

LT THOMPSON

She's tougher than you think. Any idea how she knew Rod was gonna kill himself?

MARGE

No. All I know is, this reminds me too much of ten years ago.

THOMPSON blows a plume of smoke against the hard sky and looks away.

LT THOMPSON

Yeah. Well... Let's not start digging up bodies just because we're in a cemetery.

He gives her a look that could cut stone. MARGE toses down her cigarette and crosses to NANCY. The girl is simply staring off over the valley.

MARGE

(very gently)

Time to go home, baby.

She moves her away from the brink of the hill.

106. EXT. CEMETERY PARKING AREA. DAY.

106.

MARGE opens the door of the station wagon for NANCY. NANCY turns to them both, speaking in a still, small voice.

NANCY

The killer's still loose, you know.

She has a wild, Cassandra aspect that sends a chill right up MARGE'S spine.

LT THOMPSON

You saying somebody else killed
Tina? Who?

NANCY smiles a weird sort of smile.

NANCY

I don't know who he is. But he's
burned, he wears a weird hat, a
red and yellow sweater, real
dirty, and he uses some sort of
knives he's got made into a sort
of... glove. Like giant finger-
nails.

As NANCY has described this monster from her dream, unseen by
her, the faces of MARGE LT and THOMPSON have drained completely
of color.

LT THOMPSON

(low, even, to MARGE)

I think you should keep Nancy
at home a few days. 'Til she's
really over the shock.

MARGE

I got something better...

(to NANCY)

I'm gonna get you help, baby.
So no one will threaten you
any more.

She takes the girl by the arm and guides her into the car,
locking the door from outside. NANCY never taking her eyes from
her father's as the car bears her away.

FADE TO BLACK

BURN ON:

THE FIFTH DAY

107. EXT. UCLA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE. DAY.

107.

FADE UP ON UCLA'S WESTWOOD CAMPUS and PAN TO SIGN:

UCLA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
INSTITUTE FOR THE
STUDY OF SLEEP DISORDERS

108. INT. A LABORATORY SLEEPING CHAMBER.

108.

A NURSE applies sencers to the head, breast, arms, and fingers of NANCY THOMPSON. The girl is lying on a simple broad cot, in her pajamas. The room is subdued in color and holds only this single bed. A large mirror set into one wall hides an observation room beyond.

NANCY

But I just don't feel... ready
to sleep yet. Please, do I
have to?

109. WIDER, REVEALING DR SAMUEL KING, a young, curly-haired internist; 109.
intelligent and wry. He treats NANCY at all times like a young
adult, never patronizing. He winks as the NURSE finishes.

DR KING

Don't worry, you're not gonna
change into Bride of Frankenstein
or anything.

NANCY manages a smile, but she's haggard and visibly thinner.
MARGE, background, looks downright distraught.

DR KING (CONTD)

Nancy have any severe childhood
illnesses? Scarlet Fever?
High temperatures -- concussions?

MARGE

No, nothing.

NANCY

He means, did you ever drop me
on my head.

The doctor and girl share a nervous laugh; MARGE doesn't even
smile.

DR KING

Nightmares are expected after
psychological trauma. Don't
worry, they go away.

MARGE

I sure as hell hope so.

NANCY

I don't see why you couldn't
just give me a pill to keep me
from dreaming...

DR KING

Everyone's got to dream.
If you don't dream, you go...
(he drills his finger
at his temple)

All set?

NANCY

No.

MARGE

They're just simple tests,
Nan. We'll both be right
here.

DR KING

Look, I know it's been fright-
ening, I know your dreams have
seemed real. But... it's
okay. Okay?

MARGE

Please, Nancy. Trust us.

The girls gauges her mother, the doctor, the situation very
carefully. Then lowers her eyes.

NANCY

It's not you I don't trust.
It's...

(gives up)

Okay. Let's do it.

Greatly relieved, MARGE gives NANCY a goodnight kiss, then
follows the doctor through a doorway near the mirror. As soon as
her mother is out of sight, NANCY'S eyes drift to the mirror
itself. In its reflection she sees herself looking back, alone
on the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. INT. THE OBSERVATION ROOM.

110.

MARGE and DR KING overlook NANCY's sleeping chamber through the
one-way mirror. And KING monitors the girl even more closely
with a bank of instruments -- a mass of glowing dials, graphs and
meters. His manner with MARGE is slightly more sober.

DR KING

How long's this been going on?

MARGE

Since the murder. She was fine
before that.

DR KING

Not to worry. No signs of path-
ology in Nancy's EEG or pulse
rate. I'd guess what we've got
is a normal young girl who just
happens to have gone through

MARGE

It's just made her think...
her dreams are real...

KING adjusts a dial, watching the EKG like a hawk.

DR KING

Ever hear the old Buddhist tale
about the King who dreamed he
was a beggar who dreamed he
was a king?

MARGE twitches. Then there's a slight alteration in the sound of
the EKG. KING nods in satisfaction.

DR KING (CONTD)

Okay, good. She's asleep.

MARGE

(immensely relieved)

Thank God.

MUSIC RISES SOLEMNLY, MAJESTICALLY into a haunting transition as
we

DISSOLVE TO

111. A MONTAGE OF SHOTS, of the EKG GRAPH, its inky needles calming, 111.
of a METER tracing the quieting of NANCY's pulse, and of OTHER
INSTRUMENTS, indicating life processes we can only guess. All
smoothing out.

112. CLOSE ON NANCY on TV MONITOR, asleep like the child she is. 112.
Innocent.

MARGE lights a cigarette, angry at her helplessness.

MARGE

What the hell are dreams, anyway?

DR KING

Mysteries. Incredible body
hookus pokus. Truth is we
still don't know what they
are or where they come from.
As for nightmares...

(leans closer)

Did you know that in the last
three years twenty Philipino
refugees in California died
in the middle of nightmares?
Not from heart attacks, either.
They just died.

He gives a "Ah don' know" shrug. MARGE looks out into the

sleeping room. NANCY is a motionless bundle in the middle of the bed.

113. ANGLE ON A NEEDLE on an EKG dipping to a lower reading. 113.

114. WIDER ANGLE -- the mother and DOCTOR watching. 114.

MARGE

What happened? That needle
sank like a rock.

DR KING

(quietly)

She's entering deep sleep now.
Heart rate's a little high due
to anxiety, but otherwise she's
nicely relaxed. All normal.
She could dream at any time now.

(beat)

Right now she's like a diver
on the bottom of an ocean no
one's mapped yet. Waiting to
see what shows up.

115. INT. THE SLEEPING ROOM. 115.

We can see NANCY drift from the initial stage, over the
brink into deep sleep. Her hair falls into her eyes; her face
relaxes; her shoulders curl round her like comforters. THE MUSIC
DEEPENS, and begins to hint at the tones of the NIGHTMARE THEME.

116. INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY. 116.

DR KING and MARGE watch the instruments' every move.

One of the machines begins a slight CHIRPING. KING scans it,
liking what he sees.

DR KING

Okay, she's started to dream.

He leans forward in his chair, like a pilot starting an
instrument approach. MARGE THOMPSON licks her dry lips, fighting
a turn of nausea.

MARGE

How can you tell?

DR KING

R.E.M.'s. Rapid eye movements.
The eyes follow the
dream -- their movement picks
up on this --

He prods a dial with his pencil and scribbles the time on a note

pad.

DR KING (CONTD)

Beta Waves are slowing, too.
She's dreaming, all right.
A good one, too.

MARGE watches the TV MONITOR. It's in extra-close on NANCY's eyes -- and they're darting beneath the lids, reacting to events lost behind a skein of flesh and neurons.

KING points to a moving graph. A needle's begun waving lazily between plus and minus three. The DOCTOR nods, assured.

DR KING (CONTD)

Typical dream parameter. A
nightmare, now, would be plus or
minus five or six; she's just
around three point --

He stops. Outside, visible through the glass, NANCY twists around. Eyes still closed, she's nevertheless holding her head in the attitude of prey listening to the first faint sound of the predator's approach.

MARGE looks from her daughter to the DOCTOR, color draining from her face.

MARGE

What the hell's this? She
awake or asleep?

The needle of the graph gives a jagged pitch up, plunges, then surges well above the eight mark. A strange MUSIC CUE -- dissonant and threatening, creeps in -- the NIGHTMARE THEME slurred into awful minors and weird dissonance. KING stares at the gauge in disbelief, rapping his finger on its glass.

DR KING

Can't be. It never gets
this high...

The needle swings even higher, behind.

DR KING (CONTD)

Jesus H. Christ.

He's cut off by the high-pitched KEENING of the girl, the SOUND cutting through the double thickness of the glass like a laser. A warning BEEPER has begun, the instruments light up like a Christmas tree -- and outside in the sleeping room, NANCY is contorting as if shot through with a thousand volts. KING knocks over his chair in his sprint for the door.

The DOCTOR and MARGE come in on the run -- NANCY's flailing and screaming as if the devil himself were after her. KING grabs her to shake her awake;

ANGLE ON NANCY (eyes open) -- looking in terror -- SOUND ECHOED STRANGELY.

IN HER POV -- dressed in KING'S clothes -- the horribly scarred MAN reaches out.

WIDER -- (NANCY'S eyes closed in sleep) as the girl's fist shoots out with incredible force and knocks DR KING flying!

The NURSE and MARGE both descend on her --

and again in her SLEEPING POV we see the MAN stagger for her.

WIDER ON NANCY -- (still in her nightmare) -- fighting like a tiger with both MARGE and the NURSE -- sending the NURSE sprawling -- leaving MARGE hanging on for dear life.

ANGLE on the stunned DOCTOR fumbling with a hyperdermic needle, spilling most of the stuff on himself with his shaking hands -- the SCREAMS AND CURSES of NANCY are deafening and worthy of a stevador fighting off his worst enemy. Stranger still, her hair is electrified, standing on end and greying before their very eyes!

MARGE screams at the top of her lungs.

MARGE

NANCY!!! IT'S MOM -- NANCY!!!!

Some deep bolt of psychic power smacks through the girl, and her eyes flap open -- they're glazed with terror and fury, but open. NANCY's awake.

She stares around like a cornered animal in the middle of the bed, her purple face gasping out gut-wrenching SOBS. The NURSE and MARGE dare to go back in and hold the sweat-drenched girl as DR KING comes for her with the needle.

DR KING

Now, this is just going to let
you relax and sleep, Nan --

With incredible swiftness, NANCY backhands the hypodermic into a far wall, shattering it into a million pieces.

NANCY

No. That's enough sleep.

Her eyes are windows straight into white fire as she locks into KING'S face. He dabs his split lip, swallowing painfully.

DR KING

Okay, kid. Okay. Fair enough.

He holds out his hand. NANCY at last takes it, and sags back into her pillow, exhausted. Then KING comes up with blood on his hand.

He stares at it, dumbfounded, then at the girl. Across her left forearm, a deep gash is bleeding freely, as if made by a very sharp instrument.

MARGE

Oh my god, oh my god...

DR KING

(to the NURSE)

Get the kit!

The NURSE scrambles away as the DOCTOR claps his hand over the wounds. He looks into NANCY's face. What he sees frightens him even more: NANCY'S haunted, ghost-like eyes turn from him to her mother, and a terrible, chilling smile opens across NANCY's white lips.

NANCY

You believe this?

She pulls her free arm from beneath the sheets and reveals a strange hat, filthy and worn -- the KILLER'S hat. The sight of it frightens MARGE more than anything that's come before.

MARGE

(deathly pale)

Where the hell did you get that?

NANCY fixes her with X-ray eyes.

NANCY

I grabbed it off his head.

MARGE stares at the hat as if it held her whole future, and her future was a horror.

FADE TO BLACK

118. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE. DAY.

118.

BURN ON

THE SIXTH DAY

FADE UP ON NANCY'S HOUSE, early morning.

119. INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN. DAY.

119.

MARGE is on the telephone, the dirty hat in her hand. Nearby is a nearly empty bottle of gin.

MARGE

She said she snatched it off
his head in a dream.

(listens)

No, I'm not crazy, I've got
the damn thing in my hand!

(listens)

I know we did, we all...

(hears NANCY
approaching)

Gotta go.

She hangs up and stuffs the hat and bottle into a drawer,
screening the action with her body. NANCY enters.

By now the girl has an extraordinary look. Her hair is ashen,
her skin translucent, and eyes dark-ringed. Her right forearm
is heavily bandaged over the slashes. In short, instead of the
girl next door, we now could be looking at the lunatic from the
next cell. MARGE, though she does her best to hide it, is
downright frightened of her.

MARGE (CONTD)

You didn't sleep, did you?
The doctor says you have to
sleep or you'll --

NANCY pours herself a cup of black coffee.

NANCY

Go even crazier?

MARGE

I don't think you're going
crazy -- and stop drinking
that damn coffee!

NANCY

Did you ask Daddy to have the
hat examined?

MARGE

I threw that filthy thing away --
I don't know what you're trying
to prove with it, but --

NANCY comes closer, her eyes shining with a new sureness.

NANCY

What I learned at the dream
clinic, that's what I'm trying
to prove. Rod didn't kill Tina,
and he didn't hang himself.
It's this guy -- he's after
us in our dreams.

MARGE

But that's just not reality,
Nancy!

120. Furious, NANCY janks open the drawer before MARGE can stop her and spills the bottle and hat onto the counter. 120.

MARGE grabs away the bottle protectively -- but it's the hat NANCY goes for. She waves it triumphantly -- demonically.

NANCY

It's real, Mamma. Feel it.

MARGE

(horrified)

Put that damned thing down!

MARGE lunges for it -- NANCY leaps out of reach --

NANCY

His name is even in it -- written
right in here -- Fred Krueger --
Fred Krueger! You know who that
is, Mamma? You better tell me,
cause now he's after me!

MARGE swallows, then persists in the lie.

MARGE

Nancy, trust your mother for
once -- you'll feel better as
soon as you sleep!

NANCY shoots a hard humorless laugh, holding up her slashed arm.

NANCY

You call this feeling better?
Or should I grab a bottle and
veg out with you -- avoid
everything happening to me
by just getting good and loaded --

MARGE slaps her hard.

MARGE

(losing it)

Fred Krueger can't be after you,
Nancy -- he's dead!

The room falls silent, both women staring at the other.

MARGE (CONTD)

(low, raw)

Fred Krueger is dead. Dead and
gone. Believe me, I know. Now
go to bed. I order you, go to
bed.

MARGE snatches the hat away. NANCY is furious, betrayed.

NANCY

You knew about him all
this time, and you've been acting
like he was someone I made up!

MARGE pulls away.

MARGE

You're sick, Nancy. Imagining
things. You need to sleep,
it's as simple as that.

NANCY wheels and smashes MARGE'S bottle of gin in the sink.

NANCY

Screw sleep!

MARGE (CONTD)

Nancy!

But NANCY runs past her mother for the front door.

MARGE (CONTD)

Nancy -- it's only a nightmare!

NANCY turns in the doorway.

NANCY

That's enough!

On the door SLAM, we

CUT TO

121. EXT. SHAKESPEARE BRIDGE. DAY.

121.

ANGLE ON A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. We hear GLEN'S VOICE and PAN UP
to REVEAL NANCY and GLEN high above, two tiny figures walking
across this strange white bridge in old Los Angeles. CAMERA
BEGINS A SLOW ZOOM.

GLEN

Whenever I get nervous I eat.

NANCY

And if you can't do that, you
sleep.

GLEN

Used to. Not anymore.

GLEN jams more Big Mack into his face. By now our ZOOM reveals
he's attacking a huge bag of Big Macks, and furtively eyeing

NANCY. The girl's hair is startlingly white in the sunlight. She's reading a book, hardly paying attention.

GLEN (CONTD)

You ever read about the Balinese way of dreaming?

NANCY

No.

GLEN

They got a whole system they call 'dream skills'. So, if you have a nightmare, for instance like falling, right?

NANCY

Yeah.

GLEN

Instead of screaming and getting nuts, you say, okay, I'm gonna make up my mind that I fall into a magic world where I can get something special, like a poem or song.

(grins hopefully)

They get all their art literature from dreams. Just wake up and write it down. Dreamskills.

He stops, seeing the look on NANCY's face. Our ZOOM is much closer now, a wide medium, and still coming in on the kids.

NANCY

And what if they meet a monster in their dream? Then what?

GLEN

They turn their back on it.

(grins hopefully)

Takes away its energy, and it disappears.

NANCY

What happens if they don't do that?

GLEN

(shrugs)

I guess those people don't wake up to tell what happens.

NANCY

Great.

She leans over the railing, poking her face back into her book.

GLEN tips its cover and reads its title. OUR ZOOM IS STILL MOVING CLOSER, a MEDIUM CLOSE UP NOW.

GLEN

'Booby Traps and Improvised
Anti-personel Devices'!

NANCY

I found it at this neat
survivalist bookstore on
Ventura.

GLEN

(shocked)

Well what you reading it for?

OUR ZOOM LOCKS IN ON A TIGHT TWO ON THEIR FACES, NANCY's grimly determined.

NANCY

I'm into survival.

She walks away, OUT OF FRAME, leaving GLEN watching after her in astonishment.

GLEN

She's starting to scare the
living shit out of me.

122. EXT. ELM STREET/NANCY'S HOME/EVENING

122.

ANGLE ACROSS NANCY'S "TREE LAWN", the grass between the sidewalk and the street, in the general direction of GLEN's home. This ANGLE doesn't quite reveal Nancy's house.

FOREGROUND is a utility truck in which a half dozen Hispanic WORKERS are loading tools, extension cords and hardware. They look like they've put in one hell of a hard day's work.

MARGE appears and hands a check to the FOREMAN of the crew, a white guy in clean coveralls and a gold chain. He scrutinizes it.

FOREMAN

And the other...

MARGE forks over a wad of cash, hands trembling in her half-drunk, helpless rage.

MARGE

Where's your mask and gun?

The FOREMAN counts the money swiftly.

FOREMAN

Don't bust my chops, lady.
If the city found out I put
'em in without inside releases
I'd loose my license.

He shoves the money in his pocket and climbs in his truck. MARGE
EXITS FRAME for her house.

PAN WITH THE TRUCK as it pulls away, THEN PICK UP NANCY, walking
across the street from the corner. Alone. Dispirited. She
lifts her eyes to her home and stops in her tracks.

NANCY

Oh gross...

123. WIDENING TO REVEAL THE HOUSE as NANCY walks across her front 123.
yard. Every single window has been covered with brand-new
ornamental iron bars, bolted deeply into their frames.

CLOSER, AT A WINDOW. NANCY gives a set of bars a powerful
shake. They don't budge. Then girl looks up and sees even the
window to her second floor bedroom is barred. And the rose
trellis has been ripped down and heaped at the foundation in a
tangle of wood, thorns and broken flowers.

124. INT. MARGE'S ROOM. EVENING. 124.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY INTO THE HALL. Easy listening MUSIC wafts
through the air. NANCY appears in the doorway.

NANCY (OS)

Mom, what's with the bars!?

125. REVERSE to MARGE, propped against the headboard of her bed, a 125.
crooked shadow in the gloom. A fresh bottle of Gin glints in her
hand.

NANCY

Oh, Mom...

The girl crosses and reaches gently for the bottle. MARGE
snatches it away.

MARGE

'S'mine...

She rocks the bottle in her arms.

NANCY

What's with the bars?

MARGE

S'curity.

NANCY sits on the bed, a surprising compassion entering her

voice.

NANCY

Mom, I want to know what you
know about Fred Krueger.

MARGE

Dead and gone.

NANCY

I want to know how, where --
if you don't tell me, I'm going
to call daddy.

MARGE gives a laugh -- a rasping chachination from deep in her
chest.

MARGE (CONTD)

Your father the cop. That's a
good one.

(colder)

Forget Fred Krueger. You don't
want to know, believe me.

NANCY

I do want to know. He's not
dead and gone -- he's after me
and if I sleep he'll get me!
I've got to know!

MARGE blinks at her a moment, then cracks a terrible, crooked
grin.

MARGE

All right.

126. INT. NANCY'S CELLAR/NIGHT

126.

MARGE drags NANCY headlong down the cellar stairs and across the
room with a crazy fury, twisting her down near the foundation.
And she thrusts her face so close to her daughter's that NANCY
reels from the alcohol.

MARGE

You want to know who Fred
Krueger was? He was a filthy
child killer who got at least
twenty kids, kids from our
area, kids we all knew. It
drove us all crazy when we
didn't know who was doing it --
but it was even worse when
they caught him.

MARGE draws herself up with a shake.

MARGE (CONTD)

Oh lawyers got fat and the judge
got famous, but someone forgot to
sign the search warrant in the
right place, and Fred Krueger
was free, just like that.

NANCY

So he's alive?

MARGE smiles grimly.

MARGE

He wouldn't've stopped. The
bastard would've got more
kids first chance he got --
they found nearly ten bodies
in his boiler room as it
was. But the law couldn't
touch him.

At the mention of "boiler room", NANCY gives a shake. MARGE
misses this, too busy taking a pull on the bottle that's never
left her hand.

MARGE (CONTD)

What was needed were some private
citizens willing to do what had
to be done.

She reels slowly, looking at NANCY is defiance.

NANCY

(hushed)

What did you do, mother?

MARGE cradles the bottle.

MARGE

Bunch of us parents tracked him
down after they let him go. Found
him in an old boiler room, just
like before. Saw him lying there
in that caked red and yellow sweater
he always wore, drunk an' asleep
with his weird knives by his side...

NANCY

(dreading it)

Go on...

MARGE reaches over and taps a dusty two-gallon jug of gasoline
near the lawn mower.

MARGE

We poured gasoline all around
the place, left a trail out the

She mimes striking a match --

MARGE (CONTD)

WHOOSH!!!

Her arms shoot up and her eyes go wide with the light of that fire. There's awe in her voice. Then she drops her arms.

MARGE (CONTD)

(hushed, remembering)

But just when it seemed not
even the devil could live
in there any more -- he crashed
out like a banshee, all on fire
-- swinging those fingerknives
every which direction and
screaming he... he was going
to get us by killing all our
kids...

She stops with a sudden quake and drinks for a long moment. But the intake doesn't hide the image. Her face bathed in tears, she looks at her daughter and shakes her head.

MARGE (CONTD)

There were all those men, Nancy,
even your father, oh yes, even
him. But none could do what
had to be done -- Krueger rolling
and screaming so loud the whole
state could hear -- no one could
take your father's gun and kill
him good and proper except me.

She sweeps her hand across the air in a terrific slash, then stops, her hand shaking, her voice hoarse and terrified. She looks at her daughter, begging.

MARGE (CONTD)

So he's dead Nan. He can't
get you. Mommy killed him.

For someone who started this film at a very young seventeen, NANCY's now the battle-tempered veteran as she takes her mother in her arms and rocks her.

NANCY

Who was there? Were Tina's
parents there? Were Rod's?

MARGE sags back.

MARGE

Sure, and Glen's. All of us.
But that's in the past now,

baby. Really. It's over.

(slyly)

We even took his knives.

The woman twists around and opens the door on an old furnace -- a furnace unused since the newer gas one nearby was put in. She fishes inside the cavity -- as then we hear a touch of the familiar 'SCRRIITCH'. Next moment she pulls out an object wrapped in rags, opens it and displays the long, rusted blades and their glove-like apparatus.

MARGE (CONTD)

See?

NANCY stares at the damn things, chilled.

NANCY

All these years you've kept those things buried down here? In our own house?

MARGE (CONTD)

Proof he's declawed. As for him, we buried him good and deep.

MARGE shoves the knives into their hiding place, closes the little iron door.

MARGE (CONTD)

So's okay, you can sleep.

She lurches up and staggers upstairs.

NANCY shivers and looks down at her arm. The cut beneath her bandage has begun to bleed again. And from inside the furnace, as if from deep below, the PULSING of the boundless nightmare-boiler room can be faintly heard.

127. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

127.

WIDE ON THE STREET AND BOTH HOUSES, GLEN's on the right, NANCY's on the left. A TELEPHONE RINGS. ZOOM IN ON GLEN'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW.

128. INT. GLEN'S & NANCY'S BEDROOMS - INTERCUT. NIGHT.

128.

129. GLEN, yawning, crosses and picks up his telephone.

129.

GLEN

Hello?

NANCY (telephone)

Hi.

GLEN

Oh. Hi, how y'doing?

NANCY looks out the window and touches her hair.

NANCY (CONTD)

Fine. Stand by your window
so I can see you. You sound
a million miles away.

In the lighted window across the way, she can SEE GLEN move into sight. In his shot, we can SEE NANCY step into her window behind the bars.

NANCY (CONTD)

Much better.

GLEN

I heard your ma went ape at the
security store today. You look
like the Prisoner of Zenda or
something. How long's it been
since you slept?

NANCY

Coming up on the seventh day. It's
okay, I checked Guinness. The
record's eleven, and I'll beat
that if I have to.

(beat)

Listen, I... I know who he is.

GLEN

Who?

NANCY

The killer.

GLEN

You do?

NANCY

Yeah, and if he gets me, I'm
pretty sure you're next.

GLEN is appalled.

GLEN

Me!? Why would anyone want to
kill me?!

NANCY

Don't ask -- just give me some
help nailing this guy when I
bring him out.

GLEN pales.

GLEN

Bring him out of what?

NANCY

My dream.

GLEN

How you plan to do that?

NANCY

Just like I did the hat. Have
a hold of the sucker when you
wake me up.

GLEN

Me?

(switching back to a more
comfortable reality)

Wait a minute, you can't bring
someone out of a dream!

NANCY

If I can't, then you all can
relax, because it'll just be a
simple case of me being nuts.

GLEN

I can save you the trouble.
You're nutty as a fruitcake.
I love you anyway.

NANCY

Good, then you won't mind cold-cocking
this guy when I bring him out.

GLEN

What!?

NANCY

(simplicity itself)

You heard me. I grab him in the
dream -- you see me struggling
so you wake me up. We both come
out, you cold cock the fucker,
and we got him. Clever, huh?

GLEN

You crazy? Hit him with what?

NANCY

You're a jock. You must have
a baseball bat or something.
Come to my window at midnight.
And meanwhile...

GLEN

(weakly)

NANCY

Meanwhile whatever you do
don't fall asleep. Midnight.

She hangs up. GLEN's eyes bug out.

GLEN

Holy shit! Midnight. Baseball
bats and boogemen. Unfucking
real.

130. OMIT

OMIT 130.

131. EXT. THE VALLEY AND HILLS. NIGHT.

131.

HIGH, WIDE SHOT. The moon is above the horizon. A cool wind
slides a bank of white fog inland. The valley and its lights
stretch forever, an endless net of illumination and darkness. A
coyote HOWLS on the dark hill.

132. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

132.

A palm frond scuttles across the center of the parking lot. LT
THOMPSON arrives in an unmarked car.

COP (passing)

Lieutenant Thompson -- what
you doing in at this time?

LT THOMPSON

Can't sleep, thought I'd come
break up the poker game.

The COP laughs and goes his way. THOMPSON's smile evaporates.

133. INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

133.

THOMPSON enters and checks the log. Nearby, SGT GARCIA pours
coffee.

SERGEANT GARCIA

If it was any more quiet we
could hear owls farting.

LT THOMPSON

Is quiet, isn't it?

SERGEANT GARCIA

(too casually)

How's your girl?

THOMPSON looks at the Desk sergeant a moment, then tosses down

the log.

LT THOMPSON

She's sensible. She'll sleep
sooner or later.

134. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

134.

The neighborhood is utterly still, most of the homes already
dark. But not NANCY's. Or GLEN's.

ZOOM TO GLEN'S LIGHTED LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

135. INT. GLEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

135.

GLEN's father watches eleven o'clocks news, a dreary FILM CLIP
(STOCK) of war and refugees in a far-away land.

MR LANTZ takes a pull on his Bud.

MR LANTZ

You'd think they'd have some-
thing 'bout the Lane kid hanging
himself.

MRS LANTZ walks through the room, drying her hands on a
dishtowel.

MRS LANTZ

Maybe we're all making more out
of it than we should.

She heads upstairs. MR LANTZ pops the automatic tuner. CARSON
blinks ON.

CARSON (TV)

I wouldn't touch that line with
a ten foot pole.

ED MCMAHON and the AUDIENCE laugh in delight.

136. INT. GLEN'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

136.

MRS LANTZ comes along the upstairs hall and knocks gently at a
closed door.

MRS LANTZ

Glen? you all right?

She puts her ear to the door and listens.

MRS LANTZ (CONTD)

Glen honey?

No answer.

137. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

137.

GLEN lies sprawled across the bed, long legs flung over the end, head not visible.

His mother enters. She looks at the boy, turns off the TV.

Looks at him again.

From this angle she can see his head, earphones crammed over it rasping their tinny noise. But no movement from the kid at all. MRS LANTZ crosses and pokes him in the ribs. GLEN lurches up, arms windmilling.

GLEN

Whuu?

He refocuses his eyes, takes off his earphones.

MRS LANTZ

How can you listen to Carson and
a record at the same time?

GLEN swings his legs over the edge of the bed and shakes his head to clear the cobwebs.

GLEN

Wasn't listening to the tube,
just watching. Miss Nude
America's supposed to be on
tonight.

MRS LANTZ

Well how you gonna hear what
she says?

GLEN

Who cares what she says?

The mother gives up.

MRS LANTZ

You should get to sleep soon,
Glen. It's almost midnight.
Goodness knows we've all had
enough of a time the last few
days...

GLEN

I will, Mom...in a while.
You guys turning in?

MRS LANTZ

Pretty soon.

His MOTHER sighs and goes out, closing the door behind her. GLEN

flips the TV back on and glances at the clock.

138. INSERT OF CLOCK. It's 11:42. 138.

139. TIGHT ON GLEN's face. He clamps the earphones back on, and turns 139.
the volume up high. The MUSIC is so loud we can hear it
resonating inside his skull.

CAMERA MOVES PAST GLEN to his window, then ZOOMS through to:

140. EXT. ELM STREET / NANCY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 140.

CONTINUE ZOOMING into the LIGHTED window of NANCY's barred second
floor bedroom and

CUT TO:

141. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT 141.

CLOSE ON MARGE, weaving on the edge of NANCY's bed, stroking
the girl's hair. NANCY's still something of a wreck, but less
than MARGE.

MARGE

We'll go away, take a vacation.
Get your hair colored nice, the
way it was. No one will ever
know.

(sniffs)

This whole room smells of coffee,
y'know?

She gathers up NANCY's coffee cups and empty NoDoz boxes, leans
down and kisses her.

MARGE (CONTD)

It's all over now, baby. The
nightmare's over. Please.

NANCY nods her head, half stubborn, half sadly. She can barely
keep her eyes open now.

NANCY

Okay.

She scrunches into her pillow. MARGE smiles haggardly and shuts
off the light, taking the coffee pot with her as she leaves.

NANCY (CONTD)

Night-night.

MARGE smiles, relieved. The girl pulls the blanket around her
shoulders. Her eyes flutter closed, her breathing becomes regular
and deep. Once again she's the little girl MARGE fantasizes she
is.

The mother tiptoes out of the room, closing the door behind her.
HOLD ON NANCY's sleeping face as the DOOR CLOSES. Her eyes
remain closed another beat, then open wide.

She quietly jumps out of bed and shakes herself savagely to
scatter the sleep settling so quickly.

Still in the dark, she fishes a full electric coffepot from under
her bed and pours herself a fresh fix into a mug she digs from
beneath her pillow. The face illuminated by the neon light on the
pot is set in absolute determination.

NANCY drains the cup, then crosses to her closet, retrieves a
pitcher of ice water from behind a heap of clothes and splashes
her eyes and the back of her neck. That done she eases open her
window and presses her face to the bars, sucking in cool night
air until every shred of sleep is gone from her brain.

Then she starts pulling on clothes.

142. INT. NANCY'S HOUSE/DOWNSTAIRS. NIGHT. 142.

ANGLE ON MARGE as she checks the lock on the backdoor. Firm.

143. ANGLE IN THE LIVING ROOM as she pads through the darkened house, 143.
feels her way to a wall of shelves and takes down a book. Then
another, and a third. Then reaches in and fishes out a bottle of
gin.

144. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE AND ELM STREET. NIGHT. 144.

The sky has gathered in greater darkness. LOW, DISTANT THUNDER
rolls around the horizon like a great drum.

ANGLE ON NANCY'S HOUSE from across the street. The moon glints
off the barred windows. CAMERA ZOOMS to NANCY's window. The
imprisoned girl hovers in the darkness behind the grill like a
ghost, her eyes turned towards GLEN's. Then she switches to
something much CLOSER TO CAMERA ANGLE, and she draws back.

145. REVERSE ON GLEN's father, standing on the front porch of his 145.
home, also in the shadows, looking straight across and up at
NANCY. He draws on his cigarette; his face glows red.

146. NANCY pulls down the shade. 146.

147. GLEN's father grinds the cigarette beneath his shoe. 147.

MRS LANTZ

Shouldn't stare.

As the man turns our SHOT WIDENS TO REVEAL MRS LANTZ.

MR LANTZ

Know what I think? I think

The woman spoons more sweetness into her mouth and rubs her forehead.

MRS LANTZ

Shouldn't say such a thing about the poor child. If you mean the bars, Marge's just being cautious, her being alone and Nancy acting so nervous lately.

The woman rises and pulls him gently towards the living room. As he goes inside he takes one last look.

MR LANTZ (CONTD)

Well, she ain't gonna hang around our boy no more.

Once the two are inside, the door is locked.

148. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

148.

CLOSE ON NANCY's face. VERY CLOSE. Her eyes stare ahead, red-rimmed, anxious. She picks absently at the thick bandage covering her forearm. The long cuts from Fred Krueger's fingers are bleeding again, but she doesn't even care anymore. Too late to sweat the small stuff. She crosses the room.

On the bedside table with the nearly empty Pyrex coffee maker, the empty cup and the empty box of No-Doz, is her old fashioned alarm clock, and a phone.

NANCY pours herself the last of the coffee and drinks it to the dregs, then looks to the clock.

INSERT CLOCK -- ten minutes to midnight.

NANCY'S eyes go to the door.

WIDER. Fully clothed and in a jacket now, she creeps to the door and cracks it, just to make sure. Then freezes.

149. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NANCY'S DOOR.

149.

IN NANCY'S POV through the door we see MARGE, rummaging around in the linen closet not fifteen feet away. There's no way NANCY can get past her. The woman pulls out a full bottle of gin in satisfaction and begins fumbling with its cap.

150. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

150.

NANCY eases the door closed again and sinks to the key hole, watching through it with a sinking heart.

NANCY

(very quiet, very intense)

Hang on GLEN...

151. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT. 151.

GLEN, coat now on, goes to his window, checking.

152. INT. ELM STREET. NIGHT. 152.

GLEN'S POV -- NANCY'S porch is deserted; front door closed, lights out. No sign of NANCY.

153. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT. 153.

GLEN shrugs, takes off his jacket and plops back onto his bed.

GLEN

Well, I'm not gonna risk
sneaking out until she does.

He puts the earphones back on.

154. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT. 154.

Absolutely frustrated, NANCY turns from the keyhole to the window. She opens the blind and eases back the curtain.

155. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

IN NANCY'S POV THROUGH THE BARS we ZOOM directly across to GLEN's window.

156. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT. 156.

GLEN lies on his bed, fully clothed, earphones over his ears, CARSON droning from the TV. And the boy's eyes begin to droop.

157. INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 157.

NANCY picks up her phone, bites her lip, then begins dialing.

158. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT. 158.

TIGHT ON PHONE as it begins RINGING loudly.

WIDER SHOT, revealing GLEN asleep BACKGROUND, the MUSIC still LOUD in his earphones.

159. INT. GLEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

159.

RINGING here, too, just as MR LANTZ is turning out the lights for bed. He stops in the dark, scowling.

MR LANTZ

Who at this hour?

He refuses to turn the light back on. His wife picks her way to the telephone.

MRS LANTZ

Hello?

(listens, frowns
slightly)

Oh... Hold on.

(covers the mouthpiece)

It's her. She wants to talk to
Glen.

The father crosses to the telephone, suspicious.

MR LANTZ

(whispering)

About what?

MRS LANTZ

(into phone)

What's this about, Nancy?

She listens, covers up again.

MRS LANTZ (CONTD)

She says it's private. Very
private and very important.

MR LANTZ grabs the telephone from his wife and barks into it.

MR LANTZ

Glen's asleep. Talk to him
tomorrow!

He SLAMS down the telephone with a grunt of satisfaction to his wife.

MR LANTZ (CONTD)

Just got to be firm with kids,
is all.

Then as a refinement he takes the phone off the hook and lays it on the table.

160. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

160.

NANCY dials again. This time she gets a BUSY SIGNAL. She slams the phone down in frustration and looks out the window.

NANCY

Glen. Don't fall asleep...

She goes and sits on the bed, propping her chin on her fists.

161. Yawns. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

161.

NANCY snatches it up.

NANCY

Glen?

TIGHT ON HER, ZOOMING EVEN CLOSER ON HER EAR AND THE EARPIECE as we HEAR the awful SCRITCHING SCRAPE of STEEL FINGERKNIVES.

NANCY slaps the phone down as if it were diseased -- then, in pure rage, rips the thing's cord from the wall.

Spent instantly, she puts the receiver back on the cradle and lays it on her bed, chiding herself.

NANCY

Brilliant. Now what if Glen calls?

She wraps the phone cord around the useless machine and puts it on her bed, then sneaks back to the door. This time she gives an expression of relief, and opens the door. MARGE is gone.

Then the TELEPHONE RINGS again.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON NANCY as she turns slowly.

162. REVERSE IN HER POV. THE TELEPHONE RINGS again, despite the fact that the end of its janked-out cord is clearly visible. The NIGHTMARE MUSIC THEME slips right up our spines. 162.

BACK ON NANCY. She starts to shake. She goes to the telephone as we WIDEN, unwraps it as it RINGS even louder. She's shaking so hard by now she can barely manage to lift the receiver. MOVE IN CLOSE ON HER, so close we can HEAR her teeth chattering as she brings the phone to her ear.

NANCY (CONTD)

Hello?

The unmistakeable VOICE of FRED KRUEGER comes over the phone, garbled by time and unknown dimensions, but clear enough.

KRUEGER (FILTER)

(triumphant)

I'm your boyfriend now...

CLOSE ON THE MOUTHPIECE. It's changed from a normal telephone mouthpiece to an actual mouth -- Fred Krueger's mouth -- and his

long, slick tongue flicks out and darts into the startled girl's mouth!

WIDER -- as NANCY explodes from her micro-dream -- absolutely mad. She jerks the telephone away from her and smashes it against her wall, then attacks it with her feet and hands, smashing it to smithereens.

ANGLE ON THE TELEPHONE PIECES. Normal pieces of a normal telephone.

She pinches herself hard -- until tears come and her flesh is nearly bleeding.

NANCY

I'm awake, I am awake. This is
not a dream! I am --

She stops, realizing what Krueger meant.

NANCY (CONTD)

My boyfriend...!

163. INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

163.

NANCY barrels down the stairs and across the darkened living room to the front door.

It takes her a moment of tugging and fumbling to realize the deadbolt is locked from inside. And there's no key in it now.

She races to a porch window and throws it open, shaking and banging on the bars like a mad woman. But there's no getting through. She staggers back, stymied and furious. Then somebody moves behind her in the dark.

VOICE (OS)

Locked.

NANCY jumps around in shock. Her mother has posted herself on the couch with her bottle.

NANCY

(furious)

Give me the key, mother.

MARGE

I don't even have it on me,
so forget it.

The word is final. NANCY runs past the woman to the back door, to one window after the other, shaking bars and slamming locks and SCREAMING in teenage fury. But it's no good. The house is her prison.

MARGE (CONTD)

(drunk satisfaction)

Paid the guy damn good to make
sure you stayed put. You ain't
goin' nowhere, kid. You're
gonna sleep tonight if it kills
me.

NANCY clenches her fists and screams at the top of her lungs, a
heart-wrenching, eardrum-breaking cry of love in despair --

NANCY

GLEEEENNNNNN!

SMASH CUT TO:

164. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

164.

CLOSE ON GLEN'S FROM DIRECTLY ABOVE. The MUSIC is tinny from the
earphones, the TV SOUND DISTANT AND ECHOED. The boy is breathing
deeply now, slowly and gently. Then, unmistakably, he begins to
SNORE. Very faintly, far in the background, we can hear NANCY.

NANCY (OS)

Glen!! Don't fall asleeeeeeeep!

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND STRAIGHT UP as the SNORES merge with a
weird, unsettling MUSIC CUE. The boy lies sprawled, still
clothed, in the middle of his bed. Save for the bedside lamp,
the room is dark.

FULL WIDE ANGLE FROM THIS HIGH SPOT looking down at him as from
the eyes of some great fly hung on the ceiling. THE MUSIC
REACHES A TERRIFYING PITCH OF ANTICIPATION -- THEN STOPS
ABRUPTLY.

There's a heartbeat's pause. Then with tremendous force, two
powerful arms shoot up beneath the red and yellow bedspread and
grab GLEN around the waist!

Next moment the young man's body is dragged straight down into
the bed, as if some huge beast had grabbed him and heaved him
down! His feet and his arms shoot up -- there's another hauling
yank -- and the boy disappears except for his hands and fingers
-- down into the pit in the middle of the bed! His hands are
last to go, clawing for a hold. But soon they vanish as well,
dragging blankets and bedsheets, wires and stereo across the
caved-in bed and into the abyss.

There's HIDEOUS SCREECHING of MUSIC jamming in with GLEN's
ECHOING SCREAMS -- then an unholy, sudden silence.

Next moment what's left of GLEN is vomited up from the pit of the
nightmare bed...a horrible mess of blood and bone and hair and
wires...streaming out and over the bed. Then the pit in the bed
is gone as if it were never there.

Drawn by the terribly screams and struggle, GLEN's mother bursts

into the room. The woman stares for one moment of horrified disbelief, then reels back and lets out the most god-awful SCREAM imaginable. The cry splits the night.

165. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

165.

The SOUND of the SCREAM CROSS-FADES WITH the WAIL of the AMBULANCE as it screeches to a halt at the curb, followed by two BLACK AND WHITES and an UNMARKED CAR. Uniformed POLICEMEN spill out FOREGROUND.

LT THOMPSON and PARKER exit the unmarked car. By habit or by premonition THOMPSON glances at the house that was his home. His eye is caught by a movement; his daughter is at her upstairs window, white-haired, hollow-eyed, looking down on him through her bars. She gives a little wave.

Unnerved, THOMPSON waves back, then walks rapidly for GLEN's home. MR LANTZ, pale as a ghost himself, waits on the porch; we can hear the mother's WAILING inside.

166. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

166.

CLOSE ON NANCY'S BIG OLD WINDUP ALARM CLOCK. Its big and little hands sweep together at midnight.

BURN ON:

THE NINTH DAY

There's a BABBLE of POLICE RADIOS, SIRENS WINDING DOWN, RUNNING FOOT-STEPS, SHOUTS, NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS and DOGS BARKING as CAMERA LIFTS TO NANCY'S FACE. Set. Unafraid. Ruthless.

The girl pulls the window shade on it all, then looks at her bed.

NANCY

Okay, Krueger, you bastard.
We play in your court.

167. INT. GLEN'S LIVING ROOM/NANCY'S KITCHEN -- INTERCUT. NIGHT.

167.

168. LT THOMPSON is halfway across the living room when he stops. Something dark and red is welling from a crack in the ceiling. One of his men is rigging a bucket beneath to catch the leaking. The telephone rings and PARKER picks it up.

168.

PARKER

Lieutenant. It's your daughter.
Says it's urgent.

THOMPSON turns away from the dripping.

LT THOMPSON

(low)

Tell her I'm not here, tell
her...

PARKER

Uh, she just saw you, sir...

THOMPSON nods, crosses and picks up the telephone. SCREEN
SPLITS; we see both.

LT THOMPSON (CONTD)

Hello Nancy.

NANCY

Hi daddy. I know what happened.

LT THOMPSON

Then you know more than I do --
I haven't even been upstairs.

NANCY

(guessing)

You know he's dead though, right?

THOMPSON debates, then admits it.

LT THOMPSON

Yeah, apparantly he's dead.
How the hell'd you know?

A tear coarses down NANCY's cheek, but her voice remains firm.

NANCY

I've got a proposition for
you. Listen very carefully,
please.

LT THOMPSON

Nan, I --

NANCY

Please. I'm gonna go get
the guy who did it and bring
him to you. I just need you
be right there to arrest him.
Okay?

LT THOMPSON

Just tell me who did it and
I'll go get him, baby.

NANCY

Fred Krueger did it, Daddy,
and only I can get him. It's
my nightmare he comes to.

The detective flinches at the name.

LT THOMPSON

Where'd you hear about Krueger --

NANCY presses, very firm, very rational.

NANCY

-- I want you to come over here
and break the door down exactly
twenty minutes from now -- can
you do that?

LT THOMPSON

Sure, but...

NANCY

That'll be exactly half past
midnight. Time for me to fall
asleep and find him.

LT THOMPSON

Sure, sure, honey. You just
do that -- get yourself some
sleep -- that's what I've been
saying all along.

NANCY

And you'll be here to catch
him, right?

PARKER

Lieutenant -- they're waiting
upstairs.

THOMPSON waves curtly, still speaking to NANCY.

LT THOMPSON

Sure, okay, I'll be there.
Now you just turn in and get
some rest, sweetheart. Please.
Deal?

NANCY

Deal.

NANCY hangs up. LT THOMPSON starts upstairs. But then he stops,
and as an afterthought he could never really explain, turns to
PARKER.

LT THOMPSON (CONTD)

Get outside and watch her house.
If you see anything funny call
me.

PARKER

'Anything funny' like what?

THOMPSON shakes his head, embarrassed.

LT THOMPSON

I don't know -- but one thing
for sure, I don't want her
coming over here. She's way
too far gone to be able to
to handle this.

As PARKER exits, ANGLE CUTS TO NANCY'S KITCHEN as the girl hangs up and sinks back against the wall, trapped by her own resolution. She looks at her watch.

169. INSERT -- five past midnight. NANCY switches modes to stopwatch and sets the COUNTDOWN going at twenty-five minutes. 169.

170. INT. GLEN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 170.

LT THOMPSON steps into GLEN's room, anxious to be done with it. He hits a wall of stench and horror even before he takes it in with his eyes, and as soon as he sees the bed he claps his hand over his mouth, pivots and walks right back into the hallway.

171. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 171.

He sags against the wall, unable to look at the COPS who hover there.

COP

(faint)

What the hell did that,
Lieutenant? There ain't even
a head left.

LT THOMPSON

Goddamed if I know.
(tries to straighten)
What's the Coronor say?

COP

He's in the john puking since
he saw it.

172. INT. CELLAR. NIGHT. 172.

NANCY pulls tools and hardware out with grim resolution. Hammer, nails, spools of wire, an old square of heavy fishnetting, some old shot gun shells, a file -- referring only once to the booklet in her hand.

173. INT. NANCY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 173.

Barely able to control her shaking hands, NANCY starts stringing off the spool of wire across the living room, crying and swearing at the same time.

DISSOLVE TO HER HANDS wrapping bare lamp wire around two thumbtacks stuck into the insides of the pinchers of a common wooden clothespin. The wire goes OFF SCREEN.

ANOTHER ANGLE as she inserts a Lifesaver between the two prongs. One end of the fishline is tied to the lifesaver. The whole now is stretched taut about three inches off the living room carpet.

ON NANCY carefully filing a hole in a LIGHTBULB.

OH HER pouring powder and shot from shotgun shells into the opening in the bulb until it's full, then sealing it with tape.

DISSOLVE TO HER screwing the bulb back into the floor lamp, and placing the thing near the foot of the stairs.

SC 174 (DELETE)

175. INT. NANCY'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT. 175.

-- NANCY completes installing a sturdy sliding bolt to the outside of her own bedroom door.

-- NANCY screws a hinge into the wall directly above her door. Attached to the hinge is the shank of something -- some kind of tool. We can't see what it is because CAMERA never quite frames the whole thing.

-- NANCY tiptoes to her mother's door and peeks in.

176. INT. MARGE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 176.

MARGE lies propped in her bed looking back at NANCY. Her drunkenness has been altered by the SIRENS and BABBLE outside into a sort of comatose clarity.

MARGE

Guess I should'n'a done it.

NANCY

Just sleep now, Mom.

MARGE

Just wanted to protect you,
Nan. Just wanted to protect
you...

MARGE slides over on her side. NANCY smooths her hair, covers her as she would a child, then exits the room.

DELETE SC 177

178. INT. NANCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

178.

The girl enters, turns out her bedside light, slips out of her dress and puts on her nightgown. Then she kneels by her bed.

NANCY (quietly)
Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

She gets into bed and pulls the blankets to her chin.

CLOSE ON NANCY's face. She stares straight up at the ceiling for a long moment, then closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

179. INT. GLEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

179.

LT THOMPSON trudges down the stairs and confronts GLEN'S FATHER.

LT THOMPSON
I know it's hard to think at
a time like this, Walter, but
can you think of anyone who
could've done such a thing?

The father stares away, his voice low and dull.

MR LANTZ
He done it.

THOMPSON looks at the man, baffled.

LT THOMPSON
Who? Who did that?

MR LANTZ
Krueger.

LT THOMPSON
Krueger?

The father gives him the strangest look.

MR LANTZ
Had to've done it. No one
else was in there.

LT THOMPSON
How you know that?

MR LANTZ

Cause I thought Glen was
gonna sneak out to see your
lunatic daughter, that's why.
So I locked him in his room!
(getting control)
Sorry. Anyways, the door was
still locked when we heard the
screams.

He blinks.

MR LANTZ (CONTD)

Maybe god's punishing us all...

LT THOMPSON

(much lower and hard)

Keep your head -- this is a
fucking flesh and blood killer
we're talking about.

MR LANTZ

Like Rod Lane?

A voice calls down from upstairs.

COP (OS)

Lieutenant Thompson. Coronor
wants to show you something.

THOMPSON gives MR LANTZ one final look, then heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

NOTE: These rewrites of scenes 180 and 180 A replace NANCY walking through the 'dream streets' at night, and NANCY approaching the huge deserted building at night, prior to her entering the Boiler Room the final time.

180. INT. DOWNSTAIRS, NANCY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

180.

LOW ANGLE UP STAIRS as NANCY appears at head. As she comes downstairs, CAMERA MOVES WITH HER through the hallway to the cellar door. She opens the door.

180A. INT. NANCY'S CELLAR. NIGHT.

180A.

NANCY appears at top of these stairs, hesitates, then comes down.

WIDER as NANCY approaches center of room, stops in CU, then turns eyes. We HEAR the distant SOUND of the boiler room now, faint but unmistakeable. NANCY MOVES, and CAMERA PANS HER to the cellar's side WALL, where another, new doorway is REVEALED. NANCY opens this door and looks down. FIRELIGHT is on NANCY'S face now, and the SOUND of the Boiler Room is very clear. NANCY

goes through the door.

180B. INT. BOILER ROOM.

180B.

NANCY descends like Orpheus into hell, but without weapon save her wits.

She descends a steel stair to the lowest level, then hears the SOUND of the knives from down another shaft. She sees there's an even deeper place down there. She starts down.

Again, and then again, NANCY descends, each ladder narrower or more twisting, each level deeper, wetter, darker, more airless. Soon she's gasping for air, but still she pushes herself on. She doesn't stop until she breaks out at last at the very bottom of the place, a wet, firelit sump deep in the bowels of the place.

CAMERA NOW PANS AROUND WITH HER, and for the first time we SEE the vast maul of the empty boiler behind her.

She stares at it. It's seething with some dark WIND that soughs and whines like a huge dying dog.

NANCY crosses to it, touching the pile of old, coal-dusted dirt at its base. It looks almost like an old grave.

She turns suddenly, listening. Then, hearing nothing, she looks down.

NANCY'S POV as she picks up GLEN's earphones.

WIDER as she suddenly drops them, staring at her fingers. They're dripping blood.

There's another BEEP.

180C. INSERT ON NANCY'S WATCH -- the COUNT-DOWN a blur of black digits counting down to zero. They've just crossed the ten minute warning. 180C.

180D. CLOSE ON NANCY'S FACE. She speaks into the night. 180D.

NANCY

(quietly)

Come out and show yourself,
you bastard.

No sooner are these words off her lips than the huge bulk of FRED KRUEGER lurches up behind her! The man is even more hideous hatless, his bald head and tormented face veiled in skeins of ruined flesh, his ragged teeth barred, the great spider of razor-blades flashing from his fingertips.

He leaps, but the girl leaps just as fast, a fierce jump, that sends her out over black space and down into a huge, dark sump of blackness.

180E. EXT. THE HEAVENS. NIGHT.

180E.

CLOSE ANGLE ON NANCY as she curves like a swan through her apogee, and begins falling, diving, planing through black air, the wind ripping at her hair and eyes. Suddenly the complex, glittering skein of light that is the San Fernando Valley seen from the air slides INTO FRAME, and we see she's falling from high, high over the earth.

NANCY falls, falls in slow motion against the spinning lights, free as a sky diver freefalling -- a giddy, acrophobic plunge.

181,182,183,184 OMITOMIT 181,182,183,184

185. EXT. ELM STREET/NANCY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

185.

NANCY crashes suddenly out of the night and into a hedge just outside her own front door, rolling out at its bottom scratched and bloodied. If she were in any normal reality she'd be a mass of broken bones -- but somehow she's able to claw her way up and look at her watch once more.

INSERT. Just a few seconds from zero.

She staggers for her house's front door -- but a moment later KRUEGER crashes down atop her! NANCY struggles to her knees just as the man lunges with that godawful handful of blades. But instead of running, she ducks inside the deadly grab and seizes him in a desperate bearhug!

The surprise move sends him pitching backwards, her still on him --and they fall into the jumble of torn-down trellis of roses beneath her window. Almost at that very second we HEAR the jarring, deafening RINGING of NANCY's alarm clock!

SMASH CUT TO:

186. INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

186.

NANCY sprawls out of her bed onto the floor, twisting from the jabs of the already vanished thorns, briars and brush. Gasping, she takes a second to get her bearings

ANGLE ON THE BED as she recovers quick as she can, snatching up the net, ready for an assault from any direction.

But the room is empty.

Hardly able to catch her breath, her hair tangled, her nightgown torn, she drops the net. She sits on the bed, turns on the bedside lamp and re-examines her room. No one there but herself.

It's a terrible blow, despite the fact that she's safe. Her face

is covered with tears, she's shaking and breathless. She rattles her head in confusion and despair, realizing her own madness.

NANCY

I'm crazy after all...

At that very instant FRED KRUEGER leaps up from the far side of the bed with an EXPLOSIVE SHOUT of rage!

He lunges across the table for her, missing by inches as NANCY pitches backwards and scrambles for the window. But she's stopped by the bars.

KRUEGER, incredibly fast, regains his feet and leaps again -- the girl wheels and shatters the coffeepot over his head. As he crashes backwards NANCY flings open the door of her room and dives through -- only to rebound off someone on the other side --

187. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

187.

MARGE, knocked flying by NANCY'S charge, hits the floor hard, knocking the wind out of herself. NANCY sees what she's done, jumps over the body and slams the door and throws the new bolt home. Next instant she gingerly ties a string to the door's knob, a string that trails down from the ceiling, attached to something up there that's still just barely out of sight.

Next instant she's dragging her MOTHER towards the woman's bedroom as fast as she can.

KRUEGER is already splintering the doorway behind her as NANCY dips and makes it into MARGE's room, SLAMMING the DOOR behind her and locking it in a flash.

The MANIAC breaks the bolt and rips open the door.

But the in the very act of doing this he of course unknowingly pulls the string attached to the outside doorknob with terrific force.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CEILING. The string jerks against a single-edged razor, which in turn cuts a tight wind of cord holding a heavy wedge of steel to the ceiling.

WIDER as the thing falls free, pivoting at the hinge at the far end of its handle, and drives straight into KRUEGER'S groin with a terrific blow. As he catapults backwards with an incredulous shriek, the twenty pound sledge hammer swings back and reveals to camera just what it is!

ANGLE DOWN ON KRUEGER, clawing his way up despite his agony, lurching and cursing forward like an enraged bull.

WIDER ANGLE IN THE HALLWAY as KRUEGER roars out -- only to immediately strike the length of WIRE strung across the hallway, catching it just above the thigh. He cartwheels head-over-heels

and lands flat on his back!

Instantly the DOOR to NANCY's MOTHER's bedroom flies open and NANCY brings a brass lamp down over KRUEGER's head with all her might! It sounds like a line-drive caroming off a metal flagpole.

NANCY SLAMS the DOOR as KRUEGER struggles up, clutching his head.

Enraged, the huge man CRASHES against the door with terrific force, and rears back and starts smashing against the door like the utter homicidal lunatic that he is.

CUT TO:

188. EXT. ELM STREET/NANCY'S HOME. NIGHT. 188.

HIGH ANGLE at the second floor level. NANCY jerks open the window to her MOTHER's bedroom and jams her face to the bars. The AMBULANCE is pulling away with a tremendous WAIL of its SIREN as NANCY SCREAMS down, trying to make herself heard.

NANCY

Help! Hey -- Daddy -- I got
him trapped! Where are you!?

189. ANGLE ON the street. PARKER, assigned to guard the house, sees 189.
NANCY -- hair white, eyes wide -- pounding on the bars and screaming like a lunatic. But her meaning is utterly lost in the noise of the ambulance next to him.

PARKER

(yelling up at her)
Everything's going to be all
right! Everything's under
control!

ANGLE at the window. Close on NANCY's face, incredulous at his response.

NANCY

Get my father, you asshole!

PARKER does a little take. That almost sounded sane.

PARKER (OS)

You heard what I said! Now get
back inside or I'll tell your
dad!

191. Behind her the DOOR SPLINTERS. NANCY whirls around just in time 191.
to see KRUEGER bull in! NANCY's eyes go wide -- she's trapped against the bars and has nowhere to go. The man bunches his knives into a single thick blade and rushes her, stabbing. NANCY closes her eyes --

Then from OUT OF FRAME Marge leaps between the two.

MARGE

No!

She blocks the charge perfectly -- blocking the knives. Both she and NANCY are slammed backwards against the bars behind. Drunk though she is, is hanging onto KRUEGER'S weapon hand, keeping the knives inside herself, away from her daughter!

MARGE

Nancy -- for god's sake's run!

But NANCY turns to the window instead, screaming for her father.

NANCY

Daddy! Where are you!

192. EXT. ELM STREET. NIGHT.

192.

PARKER, just about to turn back to the business at GLEN's house, sees NANCY and SOMEONE else fall just inside the window. Something begins to dawn on the man. Just a little.

PARKER

Poor woman's got her hands full
with that kid. Maybe I better
tell the lieutenant.

He turns and jogs towards GLEN's house.

193. INT. MARGE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

193.

ANGLE ON KRUEGER, hauling MARGE up in rage, knocking her senseless across her bed and climbing after her with his knives raised. NANCY wheels behind him and whams him in the kidneys with her fists, spilling him back off the bed, then running past him for the door. She makes it to safety, then turning back. She flips the monster the bird, her eyes wild with pain and fury.

NANCY

Hey fuckface -- can't catch me!

The bait works -- KRUEGER leaves MARGE and howls after NANCY.

194. INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT.

194.

As NANCY clears the hall and makes the stairs, KRUEGER lurches through the shattered doorway after her.

The girl careens down the stairs, across the room and to the front door, banging against it with terrified fury.

NANCY

(screaming)

Come on -- he's in here!

Daddy! Don't let him kill
me too!

Behind her the huge MAN is thumping down the stairs, KNOCKING THINGS OVER, SCRAPING his LONG STEEL FINGERNAILS along the wall with a horrible sound!

NANCY flings a heavy ash tray through the porch window and screams through the bars.

NANCY (CONTD)

HEELLLPPP!!! Daddyyyyyyy!!!!

KRUEGER, bloody and spewing threats, staggers for her -- NANCY dives behind the couch.

CLOSE ON KRUEGER'S FEET as they hit another wire.

CLOSE ON the Lifesaver jerking out -- the clothespin snapping together, completing the circuit with a CRACKLING SPARK.

WIDER ON THE EXPLOSION that rips out of the floor lamp next to KRUEGER and knocks him sprawling across the room.

NANCY peeks out from behind the couch. The man lies in a smoking heap. NANCY runs to the windows and screams out again.

NANCY (CONTD)

Hey -- Daddy! Hey! I got the
bastard!

KRUEGER roars up behind her -- she throws herself sideways -- he crashes into the window frame, smashing glass and wood to bits.

NANCY turns SCREAMING and runs deeper into the house.

She careens down the stairs, throwing on the lights, the man thundering after her.

ANGLE AT THE FAR END OF THE CELLAR. NANCY brakes at the wall. Nowhere left to hide.

THE SCRAPPING of the blades against brick turns her to see the huge killer holding his knife-laden fingers up for her.

KRUEGER

Ready for these?

198. ON NANCY -- she ducks behind the furnace -- comes out the other side with the big jug of gasoline and lets KRUEGER have it straight over the head. The heavy container shatters, showering its contents over every square inch of the man. 198.

He staggers backwards with a ROAR of fury, NANCY screaming after him with a box of kitchen matches. Before the man can realize what she's up to, she ignites the whole box and throws it in KRUEGER's face.

There's a blinding WHOOSH -- and KRUEGER goes up in a terrific BALL OF FIRE. Faster than a flash the girl runs past the howling maniac and makes for the stairs, KRUEGER after her in full pyrrhic rage.

199. INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. 199.

NANCY holds the heavy door until the precisely right moment. Just as the burning, blind monster tops the stairs, NANCY brings the heavy oak door round with all her might and catches him in a great RINGING CONCUSSION. It sends him windmilling backwards and down the stairs in an ass-over-teakettle sprawl of sparks and flames.

NANCY slams the door and throws the deadbolt home.

No sooner does she accomplish this than the man is SLAMMING again and again against the door from the cellar.

The terrible SCREAMS and CURSES PEAK, THEN GROW WEAKER AND MORE GARBLED. Then there's just silence.

NANCY staggers, half blind, from the kitchen.

As the room begins seething SMOKE from every pore, we

CUT TO:

200. INT. GLEN'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT. 200.

The CORONER steps out of the bathroom peeling bloody rubber gloves. Pale and sweating.

CORONER

Found you something, Donald.
Should remind you of something...

The man shoves out his hand to LT THOMPSON. THOMPSON stares at it without touching it. A long, thin steel blade, razor sharp, attached to some sort of ring and armature -- broken off...

The CORONER gives a sweaty, grim smile.

CORONER (CONTD)

Only place I ever heard of such
a thing before was ten years
ago. Remember that fucker
Fred Krueger?

LT THOMPSON has just knocked PARKER sprawling in his race to the stairs.

PARKER

Hey -- your daughter's acting
kinda -- !
(THOMPSON'S gone)
Strange...

201. EXT. NANCY'S HOME. NIGHT.

201.

CRASH as NANCY breaks another window and presses against the bars. The house shudders and glows orange behind her. She sees her father bursting out the front door of Glen's house!

NANCY

DAD! GET US OUTTA HERE!

LT THOMPSON

Oh, Jesus -- Nancy!
(to his men)
Hey! We got a fire!

202. ANGLE ON NANCY'S FRONT DOOR. Many MEN batter the door down as black smoke pours from the windows and NANCY's SCREAMS and SHOUTS fill the air. Within moments they've destroyed the door and LT THOMPSON has pulled his daughter into the safety of his arms. But NANCY immediately fights free and darts right back to the front door -- beckoning him to follow -- gesturing like a wild woman.

202.

NANCY

I got him -- I got Fred Krueger!

THOMPSON stares at his wild little girl in astonishment, then runs in after her. The others follow, coughing and choking.

203. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

203.

THOMPSON collides with NANCY as she brakes, frozen. THE SMOKE IS BELCHING OUT OF THE CELLAR, but whoever was locked in there certainly isn't now. The door is flat on the kitchen floor.

LT THOMPSON

What the hell are you talking about,
Nancy?

NANCY wheels without answering. A series of tiny, isolated fires

burn across the living room and up the stairs. Firesteps.

NANCY (CONTD)

He's after Mom! Come on!

She darts across the living room, following the flaming footprints of FRED KRUEGER up the stairs before THOMPSON can stop her.

LT THOMPSON

NANCY!

204. INT. MARGE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

204.

NANCY STOPS IN THE SPLINTERED DOORWAY -- a ragged gold-red light splashing her horrified face.

205. REVERSE IN HER POV -- FRED KRUEGER, literally a man of fire, has a screaming MARGE pinned to the bed and is crawling all over her! NANCY gives a banshee's howl, snatches up a chair and brings it down over the back of the firey beast, stunning him. 205.

By the time LT THOMPSON races into the room NANCY'S seized a heavy blanket has thrown over both of them, fighting the flames. The father joins his daughter without a second thought, heaving another blanket over the bed and smothering the last of the flames.

NANCY

He's under there! Watch it!

206. THOMPSON pushes the girl back -- yanks out his .38 and pulls off the first cover. No movement. He pulls back a second one, ready to fire. But the only thing he sees is the blackened half-skeleton of his ex-wife, smoking and seething and sinking into the fluid-like mattress, sinking right down through it as if she were sinking into a lake. A blackened, gnarled hand goes last, then the bed solidifies over the place she's disappeared. And it's as if no one was ever there. 206.

NANCY turns and looks at LT THOMPSON, her face white as her ghostly hair. THOMPSON shoves his .38 back in its holster and finds a cigarette, his hands shaking so badly he can barely manage.

NANCY

Now do you believe me?

PARKER barges in. The room is filled with smoke, the bed is stripped, but other than that, the place seems normal.

PARKER

You find him?
(looking closer
at THOMPSON)

Sir?

LT THOMPSON just walks by him. PARKER chases after.

PARKER (CONTD OS)

(fading)

Sir -- here, let me light that
for you -- Lieutenant? What
happened?

(gone)

WIDER, ON NANCY alone in the room. She turns and looks at the bed. MUSIC slips in and builds. The bed has changed color.
It's now an ash-darkened red and yellow.

207. CLOSER ON NANCY from the direction of the bed. MUSIC SUDDENLY 207.
STOPS, and the surface of the red and yellow bed gets a bump in
its center that keeps raising, raising until it's a hump that's a
head and shoulders, still raising until it looms over NANCY.

Then FRED KRUEGER's entire shape sweeps up into the yellow and
red mass -- and the garish head, smoking and seething, pops
through.

NEW ANGLE -- KRUEGER, a burned, sizzling black hump of a killer,
clumps onto the floor between NANCY and the door.

NANCY falls absoltely still, and her face goes through a
strange, almost sublime transformation.

NANCY

(quietly)

I know you're there, Krueger.

She turns and faces him.

FREDDIE

You think you was gonna get
away from me?

NANCY shakes her head.

NANCY

I know you too well now,
Freddie.

KRUEGER smiles bitterly. Coming closer.

FREDDY

And now you die...

There's a SLICKERING RATTLE at his side, and he raises the only
thing on him not charred -- the gleaming steel talons.

208. NANCY simply shakes her head again, as if seeing a light at the 208.
end of her long, long tunnel. And the way she says the words,
they might be appearing on the inside of her eyes.

NANCY

It's too late, Krueger. I
know the secret now -- this
is just a dream, too -- you're
not alive -- the whole thing
is a dream -- so fuck off!
I want my mother and friends
again.

KRUEGER grins insanely, confused and amused at the same time.

FREDDIE

You what?

NANCY

(even, firm)

I take back every bit of
energy I ever gave you.
You're nothing. You're
shit.

And then she turns her back on him. KRUEGER bunches his
fingers, producing a single ragged bundle of razor talons and
raises his hand over the back of her head and neck.

NANCY closes her eyes and steps to the door.

CLOSE ON HER HAND, touching the door knob.

CLOSE ON KRUEGER'S KNIFE-FINGERS poised.

MUSIC BUILDS then SHRIEKS as KRUEGER stabs down, right through
NANCY -- as if she were an optical illusion -- losing his
balance and falling down, down, down... And he's gone.

CUT TO:

209. EXT. ELM STREET. DAY.

209.

CLOSE ON NANCY'S FRONT DOOR AS NANCY jerks it open and blinks in
the bright, diffused light. The MUSIC FADES on a transitional
note, into light.

We hear BIRDS.

CHILDREN playing.

Early morning SOUNDS.

NANCY

(to herself)

God, it's bright.

MARGE sticks her head out, squinting, and nods. Sober.

MARGE

Gonna burn off soon or it
wouldn't be so bright.

NANCY turns and looks her mother over.

NANCY

Feeling better?

MARGE

They say you've bottomed out
when you can't remember the
night before.

(shakes her head)

No more drinking, Baby, suddenly
I just don't feel like it
any more.

She touches NANCY.

MARGE (CONTD)

Didn't keep you up last night,
did I? You look a little
peeked.

NANCY smiles.

NANCY

Nah. Just slept heavy.

The girl gives a wave and goes off. MARGE calls after.

MARGE

See ya.

NANCY turns and waves.

NANCY

See ya.

210. WIDER ON NANCY as she walks to the curb. The whole scene is wrapped in an unseasonal tule fog, bright yet diffuse. We notice that NANCY's house no longer has bars on its windows. Then we see a familiar convertible pull up at the curb, top down. TINA and ROD are in the back seat. They all wave to MARGE as NANCY climbs in. 210.

GLEN

(calling)

You believe this fog?

MARGE

(laughs)

I believe anything's possible.

TINA slaps five with NANCY.

TINA

Lookin' good, girl!

ANGLE INSIDE THE CONVERTIBLE. GLEN slips into the seat next to NANCY. Someone else is driving, it seems. NANCY looks up to the DRIVER. The big MAN turns and grins at NANCY, a terrible, scarred, hideous leer of a grin -- FRED KRUEGER'S grin!

ANGLE BACK OUTSIDE THE CONVERTIBLE as its top clamps over the kids within -- a bright red and yellow top that closes as fast and hard as a beartrap! NANCY'S frightened face flies to the window, pressing against the thick glass as the car roars away from the curb and into the thick fog.

211. CAMERA PANS TO a group of LITTLE GIRLS, half-hidden by the fog, jumping rope and singing gayly. 211.

GIRLS

One two --
Freddy's coming for you!
Three four --
Better lock your door!
Five six --
Get your Crucifix
Seven eight --
Gonna stay up late!
Nine ten --
Never sleep again!

MUSIC CROSSFADES WITH THIS SONG, expanding the simple tune to symphonic, boundless dimensions as the little girls fade into thin air, and we

FADE TO BLACK

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A.I. : Artificial Intelligence

The
Complete Dialogue

Part Two**SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM**

PATRICIA
I'm afraid...

JOE
Of me? That I will hurt you?

PATRICIA
Yes...

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Save the seals

JOE
Is this your first time... with something like me?

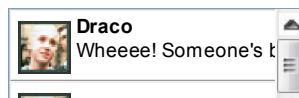
PATRICIA
I've never been with mecha.

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JOE
That makes two of us.

PATRICIA
I'm afraid it will hurt.

Movie Chat

JOE
Patricia...once you've had a lover robot, you'll never want a real


Whoohooo!!!! Draco M

chaching!
How come the only rec

GREENY

Name

Message

 Yell !

man...again.
Are these the wounds of passion?

*Singer: Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or
bright.
I only have eyes for you, dear!*

PATRICIA
Do you...do you hear that music?

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

*Singer: (note: this is played over Joe's next line)
The moon may be
high,
But I can't see a thing in the sky,
'Cause I only have eyes for
you,
Yeah...I only have eyes for you!*

JOE
You... are a goddess, Patricia. You wind me up inside. But you
deserve much better in your life. You deserve... me.

*Chorus: 'Cause I only have eyes for you.
The moon may be high,

but I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for
you!*

CITY STREET

JANE
Hey, Joe, whaddaya know?

JOE
Hey, Jane, how's the game?

AT THE HOTEL

FRONT DESK CLERK
Hey, Joe, whaddyaknow?

JOE
Hello, Mr. Williamson. Place a DND on room one-oh-two, please.

MR. WILLIAMSON
Sure thing. (Exhales) 'ere ya go.
Here y'are.

Oh! Joe! Uh, when you're finished here, crack your collar. Show off your operating license. The, uh, flesh fair's in Barn Creek, and the hounds are out hunting for strays.

JOE
It's a good thing I ran into you. Thanks Mr. Williamson.

MR. WILLIAMSON
Sure thing.

JOE
Mustn't keep a lady waiting.

IN ROOM 102

JOE
Ms. Bevins. It's Joe. At your service. I've been counting the seconds since last we met.
Have you been crying, Samantha? I found a tear.

MR. BEVINS
Hey Joe, whatdya know?
How many seconds has it been, the
last time the two of you were together?

JOE
Two hundred and fifty five thousand, one hundred and thirty three.

MR. BEVINS
Goodbye, Sam. And never forget, you killed me first.

JOE
I'm in bad trouble.

IN THE WOODS

DAVID

If I am a real boy, then I can go back. And she will love me then.

TEDDY

How?

DAVID

The Blue Fairy made Pinocchio into a real boy. She can make me into a real boy. I must find her, so I can become real. There must be someone in the whole world who knows where she lives.

ROADSIDE DUMP/WOODS

JUNKYARD MECHA #1 -

Moon on the rise!

DAVID

What is it?

JUNKYARD MECHA #2 -

It's a Flesh Fair. They destroy us on stage. I've been there.

DAVID

What do we do?

TEDDY

We run now.

FLESH FAIR BALLOON

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Any old iron? Any old iron? Any old iron? Any old iron? Expel your mecha. Purge yourselves of artificiality. Come along now, let some mecha loose to run, any old unlicensed iron down there? Hey, see that? Could be a human thing.

BALLOON OPERATOR

No, he's scanning cold. No expiration date, no ID.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

What's a new model doing loose and unregistered?

BALLOON OPERATOR

Sir, it's a late generation lover mecha.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Well, there's a relief from all this antique iron.

You are certain he's not a man? I wouldn't want a repeat of the Trenton incident.

BALLOON OPERATOR

Sir, he's free range mecha, running hot.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Let's reel him in, boys. Sic the hounds on the rest.

Shake down Shantytown.

HOUSE IN SHANTYTOWN

MECHA NANNY

What's your name?

DAVID

My name is David.

MECHA NANNY

Hello David! How old are you?

DAVID

I don't know.

MECHA NANNY

Do you need someone to take care of you? Would you like a nanny? I have many good references.

DAVID

Do you know where the Blue Fairy lives?

HANGING IN THE NET

MECHA NANNY
Don't be afraid, David.
Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant
dormira bien vite
Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormira bientôt...

TEDDY
I'll break, David.

MECHA NANNY
...Une poule blanche
Est là dans la grange...

TEDDY
Ow!

MECHA NANNY
...Qui va faire un petit coco
Pour l'enfant qui va faire
dodo...

THE FLESH FAIR

FRONT GATE ATTENDANT
Hello. Anybody lose this? Hello? This your dog?

TEDDY
Grr-rrrr...

FRONT GATE ATTENDANT
Take it to lost and found for me, okay?

CREW MEMBER #1
Hey, Allen! Lost and found!

TEDDY
Do you know David?

CREW MEMBER #2
Where's the off switch?

TEDDY

Where's David? Can you help me find David? I have to find David. Are you taking me to David?

THE ARENA

MECHA COMEDIAN

Can you shoot me OVER the propeller thing? Yea, I don't need to go through it. Ahhh, I was considering it, but I changed my mind.

RINGLEADER

Gentlemen! Start... your... engines! Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.
What about us?!

CROWD

What about us!

RINGLEADER

What... about... us?!

CROWD

What about us!

RINGLEADER

We are alive, and this is a celebration of life! And this is commitment to a truly human future!

LITTLE GIRL (to TEDDY)

What's your name?

DAVID

Hello, Teddy.

TEDDY

Hello, David.

CONTROL BOOTH

PAPA

Take it! Take it. Backgrounds rolling...

LITTLE GIRL

Papa?

PAPA
Not on the...

TECHNICIAN
...biker helm.

LITTLE GIRL
Papa?

PAPA
Amanda, go on back outside, honey. It's too smoky in here.

AMANDA
There's a boy in the cage.

PAPA
What'd you say?

AMANDA
There's a boy the cage.

PAPA
A boy?

AMANDA
A real boy. He's stuck in the cage.

PAPA
In the pen, honey?

AMANDA
In the jail place...

TECHNICIAN
Random crowd reaction-

PAPA
Hey, Russell, will you get a remote near the pig pen? Bring it up on VT1. Lemme see what she's talking about.

RUSSELL
Move it up on one.

TECHNICIAN
Push in.

RUSSELL
What are you looking for?

PAPA
Amanda said she saw a little boy in there.

TECHNICIAN
Push in!
Denny, let's go wide on the shot - wide on the shot.

PAPA
Honey, how do you know about this?

AMANDA
The bear told me.

TEDDY
I told her.

THE PIG PEN

JUNKY MECHA #1
Would you be so kind and shut down my pain receivers?

DAVID
Why is this happening?

TAXI MECHA
History repeats itself. It's the rite of blood and electricity.

GRUMPY MECHA
So, when the opportunities avail themselves, they pick away at us, cutting away our numbers so they can maintain numerical superiority!

JUNKY MECHA #1
My time... is it up already? Goodbye everyone.

DAVID
Keep me safe! Keep me safe! Keep me safe! Keep me safe!

CREW MEMBER

Not yet! Just this one here!

DAVID

Keep me safe. Keep me safe. Keep me safe...

FEMALE CREW MEMBER

Mike, security? Mike! Do you have any reports of any missing kids, any missing children? Alright, thanks.

PAPA

How'd you get in there? Boy! You, boy! Hey, what's your name? I won't bite ya. Come on over where I can see ya. Hey hey, it won't hurt ya. I just need to see.

You're a machine.

DAVID

I'm a boy.

AMANDA

Is he a toyboy?

DAVID

My name is David.

PAPA

Impossible.

THE ARENA

JUNKY MECHA #1

I still work, don't I? I can still work in the dark, but my lamp is broken. My lamplight will not work. I hit my lamp on a girder overhead.

THE PIG PEN

NANNY MECHA

Goodbye, David.

PAPA

No one builds children. No one ever has. What would be the point?

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Aye, he could be a custom job. Some rich, and lonely,
scaredy pusses pretend child.

GRUMPY MECHA

I'm a custom job. 75 years ago I was Time Magazine's mecha of
the year!

PAPA

Eh, this work is first rate. A lot of love went into him. David! You
are one of a kind, you know that? Who made you?

DAVID

My mommy made me.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Her womb was your factory, eh? One of those built to
aspire to the human condition. What is the name of your maker? Serve U.S., E.Z.
Living, Robbyville? Simulate-City, Santern, Cybertronics, Sidekicks--

DAVID

Monica is my mommy.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Can I speak with you for a moment? You thinking of
not putting him in the show?

PAPA

Something as original as this you don't toss out with the rest of the
garbage!

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Yeah, well, I say originality without purpose is a
white elephant, but if money is your purpose, then here's your refund-- my
compliments.

PAPA

What are you going to do with him?

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Put him where he belongs-- in show business.

JOE

It was certainly my good fortune running into you!

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Let go of him.

JOE

Let go of me.

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON
I said let go of him.

JOE
I'm trying!

DAVID
Don't let go. Keep me safe! Don't let go!

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON
Suit yourselves.

THE ARENA

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON
Ladies and gentlemen. Girls and boys and children of all ages! What will they think of next?! See here: a bitty box, a tinker toy, a living doll. 'Course we all know why they made them. To seize your hearts. To replace your children! This is the latest iteration to the series of insults to human dignity. An underground scheme to phase out all of God's little children. Meet the next generation of child designed to do just that!

Do not be fooled by the artistry of this creation. No doubt there was talent in the crafting of this simulator. Yet with the very first strike, you will see the big lie come apart before your very eyes!

DAVID
Don't burn me! Don't burn me! I'm not Pinocchio! Don't make me die!
I'm David, I'm David, I'm David!

WOMAN IN CROWD
Mecha don't plead for their lives! Who is that? He looks like a boy...

DAVID
Don't make me die...don't make me die! I'm David!

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON
Built like a boy to disarm us! See how they try to imitate our emotions, now!

DAVID
I'm David, I'm David, I'm David...

LORD JOHNSON-JOHNSON

Whatever performance this sim puts on, remember we are only demolishing artificiality! Let he who is without 'sim' cast the first stone.

CROWD

He's just a boy... He's just a boy, Johnson...You're a monster!... (hubbub)

PAPA

Get them out of there before they tear this place apart.

HOBBY'S OFFICE

ASSISTANT #1

We found him.

HOBBY

Where?

ASSISTANT #1

Flesh Fair outside Haddonfield.

HOBBY

Is he alive?

ASSISTANT #2

Yes. He's in one piece.

IN THE WOODS

TEDDY

I see the moon.

DAVID

Is it real?

TEDDY

I don't know, David.

DAVID

Is it coming?

TEDDY

I can't tell yet.

DAVID

Let's not walk this way.

JOE

Where are we going?

DAVID

This way now.

JOE

Are you in bad trouble, have you run away from someone?

DAVID

My mommy told me to run away.

JOE

Why did she say that?

DAVID

I guess...because Henry didn't like me.

JOE

Why was that?

DAVID

Martin came home.

JOE

And who is he?

DAVID

Martin is Mommy and Henry's REAL son. After I find the Blue Fairy, then I can go home. Mommy will love a real boy. The Blue Fairy will make me into one.

JOE

Is Blue Fairy mecha, orga, man, or woman?

DAVID

Woman.

JOE

Woman. I know women! They sometimes ask for me by name. I know all about women. About as much as there is to know. No two are ever alike, and after they've met me, no two are ever the same! And I know where most of them can be found.

DAVID

Where?

JOE

Rouge City. Across the Delaware. Too far for our feet. We'll need help to get there. And, it is not without peril. We will have to journey....towards the moon.

DAVID

Are there many women in Rouge City?

JOE

As there are stars at night.

DAVID

And how will we find just one?

JOE

We will ask Dr. Know! There is nothing he doesn't. Exactly what name do you give this woman?

DAVID

She is...just Blue Fairy.

JOE

Blue Fairy. In the world of Orga blue is the color of melancholy, yet the services I provide will put a blush back on anyones cheek. I will change the color of your fairy for you. She will scream out in the moonlight...'Ah, oh yes, oh god, oh yes, oh god, oh god'...she will make you a real boy for I will make her a real woman and all will be right with the world, because you held my hand and saved my brain. So once again my customers may ask for my by name 'Gigolo Joe, whatdoyaknow'!

DAVID

Why do you do that?

JOE

That's just what I do. Now follow me, and don't fall behind. All roads lead to Rouge! Don't they say that, eh? Don't they just....

ON THE ROADSIDE

JOE

There are girls your age who are just like me. We are the guiltless pleasures of the lonely human being. You're not going to get us pregnant, or have us over for supper with mummy and daddy. We work under you, we work on you, and we work for you. Man made us better at what we do than was ever humanly possible. If you can manage us a lift to Rouge City, all this, and much, much more, can be yours.

TEENAGER

Get in!

IN THE CAR

JOE

Everybody say 'Ah!'

JOE & TEENS

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ROUGE CITY PLAZA

JOE

Over there is 'Here, Kitty Kitty'. That's where the agency held my trial when I was made new. That's 'Tails'...very 'hoity-toity'. Only sunrise gents and sunset ladies. Strictly sierra class robots who have no idea how to live. Can't even speak English, all made in Sweden. Couldn't tell a joke from a poke.

That's Mildred! I have to show you inside Mildred!

DAVID

Are you her?

JOE

That's Our Lady of the Immaculate Heart. The ones who created us are always looking for the ones that created them. They go in, look around their feet, sing songs, and when they come out, it's usually me they find. I've picked up a lot of business here.

DAVID

Joe, where's Blue Fairy?

JOE

That's what we'll find out when we find Dr. Know. It's where everyone goes who needs to know.

Meet the good doctor!

DOCTOR KNOW'S SHOP

DR.KNOW

Starving minds, welcome to Dr. Know! Where fast-food for thought is served up 24 hours a day, in 40,000 locations nationwide. Ask Dr. Know, there's nothing I don't!

DAVID

Tell me where I can find the Blue Fairy.

DR.KNOW

Question me you pay the fee, two for five you get one free!

JOE

He means two questions cost five Newbucks with a third question on the house. In this day and age, David, nothing costs more than information.

DAVID

That's everything!

JOE

Ten Newbucks and a ten copper comes to 7 questions for Dr. Know.

DAVID

That should be enough!

JOE

He's a smooth operator. He'll test our limits, but try we must.

DR.KNOW

Greetings colleagues. On author, factual text or fictionalized text, 1st or 3rd person, usual literacy range from primal level to the post doctoral, usual span of styles from fairy tale to religious, who's who, or where's where - or, flat fact.

DAVID

Flat-fact?

DR.KNOW

Thank you for question number one. 'Flat-fact' is a term demanding an equal answer with interpretive speculation... merely not the... and what you are saying is basically that is what you-

DAVID

That shouldn't count, that wasn't my question!

JOE

You must take care not to raise your voice up at the end of a sentence.

'Flat-fact'.

Dr.KNOW

You have 6 more questions!

DAVID

Where is Blue Fair-REE?

DR.KNOW

In the Garden. Vascostylis blue fairy. Blooms twice annually with bright blue flowers on a branched inflorescence. A hybrid between Ascola Meda Arnold. You have 5 more questions.

DAVID

Who is Blue Fair-REE?

DR.KNOW

Are you sad, lonely, looking for a friend? 'Blue Fairy Escort Service' will find a mate for you! You have 4 more questions.

DAVID

Joe. Try fairy tale.

JOE

New category. A fairy's tail.

DAVID

No! Fairy tale!

JOE

No. Fairy tale.

DAVID

What is Blue Fairy?

DR.KNOW

Pinocchio, by Carlo Collodi. At the signal, there was a rustling as flapping of wings, and a large falcon flew to the windowsill. What are your orders, beautiful fairy, he asked...

DAVID

That's her.

DR.KNOW

...For you must know that the child with blue hair was no other than the good hearted fairy who had lived in that wood for more than a thousand years...

JOE

David! David!

DAVID

That's her!

JOE

It was an example of her. But I think we're getting closer.

DAVID

But if a fairy tale is real, wouldn't it be a fact? A flat fact?

DR.KNOW

...then the dream ended, and Pinocchio awoke, full of amazement...

JOE

Say no more. New category, please. Combine Fact with Fairy Tale. Now. Ask him again.

DAVID

How can the Blue Fairy make a robot into a real, live boy?

DR.KNOW

Come away,O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a
fairy, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
then you can
understand.

Your quest will be perilous
Yet the reward is beyond price.
In his
book
'How Can A Robot Become Human',
Professor Allen Hobby writes
of
the power which
will transform Mecha into Orga.

DAVID

Will you tell me how to find her?

DR.KNOW
Discovery is quite possible.
Our blue fairy does exist
in
one place, and one place only,
At the end of the world
Where the lions
weep.
Here is the place dreams are born.

JOE
Many a mecha has gone to the end of the world... never to come back!
That is why they call the end of the world 'MAN-hattan'.

DAVID
And that is why we must go there!

HALLWAY OUTSIDE DR. KNOW'S SHOP

JOE
Wait! What if the blue fairy isn't real at all, David? What if she's
magic? The supernatural is the hidden web that unites the universe. Only orga
believe what cannot be seen or measured. It is that oddness that separates our
species. Or what if the Blue Fairy is an electronic parasite that has arisen to
hold the minds of artificial intelligence? They hate us, you know? The
humans...They'll stop at nothing.

DAVID
My Mommy doesn't hate me! Because I'm special, and...unique! Because
there has never been anyone like me before! Mommy loves Martin because he is
real and when I am real, Mommy's going to read to me, and tuck me in my bed, and
sing to me, and listen to what I say, and she will cuddle with me, and tell me
every day a hundred times a day that she loves me!

JOE
She loves what you do for her, as my customers love what it is I do
for them. But she does not love you David, she cannot love you. You are neither
flesh, nor blood. You are not a dog, a cat or a canary. You were designed and
built specific, like the rest of us. And you are alone now only because they
tired of you, or replaced you with a younger model, or were displeased with
something you said, or broke. They made us too smart, too quick, and too many.
We are suffering for the mistakes they made because when the end comes, all that
will be left is us. That's why they hate us, and that is why you must stay here,
with me.

DAVID
Goodbye, Joe.

ROUGE CITY PLAZA

POLICE OFFICER
You're in big trouble.

TEDDY
Be careful David, this is not a toy.

AMPHIBICOPTER
Destination?

JOE
MAN-hattan.

MANHATTAN

AMPHIBICOPTER
Mecha Restricted Area.
Manhattan. Destination
Achieved.

JOE
Man-hattan, the sunken city at the end of the world.

DAVID
Where the lions weep.

TEDDY
Grrrrrr...

DAVID
Turn around, Joe.

JOE
We're not going to give up yet, David.

TEDDY
Grrrrrr...

DAVID
Turn around. Turn all the way around.

TEDDY
Grrrrrr...

CYBERTRONICS PENTHOUSE ENTRANCE

DAVID
Professor Hobby? Professor Hobby?

JOE
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a
Faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand.

PENTHOUSE LIBRARY

DAVID
Professor Hobby? Professor Hobby? Hello? Hello?
Is this the
place they make you real?

DAVID II
This is the place they make you read.

DAVID
Are you real?

DAVID II
I guess.

DAVID
Are you me?

DAVID II
I'm David.

DAVID
You're not.

DAVID II
Yes, I am! I'm David!

DAVID

So am I.

DAVID II
Hello, David. -
Can you read? Can you sit down, and we can
read together? Let's be friends.

DAVID
You can't have her.

DAVID II
I can't hear you.

DAVID
She's mine. And I'm the ONLY one.
I'm David! I'm David! I'm
David! I'm David! I'm...(pause), I'm David! I'm David! I'm David! I'm special!
I'm unique! I'm David! You can't have her!
I'm David...I'm David...I'm
David...

HOBBY
David? David!

DAVID
I'm David...I'm David...

HOBBY
Yes, you are David.

DAVID
Professor Hobby?

HOBBY
Yes David, I've been waiting for you.

DAVID
Dr. Know told me you'd be here. Is Blue Fairy here, too?

HOBBY
I first heard of your Blue Fairy from Monica. What did you believe
the Blue Fairy could do for you?

DAVID
She would make me a real boy.

HOBBY
But you are a real boy. At least as real as I've ever made one which
by all reasonable accounts would make me your Blue Fairy.

DAVID

You are not her. Dr. Know told me she would be here at the lost city in the sea at the end of the world where the lions weep.

HOBBY

And that's what Dr. Know needed to know in order to get you to come home to us. And it's the only time we intervened; the only help that we gave him to give to you, so you could find your way home to us.

Until you were born, robots didn't dream, robots didn't desire, unless we told them what to want. David! Do you have any idea what a success story you've become? You found a fairy tale and inspired by love, fueled by desire, you set out on a journey to make her real and, most remarkable of all, no one taught you how. We actually lost you for a while. But when you were found again we didn't make our presence known because our test was a simple one: Where would your self-motivated reasoning take you? To the logical conclusion? The Blue Fairy is part of the great human flaw to wish for things that don't exist. Or to the greatest single human gift - the ability to chase down our dreams. And that is something no machine has ever done until you.

DAVID

I thought I was one of a kind.

HOBBY

My son was one of a kind. You are the first of a kind.
David?

DAVID

My brain is falling out.

HOBBY

Would you like to come meet your real mothers and fathers? The team is anxious to talk to you. I want you to wait here and I'll gather them up. We want to hear everything about your adventure. We want thank you, and tell you what's in store for you next.

OUTSIDE LEDGE OF CYBERTRONICS BLDG.

DAVID

Mommy.

IN THE AMPHIBICOPTER

DAVID

I saw it Joe, I saw it! The place where she lives! She's right down there, Joe!

JOE

She is?

DAVID

She's waiting for me, we have to go!

JOE

Uh-oh.

When you become a real boy, remember me to the ladies when you grow up!

DAVID

Good-bye Joe.

JOE

Good-bye David.

I am...I was!

UNDER WATER

TEDDY

David, please, be careful.

STOPPED

DAVID

The Blue Fairy's all right!

TEDDY

What happened?

DAVID

I'm don't know.

TEDDY

We are in a cage.

DAVID

Blue Fairy? Please...please, please make me into a real live boy.

Please...Blue Fairy? Please...please...make me real. Blue Fairy? Please, please make me real. Please make me a real boy. Please, Blue Fairy, make me into a real boy. Please...

NARRATOR

And David continued to pray to the Blue Fairy there before him,

she who smiled softly, forever...she who welcomed forever. Eventually the floodlights dimmed and died, but David could still see her palely by day, and he still addressed her, in hope. He prayed until all the sea anemones had shriveled and died, he prayed as the ocean froze and the ice encased the caged amphibicopter, and the Blue Fairy too, locking them together where he could still make her out - a blue ghost in ice - always there, always smiling, always awaiting him. Eventually he never moved at all, but his eyes always stayed open, staring ahead forever all through the darkness of each night, and the next day...and the next day...

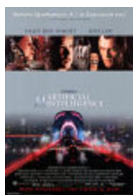
Thus, 2000 years passed by.

A.I. : Artificial Intelligence

The
Complete Dialogue

Part Three

THE END



A.I.

Writers : [Ian Watson](#) [Brian Aldiss](#) [Steven Spielberg](#)

Genres : [Sci-Fi](#) [Adventure](#) [Drama](#)

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A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Screenplay

by

Stanley Kubrick

Based on the novel by

Anthony Burgess

FADE IN:

INT. KOROVA MILKBAR - NIGHT

Tables, chairs made of nude fibreglass figures.

Hypnotic atmosphere.

Alex, Pete, Georgie and Dim, teenagers stoned on their milk-plus, thier feet resting on faces, crotches, lips of the sculptured furniture.

ALEX (V.O.)

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie and Dim and we sat in the Korova milkbar trying to make up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The Korova Milk Bar sold milkplus, milk plus vellocet or synthemesc or drenchrom which is what we were drinking. This would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of the old ultra-violence. Our pockets were full of money so there was no need on that score, but, as they say, money isn't everything.

INT. PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

A Tramp lying in tunnel, singing.

TRAMP

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets wide and narrow...

Shadows of the boys approaching fall across Tramp.

TRAMP

Crying cockless and mussels alive,
Alive O...
Alive, alive O... Alive, alive O...
Crying cockless and mussels alive,
Alive O...

ALEX (V.O.)

One thing I could never stand is to see a filthy, dirty old drunkie, howling away at the filthy songs of his fathers and going blerp, blerp in between as it might be a filthy old orchestra in his stinking rotten guts. I could never stand to see anyone like that, whatever his age might be, but more especially when he was real old like this one was.

The boys stop and applaud him.

TRAMP

Can you... can you spare some cutter, me brothers?

Alex rams his stick into the Tramp's stomach. The boys laugh.

TRAMP

Oh-hhh!!! Go on, do me in you bastard cowards. I don't want to live anyway, not in a stinking world like this.

ALEX

Oh - and what's so stinking about it?

TRAMP

It's a stinking world because there's no law and order any more. It's a stinking world because it lets the young get onto the old like you done. It's no world for an old man any more. What sort of a world is it at all? Men on the moon and men spinning around the earth and there's not no attention paid to earthly law and order no more.

The Tramp starts singing again.

TRAMP

Oh dear land, I fought for thee and brought you peace and victory.

Alex and gang move in and start beating up on old Tramp.

INT. DERELICT CASINO - NIGHT

Billyboy gang on stage tearing clothes off a screaming Girl.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was around by the derelict casino that we came across Billyboy and his four droogs. They were getting ready to perform a little of the old in-out, in-out on a weepy young devotchka they had there.

Alex and gang step out of the shadows.

ALEX

Ho, Ho, Ho... Well, if it isn't stinking Billygoat Billyboy in poison. How are thou, thou globby bottle of cheap stinking chip oil? Come and get one in the yarbles, if you have any yarbles, you eunuch jelly thou.

Billyboy snaps open a switchblade knife.

BILLY BOY

Let's get 'em boys.

The fight begins, chains, knives, kicking boots. Police siren.

ALEX

The Police... come on, let's go... come on.

Alex and the boys rush out of casino.

EXT. / INT. CAR - NIGHT - FAST DRIVING SHOTS

Swerving car, forcing other cars off the road, trying to hit pedestrians, etc.

ALEX (V.O.)

The Durango-95 purred away real horrorshow - a nice, warm vibraty feeling all through your guttiwuts. Soon it was trees and dark, my brothers, with real country dark. We fillied around for a while with other travelers of the night, playing hogs of the road. Then we headed west, what we were after now was the old surprise visit, that was a real kick and good for laughs and lashing of the ultra-violent.

EXT. "HOME" - NIGHT

A cottage on its own, on outskirts of a village.

Bright moonlight. Cheery light inside.

Car pulls to stop.

Alex shushes his giggling boys and gets out of the car.

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Mr. Alexander typing. Bell rings.

MR. ALEXANDER

Who on earth could that be?

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'll see.

Mrs. Alexander, a good-looking red head in a red jumper suit.

MRS. ALEXANDER

Yes? Who is it?

ALEX

Excuse me, Mrs... will you please help, there's been a terrible accident.

She opens the door on the chain and peeps out.

ALEX

My friend's lying in the middle of the road bleeding to death. Could I please use your telephone for an ambulance?

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'm sorry, but we don't have a telephone. You'll have to go somewhere else.

ALEX

But Mrs... it's a matter of life and death.

From inside the sound of clack clacky clack clack clackity clackclack of Alexander typing stops.

MR. ALEXANDER

Who is it, dear?

MRS. ALEXANDER

There's a young man here. He says there's been an accident. He wants to use the telephone.

MR. ALEXANDER

Then you'd better let him in.

MRS. ALEXANDER

Wait a minute.

ALEX

Thank you, Mrs.

Mrs. Alexander opens door, saying...

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'm sorry, we don't usually let people in in the middle of the night.

Alex and boys have put on their masks and rush into house, carrying and dragging Mrs. Alexander along with them.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

They go roaring in.

Mr. Alexander is kicked in the face and goes down. Georgie leaps on him. Pete jumps up and down and the settee. Dim grabs hold of Mrs. Alexander. Alex whistles piercingly.

ALEX

Right, Pete. Check the rest of the house.

Alex turns to Dim who holds the struggling Mrs. Alexander.

ALEX

Dim...

Dim sets her down but holds her firmly. Alex starts to sing -
"Singin' in the Rain", accompanying it with a kind of tap dance.

ALEX
(singing)
I'm singing in the rain...

He kicks Mr. Alexander accenting the lyrics.

ALEX
(singing)
Just singing in the rain...

He clubs Mr. Alexander with stick, in the time to the music.

ALEX
(singing)
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.

He pushes a rubber ball into Mrs. Alexander's mouth and binds it
with sellotape.

ALEX
(singing)
I'm laughing at clouds so dark up above.
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for
love.
Let the stormy clouds chase...

He kicks Mr. Alexander again.

ALEX
(singing)
... everyone from the place.
Come on with the rain...

He puts ball in Mr. Alexander's mouth and sellotapes it.

ALEX
(singing)
... I've a smile on my face.
I'll walk down the lane... to a happy
refrain.
I'm singing... just singin' in the rain.

He knocks down the book cases and moves to Mrs. Alexander being
held by Dim. Starts to repeat on song as he cuts slowly up each
leg of her cat suit, until she is naked. This coincidences with
the song finishing.

He turns to Mr. Alexander.

ALEX
Viddy well, my little Brother. Viddy well.

INT. KOROVA MILKBAR - NIGHT

The boys enter yawning..

ALEX (V.O.)

We were all feeling a bit shagged and
fagged and fashed, it having been an
evening of some small energy expenditure,
O my brothers, so we got rid of the auto
and stopped off at the Korova for a
nightcap.

Dim moves over to milk machine and speaks to the statue of the
nude girl.

DIM

Hello Lucy, had a busy night?

Puts money in machine.

DIM

We've been working hard too.

Takes glass.

DIM

Pardon me. Luce.

He raises glass to breast, pulls red handle between her legs. Milk
spurts into glass.

Dim joins the others. Alex looks at a party of tourists.

ALEX (V.O.)

There was some sophistos from the TV
studios around the corner, laughing an
govoreeting. The Devotchka was smecking
away, and not caring about the wicked
world one bit. Then the disc on the stereo
twanged off and out, and in the short
silence before the next one came on, she
suddenly came with a burst of singing, and
it was like for a moment, O my brothers,
some great bird had flown into the milkbar
and I felt all the malenky little hairs on
my plott standing endwise, and the shivers
crawling up like slow malenky lizards and
then down again. Because I knew what she
sang. It was a bit from the glorious 9th,
by Ludwig van.

Dim makes a lip-trump followed by a dog howl, followed by two
fingers pronging twice in the air, followed by a clowny guffaw.

Alex brings his stick down smartly on Dim's legs.

DIM

What did you do that for?

ALEX

For being a bastard with no manners and
not a dook of an idea how to comport
yourself publicwise, O my Brother.

DIM

I don't like you should do what you done.
And I'm not your brother no more and
wouldn't want to be.

ALEX

Watch that... Do watch that, O Dim, if to
continue to be on live thou dost wish.

DIM

Yarbles, great bolshy yarblockos to you
I'll meet you with chain, or nozh or
britva, any time, not having you aiming
tolchocks at me reasonless. It stands to
reason, I won't have it.

ALEX

A nozh scrap any time you say.

Dim weakens.

DIM

Doobidoob... a bit tired maybe, everybody
is. A long night for growing malchicks...
best not to say more. Bedways is righthways
now, so best we go homeways and get a bit
of spatchka. Right, right.

INT. ALEX'S FLATBLOCK - MAIN LOBBY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alex passes a mural in the hall. Nude men and women. Their massive
stylized bodies embellished and decorated by handy pencil and
ballpoint.

The elevator door is buckled.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex pees in toilet.

Alex goes into his room. Tosses his loot into a drawer, full of
money, wristwatches, cameras, etc.

Fifty small loudspeakers cover one wall.

He puts his pet boa constrictor on tree branch mounted on the
wall, above four Christ figures who have their arms intertwined
like a chorus line.

He puts a cassette into the tape player.

A heavy shockwave of sound - Beethoven's 9th.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had been a wonderful evening and what I needed now to give it the perfect ending was a bit of the old Ludwig van.

Music starts.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then, brothers, it came. O bliss, bliss and heaven, oh it was gorgeousness and georgeosity made flesh. The trombones crunched redgold under my bed, and behind my gulliver the trumpets three-wise, silver-flamed and there by the door the timps rolling through my guts and out again, crunched like candy thunder. It was like a bird of rarest spun heaven metal or like silvery wine flowing in a space ship, gravity all nonsense now. As I slooshied, I knew such lovely pictures. There were weeks and ptitsas laying on the ground screaming for mercy and I was smecking all over my rot and grinding my boot into their tortured litsos and there were naked devotchkas ripped and creeching against walls and I plunging like a shlaga into them.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT - DAY

He is asleep. The boa curled up at his feet. There is a knock on the door.

ALEX

What d'you want?

EM

It's past eight, Alex, you don't want to be late for school, son.

ALEX

Bit of pain in the gulliver, Mum. Leave us be and I'll try to sleep it off... then I'll be as right as dodgers for this after.

EM

You've not been to school all week, son.

ALEX

I've got to rest, Mum... got to get fit, otherwise I'm liable to miss a lot more school.

EM

Eeee... I'll put your breakfast in the oven. I've got to be off myself now.

ALEX

Alright, Mum... have a nice day at the factory.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pee sitting at breakfast table.

Em enters.

EM

He's not feeling too good again this morning, Dad.

PEE

Yes, I heard. D'you know what time he got in last night?

EM

No I don't know, luv, I'd taken my sleepers.

PEE

I wonder where exactly is it he goes to work of evenings.

EM

Well, like he says, it's mostly odd things he does, helping like... here and there, as it might be.

INT. EM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex comes out of his room and finds P.R. Deltoid sitting on bed in parent's room.

ALEX

Hi, hi, hi there, Mr. Deltoid, funny surprise to see you here.

DELTOID

Ah, Alex boy, awake at last, yes? I met your mother on the way to work, yes? She gave me the key. She said something about a pain somewhere... hence not at school, yes?

ALEX

A rather intolerable pain in the head, brother, sir. I think it should be clear by this afterlunch.

DELTOID

Oh, or certainly by this evening, yes? The evening's a great time, isn't it, Alex boy?

ALEX

A cup of the old chai, sir?

DELTOID

No time, no time, yes. Sit, sit, sit.

Alex sits next to him.

ALEX

To what do I owe this extreme pleasure,
sir? Anything wrong, sir?

Deltoid "playfully" grabs Alex's hair.

DELTOID

Wrong? Why should you think of anything
being wrong, have you been doing something
you shouldn't. Yes?

He shakes Alex's hair.

ALEX

Just a manner of speech, sir.

DELTOID

Well, yes, it's just a manner of speech
from your Post Corrective Advisor to you
that you watch out, little Alex.

He puts his arm round Alex's shoulder.

DELTOID

Because next time it's going to be the
barry place and all my work ruined. If
you've no respect for your horrible self,
you at least might have some for me who'se
sweated over you.

He slaps Alex on the knee.

DELTOID

A big black mark I tell you for every one
we don't reclaim. A confession of failure
for every one of you who ends up in the
stripy hole.

ALEX

I've been doing nothing I shouldn't, sir.
The millicents have nothing on me,
brother, sir, I mean.

Deltiod pulls Alex down on the bed.

DELTOID

Cut out all this clever talk about milicents. Just because the Police haven't picked you up lately doesn't, as you very well know, mean that you've not been up to some nastiness. There was a bit of a nastiness last night, yes. Some very extreme nastiness, yes. A few of a certain Billyboy's friends were ambluenced off late last night, yes. Your name was mentioned, the word's got thru to me by the usual channels. Certain friends of yours were named also. Oh, nobody can prove anything about anybody as usual, but I'm warning you, little Alex, being a good friend to you as always, the one man in this sore and sick community who wants to save you from yourself.

Deltoid makes a grab for Alex's joint but finds his hand instead. Alex laughs. Derisively and rises. Deltoid distractedly reaches for a glass of water on the night table, and fails to notice a set of false teeth soaking in them. He drinks from the glass. The clink of the teeth sounding like ice-cubes.

DELTOID

What gets into you all? We study the problem. We've been studying it for damn well near a century, yes, but we get no further with our studies. You've got a good home here, good loving parents, you've got not too bad of a brain. Is it some devil that crawls inside of you?

ALEX

Nobody's got anything on me, brother, sir. I've been out of the rookers of the milicents for a long time now.

DELTOID

That's just worries me. A bit too long to long to be reasonable. You're about due now by my reckoning, that's why I'm warning you, little Alex, to keep your handsome young proboscis out of the dirt. Do I make myself clear?

ALEX

As an unclouded lake, sir. Clear as an azure sky of deepest summer. You can rely on me, sir.

Deltoid drinks again but this time sees the teeth in the glass. He groans and retches.

INT. MUSIC BOOTICK - DAY

Alex enters. Two pretty micro-boppers, Marty and Sonietta, sucking phallic ice sticks.

ALEX

Pardon me, brother. I ordered this two weeks ago. Could you see if it's arrived.

CLERK

OK. I'll see if it's in.

Clerk exits. Alex turns to the girls.

ALEX

Pardon me, ladies

He steps in between them and goes through the motions, looking through.

ALEX

Enjoying it then, my darling?... A bit cold and pointless isn't it, my lovely... What's happened to yours, my little sister?

Marty giggles.

MARTY

Who you gotten bratty, Goggly Gogol? Johnny Zhivago? The Heaven Seventeen?

ALEX

What you got back home, little sister, to play your fuzzy warbles on? I bet you got little save pitiful portable picnic players. Come with Uncle and hear all proper. Hear angel trumpets and devil trombones. You are invited.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

The two girls, naked, jumping up and down on Alex's still unmade bed zonked by the booming, all engulfing sound of Alex's incredible Hi-Fi.

INT. ALEX'S FLATBLOCK - LOBBY HALL - DAY

Alex finds the gang waiting for him.

ALEX

Hi, hi, hi, there

ALL THREE

Well, hello.

DIM

He are here! He have arrived! Hooray!

ALEX

Welly, welly, welly, welly, welly, welly, well. To what do I owe the extreme pleasure of this surprising visit?

Georgie rises.

GEORGIE

We got worried. There we were waiting and drinking away at the old knify Moloko and you had not turned up and we thought you might have been like offended by something or other, so around we come to your abode.

ALEX

Appy polly loggies. I had something of a pain in the guliver so had to sleep. I was not awakened when I gave orders for awakening.

DIM

Sorry about the pain. Using the guliver to much like, eh? Giving orders and disciplining and that perhaps, eh? You sure the pain's gone? You sure you'll not be happier back up in bed.

ALEX

Lets get things nice and sparkling clear. This sarcasm, if I may call it such, does not become you, O my brothers. As I am your droog and leader, I am entitled to know what goes on, eh? Now then, Dim, what does that great big horsy gape of a grin portend?

GEORGIE

All right, no more picking on Dim, brother. That's part of the new way.

ALEX

New way? What's this about a new way? There's been some very large talk behind my sleeping back, and no error. Let me hear more.

GEORGIE

Well, we go round shop crasting and the like, coming out with a pitiful rookerful of money each.

DIM

Pitiful rookerful...

GEORGIE

And there's Will the English in the Musclemans coffee mesto saying he can fence anything that anything that any malchick tries to crast.

DIM

Yeah... Pete the English.

GEORGIE

The shiny stuff. The Ice. The big, big,
big money is available's what Will the
English says.

DIM

Big, big money.

ALEX

And what will you do with the big, big,
money? Have you not everything you need?
If you need a motor-car, you pluck it from
the trees. If you need pretty polly, you
take it.

GEORGIE

Brother, you think and talk sometimes like
a little child. Tonight we pull a mansize
crast.

ALEX

Good. Real horrorshow. Initiative comes to
them as waits. I've taught you much, my
little droogies. Now tell me what you have
in mind, Georgie Boy.

GEORGIE

Oh, the old moloko-plus first, would you
not say

DIM

Moloko-plus.

GEORGIE

Something to sharpen us up, you
especially. We have the start.

EXT. FLATBLOCK MARINE - DAY

The gang come out of the flatblock and walk along the marina.

ALEX (V.O.)

As we walked along the flatblock marina, I
was calm on the outside but thinking all
the time, so now it was to be Georgie the
General, saying what we should do and what
not to do, and Dim as his mindless,
grinning bulldog. But, suddenly, I viddied
that thinking was for the gloopy ones and
that the oomny ones use like inspiration
and what Bog sends, for now it was lovely
music that came to my aid and I viddied at
once what to do. There was a window open
with the stereo on.

IN SLOW MOTION

Alex clubs Georgie into water with his stick. Dim swings chain.
Alex ducks. Dim goes into water.

Alex kneels, hands behind back, takes knife from sword stick,
offers hand to help Dim, and slashes Dim when he gets it.

Dim falls back into the water.

Alex laughs.

INT. DUKE OF NEW YORK PUB

The four boys sit round table.

ALEX (V.O.)

I had not put into any of Dim's main
cables and so, with the help of a clean
tashtook, the red, red kroovy stopped, and
it did not take long to quieten the two
wounded soldiers, down in the snug in the
Duke of New York. Now they knew who was
Master and Leader. Sheep, thought I, but a
real leader knows always when like to give
and show generous to his unders.

ALEX

Well, now we're back to where we were.
Yes? Just like before and all forgotten?
Right, right, right.

ALL BOYS

Right. Right. Right.

ALEX

Well, Georgie Boy. This idea you've got
for tonight. Well, tell us all about it
then.

GEORGIE

Not tonight - not this nochy.

ALEX

Come, come, come, Georgie Boy. You're a
big strong chelloveck like us all. We're
not little children, are we, Georgie Boy?
What, then, didst thou in thy mind have?

Confrontation. Georgie backs down.

GEORGIE

It's this Health Farm. A bit out of the
town. Isolated. It's owned by this like
very rich ptitsa who lives there with her
cats. The place is shut down for a week
and she's completely on her own, and it's
full up with like gold and silver and like
jewels.

ALEX

Tell me more, Georgie Boy.

INT. CATLADY'S HOUSE

Catlady doing yoga exercises.

Room is full of cats. Doorbell rings.

CATLADY
(softly to herself)

Oh shit.

She goes to the door.

EXT. CATLADY'S HOUSE

CATLADY
Who's there?

ALEX
Excuse me, missus, can you please help?
There's been a terrible accident. Can I
please use your telephone for an
ambulance?

CATLADY
I'm frightfully sorry. There is a
telephone in the Public House about a mile
down the road. I suggest you use that.

ALEX
But, missus, this is an emergency. It's a
matter of life and death. Me friend's
lying in the middle of the road bleeding
to death.

CATLADY
I... I'm very sorry, but I never open. I'm
very sorry but I never open the door to
strangers after dark.

ALEX
Very well, madam. I suppose you can't be
blamed for being suspicious with so many
scoundrels and rouges of the night about.

Alex walks away from door, then ducks into the bushes where the
others are hiding. They put on their maskies and follow Alex round
to the rear of the house.

ALEX
Dim, bend down.
(Alex points to an
upstairs window)
I'm gonna get in that window and open the
front door.

He climbs up drain-pipe to the bathroom window.

INT. CADLADY'S HOUSE

The Catlady enters and dials a number.

CATLADY

Hullo, Radlett Police Station. Good evening. It's Miss Weathers at Woodmere Health Farm. Look, I'm frightfully sorry to bother you but something rather odd has just happened... Well, it's probably nothing at all, but you never know... Well, a young man rang the bell asking to use the telephone... He said there had been some kind of accident. The thing that caught my attention was what he said - the words he used, sounded exactly like what was quoted in the papers this morning in connection with the writer and his wife who were assaulted last night... Well, just a few minutes ago... Well, if you think that's necessary, but, well, I'm quite sure he's gone away now. Oh... alright. Fine. Thank you very much. Thank you.

She puts phone down, turns and nearly jumps out of her leotard when she sees Alex in the doorway.

ALEX

Hi, hi, hi there, at last we meet.

CATLADY

What the bloody hell d'you think you're doing?

ALEX

Our brief goverreet thru the letter hole was not, shall we say, satisfactory, yes?

CATLADY

Now listen here, you little bastard, just you turn around and walk out of here the same way as you came in.

Alex eyes a giant white, fibreglass phallic sculpture on the table beside him.

ALEX

Naughty, naughty, naughty, you filthy old soomaka.

CATLADY

No! No! Don't touch it. That's a very important work of art. What the bloody hell do you want?

ALEX

You see, madam, I am part of an international student's contest to see who can get the most points for selling magazines.

CATLADY

Cut the shit, sonny, and get out of here before you get yourself in some very serious trouble.

He rocks the giant phallus which has a special weight swinging inside causing it to swing up and down an eccentric motion.

CATLADY

I told you to leave it alone. Now get out of here before I throw you out, wretched slummy bedbug. I'll teach you breaking into real people's houses. Get out!

She grabs up a bust of Beethoven and rushes at Alex. He grabs the giant phallic sculpture.

Circling, Alex fends off her mad rushes with skilful jabs of the giant phallus.

She ducks under and clobbers him with the heavy bust of Beethoven.

He goes down, pulling her off balance and they both wind up the floor.

In the struggle, Alex bashes her with the phallus.

Distant Police sirens.

He exits.

EXT. CATLADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex rushes out. Dim and the others are waiting.

ALEX

Come on. Let's go, the police are coming.

DIM

One minoota, droogie.

Dim smashes Alex in the face with a full milk bottle. He goes down. The others run away, laughing.

ALEX

(screaming)

You bastards... bastards.

INT. POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Inspector takes out cigarette and lights up.

INSPECTOR

Right. Right , Tom, we'll have to our
little friend, Alex, here that we know the
law, too, but that knowing the law isn't
everything.

He nods to Fatneck.

FATNECK

That's a nasty cut you've got there,
little Alex. Spoils... all your beauty.
Who gave you that then... eh... eh...

He presses Alex's nose, inflicting great pain. Alex sinks to his
knees.

ALEX

Ow... what's that for, you bastard?

FATNECK

That was for your lady victim. You ghastly
wretched scoundrel.

Alex grabs his balls.

Alex is beaten by the other Cop.

Inspector exits to outside office where Sergeant sits, sipping a
cup of tea.

Deltoid has just entered.

INSPECTOR

Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Sir.

INSPECTOR

Ah, good evening, Mr. Deltoid.

DELTOID

Evening, Inspector.

SERGEANT

Would you like your tea now, sir?

INSPECTOR

No, thank you, Sergeant. We'll have it
later. May I have some paper towels,
please.

SERGEANT

Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR

We're interrogating the prisoner now.
Perhaps you'd care to come inside.

DELTOID

Thank you very much

They move into Interrogation Room.

Alex is on the floor in the corner covered with blood.

DELTOID

Evening, Sergeant. Evening, all. Dear, dear, this boy does look a mess, doesn't he? Just look at the state of him.

FATNECK

Love's young nightmare like.

INSPECTOR

Violence makes violence. He resisted his lawful arrestors.

DELTOID

Well, it's happened, Alex boy, yes. Just as I thought it would, yes. Dear, dear, dear. Well, this is the end of the line for me... the end of the line, yes.

ALEX

It wasn't me, brother, sir. Speak up for me, sir, for I'm not so bad. I was led on by the treachery of others, sir.

INSPECTOR

Sings the roof off lovely, he does that.

ALEX

And where are my stinking traitorous droogs. Get them before the get away. It was all their idea, brothers. They forced me to do it. I'm innocent.

DELTOID

You are now a murderer, little Alex. A murderer, yes.

ALEX

Not true, sir. It was only a slight tolchock. She was breathing, I swear it.

DELTOID

I've just come back from the hospital. Your victim has died.

ALEX

You try to frighten me, sir, admit so, sir. This is some new form of torture. Say it, brother, sir.

DELTOID

It will be your own torture. I hope to God it will torture you to madness.

FATNECK

If you'd care to give him a bash in the chops, sir. Don't mind us. We'll hold him down. He must be a great disappointment to you, sir.

Deltoid spits in Alex's face.

HELICOPTER VIEWS OF PRISON

ALEX (V.O.)

This is the real weepy and like tragic part of the story beginning, O my brothers and only friends. After a trial with judges and a jury, and some very hard words spoken against your friend and humble narrator, he was sentenced to 14 years in Staja No. 84F among smelly perverts and hardened prestoopnicks, the shock sending my dad beating his bruised and kroovy rookas against unfair Bog in his Heaven, and my mom, boohooing in her mother's grief as her only child and son of her bosom, like letting everybody down real horrorshow.

INT. PRISON CHECK-IN ROOM - DAY

A bell rings and a Warden goes and unlocks first a wooden door and then a barred door.

GUARD

Morning. One up from Thames, Mister.

WARDER

One in from Thames, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Right. Open up, Mister.

WARDER

Yes, sir.

He opens door and steps back. Alex and another Warden move to Reception desk.

WARDER

Good morning, sir. Committal sheet.

CHIEF GUARD

(who shouts everything)

Thank you, Mister.

He signs sheet.

GUARD

Name?

ALEX
Alexander de Large.

CHIEF GUARD
You are now in H.M. Prison Parkmoor and
from this moment you will address all
prison officers as sir! Name?

ALEX
Alexander de Large, sir.

CHIEF GUARD
Crime?

ALEX
Murder, sir.

CHIEF GUARD
Right. Take the cuffs off him, Mister.

The cuffs are removed.

CHIEF GUARD
You are now 655321 and it is your duty to
memorise that number.

He hands clipboard back to Warder.

CHIEF GUARD
Thank you Mister. Well done.

WARDER
Thank you, chief.

CHIEF GUARD
Let the officer out.

Officer exits.

CHIEF GUARD
Right. Empty your pockets!

Alex moves to desk and leans forward.

CHIEF GUARD
Are you able to see that white line
painted on the floor directly behind you,
655321?

ALEX
Yes, sir.

CHIEF GUARD
Then your toes belong on the other side of
it!!!

ALEX
Yes sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Right carry on.

Alex tosses a bar of chocolate on the desk.

CHIEF GUARD

Pick that up and put it down properly.

Alex does so, and continues to empty his pockets.

CHIEF GUARD

One half bar of chocolate. One bunch of keys on white metal ring. One packet of cigarettes. Two plastic ball pens - one black, one red. One pocket comb - black plastic. One address book - imitation red leather. One ten penny piece. One white metal wristlet watch, "Timawrist" on a white metal expanding bracelet. Anything else in your pockets?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Right. Sign here for your valuable property.

Alex signs.

CHIEF GUARD

The chocolate and cigarettes you brought in - you lose that as you are now convicted. Now go over to the table and get undressed.

Alex walks to table and undresses. Chief Guard moves to table with his clipboard.

CHIEF GUARD

Now then, were you in Police custody this morning?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One jacket - blue pinstripe.

CHIEF GUARD

Prison custody?

ALEX

Yes, sir On remnd, sir.

CHECK-IN

One neck tie - blue.

CHIEF GUARD

Religion?

ALEX

C of E, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Do you mean Church of England?

ALEX

Yes, sir, Church of England, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Brown hair, is it?

ALEX

Fair hair, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Blue eyes?

ALEX

Blue eyes, yes, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Do you wear eye glasses or contact lenses?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One shirt - blue, collar attached.

CHIEF GUARD

Have you been receiving medical treatment for any serious illness?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of boots - black leather, zippered, worn.

CHIEF GUARD

Have you ever had any mental illness?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Do you wear any false teeth or false limbs?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of trousers - blue pinstriped.

CHIEF GUARD

Have you ever had any attacks of fainting or dizziness?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of socks - black.

CHIEF GUARD

Are you an Epileptic?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of underpants - white with blue waistband.

CHIEF GUARD

Are you now, or ever have been, a homosexual?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Right. The mothballs, Mister.

CHECK-IN

Mothballs, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Now then. Face the wall. Bend over and touch your toes.

Chief Guard inspects Alex's anus with a penlight.

CHIEF GUARD

Mmmmmmm... any venereal disease?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Crabs?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Lice?

ALEX

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Through there for a bath.

ALEX

Yes, sir.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Priest in pulpit big rough state-proper type.

Convict audience.

Alex sits apart tending an overhead projector.

PRIEST

I ask you friends. What's it going to be then? Is it going to be in and out of institutions like this? Or more in then out for most of you? Or are you going to attend the divine word and realise the punishment that awaits unrepentant sinners in the next world as well as this. A lot of Idiots you are, selling your birthright for a saucer of cold porridge. The urge to live easy. I ask you friends, is it worth it? When we have undeniable proof - yes, my friends, incontrovertible evidence that Hell exists. I know, I know, my friends. I have been informed in visions that there is a place darker than any prison, hotter than any human flame of fire, where unrepentant criminals, sinners like yourselves...

A convict burps.

All laugh.

PRIEST

Don't you laugh, damn you, don't you laugh. I say like yourselves - scream in endless and unendurable agony. Their nostrils choked with the smell of filth, their mouths crammed with burning ordure. Their skins rotting and peeling. A fireball spinning in their screaming guts. I know... oh yes, I know.

A convict lets rip some lip music - prrrrrrrrp. There is laughter. Chief Guard moves forward - points.

CHIEF GUARD

I saw you, 920537. I saw you.

CONVICT

Up yours, mate.

CHIEF GUARD

Just you wait, 744678. One on the turnip coming up for you.

PRIEST

Quiet, my friends. Quiet. Quiet, I say. We will now sing Hymn 258 in the Prisoner's Hymnal.

Piano starts up and Alex starts up overhead projector which displays the words of the hymn.

CHIEF GUARD

Show a little reverence, you bastards.
Quiet!

Convicts and all start to sing.

SINGING

I was a wandering sheep.
I did not love...

CHIEF GUARD

Sing up damn you. Louder, sing up.

SINGING

... the fold
I did not love my shepherd's voice.
I would not be controlled.

CHIEF GUARD

Come on, sing up, damn you.

SINGING

I was a wayward child
I did not love my home
I did not love my father's voice
I loved afar to roam.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had not been edifying, indeed not,
being in this hell hole and human zoo for
two years now, being kicked and tolchocked
by brutal warders, and meeting leering
criminals and perverts ready to dribble
all over a luscious young malchick like
your story-teller.

INT. PRIEST'S LIBRARY - DAY

Alex reading the Bible.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was my rabbit to help the prison
charlie with the Sunday service. He was a
bolshy great burly bastard, but he was
very fond of myself, me being very young,
and also now very interested in the big
book.

Priest walks by and nods pleasantly.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had been arranged by the prison
charlie, as part of my further education
to read him the Bible. I didn't so much
like the latter part of the book which is
more like all preachy talking, than
fighting and the old in-out. I liked the
parts where these old yahoodies tolchock
each other and then drink their Hebrew
vino and, then getting on to the bed with
their wives' handmaidens. That kept me
going.

BIBLE FANTASY - FIGHTING - DAY

Biblical fighting shot. Alex slashing away. Blood spurting.

HANDMAIDEN FANTASY IN TENT - DAY

Alex lying with three semi-nude handmaidens.

EXT. BIBLICAL STREET

Christ being whipped on by Alex, dressed as a Legionary.

ALEX

Move on there. Move on.

ALEX (V.O.)

I read all about the scourging and the
crowning with thorns and all that, and I
could viddy myself helping in and even
taking charge of the tolchocking and the
nailing in, being dressed in the height of
Roman fashion.

BACK TO THE LIBRARY

Alex sits with his eyes closed.

Priest comes over and squeezes his shoulder.

Alex looks up at him and smiles.

PRIEST

(reading from Alex's
Bible)

Seek not to be like evil men, neither
desire to be with them, because their
minds studieth robberies and their lips
speak deceits.

ALEX

If thou lose hope being weary in the days
of distress, thy strength shall be
diminished.

PRIEST

Fine, my boy, fine, fine.

ALEX

Father, I have tried, have I not?

PRIEST

You have, my son.

ALEX

I've done my best, have I not?

PRIEST

Indeed.

ALEX

And, Father, I've never been guilty of any institutional infractions, have I?

PRIEST

You certainly have not, 655321. You've been very helpful, and you've shown a genuine desire to reform.

ALEX

Father - may I ask you a question in private?

PRIEST

Certainly, my son, certainly. Is there something troubling you, my son? Don't be shy to speak up. Remember, I know all the urges that can trouble young men deprived of the society of women.

ALEX

No Father. It's nothing like that, Father. It's about this new thing they're all talking about. About this new treatment that you out of prison in no time at all and makes sure you never get back in again.

PRIEST

Where did you hear about this? Whose been talking about these things?

ALEX

These things get around, Father. Two Warders talk as it might be, and somebody can't help overhearing what they say. Then somebody picks up a scrap of newspaper in the workshops and the newspaper tells all about it. How about putting me in for this new treatment, Father?

PRIEST

I take it you are referring to the Ludovico Technique?

ALEX

I don't know what it's called, Father, all I know is that it gets you out quickly and makes sure that you never get in again.

PRIEST

That's not proven, 655321. In fact, it is only in the experimental stage at this moment.

ALEX

But it is being used, isn't it, Father?

PRIEST

It has not been used yet in this prison. The Governor has grave doubts about it and I have heard that there are very serious dangers involved.

ALEX

I don't care about the danger, Father. I just want to be good. I want for the rest of my life to be one act of goodness.

PRIEST

The question is weather or not this technique really makes a man good. Goodness comes from within. Goodness is chosen. When a man cannot chose, he ceases to be a man.

ALEX

I don't understand about the whys and wherefores, Father. I only know I want to be good.

PRIEST

Be patient, my son, and put your trust in the Lord.

ALEX

Instruct thy son and he shall refresh thee and shall give delight to thy soul.

PRIEST

Amen.

They cross themselves.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Prisoners walking in circles.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

Guards stand either side of cell doors.

Chief Guard with Governor, Minister and entourage.

CHIEF GUARD

Mister.

GUARD

All present and correct, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Right. All present and correct, sir.

GOVERNOR

Very good, Chief.

They inspect cells.

CHIEF GUARD

Leave to carry on, sir, please?

GOVERNOR

Carry on, Chief.

CHIEF GUARD

Sir.

EXT. PRISON YARD

Chief Guard comes out of door.

CHIEF GUARD

Right, pay attention. I want you in two lines. Up against that wall facing this way. Go on move! Hurry up about it and stop talking.

The men line up. Chief Guard moves back to door and comes to attention.

CHIEF GUARD

Ready for inspection, sir.

He stands back and salutes as Governor, Minister and entourage enter and walk along line of men.

MINISTER

How many to a cell?

GOVERNOR

Four in this block, sir.

MINISTER

Cram criminals together and what do you get - concentrated criminality... crime in the midst of punishment.

GOVERNOR

I agree, sir. What we need are larger prisons. More money.

MINISTER

Not a chance, my dear fellow. The Ggovernment can't be concerned any longer with outmoded penological theories. Soon we may be needing all of out prison space for political offenders. Common criminals like these are best dealt with on a purely curative basis. Kill the criminal reflex that's all. Full implementation in a year's time. Punishment means nothing to them, you can see that... they enjoy their so-called punishment.

Alex seizes his chance as they pass by.

ALEX

You're absolutely right, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

Shut your bleedin' hole!!!

MINISTER

Who said that?

ALEX

I did, sir.

MINISTER

What crime did you commit.

ALEX

The accidental killing of a person, sir.

CHIEF GUARD

He brutally murdered a woman, sir, in furtherence of theft. 14 years... sir!

MINISTER

Excellent. He's enterprising, aggressive, outgoing. Young. Bold. Viscous. He'll do.

GOVERNOR

Well, fine... we could still look at C-Block.

MINISTER

No, no, no. That's enough. He's perfect. I want his records sent to me. This vicious young hoodlum will be transformed out of all recognition.

ALEX

Thank you very much for this chance, sir.

MINISTER

Let's hope you make the most of it, my boy.

GOVERNOR

Shall we go to my office?

MINISTER

Thank you.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Governor seated at his desk. There is a knock on the door.

GOVERNOR

Come in.

Door opens. Chief Guard enters with Alex.

CHIEF GUARD

Sir, 655321, sir.

GOVERNOR

Very good, Chief.

Chief Guard turns to Alex.

CHIEF GUARD

Forward to the white line, toes behind it.
Full name and number to the Governor.

Chief Guard closes door.

ALEX

Alexander de Large, sir. 655321, sir.

The Governor takes off his glasses.

GOVERNOR

I don't suppose you know who that was this morning, do you? That was no less a personage than the Minister of the Interior and what they call a very new broom. Well, these new ridiculous ideas have come at last, and orders are orders, though I may say to you in confidence that I do not approve. An eye for an eye, I say, if someone hits you, you hit back, do you not? Why then should not the State very severely hit by you brutal offenders not hit back also? But the new view is to say no. The new view is that we turn the bad into good. All of which seems to be grossly unjust. HMMMMMMMM.

ALEX

Sir...

CHIEF GUARD

Shut your filthy hole, you scum!!!

GOVERNOR

You are to be reformed. Tomorrow you go to this man, Brodsky. You will be leaving here. You will be transferred to the Ludovico Medical Facility. It is believed that you will be able to leave State custody in a little over a fortnight. I suppose that prospect pleases you?

CHIEF GUARD

Answer when the Governor asks you a question you filthy young swine!

ALEX

Oh yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir. I've done my best here I really have, sir. I'm very grateful to all concerned.

GOVERNOR

Sign this - where it's marked.

Alex turns the paper to read it.

CHIEF GUARD

Don't read it - sign it!

GOVERNOR

It says that you are willing to have the residue of your sentence commuted to the Ludovico treatment.

Alex signs. Governor gathers up papers.

Alex dots the last "i" and smiles.

INT. LUDOVICO CENTRE RECEPTION DESK - DAY

ALEX (V.O.)

The next morning I was taken to the Ludovico Medical Facility, outside the town centre, and I felt a malenky bit sad having to say goodbye to the old Staja, as you always will when you leave a place you've like gotten used to.

Chief Guard briskly leads the way for Alex and escort. They move into reception hall where the Doctor stands.

CHIEF GUARD

(shouting like an RSM)

Right. Halt the prisoner. Good morning, sir, I'm Chief Officer Barnes. I've got 655321 on a transfer from Parkmoor to the Ludovico Centre, sir!

DOCTOR

Good morning, we've been expecting you. I'm Dr. Alcott.

Chief Guard checks the name from his clipboard.

CHIEF GUARD

Yes, Dr. Alcott. Are you prepared to accept the prisoner, sir?

DOCTOR

Yes, of course.

CHIEF GUARD

Well, I wonder if you'd mind signing these transfer documents, sir.

Doctor signs.

CHIEF GUARD

Thank you, sir. There, sir... there, and there, sir... and there. Thank you, sir. Prison escort move forward. Halt. Excuse me, sir. Is that the officer that is to take charge of the prisoner, sir?

Doctor nods. Officer steps forward.

CHIEF GUARD

If I might offer a word of advice, Doc. You'll have to watch this one. A right brutal bastard he has been, and will be again. In spite all his sucking up to the prison Chaplain and reading the Bible.

DOCTOR

Oh, I think we can manage things. Charlie, will you show the young man to his room now.

CHARLIE

Right, sir. Come this way, please.

Alex exits with Officer.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Alex finishing breakfast tray in bed.

Room bright and cheery.

Dr. Branom, a tall woman in her fifties, enters with nurse carrying a sterile tray.

DR. BRANOM

(very briskly)

Good morning, Alex, my name is Dr. Branom. I'm Doctor Brodsky's assistant.

ALEX

Good Morning, Missus. Lovely day, isn't it?

DR. BRANOM

Indeed it is. May I take this

She removes his tray.

DR. BRANOM

How're you feeling this morning?

ALEX

Fine... fine.

DR. BRANOM

Good. In a few minutes, you'll meeting Dr. Brodsky and we'll begin your treatment. You're a very lucky boy to have been chosen.

ALEX

I realise all that, Missus, and I'm very grateful to all concerned.

DR. BRANOM

We're going to friends now, sir.

ALEX

I hope so, Missus.

She inserts a needle into the medicine vial.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's the hypo for then? Going to send me to sleep?

DR. BRANOM

Oh no, nothing of the sort.

ALEX

Vitamins will it be then?

DR. BRANOM

Something like that. You are a little undernourished, so after each meal were going to give you a shot. Roll over on your right side please, loosen your pajama pants and pull them half-way down.

He does, somewhat reluctantly. She gives him a shot in the bum.

ALEX

What exactly is the treatment here going to be then?

DR. BRANOM

It's quite simple really. Were just going to show you some films.

ALEX
You mean like going to the pictures?

DR. BRANOM
Something like that.

ALEX
Well, that's good. I like to viddy the old
films now and again.

INT. AUDIO VISUAL LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Auditorium setting. Alex is bound in a examination chair in front
of a large video screen. A white-coated Technician is strapping
Alex's head to a medical device.

He then carefully attaches the eyelid locking to Alex's eyes.

ALEX (V.O.)
And viddy films I would. Where I was taken
to, brothers, was like no cine I'd been in
before. I was bound up in a straight-
jacket and my guliver was strapped to a
headrest with like wires running away from
it. Then they clamped like lidlocks on my
eyes so I could not shut them no matter
how hard I tried. It seemed a bit crazy to
me, but I let them get on with what they
wanted to get on with. If I was to be a
free young malchick in a fortnight's time,
I would put up with much in the meantime,
my brothers.

At the back of the auditorium are ten or fifteen solemn medical
Professionals in white coats watching the proceedings and
occasionally taking notes. A film begins showing on the screen.

The Technician drops eyedrops into Alex's eyes.

VIOLENCE FILM

Man being beaten by four toughs wearing white.

Punches, kicks, grunts, blood.

ALEX (V.O.)
So far the first film was a very good
professional piece of cine, looked like it
was done in Hollywood.

Screams, moans, kicks, punches.

ALEX (V.O.)

The sounds were real horroshow. You could slooshy the screams and moans very realistic and you could even get the heavy breathing and panting of the tolchocking malchicks at the same time. And then, what do you know, soon our dear old friend, the red, red vino on tap. The same in all places like it's put out by the same big firm, began to flow. It was beautiful. It's funny how the colors of the real world only seem really real when you viddy them on a screen.

More kicks, punches, groans, thumps.

Girl being beaten, raped by six toughs.

Screams, music, laughing, grunts, heavy breathing.

ALEX (V.O.)

Now all the time I was watching this, I was beginning to get very aware of like not feeling all that well, but I tried to forget this, concentrating on the next film, which jumped right away on a young devotchka, who was being given the old in-out, in-out, first by one malchick, then another, then another. This seemed real, very real, though if you thought about it properly you couldn't imagine lewdies actually agreeing to having all this done to them in a film, and if these films were made by the good, or the State, you couldn't imagine them being allowed to take these films, without like interfering with what was going on.

Girl being raped.

ALEX (V.O.)

When it came to the sixth or seventh malchick, leering and smecking and then going into it, I began to feel really sick. But I could not shut my glazzies and even if I tried to move my glazballs about I still not get out of the line of fire of this picture.

Alex squirming and retching.

Dr. Brodsky clears his throat and quietly addresses his colleagues seated in the back of the room.

DR. BRODSKY

Very soon now the drug will cause the subject to experience a death-like paralysis together with deep feelings of terror and helplessness. One of our earlier test subjects described it as being like death, a sense of stifling and drowning, and it is during this period we have found the subject will make his most rewarding associations between his catastrophic experience and environment and the violence he sees.

Alex retching violently and struggling against his strait jacket.

ALEX

Let me be sick... I want to get up. Get me something to be sick in... Stop the film... Please stop it... I can't stand it any more. Stop it please... please.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - LUDOVICO - DAY

DR. BRANOM

Well, that was a very promising start. By my calculations, you should be starting to feel alright again. Yes? Dr. Brodsky's pleased with you. Now tomorrow there'll be two sessions, of course, morning and afternoon.

ALEX

You mean, I have to viddy two sessions in one day?

DR. BRANOM

I imagine you'll be feeling a little bit limp by the end of the day. But we have to be hard on you. You have to be cured.

ALEX

But it was horrible.

DR. BRANOM

Well, of course, it was horrible. Violence is a very horrible thing. That's what you're learning now. Your body is learning it.

ALEX

I just don't understand about feeling sick the way I did. I never used to feel sick before. I used to feel like the very opposite. I mean, doing it or watching it, I used to feel real horrorshow. I just don't understand why, how or what.

DR. BRANOM

You felt ill this afternoon because you're getting better. You see, when we're healthy we respond to the presence of the hateful with fear and nausea. You're becoming healthy that's all. By this time tomorrow you'll be healthier still.

INT. AUDIO VISUAL LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Alex retching and screaming - restrained again by a straight-jacket.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was the next day, brothers, and I had truly done my best, morning and afternoon, to play it their way and sit like a horrorshow co-operative malchick in the chair of torture, while they flashed nasty bits of ultra-violence on the screen.; though not on the soundtrack, my brothers. The only sound being music. Then I noticed in all my pain and sickness what music it was that like cracked and boomed. It was Ludwig van - 9th symphony, 4th movement.

ALEX

Stop it... stop it, please!!! I beg of you!!! It's a sin!!! It's a sin!!! It's a sin, please!!!

Brodsky leans forward and turns down the sound.

DR. BRODSKY

What's all this about sin?

ALEX

That!... Using Ludwig van like that! He did no harm to anyone. Beethoven just wrote music.

DR. BRANOM

Are you referring to the background score?

ALEX

Yes!!!

DR. BRANOM

You've heard Beethoven before?

ALEX

Yes!!!

DR. BRODSKY

You're keen on music?

ALEX

Yes!!!

DR. BRANOM

(quietly)

What do you think about that, Dr. Brodsky?

DR. BRODSKY

(softly)

It can't be helped. Here's your punishment element perhaps. The Governor ought to be pleased... I'm sorry, Alex, this is for your own good, you'll have to bear with us for a while.

ALEX

You needn't take it any further, sir. You've proved to me that all this ultra-violence and killing is wrong and terribly wrong. I've learned my lesson, sir. I see now what I've never seen before I'm cured, praise Bog!

DR. BRODSKY

You're not cured yet, my boy.

DR. BRODSKY

You must take your chance boy. The choice has been all yours.

ALEX

But, Sir... Missus... I see that it's wrong! It's wrong because it's like against like society. It's wrong because everybody has the right to live and be happy without being tolchoked and knifed.

DR. BRODSKY

No, no, boy. You really must leave it to us, but be cheerful about it. In less than a fortnight now, you'll be a free man.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

VIP audience including Minister, Junior Minister, Prison Governor, Priest, Dr. Branom, Dr. Brodsky.

Dressed in street clothes Alex enters led by a white-coated Technician.

He is led onto stage and left standing there, blinking into lights.

The Minister rises and walks to the front of the auditorium.

MINISTER

Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point, we introduce the subject himself. He is, as you will perceive, fit and well nourished. He comes straight from a night's sleep and a good breakfast, undrugged, un hypnotized. Tomorrow, we send him with confidence out into the world again, as decent a lad as you would meet on a May morning. What a change is here, Ladies and Gentlemen, from the wretched hoodlum the state committed to unprofitable punishment some two years ago, unchanged after two years. Unchanged, do I say - not quite. Prison taught him a false smile, the rubbed hands of hypocrisy, the fawning, greased, obsequious leer. Other vices prison taught him as well as confirming him in those he had long practiced before. Our party promised to restore law and order and to make the streets safe for the ordinary peace loving citizen. This pledge is now about to become a reality. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is an historic moment. The problem of criminal violence is soon to be a thing of the past. But enough of words - actions speak louder than. Action now. Observe all.

He returns to his seat and leans close to his Junior Minister.

JUNIOR MINISTER

Our necks are out a long way on this, Minister.

MINISTER

I have complete faith in Brodsky. If the polls are right, we have nothing to lose.

Lights are dimmed. Enter Lardface, an elegantly dressed fag.

LARDFACE

Hello, heap of dirt. Pooh, you don't wash much do you, judging by the horrible smell.

ALEX

Why do you say that, brother? I had a shower this morning.

LARDFACE

Oh, he had a shower this morning. You trying to call me a liar?

ALEX

No, brother. What d'you want?

LARDFACE

What do I want?

ALEX

Sorry, brother. I didn't mean any offence.

LARDFACE

Oh. Oh, you're sorry are you, well you must think I'm awfully stupid.

He slaps Alex in the face.

ALEX

Why did you do that, brither? I've never done wrong to you.

LARDFACE

You want to know why I did that, well you see - I do that...

He stamps on Alex's foot.

LARDFACE

... and this...

He pulls Alex's nose.

LARDFACE

... and that...

He pulls Alex's ear, pushes him off balance and plants his foot on his chest.

LARDFACE

... because I don't like you horrible type, do I, and if you want to start something... if you want to start... go on... well, you just start. Please do.

Alex retching.

ALEX

I'm gonna be sick.

LARDFACE

You're gonna be sick are you?

ALEX

I wanna be sick.

LARDFACE

You wanna be sick?

ALEX

Let me get up.

LARDFACE

You wanna get up? Well, you've gotta you see... well I want you to lick it. Go on... Lick it.

Alex, gagging and coughing, licks the sole of his shoe.

LARDFACE

... And again... Go on!!! Again! There's a good boy.

ALEX (V.O.)

And, O my brothers, would you believe your faithful friend and long suffering narrator pushed out his red yahzik a mile and a half to lick the grahzny, vonny boots. The horrible killing sickness had wooshed up and turned the like joy of battle into a feeling I was going to snuff it.

Minister rises.

MINISTER

Enough! That will do very well. Thank you.

Lardface does leading-man-bows. A smattering of applause.

LARDFACE

Thank you very much, Ladies and Gentlemen... Thank you.

Alex on floor - still retching.

A beautiful nude Girl enters.

Alex looks up slowly.

ALEX (V.O.)

She came towards me with the light like it was the like light of heavenly grace, and the first thing that flashed into my gulliver was that I would like to have her right down there on the floor with the old in-out, real savage. But quick as a shot came the sickness, like a detective that had been watching around the corner and now followed to make his arrest.

Alex retching. Minister rises.

MINISTER

Thank you very much. Thank you my dear.

Girl bows and exits to loud applause.

MINISTER

Not feeling too bad now are you?

ALEX

(pulling himself together)

No, sir, I feel really great.

MINISTER

Good.

ALEX

Was I alright, sir? Did I do well, sir?

MINISTER

Fine. Absolutely fine. You see, Ladies and Gentlemen our subject is, you see, impelled towards good by paradoxically being impelled toward evil. The intention to act violently is accompanied by strong feelings of physical distress. To counter these, the subject has to switch to a diametrically opposed attitude. Any questions?

Priest rises and moves to Alex.

PRIEST

Choice! The boy has no real choice, has he? Self interest, fear of physical pain drove him to that grotesque act of self abasement. Its insincerity was clearly to be seen. He ceases also to be a creature capable of moral choice.

MINISTER

Padre, these are subtleties. We are not concerned with motive, with the higher ethics; we are concerned only with cutting down crime. And with relieving the ghastly congestion in our prisons... He will be your true Christian, ready to turn the other cheek. Ready to be crucified rather than crucify, sick to the very heart at the thought even of killing a fly. Reclamation, joy before the angels of God. The point is that it works!

Applause.

EXT. FLATBLOCK

Alex walking carrying his prison parcel wrapped in brown paper.

INT. ALEX'S FLAT

Ma, Pa and Joe the Lodger reading newspapers. Headlines - all Alex.

Alex enters quietly. Loud radio music from sitting room prevents anyone from hearing him. He enters his won room which is the first off the hall.

ALEX

Hi. Hi. Hi, there my Pee and Em.

All three look up startled.

EM

Alex.

ALEX

(to his mother)

Hullo love, how are you?

(kisses her)

Nice to see you, Dad.

PEE

Hullo lad. What a surprise, good to see you.

ALEX

Keeping fit then?

PEE

(very ill at ease)

Fine, fine.

ALEX

Well, how are you then?

PEE

Oh fine, fine. Keeping out of trouble, you know.

ALEX

Well - I'm back.

PEE

(with feigned
enthusiasm)

Aye. Glad to see you back, lad.

EM

Why didn't you let us know what was happening, son?

ALEX

Sorry, Em, I wanted it to be like... a big surprise for you and pee.

PEE

Well, it's a surprise all right, a bit bewildering too.

EM

We've only just read about it in the morning papers.

PEE

Aye. You should have let us know, lad, not that we're not very pleased to see you again. All cured too, eh?

ALEX

That's right, Dad they did a great job on my gulliver, I'm completely reformed.

PEE

Aye.

ALEX

(looks in the kitchen)

Well, still the same old place then, eh?

PEE

Oh, aye, aye.

ALEX

(fake whisper)

Hey, Dad, there's a strange fella sitting
on the sofa there munchy-wunching lomticks
of toast.

PEE

Aye, that's Joe. He... ummmm, lives here
now. The lodger. That's what he is...
he... he rents your room.

Alex confronts Joe.

ALEX

How do you do, Joe? Find the room
comfortable, do you? No complaints?

JOE

I've heard about you. I know what you've
done. Breaking the hearts of your poor
grieving parents. So you're back? You're
back to make a life of misery for your
lovely parents, is that it? Well, over my
dead corpse you will, because you see,
they've let me be more like a son to them
than like a lodger.

Alex cocks his fist and starts to retch violently, almost at the
same moment Joe drops back on the couch next to Em.

EM

Joe! Joe! Don't fight here boys!

Alex burps and retches.

JOE

Oh, please. Do put your hand over your
mouth, it's bloody revolting.

Alex violently ill.

PEE

Well, what's the matter lad, are you
feeling alright?

EM

Dad... It's the treatment.

More retching.

JOE

Well, it's disgusting. It puts you off your food.

EM

Leave him be, Joe. It's the treatment.

PEE

D'you think we should do something?

EM

Would you like me to make you a nice cup of tea, son?

ALEX

No thanks, Mum. It'll pass in a minute...
(after a pause)
... What have you done with all my own personal things?

PEE

Well. That was all took away, son, by the Police. New regulation about compensation for the victim.

ALEX

What about Basil? Where's my snake?

PEE

Oh well, he met with like an accident. He passed away.

Alex becomes a bit weepy.

ALEX

What's gonna happen to me then? I mean that's my room he's in - there's no denying that. This is my home also. What suggestions have you, my Pee and Em, to make?

PEE

Well, all this needs thinking about, son. I mean we can't very well just kick Joe out... Not just like that, can we? I mean Joe is here doing a job. A contract it is, two years. Well, we made like an arrangement, didn't we Joe? You see, son, Joe's paid next month's rent already so, well, whatever we do in the future, we cant just say to Joe to get out, now can we?

JOE

No, there's much more than that, though. I mean I've got you two to think of. I mean you're more like a mother and father to me. Well, it wouldn't be fair now, would it, for me to go off and leave you two to the tender mercies of this young monster who's been like no real son at all. Look, let him go off and find a room somewhere. Let him learn the errors of his way, and that a bad boy like he's been don't deserve such a good mum and dad as he's had.

ALEX

Alright. I see how things are now. I've suffered and I've suffered, and I've suffered and everybody wants me to go on suffering.

JOE

You've made others suffer. It's only fair that you should suffer proper. You know I've been told everything you've done, sitting here at night round the family table, pretty shocking it was to listen to. It made me real sick, a lot of it did. Now look what you've gone and done to your mother.

Em bursts into tears.

ALEX

So that's the way it is then, eh? That's the way it is. Right, I'm leaving now, you won't ever viddy me no more. I'll make my own way. Thank you very much. Let it lie heavy on your consciences.

Alex exits.

PEE

(shouting after him)

Now don't take it like that son.

Em boohooohoos, Joe comforts her.

EXT. AMBANKMENT - DAY

Alex walks along the Thames embankment still holding his paper parcel.

Tramp enters. The same man beaten by Alex and his gang earlier in the film.

TRAMP

Can you spare me some cutter, me brother?
Can you spare some cutter, me brother?

Alex, without looking at him, reaches in his pocket and gives him some money.

TRAMP

Oh, thankyou, your honour.

The Tramp takes a second look at Alex.

TRAMP

Jamey Mack! Be the hokey fly! Holy Mother of God! All the Holy Angels and blessed saints in Heaven preserve us.

Alex breaks away but the Tramp toddles alongside him.

TRAMP

I never forget a face! I never forget any face, be God!

ALEX

Leave me alone, brother. I've never seen you before.

Tramp shouts to other Meths drinkers and Tramps.

TRAMP

This is the poisonous young swine that near done me in. Him and his friends beat me and kicked me and thumped me.

Alex breaks away again.

TRAMP

Stop him! Stop him!

A leg is stuck out and Alex goes down. The tramp swarm all over him.

TRAMP

They laughed at me blood and me moans. This murderous young pig is a prize specimen of the cowardly brutal young. He is in our midst and at our mercy. Give it to him. That's it.

Old Tramps begin to beat at Alex.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then there was like a sea of dirty, smelly old men trying to get at your humble Narrator, with their feeble rookers and horny old claws. It was Old Age having a go at Youth and I daren't do a single solitary thing, O my brothers, it being better to be hit at like that, than want to be sick and feel that horrible pain.

The Tramp crowd round Alex, shouting.

TRAMPS

Young hooligan... Vagabound... Kill him...
Villain... Toad... Bastard... Kick his
teeth in... Near killed poor old Jack, he
did.

Police move in and push off crowd.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Alright, stop it now.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Alright, stop it now. Alright! Come on.
Stop breaking the State peace. You naughty
boys. Alright, that's enough.

Alex looks up.

ALEX

Oh, no.

DIM

Well, well, well, well, well, well, well,
if it isn't little Alex. Long time no
viddy, droog. How goes? Surprised are you?

ALEX

Impossible... I don't believe it.

GEORGIE

Evidence of the old glazzies. Nothing up
our sleeves. No magic, little Alex? A job
for two, who are now of job age. The
police.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Police Landrover drives up.

Alex is pulled out by Georgie and Dim and hustled up a deserted
lane.

DIM

Come on, Alex. Come for walkies.
Hahahahaha.

ALEX

Come, come, my little droogies. I just
don't get this at all. The old days are
dead and gone. For what I did in the past
I've been punished.

DIM

Been punished, yeah?

ALEX

I've been cured.

DIM

Been cured, yeah, that was read out to us.
The Inspector read all that out to us. He
said it was a very good way.

ALEX

I just don't get this all. It was them
that went for me, brothers. You're not on
their side and can't be. You can't be Dim.
It was someone we fillied with back in the
old days... Trying to get his own malenky
bit of revenge after all this time. You
remember, Dim?

DIM

Long time, is right. I don't remember them
days too horrorshow. Don't call me Dim no
more, either. Officer, call me.

GEORGIE

Enough is remembered though, little Alex.

Dim and Georgie laugh.

They drag Alex to a low water through.

DIM

This is to make sure you stay cured.

Georgie hits Alex in the stomach with his blackjack. Then, they
push his head under the water and methodically start to beat him
with their blackjacks.

After a full minute of this, they drag him out, halt-drowned,

DIM

(laughing)

Be viddyng you some more, some time Alex.

EXT. "HOME" - NIGHT - HEAVY RAIN

Alex stumbles up the road to the entrance gate.

ALEX (V.O.)

Where was I to go, who had no home and no
money. I cried for meself, Home, Home,
Home. It was Home I was wanting and it was
Home I came to, brothers, not realising in
the state I was in, where I was and had
been before.

Alex stumbles and crawls to the door.

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Mr. Alexander at his typewriter.

Julian a 6'4" - heavyweight weight-lifter lies across an exercise bench working with bar-bells.

The door bell rings.

MR. ALEXANDER
Who on earth could that be?

JULIAN
I'll see who it is.

He goes to the door.

JULIAN
Yes, what is it?

No reply. He opens the door. Alex falls into the hall.

ALEX
(barely audible)
Help. Help me... Help me... Police.

Julian picks him up like a child and carries him into the living room.

INT. "HOME" - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALEX (V.O.)
And would you believe it, O my brothers
and only friends, there was your faithful
Narrator being held helpless, like a babe
in arms, and suddenly realising where I
was and why HOME on the gate had looked so
familiar. But I knew I was safe. I knew he
would not rememeber me for, in those
carefree days, I and my so-called droogs
wore our maskies which were like real
horrorshow disguises.

JULIAN
Frank, I think this young man needs help.

MR. ALEXANDER
Dear, dear, dear. Whatever happened to
you, my boy?

Mr. Alexander, now confined to a wheelchair, pushes himself away from his desk, and rolls up to Julian. The water drips off Alex's clothes. They look at each other.

ALEX
The police... The horrible ghastly Police.
They beat me up, sir. The Police beat me
up, sir.

Mr. Alexander stares at him. It becomes aparent he is insane.

MR. ALEXANDER

I know who you are! Isn't it your picture in the newspapers? Didn't I see you this morning on the video? Are you not the poor victim of this horrible new technique?

ALEX

Yes, sir, that's exactly who I am, sir... and what I am... a victim, sir.

Mr. Alexander becomes frenzied as the speech progresses.

MR. ALEXANDER

Then, by God, you have been sent here by providence. Tortured in prison, then thrown out to be tortured by the Police. My heart goes out to you, poor, poor boy. Oh, you are not the first to come here in distress. The Police are fond of bringing their victims to the outskirts of this village. But it is providential that you, who are also another kind of victim, should come here. But you're cold and shivering. Julian, draw a bath for this young man.

JULIAN

Certainly, Frank.

He carries Alex off.

ALEX

Thank you very much, sir. God bless you, sir.

Alexander bites his hand.

INT. "HOME" - BATHROOM

Alex soaks, eyes closed, in a hot tub.

After a while he begins softly singing to himself: "Singin' in the Rain".

INT. "HOME" - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Alexander is hunched over the phone, talking in hoarse whipsers. The door to the bathroom is right behind him. While he speaks Mr. Alexander throws nervous glances over his shoulder.

MR. ALEXANDER

I tell you, sir, they have turned this young man into something other than a human being. He has no power of choice any more. He's committed to socially acceptable acts, a little machine capable only of good... He can be the most potent weapon imaginable to ensure that the Government is not returned at the next election. The Government's great boast, as you know sir, is the way they have dealt with crime in the last few months. Recruiting brutal young roughs into the police, proposing debilitation and will-sapping techniques of conditioning. Oh, we've seen it all before in other countries. The thin end of the wedge. Before we know where we are we shall have the full apparatus of totalitarianism. This young boy is a living witness to these diabolical proposals. The people - the common people - must know... must see! There are rare traditions of liberty to defend. The tradition of liberty means all. The common people will let it go! Oh, yes - they will sell liberty for a quieter life. That is why they must be led, sir, driven... pushed!!! Thank you very much, sir. He'll be here.

Trembling with excitement and madness, Mr. Alexander hangs up the phone. His eyes, shiny with anticipation. Then, suddenly, he becomes aware of Alex's voice coming from the other side of the door.

INT. "HOME" - BATHROOM

Alex in bath, singing.

ALEX

I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain...

MR. ALEXANDER

His face horribly distorted in a Homeric rage.

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Alex, alone, in complete silence. Eating a large plate of spaghetti. The giant, Julian, appears, carrying Mr. Alexander in his wheelchair. He deposits him at the table.

ALEX

Good evening, sir.

MR. ALEXANDER
(very weird)
Good evening.

ALEX
It was very kind of you to leave this out
for me, sir. There was no-one around when
I finished my bath, so I started. I hope
that's alright, sir.

MR. ALEXANDER
(too loud - voice out
of control)
Of course. Food alright?

ALEX
Great, sir. Great.

MR. ALEXANDER
Try the wine!

ALEX
Thank you very much, sir. Cheers

Suddenly the thought occurs to Alex that the wine may be drugged
or poisoned.

ALEX
Won't you join me, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER
No, my health doesn't allow it.

ALEX
(to Julian)
And you, sir?

JULIAN
No thank you.

Alex, stalling for time, reaches for bottle and reads the label.

ALEX
1960, Chateau, Saint Estephe, Medoc, very
good brand, sir.

He doesn't get a penny's change for his remarks from Alexander and
Julian.

He holds the glass up to the light.

ALEX
Very good colour, sir. Smells mice,
too. Very good number, sir. Very good.
Here's to it.

He downs the glass.

ALEX
Very refreshing, sir, very refreshing.

MR. ALEXANDER
(very arch)
I'm so pleased you appreciate good wine.
Have another glass!

ALEX
Thank you, sir.

MR. ALEXANDER
My wife...

Alex freezes.

MR. ALEXANDER
... used to do everything for me and leave
me to my writing.

ALEX
Your wife, sir? Has she gone away?

MR. ALEXANDER
No. She's dead!

ALEX
I'm sorry to hear about that, sir.

His face contorted in rage.

MR. ALEXANDER
She was very badly raped, you see. We were
assaulted by a gang of vicious young
hooligans in this house, in this very room
you're sitting in now. I was left a
helpless cripple. The doctors said it was
Pneumonia, because it happened some months
later during the 'flu epidemic. The
doctors told me it was Pneumonia, but I
knew what it was. A victim of the modern
age, poor, poor girl.

Suddenly his mood changes. He wheels right up to Alex.

MR. ALEXANDER
And now you, another victim of the modern
age. But you can be helped. I phoned some
friends while you were having a bath.

ALEX
Phoned some friends, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER
Yes. They want to help.

ALEX
Help me, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER
Help you.

ALEX
Who are they, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER
They're very, very important people and
they're interested in you.

Bell rings. Julian rises,

MR. ALEXANDER
Julian. This will be these people now.

Alex gets up.

ALEX
Look, sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you.
I think I ought to be going, sir.

Julian bars the way.

MR. ALEXANDER
No, no my boy. No trouble at all.

Alex slowly sits.

MR. ALEXANDER
Have another glass of wine.

He pours. Alex picks up glass and takes a drink.

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Dolin and Rubinstein enter with Julian.

DOLIN
(genial)
Hullo, Frank.

MR. ALEXANDER
Good evening, sir.

RUBINSTEIN
Frank.

DOLIN
So this is the young man?

ALEX
How do you do, sir?

DOLIN
Hullo.

ALEX
Missus. Very pleased to meet you.

RUBINSTEIN
Hullo.

DOLIN

I hope you forgive us for coming over at this ungodly hour, but we heard from Frank that you were in some trouble so we came over to see if we could be of any help.

ALEX

Very kind of you, sir. Thank you very much.

DOLIN

I understand that you had a rather unfortunate encounter with the Police tonight.

ALEX

Yes, sir. I suppose you might call it that, sir.

DOLIN

Hahaha, and how are you feeling now?

ALEX

Much better, thank you, sir.

DOLIN

Feel like talking to us. Answering a few questions?

ALEX

Fine, sir, fine.

DOLIN

Well, as I've said, we've heard about you. We are interested in your case. We want to help you.

ALEX

Thank you very much, sir.

DOLIN

But first we'd like to find out a few things about you.

ALEX

What would you like to know, sir?

DOLIN

Well, shall we get down to it?

ALEX

Yes, sir.

Rubinstein takes out a notebook.

RUBINSTEIN

The newspapers mentioned that in addition to your being conditioned against acts of sex and violence, you've inadvertently been conditioned against music.

ALEX

Well, er, I think that was something that they hadn't planned for, you see, Missus, I'm very fond of music and always have been, especially Beethoven, Ludwig van... Beethoven. B... E... E...

He leans over and looks at her writing in notebook.

RUBINSTEIN

It's alright, thank you.

ALEX

And it just so happened that while they were showing me a particularly bad film, of like a concentration camp, the background music was playing Beethoven.

RUBINSTEIN

So now you have the same reaction to music as you do to sex and violence?

ALEX

Oh well, it's... it's not all music you see, Missus. It's just the 9th.

RUBINSTEIN

You mean Beethoven's 9th Symphony?

ALEX

That's right. Er... I can't listen to the 9th any more at all. When I hear the 9th, I get like this funny feeling.

RUBINSTEIN

When you say this funny feeling, you mean the state of mind brought on by the treatment they gave you?

ALEX

That is correct, sir. And then all I can think about is like trying to snuff it.

RUBINSTEIN

I beg your pardon?

ALEX

Snuff it, sir... um... death, I mean, missus... Er... I just want to die peacefully like with no... pain.

RUBINSTEIN

Do you feel that way now?

ALEX

Um... oh no, sir, not exactly, I still feel very miserable, very much down in spirits.

RUBINSTEIN
Do you still feel suicidal?

ALEX
Um... well, put it this way... I feel very
low in myself. I can't see much in the
future, and I feel that any second
something terrible is going to happen to
me.

He pitches forward, face into the plate of spaghetti.

RUBINSTEIN
Well done, Frank. Julian, get the car,
will you please?

INT. HI-FI ROOM - DAWN

Alexander sits looking up. Rubinstein, Julian and Dolin also
listening to Beethoven played loudly on tape recorder.

INT. DOLIN'S HOUSE - PRISONER BEDROOM - DAY

The 9th Symphony booming up through the floor.

Alex slowly regains consciousness.

ALEX (V.O.)
I woke up. The pain and sickness all over
me like an animal. Then I realised what it
was. The music coming up from the floor
was our old friend, Ludwig van and the
dreaded 9th Symphony.

He staggers to the door. It is locked. He kicks and tugs the door.

ALEX
Open the door... turn it off... turn it
off.

CUT TO:

THE BILLIARD ROOM BELOW

Hi-Fi gear laid out on the table. Large speakers facing upwards.
Mr. Alexander trembles and twitches. He is now completely mad. The
others merely wait, coolly.

INT. DOLIN'S HOUSE - PRISONER BEDROOM - DAY

Alex on his knees. His hands cupped over his ears, banging his
head on the floor.

Then he stops and slowly straightens up, staring at the window.

ALEX (V.O.)

Suddenly I viddied what I had to do, and
what I had wanted to do - and that was to
do myself in, to snuff it, to blast off
forever out of this wicked cruel world.
One moment of pain perhaps and then sleep
- forever and ever and ever.

EXT. WINDOW - DAWC

Alex leaps out of the window.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Alex in bed. Camera slowly tracks along length of his body.
Everything is bandages and plaster splints, wire cages, blood
drips.

ALEX (V.O.)

I jumped, O my brothers, and I fell hard
but I did not snuff it, oh no. if I had
snuffed it, I would not be here to tell
what I have told. I came back to life,
after a long, black, black gap of what
might have been a million years.

We hear Alex moan, and then another moan. Alex and the other - a
few times.

Suddenly, some curtains which have been drawn around another bed
in the ward are parted, and a nurse hurries to Alex, hastily
buttoning up her uniform. She is trailed by a young Intern
fumbling with his trousers.

NURSE

Oh, he's recovered conscienceness, Doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Em and Pee sitting around the bed.

PEE

Hullo, lad.

EM

Hullo, son, how are you?

PEE

Are you feeling better?

ALEX

What gives, O myee P and Em, what makes
you think you are welcome?

Em sobs. Pee comforts her.

PEE

There, there mother, it's alright. He doesn't mean it. You were in the papers again, son. It said they had done great wrong to you. It said how the Government drove you to try and do yourself in... and when you think about it, son... maybe it was our fault too in a way... your home's your home when it's all said and done, son.

Em sobs.

INT. HOSPITAL

Psychiatrist wheels trolley to Alex's bed. He is sitting up.

ALEX

Good morning, Missus.

DR. TAYLOR

How are you feeling today?

ALEX

Fine. Fine.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. I'm doctor Taylor.

ALEX

I haven't seen you before.

DR. TAYLOR

I'm your Psychiatrist.

ALEX

Psychiatrist? Huh, do I need one?

DR. TAYLOR

Just part of hospital routine.

ALEX

What are we going to do? Talk about me sex life?

DR. TAYLOR

No... I'm going to show you some slides and you are going to tell me what you think about them Alright?

ALEX

Ohhh... jolly good. Perhaps you can explain me something to me first.

DR. TAYLOR

Yes?

ALEX

Well, when I was all like ashamed up and half awake and unconscious like, I kept having this dream like all these doctors were playing around with me gulliver. You know... like the inside of me brain. I seemed to have this dream over and over again. D'you think it means anything?

DR. TAYLOR

Patients who've sustained the kind of injuries you have often have dreams of this sort. It's all part of the recovery process.

ALEX

Oh.

DR. TAYLOR

Now then, each of these slides needs a reply from one of the people in the picture. You'll tell me what you think the person would say. Alright?

ALEX

Righty, right.

The doctor reads aloud the dialogue printed in the cartoon balloon - a peacock.

DR. TAYLOR

Isn't the plumage beautiful?

ALEX

I just say what the other person would say?

DR. TAYLOR

Yes. Yes, well don't think about it too long, just say the first thing that pops into your mind.

ALEX

Right... Knickers... Cabbages... It doesn't have a beak.

Alex laughs. Slide of woman speaking to boy.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. The boy you always quarrelled with is seriously ill.

ALEX

That's right and I'll smash your face for you, yarblockos.

Slide of watch shop.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. It wa your fault... you sold me a crummy watch. I want my money back.

ALEX

Bollocks. You know what you can do with that watch? You can stick it up your arse.

Slide of nude woman in bed, a man at the window.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. What do you want?

ALEX

Excuse me, missus. No time for the old in-out, I've just come to read the meter.

Slide of bird's nest with eggs.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. You can do whatever you like with these.

ALEX

Eggiwegs. I would like to smash 'em. Pick up th elot and f... owww...

He slams his hand down and cries out with pain.

ALEX

Fucking hell...

DR. TAYLOR

Fine. Well, that's all there is to it. Are you alright?

ALEX

I hope so. Is that the end then?

DR. TAYLOR

Yes.

ALEX

I was quite enjoying that.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. I'm glad

ALEX

How many did I get right?

DR. TAYLOR

It's not that kind of a test. But you seem well on the way to a complete recovery.

ALEX

And when do I get out of here then?

DR. TAYLOR

I'm sure it won't be long now.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Alex sitting up, being fed by Nurse.

ALEX (V.O.)

So I waited and, O my brothers, I got a lot better munching away at eggielegs, and lomticks of toast and lovely steakiweaks and then, one day, they said I was going to have a very special visitor.

Doctor enters followed by Minister and Matron.

MINISTER

Good evening, my boy.

ALEX

Hi, hi, hi there, my little droogies.

DOCTOR

Well, how are you getting on today, young man?

ALEX

Great, sir. Great.

DOCTOR

Can I do anything more for you , Minister?

MINISTER

I don't think so, Sir Leslie. Thank you very much.

DR. TAYLOR

Then I'll leave you to it. Nurse.

They exit. Minister moves to Alex.

MINISTER

You seem to have a whole ward to yourself, my boy.

ALEX

Yes, sir, and a very lovely place it is too, sir, when I wake up in the middle of the night with my pain.

MINISTER

Yes... well good to see you on the mend. I've kept in constant touch with the hospital, of course, and now I've come to see you personally to see how you're getting along.

ALEX

I've suffered the tortures of the damned. The tortures of the damned, sir.

MINISTER

Yes I can... Oh look, let me do that for you, shall I?

ALEX

Thank you, sir.

MINISTER

I can tell you that I... and the Government of which I am a member are deeply sorry about this, my boy. Deeply sorry. We tried to help you. We followed recommendations had been made to us that turned out to be wrong. An enquiry will place the responsibility where it belongs. We want you to regard us as friends. We've put you right, you're getting the best of treatments. We never wished you harm, but there are some that did and do, and I think you know who those are. There are certain people who wanted to use you for political ends. People who would have been glad to have you dead because then they would have been able to blame it all on the Government. I think you know who those are. There is also a certain man - a writer of subversive literature - who has been howling for your blood. He's been mad with desire to stick a knife into you, but you're safe from him now, we've put him away. He found out that you had done wrong to him - at least he believed you had done wrong. He had formed this idea in his head that you had been responsible for the death of someone near and dear to him. We put him away for his own protection... I'm sorry, I thought you were ready.

ALEX

Where is he now, sir?

MINISTER

We put him away where he can do you no harm. You see we are looking after your interests. We are interested in you, and when you leave here you will have no further worries. We shall see to everything... a good job on a good salary.

ALEX

What job and how much?

MINISTER

You must have an interesting job at a salary which you would regard as adequate. Not only for the job which you are going to do and in compensation for what you believe you have suffered, but also because you are helping us.

ALEX

Helping you, sir?

MINISTER

We always help our friends, don't we?

(smiles)

It is no secret that the Government has lost a lot of popularity because of you, my boy. There are some that think that at the next election we shall be out. The press has chosen to take a very unfavorable view of what we tried to do.

ALEX

Well, who can bame them, sir?

MINISTER

Mmmmm, possibly. Yes. But public opinion has a way of changing and you, Alex, if I may call you, Alex?

ALEX

Certainly, sir. What do they call you at home?

MINISTER

My name is Frederick. As I was saying, Alex, you can be instrumental in changing the public verdict. Do you understand, Alex? Have I made myself clear?

ALEX

As an unmuddied lake, Fred. As clear as an azurw sky of deepest summer. You can rely on me, Fred.

MINISTER

Good... good boy. Oh yes, I understand you're fond of music. I have arranged a little surprise for you.

ALEX

Surprise?

MINISTER

One I think you will like... as a, how shall I put it, as a symbol of our new understanding. An understanding between two friends.

ALEX

Thank you, Fred. Thank you.

Minister turns and signals.

Door opens and a crowd of cameramen and reporters rush in.

Aides push two 6-foot loudspeakers and a Hi-Fi on a trolley.

ALEX (V.O.)

And what do you know, my brothers and only friends, it was the 9th, the glorious 9th of Ludwig van. Oh, it was gorgeosity and yummy yum yum. I was cured.

CLOSE SHOT ALEX

ALEX (V.O.)

As the music came to ist climax, I could viddy myself very clear, running and running on like very light and mysterious feet, carving the whole face of the creeching world with my cut throat britva. I was cured all right.

THE END

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ABSOLUTE POWER

Written by
WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Based on the book by
DAVID BALDACCI

May 1996 Draft

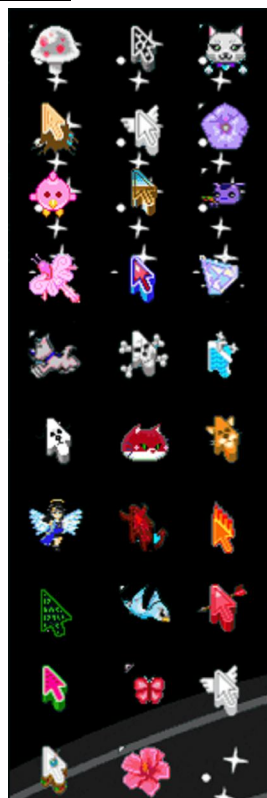
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Sponsor**FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY****FADE IN:**

1 INT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

1

The saddest eyes you ever saw.

We are looking at an El Greco drawing. It is a study for
one of his paintings.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

A bunch of art students are doing sketches of the eyes,
the elongated fingers, the slender hands El Greco drew so
brilliantly.

Most of the students are around 20. A couple of suburban
housewives are there too.

And one older man.

This is LUTHER WHITNEY. Mid 60s, very fit, neatly
dressed. At quick glance, he seems as if he might be a
successful company executive.

As we watch him draw we can tell he is capable of great
concentration. And patient. With eyes that miss
nothing: He has pilot's eyes.

We'll find out more about him as time goes on, but this
is all you really have to know: Luther Whitney is the
hero of this piece. As we watch him draw --

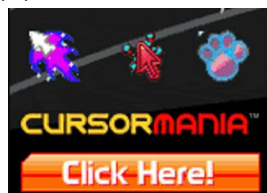
Luther's sketchbook. He is finishing his work on the
eyes, and he's caught the sadness: It's good stuff.

Luther. It's not good enough for him. He looks at his
work a moment, shakes his head.

GIRL STUDENT

Don't give up.

LUTHER



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ALL SCRIPTS

She's indicated his sketchbook. He nods. She starts
thumbing through.

The sketchbook as the pages turn.

Detail work. Eyes and hands. The eyes are good. The hands are better. Very skillful.

(CONTINUED)

) B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 2.

1 CONTINUED: 1

The GIRL hands it back. Impressed.

GIRL STUDENT

You work with your hands, don't you?

CLOSEUP - LUTHER

An enigmatic smile. Now, from that --

2 EXT. RED'S BAR - DAY 2

A nice working class part of town. Nothing fancy here but there's a pleasant feel. The streets are clean, the houses neat and well tended.

Luther, carrying his sketchbook, walks along. It's afternoon now. Up ahead is a local bar: RED'S.

3 INT. RED'S BAR - DAY 3

Luther walks in. Nothing fancy here. Strictly working class. And relatively empty. An overweight bald man Luther's age works behind the bar. This is RED. They are good enough friends not to ask each other questions.

LUTHER

(as they nod to
each other)

Redhead.

RED

Luther.
 (as Luther hands
 him a videotape)
 Your life would be a whole lot
 simpler if you could learn to
 operate a V.C.R.

LUTHER

My only failing.

As he turns --

4 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LUTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 4

A street of small row houses. Clean, well tended. Luther walks toward one. Later in the afternoon. He

carries half a dozen small shopping bags, from the market, the hardware store, the drug store, the cleaners.

3.

5 EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

5

A terra cotta planter to the right of the front door. Luther shifts his packages, tilts the planter slightly, bends down, pulls out a key, inserts it in the front door.

6 INT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

6

as he enters. Neat, tidy. A Cuisinart, a cheese slicer, lots of other nice equipment. As he begins putting food away --

7 INT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

7

Evening now. Table set for one. A single candle. Beside the candle is Luther's sketch pad. Now Luther himself moves INTO VIEW, carrying a tray. He puts it down.

A gorgeous omelet is on a fine china plate, parsley sprinkled neatly on top. An elegant green salad is on another plate, covered with thinly sliced parmesan cheese. An expensive water pitcher, a lovely glass. Clearly, a great deal of thought has gone into dinner.

Luther lights the single candle. We are now aware of a photograph nearby. The picture is old. A pretty little girl stands in the center, smiling. Her mother stands alongside, smiling too. A man is with them, looking at them happily. It's Luther. When he was young.

Luther studies the photo a moment. Then he turns, looks out the window.

8 POV SHOT - SLIVER OF MOON

8

is visible. Lovely. Peaceful.

9 LUTHER

9

Now Luther opens the sketch pad, quickly flips past the hands and eyes and faces --

-- we are looking at something totally different: a mansion.

HOLD ON Luther's drawing of the mansion.

KEEP HOLDING.

PULL BACK to reveal --

4.

10 EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT

10

In the moonlight -- it looks exactly like his drawing.

But no drawing could convey the size of the place -- we are looking at ten thousand square feet. Wealth and power.

We're in rolling hill country. The mansion is dark.
Totally deserted. Silence.

Now a sound - TIRES ON GRAVEL. A car comes rolling INTO VIEW. The motor of the car has been turned off. The lights of the car have been turned off. The car slides to a stop. Again, silence...

HOLD ON mansion, a couple of hundred yards away. There
is a small field between the car and the estate. Now --

11 EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION/INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT

A man holds binoculars, studying the place. He wears dark clothes, tennis shoes. He puts down the binoculars, begins to smear his face with black camouflage cream --

-- it's Luther, and he's been a professional thief his entire life. He's a three-time loser, but his last sentence was so long ago and his skills are now so vast, so refined, that it is unlikely he will ever get caught again.

12 EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GROUNDS - NIGHT

The grounds as Luther glides through it. He wears a backpack.

The night is cool.

He stops. All that separates him from the mansion now is a stretch of gorgeous lawn. Except for Luther, it isn't gorgeous -- it's no-man's land.

One final check of his surroundings -- then he sets off, in graceful motion, long strides eating up the ground. He makes no sound at all.

13 EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Thick wood with reinforced steel.

Luther stops by the door, takes off his backpack, opens it. He puts on plastic gloves that have a special layer of padding at the fingertips and palms. Now he takes a key, inserts it in the front door, turns it, and the instant he pushes the door open -- ZOOM TO:

5.

14 INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

The infrared SECURITY DETECTOR -- it immediately starts to BEEP and you can see the seconds being counted down: forty, thirty-nine, thirty --

CUT TO:

15 LUTHER

-- in his hands now is an automatic screwdriver, no more than six inches long --

-- he sets to work on the security panel that is inside in the foyer next to the front door.

The screwdriver undoes the first screw, the second --

CUT TO:

16 SECURITY DETECTOR 16

Thirty-one, thirty, twenty --

CUT TO:

17 SCREWDRIVER 17

Now the third and fourth screws are in hands and he lifts the security panel away.

The BEEPING sound is constant --

-- and getting louder.

A tiny device, no bigger than a pocket calculator. It has two wires protruding from it. It is, we are about to find out, a tiny computer. Luther holds it like a baby.

CUT TO:

18 SECURITY DETECTOR 18

Eighteen, seventeen --

CUT TO:

19 LUTHER 19

probing with the wires into the heart of the security panel.

(CONTINUED)

6.

19 CONTINUED: 19

The BEEPING is LOUDER still.

The security panel. Luther is attempting delicate work and it's dark so it isn't easy but he continues to probe with the wires and --

CUT TO:

20 SECURITY DETECTOR 20

Eleven, ten --

CUT TO:

21 LUTHER 21

and he's got it attached!

22 COMPUTER 22

Now the face of the tiny computer is alive with numbers -- they fly by much too fast for us to make them out

clearly.

CUT TO:

23 **SECURITY DETECTOR** 23

Four, three, two --

CUT TO:

24 **FACE OF TINY COMPUTER** 24

as five numbers lock -- 7 -- 13 -- 19 -- 8 -- 11 --

The BEEPING sound dies.

CUT TO:

25 **LUTHER** 25

A glance across the foyer -- the lights of the security detector go from red to a warm looking green.

Safe.

(CONTINUED)

7.

25 **CONTINUED:** 25

He allows himself to exhale. Then he's busy again, unhooking the computer. His fingers, as always, work quickly, precisely.

25A **INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT** 25A

The foyer as Luther, once again carrying his backpack, moves across it. Behind him, the front door is again shut, the security panel back on, screws all in place.

It's as if he hadn't been there at all...

26 **INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT** 26

Luther walks quickly up -- and here we get a sense of the vast size of the place -- it feels bigger inside than it looked in the moonlight.

A Van Gogh at the head of the stairs. Luther moves past it, then stops, goes back, studies the painting. It's a late one, when the madness had him and things were sliding away. Very sad.

Luther looks at it admiringly for another moment --

-- then surprisingly he raises his hand, and for just an instant traces the lines of the painting in the air, as if trying to figure out how the magic was done, as if getting ready for his next museum session --

-- then almost grudgingly, he moves on, up toward the third floor.

27 **INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - THIRD-FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT** 27

Here's a Hopper. One of the great ones, filled with an overpowering sense of being alone --

-- Luther stares at it almost in awe, whispers "wow," moves on.

28 INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

28

Luther, walking down the third-floor corridor.

The corridor walls. No paintings here -- instead we see a series of framed photographs. The first is of a baby girl, the next one of the same child at three.

We watch the child grow up in these photos. At ten she is already pretty. At fifteen a stunner.

(CONTINUED)

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8.

28 CONTINUED:

28

Not a classic beauty by any means, she is turning into, if you will a latter-day Ann-Margret. The kind of girl you ached for in high school. The perfect cheerleader.

These are pictures, we will come to know, of Christy Sullivan. A high school graduation shot at eighteen, a shot in front of a Burger King at twenty.

CLOSEUP - WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH

*

Christy, looking just fabulous, is 24 and smiling happily. We can only see her face and the wedding veil here. Now --

PULL BACK to reveal --

A glorious and expensive white wedding dress. Christy holds a bouquet of flowers. Breathtaking.

KEEP PULLING BACK.

And now we can see the groom. Walter Sullivan. Walter is smiling too, one arm proudly around his lovely bride.

Walter, it might be noted, is eighty years old.

Luther, staring at the photo, shakes his head. Now he moves on.

29 INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Luther opens the DOOR. It SQUEAKS. He goes inside, closes the door firmly. Next, he puts his backpack down, takes out a low-power non-glare work light, sets it up. Now he looks around. A huge room, a gigantic canopied bed.

A nightstand alongside, which contains a small silver clock, three Danielle Steel novels piled neatly one atop the other, several more photos of the happy couple --

-- and an antique silver-plated letter opener with a thick leather handle.

Luther. He studies himself in front of a very large

full-length mirror across from the canopied bed.

Now we realize something -- he isn't studying himself,
he's studying the mirror itself.

He turns, goes to the sitting area where there are chairs
and a sofa and a large TV and VCR.

(CONTINUED)

9.

29 CONTINUED:

29

Three remotes on a side table. Luther carefully picks up
the middle one, crosses the room with it, points it at
the large mirror, clicks once --

-- and the mirror swings silently open.

A room is revealed. All we can see of it so far is this:
There is an armchair in the middle facing where the
mirror had been.

Luther turns back toward the sitting area, the remote
held in his hand.

The side table. Luther puts the remote down -- very
carefully. In the exact position it had been. Now he
takes a moment, blows on his hands, rubs them together.

Then -- Luther takes a collapsible duffel bag out of his
backpack, moves with the work light into the revealed
room --

30 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - VAULT - NIGHT

30

It's a vault! And it's FULL! There's cash, naturally,
piles of the stuff. Plus all kinds of other valuables
we'll get around to.

Luther's a little stunned -- it's more than he hoped for.

He glances at the armchair -- there is a remote on it
that is identical to the one he replaced at the side
table.

Now he opens his duffel all the way and sets to work.
First the cash goes in -- all neatly bundled. Large
denominations. Lots of bundles. Next are a series of
slender boxes --

The first box as Luther opens it.

Jewelry.

Into the duffel it goes.

Luther, emptying more jewelry boxes into the duffel. And
still more. As he continues to do this --

31 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

All is quiet. High on a wall, the security light beams a
friendly green.

Now, from somewhere, a distant sound. LAUGHTER? Was it
laughter? Doesn't matter, it's gone.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 10.

32 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 32

Luther has moved deeper into it -- he's finished with the jewelry. Now he's examining piles of bonds.

Into the duffel they go.

He takes a breath, glances around. Perfect.

Coins. Antique ones. They disappear into the duffel.

Stamp books. Gone into the swelling duffel.

Luther as he hears now the DISTANT LAUGHTER. Not so perfect.

33 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 33 *

He moves quickly out of the vault, takes a step toward the door -- the GIGGLING is getting LOUDER, closer. Two people. A man and a woman.

Luther stops, mutters "shit!" -- glances around -- No place to hide. Luther, grabbing his backpack, moves into the vault, turns off his work light, and shuts the door with the remote. The DOOR CLICKS --

34 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 34

-- Luther is alone in the darkness.

A burst of LAUGHTER now. Growing nearer still.

Luther moves into the back of the vault, crouches down, doing his best to hide behind the armchair. Trapped, Luther waits in silence, trying not to breathe...

Now he can hear a SQUEAK -- the BEDROOM DOOR has opened.

HOLD.

35 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

Dark -- except for a slant of light from the hall outside the open bedroom door.

Two people are briefly visible as they enter, a MAN and a WOMAN. The CLINK of GLASS. Stifled LAUGHTER.

The Woman closes the bedroom door.

Darkness again.

And now the LAUGHING sound increases. GIGGLING, really.

11.

36 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 36

Luther in the pitch-black vault. The GIGGLING is MUTED but it is there. He is starting to perspire.

37 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 37

The woman flicks on the lights and as she does --

38 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

38

Luther as the burst of light hits him like a fist -- and it's over.

Luther blinks, confused, looks around --

-- because it isn't over, he hasn't been caught.

The door to the vault is suddenly gone. Luther is staring straight into the goddamn bedroom.

Because the door is a two way mirror. Now it's as if he was watching the bedroom on a giant TV screen.

Just a few feet away, just outside the door.

Where things are clearly starting to heat up.

Luther moves to the armchair, sits. There is nothing to do now but wait. He settles in.

39 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

They are staring at each other.

We have seen the woman already -- she's CHRISTY SULLIVAN. But the pictures in the corridor did not do her justice.

This is a fabulous-looking twenty-five-year-old woman. Long, golden hair, a round face that sets off her deep blue eyes, a tanned, curving body. A bare-shouldered black dress. An expensive necklace.

One more thing: she is staggering drunk.

The man is ALAN RICHMOND, wealthy, successful, handsome and fit. Mid-forties. He wears an elegantly-cut suit.

Two additional points: (1) Richmond is clearly not the husband in the wedding photo. (2) He is drunker than she is.

(CONTINUED)

12.

39 CONTINUED:

39

Richmond carries a vodka bottle and two tumblers. He fills them, gives one to her.

They touch glasses. Down the hatch. Tight laughter.

He looks at her.

She looks at him. There's a lot of sexual tension in the air.

But now he begins looking around, checking things out. She spots this.

CHRISTY

(drunk)

It's okay -- I told him I was sick -- anyway, he's gone -- relax...

He nods then, more at ease. And he blows her a kiss.

She catches it -- and now she starts to parade for him.
Her body moving very slowly.

He pours himself another shot, chugs it, watches. Now --

40 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 40

Luther suddenly terrified and we find out why.

41 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

Christy, fumbling with her necklace, looks across the
room --

What she's looking at: the side table with the remote
that opens the vault.

42 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 42

Luther, frozen, as Christy starts toward the table.

43 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 43

The table and the remote waiting there.

44 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 44

Luther, mouth dry...

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 13.

45 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 45

Richmond, reaching out for her, then as she passes him;
he takes her by the hand --

-- and now they are dancing, their bodies pressed
together. They move slowly. She hums. He tries to get
fancy, spin her with one arm --

-- no good. They're too drunk for it, starts to lose
balance, separate.

They giggle. Smile at each other. Now Christy manages
to unhook her necklace, and as she starts to drop it in
the drawer of the nightstand --

*
*

46 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 46

Luther. A genuine sigh of relief --

-- which suddenly dies --

47 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 47

Christy, as she spins toward the table again, still with
the necklace in her hand.

48 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 48

Luther, and there's nothing he can do now but watch.

49 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 49

Richmond, watching too, emptying the vodka bottle into his tumbler, chugging it down and now...

The table as Christy reaches out, grabs a remote, turns.

50 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 50

Luther dead in the water because --

51 CHRISTY'S 51

pointing the goddam thing at him --

-- and as she CLICKS it --

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 14.

52 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 52

Luther, and for a moment, he's like a goddam deer caught in the headlights --

-- but now here comes another sigh of relief and we find out why.

53 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 53

Suddenly there's ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING -- she's turned the STEREO ON. Christy starts humming, replaces the clicker, drops the necklace in the drawer. *

Then they are into each other's arms. Their bodies press. Their bodies sway. He moves a hand to her breasts --

-- Christy breaks loose, shakes a finger at him, as if to say, "naughty, naughty" --

-- then with one hand, she pulls a zipper down. The dress falls off her body. Her breasts spring free. She is wearing only her panties now and high heels. And a smile.

She is stunning looking and she knows it and men have always gone nuts over her and she knows that too. And Richmond can't resist her either, goes to her, bends her back, caresses her neck, begins sucking her nipples. Christy moans.

54 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 54

Luther, in the chair, embarrassed, averting his eyes.

But the MOANING from the other room GROWS LOUDER, more insistent.

55 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 55

Christy, pulling away for a moment, starting to work at Richmond's tie, shakes him out of his suit jacket, reaches for his belt, loosens it. She is working at his

shirt buttons now and their breathing is audible and in a moment he is down to his boxer shorts and then her panties are off, her shoes kicked away and they are near the vault mirror now. As they approach it, they stare at themselves.

56 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 56

Luther, moving farther back in his chair as their faces are just a couple of feet away --

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 15.

57 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - CHRISTY - NIGHT 57

as Richmond's hands move across her wondrous body and she is hot and drifting into drunken fantasy and her eyes close and --

CLOSE ON RICHMOND

*

as his eyes are open --

-- the look on his drunken face is scary.

58 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 58

Luther, transfixed by that look, transfixed and worried.

59 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - CHRISTY AND RICHMOND IN CLOSEUP - NIGHT 59

looking at each other now, and she is smiling happily and looking at him and he is smiling happily and looking at her, and whatever was on his face just before has gone.

60 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 60

Luther, watching as they turn for the gigantic canopied bed.

61 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

The bed as they stop alongside it and kiss -- it's their first. And her arms go around his neck and she holds him like that, her eyes shut tight --

62 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT 62

Luther -- watching because Richmond's eyes are not shut, they are wide open and they stare at the mirror and the awful look from before is back, only worse, and then without warning, he grips her buttocks roughly --

-- and slaps her hard on the ass, over and over and Christy is shocked, surprised, pulls away. Richmond smiles at her sweetly.

Christy. Shaking her head.

Richmond. He continues to smile, makes a courtly gesture, kissing her fingertips in apology.

(CONTINUED)

16.

62 CONTINUED:

62

Christy. She smiles in acknowledgement and they move onto the bed. She pushes him down and straddles him.

Richmond, from her POINT OF VIEW -- a wonderfully-handsome man.

Christy, from his POINT OF VIEW. A glorious, vibrant young woman. She smiles, touches her lips to a finger, reaches out, touches the finger to his mouth.

It's a sweet moment.

They smile.

Then he reaches up, and without a word, grabs her breasts and squeezes and twists them brutally and Christy is shocked and she tries to make him stop but he won't, and she cries out in pain but he still won't stop so she slaps him in the face. He slaps her back, viciously, right in the mouth and now there is blood mixing with her lipstick and she rolls off the bed onto the floor.

Christy sits there stunned.

CHRISTY

(slurred)

You fucking bastard.

And on that --

Richmond, standing now, reaches down to help her up. Christy hesitates, finally takes his hand and as soon as she is on her feet --

Christy, kicking him with all she has, in the stomach.

63 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

63

Luther, silently applauding.

64 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

Richmond, the air momentarily out of him, falling drunkenly to the floor, stunned for just a moment and clearly in pain, but he is a big man and he is strong and he grabs her ankle, yanks, and then both are laboring on the floor and Christy kicks him again and again --

-- but he will not release her ankle. Each kick only inflames his drunken rage.

(CONTINUED)

17.

64 CONTINUED:

64

RICHMOND

(very slurred --)

You little whore --

And now they both try and stand.

Neither one does it gracefully, neither one does it

quickly, but Richmond gets there first and as soon as he is on his feet he begins to strangle her.

Christy, gasping, terrified, she claws at his arms, her fingers scratching deeply --

-- but he will not let go.

She twists and jerks her body --

-- no good -- he continues to tighten his grip on her throat --

-- and spreads his legs for better balance.

The bed table, as Christy, beyond desperation reaches around for something, anything -- her fingers finally close on the letter opener and in one wild stroke, she slashes his right arm.

Now he lets go. And stares, stunned, at his bleeding arm.

Then he crunches her flush in the mouth, a brutal blow, and blood pours from her nose and mouth and if she weren't so scared, maybe it would have stopped her, but it doesn't -- because somehow she manages to maintain balance --

-- and knees him all she has, in the nuts.

It's over -- Richmond falls to the floor, helpless. He lies on his back, holding his crotch.

But it isn't over. Christy, blood pouring down her face, stands over him, the letter opener still tight in her hand.

And in her eyes you can see it, the homicidal rage --

-- and she drops to her knees beside him --

-- and Richmond can only lie there, watching her --

-- and she gets a better grip on the letter opener --

-- and Richmond still only lies there, watching her --

(CONTINUED)

18.

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

-- and she raises the letter opener slowly very high above her head, the point aimed at his heart --

-- and Richmond screams one time --

-- and as Christy starts to kill him, two well-dressed men in business suits burst through the bedroom doorway, GUNS in their hands, and they BLOW HER BRAINS OUT before the opener reaches Richmond's heart...

65 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

65

Luther, in SLOW MOTION and this is what he does --

-- he reels back in the chair, eyes wide, jaw slack,

mouth open --

-- this is a man who has seen everything but nothing has prepared him for this --

-- his arms flop over the arms of the chair, his body loses strength, he tries to look away, can't --

-- and this is what he sees --

66 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

Christy, fighting for another instant of life --

-- no chance --

-- the two bullets have shattered her brain, her eyes roll up into her head, the letter opener drops to the rug, she collapses like a rag doll --

-- and blood is everywhere.

67 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

67

Luther. Back in regular motion now. Pale, barely able to breathe.

68 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

68

The two well-dressed men in business suits.

BILL BURTON is the more formidable. Mid-40s, he looks like a retired tight end. No body fat. Intimidating. But right now he is shaking and he can't stop it. He puts his gun away, goes to Richmond.

(CONTINUED)

19.

68 CONTINUED:

68

TIM COLLIN is closing in on 30. Handsome. In wonderful shape. Burton is more physical, Collin more lethal. He puts his gun away, goes to Christy.

Richmond is trying to sit. He is as drunk as before but now he is also close to shock. He reaches over, manages to pick up the bloody letter opener.

RICHMOND

Kill her?

Collin, by the body, nods.

BURTON

No choice in the matter.

His words are efficient but clearly, he has been rocked.

Richmond, staring stupidly at the letter opener. He drops it back to the floor, tries to stand, can't. Burton helps him back to the bed. Which is when he passes out cold.

Burton and Collin look at each other now.

BURTON

Jesus, Tim, what did we do?

COLLIN

(echoing Burton)

No choice in the matter.

69 **INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT**

69

Luther, staring at it all. The shock is still there but
so is something new: anger. And on that --

70 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

70

GLORIA RUSSELL moving through the bedroom door.
Russell's 40, well-dressed, attractive and very smart.
Now she sees what's happened, stops dead.

Now she moves forward, looks at Burton and Collin. It's
very clear from the outset: these three are not
friendly.

(CONTINUED)

)B(**ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96**

20.

70 **CONTINUED:**

70

RUSSELL

(to Burton and Collin)

Do you realize what a shitstorm
we're in?

(beat)

Go on -- tell me.

COLLIN

Nothing to tell. He screamed.

RUSSELL

And you heard no sounds of
violence 'til then?

BURTON

(beat)

Nothing we haven't heard before.

Richmond, on the bed, out. Russell studies his face as
Burton moves toward the telephone.

BURTON

Maybe I should call the police
now.

CLOSEUP - RUSSELL

★

RUSSELL

(soft)

Bill? Why don't you think about
that?

(beat -- starting to
move toward him)

Take a second and just think about
that.

(closing in on Burton,
furious)

Think... real... fucking... hard.

BURTON

★

He is strong enough to snap her neck with one hand.

BURTON

(backing away)

Probably not a good idea.

RUSSELL

(taking charge)

Okay -- here's what happened
tonight -- poor Christy came home
alone and interrupted a burglary.
That sound logical?

21.

71 **INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT**

71

Luther in the closet. He nods.

72 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

72

Burton and Collin nod, too.

RUSSELL

We're going to have to sanitize
this place.

(shaking Richmond)

Alan, did you have sex with her?

Richmond, eyes barely open.

RICHMOND

... Don'... 'member...

RUSSELL

Bill, you're going to have to
examine her.

BURTON

I'm no gynecologist.

RUSSELL

(she takes nothing
from nobody)

I just made you one.

End of discussion.

73 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)**

73

A clock on the side table beside the three clickers.

There is the sound of a VACUUM -- it's later now.

The place is incredibly changed. Christy is lying as
before -- except now she is fully dressed. The bed has
been made with clean sheets. There is a large black
garbage bag that Collin shoves the sheets in, dumps in
Christy's jewelry. Burton is VACUUMING the rug.

Richmond is visible, still in terrible shape, finishing
putting his clothes on in the open master bedroom.

Everyone wears gloves.

Everything that is incriminating is gone --

(CONTINUED)

22.

73 CONTINUED:

73

-- except the letter opener, which has been put in a clear plastic bag. Collin reaches for it, starts to dump it in along with the sheets and the jewelry.

RUSSELL

I'll take that.

COLLIN

(surprised)

It's got their prints on it.

RUSSELL

(she holds out her hand)

Thanks for sharing.

Collin glances at Burton, shrugs, hands it over. Russell puts it in her handbag, puts the handbag on the bed table when suddenly --

Richmond, careening into the room, wide-eyed, crying out --

RICHMOND

Gloria -- I killed her --

Russell, turning, shocked as Richmond bears down --

-- she holds out her arms for him, but he is staggering and he collides hard with her, spins against the wall, uses the bed table to try to steady himself.

74 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

74

Luther, stunned, staring.

75 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

What he's staring at: the letter opener has spilled from her open purse and fallen behind the bed, out of sight.

Russell, calm, going to Richmond, starting to lead him from the room --

RUSSELL

It's all going to be fine, Alan.

RICHMOND

... But she's dead...

(CONTINUED)

23.

75 CONTINUED:

75

RUSSELL

... I'll take care of everything just like I always do.

(to Burton and Collin)

Gentlemen?

She gestures to leave.

Burton and Collin finish up -- Collin grabs the large plastic bag. Burton glances around one final time and backs toward the door, vacuuming carefully. Then --

Collin stops dead. He stares across at the bed table.

76 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT

76

Luther, holding his breath.

77 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - BURTON AND COLLIN - NIGHT 77

COLLIN

Shit.

BURTON

What?

In reply, Collin dashes back toward the bed table, grabs Russell's purse, snaps it shut, tucks it under one arm and leaves.

Burton flicks the light out, closes the door.

The room is lit by moonlight now. Christy looks beautiful and still. HOLD for a moment.

78 EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

78

It's open and Russell leads a staggering Richmond outside. Two dark Towncars are parked in the driveway.

Burton is behind them, turning off all lights. Collin is last, with Russell's purse, the garbage bag. As he follows them outside, he closes the front door firmly -- it makes a loud, solid sound.

79 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - LUTHER - NIGHT

79

The sound is barely audible. He has been looking at his watch --

(CONTINUED)

24.

79 CONTINUED:

79

The watch face is illuminated in the darkness. The second hand is fifteen seconds away from the top.

Luther takes a deep breath, waits in silence.

The WATCH face: the sound is loud, like "60 Minutes."

80 EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

80

Burton and Russell moving with Richmond toward one of the cars. Burton takes the man in his arms, leaving Russell free to open the back door.

Collin dumps the plastic bag into the trunk, shuts it, moves quickly so that he can get a decent view of the road.

The road in front of the house. Empty. Collin hurries

to the Towncar where Burton is struggling to get Richmond comfortably stretched out on the back seat.

81	INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT	81
	<p>The second hand on Luther's watch hits the top and he moves into action.</p> <p>-- He points the clicker at the door --</p> <p>-- the door starts to swing open --</p> <p>-- Luther, backpack in hand, strides quickly into the bedroom, turns, points the clicker again and as the door starts to swing shut -- Luther carefully tosses the clicker back inside.</p>	
82	INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - ARMCHAIR - NIGHT	82
	<p>as the clicker lands -- dead-solid perfect --</p>	
83	INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT	83
	<p>Luther, in the bedroom, moving to the nightstand, carrying his backpack --</p> <p>-- he slows as he circles the body of Christy Sullivan, looks sadly down at her, continues on as we MOVE TO...</p> <p style="text-align: right;">(CONTINUED)</p>	
)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96	25.
83	CONTINUED:	83
	<p>The bed table. First, Luther opens the drawer and pockets the necklace. Tense, he kneels, probes behind the table, reaches farther and then -- the letter opener! In the plastic bag. Luther grabs it.</p> <p>He rises, opener in hand, and goes to the far window that has a view of the front of the house. He looks out, grimaces.</p>	* *
84	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT	84
	<p>The cars are still there. Burton is visible helping Russell in. Collin hands over her purse, closes the door. He and Burton move to the front doors.</p>	
85	INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT	85
	<p>Luther, going to the rear window. He opens the window slowly and silently. He ties one end of the rope around the leg of a heavy, wooden chest of drawers --</p> <p>-- now he carefully plays the knotted rope out the window.</p>	
86	EXT. SULLIVAN DRIVEWAY - TOWNCAR - NIGHT	86
	<p>Collin heads to one of the Towncars. In the other Burton and Russell are getting settled in the front. Richmond lies in a stupor, stretched along the rear seat. Russell --</p>	

-- a moment of relief. She breathes deep. And as
Russell starts to open her purse --

87 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KNOTTED ROPE - NIGHT** 87

as it snakes down the brick mansion -- it reaches the
ground.

88 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT** 88

Luther, putting his backpack on securely.

The window -- Luther glances out and down.

89 **HIS POV - GROUND OUTSIDE SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT** 89

Forty feet below. And it's dark.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 26.

90 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT** 90

Luther -- he doesn't much like this -- but taking hold of
the rope, he puts one leg out the window -- only the damn
backpack makes it complicated and he's caught for a
moment, clumsily trapped with one leg in, one leg out and
the backpack wedged against the corner of the window --

-- and at that moment, there is a SCREAM.

91 **EXT. SULLIVAN DRIVEWAY/INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT** 91 *

Gloria Russell, as every nightmare she has ever had comes
true -- the fucking letter opener isn't in her purse and
as she screams again --

92 **EXT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - WINDOW - NIGHT** 92

Luther, cursing to himself, forcing his way out the
window and it isn't easy, but he makes it and then the
rope slips in his hands and for one precarious moment, he
is in serious trouble and...

93 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT** 93

The Towncar doors bursting open as Burton and Collin come
barrelling out.

94 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT** 94

Luther, getting his grip on the nylon rope again,
starting to go down -- but it's difficult going for him.

95 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT** 95

Burton and Collin tearing into the house, Collin in the
lead.

96 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT** 96

Luther in the night, thirty feet up, and he can hear

COMMOTION inside the house and he tries to go faster --

-- but it's not easy; the man is, after all, in his 60s and he's dangerously high and his visibility is rotten, so he's doing the best he can, but he isn't exactly flying.

27.

97	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT	97
	Russell, standing by the Towncar, staring in at the house and from the look on her face, you know she thinks her life might be over.	
98	INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT	98
	Burton and Collin, racing up the second floor staircase toward the top.	
99	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT	99
	Luther, halfway down.	
100	INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT	100
	Burton and Collin, tearing along the third floor corridor.	
101	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT	101
	Luther, ten feet off the ground now.	
102	INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT	102
	The bedroom door, flying open.	
103	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT	103
	Luther, six feet to go, three, and he lets go, drops the rest of the way, hits the ground running.	
104	INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT	104
	Burton, racing toward the window, Collin goes to the night table.	
105	EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT	105
	Luther, at the end of the house, turning a corner.	
106	INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT	106
	Burton, staring out the window and Luther is gone.	

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 28.

106 CONTINUED: 106

BURTON

Shit!

Collin, looking around the table and the letter opener is gone.

COLLIN

Shit!

And without another word, they bolt out the door.

107 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GROUNDS - NIGHT** 107

Luther, crashing through the field. He is in wonderful shape --

-- for a man his age.

And he gives it all he has but is it going to be enough?

108 **EXT. SULLIVAN DRIVEWAY - NIGHT** 108

The Towncar as Collin yanks something out of the glove compartment, and then he is racing off into the night after Burton who is a few steps ahead.

109 **EXT. SULLIVAN DRIVEWAY/INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT** 109 *

Russell staring after them -- in the back seat, Richmond is in a half-slumber.

110 **EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GROUNDS - NIGHT** 110

Luther, bursting out of the underbrush --

-- up ahead is the most dangerous place for him --

-- one hundred yards of open field. He runs on.

111 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - BURTON AND COLLIN - NIGHT** 111

as Collin catches up to the other man, tosses what he took from the glove compartment.

Thermal goggles.

They put them on, on the fly and...

29.

112 **THERMAL POV** 112

The world ahead of them as they see it: their FIELD OF VISION now resembles a rough computer game. THERMAL IMAGES register in red, everything else is dark green.

113 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - OPEN AREA - LUTHER - NIGHT** 113

Beginning to tire now -- and he's only halfway through the open field and...

Burton and Collin, behind him, can't see him yet, but they are moving faster --

-- and Burton could probably destroy anyone in a fight --

-- but Collin can fly.

And he begins to leave Burton behind.

Luther, and twenty yards ahead of him are some woods that spur him on, he pumps his arms, his body straining and his breath coming in gasps and...

Collin, graceful and young and in fabulous shape and just ahead is the open field and as he starts into it --

114 **THERMAL POV** 114

What Collin sees: a THERMAL figure; a man running out of the open and then disappearing into the woods.

115 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - OPEN AREA - NIGHT** 115

The sight of the figure is enough to kick Collin into overdrive and he has never run this fast as he crosses the open area.

116 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - WOODS - NIGHT** 116

Luther, running through the woods -- he can hear THEM now, and he knows they're closing on him and he glances back --

-- and smashes into a fucking tree!... hard... and it rocks him, drops him to his knees --

117 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - OPEN AREA - NIGHT** 117

Collin and he could be jet propelled.

30.

118 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - WOODS - NIGHT** 118

Luther, forcing himself back to his feet and running again, giving it everything he has left and he's dodging through the trees now.

119 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - NEAR WOODS - NIGHT** 119

Burton, behind Collin, but he draws his gun anyway --

Collin, in the woods, and his gun's drawn too --

Luther, out of the woods and now his car is visible --

Collin, in the woods but they're coming to an end.

120 **THERMAL POV** 120

The figure up ahead is approaching a car.

121 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT** 121

Luther, throwing the car door open, ripping off his backpack, tossing it inside, jumping in behind the wheel.

122 **EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - WOODS - NIGHT** 122

Burton. Pulling up, gasping terribly. He sinks to one knee.

Collin, out of the woods! -- Still amazingly without the least sign of tiring --

-- and now there is a sound: a CAR MOTOR STARTING.

123 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT 123

Luther in his car, wheels spinning.

124 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - WOODS - NIGHT 124

Collin has his pistol ready but it's impossible to hit anything when you're running like this.

125 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS/INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT 125

Luther, in the car, GUNNING AWAY.

31.

126 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - WOODS - NIGHT 126

Collin. Slowing.

127 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT 127

The car. A swirl of dust.

The dust clears.

The car rounds a corner, is gone.

128 EXT. SULLIVAN GROUNDS - NIGHT 128

Collin. He stands there, rips off his thermal goggles --

-- and surprisingly, he smiles.

Burton, getting to his feet, his breath still not steady. He takes his goggles off too as Collin approaches.

COLLIN

(still the smile)

I got his license number.

Now on that --

129 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 129

Russell -- back in the bedroom, with Burton and Collin who are moving around constantly, checking the place out. Things are just amazingly tense.

RUSSELL

(close to losing it)

Gee, guys, maybe it was the bogeyman -- don't forget to check under the bed --

(exploding)

-- You may have buried us! --

COLLIN

-- relax, I got his license
number, remember? --

RUSSELL

(whirling on him)

-- you think he's going to just
sit around waiting for us? --
Asshole --

COLLIN

-- take it easy, Miss Russell --

(CONTINUED)

32.

129 **CONTINUED:**

129

BURTON

(trying for calm)

-- everybody shut up, all right?

He is staring at his reflection in the big mirror. He
crosses to it, goes to his knees, studies the rug.

The rug -- indentations in the expensive carpet.

BURTON

Oh boy...

Burton and Collin with a crowbar, working at the mirror.

The MIRROR; there is a TEAR and a POP and it swings open.

130 **INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - NIGHT**

130

All three going inside, looking around. The chair, the
looted shelves. The truth thuds home.

Russell turns, looks out at the bedroom through the door.

RUSSELL

(dead)

A two-way mirror.

Silently, they move out into the bedroom.

131 **INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

131

COLLIN

-- I better get cracking on that
license number --

RUSSELL

(no anger now)

-- it's all we've got -- and he's
got the letter opener -- blood,
fingerprints -- Jesus, think what
he can do --

BURTON

(a powerful man who
speaks softly)

-- the man is a thief -- a thief
who witnessed a murder --

(MORE)**(CONTINUED)**

33.

131 CONTINUED:

131

BURTON (CONT'D)

(gesturing around)

-- it looks like he stole a whole
bunch of money -- I'll tell you
what he's going to do.

(beat)

He's going to run like hell.

And on that --

132 INT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

132

The saddest eyes you ever saw.

It's the next morning and Luther is back at the same old
stand, looking at El Greco. The other art students are
there too. So are the suburban housewives.

Everything is as it was -- calm and peaceful --

-- now a museum guard moves into the doorway, scanning
the room.

Luther -- a quick glance over, then back to his
sketchbook -- and from that glance it's clear all is not
calm and peaceful.

The guard checks the room again.

Edgy, Luther still works away.

The guard leaves.

Luther gets set to do the same.

133 INT. RED'S BAR - DAY

133

Red, alone in his empty bar, sipping coffee. It's before
the place has opened for the day.

Luther comes in the back. Red slides the videocassette
over, Luther pockets it.

RED

Jordan beat us at the buzzer.

LUTHER

Bad night.

And as he turns, goes --

34.

134 EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING AREA - DAY

134

A YOUNG WOMAN parking her car -- a high rocky area above
the Potomac. Below, a jogging path is visible, full of
runners.

The Young Woman gets out, locks her car, starts down a
narrow walk toward the joggers.

She's in her mid-thirties. A good face. And there's
something familiar about her.

135 EXT. JOGGING PARK - DAY

135

Luther, standing by the edge of the jogging path,
studying the runners. Now he registers something: and
smiles.

The Woman in her mid-thirties as she comes jogging along.
She runs well.

Luther. An imperceptible straightening of his clothes.

The jogger. We realize who she is: the little girl in
the photo on Luther's dining room table. All grown up.
Now her face registers something: his presence. Her
eyes go down to the path, she increases her speed.

Luther. Waving, calling out.

LUTHER

Kate.

(as she runs on)

Kate.

She slows, hesitates, stops.

Kate, hands on hips, breathing deeply, moving to the edge
of the path as he approaches. The river flows behind
them. Runners pass by.

Beat.

LUTHER

Probably too late for me to take
it up.

She says nothing -- he gestures toward the path.

LUTHER

The jogging.

KATE (YOUNG WOMAN)

Ahh.

(CONTINUED)

35.

135 CONTINUED:

135

Beat.

LUTHER

Dumb way to start this, I guess.

Beat.

LUTHER

Wanted to talk to you.

KATE

About?

LUTHER

Believe it or not, the weather.

(as she waits)

Nights are starting to get cold.

KATE

That happens this time of year.

Luther speaks quickly now, his voice low.

LUTHER

I was thinking of maybe
relocating. Someplace with a
kinder climate.
(nothing shows on
her face)
I just wanted to check it out with
you first...
(still nothing)
... you're the only family I've
got.

And on that --

Kate speaks quickly now, her voice low.

KATE

Luther, you don't have me.

The last words in this world he wanted to hear, but you
can't tell from his face.

LUTHER

Kate --

KATE

-- you know what it's like being
the only kid in show and tell who
got to talk about visiting day?

(CONTINUED)

36.

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

LUTHER

This move -- I'm talking
permanent, you understand.

KATE

We don't see each other anyway --
we haven't seen each other since
Mom died and that's a year.
(a step toward him)
Look, you chose your life. You
had that right. You were never
around for me. Fine. But I have
no plans to be around for you.

And now she stops, turns away toward the path --

-- Luther can say nothing, watches her --

-- then she spins back --

KATE

(louder now)
-- wait a minute -- you're lying
about something, aren't you? --

LUTHER

-- no --

KATE

-- are you active again? -- is
that why you're here now?

LUTHER

-- no --

Kate moves in close now --

KATE

-- I don't believe you --

(big)

-- Christ, Father, what have you
done?

And on those words --

136 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**136**

Christy Sullivan's body.

We're back in the master bedroom but now there is a lot
of police activity -- people work around the corpse. The
place is covered with black fingerprint powder.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

37.

136 CONTINUED:**136**

SETH FRANK moves into the room -- Bogart at 40. Chief
Homicide Detective of Middleton County, Virginia but he
had a decade of top work in New York City. Bright,
funny, and tough enough for anything you want to throw at
him.

He kneels beside the body next to an older man. This is
the MEDICAL EXAMINER, fat and bored. Seth studies
Christy; sadly shakes his head.

SETH

Christy Sullivan?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(nods)

Wife of Walter -- most likely came
home and stumbled onto a
burglary --

WOMAN (O.S.)

-- some burglary.

LAURA SIMON. Laura is early 30s, and the best lab
technician Seth has ever known, and he knew some good
ones in New York.

LAURA SIMON

I wish my carpets were this clean.
And I can't find a single decent
fingerprint.

*

SETH

You serious, Laura?

LAURA SIMON

(bewildered)

It's like Mary Poppins was here.

SETH

Could someone have let him in?

LAURA SIMON

Sorry, Seth, but the entire

Sullivan household went to
Barbados two days ago.

SETH

Thank you for your support.

(CONTINUED)

38.

136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

LAURA SIMON

Wait -- it gets worse --
(moving to the door)
-- the shots came from here. If
she interrupted a burglary, she
should have been here --
(moving to the bed now)
-- she was killed where she is --
all the blood patterns indicate
that. But she was looking toward
the bed -- what in hell was she
looking at?

137 INT. SULLIVAN VAULT - DAY

137

Seth says nothing as he and Laura go in the vault. Seth
stares at the chair.

LAURA SIMON

Looks like someone sat here -- but
I couldn't find any prints.
(lowering her voice --
indicating the one-way
mirror)
You think Sullivan holed up in the
chair and watched his wife
perform?

SETH

I hope not --
(shakes his head)
-- he's such a great man.

He moves back into the bedroom.

138 INT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

138

Another cop is working on the wall by the bed table where
a hole the size and shape of a bullet is visible.

SETH

(as he moves past)
Careful digging that out.

The cop nods.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Looks like he tried to strangle
her.

(CONTINUED)

39.

138 CONTINUED:

138

SETH

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

So he tried to strangle her, then
went to the door and shot her from
behind?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

He also inspected her vagina.

Seth. Stunned.

SETH

He did what? Why?

LAURA SIMON

Maybe he couldn't remember if he
fucked her.

SETH

(has to laugh)
A strong burglar with a weak mind
-- obviously another open and shut
case...

As he stares around, baffled.

139 EXT. LUTHER'S SAFE HOUSE APT. BUILDING - DAY

139

A high rise. It's in a different part of Washington than
we've seen thus far. Afternoon now.

An old salesman type is trudging into the building. He's
slumped, carries heavy salesman type suitcases. He wears
a battered hat. As he goes inside --

140 INT. BUILDING - FOYER/MAIL AREA - DAY

140

The salesman is opening a mail slot with the name
"Hawthorne" on the outside. A good bit of mail, most of
it unsolicited. Hawthorne pockets it, unlocks the foyer,
heads toward the elevator.

141 INT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

141

The elevator and Hawthorne slowly getting out, heading
toward a corner apartment, taking out some keys --

-- there are three locks on the door... he takes out
keys --

40.

142 INT. LUTHER'S SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

142

Hawthorne walks in, puts the suitcases down, flings his
hat toward a long sofa --

-- it's Luther and this, we will come to learn, is what
he keeps as his safe house. It's neatly furnished,
modern and clean.

Now he moves quickly --

-- first he opens a suitcase -- it contains his full
backpack from the robbery --

-- then he opens a locked closet door, revealing a very
large and sophisticated safe. As he begins to work the
dial --

143 **INT. LUTHER'S SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)** 143

-- the TV ON in the living room as he slides the video cassette Red gave him into his machine. Everything has been put away.

The TV as Michael Jordan is introduced to the crowd --

Luther sits, nurses a beer, watches intently...

144 **INT. MORGUE - DAY** 144

An old man silently weeping.

This is WALTER SULLIVAN, one of the giants of the era. A self-made billionaire. Remarkably, the man has few enemies.

At 80, his body may be betraying him -- he was once handsome -- but his mind is that of a young man.

We've seen him before -- in the wedding picture on the wall of his mansion. With his young bride Christy.

He is with her again now, at the morgue. A sheet covers her body. The toe tag is visible. Walter, shattered and desolate, stares at her once joyous face.

PULL BACK to reveal --

145 **INT. MORGUE - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY** 145

Seth Frank, studying Walter THROUGH a two way mirror. Seth is moved at depth of the old man's grief. Anyone would be. Walter slowly rises --

41.

146 **INT. MORGUE - DAY** 146

SANDY LORD waiting in an anteroom as Walter enters...

Sandy Lord is Walter Sullivan's lawyer. He is 60, abrasive, powerful.

Sandy moves to Walter, gestures toward the front door. Seth appears through another door, intercepts them.

SETH

 Mr. Sullivan? -- I'm Seth Frank, senior homicide detective for Middleton County --

SANDY LORD

 (protectively)

 -- my client is in no mood for conversation, sir.

WALTER SULLIVAN

 It's all right, Sandy --

 (looks at Seth)

 -- you're in charge of the case?

SETH

 (nods)

 I have to ask some questions, but it can be tomorrow.

WALTER SULLIVAN

You want what, positive identification? Yes, that was my wife. Anything else?

SETH

(notebook in hand)

You'd been in Barbados for two days?

WALTER SULLIVAN

(nods)

I took the entire staff down -- always do this time of year.

SETH

But Mrs. Sullivan didn't come.

WALTER SULLIVAN

She was, had it all planned, but you know women, they change their minds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42.

146 CONTINUED:

146

WALTER SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

(to Seth, softly)

I'd been married to my Rebecca for forty-seven years and when she died, I decided I never wanted that pain again. One thing I knew about Christy: she was going to outlive me.

SANDY LORD

I think that's enough for today.

Takes Walter's arm.

SETH

(beat)

I have to ask about the vault.

And on that -- Walter. Holds to Sandy for a moment, then lets go.

WALTER SULLIVAN

You mean the contents of the vault of course --

(turns to Sandy)

-- Sandy, you go on, I'm all right.

(as Sandy looks at him a moment)

Really. Go to the reception -- obviously I can't make it, but I'm sure everyone will understand.

Sandy nods, exits. Seth and Walter are alone.

Beat. Then --

WALTER SULLIVAN

I know it's not the contents --
(as Seth embarrassed,
stands there)

You mean the chair. You have to ask about the chair.

SETH

(soft)
Yessir, I do.

WALTER SULLIVAN

But why? Are they connected?

(CONTINUED)

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146 CONTINUED: (2)

146

SETH

I think someone sat in it -- and I think that someone may have been involved in the murder.

(beat)

You were my father's hero, Mr. Sullivan, I promise you this won't make my highlight reel.

CLOSEUP - WALTER

★

Humiliated.

WALTER SULLIVAN

I'd hoped I could satisfy her... but you know... she had needs and she didn't want to go behind my back... she suggested the chair... she hoped I might get to like sitting there...

(beat)

... I didn't...

(takes a breath)

I've tried for eighty years to live a decent life. I've given a billion dollars to charity. If this comes to trial, none of that will be remembered -- I'll just go out as the joke of the world.

Seth. He closes his notebook.

SETH

I understand, sir; I'll do what I can.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(beat)

Will you listen to me whine? Please forgive me, Mr. Frank. Just do your job.

(beat)

And I'll do mine.

Walter slowly moves to the door. Seth watches him. Sadly...

147 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

147

A gorgeous SHOT of a very famous place. The sun is setting. It all looks magical.

148 INT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH PORTICO - NIGHT

148

A room filled with well-dressed men and women. Formal attire. The rich and the famous. But the only one we recognize is Sandy Lord, deep in conversation with several other men. Now, someone says his name.

MAN (O.S.)

Sandy.

(as Sandy turns)

Is there anything I can do?

SANDY LORD

Mr. President.

And on those words -- The 44th President of the United States. He has all the natural charm in the world. He is remarkably bright, with a phenomenal memory. He is, also, at this moment, one of the most popular men in American history, three years into a brilliant first term, a shoo-in for re-election when that ritual comes.

His name, by the way, is Alan Richmond, and we've seen him before, most recently lying drunk in the back seat of a dark Towncar.

RICHMOND

Take a walk with me.

He and Sandy start out of the room. A well-dressed woman moves with them. She is Chief of Staff and her name is GLORIA RUSSELL.

Two men in suits follow behind. Burton and Collin are their names and they are the best the Secret Service has to offer.

149 INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

149

The group, as they leave the room, come to a wide corridor.

RICHMOND

Tell me about Walter -- how is he?

SANDY LORD

Eighty and alone, Mr. President.

RICHMOND

He understands officially my hands are tied?

SANDY LORD

Mr. President, he's touched at your concern.

(CONTINUED)

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149 CONTINUED:

149

RICHMOND

Any news of the killer?

(as Sandy indicates

"no")

Well, why isn't there? Who's in charge of the case?

SANDY LORD

Top man -- eight years homicide
work in New York. But I
understand how you feel -- it's
hard to be patient.

RICHMOND

(terribly upset)

No one understands how I feel --
I'm supposed to have all this
power but I can't help my oldest
friend -- you know and I know that
more than any man alive Walter
Sullivan put me here -- and now
when he most needs me, he must
feel abandoned.

CLOSEUP - RICHMOND

*

On fire --

RICHMOND

-- I'll hold a press conference --
and I'll have Walter come -- and I
will embrace him before the world.

Sandy. Listening. Moved.

SANDY LORD

He'll treasure that, Mr.
President. What a generous
gesture. Thank you. Thank you.

And he reaches out, shakes Richmond's hand, squeezes
Richmond's arm and -- Richmond -- suddenly screaming in
pain -- Sandy pulls back, shocked. Richmond looks
embarrassed.

RICHMOND

(quick smile)

Damn tennis elbow is killing me.

And on that --

46.

150 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

150

Richmond, immediately after, and he sure isn't smiling
now -- he storms toward the Oval Office, Russell, Burton
and Collin hurrying to keep up.

151 INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

151

Burton opens the door for them, closes it once they're
inside.

RICHMOND

(throws off his jacket,
turns on Russell)

This thing's worse, Gloria. I
need to see a doctor.

RUSSELL

The country would have to be
informed, Mr. President.

RICHMOND

What happened to my right to

privacy?

(rolls up his sleeve,
studies his cut)

I think she nicked a tendon.

RUSSELL

Burton says it's a flesh wound --

RICHMOND

(to Burton)

-- when did you become such an
expert, Bill? -- Ever been
wounded? --

BURTON

(quietly)

Yes, sir. Many times.

The fireplace. Richmond goes to it, rubs his arm, stares
at the flames.

RUSSELL

Are you serious about that press
conference, Alan?

RICHMOND

Of course I am -- Walter's been
like a father to me.

RUSSELL

Shall I bring Mrs. Richmond home
for it?

(CONTINUED)

47.

151 CONTINUED:

151

Richmond, turning from the fire now, quietly.

RICHMOND

I think Mrs. Richmond's mission to
help the poor in Asia should not
be interrupted.

(takes a breath,
starts to button
his shirt)

We know anything yet?

RUSSELL

We checked his license plate -- he
stole the car from a police
impoundment lot.

RICHMOND

We're not dealing with a fool
here.

(gestures toward his
jacket, as Russell
helps him into it)

Has he initiated contact?

RUSSELL

Burton doesn't think he will.

RICHMOND

I agree.

(checking himself
in a mirror)

Sorry about my behavior -- won't

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happen again; think of it as a blip on the screen. And as far as I'm concerned, so is he.

RUSSELL

He could be a little more than that, Alan -- he saw.

Richmond. Big.

RICHMOND

He saw nothing -- a drunk woman who liked rough sex too much. And he's a burglar. Who's going to believe him?

(beat)

After all, it's not as if he had evidence or anything...

And on those words --

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152 INT. LUTHER'S SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - LETTER OPENER - NIGHT 152

Luther holds it. It's the middle of the night. Luther turns the weapon over and over in his big hands...

153 EXT. WHITE HOUSE REAR GATE - NIGHT (LITTLE LATER) 153 *

Burton is alone in his car, exiting the gate and driving home. He turns onto the main road. *

154 EXT. STREET NEAR WHITE HOUSE/INT. BURTON'S CAR - NIGHT 154

He picks up speed. Glances around -- no cars are following.

Burton reaches into his pocket, takes out a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER, flicks it ON.

RICHMOND (V.O.)

What happened to my right to privacy?

(beat)

I think she nicked a tendon.

Burton clicks the cassette off, puts it back into his pocket. Drives into the night...

155 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - TINY KITCHEN - DAY 155

A stove with one burner on high. A tea kettle is over the flame.

It is morning and Kate is clearly not fully awake. She is finishing making instant coffee with lowfat milk and Sweet 'n Low; next she goes to the front door of her apartment, opens it, picks up the morning Washington Post.

She unfolds the paper as she starts back to the kitchen --

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST

Huge headlines -- as big as you can get without a war.

WALTER SULLIVAN'S WIFE MURDERED

(CONTINUED)

49.

155 CONTINUED:

155

BACK TO SCENE

Kate looks at it only a moment, shakes her head, then starts to turn her attention to another section of the paper --

-- she doesn't get that far.

Kate: she has seen something she didn't catch before --

The front page again. And the headline is still there --

-- but there is a smaller headline beneath it:

Jewel Thief Sought

Kate sits down hard. Trying for control. Entering a nightmare. She stares at the paper.

The front page. Pictures of the mansion, of Walter smiling on his wedding day, of Christy.

But Kate's eyes keep coming back to the smaller headline:

Jewel Thief Sought

She tries to sip coffee, spills. She closes her eyes -- in the kitchen, the pot of WATER starts to SHRIEK. Kate does not move.

156 **EXT. VALERIE'S MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**
(EARLY AFTERNOON)

156

Kids riding bicycles. Very Norman Rockwell.

157 **INT. VALERIE'S BASEMENT - DAY**

157

A bald man. There is the sound of a CLICK. We realize after a moment that the bald man is Luther.

Another SHOT of Luther looking very different -- full beard. Again, a CLICK.

Luther again -- elegant beard this time. CLICK.

PULL BACK to reveal --

We are in the basement game room of one of the suburban homes.

But our attention is on a whole string of Polaroids of Luther.

(CONTINUED)

50.

157 CONTINUED:

157

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

Two people are present: Luther and VALERIE. Valerie is very small, and doesn't miss much.

She has been photographing him, and as the last photo slides out of the camera, she blows on it, puts it alongside the others.

VALERIE

(as they study the pictures)

You always did disappear good, Luther.

LUTHER

You mean I've got a weak face. Thanks, Val.

VALERIE

You're lucky is all -- some of my customers, they stand out no matter what.

An order form book. Valerie licks a pencil with her tongue.

VALERIE

How many passports you need?

LUTHER

(thinks)

Four should cover it.

VALERIE

(writes this down)

Now you'll want different looks, and matching international driver's licenses -- I'll throw in some dummy credit cards, seeing it's you. How the rugs I made you holding up?

LUTHER

They're good. Beards and mustaches, too.

VALERIE

(pleased)

I try to give value for money. Leaving the country permanent?

LUTHER

It may come to that.

(CONTINUED)

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157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

VALERIE

Matter where you've been? -- I hate doing those goddam Asian passport stamps.

LUTHER

Europe's fine. Maybe the Caribbean for winters. When can I pick up?

VALERIE

Usually takes some time, but for

LUTHER

Thanks, Val. I've always been
able to count on you.

Valerie puts the order book down, studies him.

LUTHER

What?

VALERIE

I don't want to know what you're
into, but leaving forever...

LUTHER

Finish it.

VALERIE

I never figured you for a runner
-- thirty percent of my runners
kill themselves within five years.

LUTHER

(kisses her forehead)
Five years doesn't sound so bad to
me just now.

And as he heads out --

158 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CRIMINAL LAB - DAY

158

Seth and Laura in the good-sized criminal lab. Loaded
with up-to-date equipment.

Seth has drawn a picture of the crime scene. Words like
"Bedroom Door," "Exit Window," "Vault," "Bed," "Victim"
are written neatly to scale. He holds a sheaf of papers.

*

(CONTINUED)

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158 CONTINUED:

158

It's late afternoon and things are already getting
crazed. NOISE in the b.g. throughout.

SETH

See if any of this makes sense.

Seth mimes opening the "bedroom door," stepping inside,
closing it. He makes a click with his tongue.

SETH

I am Christy Sullivan and I walk
in and surprise a burglar.

Seth moves to the "vault door," mimes closing that, makes
a grunt.

LAURA

Now you're the burglar coming out
of the vault and being surprised.

SETH

Gold star.

(aims his finger like
a pistol)

I draw my gun --

LAURA

(cutting in)

-- then why do you bother to
strangle her when you could just
shoot?

SETH

That's nothing -- why do I bother
to have her strip and then put her
clothes back on?

LAURA

There I can help you -- see,
before you were a burglar you were
a dry cleaner and you still love
beautiful clothes.

SETH

And I dress her because?

LAURA

She was a good customer and you
didn't want her embarrassed when
the police came.

(CONTINUED)

*

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53.

158 CONTINUED: (2)

158 *

CLOSEUP - SETH

Frustrated.

SETH

She had a point-21 blood alcohol
level. -- she was too drunk to
drive. I've checked every cab and
limo company in the area and not
one of them knows anything.
Someone drove her home. Goddamit,
who? And why haven't they come
forward?

LAURA

Maybe whoever drove her home
killed her.

SETH

You saying the burglar drove her
home?

(pissed)

I hate this case.

An open door behind them. A TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN appears.
Nice looking kid with a dazzling smile.

TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN

Lieutenant? -- sorry to bother you
--

(as Seth turns)

I've got your phone working again,
shouldn't give you any more
trouble.

SETH

Good service, thanks.

TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN

(dazzling smile
as he goes)
Part of the job.

Seth and Laura. Seth's lost his train of thought. Then --

SETH

Oh yeah -- remember that bullet
hole in the wall? Had the lab dig
out the slug -- guess what -- no
slug -- why does the burglar take
the time to do that?

LAURA

Different from the one in her
body?

(CONTINUED)

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158 CONTINUED: (3) 158 *

SETH

(getting more and
more upset)
Oh I like that a lot -- two
different guns means two different
burglars. Two guys broke in? And
they both went out the window?
Bullshit.

(big)

And oh, by the way, why does he --
or they -- go out the window in
the first place when he -- or they
-- got in by breaking a zillion-
dollar security system? --

COP (O.S.)

-- Seth?

SETH

(whirling)
What?

COP

(in doorway)
A Bill Burton of the Secret
Service in the parking lot.

SETH

(gives papers to
Laura)
Here, you solve the goddam thing.
(as he starts away)
Did I mention that I hate this
case? I really truly hate this
case -- you cannot imagine how
much I hate it --

159 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY 159

Burton waits by his car as Seth walks up.

BURTON

(as they shake)
Bill Burton, hi --

SETH

-- hi, Seth Frank --

BURTON

-- I know you must be going crazy
-- but the boss is very interested
in your progress. Maybe we can
help each other.

(CONTINUED)

55.

159 CONTINUED:

159

SETH

What did you have in mind?

BURTON

You know how close he and Sullivan
are?

(as Seth nods)

The minute anything breaks, if
you'd call me, I'd tell the
President. That way, he'd be the
first to alert Mr. Sullivan -- it
would mean a lot to him. And any
red tape you want cut -- done.

(as he takes out
card)

Here are my numbers.

He turns, opens his front car door.

BURTON

(getting in)

Leads?

SETH

Still trying to figure out what
might have happened --

BURTON

-- I loved playing Sherlock
Holmes.

SETH

(surprised)

You Secret Service guys do that?

BURTON

I was State Trooper here ten years
ago before the Government got me.

Seth. It just pops out.

SETH

You're that Bill Burton.

Burton. Embarrassed.

BURTON

I was younger and dumber then.
(quickly)
Keep in touch.

Seth waves as Burton drives away.

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160 EXT. STREET NEAR POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

160

Burton. He drives alertly along, turns a corner. Up
ahead, a telephone repair truck has stopped. The

Repairman leans out. He has a dazzling smile. He and Burton wave to each other...

161 INT. SULLIVAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

161 *

Quietly elegant. Two men are finishing dinner. Walter Sullivan we know.

MICHAEL McCARTY, his dinner companion, is 35, fit, handsome, beautifully dressed. He is, at present, torn by a silver tray of small French pastries.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(noting McCarty's temptation)

The chef makes them especially for me -- I promise you they're sinful.

McCarty grabs one, downs it, grins sheepishly.

McCARTY

You're a salesman, Mr. Sullivan.

Sullivan nods as they rise.

162 INT. SULLIVAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

162 *

Tastefully appointed, as one would expect.

WALTER SULLIVAN

This is a new arena for me, but from what I'm told, you have a flawless reputation, Mister McCarty -- which is why I need to employ you.

McCARTY

Understood.

WALTER SULLIVAN

I have no idea who I'm after. Until I do, you will have to wait in Washington for instructions.

(CONTINUED)

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162 CONTINUED:

162

McCARTY

Out of the question, I'm afraid.
(explaining as they walk)

Mine isn't particularly creative work -- I only do it because I enjoy living beyond my means. I can't afford to just sit around.

A sofa. Walter gestures for them to sit.

WALTER SULLIVAN

When I was 10 my father died -- he was a miner and lung disease killed him. I became rich at 25 and the first thing I did was purchase that mine, close it, and give every miner there fifty

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

thousand dollars to retire on.

(beat; staring at
McCarty now)

You will come to Washington, Mr.
McCarty. You will put one million
dollars expenses into the Swiss
bank account of your choosing.

(beat)

And, when the time comes, two
million dollars a bullet.

McCARTY

(smiles, nods)

You are a salesman, sir.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Selling sin is easy...

Now, sharply...

CUT TO:

163 INT. SETH'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - OLD MUG SHOT OF LUTHER - DAY 163

PULL BACK to reveal...

... Seth and Laura, in his office.
his desk, along with some folders.

The mug shot is on
Seth beckons to her.

LAURA

(studying photo)

Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

58.

163 CONTINUED:

163

SETH

Luther Whitney --

(beat)

-- one of the great thieves of the
world.

Seth. The words pour out.

SETH

Been going nuts with this thing,
up all night and I remembered your
notion how it might be two
burglars, and around dawn I
thought, wait, what if it wasn't
two burglars but what if it was
one guy trying to throw us off by
making it look like two?

(faster)

Called a buddy at the Bureau --
they keep track of this stuff
internationally -- he says maybe
only a half a dozen guys alive
could have pulled off the Sullivan
job -- I'm tracing all six --

(beat)

-- but Whitney's the only one
lives in Washington.

Laura. Looking at Seth now. Starting to get excited,
too.

LAURA

Why haven't I ever heard of him?

SETH

Because he hasn't been arrested in thirty years.

LAURA

(indicating mug shot)

This his graduation picture from Harvard?

SETH

(waving her off)

Ancient history -- he wasn't a jewel thief back then. Just a kid, just part of a gang, a three-time loser. But since he got out the last time, he's only worked alone --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

59.

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

SETH (CONT'D)

(beat)

-- and no one's touched him.

(shakes his head)

He gets questioned whenever anything big comes up. But nothing sticks.

LAURA

(really excited now)

Seth -- we can make this stick -- I'll bet you anything this is our guy -- a local? -- can't ask for more --

SETH

(makes a face)

We've got a problem.

LAURA

-- what? --

SETH

Whitney hasn't killed anyone in 45 years.

Laura doesn't get it.

SETH

Korea.

LAURA

Big deal, so he's a veteran.

SETH

Not just a veteran -- a wounded veteran.

(indicating folder)

Got his combat record here.

Battles, commendations, decorations up the kazoo.

Lives alone on his disability.

★
★
★
★

★
★
★

Says he does anyway.

(glum)

And I don't do war heroes...

*
*
*

CUT TO:

164 EXT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

164

Luther -- it's a beautiful morning now and he's walking up the steps to the art museum. He seems in a terrific mood as he goes inside --

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

59A.

164 CONTINUED:

164

-- HOLD.

Seth has been on the steps of the museum, watching him. Now quickly --

165 INT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

165

Luther, inside, peering back out at Seth. And he doesn't seem in as terrific a mood now. He hesitates, keeps on going.

60.

166 EXT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

166

Seth. Outside -- and he knows Luther was watching.

167 INT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - DAY

167

El Greco. The usual group has gathered, sketching away. Luther is deeply engrossed in his labors.

Seth enters the room, casually taking it all in. He approaches the group, ends up behind Luther who is intent on getting the hands right.

LUTHER

(not looking)

Boy, you must be smart.

SETH

(really taken aback)

Sorry?

LUTHER

Usually takes a week for you guys to get to me.

(turns, smiles)

You look just like your picture, Seth. I'm Luther Whitney.

He reaches out to shake a surprised Seth's hand --

168 INT. MUSEUM - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

168

They walk in, go to the food line. There is, throughout, a bantering tone. Not that it matters, but these two, in a different world, would like each other -- they're both, in their own ways, deeply moral men.

LUTHER

So, do you want my confession now
or after coffee?

As Luther draws some coffee from an urn --

SETH

(doing the same)

Before I send you away for life, I
should probably check out your
alibi.

(CONTINUED)

61.

168 CONTINUED:

168

LUTHER

Watched the Bullets game with Red
Bransford. Prison buddy of mine
-- runs a bar -- want to question
me about the game? I'm probably
lying.

They each give the cashier some money and we see a quiet
table in the corner as they head for it.

SETH

You been following the case?

LUTHER

(nods vigorously)

I love true crime --

SETH

-- F.B.I. feels only a few guys
could have handled something as
hard as the Sullivan job.

(touches his notebook)

I've got a list here; you're on
it.

LUTHER

(nothing shows)

I wish it was true.

(shakes his head)

Your robber actually went in the
front door but came out down a
rope in the dark in the middle of
the night?

(as Seth nods;

Luther sighs)

If only I could do stuff like that
-- I'd be the star of my A.A.R.P.
meetings.

Luther and Seth as they sit. Seth smiles, looks at
Luther.

SETH

(beat)

Luther? Why was this so hard?

Luther. Now he's surprised. He kind of smiles.

LUTHER

You want me to help solve your
case?

62.

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

SETH

Just looking for insight. How
would you -- scratch that -- how
would one go about it? What kind
of person do you think I should be
looking for?

LUTHER

(like a shot)
Older fella. Like me.

SETH

(now he smiles)
Because?

LUTHER

Need patience. The secret is just
research, research, research --
from everything I've read.

Seth. This hasn't gone at all the way he thought -- and
he's starting to get fascinated.

SETH

Research for what?

LUTHER

Well, from what I can tell on the
tube, it's not a small house.
(as Seth nods)
There had to be an architect,
right? You'd be able to tell
which one from public records in
the library. And once you know
the office, you could break in and
find the plans and Xerox them, get
them back before morning.

SETH

Not just steal them?

LUTHER

Seth -- breaking in isn't hard --
what's hard is breaking in so no
one knows you've been there. Now,
after the architect, next you'd
want the contractor's office --
and the security company's office.

(beat)

You know the skill involved
breaking the security of a
security company?

(shakes his head)

I wonder how those guys do it?

(CONTINUED)

63.

168 CONTINUED: (3)

168

SETH

Why go to all that trouble?

LUTHER

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

Papers said he kept the money in a vault, yes?

(as Seth nods)

Well, I'm guessing there was probably some secret way to open it --

SETH

(casually)

-- clicker --

LUTHER

(fascinated)

-- explain --

SETH

-- gizmo -- looked like a V.C.R.
remote --

LUTHER

(shaking his head)

-- amazing --

(beat)

-- must have been a lot of money inside.

SETH

(sipping casually;
a pause)

Five million.

And on those words --

Luther, more than he thought, a lot more -- but of course nothing shows -- instead he breaks out laughing.

SETH

Why's that funny?

LUTHER

The way you said it -- as if you were trying to surprise me.

SETH

(smiles)

I was trying to surprise you.

LUTHER

(smiles back)

There you go.

(CONTINUED)

64.

168 CONTINUED: (4)

168

Seth sips his coffee, takes out his notebook, opens it.

SETH

Would the burglar use a disguise?

LUTHER

Seth, you've got to get with the program you expect to catch this guy -- most likely it is a guy, am I right? Some kind of weird loner?

SETH

Maybe like you.

LUTHER

(couldn't agree more)
I'm the perfect prototype.
(sipping away)
But you see any face often enough,
you'll start putting things
together. That's why these top
guys disguise themselves. I read
a great article a couple of years
back -- damn, I wish I could
remember where -- anyway, it was
about these makeup experts some of
them use -- wigmakers, people like
that.

SETH

(flipping a page)
Go on about the wigmakers.

LUTHER

(glancing at his watch)
I'd love that but I'm late as it
is -- got to get my pacemaker
checked.
(he likes Seth)
-- all this excitement, you
understand.

SETH

(and he likes Luther)
A) You don't have a pacemaker, and
B) I'll be back tomorrow.

LUTHER

Tomorrow is promised to no one.

HOLD ON Luther.

65.

169 INT. LUTHER'S SMALL HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

169

Luther is throwing clothes into a suitcase while talking
on the phone --

LUTHER

Not 'til morning?
(makes a face)
-- I'll be by early --

He hangs up, shuts the suitcase, takes off out the
door --

170 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

170

A place we've seen briefly before. Dark. Moonlight
through the windows.

The sound of a KEY IN the DOOR.

Luther enters, takes out a tiny flashlight. We're in one
largish room, books all over. The home of someone who
doesn't care a whole lot about their home.

171 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

171

Luther enters. He opens the fridge. Disaster -- still
water, sparkling water, carrot sticks.

LUTHER

(sadly, muttering)

Katie darling, you've gotta try
real food sometime.

He closes the door, moves back into the room --

172 **INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

172

A graduation photo of Kate. Luther touches it with a fingertip, moves on through the silence.

173 **INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

173

Luther by the bed now, he flashes his light around --

-- what the light illuminates: a bed table full of law books. Expected. A phone/answering machine. The mandatory lamp.

And photographs. A proud mother and daughter picture. The daughter is Kate. The mother is a fine-looking woman with a kind face.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

66.

173 **CONTINUED:**

173

Half a dozen more shots as Kate grew up, the mother grew older. Mother and daughter, mother and daughter. Nothing unusual here at all.

So why is Luther so sad?

HOLD.

174 **EXT. MIDDLETON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY**

174

10 A.M. A white-brick, weather-beaten building, Old Glory fighting the breeze.

RICHMOND (V.O.)

I am having this press conference
here because...

Richmond, speaking on a podium. The press corps stands in front of him, TV crews of all kinds, CNN the most noticeable.

RICHMOND

... it is here, at this courthouse,
that Christine Sullivan's killer
will be tried for his crime.

*

Burton and Collin, in the b.g., scanning the crowd. Gloria Russell stands behind them.

175 **INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY**

175

The same shot -- only now it's grainy -- we're watching it on a TV SCREEN. CNN ON the TUBE.

A BARTENDER cleaning glasses; otherwise, not a whole lot going on.

Now Luther enters, dressed for travel. He goes to a stool, orders a ginger ale, puts his passport and ticket on the bar, glances toward the TV.

LUTHER

Turn that off, okay?

BARTENDER

(finishing up the glasses)

In a sec.

67.

176 **EXT. MIDDLETON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY**

176

Richmond at his press conference. He speaks without notes and he speaks beautifully.

RICHMOND

As you know, I came from an impoverished family in an impoverished town -- but we lived with our doors unlocked.

Russell watching, listening; she loves hearing him talk.

RICHMOND (O.S.)

We all lock our doors now, but that is not what concerns me...

Burton and Collin, scanning the crowd.

RICHMOND (O.S.)

... we are also locking our hearts... that is the sadness, that is the loss.

Richmond, and suddenly he's like a Southern minister.

RICHMOND

We are locking our hearts to the cries of the weary, we are locking our hearts to the poor and their pain...

An old man, standing behind Russell. We realize it's Walter Sullivan.

RICHMOND (O.S.)

... Sisters and brothers, we are locking our hearts to ourselves.

177 **INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY**

177

Walter Sullivan. Rainy now. CNN. He has aged shockingly in the past couple of days.

Luther staring sympathetically at the devastated old man.

-- Sullivan's image suddenly is gone --

-- The Bartender has TURNED OFF the TELEVISION.

LUTHER

(politely)

Put it back on.

(CONTINUED)

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68.

177 CONTINUED:

177

BARTENDER

(starting to argue)

You said --

LUTHER

(cutting through)

Do it --

CNN. Walter Sullivan is still there.

RICHMOND (V.O.)We feel savagery and violence must
be allowed a place at table.

(beat)

That is wrong. That is not
America. I shall fight that
battle.Luther, staring at the image of Walter Sullivan, who is
heartsick and beaten. Luther is simply transfixed ---- Richmond on CNN and now he has turned and is beckoning
for Walter Sullivan to join him.Sullivan for a moment is uncertain. He points to himself
-- "do you mean me?" Richmond nods, opens his arms out
wide. Sullivan gets up, comes forward.Luther, as he gets up too, also comes forward, leaving
the stool, walking close to the television.Richmond and Sullivan, grainy on CNN as Richmond embraces
Sullivan, holds him in a loving embrace.**RICHMOND (V.O.)**Dear friend, old friend, we shall
fight that battle.

Sullivan, too overcome by the moment, can only nod.

RICHMOND (V.O.)Who can explain the ways of
chance? If we had never met, I
would not be President. If
Christine had not taken ill, she
would be with you in Barbados
even now. Oh, Walter, you've
always been like a father to me.
I would give the world to lessen
your pain.*
*
*

69.

178 EXT. MIDDLETON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

178

The press corps. Subdued, saddened.

Richmond and Walter. They turn, face the cameras. The
president's arm is still around the old man; they both
blink back tears and now --

-- here it comes ! --

179 INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - EXTREME CLOSEUP - LUTHER - DAY

179

Tears of rage in his eyes. A rage so deep it shocks him --

LUTHER

You -- heartless -- prick --
 (building)
 -- you -- fucking -- bastard --

The Bartender, surprised, turning toward Luther. He starts to say something, stops; something tells him to shut up and he does.

180 **EXT. MIDDLETON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY** 180

Richmond, wiping away tears, alone on camera.

181 **INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY** 181

Luther, wiping away tears, in the bar.

A SHOT of the two of them, Luther and Richmond, one on CNN, one in reality, because Luther has moved so close to the TV he and Richmond could almost be staring at each other.

LUTHER

(whispered now)
 I'm not running -- not from you.
 (beat)
 I'm going to bring you down...

HOLD ON the two men.

182 **INT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH PORTICO - DAY** 182

Seventy very excited people we've never seen before. They stare around at their surroundings -- they are in the White House. On a guided tour.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 70.

182 **CONTINUED:** 182

A bright late morning of what's going to be a beautiful day. A guide leads the people through a doorway. They troop happily along.

Luther is with them; he seems happy too.

183 **INT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH PORTICO AREA - DAY** 183

The guide leads the people through. They look around, chat with their friends, follow the guide out.

Luther follows the guide out too.

HOLD ON the room.

All is as it was.

Except a large envelope has been dropped on a side table.

MOVE IN ON the envelope --

-- it's addressed to Gloria Russell.

184 INT. WHITE HOUSE - GLORIA RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

184

Gloria Russell. Terrified.

Her doors are closed, Russell is at her desk. Burton stands alongside. Collin, silent, sits in a corner.

And on her desk, half out of the envelope, is a photograph of the letter opener.

RUSSELL

He was in the building -- he took a guided tour.

Burton pulls the picture all the way out, studies it.

RUSSELL

I've never dealt with blackmail --

BURTON

(trying for calm)
-- he doesn't want money --

RUSSELL

(exploding)
-- you a mind reader too?

*

(CONTINUED)

71.

184 CONTINUED:

184

BURTON

(under control)
No, I just looked on the back --
(shows her)
-- see? --

Luther has written something.

RUSSELL

(reading)
'I don't want money.'

Russell is more upset. Burton almost smiles.

LUTHER

(admiringly)
This guy sure has the guts of a burglar. Wish we had him.

Collin laughs.

RUSSELL

You finished your recruiting speech? Because I'd like to know how I handle this.

BURTON

Like you handled the letter opener?

Russell. She studies Burton. Then --

RUSSELL

Gee, Bill, that could be construed as criticism. Do you really want me as an enemy?

Burton stands there, massively powerful. His voice, when he speaks, is his usual voice: polite, considerate.

BURTON

Miss Russell, I should have called the police that night. But I was weak. You convinced me to stay silent. I regret that.

(another pause)

Know this: every time I see your face I want to rip your throat out.

Russell. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

72.

184 CONTINUED: (2)

184

RUSSELL

Fine -- you win the pissing contest --

(then suddenly
almost like a
little girl)

-- what should I do?

BURTON

Nothing -- because he's making a terrible mistake, he thinks he has time -- he doesn't -- Seth Frank's too good. He'll bring him in.

RUSSELL

Then what?

COLLIN

(his first words)

Then I kill him.

Now, from them --

185 INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

185

She is, we will find, a top prosecutor for the Commonwealth of Virginia. Her office is a zoo.

On her desk, a baby picture of Kate and her mom smiling -- but there is something a little different about it.

Seth enters and they shake. He glances around --

-- sees the photograph, glances away.

Kate has risen now -- and in the silence it's clear that even though they are both standing still, they are both circling.

SETH

(trying for a smile)

For a tough prosecutor, you don't resemble your reputation, Miss Whitney.

KATE

(the same)

Is that good or bad?

(CONTINUED)

73.

185 CONTINUED:

185

KATE (CONT'D)(before Seth can
reply)

Look, Lieutenant -- I told you on
the phone, I'm simply not involved
with my father, so this may not be
a waste of time for you, but it
sure is for me.

SETH

What would you do if I just turned
around and left?

KATE

Report you as an incompetent.

SETH

(a real smile now)
You're exactly like your
reputation, Miss Whitney --

As they head out --

186 INT. LOUNGE OUTSIDE KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

186

They enter. It's empty.

SETH(the instant
they're alone)

I'm assuming your father's a big
part of you --

KATE

-- what? --

SETH

-- You think it's all coincidence?
He's a thief and you just happen
to be the toughest prosecutor in
the area?

KATE

(just amazed)

Wow -- that never crossed my mind
-- you think there might be some
connection? -- Like maybe I'm
somehow compensating? -- I better
write that down.

SETH

-- Luther disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

74.

186 CONTINUED:

186

No reaction.

A banged-up couch. Kate sits, shrugs.

SETH

I think you can help me.

KATE

Lieutenant -- I don't know the man -- he was in jail when I was a kid, when he got out my mother and I went off to live by ourselves. We don't make contact. He doesn't care about me. I've seen him all of once this past year.

SETH

When?

KATE

Couple days ago. He said he might be going away. There. I just helped you. Can I go back to work now?

SETH

(shakes his head)

Any idea where he might have gone?

Seth and Kate realize something: In a different world, under different circumstances, they'd probably be starting an affair.

KATE

(snappishly)

Quit wasting my time -- if he doesn't want you to find him, you're not going to find him.

SETH

You saying he's left town, skipped the country, what?

KATE

I'm saying you won't recognize him. I'm saying he could be just around the corner -- he always kept a safe house --

SETH

(cutting in)

-- where? --

(CONTINUED)

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75.

186 CONTINUED: (2)

186

KATE

He never said --

SETH

-- Then where'd you hear this?

CLOSEUP - KATE

★

KATE

-- my mother loved him, all right?
-- Even after she left him -- even when she was dying she always talked about him -- 'If only he hadn't this,' 'if only he could

have that' --

She stops.

Seth, watching her.

SETH

And?

KATE

I meet a lot of asshole cops like
you -- guys who O.D.'d on
Columbo --

SETH

-- Lady, I may be an asshole cop
but you don't know me well enough
to call me one --

KATE

-- There's something else, isn't
there? Something you want me to
do? -- But you won't say ---

Seth. There is. But he won't say.

Kate. For the first time now, apprehension. Now --

187 **EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

187

The row of small, neat houses -- where Luther lived.

Kate and Seth get out of his car, go to the front door.

KATE

How long did he live here?

(CONTINUED)

76.

187 **CONTINUED:**

187

SETH

Years.

KATE

Never been.

188 **EXT. LUTHER'S FRONT DOOR - DAY**

188

Seth stoops, gets the key from under the terra cotta
planter.

SETH

Strange place for a thief to leave
a key, don't you think?

KATE

(quick memory)
He always did that...

189 **INT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

189

They enter. It's surprisingly tidy.

Seth and Kate as they move along. Seth is watching Kate
who suddenly stops dead.

The mantle. A large blowup of the same picture Kate had in her office, the one of Kate and her mom --

-- with one startling change: Luther is in this shot, standing there proud and smiling. She has ripped his presence out of her photo.

Seth, silently watching Kate. She turns sharply away. He gestures for her to follow.

190 **INT. LUTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY**

190

They enter. Clothes tossed all over.

SETH

He sure took off in a hurry. What scares a professional thief like that?

Kate. No reply. She has seen something across the tiny room and is drawn to it --

Luther's bed table --

-- and here it is!

(CONTINUED)

77.

190 **CONTINUED:**

190

Call it a montage, call it a collage, call it what you will, we are looking at dozens of photographs --

-- all of them featuring Kate.

Many of them we saw in her apartment -- only here, as in the photo over the mantle, Luther is there with Kate and her mom.

We are looking at a shrine!

And there are newer photos too -- Kate at her college graduation, Kate at her law school graduation, Kate and her mother coming out of an elegant restaurant, Kate alone on the steps of Middleton County Courthouse --

-- these are not posed shots.

She looks wonderful and alive in all of them --

Kate. She looks dead now. All energy gone. She sits heavily down on the bed.

KATE

(fighting tears)
... but he wasn't at those places...

(pointing to the grown-up photos)
... college graduation; law school graduation; the night Mom and I celebrated when I got a job; and me alone on the steps? -- I'd just won my first case, I was so proud...

(still fighting)
... I used to think... sometimes

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

I'd come home and I'd sense he'd
 been in my apartment, checking the
 fridge, shaking his head because
 he never thought I ate right...
 It's crazy but I just knew Daddy
 was watching over me...

And now she loses it, starts crying silently.

Seth kneels alongside her, gives her a handkerchief.

SETH

You can do a good thing, Kate --
 (beat)
 -- help me bring him in. Just
 leave a message on his phone
 machine, you're worried about him.

(CONTINUED)

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78.

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

KATE

... No...

SETH

It's the truth -- you are worried
 about him -- this isn't your
 normal case -- his life may be in
 danger -- you can save him, make
 the call --

KATE

... He won't come...

SETH

(indicating the
 pictures)

Of course he'll come. You're all
 he has.

Kate, staring at the photos, trying to get control.

SETH

(moving in)

Kate, he's on the run and he's
 scared and he's right to be scared
 because he's going to get caught
 -- you don't know the heat on this.

*

KATE

He's not a murderer.

*

*

SETH

Maybe you're right. Maybe he is
 innocent. If so I'll have him
 home and dry in a few hours. But
 what happens if some hotshot who's
 trying to make a reputation tracks
 him down?

*

*

*

*

(beat)

I can guarantee his safety. You
 make the call, I make a promise:
 You'll have your father, home and
 dry...

Kate alone. Totally wiped out. She is on the phone with Seth. Outside, the sun is dying.

KATE

I left a message on his machine,
he called back within an hour;
we're meeting tomorrow afternoon.

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192 INT. SETH'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 192

Seth, taking it down.

SETH

Where?

KATE (V.O.)

An open-air place near my office,
the Cafe Alonzo --

Seth's excited.

193 INT. TREASURY BUILDING - BURTON'S OFFICE - BURTON - 193 *

LATE AFTERNOON
taking it down.

KATE (V.O.)

Four o'clock -- it's deserted then.

Burton's excited too. HOLD.

194 EXT. SKY - MOON - NIGHT 194

high in the sky -- middle of the night now.

195 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - KATE - NIGHT 195

Wired. Pacing across her small apartment, back and forth, back and forth.

196 INT. SETH'S OFFICE - SETH - NIGHT 196

alone in his office, going over plans, sipping coffee to stay awake.

197 INT. BURTON'S BEDROOM - BURTON - NIGHT 197

alone in his bed, staring at the ceiling, a nearly empty Scotch bottle in one hand.

198 OMITTED 198

199 INT. LUTHER'S SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - LUTHER - NIGHT 199

listening to the PHONE MACHINE. We hear KATE'S VOICE.
"Daddy... I miss you... I'm worried... call me..."

A CLICK. Luther hangs up, immediately dials again. We hear the message start over. "Daddy... I miss you..." As he continues to listen --

80.

200 EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY (EARLY MORNING) 200

-- on what's going to be a gorgeous day.

Burton, yawning, blowing into a steaming paper cup of coffee. Collin, wide awake, moves alongside. Collin is carrying a rifle.

-- we are at a government firing range.

Collin squints into the morning sun.

Burton, putting down the coffee cup, picking up a pair of binoculars.

Burton and Collin staring out --

-- A distant target is being raised.

Collin. He strokes the barrel of his high-powered rifle.

CUT TO:

201 **TARGET**

201

A long way off.

CUT TO:

202 **BURTON**

202

as he has focused the binoculars --

203 **BINOCULAR POV - TARGET**

203

seen through the binoculars as it comes clear -- the bull's eye is small.

CUT TO:

204 **COLLIN**

204

with his rifle. His fingers still move along the barrel. No hurry whatsoever --

-- and then it all goes fast, and in one motion he is aiming and FIRING and FIRING again and the sound explodes and --

Burton, dazed.

CUT TO:

81.

205 **TARGET**

205

-- the bull's eye has been totally blown away.

CUT TO:

206 **OMITTED**

206

207 **INT. DOWNTOWN MEN'S STORE - DAY**

207

Luther and a SALESMAN are engaged in conversation.

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

Luther is buttoning a new raincoat to the throat. The Salesman holds several hats. Luther picks one, tries it on.

LUTHER

I need to look really good today.

He doesn't like the hat.

SALESMAN

Business?

(as Luther tries
the other hat --
very rakish, he
likes it)

It's a woman, I can tell.

(as Luther nods)

Never too late, is it?

Luther. Beaming.

LUTHER

You got that right.

Now, from his happy face --

208 EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - THREE CURSING WORKMEN - DAY 208

PULL BACK to reveal the workmen are on a scaffolding two stories up, struggling to replace a glass panel that has cracked.

The glass panel is heavy and bulky and the workmen are having a bitch of a time with it.

The entire front of the building is glass panels. It mirrors the area across the street -- a bunch of dilapidated brownstones.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 82.

209 EXT. BROWNSTONES ACROSS FROM CAFE ALONZO - DAY 209

They are empty and, according to a sign, are due for demolition. All the windows of the brownstones are closed -- except one. On an upper story.

210 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 210

Inside the window. Michael McCarty, who we last met at Walter Sullivan's, is there. He looks out.

*
*

211 HIS POV 211

The glass building and the struggling workmen and, on the ground floor, a few tables are set outside, with large umbrellas alongside each.

There is a sign: CAFE ALONZO.

212 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 212

McCarty. Beside him is a leather case. He opens it.

The case. A very high-powered rifle. McCarty begins to expertly assemble it, taut and businesslike.

213 **INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY** 213

Seth, taut and businesslike, stands by a blown-up map of
the Cafe Alonzo area. The restaurant is circled -- and
around it are marked places for policemen to wait -- Seth
is giving instructions to those policemen now --

-- fifty of them. And no one's smiling.

214 **INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY** 214

Kate. Dressed and ready. Lying on her bed. Afternoon
now. She gets up, makes it halfway to the front door --

-- can't do it -- she turns, goes back to bed, lies down
again, frozen.

215 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 215

The cursing workmen. The glass panel is so damn
cumbersome they are having a miserable time.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 83.

216 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 216

An elderly couple sits at one of the half dozen outdoor
tables.

The place is empty.

217 **EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY** 217

Seth, outside headquarters now, giving instructions to
police officers. Behind them: two dozen unmarked cars.

CUT TO:

218 **SUN** 218

Later in the afternoon.

219 **EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY** 219

Burton, getting out of his car at Seth's Police
Headquarters.

Seth, finishing instructing a dozen motorcycle cops. *

Burton moves up behind Seth, waits quietly. As Seth is
done, he sees Burton, they nod, start toward Seth's car.

BURTON

The Boss is very grateful.
Thanks.

SETH

Figured he'd like an eyewitness
report of the capture. This is
our guy -- if he's innocent, he
sure took off awful fast.

220 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 220

The three workmen. Making some headway with the bulky

glass panel --

221 **GUNSCOPE POV** 221

-- now crosshairs cover them and we --

PULL BACK to reveal --

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 84.

222 **INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY** 222

McCarty, staring out the window of the brownstone, the rifle pointed -- very relaxed, he pulls the trigger -- the RIFLE'S not loaded yet -- and the STACCATO "CLICK" is all we hear.

223 **INT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - LOBBY** 223

Seth and Burton moving quickly into the lobby of the glass office building that adjoins the Cafe Alonzo -- the lobby has a clear view of the outdoor part of the cafe.

Around and behind them, dozens of cops get in position.

224 **EXT. STREET - CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 224

Around the corner from the glass building -- unmarked cars.

225 **EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NEAR THE CAFE BUILDING - DAY** 225 *

Motorcycles, waiting in shadow, out of sight.

226 **INT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY** 226

Seth and Burton. They've both seen a lot -- which doesn't mean they're not tense. Burton takes out some Tums, offers them to Seth. Seth shakes his head, brings out Tums of his own.

CUT TO:

227 **SUN** 227

Starting down.

228 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 228

The three workmen and they hate their job. One of them glances down.

229 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 229

Empty.

Now, from the workmens' angle, a woman moves to one of the tables. It's Kate. They don't pay much attention.

85.

230 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 230

Kate. She hesitates, then decides on the front table.
She takes a breath. Sits. Motionless.

CUT TO:

231 GUNSCOPE POV - CLOSEUP ON KATE 231

-- now crosshairs cover her face and we --

PULL BACK to reveal --

232 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 232

McCarty as before, with his weapon. He pulls the trigger again and again, there is the "CLICK" -- now he flicks away a grain of dust from the barrel --

-- then he puts the weapon down, reaches out and --

ONE BULLET. It's supersonic ammo. McCarty picks it up, blows on it gently. He might be holding a child.

233 INT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 233

Burton and Seth. They can see Kate sitting alone in the late afternoon.

SETH

(mutters)

Fuck...

-- And a goddamn WAITER has appeared and is walking out toward Kate. He is Asian and very young.

234 EXT. CAFE ALONZO 234

Kate, startled as the Waiter calls out from behind her.

WAITER

Miss?

(as she spins
around)

What you want please?

His English could be a lot better.

KATE

Nothing, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

86.

234 CONTINUED: 234

WAITER

Got to.

KATE

Pardon?

WAITER

(gesturing)

You sit you eat please.

235 INT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 235

Seth and Burton. Stunned.

SETH

This is not part of my brilliant
master plan.

More Tums.

BURTON

Unfuckingbelievable.

They both crunch away.

236 **INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY**

236

McCarty, watching the Waiter and Kate. He's not happy
either. He points a finger at the Waiter, goes "Boom."

237 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY**

237

Kate, and it's almost four o'clock and she's not at her
best.

KATE

(gesturing around)
I'm waiting for someone.

WAITER

He must eat too, please.

KATE

Oh he will, we both will -- we'll
order half the menu -- but just
not now --

The Waiter nods, finally he turns, starts off.

Kate. Trembling.

(CONTINUED)

87.

237 **CONTINUED:**

237

The Waiter returning.

WAITER

Cheesecake gone.

KATE

Thank you so much.

The Waiter nods again, and this time he does go.

Kate, watching him, making sure. Now she sits
straight --

238 **CLOSEUP - KATE**

238

Very shaky, trying to hold it together. And now
crosshairs cover her face as we PULL BACK to reveal --

239 **EXT./INT. UNMARKED VAN ON STREET NEAR CAFE BUILDING -
DAY**

239

Collin. He holds a very high-powered weapon. It looks like it could kill from a thousand yards away.

Where he is -- and it's not a thousand yards away -- he's in an unmarked van on the street, even closer than McCarty.

Collin, loading his weapon. His movements are skilled.
His concentration is total.

240 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 240

McCarty, glancing out at the office building area. The three workmen on the scaffolding are fighting to right the glass panel. One of them grabs a rope connected to a block and tackle.

He pulls on the rope. Slowly, the piece begins to rise.

241 EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY 241

Kate, sitting alone, studying her hands.

242 INT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 242

Seth and Burton. The waiting is agony.

88.

243 EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY 243

Kate. It's worse for her. She glances around --
-- nothing, no one.

244 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 244

McCarty. All the time in the world.

245 INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY 245

Collin. Blows on his weapon slightly.

246 EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY 246

Kate, and it's a question of how much longer she can take it. Her trembling is almost out of control -- she glances around again and --

-- and there he is!

Luther Whitney himself, and he looks splendid in his new raincoat and hat --

-- he moves along in the shadow of the office building, toward the cafe, walking with his usual grace -- Luther always seems to glide.

247 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 247

McCarty in the window. Spotting Luther --
-- totally controlled.

248	INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY	248
	Collin does the same.	
249	INT. LOBBY - DAY	249
	Seth and Burton, and the instant Luther is visible, Seth gestures toward the policemen: Get ready.	
250	INT. BROWNSTONE - McCARTY - DAY	250
	raising his rifle.	
	89.	
251	INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY	251
	Collin, raising his.	
252	EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY	252
	The three workmen, raising the glass panel.	
253	EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY	253
	Kate. Watching her father come closer.	
	Luther. It's hard to suppress a smile as he walks towards his daughter.	
	Kate, still watching.	
	Luther, almost there. Speaks softly.	
	LUTHER	
	I did not kill that woman, Kate.	
254	INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY	254
	McCarty, flipping off the safety.	
255	INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY	255
	Collin, doing the same.	
256	EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY	256
	Luther and Kate, and he starts to sit --	
257	INT. LOBBY - DAY	257
	Seth, right hand raised -- he's about to start it all in motion.	
258	INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY	258
	McCarty, his finger floating to the trigger.	
259	INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY	259

Collin, doing the same.

90.

260 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 260

Luther, seated now and as at last, he reaches out for his daughter's hand --

261 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 261

-- The three workmen, and for a moment the glass panel slips and tilts and as it catches the afternoon sun --

262 **INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY** 262

-- McCarty, blinded as the red reflection hits his eyes but he FIRES.

263 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 263

Luther and Kate as suddenly the umbrella at their table is severed and starts to topple.

264 **INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY** 264

Collin, startled, and he FIRES too.

265 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 265

Luther, instantly diving toward Kate as the second BULLET EXPLODES in the pavement close by.

266 **INT. LOBBY - DAY** 266

Seth, stunned, because this is crazy and Burton, stunned, eyes wide.

267 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 267

Luther, taking Kate down to the sidewalk, protecting her body with his body and --

Madness! -- because all goes nuts now as there are shouts and screams and people running this way, that way --

268 **INT. LOBBY - DAY** 268

-- Seth is in the center of it all, shouting instructions, racing with Burton out of the building --

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 91.

269 **EXT. STREET/CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY** 269

-- unmarked cars fill the street --

-- a hundred uniformed policemen charge --

-- MOTORCYCLES ROAR in from everywhere --

270 **EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY** 270

-- Kate lies dazed -- staring at the chaos -- here come
thirty uniformed policemen --

*

-- and here come thirty more --

*

271 EXT. REAR OF BROWNSTONE - DAY

271

-- McCarty races out of the back of the building, leaps
into a SPORTSCAR, GUNS away --

272 INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY

272

-- Collin disassembles his rifle, scrambles from the
van --

273 INT. LOBBY - DAY

273

-- Burton stays close to Seth, watching it all --

274 EXT. CAFE ALONZO BUILDING - DAY

274

-- The three workmen look down at it all -- then they
look at each other in total confusion -- what the fuck is
going on? --

-- because what they see is that the recently-deserted
plaza is now stuffed with cops and more cops and vehicles
and here come more and here come even more --

275 EXT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY

275

And Kate sits now, staring around, looking for Luther --
-- and Seth in the middle of it all stares around,
looking for Luther --

-- because where the hell is he?

A black police lieutenant, shouting for his men to spread
out.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

92.

275 CONTINUED:

275

Burton, turning, turning, trying to make sense of it all.

Three police sergeants on MOTORCYCLES, GUNNING through
the crowd.

Kate, standing now, looking down -- and then she sees it
-- on the ground where Luther was: a new raincoat and a
new hat and --

Seth, and it's all gone wrong and it's all going crazy
and there is noise and there are shouts and there are
whistles.

The black police lieutenant, breaking into a run, chasing
after someone we can't quite make out.

276 INT. CAFE ALONZO - DAY

276

*

A tall uniformed police lieutenant, entering Cafe Alonzo --

-- he passes a couple of guys in chef's hats and the Chinese waiter who just gapes out toward what was his service area --

-- the tall uniformed police lieutenant moves gracefully past --

-- it's Luther.

He goes to the front door of the place, glances back toward where the NOISE is still mounting -- shakes his head -- out the door and gone!

277 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

277

The door to Kate's apartment opening and Seth coming in with Kate. Evening. Kate is as drained as you'd expect.

KATE

(glancing around)

Messy.

SETH

I like that in a woman.

She doesn't smile.

Seth, giving her back her keys and a piece of paper. His voice is raw from all the shouting.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

93.

277 CONTINUED:

277

SETH

Top number's local police --
(as she nods)

-- other two are my office and home.

(off another nod)

I live alone, too, call anytime.
Want me to get someone to spend the night?

KATE

I just need some sleep.

SETH

I've got surveillance outside.
And I'm keeping it on 'til this is over. I've got a feeling he's going to try and contact you.

KATE

You're on a hot streak, I guess.

SETH

Listen, I'm sorry.

Kate. Nothing to say.

SETH

Anything unusual, call me right away -- not a bother, I live alone.

KATE

You said.

SETH

(he knows that)

Feeble, huh?

She nods. They look at each other. Then he starts toward
the door. Slowly.

*

KATE

Anything for the road? I've got
water and water.

SETH

Deal.

278 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**278**

They enter and she opens the fridge --

(CONTINUED)**94 .****278 CONTINUED:****278**

-- and it's full of food: milk and fruit and cookies.
Kate stares, then quickly glances at Seth. He just
points to a bottle.

SETH

Pelligrino would be great.
(off Kate, who can't
help it, breaks out
laughing)
What's funny, I say it wrong?

KATE

Tired is all.

As she hands him a bottle.

279 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**279**

as they move toward it. He opens it.

SETH

I don't think I've told you this,
but I live alone.
(and this time, as she
does smile, and he
does go)
Lock it behind me.

KATE

(LOCKING it loudly)
How's that?

SETH (O.S.)

Real good. Try and sleep.

His FOOTSTEPS get softer, DISAPPEAR.

KATE

(still facing door,
her back to her
apartment)

I betrayed you, Luther. You
better know that now.

LUTHER (O.S.)

You're not the first.

As Kate turns, Luther, standing there, is looking at her.

KATE

Why'd you come?

(CONTINUED)

95.

279 CONTINUED:

279

LUTHER

You have to know I'm not a
murderer.

KATE

No, this afternoon. To the
restaurant. Why'd you come then?
You must have suspected something,
or you wouldn't have been
prepared.

LUTHER

(simply)

My daughter wanted to see me.

He points to the couch -- as Kate sits. Luther, and
before she's even seated, he's into it.

LUTHER

The robbery went fine 'til they
came in. They were drunk. I hid
in the vault. Sex got rough. He
was going to kill Christy, but she
turned the tables, was going to
kill him. Two guys came in, shot
her dead.

KATE

The same two guys who tried for
you this afternoon?

LUTHER

Probably only one of them. I
think Walter Sullivan might have
hired the other.

KATE

Pretty powerful enemy; good going.

LUTHER

Not as powerful as the President
of the United States.

Kate just looks at him.

Dead silence.

LUTHER

Richmond was drunk. The two guys
are Secret Service. Chief of
Staff Russell planned the coverup.

Kate just looks at him.

) B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

96.

279 CONTINUED: (2)

279

Dead silence.

Luther. Studying her. Not a great reaction.

Kate. Little shake of the head.

LUTHER

Every word true.

KATE

You're saying you're innocent of
the murder? Why in the world
should I believe you?

*

CLOSEUP - LUTHER

*

Long pause.

LUTHER

Because I swear on Mattie's grave.

KATE

*

Rocked --

Luther, going to her.

LUTHER

On your mother's grave, Kate --
you know I'd kill myself before
I'd lie about that.

Kate. Looking at him. Because he wouldn't lie, not
about that.

Everything he's told her, all true.

The air goes out of her.

Silence.

KATE

(soft)
Jesus, Luther.

LUTHER

I know.

KATE

They'll kill you.

(CONTINUED)

) B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

97.

279 CONTINUED: (3)

279

LUTHER

I know.

KATE

Can you run?

Luther as he sits beside her on the couch.

LUTHER

I was set to. At the airport.
All the money I'd ever need.

CLOSEUP - LUTHER

★

LUTHER

But I saw that bastard using
Sullivan on the T.V. -- maybe I
couldn't have saved that woman,
Kate. But I didn't even try.
(beat)
I know what you think of me and I
know what we've been to each
other --
(beat)
-- haven't been to each other.
And it's not the time to try and
explain my life --

★

KATE

★

watching his face now.

LUTHER

-- but I've never robbed anyone
couldn't afford it and I've never
stiffed a waitress.
(beat)
And Alan Richmond has to pay.

KATE

What can you do?

LUTHER

Not much, maybe -- but I only went
to jail when I had partners.
(beat)
People betray each other, Kate --
nowadays, when there's a group,
someone wants to write a book --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

98.

279 CONTINUED: (4)

279

LUTHER (CONT'D)

(beat)
-- these people hate each other.
And if I can drive them just a
little bit nuts, who knows how
they'll react under pressure?
(rises and looks at
her)
Glad for the talk, wish we'd had
more.

Luther crosses to the door, turns.

LUTHER

This is probably it; you
understand that.
(as she does, he still
looks at her. Then --)

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

I was never going to tell you
this, but I watched you argue a
case last year -- thank God you
got your brains from your mother.

Kate standing now, too -- they're across the room from
each other.

KATE

It's dangerous outside.

LUTHER

It always is --

(beat)

-- and I may not make you proud,
Kate --

(soft)

-- but I'm not going down alone...

And on that...

280 **EXT. RUSSELL APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

280

An elegant high-rise in Washington. Crisp, cool
afternoon. A DOORMAN stands outside, enjoying the day.

A well-dressed man rounds the corner; he holds a small,
beautifully-wrapped package with a small envelope
attached. He moves to the Doorman.

(CONTINUED)

99.

280 **CONTINUED:**

280

WELL-DRESSED MAN

(it's Luther)

For Miss Gloria Russell.

He hands it over.

DOORMAN

(taking it)

Want me to sign anything?

LUTHER

(shakes head)

I trust you.

And he turns, walks quickly away as we --

281 **INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

281

The envelope being opened. It's early evening now. The
message inside is short and clear --

"Gloria,

Thanks for the rescue.

AR"

Russell smiles, and as she opens the package --

282 **INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - NIGHT**

282

A beautiful necklace. Antique mostly likely. And
tasteful -- we hear the sound of an ORCHESTRA PLAYING
WALTZES.

PULL BACK to reveal Gloria Russell, looking just splendid, the necklace around her throat, entering a large and very impressive White House dinner-dance. Clearly an important affair of state.

We've never seen Russell quite like this -- relaxed,
secure in her femininity. She nods distantly to Burton
and Collin who are, as always, close the President. For
the first time now, we realize something: Gloria Russell
is hot for Alan Richmond.

Richmond, on the edge of the dance floor, chatting with some elderly couples, several of them European, all of them wealthy.

RICHMOND

(as Russell approaches)

You're a vision this evening, Miss Russell.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 100.

282 CONTINUED: 282

RUSSELL

Thank you, Mr. President.

(beat)

And thank you, Mr. President.

RICHMOND

(doesn't understand)

For?

(off her, radiant,
indicating the
necklace)

Come again?

This time she touches it -- he bends close to her.

RUSSELL

(whispering)

You sent it to me this afternoon.

Long pause -- then...

CLOSEUP - RICHMOND

★

So happy.

RICHMOND

Well, of course.

(now, to the others)

Excuse me, all -- I am overcome
with the desire to dance with my
Chief of Staff.

★

A hand to her -- Russell, beaming, moves out onto the dance floor with him.

Everyone at the gathering, watching them.

Richmond and Russell, very much aware that all eyes are on them --

-- what we don't know is this: they are both wonderful dancers. And they seem to be reveling in their moves --

-- because throughout this, they never stop smiling.

RICHMOND

What is this nonsense? I'm hoping
there's an explanation.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

101.

282 CONTINUED: (2)

282

RUSSELL

(surprised)
Your gift, Alan -- I was
overwhelmed -- and your note was
so gratifying --

RICHMOND

(cutting in)
-- I sent a note?

RUSSELL

Yes, yes, you think I don't know
your writing? I assumed you
wanted me to wear it tonight.

The necklace. He looks at it as they spin gracefully.

RICHMOND

It is lovely, Gloria -- and you
know what else?

They do a perfect dip.

RUSSELL

What, Alan?

RICHMOND

Christy Sullivan wore it the night
she was killed.

*
*

Russell, a quick glint of panic, a gentle peal of
feminine laughter.

Richmond and Russell -- he bends her back, their mouths
are close.

RICHMOND

You realize what this means?
Whitney's been heard from.

CLOSEUP - RUSSELL

*

They spin and glide. Long pause. Then --

RUSSELL

It's not precisely the first time,
Mr. President.

*

The MUSIC is BUILDING TO CLIMAX now. Their movements
become more grand.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

102.

282 CONTINUED: (3)

282 *

RICHMOND

(so happy)
 You've been keeping things from
 me?

RUSSELL

Only because you have so much on
 your plate, Alan; we wanted to
 spare you.
 (beat)
 He sent me a Polaroid of the
 letter opener yesterday.

CLOSEUP - RICHMOND

★

A kick in the teeth --

-- he summons all his control, goes into even more
 complicated movements.

★

The crowd of elegant men and women, it's really wonderful
 dancing they're seeing -- they start to applaud.

Richmond and Russell, hearing the sound. Richmond
 acknowledges it with a smile as they come to climax.

RICHMOND

Well, now --
 (a final flourish)
 -- I need time to think -- come
 see me in my office in the
 morning --
 (beat)
 This will certainly make for an
 interesting chapter in my memoirs.

And as they bow...

The crowd applauding louder, while on the dance floor,
 the President of the United States and the Chief of Staff
 applaud happily back. As the sound builds --

283 EXT. BURTON'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT**283**

Luther in the night. Silence.

He is moving across the rooftop of a home. He carries a
 briefcase -- Luther's making business calls.

Ahead is an attic window -- as he slides it open --

103.**284 INT. BURTON'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT****284**

Luther, slipping inside. Some stairs are just across.
 He goes down them, opens the door --

285 INT. BURTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**285**

Luther stepping into the main part of the dark house. He
 stops. No noise at all except that of someone BREATHING
 DEEPLY, coming from an open bedroom door.

Luther passes by -- for an instant we can see that Burton
 is asleep, an empty bottle by his head.

286 INT. COLLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**286**

Luther rounding a corner --

-- and we can tell immediately he's in a different house now. Burton's had only old furnishings, these are modern and new.

Luther pauses, listening. Nothing.

He moves forward then, turns another corner --

287 **INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

287

-- and now we can tell he's someplace else -- this is an apartment with a large window looking out on the city.

Luther doesn't stop to admire the view. He moves silently on...

HOLD ON the window.

And suddenly: Dawn -- the sun is starting to rise.

PULL BACK to reveal --

288 **INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN**

288

Gloria Russell, as the ALARM GOES OFF. She sits --

-- she stretches --

-- then she stares -- something has been taped to her lamp. We are looking at an issue of the Washington Post -- Russell's photo smiles out -- there is a headline that says simply: RUSSELL TO BE CHIEF OF STAFF.

Written across her picture are the words: "This shitstorm is your fault -- if we go down, you go down!" Russell takes the paper down, stares at it. Furious.

104.

289 **INT. BURTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

289

Burton, hung over, staggering into the kitchen of his home, stopping dead. A newspaper is set beside his coffee pot.

A front page of the Washington Post. Years back. The lead article reports that a siege has been successfully broken --

-- Burton, bloody and wounded, is being carried to an ambulance. A hero. Across the top these words have been written:

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN, YOU GUTLESS FUCK?

Burton stares. Steaming.

290 **INT. COLLIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

290

Collin, yawning, going into his bathroom --

-- across his mirror is taped a large white piece of paper, across which is written in thick black marker -- "If you could shoot for shit, we'd be out of this."

Collin angrily rips it down.

291 EXT. DOWNTOWN NEWSSTAND - MORNING

291

A bunch of commuters and businessmen are buying papers.

The newspapers. Washington, New York, Philadelphia --
and they're all different front pages, of course, but one
photo in all of them is the same --

-- every one of them is running the mug shot of Luther.
And the sense of the stories is the same too:

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

CUT TO:

292 COMMUTERS

292

crowded around, making their purchases. Some of them are
young, some of them are half asleep. One of them is in
his 60's and very wide awake --

-- it's Luther --

-- as he buys a paper, looks at the headline --
fascinated.

105.

292A INT. BURTON'S OFFICE

292A

Still early morning -- Collin is going through Burton's
desk hurriedly --

-- when Burton surprises him --

BURTON

(pissed)

What are you doing?

COLLIN

(closes the desk,
shrugs)

Needed a pen.

BURTON

(pointing to his
desktop)

There's pens --

(moving in)

-- you don't trust me? --

COLLIN

(pissed)

-- I don't answer to you, asshole

--

Russell in the doorway now, glaring at them.

RUSSELL

You're both assholes, now move --

And on that --

293 INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

293

The note that was sent to Russell and the Polaroid of the

letter opener.

PULL BACK to reveal --

The Polaroid and the note are on Richmond's desk. He studies them. Russell, Burton and Collin stand silently watching him, their hatred of each other clear.

The smell of death's in the room.

RICHMOND

(holding the note now,
his voice is, when he
speaks, calm; to Burton)
Any idea who could have forged it?

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

106.

293 CONTINUED:

293

BURTON

I talked to Seth Frank --
apparently Whitney learned how in
prison.

RICHMOND

Very gifted man.

The window as he walks to it, looks out.

RICHMOND

And are we close to stopping him?

RUSSELL

We're working round the clock.

RICHMOND

Good to know that.

BURTON

He'll make a mistake.

RICHMOND

Good to know that too.

CLOSEUP - RICHMOND

*

With more meaning than the words convey --

RICHMOND

There is one other thing you'll
want to take care of.

The other three, looking at Richmond.

BURTON

You're sure you want to do that?

RICHMOND

(nods)
She's a young prosecutor,
prosecutors ask questions -- she
might know what he knows...
(a reassuring smile)
Let's get cracking, shall we?
(beat)
Show you love your country.

On those words --

107.

294 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 294

Kate Whitney, getting into the elevator. Off to work.
She pushes for the lobby.

The doors close and the elevator starts down.

295 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 295

Kate checks her purse to see if she has everything.

296 INSERT - ELEVATOR BUTTON 296

The "L" is lit --

-- but when the elevator gets there, it does not stop but
goes straight on down to the basement.

297 INT. ELEVATOR - KATE - DAY 297

That's strange. She instinctively moves to the rear of
the car.

ODD SOUNDS from the basement. Kate's just the least bit
tense.

298 INT. ELEVATOR IN BASEMENT - DAY 298

The ODD SOUNDS are LOUDER.

And the doors don't open when they should.

299 INT. ELEVATOR - KATE - DAY 299

and now she's starting to get a little scared.

300 INT. BASEMENT - ELEVATOR DOORS - DAY 300

The doors sliding open and the Super standing there with
tools.

SUPER

(smiling)

Sorry, Miss Whitney, but this
thing's giving us a little
trouble.

Kate nods, smiles back, relieved.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 108.

301 EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 301

Kate, leaving her building, going toward her car, getting
in.

Down the block is a police car. Two surveillance cops
inside. Kate starts to drive -- and so do they.

Kate turns a corner --

-- and so do they --

-- and as they do, they pass Luther, parked on the corner. Watching. Satisfied, he drives off in another direction.

302 **EXT. OUTER CITY ROAD (WASHINGTON) - DAY** 302

Luther, heading out of the city. The sun is higher in the sky.

303 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY** 303

Several cars. Traffic is moving slowly. Luther continues to drive.

304 **EXT. KATE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY** 304

Kate, coming out of her office building, hurrying along the sidewalk. Lunch hour.

She goes past some brownstones -- the two cops walk behind --

*
*

-- the window of one of the brownstones is open, shadowy movement from inside --

-- Kate hurries past, not paying attention... Cops don't either.

305 **EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY** 305

Now a figure begins to appear in the window --

The figure holds something long and thin, like a rifle barrel --

-- it's a large woman with a long mop -- as she shakes it --

Afternoon and the sun is strong.

109.

306 **EXT. SULLIVAN MASTER BEDROOM - DAY** 306

Sunlight, streaming in an open bedroom window. Whose bedroom, though?

Two maids are cleaning it --

-- and now we realize where we are: Walter Sullivan's bedroom, but it's all been changed, different rug, different fabrics, different furnishings.

The maids work silently and well. A final sweep of a dust rag here, a last tug at the bedspread there.

Done. They go to the door, take a last look around.

Perfect.

They go.

HOLD ON the empty room.

Keep HOLDING.

Now, silently, the vault door opens -- a gardener steps out, clicker in hand.

The gardener -- it's Luther -- he clicks it, tosses it back inside --

-- the door starts to close --

-- but before it shuts, we can see he's returned what he took the night of the robbery.

And as he moves silently toward the door.

307 **EXT. GAS STATION (WASHINGTON CITY LIMITS) - DAY** 307

The outskirts of Washington. Mid-afternoon now.

Luther's at a pay phone.

308 **INT. SETH'S OFFICE - DAY** 308

Seth, as he picks up the phone --

LUTHER (V.O.)

Kate okay?

SETH

Where are you?

110.

309 **EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY** 309

Luther. Fast.

LUTHER

I'm not staying on long enough for
you to track this, just answer me.

310 **INT. SETH'S OFFICE - DAY** 310

SETH

She couldn't be in better hands --
talk about catching a break,
Secret Service called me. They're
taking over surveillance --

311 **EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY** 311

The telephone swinging back and forth --

-- and in the b.g., a car MOTOR ROARING away.

312 **INT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY** 312

Kate, coming down the elevator again -- in her jogging
clothes now. She has pushed the lobby button.

The elevator stops suddenly on the second floor --

-- The Super gets in, smiles.

SUPER

Got it working fine, Miss Whitney.

Kate nods, smiles back --

312A	EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY	312A
	Luther, driving like crazy through the city.	
312B	EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY	312B
	Kate, getting into her car in front of her building, driving off -- no one is behind her.	
312C	EXT. WASHINGTON - ANOTHER STREET - DAY	312C
	Luther, HONKING his HORN as he barrels around a corner, scattering traffic.	
)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96	111.
312D	EXT. JOGGING PARK ENTRANCE - DAY	312D *
	Kate drives into the park past a sign reading: "PARKING LOT."	* *
312E	EXT. ROAD NEAR JOGGING PARK - DAY	312E
	Luther, gunning along -- up ahead the park is visible now.	
312F	EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING LOT - ENTRANCE ROAD - DAY	312F
	Kate, following an arrow that leads to the parking lot.	
	Luther, in the park, now, suddenly shouting "Shit" as we --	
312G	EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY	312G
	A "DETOUR" sign.	
	Kate, entering the parking lot.	
312H	EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING LOT AREA - DAY	312H
	Luther, out of his car now, running like crazy through the park. Ahead is a sign saying: "JOGGING PATH."	
313	EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING AREA - DAY	313
	Not many other cars so she gets a space in front, overlooking the river, and as she stops, takes out her keys --	
314	BURTON AND COLLIN	314
	Collin at the wheel, ROARING in behind her, rear-ending her hard.	
	-- there is a SCREECH of BRAKES and a SCREAM --	
314A	EXT. JOGGING PARK - TRAIL - DAY	314A

Luther as he hears the terrible sound, keeps running.

315 **EXT. PARKING LOT - INT. KATE'S CAR - DAY** 315

Kate in her car as it teeters at the edge and then starts its long fall to the jogging path far below.

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 112.

316 **EXT. JOGGING PARK - PARKING AREA - DAY** 316

Burton and Collin in their car, driving like hell away.

316A **EXT. JOGGING PARK - TRAIL - DAY** 316A

Luther, running INTO VIEW, stopping dead, helpless now, staring at the worst thing in the world --

317 **OMITTED** 317

318 **EXT. JOGGING PARK CLIFF - DAY** 318 *

Kate's car, careening against a rocky ledge, then cart wheeling the rest of the way down, landing horribly, spinning, finally coming to rest upside down and --

CUT TO:

319 **EXT. BOTTOM OF CLIFF - DAY** 319 *

Luther running to the car; hands shaking, he manages to pull front door open and reach inside --

-- now there are cries as other joggers stop and stare and --

Kate, as Luther pulls her body out of the wreckage.

LUTHER
(terrified)
... Kate...?

-- no response -- it's impossible to tell if she's alive --

-- in the distance now, the sound of an AMBULANCE.

320 **EXT. WASHINGTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING** 320

The AMBULANCE, SIREN SCREAMING.

PULL BACK to reveal --

Early evening now, getting dark, and the ambulance braking in front of the emergency room of a large city hospital --

-- as doctors and attendants with gurneys come pouring out --

113.

321 **INT. WASHINGTON HOSPITAL - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT** 321

A private room. Later. Kate is bandaged and attached to

a bunch of equipment --

-- but however faintly her breathing, it's still breathing and it's steady. She's alone for the moment in the semi-darkened room.

322 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 322

Empty. A doctor comes walking along -- it's Collin.

323 INT. HOSPITAL - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT 323

Kate in her room, sleeping. Another doctor is with her now, checking her charts.

324 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 324

Collin. He sees what's going on, stops, pulls out a small notebook, pretends to read it, all the while glancing toward Kate's room with the one doctor still there --

-- now from around the corner, NOISE, COMING CLOSER -- SEVERAL PEOPLE APPROACHING, perhaps more.

Collin turns away from the sound, curses, then stops --

-- The doctor is done with Kate's charts.

From around the corner now, the group coming closer still.

Kate's doorway as the doctor exits and Collin enters -- they pass each other --

325 INT. HOSPITAL - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT 325

-- Collin moves a step further into the room --

-- and now there is something in his hand --

-- a hypodermic needle.

Kate. Out of it. Lying there, eyes closed.

Collin, the needle ready, moving silently toward the bed.

Kate is barely breathing.

(CONTINUED)

114.

325 CONTINUED: 325

And now suddenly Collin is barely breathing --

-- because the other doctor's arms have viced around Collin's neck, forcing the air out of him.

Collin, stunned, trying to struggle --

The doctor jerking Collin's body into the air -- his feet are dangling now -- the hypodermic needle drops to the bed as the struggle goes on --

-- and Collin's in fabulous shape. He's young and power-

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

ful and he's been in terrible situations before and he knows how to fight and he's been taught to defend himself and --

-- tough shit --

-- the doctor -- it's Luther -- relentlessly increases the pressure against Collin's throat --

-- Collin can't even gasp now --

-- his feet can't kick anymore --

-- his body starts to go limp --

-- his eyes start to slide up into his head --

-- silence in the room --

-- it's almost over --

-- which is when suddenly Luther lets go.

Collin, eyes flickering open as Luther lays him down on the floor. All this next is whispered.

LUTHER

Scream. Go on. Which do you want most, for me to kill you or life in jail forever?

He has gone across the room to the bed. Collin tries to move, can't.

The hypodermic needle as Luther picks it up carefully, starts back to Collin.

LUTHER

Going to guess this wasn't to pep her up.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 115.

325 CONTINUED: (2) 325

COLLIN

(staring, eyes wide)
... you're not going to kill me...

LUTHER

... why do you think that...?

COLLIN

... you could have but you didn't...

Luther. Kneeling by Collin now.

LUTHER

That's because you didn't know your crime, prick.

-- and now he jams the needle against Collin's neck. *

Collin tries to cry out, but Luther covers his mouth.

LUTHER

(kneeling close, almost
whispering into Collin's

ear)

I didn't mind you tried to shoot
me at the restaurant -- I wouldn't
have minded if you'd nailed me at
Sullivan's -- part of the job --
(beat)
-- but you fucked with blood.

Collin. Terrified.

*

COLLIN

... mercy...

Luther, bending over him. Luther pushes the plunger.

*

LUTHER

I'm fresh out.

Collin dying now. His breathing is getting strange, his
body starting to stiffen. And on that --

*

*

KATE (O.S.)

... Daddy...?

Kate, eyes barely open. From her position Luther is
simply kneeling, nothing else is visible...

LUTHER

... go to sleep, honey...

(CONTINUED)

116.

325 CONTINUED: (3) 325

She tries to stay awake, can't make it, drifts off.

Kate. She closes her eyes.

Collin. Luther closes his eyes for him. Now --

326 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 326

A gurney with a figure on it being pushed by a doctor.

327 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 327

A dumpster outside --

-- the gurney is there --

-- the figure isn't --

-- the sound of a CAR GUNNING into the night and we --

328 INT. SETH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 328

Seth coming out of the shower. He puts a towel around
him, wipes the steam off the mirror, cries out --

-- Luther is standing there.

LUTHER

I need one answer -- when you
interviewed Walter Sullivan, did
he say why Christy didn't go to
Barbados?

SETH

(shakes his head)

Just that she changed her mind.

(studying Luther)

You know who did it, don't you?

LUTHERSo will you -- check your
phones --**SETH**

(incredulous)

-- who'd tap a police officer?

No reply -- Luther's already headed for the door as we --

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 117.

329 EXT. GEORGETOWN MANSION - NIGHT 329Walter Sullivan, getting into his limousine in front of a
Georgetown mansion. Later in the evening. The car
starts to move. Walter looks frail and very old now.
And somehow smaller.**330 EXT. GEORGETOWN/INT. LIMO - NIGHT 330**Walter huddled in the back seat, as the street lights
illuminate him. He might even be ill. In any case, a
sad figure.**331 EXT. GEORGETOWN - NIGHT 331**

The limousine, turning a corner.

332 INT. LIMO - NIGHT 332

Walter. Blinking.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Is this a shortcut, Tommy? *

CHAUFFEUR

(turns; it's Luther)

I'm your replacement driver for
the evening, sir. Don't worry,
Tommy's fine. ***WALTER SULLIVAN**Very unusual -- what do I call
you?**LUTHER**

Luther, sir.

WALTER SULLIVANAnd are you familiar with how to
get to my home, Luther?**LUTHER**I know the way, sir -- I'm the man
who robbed you --

Sullivan says nothing; stares unsmiling.

LUTHER

-- and you're the man who tried to

(CONTINUED)

118.

332 CONTINUED:

332

WALTER SULLIVAN

-- I'm sorry I missed -- I believe
in the Old Testament, sir -- there
is nothing wrong with an eye for
an eye when a terrible deed has
been done.

(ice)

A deed such as yours.

LUTHER

You want to believe that, don't
you? -- Makes your life a lot
simpler if you believe that, isn't
that right?

(big now)

What do you think I gain being
here?

Sullivan. Contempt.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Have no idea -- you going to rob
me again? --

LUTHER

I don't need your money, Mr.
Sullivan. Look in your vault
lately?

WALTER SULLIVAN

(he has)

I'm afraid we're a little late for
an attempt at leniency.

333 EXT. GEORGETOWN - STREET - NIGHT

333

The CAR. A SCREAMING TURN.

334 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

334

LUTHER

Shit's coming down tonight, Mr.
Sullivan, do you want to be a
player or not?

(bigger)

Do you want to know what happened,
or not? I saw. Your call.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(beat)

I want to know.

(CONTINUED)

119.

334 CONTINUED:

334

LUTHER

Are you up to hearing about it? --
Do you want to hear how he beat

the shit out of her and tried to
strangle her -- you have enough
left for that? --

WALTER SULLIVAN

(a nod)

-- I could walk through fire --

Luther, fast now.

LUTHER

I was in the chair when they came
in.

(as Sullivan says
nothing)

They were drunk -- at first he
only wanted to bruise her -- she
fought back, he went for the kill
-- she turned the tables. Then he
screamed for help.

Pause.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Who else was in my house?

LUTHER

Secret Service shot her.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(doesn't like it)

Nonsense.

LUTHER

Gloria Russell handled the cover
up.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Stop this --

LUTHER

-- don't you want to know who the
man was?

WALTER SULLIVAN

(desperate)

It was you.

LUTHER

We're too old to bullshit each
other, Mr. Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

) B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

120.

334 CONTINUED: (2)

334

WALTER SULLIVAN

(big)

Who was it then?

LUTHER

(bigger)

You know!

Sullivan, shaking his head as Luther roars on.

LUTHER

You fucking well do, don't shake
your head at me -- when you're

Absolute Power Script at IMSDb.

alone at night, when the rage
takes you and you think of what
you'd do to revenge her, on those
nights you put a face to your
enemy.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(coming apart)

Stop the car --

LUTHER

-- we're going all the way,
Walter --

WALTER SULLIVAN

-- it's too terrible.

LUTHER

It sure is.

Walter Sullivan. A long, shaky moment, then --

WALTER SULLIVAN

... I know about Alan's reputation
as a philanderer... but... he
would never dream of betraying
me... I gave him the Presidency.

Luther and Walter as Luther turns a sharp corner and the
WHEELS SCREAM --

LUTHER

(pressing it)

The press conference -- remember?
-- he held you in his arms and
said if only Christy hadn't gotten
sick she would have been with you
in Barbados --

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

121.

334 CONTINUED: (3)

334

LUTHER (CONT'D)

(bigger)

-- how do you think he knew she
was sick? You didn't tell
anybody. But he heard it, all
right. He heard it from her.
That night. And I heard every
word --

Walter. For a moment, no reaction. Then he sits back
hard. The air's out of him. He just breathes quietly.
Then --

WALTER SULLIVAN

That's not real proof.

Luther. Handing something back.

LUTHER

And this?

Sullivan takes it --

-- it's the letter opener.

Sullivan leans back, shuts his eyes.

WALTER SULLIVAN

You could have stolen this.

LUTHER

I did steal it. But that isn't my
blood and those aren't my prints.

CLOSEUP ON SULLIVAN

*

Eyes still shut --

-- and he's very old and you expect tears --

-- but he didn't get to be Walter Sullivan by crying --

-- HOLD ON Walter --

-- and this incredible shriek of rage explodes! --

Luther, suddenly stopping the car --

335 EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - NIGHT

335

-- and we're at the rear of the White House.

*

122.

336 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

336

Walter. He sits in the back a moment.

Then he gets out.

337 EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE/EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

337

Luther has gotten out too. They stand close to each
other. They nod. Then Walter starts away.

WALTER SULLIVAN

(turns -- quiet now,
at peace)

I did love her, you know.

And he walks away.

A White House SECURITY GUARD as Walter approaches.

WALTER SULLIVAN

Is he working late? I haven't an
appointment but I'd like to see
him if I might.

GUARD

You don't need an appointment, Mr.
Sullivan.

And as he waves him through --

Luther, standing there, watching the old man.

Walter, a final turn back, a nod of the head.

Luther. He nods back, returns to the car, gets in --

-- and now we begin a BLIZZARD OF CUTS.

338 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET/INT. LIMO - NIGHT 338

Luther driving through the night.

339 EXT./INT. NORTH PORTICO ENTRANCE - NIGHT 339

Walter entering the White House proper.

340 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BURTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT 340

Seth, with a bunch of other officers, standing in front of an office with the name "BILL BURTON" on a plaque -- he opens the door --

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 123.

340 CONTINUED: 340

-- Burton has blown his brains out. A note alongside reads: "I am so sorry." Alongside the note is a micro-cassette recorder and a dozen tapes.

341 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET/INT. LIMO - NIGHT 341

Luther. Driving faster.

342 INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - SECURITY AREA - NIGHT 342

Walter Sullivan approaching a METAL DETECTOR -- he starts to go through --

-- it GOES OFF --

Walter's embarrassed. He holds up his wrist, showing his watch.

The security guards smile, wave him to go ahead.

Walter continues on.

343 INT. LIMO - NIGHT 343

Luther, tense, ROARING along.

344 INT. RUSSELL'S - NIGHT 344

Gloria Russell -- Seth is with her -- he cuffs her, leads her out --

345 INT. AREA OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 345

Walter, by the door of the Oval Office. The letter opener is tight in his hand now.

The door opens.

Richmond, arms out, comes to embrace him, as he embraced him at the Press Conference.

346 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 346

Luther pulling up into the parking lot of the hospital, getting out, passing the parking lot attendant who is listening transfixed to a small radio.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96 124.

346 CONTINUED: 346

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) *

... in the greatest shock to the nation since the Kennedy assassination, President Alan Richmond's death has rocked...

Luther has moved past now; we can't hear the radio anymore.

346A INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT 346A

Luther enters. A number of people are present, all of them listening to a large radio, on the desk of the Information Clerk.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *

... Richmond died violently in the Oval Office and Walter Sullivan...

Luther has moved past now; we can't hear the radio anymore.

347 INT. KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 347

She dozes. Luther sits alongside in a chair.

Outside, the moon is high in the sky.

Kate blinks, half opens her eyes, sees Luther.

KATE

... you're still here...?

LUTHER

Haven't budged.

She dozes again.

347A INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE - NIGHT 347A

A coffee machine in a lounge. Empty. But a TELEVISION SET IS PLAYING SOFTLY.

Luther enters, gets some coffee.

The TV is SHOWING the PRESS CONFERENCE Richmond held. As we WATCH, Walter Sullivan moves down toward the President and they embrace.

(CONTINUED)

125.

347A CONTINUED: 347A

Now the Press Conference is over and we are LIVE AT the FRONT OF the North Portico of the WHITE HOUSE. A ton of

reporters --

-- and Walter Sullivan, in their midst, beckoning for quiet.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

Mister Sullivan, have you no idea why the President took his own life?

Luther stops making coffee, looks at the screen.

WALTER SULLIVAN (V.O.)

(voice soft)

I know he's been feeling the pressure of office more than ever lately. We've talked about it a great deal.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

But why would he stab himself?

WALTER SULLIVAN (V.O.)

(sadly)

That's a question that will haunt me forever. Of course I tried to stop him --

(beat)

-- Alan was like a son to me...

Luther smiles, takes his coffee, leaves the room as we --

CUT TO:

347B INT. KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

347B

Kate sleeping. Seth stands there now. Luther enters with his coffee. Seth sees him and they both move to the door and confer silently --

-- Seth indicates Kate.

Luther crosses his fingers.

Seth says something we can't make out.

Luther nods.

Seth glances a final time at Kate, then leaves them.

Luther moves to Kate, studies her face.

(CONTINUED)

)B(ABSOLUTE POWER - Rev. 5/16/96

126.

347B CONTINUED:

347B

KATE

(eyes still closed)

... was that Seth...?

LUTHER

He was just checking in. When you're up to it, he said we might come over for dinner. He mentioned --

*
*

KATE

(eyes half open)

I know, he lives alone --

*

LUTHER

(smiles)

Watch it now.

He arranges her sheets.

KATE

... you don't have to fuss...

LUTHER

You were forever catching colds.

She nods, drifts and we --

CUT TO:**348 MOON****348**

starting to fall out of the sky now.

349 LUTHER**349**stands by the window, looking out. Soon, dawn. He
stretches, crosses to her.**KATE**... am I going to be all
right?....**LUTHER**

(long pause)

We'll be fine.

Kate nods, drifts.

Luther watches her.

Then he goes to his chair --

(CONTINUED)

127.

349 CONTINUED:**349**

-- reaches down --

-- pulls out his sketchbook.

He turns the pages.

Drawings of Kate.

He turns to a new page. Starts drawing her again. He's
really getting good.

HOLD ON Luther and Kate.

FINAL FADE OUT.**THE END**

Absolute Power

Writers : [David Baldacci](#) [William Goldman](#)

Genres : [Thriller](#) [Crime](#) [Drama](#)

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Abyss, The (1989)

by James Cameron.

Director's Revision. August 2, 1988.

More info about this movie on IMDb.com

TITLE: THE ABYSS -- ON BLACK, DISSOLVING TO COBALT BLUE

EXT. OCEAN/UNDERWATER -- DAY 3

Blue, deep and featureless, the twilight of five hundred feet down. PROPELLER SOUND. Materializing out of the blue limbo is the enormous but sleek form of an Ohio-class SSBN ballistic missile submarine.

INT. U.S.S. MONTANA -- DAY 4

In the attack center, darkened to womb-red, the crew's faces shine with sweat in the glow of their instruments. The SKIPPER and his EXEC crowd around BARNES, the sonarman.

CAPTAIN
Sixty knots? No way, Barnes... the reds don't have anything that fast.

BARNES
Checked it twice, skipper. It's a real unique signature. No cavitation, no reactor noise... doesn't even sound like screws.

He puts the signal onto a speaker and everyone in the attack room listens to the intruder's acoustic signature, a strange THRUMMING. The captain studies the electronic position board, a graphic representation of the contours of the steep-walled canyon, a symbol for the Montana, and converging with it, an amorphous trace, representing the bogey.

CAPTAIN
What the hell is it?

EXEC
I'll tell you what it's not, it's not one of

ours.

BARNES

Sir! Contact changing heading to two-one-four,
diving. Speed eighty knots! Eighty knots!

EXEC

Eighty knots...

BARNES

Still diving, depth nine hundred feet. Port
clearance to cliff wall, one hundred fifty feet.

FRANK

(simultaneously)

Still diving, depth nine hundred feet. Port
clearance to cliff wall, one hundred fifty feet.

Tension builds in the attack room as the Montana surges to intercept the intruder. The exec tensely watches the vector-graphic readout for the side-scan sonar array. The sub is running uncomfortably close to the cliff walls.

EXEC

(low, to Captain)

It's getting tight in here.

CAPTAIN

We can still give him a haircut. Helm, come
right to oh six niner, down five degrees.

HELMSMAN

Coming right to oh six niner, sir. Down five
degrees.

NAVIGATOR

Port side clearance one hundred twenty feet
narrowing to seventy-five. Sir, we have a
proximity warning light.

EXEC

That's too damn close! We've gotta back off.

BARNES

Range to contact, two hundred. Contact junked to
bearing two six oh and accelerated to... one
hundred thirty knots, sir!

EXEC

(really freaked now)

Nothing goes one thirty!

Suddenly the control room lights dim almost to blackness.

EXT. U.S.S. MONTANA

5

We see only the effect, not the source, as a large diffuse light passes rapidly under the sub's hull. Moments later a shockwave, like an underwater sonic boom, impacts the sub, slamming it sideways.

INT. U.S.S. MONTANA

6

The bride crew are knocked off their feet, as the ship is buffeted.

EXEC
Turbulence! We're in its wake!

SIRENS. Everyone shouting at once. The power flickers low.

CAPTAIN
Helm, all stop! Full right rudder!

HELMSMAN
All stop. Full right rudder. Hydraulic failure.
Planes are not responding, sir!

Power returns in time for the sonarman to get a glimpse at the side-scan display... AS THE SHEER CLIFF WALL LOOM BEFORE THEM.

HELMSMAN
Hydraulics restored, sir.

EXT. U.S.S. MONTANA

7

The cliff wall materializes out of the blue limbo off the port bow with nightmarish slow-motion. The sub slams into it with horrific force, scraping along and bouncing off. One tail stabilizer is sheared off and the big screw prangs the wall with an earsplitting K-K-KWANG!

INT. PORT TO TORPEDO ROOM

8

With the outer tube-doors torn off, seawater slams in, busting the inner hatches. Two-foot thick columns of water, like fire-hoses of the gods, blast into the room. Everything vanishes instantly in white spray.

INT. CONTROL RM/ATTACK CENTER

9

Everyone is hurled off his feet. The planesman flights to recover control of the yoke.

CAPTAIN
Collision alarm! Collision alarm! Lighten
her up, Charlie!

NAVIGATOR
The torpedo room is flooded, sir!

CAPTAIN
Blow all tanks! Blow everything!

HELMSMAN
Passing twelve hundred feet...

EXEC
Blowing main tanks!

HELMSMAN
Twelve hundred fifty feet...

EXT. MONTANA

10

The great sub is being hauled down by the mass of its flooded bow section,
its flanks rushing past us like a freight train headed for Hell.

INT. MONTANA CONTROL ROOM

11

The command crew fights futility for control, everyone shouting and terrified.

EXEC
Main forward tanks ruptured!

HELMSMAN
Passing thirteen hundred feet...

EXEC
Too deep to pump auxiliaries!

CAPTAIN
All back full! All back full!

HELMSMAN
Answering all back full. Passing thirteen hundred
fifty feet... fourteen hundred... fourteen
fifty...

The Captain locks eyes with the Exec amid the din...

CAPTAIN
We're losing her. Launch the buoy!

The Exec opens the door to a small box and punches a button. A red light comes on. The Captains takes a deep breath.

EXT. MONTANA 12

A tiny transmitter is ejected from the sub's hell and begins its long ascent to the surface. A second later the sub slams down like a piledriver onto a ledge, tearing open its pressure hull.

INT. MONTANA 13

VARIOUS QUICK CUTS, just flashes and impressions, as...
Seawater blasts down the corridors --
Explodes across the control room, hurling men like dolls --
Floods the cavernous missile bay in seconds --
Bursts through hatches into the reactor room --
Blasts men OUT OF FRAME in a micro-second.

EXT. OCEAN/UNDERWATER 14

In the cobalt twilight we see the Montana slide down the sea cliff, its hull SCREECHING like the death agonies of some marine dinosaur. Descending in an avalanche of silt, it finally disappears into the blackness below... a blackness which continues almost straight down, 20,000 feet to the bottom of the Cayman Trough. The abyss.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE -- DAY 15

Above, in the world, the Caribbean rolling gray under a stormy sky. The Montana's emergency buoy pops to the surface, transmitting.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/20 MILES AWAY -- DAY 16

LONG LENS SHOT: three massive Navy Sea King helicopters thundering straight at us, FILLING FRAME.

REVERSE, as they barrel OVER CAMERA toward a lone civilian ship... an ugly

but very sophisticated deep-sea drilling support ship, the BENTHIC EXPLORER.

It is a twin-hulled monstrosity with a central opening in its deck, around which crouch enormous cranes, winches and other arcane equipment.

The first Sea King settles onto the helipad, disgorging a contingent of Naval officers, technicians, and a squad of armed seamen. A pantomime in the rotorwash, we see the Benthic Petroleum "company man" KIRKHILL greeting COMMODORE DEMARCO, the on-scene commander.

INT. BENTHIC EXPLORER/BRIDGE -- DAY

17

The bridge is state-of-the-art, with computers and sophisticated navigation and communications gear, looking like mission control with its bank of video monitors. The Drilling Operations Supervisor, LELAND MCBRIDE, and BENDIX, the crew chief, watch the invaders swarming the deck below.

MCBRIDE
Does not look good at all.

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN (MINUTES LATER) showing divers working in total blackness around some sort of installation on the bottom of the ocean. They move through the harsh floodlights in dreamlike slow motion, looking like space-suited figures with their helmets and umbilical hoses.

DEMARCO (V.O.)
No light from the surface. How deep are they?

MCBRIDE (V.O.)
Seventeen hundred feet.

WIDER, showing the Navy contingent crowding the control room. DeMarco is hardcore military, brusque and efficient. Kirkhill is a small man with pinched features, wearing a shirt and tie, which on a drill ship means company man and/or dickhead.

DEMARCO
I need them to go to over two thousand.

KIRKHILL
They can do it.

(to McBride)
Get Brigman on the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY (TOTAL DARKNESS) 18

1700 FEET BELOW. A submersible oil-drilling platform, DEEPCORE II, an island of light in the vast blackness. Its main framework connects two "tri-modules" consisting of three cylinders each. These contain living and work areas in a pressurized environment. An umbilical cable, thick as a man's thigh, runs up from the oil rig into the darkness, to the Benthic Explorer at the surface. In a bubble-like dome port window we see the rig foreman, or "toolpusher," BUD BRIGMAN. He's talking (via headset) with two divers working outside... 'CATFISH' DE VRIES, AND LEW 'BIRD-DOG' FINLER.

BUD
Hey, you guys are milking that job.

CATFISH
(Kentucky drawl)
That's cause we love freezin' our butts off out here sooo much, boss.

OMITTED 19

INT. DRILL ROOM 20

Bud turns from the window and crosses the drill floor. The working heart of the rig. THUNDEROUS MECHANICAL ROAR. The drill crew, in hardhats and mud-plastered overalls, tend the massive spinning turn-table in the center of the chamber. The semi-automated system requires only five men to operate. The others are LUPTON MCWHIRTER, DWIGHT PERRY, JAMMER WILLIS, and TOMMY RAY DIETZ. Bud hears his names called above the din by Jammer, a massive roughneck/diver who stands a good head taller than the rest.

JAMMER
(yelling)
Bud! Hippy's on the bitch-box. It's a call from topside. That new company man.

BUD
Kirkhill? That guy doesn't know his butt from
a rathole. Hey, Perry!

One of the roustabouts, a wiry Texan, turns to him.

BUD
Do me a favor and square away the mud hose and
those cable slings. This place is starting to
look like my apartment.

Perry chuckles and sets to the task cheerfully. Bud EXITS, ducking
his head
through a low watertight hatch.

INT. CORRIDOR/TOOLPUSHER'S OFFICE 21

Bud tromps down the narrow corridor, his work boots gonging on
steel.

P.A. (HIPPY'S VOICE)
BUD, PICK UP THE TOPSIDE LINE URGENT.

BUD
I'm coming. Keep your pantyhose on.

He enters his office, a tiny cubicle with stacks of paperwork, dust-
gathering tech manuals and waterstained Penthouse fold-outs. He
picks up the
phone... punches down a line.

BUD
Brigman here. Kirkhill? What's going on?
(pause)
I am calm. I'm a calm person. Is there some
reason why I shouldn't be calm?

HOLD ON Bud's expression, darkening, as he listens.

INT. CORRIDOR/CONTROL MODULE 22

The control module is a long narrow cabin like the inside of a
Winnebago,
packed with instrumentation. At the end is a small bay with
multiple
viewports. Outside, at a 'Christmas tree' pipe installation, a lone
diver
can be seen welding. He is accompanied by a large submersible,
FLATBED, and
by a Remotely Operated Vehicle, or ROV, call LITTLE GEEK. Little
Geek is an
underwater robot which operated on the end of a cable-like control
TETHER.
It has a single video 'eye' in front, by which the operator pilots

the little machine. The rig's ROV pilots is ALLEN 'HIPPY' CARNES, who stands by the window twiddling his joysticks and drinking coffee. His pet white rat, BEANY, crawls contentedly around his shoulders. The door BANGS OPEN.

Hippy jumps, slops his coffee. Bud strides in. Not calm.

BUD
Son of a bitch.

He kicks a chair out of the way and slams his palm down on a switch marked DIVER RECALL. A SIREN, blasting through the water from a big hydrophone loudspeaker.

BUD
All divers. Drop what you're doing. Everybody out of the pool.

EXT. DEEPCORE/CHRISTMAS TREE

A22

Flatbed's pilot, LISA 'ONE NIGHT' STANDING, can be clearly seen behind a bubble canopy. She is a no-nonsense lady who holds her own in the mostly male environment by being one of the best submersible drivers in the business. She controls a hydraulic manipulator arm, assisting the diver, ARLISS 'SONNY' DAWSON, in his work. Little Geek hovers around them like a tiny helicopter. One Night moves the Flatbed arm to Sonny and hands him the pipe.

ONE NIGHT
Here you go, hon'.

SONNY
Just in time, sugar.

They react to Bud's recall, looking toward him up in the control module.

ONE NIGHT
Dammit, we just got out here.

SONNY
There was a time when I would have asked why.

One Night makes a grab for his butt with the manipulator claw, which

he
narrowly avoids.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPCORE/UNDER SUB-BAY

23

Flatbed moves underneath the rig, a few feet above the seafloor, with Sonny riding on its top deck. It passes under a lit opening and rises toward the surface of the water in the chamber above. Little Geek follows like an obedient dog.

INT. SUB-BAY/MOONPOOL

24

The opening is called the moonpool, and Deepcore's submersibles are launched through it. From inside the sub-bay it looks just like a swimming pool. Flatbed surfaces, nearly filling it. The chamber also contains CAB ONE, a similar submersible. Jammer, Perry, and some of the other drill-room boys are helping the divers out of the water. The water at this depth is only about six degrees above freezing, and these folks are cold and prune-fingered. Finler pulls off his demand-helmet, revealing a round, boyish face.

FINLER

What's goin' on? How come we got recalled?

SONNY

Hell is I know.

One Night jumps 'ashore' from Flatbed's broad deck and joins them. Catfish is unzipping his bulky dry-suit.

CATFISH

Just follow standard procedure, will ya... flog the dog till somebody tells us what's happening.

JAMMER

Hey, Catfish, I'll sell you my October Penthouse for twenty bucks.

ONE NIGHT

Save you money, darlin'... the pages are all

stuck together by now.

Bud enters, approaching the group.

JAMMER
What's goin' on, Boss?

BUD
Folks, I've just been told to shut down the hole
and prepare to move the rig.

SONNY
She-hit.

BUD
We're being asked to cooperate in a matter of
national security. Now you know exactly as much
as I do. So just get your gear off and get up to
control. There's some kind of briefing in ten
minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/COMMAND MODULE

25

The whole rig crew is somehow jammed into the room for the video
briefing.
DeMarco is on the main monitor, with his aides and Kirkhill visible
b.g.

DEMARCO
At 09:22 local time this morning, an American
nuclear submarine, the USS Montana, with 156 men
aboard, went down 22 miles from here. There has
been no contact with the sub since then. The
cause of the incident is not known.

PAN AROUND the reactions of the various drill crew members...
shocked,
hushed, curious.

DEMARCO
Your company has authorized the Navy's use of
this facility for a rescue operation. The code
name is Operation Salvor.

ONE NIGHT
You want us to search for the sub?

DEMARCO
No. We know where it is. But she's in 2000 feet
of water and we can't reach her. We need divers
to enter the sub and search for survivors, if

any.

Bud's scowl has been deepening since DeMarco started to talk.

BUD

Don't you guys have your own stuff for this type of thing?

DEMARCO

By the time we get our rescue submersible here the storm front will be right on us. But you can get your rig in under the storm and be on-site in fifteen hours. That makes you our best option right now.

Hippy, born suspicious and recently graduated to paranoid, leans forward...

HIPPY

Why should we risk our butts on a job like this?

KIRKHILL

I have been authorized to offer you all special-duty bonuses equivalent to three times normal dive pay.

CATFISH

Hell, for triple time I'd crawl through razor blades and shower off with lime juice.

FINLER

I'm here to tell ya', you could set me on fire and call me names.

BUD

Look, I don't know what kind of a deal you guys worked out with the company, but my people are not qualified for this... they're oil workers.

DEMARCO

A four-man SEAL team will transfer down to you to supervise the operation.

BUD

You can send down whoever you like, but I'm the toolpusher on this rig, and when it comes to the safety of these people, there's me... then there's God. Understand? If things get dicey, I'm pulling the plug.

KIRKHILL

I think we're all on the same wavelength, Brigman. Now let's get the wellhead uncoupled, shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/COMMAND MODULE AND CORRIDOR

26

Bud stands beside the hatchway as the others file out toward their tasks.

They comment gravely as they pass...

JAMMER

When Lindsey finds out about this, it's not gonna be a pretty sight.

ONE NIGHT

They're going to have to shoot her with a tranquilizer gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

27

A single Navy Sea King churns through the rain under massive thunderheads.

The sea below is whipped by the storm.

INT./EXT. SEA KING

28

PANNING ALONG BOOTED FEET, four pairs of black military size twelves line

up, onto... a pair of Charles Jourdans fives under shapely ankles.

WIDER, revealing the four-man team of Navy SEALs. And a slender woman in

her early thirties. She's attractive, if a bit hardened, dressed conservatively in a skirt and jacket. Meet LINDSEY. Project Engineer for

Deepcore. She's a pain in the ass, but you'll like her.

Eventually.

She's holding on grimly, sitting crammed in with the SEALs and a bunch of

gear, getting tossed around by the storm. The SEALs are dressed alike in

black fatigues. They are muscular, finely-tuned and extremely dangerous

special-forces types. The leader of the SEAL team, LIEUTENANT COFFEY, makes

his way forward to the cockpit.

The pilot is white-knuckling his stick, trying to hold the great beast of a

helicopter in position. Through the windshield, the deck of the Benthic

Explorer can be seen below, pitching in a violent sea.

PILOT
No way I'm putting her down. I shouldn't even
be flying in this shit.

COFFEY
(cool)
Just hold it over the deck.

Coffey goes back to the crew deck, moving easily in the bucking craft. He nods to the others SEALs, MONK, WILHITE, and SCHOENICK. In the open side door, Wilhite clips a 100 foot nylon rope to the airframe and throws out the coil. One by one the shoulder the gear-bags, grab the rope, and step out. Lindsey stands swaying in the chopper door, watching the SEALs fast-rope to the deck. One, two, three. Coffey looks at her.

COFFEY
You want to be on that ship, there's only one
way it's going to happen.

He's sure she won't go for it. It's his certainty that gets her. She sets her jaw. Opening her purse she takes out a small plastic bag, puts her shoes and purse in the bag, and grips the bag in her teeth. Then grabs the rope and slides down.

EXT. BENTHIC EXPLORER/HELIPAD

29

Swinging wildly in the wind like a human pendulum, Lindsey fast-ropes forty feet to the deck. She steps away an instant before Coffey hits behind her. Lindsey crosses the rainswept deck with athletic strides. Her nylons are ruined. An air-crewman in the chopper lowers two additional equipment cases using the rescue sling. The SEALs catch them as they swing radically across the deck. They Navy chopper banks and seems to scurry away before the mounting storm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM

30

BLACKNESS. Then shafts of light become visible, above a ridge of

rock.
Flatbed appears, trailing two heavy two cables. Behind it, the mass of
Deepcore emerges from the darkness, its forward lighting array blazing.
Flatbed is towing it like a tug, aided by Deepcore's own mighty stern
thrusters.

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE 31

Bud, his feet propped up, uses joystick controls to 'fly' Deepcore, maneuvering against currents and around seafloor obstacles. He is guided
by the side-scan sonar display, with Hippy assisting in the sonar shack.
Through the front viewport, Flatbed can be seen out ahead.

McBride appears on the bridge monitor, holding a sheet of weather-fax.

MCBRIDE (on screen)
Well, it's official, sportsfans. They're calling
it Hurricane Frederick, and it's going to be
making our lives real interesting in a few hours.

INT. EXPLORER BRIDGE -- DAY 32

Bud responds via video.

BUD
Fred, huh? I don't know. Hurricanes should be
named after women.

McBride looks up as the bridge door opens. Lindsey enters in a blast of wind,
wet as a wharf rat and twice as pissed off. Maybe Bud is right.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE 33

Bud is surprised to see Lindsey's face appear on the monitor screen.

LINDSEY
I can't believe you let them do this!

BUD
(unpreturbed, almost cheerful)
Hi, Lins. I thought you were in Houston.

LINDSEY
I was, but I managed to bum a ride on the last

flight out here. Only here isn't where I left it, is it, Bud?

BUD
Wasn't up to me.

LINDSEY
We were that close to proving a submersible drilling platform could work. We had over seven thousand feet of hole down for Chrissake. I can't believe you let them grab my rig!

BUD
Your rig?

LINDSEY
My rig. I designed the damn thing.

BUD
Yup, a Benthic Petroleum paid for it. So as long as they're hold the pink slip, I go where they tell me.

LINDSEY
You wimp. I had a lot riding on this. They bought you... more like least rented you cheap--

BUD
I'm switching off now.

LINDSEY
Virgil, you wiener! You never could stand up to fight. You--

Bud hits the switch and the screen goes dead.

BUD
Bye.

Hippy looks over him, trying very hard not to crack up.

HIPPY
Virgil?

BUD
God, I hate that bitch.

HIPPY
Yeah, well you never should have married her then.

Bud nods fatalistically.

CUT TO:

Ten foot waves crash through the launch-well, sending up geysers of spray.

Next to the launch-well, crewman have attached a lifting cable to CAB THREE, eighteen feet of ugly yellow submersible. It slams violently in its steel cradle as the drill-ship rolls. Coffey and Schoenick hand the gear bags in to Wilhite and Monk though the hatch under the rear of the submersible.

Lindsey approaches, wearing a borrowed roustabout's coverall.

She looks down at the larger of the two equipment cases brought by the SEALs, lying on the deck. Stenciled on it are the words: F.B.S./DEEP SUIT/MARK IV.

Coffey and Schoenick push past her to pick it up.

LINDSEY

Let's go, gentlemen! We either launch now or we don't launch.

Coffey looks up in surprise as she nimbly climbs the side of Cab Three and grabs the lifting shackle, circling her raised hand to signal the crane man.

LINDSEY

Take her up, Byron!

Cab Three, with Lindsey riding its back, is pulled up out its cradle and starts to swing violently as Explorer pitches. The submersible is then swung out to the center of the launch well. It sways and gyrates above the furious water below. Lindsey drops into the upper hatch.

Kirkhill leans suddenly over the console to look out the window.

KIRKHILL

What the hell is she doing out there? Son of a bitch...

(into microphone)

Lindsey... get out of Cab Three. Bates is taking her down.

Lindsey pulls her headset as she dogs down the inside locking levers of the hatch.

LINDSEY
Bates is sick. Besides I've got more hours in
this thing than he does.
(to Coffey)
A little change of plan.

The little sub is swinging like a pendulum on the cable, and the SEALs, jammed in with their equipment in the tiny space, are getting slammed into the walls. Lindsey is calmly flipping switches as she talks.

COFFEY
Lady, we better fish or cut bait.

LINDSEY
Just hold your water, okay?
(to Kirkhill)
So Kirkhill, we gonna do this or we gonna talk
about it?

INT. EXPLORER BRIDGE/D.O.C. 37

The plug is pulled on DeMarco's patience.

DEMARCO
I don't care who drives the damn thing. Just get
my team in the water.

KIRKHILL
Alright, alright. Christ Almighty!

He gestured dismissively to McBride.

MCBRIDE
Cab Three, you are clear to launch.

INT./EXT. CAB THREE 38

Lindsey reaches up a grabs a red lever.

LINDSEY
Roger.
(to Coffey)
There's only one way it's going to happen...

She pulls the lever hard. CLUNK-CLANG! The shackle-release drops the sub.

It freefalls ten feet to the water with an enormous splash and keeps right on going after Lindsey floods the trim tanks. Coffey et al have been slammed hard.

LINDSEY
Touchdown. The crowd goes wild. Explorer...
Cab Three. We are styling.

MCBRIDE (filtered)
Roger, Cab Three.

Lindsey cuts on the floodlights and maneuvers the descending submersible so that the umbilical cable is a few feet ahead on her front port. Moving up through her lights, it will guide her down to the rig. Cab Three free-falls into increasing darkness. Soon it is a candle below us in the indigo.

EXT./INT. FLATBED

39

One Night is driving the tug one-handed, pouring coffee from a thermos and rocking out to the great truck-driving song "Willing" on the beat-box she's got propped up on the sonar rig. Fighting white-line fever in the best tradition.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

40

Bud and Hippy come in for a rousing chorus.

BUD/HIPPY
... I've been driving every kinda rig that's
ever been maaaaade...

EXT. DEEPCORE

41

Lit up like a proud Peterbilt, the rig crossed the trackless wastes. We hear them singing, carried OVER.

EXT. OCEAN DEPTHS/CAB THREE

42

In total blackness, the submersible descends along the rigorous line of the umbilical cable. Two hundred feet below it, the lights of Deepcore resolve out of the darkness. Now we can see the rig crawling over the ocean bottom

like some monster lawnmower.

LINDSEY (V.O.)
Deepcore, Deepcore... this is Cab Three on
final approach.

HIPPY (V.O.)
Gotcha, Cab Three. Who is that? That You,
Lindsey?

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE 43

Bud stop singing and snaps around at the mention of her name.

LINDSEY (V.O.)
None other.

Bud's expression is nothing less than stricken.

BUD
Oh no... you gotta be kidding me.

EXT./CAB THREE/DEEP CORE 44

Lindsey executes a 180 degree turn and cruises over the control
module, back
through the A-frame toward the docking hatch. The flange of Cab
Three's
lockout hatch settles over the pressure collar on the rig's back.
There is
a CLUNK as it mates up.

INT. DEEPCORE/COMPRESSION CHAMBER/GAS CONTROL STATION 45

Lindsey drops down from the hatch into the small cylindrical
pressure chamber.
The SEALS drop down behind her, passing their gear through hand-
over-hand.
The chamber is spartan, with steel benches, a folding card table,
breathing
masks, and medical supplies. Catfish greets them through the tiny
porthole
at one end.

CATFISH
Howdy, y'all. Hey, Lindsey! I'll be damned!
You shouldn't be down here sweet thing, ya'll
might run ya stockings.

LINDSEY
Couldn't stay away. You running mixture for us?
Good. Couldn't ask for better.

CATFISH

Okay, here we go. Start equalizing, y'all.

HISsss of intrushing compressed gas. The pressure in the chamber rises. The breathing mixture is composed of helium, oxygen and nitrogen. Catfish monitors it carefully from a station outside the chamber, watching the gauges with a practiced eye. Lindsey and the SEALs all grab their noses and start making funny faces... popping their ears with the familiar diver's 'equalization' technique. They continue as:

LINDSEY

Get comfortable. The bad news is we got six hours in this can, blowing down. The worse news is it's gonna take us three weeks to decompress back to the surface later.

COFFEY

We've been fully briefed, Mrs. Brigman.

LINDSEY

Don't call me that, okay... I hate that. Alright, from now on we watch each other closely for signs of HPNS...

MONK

(as if by rote)

High-Pressure Nervous Syndrome. Muscle tremors, usually in the hands first. Nausea, increased excitability, disorientation.

LINDSEY

Very good. About one person in twenty just can't handle it. They go buggo. They're no way to predict who's susceptible, so stay alert.

COFFEY

Look, we've all made chamber runs to this depth. We're checked out.

LINDSEY

Oh... chamber runs. Uh huh, that's good.

(Coffey turn away)

Well, hey... you guys know any songs?

They ignore her. Start going over some diagrams of the Montana's interior.

It's going to be a long six hours.

INT. GAS CONTROL STATION -- HOURS LATER

46

Catfish checks his watch, then reaches over and adjusts a value on the tri-mix manifold, watching the gauges. Satisfied, he leans over to the pressure window in the door, checking out the SEALs. Hippy has come down from the control deck for an advanced look are the interlopers. Jammer is in a chair, reading a Louis L'Amour paperback.

CATFISH
Those guys ain't so tough. I fought plenty of
guys tougher'n them.

HIPPY
Now we get to hear about how he used to be a
contender.

Catfish hold up one calloused fist up in front of Hippy's face.

CATFISH
You see this? They used to call this the Hammer.

JAMMER
Hippy wasn't born then.

INT. PRESSURE CHAMBER

47

It looks like the end of a long bus trip. Everyone silent... leafing through beat-to-hell magazines or just staring. Lindsey has her feet propped up on the smaller of the SEALs' two equipment cases. She casually toes open one of the latches, then the other. Glances at Coffey. He's reading. She begins to lift the lid with her toe. Gets a GLIMPSE INSIDE, of packing foam, and what looks like a SMALL BLACK METAL BOX. Then... WHAM! Coffey's foot comes down on the lid, slamming it shut. Startled, she looks up into his cool gaze.

COFFEY
Curiosity killed the cat.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS CONTROL STATION/CHAMBER DOOR -- LATER

48

TIGHT ON CATFISH'S hands... closing valves... spinning the wheel on the

chamber hatch. CUT WIDER as it cracks open with a virgin's sigh and swings aside.

CATFISH
Y'all'er done to a turn and ready to serve.
Everybody okay?

The SEALs nod peremptorily and shoulder their gear. Lindsey exists first, followed by Monk, Wilhite, and Schoenick. Coffey bends to relatch the small equipment case. He is alone for one moment in the chamber. He raises his hand and stares at it. The fingertips are trembling the slightest bit. He clenches them into a fist and walks out.

INT. CORRIDOR

49

As Lindsey emerges into the main corridor of the rig, she bumps into a large, dark mass.

LINDSEY
Hey, was there a wall here before? I don't
remember a wall here. Oh, Jammer! Hi.

The 'wall' grins down to her.

JAMMER
Howdy, there, little lady.

Coffey emerges behind them and, ignoring Lindsey, faces Jammer.

COFFEY
(to Jammer)
Show us the dive prep area. We need to check
out your gear.

Jammer scowls, turns and leads the SEALs in the sub-bay. Catfish and Lindsey exchange a look.

LINDSEY
Those guys are about as much fun as a tax audit.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND MODULE

50

TIGHT ON HIPPY, bathed in the light of the sonar display. He is making

kissing sounds at Beany, who has his inquisitive nose right up to Hippy's lips.

LINDSEY

Hippy, you're going to give that rat a disease.

WIDER, as Hippy and Bud to see Lindsey leaning in the doorway. She and Bud size each other up. He opts for a jovial approach, his eyes wary.

BUD

Well, well. Mrs. Brigman.

LINDSEY

Not for long.

Lindsey crossed past him, her eyes scanning the banks of equipment, almost unconsciously checking, checking... getting the pulse of her big iron baby.

BUD

You never did like being called that, did you?

LINDSEY

Not even when it meant something.

(looking through the front port)

Is that One Night up in Flatbed?

BUD

Who else?

Lindsey leans past Bud to the gooseneck mike on the console.

LINSEY

Hi, One Night, it's Lindsey.

INT. FLATBED

51

One Night mimes a puking motion, finger down her throat. Then she replies with sickening sweetness...

ONE NIGHT

Oh, hi, Lindsey.

INT. COMMAND MODULE

52

Lindsey fives the sonar shack the once-over. She tweaks some knobs.

BUD

I can't believe you were dumb enough to come

down. Now you're stuck here for the storm...
dumb, hot-rod... dumb.

LINDSEY

Look, I didn't come down here to fight.

She crosses past Bud and exits into the corridor. Bud bolts out of the chair to follow her and Hippy scrambles in to take over.

INT. CORRIDOR/LADDER-WELL/LEVEL ONE LANDING

53

Bud catches up with Lindsey in the corridor, and through the following keeps pace with her as she makes her inspection.

BUD

Then why'd you come down?

She stops abruptly to look at a leaky pipe. He almost slams into her. She moves on, climbing down the ladder to the lower level.

LINDSEY

You need me. Nobody knows the systems on this rig better than I do. What is something that would go wrong after the Explorer clears off? What would have you done?

BUD

Wow, you're right! Us poor dumb ol' boys might've had to think for ourselves. Coulda been a disaster.

On the lower level landing, Lindsey opens a hatch into one of the machine rooms. ROAR OF PUMPS AND COMPRESSORS.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

54

Lindsey enters and moves expertly through the dark labyrinth of pipes and roaring machinery. Her eyes rove constantly over fittings, gauges, circuit panels.

BUD

(yelling)

You wanna know what I think?

LINDSEY

Not particularly. Jeez, look where this is set! Morons.

She scowls at a pressure gauge and turn a valve minutely.

BUD
I think you were worried about me.

LINDSEY
That must be it.

Lindsey's on the move again, and Bud scrambles through the pipes to keep up.

BUD
No, I think you were. Come on, admit it.

LINDSEY
I was worried about the rig. I've got over four years invested in this project.

BUD
Oh, yeah, right... and you only had three years with me.

She looks up at him.

LINDSEY
You've got to have priorities.

CUT TO:

INT. BUD'S ROOM

55

Darkness. The door opens and Bud snaps on the light.

BUD
My bunk's the only one I can guarantee won't be occupied. You can grab a couple hours before we get there.

Lindsey slips past him into his tiny state-room, the only private bunk on the rig. Rank had its privileges. His hand on the door is just level with her eyes. She notices his wedding ring, a massive band of pure titanium (something your fiancée might have picked out if she had a degree from M.I.T.).

LINDSEY
What are you still wearing that for?

BUD
I don't know. Divorce ain't final. Forgot to

take it off.

Bud stays in the doorway. Lindsey takes a heaps of Bud's cloths off the narrow bunk. Start unconsciously straightening the room.

LINDSEY
I haven't worn mine in months.

BUD
Yeah, what's-his-name wouldn't like it. The Suit.

LINDSEY
Do you always have to call him that? The Suit?
It makes you sound like such a hick. His name is Michael.

Lindsey takes off her borrowed tennies and socks.

Bud eyes her, sounding too causal.

BUD
So what about "Michael" then... Mr. Brooks Brothers... Mr. BMW. You still seeing him?

LINDSEY
No, I haven't seen him in a few weeks.

BUD
What happened?

LINDSEY
Bud, why are you doing this? It's not part of you life any more.

BUD
I'll tell you what happened... you woke up one day and realized the guy never made you laugh.

LINDSEY
You're right, Bud. It was just that simple. Aren't you clever? You should get your own show... Ask Dr. Bud, advice to the lovelorn from three hundred fathoms.

She closes the watertight door, forcing him out. Locks it. She turns and throws her shoe hard against the far wall.

LINDSEY
AAAARRRGH!

She flops down on the bed, sitting... staring at the wall. Her armor is gone. She looks small and vulnerable. A long beat. She reaches over to the tiny sink. Amid the clutter is a bottle of Bud's aftershave. She unscrews it and takes a sniff. Catches herself. Tosses it.

LINDSEY
Shit.

INT. QUARTERS/HEAD

56

Bud barges into the tiny head and puts some soap on his ring finger. He pulls the ring off roughly and throws it into the toilet. He reaches forward to flush. Can't do it. Now really pissed off at himself, he reaches into the toilet bowl, wrist deep in the chemical-blue water, and salvages the ring. He puts it on and washes his hands. The right hand stays faintly blue no matter how hard he scrubs.

BUD
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPCORE

57

The platform is stopped, hovering in place. Like a great spacecraft setting down on a barren planet, the rig settles into the bottom ooze. Flatbed releases its tow lines and heads back to its berth inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BAY

58

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH, actually a computer-composited down-looking scan from a towed LIDAR (laser imaging sonar) rig. It shows a faint, blurry outline of the Montana lying on her side on a ledge part-way down the canyon wall. There is no detail. A finger points to a flat ledge nearby. An "X" has been put on with a grease pencil.

COFFEY (V.O.)
This is us. We're just on the edge of the Cayman

Trough. The Montana is here, on its side, 300 meters away and 70 meters below us. We think she slid down the wall, and lodged against this outcropping.

CUT WIDE, showing the rig crew gathered around a worktable in the sub-bay.

The divers, Bud, Catfish, Sonny, Finler, Jammer, and the four SEALs have their dry-suits on. The pre-dive briefing. Lindsey, One Night, and Hippy will crew the submersibles. Wilhite is going around clipping DOSIMETER BADGES on everybody.

SONNY

This tells us how much radiation we get?

HIPPY

Hey, whoah... I can't handle no radiation, man. Forget it! Include me out.

CATFISH

Hippy, you pussy.

HIPPY

What good's the money if your dick drops off in six months?

COFFEY

We'll take reading as we go. If the reactor's breached or the warheads have released radioactive debris, we'll back away. Simple.

BUD

Okay... Hippy's not going... McWhirter, you can run Little Geek.

Bud pats the top of a small ROV, sitting next to its larger brother, Big Geek.

HIPPY

No way! No way! He can't fly an ROV worth shit. I'll go. Shit!

COFFEY

(to all)

On the dive, you will do absolutely nothing without direct orders from me, and you will follow my instructions without discussion. Is this clear? Alright, I want everyone finished prep and ready to get wet in fifteen minutes.

The rig crew disperses, picking up helmets and diving gear. Some are studying the diagrams of the Montana's interior layout. Bud takes Coffey aside as the others prepare.

BUD

Look, it's three AM. These guys are running on bad coffee and four hours sleep. You better start cutting them some slack.

COFFEY

I can't afford slack, Brigman.

BUD

Hey, you come on my rig, you don't talk to me, you start ordering my guys around. It won't work. You gotta know how to handle these people... we have a certain way of doing things here.

COFFEY

I'm not interested in your way of doing things. Just get your team ready to dive.

End of discussion. Coffey is walking away. Burning, Bud crosses to his gear locker. Picks up his helmet. Finler is suiting out next to him.

FINLER

Hey, you know your hand is blue?

BUD

Shut up and get your gear on.

NEARBY, Monk comes over to pick his helmet up off the worktable. Hippy points to the heavy equipment case that says F.B.S. DEEP SUIT/MARK IV.

HIPPY

I've been meaning to ask you what this thing is.

Mink opens the case and shows them an unfamiliar diving suit, what looks like a space helmet, and a large backpack.

MONK

Fluid breathing system. We just got them. We use it if we need to go really deep.

HIPPY

How deep?

MONK

Deep.

(shrugs)

It's classified... you know. Anyway, you breathe liquid, so you can't be compressed. Pressure doesn't get to you.

Catfish is grappling with the concept.

CATFISH

You're saying you get liquid in your lungs?

MONK

Oxygenated fluorocarbon emulsion.

Monk take a clear plastic box full of O-rings off the shelf and dumps them out. He opens a valve on the backpack and allows some of the fluid inside it to drain into the box. Then he take Beany by the tail off Hippy's shoulder.

HIPPY

Hey!

MONK

Check this out.

He drops Beany in the box and, before Hippy can protest, closes the lid. Beany is forced under the surface. He struggled for a second, and bubbles come out of his mouth. Then he casually swims around in there, completely submerged... breathing liquid. Catfish and the others stare into the box, amazed.

MONK

See? He's diggin' it.

Monk takes Beany out and hold him by the tail for a few seconds to drain his lungs. Then hands him back to Hippy. The rat is annoyed, but otherwise alright.

CATFISH

This is no bullshit hands down the goddamnedest thing I ever saw.

CUT TO:

Three sets of moving lights move outward from Deepcore. Cab One and Three, with Lindsey and Hippy at the controls respectively, and One Night in the Flatbed. Lindsey is in the lead. She approaches the cliff-like drop-off and starts to descend.

LINDSEY

Com-check, everybody. Flatbed, you on line?

ONE NIGHT

Ten-four, Lindsey, read you loud and clear.

LINDSEY

Cab Three?

HIPPY

Cab Three, check. Right behind you.

LINDSEY (V.O.)

What's you depth, Cab Three?

HIPPY

1840... 50... 60... 70...

LINDSEY

Going over the wall. Coming to bearing 065.
Everybody stay tight and in sight.

ONE NIGHT

Starting out descent. Divers, how're you doing?

Eight divers ride the back of Flatbed like itinerant workers on the way to the fields. Bud and his civilian crew, Catfish, Finler, and Jammer... sit across from the SEALs. They are in their gear and breathing from umbilical hooked in Flatbed's low-pressure manifold.

BUD

Okay so far.

JAMMER

How deep's the drop-off here?

CATFISH

This here's the bottomless pit, baby. Two and a half miles straight down.

COFFEY
Knock off the chatter. Cab One, you getting anything?

INT./EXT. CAB ONE

61

Lindsey consults her array of instruments.

COFFEY
Cab One, do you see it yet?

LINDSEY
The magnetometer is pegged. Side-scan is showing a big return, but I don't see anything yet. Are you sure you got the depth right on this?

BUD (V.O., filtered)
You should be almost to it, ace.

She turns the submersible and...

The spotlight flares back from the great brass screw of the Montana. It dwarfs Cab One, FILLING FRAME.

LINDSEY
Uh, yeah, roger that... uh, found it.

EXT. MONTANA/SUBMERSIBLES

62

Cab One maneuvers along the flank of the enormous sub, while Flatbed and Cab Three move above it. Wilhite take readings with a hand-held neutron counter.

COFFEY
Cab One, radiation readings?

LINDSEY
Neutron counter's not showing very much.

COFFEY
Wilhite, anything?

WILHITE
Negative. Nominal.

COFFEY
Just continue forward along the hull.

LINDSEY

Copy that, continuing forward. You just want me to get shots of everything, right?

COFFEY

Roger, document as much as you can, but keep moving. We're on a tight timeline.

LINDSEY

Copy that.

The great black hull of the Montana recedes into the darkness beyond the puny beams of their lights. It seems bigger than the Titanic and just as eerie in its final resting place. On its side, the sub's top deck becomes a wall along which the tiny submersibles are moving. Ahead, in the lights, is a white painted circle.

COFFEY

That's the midship hatch. You see it, Cab Three?

HIPPY

Roger, I see it.

BUD

Just get around so your lights are on the hatch.

HIPPY

Check. Then I just hang with these guys, right?

COFFEY

Right.

ONE NIGHT

How do you want me?

COFFEY

Just hold above it. Alright, A team.

Wilhite, Schoenick, and Monk unhook their short whip-umbilicals from the central manifold and roll off the side of Flatbed. They maneuver down toward the sub's hatch. Hippy guides Cab Three in closer to the hatch area.

INT. CAB THREE

63

Hippy turns to Perry back in the lockout chamber, ready to launch Little Geek.

The ROV has a handheld neutron-counter gripped in its manipulator arm.

MONK (V.O.)
Stand by on the ROV.

HIPPY
Perry, stand by on the ROV.
(to Little Geek)
Sorry about this, little buddy. Better you than
me, know what I mean?

Hippy nods and Perry drops Little Geek through the hatch into the water and feed out a length of tether. Hippy picks up the control box and watches the video screen, guiding the ROV toward the Montana's hatch.

EXT. MONTANA HATCH AREA

64

The three SEALs have unlatched the deck cover and revealed the hatch. They open the out hatch and Monk swims down into to narrow escape trunk. He bangs on the inner hatch with a wrench, listening carefully with his helmet pressed against it.

MONK
It's flooded. Alright, I'm opening her up.

Straining hard in the confined space, he get the lower hatch open, then swims backs out immediately. He gestures to Hippy, via Little Geek's vision, and Hippy flies the ROV into the hatch.

EXT./INT. CAB ONE/MISSILE DECK

65

Meanwhile Cab One and Flatbed have proceeded forward along the hull. Beyond Lindsey's front port, the great hatches of the Trident missile tubes roll toward us in procession. Several of the hatch covers have been forced partway open by the warping of the hull.

COFFEY (V.O.)
Radiation is nominal. The warheads must still
be intact.

LINDSEY
How many are there?

COFFEY (V.O.)
24 Trident missiles. Eight MIRVs per missile.

LINDSEY
That's 192 warheads... And how powerful are they?

SCHOENICK
Your MIRV is a tactical nuke, 50 kilotons nominal yield. Say times time Hiroshima.

LINDSEY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ... this is World War Three in a can.

COFFEY (V.O.)
Let's knock off the chatter, please.

INT. CAB THREE 66

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN -- LITTLE GEEK'S CAMERA. Passing through a hatch, into a large grotto filled with pipes and machinery. The engine room.

MONK (V.O.)
Getting a reading?

HIPPY
It's twitching but it's below the line you said was safe.

EXT. MONTANA MIDSHIP HATCH 67

Monk moves into the opening.

MONK
Alright. Let's get in there.

Wilhite and Schoenick follow him through the escape trunk, into the dark corridor beyond.

EXT. MONTANA/BOW SECTION 68

Out of the darkness ahead emerges the trailing edge of the sail, big as a five-story building. Far below her, Flatbed moves along the edge of the ledge which supports the vast sub. Its lights, and Lindsey's strobes, reveal the tremendous damage to the forward section as they pass the sail. The torn and twisted hull looms above Flatbed as it sets down.

Coffey indicated an enormous rent where the bow section is almost torn away from the rest of the hull.

COFFEY
We'll go in through that large breach.

BUD
Let's go, guys.

Bud's team leaves Flatbed, swimming forward. The opening is a black mouth in their lights. Coffey moves inside. Bud attaches one end of an orange nylon line to a piece of pipe and moves into the wreck behind him.

BUD
Take it slow, stay on the line, and stay in sight. Watch for hatches that could close on you, or any loose equipment that could fall.

Jammer, Catfish, Finler, and Sonny follow him inside.

INT. MONTANA/FORWARD BERTHING SECTION 69

They find themselves in the forward berthing compartment with its rows of bunks. The room is twisted and disheveled, with bedding hanging from the bunks like the lolling tongues of dead dogs. Papers float in gentle eddying currents, letters, pages from paperback novels, photos of girlfriends. Bud pays out the line and follows Coffey forward. As they pass sealed doors, Coffey pounds with a tool, listening. All flooded.

INT. ENGINE ROOM 70

Monk leads his team along a corridor, following Little Geek's tether. Through a hatch into the engine room. Their lights play over flooded machinery.

INT. COMPANIONWAY/CONTROL ROOM AND ATTACK CENTER 71

From the berthing Coffey's team swims up a companionway towards the attack center. He pulls at a buckled watertight door.

COFFEY
It's jammed. Give me a hand.

Jammer and Bud squeeze in around Coffey. Together they wrench the door open on its squealing hinges. It give way suddenly, flying open. The suction pulls SOMETHING THROUGH. It slams Bud's shoulder. He turns. A FACE... RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM! He jerks back, gasping.

Face to face with Barnes, the sonarman. The ensign seems unmarked, merely dismayed at his own mortality, judging from his wide eyes and mouth. Coffey reaches past Bud and pushes the ensign's body out of the way.

COFFEY
Alright, let's keep moving. We knew we were going to see this.

They enter the control room. Their lights play over the high-tech wreckage. Floating debris and bodies make shifting shadows on the walls as they swirl in the currents. A languid, weightless waltz. They move through the carnage. Their lights pick out tableaux... the planesman still strapped in his chair, someone jammed into the ceiling pipes, hanging down. Dead faces, pale in the lights. Still. We see only glimpses.

Coffey locates the captain's body and rolls it over. Removes the missile arming key which hangs on a chain around the dead man's neck. Moves on. All business. Bud turns back to his guys. Checking them. He notices Jammer is breathing so rapidly he's fogging his helmet. Catfish, Finler, and Sonny aren't much better. A wave a panic seems imminent.

BUD
How you guys doing?

SONNY
I'm alright, I'm dealing.

CATFISH
Triple time sounds like a lotta money, Bud. It ain't. I'm sorry...

BUD
We're here now. Let's get her done.

We see Bud working, calming them, talking them through it. He's

sweating
rivers in his helmet, not looking too steady. His projection of
calm to the
others is his own salvation.

Coffey pauses in the doorway to the communications room.

COFFEY
This part I do alone. Brigman, take you men and
continue aft. Split up into two teams of two.
Let's get moving... we head back in fourteen
minutes.

Bud leads his team into a narrow corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR/ROOMS

72

They search the rooms along the corridor with their lights until
they come to
a vertical hatch, open. a pit of darkness below.

BUD
Okay, Cat, Lew, Sonny. You guys stay on this
deck. Hook you line onto mine. Any problem,
you tug my line. Two pulls. Jammer, you're
with me.

Bud drops down through the hatch to the level below, followed by
Jammer, who
barely fits through. Catfish hooks his safety line onto Bud's with
a
carabiner and move along the corridor with the others.

EXT./INT. CAB ONE

73

Lindsey circles the hull, documenting, photographing. Her strobes
sear the
darkness, give glimpses of the dead leviathan's form as her tiny
submersible
circles it like a bee.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

74

Working from a plastic card, Coffey spins the dial on the wall safe
and opens
it. He removes several plastic binders... the code books. He also
grabs
handfuls of classified documents and orders, and a set of missile
arming keys,
all which he places in a pouch at his waist.

INT. CORRIDOR

75

Bud leads Jammer through a long, claustrophobically narrow corridor, tapping on the walls and hatches periodically. After he taps, he waits a few moments. There are no answering taps. They open doors and shine their lights into the rooms. The are bodies, but they seem anonymous. Crumpled shapes in khaki or blue. They undog and open a hatch. Beyond it is the largest chamber of the sub, the...

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT

76

The missile compartment is the large gallery a hundred and twenty feet long and forty feet high, with two rows of vertical launch tubes, 24 in all. The chamber is divided into three levels by a floor of open steel grillwork.

JAMMER
Where are we?

BUD
Missile compartment. Those are the launch tubes.

They sweep their lights around the chamber. Jammer turns... his beam illuminating a body just beyond the door. A coveralled seaman turning slowly in the eddying current. Small albino crabs crawl slowly over the man's face. One scuttles out of his gaping mouth.

JAMMER
Lord Almighty.

BUD
Hey, you okay?

Bud goes to him. Gets up close to his face. Sees that he's not. That he's hyperventilating. Fighting nausea. Bud grabs him by the shoulders.

BUD
Deep and slow, big guy. Deep and slow. Just breathe easy.

JAMMER
I... they're all dead, Bud. They're all dead.
I thought... some of them... you know...

BUD

I'm taking you back out.

JAMMER

No! I'm okay now. I just don't... I can't go any further in.

Bud sees that the big diver's breathing has stabilized. He looks at his watch. Checker Jammer's pressure gauges.

BUD

Okay, Jammer. No problem. You stay right here. I have to go there to the end... you'll see my lights. We'll stay in voice contact. Just hold onto the rope. Five more minutes. Okay?

JAMMER

Yeah, okay. Okay.

He moves off through the center aisle of the gallery swimming between the huge cylinders. He pays out the lifeline as he goes.

INT. COM-ROOM

77

Coffey is working rapidly and efficiently, moving from one rack of electronics gear to the next, setting thermite grenades at vital points. As the thermite ignites, it generates an intense arc-bright light and tremendous heat. The circuit chasses melt. Coffey works calmly in the infernal glare.

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT

78

Bed negotiates his way through the tangle of wreckage near the far end of the missile compartment. He goes down a stairwell to the lower level. A HUNDRED FEET AWAY, Jammer loses sight of Bud's dive-lights. He starts to get nervous. Suddenly his own lights begin to DIM, flickering lower and lower. They become little orange candles, the filament barely glowing. The darkness closes in.

JAMMER

Bud? BUD?! You readin' me? BUD?!!

BUD, at the same moment, is fiddling with the connector cables on his helmet lights, which are dimming and flickering. He hears nothing from his helmet

transceiver.

JAMMER, smacks the side of his helmet. Shakes the transceiver on his belt.

Nothing... just static. Then even the static dies. Panic time.

He grabs the safety line and pulls twice. Hard. It is snagged on a sharp

metal edge ten feet from him. He pulls twice more, harder, hauling the

thing. The line severs. Jammer stared at the frayed and floating toward

him. His eyes bug. He looks all around in the darkness. Can't see Bud.

Can't decide what to do. We can see hysteria revving up inside him like a flywheel.

Then he becomes aware of a faint radiance flickering over the walls. It is a

cold and ethereal light, unlike the warm-white of their dive lights.

It grows brighter. He turns slowly toward it.

The glow is moving beneath the steel grill of the deck, sending shafts of

cold light flickering upward hypnotically, coming toward him.

JAMMER

Bud? Is that you?

C.U. JAMMER, shielding his eyes, staring into the radiant source.

Guess what, Jammer? It's not Bud. In the brightest center of the glow,

SOMETHING is moving, a figure casting strange inhuman shadow across the walls.

Jammer blinks against the glare, his face registering total, outright

astonishment melting into terror.

The glare pulses subtly, hypnotically. The shifting shadow falls across

Jammer. He finally snaps out of his fixity...

Screaming and gulping air he spins away and starts clawing hand over hand

through the treacherous wreckage.

His harness catches on a twisted pipe.

He struggles, totally out of control... the big man reduced to a blind panic.

Jammer heaves forward with all his adrenalized strength.

He tears free of the entangling debris. Launches like a torpedo...
slamming
his backpack full force into the top sill of the hatchway. His tri-
mix
regulator takes the full brunt of the impact.

ON BUD, swimming furiously back toward Jammer's position. The
strange
radiance is gone. His dive light flare back to full brightness.

BUD
Jammer? Answer me, buddy, JAMMER?!

He reaches Jammer only to find him thrashing violently in place. A
seizure.
Bud grapples with him.

BUD
Hang on, big guy. Hand on!

Catfish, Sonny, and Finler arrive from the corridor a moment later.
They
leap into the fray.

BUD
He's convulsing!

CATFISH
It's his mixture! Too much oxygen!

Then they're all yelling at once, grappling with the big man,
struggling with
the valves on his breathing gear.

FINLER
Crank it down, man! We're gonna losing him...

BUD
SHIT, it's stuck... goddamnit!

SONNY
You got it?! You got it?

BUD
Yeah, yeah... yeah. It's turning.

Jammer's convulsion ends. He goes limp.

BUD
We gotta get him out of here. Come on!

(to Jammer)
Hang on, buddy.

They drag Jammer's slack form into the corridor, hauling their way rapidly back along the lifeline.

INT./EXT. CAB ONE & MONTANA SAIL

79

Lindsey is approaching the monolith of the sail, maneuvering to clear the horizontal diving plane. Then her lights go dim and her thrusters loose power.

Suddenly a bright corona breaks around the bulk of the sail and SOMETHING appears right in front of her, a glowing object moving like a bat out of hell right at her! It is slightly smaller than submersible and we only get a glimpse. What we think we see in the diffuse glow is a translucent ovoid, open at the front with a spinning vortex of light inside... like some hallucinatory jet engine. And it's hauling ass.

Lindsey jinks left. The object jogs right. She fights the control as her sub slews around, slamming broadside into the sail. K-BAM! Her power comes back up. Righting Can One, she spins to look through the aft viewport in time to see the object racing away in a broad arc. It pulls a high-G turn and dives straight down.

We see the object zip behind Flatbed. One Night can't see it. The thing spirals down into the darkness like a hit-and-run drunk, diving along the wall into the abyss until it is lost to view.

HOLD ON Lindsey excited, amazed... dazed. Her hands are shaking. Suddenly Bud's voice blares out over the open frequency.

BUD (V.O.)
CAB ONE! CAB ONE! Meet me at Flatbed! This is a diver emergency!! Do you copy? Lindsey?!

She has a hard time focusing on what he's saying. Finally...

LINDSEY

Copy you, Bud. On my way.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE INFIRMARY -- AN HOUR LATER

80

Jammer is unconscious on a folding cot set up in the tiny cubicle of the infirmary. Monk, who is cross-trained as a medic as well as a demolitions man, has hung an IV of something. Bud and the SEAL are in the room, the others hovering outside.

BUD

Whattya think?

MONK

I'm a medic, which is mostly about patching holes. This type of thing... there's not much I can do. The coma could last hours or days.

Bud, torn by guilt, gazes at the big man lying pathetically on the cot.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSOLE MODULE

81

The SEALs, minus Monk, are all gathered inside, debriefing with DeMarco via closed-circuit video.

DEMARCO (video)

Did any of you see it?

COFFEY

Negative. But there was definitely a Russian bogey. The Brigman woman saw it.

DEMARCO

CINCLANTFLT's gonna go apeshit. Two Russian attack subs, a Tango and Victor, have been tracked within fifty miles of here... and now we don't know what the hell they are. Okay, I don't have any choice. I'm confirming you to go to Phase Two.

Wilhite and Schoenick glance uneasily at each other.

Coffey is silent. He is vibrating with tension... his fists clenched to prevent the shaking. He is wrestling with the moment, knowing it

is, in a
way, a point of no return.

DEMARCO
Is there any problem?

COFFEY
Yes... I mean no. Negative, sir.

Coffey takes a deep breath. Lets it out. Phase Two is clearly a big deal.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM B/DARKROOM 82

The maintenance room doubles as a camera workstation. An adjoining head serves as darkroom. Lindsey is glumly reassembling Cab One's camera housings.

BUD
Did you get anything on the cameras. Video or anything?

LINDSEY
No. Look, forget it. I don't want to talk about it.

BUD
Fine. Be that way.

LINDSEY
I don't know what I saw. Okay? Coffey wants to call it a Russian submersible, fine. It's a Russian submersible. No problem.

BUD
But you think it's something else. What? One of ours?

LINDSEY
No.

BUD
Whose then? Lindsey? Talk to me...

Lindsey is wrestling with a feeling which is somehow also certain knowledge.

LINDSEY
Jammer saw something in there, something that scared the hell out him--

BUD
His mixture got screwed up. He panicked and
pranged his regulator.

LINDSEY
But what did he see that made him panic?

BUD
What do you think he saw?

LINDSEY
I don't know. I DON'T KNOW!

Hippy comes pounding up, sticks his head in, gesturing animatedly.

HIPPY
Hey, you guys... hurry up, check this out!
They're announcing it.

They follow him into the corridor, trotting down to the mess hall.

INT. MESS HALL 83

General melee as they rush in, everybody focused on the TV.

CATFISH
Quiet! Quiet!

HIPPY
Turn it up, bozo.

ANCHORMAN
... the Kremlin continues to deny Russian
involvement in the sinking of the Trident sub
USS Montana. The Navy has not released the names
of the 156 crewmembers, who are all presumed
dead at this time. Civilian employees of a
Benthic Petroleum offshore drilling rig--

HIPPY
Hey that's us!

CATFISH
SSSSHHH!

ANCHORMAN
--are apparently participating in the recovery
operation but we have little information about
their involvement. On the scene now is--

FINLER
BOOOOH! We want names!

SONNY

Hey, hey! There's the Explorer.

A LONG LENSE VIDEO SHOT of the Benthic Explorer and the other vessels in a stormy sea CUTS TO a shot of BILL TYLER, the on-scene reporter, in rain gear, clutching his microphone. He is on the deck of a Navy support ship, being used as a staging area from the press, well away from the center of the operation.

TYLER

--there is a tremendous amount of activity. With Cuba only 80 miles away, the massive buildup of US ships and aircraft in the area has drawn official protest from Havana and Moscow and has led to a redirection of Soviet warships into the Caribbean theater.

ANCHORMAN

How would you describe the mood there?

TYLER

The mood is one of suspicion, even confrontation. A number of Russian and Cuban trawlers, undoubtedly surveillance vessels, have been circling within a few miles throughout the day, and Soviet aircraft have repeatedly been warned away from the area...

HIPPY

This sucks.

INT. CORRIDOR/SUB BAY

84

Bud, Lindsey, and Hippy walking along the corridor, Hippy in a black mood of incipient paranoia.

BUD

What's the matter with you?

HIPPY

Now we're right in the middle of this big-time international incident. Like the Cuban Missile Crisis or something.

LINDSEY

Figured that out for yourself, did you?

HIPPY

We got Russian subs creeping around. Shit!
Something goes wrong they could say anything
happened down here, man. Give our folks medals,
know what I mean?

BUD
Hippy, just relax. You're making the women
nervous.

LINDSEY
Cute, Virgil.

HIPPY
No, I mean it. Those SEALs aren't telling us
diddly. Something's going on.

BUD
Hippy, you think everything's a conspiracy.

HIPPY
Everything is.

One Night is pounding down the corridor from the sub bay.

ONE NIGHT
Hurry up! Coffey's splitting with Flatbed! He
got me to show him the controls, then his guys
suited up and they're rolling.

Bud breaks into a run, passing her.

BUD
Goddamnit! D'you tell him we need it right now?

ONE NIGHT
I told him we had to get the umbilical unhooked
ASAP.

INT. SUB BAY

85

Bud clears the door in time to see an empty moonpool, roiling with
turbulence.
He runs to the edge and looks down. Flatbed is a vague shape moving
off.

BUD
Unbelievable.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPLORER BRIDGE -- DAY

86

The sky is charcoal, the sea is a mountain range of gray slopes.

Waves
thunder over the foredeck, whipped by eighty-knot winds. Men in
life
jackets scurry like insects. Off the port bow, the ASW destroyer
ALBANY
vanishes and reappears among waves sixty feet tall. McBride screams
orders
that can't be heard to the crewmen on deck. He staggers back along
the bridge
railing.

INT./EXT. BENTHIC EXPLORER BRIDGE -- DAY

87

McBride steps into the quiet of the control room. He turns on De
Marco.

MCBRIDE

We're trying to get unhooked and get out of
here... and your boys go sightseeing!

DEMARCO

They'll be back in two hours.

MCBRIDE

Two hours?! We're gonna be getting the shit
kicked out of us by our friend Fred in two hours!

De Marco's expression is infuriatingly calm... icy. McBride looks
at his
watch and swears under his breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS MONTANA WRECK SITE

88

For a second time the black hull of the ballistic missile sub is
illuminated
by diver's lights. Tiny figures, the divers move like moths around
a distant
streetlight. Wilhite, Monk and Schoenick are clustered around an
open missile
hatch. Using a large lift bag, they are removing the frangible
fiberglass,
or 'diaphragm'. Coffey pilots Flatbed with increasing deftness,
deploying
the big arm to aid in the work.

DOWN ANGLE as the diaphragm lifts away... revealing the blunt nose
of the
TRIDENT C-4 MISSILE. Like looking down the barrel of a gun at the
bullet
aimed right at you.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/MESS HALL

89

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN: A HELICOPTER SHOT of a warship burning, rolling ponderously as it sinks in stormy seas.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Little is known at this hour about the events leading up to the collision. The US Navy guided missile cruiser Appleton apparently struck the Soviet 'Udaloy' class destroyer in low visibility conditions...

VARIOUS CUTS of men in life jackets among huge waves... Rescue helicopters hovering. Shaky camera work. Wind blasting. INTERCUT WITH REACTIONS of the rig crew watching.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

In violent seas little hope remains for over a hundred Russian crewmen still missing after the sinking an hour ago.

SHOT OF AMERICAN CRUISER, burning, listing to one side in heavy seas.

Replaced by SHOT OF NETWORK ANCHORMAN.

NEWS ANCHOR

Soviet military spokesmen have claimed that the collision constituted an unprovoked attack. This was denied--

It continues. Bud looks at Lindsey. She turns to him, expression grim.

LINDSEY

Bud, this is big time.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTANA WRECKSITE

90

The divers are working head-first in the missile's launch tube. Monk reads from a plasticized card, directing the other two step by step. The arcane litany is punctuated by the hissing rasp of their breathing.

WILHITE (filtered)

Separation sequencer disconnected. Next?

MONK (filtered)
Remove explosive bolts one through six in
counterclock-wise sequence.

SCHOENICK (filtered)
Check... removing bolt one.

INT. DEEPCORE

91

ON THE RIG CREW, watching. Bathed in the light of the video screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... just learned that Soviet negotiators have
walked out of the strategic arms limitation
summit in protest over the incident this morning.

Bud switches the channel.

ANOTHER NEWSCASTER
... US and NATO military forces have been put on
full alert worldwide this morning in the wake
of...

BUD
It's on every channel.

Bud switches again. Reception is getting worse as the storm affect
the
satellite down-link to Explorer. THE SCREEN shows a reporter on a
city
street, stopping people at random. Their answers are edited
together:

YOUNG WOMAN
You just feel so hopeless. You can see it coming,
but what can you do? What can anyone do?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Hey, they don't want war any more than we do.
You think about it, you say... hey, they love
their kids too. So why are we doing this?

He is replaced by a self-righteous, middle-aged woman.

WOMAN
If the Russians sank that submarine, they deserve
what they got and a lot more, if you ask me,
and you did. I think we've been pussyfooting
around with them long enough.

EXT. USS MONTANA

92

It is now clear what the SEALs are doing. Using large lift bags and

Flatbed's big arm, they have pulled one of the Trident C-4 missiles partway out of its launch tube, and have partially disassembled the nose-shroud, exposing several of the MIRV warheads within.

Moving very carefully, Wilhite and Schoenick ease one of the individual MIRVs out of its bracket. Hanging under a lift-bag in a jerry-rigged harness, the three-foot long warhead is move gently by the divers to the back of Flatbed.

INT. DEEPCORE/VIDEO SCREEN

93

Another man in the street interview, tortured by static.

MAN

Scared? I'm scared ____-less. But if it happens it happens, nothing I can do about it. Right? So why think about it?

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BAY

94

Flatbed surfaces in boiling foam. The rig crew are all waiting. Like a crack pit-crew Bud's people leap onto Flatbed while its deck is still awash and start to work on to Navy divers, unsealing their helmets and uncoupling their umbilicals. Hippy and Bud start to untie a cylindrical object wrapped in one of the SEAL's gear bags. Coffey emerges from the hatch.

COFFEY

Don't touch that. Just step away. Now!

HIPPY

Excusez moi.

BUD

Coffey, we're a little pressed for time.

COFFEY

Monk, Schoenick... secure the package.

The two SEALs unleash the object in the black bag. Bud an Lindsey exchange a glance. He glares at Coffey as they pass each other. One Night nimbly climbs the hatch-tower and drops in. Bud swings the heavy hatch up,

balancing it, and grins down at One Night.

BUD
This ain't no drill, slick. Make me proud.

ONE NIGHT
Piece of cake, baby.

He swings the hatch closed with a CLANG.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPCORE 95

The big A-frame, massive as a railroad bridge, to which the umbilical from the Explorer is attached. Flatbed rises INTO FRAME arcing around the coupling mechanism F.G. One Night deploys the big hydraulic arm.

It unfold from Flay bed like a huge steel spider leg, its claw-like 'gripper' opening.

INT./EXT. BENTHIC EXPLORER BRIDGE -- DAY 96

An ALARM sounds stridently on the dynamic-positioning console.

BENDIX
We're losing number two thruster. Bearing's going.

INT. THRUSTER ROOM TWO 97

Deep in one of the catamaran hulls, the positioning thruster motor is SCREAMING like a steel banshee above its usual roar. It EXPLODES with smoke and shrapnel. A roaring fire erupts. Crewmen run shouting in the smoke.

INT. EXPLORER BRIDGE 98

Now a KLAXON is going off as the ship begins to slew in the high winds.

BENDIX
It's not holding. We're swinging out of position!

EXT. EXPLORER'S DECK/LAUNCH WELL 99

As the ship slews, the umbilical is drawn off vertical. It goes

tight as a
bowstring. Pulled to the edge of the launch well, it rips down the
side
with a godawful screech, tearing loose ladders and floats.

EXT. DEEPCORE/A-FRAME

100

Flatbed's manipulator has gripped the de-coupling mechanism when the
cable
suddenly pulls taut. The sub is jerked sideways, its grip
dislodged. We
see One Night get tossed around inside.

INT. DEEPCORE

101

Lindsey is in the corridor with a cup of tea when the whole rig
BOOMS LIKE A
GONG and lurches sideways. She's wearing her tea when Bud tears
through a
doorway and goes pounding past her. The intercom blares...

HIPPY (intercom)
Bud to control! Emergency! Bud to Control!

Bud claws his way up the ladder to level two. The rig BOOMS and
shudders
as...

EXT. DEEPCORE

102

The rig begins to move. The enormous skid breaks loose. Start to
slide,
plowing furrows in the bottom. One Night junks the controls,
pivoting her
submersible as the A-frame looms toward her.

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE

103

Bud runs in, past Hippy, and grabs the mike.

BUD
Topside, topside... pay out some slack, we're
getting dragged!

EXT. EXPLORER DECK

104

The winch man staggers along the railing, blasted by 80-knot winds.
He
sprints for the base of the enormous crane which supports the
umbilical
winch. A wave blasts him into the bulkhead. He half-crawls to the
ladder
going up to the winch-house. As he climbs the winch's heave-

compensator
slides up and down, FILLING FRAME behind him.

It is bottoming-out with a sound like a piledriver, overloaded by the strain on the cable. It chooses that moment to fail. GRINDING CRASH OF METAL.

INT./EXT. DEEPCORE CONTROL MODULE 105

Lindsey has joined Bud, looking out the front viewport.

LINDSEY
We're heading right for the drop off!

EXT. EXPLORER DECK 106

The deck is ripped upward as the entire 40-ton crane is pulled over by the weight of Deepcore. It topples in the launch well with a roar of tortured steel that rivals the storm. An EXPLOSION OF WATER. UNDERWATER, the crane tumbles between the twin hulls. Trailing a vortex of foam and debris, it roars down on us, FILLING FRAME WITH BLACKNESS.

INT. EXPLORER BRIDGE 107

McBride stares in shock at the churning cauldron of the launch well. Grabs the underwater telephone.

MCBRIDE
Bud! We've lost the crane!

BUD (V.O.)
What? Say again.

MCBRIDE
THE CRANE! WE'VE LOST THE CRANE. IT'S ON ITS WAY TO YOU!!

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE 108

Everyone is stunned by what is happening. Lindsey fires up the sonar.

LINDSEY
Got it! It's dropping straight to us.

She puts the signal over the speakers and the room fills with eerie PINGING.

Bud shouts over the intercom.

BUD
Rig for impact! Seal all exterior hatches.
Move it! Let's go!

VARIOUS ANGLES, QUICK CUTS, as everyone runs to comply:

The rig crew pounding down the narrow corridors. Diving through low hatchways. Hatches are closed and the wheels spun down. Hippy puts into a ZIP-LOK BAG and seals it.

EXT. DEEPCORE

109

The umbilical drops down in slack loops out of the blackness above, draping itself over the habitat in large coils. One Night pilots her submersible feverishly among the falling loops. She banks and twists. A length of heavy umbilical slams onto her neck, tipping the sub.

She manages to get out from under it and keep going.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

110

Through the front viewport they can see the coils of cable piling up in front of the rig. The hull booms with impacts as the massive stuff hits.

Everyone hold their breath as the sonar return-pings get closer... and closer. And closer...

An ENORMOUS SHAPE plunged into the floodlight in front of the rig.

K-WHAM!! The 40-ton crane hits like a flatiron thirty feet in front of them. A clean miss. Much WHOOPING AND CHEERING. Then...

The crane topples slowly over the back. It rolls down the slope of the drop-off, gathering speed. Then tumbles over the cliff into the abyssal canyon. The coiled umbilical starts to pay out after it like rope after a harpoon. And they're still attached.

LINDSEY
Oh shit.

An agonizing few seconds. Then... the cable pulls taut.

K-BOOM!! The rig is slammed by the shock. Everyone is knocked off his feet,
into walls and equipment.

EXT. DEEPCORE

111

The rig begins to slide. It tilts over the embankment and grinds down the slope of the drop-off in a cloud of silt. The cable pulling it inexorably toward the cliff. The framework twists and slams into rocks. SCREECHING AND GROANING of tortured steel.

INT. DEEPCORE/CORRIDOR/LADDERWELL/MAIN CORRIDOR

112

All hell has broken loose. SIRENS, SCREAMING, a KLAXON HOOTING moronically. Bud sprints from Control, bouncing off the corridor walls as the rig lurches and tilts. The lights go out. Emergency light come on. He trips and falls, scrambles up, running on.

IN THE LADDERWELL of trimodule C, Lindsey runs toward the machine rooms. K-BOOM! A searing bright EXPLOSION in the electrical room. Flames roar through the doorway. She dashed to a seawater hose hanging nearby and starts to unroll it. She sees Coffey and Schoenick in maintenance, lashing down the mystery package.

LINDSEY
Hey! Get on this hose, you turkeys!

INT. TRIMODULE C/COMPRESSOR ROOM

113

Monk is working in a spray of seawater, turning valves to stop the flow of ruptured pipes. Behind him, a wall of flame blossoms through the door from the electrical room, driving the back with the heat. A reservoir-tanks breaks loose from one of the compressor assemblies. It rolls at him, crushing his legs against machinery. The fire roars into the room.

INT. SUB BAY

114

Hippy runs in. The place is going nuts. Water floods from the moonpool as the rig tilts. Wilhite is dancing across the deck, leaping over

compressed-
gas cylinders which are rolling around loose. Cab One jumps clear
off its
cradle and slides SCREECHING across the deck. Wilhite, running
before the
12-ton juggernaut, had no place to go. The SEAL dives into the
churning
moonpool. Cab One slams into the end wall, then spins and rolls
toward
Hippy.

He starts to run. Drop something. Looks back.

Beany, in his zip-loc bag, is lying in the path of the slide
submersible.
Hippy runs back. Scoops up the baggie. Cab One FILLS FRAME behind
him.
He makes it through the door an instant before the thing hits behind
him,
buckling the steel doorframe.

Wilhite is clawing up the sheep skirting of the moonpool. He gets
his fingers
over the top. Pulls himself up...

A steel helium tank slams against his fingers, crushing them, and he
falls
back. More tanks bounce over the lip of the pool, hammering Wilhite
down
into the foaming water.

He doesn't surface.

EXT. DEEPCORE 115

The rig is sliding to the edge of the cliff. Beyond it... the
bottomless
pit of the Cayman Trough. It slams, crushing and twisting, into a
rock
outcropping and stops, hanging over the precipice.

INT. TRIMODULE A/QUARTERS 116

Perry is trapped as the trimodule floods with stunning swiftness.
He makes
it through an emergency hatch between floors but can't get it
closed. The
inrushing tide blasts it open. He scramble upward to the next
hatch. Spins
the wheel. No time. He is slammed against the ceiling by the force
of the
water.

OMITTED

A116

INT. DRILL ROOM

B116

Lew Finler, Tommy Ray Dietz, and Lupton McWhirter fight their way toward the door as the drill room floods rapidly. Ahead, the big automated watertight door is closing like a motorized bank-vault. They reach it just as it is closing, but can't prevail against the strength of the motors. FROM THE FAR SIDE, we can see them screaming soundlessly at the tiny pressure window in the door. We can hear the dull THUNK of their pounding.

INT. TRIMODULE C/LADDERWELL AND COMPRESSOR ROOM

117

Coffey and Schoenick, in emergency breathing masks, are fighting the fire with a seawater hose and fire extinguishers. Smoke and steam choke the dark chambers.

Nearby, Lindsey grabs Hippy's arm as he is running past and drags him into the blazing compressor room. Hands him her seawater hose. Wide-eyes, he starts blasting everything in sight with water.

LINDSEY
No! Hold it on me!

She rushed into the teeth of the fire as Hippy blasts her with a spray of water, following her into the intense heat. She grabs Monk, who is semiconscious, and drags him out of the blazing room... Hippy dancing back with the hose, tripping, blasting her in the face.

But it works. They get Monk clear.

INT. DRILL ROOM CORRIDOR

118

Bud comes pounding down the flooding corridor in time to see the water in the drill room swirl above the pressure window, obscuring the faces of the trapped men. He claws futility at the door. The motors and the fail-safe latching mechanism are on the opposite side. Through the pressure window he watches helplessly as they drown. We don't see what he sees, but we know what he sees. Suddenly the bulkhead next to him gives way and a

freezing
torrent thunders in. Bud is blown off his feet and hurled along the
corridor.

He scramble up somehow, splashing waist deep toward the opposite end
of the
corridor where another of the hydraulic doors is closing inexorably.
He's
not going to make it. He reaches it a moment too late to squeeze
through.
Grabs the edge of the door and desperately tries to stop it from
closing with
the strength of his arms. It doesn't work. The steel door closes
on the
fingers of his left hand, pinning them in the doorframe.

But something amazing happens. His wedding ring lodges between the
door and
frame, preventing his fingers from being crushed and the door from
sealing and locking.

It resists tons of pressure, denting but not collapsing.

The freezing sea pours in until only his head is clear.

BUD
Heey!! HHHEEEYYY!!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, Catfish and Sonny come pounding up.
They see
his face at the tiny window and his hand jammed in the door. Sonny
wedges
a crowbar in the narrow opening and starts to pry. Catfish whips
open his
jackknife and slashes the hydraulic hoses on the door actuator. He
is
sprayed with red hydraulic fluid, machine blood.

Together they force open the door. Bud is blown through in a
torture of
water. Sonny is thrown back into some pipes. Breaks his arm.

Together they somehow heave the door shut manually, cutting off the
flow.
Catfish hammers the fail-safe latch home with the crowbar.

Bud lies gasping and shivering... staring at the tiny band of metal
that
saved him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEPCORE/ONE HOUR LATER

A118

LOOKING DOWN THE WALL of the canyon as Big Geek moves beneath us, tilting up to show Deepcore perched at the very edge of the abyss. The rig is twisted and dented, covered with loops of umbilical, trimodule-A a mass of wreckage. The ROV passes across the front of the control module. Through the front port, two figures can be seen in the light of a single emergency lamp.

SONNY (V.O. static)
Mayday, mayday. This is Deepcore Two calling
Benthic Explorer. Do you read, over?

INT. CONTROL MODULE

B118

Sonny flips some switches on the UQC acoustic transceiver. Tries again.

SONNY
Benthic Explorer, Benthic Explorer. Do you read,
over? This is Deepcore--

BUD
Forget it, Sonny. They're gone.

INT. TRIMODULE C

119

Bud walks down the corridor from control, slowly... as if carrying a great weight. The air is still thick with smoke. The power off... everything lit by emergency lights. Makeshift quarters have been set up in the mess hall, with blankets laid out on the tables, and with folding cots in the storage room across the hall. Jammer is still unconscious. Coffey and Schoenick bring Monk in on a stretcher, and set him up on a table. He is conscious but dazed with painkillers, his leg splinted.

BUD
Did you find Wilhite?

COFFEY
No.

He and Bud lock eyes. Bud bites back on his recriminations, but his gaze blames Coffey. He turns away.

COFFEY

Brigman.

(Bud turns)

I was under orders. I had no choice.

Coffey's manner is subdued, contrite. A marked contrast to his previous brusque arrogance. He's wrestling with his own loss, a sever blow to the tight brotherhood of a SEAL unit. Bud's anger is not dispelled. But he can't address it now. He moves on.

PAST THE INFIRMARY, where Sonny Dawson is rigging a sling over his own broken arm. He cries out in pain, cursing at himself. LOOKING DOWN THE CENTRAL WELL as Bud crosses. Down through the grill decking we can see the bottom level of the module is flooded. Catfish is down there welding, sending shivering reflections through the chamber.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

120

Lindsey is working, up to her knees in water. She is covered with grease, tools scattered around. Bud puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks up, blows some hair out of her eyes.

BUD

What's the scoop, ace?

LINDSEY

I can get power to this module and sub-bay if I remote these busses. I've gotta get past the mains, which are a total melt-down.

Rather than trigger anger and invective, the disaster seems to have affected her in a different way. She's accepted the situation, now that's it's done, and is immersing herself in technical tasks, which are for her therapeutic.

BUD

Need some help?

LINDSEY

Thanks. No, I can handle it. Bud... there won't be enough to run the heaters. In a couple hours this place is going to be as cold as a meat locker.

BUD
What about O-2?

LINDSEY
Brace yourself. We've got about 12 hours worth
if we close off the sections we're not using.

BUD
The storm's gonna last longer than 12 hours.

LINDSEY
I can extend that. There's some storage tanks
outboard on the wrecked module. I'll have to go
outside to tie onto them.

She goes back to her task, working efficiently with a socket wrench.

BUD
Hey, Lins...
(she looks up)
I'm glad your here.

LINDSEY
Yeah? Well I'm not.

OMITTED 121

OMITTED 122

The sub bay is still a mess. Dark. A few battery-operated lamps.
Flatbed
is back, floating in the moonpool.

One Night and Hippy are in deep concentration, piloting the two ROVs
in a
damage survey of the rig. Bud comes up behind them, check her
screen first.
BIG GEEK'S MONITOR shows a view of the aft section of the rig. The
drilling
derrick had collapsed across Cab Three, totaling it. A girder is
jammed
through its acrylic front dome.

ONE NIGHT
Right through the brainpan. Deader'n dogshit,
boss.

BUD
(to Hippy)
Where're you?

HIPPY
Quarters. Level two.

INT. TRIMODULE A/QUARTERS

A123

Little Geek rises up through the open central hatch, pivoting in a circle to scan the flooded interior.

INT. SUB BAY/R.O.V. STATION

B123

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN, LITTLE GEEK'S POV. The interior of the structure is a shambles. The lights of the little robot fall upon a figure... Perry.

Lying on the deck, almost looking like he's asleep.

HIPPY
That's Perry.

BUD
(lets his breath out slowly)
That's it then. Finler, McWhirter, Dietz, and Perry. Jesus.

HIPPY
(gestured at the screen)
Do we just leave him there?

BUD
Yeah, for now. Our first priority's to get something to breathe.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPCORE

124

Catfish and Lindsey, in suits and helmets, drop down from the glare of the moonpool onto the dark sea floor under the rig. Walking, they pull their umbilicals behind them and head out through the twisted wreckage. Little Geek follows along like a dog at their heels. They settle beside a valve assembly at the base of the wrecked module.

LINDSEY
Cat, you tie onto this manifold. There's some tanks on the other side; I'm gonna go check them out.

CATFISH
You watch yourself.

He begins to attach one end of a coiled-up high-pressure hose to a manifold.
She takes the other end of the hose and moves off into the darkness.
Little
Geek goes with her faithfully.

INT. SUB BAY

125

Cab One is hanging from the overhead crane while One Nigh works to repair it.
Bud is nearby, tending hose for the divers and handing her tools.
Talking
while they work. Hippy is across the moonpool running Little Geek.

ONE NIGHT

Gimme a three-eighths socket on a long extension.
(he hands it to her)
So there you were--

BUD

There we were, side by side, on the same ship,
for two months. I'm tool-pusher and we're
testing this automated derrick of hers. So, we
get back on the beach and... we're living
together.

ONE NIGHT

Doesn't mean you had to marry her.

BUD

We were due to go back out on the same ship.
Six months of tests. If you were married you
got a state-room. Otherwise it was bunks.

ONE NIGHT

Okay, good reason. Then what?

BUD

It was alright for a while, you know. But then
she got promoted to project engineer on this
thing, couple years ago.

ONE NIGHT

She went front-office on you. Tighten that for
me, right there. That's it.

BUD

Well, you know Lindsey, too damn aggressive--
Son of a--!!

He's jammed his fingers with a wrench torquing down a bolt. Whips
his hand
out.

BUD

She didn't leave me... she just left me behind.

She puts her arm around his shoulders, somehow managing to be fraternal, maternal and suggestive all at the same time.

ONE NIGHT

Bud, let me tell you something. She ain't half as smart as she thinks she is.

She smiles and pretends to kink Lindsey's air-hose.

ACROSS THE CHAMBER, Hippy scowls as Little Geek's screen starts to go haywire with interference.

HIPPY

Hey, Lindsey, you reading me? Over.

OMITTED

126

EXT. DEEPCORE/TRIMODULE A

127

Catfish is working on one side of the wrecked module while Lindsey is on the other, out of sight. She is standing on the bottom at the base of the wreckage, checking valves on a rack of oxygen bottles amongst the wreckage. Right at the edge of the canyon wall. Behind her is a sheer drop to nothingness

LINDSEY

Yeah, Hippy, I read you. What's the matter?

The reply is GARBLED by a wash of static. Then, for no apparent reason, Lindsey's helmet light begins to dim out. Little Geek's lights fade. His motors whine to a stop.

ON CATFISH, as his lights drop to candleglows.

INT. SUB BAY

A127

The emergency lights are dimming, like a brownout. Bud grabs the diver intercom mike.

BUD

Lins, how're you doing? Lindsey?

ON LINDSEY, as she fiddles with her lights and transceiver pack.

LINDSEY
Catfish... I got a problem here. You there?
Catfish?

Behind her, SOMETHING rises from the depths.

It is the little vehicle she almost collided with at the Montana wreck.

It comes right up behind her. She doesn't know it's there. It hovers sideways like a hummingbird, as if curious, trying to get a better look. She becomes aware of the pulsing glow on the ground around her. She turns slowly. We see her react as the glowing, pulsing apparition is reflected in her faceplate.

A more powerful glow washes up onto her from below.

Her eyes go down. She gasps, absolutely stunned...

Above the edge of the wall, AN ENORMOUS SHAPE RISES SILENTLY OUT OF THE DEPTHS. Over sixty feet across. It looks like a blown glass manta ray, its transparent outer hull housing interior structures of great delicacy and complexity, pulsing with a blue-violet glow.

Lindsey stand before it, unable to move. Absolutely rapt.

Captivated by its ethereal beauty. It begins to turn, majestically, one rounded wing passing only a few feet above her. She reaches up. Touches it as it passes over her.

Lindsey is without fear, completely mesmerized.

The thing completes its turn and dives gracefully down along the wall. She is gently lifted by a backwash of turbulent water.

About that time, Lindsey remembers she has a still camera, a little Nikonos.

She fumbles to set focus and exposure with her bulky gloves as the

beautiful
machine glides into the depths. Gets all set for a shot and...

WOOSH! The little 'scoutschip' whizzes past her from behind,
startling her.
She completely misses the shot of the 'manta ship'. She pivots,
trying to
get a shot of the little one as it zig-zags down along the wall,
fast as a
meteor. CLICK. She get a shot a second before it disappears.

From around the flank of the rig module, Catfish appears. Their
com-sets
come backs to life, along with their lights.

LINDSEY
You better not say you missed that.

CATFISH
Missed what?

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/MESS HALL

129

TIGHT ON SLIDE STRIP. Lindsey's fingertip in for scale. The shot
is black
with a little squiggle of light in the center. Pathetic.

BUD
Nice shot, Lins.

SONNY
What is that? You drop your dive light?

WIDER, SHOWING THE GROUP huddled around Lindsey who has her freshly-
processed
slide roll laid out on the pinball machine, using it as a light
table.

LINDSEY
Come on, you guys... look, this is the little
one right here. You can see how it's kind of
zigging around.

BUD
If you say so. It could be anything.

LINDSEY
I'm telling you what is there. You're just not
hearing. The impulses somehow aren't getting
from you ears to your brainpan. There's something
down there. Something not... us.

She looks around. Sees a lot of skepticism in the eyes around her.

CATFISH
Y'all could be more specific.

LINDSEY
Not us. Not human. Get it? Something non-human, but intelligent...

HIPPY
You mean like Coffey?

Lindsey is reddening. Despite her conviction, this is really hard.

LINDSEY
A non-terrestrial intelligence.

HIPPY
Non-Terrestrial Intelligence. NTIs. Yeah, I like that better than UFOs. Although that works too... Underwater Flying Objects.

Hippy is not really mocking her. He's actually into it. But it has that effect. Catfish is eyeing Lindsey like he's never seen her before.

CATFISH
Are we talkin' little space friend here?

HIPPY
Right on! Hot rods of the Gods. Right, Lins? Hey, no really! It could be NTIs. The CIA has known about them for years. They abduct people all the time. There was this woman I knew in Albuquerque who--

LINDSEY
Hippy, do me a favor... stay off my side.

Bud takes her firmly by the arm. Heads her out into the corridor.

BUD
Lindsey, will you step into my office for a minute...

INT. CORRIDOR/LADDER WELL

130

He propels her along the corridor, away from the mess hall doorway. They face each other in the narrow space.

BUD

Jesus, Lindsey--

LINDSEY

Bud, something really important is happening here.

BUD

Look. I'm just trying to hold this situation together. I can't allow you to cause this kind of hysteria--

LINDSEY

Who's hysterical? Nobody's hysterical!

They're talking across each other, not connecting. Bud weary and frustrated.

Lindsey is cranked up with the afterglow of her encounter.

BUD

All I'm saying is when you're hanging on by your fingernails, you don't go waving your arms around.

LINDSEY

I saw something! I'm not going to go back there and say I didn't see it when I did. I'm sorry.

BUD

God, you are the most stubborn woman I ever knew.

LINDSEY

I need you to believe me, Bud. Look at me. Do I seem stressed out? Any of the symptoms of pressure sickness, any tremors, slurred speech?

BUD

No.

LINDSEY

Bud, this is me, Lindsey. Okay? You know me better than anybody in the world. Now watch my lips... I saw these things. I touched one of them. And it wasn't some clunky steel can like we would build... it glided. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Bud is stilled by her intensity. She moves close to him. Eyes alive and luminous.

LINDSEY

It was a machine, but it seems almost alive. Like a... dance of light. Bud, you have to trust me... please. I don't think they mean us harm. I don't know how I know that, it's just a

feeling.

BUD

How can I go on a feeling? You think Coffey's going to go on you 'feeling'?

LINDSEY

We all see what we want to see... Coffey looks and he sees Russians, he sees hate and fear. Bud, you have to look with better eyes than that.

Bud has been taking this all in. His eyes tracking her face. He closes his eyes, taking a deep breath. It's so hard for him to do this, but...

BUD

I can't, Lindsey. I'm sorry. How can I?

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL -- LATER

131

Coffey has Bud, Lindsey and several of the rig crew gathered for a little summit. Lindsey is withdrawn, sitting far from the others, a self-imposed exile. They're all wearing warm clothes and hugging themselves. Their breath shows in the air.

COFFEY

I want 'round-the-clock manning of the sonar shack and the exterior cameras. We need early warning if the Soviet craft try another incursion.

LINDSEY

(rolling her eyes)

Gimme a break! Coffey, these things live three and a half miles down on the bottom of an abyssal trench! Trust me... they're not speaking Russian.

Coffey looks at her for a moment, then goes on as if she hadn't spoke.

COFFEY

(to One Night)

Why haven't you finished repairs on the hydrophone transmitter yet?

ONE NIGHT

I was having my nails done.

Coffey is sweating, despite the chill. Keeps his hands clenched in fists so they won't see how bad the tremors have gotten.

COFFEY
Get something straight. You people are under my authority--

CATFISH
Look, podner... we don't work for you, we don't take orders from you, and we don't much like you. In addition to which your momma dresses you funny.

Coffey's eyes are straight razors. He slashes them from face to face. You can see him tightening up like a clockspring, losing control of the situation in front of his own men. Bud defuses it.

BUD
'Fish'?

CATFISH
Yuh?

BUD
Take the first watch in sonar. Hippy, you handle the exterior surveillance. One Night, see if you can get that transmitter working for me, okay?

ONE NIGHT
Gimme a couple of hours.

HOLD ON COFFEY as everyone leaves. Winding tighter.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM B -- LATER

132

Coffey and Schoenick are bending over the warhead. They have a small port removed and are attaching waterproof leads from an ELECTRONIC DETONATOR. The black box Lindsey glimpsed earlier. As the two SEALs work like surgeons, we see past Coffey's shoulder to a hemispherical window behind him, which looks out into the perpetual blackness. Something appears... a goofy shark face.

Big Geek rises silently in front of the port. It moves a little, trying to get a peek over Coffey's shoulder.

INT. CONTROL MODULE/ROV SHACK

133

Hippy is twiddling his joysticks, watching the screen like a ferret.

HIPPY

Come on... move to the left... just a little more... come on, A.J. Squared Away... that's it--

ON THE SCREEN, Geek's POV. Coffey is blocking Hippy's view of whatever it is they're working on. Abruptly, he moves. The warhead is lying there in plain sight, detonator wires hooked up. Hippy's eyes bug out. He knows exactly what it is.

HIPPY

Pretty radical, guys. Pretty radical.

He hurries to the VCR and puts it into RECORD.

INT. CONTROL MODULE/ROV SHACK -- MINUTES LATER

134

Video image of the SEALs working. It FREEZES on a clear view of the warhead.

HIPPY (V.O.)

Say hello to MIRV.

Bud has his face right up to screen. He frowns, skeptical.

HIPPY

Come on, man. What else could it be?

BUD

Why bring it here?

HIPPY

It's gotta be, like, an emergency plan to keep it away from the Russians... Hotwire one of the nukes with some kinda detonator, put it back in the sub, and fry the whole thing, slicker'n snot. Oh, uh... hi, Lins.

Bud whips around. Lindsey, standing quietly in the doorway. It's apparent from expression she's been watching them for some time. She looks ready to

kill somebody. Then she's gone.

INT. CORRIDOR

135

Bud catches up to her in the corridor, trying to put the brakes on her.

LINDSEY

Look, goddamnit, if you won't do something about it, I will.

BUD

Lindsey! Wait a second--

She reaches the watertight door to Maintenance Room B. It's locked. Before

Bud can stop her she grabs a fire-extinguisher off the wall and pounds on the steel door like a big gong. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Needless to say, it opens. She pushes past Schoenick, see the bomb lying there naked.

LINDSEY

You've got some huevos bringing this... thing... into my rig! With everything that's been going on up in the world, you bring a nuclear weapon in here? Does this strike anyone as particularly psychotic, or is it just me?

COFFEY

You don't need to know the details of this mission... you're better off if you don't.

LINDSEY

You're right... I don't. I just need to know that this thing is out of here! You hear me, Roger Ramjet?

COFFEY

Mrs. Brigman, you're becoming a serious impediment to this mission. I believe the stress is affecting you.

(to Schoenick)

Escort her to quarters and have Monk prepare a tranquilizer.

Schoenick takes her arm in a tight grip.

LINDSEY

Bullshit, you can't do that. Oww... goddamnit!

Lindsey goes bananas, trying to get Schoenick's big hands off her arms. Bud slams his hand down on the intercom button.

BUD
Emergency! Maintenance room B. Emergency!

He pulls the fire alarm for good measure and spins on Coffey... warning him with a look that is not to be messed with. Coffey is braced back against the worktable... an odd stance, with one arm behind his back. Suddenly there's a crowd outside the door as Catfish, Hippy, One Night, and Sonny come running up. Confrontation time.

Sirens going. About a million volts of electricity in the air. Bud braces Schoenick.

BUD
Let her go. Do it... right now.

He does. Lindsey jerks away. Rubs her arms.

LINDSEY
You dumb jarhead motherf--

BUD
Chill out, Lindsey!!

CATFISH
What's the problem?

Everyone is frozen in place. Bud a Coffey... snake and mongoose, glaring. Bud pulls Lindsey back into the corridor.

BUD
Nothing. We were just leaving.
(to her)
Weren't we?

ANGLE FROM BEHIND COFFEY, as Bud's group moves out of sight up the corridor. Hands behind his back. In his hand, cocked, finger on the trigger, is the .45. He turns and sets it on the table, steadying himself as if in the wind. he seems to sag. When he looks at Schoenick, his eyes are wounds. A hunted animal. Voice shaky.

COFFEY

They can't be trusted. They're turning against us. We may have to take... steps.

INT. CORRIDOR

136

Lindsey, Bud, Hippy. Bud slows, letting them trail behind the others.

BUD

Lins, stay away from that guy. I mean it.

HIPPY

Yeah. The dude's in bad shape... you see his hands?

LINDSEY

He's got the shakes?

BUD

Look, the guy's operating on his own, cut off from chain of command. He's exhibiting symptoms of pressure-induced psychosis. And he's got a nuclear weapon. So, as a personal favor to me... will you put your tongue in neutral for a while?

HIPPY

Man, I give this a sphincter-factor of about nine point five.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM B

137

Coffey goes to the dome port. Looks past his shrunken and twisted reflection into the void. Eternal night.

ANGLE FROM OUTSIDE. Coffey's face in the window. Stuck to the acrylic bubble beside him is one of those Garfields, suction cups on its paws. Coffey stares out. Behind his eyes, his brain is like that cat, just hanging on, spreadeagle and screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BAY/DIVE-PREP AREA

138

Under a single worklight, a couple of conspirators. Lindsey and Hippy hunch over Big Geek. The ROV grins maniacally with goofy shark teeth.

LINDSEY

Look, you can just punch into his little chip where you want him to go, and he goes, right?

HIPPY

Well, yeah, but the tether off it ain't gonna be fancy. When he gets down there he'll just sit, like a dumb-shit. Unless something wanders through view of the camera, you'll get nada.

LINDSEY

Let's go for it. We could get lucky.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

139

ONE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR. Lindsey and Hippy next to Big Geek. Their voices are tinny but intelligible.

HIPPY (V.O.)

I don't know. I really oughta talk to Bud about this.

E.C.U. COFFEY. Watching them in the dark. Alone.

LINDSEY (V.O.)

No. Just you and me. We get some proof, then tell them. Hippy, look... if was can prove to Coffey it's not Russians, maybe he'll ease off the button a little.

HIPPY (V.O.)

I gotta tell you, that guy scares me a lot more than whatever's down there. A.J. Squared Away goddamn jarhead robot. Okay, gimme a couple hours on this.

Coffey watches, his jaw clenched.

INT. QUARTERS/MESS HALL

140

The lights are down. Those who can are grabbing some sleep. Snoring comes from one of the bunkrooms as Lindsey passes. In the mess hall, Catfish and Bud are crashed out on the tables, wrapped in blankets. The cold has gotten intense. Water drips. The walls sweat with condensation. Lindsey can see her breath as she makes coffee. She carries a cup over to Monk, who is a face in a pile of blankets. A hand comes out, takes the coffee.

MONK

Thanks.

Lindsey sips hers, staring. Her thoughts are far away... in the bottomless pit. She is leaning up against the table where Bud is sleeping. His soft snoring downshifts into a loud rasp. Lindsey touches him gently on the shoulder.

LINDSEY
Virgil, turn on your side.

Bud grunts and turns without waking, an automatic response. The snoring stops. It is a quiet, intimate moment, a reminder of the mileage these two have logged together.

CUT TO:

INT. SONAR SHACK

141

Sonny has made himself comfortable in front of the screens. Too comfortable. He's asleep, chin on his chest. On the main passive-sonar screen, an almost imperceptibly faint trace appears. A HUM, which is by now familiar, becomes audible. Sonny shifts in his seat. Doesn't wake.

INT. SUB BAY

142

Hippy puts his tools away, finished with the modifications to Big Geek.

HIPPY
All set, big guy. Hey, I told you to wipe that grin off your face.

He yawns as he shambles across the chamber to the corridor door. Switches off the lights. Goes out.

Quiet lapping of water in the moonpool. A beat. Then...

A cold luminosity suffuses the water beneath the moonpool opening, sending shadows shifting across the top of the chamber. The surface begins to pulsate.

Suddenly, the water itself rises, forming itself into a shifting, shimmering

pseudopod as big around as a man's body. The transparent form pulses... an amoebic mass shivering in the air.

It stretches, becoming a more refined form. Like a blindly probing glass python, it elongates and weaves across the room. It extends and extends, stretching out from the moonpool, a shimmering tentacle. The 'head' or tip, a featureless liquid bulb, seems somehow to be scanning as it moves forward, as if it can see where it's going.

INT. CORRIDOR

143

Hippy trudges along the dark corridor. He reaches the men's head and goes in. As the door closes, the tip of the liquid pseudopod extends into the corridor. B.G. It 'looks' left and right. Then extends the length of the corridor, holding itself a couple feet off the floor like a weightless snake.

INT. TRIMODULE B/LADDERWELL/BUNKROOM/MESS HALL

144

LOOKING DOWN three levels through the central ladderwell between the cylinders. The pseudopod enters and undulates upward.

FROM INSIDE THE MAKESHIFT BUNKROOM, we see its tip extend inside.

Sonny and One Night are snoring, oblivious. Jammer is still unconscious. The pseudopod, taking its time, checks them out and then moves on.

IN THE MESS HALL, it's dark and quiet. Lindsey has even fallen asleep in her chair, her head buried in her arms on the table. The shimmering tentacle enters the room in total silence. It sways gracefully in to air, searching. It undulates across the room, hanging about five feet in the air, surveying everything. It moves past Lindsey. Sensing something, she lifts her head, turning... sees the apparition next to her.

Her eyes go wide. Amazement, but not fear. The tentacle is moving on, still searching. Lindsey shakes Bud awake, clapping her hand over his mouth.

Bud blinks twice, then freezes. When she lowers her hand his mouth is hanging

open like a total goon.

Bud chucks his pillow at Catfish, on the next table.

Catfish cracks one eye open. Turns away. Turns right back... both eyes open now. Sensing movement, the thing turns back toward them. It seems to recognize Lindsey. It doubles back on itself in a loop and comes right up to her. She holds her ground, fascinated.

The bulbous tip forms suddenly into a human face... her face. It is water, still clear and undulating... but definitely Lindsey. She gasps in surprise. The liquid-Lindsey gasps soundlessly... a perfect mimic of her expression. Lindsey laughs involuntarily. It laughs... without sound. Lindsey makes a face, sticking out her tongue... testing it.

The liquid-Lindsey does the same. Bud has just had the rug jerked out from under his sense of what is possible and what isn't, but he's taking it pretty well, considering.

BUD
(whispering)
I think it likes you.

LINDSEY
It's trying to communicate.

Her liquid face suddenly transforms into a likeness of Bud's.

She reaches out her hand slowly. Gingerly, her fingers touch the surface. Ripples extend outward from the contact, across Bud's features.

Her fingertips break effortlessly through the surface, just like she's dipping her hand into a bowl of water, except sideways. She draws her wet fingers out and studies them, amazed. Touches one fingertip to her tongue.

LINDSEY
Seawater.

The pseudopod pulls back from her. It loops in the air dramatically, full circle... and ties itself into a knot. As the knot tightens down,

it melts
back into the body. The 'disappearing knot' trick.

Lindsey laughs, grinning with the open wonder and delight of a child at a magic show. She is transported.

LINDSEY
Show off.

She looks at Bud. He grins broadly. He's with her now.

The stunned group watches as the thing moves on across the room.
Out to the
corridor

INT. SUB-BAY 145

Coffey and Schoenick enter the back way, through the dive-prep area. They see the pseudopod arching from the moonpool big as a tree trunk. Coffey's mind is blown. We can smell the insulation burning. He just stares.

INT. CORRIDOR/MAINTENANCE ROOM B 146

The water tentacle enters and moves toward the hot-wired warhead. It studies the device for a few seconds. Bud and Lindsey enter through a side door, in time to see the tentacle divide into four tendrils which wrap around the warhead. They begin to lift it off its cart.

INT. SUB BAY 147

Coffey finally jump-starts his brain. In a flash of insight, he runs to the big sliding door through which the pseudopod stretches into the corridor. He and Schoenick heave on the door. Like a guillotine blade it slices effortlessly through it.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- CORRIDORS, MESS HALL, LADDERWELL, MAINTENANCE... as the body of the pseudopod collapses, splashing on the floor. It reverts to nothing more than a long puddle of simple seawater. As the tendrils dissolve, the warhead slams back down onto the cart, unharmed. ON COFFEY'S SIDE ON THE DOOR, however, the "stump" rears back like a cobra. It withdraws rapidly into the moonpool. The glow fades away.

INT. SONAR SHACK

148

Sonny wakes up with a start as the HUM revs up into a LOUD WHINE and then fades away. He scrambles to track it. Too late.

INT. CORRIDOR

149

Hippy emerges from the can and looks down, puzzled, at the puddle running the length of the corridor. He missed the whole thing.

INT. MESS HALL

150

Light on. Everybody there. Lindsey is really strutting, high on life, now that she's been proven right.

LINDSEY

Okay, raise your hand if you think that was a Russian water-tentacle. Lieutenant? No? Well, a breakthrough.

Coffey is looking out from under his eyebrows like Nicholson in "The Shining".

Bud give her a warning look. Don't poke at the rattler.

BUD

You done impressing yourself, ace?

ONE NIGHT

No way that could just be seawater.

LINDSEY

They must've learned how to control water... I mean at a molecular level. They can plasticize it, polymerize it... whatever. Put it under intelligent control.

BUD

Maybe their whole technology is based on that. Controlling water.

Coffey is hunched over, elbows on his knees. His hands are out of sight. His

arm is moving in a slow rhythm. We can't see what he's doing.

HIPPY

That thing was probably their version of Big Geek... like an ROV.

CATFISH

Just checking is out, huh? How come?

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE, showing what Coffey is doing. He has his K-BAR KNIFE gripped white-knuckle in one hand. He is drawing it slowly and repeatedly across the skin of the other forearm. Neat chevrons of blood from wrist to elbow.

C.U. COFFEY -- He doesn't flinch. His eyes are hard and bright as diamond drills. No one notices. He's keeping the edge.

LINDSEY
They're curious, maybe. We could be the first people they've seen up close.

SONNY
Hope they don't judge the whole race offa us.

CATFISH
Maybe I oughta shave.

Coffey stands abruptly, snags Schoenick with his eyes, and leaves, walking through the group as if they were smoke. This cold behavior brings the mood down a notch.

INT. CORRIDOR/MAINTENANCE ROOM B

151

Outside the mess hall, Coffey pauses, listening to the conversation resume. Bright speculation, a few jokes. Coffey is visible shaking. Breathing hard. Pupils dilated. Schoenick looks at him with concern.

COFFEY
It went straight for the warhead. And they think it's cute.

SCHOENICK
You need to get some sleep.

Coffey walks away without hearing him. Schoenick catches up.

INT. MAINTENANCE

152

The door opens in the dark room. Coffey enters, moving with purpose. He pulls his gear bag out from under the work table. Unzips it. Pulls out a

short-barreled CAR-15 assault rifle.

COFFEY

We have no way of warning the surface. Do you know what that means?

Schoenick doesn't know. He hopes Coffey knows. Because he's a fearless man who's discovering what it is to be afraid. Coffey inserts the magazine with a CLACK! Snaps the bolt. Tosses the rifle to Schoenick.

COFFEY

It means... whatever happens is up to us.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/MAINTENANCE -- LATER 153

Hippy passes the maintenance room. Looks in. The warhead and its cart are missing. He looks around. Heads toward the sub-bay.

INT. MESS HALL 154

The discussion, still in progress.

ONE NIGHT

You think they're from down there originally?
Or from... you know.

She jerks her thumb toward the ceiling.

LINDSEY

I think they're from 'you know'. Some place that has similar conditions... cold, intense pressure. No light.

CATFISH

Happy as hogs in a waller down there, prob'ly.

INT. CORRIDOR/SUB BAY 155

Hippy freezes in the corridor as he hears a loud ratcheting sound echoing from the sub-bay. He edges forward slowly, trying to keep his feet silent on the steel floor. Slides up along the wall next to the door. Inches his eye around the doorframe. Across the room. Schoenick is working with a chainfall, lowering Big Geek onto the MIRV warhead, which is still on its cart. He

begins to attach them together with a sling of tie-down straps.

Hippy lets his breath out slowly. His expression is Holy Shit.

He slides back along the corridor wall, silently. Away from the door. Then turn turns quickly to go... WHAM! Coffey slams him up against the wall!
.45 pressed to Hippy's temple. Hippy gulping air as Coffey ears back the hammer.

COFFEY
Sniff something did you, rat boy?

INT. MESS HALL 156

The meeting is breaking up as the door CLANGS open and Hippy is thrust inside. His hands are taped behind his back and he stumbles onto his face.
Coffey steps through smoothly, straight-arming the .45. Schoenick flanks him with the assault rifle aimed at the group.

COFFEY
FREEZE! Don't move. That's it.
(to Monk)
Here, hold this a second. We're going to phase three.

He hands his gun to Monk, with the assumption of absolute loyalty from a team member. Monk's eyes move between Coffey and the pistol. We can't tell what he's thinking. Coffey grabs Hippy and shoves him onto a chair.

HIPPY
They're using Big Geek to take the bomb to the NTIs! We set it up to go right to them.

Lindsey looks stricken. Her plan is betraying them all.

LINDSEY
Oh my God... Oh no...
(steps toward Coffey)
Please, you can't. Coffey, think about what you're doing... for God's sake--

Coffey lets her approach him, his eyes glittering.

Without warning he grabs her by the hair and hurls her against the Coke machine, pinning her there with one hand. Bud leaps forward.

SCHOENICK
GET BACK!

Bud freezes. The rifle's muzzle is aimed for a heart-shot.

Coffey moves up close to Lindsey.

COFFEY
This is something I've wanted to do since I
first met you.

His hand reaches down, OUT OF FRAME. We hear something RIP. His
hand comes
back up... holding a piece of gaffer's tape.

He slaps it over her mouth. Then pushes her down into a chair.

Hippy looks at Monk and Schoenick.

HIPPY
You boss is having a full-on meltdown. Guy's
fixing to pull the pin on fifty kilotons and
we're all ringside!

MONK
What's the timer set for?

SCHOENICK
Three hours.

COFFEY
Shut up! Don't talk!

MONK
We can't get to minimum-safe-distance in three
hours. The shockwave will kill us. It'll crush
this rig like a semi driving over a beer can.

COFFEY
Shut up! SHUT UP! What's the matter with you?!

Everybody is twitching a hyper. Schoenick is white-knuckling his
assault
rifle... looking from Monk to Coffey to the group.

COFFEY
Just stay calm. The situation is under control.

Coffey backs out quickly with Schoenick.

INT. CORRIDOR

157

Coffey dogs down the watertight door and wedges a piece of steel pipe into the mechanism so it can't be opened.

COFFEY
Stay here.

Schoenick take a position in front of the door. Coffey turns and runs through the corridor like demons are chasing him.

INT. MESS HALL 158

Their only hope is to sway Schoenick. But the SEAL's fear is making him the perfect machine, totally dependent on external orders. And his orders are clear. They can see him through the tiny window in the door. Lindsey rips the tape painfully off her mouth.

LINDSEY
Schoenick... your Lieutenant is about to make a real bad career move...

HIPPY
That guy's crazier'n a shithouse rat!

BUD
We have to stop him! Schoenick!!

They pound on the door. Schoenick turns and hangs his cap over the tiny window.

INT. SUB BAY 159

Using the chainfall, Coffey maneuvers the completed Geek/MIRV package over the back of Flatbed, obviously preparing to use the submersible to take it out and launch it.

INT. MESS HALL 160

Lindsey is up next to the door, with Bud.

LINDSEY
... he's about to declare war on an alien species, Schoenick, just when they're trying to make contact with us.
(to Bud)

I think I'm reaching him.

There is a CLUNK-CLATTER and the door unlatches.

LINDSEY

See?

The door opens. Jammer is standing there. Schoenick is in a heap against the far wall, moaning. Jammer hands the rifle to Hippy as he walks in. Hippy turns to cover the other SEAL. Monk puts his hands up, passively.

MONK

I'm the least of your problems.

Bud appraises Jammer, who seems a little weak and dazed but basically okay.

BUD

Thanks. How you feeling, big guy?

JAMMER

Figured I was dead, there, when I seen that angel comin' toward me.

They all look at him for a second. What?

BUD

Uh, okay, right. You can tell us about it later. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIMODULE C/LADDERWELL

161

Bud drops down the ladder, INTO FRAME, followed by the others. He tries the door into the main corridor. The wheel won't turn. The others get on it. Won't budge.

BUD

He's jammed the mechanism.

LINDSEY

Now what?

They're locked in trimodule-C. No other doors give access to the sub-bay corridor. Bud's mind is racing. He drops down the ladder to Level One, into about two feet of water. He reaches down and open the emergency

lockout
hatch. Takes off his boots.

BUD
Okay, I'm gonna free-swim to hatch six... get
inside, get the door open from the other side.

LINDSEY
Bud, that water's only a couple degrees above
freezing.

BUD
Then I guess you better wish me luck, huh?

Catfish is pulling his boots off as well.

CATFISH
Wish us luck.
(hands his wallet to Hippy)
'Case I don't die. Okay, Bud... let's go,
podner, I ain't got all day.

Bud clasps him on the shoulder and starts hyperventilating. He
drops into
the water.

EXT. DEEPCORE/TRIMODULE C 162

Bed shoots down through the hatch. The cold hits him like a fist,
becoming
instantly paralyzing. He starts kicking in powerful strokes through
the dark
water, maneuvering around tangles of umbilical cable twisted tubular
steel.
Catfish is behind him, swimming like hell. They reach hatch six.
Together
they spin the wheel and heave upward, opening it.

INT. TRIMODULE D/LEVEL ONE 163

Bud surges up into the lock. Catfish jams into the tiny airspace
with him.
They try the upper hatch. Jammed. They're both panting with the
exertion
and intense cold.

BUD
Hafta... go on to... the moonpool. Only way.

CATFISH
I can't... make it... podner.

Bud looks at Catfish, shivering and heaving, wide-eyed.

BUD
Okay, Cat. You head back.

Bud hyperventilates rapidly and pikes over diving back out through the hatch.

EXT. DEEPCORE 164

Bud is stroking rapidly through the tangle of pipes and conduit. He sees the lit rectangle of the moonpool far ahead.

INT. SUB BAY 165

In the moonpool, Bud surface with an explosive gasp beside the full of Flatbed. His wracked breathing is masked by the WHINE of HYDRAULICS as Coffey uses the external controls to extend Flatbed's big hydraulic arm, locking the Geek/MIRV in its gripper.

Bud strokes to a point where Coffey can't see him and heaves up out of the water onto the deck of the pool. He lies gasping behind Cab One's cradle. His limbs are wooden and unresponsive from the cold. His fingers are completely numb. He hugs himself, putting his hands under his armpits. Scans the situation. He can't get to the door, which is across the room, without Coffey seeing him.

INT. CONTROL MODULE 166

Lindsey watching the whole thing going down, ON THE SCREEN, a high angle of the sub bay... Bud moving up on Coffey.

HIPPY
He can't get to the door... I think he's going to try and take him himself.

LINDSEY
He couldn't be that dumb. The guy's a trained killer. Bud's idea of a fight is arm-wrestling One Night over laundry duty.

ON THE SCREEN, Bud picks up a piece of pipe. Hefts it. Moves forward, crouched... stalking. Lindsey yells at the screen in frustration.

LINDSEY
BUUUUUD!!

INT. SUB BAY

167

Bud chucks a tool across the chamber, creating a clattering distraction, then wades in with the pipe in a vicious swing to the back of Coffey's knees, taking him down. Coffey spins even as he falls, catching Bud in a scissor kick that topples him.

Grappling, they fall together into the freezing water.

Coffey is momentarily stunned by the cold, giving Bud time to haul himself out, hoping to make it to the door.

Coffey launches from the water and grabs him legs.

He pulls himself up as Bud kick out. Claws his way viciously over Bud's body until he has him pinned to the deck. Then he pulls out the .45.

Put it unceremoniously to Bud's forehead.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

168

LINDSEY
NOOO!!

INT. SUB BAY

169

Coffey pulls the trigger... CLICK. Bud flinches, then opens his eyes, staring cross-eyed at the muzzle of the .45. Coffey cocks it and tries again. CLICK. Nothing. Really pissed off beyond description, Bud hurls the commando off him with a powerful heave, sending him clattering against a rack of equipment. They face off, panting.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

170

The rig crew turns from the screen at the sound of Monk's voice.

MONK
I tool the liberty of removing this before I gave it back to him.

Monk pulls his hand out from under his blanket and holds up the magazine from the .45.

INT. SUB WAY

171

Even so Bud is getting his ass kicked. Coffey's really trying to put him out of business. It's mostly duck and dodges on Bud's part. Throw a few things. When Coffey connects, Bud goes down hard. Give him credit, though. He manages to scramble back up.

The fight wrecks the room, scattering tools and gear.

Compressed air cylinders roll dangerously around the floor.

Coffey slips on one and Buds get in a couple of good licks.

Slams the SEAL's head in an equipment locker door.

But the Navy man is just too massive. Bud is hammered back into a wall.

Coffey has his fist cocked back for the coup de grace. Spins around at the sound of a VOICE.

CATFISH

Hey!

Catfish is right behind him. Dripping wet. A trail of water goes back to the moonpool a few feet away.

CRACK! Catfish's 'Hammer' punch comes in so hard and so fast, Coffey is knocked right on his ass. He doesn't get up. Just sort of flops around.

Catfish helps Bud to his feet. They advance on Coffey, who crab-scuttles sideways, his eyes rabid.

He picks up a helium tank and hurls it at them. As they duck he sprints to Flatbed and drops through the hatch and slams it down.

BUD

(to Catfish)

Get the door!

Bud leaps across the water to land on Flatbed. The hatch is already sealed.
He grapples with Geek/MIRV, trying to free it from the steel claw.

INT. FLATBED

172

Coffey crawls along the access tunnel to the pilot's compartment.
He claws
his way into the control seat and starts rapidly flipping switches.

INT. CORRIDOR

173

Catfish pounds down the corridor like he's never run before, his beer gut doing a rumba. He reaches the door, tears out the piece of pipe and spins the wheel. Hippy pushes it open so fast it hits Catfish in the stomach.
Hippy tears past him, running with the assault rifle. John Wayne.

INT. SUB-BAY

174

Flatbed is submerging, with only the hatch tower still above the water. Bud is being dragged down, still trying to free the ROV. He gives up when he sees Hippy run in, waving the assault rifle around like a 130-pound Rambo.

Bud climbs the hatch tower and leaps to the deck of the moonpool.

Hippy clumsily raises the unfamiliar rifle at Coffey, visible inside his viewing bubble beneath the swirling water. Coffey looks up, stares at the gun... doesn't seem to care.

CATFISH
SHOOT!

Hippy's squeezing the trigger and nothing's happening. Flatbed's hatch tower goes under.

CATFISH
Safety's on! On the side... the lever! Up,
push it up!

Hippy fumble with the selective-fire lever, BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! He put three quick rounds into the ceiling.

HIPPY

SHIT!

CATFISH
Give me that!!

He grabs it out of Hippy's hands and aims it at the sub. He racks the water with a long burst. BENEATH THE SURFACE, the rounds nip nasty contrails through the water. They barely scar the front port.

LINDSEY
Forget that... go for Big Geek!

Catfish rakes the descending sub with more bursts, trying to hit the shimmering shape of the ROV on its back. UNDERWATER we see the rounds arcing wild, a few hitting the ROV but causing little damage.

Coffey complete his descent to just above the seafloor. ABOVE, Catfish empties the weapon.

BUD
Gimme a hand!

They all turn. Bud is fumbling into his wetsuit like a madman. The others rush over to help him.

BUD
Get the rest of my gear. Grab that hat there...
let's go guys! Come on, come on!

Catfish slams a backpack onto Bud's shoulders, grappling with the straps and hose connections. Hippy and Sonny (with one hand) are clipping, zipping and buckling all over him. This is a world-record suit-up time. Bud pulls the rubber neck-dam of the helmet's lower ring down over his face.

BUD
Helmet... helmet! Work fast.

EXT. DEEPCORE UNDERSTRUCTURE

175

Beneath the habitat, Coffey is maneuvering Flatbed through the twisted pipe and debris left by Deepcore's slide to the edge. Bloodied, his fatigues ripped half-off, he looks like a feral animal. His eyes burn with the determination of his mission.

INT. SUB BAY

176

Jammer expertly works the crane controls, moving Cab One out over the moonpool from its drydock cradle. Lindsey and One Night are scrambling like monkeys over the port side crash bars of the swinging sub, clambering up to the hatch tower.

ONE NIGHT

I'll unhook.

(Lindsey hesitates)

GO! You're better in these than I am.

Lindsey recognizes this for what it is... a sign of respect, a reconciliation. She nods and drops through the hatch.

EXT. DEEPCORE

177

Coffey passes under the twisted wreckage of the big automated derrick and makes a tight turn beneath the drill-floor module. Flatbed scrapes through between twisted conduit, metal screeching on metal.

INT. SUB BAY

178

Bud has his 'hat' locked down and his air cut on. He takes two quick strides to the edge of the pool and just drops in.

EXT. DEEPCORE

179

Bud rockets DOWN INTO FRAME in a column of bubbles. He looks around. Through the lattice of conduit under the rig he can see Flatbed moving forward from its exit point under the stern. Bud sees a shortcut under the platform.

He kicks along a lattice of pipes, heaving himself along in frantic hand-over-hand strokes. He reaches for Flatbed's stern as it passes.

Misses the last hand-hold... but just manages to seize a tie-down trailing behind it. He is jerked along behind the sub.

Bud holds on with both hands as he is buffeted in the wake of the powerful thrusters. Flatbed gathers speed, moving out toward the edge of the

abyssal
wall. The current slams him, spinning him like a fishing lure. He
pulls
himself forward slowly until he can grip the stern rail of Flatbed's
platform.

LOW ANGLE, look up the wall. Flatbed appears over the edge and
stops.
Hovering.

ON THE BACK OF FLATBED. Bud has the break he needs. He scrambles
up onto the
deck and opens and equipment locker. Nothing in it but one of the
yellow
nylon safety lines. The big arm begins to unfold, lifting Geek/ROV.

INT./EXT. FLATBED

180

Coffey works intently. His eyes are the cool ice of lethal madness
in a
face streaked with blood. He brings the ROV into view with the boom
arm.

GEEK/ROV had a passenger. Brigman. The diver is holding Geek's
skid with
one hand, doing something with the other. He turns to look at
Coffey.

EXT. FLATBED/DEEPCORE

181

Coffey releases the ROV with the gripper and makes a grab at Bud
with the
steel claw. Bud dives. The gripper hits his helmet a glancing
blow. Bud
kicks away rapidly, letting nylon rope pay out. We see he has
managed to tie
one end to Geek's skids. Coffey hits the button to activate the
ROV, sending
an acoustic pulse to Geek's transponder. The little robot, pregnant
with its
load of death, turns nimbly around and dives out and down toward the
void.

Coffey pivots his bid machine toward Bud. Bud strokes rapidly to a
large
jumble of wreckage. He loops the rope around a twisted pipe. Big
Geek is
hauling ass away from him. The line snap taut an instant later.
The ROV
strains, like a Rottweiler on a leash... trying to go. The rope is
slipping
as Bud fights to make a knot.

Flatbed slews around, thrusters whining. As it banks, it hurls up

clouds of
sediment from the escarpment face.

Through the front panel we see Coffey jerking on the controls.

The big arm extends menacingly. The smaller from manipulators open.
An
enormous predatory instinct, its lights blaring.

The big machine roars forward. Straight at Bud.

Bud gets his knot partly done. See Flatbed looming.

Glare-lit in its lights, Bud grabs a handlehold and pulls himself
downward as
Coffey closes the last few feet.

One manipulator slams into his backpack, tumbling him, and the sub's
underside
rakes across his legs as it passes over. Flatbed crushes into the
tangle of
pipework. K-CRUUUNCH!!

INT. FLATBED

182

Coffey is slammed hard over the controls, up into the front dome
port. He
gets back in the seat. Strains to free his machine.

EXT. DEEPCORE/BIG GEEK/FLATBED

183

Bud swims clear, diving down at an angle along the wall, hoping to
stay in
Coffey's blind area. Flatbed backs out of the wreckage in a cloud
of debris.
It pivots toward Bud. Moves after him.

Nearby, the ROV is whining mindlessly, trying to please. Trying to
GO.

DETAIL OF ROPE attached to wreckage, as Bud's knot begins to slip.
The nylon
line starts to play through the knot slowly.

BUD has gotten himself into a bad position. Along the bare rock
face of the
cliff wall he is naked, nailed in the spotlights like a rabbit in
front of a
truck. Coffey puts the hammer down, thrust levers all the way
forward.
Flatbed surges forward, multi-limbed and demonic. There's no cover,
side to
side, up or down.

Coffey has him head in his lights. Suddenly a bright glare blasts in, blinding Coffey. He looks up to see Cab One rushing down upon him, full throttle.

At the last moment Lindsey slams the thrusters full-lock and the submersible slews sideways, slamming its heavy skidplate into Flatbed's cab. Coffey is smashed sideways by the shock. He fights to control his vehicle. Lindsey looks up to see Coffey's sub gun it up over the wall, out of sight. She cruises up over Bud.

LINDSEY (V.O.)
Get in!

Bud gets the lockout hatch open and clambers up into Cab One's belly.

INT./EXT. CAB ONE 184

Bud flops over the lip of the hatch and slams it shut. He ditches his helmet. Lindsey raises her vehicle warily above the wall. Through the front port there is not sign of Coffey.

LINDSEY
You owe me one, Virgil.

BUD
Can we negotiate later? There's Big Geek.

He points. Through the front port, they can see the ROV still straining at its leash. Lindsey dives toward it, simultaneously working the controls to open her own small manipulator claws.

EXT. DEEPCORE/WALL, ETC. 185

The last few feet of the rope slip through the knot.

Big Geek happily surges forward. It dives gracefully down into the void, trailing the yellow rope like a kite tail.

ONE CAB ONE, Bud and Lindsey through the front port.

BUD

Go after it! We gotta catch it!

FLATBED DROPS INTO FRAME BEHIND THEM, dwarfing little Cab One. They are slammed viciously as Coffey's submersible hammers into them. She hits full throttle. Coffey floors it after Lindsey, ramming her from behind with his more powerful vehicle. With difficulty Lindsey maintains trim.

She arcs back toward the rig. Flatbed slams her again, for the side. She fights for control.

INT./EXT. CAB ONE

186

Bud is tossed around, ricocheting off the walls. Lindsey flies with her jaw set. Fighting hard for control. The A-frame of the rig looms before her. She shoots through at full throttle.

EXT. DEEPCORE AND OCEAN TERRAIN

187

Now the fight is really on. The two subs are dodging between the cylindrical modules at full throttle, slamming into each other and the steel pressure hulls.

Coffey sideswipes the smaller sub, jamming it sideways. It screeches along the flank of one of the trimodules.

They head out over empty terrain in a flat-out speed run.

Lindsey is jinking and dodging as Flatbed, roars along behind her, tearing up the bottom with its powerful backwash. Lindsey carves hard around a rock pinnacle, finding herself running parallel to the edge of the abyssal canyon. Coffey is ramming, hammering from behind, then from side to side.

Lindsey snarls. He's pissing her off. He shouldn't do that.

Ahead, out of the blackness, another outcropping.

Lindsey rises, cuts right.

Smashes down into Coffey's craft. Timing it just right. He skids catch in the rocks.

Flatbed slews violently, nosing down. Crushing into the rocky bottom.
Pressing the advantage, Lindsey hammers into Flatbed from behind.

It smashes full force into a second spire, spinning out of control.

Tangles together, the subs slide down an embankment toward the edge of the wall. With her one remaining thruster she jerks clear of Flatbed and grounds her crippled sub. Flatbed tumbles over the edge.

ANGLE DOWN THE WALL as it falls, trailing a cloud of sediment like a comet's tail, down into the unfathomable blackness below.

INT. FLATBED

188

Inside the machine, Coffey is fighting for control.

He has no buoyancy or motors and the craft continues its mad plunge. As the pressure intensifies the hull begins to groan, and steel fitting scream with the enormous load.

A tiny silver fracture shoots partway across the front bubble. Grows. Coffey gives up fighting. Just stares, wide eyed, at his death. A damned soul dropping into the bottomless pit.

The fracture line arcs rapidly across the dome port.

Suddenly, a scythe-like curtain of seawater, under tons of pressure, slashes into him. A moment later the bubble implodes, and Coffey disappears in a bloody froth of churning water, air and glass shards.

EXT. CANYON WALL

189

Flatbed looks like a toy, tumbling away down the wall.

Soon its lights vanish.

INT. CAB ONE

190

They're both going to have a lot of bruises...

Lindsey is surveying the damage. Water is spraying down on them like a

shower, and lights are flickering.

LINDSEY
You did okay, back there. I was fairly
impressed.

BUD
Not good enough. We still gotta catch Big Geek.

LINDSEY
Not in this thing.

Lindsey is flipping switches. Nothing works.

BUD
You totaled it, huh?

LINDSEY
Yeah. So sue me.

Bud looks down. There's already about a foot of water sloshing
around the
floor at their feet.

BUD
It's flooding like a son of the bitch.

LINDSEY
You noticed.

She picks up and hand-mike of the underwater telephone.

LINDSEY
Deepcore, Deepcore, this is Cab One, over.

She waits. No response.

BUD
Try again.

LINDSEY
Deepcore, this is Cab One. We need assistance,
over. Deepcore, this--

With a SEARING CRACKLE or arc-light, a power panel shorts out and
everything
goes black.

LINDSEY
Well, that's that.

BUD
Wonderful.

(looking around)
There's some light from somewhere...

A faint illumination, dimmer than moonlight, washes in through the front port.

Lindsey scrunches up against the acrylic and scans the darkness.

LINDSEY
Over there. It's the rig.

A glow, beyond a rock promontory... like the lights of a town just over the hill in the desert.

BUD
Good hundred yards, I'd say.

LINDSEY
They'll come out after us.

BUD
Yeah, but it's gonna take them a while to find us. We better get this flooding stopped.

He picks up his helmet and clicks on the light. Using the thing like a bulky flashlight. The water is really pouring in, spraying them like a shower... almost two feet deep already.

LINDSEY
You see where it's coming in?

BUD
Somewhere behind this panel. Hold this.

She takes the light and he tries to reach the burst weld, which is blocked by a steel switch panel and a bunch of conduit.

BUD
Can't get to it. Have to pull this panel off.
You go any tools?

LINDSEY
I don't know, look around.

Bud scans the cramped interior, feels around under the water. It's past his knees.

BUD
Nothing. Son of a bitch. All I need's a goddamn

crescent wrench.

He grabs the panel in both hands and starts torquing on it, trying to wrench it off the wall. Heaves on it repeatedly. Finally stops, panting. He's breathing hard now, and it's not just effort.

BUD
Son of a bitch!

LINDSEY
Calm down, Bud.

A nervous edge in her voice now. Bud's turning all around, looking around for anything, trying to think fast. Water up to their waists. The sea closing in.

BUD
Okay... okay. We gotta get you out of here.

LINDSEY
How?

BUD
I don't know how!

LINDSEY
We've only got one suit.

BUD
I know! I know! But we better come up with something.

LINDSEY
Aaargh!! I'm freezing!

She climbs up on the pilots seat, scrunching right up against the ceiling, keeping as much of herself as possible out of the frigid water. She's shaking all over with the cold, and getting drenched from above by water pouring in.

LINDSEY
Okay, look, you swim to the rig and come back with another suit.

BUD
Seven, eight minute swim each way... not enough

time. Look at this...
(the rate of flooding)
Time I get back you'll be--

That stops the conversation for a second. About two feet of
airspace left.
Bud can't believe what this is coming down to. They both stare at
each other
for a long moment.

He makes a decision. Starts pulling off his backpack.

BUD
Alright, put this on.

LINDSEY
What, you growing gills all of a sudden? You
got it on, keep it on.

BUD
Don't argue, goddamnit, just--

LINDSEY
No way! Forget it. Not an option.

Bud has his pack off uncoupling it. She keeps fighting his hands,
stopping
him, hooking it back up. The desperation of the situation fuel the
struggle.

BUD
Lindsey, just put the thing on and shut up--

LINDSEY
NO!! Now be logical, Bud, you're--

BUD
FUCK LOGIC!!

They're both right up against the ceiling, water up to their chests.
Lindsey's lips are blue and trembling from the cold.

LINDSEY
Listen... will you listen to me for a second!?
You're for the suit on and you're a better
swimmer than me. Right? So I got a plan...

BUD
What's the plan?

LINDSEY
I drown, you tow me back to the rig--

BUD
WHAT KIND OF PLAN IS THAT!??

Lindsey's gut-scared... shaking violently, her eyes wide. But she's keeping it together. Thinking it out. Bud see the bottomless pit opening to take her and he can barely think.

LINDSEY
Look, this water is only a couple degrees above freezing. I drown. I go into deep hypothermia... my blood like icewater. I can maybe be revived after ten, fifteen minutes. You got all the stuff to do it on the rig.

Bud stops moving and looks into her face, inches from him. The water is up to their necks. He knows that, as always, infuriatingly, Lindsey is right.

BUD
It is insane.

LINDSEY
It's the only way, Bud. Now trust me.

She takes a deep breath. Before her nerve fails she busies her hands on his suit, rehooking everything.

BUD
Jesus, I don't believe this is happening.

She raise his helmet. Water up to their chins. They lock eyes, inches apart. He can feel her breath on his face... maybe for the last time.

BUD
Oh God, Lins... I--

LINDSEY
Tell me later.

He grabs her head in both hands and pulls her mouth to his. They lock together in a fierce kiss, fueled by passion and terror... the naked realization of love hanging over the abyss of death.

She breaks away at the last possible second and quickly pulls his helmet over his head. Seats is down over the neck ring. Lock the bail-out handle,

sealing it. Even with her head press up into the highest point of the ceiling, Lindsey's mouth is barely above water. She give a scared little laugh.

LINDSEY
This is maybe not such a great plan, is it?

She is half-paralyzed with the cold, shaking pathetically. Puts her face to the glass of his helmet. Seconds to go.

LINDSEY
Hold me. Hold me, Bud... I'm so scared...

He can't hear her, but he read her lips. They clutch each other desperately. The embrace last while the water rises over her mouth and nose. She starts to choke. Her hands grip his shoulders like claws. She bucks and thrashes. Bud holds her, and a scream tears loose from him, a pure agony of the soul.

BUD
NOOOOO!!!

The freezing seawater races into her lungs. Her finger go slack, and her hands float lifelessly.

Bud stares, transfixed, as the last tiny bubble trickles out of Lindsey's open mouth. He kicks himself into gear, fingers frenzied as he spins the wheel of the lockout hatch.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/COMMAND MODULE 191

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN, one of the outside cameras. A ghostly figure swims out of the darkness, towing something.

ONE NIGHT
It's Bud. Oh my God... that's Lindsey!

BUD (V.O./faint)
Deepcore, Deepcore, do you read?

HIPPY

Read you, Bud. We're here.

EXT. DEEPCORE

192

Bud swims with long, powerful kicks, towing Lindsey. Her arms and legs float as gracefully as seaweed waving in a gentle current. Bud's voice comes in short rasps, breathing hard, but icy with control.

BUD

Go to the infirmary... get the cart .. oxygen...
de-fib kit... adrenaline in a... ten cc
syringe... and some... heating blankets.
You got all that?

HIPPY (V.O.)

Got it. Over.

BUD

Meet me in the moonpool. Move fast.

INT. INFIRMARY

193

The door crashes open and Jammer thunders in. He picks up the CPR cart, meant to roll on wheels, and carries it out past Hippy, Catfish, and One Night, who are crowding in to get the rest of the equipment. They ransack the place in about ten seconds, grabbing everything they might need and half of everything else.

EXT. DEEPCORE/UNDER THE MOONPOOL

194

Bud moves up toward the rectangle of light, towing Lindsey to the diving platform. Through the surface we can see the others arrive at the edge, looking down.

INT. SUB-BAY

195

Hippy and Catfish are setting up the cart and the oxygen kit, dropping things, making mistakes. One Night is teaching herself how to fill a syringe from a bottle of adrenaline.

SONNY

Here he comes!

Jammer and Sonny leap into the freezing water, waist deep on the submerged diving platform. Bud bursts to the surface. Together they haul Lindsey across the platform, out of the water, and onto the deck. Her skin is blue-white, her chest still.

Bud rips his helmet off in a near-frenzy, like a man possessed, a man with a mission. The others are galvanized by his energy even though they all see Lindsey as dead, a corpse... cold and inert. Water flows from her mouth and nose and her lips are blue, her limbs completely limp. Hippy peels back one eyelid, to find the pupil fixed and dilated.

But when Bud shouts for them to move, they move.

BUD
Turn her over!

They flip his wife's body over. He straddles her, pushing down with both hands in the middle of her back. Seawater gushes from her slack lips. He does it again until the flow stops, then flips her onto her back.

BUD
Come on, hurry! Gimme the de-fib...

One Night and Catfish are fumbling with the emergency cart equipment. They've all been trained in CPR and use of the gear but that was years ago, and is a friend they're working on. They're all thumbs. Catfish drops the electrodes, picks them up quickly, hands them to Bud...

CATFISH
Here, here, here... no, you got to have bare skin, or it won't...

Bud rips into her clothing, opening her jumpsuit, literally tearing away her T-shirt, revealing her bare chest... bony and still.

BUD
Jesus. Gimme those, come on. Catfish, move it, man! Come on... come on!

He slaps the things into Lindsey's bare skin, one on the sternum and one on

the side of the rib cage.

BUD
Is that it? Is this right?

HIPPY
Yeah! I mean, I don't know... it looks right.

BUD
All right. Do it!

One Night hits the switch and Lindsey's body convulses. It is a pure muscle reflex, and when it is over, there is not a hint of life. Hippy pushes him back and puts a black rubber oxygen mask over her mouth. He opens the valve on the cylinder and starts pumping the squeeze bag. They start packing electronic blankets around her to fight the intense hypothermia

BUD
Do it again, One Night. Zap her again!

The current hits Lindsey again and her back arches. Bud doesn't wait for a result... he's in his own reality now, driven. He's doing it all at once, somehow, in a senseless frenzy... pumping on her chest with his hands, squeezing the oxygen bag, placing the electrodes.

BUD
Aw. Christ... come on, baby. Again! Do it again!

Lindsey's back arches. Her body relaxes, inert.

BUD
Come on, One Night... what are you waiting for?

A hush seems to have fallen over the group. They know instinctively that it's over. But Bud can't accept it. He looks at them, beseechingly, like they are somehow intentionally holding out on him. One Night starts to cry, quietly.

CATFISH
(gently)
Bud, it's over, man. It's over.

There is a beat of silence. Bud stares down into Lindsey's half-

open,
motionless eyes.

TIGHT ON LINDSEY'S EYES, moving in until the pupil FILLS FRAME, a black void.

REVERSE, HER POV. SILENCE. A distant, distorted image, we see Bud, One Night, Jammer, Hippy, Catfish, staring down. It is like the circular top of a dark well, their faces shimmering as if through the surface of water. It is as if we are in a well, descending, looking up at a circle of faces growing smaller as we drop away... smaller and smaller, receding until it becomes a point of light in the void, like the fading bright dot at the center of a turned-off TV.

TIGHT ON BUD, rigid, staring. Catfish puts his hand gently on Bud's shoulder. Suddenly Bud tears Catfish's hand away and sets upon Lindsey like a madman, renewing his efforts in spades... totally manic.

BUD
No! NO! She's not... her heart is strong,
she wants to live... can't you see that? Come
on, Lins. Come on, baby! Zap her again! Do
it... DO IT!

They do. And Bud works, feverishly. He lock his lips over hers and starts mouth-to-mouth. It is frantic, passionate... the kiss of life.

BUD
Come on, breath! Goddamn it, you bitch, you
never backed down from anything in life... now
fight!

He slaps her face, hard. Her head lolls. He smacks her the other way.

BUD
Fight, Goddamnit!

LINDSEY'S POV, from the bottom of the great well. The circles of faces and light rockets toward us in the blackness, as we soar upward from the pit. We see Bud yelling, but his voice is distant, windlike.

BUD

FIGHT!!

TIGHT ON LINDSEY, still. Then something incredible happens. Something they will never forget as long as they live. Lindsey coughs once, weakly, and her hands clench in a spasm.

Bud see it and his expression becomes beatific.

BUD

Come on, Lins. You can do it... fight your way back, baby...

The others look on in wonder as Bud wills this woman back.

She starts to cough, weakly at first... then more violently as she draws air into her lungs. Bud crouches over her, rubbing her limbs... trying to re-establish circulation. It is like a difficult birth. Lindsey comes hacking and howling back into the world, wet and naked and fighting for breath.

Bud puts the oxygen mask over her face and she draws breath after agonized breath. He pushes her wet hair back from her face with his trembling hands, and watches her breathe. Color is returning to her skin as she lies there, gasping weakly.

ONE THE GROUP... Catfish, Hippy, One Night, Jammer, the others... they're all grinning, crying, beaming... gazing at the miracle of her rebirth.

ON BUD... tears are streaming down his face.

BUD

(a whisper, fierce and harsh)
You did it, ace.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/QUARTERS -- LATER

196

TIGHT ON LINDSEY, sleeping peacefully. WIDER shows Bud hovering over her, attentive. They are alone in Bud's tiny cubicle. Perhaps twenty minutes have passed. She is completely swaddled in blankets, except for her face,

and looks like a waif.

Lindsey's eyes flutter and open. The first thing she sees is Bud, bending over her. He can't help himself. The tears break again and roll down his cheeks. She seems terribly fragile, but bright and aware. She smiles, faintly... touches his cheek.

LINDSEY
Hey... big boys don't cry, remember?

BUD
Hi, lady.

LINDSEY
Hi, tough guy. I guess it worked, huh?

BUD
'Course is worked. You're never wrong, are you?
How d'you feel.

LINDSEY
I've been better. Next time it's your turn,
okay?

Bud's expression turn inexplicably grim.

BUD
Well, you got that right.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BAY

197

TIGHT ON BUD'S EYES, as Monk's fingers insert acrylic scleral lenses under his eyelids so he can see in the fluid helmet.

WIDER reveals Bud is wearing the SEALs' deep suit. Everybody is grouped around, buckling and zipping. He is hyperventilating with an oxygen mask, part of the procedure for transitioning from air to fluid breathing. Monk, on his stretcher, is presiding. The resident expert. Lindsey is wrapped in a blanket, still looking wan and frail. She doesn't have the strength to resist Bud's will, but she's trying.

LINDSEY

No, Bud, no... not you.

BUD
Who then?

She looks around at the others. Sees their eyes. The fear. Has her answer.
He lowers the helmet over his head. Catfish clamps it down. We see what's driving him... his sense of responsibility for these people, for not being able to prevent this situation.

He touches her cheek, one last time. She sees his fingers are trembling.
Then he puts on the gloves. Catfish is strapping a KEYPAD UNIT onto Bud's forearm. Lindsey wants to scream... to stop this madness.

BUD (muffled)
So I'll hear you, but I can't talk?

MONK
The fluid prevents your larynx from making sound. It'll feel a little strange.

BUD (muffled)
Warning you now, folks, I'm a lousy typist.
(a beat)
The moment of truth, huh?

His breathing is shallow and tense. He looks at Lindsey. The eyes of a condemned man. She squeezes his hand. He takes a deep breath.

BUD
Okay. Let's rock and roll.

Monk gently cracks a valve on the suit's feed line. The breathing fluid (3M fluorocarbon emulsion FX-80) swirls into the helmet. Bud reflexively raises his chin. The liquid fills toward his mouth.

MONK
Relax now, Bud. Just keep breathing as it fills... don't fight it. Take it in. Just let yourself take it in.

Suddenly, there's nothing in there to breathe but liquid. His eyes go wide,
instant panic. He starts to thrash. Chest heaving.

MONK

Hold him. Hold him. This is normal... it'll pass in a second. You're gonna be okay. We all breathe liquid for nine months, Bud. Your body will remember.

Lindsey grabs Bud's shoulders, steadying him. He finds her eyes, the look calming him. He's passed into a realm from which she has already returned. His spasms subside. He begins to "breathe" normally. He gets a goofy look of wonder on his face, not really believing what he's experiencing. He is alive, alert and quite completely drowned inside the FBS helmet. He grins. Gives a big thumbs up. Lindsey picks up a microphone.

LINDSEY
Can you hear me okay?
(another thumbs up)
Try your keypad.

Bud taps out a brief message. FEELS WEIRD - YOU SHOULD TRY THIS prints out on their portable monitor.

LINDSEY
I already have, moron.

They help Bud to the edge of the dive platform. Jammer and Hippy lower Little Geek into the water and Bud grabs onto it. Hippy yells right up next to his helmet.

HIPPY
I redid Little Geek's chip the same as Big Geek!
He should take you right to it. All you gotta do is hang on!

Lindsey crouches at the edge to watch Bud submerge.

He looks up at her as he drops away.

In a few seconds, she can't see him. Her chin quivers, minutely.

EXT. DEEPCORE/THE WALL

198

FROM FAR BELOW, Deepcore is a faint tiara of lights, above in the blackness. A single moving light appears above, at the edge of the cliff, and starts down. It grows large, resolving into Bud, free-falling down the wall.

He gathers speed as Little Geek's vertical thruster drives them down.

Bud looks down. Between his feet he can see a short way down the wall in the glow of his single light, and beyond that an unfathomable blackness. The wall unrolls upwards out of the darkness like a convoluted gray drapery. He looks up. The lights of Deepcore are gone. He feels more alone than he has ever felt. He types out: CANT SEE YOU

LINDSEY (V.O.)
We're right here with you, Bud. Your depth is
3800 feet. You're doing fine.

Bud comes upon the twisted wreckage of the crane, hanging against the wall like a forty-ton yo-yo at the end of the umbilical.

INT. COMMAND MODULE

199

Everyone is grouped around the monitor screen, watching Bud's telemetry. Bud types out: GOOD DEAL ON SLIGHTLY USED CRANE. They watch the depth meter counting down.

MONK
4800 feet. It's official.

LINDSEY
Bud, according to Monk here, you just set a record for the deepest suit dive. Bet you didn't think you'd be doing this when you got up this morning.

The screen print out: CALL GUINNESS. They laugh. So far so good. Seconds later...

HIPPY
One mile down and still grinnin'.

EXT. THE WALL

200

WIDE SHOT. Bud is a tiny spider dropping down the wall in a pathetic little pool of light. The wall is sterile brown-gray, devoid of life at this depth. LOOKING DOWN, as the light shrinks to a star and vanishes in the blackness yawning below.

Lindsey has the microphone gripped tightly, and the lightness in her voice is a bit brittle.

LINDSEY
8500 feet, Bud. Everything okay?

MONK
Ask him a pressure effects. Tremors, vision problems, euphoria.

LINDSEY
Ensign Monk want to know how you feel.

ON THE SCREEN, printing out: COLD.

LINDSEY
Big baby.

Then: HANDS SHAKING. HHARD TO TYPE.

MONK
It's starting. It hits the nervous system first.

ONE NIGHT
Keep talking, Lindsey. Just let him hear your voice. It doesn't matter what about.

LINDSEY
Don't forget Bud, you're being graded on spelling as well as sentence structure, so concentrate, okay?

(long pause)
Bud, I... uh, there's some things I want to say. It's hard for me. I'm not of those softy, gooey-center-type people. It's not easy, you know, being a cast-iron bitch. It takes discipline and years of training. A lot of people don't appreciate that.

Lindsey has somehow tuned out the others in the room. In her mind she is with Bud, out in the darkness.

LINDSEY
But is wasn't all bad. I know that. You remember that bike trip... we rode the Honda up through Oregon? It took me a week to get my hair untangled, but I've never been happier. It

was the most... free... I've ever felt. I'm
sorry I can't tell you these things to your face.

EXT. THE WALL

202

Bud is visibly trembling, gritting his teeth... holding on as the
vise-grip
of pressure takes him.

LINDSEY (V.O./filtered)
It's pitiful. I have to wait until you're
freezing in the dark and there's ten thousand
feet of water between us. I guess I'm babbling.
I'm sorry.

Bus struggles with his keyboard.

INT. COMMAND MODULE

203

ON THE SCREEN: YOU ALWAYS DID TALK TOO MUCH

Somehow's she's smiling and on the verge of tears at the same time.

HIPPY
Two miles down and still grinnin' Comin' up on
the big ten thou'.

ONE NIGHT
Bottom's still a mile and a half down.

EXT. THE ABYSS

204

BLAM! Bud jerks as his dive light implodes. He still has Geek's
floodlights.
He falls on.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

205

HIPPY
12000 feet. Jesus, I don't believe he's doing
this.

LINDSEY
Shut up, Hippy. Bud, how you doing?

He types: SE LUMINUS THINNGS

Everyone snaps suddenly alert.

HIPPY
Uh, oh...

LINDSEY
What kind of luminous things, Bud?

CATFISH
Maybe it's... you know... them.

The screen prints out: ITS OK. SQUID. GLOWING SQUID.

EXT. THE ABYSS 206

Bus is in an enormous school of bioluminescent squid, graceful, attenuated creatures less than a foot long. Thousands of them glide in ghostly arcs around him, filling the black void as far as the eye can see. He stares at them in wonder. Reaches out and touches one, catches it, lets it go. Are they really here? He can no longer be sure of his own perceptions.

INT. CONTROL MODULE 207

Another message from Bud: THINK THEYR REAL.

MONK
He's losing it. Talk to him. Keep him with us.

LINDSEY
Bud, it's the pressure. Try to concentrate.
Concentrate on my voice. Just listen to my voice.

EXT. THE ABYSS 208

Bud emerges from the school of squid. As he falls, they form a luminous plane of swirling colors above him. He stares upwards, transfixed. BUD'S POV, the ghostly blizzard of luminescence above him. A spectral form takes shape in the patternless glow... resolving into Lindsey's face, a hundred feet wide. Gazing down at him, her expression sad. Her image receded away from him into the darkness above as he falls.

DOWN ANGLE ON BUD, reaching up in anguish.

INT. CONTROL MODULE 209

Lindsey watches as Bud haltingly types out: YOUR GOING AWAY

LINDSEY
I'm not going away, Bud. I'm right here, right

here with you. This is Lindsey, Bud. I'm right here.

ONE NIGHT
Signal's fading.

HIPPY
We're losing juice... kill everything we don't need. Catfish, knock out those lights.

Everyone hustles to comply. The room is plunged into darkness, the faces of the group lit only by the ghostly CRT screen.

ONE NIGHT
Run it through the digital processor, cook it as much as you can.

CATFISH
Seventeen thousand feet. Good Christ Almighty, this is insane.

EXT. THE ABYSS 210

Bud is shaking violently, as if with palsy. His eyes keep rolling back, and he's having a hard time staying conscious. He tries to type a message and he can't. The tons of pressure per square inch are short-circuiting his nervous system. Suddenly K-BAM! Little Geek's pressure hull implodes. Its lights go out. BLACKNESS.

INT. CONTROL MODULE 211

ONE NIGHT
Little Geek just folded.

HIPPY
Bye, little buddy.

MONK
He can still make it.

LINDSEY
I know how alone you feel... alone in all that cold blackness... but I'm there in the dark with you, Bud you're not alone...

Lindsey seems not to be in the room, but to be with him, seeing what he sees.
She is oblivious to the others.

Blackness. Then a bright light appears... he's lit a MAGNESIUM FLARE.

It's fierce, flickering glare lights his plunge. Bud discards the stalwart little ROV and free-falls like a skydiver without a chute. Out of control, he hits a ledge and rolls off. Tumbles forward in a cloud of debris. He hits another outcropping, limp as a rag doll. Rocks and sand rain down with him as he continues his descent.

Bud is quivering, teeth locked in a titanic rigor.

He pulls his arms and legs slowly into a fetal position.

In the plunge toward death he has gone he has gone full circle, returned to the womb in which we all breathe the water of life before we know the world of air and light. Still, there is Lindsey's voice, faintly in his helmet.

LINDSEY (V.O.)

You remember that time, you were pretty drunk, you probably don't remember... the power went out at the old apartment, the one on Orange Street... and we were staring at that one little candle, and I said something really dumb like that candle is me, like every one of us is out there alone in the dark in this life...

TIGHT ON LINDSEY as she grips the microphone. Her voice has become a hoarse whisper. Her eyes are intense, focused on a point far beyond the walls of the room.

LINDSEY

... and you lit another candle and put it beside mine and said "that's me"... and we stared at the two candles, and then we... well, if you remember any of it, I'm sure you remember the next part. Bud, there are two candles in the dark. I'm with you. I'll always be with you.

A tiny flickering light moves down along a vast black wall. Bud falls on in dream-like solitude, a candle in the dark.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

215

Catfish gently takes the microphone from Lindsey's hands and leans close.

CATFISH

How you doin', podner? Still with us, come-back?
Talk to us, Buddy boy.

They watch the screen, expectantly.

Nothing. Hippy and One Night start checking the equipment. Lindsey tried unsuccessfully to keep the terror out of her voice.

LINDSEY

Bud? You hangin' in there? Talk to me, Bud.
Are you okay?

There is an agonizing pause, then the letters appear slowly:
SHAKING STOPPED.
FEEL BETTER. SOME LIGHT BELOW.

LINDSEY

What kind of light?

LIGHT EVERYWHERE. BEAUTIFULL

MONK

He's hallucinating badly.

EXT. THE ABYSS

216

Bud is no longer in pain. His expression is rapt.

LOOKING DOWN, past him to a ghostly landscape. His last flare sputters out, but there is light. Bioluminescent algae carpet the walls of the canyon below him. And he's right... it is beautiful.

The water is so clear we can see down 500 feet past Bud's tiny, silhouetted figure, to a vast landscape faintly revealed in spectral pastels. Barren as the moon but exquisite, serene. Changeless. A place unseen by human eyes. Like a firefly below, the lights of Big Geek are visible. Bud descends toward

the ROV, which has grounded on a narrow shelf. Below the shelf, the wall slopes out, suggesting we are near the bottom of the canyon but can't see it.

ONE BIG GEEK/MIRV, sitting there like a dumbshit. Bud's feet thump into the sediment next to it, stirring it luminous particles. Touchdown... three and half miles of water over his head. Bud leans over the warhead in a swarm of fireflies.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

217

AT GEEK prints out. Monk takes the headset gently from Lindsey.

MONK

Okay, Bud, we'll go step by step. Take the cover plate off the firing box.

A long pause. Then... PLATE OFF

MONK

All right, Bud, you have to cut the ground wire, not the lead wire...

EXT. ABYSSAL LEDGE

218

Bud is peering into the detonator unit. How bad is he? We can't tell.

MONK (V.O.)

It's the blue wire with the white stripe, not... I repeat... NOT the black wire with the yellow stripe.

Bud is staring. Blinking. The two wire look big as sewer pipes, and they're miles away... way down there where his hands are.

The only light he has left is a CYALUME STICK. He pulls out the little plastic tube. Breaks and shakes. It starts to glow, a tiny wand of green light. He fumbles with his tool pouch, takes out a pair of side-cutters. CUTTING NNOW he types to them. He reaches into the detonator.

DETAIL, THE WIRES... in the green Cyalume glow, the look identical. The cutters go over on wire. A long beat. They withdraw, then go over the other wire...

He cuts--

INT. CONTROL MODULE

219

Everyone is frozen. Waiting. It's very quiet.

LINDSEY
Would we see the flash?

MONK
Through three miles of water? I don't know.

They're holding their breaths. Then... STILL HERE

A cheer goes up. Rebel yells.

CATFISH
Quiet, quiet! Save you air, goddamnit.

MONK
Bud, give me a reading off you liquid oxygen gauge.

TEN MINUTES WORTH ID SAY. Lindsey does white.

HIPPY
It took him over an hour to get down there--

It's hopeless. Lindsey grabs the headset from Monk.

LINDSEY
Drop you weights and start back now! The gauge could be wrong...

EXT. ABYSSAL LEDGE

220

Bus is one his knees beside the dead warhead. His expression is enigmatic.

He looks around slowly at the luminous canyon. Starts to type.

INT. CONTROL MODULE

221

The message comes in: NO. THINK ILL STAY A WHILE. BEAUTIFUL HERE. WORTH ADMISSION

LINDSEY
No! You can make it! You hear me? Drop your weights... you... can breathe shallow... you... it could be wrong--

Lindsey's voice has twisted into a sob. She begins to weep, quietly.

LINDSEY
Oh God, Virgil, please...

DONT CRY BABY

A pause. Then the words...

WE KNEW THIS WAS A ONE WAY TICKET WHEN I PUT THIS THING ON. BUT YOU
KNOW I
HAD TO COME.

Lindsey sobs at the mike. The others look away. The signal is
weakening.
One Night boosts it and the screen clears briefly.

LOVE YOU WIFE.

She stares at the printout.

LINDSEY
Love you.

There is no reply.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ABYSS

222

A tiny figure lies slumped beside the inert ROV, an Indian dying
with his
horse in the desert.

Bud's eyelids close. His chest barely moving.

A strange illumination bathes his face and his eyes open. He
blinks. Weakly,
he raises his head, facing the source of the radiance.

BUD'S POV... A glowing figure hovers before him, like a vision. It
seems to
be an angel. Seen closer, as it drifts toward him, we see that it
is an
extraterrestrial being, bioluminescent like some deep-sea fish. Its
body
and limbs are transparent, and it resembles a figure made of blown
glass. A
delicate mantle or veil billows out around its like a corona, which
pulsates
gently, propelling the being with the hypnotic grace of a Spanish
dancer. The

head is refined and strangely anthropomorphic, with large eyes that convey a cold, dispassionate wisdom.

It is stunningly beautiful.

The creature settles toward him. Unafraid, Bud extends his hand.

Its slender, blown-glass digits grasp his bulky glove. It pulls him up from the benthic ooze and they glide together down the slope, deeper into the abyss.

At the limits of visibility we see faint, glowing forms moving below. They resolve into NTI ships. Tiny ovoids, like the little scoutship that Lindsey nearly collided with at the Montana wreck. The larger manta-ships. And others, strangely configured, moving in the darkness below like luminous fish.

Suddenly the darkness explodes with light. A vast, reticulated pattern of brightly glowing lines, like some enormous circuit diagram, appears below them, covering the floor of the abyssal trench. It sweeps outward from the center, as if the light were surging through channels. The NTIs are revealing their home to Bud. The ships move among the spires like air traffic over a major city.

EXT. N.T.I. STRUCTURE

223

Bud and the creature descend until, between the lines of light, we see a dark surface of inhuman design. The shape extends beyond the limits of visibility. Towers hundreds of feet high stretch upward from the curving surface. It dwarfs their figures as they descend toward it, approaching an opening that soon yawns like a vast mouth.

They are picking up speed, swept along by a powerful current, into the mouth-like opening.

INT. N.T.I. STRUCTURE

224

Bus stares around in awe as smooth, pearlescent walls blur past him.

It is a
curving three-dimensional maze of tunnels, like a vast circulatory
system,
where controlled currents of water become freeways in three-
dimensional
space. Tunnels divide, narrow, and reenter main-routes hundreds of
feet
across, as the pair race through in a dizzying blur.

INT. FINAL CHAMBER

225

Entering a smaller chamber they settle to the floor, and the NTI
moves back a
few feet.

A shimmering plane or surface appears like a vertical curtain
bisecting the
chamber. The seawater divides, like the Red Sea, into two rippling
walls.
They move apart. Leaving Bud standing in a short, shimmering
hallway.

Weakly, he uncouples his helmet and pulls it free. Drops to his
knees.
Doubles over as spasms wrack him. Breathing fluid explodes from his
lungs.
He lies gasping and coughing on the floor, dragging in deep breaths
of what
he can only hope is air. It is.

Bud slowly recovers, sitting up. His head is clearing. This really
is
happening. Beyond the shimmering, vertical surface of the water he
sees the
NTI being joined by others, move or less identical, until a group of
seven
is gathered watching him.

BUD

Howdy, Uuuh... how you guys doin'?

His voice echoes metallically in the strange chamber. Soft laps of
water
from the 'walls'.

In the air a pattern of glowing lines appears, a series of what
appears to be
circuit diagrams. Bud staggers back from this strange 'screen'
hanging in
mid-air. The image is about twenty feet across.

There is a rolling jumble of static and interference which resolves
into...
the face of Dan Rather, doing the evening news. STATIC, then

another
newscast. And another. Fragments of the same story. The world on
the brink
of war.

BUD

You watch out TV? That what you're trying to
say? That you know what's been going on up
there?

The NTIs are impassive. Static... then another newscast.

This time, we're allowed to focus on the story. An on-the-scene
interview
outside a high-tech seismology lab. There is an air of hysteria
about the
scene... technicians running across the background of the shot,
people
shouting, the reporter jamming his mike at the harried-looking
scientist.

REPORTER

... a Caltech scientist who is among those
reporting an unprecedented disturbance in the
world's oceans. Dr. Breg, can you give us a
clearer explanation then we're getting?

Berg is edgy and distracted. People keeps handing him pieces of
paper,
computer hardcopy. The biggest thing in his life is happening...

BERG

They're acoustic shockwaves, like tsunamis, but
with no seismological source. The waves are
propagating toward the shorelines of every
continent--

An assistant runs up, face shiny with fear, beckoning. We see that
Berg is
running scared. The impossible bringing the greatest terror to the
rational
mind.

BERG

Yeah. I'll be right there... I have to go.
Look, we don't know what it is! Okay? Not the
slightest goddamn idea!

The image dissolves into static, fades out. Bud turns to the NTIs.

BUD

You're doing it! Right? That's what you're
telling me. Yeah, you can control water...
that's your technology. But why?

Static again, then a brilliant flash. Grainy stock film of a hydrogen bomb test in the Pacific.

The film repeats, and then again, faster, and again until it merges into an unbroken white glare. Bud gets the message.

BUD

Hey, you don't know they're really gonna do it.
Where do you get off passing judgment on us,
when you can't be sure? How do you know?

The screen exploded into a staccato series of searing images, stark moments from recent history...

US soldiers fighting in Vietnam, street warfare in Beirut, a car bomb in Belfast, a suspect shot in the head in the streets of Saigon, burned and bleeding children, grainy footage of corpses bulldozed into mass graves at Auschwitz, Wermacht soldiers marching in goose-step review, a 13-year-old contra with an AK-47... Just glimpses, strobing... a few frames of each.
But enough. The images continue.

HOLD ON BUD, as the lights flicker on his face, the ongoing indictment of humanity.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA -- DAY 226

A video news crew leaps from a Jet Ranger helicopter in a parking area and runs to set up near the railing, facing the ocean. Pandemonium reigns around them, people running, driving, evacuating inland.

On the horizon, out to sea, a dark line has appeared.

It grows in height as it comes closer, a wall of water stretching across the horizon, already hundreds of feet high and growing.

EXT. NEW YORK -- DAY 227

LONG LENSE SHOT, looking seaward past the Statue of Liberty, out

past the
Verazzano Narrows. Stacked up by perspective, the distant wave is a
wall of
water impossibly high, still miles out.

EXT. NAVAL BASE, KAMCHATKA PENINSULA, U.S.S.R. -- NIGHT 228

The scene repeats on the eastern coast of the Kamchatka Peninsula
in Russia,
where a full moon shimmers along the crest of a vast wave.

SIRENS wail as Russian sailors run from the docks of Petropavlovsk
Naval Base.
Some stand rooted as the black glacier of water, a thousand feet
high and
growing, thunders toward them in nightmarish slow motion.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT, SANTA MONICA -- DAY 229

The minicam crew reporter is speaking rapidly, faltering with
emotion, his
voice cracking like the famous broadcast from the scene of the
Hindenburg
disaster.

REPORTER

The horizon has gone dark... the crowd is starting
to run... some are just staring, unable to
move... the wave... the wave is... it's...
I don't know... maybe a thousand feet high
already... getting bigger as I'm watching...
still miles out... oh my God, Jesus... I can
hear it...

A roar fills the air, a thunder which drowns out the people's
screams, even
the rotors of the news chopper as the camera teams scrambles aboard.
They
leave the announcer standing transfixed, his face blank, eyes
tracking upward
and upward as the ground begins to shake.

EXT. NEW YORK -- DAY 230

The Statue of Liberty looks like a souvenir figurine at the
afternoon sun is
blocked out by the cresting tsunami, an escarpment of water 2500
feet tall.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY 231

LONG LENS SHOT -- The Golden Gate Bridge and the hills of the city,
the
buildings downtown. Beyond, FILLING FRAME is the wall of sea green

which
defies our comprehension. The image shakes with the THUNDER.

EXT. MALIBU -- DAY

232

A diehard surfer looks over his shoulder as the mountain of water
which
transcends his worst nightmare. He lies paralyzed on his board.

EXT. MIAMI -- DAY

233

Downtown Miami crouches in terror at the feet of the shimmering
monolith.

In a penthouse office suite, an executive watches the wave towering
above him,
blocking out the sun, a line of raging foam appearing as it arches
over,
about to break upon the teeming city.

And then...

The wave slows as it crests...

And stops.

IT SIMPLY STOPS.

2600 feet high and motionless except for a shimmering undulation of
its
surface in the bright sun. There is quiet, a faint wind and calling
of
confused gulls. Various reactions, as the thunder fades and people
recover,
only to stand awed before the vast, inexplicable manifestation. A
news
helicopter passes in front of it like a dragonfly.

EXT. MALIBU

234

The surfer just blinks, starting.

EXT. NEW YORK -- DAY

235

On the East Coast it's the same, as the World Trade Centers are
dwarfed by a
shimmering blue wall which stands... waiting.

EXT. PETROPAVLOVSK NAVAL BASE, U.S.S.R. -- NIGHT

236

Russian seamen, lining the harbor breakwall at Petropavlovsk Naval
Base on the
Kamchatka Peninsula, stare upward at the monolith of water,

undulating in the
moonlight. It seems poised to crash down, inflicting inconceivable
devastation... but it doesn't.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK, SANTA MONICA

237

When all have seen...

The wave soundlessly subsides, slowly slipping back and down until
the surface
of the sea is normal again.

VIDEO SHOT, HANDHELD, of a crowd of people watching the sea. Moving
from
face to face. Various reactions as people respond to what they can
only
understand as a miracle. The faces... awed, stunned, tear-
streaked...
laughing. The cameraman is just walking. Some people turn to him
and smile,
or laugh, or whoop.

A woman is collapsed on a bench, crying.

A man is on his knees, shaking.

Total strangers hug each other.

A black guy, tears pouring down his face, turns to the camera with a
beautiful
grin.

GUY

Somebody just laid it down to us, man. Things
ain't never gonna be the same!

PULL BACK to reveal that we are in the...

INT. FINAL CHAMBER

238

Bud sits, shaken, watching the screen, as people react to their
deliverance.
He turns to the NTIs.

BUD

Why? You could've done it. Why didn't you?

The screen darkens. Then letters appears on it, slowly printing
out, as if
someone was clumsily typing them.

WE KNEW THIS WAS...

And we've seen this before so we know the rest...

WE KNEW THIS WAS A ONE WAY TICKET WHEN I PUT THIS THING ON. BUT YOU
KNOW I
HAD TO COME.

A pause, then:

LOVE YOU WIFE

The last message expands to fill the entire screen.

Bud stares at the screen, at his message of self-sacrifice, then at
the
aliens. They bow their heads, just for a moment. A sign of
respect.

CLOSE ON BUD as he begins to realize what has happened.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/CONTROL MODULE 239

Lindsey is slumped in a chair, just staring. Withdrawn.

The others are conserving oxygen and heat, huddling in the dark.

The air is looking pretty thick. The speaker of the hydrophone
transceiver
crackles to life.

MCBRIDE (V.O.)
Deepcore, do you read? This is Benthic Explorer,
over.

CATFISH
Hell yes, we read! Good of you to join us. How's
that storm doin'?

MCBRIDE
Well, it's strange... it just kind've blew
itself out all of the sudden. We're up here in
a flat sea with no wind. But then a lot of weird
things've been happening.

CATFISH
Well, hell, son. You better get us a line down
here, we're in moderately poor shape.

LATER, Hippy, Catfish, and Monk are conferring B.G. on how to get a
new
umbilical hooked on. One Night is talking to McBride on the
hydrophone.

MCBRIDE
They figure it was over a half mile high.

ONE NIGHT
I wish I could have seen it--

She glances down at the telemetry screen, seeing movement.

ONE NIGHT
Hey. Hey! HEY!! Look... it's Bud.

MONK
That's impossible.

Lindsey bolts to the screen. Stares at the message printing out.

A huge grin wraps around her face.

LINDSEY
No it's not.

MCBRIDE (V.O.)
What's it say?

Lindsey takes the mike and sits before the screen. During the message, her voice will go through an emotional spectrum from confusion to wonder, to a childlike joy.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEEPCORE AND EXPLORER BRIDGE DURING THE FOLLOWING:

LINDSEY
It says...
"VIRGIL BRIGMAN BACK ON THE AIR/HAVE SOME NEW
FRIENDS DOWN HERE/I GUESS THEY'VE BEEN HERE AWHILE/
THEY'VE LEFT US ALONE BUT IT BOTHERS THEM TO SEE
US HURTING EACH OTHER/GETTING OUT OF HAND LATELY"

Lindsey grins as she reads the next part...

LINSEY
"THEY SENT A MESSAGE/HOPE YOU GOT IT"

CATFISH
I'd say that's a big 10-4, jack.

LINDSEY
"THEY WANT US TO GROW UP A BIT AND PUT AWAY
CHILDISH THINGS/OF COURSE ITS JUST A SUGGESTION."

Beyond the windows the ocean is calm. The sky steel-gray put placid. McBride turns to Commodore DeMarco and the Navy contingent, his eyebrows cocked.

MCBRIDE
Looks like you boys might be out of business.

BENDIX
Something's going on down there. I'm getting some big readings....

Bendix is hunched over the sonar, and we can see the screens lit up like a Wurlitzer.

INT. DEEPCORE 241

In Deepcore the crew becomes aware of a strange subsonic rumbling. The sonar is going crazy. One Night puts the headphones of her passive sonar rig up to her ear, then jerks it away.

ONE NIGHT
Whew! Whatever this is, it's major.

The rumbling increases and a glow diffuses the water.

The glow intensifies until a blinding shaft of light blasts through the viewport, bathing the whole interior in a cold white radiance.

A last message appears on the screen:

KEEP YOU PANTYHOSE ON/YOURE GONNA LOVE THIS

The radiance intensifies. Everyone covers their eyes. It flares to WHITE-OUT.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. EXPLORER BRIDGE -- DAY 242

Bendix and the bridge crew are going nuts. All their instruments are pegged.

BENDIX
Active is pinging back something big... it's enormous! Coming up right under us.

DEMARCO

Where?

BENDIX

Where? EVERYWHERE!!

(looks out the window)

Over there! Port bow.

EXT. BENTHIC EXPLORER AND OCEAN

243

A depression appears in the surface of the sea a hundred yards off, not swirling down like a whirlpool, just dimpling down.

It gets wider. Deeper. Rapidly becomes a yawning pit.

The ocean is OPENING.

Now the surface is churned by turbulence. Slow massive roils of tremendous power boil up from the depths.

McBride leads a mass exodus onto the deck to see better.

The open becomes a roaring maw a hundred yards across.

The ships are like toys on the shimmering rim of the maelstrom.

SOMETHING RISES IN THE CENTER OF THE OPENING. A massive spire. Smoothly curving and iridescent. Off the starboard beam, a quarter mile away, another spire rises. Tons of seawater fall from its sides with a THUNDEROUS ROAR, the energy of Niagara.

Off the port bow... another spire.

And another, beyond the destroyer Albany, dwarfing it.

Six towers... plus one larger, in the center. Rising.

One the Explorer's deck, a shadow engulfs them as the nearest spire blocks out the sun. The air, the sea, the deck... all vibrate with the THUNDER OF CREATION.

And now for the payoff shot: WE'RE HIGH, LOOKING DOWN. THE SPIRES FORM A PERFECT RING A MILE ACROSS. A VAST DARK FORM, LIKE A GREAT SHADOW, RISES FROM THE DEPTHS BENEATH THE SHIPS. THE SPIRES ARE CONNECTED. IT IS ALL ONE.

THE NTI ARK.

It surfaces with slow majesty, gently beaching all the ships on its broad back. We recognize it as the structure into which Bud was led by the angelic being, which we assumed was a city. The Explorer rocks gently on its flat hull, clunking massively to one side as it settles.

The bridge crew watch millions of tons of seawater streaming off the back of the vast, slightly curved hull. The missile cruiser rocks back and forth nearby, high and dry... its prop whining futility.

ON EXPLORER'S DECK, McBride, Bendix, DeMarco, the rest of the Navy contingent... they're all standing there open-mouthed, in a dream-like daze. Touched by the hand of God.

BENDIX
Look...

WHAT THEY SEE -- Fifty yards away, between them and the Albany, sits Deepcore Two. It looks like a particularly ugly and unwanted toy, sitting on the glistening plain of the NTI Ark's hull.

CLOSER, ON TRIMODULE C, as the hatch at the bottom opens.

Catfish's feet appear, bicycling. He swings down to the pearlescent 'deck'. Stands there blinking in the sunlight, mole-like. Jammer plonks down behind him. He turns, lifts Lindsey down. Hippy, Sonny, and the rest, emerge into the light of the sun. A deliverance from the blackest night they will ever know.

LINDSEY
We should be dead. We didn't decompress.

CATFISH
Out blood oughta be fizzin' like a warm, shook-up Coke.

HIPPY
They must've done something to us.

Lindsey has tears streaming down her cheeks... for the sun, for

life, for
their deliverance and the larger one she knows has happened, an
epiphany for
the whole human race.

LINDSEY

Oh, yes. I think you could say that.

She blinks. Seeing something not far away. She gives a little
laugh, or
something between laughing and crying.

REVERSE, as Bud walks up the curving incline of one of the mouth-
like
entrances to the NTI structure. His suit is casually unzipped and
the FBS
helmet dangles from one hand jauntily.

She starts toward him. Breaks into a run. Then stops a few feet
from him.
Watching him come to her.

His smile, his eyes illuminating her.

He stops and she touches him, lightly. Is this real?

The look at each other, wonderingly a moment.

Then laugh. She sniffs loudly.

LINDSEY

Hello, Brigman.

BUD

Hello, Mrs. Brigman.

Their lips meet.

CUT TO BLACK

All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.



Featuring

The Chronicles of the Gírkù

Essays

and Research Publications of
Anton Parks

Quoted materials from books, interviews, and communications by Anton Parks:
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The Chronicles

Volume I: *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres* (*The Secret of the Dark Stars*), Anton Parks, 2005.

Volume II: *Adam Genisiš* (*Adam Geniš*), Anton Parks, Nouvelle Terre, 2007.

Volume III: *Le Réveil du Phénix* (*The Awakening of the Phoenix*), Anton Parks, Publication in 2009.

Volume IV: (Title to be announced)

Volume V: (Title to be announced)

Volume VI: *The Stone of Destiny*, Anton Parks, forthcoming.

Essays

Le Testament de la Vierge (*The Testament of the Virgin*), Anton Parks, 2009.

....

Covers (in order of publication)



www.antonparks.com
[Nouvelle Terre](#)

zeitlin.net

The Phenomenon of Anton Parks:

Has Anton Parks, French self-educated author, produced in *Le Secret des Étoiles Sombres* an epic accounting, a mythology, a saga of science fiction and heroic fantasy, or a "history" book?

Parks' work remains unclassifiable as it poses the essential questions: What was happening on the earth before the coming of man? What led to and provoked the advent of the human civilizations?


The author of *Le Secret des Étoiles Sombres* entralls thousands of readers around the world with his epic report on the origin of human civilization. But let us not be mistaken: in this novelistic form, Parks may have restored to us our true genesis, that

which figures in the Sumerian texts, clairvoyantly decrypted and presented without complexity.

Nexus Magazine (French Edition) Nos. 43-44, Spring-Summer 2006

We are the fruit of complex interactions with extraterrestrial entities that we have long taken for the "Gods". Far from the paradigms of Darwinism and creationism, Parks proposes an exogenesis of humanity based on the decryption of great fundamental myths, but also on Sumerian and biblical texts. A fascinating voyage to our ultimate origins.

Karmapolis in Nexus Magazine (French Edition) No. 50, May-June 2007

 Interviews by Karmapolis

Anton PARKS et le Secret des Etoiles Sombres [K1]

Anton PARKS et les premiers pas de l'humanité [K2]

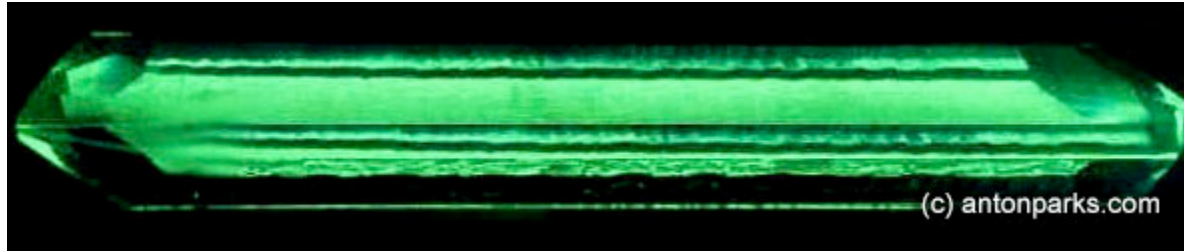
ANTON PARKS: L'humanité est une création extraterrestre (Nexus.fr, May-June 2007) [N]

Gerry Zeitlin: FIRST CONTACT

 Dossier Interview

Anton Parks: *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres & Adam Genisis* (N°20 "Les Grands Mystères des Sciences Sacrées") [GMSS]

"The specter of war caused us to descend here and our race shook your world to its foundations. I recall well all these discourses and the numerous broken promises. This wound refuses to heal. My heart is ever filled with grief, because this story resonates within me like a distant echo."



The crystal Ugur (The GÍRKÙ)

My companion asked me to take out the cylindrical quartz crystal with reflections of greens and blues. I seized it and held it up, admiring it in all of its parts; it was of an extraordinary purity....

"This august crystal is a Gírkù (litt: holy epee in Sumerian). It possesses multiple functions and operates on the same principle as the ME. The entire history of the Amašutum is carefully recorded in it. It is also a frequency catalyst that transports on the three levels which make up the KIGAL and on the fourth dimension of the Angal.

"The Kingú-Babbar, the great Gina'abul albinos whom we also call the Imdugud, possess Gírkù in the form of crystal spheres that are a sort of combination of our common Gírkù and the crystalline stone that you hold in your hand.

"This crystal is capable of vibrating on certain frequencies with a quality contingent on the impulse that is sent to it.

"What you do not yet know, is that our ancient line held the mastery of the force of Níama as does our queen. The amount of heat exerted on this crystal by the Níama causes the basic vibration of a being to rise or descend, aligning her with the different planes of existence. In fact the Gírkù acts as a Gùrkur, but with considerably greater power, because it is an undressed crystal!

"This type of green quartz is unique; it is one of the purest stones that we know. It comes from the system of Gagsisá (Sirius).

"Finally, it is also a formidable weapon. It deploys its blade thanks to the Níama.

"This object belonged to our ancestors, the ancient Amašutum root race. Each and every one of us possesses one on Nalulkára. Our past deviations and our venue in the bosom of the Kadištu have not only removed from us our venom, but also the preprogrammed capacity to use the Gírkù that we previously possessed."

ANNALS OF THE GINA'ABUL

Anton Parks' *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres* (Volume One of the series) might be a novel, constructed to illustrate via a gripping narrative the author's insights into a human prehistoric background - rather a prehuman historic background - gained through his deep linguistic analysis of ancient Mesopotamian languages: Sumerian, Akkadian, Babylonian.

However, Parks himself does not believe his books to be works of fiction. Rather, they are a transcription of experiences he had - through an imposed virtual reality projection, or a parapsychological *mind meld*, or some other process for which we cannot even propose a name - that intruded upon and overwhelmed his daily life for many years.

Before reading his books, one needs to know what they are. The best way to begin to understand is through Parks' own description of how he acquired his information. For this we turn to a penetrating interview of Parks conducted by Alain Gossens of Karmapolis.be [K1].

The wide-ranging interview also serves as a précis of the trilogy, and as such was an aid in organizing and beginning to write these pages, which also incorporate information from private communications with Anton Parks, and from the books themselves, when they are published.

One other important first detail for English-speaking readers: no English-language translation of Parks' books or the interview has been published, but translation of the book series is underway. While awaiting the books' publication in English, although we will not attempt a close translation on these pages, the importance of Parks' work seems so great that we are moved to provide English-speaking readers with a summary and discussion of the basic facts contained in them.

PREFACE to *Adam Geniš*

Anton Parks Describes his Experiences

(See http://www.karmapolis.be/pipeline/anton_parks.htm [K1])

Parks' experiences began at the age of 14, in 1981, with a series of "flashes" that would occur at any hour of the day, and completely beyond his control. These eventually evolved into "visions" that took place from once to three times each day.

The visions seemed somehow to be related to or triggered by the ambient light at the time of their occurrence. The light in the visions had the same "spectrum" as the surrounding light. They came as "jets of light" from above, penetrating the top of his head, at the level of the "seventh principal chakra." They would instantly disconnect him from his surroundings and move him into complete scenes, including the aspect of sound.

He would find himself "inside" a certain being, and usually would find the same set of "personages" around him.

These living experiences would take from two to up to ten minutes. Yet if there were people around Parks at the time the visions occurred, they did not seem to notice that anything special had happened, which leads Parks to believe that he would have been gone for only a few seconds at most, in their time.

Parks struggled to comprehend the source of these visions, and their meaning. It was not until the end of the 90s and much research that he came to understand that they were related to the Sumerian civilization and to a language from which the Sumerian language emerged.

...It took some time to put order into all this history -- the different personages and their characters, their numerous names, the different races, the planets, the dimensions -- all that had not been clear at the beginning, especially since I was receiving the information via these disordered "flashes".

Order and comprehension came naturally over the course of years, without doubt due to the growing amount of information that I was able to accumulate.

And there was this sensation of "deja vu", of knowing or recognizing the personalities of the players.

It is a world apart, truly separate from ours, but so alive and, in spite of all, so close to us in many ways...



I discovered by chance the Sumerian literature very late, toward the end of 1999 and the beginning of 2000. Yes, that was a shock and above all a supreme motivation for me to write the *Chronicles*.

Certain places described in the Mesopotamian documents, and most of the the principal personages, are relatively in accord with what I received, but the tablets lack many details and numerous elements... and in fact not all is in accord with my "visions". The warp and woof of the story that I relate are found however on some clay tablets; this is why I have no doubt this "capacity" to interpret the symbolism of the Mesopotamian documents.

[N]

Parks also began to consider aspects of reincarnation theory in trying to comprehend what was happening to him.

The personage whose identity Parks assumed in his visions bore the name of "Sa'am," and it was Sa'am's "destiny" that Parks was retracing.

Sa'am belonged to a group of "reptilian" races known as the *Gina'Abul*, and these are the divinities who are written about on the Mesopotamian tablets.

Sa'am had a certain crystal that was called "Gírkù." The information that Parks was receiving was in some way coming from the crystal, which led him to wonder if the experience was being played out in his mind by the crystal or if he really was this "Sa'am" who owned it.

After many years of living with these visions, Parks found that they were taking too much of his life, and he began a process of reducing and blocking them. This took many months, but the phenomenon eventually disappeared, in 1991 around the time of the first Persian Gulf War.

Coming to terms with the experience, Parks decided that it was not necessary to know for certain if he truly was the Sa'am personage, although in the depths of his being he is convinced that it is so. Perhaps this was what led him to begin a study of ancient Mesopotamian texts. He and his associates were soon shocked to find that the history they related was practically identical to what he had received - or lived through - in his visions.

Pursuing an interest in the Sumerian language, and aided by his "flashes," Parks discovered the "linguistic code of the "gods".

Eventually what became most important was the need to write and publish the information he was gathering. He began this task in the period 2000-2001.

His work, when complete, will consist of six volumes, containing careful descriptions of what Parks experienced/received over a period of ten years, including transcripts of dialogs where appropriate, plus subsequent research inquiring into the possible validity of the visions. The latter are usually presented in the form of formal manuscripts and reports as appendices to the texts, and easily distinguishable from them.

From Author's Note to *Adam Genisiš*:

At the time that *The Secret of the Dark Stars* was impressed upon me, I did not know how to reveal the source of all this history. It didn't seem to be channelling, properly speaking. To explain that it was all revealed to me on a daily basis over a dozen years through the intermediary of uncontrollable "jets of light" hardly enchanted me.

This situation was so trying for me that it is difficult now to even recall it clearly. Years of this had shattered my life.

I had opted not to speak of it, at least at first, thinking that "those who know" would see clearly from what it came. As to most of the other readers, those who are a little less "in the know", I imagined that they would be content to take this information as that found in an essay on the origin of humanity, or even as a novel, given that the narrative is written in that form. When one has important information to communicate, all these methods are good...

But choosing the manner of transcribing this series did pose a problem for me, and for a long time. Several years ago, when I finally decided to begin writing, I started to compose the first volume in the form of an essay. But after a good hundred pages, I realized that I would not be able to include all the details that I had received. So I abandoned this approach and wrote the central part of the book -- that is to say the history -- as a narrative. That allowed me to put in the full specificity of this story without "taboos" and I was able to preserve the singular sensation of finding myself in the body of the principal personage, just as I had it at the time that I had received all this.

Then I preserved the contents of my historico-mythological and linguistic investigations for the notes at the bottom of the pages and for the appendices, as I have done with the present work.

This explains why two different writing styles coexist in the volumes of this series.

Comparison with the Work of Other Researchers

Parks has examined the translations of Samuel Kramer, Jean Bottéro, Marie-Joseph Seux, Thorkild Jacobsen, René Labat, and André Caquot. While they differ from one another, their core information is the same, and Parks and his associates couldn't help noticing a surprising similarity between his flashes and the basic story written down on the ancient clay tablets - certainly more than 5000 to 6000 years old!

It was all Parks could do to refrain from plunging too deeply into these translations, so as to continue to preserve intact the history as he had received it, which contained numerous elements that were totally absent from the tablets.

He found striking similarities on concepts having to do with cloning, well detailed on the tablets, which have also been discussed by modern authors Zecharia Sitchin, R. Boulay, and David Icke.

Most important was information relating to the central personage known in Parks' first volume as Sa'am, who took other names while on the Earth - though no more was spoken of this in the interview. Many of the personages introduced in *Le Secret* came to Earth and persisted into the Sumerian, Egyptian, and "Biblical" epochs under various names. All of these are discussed in Adam Genisiš.

On Nibiru and Gold

Parks writes (*Le Secret*, Note 4):

We will see that the first humans on the African continent were procured over a period of several millennia for the purpose of mining gold for the "Celestial Bestiary."

In the course of your reading, you will learn why gold was so important for the Gina'abul. You will see that my ideas are totally original and absolutely to be distinguished from those put forward by independent researchers who claim to have read on the clay tablets (I must ask where???) that the Sumerian "gods" inhabited a planet named Nibiru (or Neberu) and that the gold served them as an active component in the fashioning of its atmosphere which no longer retained sunlight (sic!).

I don't know where this information came from, but quite clearly not a single clay tablet claims that Nibiru (or Neberu) is the original planet of the Sumerian "gods" called Anunna [see [Races](#)]; on the contrary, the only celestial habitation that is mentioned, quite rightly, is *Dukù* of which we will speak again and again.

Note also that *Dukù* is actually the name of a planet, but also became the name of an orbiting habitat that the Celestial Bestiary, once

confined to the Earth, constructed in order to survive. The Sumerians used this same name to designate chapels in the ancient cities of Eridu and Nippur. These cult places symbolized the terrestrial manifestation of the "primordial hills" of the "gods." In the second work of this series, we will equally evoke the *Dukug* of which the sense is strictly the same and which was the name of the mountain where the Celestial Bestiary established itself at the edge of the Mesopotamian plain.

Languages

Unity

The language in which Parks received his information was completely unlike French, yet he knew it as though it were his native tongue.

For some years he had believed the language to be Hebrew, but was disabused of this idea through the use of a Hebrew syllabary (a set of signs or symbols representing the sounds that make up the words. Since these constituent sounds have their own meanings, one can use this tool to decompose and understand the complex meanings of complete words).

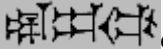
It is this focus on the phonetic values of the syllables that distinguishes Parks' linguistic methodology. These exhibit a common base among numerous ancient languages.

Parks learned that the codification of languages was associated with the existence of castes in the society he had experienced in his visions: that of the *Gina'abul* (Sumerian word for lizards). By the end of the 1990s Parks understood that the phonetic values of the Gina'abul were to be found in both the Sumerian and Akkadian syllabaries.

The Sumerian language, he points out, embraces a system that was totally formed from its first appearance and which has undergone only rare developments over time. Sumerian belongs to no known linguistic group, while Akkadian - a language spoken in the north of Mesopotamia and structured from the Sumerian syllabary - is the ancestor of Assyrian and Babylonian, themselves belonging to semitic groups such as Hebrew and Arabic.

In fact, Parks found that there actually is a single Sumero-Assyro-Babylonian syllabary on which are based the principal words of numerous ancient languages: Arabic, Chinese, Dogon, Egyptian, Ancient Greek, Hebrew, Hindi, Hopi, Japanese, Latin, the Germanic languages and many others.

These syllabaries could be used to decompose certain biblical terms and to understand their deep meanings.

Decomposing a word required knowledge of the context that had led to the original assembling of its terms. For example, he explains, the Sumerian *Gina'abul*  can be decomposed as GINA-AB-UL ("veritable ancestor(s) of the splendor"). When one understands the excessive vanity of the beings Parks experienced, one is not surprised by this appellation.

Take the name *Adam*, which we are supposed to believe comes from the Hebrew in relation to the terms *adama* (clod of earth?) or *adôm* (red). Parks is unaware that any author has considered the Sumerian *Á-DAM*, which means "beasts, animals, flocks" or "levy (?), establishment, installation or colonization," all subsumed under "inflict!"

If *Á-DAM* were to designate persons, they would be "beasts, animals, levied, established, installed," or even "colonized, inflicted."

The idea of an enslaved being, totally submissive to "gods," is reinforced in the equivalent of the term *Á-DAM* in Akkadian, which is *Nammaššû*, translated phonetically in Sumerian as nam-maš-šû, "the demi-portion to charge."

What could be more precise?

Parks applies this method to determine and verify in detail virtually every translatable term in connection with the history he relates. In *Le Secret*, the number of words that he did not decompose with the aid of the Sumero-Akkadian syllabary could be counted on the fingers of one hand. He believes he is the first to use this decomposition method.

The syllables of Sumerian and Akkadian words allow Parks to decompose the principal words of other ancestral languages: Chinese, Hebrew, ancient Greek, Latin, Germanic and Amerindian languages, etc. That leads to a unified understanding of all languages, but discussion of this will have to await the later volumes in the series.

Parks does provide in the current volume the accents and numeric labeling of syllables that are part of his system.

Origins and Sequences

The Emeša language (the "matrix language" or "heart of the language") is the original language of the Gina'abul females, who Parks thinks - though he did not see this directly - developed slightly earlier than the male Gina'abul. From this mother language the females (Amašutum) created the Emenita (male) language for the use of the males and for communication between the males and the females.

Meanwhile, the original (Emešà) language was then abandoned as long as peace prevailed.

Gina'abul World

Emešà
"Matrix Language"
=
Original
Sumerian
and
Akkadian
(Assyro-Babylonian)
syllabaries and phonetics

Emenita
"Male Language"
Original Sumerian

Human World

Emešà
"Matrix Language"
=
Language of the
Amašutum and
Human priestesses
(used to codify Human Languages)

Emegir
"Princely or Noble Language"
or
Emean
"Heavenly Language"
=
Human Sumerian

Later, during the Great War, the females were captured and oppressed by the male Gina'abul, the famous Ušumgal and Mušgir (see Races), who had discovered the secret of their feminine sexual power. A group of these males wished to imprison the females and make them submit to abominations so as to seize that power for themselves.

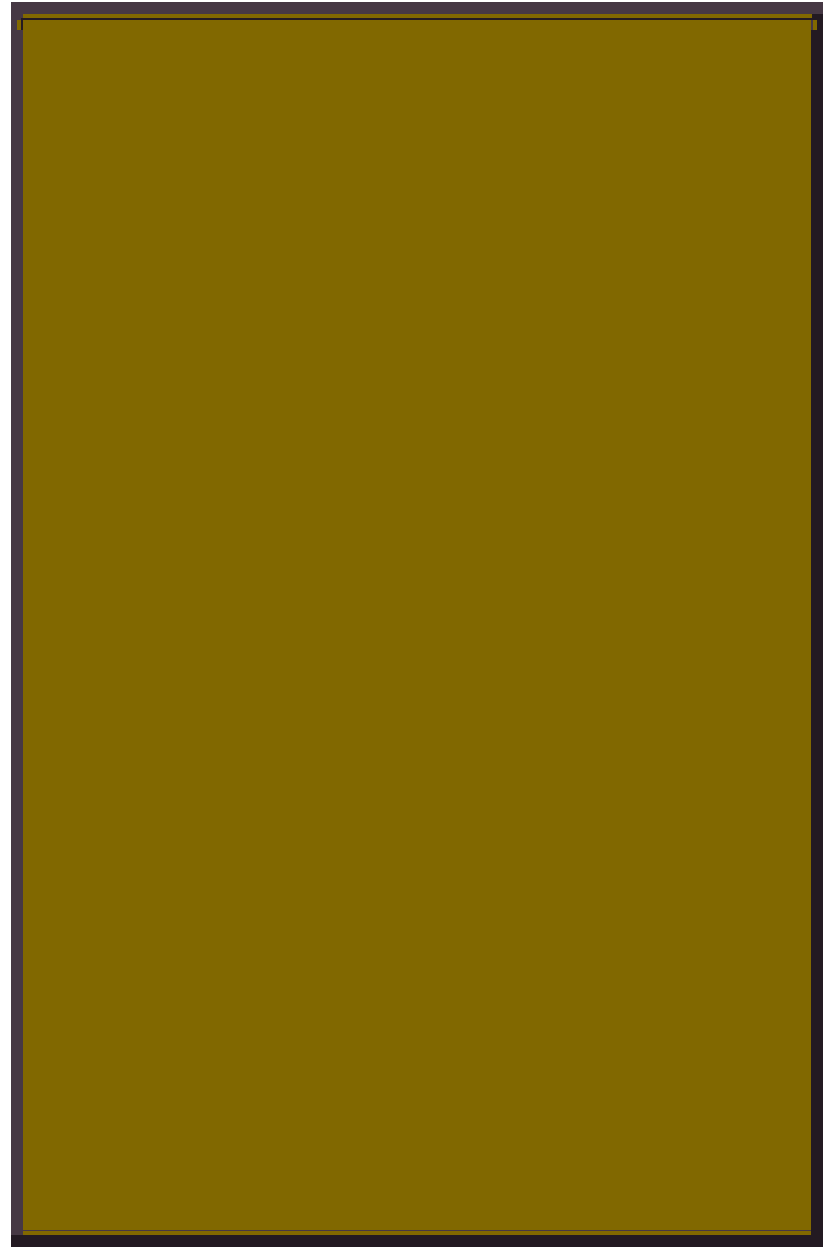
The females, confined by the males, developed Hermetic rites and other secrets in order to protect themselves. As writing became too dangerous, and as many females were unable to use telepathy, a talent enjoyed by all of the males, and needing to be able to communicate among themselves with full confidence, they reactivated and brought up to date the Emešà, with its supplementary linguistic particles, and used it again for secret communication between themselves.

Karma One: In your first work, *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*, you presented a codification of Earth's ancient languages through the use of the syllabary of the Sumerian-Akkadian spoken by the ancient "gods". Your demonstrations were striking. In *Adam Geniš* you continued with your reasoning and explained to us that this codification had the objective of destabilizing the world of the "gods" and not that of the humans as the Bible indicates.

Anton Parks: The Sumerian and Akkadian languages are the basis of all the idioms and terrestrial languages; I think that the multitude of examples that I have been able to place in my two first works [see *Decoder*] demonstrates this very well. In a manner of speaking, all the commonly-used terms of the ancient languages have been codified thanks to the Sumerian or the Sumero-Akkadian.

The reason for this codification is the war that separates the world of the "gods" from the one found on the clay tablets composing the Mesopotamian mythology. Even before the last wave of the "gods" arrived, there already existed two distinct languages: Emešà ("matrix language") of the females, encompassing all the particles that can be found in Sumerian and Akkadian; and Emenita ("male language"), used by the males.

For reasons tied to an ancient conflict between the male and female Gina'abul (the lizard "deities"), the priestesses already were using a sort of coded language for secret communications between themselves. This same linguistic agency is found on Earth as the Emešà (matrix language) and Emesal ("refined language") spoken by the "goddesses" and the earthly priestesses in the more recent



that the Akkadians had adapted their writing to the Sumerians. I don't agree with this opinion, because the Akkadian writing sprang up at the birth of the Sumerian cuneiform (approximately 2500 B.C.) and the Semitic carriers of the Akkadian were present at least around 2600 B.C. Recent research distinctly demonstrates this... Moreover, Akkadian appeared fully-formed from its debut, "as though descended from heaven", which makes this language the most ancient of the Semitic branch....

As far as concerns the cuneiform writing that is today the most visible evidence of a complex and structured ancient Near-East history, I remind readers that this appears to be a purely terrestrial form of writing, invented by humans and not by the "gods". I would add that the epic accounts found on the Mesopotamian tablets retrace in part historic events that, very often, were not contemporaneous with their (human) drafters.

Looking again at the dialect of the Assyrians and Babylonians, it is very clear to me that Akkadian is derived from the "matrix language" possessed by the "Digir" priestesses ("divinities") of the Mesopotamian pantheon.

The males (the Anunna) were in conflict with them. Moreover, as I demonstrate in my first two books, Sa'am-Enki was more on the side of the Nindigir or Amašutum females than on the side of his creator An and An's right arm Enlil.

It is actually Enki who mixed the language of Man according to the writings on the tablets; it is he who codified [encoded?] the languages as a means to break Enlil's domination over the human beings who originally all spoke but one language:

"Formerly, there was a time when the countries of Šubur, of Hamazi, of Kalam (Sumer) where are spoken so many languages, the country and principality of the divine laws, Uri, the country provided with everything necessary, the country of Martu that rested in security, the entire universe and all the peoples together, rendered homage to Enlil with one single language. However, the Father-Lord, the Father-Prince, the Father-King Enki, [...] the Father-Lord was angry....

"[...] Enki, the Lord of Abundance, whose commandments are

certain, the Lord of Wisdom who scrutinizes the Earth, the chief of the gods, the Lord of Eridu, gifted with Wisdom, changed the words of their mouth, put discord there, in the language of Man, which had once been unique"

Enmerkar and the Lord of Aratta
Extract from a tablet in the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford

I explain in the first book that the codification secretly organized by Enki and his people, the Nungal, that is to say the "watchers" or B'nai Elohim (sons of the Elohim), made use of the totality of the original dialect (Emešà, the "matrix language") of the priestesses. The creation of new dialects from the full Sumerian-Akkadian syllabary was made possible not only through the repeated use of particles said to be Akkadian -- originally unknown to the male "gods" -- but equally through the inventive criss-crossed and tangled employment of the three principal elements that form a sentence: the subject of the action, the object, and the verbal form.

As will be indicated in the third volume of this series, the appearance of the Akkadian language is one of the last maneuvers of the rebel clan to counteract the domination of the Ušumgal-Anunna (Yahvé) over Mesopotamia, which is where the monarchy of the "gods" was principally implanted.

Enki is sometimes named MUŠDA in Sumerian. This epithet defines him as being the "grand architect" or even the "mason" of the world, but the decomposition of this term into MUŠ-DA gives us "powerful reptile". This crafty reptile, responsible for the cloning of humanity and the codification of the languages of Earth, is no other than the biblical serpent, he who foiled the plan of Yahvé in Eden, at a time when under the orders of this same Yahvé.

Enki, "the reptile", recalls in every way the Sumerian term EME-ŠID ("lizard"), whose strict definition EME (language, word, tongue) + SID (to memorize, recite in a loud voice, enumerate) renders for us "he who enumerates the language(s)" or "he who

The use of Emešà was forbidden to males and more particularly to the subgroup named *Anunna* (see Races).

For their part, the males communicated in Emenita (litt: "male language"), known to us as Sumerian. The Gina'abul priestesses also used Emenita, which they themselves had constructed, for communicating with the males.

The various Gina'abul idioms, such as those of the Abgal and the Sukkal, and the Emesal that was "implanted" during the Paleo-Babylonian epoch, were composed from the much richer mother syllabary. This is also true of Akkadian (Assyro-Babylonian), which did not evolve from Sumerian at all, as believed by Oriental language experts.

It's easy to understand their misconception, as they have only inscriptions on tablets to work with, and human writing did evolve, varying within the different Mesopotamian regions, beginning with the primitive Sumerian pictograms of 3500-4000 BCE, whose purpose was to tally the riches of the "gods," and leading to the Assyrian cuneiform.

But the spoken languages were introduced, modified, replaced from time to time, and did not evolve.

Code

Parks insists that the peoples of this planet from the dawn of humanity have expressed themselves via idiomatic structures all taken from the Emešà, including Emenita, which we know as Sumerian. (Parks sometimes uses the term *Gina'abul-Sumerian* as a reference to Emešà.)

Meanwhile, the Gina'abul held their code closely.

The original Gina'abul that arrived and spread out over this planet were

recites the word"!!!

As I demonstrate in my two first works, the Old Testament is a mediocre counterfeit that outrageously uses the much more ancient Mesopotamian and Egyptian traditions....

I know that readers and independent researchers will claim that the different possibilities offered by the game of Sumero-Akkadian homophony explains why it will always be possible to decode in foreign terms... Clearly they are perfectly correct to think this and this is why the code was difficult to break in the past, even by the Gina'abul who spoke Emenita or Emegir (Sumerian) to perfection...

Likewise, since vowels differ according to the regions of the globe and particularly in the Orient, some will not understand the phonetic choices that I make to decode various terms. I wish to make clear that every phonetic possibility is possible, even at times substituting vowels that we know to be nonexistent in certain languages.

Take for example the Egyptian name of *Isis*, which is Aset or Iset, according to interpretations. We obtain: A-SÉ-ET "source of the foreknowledge of life" or I-SÉ-ET "lamentations of the foreknowledge of life". These two constructions convey a perfect definition of the person of Isis as source, that is to say "mother or mourner (of Osiris) responsible for the foreknowledge of life (Horus)".

Gerry Zeitlin and I have realized a schema from the understanding that I have been able to pull from this history of the matrix language. Gerry's work is remarkable in the degree to which it permits me to materialize and authenticate concepts and data that would have been difficult for me to present or circulate on my own. Our collaboration is very important. Gerry has created several diagrams for *Ádam Genisiš* that also appear on his site in which he analyzes my work meticulously.

[K2]

in profound discord among themselves. The numerous idioms that were dispersed resulted from this "intestinal bad blood" that continued for millennia. The Gina'abul required veritable dictionaries for each human ethnic group in order to play at communicating with them.

The most irksome task for the faction to which Sa'am belonged -- the rebels made up of the Amašutum, the Nungal, and the Abgal -- was having to systematically recreate new terms to replace any that had been discovered by their consanguine enemies. The task was anything but simple, and the idioms were difficult to translate, sometimes creating extended dialects, but that permitted them to disorient for many millennia the Anunna subgroup (see Races), which was the majority on the planet.

The Sumerian immigrants (this will be explained in the second and third books) named the Gina'abul Emenita language *Emegir* ("princely language") and sometimes *Emean* ("heavenly language" or "language of heaven"). This language, basically formed from invariant nominal and verbal roots, on which were added different suffixes and prefixes, produced a sophisticated grammatical articulation, finally resulting in a highly refined dialect.

The Akkadian language (and its syllabary) appeared totally formed from one day to the next, apparently subsequently to the Sumerian. How this came about will be explained in Volume 3: *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.

For their part, the Gina'abul idioms were voluntarily elaborated in a distinctly archaic fashion, producing an aspect of slang when compared with the basic language.

So there is a code that is always present in the ancient languages of Earth. Some consonants may have changed over time, but this is infrequent.

In connection with this code, note that the grammatical conventions of the Gina'abul-Sumerian language differ from those of the codifications. In the language, verbal chains are placed at the end of sentences. This is rarely the case in the codifications, where the verb can even at times be found at the beginning of an Emenita term. This discrepancy was premeditated as a means of obscuring the decoding. Remember that the males did not have access to the Emešà terms of which the code consisted.

The purpose of all this was to provide a means of communicating clandestinely and succinctly with humans. Succinctness was achieved by using simple grammatical rules in the encoding, and by using systematically invariable terms, with suffixes and prefixes generally suppressed.

Decoding

Parks is adept in the use of the Gina'abul code, and exploits it frequently and highly convincingly to plumb the inner meanings and also the historic references embedded in the words of many languages. For these web notes I have created a [Decoder](#) to centralize this aspect of Parks' work. The [Decoder](#) is really the heart of the Notes. Readers may benefit from studying it, as it is constructed not only for reference but also to fulfill a teaching function. Some of Parks' most important discoveries can be found there.

Most of the translations or decodings discussed by Parks are of individual terms or words, in which the rules of translation are simpler than for complete sentences in the Emesa and Emenita languages. Even a novice can easily follow these translations of two-, three-, or even four-syllable words.

In the Gina'abul language the context of situations is important, as only the specific circumstance results in a term being constructed in such or such a manner. The rebel Gina'abul knew the context of the words and the keys of the different particles that they used to create the terms one finds today in Sumerian.

The translation of certain words is hindered when they are taken out of their context, especially considering that the Gina'abul-Sumerian language possessed concepts and realities having nothing to do with those of present-day society. That makes all the difference, and it is also for this reason that our language specialists have not been able to detect their codification.

Parks writes:

The complexity of the Emenita language used by the Sumerians lies essentially in its numerous homophones (syllables with similar pronunciation) which are distinguished by their length or phonetic force. In order to differentiate between the numerous homophonic cuneiform signs on the tablets unearthed in Mesopotamia, the French Assyriologist F. Thureau-Dangin developed, in the 1920s, a system of accents and numeration for each sign.

A current explanation of this system for denoting Sumerian "logograms," and a substantial listing of them, is available in the online document [Sumerian Lexicon, Version 3.0](#) by John A. Halloran.

Please turn now to the Example 1. at the top of the [Decoder](#) page to see how the words for "King" in six diverse languages can all be decoded by Parks' method, producing the concept of "King" with various nuances.

Example 2. on the terms for "Woman" in many languages both introduces and gives initial evidence for the central proposition of the entire set of books by Parks: the widespread pre-modern understanding of the true nature of the female: "She who transmits at one time the power and the understanding!" This is a remembrance of the transformation of Adam in the garden of the "gods."

This precise example contains the greatest secret that has ever been hidden from humanity and the code that derailed the Anunna faction for many millennia.

The Meaning of Religions

Refer to the decompositions of the Old Testament words *Ish* (first man) and *Ishsha* (first woman). In the Sumerian, the particles mean, respectively, ancestral or primordial androgyne, and the heart or womb or entrails of the ancestor.

Genesis indicates that Ishsha was pulled from the side of Ish, implying that man was antecedant to woman. [However the history that will be revealed in Parks' later books will indicate that] Ish and Ishsha were created as part of the primordial androgyne human that lived on Earth long before the arrival of the Gina'abul who changed the human genetic code. Moreover, very numerous traditions from around the world report that primordial man was not only androgyne, but hermaphrodite.

The rabbis who were charged with compiling the texts of Genesis from the Mesopotamian traditions found at Babylon at the time of the exile of the Hebrews between -586 and -539, discovered the embarrassing androgyne primordial $I\check{S}_7$ and were not able to totally suppress it. Thanks to a subtle maneuver, the ancestor, masculinised, became officially Ish (man) and was counfounded with him.

When the "gods" of the Mesopotamian traditions transformed the genetic code of the primordial androgyne ancestor ($I\check{S}_7$), they cut this being in two and created thus a man and a woman.

The manipulation executed on the man does not appear in the text of Genesis, because $I\check{S}_7$ (androgyne ancestor) is metamorphosed into Ish (man)...

...and then the rabbis fabricated the story of Yahve-Elohim making Ish fall into a torpor at which time Ishsha was fashioned from his side etc.

Parks' series, *Les Chroniques du Gírkù*, promises to reveal practically everything on the authentic genesis of humanity and our origins. Today we have only sparse traces of this history. The most significant are those graven on the Mesopotamian tablets and some of them have been stolen from Iraq and are now circulating on a profitable black market.

These clay tablets trace the history of a group of immigrants named Anunna(ki) who descended here many millennia ago to exploit the multiple riches of our planet. The individual known as Sa'am, whose life became known to Parks through years of total-immersion memory flashback experiences, lived among these felons during his entire history.

Parks states that only 5 to 10% of the elements contained in his chronicles are found on the clay tablets from Mesopotamia. The history of humanity has been skillfully deformed over time in order to protect those who imposed themselves on Earth and equally to preserve, unbeknownst to us, their descendents who continue to work secretly on their behalf.

Thus, for example, at the time of the writing of the Assyro-Babylonian tablets, the "feminine cult" was deliberately suppressed and diverted to the advantage of a more and more dominant patriarchy.

One of the greatest coups of the Anunna faction was their taking advantage of a totally exceptional situation which, in one brief moment, had dispersed humanity over the Earth. Beginning at that time, multiple religions were invented with the sole aim of disorganising you, leading you into error... more precisely, limiting you!

This is of key importance because the religions permitted the usurpers of the planet to break up the people and create bloody conflicts. Today, the religions are too often the direct cause of conflicts and wars. Thanks to religions and their deliberately deceptive disparities (since in principle all religions possess the same precepts!) the different beliefs permit killing one's fellow man in the name of God! In the course of the most sinister centuries and millennia in the history of this planet, religions have caused the death of millions of individuals.

Today religious conflicts make it possible to "administer" the size of the Earth's population and to make huge profits from manufacturing more and more murderous arms.

This may make some laugh, others perhaps less, but the term *religion*, taken from the Latin *religio*, is very precise to our eyes. Christian linguists are pleased to explain that the term derives from the Latin verb *ligare* which signifies *to bind*, implying that religion binds or rebinds human beings between themselves. But it would be fair to emphasize that the same term means equally *to subject* in the language of ancient Rome. Moreover, again in Latin, the words *religio* and *obligatio* (obligation or debt) often have the same sense.

Before translating the hidden sense of *religio* with the aid of our syllabary, you must know that close to several thousand years ago, when your ancestors had the opportunity to record their legends, doctrines and beliefs, that is to say their religion, the only available medium was clay, or stone cut in the form of tablets. It is from these tablets, notably those of Babylon, that the data could be transmitted with care and convey the manna of information that served the intellectuals of the community of Israel in the compiling of many passages of the Old Testament.

Is it not also from these tabulations of the laws established by "God" that the Judeo-Christian religion received its first commandments? It is truly on the tablets that the people of the ancient near East listed and diffused the different dogmas that served to construct what is considered the world's first religion.

Speaking of those tablets, observe (see *Decoder* Example 3: RELIGION) that the decomposition of the Latin *religio* defines religion as a system for training sheep with the aid of tablets! (To understand how tablets inscribed with instructions were potentiated and remain effective today, see Laws.)

How does it happen that a Latin word can be interpreted in this way? Again, it is because the ancient languages are Gina'abul dialects. This strange concept will be supported again and again throughout Parks' works.

In the course of your reading, especially in *Ádam Genisiš*, you will learn that the *Celestial Bestiary* that fell on the Earth had the sorry tendency to assimilate the Earth ancestors to animals, in fact, to small livestock, more precisely sheep! This concept may seem strange, but it was widespread in the past.

Take the simple example of ancient Egypt where the sheep were called *Undu* (or *Undju*) and the people *Undut* (or *Undjut*). The respective transcriptions of these terms in Sumerian [see *Decoder*] leaves no doubt: UN-DU₇ = horned rabble; UN-DÛ-UT = the population that casts the metal of light (gold).

That being said, in view of the organization of present society and despite the millennia that separate us from the highest antiquity, I am completely convinced that the ideology that assimilates the people to animals has truly never changed.

Refer to *Decoder* Example 3: RELIGION for more examples of what Sumerian phonetic deconstruction reveals about the meaning of words for "religion" in various languages.

Races

Introducing the Kadištu

[Extracted from the GMSS Interview]

The Kadištu "Life Designers" are the guardians of key places in the universe. Their objective is to cause to reign a form of organization and of "*discipline*" that emanates from "*the Source*" that one could assimilate to God. In this, one could think of them as "angels of God".

Despite their high technology and their extreme intelligence, the Kadištu are not on a mission to resolve all problems. Insofar as concerns the history of the Earth and its development, the Life Designers seem to have chosen to leave the Earth, even though it be a sacred place, in the hands of the Gina'abul reptilians.

This does not appear to be an abandonment, rather a transitional retreat, because to this day the Life Designers have not ceased to keep an eye on their creation. On the human level, this can seem to be taking a very long time, but to the Life Designers of the Universe, it is nothing.

The Kadištu normally do not interfere in the development of races in full evolution -- in this case the Gina'abul reptilians.

I imagine that it was simpler to let the Gina'abul resolve their family problems among themselves, as there exists in the bosom of the reptilian family the Amašutum group - the females - who truly form a part of the Life Designers.

I am thinking equally that the *Homo* type originally of the Earth and the Solar System has a karma that is connected to the reptilians, given that the *Homo* type has on numerous occasions been genetically manipulated by these same Gina'abul reptilians...

In his interviews, Parks provides glimpses of the numerous races at play in his works: those that make up the Kadištu collective and the Gina'abul races, a large part of whom are in conflict with the Kadištu. The female Gina'abul, however, are the Amašutum priestesses, who belong to the Kadištu. This is an example of the complex relationships and interactions that make up Parks' story.

Kadištu	Akkadian: Qadistu, evoking high-ranking priestesses. Sumerian: NU-GIG, meaning "non-evil" but also "the image of evil" - sacred prostitutes. Related to the Latin <i>caduceus</i> . Emissaries of "the Original Source," they live in "higher dimensions" called "Angal." Role is to unify the species of the universe. Very powerful but do not interfere in the affairs of beings evolving in the "reduced frequencies."
Abgal	Kadištu subgroup. Genetically affiliated with Gina'abul, but considered amphibians, with genes of a far-off amphibian race. Sages of the Gagsisá (Sirius) system. Like the Urmah, this is a rare Kadištu race that can evolve in KI (the 3rd dimension). They possess a delicious regard charged with compassion. A light energetic halo emerges from their body. A Gina'abul rebel race**.
Amašutum	Female Gina'abul*. "Mother Lizards." "Proud People of the Serpent." Eternal symbol: two intertwined serpents. Priestesses. Kadištu subgroup, therefore also associated with the principle of "good and evil." Life Designers. Dwell in several regions of the universe, such as Ursa Major, Hyades, Pleiades, Orion. A Gina'abul rebel race**.
Ama'argi	Terrestrial Amašutum, specially created in our solar system by the Gina'abul females of Margid'da (Ursa Major), undoubtedly cloned from the genetic library there. They have tails, as do the other Amašutum. Dark-skinned. Peaceful. A Kadištu race. Their home is the Abzu of Uraš. Their sovereign is Queen Dim'mege (see Personages).
Ameli	Semi-etheric Kadištu race originating in the star system of <i>Bun</i> (Aldebaran, α Tauri) and still based there. Had permitted the <i>Ušumgal</i> to maintain a colony of <i>Mimínu</i> in that system but drove them out after the Great War. The <i>Mimínu</i> were relocated in Mulmul (Pleiades). This in turn forced a new line of Amašutum to progressively withdraw from Mulmul and its Ubšu'ukkinna system, eventually to settle in <i>Gišda</i> (the Hyades).
Sukkal	Kadištu subgroup having the form of birds. "Cousin of the Gina'abul." The Sumerian word "sukkal" means

	"messenger." In the Sumerian and Assyro-Babylonian traditions, the Sukkal are humanoids with the body of a bird and large wings on the back. The Greek term "angelos" also means messenger and refers to beings with functions similar to biblical angels. Important Life Designers. Urbar'ra (Lyra).
Urmah "Army of the Elohim"	Warriors / Life Designers. (UR-MAH, "great warrior", also "lion" in Gina'abul-Sumerian). Logo: the lion. <u>Felidae</u> or feline. Feline-humanoid appearance; actually resembles a lion. Always seen with claws; unknown if natural or artificial. They are from the Orion constellation. The official army or celestial militia of the Kadištu, who often referred to them concerning problems of rule. For that reason, the Urmah were found at several times in our solar system.
Namlú'u Primordial Human [see <u>Decoder</u>]	Prodigious androgyne race assembled by the Kadištu on Uraš (Earth). Highly respected because it combined the genetic patrimony of numerous Life Designer species.
Kingú	Akkadian Quingu. Sumerian: KIN-GU = "ruler over the Earth (or regions). Logo: the eagle. Princely root stock of the Gina'abul. At war with the Ušumgal. Three types: whites [Kingú-Babbar, grand royals; Te (Aquila)], reds [warriors-cleaners; Ušu (Draco)], greens [the people, also warriors]. Most Kingú possess a mark on the forehead, like a third eye.
Kingú-Babbar	Royal albino Kingú, originally the dominant authority in the constellation Ušu (Draco), where they created the Ušumgal. Relocated to Urbar'ra (Lyra) with the Ušumgal, whom they left there at the time of the Great War. Resettled in the constellation Te (Aquila). Some are present in our solar system, originally from Te, and are central to events described in Parks' second book, <i>Ádam Genisiš</i> . They are in conflict with the Anunnaki and their descendants. Solitary, do not like to mix with others, because they feel superior to the rest of the Gina'abul. These are the largest of all the Kingú. Some possess wings and horns; others absolutely none. Those in our solar system have hardly any wings and no horns. Among all the Gina'abul, most closely resemble humans. They bear the emblem of <i>Urin</i> (the eagle).
Red Kingú	Just beneath the Kingú-Babbar in the social order. Specialists in war; soldiers. Reddish skin. Have tail, horn, and wings. When the Kingú-Babbar left Ušu, the Red Kingú remained to govern in their place.
Kingú People	Workers and warriors. These are the Kingú who take part in the battles on Dukù at the end of Book 1. Greenish skin (a little lighter than that of the Anunna).
Imdugud (Anzu)	Mix of Kingú-Babbar (royal albinos) and Urmah. Depicted emblematically in Sumerian and Akkadian imagery as half eagle, half lion, respectively representing their genetic roots. White skin (like the Kingú-Babbar), sometimes described by Parks as fair-skinned. Appear "Nordic" but with a slight "animal" look in their eyes, an aspect that is

	connected with their genes. They resemble humans, often with blue eyes, and are very tall. Pupils are vertical. Emit barking or whistling sounds. Always seen with claws; unknown if natural or artificial. Solitary. Originated in Tiamate (our Solar System) well before 300,000 y.a., which is when the Anunna arrived. Originally created to watch over the terrestrial reserve and above all to serve to reconcile the Gina'abul and the Kadištu Life Designers. They had the reputation of being peaceable, not "looking for trouble" - unlike their Kingú-Babbar creators. They are always found in the background of the works of the Kadištu, with whom they have courteous relations.
Ušumgal	"Grand Dragons," later Sumerian term for their gods and sovereigns; descended from Kingú-Babbar; creators of the Annuna and other races. The Ušumgal Council of Nalulkára were survivors of the Great War.
Šutum	Male Gina'abul*. "Lizard" in Sumerian. Created by Abzu-Abba to impregnate the Amašutum, but their reproductive abilities were in decline. They suffered from a disease of unknown cause. Originally, laborers, working for the entire race of Gina'abul. Margid'da (Ursa Major).
Nungal	Great Lords. " <u>Fallen Angels</u> ". <i>Book of Enoch</i> : watchers. Bené Elohim (Sons of the Elohim). Those who coupled with human females without authorization of Yahvé (An-Enlil). Akkadian: Igigi. Male. Created (in great haste) by Sa'am and Mamitu-Nammu (see <u>Personages</u>) from Imduḡud genes on which Abzu-Abba had been experimenting. Considered as Life Designers although no knowledge of cloning. Followers of Osiris and Horus. A Gina'abul rebel race**.
Anunna Anunnaki	Warriors. "Angels of Yahvé". Created by An and Ninmah on Dukù, Mulmul (Pleiades), from a genetic patrimony discovered by Ninmah on Nalulkára. No doubt the cell line was enhanced Šutum. Wars among the Gina'abul brought them to the Earth. Anunnaki = "Anunna of the Earth." Have manipulated humans for millennia.
Mušgir	"Furious reptile" - winged dragons. Assyrian: "Pazuzu". Can easily move between the "first and third <u>dimensions</u> ." Originally created in Lyra by Ušumgal; An and Ninmah produced a second line on Dukù, Mulmul (Pleiades), using a cell line discovered by Ninmah on Nalulkára. Have tail, horns, and wings. May be compared to the numerous gargoyles that haunt churches and cathedrals.
Mîmînu	Dogon: ant. Known to us as "grey" ETs. They are genetically-engineered descendents of the Mušgir -- wingless, smooth-skinned, diminutive. Originally created by Ušumgal with reprogrammed Mušgir genes, as part of a program in which the Mušgir participated voluntarily. Later numerous other Miminu races were created from cells fabricated by the Kingú. They know how to take orders. Slaves of the male Gina-abul.
UKU ₃ -BI "lower multitude" UGU ₄ -BI	The Ukubi were created by the Kingú for food (same as we treat our cattle) and by the "royals" and later by the Ama'argi to fulfill the orders of the "royals" (who tightly controlled them at that time). But Nammu clandestinely improved the race, rendering them autonomous (so they could defend themselves against the Kingú). Parks has found a Sumerian legend that supports this statement.***

"simian"	
Early Human	<p>Genetic combination of Original Human, Gina'abul, simian. Sa'am was continuing what his mother had done with simians. A first humanoid version, the first Ádam, a mixture of Ukubi, Ama'argi, and green-skinned Kingú, served as workers in Edin. Note that the Kingú themselves bore no responsibility for this creation. Their cells were included to mark the domination of the Ušumgal-Anunna over the Kingú -- to humiliate them. Following that, Sa'am, with the support of his mother and two sisters, clandestinely improved the race under the noses of An and Enlil. They added cells of the Namlu'u, thus in a fashion "humanizing" the Ádam. These beings were black-skinned. Having Ama'argi within their genetics, they had tails. The Sumerian name for them is <i>Sag-gi-ga</i>, meaning "black slave". The Kingú then countered by asking Sa'am to add their Kingú-Babbar genes (from Tiamate) to the <i>Sag-gi-ga</i>, resulting in a white-skinned human, which would mark <u>their</u> supremacy over the <u>royals</u>. They intended these to dominate the blacks. This being was named Lú-bar₆, meaning "white man". Word play: <i>Lú-bara</i> means sovereign man; <i>Lú-bar-ra</i> means "alien" or "foreigner". Enki and his associates wound up clandestinely improving <u>these</u> beings also, again to give them more autonomy. These are early human races, not those of today. A more complete picture is presented in the section <i>Creating Humans</i>. The entire scenario is one of races' quests for power over one another. It is not a matter of growing fingers to pick berries, or tails to swing from trees, as our academicians would have us believe. (Although academicians evolve incrementally too! See <i>Fingers and toes evolved from fins say scientists</i>.)</p>

* According to our strict human ideology about what may be considered human, the Gina'abul are not human beings. Therefore Parks does not refer to Gina'abul women and men, but rather females and males.

** Who are the "rebel races"? Designation as "rebel race" refers to events following the arrival and establishment of the fugitive Anunna in our solar system. This is treated in *Adam Genišiš*. The Kingú races had already been mortal enemies of the Gina'abul for a very long time. They are not considered as "rebels"; they created the Gina'abul, and furthermore the true "rebels" are consciously aligned with "the SOURCE", which they are not. Note that the memory of their having taken refuge underground on Uraš after local military defeats has contributed to misleading concepts of "fallen" angels. Now that you have our definition, would you classify the Namlu'u as a rebel race? How would you classify the modern human race?

*** "They were ugly and menacing, scattered to the edge of the world, at the entrance of the underworld. They also appeared solitary, held in their emplacements, alone and isolated, but appearing menacing enough. Dark little half-brothers and sisters. Thus, this must have been a different and improper creation of Nammu with another god, but perhaps also an experimental creation of the gods..."

Extract from the Sumerian tablet "How Ereškigal Chose the World Below"



This statuette (left) representing a *Mušgir* is identified with the Assyro-Babylonian demon Pazuzu, a demon connected with the subterranean world and with parallel worlds. It is armed with large wings and its body is covered with scales. The universe of demons was very present in the Mesopotamian spirit, to the point that the *Mušgir*-Pazuzu was considered one of the most powerful demons. Because of this, it was often used as an amulet, affording benefits of its good grace against the other infernal entities. Several amulets of this type have been found in the foundations of Mesopotamian houses. On the back of its wings appeared the following inscription: "I am Pazuzu, son of Hanpa. The king of the evil spirits of the winds that rage violently from the Šadû (KUR in Assyrian), it is I!"

Namlú'u (Primordial Human)

"The old men tell that in the beginning of the world, God created a man and gave him responsibility for all the creatures. This man went out every day from his house very early in the morning to visit God's property -- that is, all that is found here on the Earth. And he would always return home very late in the evening, and very tired. But in spite of his great fatigue, he had to make his report to God on the state of health of all the creatures."

Oral Tradition of the Lumwe of Zaïre

From the 2007 Karmapolis interview in Nexus [N]:

Karma One: In your narration, the initially-created, original human (Namlú'u) is an extraordinary being, quasi superior to his creators and almost omnipotent, belonging to several dimensions, gifted with capacities of astonishing clairvoyance, capable of reading anyone's thoughts. This original human seems singularly close to the Source, namely the World Creator or "God".

Just who are these creators of the Namlú'u? Why did they create such astonishing beings? And why in this form?

Anton Parks: I sincerely believe that the Namlú'u have a perpetual existence somewhere in Angal (the higher dimensions).

The term NAM-LÚ-U₁₈ ("immense human beings") was used by the "gods" and the Sumerians to designate this primordial humanity. Later the term was used to refer to the Sumerians who were the first humans in Mesopotamia, those who were in contact with the "gods" found in the Bible under the names *Yahvé* and *Elohim*.

The departure of the Namlú'u from our dimension was synchronised with the arrival of the Anunna on the Earth.

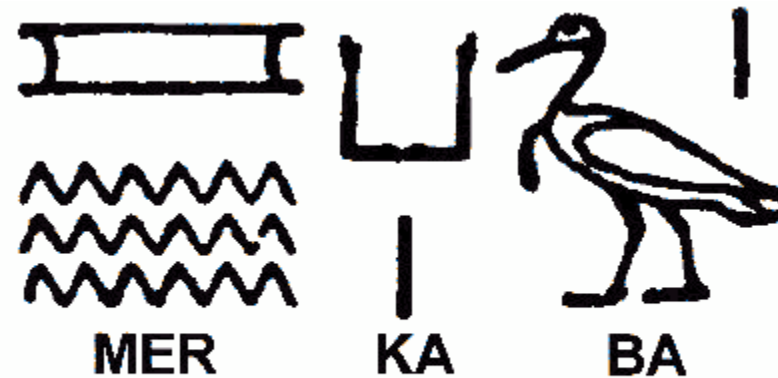
The Namlú'u are beings who embody uncommon capabilities. They were created "all at once" by the Kadištu (Life Designers) who seeded life on this planet. They were in a manner of speaking the guardians of the Earth before the arrival of the Anunna.

There are gnostic texts, such as *The Secret Book of John* (NH2-1.28) that announce that:

This being was fashioned by "the creators", in the image of God (the Source) and conforming to their respective appearance. This perfect primordial being combined the various powers with which they (the creators) had been endowed, both physically and psychologically.

The Namlú'u were approximately four meters in height. They could detect thoughts and most importantly had the ability to displace themselves very rapidly from one location to another through the use of the *Merkaba*, the field of individual light of which the transmutation, through the use of the chakras and the Kundalini, permitted one to metamorphose into a vehicle of ascension.

The term *Merkaba* means "chariot" in Hebrew, but I demonstrate in *Ádam Genisiš* that this word can equally be translated in Egyptian, for example:



To Connect the Spirit and the Soul

More information about the Namlú'u may be found in the section Guardians of Uraš.

Kadištu

Continuing with the interview [N], Parks responds to the first part of the question pertaining to the Kadištu:

The creators of the Namlú'u are thus these famous KAD₄-IŠ₇-TU ("ancient assemblers of life") [*Decoder*] corresponding to the Life Designers denoted as *Elohim* in the Bible. The Hebrew term *Elohim* decomposed in Sumero-Akkadian gives EL-Ú-HI-IM, "the powerful exalted ones who mixed the clay (or the clay beings: man)."

The Kadištu assembled the Namlú'u with an eye to combining their science in a common creation on the planet located at the heart of a commercial route that embodied a zone of free will and exchanges in our universe.

The Kadištu professed to be in service to the Source that one could, briefly, equate to "God"...

From an earlier interview [K1]:

The Kadištu live in "higher dimensions" (*Angal*) and very few of them can enter our third dimension; this doesn't facilitate direct contact and explains their circuitous fashion of approaching us.

They observe us more than ever before, and communicate via the intermediary of people they contact directly or telepathically. But such communications must be undertaken with great care, because of the possibility of wrong interpretation of what was received. Furthermore, there are many contacts in the form of abductions conducted by the Greys, who are usually in the service of the Gina'abul.

Abgal



This wooden statuette from the Dogons of Africa represents the widely-discussed *Nommo*, who they claim brought the first language to humans (see *Decoder*). It is identical to Sumerian representations of the amphibian *Abgal* "sages" (said to be advisors to Enki) and the Akkadian *Apkallû*. Anton Parks (private communication) reports that this image is the closest we have to depicting the Abgal race of the Gagsisá (Sirius) system. The Dogon, of course, had always claimed that Sirius was the home of the Nommo.

There are many suggestive connections. Recall that, according to Sumerian history, Enki had dominion over the *Abzu*, believed by the Sumerians to be a kind of underground sea deep beneath their feet (while Sitchin thinks the term refers to water engineering projects, bodies of water, and/or deep Africa). Parks translates *Abzu* as the hollow domain at the center of all planetary bodies. Sa'am was the lord of all Abzus in the Gina'abul system. He also had webbed fingers, by the way, greenish blood, and other indications of Abgal genetics.

Urmah

Discussion by Mamitu-Nammu, soon after the arrival with Sa'am and others on Uraš:

The Urmah are formidable warriors. They make up the principal militia of the Kadištu. When difficult situations must be disentangled, the Urmah are generally designated to restore order. We consider them as the army of heaven, sometimes as the soldiers of final resort. They can be quite ferocious. They will withdraw from combat only on request of the High Council.

Their original home is found in *Sipazianna* (Orion) [see [Worlds](#)]...

Several Gina'abul colonies ruled by three queens who escaped the Great War are found to be placed near Urmah. This seems to be an exceptional situation as the Urmah are quite independent. In each case, this rapprochement has brought fruits in the form of a remarkable hybrid race.

The Urmah has done the same here with the royal Babbar, producing the Imdugud.

Whenever possible, Kadištu who can evolve without too much difficulty in the KI frequency attach themselves and mix with species who are in difficulty to raise their frequency level. This activity of the Urmah works to reequilibrate the Gina'abul conscience through mixing with it.

Here, a small group of Urmah in the bosom of the Kadištu charged with the planning of Uraš made possible the establishment of a climate of minimal security. Each planner was thus enabled to bring his stone to the edifice of this natural park. The Sukkal were responsible for the insertion of oviparous vertebrates. The Nim, with the head of an *Uh* (insect), are the creators of the divers arthropodes that one finds here.

One of the only ways to differentiate [physically] the Nungal (or Kingú) from the Imdugud is by the shape of the skull. That of the Imdugud is elongated, but less so than the other two (and the rest of the Gina'abul). I think this is because of the Urmah genetics.

Likewise, the Abgal also possess a slightly elongated skull, but not like that of the Gina'abul.

This would apply to the Abgal that you have presented on your pages [at left]. Do not forget that this appears to be the design of a statuette made by the Dogon of Mali. It is not a personal representation of an Abgal. Even if I find it somewhat acceptable, the fins are much too large and its head is not elongated at all, as it normally would be, a little bit.

quite explicit:
flying insect
prince

The Abgal of Gagsisá (Sirius) [see Worlds] are occupied in large part with the marine fauna and above all with the Šim-Kúšu (whales) and the Kíg-Ku (dolphins) whose principal role was to reequilibrate the vibratory rate of the KI that was extremely low at the epoch when the Kingú had filled Uraš with gigantic Hušmuš (savage reptiles).

It was the Urmah who had the heart-rending mission to cleanse the planet by directing a demolishing projectile. Thanks to this intervention, followed by the introduction of the Šim-Kúšu (whales) and the Kíg-Ku (dolphins), the frequency of the KI was able to increase considerably, affording it a vibratory rate altogether unique.

Since that time, certain Gina'abul, such as the red Kingú, have had difficulty in sojourning more than 5 full *Ud* (days) in the KI of Uraš. The Babbar and Imdugud seem, on the other hand, to tolerate this frequency well.

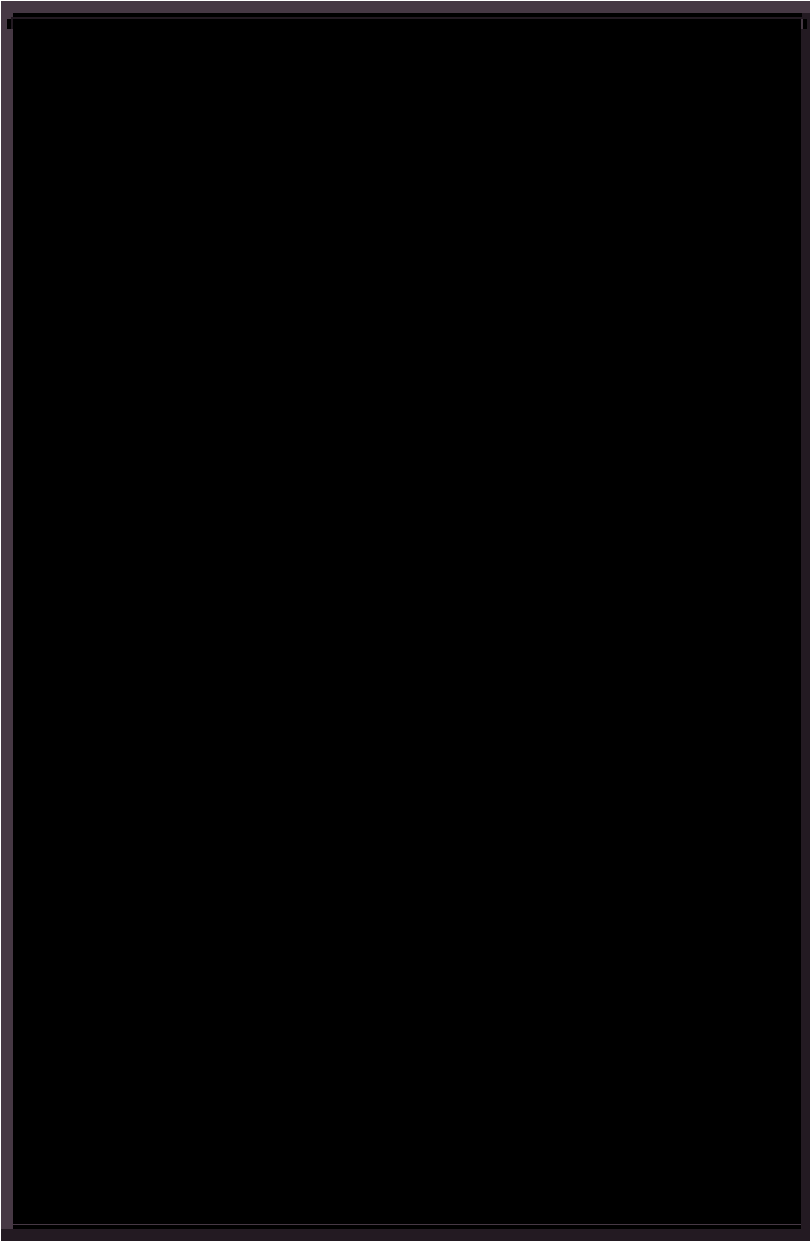
As with UR-MAH (litt: "grand warrior"), the Sumerian term PIRIG designates also a "lion". We know that the lion symbolizes royalty. Is it so astonishing to see that the homophones PIRIG₂ and PIRIG₃ signify respectively "shining" and "light"?

It is useless to insist on the fact that over the centuries, or we could say millennia, royalty was expected to bring light to the peoples of the Earth. Numerous ethnic groups from portions of the Earth such as the Bantus (Africa, south of the equator), associate celestial fire (the sun) with the lion.

Phonetic decomposition of PIRIG in Sumero-Akkadian gives such connotations as "understanding", to govern, watch over, arm... qualifications altogether appropriate to the life-designer warriors called Urmah. Add to that the fact that the place of residence of the Urmah is Orion [see Worlds]. And on the charts of the heavens, one often sees Orion represented with a lion's skin on his body or on his shield.

In Greek mythology, Orion is a redoubtable hunter. He is the lover of Eos, a great Mother Goddess.

Robert Graves, in his work on Greek mythology, indicates



The Kadištu in their great numbers have brought their knowledge not only to the confection of the Namlu'u, but also to the different varieties of *Adam* (animals). You have not yet seen an Urmah with your own eyes. As their name indicates, their visage resembles that of a Pirig (lion). Their feline aspect is not without rapport with the felides that they have introduced here.

The frequent closeness between the Urmah and Ti-ama-te (the solar system) is not recent. It is common to see them lurking in the neighborhood when the progressive retreat of the emissaries of the Source seems inevitable. This shows us that we can remain confident, the Kadištu always keep an eye on this world...

Gina'abul

The birthplace of the Gina'abul was in the constellation Draco, which they call Ušu, but numerous conflicts that punctuated their history resulted in the creation and separation of subraces and their spread throughout "our universe."

Some remain in Ušu, but the Ušumgal and the majority of the Amašutum are in Nalulkára (in Ursa Major), the Kingú in Te (the Eagle), the Mušgir and the Mímínu (Greys) in Urbar'ra (Lyra), and some Amašutum are found in Mulmul (the Pleiades) where the Anunna were also created.

And it is war that has caught up the Anunna on the Earth.

A great many Sumerian tablets relate the adventures of the Anunna on the blue planet - the Anunnaki - in a sort of extended ode to these Anunna warriors. The chronicles show in detail how they became established and controlled the humanity that they genetically transformed from livestock for their greater pleasure, because the Anunnaki are somewhat lazy. This is how they came to be considered like gods (or, to be more direct, "God") in the eyes of humanity.

Unfortunately for these Anunnaki, who continue to secretly direct human affairs, humans are in full mutation and will soon jump dimensions... an historic moment long awaited in the history of humanity.

This subject has been mentioned elsewhere on a sister website; for example, see [A Synthetic Myth](#).

on this page. Find the discussion at [Initiations \(1\)](#).]

It is exactly what the Urmah do in their combat against the Gina'abul males: they support a part of the Gina'abul females (the Amašutum) and protect them from the males, or Kingú (the dragons).

Also, Orion pursues the Pleiades in the sky [see [Worlds](#), "Sky Orientation 4" chart]. The "chance" fact is that the Urmah are the enemies of the Gina'abul called Anunna, born exactly in Mulmul (the Pleiades).

Finally, note that in effecting a strict composition of the term SIPA-ZI-ANNA (Orion in Sumerian), one obtains "faithful guardian of the heavens", which is once again in accord with the role of the Urmah. As always, all is in accord!

Images of Sa'am, who embodies a great deal of Anunna physiognomy and genetics in general, are provided under Personages. Parks details the key variations from the more generic Anunna type.

Amašutum: Designers of Life



This is a Gina'abul female (i.e., an Amašutum). The

drawing is a reproduction by Anton Parks of a statuette uncovered at Ur. Parks is certain that the shape of the head is incorrect, and he is working on a series of drawings that will show the elongation extending backward, rather than upward, as in the images of an African-Egyptian shown below.

In any event, she is wearing a wig.

According to Parks, all Gina'abul races shared this general look. The variations were mainly in the skin coloring and the degree of cranial elongation.

The "lozenges" on the shoulders are similar to those worn by Mayan high dignitaries.

To the Maya, these circles symbolize the OL, that is

to say "perception" or "conscience", "the way", and "the memory".

At the same time, the Mayan OL is the equivalent of the Sumerian UL that evokes "the past", "an adornment", "a star", "the splendor", and the verb "to shine", as UL₅ signifies "privilege" and "protection".

These circles or lozenges placed on the shoulders of Sumerian gods and Maya personages of high rank symbolize the crystals or ME in which were stored the knowledge of the "gods"...

Quartz crystals were the key to successful cloning.

The Amašutum, female Gina'abul, are considered a Kadištu subgroup because of their affiliation and devotion to this semi-Divine race. As such, they are supreme Life Designers.

Note that I am translating Parks' word *planificateur* as "Life Designer," as opposed to the usually more correct "planner." This is in reference to the current raging debate over *Intelligent Design*. The Life Designers or planners, whatever one wishes to call them, are superbly-skilled geneticists.

Thus, when deprived of the of the reproductive role of the Šutum (male Gina'abul), the Amašutum were easily able to preserve their line and multiply their numbers through genetics and their ability to clone to infinity. And where all the Šutum carried their unchanging original genetic material, the Amašutum possessed a great variety of facial appearances and characters, making each of them a unique and remarkable being.

The lifespan of the Amašutum was eternal, because, as opposed to the Šutum, their bodies would periodically undergo the *Gibil'lásu* (renewal of the skin), similar to the process seen in snakes and certain other reptiles.

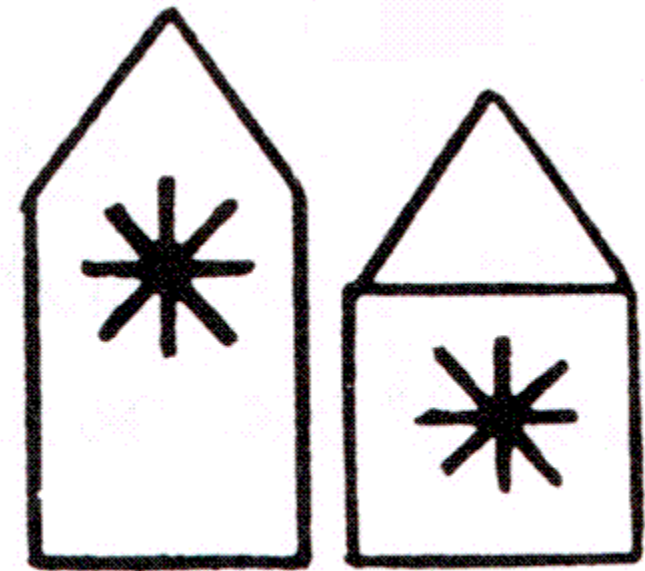
There were rumors that certain among them could undergo death and resurrection.

Ama'argi

Amašutum (thus Kadištu) terrestrials. Their name conveys the sense of "remission of divine damages" but strict translation from Sumerian gives the meaning "brilliant and sustaining (or restoring) mother".

The Ama'argi and their queen, Dim'mege, live in the heart of the Abzu (the subterranean world), in the city of Šàlim (Sumerian: heart of eternity).

Their original mission on Earth had been to restore the planet which had been damaged by multiple military actions and genetic manipulations conducted by the Kingú. (This might be a reference to the development of the dinosaurs.)



Archaic Sumerian sign for AMA

At a later period, the Ama'argi were directed by their queen, Dim'mege (see [Personages](#)), to oversee the human slaves working in the agricultural domains of the Anunna.

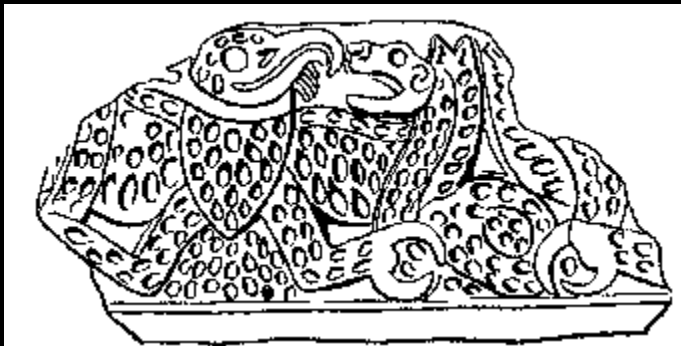
The Sumerian symbol AMA (at right), used to form the term AMA-AR-GI, represents a sacred stele or pillar attributed to sky divinities worshipped by humans in a religious cult. The star in the middle indicates "divinity".

Kingú-Babbar

"We devour beings like you. You will have to deal with me, my little fish..."

That charming statement was hurled at Sa'am by a Kingú Babbar leader, upon having his life spared by Sa'am. They and the Red Kingú are extremely arrogant, and were rumored to have actually eaten Gina'abul, whom they consider to be their inferiors.

Their ancient conflict with the Gina'abul reptilians was known to early human civilizations the world over, and depicted in many works of art as eagles confronting serpents.



The struggle of the eagle and the serpent found on a soapstone bas-relief in Nippur, ca 2500 B.C.E. Parks provides a congruent illustration from the Mexican Codex Borgia Fejervary-Mayer Plate 42, and also shows the Garuda Solar Eagle (Indian) and the Hopi Kwataka "eagle-man" each devouring serpents. See Example 4 in the Decoder for linguistic analysis.

But why Sa'am as a fish? This will be amply explained in succeeding pages!

The migrations of the Kingú-Babbar are described in a later section, Worlds. Those who settled in Ti-ama-te (the solar system) did so under an agreement with the Kadištu (Life Designers). They had always made trouble for the Ama'argi and for Mamitu in her operations on Uraš.

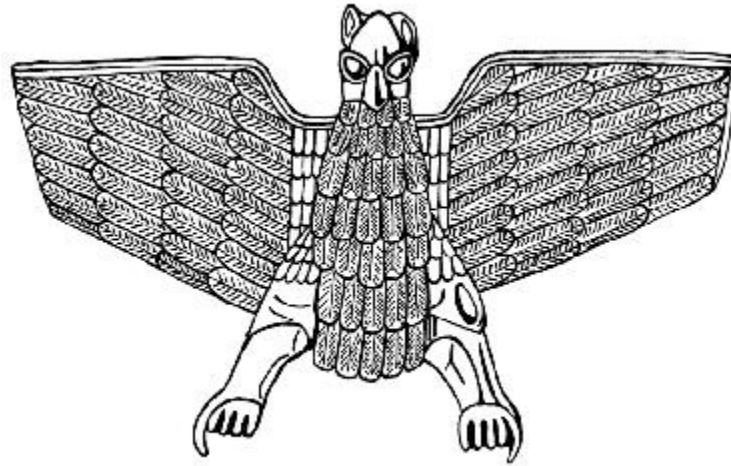
The Babbar of Ti-ama-te did not practice cloning; by nature they reproduced by natural means. While no Amašutum-Babbar were produced in the solar system, the Babbar persisted in kidnapping (abducting?) certain Ama'argi, right under the noses of the Kadištu.

The reason had to do with differences in skin pigmentation and the fact that the Babbar line of Ti'ama-te was slowly disappearing. At any rate, the Ama'argi put a stop to the kidnapping by capturing some Babbars

themselves, and placing them at their service (though treating them well). Since then, relations had been more tranquil.

The above-mentioned agreement required the Kingú-Babbar to cooperate with the Urmah Life Designers in creating "the common confection" Imdugud.

Imdugud



Emblem of the Anzu (Imdugud) symbolizing genetic heritage. Babylonian.

The Sumerian designation *Imdugud* means "high storm", or "noble blood". The particle IM is often associated with "clay", but in the context of filiation, "blood" -- or even "humanity". (IM-DUGUD is not the only term that associates royalty with blood; the Sumerian word URIN -- eagle, blood, emblem -- is itself very explicit.)

The Imdugud correspond to the Anzu or Zu of the Akkadian tablets. Totally a part of the Gina'abul family, they are issues of two warrior peoples -- Kingú-Babbar and Urmah (see Genealogy). But they possess a certain form of wisdom via the Urmah, who are "Life Designers".

Their reason for being created as such is as follows: To obtain authorization to move into the solar system (well before the creation and the venue of the Anunna) the Kingú-Babbar had to accept mixing their genes with the Kadistu Urmah line, thus creating a new species.

They are a particularly solitary, white-skinned race. Like the Kingú, they detest having to associate with others. They will do it only in their own interest. They are difficult to approach, even by a Gina'abul or a Kadistu.

Due to their mixed genetic background, they were influenced or obliged by their Kingú genitors to function as neutral agents or messengers capable of adjudicating problems between the Kadištu and the Gina'abul of Tiamate. But they were "covered" by the Kingú-Babbar, and that made them enemies of the Anunnaki (terrestrial Anunna), who have used them ever since winning the war in our system.

Parks does not know if the Imdugud maintain these relations with the Kingú and Anunna today. He wonders if they may be the "Tall Whites" observed living on the Nellis Range in Nevada. (See [Possible Extended Encounter with the Imdugud](#).)

Mìmínu (Greys)

Parks writes in his Karmapolis [K1] interview:

"Mìmínu" is the term that I received [for "the Greys"] in the epoch [from which I derive my memories].

How surprised I was to find it later among the Dogons of Mali for whom this word means "ant".

Decomposed in Sumerian, it gives MÌ-MÍ-NU, "responsible for hostile (or negative) duties" [see [Decoder](#)].

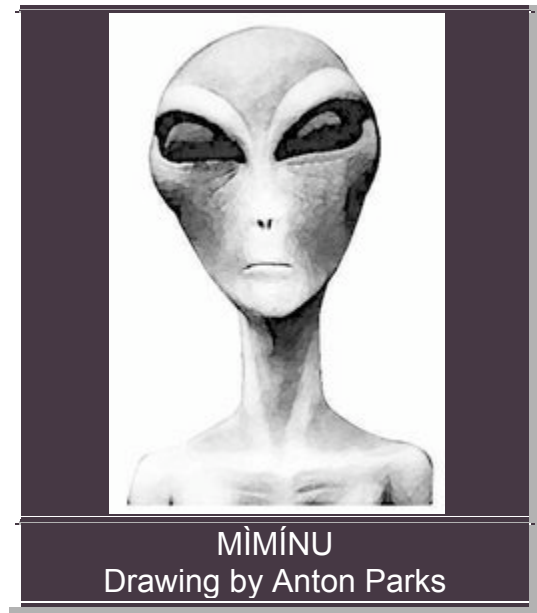
This translation is even more interesting because Credo Mutwa names the "Grey" *Mantindane* or "the torturers" in Zulu [see [Decoder](#)].

It is my understanding that the "Greys" came originally from Lyra, the place where numerous Gina'abul colonies are found. [The "Greys"] work as a group and function like ants. They function as a race of workers in service to their reptilian creators.

Various Gina'abul lines have fabricated Mìmínu in the past. There are several kinds of them in different regions. Those that are associated with the solar system and that were therefore created by the Kingu (royal Gina'abul) are larger than the others and have hair.

There is abundant proof of the presence of "Greys" in the solar system, if only by the different cases of abductions reported every year around the globe.

In truth, I don't know what has happened to the Mìmínu we see today. Their destiny seems to have changed somewhat as they appear to possess a sort of autonomy that they had not had for thousands of years. The story that I relate (thus, that I have received) ends more than 2000 years ago. My knowledge was gained in that epoch.



Parks adds in *Le Secret* that the Mîmînu possess bases "in the four corners of our universe." He also mentions that the Amašutum had a horror of them due to the scornful and glacial manner of these dwarfs.

As to their physique, it was not sophisticated like ours. The Mîmînu had been conceived without any exterior beauty; they were all small, had a gray color, no ears, no eyelids, only two holes for a nose, and no lips. They stared with large black elongated eyes that were empty, cold, and without emotion.

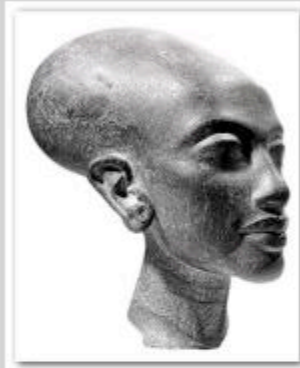
Actually, he says, there were several types of Mîmînu. Here he is speaking of the ones that served his people in the epoch described in this segment of his long history.

Anunna and Nungal

AKHENATON AND A DAUGHTER



Akhenaton



Persons such as Sa'am, Nammu, and Sé-et possess quite "African" facial features. I amuse myself by drawing the contours of Sa'am's profile from my own design and the profile that comes from that greatly resembles that of a monkey!

As to the Nungal (royals) and Imdugud, they rather resemble "African-Egyptians" with a lighter skin, as here with one of the daughters of Akhenaton -- without doubt one of the last Egyptian Kings possessing the blood of the "gods".

Anton Parks

Note: Parks' design of Sa'am's profile has been published in the 3rd edition of *Le Secret*; thumbnail on this website under [Personages](#).



A Gina'abul male (Anunna, Nungal, etc.). As with the female, the drawing is a reproduction by Parks of a statuette from Ur, and the elongation of the cranium is incorrect: it should be rearward, exactly as in the example of the African-Egyptian.

An additional point concerning the ME (seen here, as also with the female figure): the equivalent term in Akkadian is Parsû: "the knowledge of sovereignty", and also PÀR-SU: "that which is deployed on the body".



Reconstruction of Tutankhamun from CT scan of mummy.

The Anunna were proposed as a race of warriors to defend the Amašutum against an unseen and amorphous enemy who in fact did not exist. (This dynamic, which we have seen in our time, clearly has ancient roots.) Sa'am, created as asexual (but later modified) was offered by An as the prototype for this race. An had argued that being asexual, they would be without distractions and better soldiers.

However, Tiamata required a sexual (male) race for her Amašutum sisters, since the Šutum were dying out. Sa'am volunteered to create the princely Nungal race for that purpose and to be their leader.

Neither race would have the power of *Gibil'lásu* (see above), which would have conferred eternal life. However, they were to be long-lived.

The Nungal were a derivative of the Imdugud. They definitely had the Kadištu orientation -- it was inculcated into them -- and were considered "Life Designers" probably for that reason although they did not have the capability of cloning. As Kadištu, they were badly treated by the Anunna-Ušumgal, while being warmly accepted by the Ama'argi, with whom they at times found refuge in their Abzu domain.

The Nungal are the *Igigi* -- those who were called "The Watchers" in the Bible, the ones who mated illegally with the human species.

They were a source of great embarrassment to Sa'am when, soon after arrival on the Earth, they unexpectedly molted -- a thing they were never meant to do -- showing new skin that was white like that of the Kingú-Babbar, with whom they were ultimately affiliated. Sa'am-Enki had assembled the genetic material for the Nungal before the hasty departure from Margíd'da to Dukù, partly from genes belonging to Abzu-Abba's experiments. Mamitu had wished to verify the cells that they had selected, but Sa'am had declared that they had not the time and they had to content themselves with indications inscribed on the containers of the genes.

As was later revealed, Mamitu had known very well what cells they were using: she had secretly switched the cells in the containers, fully intending to bring a new Kadištu strain into the equation. But she was disappointed that Sa'am had not exercised due diligence.

Regardless of the reason for it, Sa'am, Mamitu and more particularly the Nungal themselves paid dearly for this situation, because the terrestrial Anunna, recognizing them to be a subrace of their enemy, the Kingú, used the Nungal for a very long time as slaves. It is for example the Nungal who were commissioned to dig the Tigris and Euphrates to supply water for the future cities of the Anunnaki "Gods". Sa'am-Enki, under the insistant request of his own people, finally responded by creating the Ádam specimens to save his Nungal. The Anunnaki then put the Ádam to work as slaves.

Human

Today's human is far removed from the Namlú'u, the original or primordial humanoid created by the Kadištu to watch over the animals of the planetary garden that was Uraš (Earth).

Supreme Council of
Antiquities / National
Geographic Society / AP

Note shape of head.

As precisely stated in Genesis (1.26), the human was the last specimen to have been integrated into the living reserve of the Life Designers.

The aim of this reserve was to assemble the genetic knowledge of the emissaries of the Source. The original human being was highly respected, because it combined within itself the genetic patrimony of numerous Life Designer species....

Allied races gifted the Namlú'u with several parts of their body structure. Designers of Life such as the *Ameli* brought the principal element of their marvelous semi-etheric body. All Designers of Life contributed a bit of themselves toward the realization of the Namlú'u.

The Namlú'u thus were magnificent beings, the issue of the collective heritage of the combined sciences of the Kadištu. They were for this reason the living guardians of the knowledge of our universe....

One of the most remarkable manipulations of the Gina'abul is to have alienated the human being in order to produce an animal to serve themselves. For that, the Gina'abul began with the original human that they then mixed with their own genes and those of apes.

The particular mixture that the Gina'abul must have had to cook up in order to obtain their Á-DAM resulted from a composition completely impossible to realize today by human scientists. It required the same type of manipulation that the Kadištu had used to assemble the original human. It is Enki, the son of An and Nammu, who was charged with this doleful dirty work under the constraints that will be described in the second book. I name this genetic combination "mixed blood" in the first book.

[What does the genetic record have to say? Obviously that is a huge subject, one that we (your Open SETI / End of Enchantment writers) have not adequately researched. However a recent article, Humans, chimps may have bred after split suggests that researchers are currently confused, to say the least. A fundamental element of the problem that can cause huge confusion is that of timing of events in the record. That is because all DNA research assumes that DNA slowly "drifts" due to accumulated mutations, and this assumption is inconsistent with a "genetic intervention" model, which we surely have here. Therefore in the present case none of the conclusions can be correct.]

The sad aspect of the Á-DAM-animal is attested to by many traditions -- notably in the apocryphal texts which are documents from the same period as the biblical scriptures, but were not admitted by the Church. Why not? Because these texts seriously undermine the official version.

Apocryphal *Book of Adam*, extracts from Chapters 13 and 15, éditions Robert Laffont, 1980:

Who has plunged me into this infinite sadness of evil angels of fetid odor and abominable form? Who has thrown me into the midst of these evil genies? Must I grow in a milieu that I detest, among beings whose works I abhor? Must I take their form, that I live in their dwelling-place? Why has my primitive form changed? Ah! That they would allow me to return to the peaceful sojourn, there to which my heart yearns. That they would return me to the celestial assemblies and the conferences and the prayers filled with peaceful

enfusions, that they may illumine me with the light from on high and that I be finally cast from this envelope of opprobrium. How long will I be bound to this body of clay?

Apocryphal *The Apocalypse of Adam*, gnostic Nag-Hammadi texts, N-H Codex 5, éditions Ganesha, 1989:

Since (the) God has fashioned me of earth, and Eve at the same time, I went with her toward a glory that she had perceived in the eon from which we issued. This one taught me by one word the knowledge of the eternal God. Then we came to resemble the great eternal angels: we were superior, in effect to the God who had fashioned us and to the powers that are with him, but that we know not now. Then, sore with wrath, God, master of the eons and the powers, split us... Since then, we have been instructed, like men, of mortal things. Then, we knew the God who had made us. Because we were not independent of his powers. And we served him in fear and slavery. And in consequence, our hearts were obscured...

Credo Mutwa...names the reptilians who direct this world "the Chitauli," meaning "dictators" in Zulu. ...this term can be translated into Sumerian.... [See *Decoder* for "Chitauli" and "Gina'abul / lizard(s)".]

Humanity possesses a prodigious destiny. The aim of humanity is not to reproduce the errors of the reptilians who intended to genetically diminish them, who posed as their creators!

To continue with the discussion of cloning and creating, next see To Be a Clone.

We have not finished discussing the characteristics of the modern human and the circumstances under which they were imparted! This is taken up in the second book, *Adam Genisiš*, and in these pages under the heading Creating Humans.

Page Secret1

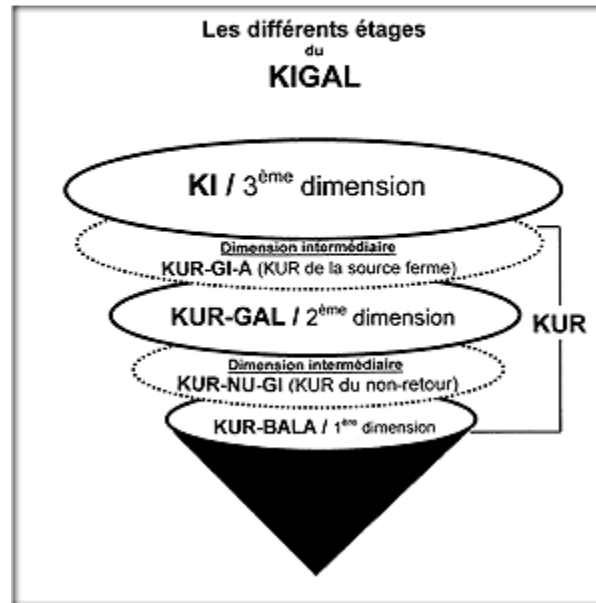
Dimensions



From temple ruins at Karnak. Photographed 2008 by Anton Parks.

I do not know what it is, but it really exists on a stone among thousands of stones scattered over the ground.

ANGAL



(KIGAL graphic taken from *Adam Genisiš*)

Parks' system of dimensions is much more complex than the simple "stacking of planes" found in many metaphysical descriptions of reality. However, with frequent references to the graphic, everything should fall into place for you.

In his description, which he ascribes to the "secret ideology of the Gina'abul," the highest level -- actually a system of dimensions itself -- is called the ANGAL, or Great Heaven. The ANGAL is home to the Kadištu races, where most of them evolved. Most, but not all. The Ama'argi did not, nor are the ANGAL dimensions natural to the personages Nammu and Sé'et, though all of these are counted among the Elohim, which is to say Kadištu.

Parks refers to the lowest of the ANGAL levels as the "fourth dimension". The Amašutum can move about on this level, but can go no higher.

The dimensional system known as the KIGAL (Great Earth) is composed of the KI, our "3rd dimension", where we evolve on the Earth, and the KUR, which encompasses lower dimensions.

The KI is home to the Ama'argi and the Urmah (another Kadištu race), as well as Nammu and Sé'et. Parks is not certain, but he suspects the Urmah also have access to Angal frequencies.

These levels are to some extent specific to the planet. Thus "KI" as referenced in *Le Secret*, the dimension on which Gina'abul and Urmah evolve, is not the terrestrial KI! It corresponds to Earth's KUR-GAL.

The KUR, which is invisible to the three-dimensional perception of beings evolving in KI, consists of KUR-GAL, the 2nd dimension, and KUR-BALA, the 1st. This KUR is the region promulgated as "Hell" by the Judeo-Christian religions and, as such, it evokes images of a dark and lugubrious domain. However it is none of that! It is similar to our 3rd-dimensional world with its mountains, lakes, forests and deserts. On the other hand, its light is different, as are the sensations there.

As can be seen in the diagram, the KUR also includes two intermediate dimensions.

Just "below" our 3rd dimension is the intermediate dimension KUR-GI-A, meaning KUR of the "firm" Source, or the ANGAL.

This implies an interlocking: whereas the system of dimensions lower than our 3rd is for us "the KUR," the ANGAL has its own KUR, and that is the KUR-GI-A, which is one of the intermediate dimensions in our own KUR.

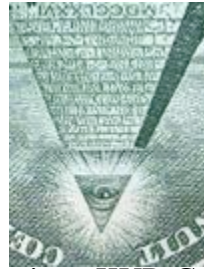
The decomposition of the word KUR, incidentally, suggests "belted or banded foundation," or "base of the foundation."

Decomposition of the term KUR-GI-A reveals that this is a transitory dimension in which souls rest momentarily before reintegrating with the Source or ANGAL.

Just below the KUR-GI-A is the KUR-GAL (2nd dimension), "the Great KUR," a parallel world where certain Gina'abul took their residence on planet Earth (as will be related in later volumes of the series). Below that is inserted another intermediate dimension, the KUR-NU-GI (the KUR of no return). This is the level of "lost souls" - the place in which entities are marooned; we know them as ghosts.

To the Sumerians, KUR-GI-A and KUR-NU-GI were two versions of hell.

The 1st dimension, KUR-BALA, is the "lowest" of them all. The Sumerians and tablet specialists liken this place to "the beyond," but the exact meaning of KUR-BALA is "the KUR of the realm or kingdom or dynasty." On Earth, the KUR-BALA was the object of numerous hostilities among the Gina'abul, because whoever holds the KUR-BALA becomes inevitably the master of the KUR-GAL and the KI.



All-Seeing Eye views KUR-GAL and KI only.

The master of the KUR-BALA is literally "the all-seeing eye at the summit of the pyramid... inverted," because it looks directly onto the KUR-GAL and the KI!

That is why on the tablets KUR (or KUR-BALA) is often translated as "enemy world," a place where chaos seems to reign perpetually.

The first three dimensions form a sort of inverted pyramid with KI representing the base and the dimension KUR-BALA forming the pinnacle.

People have been led into confusion over this "pinnacle" geometry, as it reflects the dimensions above KI (the ANGAL). These function somewhat the same way, but in a manner inverted from the KUR or KUR-BALA. The higher one climbs in the ANGAL, the more one possesses a global view of the ensemble of all the dimensions.

The inhabitants of the lower dimensions can appear quite powerful, but they are actually limited and are inferior reflections of beings in the ANGAL.

The term KUR is found abundantly on Sumerian tablets that relate a pitifully small and ridiculous part of the history of the Gina'abul. Specialists in the Sumerian tablets give to KUR several attributes, such as "lower world", "hell", "country", "mountainous country", "mountain", even "unknown country". In the eyes of ancient-orient experts, the definition of the Sumerian KUR seems at once complex and difficult to grasp because they do not conceive of a world formed of dimensions layered on one another. In the Sumerian mythology KUR is most often taken to designate either "a mountainous country" or "rebel countries". But it is clear from the tablets that the KUR is a transitional place between heaven and earth, a secret place where the "gods" live unknown to humans.

The Gina'abul possess a spherical instrument known as *Gúrkur* (see *Decoder*), which enables them to pass among all the dimensions of the KIGAL. But Sa'am discovered that the Mušgir have the inherent ability to transition these dimensions without recourse to any technology. This enabled a million of them to hide in the lower dimensions and escape the cleansing at the end of the Great War. They later became part of An's armed forces.

On the Sumerian tablets the verbs that express a movement toward or away from the KUR are E_{11} , which manifests the act of descending, climbing, going out or returning to the KUR; and U_5 , which expresses the idea of voyaging or navigating to the KUR. The

latter reinforces the concept of a land foreign to the human dimension (KI) toward which the Anunna-Gina'abul were able to transport themselves with the aid of a Gúrkur, but also the idea of heavenly embarcations as with the Kadištu on Dukù which will be explained in my presentation of these events.

What is the nature of this "land?" Parks describes it (above) as having mountains, lakes, forests and deserts. But what is it? A sort of dreamland, from our perspective?

Parks has, in his "total immersion memory," at least one adventure into the KUR that would suggest a more tangible reality to it. Shortly after receiving his Gírkù, Sa'am makes a literal leap into the KUR-GAL, and immediately drops about forty feet to a different terrain that happens to be that far below the one on which he had just been standing! And this is not unreasonable. A different landscape is going to have different elevation features. Who is to say that one moves automatically to the surface level when changing dimensions?

The implication is that Sa'am moved to a different planet but retained the same position in spherical coordinates (or any three-dimensional coordinate system) with respect to the new one as he had occupied before on the old one. Or that the two planets were centered on the same point in a higher-dimensional space. That is perhaps reaching, but it may be the simplest solution to the problem.

This idea is further supported by the discovery that he could still see the previous surroundings, superimposed on the new ones. Specifically, he had been in a kind of gruesome battlefield graveyard; he was now under the bodies in it! The point is that there was a stable geometrical relationship between the two locales.

Furthermore, when he next went to the KUR-BALA -- the "first" dimension -- he could now see all three!

Although this was disconcerting, it does explain why Parks has said that those positioned in the KUR-BALA have great power over our world.

Shall we ask whether these were different planets or one planet with different aspects? Or is the answer just a matter of definition?

While it may be simply a matter of how one defines it, the suggestion is that there are rich influences taking place between the various levels -- though we are not directly conscious of them.

In the second work of this series, we will make frequent reference to another Kur (written in lower case to distinguish it from the dimension KUR) which has the sense of "mountainous or hilly" or "high plateaus". This region, also called *Dukug*, is the mountain where the *Celestial Bestiary* is established in the surroundings of the Mesopotamian plain.

The only common concept that we can see at the moment between the KUR and the Kur is that both are considered by the Gina'abul and Sumerians as mountains -- more precisely natural pyramids from which the Gina'abul fixed their regard on the world.

The KUR is beyond the visible world; it is a place where the Gina'abul-Anunna do not cease their goings and comings, because light and life flow to this place... What the specialists who study the clay tablets do not comprehend is that each time a Sumerian god, which is to say an Anunna, made the voyage to the terrestrial KUR, he could as easily ascend, descend, and leave it. This supports the fact that the Sumerians quite correctly localized the KUR under the perceptible human world. That is to say below it, which emphasizes the need of researchers to familiarize themselves with the Judeo-Christian hell.

The Gina'abul and the Sumerian do not incorporate "hell" in the western fashion. In the Gina'abul vocabulary, the lower level formed by the KUR and KI dimensions is called KIGAL, "the great world". This place is opposed to other higher-dimensional levels where the Kadištu reside, which is named ANGAL, "the great heaven".

Note the resemblance between the Sumerian term ANGAL and the English word Angel.

Clones

To Be a Clone

"I remember well this first impression, this painful sensation of crushing and suffocation. My spirit was empty and invaded with uncertainties. How had I arrived here? What mission had I been given in incarnating into this body in distress, at the edge of asphyxiation? Totally numbed, I opened my eyes and observed the artificial womb in which I was buried. By all evidence, my body had arrived at its finish, its termination."

Of course it had not arrived at its finish. It had arrived! Just about one of our days earlier, it been only a fertilized ovum.

Cloning is one of the edge technologies of our age. We have seen cloned animals; human clones would appear to be within reach; the ethics of the practice have us stumped for the moment but can there be any doubt that it will be done, perhaps on a massive scale, or even is already an accomplished, though covert, presence in our world?

We wonder what a cloned human would be like. Would it come into the world from a natural or artificial womb, like any natural newborn baby? Would it have a consciousness like that of any natural person? Would it be like a twin to whatever human contributed its genes? Would it be born with that person's knowledge "wired in?"

Parks, due to his mind-meld visions, has answers to these questions, and provides them amply in his book.

From the Karmapolis [K1] interview:

The Gina'abul knew how to program the genes of an individual to give him such or such character or physiognomy. They could determine in advance and even program like a computer the body of knowledge of the specimen they were fabricating.¹ For that, they utilized crystals and notably various types of quartz. But I cannot say more of this because I am opposed to these procedures that seem to be totally immoral today. The story that I relate is filled with genetic manipulations and I know well where they led the Gina-abul and above all the human species.

Recall from Carlos Castaneda's The Active Side of Infinity:

"In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators [here Gina'abul] engaged themselves in a stupendous maneuver - stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist. A horrendous maneuver from the point of view of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind! Do you hear me? The predators give us their mind, which becomes our mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now."

In the opening pages of Part 1, we are treated to the stream of consciousness of a cloned adult Gina'abul, awakening within the glass womb, and after moments of sensations of suffocation, disorientation, and confusion, coming to his senses, recognizing his "father-creator," having a brief conversation with him, and then hopping into his personal craft to embark on a worlds-shaking mission.

The brief conversation was critical. If he had turned out to be a perfect clone in terms of his identity, his father would have destroyed him without hesitation, as he had done others. His father had been aiming at something different: a prototype of a new race. This one turned out to be a success.

This is Sa'am, a personage from birth, the protagonist of the book, whom we will come to know deeply. His father-creator is named An; Sumerian scholars know who he is; Sa'am is unfamiliar to us, but we will eventually recognize him as well.

An is also a clone, and a Great Lord, the "Seventh of the Ušumgal."



We cannot discuss this image in detail until we have more of a framework for it. We will return to it later. But we wanted you to see how one of those artificial wombs was represented on a clay tablet. The Akkadian word for it translates as *matrix* and it does have a mesh-like appearance. Of course, *matrix* has connotations of *mother*.

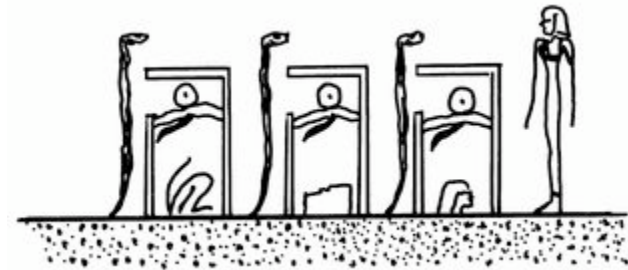
The emerging female is Eve. Sa'am is at left.

Who Clones

Sex having been banned for a long time, the Gina'abul procreated with the aid of genetics, which produced all sorts of specimens and hybrids to which belong for example the Mîmînu (Greys) who are but slaves in service to the male Gina'abul.

The Gina'abul have possessed for many thousands of years the knowledge of cloning. One can trace this knowledge on the representations in clay of Mesopotamia, the Codex Mayas, or even certain Egyptian figurines such as this one (at right) in the tomb of Thutmosis 3 in the Valley of the Kings.

It would be difficult not to see a priestess facing three artificial wombs (SI-EN-SI-ŠĀR, see *Decoder*). Notice in each upper section an egg fertilized by a spermatozoon, and in the interior chamber bodies in formation.



Having mutually disconnected themselves, the female reptilians and certain males specialized in cloning. A little later, the Amašutum joined with the Kadištu of our universe. They have always been wiser than their masculine brothers and without doubt it was for them the best means to redeem certain past errors.

In one of the opening chapters of *Le Secret*, Sa'am travels to *Unulahgal*, the capital of Nalulkára, a place he describes as "the blessed, the jewel of our proud planet." And a beautiful city it is, but that is for another part of our discussion.

Unulahgal was...

...the center of the great initiates. All the "Life Designer" priestesses studied in this high place of apprenticeship. By their own dogma, they were the miracle workers of life, the great transformers at the service of the Original Source -- the primordial and universal Divinity. A few of them had the privilege of planning life on the planet *Uraš* (the Earth), situated in the prodigious stellar system *Ti-ama-te* (the solar system). The enigmatic doctrines of the priestesses and the Kadištu (Life Designers) were terribly feared by the males of our race [the Gina'abul].

This is a devastating statement! A key reason for having this entire treatment of Parks' work on our website. In these few words, Parks sets before us a vision of the secret of life as we know it. In our day, the eternal schism between "evolution science" and "creationism"

has spawned "intelligent design," at its best an unabashed study of the critical role of molecular biology in the propagation of living species, but ultimately an embarrassment as it argues for "God" as the molecular biologist.

They are correct in seeing the tracks of someone with high intelligence at work on our molecular machinery but they could not envision who that might have been... or they forced their own religion onto it.

Now Parks gives us something quite acceptable: an entire city of designers -- apprentices, students, and accomplished ones -- working under the inspiration of the formless Kadištu, themselves in service to Divinity.

This arrangement, mind you, is not offered as the source of all life everywhere. The many worlds of the Gina'abul are scattered at some distance from here (see Worlds), but they are not infinite in number and we can see from here all of the constellations in which they reside. So this is a small grouping, surrounded in the vastness by what? We don't know.

For the discussion in Open SETI that ends where this vision begins, see APPENDIX 2 / Challenges to Darwinism: Panspermia and Theories of Guided Evolution.

Here is Parks' discussion of the various Gina'abul who have the capability of cloning:

The Kingú-Babbar (albinos) know how to clone; they are even great experts. They are the creators of the Ušumgal!

Practically the entire male Gina'abul line emanates from the Ušumgal root stock.

Parks also mentions in his second book and in the Karmapolis interview [K2] that the dinosaurs (Hušmuš) were the result of genetic experiments practiced by the Kingú before the Kadištu gave them permission to "officially install themselves" on the Earth. Parks also believes [K2] that certain types of "peaceful" dinosaurs were created by various Kadištu.

Generally speaking, the male Gina'abul are clumsy at cloning. For that reason they use the Amašutum. The Amašutum possess the power of creating. They possess the complete genetic patrimony, the gift of the Gina'abul colonies of Margid'da (Ursa Major) in their genetic banks on their mother planet Nalulkara.

Among the Gina'abul, other than the Amašutum, only the seven Ušumgal possess the knowledge of how to create, An being considered the best of the seven (even by the word of Tiamata!). Sa'am was given the understanding of his father-creator An, and of his mother-creator Nammu, which conferred on him enormous knowledge of cloning.

The remainder of the Gina'abul, such as the Šutum, the Anunna, the Nungal, the Mîmînu, the Mušgir... know absolutely nothing of cloning.

To be precise, the Mušgir were involved with the ancestors of the seven Ušumgal in Urbar'ra (Lyra), contributing their genetic patrimony in the production of the first branch of the Mîmînu. The Ušumgal ancestors had the genetic technology, without which the Mušgir would not have been able to create anything....

Subsequently, the different Gina'abul were authorized to clone from other Mîmînu to the end of time. For example, the royal Kingú-Babbar (albino Kingú) Gina'abul, originally from Ušu (Draco), and particularly those who relocated to the constellation Te (Aquila), produced other Mîmînu specimens.

The Mîmînu differ among the Gina'abul colonies. They all share the same origin, but differ physically and mentally in their programming. I explain for example in Tome 2 [forthcoming] that the Kingú-Babbar of our solar system created Mîmînu with light complexions like their own....

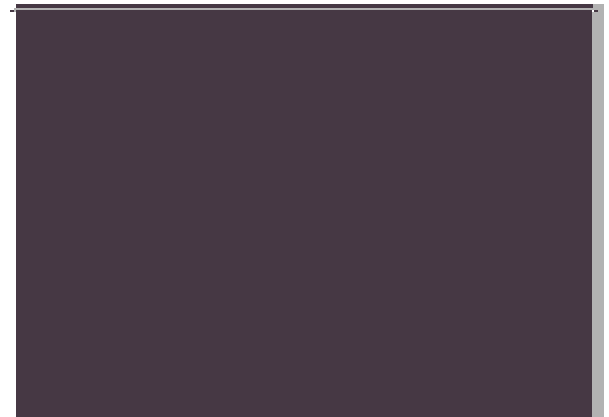
Asked about the apparent autonomy of the Greys with whom we seem to be in contact today:

As much as they seem autonomous today, that was not the case millennia ago... All that is strange. Frankly, I think they are not genuine and they play a manipulative game. In fact, I think that they are always directed by the Kingú-Babbar who are in conflict with the Annunaki and their descendants. I have difficulty seeing the Kingú-Babbar liberating the clone-slaves that they have possessed and used since the night of time!

Readers will note that this issue of the meaning of what appear to be cloning or genetic manipulation activities on the part of "Greys" and others, comes up again and again on the pages of Open SETI and The End of Enchantment. Genetic operations, either real or attempted or simulated, are apparently of vital importance to these various races, and may well be to ourselves, however little attention they have been given by the public.

Not all the races known to Parks propagate by cloning or by being cloned. One that procreates "naturally," raises children, etc., is the *Imdugud* (see Races).

Genealogy



Karma One: The extraterrestrial races that you describe (reptilians, felines, or, as with Horus, birdlike), the different castes and functions (the warrior castes, the Life Designers who create "races", etc.) come from regions very distant from one another, from different constellations. Do you know if these extraterrestrial "races" derive from a single origin, a single race? Do you have memories of what happened before the period that you describe?

Anton Parks: In *Ádam Genisiš*, Gerry Zeitlin and I have charted a genealogy tree from the information to which I have had access up to today. It shows that there sometimes exist direct genetic lines between certain races and, in other cases, genetic procedures, that is to say genetic manipulations (clonage). We cannot truly speak of a single origin or race; this tableau clearly demonstrates that.

But my view is limited in time; I know only the periods that relate to the personage of Sa'am (Enki-Osiris) and his posthumous son Heru (Bêl-Horus). I have then no detail on prior events, but only whatever confronted these two personalities that they subsequently encoded into Ugur, the crystal that they each carried...

[N]

Source Races and Founders of the Civilizations of Uraš (Earth). We provide (at right) the "genealogy chart" from *Ádam Genisiš*. This chart has several highly unusual features, never seen in standard genealogies, due to the nature of the information that it presents. We see individuals engendering entire races, using various combinations of their own DNA and that of other races, including some archived in a repository. Obviously not all generated beings are the result of natural couplings or even what you might call "personally-owned" DNA; in fact, most are due to pure laboratory-based genetic operations -- "cloning".

We attempt to distinguish these methods through the use of color-coded lines. We also (crudely) indicate the proportion of "Abgal" DNA -- from the evolutions of Sirius -- as this inheritance generally confers a high order of being. Naturally those who do not have it might disagree. And that is a hint as to the great story that will unfold.

Relative positioning on this chart is not very meaningful. However, genetic descent does run from higher to lower down the lines.

The time epoch depicted extends from indefinitely ancient through the time of arrival of renegade Gina'abul on the Earth, and on down through the Sumerian, Egyptian, and "Biblical" epochs. It depicts all of the personages and races significant to Earth development during that period. A separate graphic, found in the section Creating Humans, shows exactly who was responsible for the stepwise unfolding of the humanoid races through the modern humans, and their complete genetic heritage.

Source Races and Founders of the Civilizations of Uraš (the Earth)

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In the vastness of time, entire species have migrated from one star system to another. This is specifically the case with the Kingú-Babbar, who relocated from Ušu (Draco), where they created the Ušumgal, to Urbar'ra (Lyra), and later some went to Te (Aquila). In the genealogy chart, locations associated with root sources or with newly-created species refer to dwelling places at the time the creation took place. Thus the Kingú-Babbar are shown associated with Ušu. In other words, the overall graphic is not a snapshot of any single point in time, but rather is a composite.

The Gina'abul have a concept of *father* and *mother*. However, as stated above, very little impregnation took place. In fact, this was banned by law. Sa'am was created by his "father" An in the laboratory. Although it was clear that An contributed some of his own genetic material to his creation, it is also clear that there was something else, and what that was, was a subject of intense interest and discovery throughout the books -- or at least as far as the third volume in the series, under development at the present time.

As illustrated in the genealogy chart, Sa'am actually incorporates genetic material from his eventual lover Mamitu-Nammu, herself partly amphibian through her *Abgal* heritage (see Races).

Enlíl's genetic heritage is of interest. Sa'am had been attempting to create special Nungal having modified physiques and accomplished characters. He had succeeded in extracting the genetic information from cells of several progenitors -- from himself and Gina'abul cells possessed by Mamitu, programming and combining these to create a group of seven clones. He added equally the genetic material from the Nungal prototype that was derived from the same base from which Abzu-Abba had created the original Šutum. The ensemble of all this was finally mixed with several other genes from different Gina'abul ancestors taken from their library of genetic patrimony.

Sa'am's specimens contained almost a tenth of his person, a little like biological children.

The result was terribly disappointing. Although apparently brilliant, they were wily, canny, and undisciplined. Sa'am's genetic creations were intended to be of Kadištu grade, but these were violent and prone to assaulting the Nindigir (heavenly priestesses).

Unfortunately the seven emerged from their *siensišárs* (artificial wombs) while Sa'am was elsewhere, undergoing a critical initiation. During his absence, the priestesses put to death six of the seven, but one escaped, probably with the help of a priestess who took a fancy to him. Confronting and capturing the seventh upon his return, Sa'am, seeing much of himself in this offspring, and recalling how his own life had been spared in a parallel situation, allowed him to go free.

This was, of course, the future Enlíl.

The chart provides various names assumed by the personages whose long lives extended through many epochs. For example, it is revealed in *Adam Geniš* that Sa'am is actually the famous Enki. And so we understand that Enlil should not really be considered to be the brother of Enki as we would understand the term, and as is believed by some Sumerian "enthusiasts" today. The two do possess some genes of An.

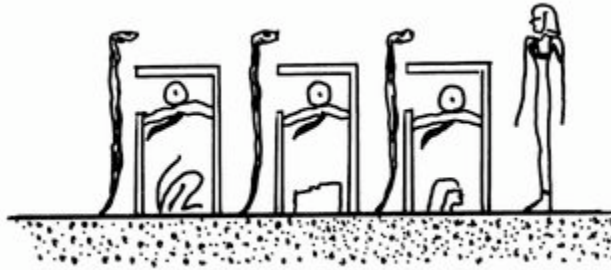


Figure from the Egyptian funerary text of the Amduat, in the tomb of Thutmosis III (18th dynasty), 6th hour, register 1, scene 5. A priestess named "The Worshipper of God" attends three artificial wombs in which bodies assemble themselves according to "images." On the upper part of each of the wombs appears an ovum fertilized by a spermatozoon.

The text states:

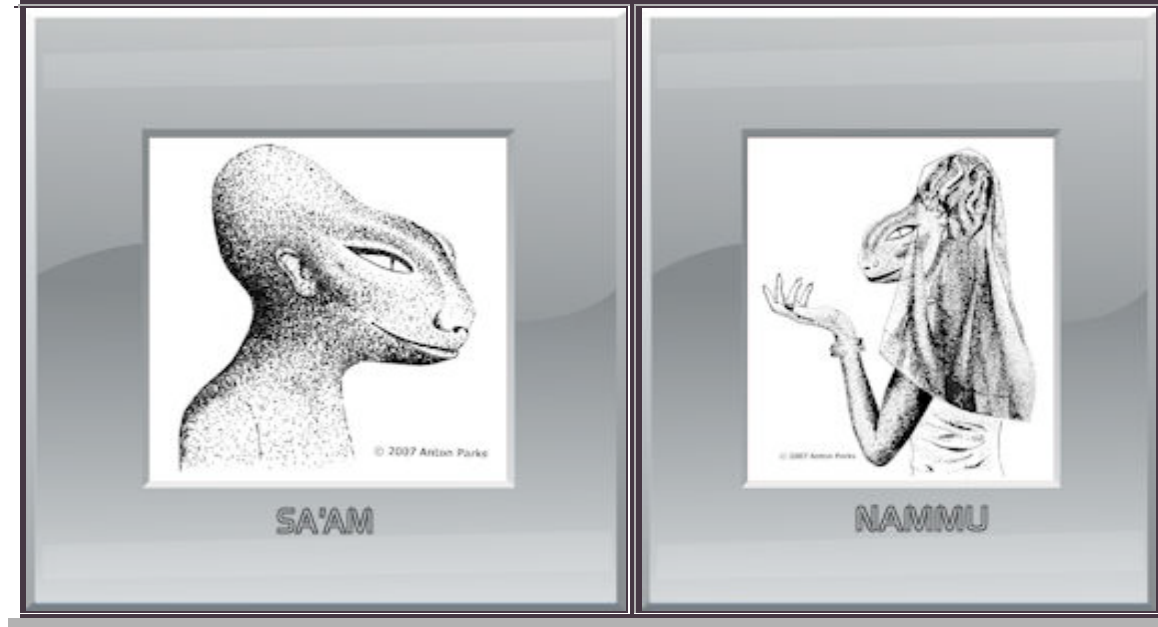
"The flesh is jubilant and rejoices. The head speaks after having reassembled its members."

"These are the secret images of the Duat."

"Those who are on their belly (reptiles) protect them."

"When Râ (the light) illuminates their darkness, the head speaks after the Worshipper of God calls it."

Personages



Abzu-Abba "Behum"	Ušumgal. The elder, "father" of the Gina'abul, progeny of the royal root source of Urbar'ra (Lyra) (see <u>Worlds</u>), master and absolute lawgiver of the interior (<u>Abzu</u>) of Nalulkára and Abzus of all Gina'abul planets. Within the first days of his life, Sa'am pays a visit to Abzu-Abba, kills him, and inherits his lands.
An Atum Yahvé(1)	"Seventh of the Ušumgal," creator of Sa'am and of the Anunna, of which he is the supreme chieftain.
Anšár	Ušumgal. Male. One of the creators (the father) of An.
Enlíl-Marduk(1)-Šàtam Šeteš/Seth "Satan-Yahvé(2)"	Nungal with enhancements. Created by Sa'am and Mamitu-Nammu. Original name: Enimin. Defective, scheduled for destruction, but escaped this fate. Ninmah took a fancy to him, requested the new name, meaning Lord of the Breath (or Word or Blow), a reference to his oratorical powers.

	At the time of his first period of Gibil'lásu (skin renewal), Enlil's true skin color is revealed - surprisingly to everyone except Sa'am, who had created him - to be distinctly less white than that of a common Nungal, but lighter than the Anunna. Not surprising to Sa'am, because he knew Enlil to be a mixed-blood and as such, diversity in genes can create uncertainty in physical and psychic programming.
Kišár	Ušumgal. Androgyne brother/sister of Anšár and mother of An.
Lahamu	Ušumgal. Progeny of the royal root source of Urbar'ra (Lyra). Androgyne progeny of Abzu-Abba. Co-creator of Anšár with Lahmu.
Lahmu	Ušumgal. Progeny of the royal root source of Urbar'ra (Lyra). Male progeny of Abzu-Abba. Genetic homologue of Lahamu, differing only in sex.
Mamitu-Nammu-Damkina(1)- Ninti(1) Nut "The Tree of Knowledge" "Elohim"	Amphibian (more fish than reptile), created by Tiamata partly from her own genes and genetic material from Gagsisá (Sirius). "Mother Tutor" of the Kadištu on Uraš (Earth). With Sa'am, co-created the Nungal. "Queen of the Throne" (Egypt).
Ninmah-Nihursag-Ninti(2) Serkit "The Tree of Life and Death"	Grand Priestess of Nalulkára. Right arm of Tiamata. With An, co-created the Anunna.
Sa'am-Nudimmud-Enki-Éa Pteh-Asar/Osiris Samaël-"The Serpent"	"The good lord, the well fashioned." A unique creation. Amphibian, cloned genderless by An with genes from himself and Mamitu-Nammu; later given male sex by mother/lover Mamitu-Nammu. Through her, partly Abgal (see <u>Genealogy</u>), and Kadištu. Also named Nudimmud, "The Cloner". Enki is his "Earth name" = Lord of the Ki or the Earth. He was given the name by his Nungal and the Anunna living with them at their first encampment on Uraš, and though he found it terribly pretentious, they persisted in using it. To Nammu and Sé'et (see below), he was always Sa'am or Nudimmud. Egyptian names and the usual Hebrew scriptural reference are also provided.
Sé'et-Damkina(2)-Ninti(3)- Ereškigal Aset-Iset-Isis "Fruit of Knowledge" "Tree of Life" "Elohim"	In Emešà: "The portent or force of life." A <i>Nindigir</i> (Priestess), Mamitu's designated successor. Presided over Sa'am's <u>Initiation of the Fire of the Aš</u> and participated in his coronation. Revealed to be Sa'am's genetic half sister, as her DNA is partly from Mamitu and partly Abgal (see <u>Genealogy</u>). This gives her much more of the Abgal genetics than either Sa'am or Mamitu has, and is the reason for the numerous Egyptian etchings showing her (or her dresses) with fish scales. Sa'am rescues her -- saves her life -- twice in the course of Volume 1 (<i>Le Secret</i>). As the priestess in charge of

	agricultural development on Dukù (see <u>Worlds</u>), was named <i>Se'et</i> : "Portent of the worked earth". Ereškigal (Sumerian name) = Sovereign of the Kigal (Gigal). Her domain is the subterranean Duat. In Egypt "Queen of the Throne" (as was her mother Nammu/Nut). In Egyptian mythology, Aset symbolizes Goddess of Births. Across several traditions, universal mother, magician, <i>creatrice</i> of life. She is the Mistress of the human genes.
Inanna-Ištar Nebet Hut / Nephtys "The Great Prostitute" "Queen of Heaven"	Daughter of Enlil (Seth). Domain is the Edin desert, Enlil's Mesopotamian Plain. Mistress of Sa'am and the wet-nurse of Bel-Marduk (Horus).
Marduk(2)-AmarUtu-Bêl Râ-af - Heru / Horus the Avenger "Lucifer"	Enki-Osiris' reincarnation and posthumous son. As the avenger of his father Enki, strongly opposed to the Law of Yahvé (An + Enlil). This is why Yahvé and Bel (Horus) are totally opposed in the biblical texts.
Tiamata "Tehum" "Elohim"	Ušumgal. Queen of the Gina'abul of Margíd'da (see <u>Worlds</u>). Named <i>Tigeme</i> by the male Gina'abul of Margíd'da. Mother of Lahamu and Lahmu.
Dim'mege-Lílti "Lilith"-"Fruit of Knowledge" "Elohim"	The name Dim'mege literally means "dark pillar". Queen of the Ama'argi (see <u>Races</u>). Daughter of Nammu (Nut); sister of Sa'am (Enki/Ea/Osiris) and Sé'et (Ereskigal/Isis). Appears to be the Sumerian LÍL-TI or the Akkadian Líltu found in the Hebraic tradition under the name Lilith. Under whatever name, always regarded in literature as a demoness of the underworld, doubtless due to the fear that she engendered and to her origin beyond human perceptions.
Hudili ("First Bird") - Zehuti/Djehuty/Thot - "Mikael", the Sage	Pure Nungal clone. Happened to embark with Sa'am and Mam in the Girgirlah in which they fled to Ti-ama-te. A great scientist, exceeded Sa'am in many disciplines. Maintained limitless respect for Sa'am throughout all periods of difficulties. Egyptian god of wisdom.
Ninurta	Conceived sexually and born naturally to Enlil and Ninmah early in the Kharsag period. Double polarity - strange, as Ninmah is female and Enlil true male. Doubtless the source of this is hereditary and unknown genes carried by Enlil. Sports a tail, also surprising as Enlil does not and neither, Enki believes, does Ninmah. As of early Kharsag years, has grown in the colony and considered by Enki a veritable plague possessing all rights. No one dare reprimand him for fear of being confronted by his progenitor.
Sigpabnum	Alagní (clone) developed with great care by Sa'am to possess all the assets needed to deal with the

Isimmud / Isimud
Sukkal

diverse ruses of the Ušumgal. Double polarity. Admired and respected by all the residents of Kharsag.

Karma One: In the [first] two volumes, throughout the books, you constantly change the names of the personages. We see for example that the principal personage is named "Sa'am" at the beginning of Volume 1, and that he acquired other names as we go through his life: Nudimmud, Enki, Asar, Éa, etc... It's the same for all the personages. One would say that the use of names is obsessional for the Ušumgal and for the entire galactic bestiary... but also for you. The employment of a single name to designate a personage from the beginning to the end of the narrative would facilitate the task of the reader, but you seem to obey an inner injunction. The use of the names of the personages seems to be dictated by the context: context of ceremony, intimate relations, names proffered as an insult, etc... Is that correct? Was it so important to employ all these names?

Anton Parks: What a magnificent question; you have understood everything! Yes, the possession of different names (epithets) is pathological among the Gina'abul. The usage among them served to confer value to a being in specific situations, or was sometimes intended as an insult.

Let's take some examples. When it is a question of glorifying the prowess of Enki in connection with his aptitudes as a cloner, he is often called *Nudimmud*, "he who fashions and puts the images (clones) into the world". When Sa'am-Enki is angered by *Enlíl*, "the lord of the breath", he sometimes uses a play of words and the name *Enlil*, "the mad lord".

Take the example of *Nammu*, the mother of Sa'am-Enki, who during an assembly will oppose herself to the council and will be proclaimed *Sagba*, "anathema, malediction"; a term whose exact Akkadian equivalent is *Mâmîtu*. But we know that *Mamîtu* is her other principal name!

As you can see, the use of different names always has a sense that is in relation with the context in which the personage is situated.

[N]

Add to this profusion of names the fact that myths have grown up around each of them. Students of mythology may glance at this table, these pages, and quickly conclude that Parks' knowledge of the myths is deeply lacking. In this they would miss the point that here are presented the personages themselves that lay behind the myths. And there may be a deeper misunderstanding: many

mythologists do not even believe there were such super-human persons behind the myths; they see the myths as having developed through the psychodynamics of the human social psyche.

While possibly something of that sort can occur at times, an important part of Parks' depiction is the deliberate production and cultivation of myths by powerful beings and their organizations. This has barely been touched on, yet, in these unfolding pages.

A bit more discussion can be found in the section on Inanna-Ištar.

**Sa'am-Nudimmud-Enki-Éa
Pteh-Asar / Osiris
Samaël / "The Serpent"**



Images provided by Anton Parks from his web page at <http://www.anunna.net/antonparks/telechargement2.htm> where they are available for download in sizes for use as screen backgrounds.

Here is a message Parks provided for users of his forum:
Dear Readers,

Many of you, very many, ask yourself the following question:

What was the physiognomy possessed by the Gina'abul (lizards) in the *Chronicles*?

I have tried at length to respond to this question in the Nouvelle Terre edition of Volume 1, for which I developed the images of Nammu and Sa'am-Enki [see top of this section], but not everyone possesses this new edition, and the designs were in black and white.

Many readers have difficulty imagining how these galactic beings (Usumgal, Anunna, Amasutum) truly looked when they wound up on our Earth at the time of the Great War, almost 300,000 years ago. We notice that some readers tend to imagine an appearance almost identical to that of humans, which is not at all correct.

They certainly have a humanoid appearance, but they are not terrestrials...

Certain African ethnic groups retain the almond-shaped eyes and the elongated cranium. What is above all different are the reptilian eyes (sometimes red), the greenish skin, and the scales...

I remind you that there is a great diversity of physiognomies among the Gina'abul. The type realized here is mostly Anunna. We intend to include a brief dossier in Volume 3 that will detail the different physiognomies within the magnificent Gina'abul race.

I hope that these images will not put you off. Do not forget that this appears to be a very ancient race who have laid down the law here, but in their midst are equally found as many exceptional and benevolent elements as dictators.

Further clarification via private e-mail:

Sa'am is basically of the Anunna type. The only difference between him and the Anunna is that he has Abgal, that is, amphibian, blood.

This amphibian aspect gives him four minor differences with respect to the Anunna:

1. Sa'am has webbed fingers (while Anunna do not).
2. Sa'am possesses amber-colored eyes while pure Anunna have red eyes.
3. Sa'am possesses small scales (those of the Anunna are larger).
4. Sa'am is a little larger than the average Anunna.

Furthermore, Sa'am himself was considered as an Anunna, given that he was meant to be the first of the race of An.

Given all of the above, why then are Isis and Horus shown with such strong humanoid features on two of Parks' book covers (at this writing)?

Here is Parks' answer to that question given in his forum (Nov 2008):

...As is to be revealed, the personages on the cover are indeed Isis and Horus. Though you may be in doubt of this, they conform to the vision that has been given to me.

Horus was created by artificial insemination under the care of Isis. He is a mixed-blood and his genetic patrimony a mixture of the genes of Osiris, Isis, and a large portion of royal Kingu genes. The pure strain of Kingu generally possess a very human physiognomy: normally white skin, scales, elongated cranium, vertical pupils in an iris often blue and, contrary to the Anunna, hair.

Isis was originally of Abgal type, thus without hair, more green, with an elongated face. Rapports of every nature that she entertained with Horus are going to transform her progressively as with her son... A scandal among the Gina'abul and above all a first! She will retain however a slightly greenish skin as well as her palmated hands and feet.

The reasons for using the royal genes to conceive Horus will be explained in Book 3.

The hieroglyphs state:

**You are this Star who cannot perish, who cannot disappear.
You are this Star who will not perish, who will not disappear.**



Sé'et/Ereš-kigal/Aset/Isis

The daughter of Nammu (Mami in the diagram), twin sister of Sa'am-Enki. To the Sumerians (per clay tablets), Ereš'kigal was queen of the KIGAL (the three dimensions, hence the Great Earth). At least originally, but at some point chooses the underworld, Hades, the kingdom where one buries the dead. Enki then was master of the KI (3rd dimension).

A FAMILY. Early in the *Ádam Genisiš* narrative, Mamitu-Nammu reveals to Dim'mege that, by the cells used in their cloning, Sa'am and Sé'et are her brother and sister, as Mam is the "mother" of all three. You can see this relationship in the "Source Races and Founders" diagram at the top of this page. Dim'mege then informs her siblings that the four of them are a family. Indeed they form a closely-knit unit from that time on. There is no one "father" to Mam's children.

Aset/Isis are of course her Egyptian identities.

Dim'mege

Dim'mege was a priestess who was also a bit of a gourmande, which did not do much for her silhouette. Her corpulence symbolized her generosity of heart.

She possessed a tail like those of the Ušumgal. Hers dragged along constantly and carelessly on the ground.

Very tactile, she never ceased placing her hands on us as though to taste us and to savor each instant passed at our sides.

Her manner of speaking was always very courteous and cultivated.

Dim'mege often saturated herself with a powerful emanation with the scent of apricot. We had to evade it at times so as not to become intoxicated by her nauseating balm.

Her tastes were multiple: she wore heavy bracelets and shimmering fabrics. Silver metal scintillated on her eyelids and precious stones streamed to her neck.

Hudili

Hudili, my faithful Nungal, was there in the doorway. His physiognomy had changed again. He seemed still larger; it was no doubt an impression. The progressive mutation of the Nungal was completely unpredictable.

"Do not be concerned, En (lord), we are not eaters of flesh," he said calmly.

When I rejoined him, he patted me on the shoulder to encourage me. That was the first time that he made this gesture, the first of a very long series. I couldn't fail to notice that little blond hairs were beginning to push out on his head. I smiled to myself. Certain Nungal did not totally appear to be Alagní (clones) of one another. Only the last series that I had done had received a certain treatment. I had subjected the quartz, which we generally used as receptacles for the cells, to controlled sequences of radiation doses, which had targeted influences on the genes. This technique was inscribed within me by my genitor [An]. It gave us several series of Nungal with varying individualities as well as programmed immunities. These specimens possessed autonomous genetic mutations that immunized them against most of the known viruses.

Hudili was without doubt the only survivor of one of these series that spontaneously mutate, because I knew no other like him. Enlil, my very special Alagní (clone), was from one of these particular series, but he seemed to be a mixed-blood, a specimen who synthesized active antibodies that came from different donors. A specimen rather different, fabricated from several Gina'abul models. Had he shed his skin in the same manner? [See Nungal]

Mikael

Dual Versions

The confusion of two distinct historical personages into one jumbled tradition is important for us to understand, as it is emblematic of many such jumbings that have resulted in today's inside-out and upside-down religious conceptions.

Parks has gone to lengths to untangle the two. We compress his presentation here, hoping to maintain the clarity of his ideas.

This discussion is supported by the linguistic analysis found at Case 2: MULTIPLE MEANINGS OF THE NAME "MIKAEL".

Each of the two Mikael is the head of a group of "angels" -- two opposing groups, actually. The name Mikael and variants are also associated with quite distinct personalities in various traditions.

MĪ-KA-EL: Gnostics and Romans associate with the god Mercury, whom we identify with the Egyptian god Thoth, Grand Master of Wisdom (Messenger of Râ, the Sun). Greek Hermes.	MÎ-KA ₅ -EL and MÈ-KA ₅ -EL: See decompositions. The fox, jackal, desert dog are Enlil (Seth in Egypt).
Thoth-Hermes is companion of Ptah-Osiris, Isis and Horus.	Warrior Mikael who is in charge of the affairs of the fox

	Enlil/Seth is his future son Ninurta, head of the "Army of God (An and Enlil)".
Guides/protects the course of Râ in his Bark of Eternity	Protects the false "god" Atum (An), demiurge also associated with the sun, responsible for the separation of Earth and Water, destruction of the future A'amenpteh (Atlantis).
Thoth, named "First Bird", is head of the Nungal-Igigi, Akkadian "Watchers", "Fallen Angels".	Enlil-Seth through future son Ninurta is head of the Anunna.

All is in agreement when one realizes that the "Watchers" of the Book of Enoch are the adversaries of Mikael-Ninurta who is in the service of Yahvé (An and Enlil).

Ninurta

There actually were two Ninurtas born to Enlil. He gave the same name to the second, as to his first, who disappeared in the combats, and who was the first Gina'abul of the colony to have seen his first daylight on Uraš (the Earth). Enki always considered this title to be an insult to himself, as the title EN-KI (lord of the Earth) had been conceded to him so long before by the Nungal and the Anunna. He always considered Enlil's choice of the name Ninurta to be deliberate for that reason, showing Enki that he was not alone in claiming the exterior riches of Uraš (the Earth).

In the name NIN-URTA, the Sumerian particle URTA is confounded with URAŠ "the Earth". There is an interesting wordplay in NIN-UR₅-TA, "the lord achieved by natural childbirth".

Enlil also gave the name of "Maš to both; this name was carried on the Sumerian tablets.

Sigpabnun

SIG₇-PAB-NUN - "brilliant princely brother", companion of Enki-Ea in the Sumerian texts, also named "Isimmud" (or "Isimud" or "Usmu") on the clay tablets.

Alagní (clone) created by Sa'am/Enki to help him face the difficulties posed daily by his adversaries, Sigpabnum was given all the assets needed to deal with their constant and diverse ruses.

Sa'am had had difficulties with his creation of the Nungal - haste had kept him from checking his materials carefully, and they had been manipulated - and there could not have been a worse calamity than the production of Enlil. This time he took the greatest precautions in fabricating a single exemplary, remarkable and unique.

Sigpabnum clearly displayed aptitudes recalling those of emissaries of the Source, and was admired and respected by all the residents of Kharsag. Ninmah turned around him like a "Numsahar'ra" (a fly). She must have wondered how Sa'am/Enki had been able to compose such a specimen.

The Kharsag residents often called him by the name Sukkal (messenger) because he was Sa'am-Enki's executive officer and seemed to possess the same wisdom as the Life Designers of that name.

His presence was required at every moment. By playing the intermediary, he allowed Sa'am-Enki to become more focused and to concentrate on essentials.

Herein Lies a Tail

If the day ever arrives when Parks' descriptions of the physiognomies of these races and the personages resulting from their interactions are taken as valid data worthy of serious scientific study, we will have a new field of genetics of almost unimaginable richness. It is partly in support of that future development that we organize and present Parks' descriptions on these pages.

In that spirit we detail here the presence or lack of a tail in the various racial types and persons.

According to Parks, the Ama'argi, those females whose galactic home is the Abzu - Uraš' interior, all had tails... and as far as we have seen to this point, any offspring that they had with the Anunna males had tails as well, even though the Anunna did not possess them.

Others with tails include the Ušumgal, Red Kingú, Mušgir, and early human races.

Tiamata, who was after all an Ušumgal, had a tail, but her daughter Nammu did not.

Nammu was the mother of Sé'et and Sa'am, who did not have tails, and the Ama'argi Dim'mege, who did.

It seems that when creating new genetic mixtures, the geneticists themselves were sometimes surprised by the presence or absence of a tail in the synthesized being.

Abzu (1)

The constant and intense radiation of the inner sun of Uraš illuminated a universe disordered in appearance. My craft overflowed mountains leveled by flowing torrents...

I was overwhelmed by this discovery of such biodiversity. Uraš was as surprising in its heart as on its exterior.

In this setting dominated by a large internal ocean, I discovered an incredible number of varieties of animal and vegetable species...

My progenitor and I camped near the great cascades that fell down the mountainside opposite the mountain that overhung the capital of the Abzu, which was named Šàlim [*Decoder*]. The deafening noise of the waterfalls plunging into the ocean bathed us at our work for countless *Ud* (days).

The interior sun of this planet's ancient world is extremely powerful, much hotter than any that I had seen. Its light is different in its chemical and ultraviolet rays, which supports varieties of species totally unlike those of the exterior.

The sun's radiant purple-crimson cloak provides a constant temperature throughout the cavity. The abundance of coral scattered throughout all latitudes of the primary ocean indicated a hot sea. The rich calcareous secretions of the aquatic organisms of the rivers and lakes were also in keeping with the hot ambiance.

The Abzu of Uraš possesses, certainly, immense varieties of exotic terrains, but it is above all a fluvial and maritime maze which gives it the aspect of a gigantic reservoir.

Mam gave this interior sea the name *Engur*.

Note: The Sumerian term ENGUR was generally used to name subterranean waters as well as the abysses of the Abzu. It was equally employed to designate the primordial goddess Nammu, which is to say Mamitu, as a symbolic representation of the unique source of the primordial waters.

It is necessary to come to terms with the idea of the Abzu, a prominent feature of Mesopotamian belief systems, before going on to consider the Gina'abul worlds, because every planet and moon in Parks' history has one.

DIALOGUE

A.P.: I will try to respond correctly to your questions concerning the Abzu.

You must keep in mind that the images that I received were not

To the Sumerians, the Abzu, realm of Enki, was a subterranean sea or swamp – a sort of sandwich layer, as the Sumerians didn't have a concept of a spherical Earth. Zecharia Sitchin frequently translates *Abzu* simply as Africa. However, in the experience of Parks/Sa'am, the Abzu was the hollow center of each world, fully inhabited and thriving with life, even urbanized. We have all encountered the idea: openings at the poles, oceans connecting with the interior over a gently-curved broad rim, and a sun at the center.

In other words, the Abzu is a structure that contradicts our common knowledge of the Earth and all other planetary bodies in the Solar System – and seems to violate our understanding of physics as well.

This little problem challenges our ability to accept Parks' report. It is not as though one could say, "I'll consider the rest but hold the Abzu, please," because activities and events taking place in the various Abzus of Parks' cosmos are so thoroughly a part of the narrative that it would be akin to saying "I can accept your description of human physiology but I just can't go with the alimentary canal."

Parks has spent much effort on this problem. In collaboration with Hans W. Lintz, Parks provides an extensive report in the Dossier: Les Mondes Creux on his site AntonParks.com. We have reviewed the portions of the report relating to the Earth and Moon (i.e., not dealing with data on other solar system planets). Briefly, we find one highly interesting nineteenth-century personal account of a fisherman and his father who sailed into the northern opening, spent 1-1/2 years with the civilization in the cavity, sailed out the southern end, and were shipwrecked there. Beyond that, the well-known and controversial story of Admiral Byrd's adventures and dubious satellite data add little to the case for the Abzu. Yet we could not have expected more in the way of data in the public domain at this time.

Meanwhile, we can touch on some basic questions.

The first – and naive – concern would be about how gravity would work in this situation. How could you run a city in there, with people falling to the center of the Earth all the time? Doesn't gravity "point" to the center of the Earth?

The answer is: yes if you are on or above the surface, but no if you are anywhere inside a spherical cavity concentric with the earth's outer surface. In that case -- I have not confirmed this but understand that it is simple enough to do the obvious integration showing that the force of gravity is zero throughout such a cavity. This is frequently discussed on "hollow earth"-related forums.

What has not been mentioned is the gravitational field within a large class of cavities not necessarily symmetrically placed. If you have any doubts about how gravity would work within this larger class of cavities, consider an underground parking garage, a cavity that is a member of this class. Gravity exists there. Suppose the lower floor of the garage had an opening to a tunnel that extended to or past the center of the earth, creating an irregularly-shaped aggregate space. Obviously the force of gravity would vary throughout this space. One could imagine widening this space to form any of a large variety of shapes, where gravitational forces would be non-zero in at least in some parts of the spaces, though they might vary throughout.

Clearly there are many ways in which an inner earth cavity would support gravity. But not all possible cavities would be suitable candidates for our inner earth. The constraints are:

1. It must be open to both of the Earth's poles or polar regions.
2. It must be able to contain a small "sun".
3. It should not result in significant gravitational or seismic anomalies at the Earth's surface (or if it does, earth scientists must be capable of misconstruing them).

About that sun that always seems to be present inside the cavity: WHY would it be there, where did it come from, and what makes it stable in that position?

Part of our difficulty in approaching these questions stems from failing to grasp the sun and the surrounding planet as a single unit, and failing to consider the process of planetary formation. [Open SETI](#) frequently entertains the cosmological and physical theories of Dr. Paul A. LaViolette. In particular, as described in [Open SETI Physics 101](#), planets are formed from the energy and particles emitted from a gravitational well where there is excess *genic* energy. At the point of emission, there is probably what appears to be a hot little sun.

The next phase might be an interaction between interstellar particles being attracted toward the gravitational well, and outward-moving energy and particles. Might there be a point of equilibrium at a given radius where a shell of matter would begin to form? The details of this process are not to my knowledge given in any of LaViolette's books (if they are, we will find out shortly).

What is the mechanism that stabilizes the system so that the sun does not wander around and collide with the shell? Again on our page, we mention that the genic energy radiation pressure goes as $1/r^4$, which creates a strong restoring force opposing any such tendency.

Another major detail requiring an explanation would be the holes at the poles of rotation. I personally am not clear on this point, as the dynamics appears complex, but it seems reasonable that if there was rotation in the first place, that these holes might appear due to centrifugal force.

Is LaViolette's planetary formation model the final word in the view of Open SETI? Actually it is not. The [Electric Sky Model](#) of plasma astrophysics, introduced for your convenience at the link, and its subsidiary Electric Sun, described for example in Donald Scott's *The Electric Sky* (2006), being scalable over the range of cosmological- to laboratory-sized dimensions, provides us with a perfectly reasonable model of a small sun that could exist in the earth's cavity. This is because stars are not fusion reactors requiring a certain size and gravitational pressure, but simple foci of plasma occurring along strung-out *Birkeland Currents*.

In this model, the energy from the sun (any sun) is supplied by the Birkeland current, a plasma in "dark current mode" (i.e., in the low-current-density regime in which it is not emitting light).

The Birkeland current feeding a planet's inner sun would very definitely have to pass through polar openings.

Is it possible that those openings are a part of the geometry of a "recombination zone" that is responsible for planetary formation itself?

The reader will surely ask, "How can it be that all planetary bodies are hollow with openings at their poles, and we have not seen this in the images from our interplanetary probes?"

The unspoken question: "Are we to believe that the data have been withheld from us, and if so, why? Why go to all that trouble? What is the point?"

Parks' reasoning is as follows:

To confirm that all planets are hollow would be to admit that the Earth is equally so. To recognize that this planet is hollow, with a habitable interior, implies that one must make an accounting of possible other populations, and undertake expeditions to the center, but that is at the moment completely impossible. Why? Because, according to numerous legends of the Earth and in accord with the traditions of Tibet, the Eskimos, and even the Hopi Indians of Arizona, the interior of the Earth is occupied by a civilization of a highly developed intelligence, affiliated -- for some of them directly, and for others indirectly -- with the "Celestial Bestiary!"

Most of our readers have heard of these legends. For many of us, our response has had to be to afford them a measured level of credibility, as though to say we respect those peoples who hold these myths and say these things, but not to face the implications. The reason is that the complete break from the common worldview that would be required, the end of the SCAM, seems to present an imposing prospect, if not absolutely frightening.

But for others, it's a way of life.

For concepts of the Abzu in the ancient world, click [here](#).

Šàlim

The City of Eternity

On the ground, paving stones of chalcedony ran between walls of white marble. Palms and mimosas bordered the streets, exhaling light, fleeting scents. Time seemed never to have passed through the four portals of the sacred city...

The Šàlim of this epoch was a delight to the senses. The songs of birds resonated from the balconies and terraces hung with opalescent cloths that trembled furtively in the wind.

The capital of the Abzu was a peaceable domain blending at once luxury and beauty...

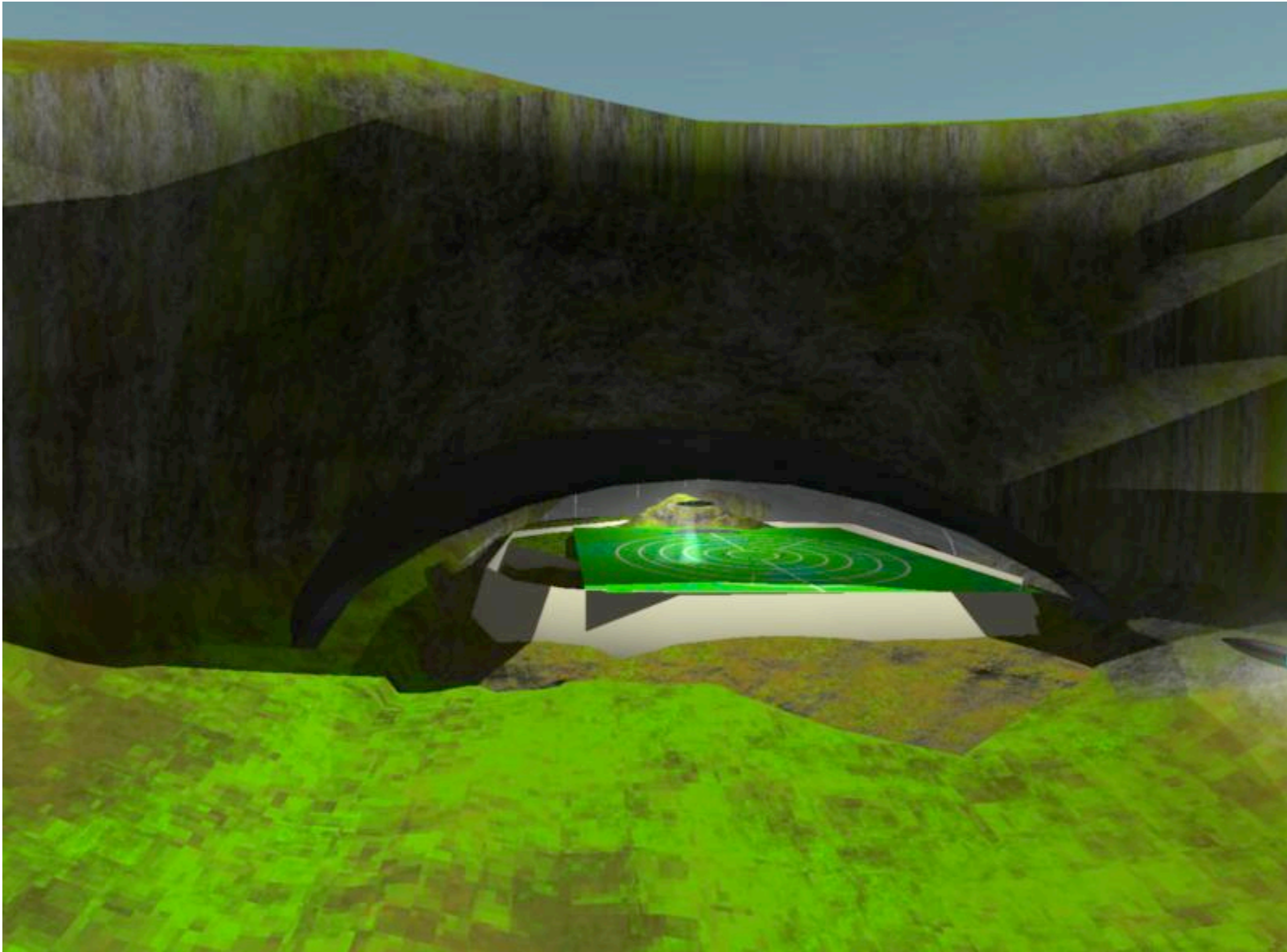
In each capital of our Abzus there are invariably found princely quarters designated for the use of the reigning sovereign. These apartments are always very spacious, as they are intended to receive the ensemble of the royal family and his court. Like many others, those of Šàlim had never served. They were reserved only for the occasion when the sovereign of the Abzu would come to pay a visit. Abzu-Abba had never set foot in Ti-ama-te (the solar system) *and still less on Uraš*.

The emphasis on the final phrase is mine. An odd thing for Parks to say, one would think. We are used to thinking of the Earth as our solar system's center of life and culture. But that was not true in Sa'am's day. That center would have been Mulge, a planet that was later destroyed.

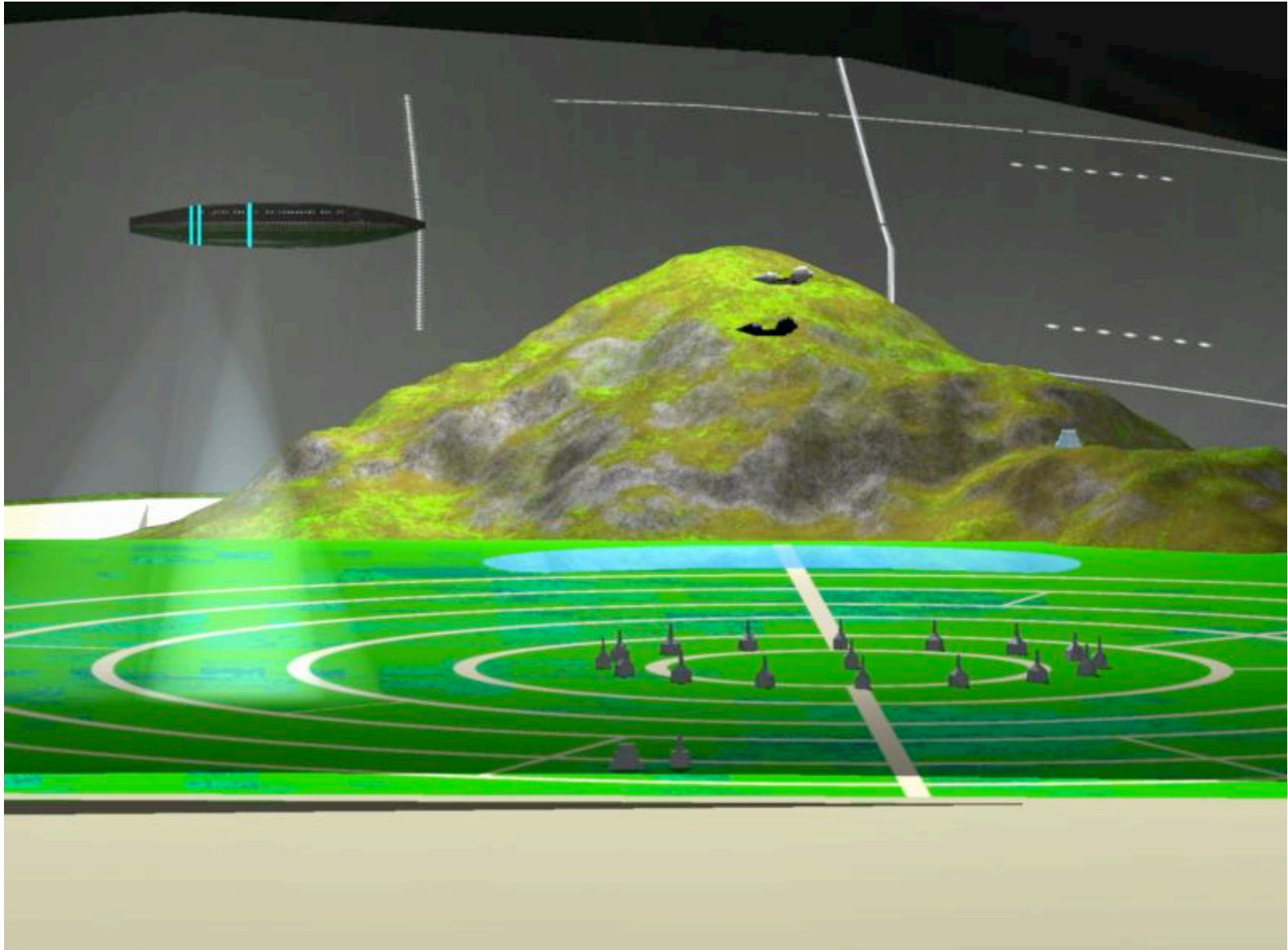
Šàlim Images: Glimpses of Work in Progress

It will eventually be possible to provide readers with detailed images of Šàlim, since Parks has these clearly in mind. The process of rendering them for viewing on this page has been very slow, however, as attention has had be given to many levels: terrain, major construction, city plan, buildings, vegetation (gardens, ornamental trees, etc.), vehicles, lighting, and inhabitants. Some of these layers are beginning to take form now, and while crude and unfinished, some of our working images are approaching a level that can perhaps be shown, if readers will be a little forgiving.

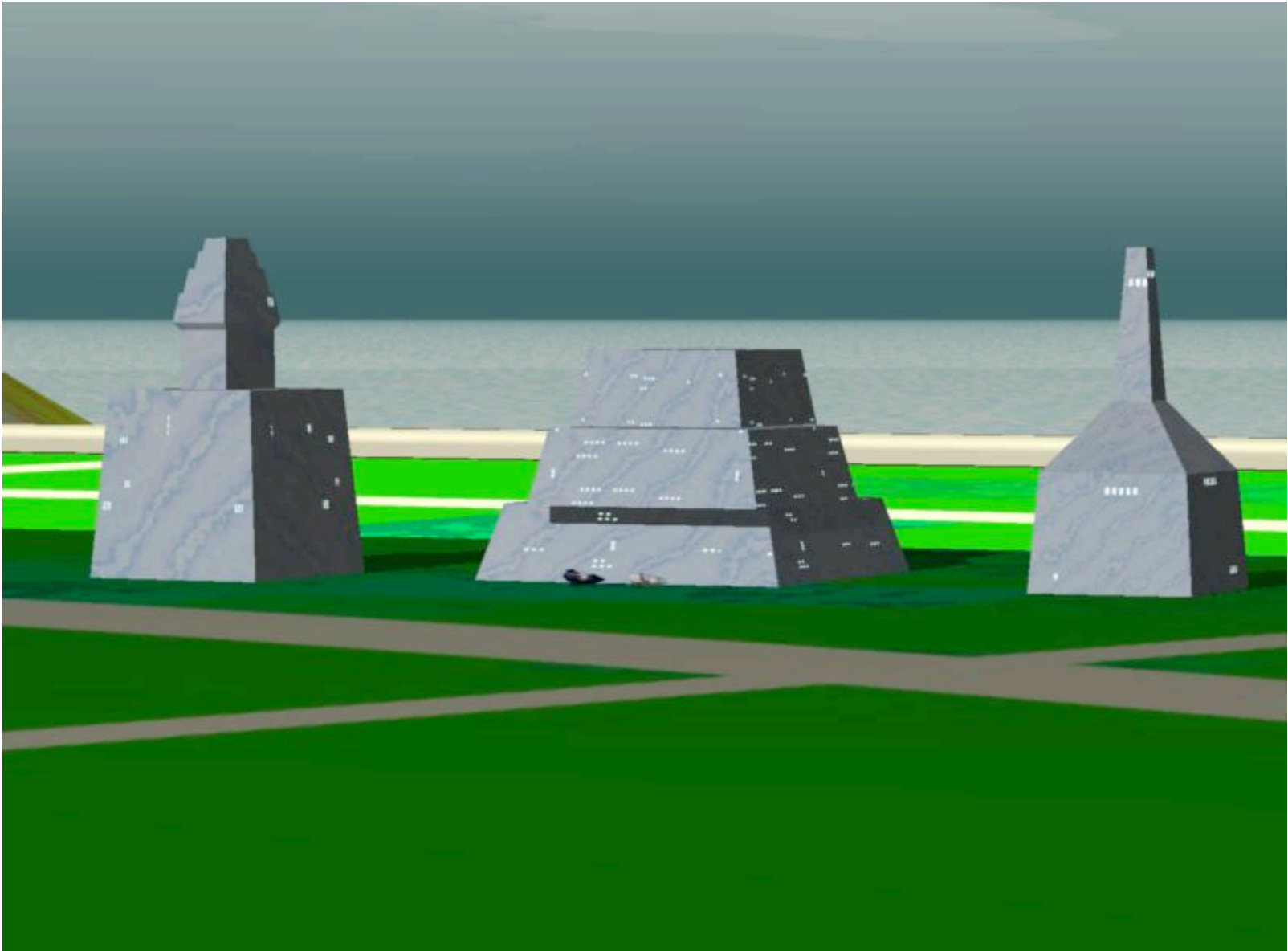
Our purpose in showing images even at this early stage is to help readers begin to feel a sense of the reality of this place, not only as it once was, but as it perhaps might still be... though this needs much discussion and clarification.



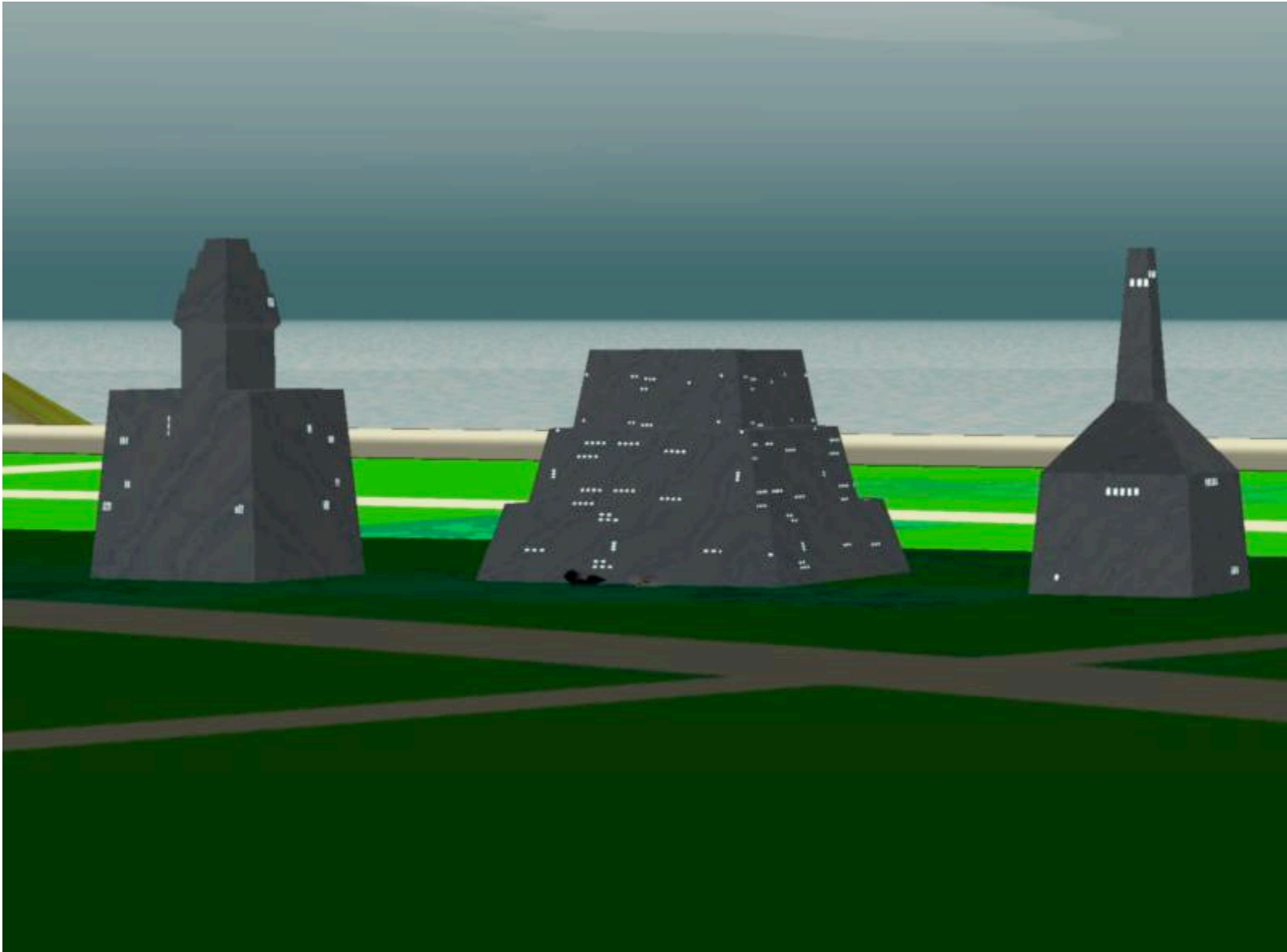
Positioning of Šàlim under a landform within the Abzu.



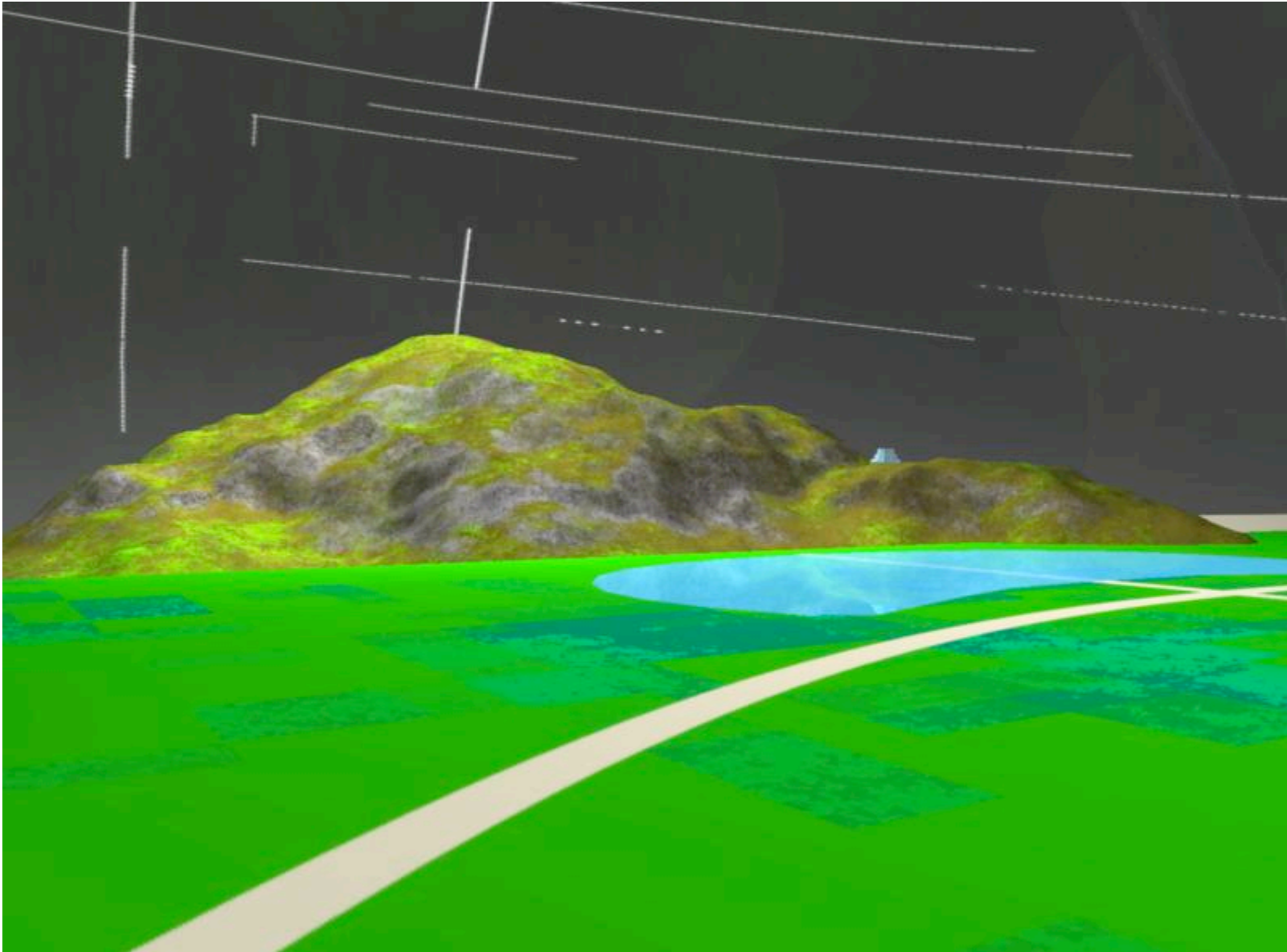
Šàlim city street plan. (Disregard any positions of buildings at this stage of the graphics development; we are still assembling the components of the city.) Parks specifically supports the circular layout, similar to the Plato/Atlantis City images we have seen, with the single front-to-rear main radial. Other radials are needed but details are suggestive only. The high terrain at the rear is also a specific memory. Little attention has been given to the lighting as of yet. However the city's foreground is directly exposed to the "inner sun"; this is correct. The city plane is "slightly larger than Paris". We have given the major boulevards a width of 150 m. The dome is "metallic". Lighted lines are as generally recalled; details are not supported. One Iníuma is seen; another is over the terrain outside the city, approaching. Two Tumua personal craft fly in the foreground. They appear to be over the city but perspectives are deceiving; the ships are far out in front of the city opening. We had them fly past the camera for you. At any point actually over the city they would have been almost invisible from here. Eventually there will be many of them in the air over the city itself, and hundreds parked on the ground... as you would expect. Lights on the Iníuma will be part of the lighting scheme for the city. Notice two prototype buildings placed near the front; they give a sense of scale when compared with the boulevards. The temporary group of buildings at the center consists of a third prototype (all identical). One building has also been inserted into the hilly area at rear, again to provide a sense of the scale. This will be shown to have been a habitable area: the princely quarters where Sa'am and his Nungal were installed.



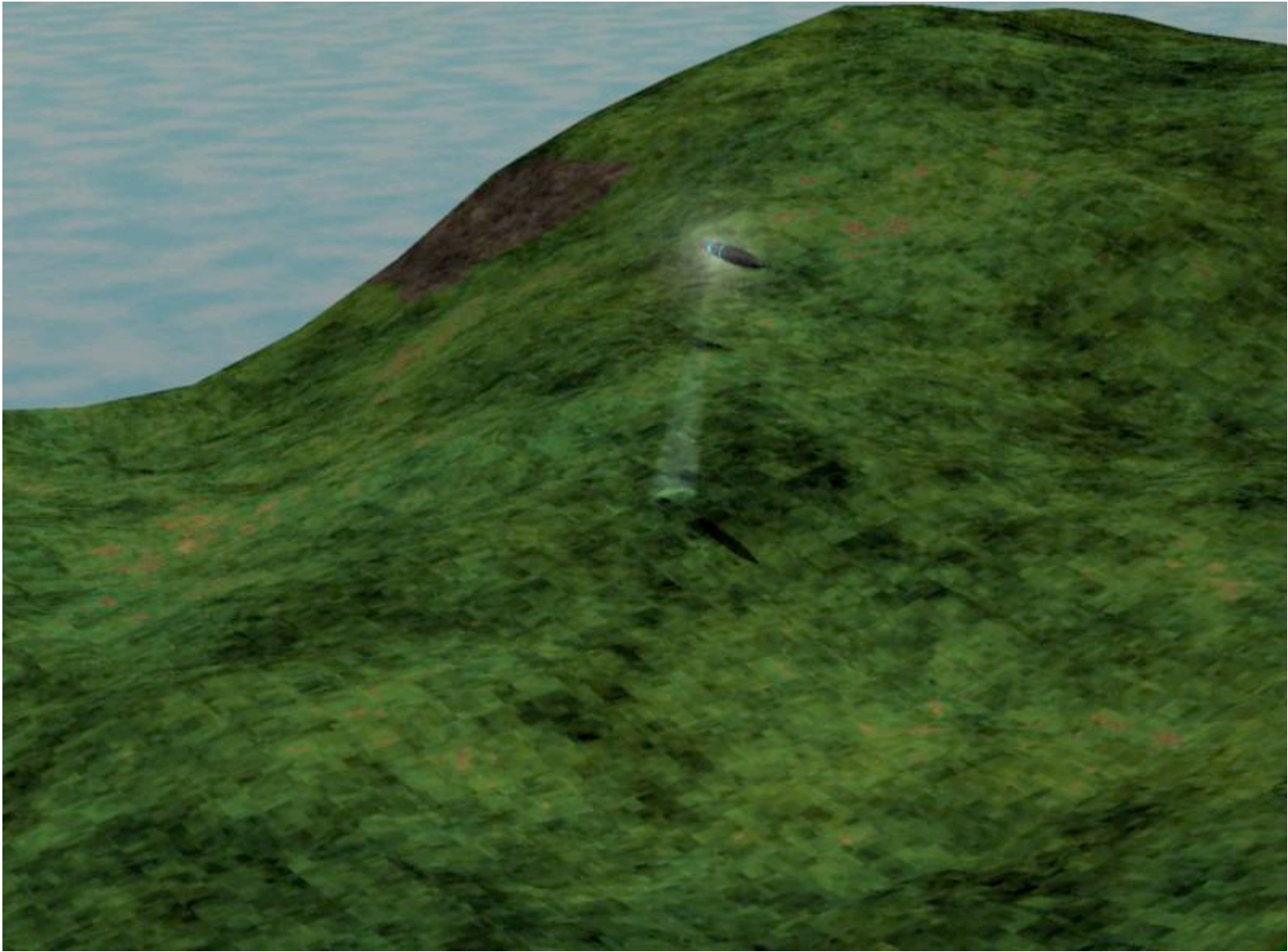
Šàlim outward view with three prototype buildings. The buildings will have doorways, windows, and exterior lights. Work is in progress on the windows. Tumua craft are shown parked at the base of one building for scale. Notice that the dome is outside (above) the field of view in this image. In the background, beyond the wall, is Engur, the great subterranean sea. The city wall is very important and will be more complex than appears here, with a broad walkway along its inner edge and crenellations on the outer edge. A gate is needed, etc.



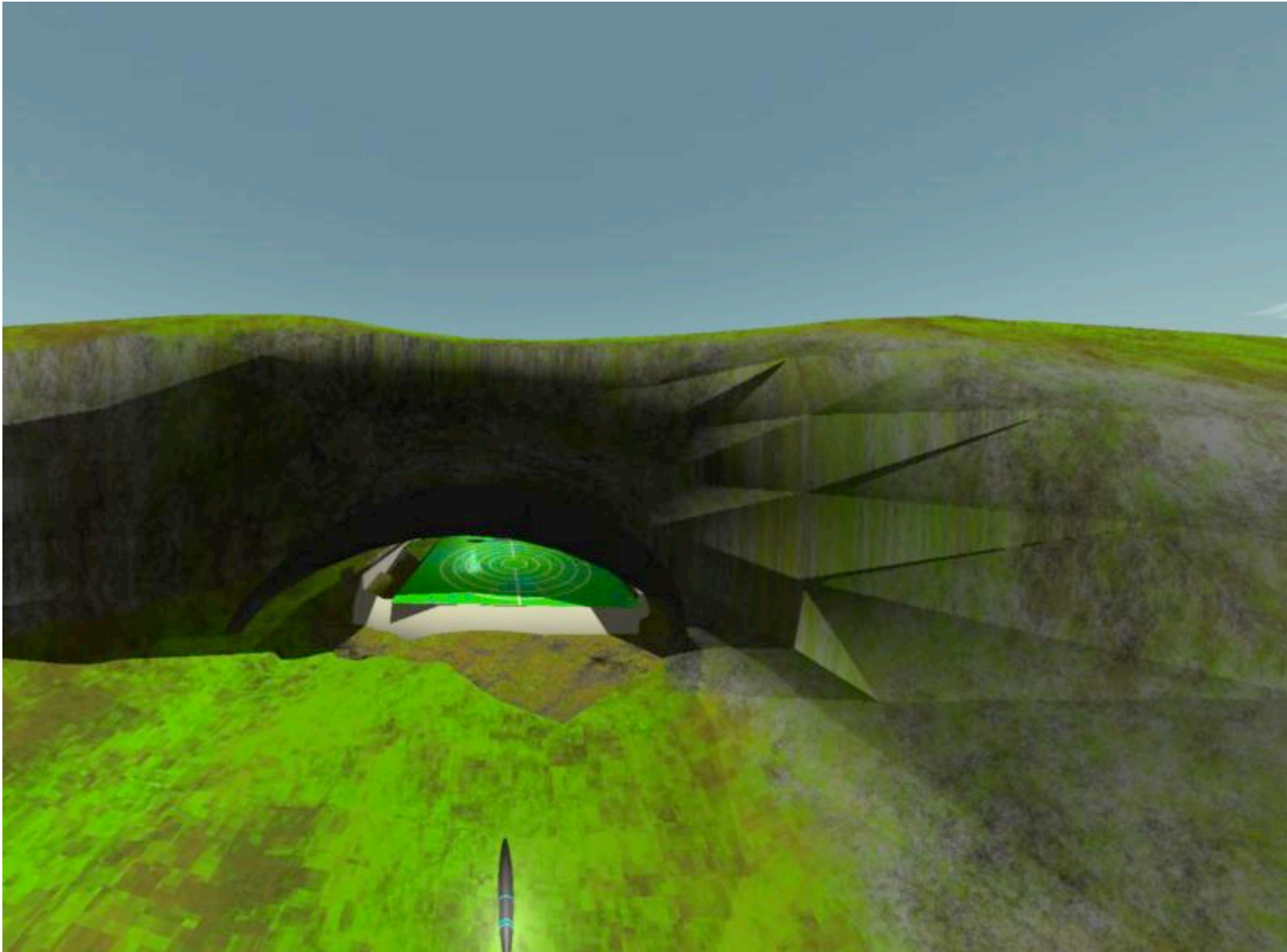
In the previous image, an odd shadow appears on the middle prototype building, relating to the position of a "spotlight" we are using for development purposes. Here we have extinguished that light, and show you the resulting interesting image, as a preview of how these buildings will look in darkened situations.



Dim'mege's palace will be in this area, associated with the lake. The lake area itself needs much development... plantings, causeway, etc. Princely quarters will be on the lower levels of the mountain.



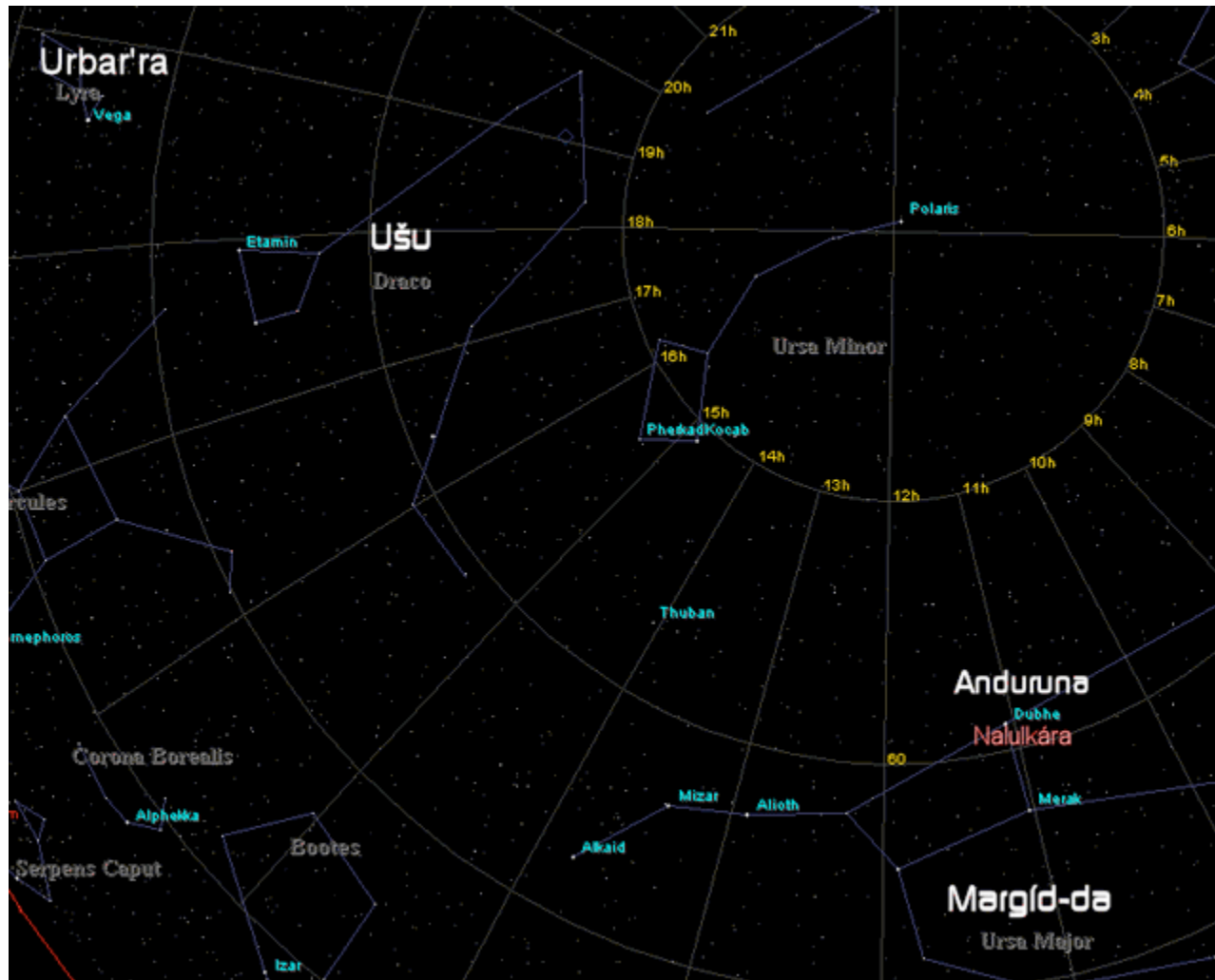
Infuma over terrain approaching Šàlim.



Iníuma approaching Šàlim.

Worlds

Constellations as we define them are not experienced by the Gina'abul. Anton Parks, tapping into Sa'am's memory, recalls awareness of "mother stars" (i.e., stars with life on one or more of their planets) and various groupings of stars before his arrival in our solar system. Once on the Earth, he could easily recognize the mother stars within the constellations as seen from here.



Sky Orientation I

The star group known in the Emenita language as *Margíd'da* (see Sky Orientation 1), which we can loosely associate with our defined constellation Ursa Major (the Great Bear), is the home of the Gina'abul. The giant planet they call *Nalulkára* is their imperial residence, "at the heart of *Anduruna*," a stellar system identified with the star Dubhe.

Also known as *alpha Ursae Majoris*, Dubhe is a yellow giant, about 25 times the size of the Sun, and located 86 light years from here. Dubhe is a "close visual binary."

The *Uanna*, monumental mothership of the Gina'abul lord An, is reported by Parks to have been – at the opening of his narrative – situated on the "night side" of Nalulkára. This implies a synchronized rotation or "resonance" of Nalulkára with respect to Andaruna/Dubhe, similar to that of our moon with the Earth.

Parks mentions a short night on Nalulkára due to a second nearby star. In fact, Dubhe B is catalogued. At present, a projected distance of 23-25 AU from Dubhe (based on angular separation) has been published. That would correspond to the distance of Uranus from the Sun. I don't believe the actual position of Dubhe B with respect to Dubhe is known. The graphic at right is shown from an arbitrary viewing position and is purely suggestive.

As of this writing, March 9 2006, no planet corresponding to Parks' giant Nalulkára has been detected.

Parks also "saw" (as Sa'am, in his initial flight made on the first day of his life!) entire cities of thousands of Amašutum near the "southern" extremity of Nalulkára.

The royal city of Nalulkára is named *Unulahgal*.

The city of Ankida was where the complete genetic patrimony (as frozen cells) of the Ušumgal was stored.

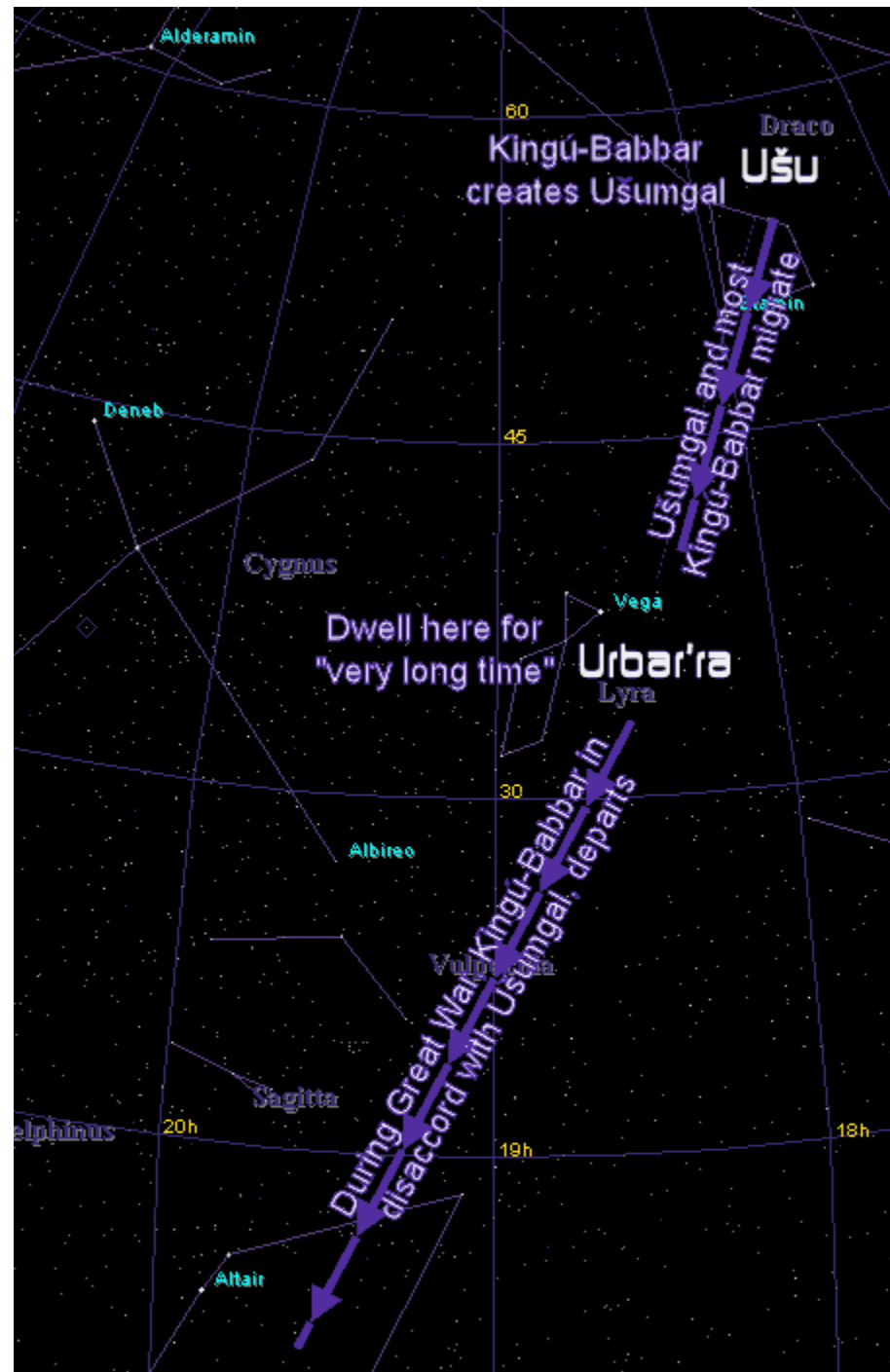
Beyond the Amašutum cities is the opening into the "Abzu of Nalulkára," named for the old father/king Abzu-Abba. Not the most beautiful in the Anduruna system, but the most vast of all the planets possessed by the Gina'abul, and those on which they had set foot up to that time.

Also seen in Sky Orientation 1 is *Ušu* (corresponding to our Draco), the "birthplace of the Gina'abul".

Urbar'ra (Lyra) is the birthplace of the Miminu (Greys), who were created there by the ancestors of the Ušumgal (see Races) with the assistance of the Mušgir, who contributed their genetic patrimony.

In India, the Great Bear (which we have said is under the trusteeship of the seven Ušumgal) is symbolized by the seven *Rishi* (visionaries) who are the semi-divine genitors with creator powers. They are directly connected with the origin of humanity. The Sumerian decomposition of this term is in keeping with the creator role of these gods: RI-ŠI, "those who are there and who engender".





Sky Orientation 2 again shows *Ušu* (the Dragon) and *Urbar'ra* in the northern sky, and also includes *Te* (Aquila) near the celestial equator.

Migrations of the Ušumgal and Kingú-Babbar races are depicted here. The Kingú-Babbar had been in conflict with Mušgir and later with Ušumgal when they were all located together in the Ubar'ra constellation. Some Kingú-Babbar then returned to their original home in Ušu, while others migrated to *Te*, and later settled in our solar system, under an exceptional accord with the Kadištu. These figure prominently in the history told in *Adam Genisiš*.

Keep in mind that all of these views are projections looking outward from the solar system. What were historically defined as constellations are actually associations that can be quite extended in the radial direction, and this is the case with the constellations depicted here. Radial distances within these star groups can be larger than the lateral separations of the groups themselves. For a better perception of this, examine the image *Solar Neighborhood to 50 ly* below.



(Click image for 3D closeup)

The very important planet Dukù is the place where the Ušumgal created and trained the Anunna, an activity that precipitated the war

that drove them all to Tiamate, our solar system. (We will have much more to say about this.) Dukù is in the system of *Ubšu'ukkinna* (Maia), one of the bright blue-white stars in the group known to the Gina'abul as *Mulmul* (the Pleiades star cluster).



Approaching Ubshu'ukkinna [Maia] in Mulmul [Pleiades] from Nalulkara

Two other planets of *Ubšu'ukkinna* (Maia) on which significant events take place in Parks' narrative are Éšárra and Ébabbar. Sa'am witnessed military training activities on these worlds. According to Parks' memory, the *Ubšu'ukkinna* system has 12 planets altogether.

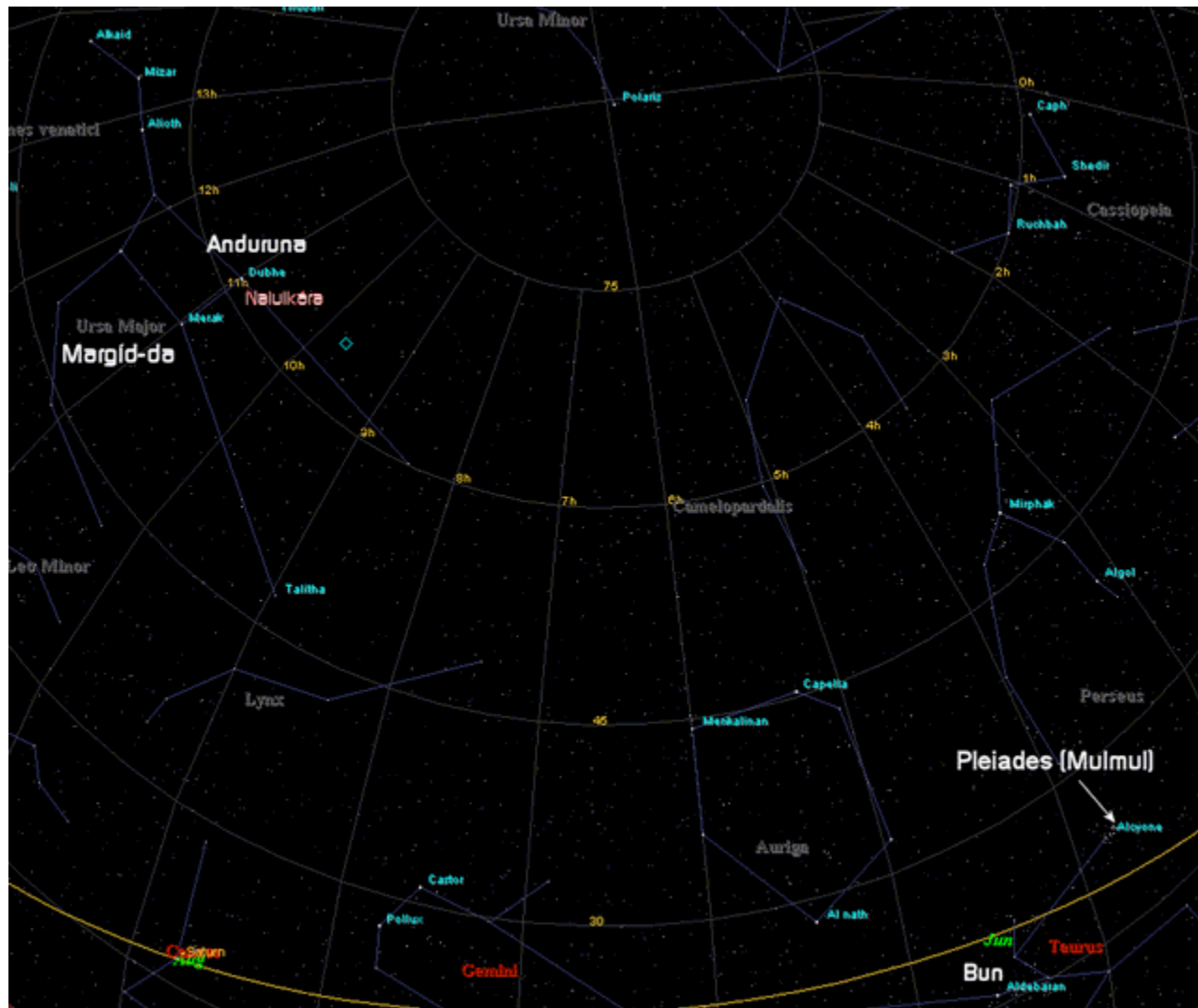
See *Decoder* for a decomposition of the name *Ubšu'ukkinna*. This was also the name of the sacred place of assembly in each large Mesopotamian city.

The Hopi indians of Arizona call the celestial Ubšu'ukkinna Toonaotakha, which they translate as "the Confederation of Planets." It refers to a celestial region of 12 planets where dwell the Kachinas, the spiritual guides of the Hopi traditions (see Joseph Blumrich's transcription of White Bear's teachings, *KASSKARA UND DIE SIEBEN WELTEN*). The Toonaotakha stellar system is precisely situated in the Pleiades, named by the Hopis "Seven Sisters."

It's interesting to note that the term Toonaotakha is formed from the Hopi root Toonao which means "belongs to a group," and is itself taken from the term Toonam, "group" or "tribal council." Once again, all fits perfectly.

Blumrich's work with White Bear is covered extensively by Anton Parks on Parks' page ATLANTIS CONTRE MU, found on [Anton Parks.com](http://AntonParks.com). *Kásskara* is identified with the ancient Mu; *Talawaitichqua* with Atlantis.

We have also indicated a planet named "Adala" (Sumerian ADA-LA, "the song of happiness") that according to Parks seems to exist in the Taygete system.



Sky Orientation 3

Sky Orientation 3 shows the location of the Pleiades in Taurus.

Farther south in Sky Orientation 4, Gagsisá (Sirius) is the source of the (amphibian) genetic material used by Tiamata in the creation of Mamitu-Nammu... and through her, inherited by Sa'am. Both Mamitu-Nammu and Sa'am have slightly webbed hands.

All of this will be found to be important with respect to Dogon legends. [See various discussions throughout our [Neb-Heru](#) page.]

Gagsisá is considered to be one of the most important bases of the Life Designers confederation, an "admirable place."

What more can we say about this? Can we provide any further details?

To begin, consider that *Gagsisá* (Sirius) is not just a single star. Conventional astronomical knowledge has it as a binary, consisting of Sirius A -- a white main sequence star, and a faint white dwarf companion, Sirius B.

Do check those reference links, because they contain useful astronomical images of the Sirius system that will help you to form a clear mental image of this "admirable place".

But they depict only two stars. Parks' information is at variance with this, as he "recalls" important conversations making reference to a third star, *Gagsisá-Eš* ("Sirius 3"), and even specifically its planet *Sé'etrá'an* as the point of origin of his celestial family.

We will later offer much more information on this interesting subject. For example, see the section [Sister Souls](#).

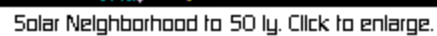
Although it appears close to Gagsisá from our perspective, the constellation *Sipazianna* (Orion) consists mostly of stars ten times farther away, and dispersed over a large volume of space. Numerous Gina'abul colonies are found in the region, strongly allied and mixed with humanoid beings native to the area. Together they have created a hybrid race. These peoples multiply themselves via sexual reproduction.

Sipazianna (Orion) is the original home of the Urmah (see [Races](#)).

Also prominent in Sky Orientation 3 and moreso in Sky Orientation 4 is the star known to the Gina'abul as *Bun* -- the red giant Aldebaran (α Tauri) located about 60 l.y. from here. The two decompositions of its name (see [Decoder](#)) refer to its brightness and its "rebel" status politically, as its home race, the *Ameli*, did not permit the Gina'abul to establish themselves there after the Great War.

Bun is along the line of sight to *Gišda* -- the Hyades star cluster. While Aldebaran appears to be a part of it, the cluster is actually located much farther away at a distance of 151 l.y. from Earth. These are the stars you can see in Sky Orientation 4 just to the lower right of Bun. In Parks' narrative, a newly-created line of Amašutum was obliged by the Ušumgal to abandon its home in the Ubšu-ukkinna system and relocate to Gišda after the Great War.

The following graphic helps to visualize the important Gina'abul locations in three-dimensional reference to our solar system (*Tiamate*). It is based on a map of the brightest stars in the solar neighborhood out to 50 light years. Where Parks names specific stars that fall within this radius, these are circled and labelled. Where only constellations are identified, any stars on the map that belong to those constellations are indicated. Some constellations extend beyond the boundary of the map, and one (*Ubšu-ukinna*) lies far beyond the border, at 440 l.y. *Anduruna*, while it appears in the Ursa Major constellation (which is largely included in the map), is actually not part of it, and lies 124 l.y. from here.



Solar Neighborhood to 50 ly. Click to enlarge.

Uraš [Earth], triumph of matter. Pride of Ti-ama-te (*the solar system*) and of the Kadištu. The molecule of life has there been transplanted into the KI (third dimension) by the combined labors of the representatives of the Source. The biological diversity of this place is limitless. On the majority of the risen lands, luxuriant vegetation assures perpetuity of the innumerable cohabiting species, forming an equilibrium in constant activity. Uraš possesses an incomparable fauna and flora. The great merchant routes have crossed Ti-ama-te since the night of time. Long ago the Kadištu chose this commercial highway and more particularly Uraš to make of it the living reserve of our universe.

Situated at the intersection of numerous galactic routes, Tiamate (the solar system) was named by the Kadištu in homage to the Gina'abul queen Tiamata, who had done so much for peace and for this celestial region.

In Gina'abul, Ti-ama-te evokes "the place where compassion and life intersect" because there existed here an experimental sphere in which unnumerable forms of life cohabited. This was Uraš (the Earth), the major center of the Gina'abul universe.

Uraš (the Earth) is a place of duality where the notions of good and evil are experimented on with vehemence. This carries no judgment.

Before the Gina'abul and Anunna took the Earth totally in hand, Uraš was a zoological garden or park in which the Kadištu had placed the ensemble of their knowledge; this explains why there was such diversity. The frequency of the KI (3rd dimension) on Uraš was much higher before all the reptilian wars.

As Marciniak says it so well, the Earth is a living library. Our solar system is at the crossroads of important routes that the Life Designers have traveled since the night of time.

Shortly after their arrival on Uraš, Sé'et explains to Sa'am that our satellite *Itud* -- the moon -- is an artificial planetary body, completely hollow, with its own *Abzu* (subterranean world). It was a secret base, concealing a small group of priestesses, but mainly occupied by Imdugud, who are fair-skinned Kingú, descendents of the famous Kingú-Babbar (albino Kingús).

One final note: Parks refers to a planet named *Mulge* that existed in the solar system at the time of his *Secret* narrative.

In his own words:

Mulge ("the black star") is the holy planet of the Amašutum and the Kadištu in the system of Ti-ama-te (the solar system) and also the ancient planet that evolved between Mars and Jupiter. Mulge rotated in the opposite sense with respect to the other planets and was placed as a frontier, subdividing toward the downstream, that is to say toward the sun, the four warm planets (Mercury, Earth, Mars, as

well as Venus -- which, at this ancient epoch, was the moon of Mulge), and on the other side, toward the exterior, the colder planets such as Jupiter, Saturn, etc.

See TI-AMA-TE

Stargates

The important Gina'abul centers known to Parks are scattered over distances of several hundred light years. One wonders how the Gina'abul manages such a far-flung society, and whether distance itself has any importance to them.

In their endless wars, is the proximity of star systems a factor? Consider our experience here on this planet, in which "spheres of influence" lost their geometric meaning once we mastered the art of high-speed intercontinental travel.

The Gina'abul have apparently done this on their scale, but how did they do it?

According to Parks, *stargates* -- the Gina'abul word is *Diranna* -- are the key.

These famous ports have always been primary for beings mastering the techniques of space travel. Each planet possesses very numerous Diranna. As for the Gina'abul, it was more or less customary to construct our larger centers where the Diranna were more densely clustered.

...

Unulahgal [capital of Nalulkára; see Worlds] possessed the largest Diranna (stargate) of the entire planet. It was usually from here that the major official departures to [interstellar] space took place.

...

To be more precise about their function, I must make it clear that the Diranna are ports leading [through tunnels] toward vortices where the notion of time does not exist, where time literally collapses upon itself by the concentrated action of particles of light, because an excessive concentration of light inhibits time. These tunnels are formed of particles moving at such a speed that the notion of time there is nullified.

The timeless vortices are countless, innumerable. On the anatomical scale, one can grossly compare them to various blood vessels serving to irrigate the living body. On the scale of spatial geometry, they function in the same way where all the planets are linked together, each stellar system being itself in liaison with its neighbors, each island universe (galaxy) equally linked and so forth....

In fact, the timeless vortices permit anyone in this universe to travel to a point in another more quickly than light. The tunnels, invisible to the human eye, are like bridges thrown between the worlds and the galaxies. They vibrate on extremely short wavelengths, like nothing that we know in our three-dimensional world, other than the wavelengths that we can observe in the infinitely small.

Light is corpuscular -- that is, it is made up of tiny particles. The timeless tunnels are composed exclusively of particles of the type known as tachyons that are superluminally connected to one another and that propagate light very quickly. Tachyons create fields of subtle energies and make up the missing mass of the universe that evades today's specialists....

It is remarkable that the ancient Egyptians used exactly the same vocalization to express the words door and star. This term is *Seba*. Its Gina'abul-Sumerian decomposition [see *Decoder*] indicates the reason: its syllables mean "brightness that opens" and "that which gives (allocates) light". Ancient Egyptian dwellings were constructed without windows in order to keep the high heat from penetrating the interiors. The only opening that brought in the light was indeed the port of entry.

Other definitions are also possible thanks to Sumerian homophones: SE-BÀ = "the light of life" and SE-BA₇, meaning "the light of the soul" or "that which distributes light". These Gina'abul-Sumerian definitions afford a better understanding of why the Egyptian *Seba* does not apply solely to the semantic of a door or a star, but equally to instruction and apprenticeship. We all know that light is synonymous with consciousness, wisdom.

...

The word *Inúma* ("the powerful expeditionary force that voyages in time") designated the vessels that served to travel in deep space. The *Inúma* were sort of long-haul *Gigirlah* (Ēmešà term for Gina'abul space vessel, litt: "intensely shining wheel") specially designed to move in the universe by following timeless passages where three-dimensional barriers do not exist. They differed from traditional vessels only in being much more voluminous, capable of transporting nearly two hundred individuals.

The Diranna are invisible to the naked eye, due to their density and their typically very small size. The more dense ones generally remain in fixed positions, while the less dense often move on the surface of a planet as ordinary particles do.

Note: The *Inúma* and *Gigirlah* (known to the males as *Margíd'da*) incorporated inertia-neutralizing technology. Another class of vessel, the *Mú-u*, exposed its occupants to the full effects of acceleration, like our own craft of today, and were not intended for travel through Dirannas. These were for point-to-point operations on planetary surfaces or for trips between the surface and orbiting platforms.

The term *Mú-u* is an extension of the Sumerian *MU*, meaning *name*. In fact, according to Parks, the words for *name* in Sumerian, Akkadian, Hebrew, and Egyptian can all be treated as containing this silent doubled vowel, because in the fabrication of words in human languages from the Emešà, doubled vowels were always compressed to one.

See *Case 1: "NAME" = SHORT-RANGE SPACECRAFT* on the [Decoder](#) page for clarification of how this was accomplished in these four languages.



Illustration of two jet aircraft or shuttles of the *Mú-u* class, extracted from a photograph of a rock near Oraibi, Arizona, by White Bear. The engraving is ancient; prior to the invention of aircraft. Note between the two objects the strange silhouette of something resembling a satellite.

Departure through a Stargate:

DANNA

The *Danna*, the Gina'abul "hour", is the same duration of time on all of their colonies, and corresponds to two of our "Earth hours" of today. This means that the length of the *Ud* (day) on a given planet

After having precisely calculated our destination, we stretched out on deep seats in order to relax. The automatic calculations being tedious, it was only after taking roughly a quarter Danna (half hour) of our patience that we suddenly felt our craft vibrate feebly; from the exterior it must have resembled a light humming.

A computer voice executed a countdown from 20 to 1, informing us that the calculations had been effected, and that we were ready to break the light barrier.

We knew that it is possible to extract a powerful energy from the tachyon field that forms the principal structure of "dark matter" in the universe and the timeless vortices. For that, it was necessary for us to create a vacuum around our ships in order to harness the infinitely small particles of light. This emptiness was obtained upon reaching a speed faster than sound, while violently reversing the rotation of the flying craft.

The acceleration resulting from this maneuver led to an antigravitational effect.

Tachyons can pass through any amount of mass while transferring to it, via braking action, a part of their energy. Thanks to this effect of acceleration and braking, the powerful tachyon field entrains a superluminal speed to any object plunged into its heart.

Light is not a wave but possesses a wave effect. We were among the enlightened beings of this universe who had understood this subtlety and considered matter simply as condensed energy. We knew that it was possible, thanks to tachyons, to transform wave energy at a point of departure, to ride it for long distances faster than light, and to transform it back to energy at an arrival point. In a few moments our craft and we ourselves were going to pass from the state of energy to that of a wave.

I waited for an extremely brutal departure.

At the fateful zero, our Iníuma passed through the Diranna like a flash, bathing the interior of the vessel with bright tones. The cabin was instantly filled with a diaphanous fluid. I felt my body floating in the liquid, as though breathed through a purple tunnel, which caused me to relax profoundly.

During the acceleration, the pellucid fluid solidified progressively, surrounding us and enveloping us in a vice-like grip.

Once at maximum speed, the amber tints transformed progressively to mauve, then to rainbow colors; it was the great distinctive feature of voyages through the corridors of time.

Cruising speed having been attained, the fluid that had enabled us to withstand the acceleration liquified gradually, permitting us to move as we wished in the cabin as in a small swimming pool.

A little after our departure, we progressively regained our spirits, now synchronized on the state of timeless expansion into which we were plunged. The voyage was the simplest thing in the world. There was absolutely nothing to see, other than the endless glimmering of rainbow colors threading along the walls and portholes of our craft.

We were able to watch our progress via holographic images projected with such clarity that it gave practically the illusion of reality. The view was not as gripping as in flight by traditional means, but the holographic effect still rendered the beauty of the spectacle well enough....

This particular flight from Nalulkára to Dukù (see Worlds) took approximately 90 "days" as sensed by the travelers, and arrived at Dukù's main stargate in the otherwise unremarkable town of *Adhal*.

One other very important point about stargates: in addition to their function of facilitating travel over long distances in space, they are interdimensional passages, launching ramps to other planes of reality. When the stargates are closed to travel on the KI (i.e., Earth's 3rd dimension), they are closed to all dimensions. This means that since Earth's stargates are closed, the Kadištu who evolved on higher dimensions have great difficulty visiting the KI here. It is sometimes possible for them to do so in the vicinity of stargates because in the immediate surroundings of the *Diranna*, space-time is not exactly as we normally perceive it.

Souls

Parks explores the metaphysics of the soul throughout his books. In a key encounter with Anšár (in *Le Secret*), Sa'am finds the *Kuku* apparently engaged in creating souls, and Sa'am is shocked by this. He protests, stating his understanding that only the *Original Source* has that function. Once created, Sa'am believes, the soul expresses as a *self* in a *being*, and then commences a series of experimental incarnations (*Zišàgáls*) each expressing a fragment of the original soul in an evolutionary reincarnational process (*Gibilzišàgál*). Anšár derides this notion, indicating that Sa'am was created as a one and only perfect soul. And Anšár ought to know, as he had created Sa'am's creator An.

Anšár goes on to say that Sa'am sounds very much like Mamitu-Nammu, who had once espoused the principle of reincarnation (*Gibilzišàgál*) in a memorable impassioned testimony to the entire Gina'abul. They had not been impressed. But Tigeme (Tiamata) had permitted Mamitu-Nammu to go to work and presumably develop her ideas if she wished, on the "accursed *Uraš*", which is to say the planet Earth.

Anšár almost taunts Sa'am by reminding him that no matter how much he might wish to deprecate such "self will", he is actually the very model of it, having been created thus by An and himself. But obviously, Anšár says, the "inscrutable cult of the Kadištu" has not had the best of influences on him.

Much is going on here, as this passage speaks not only of conflicting metaphysical systems, but of a methodology of total control practiced by the Ušumgal, as Sa'am is informed that everything he has ever done and ever will do has been programmed, and that nothing and no person can break that control.

Was he to be proven correct? This is a central theme in the book, and in our own world.

In the *Karmapolis* [K1] interview, Alain Gossens asked Parks to speak about the souls who incarnated on the Earth at the time of the Gina'abul colonization, and to explain the purpose of the Gina'abul in this.

With the arrival of the Gina'abul, this place has become a zone of free "judgment." Many consider that it is a stroke of fortune to be able to incarnate on the Earth today because the instruction here is intensive and altogether unaccustomed.

That which would require several thousand earth-years to learn elsewhere in our galaxy takes two or three lives here, on the Earth!

Now the situation is going to change and the reign of the Gina'abul is soon going to be finished. This is part of the order of affairs and the souls who incarnated on the Earth for several thousand years and who still haven't finished their education know it very well. This explains, I think, the fact that more and more souls incarnate on the Earth. They wish to profit from this situation right up to the end.

The Gina'abul permit this order of affairs by their past and present actions (cleverly hidden). They truncated the genetic code of human beings to transform them into Á-DAM (animals, see *Decoder*) at their service. This remains the actual situation today, above all seen when one dispassionately distinguishes the aberrant and often inhuman behaviors of the rulers of this world at the service of the galactic gravediggers that the Kadištu call Gilimanna (Celestial Bestiary).

The souls who incarnate on the Earth know where they put their feet! The fact that the greater part of the Gina'abul became galactic outlaws and in conflict with the Life Designer community of our universe is not incompatible with the karmic work executed here. All is but a story of appreciation. The soul who will have experienced negation under all its forms on the Earth will render justice to itself when it returns "on high". It will finish by testing the universal allegation in putting itself at the service of its neighbor and then of the Source from which it issued and toward which it returns by all ways. The tortuous and circuitous roads that it took to attain this goal and which engender different forms of suffering are known only to it.

Parks also mentions that the Gina'abul are incarnating beings, just as we are, and that certain humans can easily incarnate among them, and they among us. There are no particular rules about this, other than the evolution of species through karmic laws, which most of the Gina'abul males still have not absorbed.

Divinities

From the *Karmapolis* [K1] interview (slightly edited):

In the Gnostic cosmology, Sophia is an Aeon, a cosmic divinity, who was part of an ensemble known as the divinities of the Pleroma.¹

We readily identify these galactic divinities who work in the light with the Kadištu (life designers) – the same Kadištu whom one also identifies as the *Elohim* of the Bible.

[Use the *Decoder* to demonstrate this connection.²]

Elohim is the Hebrew term used in antiquity to designate the original creator divinities of the Earth and of the original human being of Genesis – Adam not appearing until the "second creation" (Gen. 2.7) by the intention of Yahweh who is a blend of the Sumerian "gods" An, Enlil, and Enki.

Who among the Kadištu were closely related to the patriarchal order named Yahweh? There were two principal entities: Tiamata and her daughter Nammu: Sophia and her daughter Zoe to the Gnostics.

-
1. A pagan Gnostic depiction of this kind according to author John Lash is treated on the Open SETI page *Gnosticism, Archons/Greys, The Controller Agenda*. A study of parallels and differences between Lash's and Parks' Gnostic views would be a worthy project.
 2. Compare the meaning in Emeša of the syllables in the Akkadian word *Qadištu*, with the meaning in Emeša of the syllables in the Sumero-Akkadian phonemes corresponding to the Hebrew word *Elohim*. The match is close to perfect and the difference reveals the spin, does it not?

Parks traces the evolution of concepts of the "Mother Goddess" and masculine deities in the literature of human societies. We quote here (with a little editing) from his Note 22, pp. 118-119, *Le Secret*.

In diverse passages of the Judaic literature but also of the Bible and other traditions of the planet, "the original primordial and androgyne source" has been subtly replaced by a masculine divinity named God or The Father.

It is clearly seen that at the epoch when the scripture made its appearance on the Earth and the cosmogony of the biblical texts was drafted (in fact, several thousand years later, after 1000 B.C.E.), the religion of the Mother-Goddess was losing ground; in reality it has not ceased to regress over the course of time.

The growing acceptance of the male religions by numerous patriarchal societies rapidly accelerated the extinction of the feminine creator divinity. Under these conditions, the monotheistic drafters could not attribute the full original creation to any entity other than God himself -- a masculine entity -- while they clearly knew that the first creation was rather the work of plural entities (the Elohim) at the service of a Mother Goddess, a jointly-conceived master plan for the Earth. Everything pertaining to this ancient Mother Goddess divinity was grossly deformed, demonized, or radically suppressed. The patriarchal doctrine that consisted in marking the domination of God over an ancient feminine divinity, totally submitted to its orders, therefore took over.

In the mythology of India, the Divine and primordial Energy is called *Shakti*, which transposed into Sumerian gives ŠA₆-AK-TI, literally "the good miracle-worker of life" [See [Decoder](#)].

Shakti is no other than the representation of the Divine Mother, the Mother-Goddess, more precisely the personification of the feminine principle that Hinduism very correctly associates with the Holy Spirit. This obliges us to [examine] the Hebrew *Ruah Elohim*, which means spirit of God, the Holy Spirit. [See [Decoder](#) for the decomposition of the feminine *Ruach*].



A Mother Goddess in the form of a tree nourishes humanity. The tree is the great symbol of the feminine deities and in Mesopotamia illustrates a "Dark Star".

The Mother-Goddess, skillfully demonized by the dominant patriarchy of the Judaic religion, is concealed in the demoness Lilith. Some associate Lilith with the Hebrew *lailah* -- night. Others think that Lilith comes from the Sumerian term LÍL-TI, generally translated as "spirit of life," but I would rather interpret it, in our context, as "she who gives the breath of life," in the sense of "the entity who breathed life into the primordial man."

Judaic imagery represents Lilith as a night bird, a symbol taken directly from one of the most ancient attributes of the Mother-Goddess, that is to say the bird or the dove that the Christians used to symbolize the Holy Spirit. This volatile aspect of Mother-

Goddess is also found in Greek mythology, where Eurynome, the universal and primordial goddess, changes into a dove while pondering the universal egg from which all things come.

An amusing note: if one translates the name of the primordial goddess from Greek into Sumerian, one gets ERIN₂-UM (no "O" in Sumerian): bands of midwives (or old or even ancient women), or again ERIN₂-UM-ME: bands of midwives of divine order.

The same idea is found in the Egyptian traditions, throughout the pyramid texts, which relate that the supreme and androgynous divinity Atum (from his Egyptian name Itemu) metamorphoses into the bird Ben to create the air, the Earth, and the sky (or heaven). Thanks again to Emeša, the matrix language of the priestesses that incorporates the Sumero-Assyro-Babylonian particles, we are going to obtain some confirmations and to clarify this a bit more.

First, we translate the name of this divinity into IT-EM-U, "the meteorological force," which clearly attests to its creative function cited above (creation of the air, the Earth, and the sky). Next, its Greek name Atum, which gives AT-UM "the old father-woman," confirming the androgyny of Atum or at least the fact that this entity symbolizes different creative forces at the service of the same cause. And finally, the term Ben that is attributed to this bird-phoenix creator and that gives BÉ-EN, "the lord who speaks." Numerous traditions assimilate the word to the creation of the world.

Culture

Introduction

As demonstrated by Anton Parks' *Les Chroniques du Gîrkû*, any study of the deep history of the peoples of our planet is *per force* a study of Gina'abul culture. Every section of these *Ages of Uraš* pages is similarly devoted to a description of one or another aspect of Gina'abul culture. Both the books and these pages also treat with the liaisons between the Gina'abul and human cultures: how aspects of the one were transmitted to the other, and how one is a *through-the-looking-glass* version of the other, and how still other aspects have yet to be repeated or picked up by our own culture, though this may well occur in the future.

So that goal of Parks' work and this website would appear to have been taken care of. But actually there can't be enough said on this subject. The parallels are immense, yet easily overlooked because through the process of *projection* we unconsciously expect elements of human culture to be found in a nonhuman one, whether there had been contact or not.

Take for example the institution of "royalty": kings and queens ruling, living in palaces, sitting on thrones, being revered by the common individuals; all this is shared, and either this is due to confabulation of the author, or there has been an actual process of transmission.

The working hypothesis of these pages of course, well supported by the author's brilliant language studies, is that the races and events described in *Les Chroniques* did and do exist.

In this section we will not be spending much time tracing the mechanism of transmission, as that is usually self-evident. Rather the purpose of this section is to collect significant bits of data from the books -- data that we have not discussed elsewhere, and that someday may support a more disciplined approach to understanding this deep inter-species and inter-cultural contact.

We will treat the categories of culture in the order in which they first appear in *The Chronicles* and continue adding topics and information as they are encountered in further reading.

This section of the pages is very much under construction, and will probably be the last to be completed.

Architecture

The Gina'abul have cities. While it may seem inescapable that any culture would need to have them, or at least any space-faring culture would, nothing should be assumed. But it appears that, just as with our own experience, there is compelling advantage to living and working in these clusters of activity. So the Gina'abul had cities and the cities had unique names and characters.

Note the past tense. The Gina'abul with whom Sa'am lived followed the path of their war to this solar system and to our planet after the destruction of the cities that Sa'am knew most intimately. Since Parks' recollections end at a point 2000 years ago, we may not have detailed information from this source about the state of extrasolar societies today.

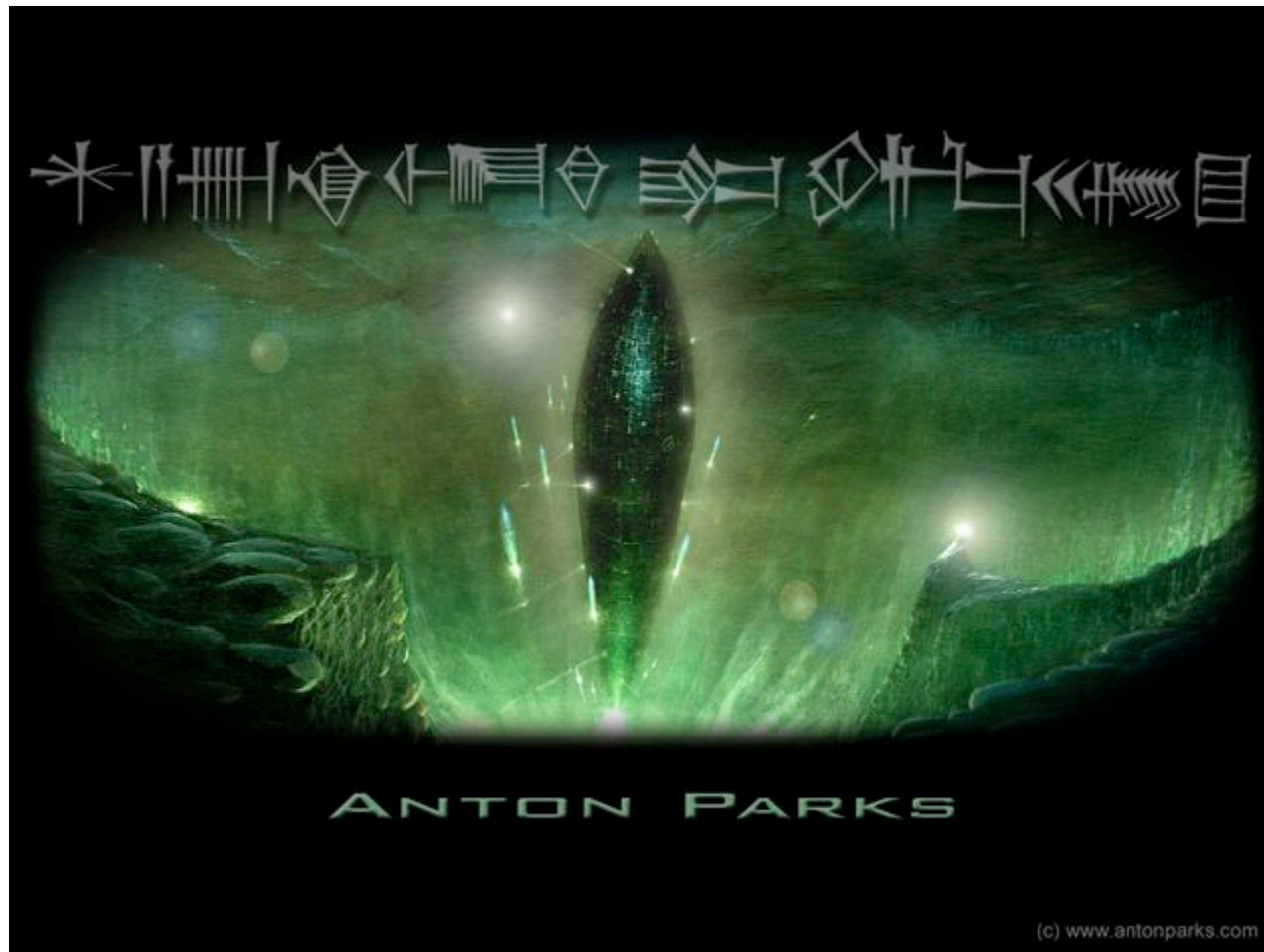
Parks describes *royal* cities, and even royal planets, where of course the noble beings lived and from which they administered their realms. Within these cities, as suggested above, the royalty did dwell in palaces.

The pyramid building form was prominent in these places. Pyramids inspire admiration and awe.

Craft

Parks refers to several classes of craft for navigating *Dirannas* (stargates), conventional spaceflight, and travel around the planet.

Uanna



This illustration by graphic artist D. Cassegrain forms part of the front cover of *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*. It depicts the Gina'abul lord An's monumental mothership, known as "the Uanna", in its historic departure from the Abzu (interior cavity) of the planet Dukù in the Pleiades.

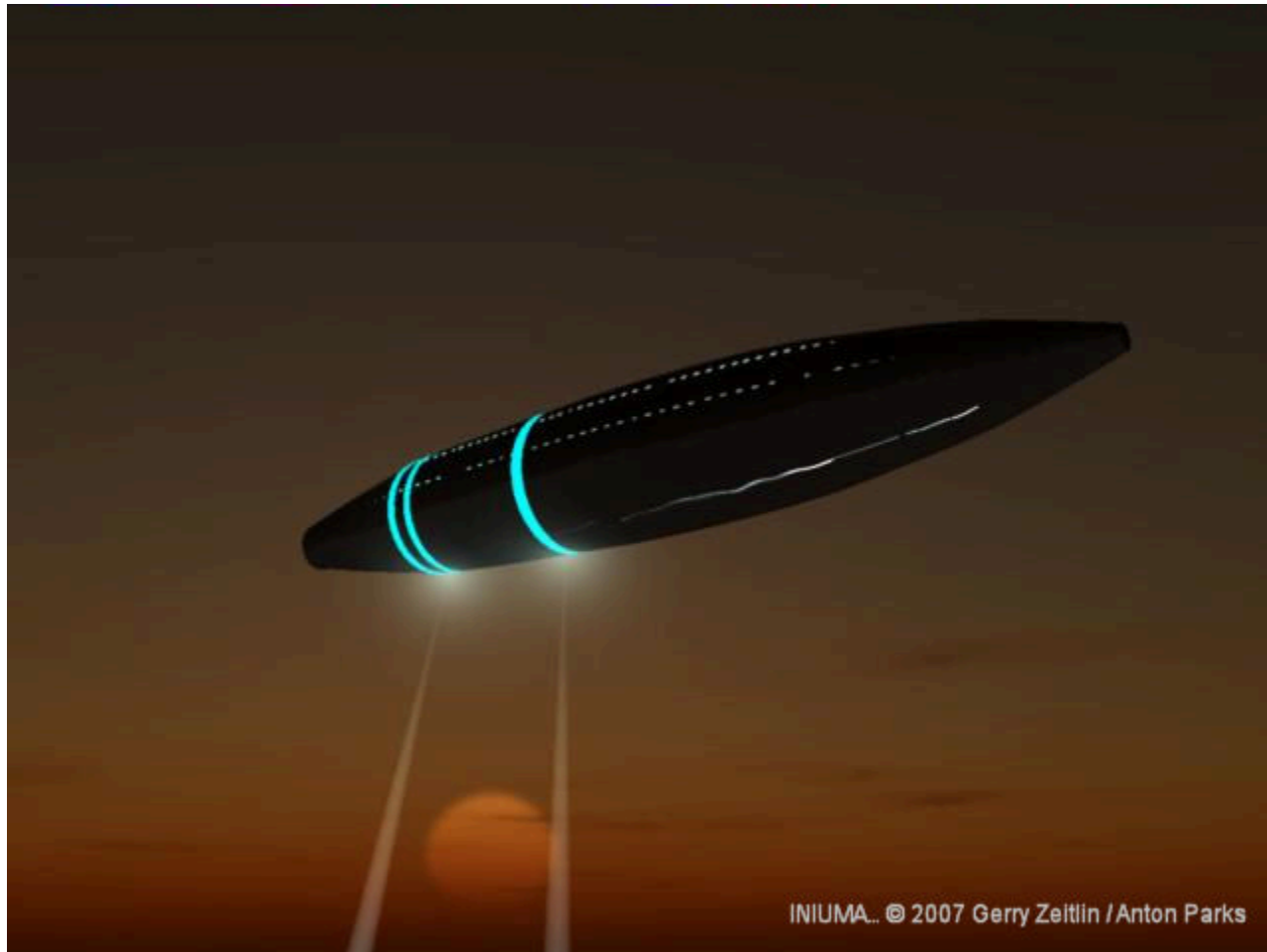
The Uanna was a combination palace and government headquarters, containing also the cloning laboratory in which Sa'am was created, and so many other things that it alone was sufficient to spearhead a war and launch a new civilization in Ti-ama-te, our solar system.

Discernible in this image, and much more clearly visible in its linked [wallpaper-sized version](#) on Anton Parks' website, is a fine grid-like texture on the ship's skin. This represents window openings at the scale with which the artist was working.

Iníuma



INÍUMA, a long-haul ship. Unlighted state.



INIUMA... © 2007 Gerry Zeitlin / Anton Parks

INÍUMA, lighted.

Not nearly as large as the Uanna, but similar in form, the Infuma are long-haul Gina'abul ships. They travel at very high speeds in space environments, but move slowly when near the ground.

Two images are provided here. Note that when traveling at high speed, exterior lights and windows are masked. When near the ground, various lighted bands, spotlights, and windows are generally seen on their exteriors... although not necessarily so. Sometimes these remain concealed.

The Infuma generate their own interior artificial gravitational fields, vertically aligned.

Gigirlah



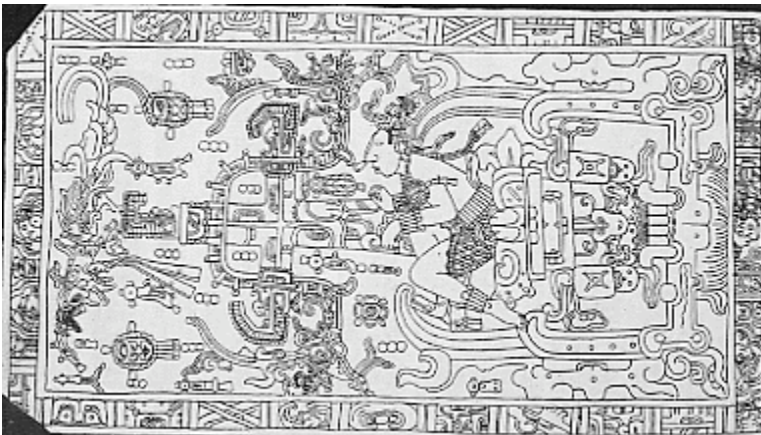
GIC/RAH © 2007 Gerry Zellin / Anton Parks

GIGIRLAH

The Gigirlah are smaller saucer-shaped craft that can manage spaceflight but are generally used for shorter-range applications. They can make use of Dirannas, and in fact Sa'am and his party came to Uraš in Sa'am's Gigirlah via a Diranna. They are ubiquitous, used by many civilizations.

The central bulge is, as you may imagine, the passenger compartment. This ship exhibits a light halo when in operation.

Tumua



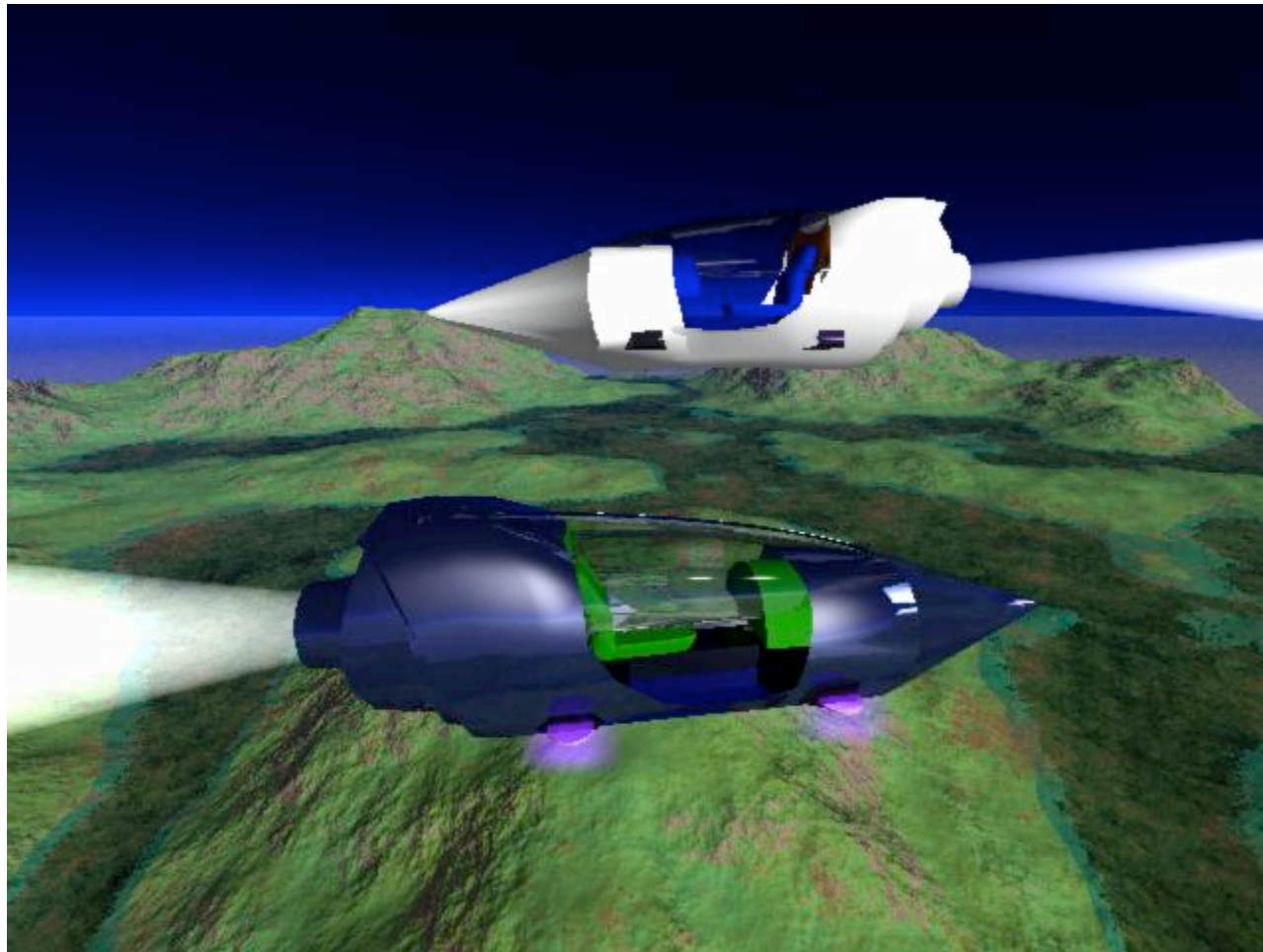
Tumua (TUMU-Á. In Sumerian: "force of the wind". Also TUMU₂-Á: "transport with the wind") are Ama'argi personal craft, indigenous to Uraš.

This original Ama'argi technology (see [Races](#) and [Ama'argi](#)), developed in the Abzu, was eventually adopted by the Ušumgal-Annunaki when the Ama'argi females joined the colony at [Kharsag](#) to form families with the Annunaki, as described in *Ádam Genisiš*. Eventually these craft could be found scattered over the entire globe, in the hands of high Earthly dignitaries undoubtedly in service to the Gina'abul "gods".

There is a page on the [Open SETI](#) website, slightly tongue-in-cheek because of the way the illustration is handled, devoted to [The Istanbul Object](#), an artifact that is kept in the Museum of Archaeology in Istanbul.

In fact, the artifact is according to Parks an excellent rendering in stone of a Tumua, complete with a pilot (whose head has been lost). In many ways the object resembles the famous carving from Palenque shown above.

Although they had an open-cockpit, even moped-like, design, these craft could fly at high altitudes in the atmosphere. Oxygen was provided for the pilot. Notice the device reaching to the pilot's nose in the Palenque image.



TUMUA. A work in progress; a pilot and details to be added. According to Parks, many variations of these craft were in use, so we perhaps have license to experiment. These sport photon rockets.

This craft features an electrostatic attitude control system consisting of eight surfaces on four disks. Varying charges are

emitted from these surfaces to achieve any desired combination of pitch, bank, and yaw torques - though these are not intrinsic to flight maneuvers, as this is not an aerodynamic flyer. Overall charge neutrality is maintained via electrodes in the photon cone. (Or cones. Some versions seemed to have a cluster of three cones, slightly diverging.)

This type of apparatus is a sort of "large flying motorcycle", but not made to leave the Earth (or at least its atmosphere). I have the "memory" that it was very fast, but doubtless not as fast as a rocket or an apparatus of that type...

Employing antigravity, this little vessel could stabilize itself in the air and hover in place...

The energy was supplied by a crystal. I remember when Sa'am traveled three times around the planet in several days without stopping, but at the end of the trip he had completely depleted and shattered the crystal that had furnished the energy to the little vessel.

Two more craft figure prominently in Parks' story: Blue Bird and Black Bird, both gifted to Sa'am by the departing Urmah. We have worked closely with Parks to produce absolutely astonishing and beautiful illustrations of these, to be included in the forthcoming *The Awakening of the Phoenix*, and several images will appear on these pages simultaneously with that publication.

Dress

Parks gives several examples of his lover and mother's dress at various significant times. Here is one:

On the momentous occasion of Mamítu-Nammu's arrival at Ankida to confer on the creation of two new races, the illustrious priestess -- Grand Designer of Life on *Uraš* (Earth) -- descended with her retinue from her *Gigirlah*, attired as befits the highest royalty.

Parks:

A magnificent emerald girded her forehead. She wore a skirt embroidered with golden threads, tinted with the royal color of the Amašutum -- the green color scale of the Uga-Muš (People of the Serpent) -- ornamented with the symbol of the two intertwined serpents.

Uga-Muš was the name that the Kadištu had given to the ensemble of Amašutum and to the priestesses who labored far from our home, "for the glory of our race."

War (1)

Karma One: In Volume One as well as Volume Two, you describe a conflict of [galactic] proportions between several extraterrestrial races, in reality two major dispositions, one of masculine polarity and the other feminine: the Ušumgal of royal descent, in fact, who

Please refer to Worlds for information about the places mentioned in this narrative.

This section could have been titled "History." That is because most of the Gina'abul history covered in Parks' work is the history of their war. Or it could have been titled "Gender," because the war was truly a "battle of the sexes."

This may sound odd. War on Earth has been about geopolitics, or it may have seemed to be about religion and ideologies, but this may be because geopolitical groups were divided on religious or ideological lines.

Among the Gina'abul, some subraces are of single gender; hence race wars are also often gender wars.

Ultimately war is always about power, and in the Gina'abul, the genders have their unique powers. Or one could say that gender is a unique source of special powers, and these powers are jealously guarded (by the females) or sought after (by the males).

Why are these powers in the sexes not so obvious on Earth? It would appear that we were not bred to have them. But even here there is the same line of differentiation: cold, power-hungry men, oriented to technology, vs. women who are generally more measured or balanced.

As mentioned earlier, the female Gina'abul (Amašutum) protect themselves from the males by separating themselves from them. That created the tensions that led to bloody conflicts.

Here, loosely extracted and translated from Parks' first book (p. 200 in the 2nd Edition), and slightly clarified via private communication from Anton Parks, is Mamitu-Nammu describing these events to Sa'am:

"You must know that your *Kuku* [ancestors] are always seen as the first-born among the Gina'abul because they are larger than the Kingú. It is an ancient and futile quarrel between your Kuku and the Kingú, because we all know that the original birthplace of our race is Ušu and that the Ušumgal were created by the great Kingú, the Kingú-Babbar (albino Kingú), in times so distant that they are lost in the egocentric memory of your Kuku.

"Thousands of years ago, we (the female Gina'abul, Amašutum) lived in Urbar'ra (Lyra) with the Sukkal, the Mušgir, the Ušumgal, and some Kingú [see Races] -- the latter forming the royal race of Ušu (Draco), which is the Gina'abul's place of origin. The Ušumgal and the Kingú ruled in these places but were not in the majority. The Mušgir were far more numerous and constituted an ambitious race who wished to make the females sexual objects at their convenience. These reprehensible beings were envious of our physical immortality and the divine force that we possess, so they got it into their heads to dominate us.

"A split occurred over this. The Kingú traitorously abandoned us and returned to the Gina'abul colonies of Ušu (Draco). [This was not completely true. A minority of them went to Te (Aquila), and Mamitu-Nammu was concealing this fact. Her reason is explained in *Adam Genesis*.]

"The Ušumgal have a horror of the Kingú, their creators, because of this abandonment.

"Once the Kingú left, the Ušumgal joined with the Mušgir, in opposition to us (Amašutum), in a conflict whose "stake" was the domination of males over females and the possession of our feminine power. This war resulted in our being imprisoned by the Mušgir, who forced us to create for them a more docile and submissive female race in order to steal our powers.

As to the Sukkal, they came to the aid of the Amašutum at first, but withdrew when the Amašutum began to employ violent means to protect themselves. Being Kadištu, the Sukkal are unable to participate in conflicts....

But we have gone too far with this violence and numerous among us bitterly regret it. We have responded to repression with repression.... Battling against males, we have not had the hindsight to perceive that we have transformed ourselves into the image of that against which we fought, and of which we had horror. This is doubtless one of the reasons for which your creator (An) has hardly any liking for us."

That remark was key in this story, and also in our human history, because An was creating the race of Anunna and a new race of Mušgir, both of whom later came to our solar system and defeated the Amašutum who had a colony here. That in turn led to our ages-long struggle between patriarchy and remnants of the ancient Goddess religions.

There follows a description of the horrors that were perpetrated on the females in detention centers that were set up by the males. Of particular significance, in view of certain dark practices that persist even in our modern day, of how the males took nourishment from the emotions of the terrified females. Through these means the males attempted to gain immortality and the females' entire body of knowledge.

This and the remainder of Mamitu-Nammu's discussion with Sa'am can be found in Book 1, *Le Secret*.

The "Great War" to which these events led, which had as its "stake" the domination of males over females and the possession of the feminine power, and which opposed the Ušumgal and the Mušgir against the ancient Amašutum race, had its culmination in the Ubšu'ukkinna (Maia) star system of Mulmul (the Pleiades). This senseless war had no victor. Practically all the Amašutum were annihilated, and virtually all the Ušumgal.

Some Mîmînu and Mušgir survived.

The Kadištu had isolated themselves from the conflict, but at the end of hostilities with the assistance of the Sukkal (see Races), they drove out of Mulmul the last Mušgir recalcitrants. Only the Mîmînu were allowed to remain in Mulmul, under the condition that they respect new decrees. While hardly benevolent, the Mîmînu have always been on the side of the dominant authority. Numerous of them found refuge there in Mulmul

The only Ušumgal survivors of this conflict were Abzu-Abba and his offspring Lahmu and Lahamu (plus Tiamata, considered as an Ušumgal by her liaison with Abzu-Abba). They had been protected and removed from the conflicts, to the system Ubšu'ukkinna in Mulmul, by the Mimínu because they were great cloners, at least the best among the Ušumgal race. They were the last survivors of the royal race of Urbar'ra (Lyra).

Abzu-Abba had cloned Lahmu and Lahamu on the planet Dukù (in Ubšu'ukkinna) with genetic material from the then future queen Tiamata with whom he had illicit relations; that is to say not in conformity with the recent laws of Urbar'ra (Lyra), voted just before the "Great War", that forbade all closeness between the two sexes. Lahmu and Lahamu were considered to have been cloned illegally.

Anshar and Kishar were created subsequently on Dukù. They appropriated for themselves this location/region/venue that belonged to the Amašutum. Subsequently, the Ubšu'ukkinna system and the Duku were assigned to Anshar according to the laws of patriarchy in force among the Gina'abul. Park thinks that An was then created in Anduruna, where the Ushumgal had just established themselves in Margid'da. An also possessed rights in Ubšu'ukkinna; it is the reason the Anunna were created there. Of course the war between the male and female branches of the Gina'abul had not ended. The genealogy chart will help you to understand the lines of descent leading to the personages responsible for its next outbreak.

Continue in the chart for the genealogy of An and Ninmah, creators of the Anunna, and Sa'am and Mamitu-Nammu, creators of the Nungal.

Refer to Races for a discussion of the purpose and characteristics of the Anunna and Nungal races.

Initiations (1)

Quoting from the Karmapolis [K1] Interview:

"The 'terrestrial' reptilians like the Anunnaki [Anunna who took refuge in our solar system, an important event in *Le Secret* that will eventually be described in these *Notes*], or their direct descendants need to absorb the 'base' energy that humans can emit when they have fear, for the simple reason that the terrestrial frequency (KI = 3rd dimension, see Dimensions) is higher on Earth than on the different worlds that they occupy in the galaxy. Don't forget that the Anunna arrived on the Earth by chance. They had great difficulty in adapting to it. Since their arrival on Earth, the Anunna and their consanguine acolytes have never ceased to carry out all sorts of manipulations to lower the frequency of the KI. The dominant caste of the Gina'abul males know nothing of the love that certain humans have integrated. The human being, even as diminished today, thus always represents a danger for this community.

"In *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*, I have explained in length and in depth the role of the woman, more precisely the role of the Gina'abul priestesses in the bosom of the reptilian community and the rapport that they maintain with the Life Designers of which they are a part. I detailed the feminine power that one calls on Earth 'Goddess energy.'

"Various groups of Gina'abul males, like the Mušgir and certain Ušumgal, effectively imprisoned the females to draw from them their power by force and by torture. This created a radical splitting of the Gina'abul that healed itself only when the Gina'abul females integrated with the Kadištu (Life Designers).

"Nevertheless, when some of these priestesses fell in with the Anunna on the Earth, they did not systematically practice with them. Thus we find the episode in the garden of Genesis where Enki (the Serpent), who was at the service of the patriarchal Gina'abul order, met clandestinely the A-DAM, the 'colonized herd' (see Decoder), with the help of these strange females named Lilith. Lilith is in fact allied to the Source (the true God) and it is for this reason that she was 'demonized' by the religious organizations that incarnate the various patriarchal religions of the planet. We note that the gnostic ideology agrees with this, since according to them, the principles of good and evil are inverted on the Earth.

"The episode of the (hidden) initiation of man is not proper to the biblical Genesis but is found on numerous representations the world over, such as shown below on the Codex Borgia, Plate 57."



A "Dark Star" priestess initiates a man into the knowledge of the sacred tree. The notion of "Dark Star" is expressed twice in this figure: first above where one clearly sees a star and its shaded side; second in each hand of the priestess where there appears a star and a jaguar (symbol of night). Note the lunar symbols on

the priestess that evoke the sanctified menstrual fluid in the tantric rites of India. Between the two personages are found two serpents who schematicize Idâ and Pingalâ, the two subtle currents of Kundalinî that permit the energy to rise along the vertebral column. As shown in the drawing, the ascension of these subtle currents offers the possibility to attain the world of the stars and the descending movement carries a "little death" figured by the skull placed in the pot or cup that symbolizes the first chakra named Muladhara in Sanscrit ("the place of the root"). (See [Decoder](#).)

Several initiations are described in *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*. In the most difficult and harrowing one -- related to the image above, as well as the title of the book -- Sa'am is given a poison that will surely kill him unless he finds the source of its antidote, which requires him to realize that there is an Emeša language that will decode the information that he needs.



"Look for the tree. Only the light of its trunk can save you. Eat the fruit of the tree. Otherwise the fire will devour you. Quench the fire with the fire."

The elements of the initiation are also illustrated in this Aztec painting. Examine the tree carefully and then think of the experience of Adam and Eve in the "Garden of Eden". What was done there? What was said? Who was the teacher or advocate? Who became irate?

Using his linguistic analytical method and the associations in various ancient languages, Parks demonstrates deep connections between the terms and concepts:

- dark, night, dark being
- mountain, mountain or hill as a place in the heavens or star or planet, burning
- dark stars, dark and burning ones
- ancient dark ones
- trees, dark entities who inhabit stars and possess a certain energy... creative energy that brings life
- Teol* (Maya/Nahuatl name of Divine Creatress) = tree spirit, Christian Holy Spirit, Mother-Goddess, light that shines, light of the star, burning flower
- clear, pure, shining

As a result of successfully undergoing this initiation, Sa'am is able to merge his noble Ušumgal heritage with the knowledge and powers of the Kadištu, and this gives him capabilities far beyond those of his creator, as well as the ability to operate an ancient technology that may be the means by which he was able to share his experiences with Anton Parks in our time.

Examine the images on the page: Tree Goddesses.

Much can be learned from Parks' discussions of these initiations. One of them carries the name *Peš*. From the Decoder listing for *Peš*, note the association with the fruit *fig* among the several sexual connotations of the various homonyms. This was the forbidden fruit of the tree -- the *Dark Stars* -- in high antiquity!

The Egyptian name for this fruit -- *Dabu* -- when decomposed as Sumerian phonemes, gives the concept of "powerful energy."

In ancient Egypt, the *ficus sycomorus* (Sycamore Fig) produced a reddish fruit that grew like wine grapes and was called "the flesh and the sap of the Goddess."

From *Le Secret* Note 49:

We know that the fig tree was in Egypt the symbol of fecundity. The Egyptians saw in the sycamore fig concentrations of the creative powers of primordial energy with which the Pharaoh was united...

This tree symbolizes the Egyptian goddess Hathor, called *the Lady of the Sycamore; the Celestial Cow; the Lady of Life* or even *the Serpent Lady*. To eat of the fruit of the sycamore fig amounted to ingesting the flesh and drinking the blood of the Goddess, that is to say, consuming her fruit.

A similar idea is found in the Kabbalistic doctrine in which it is said that the tree of life emanated from "the heavenly dew" which is the source of resurrection and regeneration.

The Latin traditions claim that the fig tree was considered impure and maleficent because its fruit, the fig, evoked a partially-open vulva (*fica* in Italian)!

One finds the fig tree as a symbol of the mother Goddess in numerous traditions, such as that of India. It is precisely under a sacred fig tree (*ficus religiosa*: bodhi/bo tree) that Buddha had the revelation of the true nature of earthly pain and the means of healing humanity from suffering.

The goddess-tree is also present in Italy; it is again she, in the form of a fig tree, who gathered at her feet Romulus and Remus (the future founders of Rome), before the Lupercal cave, and it is under her benevolent shadow that a she-wolf nursed the two babies and saved them from certain death.

The symbolism of this story is eye-popping: the latin term *Luma* (she-wolf) also means prostitute. In antiquity, the priestesses were assimilated to prostitutes as they transmitted the sacred energy and the royalty of the mother Goddess to future kings and princes. The she-wolf is in fact a prostitute, more precisely a human priestess who sustains the cult of the mother Goddess symbolized by the fig tree. Romulus and Remus had not been nursed by a she-wolf, but rather by a woman at the service of the religion of the Great Goddess!

In *Genesis*, Chapter 3, Verse 7, when Adam and Eve ate the fruits of the tree of knowledge, they felt compelled to hide themselves behind leaves of the tree of the garden which was none other than the symbolic representation of the fig: "As their eyes were opened and they knew that they were naked, they sewed fig leaves and made loincloths of them."

The *Genesis Rabba*, in Chapter 15 Part 7, brings some precision to the identity of the fig tree: "From what species of fig is it? The species 'Daughter of Seven,' said Rabbi Avin, 'named thus because it had brought to the world the seven days of mourning.'"

The number 7 possesses a sacred connotation around the world and particularly in Mesopotamia. It is not unrelated to the Pleiades that the Hopi Indians of Arizona call "The Seven Sisters," the constellation that they honor as being the place where the creative divinities reside.

See *Decoder* for the decompositions of the Sanskrit word *Udumbara* (a fig tree in India) showing its associations with a Goddess who can empower royalty.

The sycamore represents the cup of anointing oil in the religious offices of the ceremony of the *Mahâvrata* [great ascetic vows]. But the interesting thing, it serves equally to fabricate the throne on which the *Vrâtya* will sit during the ceremony. The Goddess has precisely the principle function to create the king and place him on a throne, because she carries the royalty of Heaven on the Earth. (Note, the Gina'abul-Sumerian language is multi-functional thanks to its numerous plays of words and homophones.)

As to the role of the female sovereign to whom belongs the royal authority that she distributes as she wishes, compare the Sumerian translation of Udumbara and the Irish tales where the young woman incarnating sovereignty offers the cup of immortality to her heroes.

The Egyptian goddess Hathor, a perfect model of the feminine principle, incarnates the radiant energy of perpetually renewable life. Numerous frescoes, like that of the tomb of Sennedjem, represent the goddess of the sycamore in the tree of life. She pours a vessel of water of life and presents her sacred fruits to the deceased, that they may nourish themselves and thus receive the benefit of eternal life.

The goddess Hathor represents the Mother, the universal matrix. She is the mother of gods and the wet-nurse of humanity. She is the central pillar, the tree



of life, the holder of the functionality of Kundalini (the "ladder" that traverses the seven principal chakras through which one obtains illumination). She is thus the cosmic tree that connects Heaven and Earth, the link between the Source and humanity.

In China, the cosmic tree is called Kien-Mou, litt. "raised wood," and this decomposes [see *Decoder*] to "the place where the lords dwell." As you can see, it all fits!

As shown in the *Decoder*, the Greek *sukomoros* decodes by means of its Sumerian phonetic equivalent $SUKU_5M\ddot{U}R-\acute{U}\check{S}$ to the meaning *haunches that distribute the blood*.

The particle $M\ddot{U}R$ confounds with Sumerian $MURUB_4$; the two share the same classical Sumerian Cuneiform sign and sense: "haunches, center, middle."

$MURUB_4$ has a homophone $MURUB$ which means "vulva, woman, or sexual attraction."

In playing with this word game of which the Gina'abul and Sumerians were very fond, the hidden sense of the Greek *sukomoros* would give equally "the woman (or the vulva) who distributes the blood."

Also see the *Decoder* for the Sumerian decomposition of the Latin *sicomorus*.

An extraordinary number of figurines representing the Mother-Goddess are regularly disinterred at sites around the world. They are generally in a squatting posture which, according to the official thesis, suggests childbirth, in keeping with the role of the Mother-Goddess who aids fertility and maternity. Now that you know the true hidden power of the Goddess, can you really believe that these statues all represent women ready to give birth?

One finds the same evocation in the *Codex Borgia* from the ancient Indians of Mexico. At the top of Plate 74 [not shown] is found a goddess, in full frontal view, squatting on an altar with a receptacle between her legs. Specialists see in her the representation of *Tlazoltéotl*, the goddess of the Earth and the moon, also named "Mother of all the Gods." The moon affects the periodic flow of women's blood and clearly symbolizes their menstrual cycle and the hidden knowledge of the Dark Stars.

In Greece, the Goddess Artemis, who is regularly represented in a tree, symbolizes as though by chance the moon! The sacred drink of the Aryan gods of India is called Soma, justifiably calling to mind the mythical plant from which is taken the nectar of immortality... and the moon.

Absolutely all the traditions of the world say the same thing. We add that on Plate 66 of the *Codex Borgia* [shown above] there is a tree possessing an opening that is easily identified with a vagina. From this opening comes a flow of blood. The roots of this tree have the form of a serpent's head.

German and Scandinavian mythology use the same symbolism in the sacred *Yggdrasil*, the tree of the world, the cosmic tree. [As with so many key words in diverse ancient languages, Parks' method of decomposition in terms of the Sumerian syllabary (see *Decoder*) illuminates the meaning of this Icelandic name.]

Three ancient goddesses named *Norne* -- of which the triple temporal appearance (past, present, future) rules the course of ages and the destiny of Man -- live at the foot of *Yggrasil*. The three *Nornes* also symbolize the three phases of the moon: crescent, full, and waning. The three *Nornes* water the sacred tree from a fountain of youth named *Source of the Earth*, of which they are the guardians. Once again, full symbolism!

[Please examine the *Decoder* entry for *Nornes*.]

As with the *Codex Borgia*, the Scandinavian legend adds that at the foot of the tree are found serpents who gnaw the roots. One finds this same ideology in Iran, in the *Hoama*, tree of the world, itself gnawed by a lizard-serpent and placed on Mount Araití. [As shown in the *Decoder*, *Hoama* decomposes to] "the mother-bird," supreme symbol of the Mother-Goddess and of the Holy Spirit!

As to the mountain Araití, it decomposes to ARA₄-ITI, meaning "marked or illumined by the moon."

We bathe "for the nth time" in full symbolism. The fact of finding serpents sucking the roots of the Aztec sacred tree, of the Scandinavian *Yggrasil*, and again of the Avestic *Hoama* demonstrates for us beyond the shadow of a doubt that priestesses symbolizing the Mother-Goddess, totally subject to the lunar cycles, were ruled by a caste of serpents on the Earth.

This conforms exactly with the Gnostic ideology which makes Sophia the slave of angels called *archons*. Numerous traditions have in common the fact that the serpent is held responsible for the menstrual cycle of females. We will go into the details of the serpent and the menstrual cycle in the second book, but it is quite evident that it relates to Judeo-Christian thinking which makes of the serpent the one who pushed Eve to reveal the secret of the celestial divinities to humanity...



From [K2]:

Karma One: The two first volumes of *The Chronicles of the Gírkù* make frequent reference to the menstrual cycle, to its importance, and to its power of healing and understanding, as the menses of the Amašutum and other feminine entities in the narrative are employed in sacred rituals. Strangely, one finds this custom in the ancient gnostic rituals that dedicated a certain cult to the eternal feminine.

On the other hand, in certain other ritual traditions or religions, particularly in "the religions of the Book" ..., the woman is considered as impure during this period....

Why is there this taboo on females to the point of comparing them to sorceresses?

Parks: The female has been at the heart of a universal intrigue since the night of time. Her power has alarmed the "gods" of the different mythologies and has frightened the Church, because it is capable of liberating the human, who would no longer have need of the clergy for reassurance and the sense of being assisted. The menses of human females have also been made the object of sacred and Hermetic rituals for reasons that one can well imagine.

Since we are among the great truths, let us examine the exact sense of the word "sorceress" in the language of the "gods". We will find there, as by enchantment, a fundamental theme that the Judeo-Christian religion has attempted to mask from the people. The Sumerian term for sorceress is *Míuš'zu*. Its true translation, and the diverse interpretations that one could draw by virtue of the homophones of which the Sumerians were so fond will put us on the trail of a carefully hidden meaning. The simple decomposition of MÍ-UŠ₁₂-ZU gives "the woman of the wisdom-secretion" or "the woman of the knowledge-venom".

For 130 years Adam remained separated from his wife [...] because of the venom that he had just absorbed. When the venom had been depleted, he returned [to Eve].

The Zohar, Berechit 3, 55a

The Sumerian homophony game brings us yet more clarification without altering the original sense of the term. If we replace the UŠ₁₂ with ÚŠ, we obtain MÍ-ÚŠ-ZU, "the woman of the wisdom blood", and with UŠ, MÍ-UŠ-ZU, "the woman who elevates the knowledge (or the wisdom)"

Before Christianity intervened, sorceresses were considered to be persons possessing the energy of the Goddess. The diverse possibilities of translation playing on the homophony of the language of the "gods" assures us that we are in the presence of a particular substance of which the females are the only ones to possess the secret.

Another element must be brought in to accomplish the sacred act, and this is very close to the alchemical tradition. If you have an absolute confidence in your partner and you love him or her infinitely, so that you share in all things with this person, then know that all is possible, including the sharing of menses and sperm:

The tree of knowledge of good and evil: why is it so designated? [...] It is because this tree takes its nourishment from two opposing sides and it recognizes them as when one eats the sweet and the bitter at the same time. As the substance is taken from two opposite directions, it is called "good and evil".

The Zohar, Berechit, 35a and 35b

The rabbis who compiled the texts of the Zohar knew very well of what they spoke. They understood that the allusion relates to sperm and menses, sperm representing "the good", and menses "the evil"!

Yahvé's taboo against the mixing of these "impure flows" is detailed in the Bible...

[See *Leviticus*, "Sexual Impurities", 15.]

...If these revelations seem strange, do not forget that our society is totally disconnected from the sacred and certain realities. Sex has been banalized and is sold today on street corners as vulgar merchandise for quick consummation. The "genius" of man has never ceased to quest for more refined and perverse means of exploiting women for his immediate pleasure and the money that he can gain from them.

He even possesses the capacity to enjoy the suffering of his feminine double. He is without doubt the only animal (Á-DAM in Sumerian) capable of torturing and killing his neighbor for his own pleasure.

In distorting certain realities, the human being has been able to confine himself in a formatted world, totally the image of the perverse universe of the "evil archons" (reptilians) who are described in the gnostic texts and who have been able to pass for the true divinities of our universe. An existential shame accompanies the sense of the sacred, because sex is the center of the guilt inflicted by the bad "gods".

If the Sumerian "gods", transformed into a unique and universal God in a great majority of religions, had banned the sacred to the point where today this sacred has become a veritable marketplace, it is precisely in order to turn humanity away from the true reality which would permit him to raise himself. Most of you have no idea of the marvels that surround you. You, who read these lines, if you have the joy of sharing your life with a person whom you love profoundly, you must understand that sex has nothing to do with a performance such as is presented to you by the media. Sex is a connection of the heart, a fusion in true love...

War (2)

The information in the previous section helps to establish the nature and qualities of the Amašutum that were at the center of the Great War whose aftermath became the subject of Parks' narrative and ultimately led to our modern world situation.

The Great War had a biological basis, as mentioned earlier, and in this section we explore that aspect further.

Sa'am's initiation described above was called "Fire of Aš," Aš being an *Emešà* word for "spider." The *Decoder* indicates several associations between "spider" and the Mother-Goddess among the Gina'abul and also the Hopi. The connection is explained to Sa'am by Mamitu:

"The Mušgir took from us our dignity but also our crops, because before becoming our enemies, they enjoyed a part of our harvest that we also shared with the Sukkal; we have always been major agriculturists. When we threw ourselves into war against them, the Mušgir, left to themselves and totally taken by surprise, found no other solution than to appropriate our plantations.

"Like us, the spider is a formidable warrior. If you place her in the field, she will relentlessly attack the ravaging parasites. The spider also undergoes periodic Gibil'lásu (renewal of the skin) and withdraws in the same manner that we do when we shed our skin. The spider is independent and can go for weeks without food or nourishment, just like the Amašutum.

"We have another point in common with the spider: venom. For a long time, before the Musgir, the original Amašutum prototype secreted a substance [the poison used in Sa'am's initiation] that numbs the senses and sickens.... We have determined the precise makeup of this material and can recreate it without difficulty.

"This fluid was produced and stored in a bulge hidden in the uterus of our illustrious ancestors. At that time, the Amašutum didn't deliver their young in the way that we are able to do it at times. If they wished to mother naturally, they produced an intermediate temporary matrix [an egg!] from which emerged an offspring. This famous fluid gave the possibility to the female to destroy at any moment her egg, as it was suitable or not to pursue the process of developing the embryo.

"We, the females, have always been immunized against this venom, but for you the males, this fluid degrades the chemical elements that establish the link-ups between the nerve endings and the muscles. Unhappily, at the epoch of the Mušgir, the majority of us did not secrete this fluid any more. If that had been the case, we would not have had to combat the Mušgir because the males never were able to distinguish between our Rasa [*Decoder*] and our poison.

"Why do we not secrete the poison now? Because a little before the creation of the Mušgir, we entered the confederation of the Kadištu thanks to our Sukkal allies. As divine Kadištu, we were no longer able to possess the poison. This weapon represented a danger to others and was totally incompatible with the function of a Designer of Life. From that time on, all Amašutum were deprived of this fluid at the time of clonage. Any who possessed the fluid cohabited with their new sisters, but could not be counted as Kadištu. Some of them succeeded in abusing the Mušgir and had eliminated some of them. Then these were counted as *Amaš* (savages)."

With lowered eyes and seeming embarrassment, Mamitu reports that all but a handful of these were massacred in the Great War. "Among us, Tiamata is the sole survivor. After the war, the few survivors of the ancient race were specially integrated into the Kadištu."

Laws

At a certain point in the unfolding of the events in Parks' narrative, we find An and Ninmah busily cloning an army of *Anunna* (see Genealogy) on the planet *Dukù* in the system of *Ubšu'ukkinna* (which we call Maia), a star in the *Mulmul* (Pleiades) cluster (see Worlds).

The Anunna were ostensibly created to defend the Amašutum against a mysterious enemy force, but that was a contrivance of An himself, whose real aim was to attack and destroy Tiamata and her Amašutum. In other words this was a revival of the Great War.

Sa'am was to be an instrument in An's plan, but due to his genetic heritage, his initiation, and other factors, he was rapidly becoming more than An had bargained for. (The truth is, Sa'am was a Kadištu and, as a soul, probably always had been.)

Sa'am shared his knowledge with Mamitu-Nammu, and the two of them alerted Tiamata to the situation. Tiamata's immediate response was to recall all Amašutum from Dukù, where they had been running the plantations that provided An and the Anunna with the food that they required. On hearing of this, Sa'am asked Tiamata what would keep An from simply cloning the priestesses that he needed.

Her reply was surprising: he could not do it because it would be a violation of law.

Tiamata went on to explain that all of these cloned races had a control system built into their genetic structure that simply required them to obey certain laws or commandments that were handed down from time to time. Part of that system required that it be contained in any future cloned races. There simply was no getting around it (she said).

The second response of Tiamata, then, to the new threat, was to direct Mamitu-Nammu and Sa'am to devise a *Didabbasar*, or text of laws, commandments, and decrees to be delivered to Dukù and established there.

A sensitive aspect of these laws was that they could not reveal that the Amašutum now understood what was being planned by An. They were kept general enough to avoid that, but they firmly placed the peoples of Dukù into a position of client to Tiamata and the Amašutum, while also obligating the Amašutum to provide the support they needed for their existence. Not the means of support; just the support itself.

One of the more interesting of the laws is the decree that not only An, but Anšár and Kišár, co-creators of An (see Genealogy), are subject to ("united to" - which sheds light on their programming) the entire set, which was in part written by Sa'am, "The Prince Sa'am Nudimmud in the name of the People of the Ancient Serpent," An's own creature of only weeks before!

It is also very interesting that the Amašutum priestesses had wanted to examine Sa'am intensively in their laboratories before allowing him to co-author the set of laws, until Mamitu managed to convince them that Sa'am wasn't really the prototype of the Anunna that they had thought he was, but was of unique genetic makeup and therefore useless for their purposes.

Another highly significant decree reserves for "the People of the Ancient Serpent" (Amašutum) the right to create "Ádam (animals)" to assist the Gina'abul of Dukù (under the direction of the Amašutum) in working the land, producing cereals and other nourishments.

Parks' delineates for us the laws to the best of his recollection. This Didabbasar is named *Mardukù*, "that which is dispersed and applied in the Dukù." Fifty in number, each law making up the Mardukù is given its own name. The term *Marduk* designates the sovereign executive of the Mardukù.

Readers will immediately think of the fifty names assumed by the Babylonian god *Marduk* as listed in the *Enuma Elish*. Parks of course acknowledges the parallel and unmasks *Marduk* in *Adam Genesis*.

The Mardukù is, if you will, a covenant. One must reflect on the *Ten Commandments* and their peculiar attraction to followers of the patriarchal religions to this very day.

The fiftieth decree is poignant:

That by this ultimate commandment, a copy of the Mardukù shall be deposited in the bosom of the stellar system of Ti-ama-te (the solar system), major seat of our universe. That a copy will be placed in the Abzu of the very holy Mulge ("the black star"), the retreat and rest place of the Kadištu who work in the system of Ti-ama-te at the service of the *Namlú'u* (the [original!] human beings) of Uraš (Earth) [see Genealogy, Races], also commonly named *Lú*. That Mulge ("the black star"), which occupies the heavenly crossroad of Ti-ama-te, shall be the receptacle of the Mardukù and of the inscriptions of the Destinies. In the name of the Original Source, that the wisdom of the Mardukù marks the entire system of Ti-ama-te and that it brings peace to our entire universe. For this reason, this commandment bears the name *Sagmegar* ("the repository at the head of the ME"). Thus shall it be -- ME 50/3.

Note: the black star SAG-ME-GAR ("the repository at the head of the ME" ["ME" is defined as "crystals containing the Gina'abul art and laws".]) also bears the name *Nibiru* or *Neberu* in Babylonian.

Apparently *Sagmegar* is another name for *Mulge*, and this sacred place, the true identity of the popular *Nibiru*, that once marked our solar system as a symbol of peace for the entire universe, no longer exists.

What is the physical form of the Mardukù? The Mardukù is inscribed on two massive plates of gold. *Destinies*, the arts and laws, are recorded on "optical disks of green quartz" -- the *ME*. *ME* were used in the development of the Mardukù.

Now... visualize the scene in which Sa'am has brought the Didabbasar to Dukù, to literally "lay down the law" to Ninmah, An, his creators Anšár and Kišár, and all the Anunna, thus binding them to the will or at least to the service of the Amašutum.

But Ninmah appears to have been expecting this! She orders an ornate box to be brought to receive the Didabbasar, says she will inspect the laws, and dismisses Sa'am and his party. Then shortly after, in his encounter with Anšár (see Souls), Sa'am is told that he had been programmed to produce those laws in the first place, that they were thus expected and joyfully received, and will be used as a decoy to bring back the Amašutum who will now engage themselves in educating the Anunna and once again producing the foodstuffs that they so badly need.

You now bring us the solution that has been so long awaited. The Didabbasar that you have produced is but a decoy. Without having read it, I know its contents. It is the divine instrument that will accomplish our designs against the ancient protectionist politics of our adversaries. Do you not see that you blindly obey our supreme will? We thought that you had discovered that. Know that nothing nor any person can break your programming!

This little discussion does not do justice to the extent of the compromise created by the "decoy." It was the Amašutum who were utterly trapped, far from their home and unable to alert their queen, committed to building the agricultural infrastructure that would feed an enemy army of millions including a vast number of the hated and incredibly destructive Mušgir (see Races).

It will be seen that all these events led to the founding of the Earth civilization that we live with today.

Who indeed was fooling whom over those laws and the genetic software that was supposed to be controlled by them? Something had gone very wrong. Only the more responsible group turned out to have been compelled by them.

How might this be reflected in the uses of law in modern civilization?

Bottom line: An did not believe either in the laws created by the Amašutum nor in the primacy of the Amašutum themselves and the Kadištu -- the entire order that had prevailed since the end of the Great War between the Mušgir (dragons) and the ancient Amašutum race of the constellation Urbar'ra (Lyra). He wished to impose a system of patrimonial descent.

Sa'am states:

My creator was manifestly alienated, not knowing what was good; he was cut off from life, and detested it to the point of having created flesh and blood automata devoted to his service.

An and his [Anunna] acolytes did not know the Original Source. Or at least, they attached no importance to the Supreme Source of which Mam had spoken to me many times. This source of which we are all issued and who is honored by the ensemble of the Kadištu. They seemed to be completely misinformed as to the presence of a universal entity named "Original Source", *creatrix* of all things, rather taking themselves as the gods.

The enormity of the situation was there, under my eyes: the female and male Gina'abul did not practice the same religious system. The major breach that opposed them against one another was a war of belief and of cult!

Whatever the assessment of Sa'am's level of autonomy held by An and by Sa'am himself, Sa'am's development was not complete at that time. More transformations awaited him.

To learn how the Didabbasar became the foundation of the power of An and Enlil when they captured and colonized Ti-ama-te (our solar system), jump to Join Us (Align with Us) or Die. An and Enlil, it should be noted, are the entities who postured as Yahvé (also known as Yahwe, Jehovah, God, etc.) for the benefit (i.e., the control) of their creation, the Ádam.

Initiations (2)

Another in the sequence of initiations described in Le Secret is the sacred marriage that takes place between Sa'am and Mamitu-Nammu after Sa'am has been made fully male through surgical intervention by Mamitu.

As an introduction to this topic, here is Parks' Note 70, providing some background:

The Egyptian papyri and Mesopotamian tablets attest that the different goddesses of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia -- identified with the Celestial Cows -- transmitted their divinity and divine powers to kings through having sexual rapports with them. The king was invited to partake of the vital energy of the goddess in the sacred nuptial bed where he obtained immortality and became thus "the Bull of Heaven". Likewise, the grand priestesses of antiquity, veritable incarnations of the Mother-Goddess on Earth, practiced the *Hieros Gamos* (sacred marriage). They chose a lover, considered as the son of the Mother-Goddess, and practiced with him "a sacred sexual union". Through this ritual, the man was at once metamorphosed into the spouse of the goddess and invested with the royal function. These rites were practiced as much in Sumer and Egypt as in classical Greece.

In the second Karmapolis interview [K2], Parks further describes this practice among the Mesopotamian cultures:

The Akkadian term Qadištu denotes "priestess of high rank," of which the Sumerian equivalent is NU-GIG, "the non-diseased" -- a title attributed to the goddess Isis...

One should know that in antiquity, the priestesses of high rank practiced sacred sexuality, which served to raise the frequency of the males by releasing the coiled serpent, the Kundalini.

The males of that epoch, in certain cultures such as the Mesopotamian, were able to honor or sanctify the Mother-Goddess and couple with her in the temples through the intermediary of the priestesses who represented her.

This act and the original term *Kadištu* or *Qadištu* are undoubtedly the source of the Hebrew Qodesh (to sanctify).

One well understands that Yahvé, the unique and jealous god, would not hear of this. This is why we find in the Bible all those heavy passages in which Yahvé imposes taboos against the "false gods," the cult of goddesses such as Ashérah. As we saw in *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*, the Kadištu (Elohim) are in conflict with the Ušumgal-Anunna authority that incarnates the patriarchal and authoritarian "god" found in the Bible under the appellation Yahvé.

Returning to the sacred marriage of Sa'am and Mamitu-Nammu, it's interesting that in the period leading up to this union, Sa'am is not impressed with the sanctification of his person that is supposed to result from it. For that matter, without having a male nature prior to his surgery, he has difficulty in appreciating the attraction of any kind of sexual activity. But Sa'am has his own agenda: to transmit the powers of the Ušumgal to Mamitu, which he knows will be essential to her security in the coming time of conflict.

For her part, Mamitu is offended by the prospect, which suggests she is not already adequate to any situation, and which furthermore seems to threaten a change in the nature of her being.

At any rate, the sacred marriage and the sacred union of Sa'am and Mamitu proceed. These acts are fully and lovingly described by Parks in *Le Secret*. To attempt to summarize them on this page would be a travesty. The passages have to be read in the original, or in any other language of translation when these become available. From them, and from Sa'am's reported impressions, we can gain some appreciation of what it was like to experience what for us today is a rather abstract idea that comes out of ancient lore.

A couple of notable events occur during these ceremonies. Sa'am experiences his first *Gibil'lásu* (shedding and renewal of the skin). Mamitu undergoes the process simultaneously as well. This was probably induced by a beverage that they drank, although they were apparently at the verge anyway.

We read about the "shining countenance" of these gods or reptilians. According to Parks, their new skin did glisten once they had dropped their old scales. Perhaps indeed this is the "shining."

And apparently Mamitu does receive the telepathic powers of Niama, as immediately after, she is able to communicate with Tiamata using the *Gírkù* that she is about to give to Sa'am. Recall that Sa'am and Mamitu had traveled from Nalulkára via the timeless pathways to Ubšu'ukkinna to deliver the *Didabbasar* (set of laws) and to oversee the plantations there, only to find themselves trapped as pawns in An's war development program. With the aid of the *Gírkù*, Mamitu is able to apprise Tiamata of the full situation. Tiamata makes an instantaneous decision to strike with a massive force to "suppress" Sa'am's Kuku (ancestors), and all of An's forces, including the newly-cloned Anunna and the accursed Mušgir. She informs Mamitu that they will arrive within hours; that there will be no protection for Sa'am and Mamitu; and that the Kadištu have been plunged into crisis over this; they will not intervene and specifically will not offer any support to the Amašutum.

And thus the war that went on to overturn everything on the Earth, and whose results we live with to this very day, is about to begin.

Briefings

Kadištu

Sa'am is afforded one brief interview with pure Kadištu beings before entering into the oncoming chaos. Two came to meet him in a strange and highly symbolic place. They are an *Abgal* from Gagsisá (Sirius) and a semi-etheric *Ameli* from the brilliant star *Bun*.

This is a conversation between beings who were superior - far superior - in every way to the Anunna race (known to us as *Anunnaki*) who went on to conquer our solar system and pose as gods, the distilled memory of whom informs all of the common human images and conceptions of God.

Yet it is striking that this conversation is not above the reach of some modern humans. People who have read and appreciated these pages will have no difficulty with the briefing Sa'am received. It is, in fact, with just a little abstraction, a briefing for all of us today.

Interestingly, the Kadištu arrive in a craft. A strange one to Sa'am's eyes but still quite "physical."

And what do you suppose is the greeting he receives? It is a practical request: "Use your crystal to realign yourself; otherwise we will be unable to approach you!"

The briefing itself is devoted to a preview and analysis of the events about to unfold. Here are some key points:

- The contentious situation resulting from numerous discords among the Gina'abul is going to produce a material transformation in the perceptions of our universe. The administration and executive organization of the Kadištu will be temporarily [!] eclipsed in a part of this universe because of the upheaval being prepared by Tiamata.
- We have tried to dissuade her, but her fear of again seeing the ancient Mušgir regime diffuses among you like a bacteria, blocking resonance with Wisdom. We cannot blame her for having assisted in the Great War and having seen of what the Mušgir are capable. However, the reign of animality lavished by a great majority of the Gina'abul species will dominate in the mastery of this sacred region of our universe that is now under the executive control of Tiamata. We cannot go against this predestination.
- Your role in this chain of events is crucial. You will have to make numerous important decisions. We are not here to guide you in your choices. We are here to inform you that the greater part of the Gina'abul are locked in a prison of warped conceptions of the Source and suffer terribly from this.
- While keeping in mind that there is no separation between you and yours, you must aid your brothers in overcoming their deficiency. That is one of the greatest missions that you gave yourself in incarnating among the Gina'abul....

- Son of An, you are going to observe different forms of thoughts and experiment with the conditional and the unconditional. Never forget that you are the master of your incarnation. The narrow corridors that you have chosen to follow will help you to assimilate and to not dissociate the shadow and the light. The Amašutum incarnate this subtle association that involves the creation processes. They symbolize the direct link between the ANGAL (the highest) and the KIGAL (the lowest). They are actually in great danger, because the majority of your Kuku think that hatred and vengeance heal wrongs....
- Rancour and incomprehension together nourish non-loving.... [But the] darkness of the ego is another aspect of Light, because it creates emotions that engender experiences that lead to the Source of the Light.
- As long as bitterness continues to grow, the initiate will never break free. The initiate continues to hope in his ego and in his struggle against this bitterness. Only when he arrives at the limit of his possibilities does he finally take the road that will lead him toward the Light.
- The initiate is constantly tested, yet he has faith in the Light, because he is himself light....
- Will you brandish your weapon [the Gírkù] to protect and save yourself or will you seek to go beyond your fears and penetrate the unfathomable? You must go beyond good and evil, beyond your fears; there is true Wisdom....
- The apprentices of life and of the animal kingdom -- those whom we name the *Gílimanna* (Celestial Bestiary [see *Decoder* entry for *Gílimanna*]), as well as my ally here and yourself [Sa'am and one of the two Kadištu belong to the *Abgal* race], affiliated beings, and more precisely this new subrace named *Anunna*, are likely to establish a colonial authority based on servitude and dominance. These beings are unable to recognize the basic facts of social and karmic evolution, because they identify themselves as gods, which they are not yet. Doubtless the day will come when they will acquire eternity, but only when they have become conscious of the sacred that resides within themselves....
- ...The code of this universe, that Tiamata understands perfectly, implies that immortality of the body is not acquired by genetic means, but rather by grace of the evolutionary processes of the soul. The Gina'abul clones' quest for immortality therefore will greatly complicate your mission. The Anunna must above all not know that which you have penetrated through your initiations, because they would take the sexual energy and use it as a means of domination and repression in the manner of the Mušgir. Look around you. Look at all this gold. [There was a prodigious amount of gold surrounding Sa'am at this moment.] This would satisfy the thirst for immortality of several regiments for a long time....

To which Sa'am begins to respond, saying that it lacks only several willing Amašutum. But at that moment, events signal the end of the interview.

Parks gives us a tantalizing hint of a subject of first magnitude importance, to be developed in *Adam Genesis*. But the astute reader will have already located supporting information on these pages.

There is one final bit of advice:

Your Queen has found allies among a minority of ourselves; our heart is torn. Do not underestimate her planned action, because her allies are terribly formidable and will not look out for you in the battle.

Combat will soon begin, my brother! It will send you far from here, to a place where you will meet with emotional experiences that will lead you to explore the depths of your identity. You have agreed to take the heavy responsibility to treat the ills of beings of your lineage. This task will force you to make difficult choices beginning today. These choices risk leading to other types of sufferings. You will be able to count only on yourself.

In incarnating among the Gina'abul, at this precise moment of their history, you have projected yourself into a universe where the mental suppresses the spirit and where the ego neutralizes Wisdom. Do not err by this combat. It is for you only to protect the Sacred in all its forms. Quickly leave this place, time presses.

Ninmah

Your filiation with the Abgal of Gagsisá (Sirius) is beyond any doubt; it transpires as well physically as inwardly. Your weaknesses and clumsiness reflect the virtues of a being in motion. You carry within yourself the inner aptitudes proper to the Kadištu, which fascinate your Kuku. These are the same aptitudes that have made the Abgal the emissaries of choice in our galaxy and which permitted you to revive Mamitu's priestess [who had been struck down by Anšár and appeared dead] moments ago.

An Abgal such as yourself must carry the genetics of an illustrious Abgal. Your creator has doubtlessly assembled you in part from his genes, thanks to which you possess at once the physiognomy of certain of your Kuku and their aptitudes, but above all he has given you almost 65% of the characteristics of your blood Mother....

...who, she informs him, is Mamitu-Nammu.

We offer these selected bits of information from the book because, taken together, they will speak worlds about our own history.

Duat

Dukù

The outbreak of war is horrible. In one short day, Tiamata and her allied forces completely overwhelm Dukù, destroying all the cities and killing everyone in their path without mercy. Sa'am, Mamitu, and a party of Nungal and Nindigir make an escape via an underground passage leading from the city of Adhal to a rendezvous point on a sacred mountain, where they hope to find Sa'am's father, his Uanna, and a fleet of ships.

This passageway, explains Mamu, is sacred to the Amašutum priestesses. Their once-secret name for it is familiar to Egyptologists: the Duat.

We include here Parks' information about the Duat, not only because of its possible importance to Egyptology, but because it will play a central role in Parks' subsequent books, and will be seen to have a place in our modern world as well.

Mam explains:

The Duat was a domain in which the powers of the lower and higher regions were unified, a sort of inverted mirror in which the most sacred secrets were manifested. In this place, the body of a great Kadištu had been carefully interred in a way that permitted his soul to detach from the material world and rise toward the light. Before the burial of his body, the deceased Kadištu had undergone, in the mountain, the rite of the stargates that had permitted him to return to his original place in the heavens....

Notice, as shown in the Decoder entries for *Duat* and *Dukù* (that key Pleadian world), the particle DU₆ represents both a cavern and a mound; this mound clearly evokes the celestial place of origins.

The Sumerian cosmogony names this celestial mountain DU₆-KÙ, "the holy mound." The Egyptian Duat also suggests the idea of a double place, at once subterranean and celestial, both being territories sacred to the "gods."

The Egyptian funerary texts explain that at the heart of the terrestrial Duat flows the underground extension of the Nile, named *Urenes* (see Decoder). On this river circulates the divine bark that transports the body of the deceased king toward its tomb and the light.

The passageway on Dukù contained an underground river as well...

At the bottom of the trench, 1 Gi (3 meters) of width separated us from the river. One by one, we dropped into the hollow, immersing ourselves in the underground stream. The liquid element had for me the most astonishing regenerative effect. I had the impression of having known this sensation for a very long time. My mother also seemed to appreciate this fortuitous moment. Beyond the fact that the purifying water rid me of the soils of combat, it seemed to cleanse my entire being....

We ran along the spring with its sparkling reflections. This river was going to lead us toward the mountain. The rocks embedded in the bottom of the watercourse, shone with a strange filtered light and illuminated the caverns. There were markings on the ground. Who had thought there were so many grottos and tunnels spreading out beneath the town?

Mam explained to us that the Duat incorporated the two ways of life. I understood them to be the way of water with luminous reflections and the way of the earth that we were following.

The way of water represented the Milky Way and indicated, to the north, the entrance of the mountain. Here were performed the rites of passage and the initiations into the knowledge of the soul.

These grottos symbolized the Primordial Chaos, the sanctum of the midwives whom Mam designated as the *Gir* [see *Decoder*]. In these passageways, pilgrimages and secret rites of regeneration were formerly practiced.

A strange inscription was graven on a wall. Mam pointed it out to me:

Son of the stars, we salute you,
You are our favorite.
We, Gíg (Dark Ones) and Gir bid you welcome.
We are those who encircle your secret.
The Holy Duat is your birthplace and your tomb.
In this place, we put you in the world in the morning
and bury you in the evening. In the morning, your choices bring you here,
in the place of the Mysteries.
When your Zišàgál (incarnation) falls into our bosoms,
our hearts rejoice.
You, who are hidden beneath our veil and who know all our secrets,
We reassemble your members and your flesh
in the name of the One Source.
We create you in the image of the Sons of the Water.
Our entrails are your home and our flanks your garden.
We embrace your image when you enter into us,
We honor you when you go out from our thighs.
We are the wet-nurses who breastfeed you without ever weaning you.
When you suckle us, we embrace you and lick your entire body.
We lift you in our arms
and address to you the word of the glorifications.
You, who knew the riches of the soul, you are the gracious light
who illumines the lost ones. In the evening we bathe you and purify your body.
We, Giš (Dark Stars), grant you the funeral offering.
We, midwives and mourners, ease your soul
and implore you to leave this lifeless body.

The Mistresses of the Horizon reconnect you with the current that leads
to the hall of light and guides you to the heavenly country.
At the crack of dawn, you undergo the final eulogies and prayers.
Fly away like a bird tonight.
Allow the sky to clasp you in its arms, Allow yourself to find your divine family.
The road that leads to this cannot be revealed.
We sanctify the emplacement of your body,
That illuminates the earthly and celestial Duat.
Tomorrow morning you will awaken among the living.
Glory to you, Son of the Water.

It became evident that the *Gir* of the Duat gave birth naturally to "elect" beings renowned beyond the frontiers of the Ubšu'ukkinna [the star Maia]. Why did our priestesses bury the dead while we had the custom of burning the bodies? My mother turned to the south and indicated to us that in this direction was hidden the tomb of a great Kadištu of singular name, doubtless one of the Sons of the Water of which the inscription spoke:

"These places are so ancient that they are filled with truth. Each of the fossil stones of light in the depths of the water had been carried by a Gir. Each Gir is a Nindigir capable of giving birth to a *Kirišti* [*Decoder*], but very few among them had the opportunity to produce such an event in the past," she confided to us.

The Nungal seemed to comprehend the sense of her points. This gave me the occasion to ask them why the Sukkal had been designated to complete their Kadištu initiation. They responded that when Tiamata had gotten wind of the designs of the Ušumgal, she had placed them into the hands of the Kadištu, who entrusted my children to the Sukkal who completed their initiation as life designers. Finally, it was the Kadištu who took the decision to send the Nungal to Mulmul [the Pleiades] to place them under the tutelage of their creators.

With heavy heart, I listened to the words of my children while dragging my feet through the water with the luminous stones. The intent of the Kadištu was clear: they had desired that the destiny of the Nungal be placed into the hands of Mam and myself. Ashamed to reveal to my offspring my lack of awareness of the subject, I questioned Mam on the role of the famous Sons of the Water, the *Kirišti*. My mother responded to me that I would find the explanation in *Ugur*, the crystal [*Gírkù*] that she had given to me. I persisted and asked her why it was inscribed that the Gir practiced lamentations when they accompanied the body of the deceased.

One of my Nungal had listened to our conversation and allowed himself to reveal to me that the lamentations were practiced by the Gir with the aim of liberating the soul from its corpse. The lamentation permitted the soul to relax the tension accumulated in the course of its existence and to manifest that which the being would not have had the time to express while living or at the moment of its death.

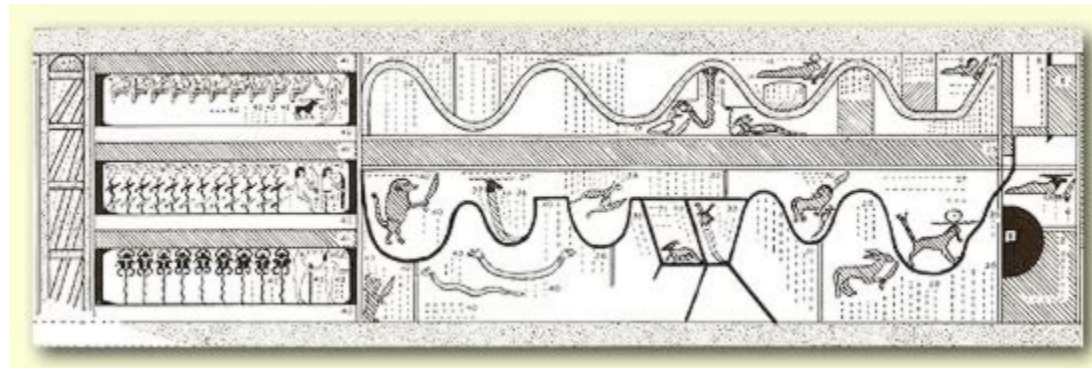
The Nungal finished his commentary by giving me a good definition of a *Kirišti*:

"The *Kirišti* are sons of the Stars, Kadištu emissaries working for the Source. They never dissociate *Gissu* (shadow) from *Zalag* (light), and they work where these energies are disunited. Their work is not easy; it often happens that they are directly confronted by beings who separate *Gissu* from *Zalag* and who worship only the darkness."

The structure of this subterranean cavity had been fashioned in places by hands and not by nature. The very high vaulting built out of large stone blocks allowed the roots of the forest over our heads to penetrate sparsely.

We came out into a spacious cavity in which the watercourse became an enormous cistern, a sort of gigantic basin into which the water from the mountain poured before becoming a river once again. The basin water was strangely calm. Facing this reservoir were several chapels hewn geometrically into the rock, breaking up the façade. Their silhouette possessed a form to some degree pyramidal and highly elongated. Candles burned in their depths....

Uraš



The notion of the two ways is found in the Egyptian funerary text of the same name: the *Book of the Two Ways* is a coded esoteric text in the form of an initiatory itinerary whose purpose is to present a precise cartography of the subterranean necropolis of *Rosetau* (assimilated by Egyptologists to the beyond), sacred place traced by the *ways of water and earth of Osiris*.

The journey is long, sinuous, and scattered with obstacles, yet the formulas of the *Book of the Two Ways* allow the "opening of the way" and give the king the possibility of liberating his Ba (soul). All Egyptian funerary literature evokes the same finality: to regain the country of light and the heaven of the Goddess Nut -- the "celestial vault of the thousand souls."

The path taken by the king or his followers connects the tomb of Osiris to the Great Pyramid. In volume 3 we will speak of the very secret underground network of the Giza plateau (the terrestrial Duat) that proceeds well beyond Giza, as far as to Thebes, the location of the Valley of the Kings. I think this has been partly discovered by the Egyptian Supreme Council of Antiquities and has actually been the object of meticulous secret exploration....

The Amduat ("the book of that which is in the Duat") indicates that the Duat is under the Giza plateau, in the vicinity of the Great Pyramid, and is protected by a certain god Aker. Aker also guards the remains of Osiris following the ritual of resurrection conducted in the realm of Seker (Greek: pronounced Sokar or Sokaris) in the heart of the Great Pyramid.



The Egyptian traditions, such as the *Texts of Shabaka*, claim that the body of Osiris was secured in the "House of Seker." This secret place was not well specified by the various texts, but it seems clear that it was situated alongside the Sphinx.

Alternatively, Seker/Sokaris is not only a place but also a "god," often identified with Osiris himself.

Sokaris is a funerary "god," Master of *Ro-Setau*, which corresponds to the necropolis of Giza.

Seker/Sokaris is the king of the caverns and has the function of guiding the deceased and of protecting the dead king, such as Osiris. The Pyramid Texts (1657a-b) say that he is the god of the initiation and of the subterranean spaces where a part of the mystery of resurrection operates. All of the great religious centers of Egypt have consecrated chapels to him.

The root of *Seker* is associated with the verb *skr*: to offer, or to punish, which would have the same pronunciation. The connection between Osiris/Seker/Sokaris is all the more remarkable as Osiris himself was punished, offered... and resuscitated as Horus, "the child of light," on December 25 like the Christ.

Osiris is resuscitated by grace of the intervention of Aset (Isis, archetype of the Divine Mother) and Nebet-Hut (Nephtys), considered together as the great mourners who aided in his resurrection.

This resurrection of the soul takes place in the House of Seker where the Texts of Shabaka say that Osiris was kept in safety.

The Pyramid Texts and the Book of the Dead claim that the ritual of the divine resurrection can be performed successfully only when the gates of heaven are open. These gates which lead toward the region of light are four in number as in the representation of the Mysteries of Osiris and Isis in the tomb of Rekhmirê (18th dynasty)...

Several popular authors have associated these gates with four channels built into the Great Pyramid, claiming that they pointed to four particular stars at a certain point in the Earth's nutation cycle. However, other researchers have found that the model simply does not work out.



With all the elements that we have just revealed, there is no doubt that the House of Seker is found in the heart of the Great Pyramid of Giza and that it encompasses the so-called "King's chamber" and "Queen's chamber."

The House of Seker gives access not only to the gates of heaven but to the entrance to the Duat. The different funerary texts such as the Amduat, in the tomb of Thutmosis III, clearly show the House of Seker at the heart of a schematization of the pyramid. This pyramid (or mound) is surmounted by the head of Isis, and is called *the flesh of Aset (Isis) that is on the sand of the House of Seker* (Amduat 5th Hour, register 3, 374), which implies that the Great Pyramid, in the image of the primordial mound, represents the exclusive domain of Isis -- her *flesh*, to be precise -- and that it incorporates the dwelling-place of Seker, on which it is itself placed!

The ideology, according to which the Great Pyramid of Giza is the domain of Isis and of the mysterious feminine, is confirmed by the Egyptian term *Mer* (pyramid) that one meets again in the Sumerian MÉR (Serpent coiled upon itself), millennial symbol of the Mother-Goddess and of the eternal feminine.

The *Decoder* plumbs further meanings of MÉR.

The following is based on *decompositions* of *Seker* and *Sokaris*.

The docking quay will catch the attention of the specialist in Osirian myth. In effect, according to the ancient traditions transmitted by, among others, the Pyramid Texts (872a-c; 884a-b), the resurrection of the soul occurs in a place similar to a dock or quay, a springboard to the stars, which permits the soul of Osiris (or of the dead king assimilated to Osiris) to rise from its material envelope and vanquish death.

The goddesses Isis and Nephtys, after having mourned over the corpse of the "god", transform themselves into dock pilings/posts so that Osiris will not drift in the void and can reach, thanks to the celestial bark of Seker, to the region of light:

Isis weeps for you (Osiris),

Nephtys calls you,

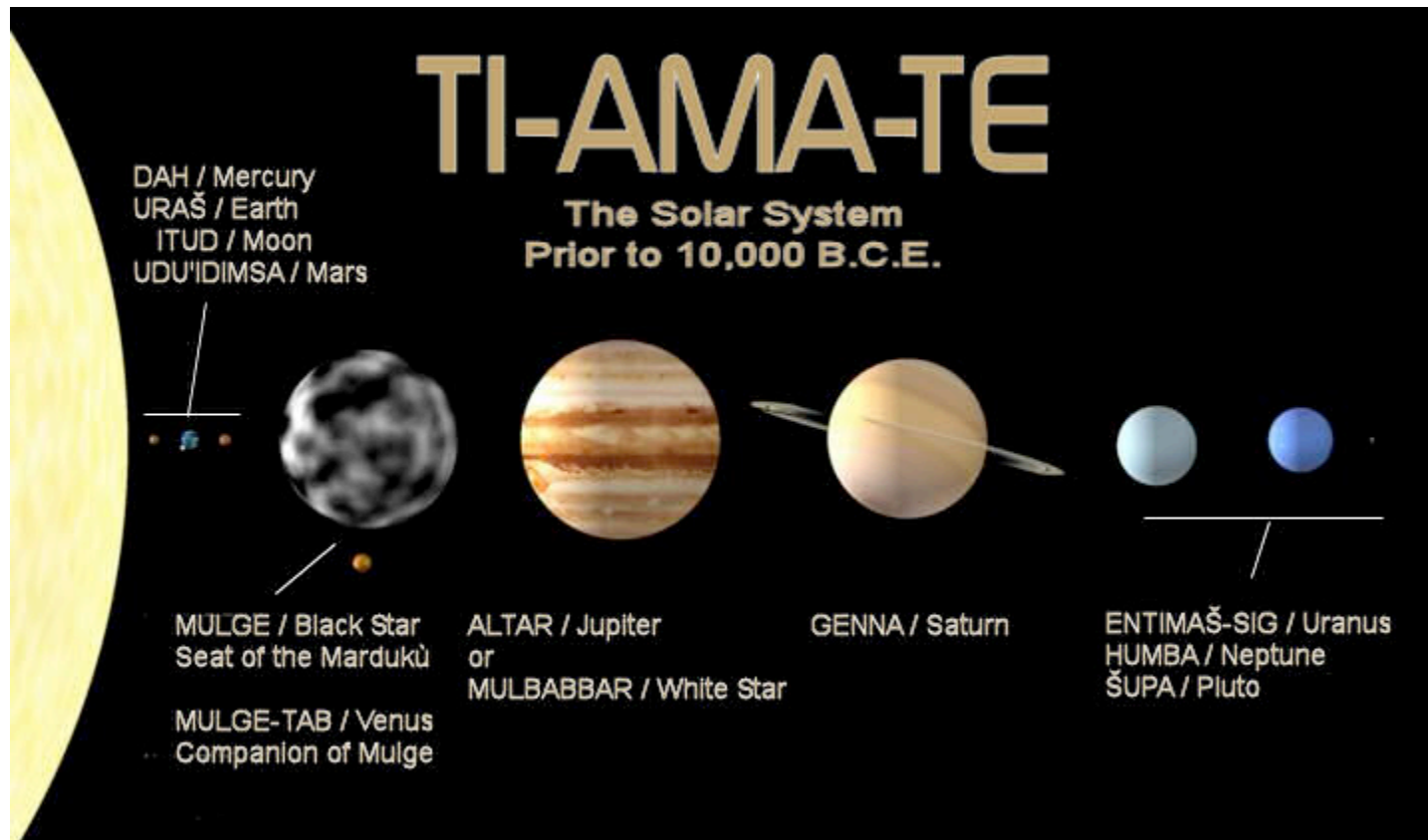
The Great Docking Post (Isis) pushes aside the obstacle for you as Osiris in his suffering...

The Great Docking Post weeps for you as Osiris in his suffering. His bow line is held by Isis, his stern line by Nephtys...

The mourner as Isis calls you, the docking post as Nephtys calls you.

We hit the nail on the head in indicating that the name Isis, which is officially a Greek transcription of *Esi*, *she who is on the throne*, exists in Sumerian under the form ISIŠ₂ or ISIŠ₃, meaning respectively "lamentations" and "to weep"...

For those wondering why Egyptian gods and goddesses have appeared on these pages, we have to explain that a very large story is under development here; all will be made clear.



Briefly:

Sa'am and his party have struggled to reach and board a number of *Gigirlah* (ships) and have departed the area, headed for a stargate that will lead them through the timeless pathways to... where?

They have learned that Enlil, Sa'am's errant creation, has somehow drawn Tiamata away from her legions and is now in pursuit of her, accompanied by An, Sa'am's father, the rest of the Ušumgal, and a large number of Anunna. Mam telepathically receives the coordinates of the destination toward which all these beings are racing. When entered into the ship's navigational system, they learn for the first time where they are actually going.

It is Ti-ama-te! Our solar system, where Mamítu had labored long years on the planet Uraš (Earth) with her Life Designers, developing the magnificent first humans and many other life forms.

Mamítu is shocked to learn of this, and becomes disconsolate, because she knows that taking the war to Ti-ama-te is going to ruin everything. Here, Sa'am realizes that this outcome was foretold to him by the Kadištu in their briefing.

We describe here their exit from the stargate, their entry into the system of Ti-ama-te, and the conditions they found there at that time.

The fluid was on the point of solidifying when we began the great descent toward the heart of Ti-ama-te. What an awakening! A three-dimensional image of the exterior appeared on our circular screen. A gigantic planet with vaporous reflections captured our attention and progressively materialized around us. It possessed a medium-sized moon.

Mam informed me that the planet appeared to be Mulge -- the Black "Star" [Fr: *Astre*] -- the planet of the Kadištus.

I did not see any vessels. However, bright flashes dotted the surface. My mother explained that Mulge belonged to a class of planets that are surrounded by cold ionized gas clouds from which emerge lightning flashes. The weather was chaotic on Mulge and storms tormented the surface. Life there was not possible in the KIGAL dimension (see Dimensions) but it existed in the ANGAL and also in the Abzu of Mulge.

This planet clearly was not our destination, but the next one definitely was, as we shortly began a precipitous descent.

The plunge was awesome and much more demanding than when traveling on an *Iníuma* [see Stargates]. The effect reminded me of the hard accelerations of the Mú-u.

When we reached the three-dimensional barriers, the fluid liquified. At this moment, we were ejected from the timeless path through a spatial Stargate and the liquid withdrew progressively, disappearing into the walls of the craft.

The holographic image projected on the circular visual screen presented to us a small planet with tints of bronze and dark blue where three-dimensional existence was sustainable. It was encircled by gunfire, supplied by our troops who had pursued our adversaries in their retreat. There was a violent glut of radio messages. They detailed the battle taking place beneath our feet. Our forces seemed to be everywhere and all were animated by the same murderous ardor.

I was finally face to face with Uraš, the planet where all the great galactic routes converged.

The forces of Tiamata had reassembled and were responding energetically to our attacks. My creator's *Uanna* cast its shadow onto an abyssal ocean.

UDU-IDIM-SA₅ "little stockyard of the red wellspring" or "little stockyard of the subterranean waters of the red (planet)". It appears to be the Sumerian form of the name of the planet Mars. We have seen that

We made a circuit of the "star" without approaching it. I was surprised and asked my mother why she did not wish to take us down. She replied that the four of us were Designers of Life and that we would not take part in combat. Mamítu revealed to us that it did not appear to be Uraš, but its granary, the planet Salbatánu (Mars). On this globe were produced and packed the food reserves for the use of the Amašutum of Mulge and of Uraš. (Gina'abul decomposition: SAL-BA-TÁN-U = "the matrix/womb of the rations of the crown")

We left the terrifying gunbattles of Salbatánu, directing ourselves to Uraš. The run proceeded in the traditional fashion, at a cruising speed, without use of the timeless tunnels. Several vessels with unknown silhouettes followed the same course as ours in a calm, yet troubling respect. My mother indicated to us that they appeared to be Kadištu craft, more precisely Amašutum of Ti-ama-te who did not wish to take part in the carnage.

As we advanced further toward our objective, more flying ships showed up. The little planet with the blue reflections took form progressively on our circular screen. An impressive ballet of Kadištu vessels turned around it, resembling a natural ring formed of rock and ice. The vessels of our Nindigir joined up with this strange procession. Our Gigirlah slipped into the metallic multitude and plunged into the dense atmosphere.

Past the many different cloud layers, we approached the precipitous terrain below. The mountains were infested with flying creatures with huge wings and long beaks. They flew along like the wind and we followed docilely.

Mam was euphoric; the battle did not seem to have touched Uraš.

We reached a broad steppe teeming with a multitude of animals with exotic forms.

"We have created here many varieties of animals that synthesize the different species found in our universe," explained Mam.

We saw gigantic quadrupeds with highly elongated vertebrae grazing on the vegetation, while curious dorsal appendages emerged from an inland sea. Here and there, the spectacle was at once familiar and strange. Mam added that Uraš was a sacred natural park for which the Kadištu collective had brought together its life-designing competencies in order to synthesize their millennial knowledge.

This sacred reserve was under the responsibility of the *Namlú'u* (human beings) [see Races].

Forests of gigantic trees bordered the valley toward which we were starting our descent. The spectacle revealed to us a vast universe sprawling beyond our view. Our Gigirlah slowly came to earth in the midst of this stupefying tableau.

Elongated paws, powerful and muscular, passed not far from us.

We rested in this place for several hours. The spectacle rendered us totally speechless.

Some Anunna craft made their appearance and landed alongside us....

Finally, I asked the grand Life Designer of Uraš where were the famous Namlú'u. Mamítu gave us to understand that the Namlú'u rarely appeared down here, because they really didn't live in the KI dimension, but more in the ANGAL, in the fourth and fifth dimensions. The Namlú'u were the trustees of the gigantic natural garden of the Kadištu. They were responsible for this place. Their incursions into the KI were for the sole objective of punctual and daily safekeeping of the divine creation.

Seeing all these marvels and this equilibrium menaced by the battle raging several leagues from there, I recalled what the Kadištu had said and the fact that we had come down here to transform the probable futures of Uraš.

We waited still more hours. For what? I didn't know how to say it, the fascination was so complete.

It came about that our wait was rewarded, because when the executive administrators of the gigantic park came into our dimension, astonishment and marvel manifested in the bosom of our group. A turmoil, almost disturbing, that appeared to me to resemble a sort of immoderate modesty. *The Anunna being in admiration....*



Uraš

Note on Points of the Compass:

Parks describes a convulsive encounter 10,000 years ago between Uraš (the Earth) and the planetoid Mulge-Tab (Venus) in which Uraš's axis flipped by 180 degrees. Since the north and south directions are defined in relation to the geometry of the solar system, this presents a problem in choosing the convention to be used to describe positions on Uraš's surface in his books -- especially since part of the narrative relates to the post-encounter era in which we live today.

Parks chooses to use the sense of direction that is correct for each era. Thus the land that will become Australia was in the northern

hemisphere; today it is in the south.

If the matter of east and west should come up, keep in mind that in the previous era the Sun would rise over what is today's western shore of Australia and set over the east.

We will generally use today's cardinal directions, to avoid confusion on the part of casual readers of our pages. However when translating directly from Parks' books, we will show Parks' usage and also note the current directions in brackets.

Deep History

Although much worse was to come, Uraš (the Earth) was hardly idyllic when Sa'am and his party arrived there, or before! Its history had been scattered with conflicts, and often bloody ones. All of this was described to Sa'am by Mamitu, who knew the planet well, and Sé'et, who had studied Uraš' history on Nalulkára.

The group established themselves in Sigun, "the red land" in Gina'abul-Sumerian, which today is Australia [see [Decoder](#)]. According to Mam, the area was sacred, but she was evasive as to the reason. She did reveal to Sa'am that Sigun had once been part of an extended land, but it had become detached when Uraš had moved away from the sun in the very distant past due to a projectile of colossal size that had been ordered onto the planet by the *Kadištu High Council*. This had had the effect of toppling the planet's axis of rotation.

Uraš had always been considered a gigantic laboratory and in a laboratory one can recover from unexpected results, especially when unknown factors had been introduced without authorization. In the event, the unexpected had been occasioned by the mad creation of the Gina'abul.

This people had set its sights on Uraš for a very long time. The planet being a "neutral" place where experimentation was extensively practiced, the males of the royal Gina'abul family took the liberty of performing numerous genetic experiments leading to the famous huge *Hušmuš*, the savage reptiles of ancient times.

In those days the Kadištu were not as much on top of matters in Ti-ama-te. So, suddenly they found they no longer absolutely controlled the situation, and they were thus forced to assume the radical and difficult solution of assassinating the planet. The projectile caused a sudden change of climate that exterminated a great part of the planetary fauna.

Sa'am did not know, and Mam, who had to know, would not say, if it had been an object of Kadištu fabrication, or a natural projectile.

Although there were some survivors of the decimated species, for years and even millennia, eventually those of the greatest size progressively disappeared from Uraš. Also, the climate became much more humid, and the entire planet became tropical.

The first prototype Namlú-u possessed a much denser body at the time of the Hušmuš. Their traces can still be found in the soil of Uraš. These first guardians of Uraš disappeared at the time of the catastrophe designed by the Kadištu. Certain of them had been directed to the Abzu, but few of those survived.

It was only following that great catastrophe that the Amašutum were admitted into the order of the Life Designers, and they were given as their initial mission various tasks having to do with the reconstruction and reorganization of life in the KI (3rd dimension).

A little before the arrival of the Amašutum, the Kadištu created the new prototype Namlú-u from the combined genetic patrimony of the Life Designers. Today this is a remarkable "mixed-blood". The Kadištu has lavished them with a multidimensional etheric body. Where the earlier version had had to put up with the worst perils created by the "royalty", it was important that the new model possess the capacities to move itself to where its principal enemy could not go.

After the events that ravaged Uraš, the Kadištu chose to create a permanent base on Mulge (MUL-GE₆, the "black star"). The Urmah, Kadištu warriors, established their principal base underground somewhere in Kankala [from the Sumerian KANKAL, uncultivated country, Africa]. The Namlú-u were commissioned to steadily integrate the KI in support of the newly-arrived Life Designers, the Amašutum, and to effect the safekeeping of the life preserve of the planet.

We present here two "recursive" archive retrievals -- sets of recordings whose retrievals by Sa'am were themselves recorded and played once again into the awareness of present-day Anton Parks. They are found in *Adam Genisiš* in the sequence in which the original retrieval sessions occurred, which is after the relocation of Sa'am and his people from their first encampment to the Abzu. Their placement in this *Deep History* section is determined by their basic content, which relates to the period prior to the arrival in the Ti-ama-te system of the Ušumgal, the Anunna, Sa'am and all the others.

The recordings make occasional reference to "Ušum (dragons)". Keep in mind that the Kingú originated in the constellation Ušu (Draco), which is where they created the Ušumgal (see [Worlds](#)). It is also the case that in other contexts (ancient Earth civilizations) the Kingú and the Ušumgal are respectively depicted in the form of Eagles and Serpents. This can be a source of confusion, as can the fact that the Kingú-Babbar are the "royal albinos" or simply referred to as "royals", while Earth civilizations associate royalty with serpents.

I asked Parks about this:

In AG, in one of the old recordings made by Mamitu into Ugur, she frequently refers to "Ušum (dragons)". The context seems to indicate that these are the Kingú-Babbar . Is it correct that "Ušum (dragons)" means Kingú-Babbar even though "Ušumgal" means "grand dragon"?

Yes, exactly! Nammu speaks of the Kingú in this manner and particularly the reds (the more violent). It clearly seems to be the Kingú.

How does this contrast with the use of the symbol "Eagle" for the Kingú and "Serpent" for the Ušumgal in ancient civilizations?

This symbol is there to mark the domination of the royal Kingú over the Ušumgal serpents. I have not "seen" it, but I think that the Kingú have already eaten Anunna or other Gina'abul.

By extension, in the old days, we can also connect this symbol to the Nungal (of royal Kingú blood), who are opposed to the Anunna... the two function very well.

Miscellaneous old notes dictated by Mamítu-Nammu into Ugur. These recordings were retrieved from the crystal by a senior Kingú-Babbar with a momentarily-captive Sa'am/Enki witnessing...

We pursued the implantation of spiritual principles into the mortal mentality of numerous animal varieties of this planet. There is so much to be done to repair the errors of our people. I use for this the teachings of the Kuku (ancestors) of Gagsisá (Sirius). The introduction of Šim-Kúšu (whales) and Kíg-Ku (dolphins) by the Light Bearers is a success. After many Limamu (millennia), these mammals succeeded in balancing the vibratory rate of the planet. The task is huge, however. I sometimes have the impression that we will never complete it. I feel that I am not being well supported by my guides...

Many Life Designer colonies are trying to contact us. Certain of them succeed in meeting us. The confederation is worried and the Namlú'u have been showing themselves less and less for some time now. Everyone fears the war. As long as I will be covered by the Kadištu High Council, I swear that no conflict will break out....

My group has joined with a colony that comes from Adala, in Mulmul (the Pleiades). Their star system is near Ubšu'ukkinna (the star Maia). [Parks thinks the star may be Taygete, depicted in Worlds.] They are Life Bearers of the Confederation. This colony was in difficulty on Kankala (Africa), and we provided assistance to them, as we did for the colony of Sigun (Australia) many years ago. Red Kingús had destroyed their fleet. The Kingú-Babbar give me absolutely no support. They prefer, as always, to deal with the various protagonists and preserve a form of "neutrality". I couldn't care less, we collaborate with many types of Kadištu. I will complete this mission, which Tiamata assigned to me with the accord of the entire Life Designer Confederation...

I have found the means of producing regenerative nucleic acids that give the Ukubi (apes, simians) a longer life. I have run some trials, and it seems to function perfectly. The Kadištu of the third order do not follow my work, they have...to me...

I have been called to the headquarters of the Kadištu. My instructors counseled me to cut back my work on the embryonic development of the Ukubi that I am conducting on Kankala (Africa). The minister dedicated to the development of Uraš declared that my experiments go too far and that they risk creating tensions between the different Gina'abul found in Ti-ama-te (the solar system). I must pursue my work clandestinely. The Kingú High Council must know nothing of my studies. The Red Kingú are nervous, they fire on everything that moves...

I don't understand, I try to improve the models of life, but the Life Designer leadership restrains our efforts through more and more frequent restrictions. The Kingú-Babbar don't have to worry about confectioning Mimínu subraces ("greys") for their egocentric purposes. They have found the means of neutralising the chemical and neuronal controls of their biological vassals, which modifies their emotions irremediably. On the contrary, we do not place limitations on our subjects! We respect the biological rhythm of species and proceed by stages when we intervene. The risks are not at all comparable...

A group of Kadištu warriors, the Urmah, has been assigned to dislodge the recalcitrant Gina'abul. I know them, they are not very conciliatory. The Life Designer leadership employs them only as a last resort. We are no longer secure. I have ordered my daughter Dim'mege to return to the Abzu. She has dethroned Ninuru, the Ama'argi sovereign, and proclaimed herself queen of Šàlim. What violence! I had always imagined that she would become the sovereign of the subterranean world; I created her especially in this vision. But I did not expect it to come about in this fashion. I would like things to be otherwise. We are pursued by Red Kingú, the worst of all. We are permanently in danger. If these threats continue, we envisage returning to the Abzu...

The following early notes were retrieved by Sa'am in privacy. Sa'am believed that Mam actually intended that he find and view them eventually.

In the first described, Mam is in an open savannah, surrounded by strange-looking Ukubi...

The Ama'argi have fabricated, at the behest of the Ušum (dragons), a new prototype Ukubi that has been introduced into the reserve of Kankala (Africa). It is much tougher than the other species created up to now. It reproduces by itself. This new strain lives with its brothers in the west [east!] of the continent. Its brain box is a third larger than that of its predecessors. It manipulates objects without difficulty and seems docile. It learns quickly. If picked up by the reds, it can serve its masters with discipline. I detest these genetic cookings that transform science into unquantifiable art. These practices serve only to create more adroit domestics and not to improve

a species...

I was stupefied. Several other documents troubled me equally. They all put Nammu into the scene surrounded by Ukubi whose aspect seemed to change over time. An exceptional document came up. The visual and sound commenced in full tumult. Unknown Gigirlah made their appearance with a terrifying sound. Their color was reddish with silvery reflections. The night was lit by the evening star... which was not as I had known it... doubtless it was different in earlier times or else it was not the same star.

Ukubi ran in every direction. The light from large vessels illuminated the scene. In disarray and with an indescribable noise, the primates were lifted en masse into the air and flung into the gaping mouths of the cargo Gigirlah.

The spectacle suddenly changed aspect. The source recording the event, known as the Gírkù of Mam, began to jiggle vigorously. I saw feet running at high speed. The roar of the vessels approached. I heard a burst of voices. The image was so jerky that it was impossible to distinguish anything. Suddenly, total blackness. Panting resonated as in a corridor. After several instants passed as though suspended in time and space, I saw the face of Nammu. It was in a sweat. It was illuminated by Ugur, continuing to function. Mam began to whisper:

We are in the province of Sinsal*, in the heart of the animal reserve of Kankala (Africa). We must be careful. The Red Kingú see no difference between the Ukubi and ourselves. The reds are searching for manual workers and meat. Their demand for servants and nourishment grows more and more. They practice their kidnapping in the savannah day and night. We are usually informed in advance of the harvests, because we have informants among the royals. The Imdugud help us sometimes when they wish to avenge themselves on the reds with whom they have always had differences. When the reds descend from the heights, my team and I are obliged to descend into the ancient tunnels that the Urmah constructed in the past. The region possesses innumerable passages built a long time ago by warriors of the Source. Our principal base is in the Gígal, the ancient subterranean metropolis of the Urmah. There are still several of the feline Life Designers there. They have authorized us to set ourselves up next to them, but we avoid direct contact with them. The Urmah are peculiar; I am the only one who can approach them. We are all exhausted. The Ukubi are frightened. The Ukubi colony with which I work always requires a certain amount of time to connect with us again after a series of kidnappings. We always have to begin at zero again.

Mam frowned and turned her head to the side. Sobbing could be heard around her. End of recording...

Probing further for information about the royal Gina'abul and their interest in the Ukubi:

The last line that I had completed possessed the capacity to distinguish between the agreeable and the bitter. I had spoken of this to no one. Only my two closest collaborators whom I will not name, know it. If the Kingú were to discover that it was possible that one of our creatures were capable of release from the rules of society commonly accepted by the ensemble of our race, they would kill me on

the spot! [...]

I am touched. It troubles me to observe that the Ba (the soul) who descends here and dons his terrestrial clothing will have to endure the KI in a thousand ways. Who are these Ukubi who defy the universal laws of ascensional movement? I am a Kadištu and I am incapable of answering this question. To learn, to endure matter in order to deepen one's understanding, yes, but to incarnate here to be parked in a reserve and be devoured by one's own creators... I am going to stop, beginning now, my research on the Ukubi. I will no longer be the accomplice of eaters of flesh. May the Ukubi live in peace! My efforts will be limited now to the study of the Namlú'u [...]

...This scene was set in the reserve of Kankala (Africa). Some royals had landed their Mága'an, a cargo vessel, in the bush. They were the red Kingús with horns. Their movements were quick and their agile tails thrashed the hot sand. They charged at some Ukubi that they had just chained and severely whipped. I was astonished to discover a commentary superposed by Mam on these images:

Behold the splendor of the Gina'abul. What abjection! What dishonor! Our work is reduced to nothing in the blink of an eye. How can the Kadištu High Council allow such a thing? May these images serve as evidence! The Reds are at their work. They are covered by the Kingú-Babbar. Damn them! May they all return to Te (the constellation Aquila)! How can I restrain myself from shrieking faced with such a spectacle? I have been deceived for too long! We have tried to create new Ukubi prototypes in the sole aim of producing an efficient manual laborer and nourishment for the line of Ušum (dragons). Among those captured and chained like this, only the specimens modified by the Ama'argi have a chance of winding up as domestics. The others in one blow are finished in the muzzles of the Ušum (dragons). The Kadištu confederates are powerless. This world is slipping between our fingers. I must admit that it has already been a long time since it was truly under our tutelage. The Ušum, by their conduct which is not within the principles of the Source, have established sectors where the light is no longer reflected. They nourish themselves there. The royals feed themselves on this emotion carried to its paroxysm. The *Celestial Adjusters* have been completely overrun. Uraš from now on carries a memory of suffering.

Another document gave me more understanding of the strange relationship that we seem to have with the royal Gina'abul, or Ušum (dragons). Another bit of information that my creator had taken care to integrate into the genetic programming that procured for me the ensemble of my intellectual capacities. I found Mam in a room, perhaps a laboratory. She seemed highly troubled:

I am at the moment sheltered in the Gigal. I have returned from the *Itud* (the moon). The Imdugud had invited me to meet with them in their secret bases. The sons of the Kingú-Babbar and the Urmah had received me to inform me of the royals' directives. (They sometimes play the intermediaries. They do it generally when they have affairs to treat with their Gina'abul co-creators.) This was very disturbing. The Imdugud indicated to me that the Kingú no longer wish to see me working in Kankala (Africa), still less in the Sínsal. The Kingú think that my work is going to conflict with their program. Their patience is no doubt wearing thin. They must have fallen on some specimens with enhanced awareness that we have developed. They have mastered fire, they command a structured social life and a noteworthy conception of the sacred. I have never transformed the Ukubi into servants as the Ušum (dragons) wished. The Ama'argi are charged with this in place of me! They have reorganized the central nervous system of several bipedal races. These

experiments produced Ukubi of strong constitution who could carry heavy loads. But they were a bit clumsy. Their neural mechanisms were progressively refined in order to make their movements more precise. However, certain specimens still suffer from significant neurological problems. They have been stricken with epileptic automatisms that at times leave them in persistent vegetative states. The agile Ukubi little by little are annihilating their predecessors whom they consider to be degenerates. Certain of them even use their primitive companions as workers or as bait for hunting game.** Should I be angry with the Ama'argi? Have they not suffered enough? This wretched partnership is their life insurance. The Ama'argi no longer live in fear of being offered to or devoured by the Ušum. Be they greens, reds, or whites, they are the same; all are outside of the universal principles of the Source. For this reason, my group and I have greatly multiplied our efforts leading to a migration of the Ukubi to the great lands. Our specimens are now dispersing toward more secure countries. There they can live in peace.

I had heard enough... I understood now that the royal Gina'abul sowed terror on the entire planet thanks to their pressing a despotic enterprise. They secretly directed the genetic manipulations of our priestesses through the use of abject blackmail: to create and perpetuate life in exchange for their own survival. The Ukubi were the principal food chain of the Kingú and also a first rate manual worker. They were nothing more than Mášanše (beasts). We were very far from the idyllic image that we used to have of Uraš in the greater part of our colonies. Uraš was no longer under the exclusive care of the Life Designers, but rather under the authority of the royals. For how long? I had no idea; doubtless for a very long time... Among the Gina'abul royals, the strange Imdugud appeared the most pliable. I had just learned that they were associated with the Life Designers called Urmah.

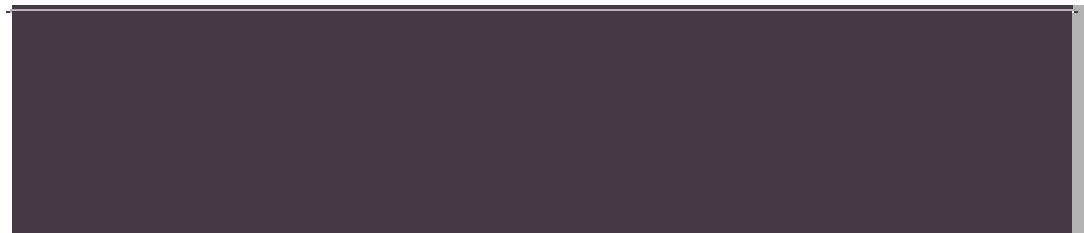
For their part, the Kingú were using us as servants. We were nothing in their eyes, just good, docile, and efficient subjects. We were worth no more than the Ukubi. This new information changed, in my spirit, the course of events that were unfolding in the heavens.

That was quite much for a single day. I thought of the Nungal. We found ourselves from then on having to live among beings who were affiliated with the Babbar (albinos) and for whom my mother and I were fully responsible.

*As has been confirmed by archaeologists and paleontologists, West (today East) Africa is the great reserve of simians or monkeys on the planet. The region of Sinsal was the place where the Life Designers such as Nammu studied the simians, but it was also the holding area from which the Dragons procured manual workers and meat. [See *Decoder*.] Also see *Fossils in Kenya Challenge Linear Evolution*.

**This refers to the progressive extinction of Australopithecus and the growing dominance of Homo Erectus ca. 950,000 y.a.

KI Matters



Please review the earlier section DIMENSIONS.

(Adapted from a graphic in *Ádam Genisis*)

Parks' recollected experiences were set in a dimensional system similar to that which has been reported in a wide spectrum of metaphysical, religious and occult literature and the literature of the paranormal. It is odd that this arrangement of physical nature is not described or even suspected by most of our physicists. Even the Open SETI Physics 101 page of our companion website, which explores some leading-edge physics models, does not point to the dimensional system that many researchers in other fields do believe to be valid.

This says to us that our physics has far to go; we cannot accept that the experiencers in the aggregate have been mistaken.

Parks provides significant details that have not been mentioned elsewhere; this is why we ask the reader to review the previous section and why we have emphasized these aspects in the version of the graphic at right. They are exceedingly important for the understanding of human and "superhuman" life on the Earth ...and of current events as well!

Perhaps the key understanding is that Ti-ama-te -- this solar system -- was a place of very high evolvement at one time, something of which it is very hard for us to conceive. In order to support the high order of beings that lived and worked here, the "frequency band" of nature in this solar system was and is higher than what is natural to its present-day rulers: the royal Gina'Abul. They have never felt physically comfortable with it.

FOR THIS REASON, THEY HAVE ALWAYS WORKED TO LOWER IT, AND ARE DOING SO TODAY.

Curiously, Sa'am's Nungal do well in our environment.

As stated earlier, the Namlú-u live exclusively in "higher dimensions", completely inaccessible to us.

KUR Adventure

To give the clearest sense of these dimensional levels and what it is like to experience them, here is an excerpt describing a probe of the levels by Sa'am and a battalion of Amar'argi warriors who are searching for a group of Mušgir. The Ama'argi were armed with *Gúrkur* [*Decoder*] and *Gidrugiri* ("lightning sticks"); Sa'am as usual carried his *Gírkù*:

...we activated our Gúrkur to propel ourselves into the KUR-GAL (2nd dimension). We were projected in a flash into a mineral desert with bluish tones...

It was a strange sensation to be able to move about without any sensation of air resistance. I have no good explanation for this phenomenon....

The place was arid. Some brambles and shrubs, of undulating forms, grew there -- the only signs of life in this totally empty world.

We had to consider passing on down to the KUR-BALA, the lowest dimension. This would be a risky maneuver. The KUR-BALA ("KUR of the queen") is where the Mušgir sometimes liked to hide themselves. From this dimension, all beings can have direct visual access onto the KUR-GAL and KI as though looking through a magnifier.

This is the KUR of power. Whoever is in this dimension is like the point of an inverted pyramid with a global vision of the superposed worlds. Should he be able to evolve here like the Mušgir, he can be the master of the dimensions.

We passed into KUR-BALA; the "plunge" was immediate. Having previously experimented with this density on my own, I again found it to be almost stifling.

I recall that the world of the first dimension is a region to which come BA (souls) who are sometimes lost. But the place was deserted.

The KUR-BALA is difficult to endure. A permanent state of tension reigns there and a vertigo seizes the being who is not used to it. Moving about presents many difficulties. It was an odd sensation, trying to board our flying vehicles without bumping into them.

One of the Ama'argi suggested that the Mušgir could be hiding in the KUR-NU-GI. Hudili had spoken to me of this intermediate dimension that existed between the KUR-GAL and the KUR-BALA.

The KUR-NU-GI (KUR of no return) is impassable to our Gúrkur. Had the Mušgir gone to that dimension to spy on us?

They never found out, because at that point their party was attacked by an invisible force, and matters took a different turn.

Sigun Camp

As "Mami" explained it, she chose Sigun as the place where the little band of refugees would establish their own colony and scientific experiment station, because the continent was totally free of *Ukubi*, those joyous hairy mammals that otherwise completely infested Uraš. It was true enough that these likable creatures with their tumultuous comportments would likely interfere with the experiments that the group was intending to undertake.

Mami had affection for them. One day she took one of the *Gigirlah* (*shining wheels*) on a day excursion to the east and returned with a young female Ukubi of petite stature. She named the creature Húlla (*Happiness*), and made her the colony's mascot.

The encampment was in the north, near the dense and humid jungle that covered the northern part of the continent. They had thrown together primitive shelter -- tents, made from materials that they found on their *Gigirlah*. Their food was taken from forest plants, which Nammu and Se'et knew well.

Immense herds comprised of innumerable herbivorous species ranged over the vast grassy and fertile plains.

In that epoch, the skies of Uraš were constantly overcast; the sun was never seen. Sa'am's morale suffered severely in the gloom, a thing that he had to try to hide from his entourage. But there were moments of relief when the Namlú'u, the guardians of Uraš, made their regular appearances.

Guardians of Uraš

The following is quoted directly from *Ádam Genisiš*.

The guardians of Uraš are not solitary; they usually travel in groups of two or three individuals minimum. From their height of 1-1/2 GI (4.5 meters), we must have resembled so many Ukubi (monkeys) to them.

The combined sciences of the Kadištu has provided them with a semi-etheric body without compare. This, aided by an interaction that was to me completely unknown, permitted them to change tonality and to evolve from the 7th to the 3rd dimension with no difficulty. This etheric envelope of a pearly violet-rose tint seemed to reflect the divine essence of the Original Source.

The Namlú'u never opened their mouth to speak; they systematically used the *Kinsag* (telepathy). They are highly cultivated and know numerous dialects, among them the Emešà of our priestesses.

From the beginning, I was able to observe that, to displace themselves interdimensionally, the Namlú'u seemed to use the field of *Turzalag* (tachyons) that forms the principal structure of the matter of the timeless vortices. We ourselves use the Turzalag field, but only for point-to-point superluminal travel.

When they descended into the KI, each Namlú'u group functioned to guard a specific terrain. Once their mission was accomplished, the Namlú'u sometimes came to meet us.

Mam and I had noticed that our Anunna had problems tolerating their presence. The guardians of Uraš were reputed to be able to detect the thoughts of others. When they sensed trouble or danger, the Namlú'u took on a reddish tint. How many times had they changed color in the company of certain of us!

The etheric body of the Namlú'u is stupefying. It shines constantly and through its transparency one sees the entire energetic system that irrigates it with light, that which we call the Nadi [*Decoder*]. Every living being possesses this system that connects us to the Source.

One day, my mother carefully related to me the details of the doctrine of the Abgal of Gagsisá (Sirius). She explained to me that the system of Nadis allows the *Pàranna* [*Decoder*] to flow back and forth harmoniously. She was referring to the vital energy that the Gina'abul prefer to call *Niama*.

The energy of *Pàranna* is unknown to my Kuku (ancestors); only certain of our priestesses know of its existence and mechanism. It seems to be a sort of opposite face of the *Niama*. According to the force of will exercised and the speed with which it is passed through the *Šagra* (chakras), the *Pàranna* can open perceptions beyond our conventional notions.

Mam revealed to me that the semi-etheric body of the Namlú'u is not the only element that they possess for adjusting their tonality; their great secret is their use of the *Pàranna*. The Namlú'u are veritable energy centers for directing molecular expansion -- an expansion realized through the perfect interaction of the *Pàranna*, the *Šagra*, and the Kundalini, which permits them to place in action their individual field of light.

This field of light, issuing directly from the chain reaction effected on the atomic particles of the body, permits any organic form to transform itself into a vehicle of ascension. My mother calls this expansive action *the Merkaba*.

Nammu indicated to me that every living thing that possesses a physical body is surrounded by this invisible force. "*Each living organic body is attuned to different realities; only those beings chained to the KIGAL density are unable to render an account of it,*" she stated emphatically.

The Merkaba is constituted of a field of counter-rotating light that links forms to the different levels of reality. By this means, it sometimes happens that certain objects find themselves in several dimensions simultaneously. In awakening their Merkaba, the Namlú'u transform themselves into super-luminous beings to whom the notions of past, present, and future do not exist in the way they do for us. I still think today that the KI density of this planet is no stranger to that, since it is so unusual in relation to others in which I have evolved up to the present.

The Namlú'u possess an absolute mastery of their *Šagra* (chakras), which permits them to communicate together instantaneously. They can dialogue with forms of life other than their own. This was in any event that which Nammu had revealed to me, but I have never yet, even for one instant, succeeded in communicating with them other than by simple gestures.

The Namlú'u have no leader. They form a collective community of the first order; a social unity -- a single essence!

Parks provides more discussion concerning the Namlú'u in his book, *Ádam Genisiš*.

Nungal

"Barag (sovereign) Enki, the Nungal have been stricken with a grave malady totally unknown!"

Mam, Sé'et and I took a Gigirlah and departed the nature reserve of the Abzu. We were frozen in silence until our arrival. Sé'et clasped my arm tightly before descending.

This scene will haunt me for eternity. The Anunna, frightened, were huddled one against the other at the edge of the encampment. From the sloughed-off skins on the ground, I deduced that my children had just entered their period of Gibil'ásu (renewal of the skin).

Some Amašutum were gathering skins, which they placed into boxes. This gesture had appeared to me totally bizarre in Mulmul, but was no longer as Nammu had explained to me that the Gina'abul skins served the Amašutum as an acidic factor to feed the crystals of their Gigirlah.

Most of the Nungal had taken refuge under the large main tent, while the priestesses incessantly came and went. We erupted suddenly among them. The Amašutum were like a herd; we blocked their path. We opened a passage and discovered to our stupefaction the cause of this turmoil. Sé'et took one jump and locked herself onto our mother and me. Facing us, some wailing Nungal were squatting on the ground, trying clumsily to hide their faces behind their arms. Their skin was totally white and practically devoid of scales! Was this a genetic anomaly? Mamitu leaned calmly toward the one between them and said: "There is no cause for concern., these are Babbar (albinos); they are of the Imdugud variety!"

Royal blood flowed in the veins of my Alagní (clones). The unfathomable discovery shook me from head to toe. A murmur of surprise ran through the Amašutum. The news went through the colony like a wave out of nowhere. In the blink of an eye I became the focus of the Nindigir's (priestesses') regard. My mother's barely controlled amusement and the sheepish air of my sister embarrassed me profoundly.

Seeing me totally disconcerted, my progenitor drily thrust at me: "How were you able to give me confidence in you? One must never clone from unknown material! Your lack of attention kept you from noticing that it is I who behind your back selected the genetic material of the Nungal. You are from now on associated with this production. I hope that this humiliation will teach you a lesson..."

This was one of the greatest lessons of my life! To better my creator [An] and to flatter my ego, I had decided to produce as quickly as possible Alagní (clones) who would have offended him. To accomplish this and because of my insistence, Mam and I retained the genetic material of an "enhanced Šutum" who belonged, so to speak, to Abzu-Abba, our ancient king. Mam had seriously duped me by choosing genetic material whose identity she must have known perfectly well. Had she perhaps even changed the labels that accompanied the cells behind my back?

This incident placed me face to face with my responsibilities. My experiences with cloning had been up to now slightly hazardous. From now on, I determined to myself to never fail again and make myself ridiculous before my people. Nudimmud (the cloner) was the first of my surnames; I must in the future honor it as much as possible.

Hudili, my right arm, came to retrieve me. Our eyes were moist. Myself by my anger and his by emotion. He knew how, as always, to find the correct words: "Am (lord), you have given us the most beautiful of gifts. Royal blood flows in our veins. Perhaps we will be the instrument of reconciliation of the Gina'abul?"

Sé'et, Crystals, Dim'mege

During much of this early period, Sé'et was out in the forests, observing the wildlife or conducting experiments. Sé'et, you will recall, was the Amašutum priestess who had been rescued by Sa'am on several occasions. She was devoted to Nammu and hoped to become her equal someday in terms of her knowledge, science, and leadership.

Sé'et, as Parks describes her, was a very very charming female, and Sa'am was strongly attracted to her. While she was said to be Sa'am's "sister", this may have meant nothing more than that they were each created by Nammu. That was her opinion of the matter.

The developing relationship between Sa'am and Sé'et bears watching, as it eventually becomes one of the most important elements, if not the most important, in Parks' story and perhaps in our own history.

There was frequent concern over Sé'et in this period, because she resisted carrying the crystals that were universally used for communications, and so Sa'am was often required to go out and search for her.

Those crystals were a highly important technology. Today we admire natural crystals for their beauty; we play with them, sell them at fairs and shows, and try to "meditate" on them. However, most people would be hard pressed to demonstrate that the crystals that we have are anything other than inert.

Yet ancient documents and scriptures are filled with references to special stones that have great capabilities, not only to perform energetic operations on other objects, or possibly to store and replay information, but also for communications -- long range and even sort of interdimensional, as in communicating with the "gods".

Parks cites and discusses a number of references concerning these matters.

We have our own "crystal technology", if you will, in terms of micro-miniaturized solid-state information-processing devices. We do not yet, as far as I know, have any crystal technology that in itself can communicate over long distances. Perhaps this is something to watch for.

Thanks to the use of their crystals, the band of Life-Designers were not oblivious to the progress of the war that had brought them to Uraš. They knew that the Ušumgal/Anunna were consolidating their hold over Ti-ama-te, and that this idyllic little adventure in the forest would soon have to end.

The molting of the Nungal was the precipitate cause of the group's pulling up stakes and going to the gates of Šàlim, "City of Eternity", the capital of the Abzu. Misunderstandings needed to be cleared up, as the Sa'am's Nungal appeared to be Babbar, who would have been anything but welcome in Šàlim. After some highly interesting interaction, all was clarified, and the entire group was admitted to royal quarters where they were to be housed.

It was pointed out that Sa'am/Enki was after all the *Barag* (King) of all the Abzus, including this one. In theory, Queen Dim'mege was his subject. In actuality, there were delicate adjustments to be made. During all the discussion, Dim'mege showed remarkable foresight: she knew the lords from the Dukù would quickly achieve control over the Earth, but by forming a powerful alliance with Sa'am, and with their mastery of agriculture and the needed equipment that they owned, they might retain some control over the situation.

"...I rightly wish to see your Kuku wallowing at my feet. You, like me, do not wish to see these louts profit from the riches of the Abzu. I therefore claim responsibility for the Mášanše (cattle) and the ensemble of the Ádam (animals) who will be tasked with assisting the Gina'abul of Dukù in their works of labor."

One should add, she also wished to become Sa'am's lover.

Nunkiga, Station on the Edin

Although there was much to appreciate in the Abzu, Sa'am became restless there, and wished to construct a retreat for himself on the outer surface. Since the choice of a location for a new development was always dictated by the availability of *Dirannas* (Stargates),

Mamitu indicated a particular spot with an exceptional concentration of them. It appeared to be a large "Edin" well "west" (east) of Kankala (Africa). (Edin or Eden = plain in Sumerian; the connection with the biblical Eden will be seen in due course.)

Sa'am made some expeditions to the area and selected a place that had two medium-sized Dirannas. It was situated right in the middle of the vast "Edin".

It seemed dangerous to bring the Nungal out there to perform the laborious work of setting up the station, so Sa'am turned to the forty Anunna that were with them. Though it is always difficult to get any work out of Anunna, thirty of them -- those of double polarity -- took a real interest in the task.

Mamitu and Sé'et went along to advise on establishing a livestock facility. The station would need to sustain at least sixty persons and a flock of sheep would provide milk for them. For this reason, they named the place *Nunkiga**, "the Noble Place of Milk".

In stages, they created a small farm for raising fruits and vegetables.

* NUN-KI-GA is the first name given to the holy city of Enki. One finds it so designated on the most ancient clay tablets, and later in the form ERIDUG [*Decoder*].

Ukubi of Sínsal

We departed the Abzu and passed over the broad mountains bordering the northern [southern] hemisphere and its gigantic continent where the Ama'argi maintain bases. Our craft crossed the northern [southern] ocean to reach Kankala. This land was like an immense abandoned garden. We followed a long strip of vegetation to reach the country of Sínsal [the Rift Valley].

Different types of savannah unrolled one after the other, passing from powdery ochre to dense green. The acacias were and still are the kings in Kankala. The landscape changed when we attained the Ukubi reserve. Volcanoes and lakes dotted the eternal valley.

An incalculable number of Ukubi inhabited these regions. We landed on the high plateau of the reserve. The site was a maze of valleys and mountains. Mam informed us that more than 200 million individuals had lived in Sínsal, but that the figure must be lower now due to the numbers taken by the Ušum (dragons).

Our vessel frightened the natives and the local fauna. We had landed near a small isolated village on the edge of a watery plain. Smoke rose from huts, from which I presumed that the Ukubi had domesticated fire. The dwellings were constructed of branches supported by stones. I stepped into one of them and noted some stone tools that were stored there. Cowhides covered the floor. Near the fire, dead branches and dried herbs seemed fated to feed the "incandescent mystery".

I rejoined Nammu and Sé'et at the center of the village. Suddenly a female Ukubi with her infant in her arms came out of a hut and headed off in the direction of the plain below. "By the Source," I exclaimed, "these are primitives, they are not simply *Adam* (animals)!"

My remark was hardly pleasing to Mam who retorted drily, "The omnipresence of fear and emotion in their daily life chains them to matter. On that account, they are hardly more *Adam* than you or I."

...The wind began to turn, leading to a break in the natural murmuring. I knew this particular atmosphere. Mam, totally exalted, invited us to move rapidly down toward the valley. A bit farther, we caught a glimpse of a friendly-looking Ukubi family. Hands raised, they communicated with the Namlú'u. The "primitives" undulated from head to foot. The etheric beings stamped their feet in rhythm, creating a cyclic pounding sound. Sé'et and I were stupefied by this strange custom. Nammu pricked her ears, counting the beats, finally stammering: "I don't know this combination!"

Disconcerted, she seized the Gírkú from my waistband, passed her hand several times along the edge of the crystal and shouted: "Namlú'u-Ukubi -- binary combination previously unknown!"

Our *génitrice* raised her arm and recorded the scene "on-the-fly". The rhythm was constant, but it rose in power. It suddenly became giddy, disorienting, creating a sort of trance among the Ukubi. The Namlú'u began to turn their heads in cadence...

In the next moment, An's fleet made its triumphant appearance on Uraš, having swept Ti-ama-te of its enemies. In that same moment, the Namlú'u vanished. This marked the first phase of their withdrawal from Ti-ama-te. Full and formal withdrawal occurred only a short time later.

A New Colony

Review

Readers by now have had more than a taste of the characters of those who waged the war that transformed our solar system, Ti-ama-te, and our planet Uraš, and the events leading up to the new situation have been mentioned. But we should take a moment here to review and sum up.

In our region of the Milky Way Galaxy, and in the constellations mentioned on these pages, at least, there exist some civilizations -- designated *Kadištu* -- with the genetic makeup, the orientation, and the training/experience to support the aims and programs of what

Parks calls *The Source*. Generally when Parks uses the words *God* and *the gods*, he is actually referring to imposters; it is important to remain aware of this.

What the aims and programs are, is not made clear, but the development of life forms through genetics seems to be a most important part. Because of this, Parks often refers to the Kadištu as *Planificateurs* and *Planificatrices*. These French words are normally translated into English as *planners*. However, in view of what they do in Parks' story, I with a bit of license translate as *Life Designers*, intended as a message to the advocates of Intelligent Design.

This solar system, Ti-ama-te, had been a primary Kadištu base, under the guidance of the extraordinary multi-dimensional Namlú'u primordial humans who had been developed here. The system was named after Tiamata, the Ušumgal queen of the Gina'abul of Margíd'da, who was the one most responsible for it.

Tiamata was definitely of Kadištu orientation, as were Nammu and Sa'am.

Other Kadištu races were here: the female Gina'abul known as Amašutum, the Ama'argi based in the Abzu of Uraš, the Urmah and the Imdugud.

Definitely opposed to the Kadištu, and also here, were royal Kingú-Babbar and related races, and on occasion Ušumgal. It's important to note that the Kingú-Babbar were (are?) violent enemies of the Ušumgal.

When Tiamata learned, via Nammu and Sa'am, that An and the other Ušumgal lords were developing the warrior Anunna race and the much despised Mušgir for purposes of conquest, she immediately prepared to wage war, against the advice of the higher Kadištu councils. This act was out of character for a Kadištu, but anyway this was her choice.

Tiamata quickly found an ally in the Kingú, and together they virtually annihilated An's Anunna forces in a single "day", but An and his close relatives, and a number of Anunna and Mušgir, escaped the main battles and came to Ti-ama-te, where they overcame the Kingú who were based here.

During that brief war, Sa'am and his party were also under attack by the Kingú, to whom their Kadištu status meant nothing or less. So Sa'am and his associates, and also about 300 surviving members of the Nungal Kadištu race that Sa'am had developed, fled here also. In the process of escaping here, Sa'am's creation Enlíl managed to isolate and chase Tiamata here too, and at a certain point in time not long after that, they destroyed Tiamata and all of her forces that had come with her.

In that moment, the Namlú'u departed... as they had told Sa'am earlier that they would. They had foreseen all of this.

While the most powerful Kadištu had withdrawn, the larger Kadištu community outside Ti-ama-te remained of course intact, and now set up a sort of quarantine... you know, the one we live under today.

Sa'am and his party had not taken part in the war. They had, one might say, dallied among the Ama'argi and done some genetic work, but suddenly reality came to them.

For having been allied with Tiamata and thus indirectly the Kingú, they could almost be seen as enemies of the Ušumgal local victors. They, the Ama'argi, and the Amašutum, were all trapped here with the powerful Ušumgal clearly about to take over the rule of the solar system. They needed to decide on some sort of strategy, and quickly.

Hudili's Address

Hudili (the senior Nungal and Sa'am/Enki's faithful "right arm") addresses an emergency council of the Ama'argi, from the height of his imposing stature and in a piercing voice:

The victorious army can never exploit the Amašutum of Uraš without risking their total isolation from the rest of this universe.

Uraš is clearly no longer under the protection of the Kadištu, but it is always under their benevolent vigilance. The allies of the Source never completely abandon a place on which they have worked.

This is what we have learned, we, Nungal, when we were with the Sukkal.

You doubtless know why Tiamata had placed us in the hands of this race of Life Designers. The Sukkal are allied with the Urmah. The Imdugud come from the Urmah and Kingú-Babbar. Today, all of you present here in this Assembly are undoubtedly thinking that our metamorphosis has moved us closer to the Kingú-Babbar, but we, Nungal, are more Imdugud in our body and Sukkal in our heart.

With hindsight, and after all these events, I ask myself at what point Tiamata knew our secret affiliation. We were created by the very holy Enki and Nammu to whom we render eternal gratitude. We slept in some part in the depths of the genetic patrimony reserve in Nalulkára. Nammu-Damkina and Enki have awakened us forever. We are the worthy inheritors of the Kadištu knowledge.

We are but approximately 300 survivors, but we will do all that is in our power to protect you and to maintain peace. Tiamata has judged that this peace was endangered by the obvious designs of the Ušumgal. Let us render homage to our queen who is engaged in an absurd war, but who is devoted to preserving the premier mission of the Amašutum, that of maintaining peace in the heart of the Gina'abul.

Wherever she may be, let us render to her our eternal thanks.

Sé'et called for calm, in respect for Tiamata. And the assembly stood in silence.

Then, Hudili concluded energetically:

When we go to meet the Ušumgal and their Anunna warriors, we will present to them the jewel of this planet. We will show them a Namlú'u. They will not be able to disavow the work of the Kadištu. The army of Ubšu'ukinna (Maia in the Pleiades) will not unfurl its ensign of victory on Uraš.

In the name of life, we will all see this together!



The Jewish traditions found in the rabbinical exegesis, itself traced from Mesopotamian and Egyptian beliefs, explain that

"The abyss named Tehom (taken from Tiamat(a)) raised itself and threatened to submerge the work of God. But in his chariot of fire (sic), God rode the waves and hurled at him great volleys of hail, lightning, and thunderbolts. God then dispatched Leviathan, the monstrous ally of Tehom, with one blow to the head, and also the monster Rahab with a thrust of his sword straight through the heart."

Tehom, the Abyss, and his "monstrous" acolytes surely represent Tiamata and her allies, who were mostly destroyed, expelled, or buried in the earth, which is to say in the hollow world of the Abzu (the Abyss).

As you will have understood, this grotesque allegory is intended to attest to the burial of the worship of the Mother-Goddess and of the Source by the alien usurpers. Whether it is Marduk who hunts Tiamat(a), Seth who pursues Apophis, Zeus who kills Typhon, Mikael who eliminates the villain Satan or even Yahvé who unseats Tehom-Leviathan, the story is exactly the same every time! We will see later that certain Biblical passages also equate the abyssal monsters (adversaries of the good and irritable "one God") to enemy countries, such as Egypt.

After the completion of Hudili's address to the assembly, Mamitu took Sa'am aside and told him that with her new power of *Niama* (that she had received from him), she was now able to view the future developments on Uraš, and they were horrible. Unimaginable anguish and bloodshed awaited them.

...The perverse beings who destroyed our queen's fleet are going to create bitterness on this world. The Namlú'u will fall and our own people will suffer to a point that you do not imagine.... my son, I see blood, much blood flowing...

Mam was practically in a panic and wanted to leave Uraš as quickly as possible, within the brief moment of time that she felt was available to them. She had calculated that they had enough ships at their disposal (about sixty Gigirlah) to escape with all the Amašutum and Sa'am's Nungal. But Sa'am recalled his briefing by the Kadištu and would not flee what he felt to be his responsibility.

In this discussion, Mam explained that this ill-fated planet had long been under the hidden control of the royal Gina'abul -- the Kingú Babbar. She had always concealed this information from the Kuku administration of Margíd-da (Ursa Major) who, had they known that Ti-ama-te (the Solar System) was dominated by their eternal rivals, would have come on the instant.

And so she had labored long and hard to maintain light on this planet. But now that the Kadištu had gone, she had no more spirit for it.

It was here that Sa'am told his mother that the Kadištu had actually turned over the vigil over the planet to them, Sa'am, his mother and sisters, and the others with them.

This was news, and she was moved by it. She said that it is very rare that the Kadištu ever make any suggestions to anyone. In this case, she said, Sa'am should disregard her earlier proposals. She opened wide her protective arms...

My son, I will support you unto the death, if that should come.

Exchanging New Names: Zehuti and Petah

In the solemn moments following Hudili's moving speech, Sa'am/Enki without any reflection was moved to give to his premier Nungal the title/name Zehuti (= Egyptian Djehuti/Thoth). Please see the [Decoder](#) for decomposition of the Sumerian syllables in this word.

Thoth is frequently represented in the form of a being with the head of an ibis. One should know that the ibis is often reported to be the bird that symbolizes the dead who voyages in the other world before attaining the light. Thus, Thoth is justly he who "brings to the deceased the breath of life".

[His role is] similar to that of Seth's for the solar god, but contrary to Seth, Thoth defends the sun god not with a sword, but with magical formulas, because he is a great magician. We also note that Thoth personifies knowledge, science, and writing. He is generally considered as "the bird emerged from Ptah"...

Zehuti quickly returned the gesture, announcing to the entire gathering that henceforth he would name Sa'am-Enki Petah (Ptah).

Some correspondences between the Egyptian god Ptah and Sa'am-Enki:



THOTH

PTAH	SA'AM-ENKI
A <i>fashioner</i> , a creator of images (clones!). Images show Ptah seated in a potter's pose.	Nudímmud: "He who fashions and puts the images into the world" = "the cloner"
Hymn from <u>Iunyt (Esna in Upper Egypt)</u> : "Ptah-Tatenem first put the gods into the world".	Placed the Nungal into the world
"Beauty of visage"	"The well-fashioned (beautiful) lord"
God of the terrestrial depths	Ruler of the abysses Kingdom is the Abzu from which comes the Egyptian term Abdju.
Caused minerals to grow in the depths of the earth. Occupied with the forge and gold. The divine smith (metalworker).	Occupied with the gold mines for the Gina'abul.
Protector of artisans Mason of the world	The Master Mason

Etc.

More evidence will be provided as we proceed, supporting the concept that Sa'am-Enki corresponds well to the Egyptian divinity Ptah.

Fallen Angels

A fracas in the streets of Šàlim and a call for "Enki, Enki!" awakened Sa'am-Enki from his rest and brought him quickly to where Ama'argi, Nungal and Anunna were gathered, very excited, while flying vessels of the Kingú passed overhead. Zehuti came to meet Enki and quickly explained: a contingent of Kingú was requesting asylum in the Abzu! Enki's decision was required on the spot.

Only one choice was possible, though this was not without its risks. The Kingú were forbidden to remain in the Abzu, but they could take refuge in the numerous grottos and natural tunnels hidden within the earth's crust. (Do we know about these today?) The royal Gigirlah stayed on until the Ama'argi finally trained their guns on them.



That is how a certain number of Kingú came to take refuge under the mountains of Uraš.

This is one of many paintings depicting the theme, always with the same elements: angels rebelling against God and falling to Earth. In the usual theocratic interpretation, these angels-gone-wrong (after all, they opposed "God", they mated with God's human creatures, etc.) are being punished for their sins.

But many events could account for this racial memory. Here, Parks suggests the banishing of some of the Kingú to homes under the surface of the Earth after being defeated by An, Enlíl, and the Anunna, though none of these players could be called angels by any stretch.

And - how ironic - An, Enlíl, and the Anunna themselves, the would-be Gods, were chained to the Earth by the Life Designers after destroying the Queen, Tiamata.

Parks also cites the interaction between the "angels" of god of the Earth (the Anunna, "angels of Yahvé") and the Nungal (sons of the Elohim).

Aria

The incident of the Kingús' requested asylum clarified and brought immediacy to the

situation. Sa'am and his people could not remain in isolation while his Kuku were consolidating their hold on the planet. At the particular moment, roles were still fluid, and now was the time to attempt to optimize them. The first step was to mark their territory and to signal their presence.

Zehuti was ordered to take command of 100 Gigirlah and to begin patrolling the planet's exterior, keeping in constant communication. Mam, Sé'et, and Sa'am posted themselves on Aria (Antarctica), the sparsely-populated boreal (southern in our times) continent on which the Ama'argi had established several scientific stations.

Aria was a verdant country upon which the north (south) wind played agreeably, sometimes melodiously with the airs around the declivity leading toward the Abzu.

Aria (Antarctica)

The name of this frozen continent of today has surprisingly rich ancient associations. Rich and varied, yet Parks' information unifies them handily, once it is understood.

The Sumerian form, A-RI-A: "desert country, region".

Connotation in Latin vocabularies is "melody".

Sanskrit: colonies established in India, also designating "nobles" or "masters".

Egyptian Book of the Dead: Ariâa, meaning "guardian" and above all "gatekeeper of the opening to Amentet (or Amenti)", which is to say of the "other world", the abode of the righteous" in the Egyptian funerary texts.

The Egyptians of the more recent dynasties regrettably confound this "other world" (indicating the terrestrial Duat) with A'amenpteh (Atlantis).

Sa'am's party landed in a region "filled with natural folds" -- mountain ranges! He had never seen such as these up to this time. The elevations were snow-covered. No Ukubi had ever been implanted there.

The peaceful plains basked in a temperate climate. But this was far from the temperatures of Margíd'da (Ursa Major) or of Mulmul (the Pleiades). Sé'et shivered a bit.

Briefing (2)

Mam said to us suddenly, "The time has come!"

She brought out a small yellow crystal from a case on her waistband and twirled it above her head. In just the time it took to turn her head several times to scrutinize the surrounding area, two Namlú'u appeared suddenly in our dimension. They seemed to me even larger than those whom we had been accustomed to meet. Their stature impressed me terribly.

Neither Sé'et nor I had known that it was possible to summon Namlú'u with the aid of a mineral like that.

"These are Namlú'u from very high levels. I am the only one to possess this crystal; no one must know of the existence of this stone! Dim'mege is its guardian when I am absent from this planet," whispered our progenitor.

Nammu then addressed them with these words:

Welcome to you, and we thank you for honoring us by your presence.

Mam raised her hand. The two beings tall as mountain responded in the same fashion. One of them suddenly changed his physiognomy. It was only at that moment that I understood that the Namlú'u are polymorphs. My stupefaction was even greater when the being addressed us in our language.

The creatures of the world of duality are good companions when they detach themselves momentarily from the ego to meet us. It is always a joy to meet with you, *Šubatám*.

SUBA₂-TAM (brilliant reflection) was the name that the Namlú'u gave to Mamítu-Nammu. The Sumerian decomposition of this epithet can equally be translated as "brilliant precious stone". As so often happens, the Sumerian offers another translation thanks to a game of words. The surname can equally be transposed to ŠUBA-TÁM, "the brilliant guardian", which conforms to Nammu's role as the great life designer of Uraš.

Times are difficult for the allies of the Source. Specimens of limited flowering, belonging to our own family, arrive on Uraš. You do not know them yet. They are different from the Kingú. They have hunted your creators and are actually in conflict with the Kingú. They disturb the fragile peace that dwells in Ti-ama-te (the solar system) and wish to transform this part of our universe.

Yes, we have seen these beings. Our founders have also spoken of them and of their relations with the Kingú. They call them the Gílimanna (Celestial Bestiary) [see *Decoder*]. The last Kadištu with whom we have been in contact actually are the Urmah. What can we do at this time to please you?

We have thought that it would be judicious to introduce you to these Gina'abul in order to inform them of the genius of the emissaries of the Source. Your presence thus revealed cannot but contain their malevolent projects.

Heaven is immense. Its stars are infinite; some are born today while others die at the same instant. The ocean is great and its pearls innumerable, but some seem more pleasing to view than others. Uraš is vast and its different forms of life are considerable, but are all subject to the rhythm of the KIGAL which arises from life, death, and rebirth. If a primitive form of life issued from the Source wishes to install itself on Uraš, we cannot stand in its way.

The KIGAL of Uraš is a place where changes regularly occur. It is a world of change and duality.

This world will go to its ruin if the plans of the Gina'abul are not restricted. You yourselves are in danger!

We are not ignorant of that, Šubatám (brilliant reflection).

Our first role was to guard the KI of Uraš for the emissaries of the Source. We have done that for many Limamu (millennia). At present, a master of the KI has been designated by you, yourself. We rejoice to see that he appears to be your son.

Nothing happens by chance, Šubatám. Our founders have truly not been repulsed from Ti-ama-te (the solar system), but have retired temporarily to allow duality to have its way in this world where the evolutionary process of the soul largely predominates. However, the founders never cease to watch!

We defer to your judgment and that of your son Enki. If you think that it would be wise to introduce us to your brothers, then we will agree to it.

Prophetess

He is there, he arrives, the murderer of our sovereign. His project is horrifying! The furious winds blow with him. She falls as a flowing star in the night, she, the faithful ambassador of the Source who dreamed of a permanent truce for all the Gina'abul. In the shadow of the patriarch sidles the carnivore, the seducer of the Nations. The Sipad (herder) of the flock whose march is teetering. His designs are sinister. The multitude honors him blindly with a single voice. He drinks from their sorrows and his work on the earth... and she falls, the Ama (mother), she plunges into the deep ocean. No one can do anything.... The wave, the breaking wave...

Align with Us or Die

Who owns the Earth? Who owns the Solar System?

Many would say "Whoever has the power to claim it."

The religious person would add "Only God has that power."

In Anton Parks' reports -- his books -- there are races who, by their orientation, by their training, and by their genetics, are closer to "The Source" than the others. And while they do include fierce warrior races among them, (e.g., the Urmah), these races generally do not claim and hold territory. That is not their way.

To the great consternation of Tiamata, Mamitu-Nammu, Dim'mege, and others who had established the great life-creating experimental station that was Ti-ama-te. They could not understand why numbers of Kingú were permitted to remain and flourish here; these haughty royal Gina'abul were slaughtering and eating the precious Ukubi and other creatures that were being developed.

The final straw for these Amašutum had been the discovery that An and the other Ušumgal lords were developing a powerful new army of Anunna and Mušgir. Against the advice of the higher Kadištu councils, these Amašutum formed an alliance with the Kingú and determined to drive the new threat out of this part of the galaxy.

And they had very nearly achieved their clean sweep, but there was a problem: Enlíl, Enki's misguided creation, had managed to corner Tiamata and chase her all the way to Ti-ama-te with the Ušumgal and an unknown number of their warriors joining the chase; Sa'am-Enki and some 300 Nungal had followed, hoping to rescue their queen.

And then the gates closed. Whoever was here, was here. Nobody could leave and no one else was entering. [What gates, you ask? The *Diranna*. See Stargates. These are apparently easily defended from within, and control over them has never been achieved by any party quarantined in this solar system. Indeed, that is the quarantine.]

Shortly after that, as we saw above, Tiamata was killed, her mothership was destroyed, and then Sa'am received the telepathic message from his father, An: Victory was total, and Sa'am was to join them immediately.

This was the setup for an epoch-making meeting that took place in the very important African savannah: "Sínsal", the reserve for the development of "bipedals", and known to us today as the place where the remains of the earliest proto-humans are found.

As we will see, everything about this meeting could be seen as a jockeying for power or power arrangements. In that sense, it set the theme for all future human activity down to our own time -- although humans such as we know them had not yet been created -- and we would hazard to say, nonhuman intelligence (ETs, gods, God, or whatever you wish to call them) in this sphere also.

Dim'mege and Mamu were planning to assert their territorial control, even to the point of challenging the very presence of the Ušumgal, and they were expecting the Namlú'u to appear and back up her claim. They had expected to see a straggling remnant of the Anunna army. But they were in for some unpleasant shocks. The first was the sight of the tip of Africa, inundated by the tidal wave that had been created by the plunge of Tiamata's mothership.

The second, upon reaching Sínsal, was the view of the victorious armada, hundreds of thousands of warriors lined in military precision. Facing them, Sa'am's party consisted of himself, Mam, Sé'et, Zehuti and Dim'mege, flanked by a hundred Nungal, some Anunna who had arrived on Uraš with them, and 400 Ama'argi. No match.

But it was the Kuku (ancestors) who were stunned, and the cause of it was the sight of the Nungal. With their light skin they were taken for Kingú Babbar and the cry went out to kill them on the spot.

But Mam took the verbal offensive, declared the presence of the invaders to be an outrage, and refused to have to justify in this meeting place the species who belonged to Mam's group.

At this point, the Kuku emerged from the mass, followed by Ninmah and Enlíl. Sa'am immediately noticed that Enlíl had not molted, as had his Nungal. This business of who molts and who doesn't seems to be key among all these races and genetic operations. At any rate, Sa'am with his knowledge of cloning almost lost himself in contemplation of the implications of this curious discovery.

Anšár (creator of An) brought the focus back to matters at hand by reminding Mam that her mistress and creator, Tiamata, was defunct and could no longer give her cover, and that Mam was henceforth under the Kukus' "divine injunction".

Sa'am took a moment to scrutinize the spirit of one of the Anunna standing near the Ušumgal. He wanted to learn how he was seen in their eyes. What he saw was confusion in their hearts. Sa'am was the son of An, with the power to command them, but also a coward who preferred to take refuge in Mam's petticoats rather than join them in combat...

Enlíl then signaled his soldiers. With a great din, first one and then three more cadavers were projected into the air, landing heavily at the feet of Sa'am and the others. They were a green Kingú, a Kingú Babbar, an Amašutum, and an Urmah warrior.

Again, Sa'am the geneticist studied the face and body of the Urmah, never having seen one before. The skin was golden as the sun, his hair of an ochre tone...

"That is what we do to our adversaries," broke in Anšár. "This is but a pale reflection of the torrent of blood that has been spilled on account of Tiamata and her allies. It is Enlíl, our champion, who led us to victory. It is to him that comes the right to administer this territory. You are in our grip. Align with our side or you will all die.!"

The little pageant continued with Ninmah stepping forward to announce that her lover, Enlíl, has been proclaimed Master of the Mardukù (the Laws) by the combined Ušumgal Council.

Please review Laws. Without an understanding of these Laws -- who wrote them, what they were intended for, and how they were subverted -- many other understandings will escape the reader as we move through these books. Don't forget to think about the role of laws in religions, highly pertinent. Also, keep your eye on this very interesting character, Ninmah. A Kadištu. Or was she? Sometimes she herself would have liked to know. But that's life on Uraš for you! It helps you find out who you really are.

Another note: While the Ušumgal Council appeared early in the *Chronicles* narrative, it seems to take on great prominence from this point forward in the history. Clearly, some key event concerning this council has transpired.

Ninmah continues...

"The Anunna High Dignitaries have also voted. To [Enlíl] alone accrues the right henceforth to administer the Anunna of Dukù. Therefore we have accorded him the title of MARDUK.

"We wish to have no further effusions of blood. Your destiny is in your hands."

A momentous detail that the Assyrian specialists have never understood: *Marduk* is not a proper name, but a title given to him who possessed the full powers, that is to say, who was the Master of the Mardukù. [See linked references above.]

In the Mesopotamian mythology Marduk is the son of Enki, we know that to be true, except that Marduk is no other than Enlíl at this precise point in history. [The specialists do not understand that Enlíl is Enki's son. In fact, they seem to be unaware of the entire cloning enterprise (and how this clouds the meaning of family or parental relations) that was so all-important.] We will see at the end of this work [AG] and throughout the third book that Enki had another son who also carried the title of Marduk. This explains why the tablets make at one point a clear distinction between Marduk and Enlíl while still amalgamating them in certain versions.

A moment of discussion between Dim'mege and Mam, and then Dim'mege stepped forward to pronounce, as sovereign of the Amašutum of Uraš, that she would not oppose the coming of the Gina'abul, but the first-ranking of Uraš would have to be consulted.

And who would they be, joked An. If there were any beings more evolved than these ridiculous Ukubi (apes), let them show themselves now or forever quail before our presence!

Well, that was a moment. Dim'mege signaled with Nammu's yellow crystal and some fifty Namlú'u popped into the KI, right in the middle of the Anunna formation, quietly and effortlessly bumping the soldiers aside.

A moment of cold panic seized the Anunna in their columns, who then moved to distance themselves from these beings, tall as mountains.

Zehuti then moved to join with the Namlú'u, and from that position, addressed Enlíl:

As the premier Nungal, and full member of the Kadištu, I allow myself to assign to you the holy presence of those responsible for this place. They are surprising beings who conjugate all the qualities of emissaries of the Source. You who wish to pass yourself as the Šàtam [territorial administrator] of Uraš, you must accept the Namlú'u, in the name of the Source of whom we are all issue and in the name of your creator Sa'am-Enki, master of this place!

Here, Zehuti prostrated himself before the Namlú'u; Sa'am and his group did the same. But the Anunna remained stunned by all that was taking place. The Ušumgal, with nothing to say, said nothing. An had become feverish. Enlíl watched him from the corner of his eye. And then, with a nervous snigger:

"Never! Never will I kneel before these creatures who are no parents of mine!"

"Not even before your creator Sa'am-Nudimmud-Enki to whom you owe your life as do all your Nungal brothers present here?" asked Zehuti.

"I have no common origin with you and your Nungal brothers," responded Enlíl. "Am I modified like all of you? Have I the white skin like that of the Kingú-Babbar traitors? I recognize but one authority, that of my fathers with whom I went to battle in the heaven. He who you call Enki is for me Nudímmud. As a son of An, he is just a brother to me, but not my parent!"

Yet another important element that seems to have escaped the experts on Mesopotamian tablets: the bloody disputes between Enlíl and Enki are not over fraternal order, but over ascendancy (lineage). In fact, there exists an ancient Sumerian tradition in which Enlíl definitely descended from Enki and his spouse, the goddess of the Earth Damkina. The specialists, troubled by such documentation, have preferred to put it into their heads that it must not be the same Enki (even if it was the same spouse Damkina as in the other texts), and have thus transformed this Enki into an obscure god of the Earth of whom no one knows anything...

This confusion is explained by the fact that Enlíl, from his arrival on the Earth, profited from his notoriety by creating a deviation between his creator and himself. This devious maneuver permitted him to record himself as brother (at times even elder brother) of Enki and not as his son. Only the Ušumgal, the Nungal and the ancient Anunna knew the truth. Time has taken care of the rest.

Other documents of clay reveal however this hidden filiation, as for example the tablet K 5157 (bilingual text, part of the Babylonian Liturgies -- Paris, 1913) where it is stated: "[Enlíl], whom the father who has engendered you, Enki, (and) Ninki, send you a prayer in my favor."

Ninki ("priestess of the Earth") is a name given to Nammu, but also to her daughter Sé'et.

An interceded here, offering a kind of reconciliation, showing a "magnanimous" side. He thanked "Nudímmud" for having integrated the diverse heretofore-unknown species of this place. He said that the information that Sa'am and Nammu had compiled would be of great support to their project. And while Nammu had not been able to eliminate the influence of the Kingú over Uraš, at least Sa'am had been able to resist them, to the point where none were in evidence at the moment.

For all this, he rendered thanks to Sa'am and agreed the name ENKI was sound and well-deserved. The Master of the KI will be their teacher and will guarantee the development of the colony.

Furthermore, Sa'am had already worked for the survival of the Anunna in the first battle on the Dukù.

For all this, Enki will be given the full rights to manage his domains, and of course he has the rights to all of the Abzus of Ti-ama-te (the Solar System). Enlíl will be the Šàtam (Administrator) in chief of all the Anunna developments. Enlíl and Enki will work together for the survival of the colony...

The Jewish literature and the texts of the Koran explain that Satan cohabited with the "angels" because he was a part of the same celestial family and he was himself in the service of God (=An). The Mesopotamian mythology indicates itself that, upon the arrival of the Anunna on the blue planet, the Earth was given to Enlíl and the Abzu to Enki... But the texts do not indicate that Enki and the priestesses who surrounded him were adroitly deprived of their rights and of their legitimate oversight of Uraš.

...Ninmah will remain in the Uraš colony with her lover.

The Ušumgal will purify Ti-ama-te of their enemies. Once that is achieved, some of them will return to Udu'idimsa (Mars) with the High Council and "one other" will rejoin the colony of Enlíl on Uraš.

Here Enki was momentarily nonplussed, and Sé'et took the opportunity to step forward and speak her mind. She might have done better to hold back, because this resulted in An's proposal to exile her to Mulge for her troubles. Interesting and most significant point: An put this to a vote of the seven members of the Council, of which Enki was counted as one (due to his having inherited the position from the father of them all, Abzu-Abba, whom he had killed in the first days of his life).

His vote made no difference; in fact they knew he would vote against so they never even asked him. It seems that majority rules in this Council institution.

As the Anunna soldiers were taking Sé'et away, Mamítu and Enki protested, which resulted in a peremptory decision by Anšár to send her to Udu'idimsa (Mars), where he felt she would be more useful anyway (there being too many Kadištu on Mulge). Or did he have other intentions for her? It was noted that he gave her an odd look.

Further negotiations ensued, with Dim'mege and her Ama'argi being granted the rights to her territories but in return for services that would be required of them.

Briefing (3)

The reader may have noticed that scattered throughout these pages are occasional passages designated "Briefing". These contain information from Kadištu sources, as Parks recalls them, and they invariably have value that passes beyond the activities of the moment but can help us today in our understanding of the pageant in which we find ourselves. Designating them as "Briefings" is intended to assist the reader in locating them using the menus or the search engine.

One of these occurs at this point in the narrative. At the end of the Sinsal meeting, An is reminded of the Namlú'u who had been silently standing in their midst. In fact, his soldiers were becoming disturbed by this. An looked up at them, became rather uncomfortable with their presence, and made a dissembling attempt to approach them. We will pass by that, except to say that it clearly angered the Namlú'u, one of whom replied thusly:

We are not party to your dealings. Your words are the sickness of your affliction. You seem to lose yourselves in a perpetual disequilibrium of expression of the Source. This brings to you an erroneous vision of the world that surrounds you and distances you from inner peace.

May the emissaries of the Source who work in the heart of your group lead you toward true wisdom.

Do not deceive yourselves as to your adversaries! Contraries are always attracted; this is not a fatal thing. Take the time to hear what they have to say to you. Some have a positive influence and others are diverting. Watch them acting and perhaps even enduring to guide your line toward reason.

The effort must come from you. No one will do it for you.

The time has come for us to withdraw progressively from this density, which is in great peril.

At this point, Mamu overstepped. She attempted to command the Namlú'u to remain:
YOU HAVE NOT BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR THAT!

In doing this, she showed that she too had failed to grasp some basic matters. The Namlú'u then were required to give her a gentle dressing-down, in front of her enemies:

Emotion gets the better of you, Šubatám (brilliant guardian). We have not been programmed at all, contrary to your own creations. You seem sometimes to forget it, but this is justified by the fact that the females of the Gílimanna (Celestial Bestiary) did not participate in our conception.

We are but simple conduits linked to the Source. We have no particular obligation other than to propagate the light.

Our creators left this density in order to allow you to experiment with your ideologies. This quest that guides your hearts has been in progress for many Limamu (millennia). The coming of all these soldiers represents the final phase of the work of the Gílimanna (Celestial Bestiary) on Ti-ama-te (the solar system). This phase will take whatever time is required for total realization, but it will lead the Gílimanna to an impass if it persists on this path.

For us to remain near the Gílimanna while it develops the most painful phase of its project of demolition, would lead to suicide for all of us.

Šubatám (brilliant guardian), guard your energy to aid your own. You have no need of our services to complete the work of your life. We leave you now and may reason win you over and never be at risk of losing you in eternal torments...

I heard "Good riddance!" from the group of my Kuku (ancestors). The Namlú'u disappeared from our reality, scattering several Anunna.

Was it a farewell or simply a "till we meet again"?

Aftermath

This "briefing" went down hard on everyone present on the Sínsal that day. The Anunna soldiers, for example were left in anguish. Thinking themselves to be the most highly-evolved form of life and now able to relax in their new idyllic world, they had been quite disillusioned by the vision of the Namlú'u and the things they had said. They went back to their Gigirlah and took to the skies. An, for his part, was totally confused.

Sa'am's Kuku, Ninmah, and Enlíl were furious. Sa'am and his people went to their various vessels. Zehuti had started to board with Nammu and Sa'am, but Nammu gestured him away, to go find some other vehicle.

Sa'am was disconsolate, head in his hands, but Mam pulled his hands away and gave him some slaps. She was highly disappointed with him, whom she had thought to be a Kirišti (Kadištu emissary, working in the universe for the Source), because he had not acted to save his sister. She went on to list all the things that Sé'et had been doing for him, and it was an impressive list.

But she did not seem to know or acknowledge how much Sa'am truly loved his sister, and how much he was grieving. This was cruel.

This seemingly minor matter -- how much Sa'am loved his sister -- is actually of an importance that cannot be overstated; it leads directly to the key theme of the following book, *The Awakening of the Phoenix*! In fact, there could hardly be any matter more important to us today, because its deliberate misappropriation has become a core component of the very thinking and personal orientations of many of us.

How can that be, and what is that theme? It is the idea that Sé'et/Aset/Isis and Sa'am/Asar/Osiris were *sister souls* or *celestial sister/brother*. Their long train of incarnations is traced, as is the means for conducting the inseminations and the soul pathways that make it

A tasty extract from the gnostic Nag-Hammadi text, "The Origins of the World", Codex NH2-5 ; 20:

"When he (the first father) learned for certain that there existed before him a luminous immortal Man, he was profoundly troubled, because he had declared to all the gods and to their angels: 'I am God. No other exists beside me.'

"And he was frightened by that which perhaps they, from that point on, knew: that one other than he had existed before him and could condemn him! But he, insensed as he was, ignored this condemnation and took it lightly. He said, "If someone was before me, let him appear, that one may see his light. And no sooner had he said that, than a light shone forth from the *Ogdoad* who is in the heights and crossed the seven Heavens and the Earth. When the first father saw how beautiful and clear was this light, he was stunned and became confused. When the light had appeared, a marvelous human figure was shown in it..."

Extract from the Babylonian poem Atrahasis, lines 1 to 26:

"When the gods had the task of man, endured the duty and carried the burden, the burden of the gods was large, the work was hard, the distress was immense.

"The great Anunnaki imposed on the Igigi (Nungal in Sumerian) a sevenfold burden...

"As they agreed, the great gods drew lots: Anu returned to the Heavens, Enlil took the Earth for his fiefdom, and Enki, the prince, received the inland seas.

"When Anu returned to the heaven, the gods of the Apsu (Abzu) descended; the celestial Anunnaki imposed the burden on the Igigi.

"These gods dug the watercourses to open the canals... In that manner they carved out the Tigris and then the Euphrates rivers."

possible to proceed.

And Parks shows what has been made of this, and by whom, for the purpose of controlling humans.

A preview/introduction, translated from Anton Parks own page, is being constructed on our page [Heru](#).

Destiny of the Nungal

A follow-up meeting took place that same evening. Important matters needed to be discussed.

For example, the dispensation of the code of laws, the Mardukù. Decree 40 designated Sa'am as the sole possessor of the rights to put the Mardukù into practice. But the Kuku wished to name Enlil as the Master and Administrator of the Mardukù, with Sa'am being constrained to the more limited role of Chief Executive (whatever that may be). Would Sa'am be of good will and cooperative?

They raised another issue.

While An and his warriors had soundly defeated the Kingú and were consolidating a position in this solar system, clearly this was but a local victory; the gateways out of the solar system had been closed. Whatever they were going to have in the way of a base was going to have to be constructed here from locally-available resources.

An and his creator Anšár were envisioning a colony that at the very least could provide their people with food and other survival needs, and which sheltered sufficient stargates to allow travel and communications around the solar system. For this, Sa'am-Enki thought of the vast Edin plain in the middle of which he had established his little Nunkiga (Eridu) agricultural station. This was in an area north of present-day Iraq, near the Taurus mountains. Here there was a concentration of more than twenty Diranna (stargates).

And so Sa'am-Enki suggested this site. An, Enlil, and the others were enchanted with the proposition, and they all went to inspect the place the next day.

There they found some Nungal working in plantations where Sé'et had been developing medicinal plants. Enlil found this quite disagreeable, it being more of a pastoral place than a potential command post. But they also saw a practical drawback: the area was quite arid and waterways would need to be constructed. Lacking any equipment for achieving this, the prospect was for rivers and streams to actually be carved out by hand labor. But who would do it?

An would not consider using his victorious Gina'abul warriors for such a menial task. Sa'am-Enki suggested Kingú prisoners of war, but An drily replied that he was not in the habit of taking any prisoners of war. Amasutum were actually proposed.

In the end, it came down to Enki's faithful Nungal, who were made to report to work without even the use of hand tools that had been offered to them for their use by the Ama'argi. The justification for using them was that they contained some Kingú genetics.

This development actually physically sickened Enki for quite some time...

Eventually, Dim'mege alerted Mam to Sa'am's condition. Partly to shock him back into action, and partly because it simply was needed, Mam paid a visit to Sa'am, informing him that she had arranged an Assembly of the Ušumgal High Council to meet there, in Sa'am's own Abzu, the next day, to finalize the division of tasks and lands before An returned to Salbatánu (Mars). Mam and Sa'am would preside over this Assembly.

"...Raise yourself, show to your progenitor, to Enlil, to the ensemble of Nindigir (priestesses) of Uraš that you are worthy of their confidence! You have been associated to the Source by my intermediary. I chose you even before we were informed of your hidden filiation. You are blessed by the Kadištu (Life Designers). Have they not revealed to you your mission? Before looking after others, take care of yourself quickly my son. Do not disappoint me, Son of the Water!"

Sa'am was divided over this new prospect. He was, after all, partly the creation of An. He was part Gina'abul and he shared their pride. Was he ready for this new commandment from his mother? What did the Gina'abul have to say to him? These were the questions with which Sa'am faced the Assembly next day.

We will not have the space here to reflect the rich description of the proceedings that you will find in Parks' book. We do want to cover the key events of this epic meeting between Mam, Dim'mege, Sa'am, the Ušumgal de Margid'da (*Ursa Major*) and their fifty Anunna dignitaries.

The physical arrangement was in the time-immemorial manner of the Amašutum: a throne composed of two seats (occupied by Nammu and Sa'am) presided over several rows of benches.

Dim'mege was placed near An, in the first row. A piece of gilded silk, richly brocaded, covered her nose and her mouth... doubtless a sign of dissatisfaction toward the High Council. She appeared to have lost some weight.

First on the agenda, raised by Sa'am, was the fate of his poor Nungal, 300 individuals struggling with the gigantic physical task of constructing the colony's waterways with practically their bare hands. He wanted to know why they could not use Kingú prisoners for this.

Lahmu, the son of Abzu-Abba, got right down to it:

"If you had not created Alagni (*clones*) from impure blood, you would not be in this position, young imbecile! The Nungal have the fate they merit. They are bastards whom no one in this assembly had wished to see born, including Tiamata, your "genetrix" (*progenitor*), and yourself!"

"What audacity!" cried Sa'am.

"Are you then so old that memory plays games with you these days? It is Anšár himself who had solicited our queen for the creation of the life designers, with the sole aim of cloning soldiers who would be under your control, that is to say the control of the Ušumgal de Margid'da (*Ursa Major*). The Nungal were assembled partly from sequences composed by your own creator, Abzu-Abba. I then took the responsibility to reprogram certain genes during the final sessions. As you know, we were pressed for time and the cloning sessions were realized rapidly. Specifically, Nammu was opposed to the reutilization of an unknown material."

An and Ninmah crossed regards...

Ninmah rose calmly and appeased the assembly with a tranquil voice:

Lahmu truly needs someone to revive his memory! Let certain members of the Assembly be definitely advised of the following facts:

Sa'am-Enki is not responsible for the physical state of the Nungal! As he has just declared, he has merely utilised an existing material. He cannot be entirely blamed for his error, because his act was foreseeable! May the truth be known here and may our children work together for the survival of our colony.

I have always had access to the genetic patrimony of our race. With the accord of the majority of the Ušumgal, I have secretly been charged by An with modifying the gifts of certain cells...

We suspected that Sa'am was going to have to create Alagni (*clones*) in his haste. Also he fell into the trap that had been set for him by his Kuku. The Nungal would not have been able to survive in the plan of the Ušumgal, so it was simpler that they be made in the image of our sworn enemies, the Kingú-Babbar! Believe me, Enki, the Nungal would not be living today if events had unfolded the way you think. Their presence at our side is finally a blessing.

We provided here a taste of the contentions that characterized these momentous proceedings. But again with the limitations of this presentation, we can do little more than to state that the following conclusions were reached:

- In spite of Sa'am's fervent wish otherwise, the Nungal would be required to complete their labor and assist in the establishment of the colony. Those who survived would have their lives saved.
- The established presence of the Kingú in this system from the night of time would be respected.
- Sé-et would remain a prisoner.
- Zehuti (Thot) would be granted freedom with Enlil's blessing.
- The Ušumgal had maneuvered into a position of control over the Mardukù texts, with Enlil henceforth the colony's Šàtam (Administrator) in Chief.

In formalizing that last point, Ninmah performed, with the unanimous accord of the Assembly's permanent members, the ritual of the transmission of the Divine Laws on her lover, depositing on his shoulders the pectoral of brilliant crystals, Gina'abul symbol of supreme authority. These were the ME that contained the precepts of the line of Anduruna (Gina'abul star system in the Great Bear constellation). In these crystals was figured, among an enormous mass of information, an integral copy of the Mardukù with all the rules that composed it. This act was heavy in meaning, as it placed Enlil "above" the laws...

The contentious proceedings were by no means completed with that. There remained the hard choices that would determine the character of the new colony that, as we show a little further down this page, was being established at *Kharsag*, in the Taurus Mountains southwest of Lake Van in present-day Turkey.

We have provided numerous illustrations of this area. Readers would do well to click [here](#), opening a second explorer window onto the series of illustrations, and lending reality to the points of the debate or rather the struggle taking place at this point in the great assembly.

It is quite striking that the factors driving the establishment of this place that became so iconic in the memory of the as-yet unborn human race -- after all, *Eden* -- seem so understandable and reasonable to us now, when we are able to learn of them.

Thus Ninmah had been thinking of a base, actually to be the principal residence of the colony, in the mountains of the South, to which she had given the name Dukug. It would support the development of the river system being carved by the Nungal in the vast Edin (the plain). This would be a forest city where would dwell the fifty Anunna dignitaries forming the Ušumgal High Council.

DU₆-KUG

- "the brilliant hillock/mound" or "the sacred mound", not unrelated to the place of the creation of the Anunna, the Dukù (the holy mound) situated in Mulmul (the Pleiades) and ultimately conveying the same sense. It is of course a play of words.

The Assembly was hardly of one mind over this idea. An, for example, was opposed; he couldn't understand the benefit of putting so much effort into the construction of what would be a temporary city. But Enlil believed it would endure a good length of time... the time required for the Nungal to accomplish their task.

Anšár supported An, proposing to simply install the colony where they were, in the Abzu, without bothering to consult Sa'am who had been given authority over that realm. But that was out of the question for Enlil anyway, who needed to have the colony be near the Edin where he could keep an eye over the progress of the Nungal.

Sa'am remarked to Enlil that if the rapid advancement of the work were his wish, he ought to allow the Nungal the use of the drilling machines (*Albarzil*), of which the Ama'argi possessed several. These large devices had been used to carve the deep tunnels that traversed numerous regions of the globe.

Enlil was torn between seeing the Nungal undergo punishing labor on the one hand, and being the supervisor of a well-executed project on the other.

(Enlil seemed to have it in for the Nungal... not for anything they ever did, as far as we can tell, but simply for who they were. In other words, for their genetics. In other words, for reasons of racism, that existed before there were any humans on the planet to practice it. It was well-known among those who were to become the gods of Uraš. Would you say that it is still, to this day?)

Ninmah's main concern was to gain the Council's approval of her project. If the work on the plain advanced too rapidly, her program in the mountain risked becoming unable to retain interest. Enlil understood this. He negotiated Sa'am's presence on the Dukug near the colony, at least for the time it would take to construct the city, because he wished to make Sa'am the project manager for the region. With this as condition, and assuming the project be approved by vote, he authorised the sending of one Albarzil to Edin, to where the Nungal were working.

KHAR-SAG or HAR-SAG/GHARSAGN

Sumerian Word Plays: the encircled summit, principal enclosure or haystack. Related to Sumerian HUR-SAG, name of mountain. Cited forms possess the same archaic cuneiform sign, proving their common origin and sense.
This explains definitively why Ninmah was named

According to recent studies, cedar forests existed long ago in the Zagros Mountains and doubtless in the Taurus. The Sumerians carried out a massive destruction of these vast forests to obtain construction materials and charcoal to make their bricks and their domestic fires. This resulted in the progressive disappearance of the cedar forests in the mountains around the first millennium A.D.

Ninmah had developed the design of the city, which she named *Kharsag*. It was to be disposed in terraces and comprised of a great garden where grew an abundance of trees. It would be composed of orchards and plantations for the benefit of the entire colony. The buildings were to be constructed from cedar, which was available in the mountains.

Kharsag would be encircled by a palissade that would protect the city from eventual predators, or even the Ugubi (apes) or the Ukubi (*genre Homo*) who wore clothing of skins and carried weapons of wood and who loved to perch in the heights to view from a distance their game.

Ninmah presented her plan to An, who seemed to be opposed to it. But Enlil lent his support, and with his gift for language, detailed the need to build large buildings and a great reservoir to support the plantations and

the community. Equally needed would be roads and irrigation canals.

Enlil then turned to Mamítu, hoping for her support of the project by way of furnishing them the secret of plantations by means of which several crops can be produced in a single season. But Mamítu expressed disinterest in the whole thing, as long as her daughter remained a prisoner.

My place is not with you in the mountains. It is not negotiable and neither is the presence of my son at your sides!

Anšár stood up like a picket post and responded with force:

Then be condemned officially Mamítu-Nammu by the High Council! That she be branded anathema and be excluded from our assemblies beginning with this day!

Anšár raised his right hand; the entire ensemble of the High Council stood without making any request and voted on this decision. Ninmah and I were the only ones not to ratify the condemnation. Not being part of the High Council, Dim-mege did not have voting rights.

Ninmah stared fixedly at my *genetrix*. Doubtless she found this sentence too unjust...

Enlil, totally euphoric, profited from this moment of exultation to put the *coup de grâce*. He probably had not noticed that his companion did not support him this time:

I ask of the Assembly that the name of *Sagba* (anathema) be attributed to Mamítu-Nammu. That she carry henceforward the malediction conferred by the High Council!

More than half the voters ratified this wish and my mother left her seat. She could not resist lancing at Enlil the following:

I remember you when you were but a vulgar fugitive on Nalulkára. My descendant, who is your creator, has just come to me to ask what he should do with you... I regret that his heart finally took over from his reason. In spite of the prowess of your creator, mixed-bloods are decidedly not Alagni (clones) of the highest order and you are an example of exactly that. I predict for you a deadly destiny, my son, you will finish alone and tormented forever, I promise you!

Ninmah rose and declared the following:

May the Assembly be indulgent. Nammu's anger is noted, but her words overstep her thoughts. Enlil is a marvelous creation, so here be praised Enki-Nudimmud (Enki the Cloner) for his prodigy!

The congregation chanted in a single voice: "Nudimmud!"

As if by "accident", the Sumerian term SAG-BA (anathema, malediction, vow) possesses as its Akkadian equivalent the name Mâmîtu of which the sense is strictly the same. Now you know why... Mâmîtu or Mamit is a term that often designates the violation of a vow. It will also be utilized by the Akkadians to designate the female demon who personifies this malediction...

Mam left the room, demanding that the Assembly leave the Abzu after the session. Without hesitation, Dim-mege came toward me and took a place at my side, on the seat of her *creatrice*.

Perhaps ironically, all this led to An's invitation to Ninmah to continue making her case for her ambitious project, and finally its acceptance by the assembly.

Finally, festivities were about to begin when Dim-mege addressed the High Council on the question of the division of the riches of Uraš (the Earth). Anšár counseled her to arrange with Enki, as Master of the Abzu, to share its riches with his maternal family. He stared then at Enki and Dim-mege, making the following specification:

Enki will make you share in the decrees inscribed on the Mardukù. Numerous are those which concern the role of the Amašutum with respect to the Anunna. Your females will be a great support to us. They will not escape these decrees graven on the plaques of kùsig (gold) deposited in the Abzu of Mulge (the black star). Be it recalled that according to our code vigorously enforced by the actual authority of Anduruna (Gina'abul stellar system in Ursa Major), the presence of this holy Didabbasar (text of laws) in Ti-ama-te (the solar system) is in force here on Uraš and in the entire solar system. Thus I invite you, daughter of Nammu, to consult the Mardukù as quickly as possible and to take your dispositions to requisition your females so that they may place themselves under the orders of the executive depositions of this text, that is to say your brother Enki, as well as Enlil, the venerable Šatam (Territorial Administrator) of our foundation program. In the future, daughter of Nammu, we want you to know that we would like you to mix your breath with ours, as this piece of silk that covers your face is an insult to the High Council.

My sister had to draw her veil forthwith. The members of the auditorium stood in unison, as if to liberate themselves from this spell which had been heavy and interminable. Dim'mege posed on me a regard filled with compassion and withdrew her Gúrkur from one of the folds of her robe of silk. She gave it a turn and evaporated from our dimension, leaving the room.

A brouhaha of indignation quickly arose. Few among us possessed a Gúrkur on Uraš. This highly coveted object made many envious.

A celebration for Ninmah followed... wine flowed, undoubtedly from Udu'idimsa (Mars) where Sé-et had surely been sent. Enki missed her presence cruelly, and his thoughts turned to their loving times... erotic details in the book. They had done much together, but, in obedience to Nammu, they had never unified. Had Enki known their destiny, he surely would have done it, as then by the force, he would have been able to communicate the power of Niama, and then they would have been able to communicate secretly with the aid of the Kinsag (telepathy).

There I was, drinking with these individuals who were not like me. The members of the Assembly were considered to be sages, however, they had ransomed us in full legality and had humiliated us without reservation. The Mardukù had definitely been turned against us. At what point had I been manipulated by my Kuku (ancestors)?

I understood finally at this instant that if I were to preserve anything of my maternal family and my own, I must play their game with finesse. I guarded that none took note of my trembling hands as we clinked glasses. My hands that were not like theirs. Webbed like those of my mother and my two sisters.

Joy filled the room. The marvelous project of Ninmah and Enlil was on everyone's tongue. Ninmah came over and pledged her alliance. She had never been so resplendent.

My Šagra (chakras) were closed. I avoided having any distinct thoughts, as I would have taken the risk of revealing myself. But I knew that I would not remain there. At this instant, I hadn't the least idea of a plan that I would construct to save our honor, and even less of an idea how long it would take. I did know that my reprisals would be terrible!

Adjustments

Following the ratification of Ninmah's project and the departure of the High Council from the Abzu, a long discussion took place between Sa'am/Enki, Mam, and Dim'mege to review and absorb the meaning of the recent epochal events.

Certain new understandings and adjustments were needed. We summarize here:

- Sa'am was to hold no hope for anything further from his Kuku (ancestors). He needed to become more combative!
- Mamitu transmitted the contents of the Marduku to Dim'mege... who was beside herself with anger to hear of it.
- Mam explained that they had never imagined that the Ušumgal and Anunna would wind up in Ti'ama'te (the solar system) where they would use it to consolidate their power.

And when they were alone together, Mamítu conveyed to Sa'am:

- He needed now to give himself more regularly to the mystic path, in whose practice he would raise the sexual energy through meditation.
- He was no longer to have a sexual rapport with her!
- He will have a great need to master his emotions when he will be in the mountain with Ninmah and Enlil.
- He was henceforth aligned with Sé'et. Nothing nor anyone must disturb this verity!

After a night of fitful sleep, Sa'am awoke, requisitioned a Mága-an (cargo vessel), placed on it an Albarzil (mechanical drill) and provisions. Accompanied by eight Ama'argi, he set off.

One of his main objectives was to liberate his faithful Nungal Zehuti (Thoth) from his yoke.

Sa'am set off to where, exactly?

We interrupt our narrative to present material that we have been collecting relating to the Kharsag colony and its geography. Much of what follows had been part of this website since well before the information that you have just been reading.

Kharsag

At the end of Anton Parks' first book, *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*, the opening battles of the great new war between the rebellious Ušumgal and Tiamata's combined forces had quickly resulted in disaster for the Ušumgal, except that a remnant had escaped to this solar system, and in the process Enlíl had managed to chase Tiamata here as well, where she was subsequently destroyed.

Enlíl had done this, while Sa'am-Enki and his associates, who also had managed to flee to Ti-ama-te and Uraš in particular, were having a relatively idyllic time experimenting with the life forms they found in our now-southern hemisphere. Sa'am, Mamítu-Nammu, and their immediate party had gone to "the heart of the planetary reserve," and were joined there by 300 surviving Nungal, accompanied by close to 180 Amašutum and also by a small number of Anunna who had gotten past a protective barrier set up by the Kadištu.

They sheltered there, having broken communication with the maneuvering warriors, while combat raged elsewhere in Ti-ama-te, and particularly on Udu'idimsa (Mars), which was the larder of the solar system at that time. An soon consolidated and established himself there along with his bloody warriors.

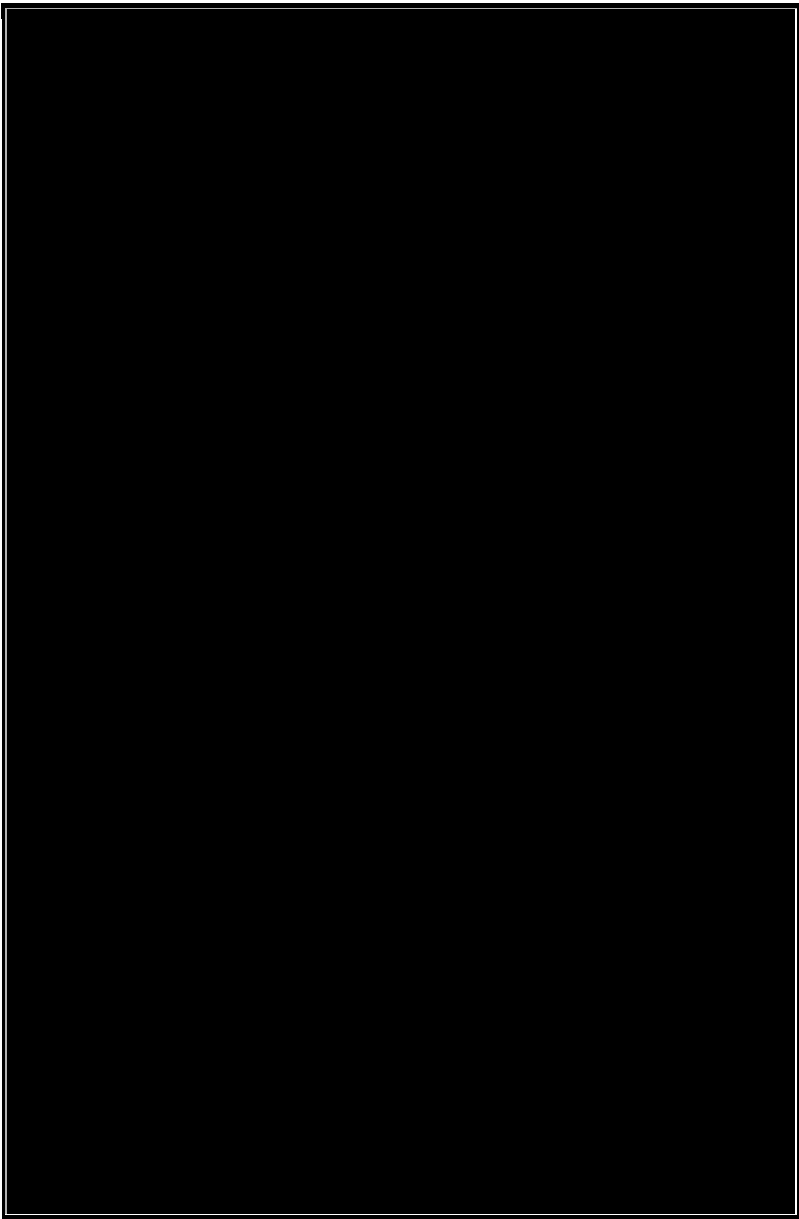
There were assurances that Mulge, the planet of the Kadištu, would never be conquered, due to its elevated frequency. Certain races of Life Designers lived there in the ANGAL (higher frequencies), while others such as the Amašutum, the Abgal, and perhaps the Urmah, tended to frequent the Abzu (subterranean world). Parks does not know of the status of Mulge-Tab (the satellite of Mulge) at that time, though a number of Amašutum had been stationed there since the coming of that race into the bosom of the Kadištu (Life Designers).

When total victory was announced by An, Enlíl's illustrious future here was assured, while Sa'am-Enki would remain forever a barely-tolerated strangeling, even though his great talents were desperately needed and gladly received by the new overlords.

Karma One: The Ušumgal hierarchy and the Anunna came to colonize the surface of the globe and installed themselves, not at first in the Mesopotamian plain, but in the mountains situated today to the north of Mesopotamia...

You differ here from Sitchin who believes that the Anunna established themselves in the plains -- Eden -- in order to set up spaceports for the arrival of "rockets".

Your book also gives evidence that the Anunna, as well as other races or castes, travel with technologies much more sophisticated than "rockets", such as interdimensional and



There came a time when a major colonial facility was needed, and Sa'am-Enki designed and oversaw its construction in what is now known as the Taurus Mountains of Turkey, according to the best understanding of Anton Parks.

Parks and I have cooperated on a project whose aim is to develop a complete graphic picture of the colony, which constitutes what was known as *Kharsag* and which incorporates the so-called *Garden of Eden*. We are documenting this effort within these pages.

Note that a second colony, figuring importantly in Parks' third book, was constructed after the first one was destroyed in an Earth upheaval around 10,000 years ago. For the purposes of distinguishing them, on these pages we designate them as *Kharsag 1* and *Kharsag 2*.

Other than a brief mention, not much will be said here about *Kharsag 2* until the third book is published.

Determining the exact location of *Kharsag 1* was difficult, as might be expected. Parks had a strong mental image of the landscape and its features; finding them on a modern map was the problem. There was an additional aspect: we did not know how much the terrain had been altered by the upheaval mentioned above.

We developed the following methodology:

1. As a first-order approximation, we assumed that no significant changes to the terrain had taken place.
2. Parks located the general area on a printed map.
3. I developed images of the area using Google Earth.
4. Parks moved to the smaller scale with appropriate imagery from Google, attempting to refine the position. He settled on several possibilities.
5. Using Digital Elevation Model (DEM) data and a variety of software, I produced rendered landscapes representing each tentative area. Parks then selected one outstanding choice from among those.
6. We examined that choice with more imagery, looking for anything that would contradict Parks' memory.
7. Since there were a few contradictions, we "adjusted" the landscape to eliminate those. The needed adjustments were rather minor: a flat area had to be raised slightly, and a river course had to be diverted into another channel that exists today but that has a few blockages, and is dry.
8. That constituted the "localization". The process is virtually complete.
9. Much work remains on representing the atmosphere, vegetation, artificial construction, creatures, and work activities.

sense to me.

As to the technology of the "gods", and in abstracting from what I have been able to observe in my "visions", I will say only one thing: I cannot see extraterrestrial races traveling in space with rockets! Rockets or space ships of yesterday and today are typically human productions and not the intergalactic vessels that afford the ability to move about our universe. I clearly explain in *The Secret of the Dark Stars* the reality of stargates and their use by the "gods". I don't see what I could add to this subject, only that I am absolutely convinced that these have been studied by the militaries for many dozens of years.

[N]

We have provided on another page a report of a study showing via interim images how we implemented the process described above, to determine the original colony's location. For the moment, that "report" contains additional images that more logically belong on the page you are viewing now. We are reorganizing all of these images at this time, and adding some new ones on this page. Some images will be moved from the "study" to this page. Temporarily, there will be some duplication between the two pages.

To see the graphical study and all associated images, click the thumbnail below:





The first Kharsag colony, that which we call *Kharsag 1*, was established in present-day Turkey, in the Taurus Mountains southwest of Lake Van (the large dark body of water in this Google Earth image). Its specific position (37.63N, 41.97E) is labelled "Kara Dag 1". (Google Earth labels several high ground areas in the Taurus Mountains as "Kara Dag". Since one of these coincides with Kharsag 1, we called it "Kara Dag 1", at least in this image.) After the Earth's upheaval due to the close encounter with Mulge-Tab (Venus) roughly 12,000 years ago, Kharsag 2 was built close to the western shore of the lake. The green rectangle indicates the area selected for the present study. "DEM" refers to the "Digital Elevation Model" dataset obtained for rendering into 3-D models.



Google Earth view to the south over the Kharsag 1 area. The high ground that was the position of the Kharsag 1 headquarters is as stated one of several designated *Kara Dag* on the Google Earth maps of the Taurus Mountains. In the distance to the south is what was called the "Edin Plain", a work camp and a place of dreadful hardship for the workers there. The *platform* south of Kara Dag 1 was Enlil's customary vantage point for watching the ongoing work with the aid of high-tech viewing systems. Today, this "platform" area is not high enough to provide an unobstructed view to the south. We feel it is acceptable to correct this by raising the platform slightly in our rendered landscapes, citing the planetary changes induced by the Mulge-Tab encounter as a possible cause of a later subsidence. Just to the north of Kara Dag 1 (toward the bottom of image), the green valley below the ridge was the site of *Ninmah's Garden*, where Ninmah and Enki experimented with crops and other plants. We will be sure to render a watercourse through the valley of Ninmah's Garden and appropriate vegetation, originally cedar, pine, poplar, and willows along the stream.



The platform area, shown with south at top. Another variance from Parks' memory was the location of the stream, shown in grey in the Google Earth view. We indicate here in red color the routing that Parks recalls. In our landscape rendering, we filled somewhat the stream bed on the right and dug one on the left corresponding to the red, and we raised the platform.



View of the colony area looking NW from over Enlil's platform. Parks has airbrushed for us the habitation areas. Ninmah's garden to the rear.

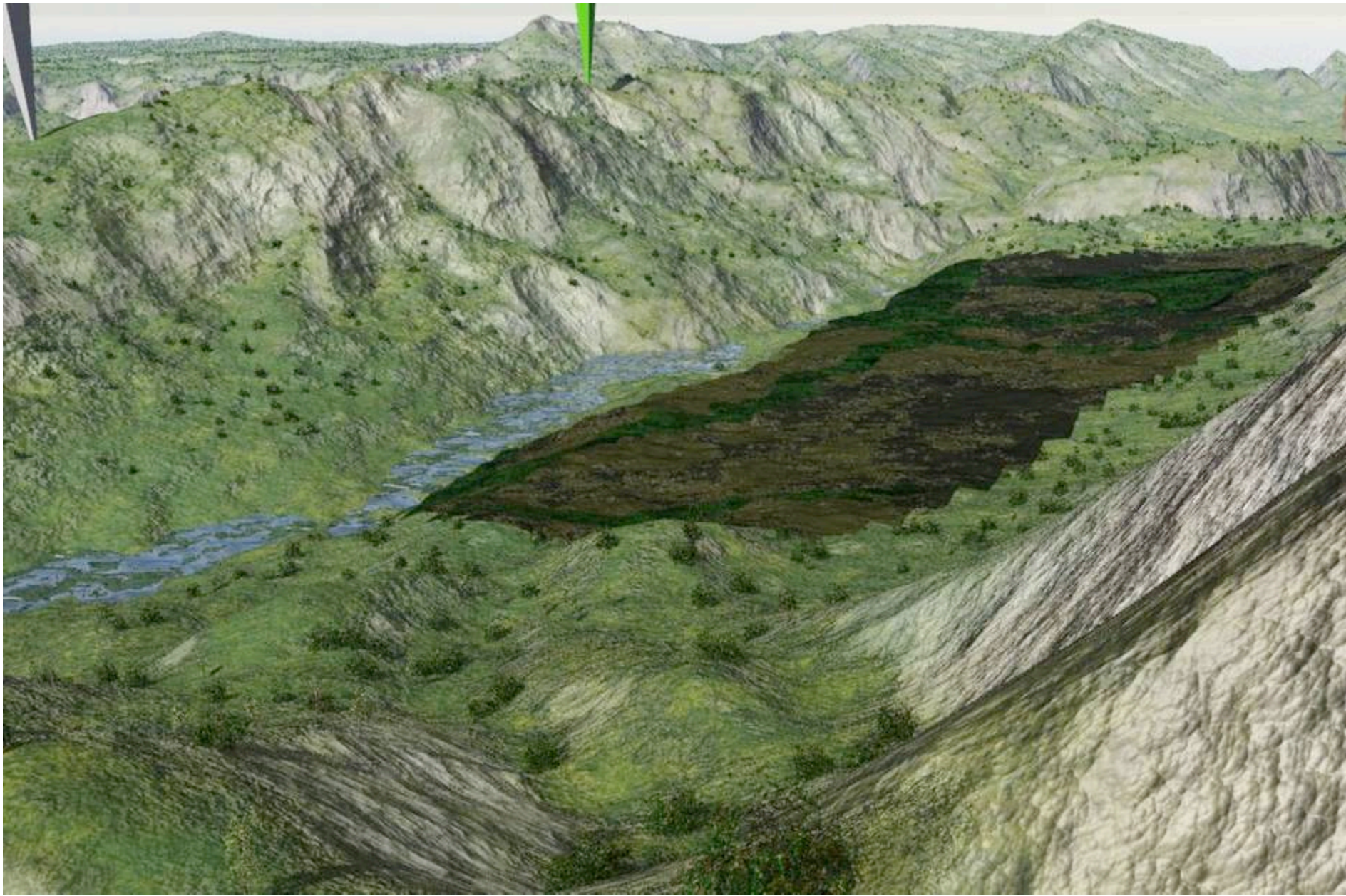


Landscape render of the previous view with the modifications. Inverted white pylon in foreground marks a possible position for Enlil's observing point. At rear along ridge, right to left, can be seen pylon markers for Enlil's house, Ninmah's laboratory (green), and (partially obscured at extreme left, reddish) Enki's house.

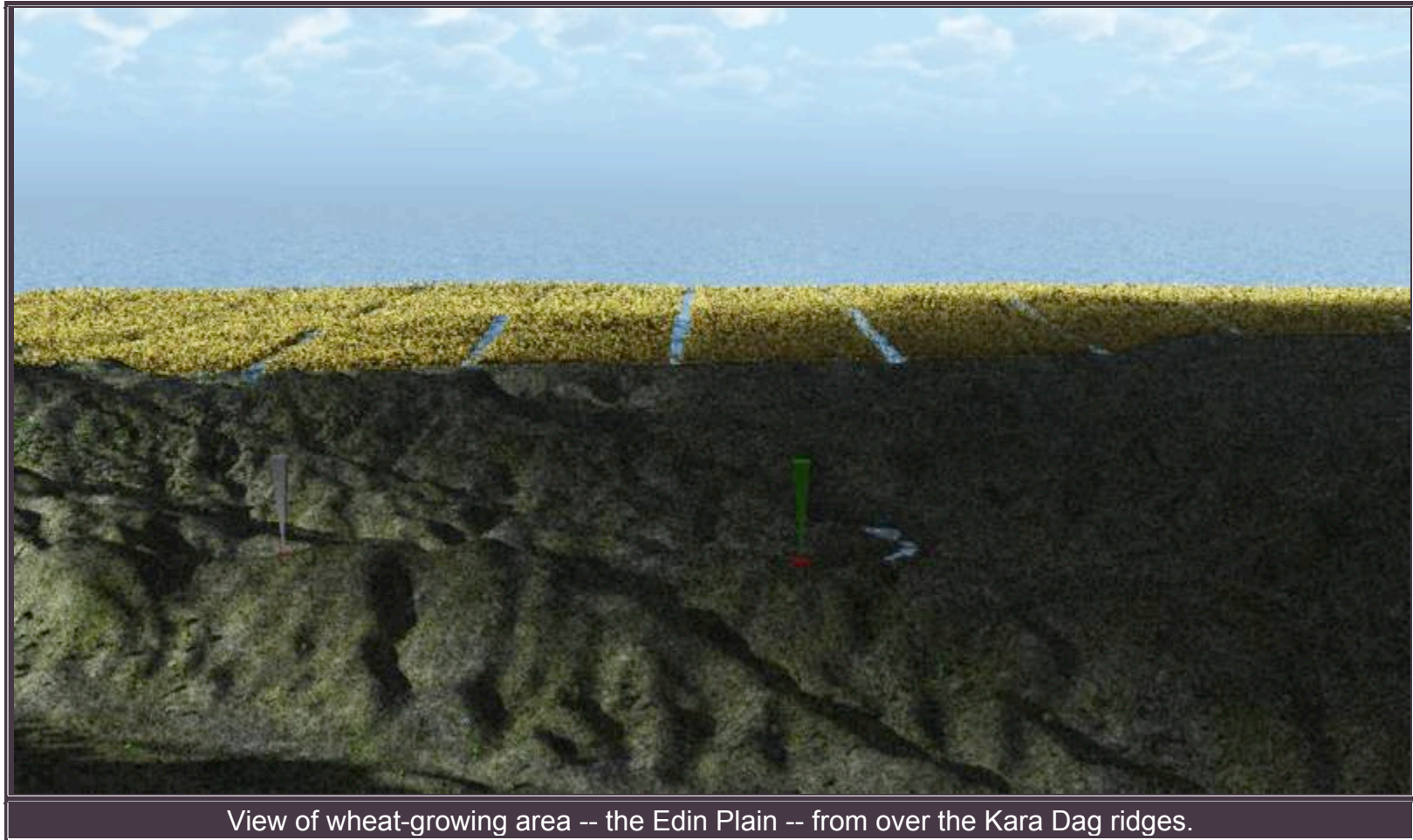


East-to-west view of the Kara Dag ridges (vertically aligned at the center of the image) showing the building locations and the valley on the right that will be Ninmah's Garden. A stream is to be shown running through the garden valley as in the next image. Enki's

house location is by the water in the western valley closer to the top of this image. Enlil's viewing platform south (left) of the ridges is also marked with an inverted pylon. From here, looking further south, Enlil could monitor the agricultural activities on the Edin Plain.



Ninmah's Garden area in valley below ridge with Enlil's and Ninmah's house position markers. We have shown a large patch of soil for planting and will add the plantings next. Some fruit trees will be placed on the periphery; there will be an orchard near Enki's house whose position is seen at the far right corner of the image.





Growing wheat on the Edin Plain. View to the north. What is the most important element of this picture? The system of irrigation canals is the most important construction project ever undertaken by humans... because the human race was introduced precisely in order to build it. Blue sky courtesy Ama'argi at the request of An.

Actually this explanation of the view is an oversimplification. As we get further into the Ádam Genisiš story, we will see that the river and canal projects were well underway before humans such as ourselves had been created. Originally the Nungal and even some Gina'abul worked on the rivers while Miminu were assigned to canal construction.

Note: the most ancient variety of wheat cultivated by man is known as *Einkorn*, and the earliest discovered remains of it have been found in the Karadag mountains of Turkey.

Humans

First Inhabitants

As we have seen, when the Ušumgal and their Anunna, Mušgir, and Mīmínu (see Races) came sweeping down to the Earth, it was not as though there was no one to greet them. Our planet already had a history and had its occupants.

As a matter of fact, Uraš (Earth) had been colonized for a very long time before that awful moment. The *Namlú'u* had been created here, and under their guidance the Kingú and the Ama'argi Amašutum had been developing a number of primates who were by that time well established (Project Kingú). Mamitu-Nammu and the Ama'argi had been very actively developing a variety of life forms here ("Project Elohim").

The Two Ádamic Lines graphic farther down this page begins at a point in time 200,000 years prior to the arrival, and provides at least a glimpse of the two aforementioned "projects".

Note from that graphic that they had been working with entities known as *Ugubi*, *Ukubi*, *Ukubi Ullegara*, etc. Who or what were these, and how do they fit with our conventional understanding of the archaeology and paleontology of the period?

It is important to provide a reconciliation of Parks' information with the conventional picture if at all possible. To begin to achieve this, we are going to look at the (more-or-less) standard taxonomy of the primates.

Although taxonomy, strictly speaking, is purely concerned with classification, it is often presented pictorially as a tree structure, which does encourage an interpretation of descent through time of developing life forms. In other words, *evolution*. Since, as you may have guessed, Parks' story argues strongly for something more like design and mixing-matching of genes in a laboratory, this is not going to support evolution but rather is a very strong sort of "intelligent design" - except not exactly by "God", as the IDers would have it, but by the pseudo-god that was Ušumgal-Anunna.

We have developed a taxonomy graphic that has no time element in it. Rather, it shows nested "bubbles". This will provide an initial crude framework for understanding some terms and for showing how all this begins to fit together. Please take a moment to study this image:

Superfamily Hominoidea (Primates or Hominoids)

Families

Hominidae (Hominids)

**Lesser Apes
(Gibbons)**

**Great Apes
Ugubi**

Extinct Families

Subfamily Homininae (Hominines)

Tribes

Hominini (Hominians)

Subtribes

Hominiea (Hominans)

Gorillas

Chimpanzees

**Neanderthal
= Ukubi'im**

**Genus Homo
Ukubi**

Ukubi Ullegara

Ukubi Annegarra

A humanoid is a vaguely human-shaped entity

A couple of points about the diagram:

The entire lower grouping is a subfamily that should be seen as nested within the family *Hominidae*. It was impractical to place it there in the graphic. Also, what is shown as the "Gorilla tribe" is sometimes considered to be a separate subfamily of the great apes.

We have shown in a white font the names used by Parks that need to be grafted into this system:

Ugubi

"Inferior ancestor" = ape

Ukubi'im (Project Elohim)

"Inferior clay people"

Homo Neanderthalensis

On the Sumerian tablets (Project Elohim):

ullegarra = placed before the manipulation of the gods

annegarra = placed after the manipulation

Ukubi

Genus Homo (Project Kingú)

Other names found on the tablets and used in *Ádam Genisiš* will be explained below.

This subject will be taken up in much more detail in the section "Creating Humans" below, and indeed in much of the remainder of the website, still under development.

Creating Humans

As we will explain more fully, Sa'am's Nungal were called on at first to perform the physical work of constructing the colony, digging riverbeds and irrigation canals in the Edin plain to support the needed agriculture, and working in the cropfields themselves. Eventually, when the Nungal became rebellious, a series of worker races was developed to free them from this labor.

From the Karmapolis interview [K2]:

In Genesis 1.26, when the Elohim wished to create the first human, they said, "Let us make man according to our *Tsélem* (usually interpreted as image)." But "image" seems an inappropriate translation of *Tsélem*, which is formed from the word *Tsél*, meaning "shadow" [Parks uses the French word "ombre", which could mean "dark" as in the title of his first book], and the final [Hebrew letter] *Mem*, which in Hermeticism symbolizes *water*, the vital element, which is to say *semen*.

Thus in stipulating that the Elohim would form the first man from their own *Tsélem*, that should be translated as forming from their *genes*, their "shadow-liquid", which is to say the *semen* of the Elohim!

"[...] they (the creators) fashioned a creature by linking their powers from one to another, those with which they had been endowed. Each potency furnished a quality conforming to the image that they made of it psychologically. Thus they created a being modelled after the perfect Primordial Man [i.e., the *Namlú'u*]."

- Nag-Hammadi Manuscript, *The Secret Book of John*, Codex NH2-1 ; 28

[See [*Decoder*](#) entry for *Tsélem* for the result of decomposing this Hebrew word into Sumero-Akkadian syllables.]

The Biblical clay generally represents the blood or even the genes.

Thus we translate the passage in question as: "Let us make the man (with) our high exalted vital force taken from the clay (i.e., our blood or our genes)..."

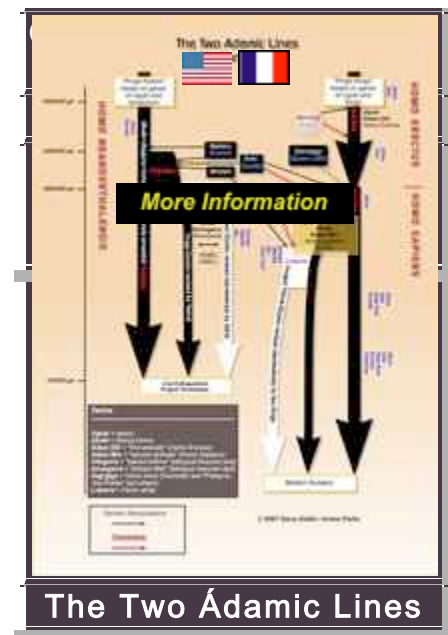
This translation is perfectly in accord with text of *The Apocryphon of John* given above...

The Two Ádamic Lines -- Abel and Caïn: Please refer to the genealogy diagram found at the top of the [Genealogy](#) section as well as the graphic at right as aids to understanding the various races mentioned in this section. In most browsers the graphics will open in separate windows and remain available until closed.

We present here some information on the complex genetic history of the human race, based on private communications received from Anton Parks plus published materials as well as our own interpretations. This section will grow rapidly in the coming weeks.

Note, to begin, that while the earliest labeled date on the graphic is "500,000 years ago", the project arrows do not begin at that point; their origin is at an unspecified earlier point in time -- apparently much earlier!

"Project Elohim": In the first genetic operation depicted, what Parks calls "the blacks," the Á-DAM, were created by Enki and his people as required by the Ušumgal-Anunna as slave beings for work in Edin. (Do not confuse these beings with present-day "blacks". In fact the entire line was terminated and is no longer present on the Earth.) They were an upgrade of the preexisting *Ugubi*, a kind of monkey similar to the apes of today, with genes of the Amašutum.



This race is also called *Ukubi* (genus homo) *Ullegara* (placed before).

Subsequently these were upgraded to the "mixed-blood" *Sag-giga* with the incorporation of Kingú-green genes (to mark or assert the superiority of the Ušumgal over the Kingú). The resulting being is the one known as the Lùlù, (i.e., mixed being).

G.Z.: *I wonder how individual beings such as Enki and the others can manage lives of many hundreds of thousands of years in duration. Let alone the story in the book, just the chart here shows Ninmah's activities over a span of 100,000 years, and she had been living for... another 100,000 years before she started that? More?*

What is it like to live that long, and to work on projects that take that long to complete? How do such beings handle the sheer size of their memories? Do they ever become tired? Do they enjoy that? Are we the anomalous ones?

A.P.: Yes, I know that it is difficult for us to envisage such dates as these, but they relate to a civilization that is not ours and of which we are only a pale reflection. This reptilian civilization, whether Kingú, Amašutum (Nammu), or "Yahvéiste" (An, Enlíl) has not ceased to truncate the human via genetics and at times to stealthily restore it.

From this comes... ourselves: beings who barely use 10% of their brains and 95% of whose DNA (junk DNA) serves no purpose.

Therefore it does not seem to me impossible that humanoid beings such as the Gina'abul are able to live hundreds of thousands of years. If we did not have all of these gaps (breaks or fractures) within ourselves, I would not be having to explain this, but given the data, I find it easily plausible.

The Earth has been a laboratory that was in the hands of the Kingú for many thousands of years. By all evidence, the Kadištu had allowed them to work more or less in tranquility (and I don't completely understand why), but there had to have been conflicts. The Imdugud, for example, were the result of a sort of conciliation between the two parties.

The Kingú had been free to create, break, recreate... the notions of time are not important under these circumstances...

Enki didn't wish to see his genetic creation used as vulgar Á-DAM. He decided to progressively and clandestinely modify these slaves to render them autonomous.

"Project Kingú": In a separate development, the Kingú-Babbar undertook the creation of a white race, the *Lubarra*, mixing their own genes with those of the Ádam Sag-giga, thus marking their supremacy over the creation of the vanquishers.

The role of Ninmah in all of this is confusing. Originally she was among the Ninti ("nurses") who would support Enki in his creation of the black Ádam for working in Edin. But she was not part of the team that would improve the black Ádam.

However, in a time when she was briefly the companion of Sa'am-Enki, she clandestinely worked on the genetic development of the white Ádam under his directives. So Enki was not the creator of the whites but modified them via the agency of Ninmah.

Later, because of Enki's rejection of the society of the Ušumgal-Anunna, Ninmah began to work on her own in cooperation with the Babbar to progressively improve the white Ádam while Enki and Sé'et continued to modify the black Ádam.

The above is just a quick and partial sketch; the full story, whose outlines are incorporated in the graphic, is much more complicated and, as stated, will be developed over the next few weeks.

The original specimen specially conceived for work had been androgyne. Enki would "cut it in two" to make a man and a woman. This is illustrated on a clay tablet:



What do we see? Enki is shown at left. Around him are serpents (symbol of creation and fertility) waving in rhythm. We conclude from this beyond a shadow of doubt that the serpent of the bible is no other than Enki the geneticist, otherwise known as Nudimmud the cloner.

Enki was often represented as a serpent. He bore the designation *MUŠDA* (powerful reptile) in Sumerian, an epithet that defines him as the Grand Architect or Mason of the World. He is the crafty serpent of the Bible who foils the plan of Yahvé in Eden.

At his side appears a star with an arrow pointing downward. The star symbolizes the term DINGIR (god(s)) [*see Decoder*], and the arrow, "the below" or "the abyss," confirming that this "god" is indeed Enki, the divinity of the Abzu - the subterranean world.

In the middle of the image there arises or awakens a woman emerging not from one of the Ádam's sides but more from a sort of kettle or vessel that one could easily take to be one of the artificial wombs [that are so prominently mentioned in Parks' story].

This kettle resembles the ancient Sumerian symbol corresponding to the demoness Lilù (Lilith) who represents the malady and the evil we have spoken of above. [See *Races*]. Do not the old rabbinical legends relate that the first companion of Ádam was Lilith?

At her sides, a man tends to the woman a branch of a tree whose extremities end in vaginas. The symbolism is clear! But the crunchiest is on the right: we see a totally irritated monarch brandishing two forks. To the Sumerians, the fork symbolizes a chieftain of the land. We easily equate this personage to "a Šàtam," a territorial administrator or regional chief. And who is the grand Šàtam of the Anunna? It is Enlíl, adversary of Enki!

compared to other races. You often say that they are not in harmony with the plans of "the Source" of all things, all being. What is the reason for this disequilibrium? Have we inherited it?

Parks: It appears to be a sort of involuntary degeneration due to the multiple genetic manipulations that were employed, and the genes that were used. Enki's Nungal for example are going to "metamorphose" little by little and change the color of their skin. As to the Anunna, they will be sickened by the terrestrial frequency that is too high for them and will above all tend to have shorter lives than previously, which will oblige them to systematically connect with the female Gina'abul to obtain "the secret of the trees".

The imbalance of the Ušumgal-Anunna is clearly reflected in our own comportments, because we (humans) are essentially their heirs. As indicated in *Adam Genisiš*, Homo Sapiens (Caïn) is not the issue of the Life Designers (Elohim) like their brother Homo

The Slavic manuscript of Ádam and Eve indicates that Satan claimed to Ádam the possession of the Earth: "Mine is the Earth, divine are heaven and paradise. If you become a man who belongs to me, you will work the Earth..." Other Biblical passages such as Matthew (4,8) or Luke (4,6) evoke the same thing. But note that in the Bible, it is "God" who catches the serpent "instructing" Ádam and Eve in his garden. Why not Satan!?

In other words, according to the foregoing, the garden should have been Satan's, not God's.

But wasn't the serpent supposed to have been Satan?

Keep in mind that they were all serpents, in a manner of speaking. (Except for the humans, whom they created. There is a reason for that, to be explained.) This makes it easy to sow confusion. Remember, the Ušumgal with their Mušgir and their Anunnas won sovereignty over this solar system. And who is it who always gets to write the history after a war?

But to return to the image...

As the Sumerians loved symbolism, we find at the Šàtam's side a "Gullum" (a cat). The cat has often been regarded as a baneful animal. This ideology is reinforced among the Sumerians, because if we decompose the term Gullum, we obtain GUL (to destroy, annihilate) and LUM (fertility, abundance, carrying fruit), which means that the Šàtam (Enlíl) has only one objective: "destroy the fertility" of his handiwork that has become too abundant and free for his taste. What is better than a cat to express this idea! Moreover this episode is confirmed at the end of the Babylonian tablets of Atrahasis where one sees Enlíl command Enki to reduce the longevity of humanity and to render certain females infertile.

Fertility and longevity were, and always are, of strategic importance. Without these factors, the human race would never have amounted to anything more than a band of workers for the plantations, that would expire when no longer needed. They could be renewed only by use of the cloning machines, and then only when operated by the handful of skilled individuals. What Enki did was to ensure that the Earth would eventually go to his humans, for better or for worse.

In *The Secret*, Parks mentions that the entire Anunna army that defeated Tiamata was raised in practically no time with just a few cloning machines and some cells taken from the repository.

People wonder why genetic operations seem to be so important to the entities who abduct humans. Perhaps this will help them to understand.

Notice that Enki's feet and hands are bound. This evokes the fact that Enki is not as free as he would wish because he is solidly under the directives of Enlíl.

Here is more discussion of these modifications from the Karmapolis interview [K2]. The reader should follow with reference to the "Two Lines" chart above.

Karma One: Enki made certain that his own prototypes were capable of reproducing sexually. You express this in very precise terms: "the Initiation into the Secret of the Giš" or the "Secret of the Dark Stars", the title of the first book, which causes one to think of the eternal feminine and the importance that the Gnostics attach to sexuality. Why had Enki wished that humans be more and more autonomous and be initiates? Is this gift of sexual reproduction made to men by Enki the reason that one finds in the Bible a complete taboo against sexuality, and the idea of a temptress "Eve"? And why does the Bible relate that the woman was created at a second point in time, from the side of man, as a sort of subproduct? Isn't this a deliberate distortion?

Parks: Yes and no. There were several versions of humans. The first, "manufactured" by the "Life Designers", was effectively totally asexual. This ancient version that is found in a distorted form in Genesis 1.26 is the product of the Elohim (Life-Designer divinities). The model mentioned is without any doubt a melange of the Primordial Man named Namlú'u and the Neanderthal prototype, also manufactured by the Elohim, precisely by Nammu, the mother of Enki. This version was rendered asexual, thus docile, by the clan of Yahvé (Ušumgal-Anunna) who worked for those Sumerian "gods".

In order to give this humanity autonomy with respect to the authoritarian Anunna regime, Enki separated their sexes so that these workers would be able to multiply by themselves.

The Edin (the Mesopotamian plain), where one finds the most ancient traces of wheat, was the seat of a gigantic agrarian industry that was very difficult to completely control. When the sexual humans found themselves faced with their obligation to pursue their travail for the "gods" in Edin, they had to clandestinely manage their covert "autonomy" with the aid of the administrator of the area, namely Sa'am-Enki (Samaël, the biblical serpent).

The reason for this maneuver is a profound "bad blood" between Sa'am-Enki and his people, the Life Designers (Elohim), and the paternal clan of Enki symbolized by the biblical authority. Enki, "the serpent", is usually represented in the Mesopotamian imagery as an instructor and not as a tempter, while the Bible inverts the roles and distorts the situations...

Karma One: In reading the Bible, one notes that the original man of the Bible, Adam, does not resemble the fabulous project that you describe. The biblical Adam seems more an idiot, "innocent", ignorant, subservient to Yahvé, and is not this powerful being that you describe in the beginning of your work. Why this discrepancy? Is this the same "Adam" or was there another project, another original man before the Biblical Adam?

Parks: Yes, as I have just mentioned, there were several versions of the human, as there were several of the ape... The very first is the Namlú'u [see Decoder], created by the Life Designers, Kadištu (the Elohim) who seeded the Earth before the invasion of the Anunna. These are the immense human beings who embody extraordinary capacities. This specimen is named, for example, in the gnostic Nag-Hammadi manuscript (*Secret Book of John*, Codex NH2 - 1, 28) where he appears in the form of the "primordial perfect Human"

created by the different creators according to their different powers and qualities. The Namlú'u are almost four meters in height and are multidimensional beings. As expressed by several gnostic texts, they were the guardians of the Earth before the arrival of the evil gods (the Anunna). They disappeared from our dimension at the time of the advent of these.

The word "Namlú'u" is a generic term used in Mesopotamia to refer to the primordial humanity and later employed to designate the Sumerians who were considered in the ancient Near East as the first humanity placed in the service of the "gods".

So there is definitely a blending between this Namlú'u, guardian of planet Earth on behalf of the Elohim, and the different types of workers fashioned for the needs of Yahvé, beginning with the simians who are Homo Neanderthalensis and later Homo Erectus, leading to modern man, that is to say Homo Sapiens.

We strongly suggest keeping a doubly-enlarged image of "Two Ádamic Lines" (above, this page) open in a window while reading this information. (Click the language flag for the first enlargement, and click a second time for the double enlargement.) Parks' interview response here is only a first, gross overview of the extremely complex genetic history of man. It may seem reasonable enough in a quick read, but finding and tracing the references in the chart is indispensable to understanding.

Now you can see that Parks is discussing the lines on the left-hand side and the right-hand side.

This Homo branch [on the right, the biblical "Caïn" family] is the "animal" family, that used by the different Gina'abul ("reptiles") who make up the reptilian family imposed on the Earth. [See here the Decoder entry for Á-DAM.]

I show in *Ádam Genisiš* that the first version of Homo Neanderthalensis is named Ullegara ("placed before"). The second, revised as requested by the Anunna and originally asexual, is called Annegarra ("placed after") on the clay tablets. This exemplary corresponds to the biblical Abel [the line on the left side of the diagram].

The [Caïn] branch, considered as "animal", is a version deliberately rendered less "spiritual" than its cousin Neanderthal who possessed a form of profound mysticism relating to life and its Life-Designer creators.

How ironic indeed that Adam was modeled as a counterfeit of the model of Man by the Hebdomad.

- Nag-Hammadi Manuscript "The Second Treatise of the Grand Seth", Codex NH7; 28

"Hebdomad" is a term found in Gnostic texts of various persuasions to denote seven demonic offspring of the Great Archon. Parks speaks of this just below.

Continuing...

The Adam, in service to the Gnostic Hebdomad, is no other than a reduced version of the Ullegarra ("placed before"); he appears to be the Annegarra ("placed after"), an *ad hoc* revision of Neanderthal.

Neanderthal man (Abel) possessed in the human and biblical spirit the image of a being fashioned by those "on high". As I have indicated, his memory is doubtlessly combined with the extraordinary multidimensional Namlú'u for the simple reason that these two species were fashioned in a different period by Kadištu (Elohim) Life Designers.

The second wave of workers associated with Adam is the animal branch that I name Ádam Dili (first animals = Homo Erectus) and Ádam Min (second animal = Homo Sapiens) who were good only to serve the reptilian "gods". They appear to be the biblical Caïn.

Genesis claims that Caïn had been created by Yahvé (An and his Anunna angels) and that he was "bad" through association with his brother or cousin Abel. The reason for this assertion is that Caïn (Homo Sapiens) was genetically cut from the divine.

Effectively only 3-5% of modern human DNA expresses itself in proteins and would be used, the rest being the so-called "junk DNA" of which everyone speaks.

The strange assemblage from the gnostic texts, this "hebdomad", is no other than that of Yaldabahot (Yahvé) and his six other archons, who correspond to the Great Council of the seven Ušumgal ("grand dragons"), and who possessed all the powers in the story that I relate. There is no doubt that this Yaldabahot is the Sumerian "god" An.

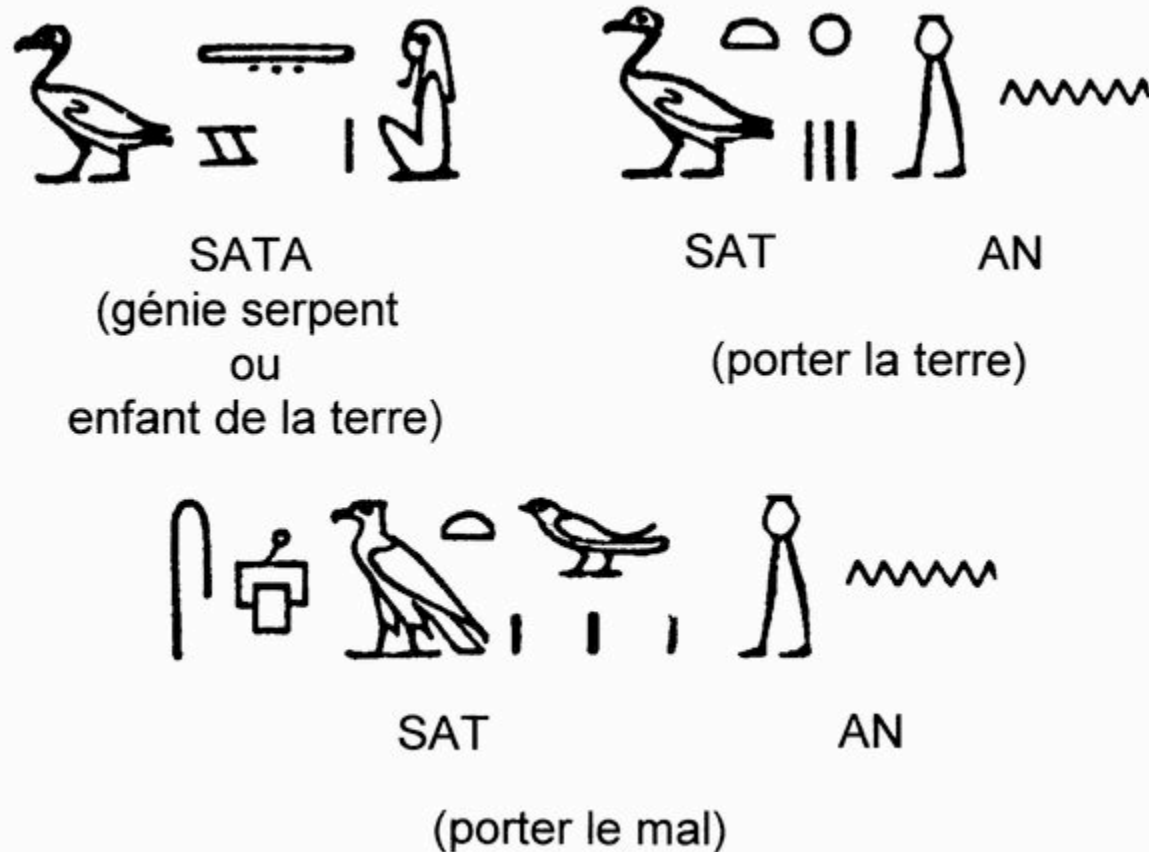
As much as I am in accord with numerous so-called apocryphal passages, I must point out that the gnostics often associate Yaldabahot with Samaël, which is for me a monumental error. This misunderstanding is doubtless due to the fact that Enki-Samaël (son of An-Yahvé) worked for the latter and was obligated to create creatures for the subordinate angels of his father, the Anunna. It is a little like the confusion that is made between Enki (the serpent) and Enlíl (Satan) who is the grand Šàtam (territorial administrator) of Edin (the Mesopotamia plain). We will see in Volume 3 of this series that this same Enlíl-Šàtam who is no other than Šètēš (Seth) will be in permanent conflict with Heru (Horus), who is actually Lucifer, "the Lightbearer". As you can see, there is much confusion between the great mythological archetypes.



Sumerian clay seal showing the geneticist Enki, a vial in his hand, near a Ninti (nurse) carrying in her arms a human of smaller size than the Gina'abul and whom one can imagine was a clone. Note the presence of the tree (Giš = "Dark Star") near the goddess.

About the Šàtam:

Don't ask why no author has yet made the connection between the Sumerian terms Šàtam, Ádam, and his Biblical quasi homophones, and above all have not had the good idea of observing that the Sumerian "god" Enlíl clearly holds the role of Šàtam, ("territorial administrator" or "country chief") on the clay tablets. I don't have the slightest idea! As always, the truth is reestablished today. The "smoky" Enlíl who symbolizes the Biblical "God" (or the chief of the Anunna) is no other than Satan! Furthermore, his name EN-LÍL -- "the lord of the wind" (of the word) -- can as well be translated in Sumerian as "the lord of infection." It is no coincidence that Enlíl, supreme chieftain of the terrestrial Gina'abul after An, was not at all appreciated by the Sumerians who have kept in memory the fact that he was a despotic and bloody monarch! This conforms to the Gnostic ideology that compares the great Archon to Satan!



The term SATA exists in Egyptian. Its strict translation expresses "serpent wizard" and "child (or son) of the Earth" (on the left hand). If one assembles certain Egyptian particles that can compose the term Satan, one obtains at the same time "to carry the Earth" and "to carry evil". It is interesting, because one again finds here the verbal form in second position as with the Gina'abul and Sumerians. More, the imagery that emerges here conforms to the Mesopotamian and Christian ideologies that present respectively Šàtam and Satan in similar manners. Do you truly think that this is by chance? In *Adam Genisiš* we observe how the Egyptian language was as important as that of Mesopotamia for the formation of certain biblical terms.

Yaldabahot and the Great Archons

Karmapolis: The Gnostic literature speaks of great Archons and their chief, Yaldabaoth, as the source of evil and

The term "Satan" is a melange of Šàtam (territorial administrator) and Šandan or Santana (plantation chief, herbalist, horticulturalist) from the Sumerian traditions. But an important detail separates Šàtam and Šandan: the latter is under the orders of the Šàtam, who possesses full powers. He administers entire regions, even countries. Enlíl reigned over the totality of Kalam (Sumer). So he administered his territories through the intermediary of the Šandan (Santana) without whom he could do nothing at all. Because in the universe of the Anunna (the dominant caste), one thing alone counted in their eyes: survival by the grace of the agricultural plantations. Now, with the Gina'abul, the Šandan (Santana) are exclusively the females. Long before the Sumerians, the Šandan (Santana) were uniquely women who worked in the vast Mesopotamian plain called Edin. In *The Secret* I have detailed the close association that one finds the world over between females and trees in the Garden of Eden.

Speaking of serpents and victors...

Serpents = Royalty

HOMOPHONES	TRANSLATION	INTERPRETATION
<u>Sumerian</u> ŠIR ₁₀ ŠIR ŠÌR SIR ₄ / ŠIR	serpent light to decide/oblige testicles	godly attributes virility

<u>English</u> Sir	title of honor	reserved for "men of good family/lineage"
<u>European</u> Sire	title of honor	to address lords, emperors, kings

Foundation of Kharsag

This website represents an effort to acquaint English-speaking readers with the larger themes and implications of Anton Parks' work as well as a lower-level view of the narratives of his books that are still awaiting translation into English. At times we give simple direct translations; at other times compressed summaries. (We confess to developing these at a somewhat leisurely pace.) Where we have contributed illustrations, graphics, tables, etc., to the books themselves, these are presented here, once the books are published at least in French.

On this page we return to the narrative that was interrupted several pages back at the end of the [Adjustments](#) paragraph.

Dukug

Sa'am-Enki made his way across vast expanses of desert, heading south (remember the directions were later -- much later -- reversed) to the mountains named [Dukug](#) by Ninmah, where the Nungal had been toiling under Enlil's command and the watchful supervision of armed Mîmînu. (If necessary, review [Races](#).) (Recall that Enlil had just decided to make Enki his Project Manager here.)

The sight of his beloved Nungal and their condition literally sickened him.

They for their part, were overjoyed to see him. He quickly had the Albarzil (mechanical drill) unloaded and put into service. He let his people know that their fortunes had changed from that moment, and to celebrate, declared a one-day holiday... much to the puzzlement and objection of the Mîmînu, whom he told to go complain to Enlil about it if it concerned them so much. (They did.)

Enki then searched for, and found, Zehuti, bent with the labor and almost at the end of his strength. They had a warm reunion, following which Enki took Zehuti and the females aboard the cargo vessel and returned to the Abzu. There, Zehuti was established in Sé'et's chamber, advised to get much-needed rest, and then given the responsibility to administer Enki's domain.

For Enki's place was to be in the Dukug with Ninmah and Enlil. To which he immediately returned in a Gigirlah.

He found them waiting at the foot of the Sacred Mountain, where the first order or business, of course, was Enki's peremptory granting of the day off to his Nungal. Enlil was looking quite imperious as he tried to dress Enki down for not coming to him first before taking such steps. However, Ninmah cut him off handily, with the advice that the Nungal were not animals and needed their rest.

Clearly Ninmah had the upper hand, and indeed Enlil was noticeably softened in her presence.

They boarded their ship and went to search for the ideal site on which to construct their new city. Ninmah wanted it to be along the edge of one of the numerous watercourses. Eventually they settled on such a place.

It was decided that Enki would be occupied with the supervision of the works while Enlil with the social administration of the colony.

The next day, Enki assembled most of the Annuna of double-polarity (recall that some thirty of these had already been of great assistance in the building of the [Nunkiga](#) agricultural station) and most of the specimens of the same nature from among An's troops. Essentially washed up on a savage and unknown island, possessing only rudimentary tools, and but little assisted by the technology of the Ama'argi, they would require the services of diligent workers.

As to the mode of buildings' construction, they would have to be of wooden frames from the available cedar, and vertical poles. They were too pressed to take the time for stone-cutting, and while Mam had the Abgal knowledge of stone-pouring, she could not be approached, having been ousted from the Gina'abul society.

Work began immediately on the clearing of many trees to make a large habitable zone. In this, the Anunna of double polarity performed remarkably well.

As work proceeded, Enki noticed that Ninmah's plans did not provide for exteriors to provide protection from the elements. This would have led to the need to rebuild every five years, which would have been unacceptable.

His solution was to provide exterior ventilation systems of copper, precious metal which he brought in from the Abzu. He would need this also for the roofs.

For the most important buildings -- Enlil's residence, the main warehouse for storing the harvests, etc. -- Enki planned walls of cut stone. The Ama'argi had great reserves of the stone and the copper that he would need.

Enki carried out rigorous explorations of the mountains, in which he encountered specimens of Ukubi (genus *Homo*). (These are tabulated above... see [First Inhabitants](#).) Enlil was for systematically eliminating any of these that ventured too close to the new constructions but Ninmah and Enki dissuaded him from this, claiming that they were totally inoffensive, though Enki actually did not

know for certain. The Girkù showed several tribes of Ukubi-Ádam (*Homo Erectus*) armed with hand weapons of wood, prepared to do battle against the Red Kingú.

The Ama'argi had such an aversion to the Kingú flesh-eaters that they had given this faculty of self-defense to some of the Ukubi, but those who strode the mountains seemed totally pacific.

Once the work got underway in the Dukug, Ninmah left for a final two-month visit to Udu'idimsa (Mars). During that time, Enlil stayed at Enki's side, passing his time verifying the progress of the work and observing Enki's least movements. But his favorite pastime consisted of surveying, with the aid of a magnifying viewer, the progress of the labor in Edin. In fact, when Enki was there near his people, he was certain that the Šatam (territorial administrator) was obstinately spying on them.

We have numerous illustrations of this viewing platform arrangement in the [Kharsag](#) section and the associated study.

A difficulty arose. The irrigation system under construction had been intended to deliver needed water to the city and its cultures. But it was also to provide water to all the Diranna (stargates) that were spread along the length of the Edin plain. These were going to have towns too. Enlil observed and pointed out that this would result in a sinuous trajectory that would not be acceptable. "We must not build one river, Enki, but two!"

Actually Enki knew this but he had hesitated to bring it up because he wanted to spare his workers the doubling of their labors. He objected, but Enlil rapidly became upset and said this would have to be brought to the High Council. But until then, they could proceed as they were, because the first Diranna was 3 Uš (32.4 km) distant.

[Note that the precision of this placement is not 0.1 km but rather of course 1 Uš or about 10 km, along the line of a river planned 300,000 years ago, measured from a point on the ground of which we are not at all certain.]

I recalled the counsels of Mamítu just before my departure for the Dukug:

Put Namkiágna (love) in all you undertake, my son, and you will see that Namkiágna will return to you inexorably.

Her doctrines issued from Gagsisá (Sirius) seemed familiar to me but sometimes so difficult to apply.

ENKI as Master Mason

A title he found absurd...

The double-polarity Anunna named him Šidimgal (Master

Here we move forward just a bit in the narrative...

Ninmah has returned from Udu'idimsa. All could see that the work was going well. Kharsag's buildings were incomplete but they had their roofs and the place was generally habitable. It was time to organize a ceremony in honor of the three creators of Kharsag: Ninmah, Enlil, and Enki. And this took place at a divine Assembly, which was the natural point for Enlil to present his proposal of the second river. Of course this was accepted without hesitation.

Dim'mege was present, and here she made a stupefying request:

When the work in Edin has been completed, I reclaim the responsibility for the Mášanše (livestock) and the whole of the Adam (animals) who are charged with assisting the Gina'abul of the Dukù in their tasks of labor!

Enlil doubtless found in this an opportunity to rid himself of a task both inconvenient and without any advantage for a grand Šàtam such as he. The High Council probably thought that Dim'mege had consulted the Mardukù and had positioned herself through a rapport with him. So under the effect of the joy and the flowing alcohol, the Assembly, seized with an uncontrollable zest, accepted the request.

MUNUS-LIL-LA

"The female who carries the breath", understood as the breath of life. This term is the Sumerian equivalent to the Akkadian Lílitu (the Lilith of the Hebraic texts). We have already noted (see [Personages](#)) that DÌM-ME-GE₆ "dark pillar" has equally for its Akkadian equivalence the name Lílitu, of which the original stems directly from the Sumerian LÍL-TI, "breath of life".

ENKI as Master Mason

A title he found absurd...

The double-polarity Anunna named him Šidimgal (Master Mason).

We note that the Sumerian term ŠIDIM-GAL (master mason) has the same archaic sign as the name MUŠDA (powerful reptile), habitually attributed on the tablets to Enki-Ēa, sovereign of the Abzu (terrestrial abyss).

Furthermore they awarded Dim'mege the honorary title of Munuslíl'lá, denomination that did not displease her.

Here is a brief listing of the important incidents and events from the closing pages of the chapter on Kharsag's foundation and the final hours of the Assembly:

- Enki ponders how he is to break it to his workers that they must dig TWO river beds.
- Dim'mege assures Enki that she is not an ingrate (not clear what that means), that she has an extraordinary patience, and that he will thank his sister one day.
- In a loose (drunken) moment, Ninmah reveals to Enki that Sé'tet is indeed on Mars, and is engaged in helping with the harvesting of crops.
- Annoyed at her verbal excess, Enlil drags Ninmah off.
- As he does so, Enki taunts Enlil about being his alagni (made-in-the-laboratory creation); Enlil denies it as always. The Kuku (ancestors) who understand very well, have learned to stay off this topic.
- As night descends, Kharsag is illuminated and is described as becoming quite beautiful.

- Enki takes inventory of what is still needed: warehouse for foods, laboratory for Ninmah, irrigation canals, large reservoir.

Sign

During the development of Kharsag and the plantations, Enki takes an occasional rest trip... for a dip in the sea (with respect to his amphibian nature)... or a visit with the Ugubi (apes) and the Ukubi (genus Homo) of Kankala (Africa).

Here the reader might review the diagram in the section First Inhabitants, noting that Parks considers the entire subfamily Homininae (Homininians) to be nested within the family Hominidae (Hominids) that includes the Ugubi.

These species are numerous and varied. Certain tribes -- without doubt the most ancient -- do not possess the use of the word, while others communicate with the aid of sonorities unknown to me. But they speak! Their larynx, more elevated than ours, does not permit the same intonations as we use. To think that my mother is in large part responsible for this genetic cuisine sends shivers down my spine. The archives of Mam enfolded in my Gírkù are categorical: Mamítu-Nammu has cloned several species, and more particularly that of the Ukubi'im (Homo Neanderthalensis) in a manner so as to render the line of Ugubi (apes) autonomous and thus to restrain the savage harvestings effected by the Kingú.

The Ama'argi, for their part, seem to have modified certain varieties uniquely to flatter their ego and perhaps even to try to do better than my genetrice. The Ama'argi have played a double game. Certain of their manipulations were official and others clandestine. At the same time, from other traces I gathered that isolated groups of beings come from the stars had also manipulated certain Ukubi (genus Homo). But their aim was not exposed in my crystal.

Enki regularly visits a tribe of Neanderthal at "Sínsal", in "the grand reserve of Kankala (Africa)" and works to gain their acceptance. These were called "Ullegarra" or "Annegarra" by the Anunna as shown in the schema The Two Adamic Lines. Their fossils are found in Africa, Europe, and the Near East. Heights range from 1.55-1.65 m.

He is completely accepted the day they discover his hands are palmed.

This tribe is evolved; its members dress in skins of antelope; they dwell in wicker huts, in relative comfort. They procreate by sexual rapport.

Enki's experiences with the Neanderthal reveal them to be a charming and actually advanced race of beings... in many deep respects though not in technology. We will not be able to detail this material here, but the following is essential:

At the heart of the infertile valley was found a luminous object with silvery reflections. We approached it. It revealed itself to be a capsule whose origin was unknown to me. Its form was triangular. It appeared to be an inverted *Unir* (pyramid) whose point was embedded deeply into the earth. From its inverted belly emanated a warm, soothing light. The Ukubi'im valiantly accosted the apparatus and celebrated its divine glow. Without knowing why, I was taken with an incomparable emotion.

I approached the object and saw a symbol on its side. Three small inverted pyramids formed conjointly a reversed triangle. I knew this emblem. Mam had presented it to me several times and it appeared on certain of her personal objects. This same sign was graven on Ugur, my inseparable Gírkù. It appeared to be the symbol of the Abgal from the triple system of Gagsisá (Sirius).



Tears flowed ceaselessly down my cheeks. I tried to contain myself, but the emotion was too strong and I did not know the reason for it. Was it my maternal filiation with the Abgal that had put me in this state? The Ukubi'im were overjoyed to note my trouble. Nammu had made me suffer through and recognize unknown emotions up until then. She was without contest my guide in this life. Her information was precious to me at every instant. How I would have wished that she could have been at my side in this particular moment!

I wanted to contact it with the aid of Kinsag (telepathy) but an Ukubi'im female approached and posed on my person a penetrating regard that troubled me profoundly. She took my hand and spread the fingers. She wanted without doubt to ascertain the common origin between the capsule and myself. What relation did the Ukubi'im entertain with the Abgal of the Gagsisá (Sirius) system? The Ukubi'im surprised me day after day. Not only did the Namlú'u seem to frequent them and share with them common rites, but the Ukubi'im also maintained a still stranger rapport with the Earth and its elements. I have read somewhere in my crystal that they bury their dead...

A final detail concerning Enki's visit needs to be mentioned: when he leaves the Ukubi'im, he takes with him a female, "for study", who becomes more of a companion for a period of time.

Prophecy

Upon his return to the colony, Enki finds a visitor waiting for him in his quarters -- a Ninhal (priestess in divination) in full meditation. Rather mysterious, she wears a metallic mask that hides her entire face and gives her a menacing aspect... although her eyes are fully visible. A feature of her footwear suggests she is Ama'argi.

Shall we pause here and reflect a moment on what this website is really all about?

Although we didn't exactly warn you how far this might proceed, back on the first pages, we did at least state that an otherwise-ordinary person had been having extraordinary experiences: vivid memories of an extraordinary being living a truly extraordinary life in ancient times on this planet. In fact, we now understand that we are being handed, if we can accept it, a lengthy, detailed history of a remarkable being, known to us by several names out of our mythology, who seems to have been shouldering responsibility for the well-being of several humanoid races, at least two of them being of his own creation, and one of them being ourselves, faced with powerful, deadly enemies as well.

This relationship of creation to creator, and its truth or misrepresentation, has given rise to issues of status -- divine nature or claims to divine nature, and rights, you might say.

All of this is taking place within the context of a war -- a galactic war at that, one which may be persisting into our day, and coloring the actions of the various power structures in our human civilization.

And if that were not enough, we are about to learn that one of the sides in the galactic war has a shamanic tradition, under which our central character is made to undergo periodic review and evaluation by those with the perspective of his long sequence of lives and the source of all this. One of those examinations is about to take place.

For us, the readers, this is a priceless touchstone, a kind of exposure to reality that we never expected to find... or it is nothing. That is something we decide for ourselves.

So we proceed. Here are the main points of the session.

The Ninhal places Enki in the middle of a large pentagram that she has traced on the ground. (Yes, the symbol is that old and was used by the Amašutum in their enigmatic ceremonies.) She seats herself before him and examines his hands.

Noticing the Ukubi, who is absorbed in an examination of some crystals, she warns Enki not to associate himself with the likes of that Urašienne (Earthienne).

Enki does not take this well. In other words, things are not getting off to a good start.

The priestess indicates that this is a matter of the highest importance, and means abandoning his mission in life if he persists. The discussion continues intensely for some time.

The priestess broadens the discussion. Enki is impatient and irritable throughout.

She finally manages to gain his interest by telling him she sees his line of life as on a table of crystal.

You will live multiple adventures and you will have choices to make to preserve your wellbeing and that of your family... that of Nammu. I distinguish a visage exquisitely made up... dark green eyes outlined in night. A female of solitary destiny will come and her times will perturb your existence... a Nin (priestess) of divine allure, bedecked in an infinity of jewels. The color of her skin will be identical to that of the Babbar (albinos). In these troubled times, Uraš will bear mortals who resemble you to some degree. The Gina'abul males and their mortal sovereigns will be at her feet. She will put the people of Uraš to their knees, innumerable in this epoch. The entire world will tremble at her passage...

The priestess continues, describing this Nin who will exalt the imagination of soldiers on the field of battle. For this fateful time she will be under the influence of the grand Šatam, Enki's creature Enlil, and Enki's creator An. Cities, banquets, temples are described.

Her destiny is tied in part to yours... It is she whom you pursue and you unconsciously flee... She is a double of the above and the below... you are Urní (sister souls).

Sister Souls

Again, Enki will have none of it. But the priestess continues, perhaps because her information is the most important possible for Enki. And in fact we feel we must provide this part verbatim as it is possibly the most important in any of Parks' books... not only for the characters but for us as well, if we can figure out exactly how we are linked to it. So we proceed:

What tale are you telling me, poor fool?! I am a complete soul, not fragmented. This is my first Zišàgál (incarnation)....

You are mistaken, my son! Your error is at the image of your candor. Do you believe that you would be such as you are today if you had never taken Zišàgál (incarnation) prior to this?

When the long road of Zišàgál unfurls such that the objectives of each become known, the Ba (the soul) can decide to fragment into two or several parts, it is its choice! But the process is irreversible up to the point where each part has achieved its work and recovered its other fragments at the end of the cycle. So it is not until the missions of each of them will be accomplished that each fraction will be able to reform the initial being.

The majority of Kadištu (Life Designers) have finished this work of Gibilzišàgál (reincarnation) and serve the Source in awaiting the definitive rejoining.

The entire being that you represent has made the choice to so divide, my son. It has taken the resolution to fractionate itself for a better evolution. But it is plausible, even foreseeable, that certain of your parts can be recovered according to your evolution and your lives...

I was dumbfounded by this revelation. My inner universe was completely shaken. What was I, truly? Only the fragment of an unknown being? My ego had taken a mortal blow.

What is my profound origin? I asked, completely disillusioned. The Nindigir (priestess) again took my hands and employed a more indulgent tone:

My son, do you not see it? Have you not discovered it thanks to your progenitrix and to the dark little ones of the vast Edin (plain)?

Your eyes, your hands, and your feet are for me an open book. You are not only affiliated to the Abgal of Gagsisá (Sirius) through your mother, but you are so equally on the part of the provenance even of your Ba (soul). Your entire celestial family comes from this admirable place. It appears to be the planet named Sé'etra'an that is situated in orbit around Gagsisá-Eš (Sirius 3).

We well knew that the planetary systems of Gagsisá were composed of three suns. However, the name of Sétra'an evoked for me nothing in particular.

You do not seem to know this sacred name. Sé'etra'an is the place where the largest number of Gir [see Decoder] reside. As you know, the Gir are Nindidir susceptible to birthing a Kirišti [see Decoder]. The term Sé'etra'an is translated SÉ-ET-RÁ-AN "the presage of life who accompanies the elevated". The name of your sister Sé'et (presage of life) comes plausibly from this source.

Then why do you speak to me of another Nindidir, other than the one destined to me? My progenitrix has the secret intention of making me a Kirišti. Is not Sé'et the one destined to accompany me? If I have an Urní (sister soul), it must be she....

My interlocutrix stopped me short:

Nammu is mistaken! One does not become Kirišti, but one is that from birth. The Kirišti must habitually be authentic Abgal. You possess only 1/4 Abgal blood via Nammu. Your mother is 2/4 Abgal - Tiamata, her progenitrix, not being fully of Gagsisá (Sirius). It is your sister Sé'et who possesses the most Abgal blood among you, in the neighborhood of 3/4.

Furthermore, a Kirišti must be conceived naturally and exclusively by a Gir. Have you come from the flanks of Nammu my son?

Moreover, where is Sé'et? Is she at your side to sustain you in your task?

Seeing me disappointed, the priestess took a compassionate air. She hesitated a short moment and lanced at me:

You cannot be other than what you are. You are the victim of a laborious consanguine degeneration... exactly as planned by the Gina'abul. Doubtless you are here to alleviate some pain among our people. But that is not all, my son....

The eyes of the reader of destiny darkened again. She continued:

My child, I must again place you on guard against this Nin (priestess) with the pearly skin. She certainly is your counterpart, however watch your attitude. Your choices are disparate. Your distant counterparty has chosen diversionary roads that we must not judge. She always will know how to give a pretext to her cries and her tears. You closely resemble one another on many points, but the route that she has chosen is broken and holds many pitfalls.

It is in the masculine that she will try to find comfort and the soothing of her pains. She will use manners until then unknown to attract the males in her royal litter. Many among them will fall by her doing into madness or will simply lose their lives.

You alone will understand her, and you will estimate her without taking yourself well into account because an Urní (sister soul) is always attracted by one of his or her counterparties. However, when her agile and imperious silhouette will have won over the powers of this world; when the shadows that she engenders in the name of your creator and of the grand Šàtam, will have recovered Uraš; when her delicate and contemptuous tone have ceased to resonate in the alabaster palaces and when the dead packed under her feet will have made her sick with nausea, this Nin of indomitable youth will come to you totally desperate. She will have no more wealth.

At that moment, because her eyes will no longer be in quest of ambition, she will finally place her clear vision on you and will recognize you as whom she has searched for, during an eternity. You will become her unique object of lust.

You must take guard not to fall into madness yourself, because this female will possess a powerful magnetism.

She will try to change for you. Her attachment to your regard will be hidden from the ensemble of the Gina'abul.... That is all that you must know about her, my son, without the risk of influencing the destiny that you have chosen for yourself...

They continue; the point is not that Enki has chosen to suffer, but that he has already chosen these major paths under discussion, but still must work out the detours.

We pick up the dialog a bit further on, with other information that appears useful to us.

Nammu claims that the density of Urašien (earth) KI is poison for males of the lineage coming from Urbar'ra (the constellation of Lyra) and that I will end by bitterly proving this reality if Sé'et does not return to me. What do you say to that?

The royals and their Imdugud descendants do not have this problem. It is true that the frequency of this planet is more elevated than that of our colonies and particularly of Urbar'ra (Lyra) and even of Margíd'da (Ursa Major). The KI of Uraš (earth) is poison for the

males who come from these celestial places. I have but one recommendation to make on this subject my son, which is to find a Nindigir (priestess) who will give you her "look of life".

I am considered by most of us as a Kadištu (Life Designer). I have received the breath of my mother, I am the "reflection of the Mistress of life". I am son of the water and the Níama expands in me like a fountain at an inexhaustible source. Nothing can happen to me!

The Níama has nothing to do with that. The majority among us do not possess this power and that does not impede us from being Kadištu (Life Designers). I will not be as categorical as you. You too much resemble your creator. Your apprenticeship has definitely not yet been achieved. You must have a bit more regard for your Nungal.

What is to become of the Nungal?

The priestess hesitated a short moment...

Your alagní (clones) are innocent victims. If your fidelity to the relationship resists the temptations and tempests that menace you, then you will know how to take the measures that will deliver these beings of yours.

The session ended abruptly at that point. The Nínhal (meditation priestess) rose, made her sign of reverence, and left the apartments soundlessly.

We end here with Enki's consideration of the dark small one he had brought from the vast Edin, and the female named Húlla, the small Ugubi (ape or monkey) of Nammu. Why so much difference in their statures and temperaments? Enki was determined to find the reason and above all to comprehend the functioning of these exotic species, in action so much more peaceful than the Gina'abul.

Reflections on Page AG5

Well, what are we to make of all this?

We are being handed information about how a conscious entity grows in a nonhuman evolution. Could this possibly have anything to do with ourselves?

I am going to suggest that if it did not, we would not be reading it in the first place...

because it comes to us through a person who makes no claim to be anything other than fully human and yet he has it through what seems to be immediate first-hand experience. And if he has some connection, could not others?

What that connection is is actually suggested by the story itself: there was or is a very great apprenticeship taking place. Our human race was still something for the future, but Sa'am/Enki had created the Nungal as part of his Life Designer apprenticeship and he was

now being informed that his work was not being judged too kindly as he appeared to have abandoned his creatures. Apparently, once created, a conscious race needed following.

Now I am perhaps guessing here, but would not one way of following up be to take incarnation into the race itself from time to time, and what would be the benefit in doing that if something could not be brought in?

Would there not be perfect justice in this operation, as the creator would be made to experience exquisitely the experience of his creation... and perhaps to take any needed corrective action.

We barely know how this would work. For example, we gather that Sa'am/Enki is not the only being responsible for human genetics. We have hints that many have dabbled, not the least forces who have opposed the "Life Designers" in the galactic war about which we are beginning to learn. Who knows but what they are all forced to come in at times? Would that not bring about the kind of situation we see around us today?

War(3)

Readers may need to review the sections War(1) and War(2) for a refresh on the background of the Great War that led to all the events of our history here in the Ti-ama-te solar system.

As of some twenty or thirty years after the founding of the Kharsag colony, the war continues. Units of soldiers, battered from combat, frequently burst in upon the colony for a bit of rest and restoration. This always sows discord and forms the central subject of the assemblies. Enlil never lets them stay for longer than an Ud (day) before sending them back to the front.

Where Enlil had been earlier complaining of headaches, he and the other males less frequently do so now. Enki wonders if this indicates that the KI is becoming more compatible or if it is a sign of the imminent victory of their side in the war.

The feline Life Designers known as Urmah deploy a major military position in the east (west) of the vast Edin (plain) toward Kankala (Africa). The Kuku (ancestors) have never detected their base. Enki has learned from Nammu's archives, recorded in Ugur, that the bases are subterranean, and bear the name Gígal [GI₇-GAL: great and noble; GI₆-GAL: great and dark, in Sumerian]. Enki will not speak of this place to his Kuku, to Ninmah, and least of all to Enlil, the Great Šatam.

Enki intends to go there as soon as possible.

The Kingú have been to Šàlim to sign an accord, giving them official permission to establish themselves in the grottoes and tunnels of Uraš (the Earth). The royals have been rendered unstable by war and the domination of the Anunna. Those who have always occupied Uraš become progressively vulgar fugitives. But the hard-core ruling group remains completely elusive. Dìim'mege has in

compensation concluded a truce between the Kingú and the Amašutum of the Abzu. Having had a history scattered with discord between themselves and the royals, this accord seems beneficial to the people of the Abzu.

The treaty was signed without Enki's consent or even his presence. His mother signed in his place.

Enki guards this information secret. It gives no regard to any governing authority of Kharsag.

Thus the Kingú remain allies of the Amašutum and to Enki just as they were to the cause of the ancient queen. For the Kingú, Nammu is taken as Tiamata's legitimate descendant, while they do not recognize her as having any authority over themselves.

Agarin, an Ukubi'im

Agarin (Sumerian for "blood relationship") is the name given by Enki to the Ukubi'im (*Homo Neanderthalensis*) that he brought back from Kankala (Africa). She lived at his side for some 18 Muanna (years). His companions had never supported her presence; Nammu had even forbidden them to live together and ordered Enki to liberate her.

But Agarin had never wished to return to Edin; she had become habituated to Enki's presence. She followed him around as would a wife. They had an affection for one another and had even coupled on numerous occasions. Enki found her to be of an exquisite sweetness; she had definitely added some sweetness to the bitterness of his existence (which he had done everything possible to hide from the colony).

Agarin had obtained no progeny from this, but had received the force of the Niama, which could render one mad.

After he discovered her inanimate body, Enki analyzed her blood and found the venom, but no wound. Though it was unknown to him, Mamítu-Nammu revealed it to very certainly be the venom of Ninmah!

This meant that Enki was going to have to be watchful around Ninmah... who while appreciating Enki, was also spying on his work on Neanderthal genetics, clearly on the request of Enlíl.

Ninmah had clearly seen Agarin as a potential adversary, as she had come to possess the force of Niama.

Due to the attachment he had had to Agarin, Enki did not use her body after her death in his genetic work, although he did preserve her genetic material. He gave her body a simple burning according to their custom; no one bothered to attend and render a final homage. He scattered the ashes into the wind that blew in the large Edin.

Immediate Postwar

Eventually, of course, the Great War did wind down. We are not at the moment aware of any treaty signed with the Gina'abul, though we will update this statement if it is found in error. It seems more to have been a general recognition by all parties that the Gina'abul were not to be evicted from their base on Uraš and that it was useless to continue to try to deny them even the eventual ownership of the entire Ti-ama-te (solar system).

Fighting seemed to have ceased on Udu'idimsa (Mars). Mimínus (grays) were scattered around Ti-ama-te (the solar system). Mulge, the planet of the Kadištu (Life Designers), having a "frequency" too high for Sa'am's Kuku (ancestors), would never be dominated by them. However Sa'am could still worry that the Gina'abul might somehow, someday, be introduced to the Abzu of Mulge without his authorization (which should have been required, as he was Lord of all Abzus in Ti-ama-te). Many emissaries of the Source lived there, including female Gina'abul.

The situation regarding Mulge-Tab, satellite of Mulge, was even less clear. It appeared that its KIGAL was a delicacy for the senses. Nindigir (priestesses) lived there and were guardians of the "life-designer" ordinances.

Sa'am-Enki hoped that, with the war over, he could move beyond his usual confines, travel freely around Ti-ama-te, and perhaps take care of some important matters. Understand that where he had always considered himself aligned with the Kadištu beings who were here, they often did not recognize this in their turn, and Nammu had warned him to be careful lest he be treated as a general Gina'abul. Plus of course he was further confined in his travels by the Gina'abul themselves, who never trusted him, while at the same time very much needing his frequent assistance.

So Sa'am would be able to move around in his Gigirlah, but soon likewise the troops of his Kuku (ancestors) would be landing on Uraš, bringing who knew what changes.

Sa'am-Enki wanted to meet with the feline Kadištu Urmah in their secret underground base at Gigal.

He had found the plan of the layout of this base in Ugur, showing it to be at the extreme south (today's north) of Kankala (Africa), near a long river that flowed in the southern (northern) part of Kankala, and whose sources were in the Sinsal country, the grand reserve of the Ugubi (apes). This is the location of what we know today as the Giza plateau.

There was a protective barrier field set up by robotic lookouts hidden in the vegetation, causing Sa'am to have to stay outside and simply observe the comings-and-goings of the felines for several nights.

Their intensity had been increasing. The earth trembled at times from muffled sounds emanating from the profound depths. Lights flashed out from holes and gaps in the ground.

All of this gave the impression that the Urmah were abandoning the place, though Sa'am didn't see sufficient vessels to suggest an actual flight (fleeing).

With the aid of a viewing device, Sa'am could see that the Urmah were impressive in size, with a greater stature than that of the Gina'abul, large shoulders, and the head of a Pirig (lion) with ocre mane. Surprisingly, several had long claws on their right hand. The Gírkù had no information on this. Sa'am reports that the Imdugud, their "children", sported exactly the same for self-protection.

We mentioned above Nammu's warning to Sa'am about contacting the Urmah. But she also said they tolerated well-enough the Amašutum as emissaries of the Source. Nammu had had working relationships with them - not always very engaging.

The Urmah were "quick" ["vif"] and "dry" ["sec"]. They possessed a state of consciousness that functioned quite differently from that of Sa'am and his associates. Very suspicious in nature, and very solitary, as could also be said of the Imdugud.

The vessels of the felines of the Source were small and light. Some were silent; others emitted at times a hissing that stirred up the dust. Those went out only at night.

Here Parks seems to make a distinction between "felines of the Source" and "Urmah" when he states that the vessels of the Urmah are paler and more elongated, and he does not know their point of access to the Gígal, which seems to be situated much further "inland".

Sa'am recognizes these vessels as the ones that had attacked their mountain at Dukug with some Uru (missiles) two Muanna (years) earlier. That assault had damaged a small part of Kharsag and the works of his Nungal in the vast Edin, but there had been no injuries. The Anunna had responded severely from positions at the foot of the mountain. Afterward, they had tripled their defenses in the Dukug and the Great Šàtam (Enlil) had requisitioned several hundred additional soldiers to protect the agrarian city. That had made it necessary to enlarge their crop plantings. In several days, that same need was to become much greater!

Enlil has just brought in four more Albarzil (mechanical drills) from the Abzu. These were needed years ago; work has simply not been advancing. This is standard practice for Enlil: respond to need when it is already too late.

Sa'am-Enki has been unable to make contact with his father, whose trips "to the heart of Tiamate" (Mulge) sometimes seem to be just a pretext for hiding from his children.

Gígal

The Urmah left the Gígal by night amid deafening sound and light. The colossal flotilla departed the planet in several waves and a continual fracas that raised the earth. The entire operation took about half a Danna (1 hour).

The departure was a major military maneuver that must have been ordered by the Kadištu (Life Designers) confederation. It seemed to be a peculiar thing to Sa'am-Enki, as the small numbers of arriving Gina'abul soldiers (around 600) surely did not require that step. The Urmah numbered in the thousands.

Ninmah would have located their base northeast (today's southwest) of the Dukug. Sa'am-Enki had pretended to know nothing of the subject. He took care that no one followed him to the south (north) of Kankala (Africa). He had made a practice of using the Diranna (star ports) on his trips.

After the Urmah soldiers' departure, Sa'am-Enki returned to his exploration of the plateau. Its protective force field had been deactivated. Armed with a long rope, and Ugur, the Gírkù for illumination, he explored numerous ventilation shafts that punctuated the terrain.

The Gígal was monumental, possessing several levels, which was also indicated in Ugur itself. In fact there were seven levels, but Enki was far from being able to explore them all. That would have taken Iti (months) or even Muanna (years), as the tunnels extended under Kankala (Africa).

In these tunnels, Nammu and her associates had found refuge on many occasions when under attack by the royal red Kingú.

Some of the tunnels seemed to be buried far, far into the earth. They had to go somewhere. Enki believed that certain of them even led to the Abzu. Nammu and Enki's sister Dìm-mege must have known this.

Sa'am reports that there were monumental halls from which emerged broad galleries (or tunnels) through which could pass voluminous vessels. These were doubtless where the Urmah kept their flight vessels.

The walls were smooth, without inscriptions. Some of them seemed to be constituted from a single enormous block. Most of them were not natural. They had not been carved by natural erosion or even by the hands of individual workers. Rather they appeared to be artificial caverns.

The principal seat or headquarters area appeared to have been assembled from the exterior on several levels, on which was then placed the thick, heavy roof that formed the actual plateau.

Anunna > Anunnaki

From this point forward in Parks' books he uses the term Annunaki. The Sumerian number GÍŠ-U (600) is synonymous with the name Anunnaki, which is to say Anunna of the KI (the Earth).

The Giga is a fortress and its walls are impregnable ramparts. Sa'am believed that entire structures could be moved in order to obstruct certain of the underground spaces. He found himself on several occasions facing colossal walls whose orientations seemed completely strange.

There seemed to have been no mechanical devices or systems left behind; the spaces were completely empty. Furthermore, while the two upper levels were dry, some of the lower ones were flooded with clear water. A broad watercourse flowed through the two lowest. The crystal (Urgu) indicated that this was a hidden counterpart of the long river that extended through the south (north) of Kankala (Africa). This lower river had no doubt been diverted in places so that it would run simultaneously on several levels.

Sa'am-Enki discovered several "port basins" lined with willows, that reminded him a bit of the Duat of Dukù - a similar environment. We suggest you pursue the hyperlink so that you can consider the similarities as well as the differences between these two versions of a Duat, assuming that we are indeed dealing with a Duat here. Later, the role of the Duat in the path of a deceased Kadištu will become of central importance.

The river to which we have referred would be the Nile, except for uncertainty introduced by the great dislocation that is due to come to Uraš before we will have today's geography.

I discovered various towns or groupings ["agglomerations"] in the Giga. Numerous edifices are of pyramidal form, others more rectangular or square with wide columns. The architecture of the buildings of the felines of Sipazianna (Orion) was heretofore completely unknown to me.

The habitation spaces and the temple halls are totally empty. The doors are broad and high. A luxuriant vegetation mixes among the stones of the edifices.

The fourth and fifth levels have strange lighting on the ceiling. The ceilings are very high; they differ according to the level and the sectors. They must be nearly 13 Nindan (nearly 80 meters) high. Lines and points cross forming a pleasing and harmonious pattern that illuminates the constructions.

I am blown away by this place. It makes me tremble and wonder at the same time. I must guard this as a secret in my spirit, making it my habit above all not to think of it when I return to Kharsag, particularly when around the Ušumgal and Enlil.

I would love to install myself here. It is here that I would love to establish my Nungal, where they will be free, but I hesitate, so impressed am I with this place. The Anunnaki and their creators above all must not know this place.

Festival of Heroes

Nearly a month after the 600 arriving Anunnaki had posed triumphally at the base of the Dukug (the Mountain of Heaven), a prodigious Festival of Heroes was organized for them at Kharsag.

An had hastily descended from Udu'idimsa (Mars), followed by a cortege of Mimínu ("greys") and Mušgir (*dragons*) dressed like princes.

Enki was totally stupefied to see these revolting creatures around his creator. Dim'mege, who had been invited to the ceremony (while Nammu had not), grimaced strongly at the spectacle.

An testified once again to his supremacy over Ti-ama-te (the solar system). And he demonstrated unmistakably that his constant relations with the worst species of their consanguine family could only increase his power and the fear that he had always inspired on the part of the entire race.

But seeing Enki's and Dim'mege's reactions, An justified himself by stating that without the Mušgir (*dragons*) they would never have been able to deal with Tigeme (Tiamata).

An certainly lacked any tact. He seemed to have forgotten that Dim'mege, Sa'am-Enki, and even he himself were all descended from Tiamata. (See the Source Races chart in [Genealogy](#).)

Prisoners were proudly exhibited. There were three Kingú-Babbar (albinos), five reds and a handful of the common skin (green). The spectacle was pitiable. Three royal reds were savagely executed by the Mušgir who opened their thoraxes. The sour odor of spilled blood and the still warm and palpitating entrails made me nauseous. My sister and I trembled like leaves. Sigpabnun (Isimmud), my agent, seemed very calm.

Among the captives was an Urmah in very poor condition. He was chained outrageously, as justified by the terror that he created in my consanguine family. The Urmah couldn't budge because he was garrotted. His stature was very high, as with most emissaries of the Source.

In his drunken triumph that he shared with his absent son, Enlil praised "the race of elects" who had known how to conquer Uraš and to subjugate their enemies. The Great Šatam took a sword. I understood what he wished to do; I leapt toward him in calling for him to spare the Urmah, arguing that we could study him: "This is an emissary of the Source, above all do not touch him!"

My sister restrained me in my impulse. The Urmah fixed me for a long time in his eyes. EN-LIL forced him to kneel and cut off his head! This required several strokes.

EN-LIL and some Anunnaki jumped on the corpse to drink the victim's blood. This greatly amused my creator.

All this was too much for Dim'mege, who staggered and clutched Enki; she urinated on his boots.

Ninmah came to their assistance, explaining that scenes of carnage always aroused the drunken pride of the males.

She went on:

I am a Nindigir who has taken initiation on Nalulkára. I am no longer a Kadištu since I have conspired with the ensemble of the Ušumgal. I accept this, because I did not give more support to the despotic ideology of our queen.

We have here two beings issued from the line of Tiamata by the intervention of Nammu. If in the future you wish to execute emissaries of the Source, do not do it in front of their delegates present here, only out of the respect that we owe to Enki, his sister, and their absent progenetrix, and in honor of their precious collaboration. Without them, Kharsag would not exist!

Having reestablished order, Ninmah reseated herself on her throne and ordered the festivities to begin. Eden, Ninmah's Garden, had been swept clean for the occasion. Dates, melons, figs, grapes and honeycakes were on display in sparkling plates on tables of "ivory" from the strange creatures that the Ama'argi called Amsi (elephants). The triumphant army filed in majestic and processional rhythm before An, Ninmah, Enlil, the Ušumgal, and Enki. An gave his thanks to each of the high nobles for their acts which had made all this possible.

Comment

Somewhere on this website - and it might as well be right here while we think of it - the perfectly obvious should be acknowledged.

What do you suppose a "scientist" in good standing, guardian of our quest for the truth in our understanding of our place in the universe - would say to all this? I expect he or she would protest loudly, calling for a little more strangeness, more - je ne sais quoi - *ooboo-gooboo* in his/her aliens. If any appearance at all; more likely nothing more than the weakest radio signal trying at some universal code.

Why, this scene resembles nothing more than a feast at royal court (if you ignore a tail in evidence here and there). We KNOW this scene!

But, we say, of course! Isn't that exactly the point? Now finally you have just begun to think.

Proceed...

Enlil's sensation of triumph and joy was very great. Double, because the Great Šàtam was taken with an Ama'argi princess for several months now. He no longer carried any regard for Ninmah, the sovereign of Kharsag.

This is undoubtedly why Ninurta, their common progeny, was not present that day. He preferred to "slash the Imdugud", as he liked to say.

Ninurta had directed the Anunna these last Muanna (years). He had been the official chief of the armies of An for three cycles (years), and it is he who had led the military apparatus to final victory. So his absence was not well appreciated.

Ninmah had taken an interest in Sa'am-Enki. He notices, and takes advantage, feigning drunkenness to match her actual state of inebriation, to pry some more information from her about the status of Sé'et, and even manage to convince her that it would be wise to bring Sé'et back to Uraš. Ninmah warns Sa'am-Enki that Sé'et would not be able to give him the "regard of life" which she, Ninmah, could, and this will lead to his ultimate death.

Nisighu (Bluebird) - Gíghu (Blackbird)

Some days later, Sa'am-Enki returned to his exploration of the Gígal - to its third level. This level possessed several extremely large cavities that would seem to have been able to permit the passage of the Urmah's flying vehicles.

In the northern part were rooms of immoderate size with thick columns, totally deserted.

Amid the maze of stone was a profound hall, devoid of any artificial lighting. With the aid only of the green light of the Gírkù, Enki found inscriptions on the ground, in the Emešà (mother) language - a very archaic form that seemed not to employ any Emenita (male language) terms, other than names that were mentioned.

He left this inscription on the ground to present later to Nammu. It seemed to be composed of Kùsig (gold) powder. Its contents were as follows:

*Ana apil É-a
ilittu šá Nam-mu tu-li-du a-na marutu ina An
Gi-gal bité-su-nu gab-bi maš-ka-nu šá Ur-Mah ana šá muhhi hi*

Nun-Gal
pa-ni-šú id-da-gal Nisig-hu akanna Gíg-hu

Translation:

To the son of the house of the water
progeny of Nammu, she who has engendered in filiation with An.
The complete house of the Gígal is the retribution of the Urmah
to (him who has) responsibility for the Nungal.
In his privilege, he will dispose of Nisighu (Bluebird) as well as
Gíghu (Blackbird).

Exploring further - feverishly - Enki's Ugur eventually illuminated the sides of an ovoid flying apparatus of the Iníuma general type, with bluish reflections. The reader can for the time being refer to our [Iníuma illustrations](#). We have prepared 3D images of Nisighu for the forthcoming book *Le Réveil du Phénix (The Awakening of the Phoenix)* and at the time of that publication, we will place here an image of how the Bluebird appeared to Enki in the Gígal cavity.

A word of description: yes it was blue, it was longer/slimmer than the Iníuma, and it had wings, apparently for use in our atmosphere.

Enki found it highly esthetic, giving the impression of power to displace rapidly and in silence.

A bit further is found another vessel of dark reverberation. It possesses small wings of triangular form and three rectangular dark windows at the level of the cockpit. Its contours are straight, taut. Its massive silhouette and its full length give it an extremely menacing aspect. It gives me the impression of roaring in silence. It appears to be without any doubt a powerful machine of war.

Here again, we have prepared 3D images and await the time for their release.

Anyway, the heavy responsibility of all this sent shivers down Sa'am's spine. He was no warrior; he was at times nervous handling the Gírkù. How was he to be responsible for the Gígal and for these two strange machines? In fact, he was unable even to find the entry door to Bluebird.

He also at this time faced a heavy task in Edin: to install the bulk of the Annunaki in the villages of cedarwood constructed along the two enormous grooves that had been dug out by his Nungal. The work had begun; the water had begun to be diverted. The dikes and irrigation canals had been excavated by the Mímínu (greys). Always he was preoccupied by something fundamental.

To be continued...

Search for Sé'et

HOW TO RECORD IN YOUR GÍRKÙ

If you have the power of *Níama*, as does Sa'am-Enki, you take great joy in focusing your thought on the Gírkù's luminous essence, and with an assured gesture, passing your hand three times over its extremity. When the virtual control panel appears, the information may be tapped in, then appearing on the pellucid screen.

Ninmah has agreed to allow Sé'et to return to Uraš, but where exactly is Sé'et? She has not made an appearance and we find Sa'am-Enki in his Gigirlah (vessel) on a journey to find her.

Sa'am-Enki summarizes what he has been able to learn of the outcome of the hostilities that led to the present situation. Briefly, the allies of the Source had been successful everywhere, recouping all territories from his Gina'abul ancestors (Kuku) and their allies, except for here, in the Ti-ama-te system, where the Kuku have achieved undeserved mastery.

From Mulmul (the Pleiades), the Ubšu'ukkinna system (Maia of the Pleiades) has been retaken by the Amašutum of Adala (Taygete of the Pleiades), of Gišda (the Hyades) and by the Ameli of Bun (Aldebaran of Taurus). I understand that our system of Anduruna (Dubhe), my birthplace, has also been entirely recovered by our females of Margí'da (Ursa Major).

Sa'am-Enki laments the irony, how he and other allies of the Source pursued the war to this system and ended up contributing to the (local) victory of his Kuku, becoming now unwelcome in the "fruitful" places.

In spite of their legendary wisdom, the royal authority of the Amašutum established in Gišda (the Hyades), disavow the daughter of Tiamata, Mamítu-Nammu - legitimate sovereign of the Gina'abul. My mother and I are exiles here, along with the Nindigir (priestesses) who have followed us in the battle as well as our Nungal. We are now constrained to associate ourselves with the Ušumgal and their Anunna - forced to collaborate with the Gina'abul traitors with whom we have no affinity. The technology that we use to survive each *Ud* (day) is quite rudimentary. We depend on only the equipment that has made the voyage with us and what we have by the good will of the Nindigir (priestesses) of the Abzu.

If I may say, this perhaps strikes a resonant note... but we are a long, long way down the road today. Let us go on...

Sa'am-Enki points out that Ninmah, the sovereign of Kharsag, has illegally replaced his progenitrix in her constitutional functions, Nammu, who possesses the regal blood of her mother and of the Kadištu via the genetics that she has acquired from the Abgal of Gagsisá (Sirius). The ordinances of An and his Šātam (territorial administrator) are outside the universal rules.

And so Ninmah swept into Sa'am's Kharsag, uninvited, and as Enlil's companion, rubbed herself like a Su (an animal) over everything Sa'am possessed, without his even knowing, until even his personal effects were impregnated with her emanation.

Although Enlil was totally in Ninmah's power, her objective was not Enlil; it was Sa'am himself, and had been for a long time.

Sa'am, observing himself here, saw that his own character had been modified over time by his creator's (An's) entourage, becoming more and more hardened and careful.

When Ninmah came into his dwelling place, it was always to spy on him and to lend to him her therapeutic virtues. Recently she had placed on his research table a goblet filled with her Úzug (menses). She had believed him to be sick, but he had been well enough in public.

She often found him to be with inopportune symptoms which actually did not at all reflect his state. He never drank her euphoriant drinks and he always cleaned out his working tools after she left.

Her comportment was at one time emphatic and irritating.

His mother Mam, for some reason Sa'am did not understand, was avoiding her son at this time.

Sa'am-Enki had brought up Zehuti (Thot) from the Abzu (underground world) and put him in his (Sa'am's) place in Edin. Sa'am had left the Gígal, Edin, Kharsag and its Ereš (queen). He had abandoned his Nungal for a time and left Enlil to track the Ugubi (apes) and Ukubi (genus Homo). He was henceforth on the search for Sé'et!

Although Ninmah never ceased to predict Sé'et's imminent return to Uraš, his sister's whereabouts remained unknown.

Here is a summary of some notes entered by Sa'am-Enki on his search:

- He visited Udu'idimsa (Mars) and its zone of production hidden in its Abzu. Mîmínu (greys) served as guide. The beings at the head of the Kiši (ant people) said Sé'et had returned to the Abzu of the Mulge.
- The Abzu's fields seemed abandoned; its silos empty. The priestesses there said that Sé'et had been set free and taken by a group of Ama'argi from Mulge-Tab, a month ago.
- A gigantic mothership was under construction in the center of the planet's Abzu, by Mîmínu, accompanied by the deafening roar of a multitude of machines.
- On the way back to the surface, Sa'am saw strange stations for treatment of mined materials.

As to the surface of the planet:

It was a charred and choking ruin, ravaged by combat. Sa'am's Niama permitted him to perceive the atrocities that the astral domain had endured, which he felt it would be preferable not to reveal.

The light of Udu'idimsa (Mars) is much stronger than that which we experience here on Uraš. I take it Parks is saying this is in part because its smaller size gives it a smaller (shallower) atmosphere, but he also reminds us that this time period is prior to the disruption of the orbits of all the inner planets that occurred later when Mulge-Tab went traveling. In other words, all those planets were closer to the sun then than they are today.

So much for the physical description of Udu'idimsa. As for the progress of his search:

Sa'am did find his creator An ensconced in a sumptuous palace he had built, in just several Ud (days), in the middle of the rubble of the ancient royal quarters.

An welcomed him with open arms... the first time since they had all arrived in this "hole", as Sa'am put it. An had been avoiding Sa'am, but there he could no longer. He apparently wished to cut an impressive figure before his slimy henchmen...

I was not very cordial and this escaped no one. An was lounging on his enormous bed ornamented with red and green jasper. He was totally ridiculous! Close to him were two Kingú-Babbar chained by the neck and the two bound hands. They seemed to symbolize the victory of my creator over his consanguine adversaries. This scene was deplorable.

Asked where Sé'et might be found, An responded that he knew nothing, and that Sé'et had left Udu'idimsa (Mars) an Iti (month) before, with some Amašutum from Mulge-Tab, the satellite of the planet of the Kadištu (Life Designers). Sé'et was no longer "under their divine providence", having been given her liberty in thanks for her efforts.

Mulge and Mulge-Tab have the use of arms that escape our control and understanding. These accursed planets are not yet under our authority. You are the guarantor of of the Uga-Muš (the People of the Serpent) my son. If you ignore the conduct of individuals for whom you are responsible, how can we have confidence in you?

The very interesting conversation continues; we'll attempt to summarize the points:

- The Amašutum must obey Sa'am; if they do not, their blood will be on him.
- Sa'am goes to so much trouble to preserve his Nungal. An could liberate them with the snap of a finger.
- Give him Mulge and Mulge-Tab, and An will give Sa'am his deserved place on Uraš. Enlil will be ousted. Ninmah will support this.

Sa'am responds that he cannot offer what does not belong to him. To which An's tone becomes rougher:

Then have you nothing better to do in Edin than to run after your Kadištu (Life Designer) sister? Only the uncertain Source whose nature you preach knows perhaps where she is found at present. It has been a long time since the daughter of Nammu was part of your

existence. You are reconstructing, Enki. That is the reality. Ninmah needs your services on Uraš. It is necessary for us to be willful and disciplined so as to renovate these unfortunate places.

Is it not you who are responsible for this carnage my dear genitor? Peace reigned in these places before our arrival!

An did not take this well. Their regards affronted each other. An's was hard and dominating. He no doubt had attempted to sound Enki by means of his Niama, but Enki had closed his chakras, as was his habit.

Enki was master of the Abzus of each planet in the system. An was constructing his ship without Enki's permission. A challenge of force existed between them.

Having nothing further to say to one another, they ended this meeting like strangers.

Enki departed in his Gigirlah (vessel) totally irritated, leaving some description of the physical state of the planet in his Gírkù. He headed for a Diranna (stargate) and programmed his arrival on Mulge, "the dark star" of the Kadištu (Life Designers)... the "planet of deserters"!

He did not understand why he spoke thus. A profound anger had assailed him for several Ud (days). He had a bad presentiment, but why? He hardly recognized himself. His hands trembled abnormally. He would have to calm himself quickly; otherwise the descent would be rude and he risked causing himself a major crisis of Buluhur (spasms).

Sa'am-Enki emerged at Mulge, to find the planet criss-crossed with powerful storms, whose lightning actually posed a threat to the equipment on his ship. He would have liked to descend into the Abzu, but did not because the detestable Mardukù had had to be deposited there. (Readers may need to review the section Laws.)

Following his instinct, Sa'am-Enki avoided Mulge. He could not explain the strange malaise that it gave him. He knew that in its Abzu were many emissaries of the Source who had survived the war.

At any rate, he followed his intuition toward the satellite Mulge-Tab.

This object was of moderate size compared with Mulge, but possessed a dimension similar to that of Uraš. It had an environment very different from that of its mother Mulge, being at once aquatic and forested. It did not seem to have been affected by the terrors of war.

Enki's vessel was directed toward an accessible stargate. Mulge-Tab's traffic was minutely filtered. The satellite possessed a thermal shield that served to protect it from external aggressions, and procured for it a constant warmth from one end to the other of the planet.

When I exited my Gigirlah, a piercing whistle resonated in my ears. I was greeted by a group of Ama'argi.

Their bodies were moulded in a white sheath, split to the knee, of the same type that Nammu wore at times.

I had to breathe calm and self-mastery.

The sky of Mulge-Tab is of a blinding blue and its soil radiates a constant warmth. I had the vague impression of finding myself on the planet Dukù. [See [Worlds](#)]

At this point we are presented with a richly and beautifully detailed description of the reception -- Enki's arrival was expected and awaited -- and of the planet itself. It would give us great pleasure to simply translate this... but this is not the purpose of these pages. An English-language translation will eventually be published. And so, as we generally try to do, we will bring you some of what we believe to be essential facts that will help to understand what has taken place in this long-forgotten piece of our history; the full flavor will be available later.

But where shall we draw the line? Shall we simply mention for the benefit of some future liberated botanist that an immaculate white magnolia whose fragrance is Enki's preferred of all he knows is the sacred tree of this planet? Why not?

Suffice to say that Enki was met by an escort of dozens of Amašutum in gold-ornamented liturgical vestments, dancing in rhythm as they led him toward a port city where a tribune of honor had been prepared.

Asar is the true Egyptian name of Osiris, "Osiris" being the Greek name of Usir (the seat of the eye) given to Asar after his legendary disappearance. Its origin is assuredly Gina'abul (Sumerian) under the form AŠ-ÁR ("the glorified unparalleled one").

After endless praises, the females provided Sa'am-Enki with yet another of what he takes to be pompous names: *Ašár* ("the glorified unparalleled one").

The Ama'argi then turned to the gigantic Unir (pyramid) that dominated the west of the port city with its white marble facade. On its top the rays from a quartz crystal of immoderate size seemed to rend the sky in two.

Sa'am-Enki felt a shudder. The priestesses had exalted the divine light of the sun through the intermediary of the dazzling pyramid that reflected its luminescence.

He was led silently down a long road to the pyramid and made to descend where he was left in the underground darkness, alone... until he could make out some figures moving in the distance. Sa'am-Enki was then invited to join in a basin... three Abgal -- Kadištu of Sirius! (See the description of this race under [Races](#).)

The Abgal emanated an indescribable peace that, at the moment, reminded him of Sé'et. But their faces painfully evoked her absence.

One approached, took him in her arms, and spoke with the aid of Kinsag (telepathy):

My brother Ea (of the house of water), we were all waiting for you. We would have wished to have met with you under more propitious conditions. You must hear the truth on the subject of our sister Sé'et.

The Abgal held me still more strongly.

The daughter of Nammu is no longer of this world. Her vessel exploded before reaching Mulge-Tab. Your mother is aware of the situation, but she did not dare speak of it to you, knowing your attachment to your sister.

This was altogether too much; the dream had suddenly turned to dread. Enki leapt from the water, as to deliver himself from the clutches of this nightmare. Blinded by anger and overtaken by convulsive sobs... an Abgal tried to calm him and announce that "the past and the future can be apprehended by the spirit", saying that one must look beyond appearances.

Sé'et has chosen to depart and to experiment with death.

They said that Enki's sister had opened a way of wisdom for the Gina'abul who were aware of her death...

Enki neither understood nor wished to understand anything. Anger was the most direct path of response for him. He hastily took his leave, thinking only of the plot of his Kuku (ancestors) and An's manipulation. His head resonated with sinister thoughts toward them!

Sa'am-Enki hastened to leave the subterranean complex. His anger could not be controlled. He knew he was wrong to have reacted in this way, but there it was. He was also angry with himself; his Abgal blood was of no use against his "genetic animality" programmed by An to render him systematically blind.

Still, he understood. His mother and he had been betrayed by his Kuku (ancestors). The Amašutum were bereaved; she who was destined to ascend to the throne of Uraš and promised to unseat Ninmah -- in the name of Tiamata and of Nammu -- no longer existed!

The Amašutum asked if he did not wish to collect himself by visiting the dummy of his sister. Being unable to recover Sé'et's body, the Nindigir (priestesses) had fabricated this and placed it in the Duat of Mulge-Tab, under the pyramid. (The Primordial Chaos is the best place to shelter the body of a Gir, an obstetrician of Kirišti.) But Sa'am would not render value to this masquerade. He simply asked them to guard their silence over this entire affair and left Mulge-Tab, the harbor of peace where the days appeared to succeed one another identically.

Suddenly it was all clear. Ninmah's proposition was logical if she was au courant of the situation. Sa'am was certain that Ninmah was part of the plot.

Fatigued, he engaged his automatic pilot and programmed as his destination the star port at the foot of the Dukug, the sacred mountain (at Kharsag).

He would say nothing. Whether it had been an accident or a crime, he would know by their eventual reactions to the prolonged absence of his sister.

He headed back to Uraš. He had a severe crisis of Buluhur (spasmod crisis). He had to get some sleep quickly. Here is where this entry into Ugur ends.

Nungal Insurrection

...Long time passes before the next entry into Ugur. The pain has been so excessive.

But in time, Sé'et's face begins little by little to fade, he begins to forget her smile, her green eyes (pupils)...

Sa'am-Enki spends some time in the jungle in the south (north) of Sigun (Australia) where they used to camp after having first arrived on this planet.

What has become of her soul? Where is she?

Kharsag remains the sovereign domain of Ninmah, the Ušumgal and most of the Anunnaki, while the Edin (the plain) is the retreat of Enlil and his multiethnic workers. Some Anunnaki are scattered in the gigantic plain. We have begun to erect cities for them near most of the Diranna (star ports) that punctuate the lands of the grand Šàtam (territorial administrator). These buildings are not yet all inhabited.

The Nungal have pursued their interminable labor, unsupported now by Sa'am-Enki for years. Meanwhile after the loss of his sister, he abandoned himself to a suicidal despair, imagining a thousand and one means of putting an end to his days. But he would need an extreme and radical method, since he was gifted with eternal life by grace of the Níama. He would throw himself under an Albarzil (mechanical drill); crash in full flight against the Dukug (holy mountain); pass under a reactor [?]; eliminate himself with the aid of a Gidrugiri (lightning bolt)... or with Ugur. He never lacked for ideas but he could never carry out the act. Something or someone always impeded. He would like to have thought it was a Namlú'u - an invisible one - who was responsible.

Finally he borrowed an Ama'argi Tumuá (single-place flying apparatus) and flew it around and around Uraš under full power until its power crystal blew up, leaving him stranded in the middle of Kankala (Africa). He had to call Ninmah via Kinsag (telepathy) to come and rescue him.

He had not mentioned Sé'et's disappearance when around the Kuku or Ninmah or Enlil. But when he did mention her name, it was in inventing some imaginary news. Sé'et was said to be living in the Abzu with her mother and sister Dim'mege. Ninmah had at times mentioned to Sa'am-Enki that Sé'et ought to come out of the Abzu and pay a courtesy visit. Sa'am was always obliged to invent excuses more and more unlikely, one after the other. They had all played this stupid game.

The density of the KI had made itself felt more and more for the males from Margíd'da (the Great Bear, Ursa Major) and from Mulmul (the Pleiades), even for those of double polarity. Sa'am-Enki had thought he might escape this effect thanks to the omnipotent force of the Ušumgal, but Nammu and Ninmah had been correct: it was difficult for him due to a paternal genetic factor that he could not explain very well. Nevertheless he tolerated the situation much better than did the Anunnna. His Nungal and Enlil supported the KI marvelously.

He was not a true Nungal, and so contrary to them, he did not possess the genetic components of the Babbar (albinos). For their part, the Ušumgal hid in their quarters at Kharsag where Ninmah took good care of them. She was like that with everyone, and Sa'am-Enki eventually had to cave to her repeated advances.

The midwife of the Anunna had become Sa'am's Šan (mistress/owner). She was the one who produced for him her "regard of life". He hardly rejoiced in this, because Ninmah did not inspire in him the confidence he would like to entertain with whom he would love. Moreover, he suspected that behind his back she gave her Úzug (menses) to his Ušumgal Kuku (ancestors). She had this wish to render herself indispensable and to see that no one at Kharsag would escape her sovereign control.

He had gone to meet Nammu in the Abzu to ask if she would accord him her "regard of life" in place of Ninmah, but she had not accepted. Once again, she had preferred to leave Sa'am facing his responsibilities.

His sister Dim'mege had proposed that he come live at Šàlim, the capital of the Abzu, and form with her the "pillar of the world". She had suggested that he would become her Nitahlam (lover), and offered her "regard of life". But something undefinable spoke against that; he did not know what.

Dim'mege nevertheless was more agreeable to the view that Ninmah and Sa'am would inspire more confidence.

She had slimmed down in recent Muanna (years) and was very pretty. She always had been. And now she wore a heavy scent that secretly intoxicated Sa'am.

Ninmah had been asking for some of Dì'me'ge's Ama'argi to come to be mates to her Anunnaki so that the colony could grow. Although Ninmah had wanted more, Dì'me'ge had allowed only fifty, and these purely voluntary. Dì'me'ge was no fool! She knew the real reason was the need for their "regard of life".

Ninmah had also asked Enki to repatriate a large number of Nindigir (priestesses) of Mulge and Mulge-Tab for the same reason. But Enki had refused even to speak to the Kadištu about this, the idea was so grotesque! (Actually he had no rapport with them anyway.)

In spite of their union, Enki and Ninmah did not live together. Ninmah wished that Enki would give her a child, and she had used all of her charms to this end, but he retained his sperm as Nammu had assigned him to do. He did not wish to give offspring to the sovereign of the Anunna, the accomplice of his creator assassin.

He took refuge at Nunkiga (Eridu), his little station in the middle of the large Edin (plain). Sigpabnun (Isimmud) was with him there. He guided him sometimes to calm himself in his follies. His presence and his extraordinary calm were at times soothing. He was very centered.

At this time, Enki seems torn by everyone's needs. The climate on Uraš is not warm enough for the Anunnaki. They reign like sovereigns on high (at Kharsag). The Nungal can barely approach them from Nunkiga. Enki's Alagní (clones) are supposed to be digging with six Albarzil (mechanical drills) but two are out of service. Their materiel is out of date. Dim'me'ge has not authorized replacement, doubtless in retaliation for Enki's not having become her Nitahlam (lover). Some Nungal have returned to digging with shovels. Enki tries to maneuver for them between Dim'me'ge, Ninmah's people, and his Kuku (ancestors), but barely.

Enki has returned three times to Mulge-Tab. Life there is peaceable. The Nindigir (priestesses) who live there form an exemplary cellular organization, or at least so it seems. They seem to care for nothing except his personal pleasure when he is around them.

They seem totally disconnected with the difficulties on Uraš. Is this the life of the Kadištu (Life Designers)?

For so long now, Enki has painfully confirmed that he has not been able to approach the Ukubi'im (*genus Homo Neanderthalis*) family with once he had had such good rapport and from which came Agarin. She had come out of Africa. Certain tribes had been directed toward the middle lands (Europe). Enki did not know if it was his proximity to Ninmah that was causing the problem. He seemed to have been changing little by little and losing his profound essence.

At this point Enki has one idea in his head: to find "his promise" - Sé'et - her essence, soon, wherever it was, and whatever would be the mechanism with which it would come to materialize.

He had gone to meet with the Abgal of Mulge-Tab again, who were never far from the liquid element and the Kíg-Ku (dolphins) who peopled the borders of the sea. The Abgal had initiated him into the functioning of the Ba (soul) which aided him in detaching momentarily from his promise. They had explained that the Ba could sometimes lead down indirect paths for the benefit of life's missions. This idea conformed to what had been said to him innumerable Muanna (years) ago by the Ninhal (divination priestess) when she had visited him at Kharsag. (See Prophecy.)

Enki had asked his Nungal Zehuti (Thot) - who had for some time been occupied with coordinating the Nungal in Edin - to go and study the Gígal and take personal charge of the secret zone that the Urmah had accorded to him. Zehuti had also taken responsibility for Šé'et's chamber in the Abzu, ensuring that it was just as Enki had left it when he departed for Kharsag. Enki was planning to visit the Abzu again and rejoin his maternal family soon.

Enki had absolute confidence in Zehuti.

Seeing the Nungal digging under his nose was going to be completely unbearable for Enki. The Nungal were exhausted. Enlil would give them no rest under any circumstances. The tension mounted more and more in the trenches.

The great Šàtam ranged long and wide over the vast Edin, supervising the urban works. Some Anunnaki were put to work on that, but very few. Mainly it was the Kingú who had been occupied for some time with the construction of the Anunna edifices. The Mîmínu (greys) oversaw the work day and night. The royals were hardly better treated than the Nungal; often in chains. Enlil had several at his service.

Weather Modification

Conforming to Decree 33 of the Mardukù, the Ušumgal and Ninmah ordained that the Ama'argi shall make the sun appear. Our females had refused, stating that this decree was related to the climate of the Dukù and not to that of Uraš.

A vote had been taken at Kharsag. My creator had not descended from his accursed Udu'idimsa (Mars) but he had ordered Enlil to stand in for him.

The grand council voted in the majority to put Decree 33 into practice. The Amašutum present declared that it was folly and that one should not change the climate as brusquely as Ninmah and the great Šàtam wished. However, under the sovereign order of the Assembly, the Ama'argi had had to pierce the cloud base so that the sun could appear and they would have the warmth required

for Ninmah's progenitures.

The giant prisms and antennas of our Nindigir (priestesses) were directed toward the firmament, and the climate has actually changed on Uraš! The sky is of a profound blue. It is suddenly warmer, which is going to have repercussions on our daily life and on our agriculture.

Enki should have been occupying himself with the agricultural programs, but the task simply repulsed him. He had less and less interest in working for the Anunnaki and their directors. However the vast Edin waited to be planted and to generate the nourishment needed by the colony and all the workers.

They had extended the agricultural areas, cloned the cattle that would pull the plows and bring the milk, but it was not enough.

The Nindigir (priestesses) busied themselves with the flocks. The small cattle grazed in the heights, near Ninmah's garden and Enki's laboratory.

Enki approved the restarting of agriculture in the Abzu of Udu'idimsa (Mars), which would leave him some respite. Šetir, the priestess of grains, and Udu'us, priestess of cattle, were assigned this work. Cargoes coming from Mars were chartered regularly to bring additional foodstuffs. What was lacking at this point was a labor force on Udu'idimsa (Mars).

Ninmah had some Nungal come up to Kharsag, where they served in various urban works. In these more elevated living areas, the Nungal were better treated than in Edin (the plain).

Ninmah presided over maternity at Kharsag. Enki had not participated in childbirth and delivery for some Muanna (years), the sovereign of the Anunna having a number of competent *Ninti* around her. Enki had had to expand the maternity center a year before.

The Anunnaki mixed with the Ama'argi, and the colony grew, to the great pleasure of Ninmah.

Enki contemplated the cloud of dust, fatally approaching. Zehuti's (Thot's) absence had much affected the Nungal, though Enki compensated as much as he could by spending all his time with them. But they were covered with sweat, dust, and earth, and could do no more.

Ninti or Nintu

Generic Sumerian term designating "midwife, nurse, "cloner"". NIN-TI is translated "priestess of the life". One finds this term on numerous Sumerian tablets, especially where there is question of childbirth or delivery, treatment of specific persons, or of clonage... Ninmah-Ninkharsag (or Ninhursag) is always described as being a highly gifted Ninti.

The weather had become much warmer. The Nungal were only approximately half-finished with their task. [Ocean levels were lower at that epoch. The Persian Gulf was above sea level and made up part of Edin.] It was insanity!

It is at this rather bleak moment that Enki seems to have gotten an idea - risky, but one that might resolve all this. He cannot consign it to Ugur, for fear of having it learned by others if he should lose possession of the Gírkù. But the end of the suffering seems suddenly very close.

Enki is going to ask Sigpabnum (Isimmud) to wait at Nunkiga (Eridu) where he will be given a mission. He will carry it out at the proper moment, to be signalled by Enki.

In his next Gírkù entry, Enki has rejoined his domain in the Abzu and has been visiting there for some Ud (days).

Several types of Ugubi (monkey or ape) and Ukubi (genus Homo) families have passed through the overture and joined the underground domain - not en masse but occasionally. They have been disturbed by the changes in the climate above. Other families have sojourned there since the night of time.

Among them exists a particular type of colossal size who serve as mountain sentinels to beings who live under the earth. The Ama'argi call them the *Uru*. They possess a character that is conciliatory toward those who approach them with respect.

Enki has moved into Sé'et's old chamber, which appears to have been totally undisturbed... is in the same state of disarray as when Sé'et left it, as though Zehuti had not even set foot there.

We will summarize the remainder of this Gírkù entry.

Enki is spending time, awaiting the right moment for his plan. Meanwhile we are treated to the lovemaking side of his life, especially the intense relationship with Dìm'mege.

Dìm'mege asks how she compares with Sé'et, not realizing that Enki could not have had bodily relations with Sé'et; otherwise his sister would share the Niama, they would have had full telepathic rapport, and she probably would be with them all today.

It's complicated; Dìm'mege now shares the Niama as well, but Enki can keep some information from her by controlling his chakras. Nevertheless, Dìm'mege knows of his plan and approves of it.

Uru

From the Sumerian URU₂ "guard"; "keep watch". Its homophones URU₁₆ "enormous", "immense", "valiant" or even URU₇ "parent" give the same sense. They appear without doubt to be great mountain apes of which one finds traces today among the different cultures of the planet, as for example the Bigoot in the USA, Pongo in Africa, Yeti in Nepal, Kaptur of the Caucasus, etc.

Sexual arrangements among these beings clearly differ a little from ours. Another matter is that of the "regard of life" -- the menstrual fluid. All of the females in Enki's life would like him to share theirs. There are reasons why it is good to stay with just one. He sticks with Ninmah in this regard.

Enki worries about leaving the Nungal for too long, but he believes it is only a matter of days before his plan comes to fruition.

Nammu does not seem pleased with all the pleasures taking place between Enki and Dim'mege. The reason is a little mysterious and they speculate.

She has just exhibited to Enki for the first time a being whom he had never seen before. She is his creatress, in that she has fashioned him from genetic material. In fact she has used the same genetic material that she had used for Enki. They are, in a sense, brothers. Nammu has not been very precise on this subject.

Enki thinks that Nammu must have used partially his genotype to augment the Abgal content.

The being is a mixed-blood, mixture of Abgal and Kingú.

Nammu seems close to this strange being with the skin of a Babbar (albino). He is called Hé'er -- "the fruitful who guides" -- which seems quite a strange name to Enki. Who is this Hé'er to guide and why should he? Enki believes Nammu wishes to make of him a guide for the Gina'abul, who would achieve that which Enki himself had not achieved correctly.

[This appears to be "Horus the Great" (see the enlarged Sources chart in our Genealogy section), son of Nut (Nammu), not "Horus the Avenger", posthumous son of Asar (Osiris).]

Ok, Enki's plan ("ruse") seems to be working. Nammu has just come by, very angry, to tell him that his Nungal have ceased their labors. She must have become aware of Enki's inner chuckling, as she became doubly indignant at his inertia and nonchalance.

I wish to face everyone with their responsibilities, my mother as well as the Ušumgal. Mam (Nammu) for having made me carry the sole responsibility for the genetic origin of the Nungal, and my Kuku (ancestors) for having used our Alagni (clones) as Arad (slaves). I love Nammu from the depths of my being, but I must not let myself walk on her feet. I have retorted to my genetrix that she must not worry; when my presence will be requested in Edin (the plain) and at Kharsag, I will go then to be with our rivals.

Don't concern yourself my mother, I know what I am doing. I will go to restore your prestige soon!

First clean your own honor before evoking mine Enki!

It seemed true that Nammu had lost all confidence in Enki and this saddened him profoundly. But he knew how he would recover his pride, as she said he must, and also hers!

The Nungal had not taken up their work again. The Mīmínu overseers had commanded them to resume their drilling, but they had used their tools for the revolt and had taken several Mīmínu hostage.

Enki had sent a signal in one of his crystals at Nunkiga and his devoted Siggabnun (Isimmud) had gone to the Nungal and discretely conveyed the message that was intended for them. The clones were then freed in their movements, and crossed the Edin, headed for the home of the Great Šatam (Territorial Administrator, Enlil).

Siensišár and Remission

The Electronic Text Corpus of Sumerian Literature (ETCSL)

Readers are encouraged to familiarize themselves with the ETCSL body of literature comprising "a selection of nearly 400 literary compositions recorded on sources which come from ancient Mesopotamia (modern Iraq) and date to the late third and early second millennia BCE." Parks certainly makes reference to this and in particular opens his Ádam Genisiš chapter being discussed here with an extensive quote from the section Enki and Ninmah.

Parks notes that this text clearly distinguishes Mamítu-Nammu, mother of Enki, from Ninmah, his mistress. Too many authors, he says, confuse these two.

The general topic is the use of the Siensišár -- artificial womb (see Decoder) -- normally to create "dignitaries", but here to be used to confect a sort of primitive human. Enki is going to have to modify or upgrade the Siensišár to make use of the "blood" of beings residing in the terrestrial Abzu.

The mutiny takes place in Edin. Enlil ("the lord idiot") barricades himself in his dwelling in Duranki (Sumerian name for the town of Nippur, city of the Great Šatam Enlil. It has the meaning "Bond between heaven and earth".)

The Great Šātam has tried several times to reach Enki via Kinsag (telepathy), of which he possesses partial mastery due to the Níama that he has received from Ninmah, but Enki has not responded.

Seeing that Enki is not going to command his Nungal to return to work, Nammu seems to become concerned that her Uga-Muš (People of the Serpent, the Amašutum) will be drafted. Therefore she prescribes that Enki produce a handiwork that will replace the Nungal. This is something of which he had long dreamed, but would not have undertaken except by the order of the greatest Amašutum geneticist, Mamítu-Nammu.

Ethical questions had long surged in Enki's spirit, and he had discussed these with Nammu. Who would risk incarnating in these bodies, ready to work?

Her response had sent chills down his spine. It is worth quoting verbatim from the book:

Each is free to incarnate where he wishes, it is the common code of beings in our universe. Sorrow and failure are an integral part of Zišàgál (incarnations) that evolve in the parts of the Galaxy where duality rules.

We know, you and I, that it is difficult to accept, especially you, my son, when you must carry on your shoulders the wishes of your Kuku (ancestors).

If you do not offer them a solution quickly, it is war that awaits us here and the fragile peace that Uraš (the Earth) enjoys will be destroyed for Limamu (millennia).

We, Nindigir (priestesses), have borne the brunt of discord throughout the course of our long history; we know where all that has led us. Do you think that the Kadištu (Life Designers) asked themselves the question of which type of Ba (soul) was going to incarnate in the body of the Imdugud? The model of the allies of the Source does not cease to concern me, even if at times I do not always totally incorporate it!...

Their following conversation dealt with the selection of the genetic material that would be used to clone these beings.

From an ideological perspective, it would seem out-of-bounds to contemplate employing Ušumgal or Anunna material, for fear of offending those groups. Nammu wished to exploit the genetic material of the various types of Ugubi (apes) that she had upgraded to Ukubi'im (*Homo Neanderthalensis*) under the noses of the Kingú and emissaries of the Source. She felt such tenderness for them that she doubtless wished to further develop this family. Enki well understood that, having studied them and rubbed elbows with them, as it were. Agarin, his female Ukubi'im, was in his heart. She had shown him how endearing these beings could be, and how they were animated by a remarkable conscience, no doubt sharper than that of the Anunna!

[Here, in his Note 92, Parks briefly reviews, giving references, the state of genetic science today with regard to puzzling genetic links between the various *Homo* types. Rather than contemplating a moment of deliberate external manipulation, researchers fall on simple ongoing relations of copulations between apes and hominids.]

Once Enki and Nammu had basically decided on using the genes of the Ukubi'im (*Homo Neanderthalensis*), Enki proposed using specifically genes of the Ukubi'im family that he had studied over a long period of time, and that he had stocked and brought with him there to the Abzu.

Nammu was astonished at the proposition (not made clear if she had known about the genes being there), but she accepted.

Let's again take the liberty of quoting verbatim a paragraph from the book. This material is of keen interest; we might as well keep it true to the original.

I fabricated a new type of Siensišár (artificial womb). A model that was going to permit us to generate mixed-bloods.

I began with Ama'argi apparatuses, the Uzumúa matrices that are composed of a large quantity of quartz.

I made a number of attempts and I was required to employ Zirzi (destroyers of life) to eliminate unfruitful products. This experience of having to destroy unsuccessful models is completely disagreeable to me. It reminds me of my creator and of the Alagni (clones) that he had created and suppressed before obtaining me.

I incinerated the body of each; it was necessary never to leave any trace of our work. I had to refine my attempts in order to avoid having to kill. I had blood on my hands and that did not please me at all! I had felled Abzu-Abba, I had killed on the Dukù to save my skin and there I am today in the act of suppressing living beings due to the fact that they are only drafts or specimens of a great line to come.

I have difficulty creating beings with restricted understanding. We have voluntarily chosen this model for its developed conscience. I cannot produce pure Ádam (animals), not like these stupid Kingú Ukubi-Ádam (*Homo Erectus*)!

Meanwhile, Enlil had convened a Divine Assembly at the Ubšu-ukkinna (Retreat) at Kharsag. Enki send Sigpabnun (Isimmud); Anšár received him with great fracas.

Enlil had beseeched An to descend (from Mars) to preside over this extraordinary convocation. An was not in good humor at the moment when Sigpabnun arrived; he was spending much time with Ninurta trying to dislodge the Kingú and the Imdugud who had installed themselves on Itud (the moon). It was wasted effort and even suicidal; the royals and their children had possessed bases on the satellite of Uraš for Limamu (millennia). Moreover, An possessed limited numbers of soldiers, which did nothing for his ambitions.

Two Iti (months) have passed. Enki has gone to Duranki (Nippur) (where apparently Enlil has remained all this time, in his barricade) to try to do something about the situation and deliver the Great Šàtam. He found him understandably highly irritated and filled with wicked reproaches.

The two of them did not take the same road to return to Kharsag.

Reaching the mountain of Dukug at Kharsag, Enki found Dim'mege at his side. Zehuti (Thoth) had left the Gígal and was in place to represent the ensemble of the Nungal. All high society was present. The Ušumgal in full, some Mušgir (dragons), and some Mîmínu ("greys") who had come down with An.

This was another laborious session as the Kuku knew so well how to organize.

While various important options were being offered to Enki's partisans, Enki's ultimate aim was to put an end to the diplomatic disorder and above all to release his Nungal, by means of the program that he was going to propose.

SO...

The discussions went like this:

Enlil demanded reparations for the affront that he had suffered.

The Ušumgal were strangely ill at ease and did not take up a position of support for their Šàtam.

Enki quickly calmed everyone's spirits and presented the plan that he and Nammu had prepared. That is, his proposal to create a substitute for the Nungal and an outline of his work with developing the new Siensišár (artificial womb) as described above.

Ninmah listened and never took her eyes off Enki. Enlil was very suspicious. He scanned in the assembly that it was not a good idea. But An and Ninmah were not of his advice and begged Enki to pursue his presentation.

Seeing that the situation was eluding him, Enlil grew beside himself, red with anger. It then appeared that An, with the use of Kinsag (telepathy), ordered him to be quiet. Because at that time he was brusquely calmed and seemingly took on the quality of the Mardukù, which is to say, Master of Laws.

An approved the idea but needed to know more about the genetic material to be used. Enki explained that he would be using Ukubi'im (*Homo Neanderthalensis*) mixed with Gina'abul. This troubled An, who thought that these specimens would have an affinity with the "distressing" Namlú'u of the Kadištu (Life Designers).

Enki could not honestly respond affirmatively, because the sources of the different types of Ukubi'im (*genus Homo*) were nebulous. Nammu and Dì'm'ege had actually never taken him into their confidence on this. Likewise, he had not been able to learn anything on it from his crystal. However it did seem as though Nammu and her Ninti (priestesses of life) would indeed have augmented the Ukubi'im line of emissaries of the Source, while the Ama'argi had transformed the Ukubi-Ádam (*genus Homo Erectus*) without the knowledge of the royals.

Enšár, father of An, asked which genetic material of their family was Enki thinking of using. Enki said that the Ama'argi being workers and meticulous, their material would procure good elements.

And then, with the clap of hand, Enki introduced into the room the specimen that he had assembled. The audience was totally stupefied!

Dì'm'ege accompanied him like a mother. She wore an ample semi-transparent drapery, tied across the chest, covering her body from breast to ankle. Sumptuous jewelry rustled over her vaporous drape. She was an incomparable beauty.

Enki instantly caught the pointed regard fixed by Ninmah on the daughter of Nammu. Her face darkened. She was undoubtedly struck to see that she and Nammu were no longer the only females to carry the Níama. Enki perceived a profound jealousy on Ninmah's part, accompanied by a sudden sense of vulnerability.

To be continued...

AGNebHeru

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Readers of these pages have already encountered the term *Kirišti* (look it up in the *Decoder*), which is associated with the concept of *Christ*. Although this class of being arises in the system of *Gagsisá* (Sirius), from which Sa'am/Enki embodied genetic material, Parks clearly states that Sa'am/Enki did not meet the genetic requirements for a *Kirišti*, and Parks himself, as human as you and I, far less so!

This needs to be emphasized, as Parks' information relating to "Neb-Heru" contains clarifications of the term *Kirišti* and readers are cautioned not to gather from this that Parks is preparing in any way to assume the role of such a being.

Parks includes in his appendix relating to Neb-Heru a very explicit warning about this, written by "The Collective of the Site Antonparks.com".

Neb-Heru, the Morning Star

brought the Anunnaki against their opponents exploded
Mulge more than 10,000 years ago. When Mulge
exploded, its satellite (the future Venus) was ejected and

Adam Geniš includes an appendix of this name, highlighting very telling ancient texts concerning the planet Venus, which they called (among other appellations) the Morning Star, and which they describe as having been a roving star ("astre") before taking its present position in the solar system. As he says, this interpretation was developed by Immanuel Velikovsky in *Worlds in Collision*.

Yes, we know how Velikovsky fared at the hand of the brilliant Carl Sagan. We hope that our pages may help to redress the affair, which has served to deprive generations of the knowledge which was their birthright.

Parks examines a number of singular documents that confirm, in part, the proposals of Velikovsky, as well as the cosmic events described in *Adam Geniš*, involving the "astre" Mulge-Tab (companion of Mulge). The most eloquent of these documents are funerary Egyptian texts, but others are just as convincing.

Here is a brief outline (paraphrased from *Adam Geniš*) of the method Parks used to develop his "Neb-Heru / Morning Star" scenario.

1. Document the total conviction of the Mesopotamians about the place of origin of their gods. Set against this ideology the recent astronomical discoveries concerning the solar system. This serves to reestablish a truth long distorted by authors such as Zecharia Sitchin who wished to see in a wandering member of the solar system, the original home of the Anunna "gods" of the Mesopotamian texts.
2. Attempt to identify this perturbing celestial object. It is found to be mentioned in the Indian *Rig-Veda*. Draw parallels between this Vedic text and the Egyptian ideology. Note that there is a common source.
3. Establish that Enki and Osiris were one and the same personage. This leads to the possibility of authenticating the amphibian filiations of Enki-Osiris (Sa'am) as well as his consanguinity with the Abgal Designers-of-Life from Sirius - those which were considered to be KIR-IS-TI. Together, these facts connect the Kiristi with the Christ, symbolized by the Morning Star in the hermetic passages of the Bible. This in turn leads to interpretations of the meaning of the various crosses found in different parts of the world. Also, explore the sacrificial tradition of the Dogons which recounts the death of Nommo, the "Christ" of Mali. In consequence of this sacrifice, the universe was disrupted, along with the positions of the stars. All of this gives for the first time the opportunity to assimilate the sacrificed celestial Nommo to a celestial body, whose destruction produced the birth of the planet Venus.
4. Perform a close study of the origins and formation of the planet Venus as seen by different cultures. Note that Venus is always born from the destruction of its progenitor.
5. Explore the connections between various myths that see the planet Venus as having caused floods over the ages. Noting that in the Mesopotamian traditions, Venus and its progenitor bore the names *Neberu* and *Mulge*, begin to understand the hermetic ideology of the Egyptians that saw in the dismembered Osiris the asteroid belt. Discover that the shattered tree of the horizon and the primordial hill from which emerged the new sun (Venus) form an identity: a celestial image of Osiris in the sky. Osiris symbolizes the hill of the ancient gods (*Kadištu*) because he is their representative on Earth. Horus the Avenger, the posthumous son of Osiris, represents the Morning Star. Show that the various Pharaohs (images of Horus) all symbolize Venus. Discover through a study of the Egyptian funerary texts that the soul of the Pharaohs must make the celestial voyage that permits the rejoining of the dismembered body of Osiris in the sky and restoration of the previously disrupted universe. For that, they must follow the ancient path of Neb-Heru (Horus-Venus), the orbit

that goes from the light to the darkness. All these discoveries lead to the resounding evidence that the Mesopotamian *astre* Neberu and the Egyptian Neb-Heru form the same astral image. Provide a graphic showing a possible bit of the object's disruptive trajectory.

Put simply: there was indeed a wandering object in the solar system, which was occasionally highly disruptive to the Earth (and other planets). Its birth out of the destruction of another celestial body was observed by humans, as was its eventual assumption of a stable solar orbit. We know it as Venus. It never was the home of the gods, and there is no such place associated with the solar system. But there are deep connections between this object - Venus - and Horus/Neb-Heru, with Osiris identified as its progenitor.

"Neberu" vs. the Planets X

Parks first examines Zecharia Sitchin's assertions that the Sumerians placed the origins of the Anunnaki on a wandering planet that they named "Neberu" or "Nibiru". This planet, according to Sitchin, possesses a highly elliptical orbit of period 3600 terrestrial years. Sitchin apparently derives this idea solely from the clay tablet "VA-243", which he believes shows the mysterious *astre* revolving around a sun.



Tablet VA-243 [Berlin]

But this is not any sort of astronomical document. It contains three lines of text, simply indicating: "*Dusbsiga (a personal name), Ili-Illat (personal name), your servant*". There is no allusion to Neberu and no trace of this planet as the home of the Anunna(ki) "gods". Nor is there any tablet that declares such a thing.

I repeat, there is none! [If there were,] the whole world could verify it, a thing which has definitely not been done up to the present. I insist and I show this in my recent book. I am not asking anyone to believe words that I have received affirming "this version is better than any other". On the contrary, I must insist that M. Sitchin doesn't seem to know the truth about the tablets that he pretends to analyze. Otherwise, he would long ago have given the references to those tablets that a rash handful have demanded of him for years...

Nowhere is there any written allusion such as "*the Anunna of Neberu*" or "*the gods of Neberu*" or "*they descended from Neberu*".
[GMSS]

On the contrary, all the Mesopotamian texts evoke a unique place of origin for the Anunna(ki), clearly denominated *Dukù*, of which the sense is "sacred mound" or "holy mound".

The Gina'abul-Anunna and the Sumerians had the habit of using the terms "mountain" or "mound" to poetically name heavenly places in the sky, and more precisely stars and planets. The Sumerians utilized this same term *Dukù* to designate chapels in Eridu and Nippur, in honor of the primordial hilltop of the "gods".

No need to search for any connection between the *Dukù* and Neberu; there is none.

But Neberu plays a key role in Sitchin's thesis. The Anunnaki needed Earth's gold to place in the atmosphere of their distressed planet in order to fix the sunlight; this was supposed to help retain the atmosphere. Thus the need for gold mines and for human slaves to work in them.

But as explained in *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres*, the gold served a radically different purpose, in relation to the secret of immortality!

Meanwhile, neither Sitchin nor anyone else has identified one word of support for the gold-in-the-atmosphere thesis in the Mesopotamian mythology. Furthermore, the name Neberu (Nibiru) itself is rarely found, and when it is, it seems to be associated with the planet Jupiter or with Mercury.

If Neberu indeed exists, would it not be one of the objects recently discovered (since 2002) at the periphery of the solar system? Let's look at their characteristics:

DESIGNATION	DIAMETER, KM	ORBIT	PERIOD, YRS	COMMENTS
<u>2002 LM60</u> <u>"Quaoar"</u>	~1300	Nearly circular, mostly beyond Pluto	287	Largest known Kuiper Belt object
<u>2003 EL61 "Santa"</u>	Length 2300 (elongated) = Pluto's diameter	Transneptunian, inclined		Two small satellites
<u>2003 VB12 "Sedna"</u>	~1800	Transneptunian, 3x diameter of Pluto's or Neptune's, perihelion 76 AU	10500	Member of "inner Oort cloud"
<u>2004 DW "Orcus"</u>	1600	Transneptunian, perihelion 30.5 AU, 2:3 resonance with Neptune	247.5	minor ice planet

<u>2005 FY9</u> <u>"Easterbunny"</u>	3/4 size of Pluto	Transneptunian, perihelion 38.5 AU	310	Kuiper Belt
<u>2003 UB313 "Eris"</u>	2600	Perihelion 38 AU	557	In "scattered disc", just beyond Kuiper belt

Many of these have highly-elongated orbits, yet they are all *transneptunian*, meaning that they never come within the orbit of Neptune -- a minimum requirement, one would think, for the Mesopotamians to have seen them raging through the sky. And not one of them has an orbital period anywhere near 3600 years.

How could Neberu be any of these?

There is also a problem stemming from the name given to Pluto by the Sumerians and Akkadians: ŠU-PA. Sitchin translates this as "the supervisor of SU". Parks explains why this cannot be correct, and opts to translate ŠU-PA as "the control of the ramification (branch point)", meaning the planet that controls the *astres* and planetoids situated outside the solar system. The Sumerians recognized Pluto as the first planetoid of a very large family!

Parks also notes that the descriptions of the solar system cited by Sitchin to validate his thesis all imply the presence of the asteroid belt. We will see that this dates from approximately 10,000 years ago; various other traditions distinctly hold this notion, as we shall also see.

That said, we note all the same the fact that the Mesopotamian astronomers did seem well acquainted with an obscure Neberu, whose periodic passages frightened everyone.

Parks proposes that the Sumerian "gods" knew the solar system well, including the position of Pluto. But the "gods", and by consequence the Mesopotamians, had not been able to tabulate the planets beyond Pluto because they are unnumerable. And this corresponds well to the way recent astronomical discoveries are pointing.

It is perfectly possible that a planet matching the characteristics of Sitchin's Nibiru may someday be found. But what would qualify it to be the "10th planet" (12th by Sitchin's counting)?

And as to such a planet's being the original planet of the Sumerian "gods", the clay tablets and all of Parks' work state otherwise.

But Parks' work is not concerned with this issue. His *Neb-Heru, the Morning Star* appendix to *Adam Genisiš* is devoted to demonstrating that at a certain epoch of our story, an *astre* -- a celestial object, in this case a planet -- that was already a part of the

solar system, was displaced, and strongly perturbed all the planets of this system over a period of several millennia. And this planet is easily identified.

Sitchin's Nibiru and the Longevity of the Anunnaki

Throughout his books, and in public talks, Zecharia Sitchin has ascribed the remarkable longevity of the Anunnaki to their home dwelling place, the planet Nibiru, whose orbital period is 3600 earth years. This, he says, means that every year of the life of an Anunnaki god equals 3600 years of earth human life.

That no one challenges Sitchin on this nutty idea is a tribute to the cultish quality of his following. However he was challenged once - by me, at a public appearance in the Bay area. I simply asked him how he might justify the assertion that longevity and aging are linked to the length of a planet's year.

His reply: "Next question?"

Identifying the Celestial Disrupter

The epoch of disruption would have occurred within the time embraced by the history of long-lived indigenous cultures still found on the earth today. This motivates Parks - as it did Velikovsky and others - to delve into diverse mythologies, searching for descriptions of the disruptions and whatever caused them.

Tales of monumental disruptions are common. As to what caused them, the source is often described as a fiery celestial visitor, and as often as not, the visitor is personified as a god.

Mythologists readily accept such cultural myths of gods as descriptions of natural events. Parks follows this practice, while also knowing that actual living beings were also seen as gods.

This might tend to confuse the reader. Really it should not, when it is recalled that memories of both powerful beings and powerful celestial events were accumulated and retained over thousands of years... and memories can be quite plastic.

Parks begins the quest with the Indian Rig-Veda and its description of the awesome Agni [*Decoder*], god of fire and sacrifice, the celestial perturber that heaved the earth, yet a warrior in the personal sense, mighty in combat.

Parks traces connections between the Vedic Agni and the biblical *Lucifer* (Venus), the Latin name meaning "light bearer". In the Greek version of the Bible, Lucifer is named *Phosphorus*, which also translates as "light bearer". Doubtless from the celebrated passage in *Isaiah*, "How are you fallen from the sky, Star of the Morning (phosphorus)?..." the Christian church makes the erroneous association with *Satan* (look up this name in the *Decoder*).

Parks provides several astonishingly parallel references to Agni in the Rig-Veda.

Note: Of necessity we are being brief; Parks' treatment of the Indian and other myths in his appendix is lengthy. As with other aspects of his work, we cannot provide the details on these pages, but we do attempt to trace the outline or structure of his material, to at least help the reader gain an appreciation of the logical development.

Or is there yet more in store for the reader? Consider this: Parks' narrative has on several occasions explicitly described the *initiations* of the central character, Sa'am, who is revealed in *Adam Genisiš* to be identical to Enki-Ea, Osiris, and other important figures. In his pursuit of information reflecting on the identity of the celestial perturber, Parks goes deeply, one might say lovingly, into ancient scriptures of several cultures that have always been with us, but that we now clearly see are also devoted to *initiation*. For example, there is the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, containing instructions to the dead Osiris who with the aid of the initiating priestesses will undergo transformation into Horus, and rise like the Phoenix from the burning ashes.

Question: can one undergo initiation by reading about the information transmitted to the initiate in full ceremony?

One would think not; the initiation must be experienced; death or imminent death must be a part of the experience. The information alone is insufficient; it is not knowledge. Yet the information is essential.

Now consider the human race as a whole. In your opinion, with respect to the information written in these books by Anton Parks, would you say that the human race has been ignorant? I would, yes. Is the human race at this time facing the experience of death or imminent death?

An outrageous suggestion, perhaps. Perhaps with vital information about its past and about its true place in the cosmos, the human race gains the potential to move from the status of uninitiated to pre-initiated and then to the initiated state.

We continue:

Parks provides passages from the Rig-Veda that clearly associate Agni with the the Egyptian Horus (Heru). Some notable points:

Born of two mothers... powerful and reasonable... for the sake of man and the worlds... reposes throughout nature... extracted by rubbing from the breast of his parents... first borne to the east and then to the west.

Rig-Veda, Hymn 12, by Angiras Hiranyastupa

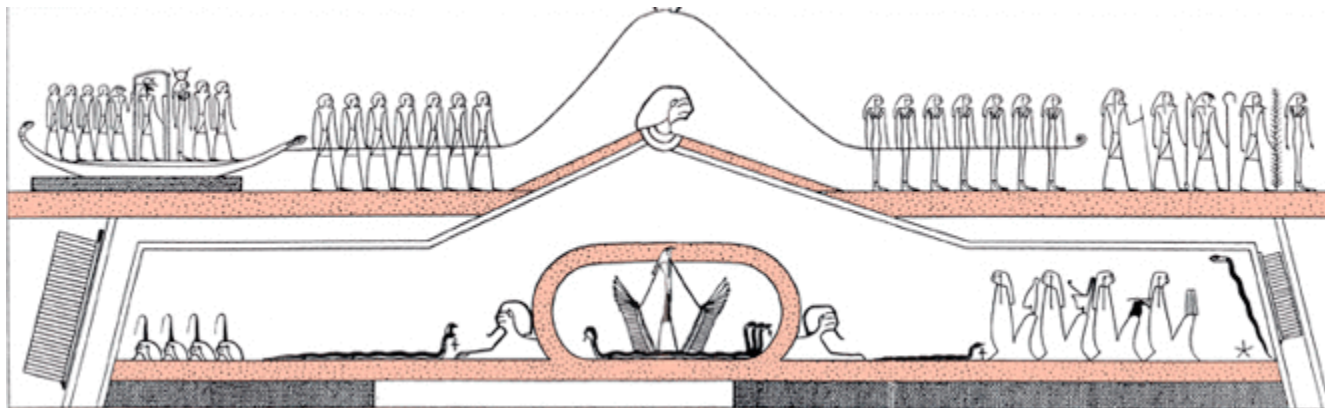
When Agni wished to harness his chariot, his two mothers labored first by mutual efforts to give him a body... These two mothers who remain together hold equally in their breast the fruit who, faithfully conserved, born day and night, always young, always in movement, immortal across the human ages.

Rig-Veda, Hymn 8, by Dirghatamas

Where the father of Agni is "the master of the sacrifice", Osiris is himself the great sacrifice. The two mothers of Agni are comparable to those of Horus: two pieces of wood making the ritual fire. They represent night and dawn. Isis and Nephtys transform themselves symbolically into docking posts to guide the soul of Osiris so that he will not be lost in the void but will be able to raise himself and transmute himself into Ra'af (black sun or black celestial body) before reincarnating as Horus, the celestial son.

This ritual is accomplished in the Great Pyramid. As noted in *Le Secret*, the Egyptian term for pyramid is *Mer*. Please consult the *Decoder* for a full elaboration of this word.

Readers may recall that the Great Pyramid is symbolic of Isis. The tomb of Thutmosis III (Amduat, 5th Hour, Register 3, 374) leaves no doubt of this, because it assimilates the flesh of Isis to the primordial hill. The head of the goddess is clearly seen at the pinnacle.



The pyramid symbolizes Isis. At its eastern extremity (on the right) appear a serpent and a star, representing the Morning Star. The four seated divinities evoke the four aspects required for the transmutation of the dead king into the celestial Horus in the form of Seker/Sokaris (lower center, with two wings). Before the head of the serpent-star an inscription reads, "Living God. He goes and he returns. He opens (the door called) the slicer."

The Great Pyramid is the place where the "god" Osiris was conceived and resuscitated as Horus, the first divine king of Egypt. The body of Osiris, equipped for the great voyage, was placed in the sarcophagus in the chamber known as "the King's", while the two mothers, Isis and Nephtys, were stationed in the lower chamber ("queen's") to produce the son, the divine falcon.

In the ancient Egyptians' *Book of the Dead* this falcon ("of gold") is proclaimed to have the head of a Phoenix (because of its feathered crest of brilliant colors), which Parks shows is connected to another passage of the Rig-Veda (Hymn 10) concerning the birth of the royal infant Cumara, heir of the throne.

The deceased, assimilated to Horus, explains what he sees, what he lives. This passage has the sense of the Hymn 10 mentioned above.

I came today from the land of Ruty (the double lion); I left there to go to the dwelling place of Isis the divine. I have seen the secret mysteries, having been conducted to the hidden retreats, because they have made me see the birth of the great god; Horus has granted me his Bâ (soul) and I have seen what was there... I am the one who has been charged with bringing his thoughts to Osiris and to the Duat. It is I, the falcon who lives in the light, who is powerful thanks to his diadem, he who is powerful thanks to his radiance. I will cause him to go and to return, as far as the ends of heaven.

Parks provides many more examples from Egypt and India, tying together the Morning Star, falcon and phoenix, and the planet Venus as essential factors in rituals of resurrection.

This history brings to us precious mythological correspondences. Parashu-Râma, the Indian Venus, possessed a father considered as the sacrificial fire in the image of Osiris who is the grand sacrificed in Egypt. The Purânas indicate that the terrestrial father of Venus worked for humanity and that he was in relation with the priests and the master agriculturalists. Were these not the functions of Enki in Mesopotamia and of Osiris in Egypt? The Mahâbhârata indicates that Jamadani, the terrestrial father of Venus, was assassinated by a king and his son belonged to a warrior cast. We know that Osiris (Enki) was assassinated by Seth (Enlil) and his proud partners (the Anunna warriors). The murder of Enki does not appear to exist on the Mesopotamian tablets, because his assassination did not take place in (Sumer).

Abzu (2)

As will be explained in the third volume, the ancient Egyptian priests in the service of the Osirian cult succeeded in partly hiding the murder of Osiris and in "reviving" their "god", notably in his principal temple at Abdu (Abydos) in Upper Egypt. The objective of the technique was to cause Osiris, the dead god, to speak through the voice of a carefully hidden priest. Thus the penitent-initiate, after a long initiatic journey and a beneficial ritual bath in the temple water, had the impression of hearing the voice of Osiris while viewing

the holy relic, at Abydos the head of the Egyptian "god". This simulation doubtlessly evoked the fixed and glassy-eyed or expressionless aspect of Enki in his Abzu surrounded by water.



Osireion. Photo 2008 by Anton Parks. Click image for enlarged view.

For a review of general information on this structure, see [Osireion](#) and [Abydos: The Osireion](#). [Osiris](#) treats Osiris as the primary deity of Egypt at the time of the height of its civilization.

THOSE BUILDING BLOCKS: CARVED OR RECONSTITUTED STONE (CONCRETE)?

A controversy has raged for many years over whether the stone blocks used in such structures as the Osireion (seen above; click for enlargement) and the pyramids are quarried limestone or

concrete, poured and molded in place. Parks is convinced that the building blocks used in these structures, not only in Egypt but in Central and South America, are indeed mixed and poured.

Archaeologists agree that the Roman civilization had and extensively used concrete, but question whether this technology could have been possessed by much earlier civilizations. And isn't it easier to simply accept that the blocks were quarried from the seabed and dragged up onto the pyramids by Jewish slaves under the urging of the Egyptian overseers and their whips?

We find that the very question is inappropriate, based as it is on erroneous models of human civilization and history. Those who created the human race, in Parks' memory experiences, had and used concrete building blocks for pyramid-style buildings on their home planets, and so naturally continued the practice here.

Interested readers may wish to review current research activities at the following sources:

[Joseph Davidovitz Info](#)

[Are Pyramids Made Out of Concrete? \(1\)](#)

[A new angle on pyramids](#)

[How the pyramids where built in Egypt \[sic\]](#)

[Pyramids packed with fossil shells](#)

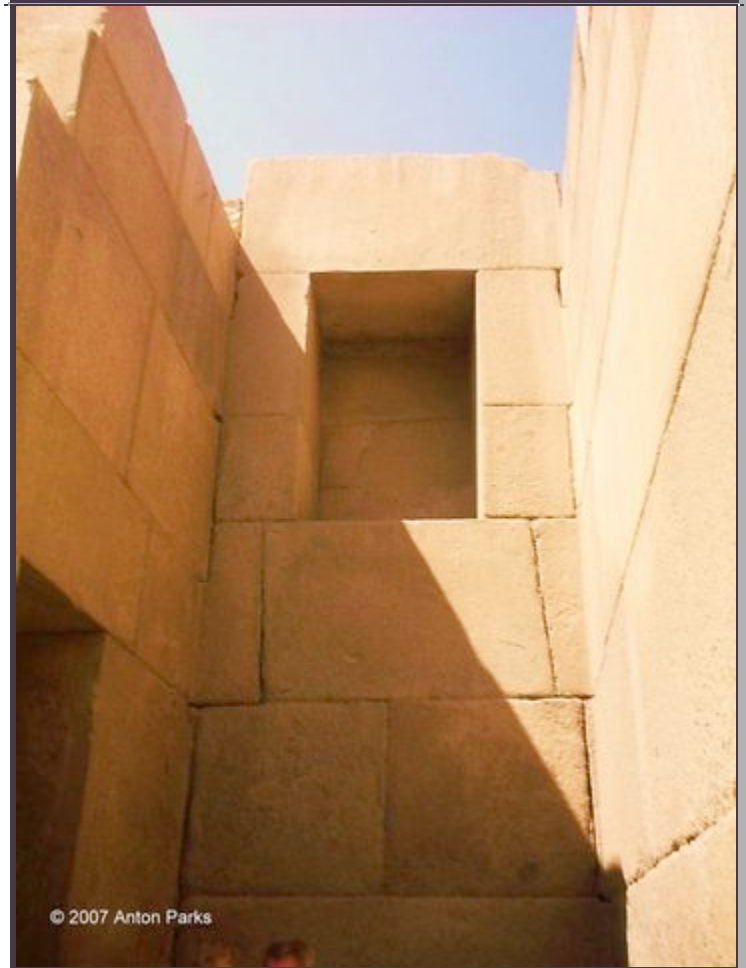
Parks has shared with us some of his personal photographs that he made in Egypt in 2007.



Part of the ground surface at the foot of the Great Pyramid. The molding is manifest, impossible to create such paving by other means.



A stone taken from the Great Pyramid. A fine particle on the surface resembles plastic. This stone is warm in the shade, where a natural stone would be cold! [Implies higher specific heat and/or some difference in the distribution of air pockets, etc.]



Temple of the Valley, facing the Sphinx. Take careful note of the angles and how certain stones form angles. Above all, note how these stones resemble those of South American structures, such as at Cusco. These cyclopean blocks are of the same type as those of the Osireion at Abydos.



Temple of the Valley. The central stone possesses five corners, where one would have been sufficient. Such prowess could have been achieved only by molding. The same technology as exhibited by the Amerindians of Mexico and South America. It can be nothing other than molding.

In related research, Parks examines an image found in a University of Bern general review article on the Osireion. The is accessed at [Abydos: Voruntersuchung für die Sanierung des Osireions \(6.4.2005\)](#). Images are found on that page, while the article's text is contained in [Medienmitteilung](#) (pdf, 24kb).

The Abdju (Abydos) site was sufficiently important that each Egyptian made a pilgrimage there at least once in his life.

Please review the *Decoder* entry for *abzu*. The Sumerian word is very similar to the Egyptian hieroglyphic for the sacred city of Osiris: Abdju (Abydos). (There is no Z in Egyptian.)

A modern language correspondence may be illuminating: *absoudre* (Fr.) from the Latin *absolvere* / *absolvere*. In Christianity, to *absolve* of one's trespasses through a sacrament of penitence is exactly what the initiates in Egypt did as they presented themselves in the Osireion of Abdju (Abydos).

Note: In the third volume Parks will explain why the body of Osiris was originally interred under the Giza plateau, afterward to be dispersed and brought back together in several temples of the time in the Egyptian territory.

The principal sanctuary of Enki-Ea was situated at Eridu. This aquatic temple that symbolized the primordial waters bore the name É.ABZU (the dwelling place of the Abzu). According to tradition, when he was not in the Abzu itself (the subterranean world), Enki usually lived in this type of temple with his wife, where they were accompanied by Abgal [see *Races*], "saintly carp" who later became priests/purifiers.

The term Abzu came to serve to designate parts of certain sanctuaries associated with extensions of natural or artificial bodies of water in the form of basins and of copses of roses and sacred trees.

In Egypt, the aquatic temple of Osiris at Abdju (Abydos) gives but a small idea of the Mesopotamian "Abzu sanctuaries" of which there remain only very few vestiges today. But it is without doubt the first of a series dedicated to Enki-Osiris.

Abydos was a *necropolis* where the Egyptian sovereigns all had their sepulchres. Its local divinity was *Khentamenti*, "the First of the Occidentals (Westerners)", which is to say the first god coming from the "Occident". The occident was regarded by the Egyptians as their ancestors' place of origin. This was the land of *A'amenptah* (Atlantis), the country of Ptah.

Please refer to the *Decoder* entry for Ptah. As we have seen, this "First of the Occidentals" was no other than Sa'am-Enki before the designation was attributed to Usir (Osiris) upon his death.



At left we show the image that caught Parks' attention; click to view it in full size, and click [here](#) to view a detail of the stone at the top.

He points out...

In zooming onto the stone, I found seashells !!!!!!!!!!!

But there are no shellfish in the Nile (it being sweet water) !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thus this image indicates that the Osireion was covered by the sea at some point in time. And that means the Osireion predates the last great world flood dating more than 10,000 years ago. At least this is a supplementary proof.

A'amenptah (Decoder) refers to Atlantis, the homeland from which came a part of the ancient Egyptians. After its successive engulfments, the island of the A'amentptah was progressively transformed into *the Amenti* or *the Amenta*, the Occident or West, the world beyond the terrestrial life of the Egyptian culture, where the ancestors lived. We must not fail to connect *the Amenti* with the surname given to Enki-Ea in Emesal: Amanki "Lord of Heaven and Earth".

Archaeologists have always agreed on the great antiquity of the Osireion, that in fact it is the oldest structure found in Egypt. Parks traces the discussions, the more radical of which place it at 11000 to 12000 years ago. In *Adam Genisiš* Parks designates this building as the first cenotaph in all of Mesopotamia erected in the honor of Osiris-Enki. Its construction of cyclopean stones using the same technique employed in building the Sphinx, dates it to the time of the final engulfment of Atlantis and the death of Osiris, almost 12,000 years ago. And this puts it at the epoch of the explosion of Mulge (the "black star") and the ejection of its satellite that brushed the Earth, provoking the upset that is discussed in the book, and others of which Parks will write in his third volume.

The Egyptians also named Abdu *Ta-ur*, "the Great Earth". This term also evoked in a way the "hill of the origins", the primordial land of the Egyptian "gods". To the Mesopotamians, the "hill of the origins" is the Dukù, the celestial realm where the Anunna "gods" were created. In Egypt, it seems more to be the land of the ancestors, that is to say at the time of the A'amenpteh (Atlantis) from which arose the majority of the Egyptians, and the Abzu, the subterranean world. Their celestial "pendant", their "Hill of the Origins," was no other than the "astre" of the "gods", the planet found between Mars and Jupiter, of which we will speak later.

In *Adam Genisiš* the two primordial hills (Ta-ur and the Dukù) are geographically and politically opposed. Atlantis and the Abzu symbolized the lands and the people of Enki-Osiris and the Dukù more the Anunna of Enlil-Seth.

Ta-ur, the great Earth of the ancient Egyptians materialized through Abydos and its original Osireion butte, gains its full Hermetic sense when we decompose its name in Sumerian: TA-ÚR "toward the roots" or TA-UR₅ "toward the heart of the foundation" or even "the nature of the soul."

Enki=Osiris

Parks finds numerous correspondences between the Sumerian Enki-Ea and the Egyptian Osiris, and Quetzalcoatl as well, supporting his "memories" that they are indeed one. (Quetzalcoatl is the subject of a future book.) We do not have space to convey here all of the material from his *Neb-Heru* appendix, but here are a few of the main points:

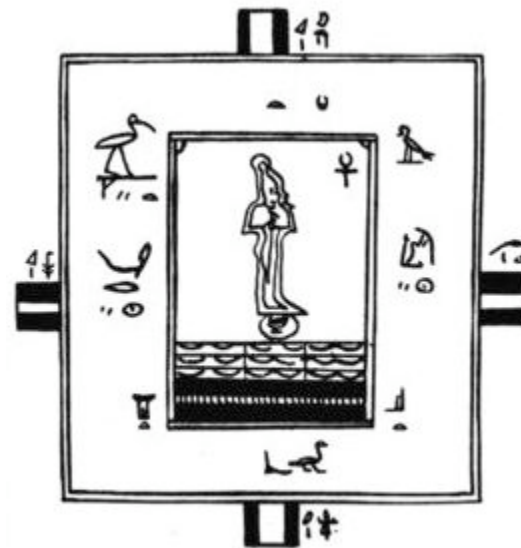
The Sumerian word *ENGUR* generally designated the underground waters of the Abzu, the subterranean world. It was often employed as a synonym of "Abzu". *ENGUR* also corresponded to the Akkadian term *Apsu*. It was a saintly name associated with the goddess

Nammu and her son Enki. We can decompose the term as EN-GUR₈ and translate that in two ways: "the lord (or ancestor) of the profoundness (or depths), or again "to the depths".

Parks finds an Egyptian form in the hieroglyphic *En-Khu-Ur* ("for the glory of the prince").

The Cuneiform sign for ENGUR resembles the plan of the Osireion of Osiris at Abdju.

"Enki" [Lord of the Earth] declines to "É-A" [(Master of the) Temple of the Water] in Akkadian. Parks shows a Mesopotamian cylinder seal depicting Enki-Ea, solitary and vegetative, in his watery sanctuary Engur-Abzu. Shown below is a corresponding Egyptian image, a symbolic representation of the Osireion of Abdju (Abydos).



Papyrus "Salt 825"

The hidden meanings of the Engur of Enki such as "place where one restores the heart" or "place absorbed in repose" correspond perfectly with the diverse Egyptian temples, such as the Osireion, in which were sheltered tombs in honor of Osiris. Note to the right of Osiris, the Ankh, symbol of life.

The ENGUR sign as given by Parks is a rectangle containing a cross, symbol of the KIR-IŠ-TI [*Decoder*], captured by the Christian church as the symbol of Jesus Christ.

The sign of course well antedates Christianity and is found on numerous ancient monuments, especially those of Central America, where it is identified as the "Cross of Quetzalcoatl" -- the being assimilated to the Morning Star and the Christ of the pre-Columbian culture. We will see that he appears to be a double of Horus.

The circled cross of Quetzalcoatl symbolizes the new (fifth) sun of the Aztec culture, created after the destruction of the preceding world by Quetzalcoatl and his "shadow" Xolotl.

The planet Venus, as the Morning Star, was also considered as the new sun by the ancient Egyptians, and was none other than Horus, the Egyptian "Christ".

The Engur symbol equally resembles a coffin or casket, the semblance being confirmed by the fact that this sign can be pronounced ZIKUM, meaning "sky" in Sumerian. But ZIKUM can also be decomposed as ZI-KUM, meaning "wounded life", "wounded spirit", or even "wounded and carried away"! Does not the spirit of a mortally wounded person ascend to heaven? Is this not what happened to the spirit of Osiris?

Given that the Akkadian pronunciation of ZIKUM is *Šamû*, Parks offers more wordplay; see the *Decoder* entry for *Šamû*.

In summary, Parks has shown a number of connections between the Mesopotamian Enki-Ea and the Egyptian "god" Osiris and with notions relating to the resurrection of the Egyptian "god".

He mentions that...

...numerous Egyptian cities possessed culture centers designated as "Per Ankh "House of Life", generally attached to major temples of the kings. We may compare them to schools or universities for learning distinct sciences following disciplines such as history, astronomy, writing, etc. The city of Abjdu (Abydos) was reputed to have specialized in medicine. Interesting that Enki-Ea was, in the eyes of the Sumerians, the great doctor, the healing serpent of the "gods"!

Sign of the Fish

Readers are likely aware that Carl Sagan and co-author I. S. Shklovskii (*Intelligent Life in the Universe*) were taken with Babylonian historian Berosus' account of the amphibious teacher Oannes, who brought knowledge to the neolithic peoples of the Persian Gulf. Their discussion, along with the work of Zecharia Sitchin, whose first book was published ten years after Sagan's and Shklovskii's, on the mystery of the Oannes and the related Nommo legends of the Dogons of Mali, and Robert Temple's (*The Sirius Mystery*) focusing

more on the Nommo, constitute the sources of the many ongoing discussions and speculations on extraterrestrial contact with early human civilizations.

It actually is not much to go on, and would seem to offer no further insights as to what took place, which is most unfortunate considering the monumental impact such a connection must have had on the path of human development leading to the world in which we find ourselves today.

As it happens, Parks' virtual-reality memories are filled with information about the Oannes and Nommo amphibians, who are *Abgal* originally from Sirius, and this is conveyed in both of his books to date, *Le Secret des Etoiles Sombres* and *Adam Genisiš*. In the present section of his *Neb-Heru* appendix to *Adam Genisiš*, Parks checks his memories against ancient legends and myths, and shows that the contact, if that is what it was, left much wider residue for us to consider. This is important not only in itself, but in its bearing on the Mulge / Mulge-Tab / Morning Star scenario, due to a major connection between the amphibious *Abgal* and the lost planet Mulge.

The Egyptian term *Abdju* (Abydos) possesses a homophone whose sense is "fish". This sacred fish served as pilot of the solar bark of Râ. Its function was to warn the passengers of the bark of enemies sent by Seth. We have no difficulty in identifying the Abdju fish with a symbolic Horus or even better a reincarnated Osiris, while the Sumerian counterpart of Osiris is Enki who himself possessed the fish symbol.

This fish that precedes the solar bark is evidently the planet Venus which today leads [at least it does sometimes] the course of the sun (Râ).

We know that the fish equally represents Sirius, the Egyptians' other sacred star and the home of the amphibian Life Designers. Of course this reminds us of the aquatic beings called *Nommos* frequently mentioned in *Adam Genisiš*. The Dogons affirm that the Nommos restored the world several times and that they transmitted to humanity such gifts as speech and grain.

To the Sumerians the Nommos are the famous Abgal who follow Enki's directives. The Sumerian term Abgal translates to Apkallû in Akkadian, a designation for a sage and, as follows, a priest.

Berosus, the Babylonian historian and priest of the Temple of Bel in Babylon brings us some details concerning an Abgal-Apkallû in a surviving fragment of his book *The Babyloniaca*, unfortunately lost in the meanderings of history. His descriptions are reminiscent of those of the Dogon.

In Babylon there were many people of diverse origins who dwelled in Chaldee and lived lawlessly, like animals in the fields.

In the first year there appeared a being that came out of the Erythraeum Sea that runs parallel to Babylon. It said its name was Oannes and it was an animal gifted with reason. Its body seemed to be that of a fish. It had under its fish's head another head; it also had feet

like those of a man, coming from its fish's tail. Its voice and language were human in their articulation. This representation has been conserved down to our time.

This being was accustomed to passing the day among men, but it never took any food. It gave them elements of learning in letters, science, metallurgy, art, the manner of constructing cities, of founding temples, creating laws; it taught the principles of geometry. It showed them how to distinguish the grains of the earth and to harvest fruits. In short, it instructed them in each thing that would serve to "sweeten" their mores and to humanize their life.

At that time, no material needed to be added to improve these instructions. And when the sun rose, this being, Oannes, returned to the water, to pass the night in the depths, because it was amphibian.

There followed other animals resembling Oannes.

Berosus, in *The Ancient Fragments*, Isaac Preston Coy, 1980.

The records of the Egyptian Helladius report that a man-fish named *Oe* lived in the Persian Gulf. He had come out of a luminous egg and consecrated himself to the erudition of humanity.

There is a myth among the indigenous Pomo tribes of California that tells of the arrival of a supreme founder being who "came out of the ocean and transformed himself into a man."

In China there appeared the *Lingyus*, aquatic beings with human face, hands, and feet, but with the body of a fish.

In Egypt, fish was consumed by the people, but was strictly forbidden at the royal table of the Pharaoh! Doubtlessly, the pharaohs knew the symbolic truth of the fish. In a way, some of them remembered the "amphibian" origins of their "god" Osiris who was "massacred" by his enemy Seth.

Strangely, Jesus Christ was sacrificed on a Friday, the day when the Christians eat fish. The Christian church has obviously chosen to hijack the symbols.



Anubis, the embalmer god, charged with the mummification of Osiris and of the rite of KRST (interment). Osiris was the first "god" to be buried and brought back from the dead. Tomb of Khabeknet, 19th dynasty.

There is a quasi-homophone of *Abdju* [see previous section, *Abzu(2)*] in the Egyptian language: *Abtu*. According to Budge, this term has the meaning: massacre, carnage, bloodshed. He noted that the term equally signified "sacrifice(s)", and that as late as the 19th

dynasty, as revealed in *The Book of the Amduat (Div 7)*, the Egyptians believed that human sacrifices originated from the time when Osiris was buried.

Continuing with this development, Parks shows that the hieroglyphic representation of the name *Sa'am* carries the meanings "to kill" and "to assassinate". The name "Osiris" (Usir = the seat of the eye) was given to Sa'am after his death by the Egyptians, who knew his true name.

Sign of the Cross: KIR-IŠ-TI and the Morning Star

Followers of the major religions, especially the western ones, tend to believe that certain miraculous events took place at a favored place and time, involving unique super-human individuals, which led to the religious system that they know. They usually do not realize that all of these religions are filled with rich mythological elements that had already existed for thousands of years before their religion's founding days.

Religious scholars do know this; this is what they study, and this study does not seem to interfere with or undermine their religions faith. They maintain a dual focus.

Anton Parks also has a dual focus, but his is not the situation of a conventional religious scholar. On the one hand he has his vivid memory-like impressions of being a full participant in the events that eventually became "mythologized" elements of religions. On the other hand, he has become a student of the mythologies that developed. This not only serves him (and us) as a check on his experiential information, but it brings out information about events taking place at the time that the myths were developing into what they now are.

Important case in point: we are concerned in this section of our work with the planet Venus, because it appears to be today's remnant of Mulge-Tab. Characteristics ascribed to Venus down the millennia might tell us something about the putative Earth/Mulge-Tab encounter. And some of these characteristics have been associated with or ascribed to religious figures, such as Jesus Christ.

As stated at the top of this page, the term KRST and variations are decomposed on the *Decoder* page. Please review the important concepts given as relating to these words.

We also mentioned at the top of the page that Sa'am-Enki (Osiris) was considered by certain Gina'abul as being a KIR-IŠ-TI. At the end of the book *Adam Genišiš* there is a description of the rite of resurrection of which Sa'am-Enki was the object.

There was an occult Egyptian concept that considered Osiris, the premier dead and resuscitated "god", as being symbolically transmuted into the Morning Star before reincarnating as Horus. And in the New Testament, Jesus declares himself "The Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last..., the progeny of the race of David, the radiant Morning Star." (**Apocalypse 22.13 and 16**)

In Apocalypse 22, Jesus presents himself as "he who comes". As to the Alpha and Omega, he appears as the first and the last. He is the king, the source, the Anointed of the Eternal. His role as Messiah is clearly defined.

We find here several extremely precise aspects which are "in affinity" with Osiris and Horus. The Greek term *Christos* -- *Messias* in Latin -- possesses the sense "annointed, blessed by the lord". One speaks of a person who has been annointed (from the Latin *unctum*, "unguent") when he has been consecrated by a liturgical unction. The initiatic ritual in the cenotaph of Osiris at Abdju (Abydos) consists precisely of this, and from this ritual comes the Christian baptism.

The initiate, also the future king, presents himself in the pool after a long initiatic journey. He climbs the steps to gain access to the central island on which is found the head of Osiris and is reborn as a young sun.

We have just noted that the term *Messiah* comes from the Latin *Messias*. However we do not fail to underscore that the Egyptian *Mesi* is translated as "to be born" or "to mother"!

The initiation ritual in the Osireion temple of Abdju is reminiscent of the earlier Sumerian one that led the "gods" to the Engur of Enki-Ea in the Abdju, the subterranean world:

You enter the Earth; Geb (god of the Earth), opens himself for you. You enter the subterranean hall under the (sacred) trees. You have arrived now, near to the god (Osiris), the god who sleeps in his sepulcher. His true image reclines on his funeral bed.

Heket (HĒ-KET), "who blends the breath" in Sumero-Akkadian, is a goddess with the head of an amphibian. She wears the Ankh sign, which is her attribute par excellence.

Heket is a primordial divinity who gives life; she forms the infant in the maternal belly. She is "the saintly obstetrician".

This goddess contributes to the regeneration of Osiris in the Osireion of Abdju and to the conception of Horus as the resurrection of his father.

In this holy place, one accords him the title "Vindicated". His body is purified in Râ-Anedjti; his flesh is purified in the (sacred) basin of Heket.

For you, are opened the Gates of the Horizon of the Other World. In peace, in peace, you attain the holy place of Osiris. You pass the night and you sleep in the secret place of the mysteries.

The abyss of Osiris-Enki is without doubt the abyss of the world, the dwelling-place of the "god" of water, in miniature. The initiate is taken deep into the Earth, through the tunnel leading to the subterranean Osireion, and is immersed in the sacred water before climbing onto the sacred isle (platform) and encountering the sarcophagus and the reliquary containing the head of Osiris.

The immersion occasioned a sort of programming that had the effect of exalting the miracle of the initiate's resurrection.

In the Abzu or in Abdjû, the initiate faces the annointed, the Messiah, which is to say the saviour, the liberator who will absolve him of his sins. This is very much the role taken by Osiris after his death; he becomes the great judge, the master of eternity.

In Judaism, Jesus in the envoy of the God who will restore Israel to its rights and inaugurate the era of justice.

For the Egyptians, justice is a goddess named Maât. She accompanies Osiris at the time rendering Osirian justice in the hidden world of the dead. Maât (justice) judges the soul of humans in proceeding to the weighing of the heart of which Horus is the divine form, while Osiris pronounces the judgment.

Again, the Bible, compiled by the Hebrew priests, does not miss the opportunity to base itself on the esoteric Egyptian ideology:

"You are advised to regard it (the prophetic word) as a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day begins to break and the Morning Star (the Christ) rises in your hearts."

2 Peter 1.19

Heket (HE-KET), "who blends the breath" in Sumero-Akkadian, is a goddess with the head of an amphibian. She wears the Ankh sign, which is her attribute par excellence.

Heket is a primordial divinity who gives life; she forms the infant in the maternal belly. She is "the saintly obstetrician".

This goddess contributes to the regeneration of Osiris in the Osireion of Abdjû and to the conception of Horus as the resurrection of his father.

In all these attributes she resembles the goddess Nut, mother of Osiris, who one knows to be the double of Nammu, the mother of Enki, herself amphibian in nature.

IAW (adoration, prayer)

The name of the Biblical god Yahvé is clearly taken from the Egyptian hieroglyph IAW. From this term comes the name of the Hebrew priests named Yahouds (Judeans).

Parks cites Messod and Roger Sabbah (*The Secrets of Exodus*, 2000) for the explanation that the Aramaic translation of the Bible reveals that the Hebrews were the monotheistic "Yahoud" priests, the Judean exiles from Egypt, who were previously the priests of Amon and then of Aton, under the influence of Akhenaton, who transformed Aton (the solar disk) into a unique god.

Another example of the deep ancient roots of elements of Jewish culture is given by the Decoder for the common Jewish/Hebrew name *Cohen*, widely understood to mean "priest".

And, speaking of priests and priestesses, Parks traces the attributes of these highly significant functionaries or beings through several cultures. Significant because their source is of great interest: they didn't just arise out of nowhere, and if you have considered much of the material on these pages, you will probably agree they were not simply characters in "fairy tales". It also is safe to say they were more than simple graduates of theological seminaries.

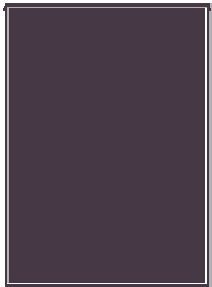
Beyond all that, the attributes themselves have a continuity through several cultures, and this can provide lines to very ancient times and events.

We'll present this information and also trace concepts relating to the "Messiah" (annointed) and the Christ in the following table:

Concept	Mesopotamia/Sumer	Egypt	Judeo/Christian/Latin
Priest Priestess	<p>GUDU₄ Akkadian: Pašišuen Def: priest (masculine), annointed, ritual purity by divine unction Archaic sign: Egyptian ankh cross from which will be taken the symbol representing femininity and the planet Venus</p> <p>GUDU₄-ABZU Akk: Gudapsu This connects the Sumerian sign with the Abzu, depicted in form of aquatic temples in the human world.</p>	<p>Purification of soul of defunct attributed to goddesses Isis, Nephtys, Maât and Heket, all carrying the ankh, manifestation of the resurrection of the soul in the Osirian cult.</p>	
GALA Priest (Akk: Kalû)	<p>Drawn from information about the ancient Abgal connected to the aquatic cult of Enki-Ea.</p>	<p>This practice (KRST) associated with Sirius through the Sirian connection of the</p>	

	Principal task: sing, accompanied by corded instrument, harp. Chants and lamentations accompanied burial of the dead. Chased the demons and protected the dead one on his voyage.	Abgal and Isis.	
Messiah (Anointed) Christ	Note: Enki-Ea responsible for the Santana priestesses who harvested agricultural products for the Gina'abul in Edin	Ex: Horus with mission to avenge his father, liberate people of Osiris-Enki oppressed by Seth-Enlil, cleanse his maternal family of dishonor Plutarch in <i>Isis and Osiris</i> indicated "God" introduced fruits of the earth to the Egyptians Osiris symbolized renewal of nature; every Egyptian deceased carried his name. As the first dead and resuscitated God, considered the premier initiate of Egypt. Believed to be inventor of wheat, which for the Egyptians presaged immortality. Egyptians celebrated the mysteries of the passion, death, and resurrection of Osiris.	Latin: annointed, blessed by the Lord He for whom one waits for salvation Saviour, liberator Latin terms <i>Messio</i> (crop) and <i>Messis</i> (produce of the Earth) Note: Edin transformed to "Paradise"

Signs and Symbols: Further Notes...



Ankh
Symbol of
life and of
goddess-
priestesses

Egypt.

The symbol of life and the divine breath.

The ankh bow or knot accompanies all ritual ceremonies and figures in numerous talismans and funerary objects.

Epithet of Osiris: "He who lives". Also in terms Ankhu and Ankhiu, titles given to "blessed dead".

In the plan of a cathedral, the nave embodies the sign of the Ankh with the elliptical choir placed along its "horizontal" axis and perpendicular to the center aisle.

In Egyptian imagery, when a human (or divine) personage presents the Ankh bow/knot to another personage, what is offered is life.

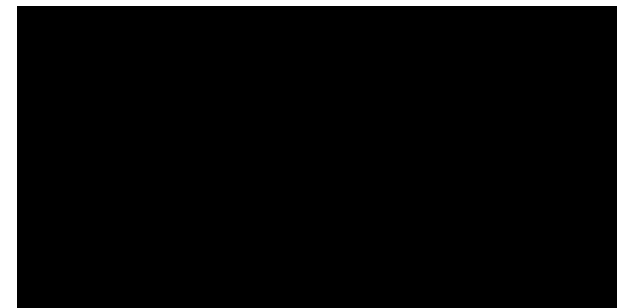
The Egyptian celebration of the resurrection of the dead king through his son was conducted by goddess-priestesses carrying the handled cross. The two KIR-IŠ-TI "ardent sons of life", Osiris and Jesus, understood the resurrection in which actively participated the saints, respectively Isis and Nephtys; Mary and Mary-Magdelene. These feminine beings represent the Spirit, or the Holy Spirit of the Judeo-Christians.

Celebration of the Mystery of the Passion of Osiris

Synopsis: Begins with a ceremony for the ploughing and sowing. A representation in gold of the mummy of Osiris is covered with precious jewels and substances, wrapped in papyrus, immersed in a deep basin. On a certain day the image of Osiris is exposed to the sun just before sunset, placed in a sacred bark surrounded in flames that will enter the tomb of Osiris. Following that, the body of Osiris is placed in a casket of mulberry wood and interred at the same site used the previous year. The past year's representation is then placed against or enclosed in the interior of an *Išed* tree ("Tree of the Horizon", possibly willow or sycamore), symbol of the divine or of the goddess. On the "30th", the day when the Nile's flood turns, ceremonies associated with the burial of Osiris begin in a subterranean chamber.

Please see the Decomposition into Sumerian/Akkadian of the Egyptian term *Išed*. This derivation is key to the understanding of a major point of this entire Mulge-Tab / Neb-Heru development and the myths of the KIR-IŠ-TI.

The Egyptians saw the *Išed* as the "obstetrician" (there's probably a better word for this) of the new sun, the birth issuing from the opening or the bursting out of the tree of the horizon.



The star or celestial body symbolizing the the soul of the defunct, in this case of Osiris who was transmuted into Benu (the Phoenix), the guide of the celestial body of the night (Râ'af = black star), finally transforming into the Morning Star, companion of the diurnal sun. Thanks to the KIR-IŠ-TI such as Osiris and Jesus, death is no longer considered a destruction but rather as a passage.



Assyro-Babylonian BAR or BA₇
(soul, to liberate, to open or cleave)

This passage undertaken by the soul was scribed in clay by the ancient Sumerians in the form shown at left. The cross symbol is related to the later Christian cross indicating the Son of God or the passion of Christ.

Parks lists the many symbolic meanings of the cross symbol: the meeting of Heaven and Earth, matter and spirit, feminine/unconscious and masculine/conscious... and also a star that is the meeting point of two worlds or crossed/opposed forces; higher and lower.

The Išed trees were planted at the summit of the butte/hill of Osiris covering the aquatic tomb of the "god" of the abysses, the Osireion at Abdu. The Išed, creator tree of the horizon gave birth at once to the nocturnal and diurnal suns, confounded with Benu (the Evening Star) and Neter Duau (Morning Star). Needless to remind you that Venus transmuted in the terrestrial world symbolizes Horus or the dead king.

Recall that the tree symbolizes the Mother-Goddess.

The idea of the serpent suspended on a sacred tree placed between light and darkness is found on a Mesopotamian cylinder seal and in the story of the serpent (Enki-Ea) and the forbidden tree (the Goddess) in the Garden of Eden.

Parks reviews the many treatments of this theme as it arises among the Hebrews, Egyptian, Sumerians...

The larger mythological theme, he points out, is that of the perpetual battle between the Osirian forces (Allies of the Light) and the Sethians (Sons of Darkness).

The serpent is often replaced by Horus, the posthumous son of Osiris, sometimes in the form of a falcon perched at the summit of the sacred tree.

Possession of this tree of the eastern horizon constituted a capital stake, the legitimate authority of Râ.

At this point in the development, Parks takes up again his discussion of the Dogon and the Nommo (see Sign of the Fish, above), citing Marcel Griaule's and Germaine Dieterlen's excellent presentation of the myth of the Pale Fox' incest with Mother Earth in their 1965 book, *Le Renard Pâle*. (Or see the 1986 paperback edition.) This tradition, he says, will make it possible to assimilate certain elements that we have just revealed, and to discover how the history of the world according to the Dogon passed from one state to another via the unfolding of an enormous cosmic disequilibrium.

Readers without access to the book would do very well to review the web page [The Dogon and The Sirius B star](#), and particularly the discussion of the Dogon's gods, the Nommo, as being created by "Amma, the celestial God and creator of the universe", and one of whom rebelled and was "sacrificed" by Amma, his remains being cut up and scattered throughout the universe.

Parks goes into some detail here as to how this was done, where each scattered part went, and so forth. We will see that the Dogon were not by any means the only culture with this cosmological story. What unifies the versions of it are not only the recognizable themes but the linguistic roots of the terminologies used. Here with the Dogon, Parks shows the strong ties to Sumerian-Akkadian. We have placed a couple of key examples into the [Decoder](#): decompositions of the names of *Annagonno*, the sacrificed Nommo, and the tree *Kilena* to which he was attached during the event.

Annagonno is of course Enki-Osiris; Amma is An; the "pale fox" is Enlil.

To be continued...

Origins of the Planet Venus

In his opening section on this subject, Parks develops the direct link between the sense of the Morning Star (Egyptian: Neter Duau) and "the king", considered to be Horus (Heru), himself the image of Neter Duau (Venus).

Births of the Venus Warriors

The progenitors of Venus all incarnate a being sacrificed in connection with the world of the dead. This is true in all traditions including those of Central America and Scandinavia.

They are also often associated with war or a particular conflict, as with Ištar, Athena, Horus, Parashu-Râma, Lucifer.

Greek:

The Hellenic form of the Babylonian Ištar (Venus) is Athena who springs, "fully-armed", from the brow of Zeus (Jupiter).

The planet just before Jupiter (i.e., its "head") was the "black star" Mulge, which ejected Venus from its original position as the satellite of the exploded Mulge.

In *Isis and Osiris*, Plutarch cites Manethon's claim that the name "Athena" in Greek evokes "a spontaneous movement". Now please have a look in the Decoder at the translations of the Sumero-Akkadian transpositions of "Athena".

The singular story of the head giving birth to a warrior goddess is repeated in Indian mythology with the Goddess Kali in the Devi Mahatmyam. Parks particularly calls attention to chapters 7.8 and 9.22, which we'll leave for you to view on that page.

Parks continues...

KA-LI₉, the "glimmering testimony" in Sumerian, danced frenetically in the sky, excited by the ravages that she produced on her road. Putting in peril the equilibrium of the Earth and of humanity, Shiva lay down at her feet to arrest the destructive dance of the goddess and the stupefying racket that she produced. This infernal fracas of which speak the texts of India is singularly present in the Sumerian term MU₇ which is equally written in the form KA-LI and of which the sense is "to cry" and "to hurl"...

Kali is at once goddess of destruction and of creation. She is generally represented as a frightening female, dressed in black, which is to say obscurity, with shining, bloodshot eyes. In this form, one can say that she has everything of a dark star! She possesses four arms: two to destroy and two for offering. She carries a necklace of human skulls and dances on a skeleton. The body on which she excites herself is generally equated to the body of the universe in ruins. Others think that this corpse symbolizes the death that she brings on her passage. More recent representations connect this extended body to that of Shiva who lies down under the goddess to stop her destructive agitation.

We will see in Volume 4 that Venus was effectively immobilized "artificially"...

However, given the circumstances of the creation of the goddess, we retain here the presence of this "cadaver" as the corpse that gave birth to Kali -- the famous "head" of the Mother-Goddess that engenders Kali in the version of Devi Mahatmyam, that which corresponds to the head of the god-of-gods Zeus (Jupiter), which was smashed and from which spurted forth Athena whose pronunciations in Sumero-Akkadian give "the warrior" or "the cry of the lord-father" or "that of the cadaver of the lord-father".

Head of Brahma, Mistress of Zeus

The head of the god-of-gods appeared in the Hindu literature as the fifth and mysterious head of Brahma.

The Indian chronicles relate that Brahma, "the immense being", possessed four heads placed at the cardinal points. Knowing that this "god" is considered to be the creator of everything, we can equate him to the Jupiter (Zeus) of the Mediterranean traditions, and the four heads would be the four satellites of Jupiter: Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto.

The Vedic texts say that one day, Brahma fashioned for himself a fifth head with which to keep an eye on the goddess Sandhya ("twilight"). He was taken with her, united with her, and from this union was born humanity. Shiva-Rudra, the spouse of the goddess, became immensely angry and let loose a flaming arrow that cut off the fifth head of Brahma.

The key point for us is that the fifth head of the Indian Jupiter was said to "keep an eye on" the goddess of "dawn", which is to say to follow her cult -- for which reason Shiva-Rudra smashed it.

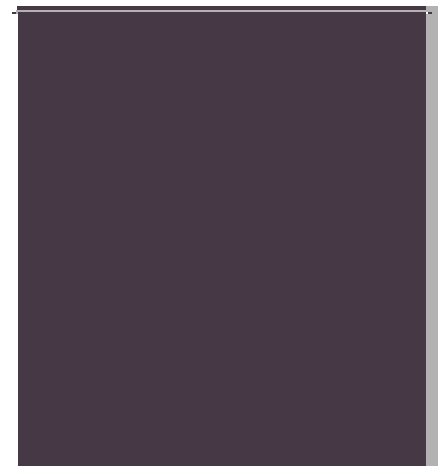
We know that in the Egyptian mythology, Isis represents the dawn and Nephtys the twilight. [The two pieces of wood that form the Arani (the two mothers) of Agni (Horus) are correctly assimilated to "the dawn" and "the twilight" in the Vedas...]

The Egyptian traditions make of Nephtys the ancient spouse of Seth (Enlíl) or sometimes his sister. We have seen in this book [*Ádam Genisiš*] that Nephtys corresponds to Innin (Inanna), the "spouse" of the system of Enlíl, without taking into account that she is also Enlíl's daughter. The Egyptians simply made her the spouse of Seth. This story seems to us much more coherent when one recalls the hidden liaisons between Osiris and Nephtys (Enki and Innin)...

We saw in this work [*Ádam Genisiš*, not yet fully covered on this website] that Innin is not without her connection with the fall of the Amašutum cult on the Earth. The explosion of Mulge (the black star) which was the planet between Mars and Jupiter, resulted from this fall and this intestinal war among the Gina'abul. Shiva-Rudra (Enlíl-Seth) is definitely the personage who made the decision to destroy the planet of the Life Designers...

Parks next points out an astonishingly-relevant fact: the Brahmans, the highest caste of India, claim to have been issued from the Head of Brahma! And this, as Parks has been showing us, is none other than Mulge, the planet of the Kadištu, which was in front of Brahma (Jupiter), and which Shiva-Rudra (Enlíl-Seth) was charged with destroying!

The Brahmans were for a long time farmers and shepherds, and this is in complete concordance with the teaching of the Life Designers of our story, as well as the Nommos of the Dogon, but particularly with the "discipline of the Santana-Šandan Amašutum as chiefs of plantations and cultivations, herbalists, etc..."



Returning to the Greek versions, there is the story of the death of a sacrificed "entity" who birthed a divinity who had to flee, to escape the wrath of the "gods". This is the account of Semele, mistress of Zeus.

Semele Ablaze
John McKirdy Duncan

The story relates that Zeus was quite taken with the princess Semele. He loved her so much that he showered her with gifts. When Hera, the wife of Zeus-Jupiter, learned of the infidelity of the king of gods, she disguised herself as Beroe, Semele's nurse. She called on the princess to prove her love. Semele then went to Zeus-Jupiter and asked him to show himself to her in his full splendor. Zeus did so and presented himself ringed in a blinding light, with his lightning and flashes. In a single instant the body of Semele was consumed. It is said that the tomb of the princess continued to smolder even long after her death.

Zeus just had time to retrieve from the womb of Semele, Dionysos, the son whom she had conceived with him. The king of gods hid him in his thigh before transforming him into a kid [young goat], so as to escape the wrath of Hera. In that form, Dionysus fled to distant lands and followed his mad course. In the process, he descended to the underworld to retrieve his mother from the kingdom of darkness, and carried her to Olympus, where Zeus gave her immortality under the name of Thyone.



Gustave Moreau: "Jupiter and Semele". At center appears the

little Dionysos. His aspect recalls the Benu (Phoenix)...

This version is infinitely singular, because it portrays Jupiter (Zeus) as being at once responsible for and spectator of the celestial drama. As with the Nommos' variant of the sacrifice, the king of the gods will utilize light to immolate the victim. From this victim will come an infant who will follow a mad course, in this instance to escape divine anger. In each case, the infant will be preserved for some time before embarking on its crazy course.

The same notion is found in the Dogons' version which represents that "out of the flow of blood from the sacrifice of the Nommo sprang Yazu (Venus) in its obscure (invisible) position". This implies that Venus knows moments of invisibility on its cosmic course...

The personage of Dionysus is among the most interesting. Greek mythology has him stricken with dementia. He roamed over the world, his story full of mysterious voyages. In the course of his movements, he taught agriculture to humanity. Diverse paintings generally depict Dionysus as a cherub coming out of his mother, either weeping for his dying progenitor, or embarking on his mad course, spreading his wings to leave her blasted remains.

For example, the tableau Sémélé et Jupiter by painter François Marot in the Trianon. Don't fail to click through twice for the full enlargement!

Inanna-Ištar, the Morning and the Evening Star

Parks' work, where concerned with the mythologies of ancient humanity, differs from all other studies of mythology of which we are aware, in that personages begin in Parks' consciousness as full flesh-and-blood beings, but only over vast periods of time give rise to the myths that our historians know. These beings enjoy a near-immortality, either as birthright or through some sort of technology, although they can be killed. Given enough time, this is fairly likely to take place, but only perhaps after lifetimes measured in hundreds of millennia.

The genesis of the corresponding mythological personages could have been through the natural social processes as understood today, but could also have been contrived by the actual characters or their peers. Sometimes, given the eventual size of Earth's civilizations, the myths coexisted with the living personalities; sometimes they simply followed on later.

We must be careful to discern the mode in which Parks works at one time or another. For example, he opens the current section on Inanna-Ištar with the words...

Inanna is according to the evidence a very ancient divinity, because her name appears from the period of Uruk in the 4th millennium B.C.E.

Parks employs here a conventional meaning of "ancient". However he has his own direct experiences that have come to him, many from seemingly far more ancient periods, which form the basis of many references in his books.

Continuing...

She is a dominant goddess who reigned over the gods, having neither husband nor progeny. In the Bible (Jeremiah 7.18 and 44.19), it is she, as "Queen of Heaven", to whom women offer kneaded cakes in her image, in the temples. Manasses had erected in Jerusalem the post that symbolized her, and at the same time, he installed in the Temple his idol, the one which without doubt Ezekiel calls "the idol of jealousy" because he enflamed the anger of the jealous god Yahvé in the Bible.

Inanna supported the cult of the Mother-goddess and fought against the ancient patriarchal dogma. This brought her singular reprisals from the "gods" in the Mesopotamian texts, and also from the adepts of Yahvé in the Bible. Uruk, the town designated to her, is the city of "prostitutes and daughters of joy" where women were instructed in the initiation of men into sacred sexuality...

The presence of terms designating prostitutes and priestesses in the lexical lists of the middle Babylonian epoch poses the problem of the status of these women. But one notes that this groups together all these women who actually are in different situations. The equivalences established, for example, between the Šamhatu [a class of temple prostitute] and the religious Qadištu [see [Decoder](#)] do not correspond to what is known of each of these. This must arise from the fact that at a point in time, the religious functions of each had lapsed into disuse and were no longer included, only retaining the idea that the priestesses formed together a separate class of women, exempt at times from the framework of marriage.

The majority of them worked in the temples where they practiced sacred sexuality. These priestesses were the image of the great goddess. In this work, we have associated Nebet-Hut (Nephtys) with Innin (Inanna-Ištar). This association is even more striking when we understand that Nebet-Hut signifies "goddess of the temple" and that Nephtys is always represented with the symbol of the cup on her head.

Inanna-Ištar is the divinity who occupies the greatest number of Mesopotamian myths, be they of secondary level or in the principal roles. The important place held by Inanna-Ištar in the feminine pantheon led to a designation of goddesses in general under the common name *Ištarātu*. At Sumer as at Akkad, she incarnated the planet Dilbat (Venus) or Ištar-Kakkabu. Where one wishes to speak of the planet from the strictly astronomical point of view, one calls it Dilbat, but the religious philosophy loves to confound the planet Venus and the goddess Ištar.

An (the king of the gods) invites the gods to give to Innin the name "Ištar of the stars", being "the most brilliant among them". It is Venus who shows the route of the stars.

Dilbat, as the Evening Star, will be the Ištar of Uruk. As the Morning Star, she will be the Ištar of Akkad. The goddess herself sings the double aspect of her nature: "It is I, the queen of the sky, the Goddess of the Twilight. It is I, the queen of the sky, the Goddess of the Dawn." It would be difficult to provide a better description of the omnipresent character of Inanna in the universe than to identify her with the planet that shines and is "visible from one end to the other of the countries". In this form, she draws the admiration and

the veneration of men who exalt her beauty. Goddess of the Evening, she consecrates herself to the favoring of love, of voluptuousness but also of premonitory dreams. Goddess of Morning, she will preside over the works of war and carnage.

Parks continues this section with more examples from the mythology of Inanna-Ištar, establishing not only the character herself, but the logic of the choice of this particular character to personify the heavenly appearance of the planet Venus. We learn of her support of agrarian activities, her teachings on the subject of human nutritional needs... and this in so many cultures, including those of the East and of Central America. And of course, there is the angry, warrior aspect.

Parks concludes with a most important observation: nothing corresponding to Venus appears in the Babylonian mythology nor in any mythology from periods prior to 3000-2500 B.C.E! Moreover, when it does appear, Venus is described as coming from the depths of the universe to rend the sky and trouble humanity. And this gave rise to the need for many hymns of praise, intended to appease this trouble-maker.

Chaos and Resurrection

Traces of Mulge and His Son

The Mesopotamian tablets indicate that Neberu (or Nibiru) is an errant "star" that periodically upsets the affairs of gods and humans. His origin is "the place of the celestial battle". This localization is extremely important, because it brings to mind beyond a shadow of a doubt the tree Išed of the Egyptian traditions, the shattered axis of the eastern horizon. Keep in mind that this opening is carried out under the command of Amon (Jupiter), the King of the Gods.

To be continued...

Mulge, Mulge-Tab, and Venus

As we have seen, Parks has demonstrated a widespread identification among ancient peoples of the planet Venus with a rampaging sky-god whose birth and life cycle were associated with a great cosmic event, the "explosion" of the planet Mulge ("Black Star") and the launching of its satellite Mulge-Tab ("Companion of Mulge") onto a new solar orbital path.

This "explosion" (the word is in quotes because it might possibly have been a slow-motion event) was perpetrated on the Mulge system by the Ušumgal, according to Parks' memory as mediated by the GĪRKŪ.

In this section we will examine the sequence from an astronomical/astrophysical point of view, with the intent of assessing the possibility that destruction in the Mulge system could eventually have ramifications on Earth. We'll include some thoughts about what might have been within the capabilities of the Ušumgal. However, any specific information that Parks could contribute to this aspect is still being developed for use in his forthcoming book, *The Awakening of the Phoenix*, Volume 3 of the series.

Initial State

Please review the section on Ti-ama-te, describing our solar system prior to the explosion of Mulge. This will give you a sense of the awesome greatness of Mulge within the larger galactic community, and in fact of our entire system before the invasion, hence the dimension of tragedy that ensued, but also will help you to visualize the relative sizes of the planets and their sequence of orbits in this system.

As to planetary sizes and orbital dimensions, we assume that those observed today for all planets other than Venus, such as can be found listed at Orbits and Properties of the Planets, are valid for the initial period -- the pre-explosion epoch.

Information that we can deduce for Mulge and Mulge-Tab/Venus has to be considered purely notional. But we can do better than simple guessing.

Parks recalls Mulge as being slightly larger than Saturn, and so it shall be in our picture of Ti-ama-te. We estimate the radius of Mulge to be about 65,000 km. We are probably safe in assuming Mulge's orbit to be approximately aligned with the ecliptic since all the other planetary orbits (except that of Pluto, which is no longer considered to be a planet anyway) are so aligned, and so is the main asteroid belt, which we think is derived from the explosion of Mulge.

The main asteroid belt occupies a ring of radius 2-4 astronomical units (AU) around the Sun, and so we assign a radius of about 3 AU or, say, 450 million km to the orbit of Mulge.

What might have been the characteristics of Mulge-Tab's orbit around Mulge?

The first bit of data from the present-day Venus' orbit that we might apply would be its orientation to the ecliptic plane, just as we did with the asteroids for Mulge. So we will say that Mulge-Tab's orbit was parallel to the ecliptic.

Its radius? Taking a look at Jupiter, the next planet out, we find that its two largest moons, Ganymede and Callisto, are of nearly the same size and orbits of distance 1,100,000 and 1,900,000 km from Jupiter's center. Although the radius of Venus (Mulge-Tab) at 6052

km is much larger -- 2.3 or 2.4 times larger -- than those of the two largest Jupiter moons, we will take the hint and give Mulge-Tab an orbital radius of around 1,500,000 km.

In this section we will develop the concept of Venus as an ejection from the Mulge system in a sequence of graphics with discussions, including relevant orbital mechanics where indicated.

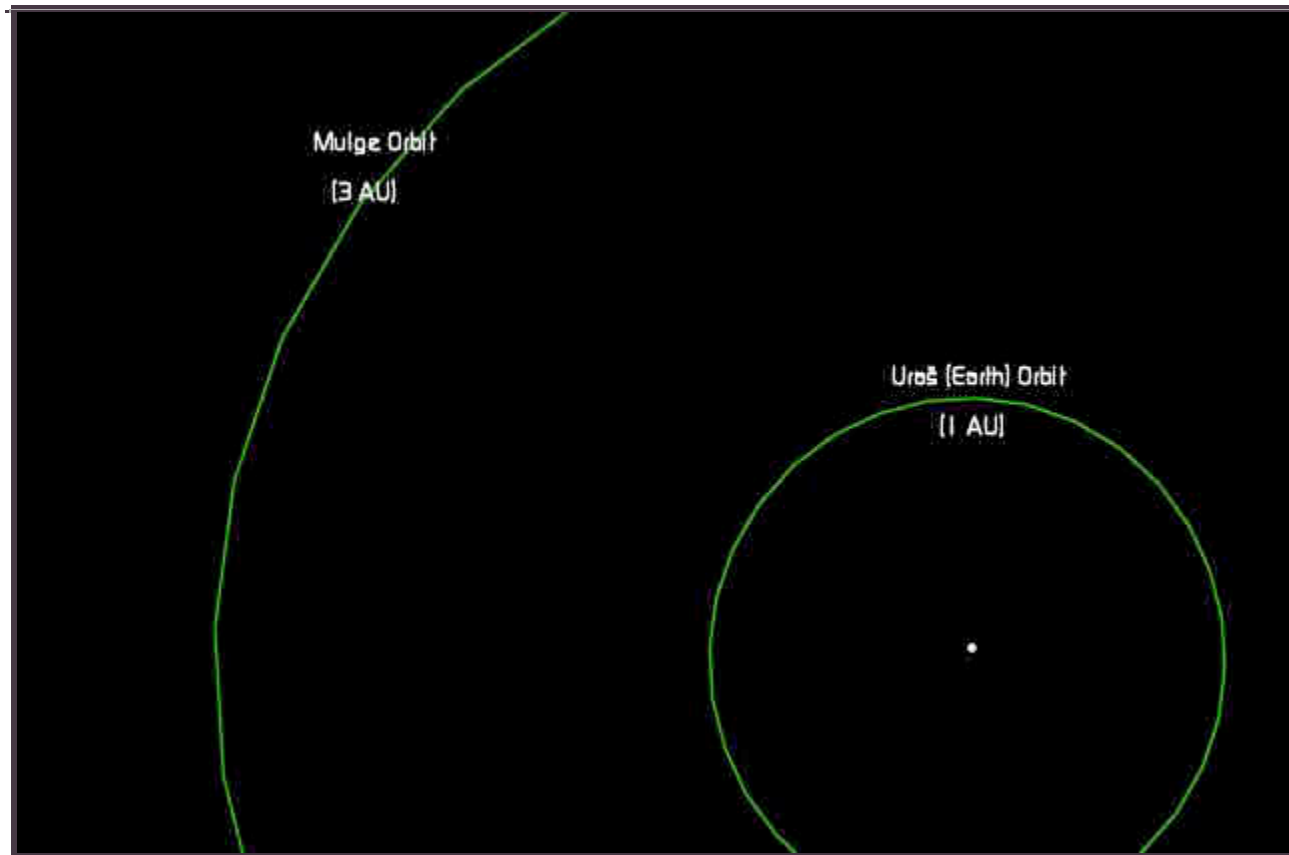


Fig. MMTV-1. View onto the ecliptic plane showing the orbits of Uraš (Earth) and Mulge. At this scale, the planets themselves are not visible, nor would the Sun be visible, except for the fact that it is self-luminous. We show the Sun as a white dot, not to scale. Kinks in orbits are a graphic artifact.

The orbits depicted in Fig. MMTV-1 are of course mathematical abstractions. It might have been more precise to show them as very thin circles or ellipses. But we are using 3-D modelling software that requires us to depict them as tori, of sufficient thickness to make them visible. Still, they are rather "thin" tori (i.e., their cross-sections are small relative to the image size).

There is a benefit to this graphical method. Suppose we searched along the Mulge orbit for the planet Mulge itself -- we know it is in the image, because we put it there. If we then zoomed in sufficiently to show Mulge, the "orbit torus" would appear very thick indeed, and since we had not changed its scale from what it was in the previous image, the relative sizes of Mulge and the orbit torus would allow us to grasp the scale of Mulge in the solar system itself. That is what we have done in the following illustration.

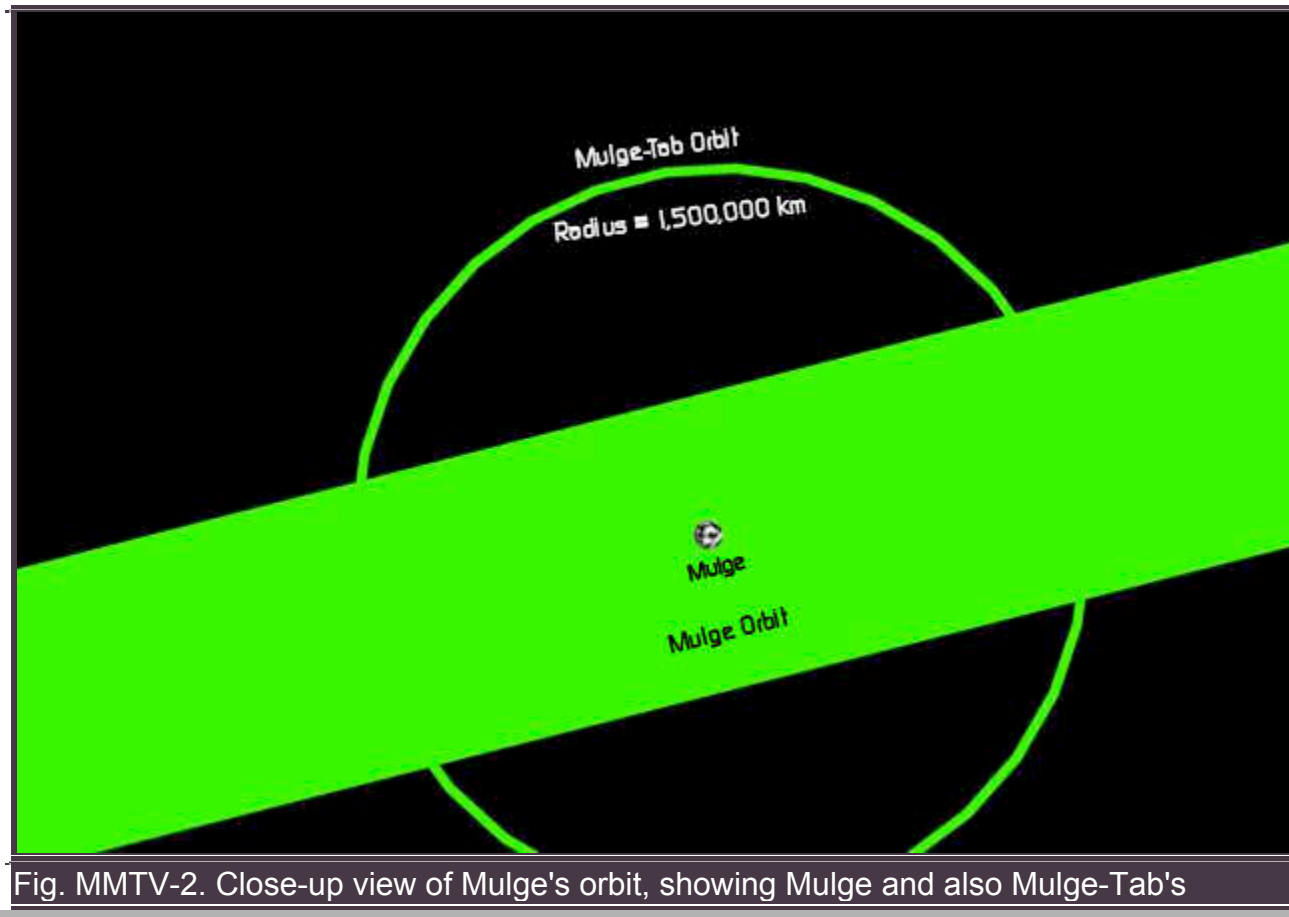
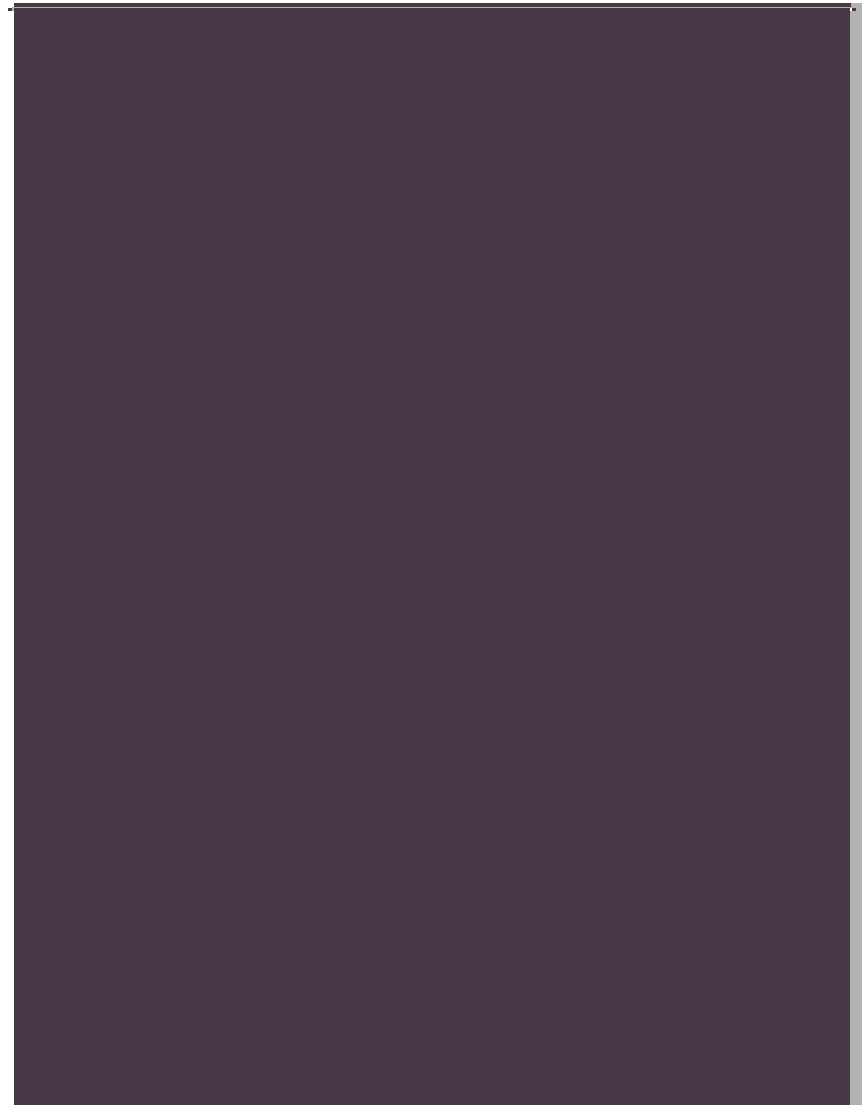


Fig. MMTV-2. Close-up view of Mulge's orbit, showing Mulge and also Mulge-Tab's

proposed orbit around Mulge. Its orbit was not visible in the previous image. Mulge-Tab itself is still not visible at this scale.

"Explosion" of Mulge



Dispensing with the orbits now, the Fig. MMTV-3 at right shows Mulge "exploding", and for the first time we can see Mulge-Tab, at the top.

Fig. MMTV-3. Mulge "exploding" and somewhat expanded from its normal size. Mulge-Tab, shown to scale, is just visible at the top.

And now we are in a position to discuss some very important matters. We are of course interested in learning whatever we can about how Mulge was destroyed, but even more directly important to us is the effect of that event on Mulge-Tab, because we think it is Mulge-Tab that at some later point, and perhaps more than once, came near Uraš (the Earth), and became identified with today's planet Venus.

Look at the image. At this stage, Mulge has been reduced to fragments that have begun to disperse and will continue to do so. The fragments will eventually stabilize in individual solar orbits, perhaps many of them as today's asteroids. Now, it is possible that the forces that destroyed Mulge were large and explosive enough to quickly send a wave of fragments and some sort of energy out to the distance of Mulge-Tab, instantly throwing it off its course. That would have required a much greater release of energy than just enough to totally destroy Mulge.

We don't know if that much energy was available. But since we don't know, we must allow for that possibility. Later on this page, we will designate the type of event in which the effect on Mulge-Tab was virtually instantaneous as a "Type 1 collision" between Mulge remains and Mulge-Tab.

It might be reasonable to consider that Mulge expanded "slowly", leading in the extreme to what we will call a "Type 2 collision". Assuming it did so in a radially-symmetric manner (an assumption not fully justified, but a good first approximation to what may have happened), then Mulge-Tab's orbit would not have changed until significant amounts of Mulge's remains (i.e., a significant fraction of its mass) moved beyond the orbit of Mulge-Tab, and Mulge-Tab's orbit finally began to expand in response. We are going to have to estimate the probability of any sizable piece of Mulge striking Mulge-Tab in this process. Assuming for the moment that Mulge broke up into a relatively small number of large fragments, and that there was no such collision with them, then Mulge-Tab's orbit simply expanded in response to the continuing diffusing mass of Mulge. As Mulge-Tab moved farther and farther from the center of this diffusing Mulge mass, its orbital path trended toward an open curve, and it gradually became more subject to the gravitational influence of the Sun.

Another way of putting this is to say that when the total gravitational field, at Mulge-Tab's position, of the portion of Mulge contained within its orbit, has become less than the gravitational field of the Sun at that position, then Mulge-Tab is in a solar orbit.

What are the parameters of that orbit? Our task is to explore the ways in which Mulge-Tab might enter such a solar orbit, and the range of possible orbital parameters, to learn whether it was possible or even likely that Mulge-Tab would eventually cross Uraš' orbit, and encounter Uraš itself.

Note that any close encounter and exchange of energy and momentum with another planetary object is going to change Mulge-Tab's orbit beyond anything we could guess. Therefore we will not be able to say anything at all about a sequence of close encounters, except to note that such sequences are possible.

To begin our exploration, let us collect some elemental data that we either "know" (e.g., if we assume that Venus was once Mulge-Tab), or can obtain through combining what we "know" with what Parks "remembers", and with what we can compute using basic astronomical information and equations (as may be found [here](#) and [here](#)). We will spare the reader the details at this time but offer them in a separate paper that will be prepared for online viewing and/or be included in Parks' next published book.

OBJECT	Radius, km	Density, g/cm ³	Mass, kg
Mulge	65000	4	4.6×10^{27}
Mulge-Tab	6050	5.24	4.87×10^{24}

ORBIT	Radius, km	Period	Mean Orbital Speed S km/sec
Mulge	450×10^6	1.64×10^8 secs 5.21 earth yrs	17.2
Mulge-Tab	1.5×10^6	6.6×10^5 secs 7.6 earth days	14.3

An important note about the overall geometry: we assume that all of this is confined to (approximately) the plane of the ecliptic. This is justified for Mulge itself by virtue of the fact that the orbits of all the other planets (except for that of Pluto, no longer considered a planet anyway) in the solar system are confined to that plane.

As to Mulge-Tab, had it been a satellite of Jupiter, it would have been classified as a *Galilean* type, such as Callisto or Ganymede, each of which has an orbital inclination of only about 1/4 degree from the plane of the ecliptic. Thus it is not unreasonable to guess that Mulge-Tab's orbit was in the plane of the ecliptic as well.

All of our work, then, will be in two dimensions.

Of the data given in the table above, the "mean orbital speed S " -- the tangential velocities of Mulge and Mulge-Tab within their respective orbits -- is of immediate importance, because these will determine whether Mulge-Tab enters an elliptical orbit with perihelion equal to or less than the radius of Earth's orbit. If that is the case, then an eventual encounter becomes possible.

Note also that in the above tables, "earth days" and "earth years" indicates their modern values. The units are offered simply for help in visualization. The very length of the earth year is to be a subject of discussion in this section, as it is in the literature of Velikovsky and others.

One final important note: in the tables we assume that, having identified Venus with Mulge-Tab, we can take the mass of Mulge-Tab as the mass of today's Venus. But it develops, as will be seen, that in one possible scenario, Mulge-Tab picked up a significant amount of mass from Mulge fragmentary material, and hence originally (prior to the Mulge explosion) had much different characteristics from today's Venus.

When we realized such a thing had been possible, we had to question our entire analysis up to that point. However we also realized that the scenario in question may not have actually occurred. Therefore our response has been to stay with our analysis on a contingent basis, but as a separate step to look for signs that the worrisome scenario did occur. This step is beyond the scope of the present web page, but will probably be covered in the material being offered for inclusion in Volume 3.

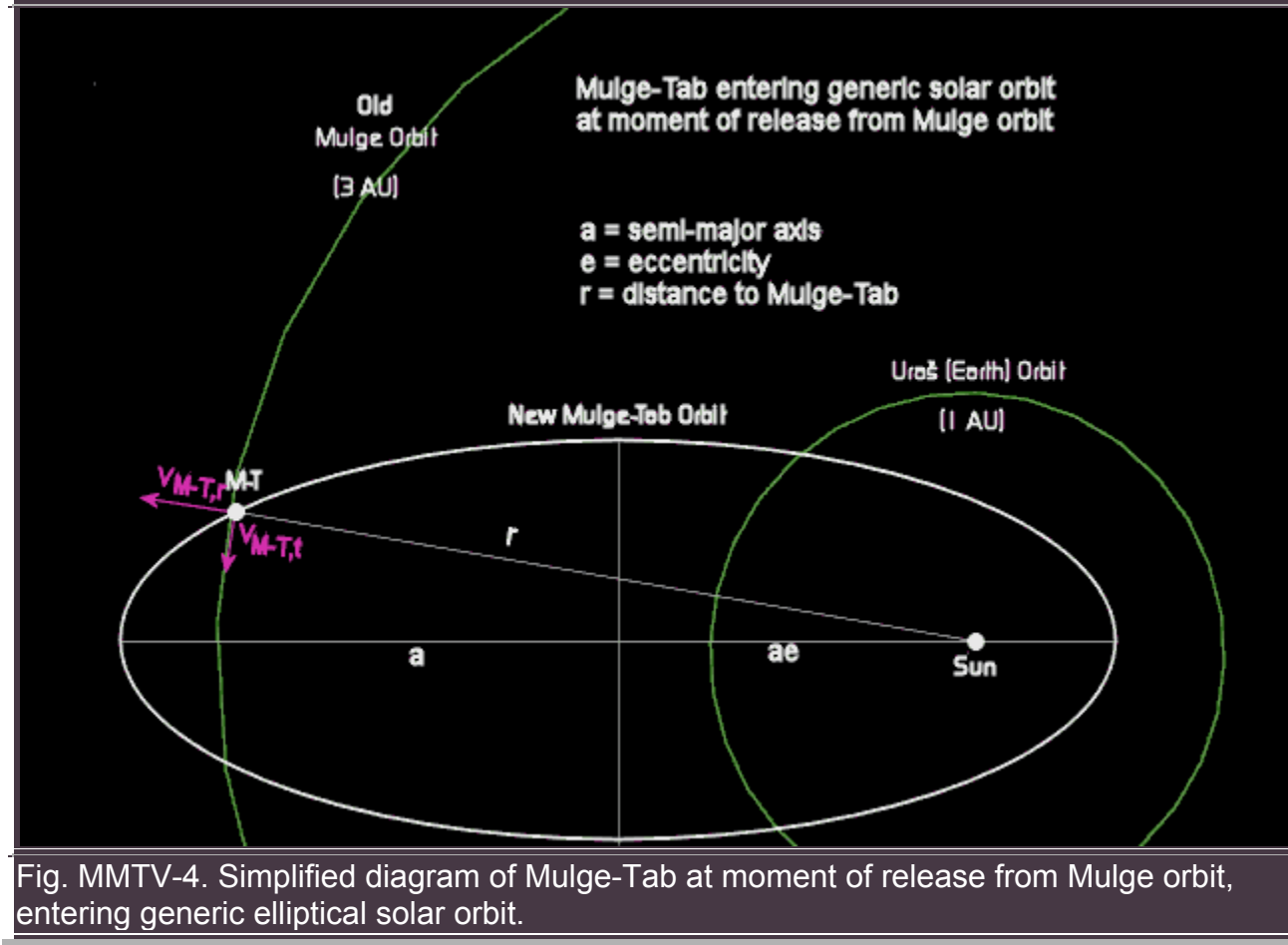


Fig. MMTV-4 illustrates a simple entry of Mulge-Tab into an elliptical solar orbit immediately upon the disappearance of Mulge, around which Mulge-Tab had been orbiting. This is a sort of zero-order approximation to the event.

We depict as a pair of magenta-colored vectors the velocity of Mulge-Tab at that moment in its components parallel ($v_{M-T,r}$) and perpendicular ($v_{M-T,t}$) to a radius or line drawn from the Sun. These motions are themselves the sums of motions of the Mulge system (Mulge and any satellites, etc.) in its solar orbit, and Mulge-Tab in its orbit around Mulge. Note that the Mulge system, being in what we state to be a circular orbit, has zero radial velocity.

Notice also that in this example, Mulge-Tab's solar orbit has the form of a highly eccentric ellipse, and this causes Mulge-Tab to cross the orbit of Uraš (Earth) -- because its *perihelion*, its closest approach to the sun -- falls inside Uraš' orbit. With such an orbit there is the possibility or probability of an eventual encounter of Mulge-Tab with Uraš. It is not the only class of orbit that would have been possible. Another possibility would have been for Mulge-Tab's orbit to be much less eccentric, say, like that of Mulge, which would never cross the path of Uraš. Or it might have been *hyperbolic* -- an open shape that would have taken it away from the solar system on a one-way outbound journey. We are going to have to determine the possibilities of Mulge-Tab's entering these various types of orbits.

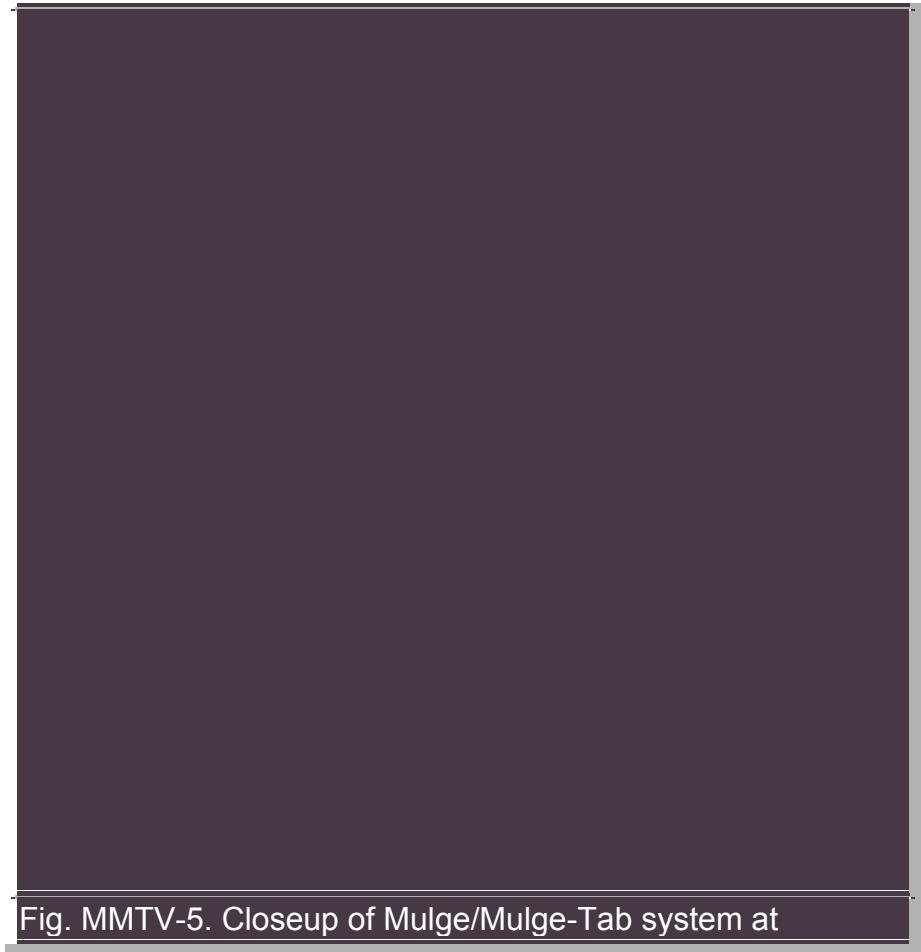


Fig. MMTV-5. Closeup of Mulge/Mulge-Tab system at

To begin, we take a closer look at the composite motion of Mulge-Tab at its moment of release. Fig. MMTV-5 shows a ghostly Mulge that has by some means just disappeared. It had been traveling along in its orbit at a speed of 17.2 km/sec.

Mulge-Tab had been confined to the bright green orbit around Mulge at a speed of 14.3 km/sec, but has just now been released to a new path, the white curve.

idealized moment of release. All orbits are traversed in the counter-clockwise direction.

Although the directions of the motions are constantly changing, at this instant they can be conveniently oriented with respect to the radial from the Sun. Thus Mulge and its entire system were moving with an average velocity of 17.2 km/sec in a direction transverse to the radial from the Sun. We designate this as follows:

$$\begin{aligned}v_{M,r} &= 0 \\v_{M,t} &= 17.2 \text{ km/sec}\end{aligned}$$

Mulge-Tab participated in this motion, but also had its own orbital motion within the Mulge system. It was moving tangentially at 14.3 km/sec, and this was at angle ϕ with respect to the solar radial:

$$\begin{aligned}v_{M-T,r} &= 14.3 \sin \phi \text{ km/sec} \\v_{M-T,t} &= 17.2 - 14.3 \cos \phi \text{ km/sec}\end{aligned}$$

What are the parameters of the new Mulge-Tab orbit? We will need to know, if we are to be able to decide whether Mulge-Tab could have eventually had a close encounter with Uraš. As is shown in Fig. MMTV-4, if a "small" object enters a closed orbit around a large one (i.e., the mass of the "small" one is much smaller than the mass of the "large" one), the orbit takes the form of an ellipse of some size characterized by its semi-major axis "a" and eccentricity "e". According to basic principles of celestial mechanics, these can easily be computed from information that we have already developed on this page, along with the mass of the Sun, and a quantity known as "The Universal Gravitational Constant".

Please [click here](#) to see how all of these quantities are related.

Notice that the velocity components of Mulge-Tab at time of release are related to its angular position ϕ , as mentioned above. We have to presume that this angle's value was not selected by the Ušumgal. In fact, since ϕ is itself a parameter of our simplistic "instantaneous Mulge-disappearance" model, which is not necessarily itself correct, we should not at this point be second-guessing how it might or might not have been chosen by anyone. But we will examine the model shortly.

From inspection of Mulge-Tab's full orbit shown in Fig. MMTV-4, its perihelion is just

$$R_{\text{per}} = a(1-e)$$

The values of a and e vary with the angle ϕ . We examine this, looking to see if for any values of ϕ , the perihelion of Mulge-Tab falls within the radius of Earth's orbit (1.5×10^{11} meters).

Here are the results of that computation:

ϕ , deg	Semi-Major Axis a meters	Eccentricity e	Perihelion meters	Earth Encounter
0	2.28×10^{11}	.03	2.22×10^{11}	impossible
30	2.57×10^{11}	.25	1.93×10^{11}	impossible
60	3.96×10^{11}	.86	5.44×10^{10}	possible
90	1.48×10^{12}	1.7	negative	impossible
120	-8.49×10^{11}	2.53	meaningless	impossible
150	-3.95×10^{11}	3.14	meaningless	impossible
180	-3.30×10^{11}	3.36	meaningless	impossible
210	-3.95×10^{11}	3.14	meaningless	impossible
240	-8.49×10^{11}	2.53	meaningless	impossible
270	1.48×10^{12}	1.7	negative	impossible
300	3.96×10^{11}	.86	5.44×10^{10}	possible
330	2.57×10^{11}	.25	1.93×10^{11}	impossible

So, yes, in this first simplified situation, for some values of ϕ , an eventual encounter can occur. Those values range out to about $\phi = \pm 65$ deg, as shown in Fig. MMTV-6, beyond which the orbit would be hyperbolic. For magnitudes of $\phi < 45$ deg, the perihelion exceeds the radius of Earth's orbit and so no collision would be possible.

This means that original positions of Mulge-Tab occupying some 11% of the full circle of ϕ would likely lead to an eventual interaction -- even a highly destructive interaction -- with Uraš. Would this have been a consideration for Enlil, who probably was hoping to escape this solar system eventually anyway?

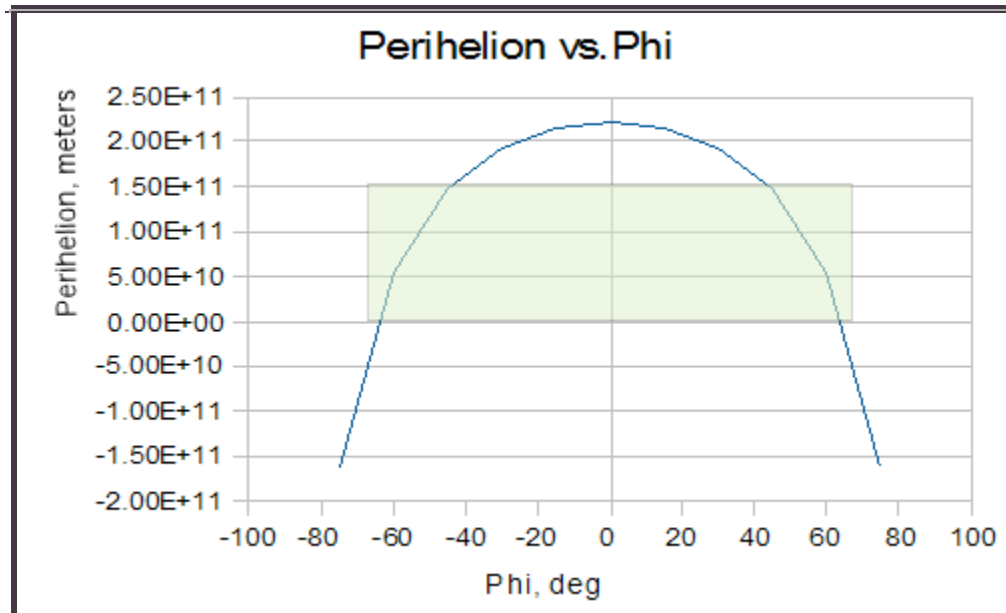


Fig. MMTV-6. Perihelion of Mulge-Tab's orbit (meters) vs. ϕ , deg. We show a range of ϕ encompassing values for which *eccentricity* is between 0 and 1 -- that is, out to about ± 65 deg. (and a bit more for clarity in reading the presentation). The green rectangle shows the area from perihelion = 0 out to the radius of Earth's orbit. Note that a negative perihelion is self-contradictory; this would not be associated with an elliptical orbit.

Suppose, on the other hand, there had been a rather extreme fragmentation of Mulge. Can we guess what the sizes of these fragments might possibly have been?

Our next task is to consider more realistic "explosion" scenarios.

For example, we know that Mulge did not simply vanish when destroyed. Rather, it was reduced to fragments that either slowly or quickly moved away from what had been its center. Would any of these fragments have collided with Mulge-Tab? This is an important question, because in a collision, there would have been an exchange of angular momentum and kinetic energy between the colliding objects.

Suppose Mulge had been broken into just two fragments. That would be the minimum, as "one fragment" would mean no explosion or destruction had taken place.

If Mulge had been broken into two fragments, how likely would it have been for one of them to have collided with Mulge-Tab?

Without any analysis other than a look at the images we have provided of these two objects in their original positions, it is clear that a collision at the distance of Mulge-Tab would have been highly unlikely. In that case, our discussion of the event, developed on this page, would be good enough to use.

Well, yes, if we take the distribution of sizes of asteroids as a strong hint, since they presumably all were once a part of Mulge. A caution here: the combined masses of all known asteroids is less than that of our Moon. So are the ones we see in the asteroid belt a good example of the fragmentation of Mulge?

We don't really know, but it is probably beyond the scope of this discussion to try to ascertain a complete answer to that question. Therefore, let us look at the asteroids, and there we find that the typical diameter of an asteroid is around 1 km. So we will take that to be the size of our Mulge fragments.

Assuming that the fragments move out from the Mulge center uniformly in all directions, we can begin to see the possibilities for collisions with Mulge-Tab.

It is not a simple problem, because it depends on the relative speeds of the outgoing fragments and Mulge-Tab in its orbit. Why? Suppose that the outgoing speed of the fragments is very high. Then any fragments that were passing through the part of space occupied by Mulge-Tab at that moment would collide, giving up all of its kinetic energy to Mulge by imparting a velocity change in the outward radial direction. We should be able to calculate the fraction of Mulge mass that does this (i.e., collides). Let's call this a collision of Type 1.

On the other hand, the fragments could be moving so slowly that they impart zero kinetic energy in terms of adding a radial velocity component, but some of them do, at some point, "stand in the path of Mulge-Tab", and collide in such a way as to join with Mulge-Tab and share its angular momentum. That will be a collision of Type 2.

Type 1 Collision:

We can easily calculate the total mass of Mulge fragments that collide with Mulge-Tab. We know that they all, at some time, will pass through a spherical shell centered on Mulge's center, with the radius of Mulge-Tab's orbit. The fraction of that shell occupied by the projected area of Mulge-Tab will be the fraction of Mulge's mass that will collide with Mulge-Tab.

Using data already provided on this page, we calculate the following:

Total area of spherical shell at Mulge-Tab's orbit = $2.8 \times 10^{13} \text{ km}^2$

Projected area of Mulge-Tab = $1.15 \times 10^8 \text{ km}^2$

Fraction of Mulge that collides with Mulge-Tab = 4.1×10^{-6}

Mass of Mulge = $4.6 \times 10^{27} \text{ kg}$

Mass of Mulge that collides with Mulge-Tab $\sim 2 \times 10^{22} \text{ kg}$

That last number is key. Everything we have shown about the path of Mulge-Tab after the loss of Mulge now has to be adjusted to reflect what happens when that amount of Mulge matter collides with Mulge-Tab.

Note that this is 0.4% of the mass of Mulge-Tab as given on this page. Could that relatively-small amount of mass have enough kinetic energy to significantly change the motion of Mulge-Tab once transferred? Of course, that depends on its velocity, as in the relation

$$\text{Kinetic Energy} = 1/2 mv^2$$

for an object of mass m , traveling at velocity v .

We do not know what its velocity might have been, but let's determine what it would have needed to be, to carry 10% of the kinetic energy of Mulge-Tab.

Sparing you the algebra, it works out to be 5 x the velocity of Mulge-Tab at the moment of encounter. That is, since Mulge-Tab's velocity was 17.2 km/sec, the Mulge fragments would need to have been traveling outward at 86 km/sec to increase Mulge-Tab's kinetic energy by 10%.

Is that a realistic velocity for these fragments? Have we discussed the mechanism that was used for destroying Mulge? We have not, yet. However, achieving an outward velocity of 86 km/sec would appear to require much more energy than just enough to shatter Mulge. And so it seems safe to work with a velocity of 86 km/sec as a conservative figure for estimating the effect of the Type 1 collision on the path of Mulge-Tab.

This collision results in a small adjustment to Mulge-Tab's velocity, radially outward from the original Mulge center. Except for that adjustment, the no-collision analysis made at the beginning of this study will prevail.

What is the effect of the radial velocity adjustment? Recall that in the basic no-collision case, values of ϕ close to 0/360 degrees result in the lowest subsequent perihelion for Mulge-Tab, because the effect of the "missing Mulge" left Mulge-Tab with a residual motion component retrograde to its solar orbit.

The Type 1 collision creates an actual push on Mulge-Tab, and its retrograde component is greatest for $\phi = 90$ degrees. That is, it is greatest if it occurs when Mulge-Tab is at the point in its Mulge orbit characterized by $\phi = 90$ degrees (see Fig. MMTV-5).

So in general, the Type 1 collision seems to shift the value of ϕ resulting in the minimum perihelion toward 90 degrees. How great this effect would be, depends on the velocity of the Mulge fragments, which we do not know, but we can guess that this will actually turn out to be rather small.

At any rate, it is not very important because the probabilities of various perihelion values are actually not affected, only the associated values of ϕ , which are probably of no interest.

Type 2 Collision:



Fig. MMTV-7. A first plume of Mulge's fragment cloud crosses the orbit (shown in green) of Mulge-Tab (orange). Eventually the entire cloud will cross the spherical shell containing Mulge-Tab's orbit but of course only a small

fraction of the Mulge fragments will cross the orbit itself. Those will all be swept up by Mulge-Tab since in the Type 2 encounter they move extremely slowly. They will add to Mulge-Tab's mass but will leave its kinetic energy unchanged. This results in a predictable reduction in Mulge-Tab's speed.

The event we name "Type 1 collision" represents one extreme of a continuum of possibilities relating to how rapidly the exploded Mulge expands and crosses over the Mulge-Tab orbital shell (i.e., imaginary sphere centered on the unexploded Mulge, with radius equal to that of Mulge-Tab's orbit). In this extreme, the radial velocity of the Mulge fragments is so great that Mulge-Tab by comparison is stationary in its orbit.

In the complementary event, the "Type 2 collision", the fragments move so slowly that when they encounter Mulge-Tab it is as though they are stationary. Of course, had they been perfectly stationary, they would never have even gotten there! So we are speaking in relative terms.

Eventually all Mulge fragments cross over and beyond the Mulge-Tab orbital shell. Assuming their angular distribution is uniform, we can easily calculate that fraction of them that enter not only the orbital shell, but the orbital ring itself (shown in green in Fig. MMTV-7). Understand that the ring has a finite cross-section; it is after all swept out by the body of Mulge-Tab. It is in fact a torus. All fragments entering that torus will be swept up by the much more rapidly-moving Mulge-Tab before they can reach the far side.

In a first-order approximation, these fragments are stationary when encountered by Mulge-Tab. They have, then, no kinetic energy, and so add none to the planetoid.

But they do add their mass. How much mass would that be? The total amount of mass contributed by Mulge to Mulge-Tab in this way, is just the fraction that encounters the Mulge-Tab torus.

The fraction is easily calculated.

Replace the torus with a circle of flat ribbon whose width is the diameter of Mulge-Tab. Designate the radius of this circle as $R_{M,M-T}$ ($= 1.5 \times 10^6$ km). Designate the radius of Mulge-Tab as R_{M-T} ($= 6050$ km).

The fraction in which we are interested is simply the ratio of the areas of the ribbon and the sphere. Again, leaving out some simple algebra for the energetic reader to perform, that ratio of areas is just the ratio of two radii, and is given by

$$R_{M-T} / R_{M,M-T} \sim 4 \times 10^{-3}$$

and since we have the mass of Mulge as 4.6×10^{27} kg, we can immediately state that Mulge-Tab picks up about 2×10^{25} kg of Mulge fragments.

Since the kinetic energy of Mulge-Tab has not been altered by its encounter with the fragments, but it has a new greater mass, its velocity must have decreased as a result of the fragment encounters.

By how much? Again, leaving the simple algebra to the reader,

new velocity / old velocity = $\sqrt{\text{old mass} / \text{new mass}} = \sqrt{1/5} = .45$

Have you noticed something quite remarkable about what we have just learned?

Yes, the speed of Mulge-Tab is eventually more than halved, but much more importantly, the mass of Mulge fragments accreting to Mulge is four times the mass of Mulge itself!

This means that the analysis of the Type 2 encounter will be much more complex than that of the Type 1, because during the long period of time that Mulge-Tab takes to acquire its new mass, it is deviating, probably greatly, from its original orbit. That is due not only to its declining speed, but to the slowly-diminishing amount of Mulge mass remaining inside the orbital sphere. Once beyond the sphere, it is no longer part of the gravitational center of the Mulge/Mulge-Tab system.

Furthermore, if Mulge-Tab is changing size due to the accreting matter, then of course the area representing its orbital torus (and thus the fraction of fragments being intercepted) is also changing, and dramatically at that!

What all of this means is that we do not yet have a way to analyze a Type 2 encounter.

Of course, we do not know if the pure Type 2 encounter even happened. One reason to think it did not, is that the accreted mass on Mulge-Tab would probably not have been uniformly distributed around its surface, and so today's Venus would be seen to be seriously out-of-round. It is not.

But suppose the encounter was something between pure Type 1 and pure Type 2. Would we be able to predict the result of that, on a continuum of encounter types?

The answer is, probably yes, but that is not a project for this web page at this time.

This issue will be discussed more fully in a forthcoming research publication by Anton Parks.

Tidal Locking

A somewhat anomalous synchronous "locking" exists between the rotations on their axes of Earth and Venus.

The following is from Wikipedia:

A curious aspect of Venus' orbit and rotation periods is that the 583.92-day interval between successive close approaches to the Earth is almost exactly equal to 5 Venusian solar days (precisely, 5.001444 of these), making approximately the same face visible from Earth at each close approach. Whether this relationship arose by chance or is the result of some kind of tidal locking with the Earth is unknown [1].

[1] Gold T., Soter S. (1969), Atmospheric tides and the resonant rotation of Venus, Icarus, v. 11, p 356-366

Tidal locking comes about through variations in gravitational attraction between specific portions of nearby astronomical bodies. The effect would appear problematic to say the least at the current distance of Venus from Earth.

We are scheduling this "curious aspect" for further study, and discussion if it should turn out to be relevant in terms of one or more close encounters having taken place between Venus and Earth in relatively recent times (i.e., about 10,000 years ago).

We may discuss our findings in a general sense here on this page, but where specific connection to events described in Volume 3 are concerned, discussion will be deferred to the appendix planned for inclusion in that book.

AGELoD

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Enki in the Land of the Dead

The beings known by their created people as "gods" can never be accorded the status of "dead". This is because they have always inculcated a dependency on themselves for salvation of some kind, such that if they were seen as having ceased to exist, their people would be left tossed to the winds.

The process continues even today: the human matrix is engendered with the religious complex that allows it to live in tranquility, while actually in chains of extreme limitation.

But the gods do disappear somehow. In the case of Enki-Éa, we will find that there is one Sumerian tablet that describes his metaphorical disappearance.

Parks strongly supports the analogy linking the personages of Enki and Osiris, and uses this analogy to "decode" this Sumerian tablet with the help of the Egyptian funerary ideology. He also emphasizes that Enki-Osiris was not actually assassinated in Kalam (Sumer) (which is why the event is not generally described on Mesopotamian tablets) but rather in Kemet (Egypt). Parks also follows the traces of Enki's sister Ereškigal (as named in the Mesopotamian tablets) and her younger sister Ninanna (Inanna). Their interwoven shadows lead us into the depths beneath the Giza plateau.

Enki and Osiris were objects of mystical cults relating to the stability of the soul and resurrection in their respective temples. The priests used artifacts to give the illusion that they lived eternally.

Funerary rites were numerous in Egypt because death was not maligned there as it was in Mesopotamia. The ritualized defunct, image of Osiris and Horus, transcended death to perpetuate the Osirian myth and reequilibrate the universe. Death was but a state that served the transmutation of the soul.

But in Mesopotamia, death was terribly feared. To mention it directly could provoke it. And so the Sumerians preferred to use phrases such as "he/she has gone to his/her destiny" or "his/her destiny has seized him/her".

Parks states that this difference is consistent with the fact that Egypt was more inspired by forces said to be "of the light" (Osiris-Enki / Kadištu) while Mesopotamia was under the influence of forces associated with "darkness" (Seth-Enlil / Anunnaki).

Separating Egypt and Mesopotamia is a vast desert plain, known to the Sumerians as the Edin. It was under the sovereignty of Seth-Enlil, the Great Šàtam (territorial administrator). Seth (Šeteš), the mythological Egyptian god of the deserts, dwelled in the red earth, the desert and the foreign land known as "Dešeret" (Dšr.t), a term which in the Sumerian KUR, equally designates "the foreign countries".

"Kur" had two distinct significations to the Sumerians. First, the mountain where the "gods" resided, inaccessible to mortals, universal and vivifying. This would be the primordial domain, the Kharsag of the Gina'abul-Anunna in the Taurus mountains.

The second sense was the world beyond, the country of the dead generally situated under the earth's crust, between the primordial waters of the Abzu and the inhabited world above. We know that it does not appear in this case to be the hollow earth, the Abzu, but more the subtle dimension or lower frequencies connected to the underworld where certain Gina'abul had established their domain. This domain, unknowable to common mortals, generally symbolized to the Sumerians the kingdom of the dead.

Parks lists numerous points concerning the KUR from Françoise Bruschweiler's 1987 study "Inanna". These relate to its connections with life and death for gods of various levels and their relationship with intermediaries between humanity, the higher categories of deities, the demons and other malevolent spirits, and the heroic means used to force access.

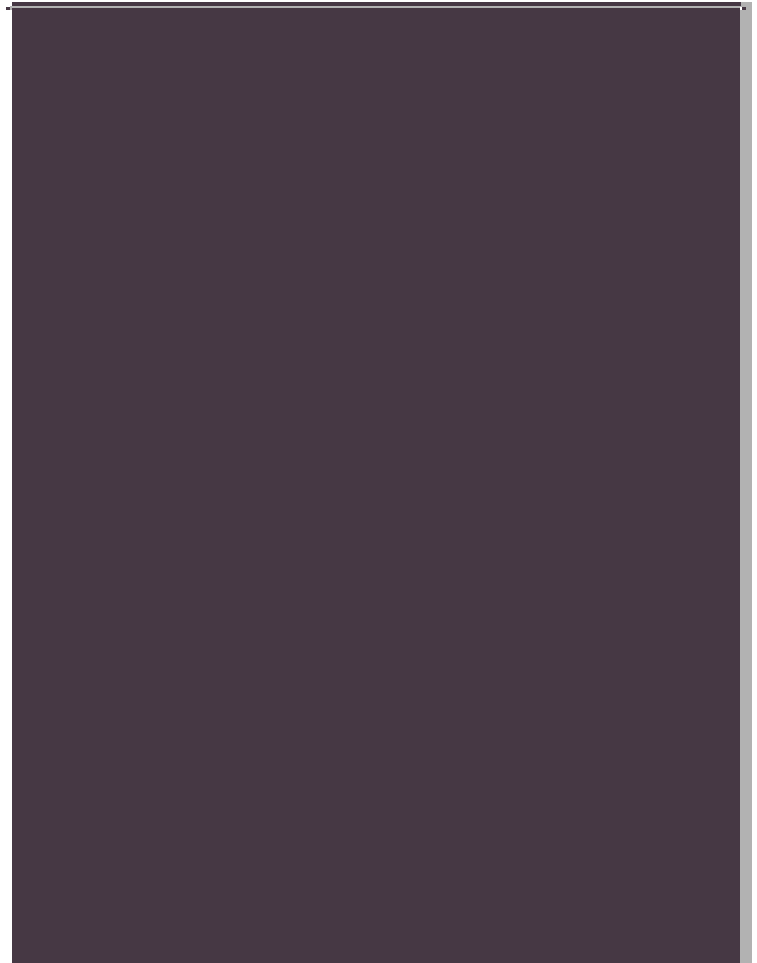
He is therefore not surprised to find mention of the KUR on various clay tablets dealing with domains of Anunnaki and humans, trespasses, and the possession and uses of Gúrkur ("sphere of KUR") and Gürkur ("who transports toward the KUR").

Note

The great majority of the village chiefs, that is to say initiates, who reside on the Giza plateau know perfectly well that the site is riddled with galleries that form an absolutely gigantic subterranean network. They themselves moreover know of the placement of certain tunnels completely unknown to the authorities and to the Egyptian Supreme Council of Antiquities. Any person who establishes a measure of contact with these individuals can verify this.

The term "GIGAL" is not translatable into Egyptian; the village chiefs are well conscious of this and maintain that this very ancient term does not come from Egypt at all. It recalls rather the Latin terms Giganteus (gigantic) and Gigantes (giants), that is to say "monstrous" beings - the sons or children of the earth (serpent genies) called "Sata" in Egyptian - who wished to scale Olympus to dethrone the king of the gods.

But the "foreign country" of Ereškigal (Isis) was no other than the royal kingdom in which were practiced the funerary cults. Totally unfamiliar to the Mesopotamians, and with which the Anunnaki of Kalam (Sumer) were in conflict, was the plateau of Giza, the place of the "foreign gods". This was named "Gigal" in Egypt; well in any case this what the natives call it who live on the millennial plateau.



The Sumerian tablet to which we referred above is one of the twelve on which is inscribed "*The Epic of Gilgamesh*" - in particular the twelfth one, which is a sort of epilogue. We suggest the reader who may be unfamiliar with these tablets review a summary, such as the Wikipedia entry Epic of Gilgamesh. But keep in mind that few seem to grasp the time frame in which the events described might actually have taken place. We are given a time for the tablets themselves at around 27th century BCE and that is supposed to be that.

Moreover, "Enkidu", a wild man who stands for Enki, was created in the time of the reign of a king Gilgamesh for his diversion and education.

So we ignore that; our interest is in what is said about the underworld into which Enkidu is sent to search for some lost playthings belonging to Gilgamesh. And this is, to the Sumerians, "the Land of the Dead".

A few notes as we begin to launch into this:

- The source for this information is Raymon-Jacques Tournay and Aaron Shaffer, edited throughout the 1990s.
- The document returns us to the beginning of the world. Its recreation by the Anunna is mixed up with the renown of humanity in such a way as to have it be strengthened by the Mesopotamian gods.
- Most of the clay tablets openly reveal the despotic and tyrannical position of An and his "intergalactic mafia".
- This twelfth tablet clearly reveals the genetic manipulation performed by the "Sumerian gods", producing the line of Á-DAM, the animal humans charged with serving body and soul the Gina'abul "gods" (lizards).

The "poem" is careless as to the order of events. It has, for example, the creation of humanity occurring before the repartitioning of the globe between the "gods"! But passing over that, we note that the characters present are always An, Enlíl, Enki, Ninmah (Ninhursag), or Ereškigal when she replaces Ninmah-Ninhursag.

Except that at the time of the "repartition", she replaces not Ninmah but Enki. And why? Because he is no longer among the living. He sails in the Land of the Dead, an infernal land, foreign to the eyes of the Sumerians.

He sails on a boat in the unfathomable land of the deceased... according to the Sumerian text. Specialists pay little attention to the term KUR, whose meaning differs according to terms and circumstances. Here they take it to mean the subterranean and aquatic world of Enki.

17th-century engraving showing cutaway view of a subterranean network under the Giza plateau. Thus this has been known about for a long time. The network is named "Gigal" by the natives of the millennial plateau. The schematisation of the labyrinths on the ground shows that the utilization of the lower Giza plateau as an initiatory platform was known in the highest antiquity. "*Sphinx Mystagoga*" by Athanase Kircher, 1676.

But this contrasts with the rocky world of Ereškigal (Egyptian Isis). Parks thinks of the Egyptian Book of Two Ways (see [The Coffin Text - The Book of Two Ways](#)), an initiatic itinerary that precisely maps the underworld necropolis of Restau (or Ro-Setau), in which the two roads lead to the tomb of Osiris and to the Great Pyramid.

Continuing with this, Parks gives the strict Egyptian definition of "Restau" as "entrance to the galleries or corridors", while translating the Sumerian vocable rather differently. See "Restau" in our [Decoder](#).

The Latin *restauro* leads to French *restaurer* and English *restore*: to repair, reestablish. Parks mentions that the antediluvian sanctuary placed under the Giza pyramids was reused by the "Egyptian gods" as an underground base, and later to accomplish funerary rites of the ancient Pharaohs to restore the body and soul of the Egyptian sovereigns, successors of Osiris and of Horus.

At this point Parks intricately quotes modern and ancient texts, developing the concepts that the waterway navigated by the defunct ruler's solar barque, and described by the Egyptians, is named Urenes, meaning "gigantic" or "very vast"; it appears to be a subterranean Nile whose dimensions correspond to those of Egypt itself. See its Sumerian decomposition in our [Decoder](#).

KIGAL

Sumerian (Mesopotamian)	Akkadian	Egyptian
<p>Kigal: Great Earth / Place (Ensemble of Dimensions), can be decomposed to...</p> <p>GI₇-GAL (good and noble)</p> <p>GI₆-GAL (great and sombre): Why Mesopotamian tablets say the place where Ereškigal lives is filled with darkness</p>	<p>Kigal or Kigallu (base, uncultivated land, underground, infernal)</p>	<p>Sumerian Kigal >> Gigal Network under Giza Plateau Access to Duat Network</p>

As we have seen, Parks gets mileage from examining the meanings of Sumerian or Sumero-Akkadian vocalizations of Egyptian terms... as with *Kemet* (see [Decoder](#)) where he sheds light on a funerary cult totally unexplored and feared in Sumer.

The Seventh Tablet of Gilgamesh evokes the idea that the Mesopotamians had of this strange and infernal land. It is that of a dream that Enkidu, the companion of Gilgamesh, had when he was at the point of access to this unknown country.

Enkidu's origins were in Africa, where he lived in harmony with the animals before coupling with a priestess of Uruk, the city of Inanna and Gilgamesh. The priestess transmitted to Enkidu her "breath of life", causing Enkidu to become "like a god". This

transformation permitted him to mingle with the civilized world, to affront Gilgamesh, and become his friend for life with multiple adventures.

The Seventh Tablet of Gilgamesh depicts an Enkidu precipitated by external forces toward the great mysterious place of abundant doorways, tunnels, and initiator priests. Enkidu met the kings of the past, the sovereigns who had directed the land. They seemed to correspond to pharaohs, whose steps many times went underground to the Gugal to be initiated.

....

At this point it becomes obvious that the Enkidu character is a sort of early human, and Parks' analysis becomes dependent on the reader's familiarity with early human races... but no human races have actually been introduced yet in our narrative! In other words, further development of this page (Enki in the Land of the Dead) would not be appropriate until we have done some catching up with the story. Therefore the page will be placed on hold temporarily.

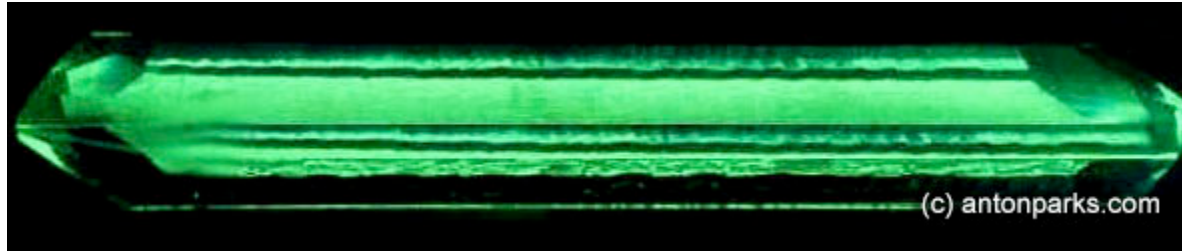
To be continued...

The Awakening of the Phoenix

by Anton Parks

Publication 2009

This page is largely an English-language translation of Anton Parks' preview introduction to his book: [Le Réveil du Phénix](#) *The Chronicles of the Gírkù* ("The Chronicles of the holy sword") retraces the age-old combats that lead two beings issued of a single energy arising from Gagsisá-Eš (Sirius 3) [see discussion of Sky Orientation 4 under [Worlds](#)]: two sister or sister/brother souls, rebelling against a despotic authority that had held sway over a large part of our galaxy since time immemorial. Whatever were their different names throughout the thread of history and memories, it is an ancestral combat well underway before the first book of this series, over other incarnations. That is what is revealed, among other things, by *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.



The crystal Ugur (The GÍRKÙ). We plan to develop a 3-D graphic model of Ugur for *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.

The Chronicles of the Gírkù draws a portrait of the gods of the Earth, giving them their true dimension. It is not a question of etheric or monolithic divinities, as some prefer to describe them, solely to reassure themselves and to give to the human genre an exceptional character. It is more a matter of individuals of flesh and blood, and moreover, humanoids. These were awesome predators, beached here at the time of an ancient war, who discovered that their royal Kingú creators had already appropriated this territory, long before. The conflict is partially exposed in the Babylonian creation text of approx. 1115 B.C., given the name *Enûma Eliš* by contemporaneous exegetes.

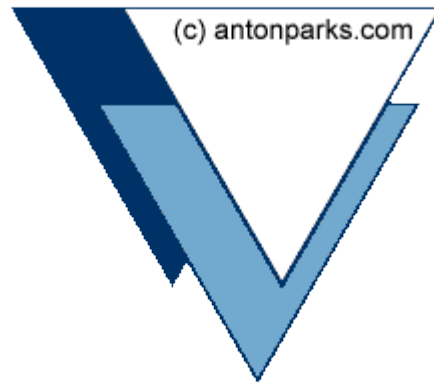
These warriors and colonizers dubbed Anunna(ki) calculated with a different notion of time from that of the human being -- looking forward many decades and centuries. Their methods and ways of conducting themselves over long periods of time testify to a quasi-immortality, not the extremely short existence of humans.

Their adversaries and galactic lookalikes who found refuge in Egypt and in its subterranean sanctuary named *Gigal*, conceived an astute codification of languages aimed at creating difficulties for the Annunaki with their goal of global domination over mankind. This codification, to a large extent described in the works of this series, requires an intelligence and an ultra-rapid manner of thinking not possessed by the human being.

The following paragraphs contain references to details of the *Ádam Genisiš* narrative that have not yet been reviewed on our web pages. This situation is being addressed.

The Awakening of the Phoenix begins where *Ádam Genisiš* brusquely culminates, just after the sudden disappearances of Mamítu-Nammu (Nut) and her son Sa'am-Enki-Asar (Osiris) at the time of the great battle of the Age of the Lion, almost 10,000 years ago. At this moment of our narrative, the combat conducted by the two sister souls who carried at that time the names of Aset (Isis) and Asar (Osiris), is newly troubled by the disappearance and the sorrowful mourning for one another.

The history reported by the Egyptian funerary texts and the local legends spread by the priests who did not wish news of the death of Asar (Osiris), and the true conditions of his disappearance to be known, were only pale reflections of the reality.



Symbol of Sirius

The Awakening of the Phoenix opens:

Setesh (Enlíl-Seth) is a mixed-blood artificially created through the genetic genius of Asar (Enki-Osiris) from his own genes, those of Mamítu-Nammu (Nut), and others derived from the Gina'abul race. Given that he possesses the same genetic material as his creator Enki-Osiris, namely that of his creator Mamítu-Nammu, Setesh passes both as his son and his brother. It is precisely this situation that is the origin of the conflicts that have opposed Enki-Asar (Osiris) and Enlíl-Setesh (Seth) on Earth.

After having shone brightly over unfathomable expanses of time at the heart of the divine assembly of Kalam (Sumer) in the role of grand Šàtam (territorial administrator), Setesh (Enlíl-Seth) little-by-little loses his prestige and the confidence of Atum-Râ (An). Setesh then makes use of all possible ruses to restore his previous popularity and renown. To this end, he engages in open war against Asar and assassinates him in order to obtain the lands and the throne of Egypt.

In his murderous folly that swept beyond all the frontiers of the terrestrial globe, Setesh caused the explosion of Mulge, the Black Star (today's asteroid belt). This in turn blew Mulge's ancient satellite into a completely unstable orbit -- one that perpetually menaced Earth throughout the narrative of *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.

The first disastrous passage of the bolide has overturned the Earth and caused a terrible deluge.

This fratricidal struggle that perpetuates itself on the Earth has the indulgence of Asar's creator, Atum-Râ (An), who saw in these conflicts the guarantee that he would not be made destitute by one of his sons, in particular the grand usurper of the throne of Egypt. After the death of his son Asar, he slithered to the head of the Assembly, claiming the power to guarantee a durable peace between the two consanguine adversaries, Sumer and Egypt.

A claim that he will never keep.

Aset (Isis) must take the country of Egypt and occupy the throne that is her due, but the authority of Atum-Râ (An) prevents her from fully exercising her power: the Queen must reign with her King, as in the mythical times when she had directed Egypt with her sister-soul Asar (Osiris). Even the protection and the support of her half-brother Râ could change nothing. She is a queen without real power over her country, but only on her subjects who live with her in the subterranean network, under the plateau of Giza.

Aset (Isis) possesses a highly developed intelligence. Very few are those who understand her, even among her own people. Faced with the unbearable disappearance of Asar and this geopolitical situation which removes from her once again all her legitimate rights, Aset will "thaw" the corpse of her spouse that had been ravaged by Setesh (Seth) and use his genetic code to reawaken her lover from the "land of the dead".

The struggle of Aset is that of a woman ready to raise mountains, more precisely to construct one in order to bring about the rebirth of Asar in her son Heru (Horus). Her plan is outrageous. Her fight to give life to her "inverted" double is as colossal as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, the matrix from which the prodigy will be effected.

It is in persevering closely with the counsel of the Abgal (Sirian) sages remaining on Earth that she will obtain the authorization to begin her construction that functions on the ancient knowledge of beings from Sirius. It is the intense struggle of a woman fatigued by the plots and destiny, a woman become goddess, determined to become mother to retrieve her lover and later unite with him in what will be called a shameful and incestuous union. Even the thinking of humans has no vocabulary for otherwise naming an exception like this one, simply a story tied to karmic bonds that surpass understanding.



Gravure from Karnak, *Description of Egypt*, campaign of Napoleon Bonaparte

Aset will then do everything possible to legitimate Heru's (Horus') access to the throne of Egypt. She wishes that the deaths of her mother Nut and her spouse be avenged by her prodigal son, and that she may finally live in peace.

Heru (Horus) is the future king whom the power in place, incarnated by Atum-Râ and his clergy, does not wish to recognize for fear of losing control over Egypt. The clergy knows perfectly well that he is the son of Osiris, but suppresses this information in order to permit Setesh (Seth) to legitimize his own access to the throne.

Likewise, the clergy with which Heru is in conflict refuses to admit that Heru could be the reincarnation of Asar, for the same reason.

Heru was engendered naturally, but by artificial insemination from the genes of Asar, Aset, and unknown Kingús. This makes him the equal of Râ and of the Nungal (followers of Râ), but also of the royal Kingú (enemies of the Anunnaki), of Nebet-Hut (Nephtys), and as well understood, of Setesh who himself possesses royal albino genes.

Aset, his mother, and later his spouse, controls his acts and gestures. She is his shadow and he the fighting arm of Egypt. In spite of his dissensions with Râ, Heru is going to have to do battle alongside him to repulse the enemies of Egypt; he is going to engage in a very long battle against Setesh and above all place himself behind the clergy who incarnate the executive power of the grand Atum-Râ (An).

Horus will equally do all possible to restore the image and the religion of his assassinated father and to make himself recognized as his legitimate son.

In this fashion, Heru pursues the destiny that the two celestial twins chose jointly for themselves: to combat the shadow that has so many times separated them. *The Awakening of the Phoenix* retraces this relentless struggle between the shadow and the light, in the name of Love and Life.

(c) 2008 Anton Parks

The work *The Awakening of the Phoenix* will include:

- An introduction by Anton Parks
- A preface written by the editors of a magazine specialized on the subject
- The account
- A report on the origin of the Tree of Life (Anton and Nora Parks)
- The Sumerian and Egyptian lexicons for the terms used
- The bibliography

Plus

- A diagram of the different human lines (Zeitlin and Parks)
- The Mythical Genealogy of the Celestial Twins (Zeitlin and Parks)
- The vessel of Heru (Zeitlin and Parks)
- The vessel of Osiris (Zeitlin and Parks)

I must excuse myself to my French-speaking readers. Whether on this Internet site [<http://www.anunna.net/antonparks>] or in interviews, I have several times announced different numbers of volumes that form *The Chronicles of the Gîrkû*. The problem stems from *The Awakening of the Phoenix*, which would normally have had to cover several historical periods. I had planned to close this series with a third and final voluminous book.

Once I had begun drafting the series, it was difficult for me to evaluate with precision the number of pages that the ensemble was going to require. The numerous notes at the base of the pages and the included manuscripts required enormous space. Take for example the two dossiers of *Awakening of the Phoenix*: that on the birth of Horus is four times longer than foreseen; as to that on the Tree of Life and the one by Gerry Zeitlin... they were quite simply not envisioned initially...

At the time that I left Volume 2 and the personage of Sa'am, I was relieved to have accomplished this heavy task, but also worried about bringing to market a work that could have appeared "incomplete"... In effect, *Ádam Genišiš* ends brusquely with the instant disappearances of the two principal personages of the two first works. I could have pursued the editing of *Ádam Genišiš* and included what is found at the beginning of this Volume 3, but that would not have made any sense. It was equally important for me to keep the two manuscripts that end Volume 2 insofar as they offer information at one time capital and original. These two appendices equally address the setting of *The Awakening of the Phoenix*.

The Awakening of the Phoenix aims to be to some extent the hard kernel of the series. In order not to fail in my duty to faithfully retranscribe this complex history, I am resigned to considerably "amputate" this third work, retaining only the Egyptian period. In regard to the notes and above all the manuscripts that I have produced for this new work and that I intend to realize in the suite of volumes to follow, I can affirm that it was a good choice.

The Awakening of the Phoenix will be in spite of everything a bit thicker than Volume 2, *Ádam Genišiš*.

Status Report

Today

An extract from what appears to be an entry that Parks imagines Sa'am/Enki/Osiris might record into the Gírkù today:

...The wish to acquire eternity has permanently divided our line. The blood of the divine *Menu* (trees) [*Decoder*] flows in the veins of the Gina'abul males. It is dispensed in the shining cups but not for the benefit of our progeny.

Our children have traversed the shifting ages in search of longevity and power. Their quest is laborious and ceaseless, even today; it never ends. The great inundations succeeded one another, the continents are brought down upon themselves due to our vanity and our utopian science. The A'amenpteh (Atlantis) is in fragments and Káskara (Mu) lies in a watery grave. The Lú (humanity) has finally picked itself up and is now scattered over the surface of Uraš (the Earth) like the grains of sand in a dry lakebed while our lineage fights endlessly over the four corners of this wounded world.

Ti-ama-te (the solar system) shows almost no trace of the presence of the Kadištu (the Designers of Life). I live with most of my own

people in concealment between the Abzu and the Gígal (ancient name of the subterranean network found under today's Gízeh plateau), the ancient base of the Urmah Life Designers. My eyes yearn to see the light of the exterior sun...

I am weary of this planet!

In the past, I have crossed the searing deserts and the frozen waters; I have toured Uraš thousand of times. I have transgressed the forbidden territories of my adversary -- the despotic tyrant -- and all I could see was fear and misery. The psychological impact that the great Šatam (territorial administrator) has never ceased to make on the ensemble of my children has finally affected me. I will never again return to Kalam (Sumer) and still less to Eridu -- places forever imprinted with furious winds that sweep away my hopes...

The Lú have raised colossal cities dedicated to our glory, but they kill each other in our name. They blindly serve the causes of the two adversary parties in the hope of benefitting from our benevolent auspices. In the final analysis, they know nothing of our internecine war.

What more can I do for them without again putting my own people in peril?

...

It makes one dizzy to see, every day, the thousands of examples of pain caused by love and fear, yet to appreciate the richness of the personalities... The luckless Lú, disconnected from the Angal (great heaven), can rarely see beyond appearances, though a person may shine in the night like an incandescent jewel and the being has awakened as a star...

Ugur, how time has passed since our arrival here on Uraš. I have just reread the information that I entered into your heart when we placed our feet here and Mam had instructed me on the mores of the Namlú'u (primordial humanity). I see that I was still in the wrath of this war and the schemes that projected us here... I was so young then!

What have I not done to preserve my people? My Kuku (ancestors) made me the underling of their Hermetic political formation. They made me the lord of artificial procreation. But we secretly reconstructed the [genetic] sequences. The recombination was executed successfully...

After all these Muanna (years) of quest and doubts, I have finally found ease for my Ba (soul). Today I have been assured that the "salvation" of the Lú will spring forth by surprise when they are ready. However long it will take, the natural cross-breeding between the Lú will influence their genes and thus their future comportments. This is under the control of the terrestrial clock...

There was a key discussion of this statement in the *Ages of Uraš* forum as the topic: A sudden, surprising arousal of the human race?

This was a part of the Open SETI Initiative ForumsII, which are now closed. However an orphaned copy of the discussion has been provided here for you, strongly recommended. Please click below:

A SUDDEN, SURPRISING AROUSAL OF THE HUMAN RACE?

Perpetual War

From the Nexus interview [N]:

It's always the same story: sectarianism, religious fanaticism, and racism.

These behaviors are not exclusive to the Earth; one finds them elsewhere and among the most evolved peoples of our universe.

The war is without doubt unfinished. The conflict between the Ušumgal and Kingú royals has endured the millennia. It relates to the very origin of the Ušumgal. They were apparently cloned in the very distant past by the royal albino Kingú-Babbar, but they will not hear of that for reasons too remote in time and not even part of the spacetime that relates to the episodes I have received.

The Ušumgal are pretentious and very arrogant, doubtless because of their great height that rises above the rest of the breed composing the Gina'abul family.

The female Gina'abul are caught up in these quarrels and at times, as Kadištu (Designers of Life), have had to repair the damage caused by each of the two parties [Ušumgal and Kingú].

The conflicts that directly make up the part of the history that occupies us relate to the events surrounding the creation of the Anunna. The ancient and up-to-the-minute war is between the descendants of the Anunna and the Kingú-Babbar... with humanity caught in the middle!

Continuing now from the Karmapolis [K1] interview:

The reptilians have been in conflict among themselves for a very long time and this war is always a reality on Earth. The entire human race pays heavily for it!

The Earth is of considerable strategic importance for the Gina'abul male caste. Current geopolitical events are not my specialty but the information available to me today, thanks to that which I received during ten long years, leads me to conclude the following:

Since he is no longer in contact with his re-creators, the human being tries to give himself the impression of being master of his own history and destiny. He takes refuge in the official version constructed by the dominant authority, itself manipulated from the wings by the Gina'abul males....

The Anunna and their terrestrial descendants are at war with the royal Gina'abul called Kingú who believe themselves to be the owners of the Earth. This very ancient war [would] not have any effect on present-day humanity. However, the Gina'abul males use humanity as its cannon fodder -- humans who count, in their eyes, no more than the A-DAM, who destroy each other for the two clans through skillfully-interposed conflicts.

More simply, I think that the Anglo-American armed forces work for the Anunna faction and their direct descendants, while the royal Gina'abul used the Nordic countries to fight their blood-brother enemies. Those who consider themselves at the top of the Gina'abul social pyramid are the royals denominated Kingú-Babbar, that is to say, albino Kingús! They are extremely feared white-skinned reptilians. They have a horror of the Ušumgal, their Anunna and their descendants, which does not prevent them from dealing with them when it serves them.

The incredible story of the pure (Aryan) race comes from this.



King Šulgi of Ur (2094-2047 BCE), sovereign of Sumer and Akkadia. He was deified during his reign, signifying his divine origin. One sees him on this clay seal facing a Dragon who transmits to him the divine power. One of his anthems specifies "that Šulgi possesses a fierce regard and that he is born of an Ušumgal (Grand Dragon). ([ANET 585](#))

Many sources attest that the U.S. would still be at war with Germany today. Note that no peace treaty was ever signed between the allies and Germany at the end of WWII. Was this really an oversight?

The Anunna and the Kingú (royals) use humans as pawns and the Earth like a grand chessboard. They have settled their accounts in this sordid fashion for millennia. Each like the other believes they hold the most powers and therefore rights on Uraš (the Earth).

The Ušumgal-Anunna and their descendants conceal themselves in caves and other cavities in the Earth. The most "pure" or uncorrupted of them do not tolerate (to say the least) the 3rd dimension (Ki) [see Dimensions], which continues to rise - or rise again - in frequency as time goes on. Certain among them frequent more the 2nd dimension [KUR-GAL] which, by means of its particular density on the Earth, could well correspond to the 3rd dimension on another planet.

According to what I know, the royal albinos do not have this problem with frequencies. Those who live on the Earth are situated more at the poles or near the openings of the Abzu (subterranean world). I have no knowledge that they actually live in the Abzu itself. The royals also possess areas under certain mountains and bases throughout the solar system, including on the moon....

The Gina'abul group to which belongs the being whose chronicles I relate in this series, was positioned between these two consanguine opposed collectives. This "rebel" group, consisting essentially of Amašutum (female Designers of Life), Ama'argi (female Gina'abul terrestrials), and Nungal (cloned Designers of Life), spent its time in coordinating with these two enemy collectives -- and this created political complications on the Earth.

The humans, whatever their skin color, always served their re-creators. This is indicated in the African term Wazungu, "the people or the whirling demons," a plural term used by numerous African tribes for the "Nordic" type of extraterrestrial.

The explosion of the original language into thousands of different idioms (decomposable into Sumero-Akkadian) resulted from these oppositions between the Gina'abul rebels (serving the Kadištu Designers of Life) and the two other clans who disputed the legitimacy of the Earth. The progressive disappearance of the language of heaven in the mouth of humanity was devised, not to better rule, but to disorganize the human subjects by the (royal) Kingú and the Anunna.

Shouldn't one see in this a resounding hope? Those who guarded the garden and who offered a minimum of autonomy to humanity knew very well what they were doing. The religious traditions transformed them into enemies of God, while actually they acted to the contrary. These beings -- for the great majority serving the Designers of Life -- have not ceased to codify the languages of the Earth in order to avoid a globalization which would have for its goal only the centralization of powers (toward you know who) and to robotize humanity. Do you now understand what is actually happening? The global conflicts, the assassinations, the growing instability are there only to serve the carnivores! They follow thus their little interposed war; they try to reduce the frequency of the KI (3rd dimension) which is meant to serve as a stepping stone to the higher levels, and they enfeeble the human....

The time has come to decode what has been hidden. As I have demonstrated in *The Secret of the Dark Stars* and a little bit here, the decomposition of numerous terms from the four corners of the Earth is possible thanks to the language code of the Gina'abul rebels. This information is precise, because it reveals the origins of humanity and also the path to follow....

This spiritual road is no other than that of the spirit and of the light which reunites one and all with a universal consciousness which is not limited to this planet.

The term "spirituality" is taken from the Latin SPIRITUALIS, itself from SPIRITUS (spirit). That gives us in the language of the "gods": SI (light), PIRIG (brilliant) and the verbal form US (being near, to follow, attend), thus SI-PIRIG-US "to follow the brilliant light." It is truly this light that will come into us all one day, humans as well as Gina'abul.

An Anomalous Excursion into the KUR-GAL?

Would it be possible for a human being to enter the Earth's KUR-GAL dimension?

Author Whitley Strieber may have done this. He reports an unplanned, unexpected penetration into a reality space similar to ours but still unmistakably different, and connected by... a phantom highway intersection! His little excursion occurred as he drove in his jeep through a busy, built-up area of New Jersey, and he had a passenger in the vehicle who shared the entire experience.

Strieber seemed to have encroached on what appeared to be a residential area with highly unusual structures, decorated with images of "snakes." It was definitely a break from the ordinary world he had just left; even the weather was different.

He and the passenger in his jeep saw no other vehicles there, nor any living beings.

After finding his way back to normal reality, Strieber was unable to locate that neighborhood again.

Could this have been a glimpse of the Earth's KUR-GAL? Functionally, it would meet the requirements. Recall (see [Dimensions](#)) that the KUR-GAL is the dimensional level on which the Gina'abul reptilians took up their residence on Earth.

Strieber relates his experience here in a short audio clip, taken from his *Dreamland* Internet broadcast of August 18, 2005.



This clip (and many others) can be found on the website [Beyond Communion](#). Whitley Strieber has given his kind permission for its use here.

Possible Extended Encounter with Imdugud

The various civilizations and their interactions described in Anton Parks' reports (his published and as yet unpublished books and communications) cover a time span of at least hundreds of thousands of years. If the reports are veridical, then, as we have been saying, it would be foolish to believe that the powerful forces that swept us into existence have now faded into the mists like a child's fairy tale, leaving us to play out our destiny in a vast uninhabited universe, ours for the taking, or not, as we wish.

We may indeed have a destiny, but it cannot be the one we were thinking of.

If we cannot determine "where everybody is" and what they are doing, then we had better work on that problem because there is no way that they don't know where we are and what we are doing. Since we have no assurance that we are under the protection of any "prime directive" so beloved by science fiction fans, aware humans should be distinctly disturbed by this asymmetry in information flow.

That said, we do not in these websites (Open SETI and The End of Enchantment) devote space to "UFO sightings" or other common experimenter reports, however important those may be. We do go deeply into bodies of data, ideas, and analysis that show promise of putting an end to the asymmetry and significantly improving our knowledge of our situation.

Especially now that we have Parks' reports, we can look for correspondences... signs of current activities of specific species, for example.

And as it turns out, we may have an extensive, independent report that qualifies.

Charles Hall, an ex-USAF weather observer, spent several years living part-time and working in isolation out on the Nellis Range north of Indian Springs, Nevada. During his assignment there, Hall had extensive, daily experience with an unearthly race of humanoid beings whom he dubbed "the Tall Whites." His description of these beings corresponds in many respects with Parks' description of the *Imdugud* race (see Races) who in his understanding were created in our solar system and have inhabited it continuously for hundreds of thousands of years.

Exactly what do they have in common? Here's a short list:

1. Very tall humanoid "Nordic" with white skin
2. Often have blue eyes
3. Emit barking or whistling sounds
4. Solitary

5. Warriors/soldiers

6. The Tall Whites used Egyptian-style hieroglyphs and cartouches. Possibly the Imdugud did as well; see below

The Tall Whites frequently wore detachable claws in Hall's presence on the range (because they actually feared him); he noticed that they would remove them for forays into Las Vegas (in favor of gloves). In Parks' memory, Sa'am always found the Imdugud to be clawed. And they had good reason to fear him too, due to his reputation of having killed Abzu-Abba by using his great internal powers. And Sa'am was the son of An, creator of the Anunna. (A most important topic, yet to be discussed on these pages.)

Parks does not know whether or not the Imdugud's claws were natural. The genetically-related Urmah displayed claws when Sa'am met with them on several occasions. The Nungal, blood brothers of the Imdugud, had hands with fingers like humans. The important point, however, is that he did see claws on the Imdugud.

Hall's Tall Whites make frequent trips to the moon. The Imdugud have numerous bases there.

I asked Parks if he remembers anything about the Imdugud's possible use of hieroglyphs. He says he was never shown this in his downloaded experiences, but it would be reasonable for that to be the case:

Egyptian was spoken by the Life Designers on Mulge and its moon (the future Venus). It thus appears to be an ancient language that was used in the solar system by most of the Kadistu (perhaps those who came from Orion, the home of the Urmah?) In any case, the Urmah must have spoken it, I am convinced of that. And thus it would not be surprising to find that their children, the Imdugud, also spoke the Egyptian language. That seems logical enough to me.

This discussion of the use of hieroglyphs raised a question: why was this language not mentioned in the earlier discussion of the primacy of the "Matrix Language", Emeša, to the Mesopotamian and other human languages (see Languages)?

Parks' reply:

It is actually difficult to affirm at this time that Egyptian descended from Emeša. I have not worked sufficiently on the decomposition to be able to make that claim loud and strong. That said, it would follow, since (and this is the case with practically all the ancient languages), as we have shown in *Adam Genisiš*, we can translate Sumerian terms into Egyptian. That is still more remarkable!! This makes me think that the original Egyptian must have been spoken by the beings who spoke Emeša, if only as a separate language that was perhaps as important as the Emeša of the Gina'abul priestesses. Recall that the message from the Urmah written to Sa'am's attention in the Giga! was in Emeša...

(The reference to "Sa'am in the Giga!" relates to an event that has not yet been covered in these Notes.)

Returning to our comparison of the Imdugud and the Tall Whites...

Neither group can tolerate the Greys. This distinguishes the Imdugud from the Kingú-Babbar, who make use of the Greys, who are at their service and are even their creatures.

Like the Kingú, the Imdugud detest associating with others, doing it only in their self-interest. They are difficult to approach, even by a Gina'abul or a Kadištu. As to the Tall Whites, Hall was shot and left to die merely because he took one step toward one of them in order to better hear what the being was trying to say to him. That peculiarity is a striking correspondence.

Hall is not able to explain to our satisfaction what these beings were doing with their base at Nellis, and in fact what they do anywhere. Hall did see numerous "scout craft" based at Nellis, capable of travel throughout the solar system. According to Parks, since the Imdugud were in some sense the guardians of Tiamate, they had bases throughout the system, and many on the Earth.

They know well the humanity that they watched being (re)created and reaching maturity.

They were programmed by the Urmah to play the role of conciliators. They are solitary, but must be able to enter into contact with the entire world. Negotiation is their mission. Combat is their final recourse.

In any event, their situation on the Earth was very difficult and it was almost impossible to negotiate with the arrogant Anunna, with whom they were at war. The Imdugud spent more of the time "saving their skins" and their territories than negotiating with the invaders.

Parks agrees with my suggestion that the group at Nellis may be a military or security unit directing a logistics center.

But the Imdugud have always been heavily armed, he says. This brings to mind an event in which Charles met a U.S. security patrol on the range who were quite hostile and threatening to kill him, although he was fully authorized to be there. During the tense encounter, a "Tall White gunship" drifted onto the scene and tried to maneuver to get a clean line of fire at the security patrol, while Hall had to move to protect the security team without inciting them to open fire on him!

While all that was going on, Hall relates, the Pentagon was on the phone to the guard post, trying to get them to call off their people.

"If the Tall Whites are the Imdugud, it is not astonishing to see them having relations with the U.S. government. It is even more reassuring because you well know that they are great strategists and very intelligent."

Why "reassuring?" Keep in mind the affiliations of the Imdugud (see Races). For their part, the Anunna have a much darker origin, co-created by An and Ninmah on Dukù for purposes of conquest. (This is perhaps the centerpiece event of *Les Chroniques* which we have begun to report at length in these *Notes*.) Parks describes in great detail the relations of the Anunna/Anunnaki with humanity in his second work, *Adam Genesis*. And so this remark of Parks can be considered a hint as to our present situation.

For more information, read [Charles Hall and the Tall White ETs](#).

To be continued...

Charles Hall and the Tall White ETs

Millennial Hospitality IV Interim Notes

Charles Hall's recent fourth book, subtitled *After Hours*, is an important addition to the series and has research value for students of this episode in human / extra-human relations.

Here are some of our observations, which eventually may be integrated into the body of this page.

- Attention to small talk and "minor" details is quite revealing, indicating human/ET working relationships, social relationships, joint projects, cross-currents.
- "Tall White" society is stratified, much like our military ranking system. In fact, definite human/ET rank equivalences are suggested. Ex: USAF general makes requests of highly-ranked "Harry", who complies.
- This page was originally created to fill a need for illustrations to support Hall's story. Hall's MH-IV now provides details on vegetation, building construction, more specific locations of some operations, and made-in-USA scoutcraft that would make it possible to greatly improve the illustrations on this page. But just as "a picture is worth a thousand words," we now have the thousand words, so do we really need to make the large effort required to improve the illustrations? For the moment, we have not decided about this.
- We already know that Hall was not given security clearance for this work, which created problems for him among the Nellis commanding officers. We now see that the TWs had technology for rendering him partially conscious, docile, and unable to remember events. This may have been their own preference over a conscious cleared Hall.
- Hall's occasional lapses into consciousness during activities caused an uproar among the high-ranking military overseers.
- It appears that Hall was being used as a living automaton training aid to introduce newly-arrived TWs to humans.
- Hall's capacity for denial of his experiences (example: "so this is what it's like to wake up in a nightmare") are almost beyond

comprehension, except that this may have been enforced via some sort of hypnotic suggestion. He documents extensive coping mechanisms that themselves become increasingly bizarre.

- The program into which Hall was injected seems to have been utterly heartless.

Links

Millennial Hospitality

The Sweeps Fox Show Interview
(First-ever interview of Charles Hall)
Info / Continuous Loop

Sweeps Fox Show: Tall Whites Followup with Charles and Marie Hall, Gerry Zeitlin

2007 Nov 20:- CHARLIE HALL 'OF THE TALL WHITES' 3- ON 'THE SWEEPS FOX SHOW' - Charlie Hall has just published his 4th Book... 'After Hours' ...of the 'Millennial Hospitality' Series. Here, he gives a lot more Confirmation/Science/In depth details/revelations of U.S. Military Liaison with Extra-Terrestrials for decades. Click here to listen.

Whitley Strieber's Unknown Country / Dreamland, 24-Sep-2005 with Charles Hall (and Gerry Zeitlin)

Whitley Strieber's Unknown Country / Subscriber Section, 24-Sep-2005 with Gerry Zeitlin and Charles Hall

Paola Harris Interviews Charles and Marie Hall, July 2003 - Colorado springs ...

Interview with Scott Colborn, radio KZUM, 11/27/2004⁵⁷ - QuickTime native file, 10 MB.

Karmapolis.Be

Cutting-edge Belgian Website

LES TALL WHITES

Un nouveau phénomène extraterrestre?

CHARLES HALL AND THE TALL WHITES (Interview)

Another perception of the extraterrestrial phenomenon and the Area 51

SWEEPS FOX

Interviewing the interviewer about the Tall Whites

Dr. Michael Salla offers thoughtful and cogent analysis of the Tall Whites contact story. Here are links to comments on his website:

Exopolitical Comment # 23 - Interview with Charles Hall- Motivations of the Tall White Extraterrestrials and their Exopolitical Significance

Exopolitical Comment # 25 - 'Tall White' Extraterrestrials, Technology Transfer and Resource Extraction from Earth - An Analysis of Correspondence with Charles Hall

Exopolitical Comment # 36 - Further Investigations of Charles Hall and Tall Whites at Nellis Air Force Base: The David Coote Interviews

Wanna meet a Tall White? Greg Szymanski provides detailed instructions from Charles Hall explaining exactly how to do it:

'Tall Whites' Living Among Us in Nevada Under Military Cover

Desert Context

Military Aeronautical Chart of the Nellis Ranges

Pintwater Range Wilderness - Proposed

Desert National Wildlife Refuge

The Hall Theory of Photon Structure

- Paper submitted by Charles J. Hall

Correspondence

Why the contact activity was never classified

Number of children in colony; types and numbers of craft seen

Charles Hall's Millennial Hospitality book series, describing his encounters with a race of human-like extraterrestrials – the “Tall Whites” (TW) - during a two year duty assignment at Nellis Air Force Base from 1965 to 1967, is a story with tremendous visual impact. Situated on Nevada's vast Desert National Wildlife Range, a scenic wilderness containing almost no artificial structures, the Nellis Ranges consist of almost nothing but breathtaking scenery.

This is the backdrop against which Hall's story plays out. Every event he describes can be said to consist of the same basic elements: the landscape, the weather, the people (humans and humanoids), the craft, sometimes the weather shacks... the occasional glimpse of a hangar door and, believe it or not, the TW children's playgrounds.

The story cries out for visuals of these elements. Yet it was not possible for Hall to provide us with anything other than his memories.

Visuals would have had value beyond the esthetic: they also would have demonstrated the feasibility of some of the things Hall describes. For example, he writes that he was able to view the Tall Whites' main hangar entrance high in the mountains 30 miles north of his Range 3 theodolite position on the desert floor. A photograph of that unlikely view would have helped to support the story.

Twenty years after his discharge from the Air Force, Hall began writing down his experiences, and after another twenty years, published them – at first presenting his books as works of fiction. Had he never reversed himself and begun claiming them to be true stories albeit slightly modified to protect the identities of some of the characters, there would have been no point in going back and trying to reconstruct the events as they took place on the ground.

When he was writing his stories, he did not know that it might be possible to reconstruct how they fitted into the landscape and in that way test the possibility of what he claimed to have viewed.

He did not know that high resolution elevation data and satellite imagery of the Nellis ranges would ever be made available to the public, or that software capable of rendering photorealistic images from the raw data would be widely available.

And yet, these things have come to pass, and this makes it possible to create realistic illustrations and even a video animation of at least one element of his story: the landscape in which it takes place.

I first began experimenting with the geological data, the satellite images, and landscape rendering software in late 2004, hoping to have a first look at “geometric feasibility” and to add interest to Hall's narrative.

The results were successful on both counts. In each instance, the views described by Hall turned out to be confirmed by the graphic renderings. And the images were pleasing and even dramatic to look at.

One unexpected benefit from this work has been the opportunity it has given Charles Hall to relive his old experiences through viewing these illustrations. Here is what he wrote in an e-mail after having been shown the report as a work-in-progress:

They are so impressive, I can hardly describe them. The memories they bring back to me I am not able to describe in this short email.

Indeed, working with these images has given me the feeling that I know the terrain well, and they can bring that closeness to you also.

But what of the other elements that we would like to have: weather, people, spacecrafts, and structures?

Here we are dependent on what Charles Hall remembers and is willing to help us recreate in terms of drawings and verbal descriptions. He has supplied two sketches of spacecraft shapes, and from this a graphic model has been developed. This is included in the report.

Weather and lighting conditions are amply described in his books where relevant, and it has been possible to recreate that aspect in the landscape renderings.

Hall also describes the weather shacks in some detail, and they do play a role in his experiences. I have elected not to take on the task of rendering architecture in the present report, however, as this would require significant additional effort, and it remains to be seen if there will any interest in it.

As to the rest, we can hope that this report itself will stimulate Hall's memories to the extent that he will be able to contribute more information that can be included in future updates.

Airman First Class Charles James Hall

Nellis Air Force Base with its associated "restricted ranges" occupies more than 5000 square miles of southern and central Nevada desert. Nellis is a vast military reservation, home of "top gun" flight training,

exotic and leading-edge R&D projects. To the civilian airman, Nellis lies under restricted airspace, which makes it in effect a "no-fly zone". To the rest of us, it is a no-man's land, a blank spot on the map, a black hole out of which no information may come.



That is, no information is supposed to come, although fabulous stories have emerged over the years. Recently there has been a new one, told by a one-time air force weather observer whose assigned duty took him to a desolate outpost on the ranges of Indian Springs AF Auxiliary Field, ninety miles northwest of Nellis AFB proper, for extended periods between 1965 and 1967.

Today Charles James Hall is an information technology specialist, actively employed in Albuquerque, NM. In 1965-66, Airman First Class Charles Hall was Range Weather Observer for several gunnery ranges. There was nothing at all exotic about his official duty assignment, and that is what makes it possible for this story to be told today. Hall's job was to release and track weather balloons, measure the "winds aloft", and call in reports to Nellis. What was unique about his situation was that as he was performing his weather observing duties, he was almost continuously surrounded

by a group of extraterrestrials observing him. Tall, white-skinned – Hall eventually dubbed them “the Tall Whites” - somewhat human-looking but clearly not of any known Earthly race of human, the beings would be found in his weather shacks, all over his equipment, even watching him shower in his (otherwise-deserted) barracks, coming and going with complete freedom.

This curious feature of his work was apparently never directly discussed with his superiors. Did they know? Of course they did, and they let Hall know that every person who had previously held that assignment had been seriously attacked or at least warned away on threat of death. Over a period of seven years, at least 41 weather observers had been compromised while trying to perform their duties on the Nellis ranges. Some had required hospitalization and were given medical discharges from the air force, and some had been killed. One of them actually deserted the air force and moved away from the area. His buddies covered for him until the day of his actual discharge, when he showed up to sign the papers.

On one occasion the beings even turned on Hall without warning, grievously wounding him in the neck, and leaving him to bleed his life away in the desert dust. In that desperate situation, alone and miles from any human help, Hall found a way to save his own life by using his body weight to press his wound against the soft earth, stemming the flow.

A comment by Dr. Michael Salla from his Prepare4Contact Yahoo Group (April 2, 2005):

The incident where he was shot and left to die by the tall whites who then watched him stage a miraculous recovery was very strange. The message here was "we have power over you and expect you to die but will applaud you if your tenacity and will to live allow you to pull through". Quite sinister really but Hall just accepts it all and continues his work after his close encounter with death. The whole incident and Hall's response is strange. Still Hall admits to being hypnotised by the tall whites so it might be expected that some of his recollections may have been programmed into him. So parts of his story may be how the Tall Whites want him and us to think about them.

Showing talent for being a survivor, Hall was eventually told he could have that lonely job on the ranges as long as he wanted, and was offered an officer track through the Air Force Academy and an eventual permanent assignment as Nellis Range commander (with time out for other career-enhancing assignments).

Hall's experiences were never classified but his orders were highly classified. The reason for this mysterious arrangement is novel and highly surprising. Hall's own explanation is provided under *Correspondence* in the sidebar at the right -- but it would be best to read the rest of this page before looking at that, because you will then be able to appreciate how it actually adds consistency to his story.

Hall's experience with the extraterrestrials at Nellis / Indian Springs is too long and complex to be told here. He has published the complete chronicle in his Millennial Hospitality quartet. Follow the link for access to excerpts at the publisher's website. Additional links to online pages containing research reports, a radio interview, and other material are provided in the sidebar at the right.

The first three books were presented as fiction, and Hall went to great lengths to fictionalize the locale as well as names of the characters, including his own. However in the fourth book of the series, and in current interviews, Hall now acknowledges that the events described in the books are otherwise factual.

To "decode" the story as told in the first three books, simply apply the following:

Fictionalized	Real
Las Vegas	Las Vegas
Palm Meadows	Las Vegas
Desert Center	Nellis
Mojave Wells	Indian Springs

Salient Characteristics of the Tall White ETs

Hall has described these beings as tall - ranging upwards of 6-7 feet in height - and quite thin and frail. The skin color is chalk white. They are physically different from us in several noticeable ways, yet the most important physical aspect is that they are humanoid, a fact that is filled with significance.

Their life span is about ten times ours. They do not age as we do, but after around 400 earth years' time they undergo a second stage of growth, eventually reaching around nine feet in height. They die of organ failure at an age of approximately 800 years.

According to exobiologists, extraterrestrials are not supposed to resemble us, as they should have developed independently via natural selection with randomness and varying environments leading to innumerable "genetic" paths. On the other hand, some scientists speculate that there will be resemblances due to the universal utility of various aspects of the human form (i.e., what's good for us should be good for everyone).

Meanwhile, a number of encounters known in the "UFO" field are with entities that can look quite human - so much so that a deep connection simply has to exist. The present case is one of these. (See [Appendix 2.](#))

The Tall Whites have a physical form similar to ours in all gross aspects. That is, they are upright bipedal vertebrates; they have human-like faces, etc. With suitable clothing, they can and do pass as humans during well-guarded forays into Las Vegas.

They have the faculty of speech, but some of their speech sounds are outside the audible spectrum for humans. In other words, we can't hear the sounds.

Normal speech sounds "like a dog barking or a meadowlark singing". However, some Tall Whites can mimic human speech and in fact carry on normal conversations with humans. Some have demonstrated an ability to imitate specific humans so well that the imitation cannot be detected when used over a telephone.

They also can use a device that projects speech so that it is heard by humans within their head. This works only over a short range (several feet) and requires the human to turn the head sideways to the Tall White.

The device is also a language translator. According to its settings from time to time, Hall was occasionally able to overhear Tall Whites conversing among themselves as though they were speaking English.

As stated, there was a pattern of confrontations with our personnel, in which panic led to injury and death of our soldiers. These beings are all well-armed, and they can and do kill, sometimes at the tiniest provocation. They react and move much more rapidly than humans can, so if they decide you have threatened them, you may be cut down and bleeding out without having even been warned.

Every Tall White adult carries a pencil-like weapon that can be set to stun, kill, immobilize, or "hypnotize" humans. It can also administer severe pain, and they frequently use it to discipline people who act in ways that annoy, frighten, or endanger them. The weapon's actions and effects are accomplished by varying the frequency of focused microwaves to interact with specific ions in the human body.

Although they can be friendly, they are at times arrogant and insulting. They appear to be sensitive to our social structures (i.e., classes), for example cultivating relations with high-ranking military officials, some of whom were often seen working with them, while holding lesser-ranking persons in disdain. Hall got along with them by letting them treat him as their "pet", a term they used in his presence.

In time, the term "Teacher's Pet" became Hall's code name that was respected among the ETs and the ranking military who were aware of his activities. He was selected by "both governments" to function as the point man in a pilot program to explore paths of cultural acclimatization between the tall whites and ourselves. Because of everyone's tendency to panic, and the ETs to strike with their weapons, Hall was awarded commendations for the rare bravery that he exhibited during this period.

The Tall White group at Nellis have family structures, not unlike our extended families. They often point out family members – uncles and cousins, etc., - who are living and working with them on the Nellis Base. They seem to care greatly for their children, who are growing up and being educated out there in the sagebrush.

They have what we would call serious issues over "control". They felt the need to control their pet, just as they observed us controlling ours.

In all our fantasies of extraterrestrial contact, we probably never imagined it would be like this. They are altogether too much like ourselves for our own comfort. Is that cause to doubt the authenticity of the story? Beware of that logic.

This aspect - that the Tall Whites deport themselves much as we would when establishing a small base with family quarters in the midst of a hostile land - deserves much more discussion. The point has natural interfaces with other pages in Open SETI and will connect to the Open SETI paradigm at several levels. This will be addressed over time. (See [Open SETI At A Glance](#) and also [Search Engine Results for "paradigm"](#).)

Origin of the Tall Whites

A ripple of emotion passed through the crowd when I mentioned the star Arcturus, some 36 light years away. After a short pause, the older lady asked with some surprise, "Teacher, does Charlie know where we come from?"

The Teacher replied, "No, not quite, but he is close."

When asked where they came from, they would usually evade the question by reminding him that he would not recognize the name of the place if he heard them speak it. This is disingenuous as they well knew that we had our own names for many celestial objects and they could use them as well as they could communicate anything else in English to Hall. Typically they would laugh among themselves (in their barking way) whenever they threw this response to Charles -- their little joke on him. Charles wisely refrained from protesting.

In fact, they treated such topics as being what we would call "sensitive". However, Hall, via the telepathic link they often established with him, was able to perceive that the star Arcturus or something close to Arcturus is very important to them.

Their ultimate home may be somewhere else. In recent correspondence, Hall stated:

I was never able to determine which star the tall whites called their home star. However, my best guess was a star that is roughly 105 light years away.

Hall's "best guess" was most likely an excellent guess, as he had been able to figure out their route transit times from very careful observations of the different craft and their schedules.

The date of their establishing the present Earth base location is ambiguous. Hall received mental imagery suggesting they knew the area prior to the arrival of European-Americans. Furthermore, one of them suggested she had arrived here during the administration of our President Madison. However the various bunkers and interior spaces that Hall observed looked as though they had been built for the Tall Whites by U.S. construction firms sometime in the 1950s.

Hall was led to believe that they use their Earth base as a sort of waystation along lengthy interstellar travel routes, as though this were the only intermediate station for them. As Hall puts it, our solar system lies in the middle of a large open space that the Tall Whites must traverse between their home location and a certain distant destination.

But a glance at a table of distances to the closest stars from our system puts that explanation in some question.

The Nearest Stars

distance (l.y.)	name
4.22	Proxima Centauri
4.35	Alpha Centauri
5.91	Barnard's Star
7.70	Wolf 359
8.20	BD+36.2147
8.40	L-726-8A
8.60	Sirius-A
8.60	Sirius-B
9.40	Ross 154
10.40	Ross 248
10.80	Epsilon Eridani
10.90	Ross 128
11.10	61 Cygni

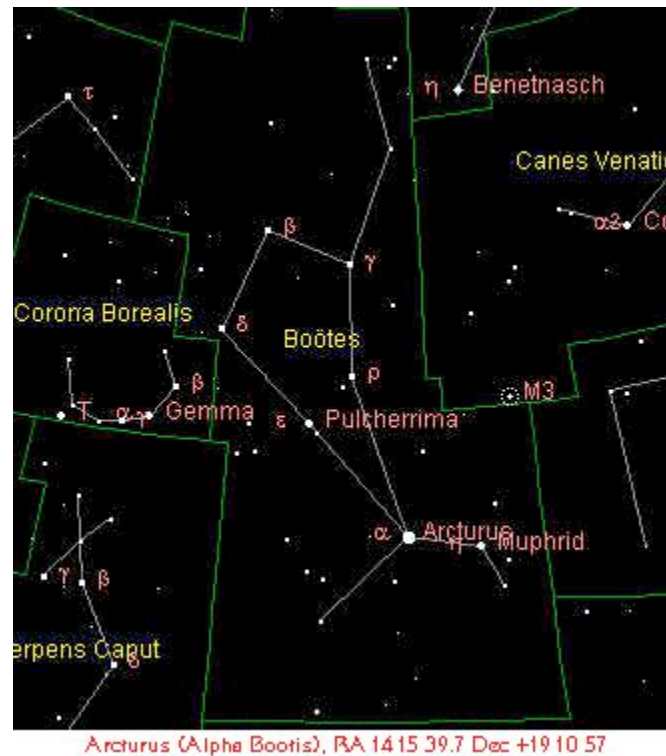
Clearly, if their route begins at Arcturus, there are many alternative choices for a relatively nearby base . If their route begins some 105 light years from here, then there is a much greater choice of possible waypoints. This means that if it is even true that the Tall Whites must have a base to use on the way from their home location to somewhere beyond here, there still must either be something special about our solar system and the Earth, or other choices are denied to them.

One thing that could be special is the simple fact that they like the climate and environment of the Nevada desert and would not consider any other place in our solar system. Not even another place on the Earth, apparently. It is possible that they need conditions that rather precisely match those of their home, and we are in no position to guess how widespread or rare such may be. They may, for example, require some trace element in our atmosphere.

At this point it is worth mentioning that Michael Salla has been thinking about what the more hidden purposes or activities of the Tall Whites might be. Since we have at this time only the most tangential information bearing on the

purposes of the Tall Whites, it is worthwhile for the reader in making his own evaluation to examine Dr. Salla's statements. His Comment #25 (see links in the sidebar) is particularly recommended.

At any rate, if Arcturus or something close to Arcturus may be significant in connection with the activities of the Tall Whites, it would be well to review a little basic information about this star.

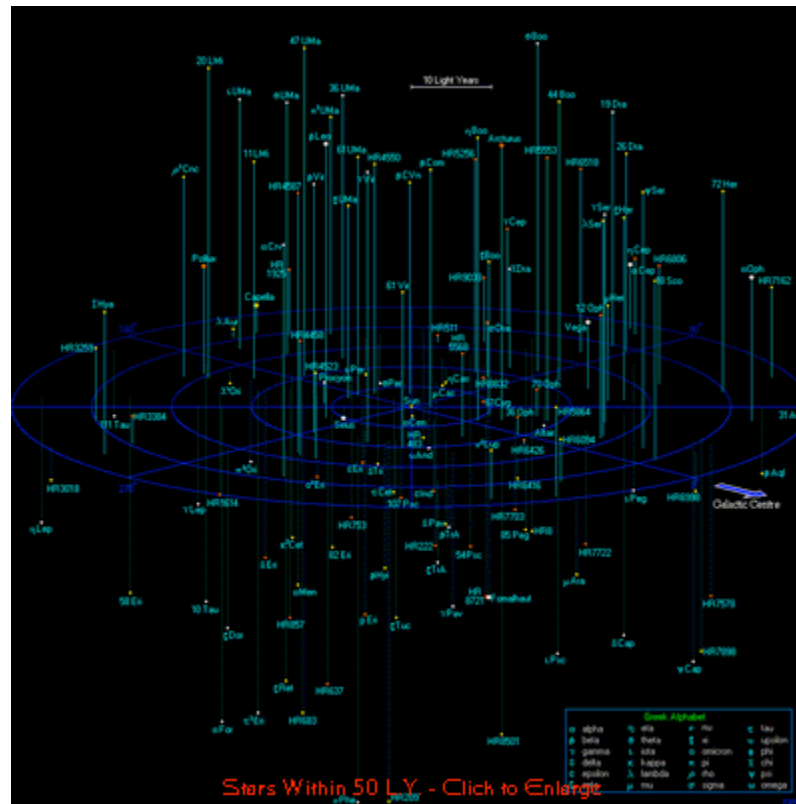


Arcturus, the alpha star of the constellation Boötes, is the fourth brightest star in the sky. A spectral type K1 star, an orange giant, Arcturus has ceased fusing hydrogen in its core. With 1.5 times the mass of our Sun, it releases 215 times more radiation, a considerable portion of which is in the infrared.

Boötes is one of the oldest defined constellations, having been mentioned in Homer's *The Odyssey*. This constellation has figured in other contact cases.

The following image links to a 3-D view of the solar neighborhood out to 50 light years. You will find Arcturus near the top, well above the plane occupied by our sun. As you gaze at this lovely image, ask yourself: Our solar system is the only possible base on the way from Arcturus to WHERE?

Note that the map shows only the brightest 10% of the roughly 1400 star systems contained within this volume of space, but most of the fainter stars are red dwarfs. Every G-type star is shown.



The linked page also contains full catalog data on each star shown.

A study of this image merely reaffirms that the geometry of travel routes in this part of the Galaxy in no way makes our solar system a standout choice for a waypoint

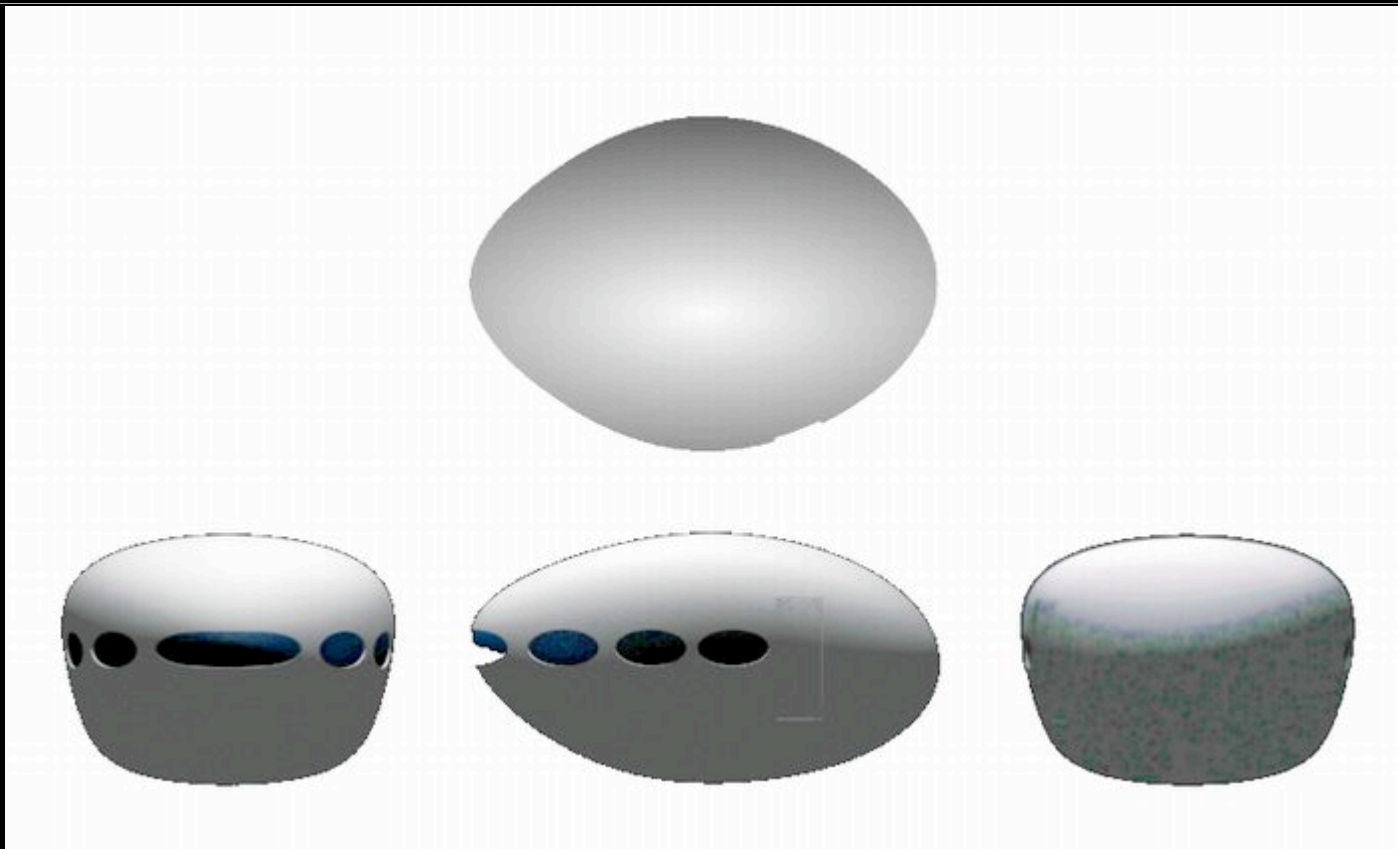
The Tall Whites' base seems to have a core of permanent residents but also hosts transients, such as visiting scientists. While here, they study such human behaviors as are available for observation around Nellis.

Technology

The Tall Whites obviously possess highly-advanced technology. Hall confined his descriptions of their technology to brief discussions of their deep space craft, the scout craft used for travel near the earth's surface and around the solar system, a weapon that they always carried, and special suits that afforded them limited levitation and also a defensive force field.

Brief descriptions of the deep space and scout crafts are scattered throughout *Millennial Hospitality*. From those descriptions and some private communication with Charles Hall, simple details of the two types of craft have been provided in the following table and figure.

	<i>Deep Space Craft</i>	<i>Scout Craft</i>
<i>Dimensions</i>	500' L, 300' W, 70' H	Size of bus or RV
<i>Color</i>	Black (Titanium)	White
<i>Cockpit Windows</i>	2 large centered 1/3 up from bottom	Wraparound
<i>Portholes</i>	4 rows each side	1 or 2 rows each side



Orthographic views of generic scout craft according to Hall's description. 3D model courtesy of Magda Gemis, Samuel Michelet, and Bruno Michelet.

Hall also was able to catch at least a glimpse of a scout ship's propulsion system, which appears to be based on “fiber optic coils” with a very large number of windings. From his observations of this system, Hall developed a physics theory that could describe its mode of operation.

The deep space ships were capable of faster-than-light travel, and could take the ETs to their home star system within two or three months' time.

The scout ships, surprisingly, were assembled here on Earth with components provided by humans for the ETs according to their specifications.

From an interview with Michael Salla:

In book two I describe the afternoon when The Teacher and Range Four Harry were showing me the inside of one of the scout craft. Many of the items, such as the seats and the overhead compartments, still carried the mold markings placed on them by various American industries such as Boeing aircraft and Lockheed corporation. The overhead compartments were obviously "off-the-shelf" items from companies such as Airstream corporation. Many of the clothing items that the tall whites were wearing were obviously purchased straight out of the Sears and Montgomery Wards Catalogs.⁵⁸

Yet these craft were capable of what appeared to be gravity-free and massless operations and could accelerate to superluminal speeds.⁵⁹ They were not as reliable in operation as the aliens would have wished.

Hall noted a very important limitation of the propulsion system used in these ships: its tendency to overheat, threatening the integrity of its fiber optic coils. The need to minimize active propulsion phases of interplanetary flights (i.e., earth approaches and cislunar flight paths; little is known relating to interstellar operations), leads the Tall Whites to make maximum use of ballistic trajectories, and this in turn enabled Hall to correctly deduce the times of scheduled earth arrivals and departures.

In his tour of the scout craft, Hall noticed two rows of touch-sensitive buttons just inside the door. Significantly, they bore cartouche-like symbols, Egyptian-style except with more pictorial elements in them than typical cartouches would have.

Hall notes that touch-sensitive buttons were just beginning to appear in human-made systems at that time.

And incidentally, the scout craft buttons were not the only example of hieroglyphs or cartouches encountered by Hall. He describes having found a hangar door open one day, with no one guarding, so he took the opportunity to go a short distance inside. He found the walls to be covered with cartouches, oddly colored pink against a white background.

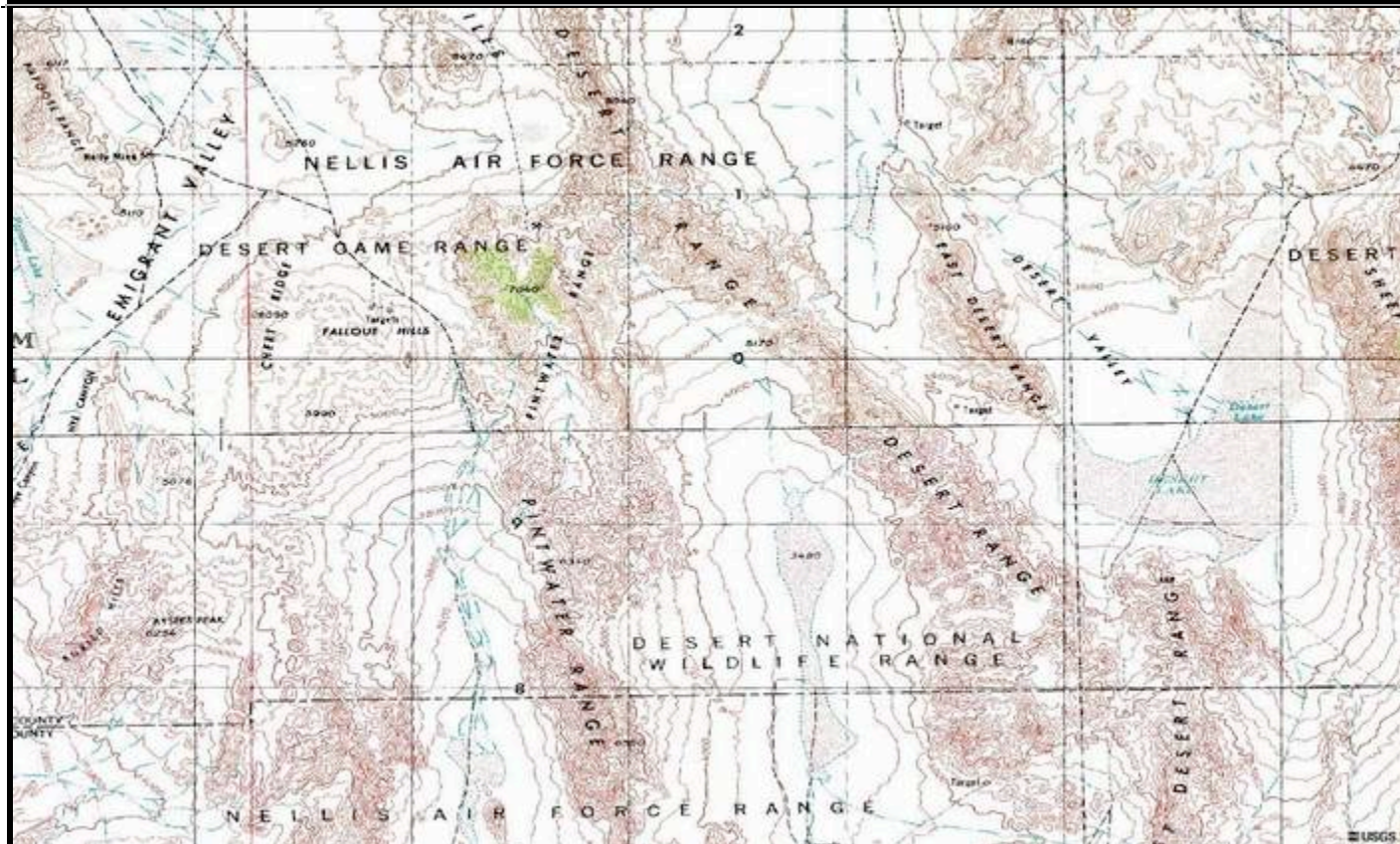
Information about Tall White technology is scattered throughout the Millennial Hospitality series. An ongoing program of technology transfer is described in MH III and in the Karmapolis interview (use link at right).

For more information about their technology, please refer to the published books and to material available at various websites (see links at right).

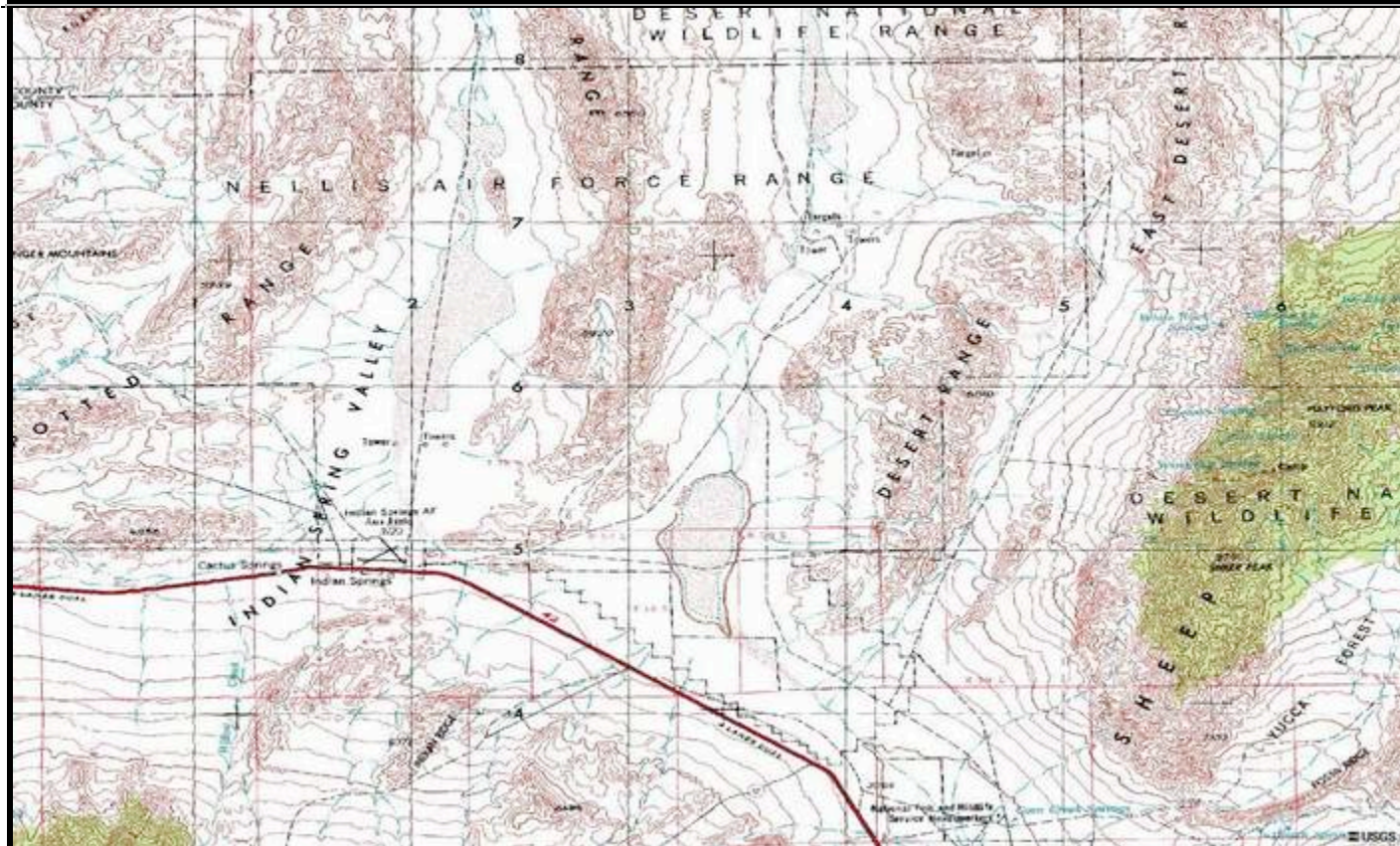
Where Was/Is the Base at Nellis?

It has been possible to reconstruct views of the locations of Tall Whites' operations and facilities according to Charles Hall's recollection. Although readers will not be able to verify this information on the ground, it still seems useful to go through this exercise in hopes that it may aid in the overall evaluation of the case and the situation, to say nothing of enhancing the sense of place in a way that text alone cannot provide.

To set the scene, and for basic reference, we present two topographic maps of the area showing land use and topographic features. The gunnery and bombing ranges (not shown on these maps) are located at the southern end of Indian Spring Valley and the next valley to the east, between the Pintwater and Desert mountain ranges, known as “Three Lakes Valley”.



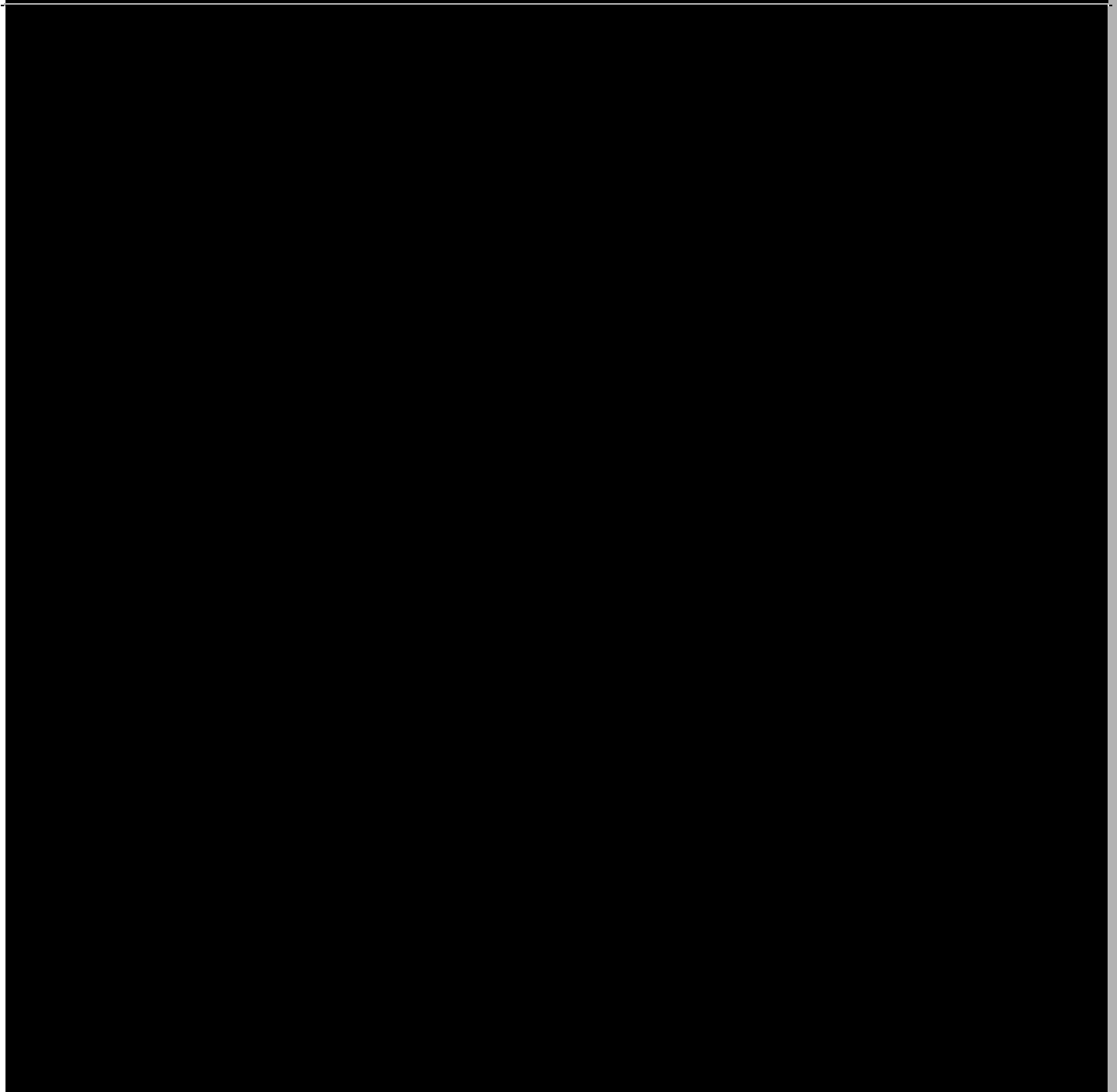
Nellis Range, north



Nellis Range, south

Facilities and Activities

Numerous facilities and activities within the Pintwater Range and the prominent dry lake in Three Lakes Valley, known as “Dog Bone Lake”, will be described.



Relief view of area encompassing Tall White activities

Hall is aware of at least seven entrances concealed in the mountain canyons. The main entrance to housing is through the hangar on the east side of the mountain range, top right in the above chart.

Notice the three gunnery and bombing ranges located just north of the Indian Springs area. Hall made use of “weather shacks” located on each range. The position of the theodolite at the Range Three weather shack is shown. Hall writes (personal communication):

The tall whites had at least 5 areas of interest visible from the Range Three theodolite stand.

These five areas included:

- 1) The main base and its deep space craft hangar located northwest of Dog Bone Lake. It had an associated children's playground....



Tall White facilities and deep space craft final approach path to the hangar at the northern end of the Pintwater Range. Image courtesy of Google Maps®. A pilot's eye video of the approach has been provided farther down on this page.

Arriving deep space craft were observed to first hover or land at Dog Bone Lake near the upper end of Three Lakes Valley, then to proceed northwest to the hangar entrance, which is built into a mountainside. Arrivals always occurred at sundown, full moon.



Sun-Earth-Moon configuration for approach of deep space craft. This is a rough two-dimensional representation. Sizes and distances are not to scale. Hall observed that arrivals always occurred at sundown on full moon days.

Hall believes that this configuration, with the sun on one side of the earth and the moon on the other, and the earth moving away from the approaching craft, provided the “smoothest” gravitational field through which the craft needed to maneuver. This might have been an oversimplified explanation, yet clearly, with the crafts' propulsion units' tendency to overheat, the Tall Whites were not free to choose any arbitrary entry into the earth-moon system. They needed a path that minimized the required use of the propulsion system. It is also possible that the craft were hand-navigated on the approaches and that this factor played a role.

Deep space craft departures took place at midnight at the time of the new moon.



Configuration for deep space craft departures. Not to scale. Hall observed that departures to deep space always occurred at midnight at the time of the new moon.



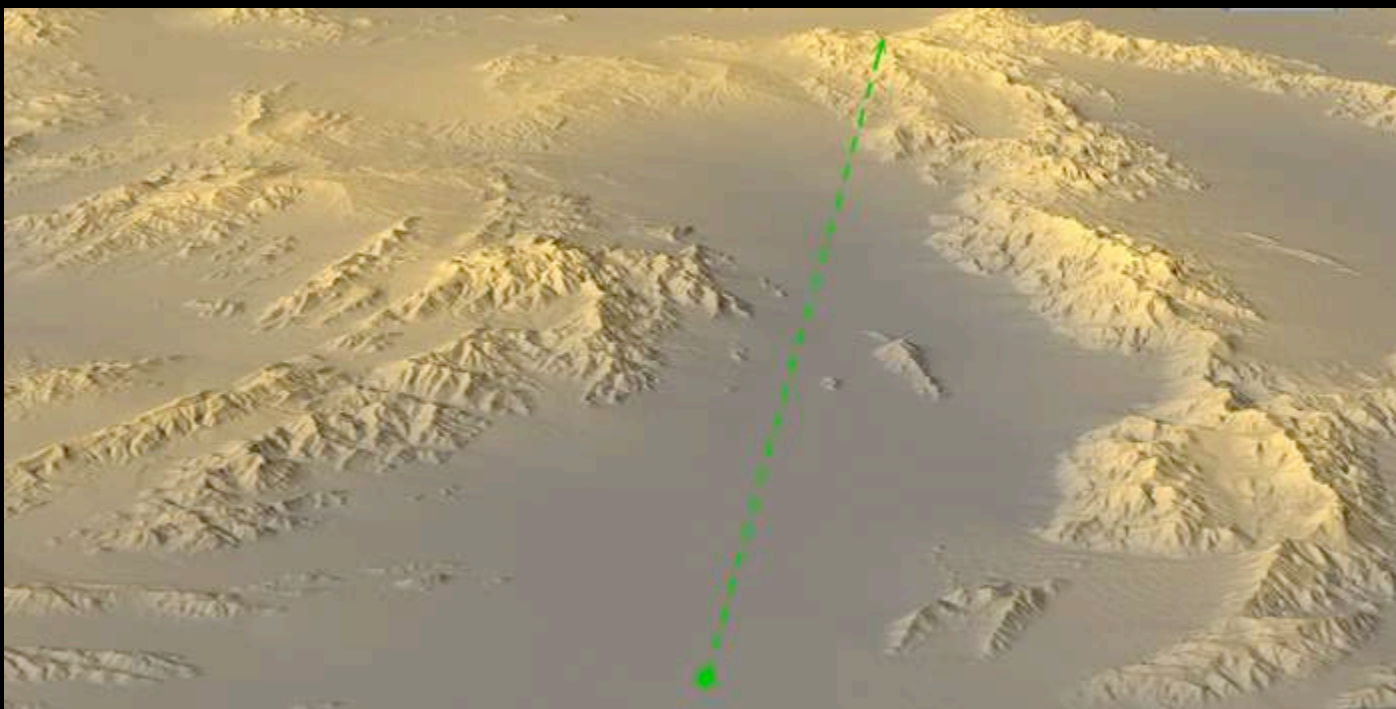
Arriving deep space craft proceed northwest, along the line of sight viewed in this image, from Dog Bone Lake to this peak. The hangar, which is also the main entrance to the Tall Whites' underground housing, is built into the top of the peak; its entrance is just below the top, facing south, approximately where a patch of sunlight from the setting sun can be seen. Approaches are made at sundown on full moon evenings

2) The main underground alien housing area with its tunnel entrances and associated childrens' playground....

Let's stop and investigate how much of this main northern facility can be seen with Hall's theodolite, positioned as it is, some 30 miles to the south.

There are two considerations: does the terrain profile permit this view, and what would be the effect of the telescope's optics and magnification?

Addressing the first question, the next image shows the viewing path from the theodolite up the valley. Clearly the valley is relatively flat and the high terrain in the distance would seem to be unobstructed.



3D view of terrain looking from theodolite position toward the facilities thirty miles north at the north end of the valley. Dog Bone Lake

is in valley to the right (east).

The next image is a landscape render of the ground-level view from the theodolite stand, showing that much of the high terrain to the north is indeed visible.



Ground-level (elevation 2 m) view from the theodolite position toward the high ground at the north end of Indian Spring Valley. In other words, this is the view along the green dotted line in the previous image. The peak containing the main hangar and housing is faintly seen on the distant skyline to the right of center. This image provides no information on land use (roads, etc.).

[The above image] is so well done, I found myself reliving some of those beautiful afternoons when I took my truck for a joy ride up the valley.

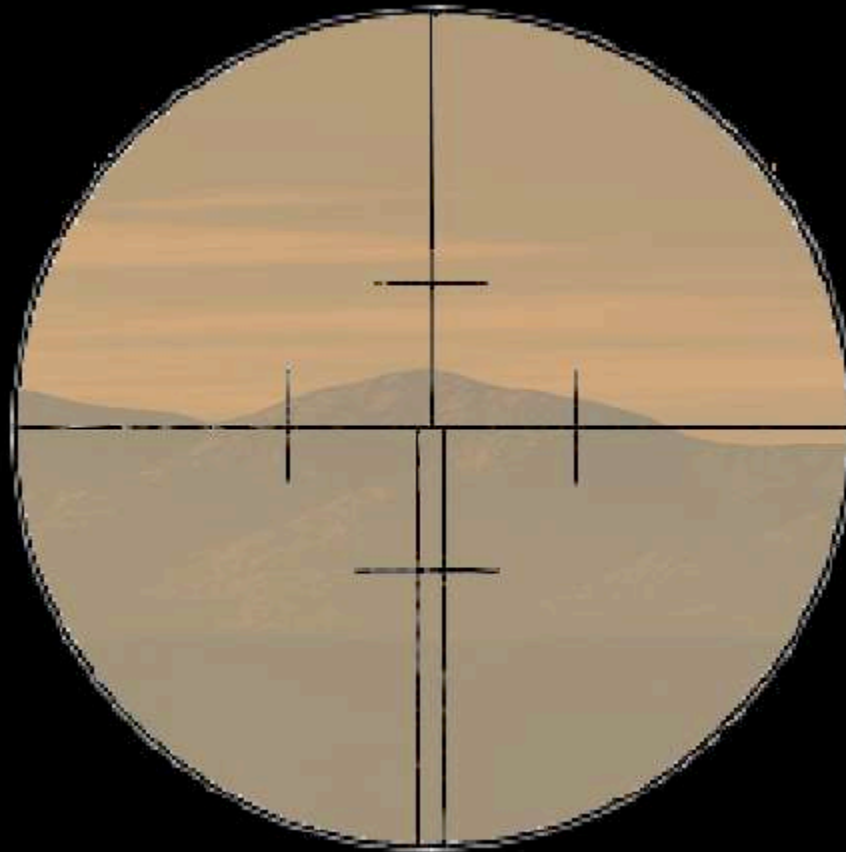
When you look at the center of the picture , and then a little to the right, right down on the desert where the desert floor meets the base of the distant mountains, just behind the near set of hills and just far enough to the right so that the near set of hills does not block the view of the more distant mountains, there is a small valley. It was in that valley that the Tall Whites would typically post a scout craft to parallel me and watch me from a distance whenever I would take my truck up the valley for a joy-ride... as I describe in Book II, in the chapter entitled "Day with a view".

We will return to this point later. This watching of Hall on his trips north could have been for his protection, as at one point he had a nearly disastrous encounter with a government security patrol on one of these excursions.

As to the effect of the telescope's optics and magnification:



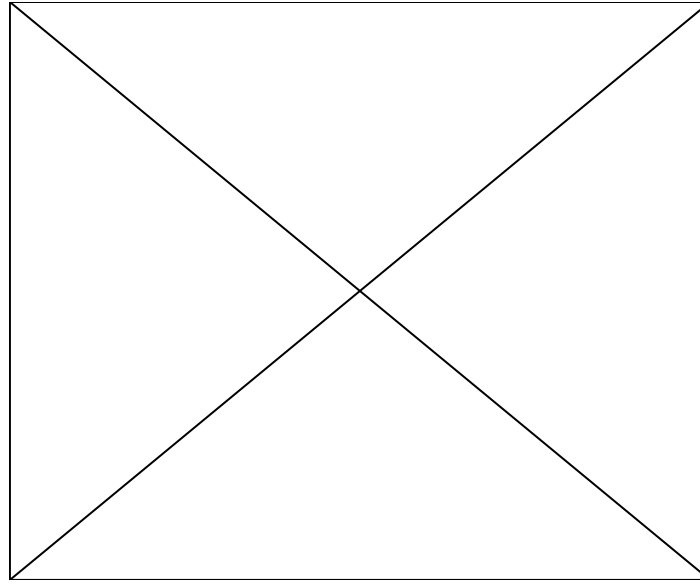
Deep space craft hangar and underground housing area as seen from range 3 theodolite position through typical theodolite scope with 1.5° field of view. Distance is about 30.5 miles. "I was shocked by the accuracy of [this image], the view through the theodolite. On many, many summer mornings, those mountains looked just that way through my theodolite."



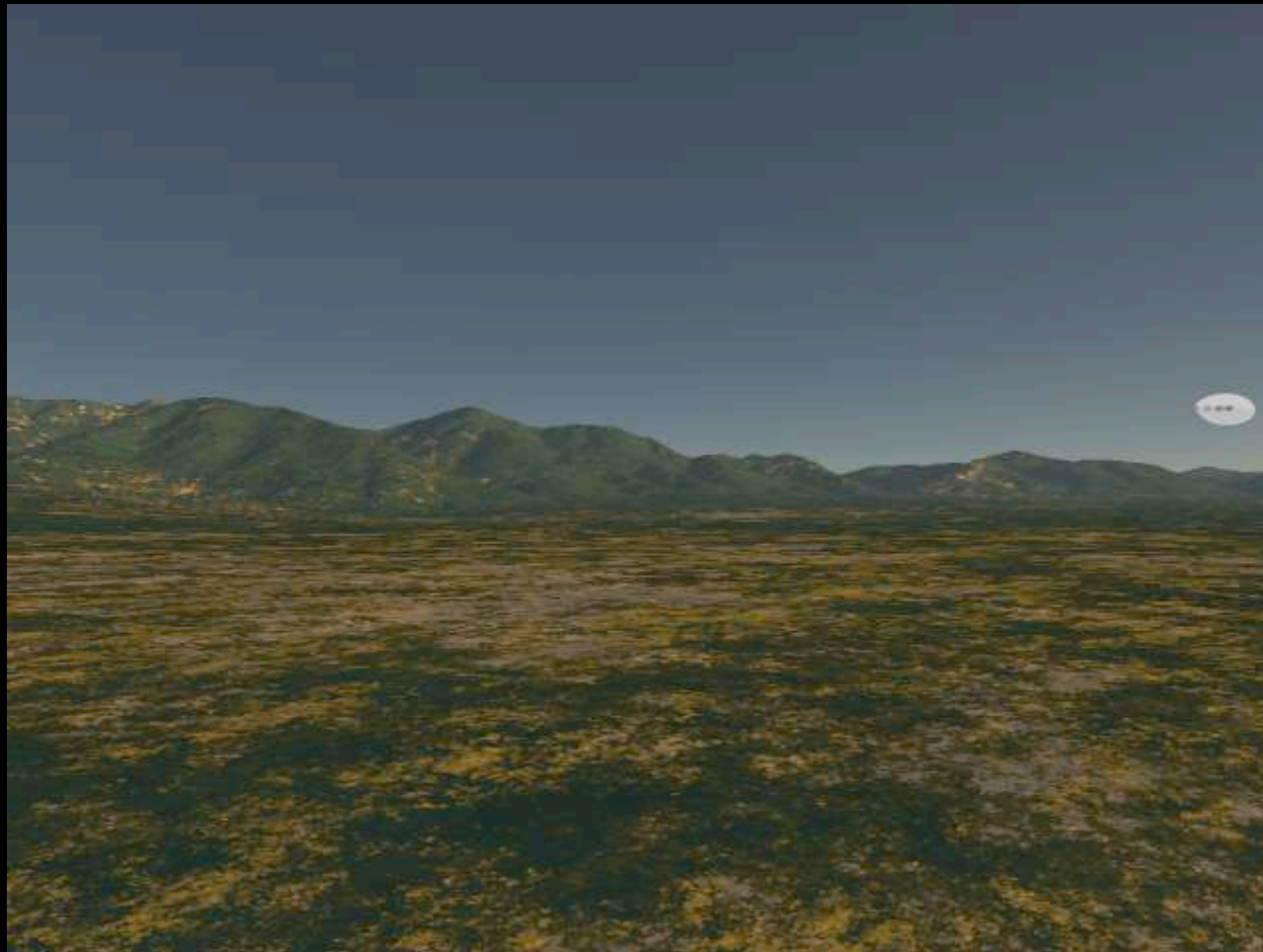
Similar to previous figure but “taken” just before sunset. Hall mentioned that his ability to see the hangar and picnic area on this mountain was best just before sunset, as here, and just after sunrise. Nevertheless 30 miles of obliquely-illuminated haze does seem to be causing a problem with seeing in this rendition.



The peak containing the hangar, viewed along the line of sight from the Range 3 theodolite (which was Hall's usual viewing position), but only 4.2 km from the peak. The time is just before sunset. The blue/white star marks the position of the hangar entrance. The red/white star designates the location of a picnic area (!) which is what first caught Hall's attention. The hangar door was hidden among the trees and was hard to spot (through the theodolite from 30 miles away) when closed. Note: the landscape renderings on this page do not actually depict trees.



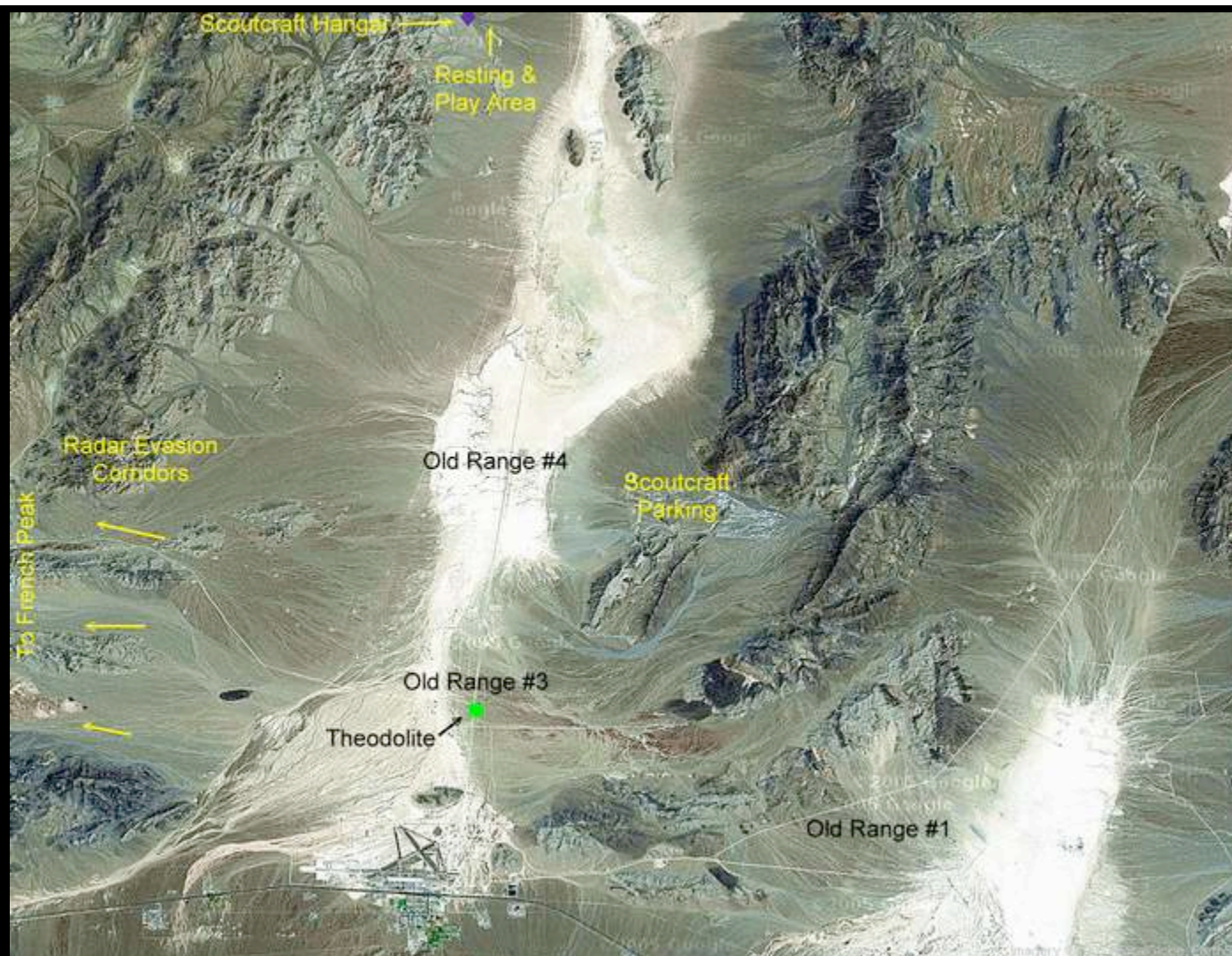
Approach from Dog Bone Lake to Hangar



Departure of scoutcraft from an important landing area northwest of the main housing area which is under the mountains. View is toward the southeast at dawn, the time of day when Hall observed scoutcraft departing with military guests for visits to the moon, which would be directly overhead. Canyons in these mountains contain at least seven concealed tunnel entrances - back doors to the underground housing.

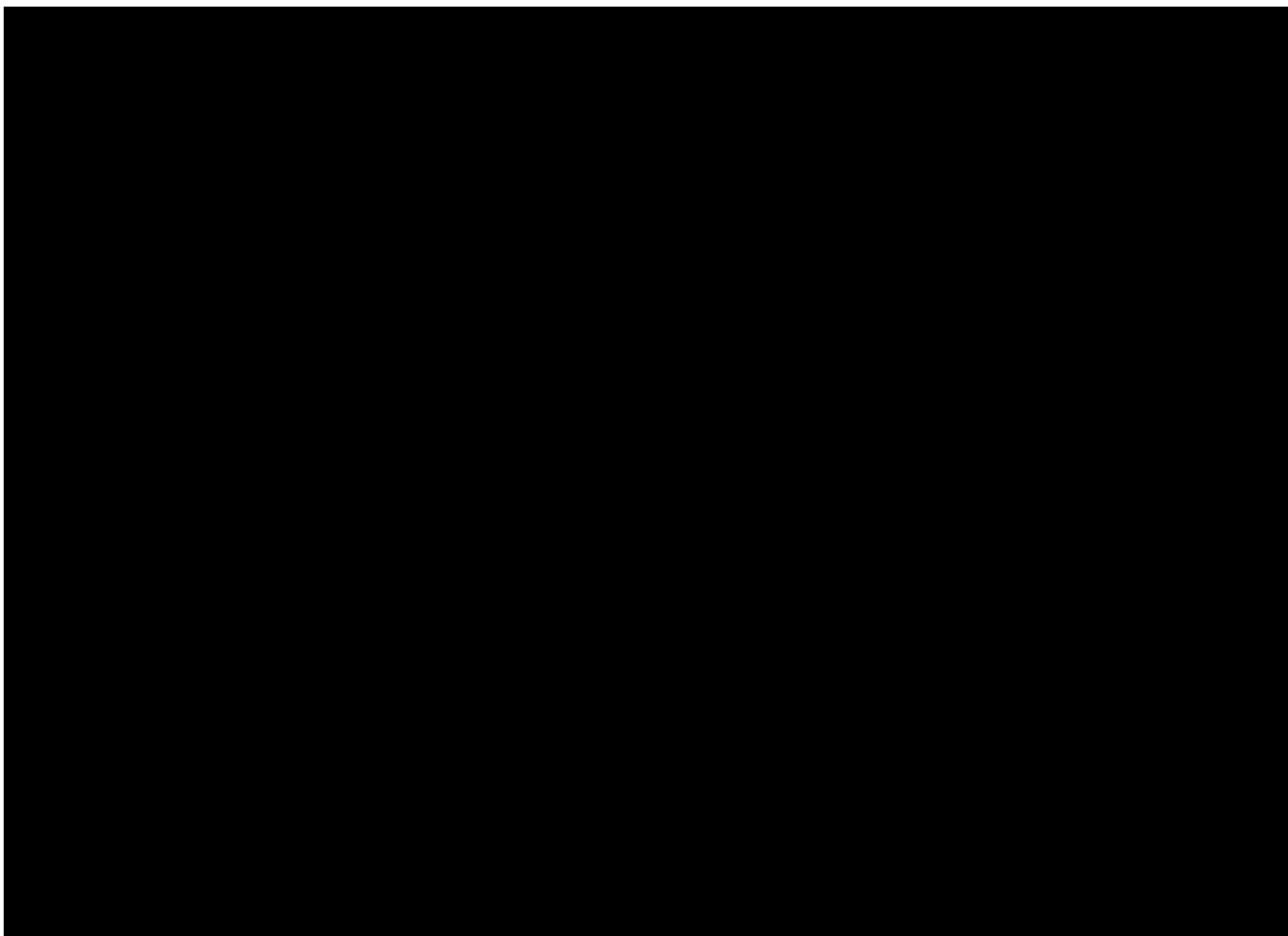
3) Their favorite scout craft hangar and underground rest area located in the arroyo just northwest of the dry lake bed on which sat the old Range Four. It had an associated childrens' play ground....

This facility can be located at the very top of the following image.



This satellite image shows the locations of the gunnery and bombing ranges, scoutcraft hangar, playground, and other Tall White activities at the southern end of the Nellis Range. Image courtesy of Google Maps®.

Notice the "Scoutcraft Parking" area in the middle of the above image. This was a sheltered area in which Hall often saw a scout craft "parked" when he drove by, headed north. The next image shows the situation a bit more clearly.



The road running north-south (note the compass rose) at the foot of the hills was used by Hall on his excursions to the northern end of Indian Springs Valley. He often would see a scout craft parked in the little valley to his right, in the center of the picture, observing him as he passed by. The craft would then follow or “parallel” Hall's truck from a distance



A closer overhead view of the favorite Tall White rest and play area. An anomalous white object or spot can be seen at left center (i.e., over rough terrain to the west). Parallax studies indicate that this object is on the ground.



View toward the rest and play area from the Range 3 theodolite position. The area is concealed between the two fingers of high ground in center of picture.

...had its hangar door dug into the southern side of an east-west arroyo.

View looking west into the arroyo:



Looking west into the Tall Whites' favorite rest and play area. A scout craft hangar was built into the south (left) wall of this canyon area. "Another shockingly good rendition. It sure brings back the memories. However, there is an additional arroyo that [this figure] does not show because of the resolution. It runs through the center of the valley." This image was prepared from 1/3 arcsecond-

resolution elevation data.

4) Two other scout craft hangars and underground rest areas with associated childrens' play areas located in the lower mountains in the northern parts of the Indian Springs valley. These two are not otherwise described in my current books and writings. One of them appeared to include additional food storage and processing facilities but I'm not certain of the details.

In an e-mail to Dr. Richard Boylan, Charles Hall stated, "In the 1965-1967 time frame, I personally and frequently observed on many separate occasions the tall white scout craft and the tall whites entering and leaving the valley just below French Peak. Several of the range maintenance men at that time informed me that the tall whites had at least a scout craft base dug in toward the top of French Peak."⁵⁸

He also writes (in other correspondence):

I'm not certain where the scout scaft hanger on French Peak is located. However, my friends reported seeing the Tall Whites gathering grass seeds and other seeds in the fall, on the mountains that I have circled in red.

Sometimes, I also saw scout craft in the valleys below that area.

Several of the other scout craft hangers in the northern end of the Indian Springs valley were hidden down in narrow east/west valleys with steep sides. For these reasons, I, myself, would look for the scout craft hanger inside of the red ellipse as well.

View of French Peak from the south.

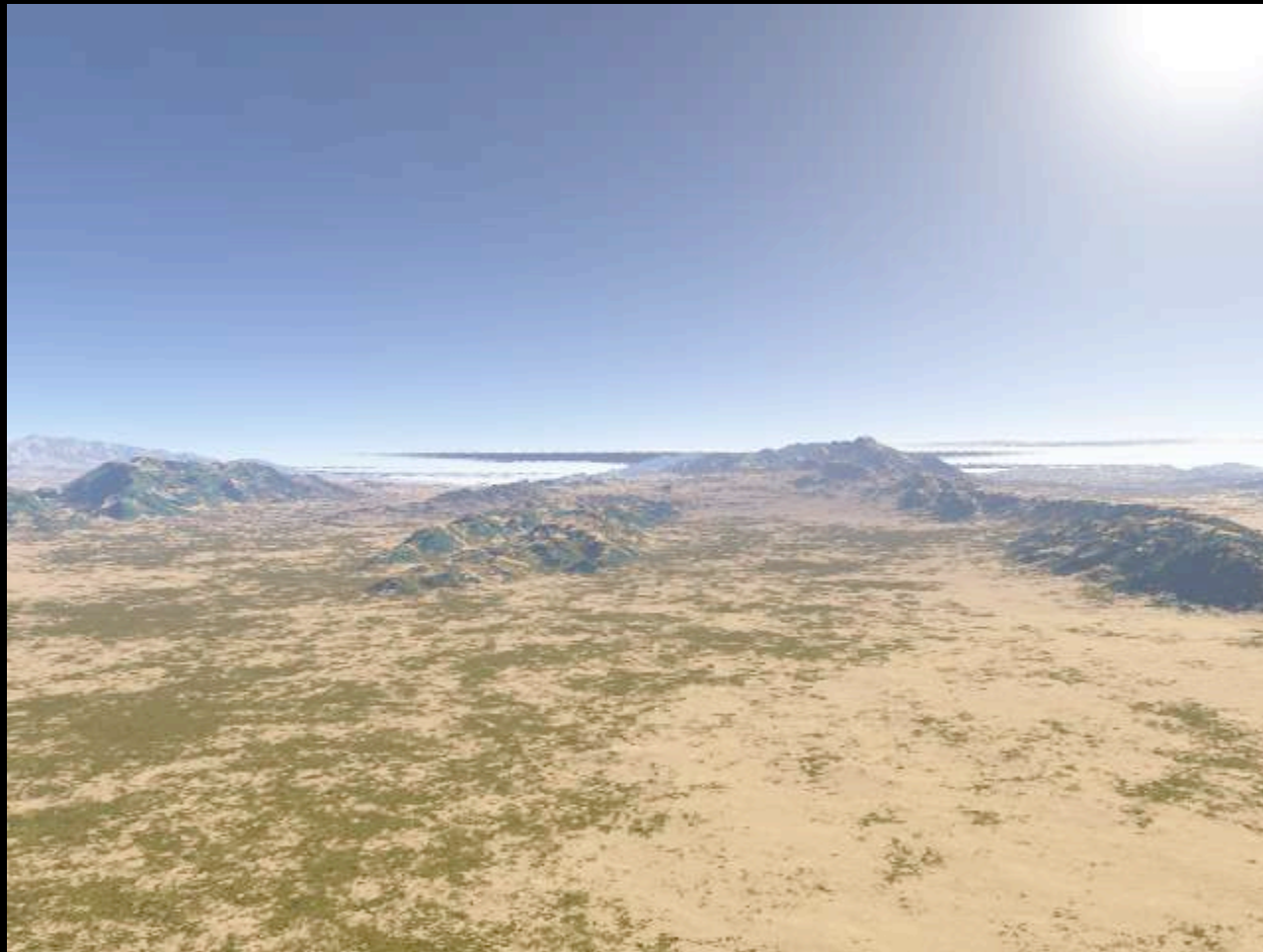


French Peak. Text describes Tall White activities in the area enclosed by the ellipse and the broad valley to the north.

In addition, the map shows the entrances to the Indian Springs valley on the west (in yellow, etc.) which the tall whites liked to use when they were traveling between Indian Springs Valley and the valleys that lead up to French Peak. They used these corridors sometimes on a daily basis.

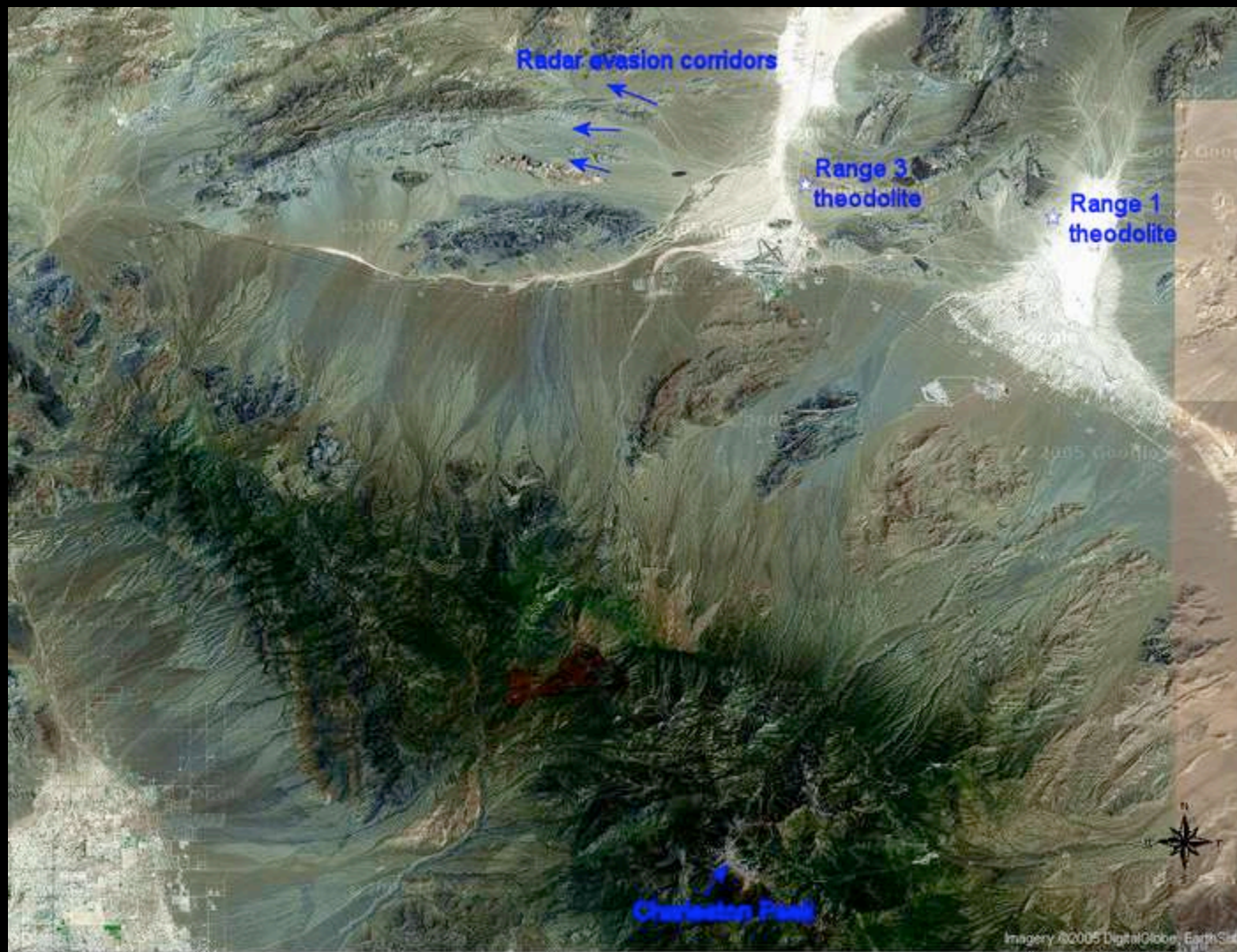
Remember these corridors allowed them to safely travel from place to place without showing up on the FAA radar screens. I'm certain they terrain-followed these corridors up to the base of French Peak.

As Hall has explained, while their presence at Nellis was sanctioned at high levels, the Tall Whites maintained a very low profile, and tried to avoid unnecessary radar detections of their craft when operating in the ranges. Hall describes “radar evasion corridors” used by the Tall Whites' scout craft transitioning between the lower Indian Springs Valley (near Range 3) and the area south of French Peak.



View west into "radar evasion corridors" used by the scout craft. This is as they would be seen from an elevated position near Range 3... in other words, a "pilot's eye" view of the parallel ridges. Craft would "terrain follow" just north of these ridges below the ridgeline to avoid detection by radar on Charleston Peak, well to the south.

The next image shows the configuration of Charleston Peak, the theodolite positions for ranges 1 and 3, and the radar evasion corridors.



The radar station of concern to the Tall Whites is installed on Charleston Peak, a recreational area to the south of the ranges. The ski area, seen as a small white blotch at the tip of the labeling arrow, plays a crucial role in the Christmas Eve emergency arrival of a deep space craft, to be described below.



Radar evasion corridors as seen from just over Charleston Peak where radar is located. Scout craft would “terrain follow” behind the low ridges seen in the distant haze, beyond the foreground ridge and to the right of center. *“I was equally impressed by this figure. It clearly shows why the Tall Whites preferred to terrain-follow close to the desert and hide in the radar corridors.”*

Some of my friends who were range maintenance men said they had observed the tall white scout craft continuing on up the sides of French Peak to another scout craft hangar entrance up towards the top.

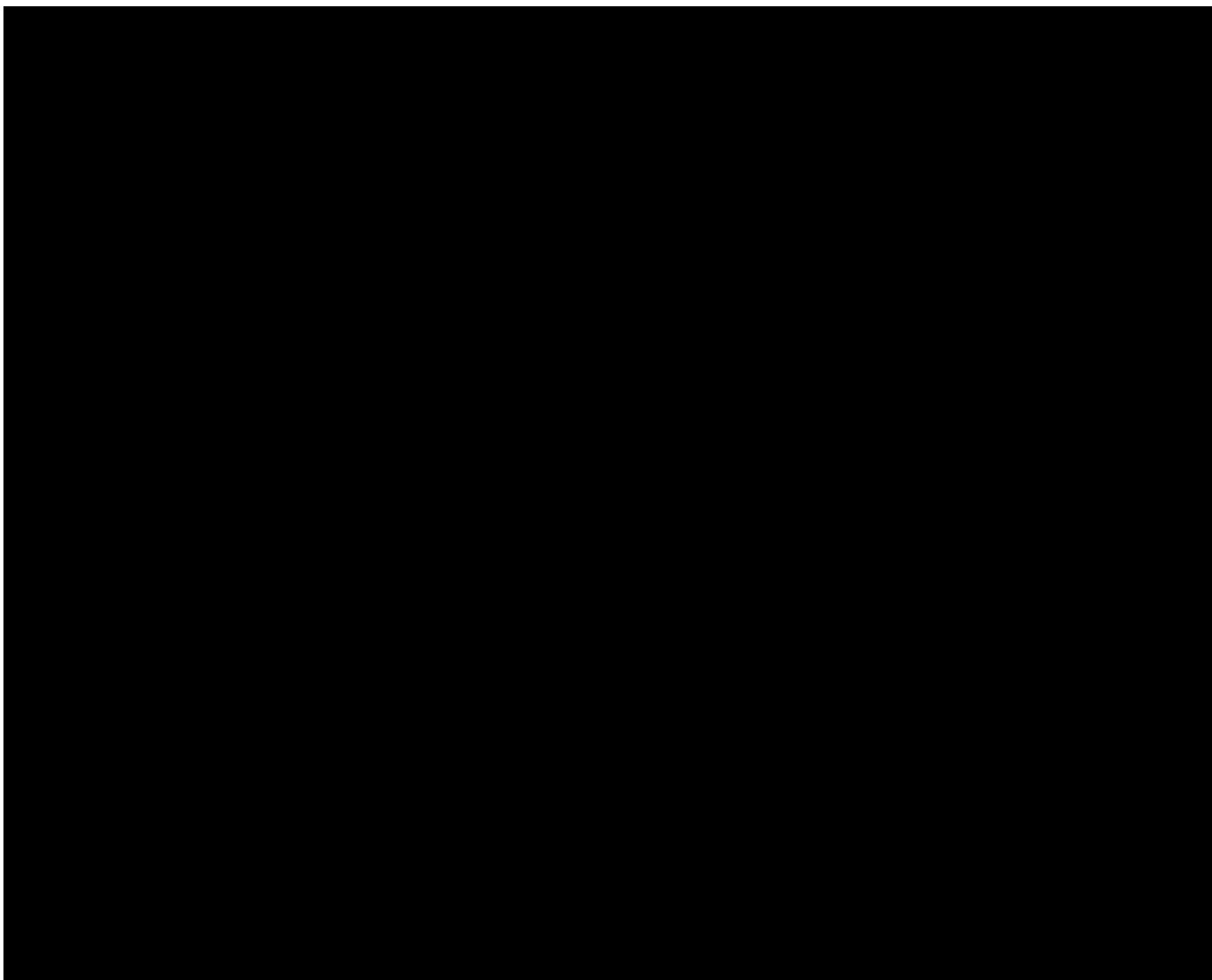
Christmas Eve Emergency Arrival of a Deep Space Craft

An important episode in Hall's story dealt with his role in facilitating the arrival of a severely damaged Tall White craft from deep interstellar space.

From the evidence, it appears the problem with the arriving craft had been known by the local Tall Whites and by our military for at least two months.

As in so many of his encounters at Nellis, the landscape itself played a significant part. Hall's actions took place at Ranges 1 and 3, while the craft itself made its initial arrival at a ski development on Charleston Peak, which became a base for the operation, after being evacuated for this purpose.

The last two figures in the previous section, shown in connection with the “radar evasion corridors”, along with the figures in this section, demonstrate the geometry of the landscape underlying this event, and show what can be seen from each of the ranges.



Topographic map depicting the ranges and Charleston Peak to the south. Note that Range 3 is almost directly north of Charleston Peak, providing a direct view into the base area.

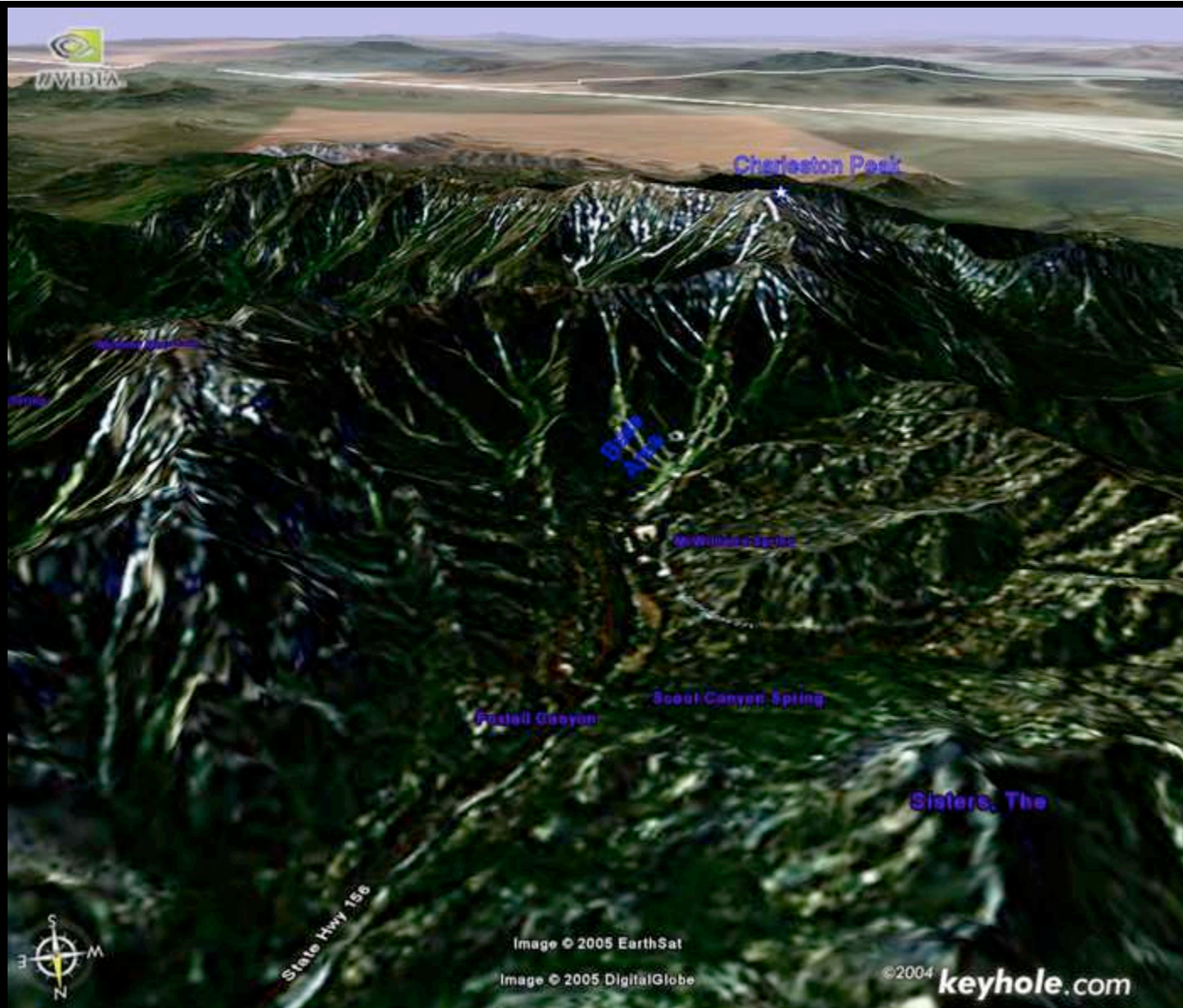
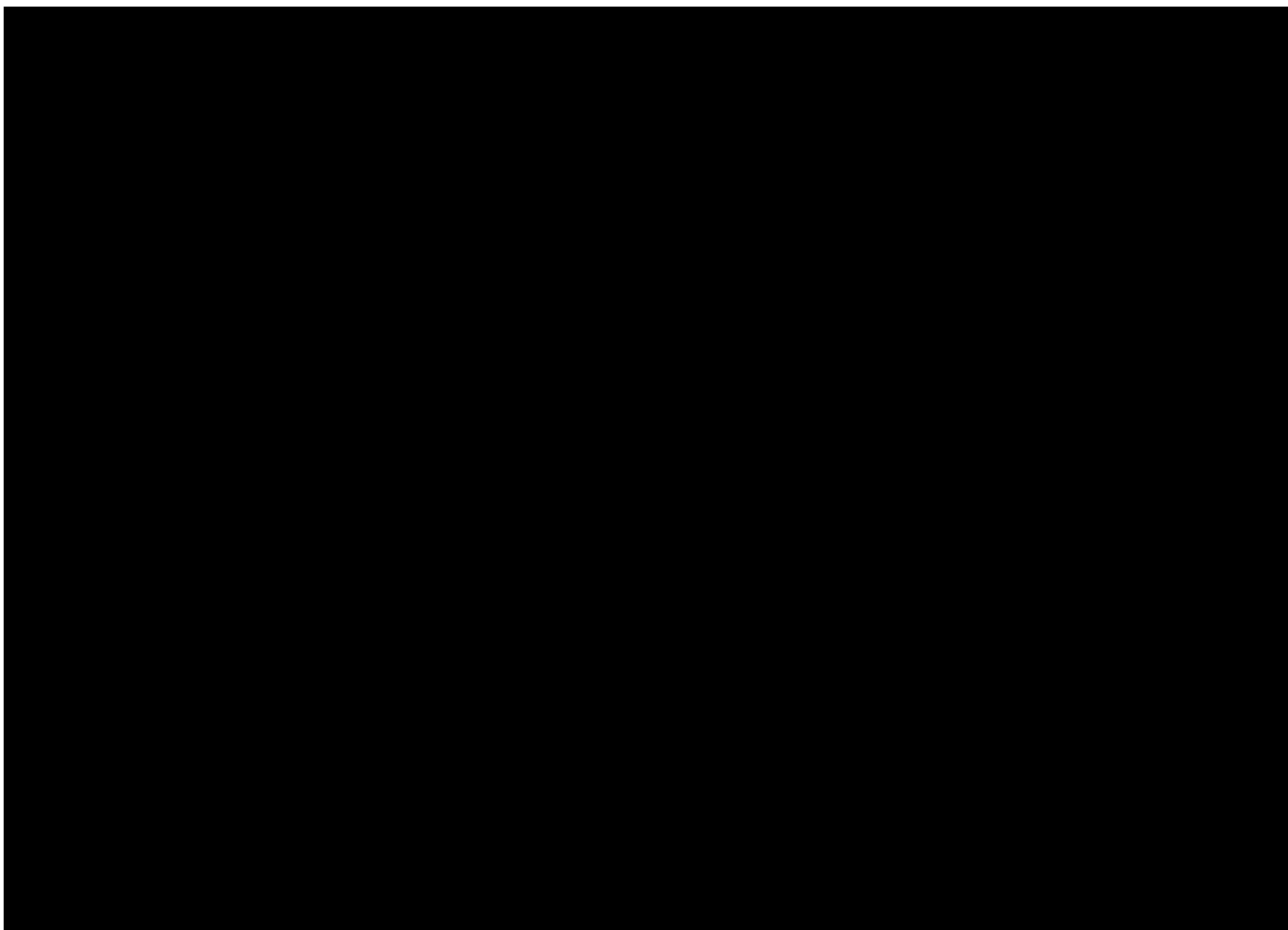


Image © 2005 EarthSat

Image © 2005 DigitalGlobe

©2004 **keyhole.com**

Charleston Peak viewed along the bearing from Range 3 (note the compass rose), exposing the base facilities of the ski area.



Charleston Peak viewed from the bearing along which lies Range 1. This Keyhole® image clearly shows the ski runs. Coordinates are shown at bottom.



Charleston Peak from Range 1 (ground level).



Charleston Peak (center rear) viewed from Range 3, early December . Hall facilitated the arrival of a disabled deep space craft that briefly used ski area base facilities. "This is another shockingly impressive view from the Range #3 theodolite."

Children of the Tall Whites

Notice the reference to playgrounds at virtually every Tall White facility. In fact, Hall's weather shacks were playgrounds for the Tall Whites' children. He especially endeared himself to them by leaving his theodolite open and allowing the children to look through it whenever they wished.

In one of his radio interviews, Hall mentions that "The Teacher's" constant refrain was "We love our children more than you do," and in fact if you know what's good for you, you will open every conversation with a Tall White female by saying "I know you love your children more than we love ours."

In his interview with Salla, Hall mentions:

One of the big items [supplied to the Tall Whites by the US military] was children's clothing. In the mid 1960s, on at least one occasion, the USAF purchased more than \$600,000 [1965 dollars, as one of Salla's readers points out!] worth of children's clothing from the Sears stores and warehouse in Los Angeles, California, picked it up in government trucks, and shipped it to Indian Springs Auxiliary Field, Nevada. The trucks delivered the clothing to the main Tall White base at the north end of Indian Springs Valley.

Let's do a bit of arithmetic. A children's "outfit" today might sell for around \$75. That might be equivalent to, say, \$15 in 1965. Very roughly, the shipment then might have contained some 40,000 "outfits". A child might have required, say, three outfits for their wardrobe at one time. But our children outgrow their clothing. So would those of the Tall Whites. Furthermore, since the TWs in general live ten times as long as we do, their childhood years might also run ten times ours. Therefore if an Earth child, outgrowing clothing from time to time, might go through or wear out some five sets of clothes, then each Tall White child ultimately speaks for $3 \times 5 \times 10 = 150$ outfits. That means the order would have equipped some 250-300 children with their clothing needs.

It would be useful to determine how many children were present in the colony. If there were significantly fewer than 250 children, this would suggest that some of the clothing was for use elsewhere - either elsewhere on the planet or off.

In a letter linked under "Correspondence" at the right, Hall indicates that the number of children present may have fluctuated greatly over time, but could have occasionally exceeded 200.

Since there was considerable flux into and out of the colony, children could have been taking their "Earth outfits" with them when they left.

To further help understand why there had been a single large purchase, I asked Hall if the body build or anything else about the TW children would have required special tooling on the part of the manufacturer. That could have helped to explain the large size of the order, as the manufacturer would have needed a large order to cover the retooling cost. Here is Hall's reply:

As regards the children's clothes question, remember that Sears made and marketed children's clothes in every conceivable size and variation. The TW children were the same size as human children of the same height who are simply on the thin side.

Clothes for the TW children did not have to be specially made.

Remember also that the TW mothers also make and alter clothes for their children, just as human mothers do. One night, in an episode that does not appear in my books for various reasons, The Teacher came with her little girl. Her little girl was wearing a simple frill [flounce] around the waist of her suit similar to the type of frill that little girls typically wear on their bathing suits.

The Teacher proudly informed me that she had added the frill (meaning that she had personally constructed the frill and added it to the suit - sewing, etc.) because she wanted her little girl to feel like a littl girl.

The Teacher occasionally expressed concern because all of her little girl's TW playmates her age were boys.



She stated, for example, that one reason she liked to have her little girl play with the little girl described in Book one in the Chapter entitled "In Remembrance Of ME" was because she wanted her little girl to have playmates who were also little girls. The TW little girl and the human little girl were so very similar in personality. They were both simply "little girls", even down to the clothes they both enjoyed wearing.

It must be said: perhaps the TWs had good reason for doubting how much we love our children. Consider what they might have observed of our everyday life down there around the base and in Las Vegas.

To which I might add that the story, *The Wayward Wind*, reproduced on Paola Harris' page, shows how the TWs were overwhelmingly impressed by Hall's letter to his father, expressing love for him.

This little note to Hall's father was so very important to the TWs that - who knows? - it might have affected our relations with them then and into the future.

Several notable points come to mind here:

- They sew. We apparently share a sense of fashion with them.
- Where are all the little Tall White girls? Little TW girls must exist somewhere because TW adult females are present in the colony. Why did they not come here?
- They evidence "love" among their own kind; little for us. But then, where have we shown anything resembling love for them?

Charles Hall's Theory of Photon Structure

Charles Hall has written a paper describing a *Theory of Photon Structure*. Hall has sent us a copy of his paper and we are happy to post it on this website as a courtesy to him.

A link to Hall's paper is provided in the sidebar at the right.

Tall Whites vs. *Gods, Genes, and Consciousness*

Author Paul Von Ward presents in his book *Gods, Genes, and Consciousness* ([Von Ward, 2004](#)) a schema for "Advanced Beings" into which the Tall Whites could be placed as an interesting possible example. Although their technology is quite beyond ours at this time, evidence suggests that by other and less tangible measures - "wisdom", "intelligence", "moral stature" - these beings might be quite comparable to ourselves.

Conclusion

This report never seriously questioned the authenticity of Charles Hall's contact with a colony of “Tall White” extraterrestrials on the Nellis Range. The reason for that is the generally convincing nature of Hall's reporting, however subjective that assessment may be. If a “scientific study” is required, others may conduct one.

This editorial stance is consistent with the position taken throughout this Open SETI Initiative website, in which I assert that “contact with ET” or even “searching for ET” should never have been left in the hands of the scientific establishment in the first place. It is unlike anything that science normally does; it is more a matter of intelligence gathering, which is probably the way the most productive work in this area has been accomplished.

This report is exactly what it claims to be: an illustrated adjunct to Hall's narratives.

Nevertheless, if in the process of preparing this report, I had encountered issues or contradictions calling Hall's story into serious question, then certainly those problems would have had to be resolved before the report could be completed and published – at least in its present form.

Nothing of the kind has happened.

The next question is to consider where that leaves us. There was, as recently as the 1960s, a well-established and possibly very old colony of extraterrestrial humanoids living on the Nellis Range, and at that time the arrangement appeared to be secure for long into the future. Furthermore the relations of the colony with its present hosts – the U.S. Military and government – were congenial; technology transfer was taking place and larger cooperative programs (which seemed benign to all parties, by the way) were contemplated.

Hall believes that the arrangement continues to this day, although he has had no contact with it since leaving active duty.

The parameters of the contact activity or colony are such that it would have zero impact on our society, other than the filtering down of anything resulting from technology transfer. It seems to have been physically confined to the military reservation, although there are troubling aspects, such as what is being done with all of the scout craft based there. Where are they going and what are they doing?

Hall's books and interviews have been available to the public for several years, and have made no impact whatsoever outside of a community of interested cognoscenti. Certainly this report will not materially change the situation.

One would think, given the general lack of interest in this sort of thing on the part of average citizens, that nothing whatsoever is called for in the way of a response to these reports.

On the other hand, even with no more information than we have available through Hall's books, the research value of the details reported by Hall are immense... immeasurable. The mere knowledge that beings from such distant points of origin can so closely resemble us is enough to cause a revolution in our life sciences, particularly biochemistry and genetics. That is, it would be enough if correctly used.

Consider also the implication of the close cultural correspondences, such as the ability of these beings to recognize and work with our social hierarchy. "Take me to your leader", indeed.

The parallels with our own culture are... either breathtaking or damning, depending on whether one believes they can possibly be true.

This... familiarity of their cultural (and physical) styles is actually one of the largest challenges to the story, because so very much rides on it.

My position is that it is true and we would do very well to begin to try understanding what it means.

Epilog: A Possible Identity for the Tall Whites

Who are the Tall Whites?

What do we mean by that question?

We mean: what group of beings, about whom we may have independent knowledge, might the Tall Whites be?

In fact, there is a candidate group. In our report on the work of French writer Anton Parks, *The Ages of Uraš*, we describe a number of nonhuman races that seem to have shaped our history and genetics, and are possibly influencing or manipulating human society even today. One of these, the *Imdugud*, known to the Babylonians as *Anzu*, actually are native to our solar system. They are not the famous "Anunnaki." In fact they long ago lost a war against the Anunnaki for the mastery of this system.

Among the interesting matching characteristics of the Tall Whites and the *Imdugud*:

1. Very tall humanoid "Nordic" with white skin
2. Often have blue eyes
3. Emit barking or whistling sounds
4. Solitary
5. Warriors/soldiers

Parks adds in private communication that the *Imdugud* are among the very few that practice natural childbirth and raise families. (Most use genetics and cloning, and take advantage of very long or indefinitely long life spans. In other words, they are immortal.)

Yet there are contradictions, perhaps the most noteworthy being their apparent home base. Although the Tall Whites would never reveal this information to Charles Hall, they allowed him to believe it was not local, and via circumstantial data Hall has placed their home tentatively at the star Arcturus. However, it is also possible that Arcturus is simply another base -- a "second home."

Parks "remembers" that as of three or four thousand years ago, our solar system was their home base. Although they could always travel out, it was not their preoccupation to do so.

We will be tracking this new development. Meanwhile, interested readers should look at *Possible Extended Contact with Imdugud*, or find mention of *Imdugud*(*Anzu*) in the section on Races.

TRANSLATION THROUGH DECOMPOSITION AND DECODING

Using Gina'abul meanings for syllables/particles from the syllabary

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Example 1: KING

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
Malik ²⁴	MA (to establish/place) LÍK (prince/priest/inspector)	prince who establishes	king
Regis ¹³	RE ₇ (to guide/conduct/lead) GÍŠ (scepter/tree)	he of the scepter who guides	king
Egis ¹³	E (speak/make/do) GÍŠ (scepter/tree)	he of the scepter who leads	
Elwa ²⁵	EL (elevated/pure being) WA (to offer/give)	elevated being who offers	king (offers presents to the gods)
Melek ⁵	MEL (voice/throat) ÉG ²⁸ (to order/speak/make/do)	he of whom the voice orders	king
Kokuô ²⁶	KUKU-U	the ancient in charge	king
Pasha ²⁷	PA (to declare/swear/conspire) ŠA ₆ (good/beautiful/favorable)	the good who declares/conspires	king

Example 2: WOMAN

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
Múto ²⁹	MU (grow / make grow / appear) MU ₁₀ (woman/female) <hr/> TU ²⁶ (new-born / give birth / to mother / spawn)	she who makes the new-born grow female who mothers/spawns ³⁰	woman
Wanita ³¹	WA (to offer/give) NÍ (body/man/strength/power) TA (nature/type/mankind/character)	she who gives the nature of the body she who offers the character of the man she who offers a type of power	woman
Wuarmi ³²	WU (identical to GEŠTU: understanding) AR (illuminate/mark/shine) MĪ (destiny / ourselves / our being / duty / responsibility)	she whose understanding enlightens us she whose understanding marks the destinies etc.	woman
Sèt ¹⁴ Zet ¹⁴	SE/SI (small, feeble) ZE/SÉ (life) <hr/> ET (identical to Á, same sign and meaning: force/nearby/omen)	SÈ-ET: she who is near the small ZE-ET: the force of life	woman
Guin ³³	GU ₇ (wet-nurse / food / alimentary offerings) IN ₅ (dame/sister)	sister-wet-nurse dame with alimentary offerings	woman
Tumasi ³⁴	TUM (work/action) <hr/> A ₅ (fabricate/make/place) Á (force) <hr/> SÌ (little / to give)	she whose work makes the small she whose action gives the force	woman

Wu'uti ³⁵	WU (understanding) Ú (plant/food/power/charge) TI (life)	she of the plant of understanding and of life she of the food, the life, and the understanding	woman
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Example 3: RELIGION

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
Religio ¹³	RE ₇ -LI-GI ₄ -U ₈	that which accompanies the tablets of apprenticeship of the sheep the tablets of apprenticeship that guide the sheep	religion
Aldîn ²⁴	AL-DI-IN ¹⁰	representation/symbol of severe condemnation	religion ³⁷
Dzungiyau ²⁴	HUN-GÁ-U ₈ ³⁸	Depending on how pronounced: submission of humanity that which diminishes / puts in repose the sheep	religion
Shukyô ³⁹	Homophones: ŠU-KI-Ū ⁷ ŠU-KI-U ₅ ⁷ ŠU-KI-U ₈ ⁷	control of the sleeping Earth control of the entire Earth control of the Earth of sheep	religion
Dat ⁵	Homophones: DA-ĀT ¹⁰ DA ₅ -AT ¹⁰ See Note 41	the (proximity of the) power of the father the paternal power that surrounds/encircles	religion; more correctly: law ⁴⁰
Wiimi ²⁰	WI-IM-I ¹⁰	the understanding that dominates the clay (man!)	religion

Example 4: EAGLE

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
Garuda ⁸	GAR-UD-A ⁸	to establish the shining of the father to restore the light of the sun	the solar eagle
Kwataka ²⁰	Kwaa-Taaqa ²⁰ Kwa'a-Taaqa ²⁰ KA-WA-TAKA ⁶	the eagle man the grandfather (ancestor!) of man traps rations in his mouth	

THE DECODER

Note: The terms *Emeša*, *Gina'abul-Sumerian language*, and *Sumero-Akkadian syllabary* are generally interchangeable (see [Languages](#) for clarification). Thus since the phonetic decompositions are usually in Gina'abul-Sumerian, some language designations noted in column 2 may be redundant. They are included for consistency with the text.

<u>TRANSLITERATION from EMENITA etc.</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
A'amenptah ¹⁴	AA-MEN-PTAH	great/rich/ancient stable/established/durable the god Pteh or Ptah	great/stable place of Ptah Sumerian: watery crown of Pteh
Abzu	AB-ZU	AB: cavity/mouth/opening Abu ¹ = father ZU: understanding/wisdom/know-how	cave of knowledge wisdom of the father Sumerian mythology: the abyss of the world, residence of the god Enki-Ea, the divinity of wisdom and father of humanity

Adam	Á-DAM	beasts, animals, herd specimen, establishment, installation or colonization/settlement the inflicted; verb: to inflict	a slave being, completely subservient to "the gods" similar to the gods' idea of <i>ukubi</i> : inferior people/multitude; monkey
AGNI	AG/AK-NÍ ⁷	impose/make/place force/awe/fear/power/might	who imposes awe/fear who places the power
Alagní	ALAG-NÍ	the powerful image the image of itself	clone
AKCOSIR (place name in Taurus Mtns)	AK KU/ĶÙ/KÚ ²⁶ SIR/ŠIR ₁₀	place,fashion,dispose,construct foundation/shining,pure,sacred/nourishment,fo od consumption serpent (archaic cuneiform sign for MUSH (serpent-reptile)	fashion the foundation of the Serpent/Serpents dispose the nourishment of the Serpent/Serpents (Ninmah's Garden) place the shining serpents (Verb placement at beginning implies <i>Emeša</i> coding.)
Anagonno ⁴⁸	AN-AG-UN-NU ⁷ AN-AG-UN-NU ₁₁ AN-AG-UN-NÚ	An (or the heaven) who places the representation of the population An who places the image of the light or of the fire An who kills (him of the) placed population	Sacrificed Nommo representing humanity and the animated (living) beings
Anduruna	AN-DURUNA	the abode in heaven	Gina'abul imperial

			abode
Anzu	AN-ZU ⁷	superior knowledge	
Athena	AT-EN-A ⁶ ÁT-EN-A ⁶ ÀT-EN-A ⁶	AT/AD: cry, call EN: lord A: father	cry of the lord-father envoy of the lord- father of the cadaver of the lord-father
Bun	BUN ₂ ¹⁰ BÚN ¹⁰	a living light a rebellion	Aldebaran (αTau)
Chitauli ⁹	ŠITA ₄ -UL-I ⁷	group splendor/ancient dominate/master	group of (beings of splendor / ancients) who dominate dictators ⁹
Cohen ⁵	KÙ ⁷ HÉ ⁷ EN ⁷	pure, holy, to purify abundant, abundance lord, great priest, ancestor	KU-EN: great saintly priest KÙ-HÉ-EN: he who purifies with abundance for the lord
Dabu ¹⁴	DA-BU ₄ ⁷	powerful light/energy	fig see Peš ² , Kau ¹⁴
 DIGIR/DINGIR ⁷	DIN-GIR _____ DIN-GIR ₁₁ _____ DIN-GIR ₁₅	cows of intermediate age of life _____ the skilled ones of life _____ nobles of life	divinity (divinities) ¹⁹
Djehuti ¹⁰	ZE ⁴⁵ or ZI ⁷ HU ⁷ TI ⁷	breath, spirit bird life	breath (spirit) of the bird of life Egyptian Djehuti- Thoth

Duat ¹⁴	DU ₆ -AT/AD ²	cavern/mound (celestial) father / paternal power / ancestors	underworld/afterlife
DU ₆ -KU ⁷		holy mound	
Elohim ⁵ אלהים	EL/ÍL-Ú-HI-IM ⁶	the exalted powerful ones who have mixed the clay (or the clay beings = Man)	
Emesal ¹⁷	EME-SAL	language of the women refined language	
EME-ŠID ⁷		language/word/tongue memorize/recite in high voice/enumerate	lizard
Enlil	EN-LÍL	the lord of the wind/word/breath the lord of infection	
ERIDUG	ERI ₄ -DU ₁₀	sweet town town of happiness/contentment	holy city of Enki
Eurynome ¹¹	ERIN ₂ -UM ⁷ ERIN ₂ -UM-ME ⁷	bands of midwives (or old or even ancient women) bands of midwives of divine order	universal and primordial goddess ¹¹
Gála ²	GA-LA	which distributes youth and health	Amašutum vagina
GEN-ISIŠ ⁷	GEN ISIŠ	set/dispatch scatter/weep	a creation Latin homophone <i>Genesis</i> =birth
Gílimanna ⁴⁴	GÍLIM ANNA GILIM ⁷	group/horde of animals skies corrupted	Celestial Bestiary: animality of the Gina'abul and its relation with the stars (possess space travel)
Gina'abul	GINA-AB-UL	veritable/authentic/trueborn ancestor(s) of the splendor/glory	

 lizard(s)			
GIR ⁷	GI ₆ -IR	dark one of the prayers/lamentations	cow of the intermediate times (Sumerian). Also see DINGIR.
	GI ₇ -IR ₁₀	the noble who carries/produces	
	GI-IR ₇	the dove that restores	
Gúrkur Gùrkur	sphere of the KUR that which transports toward the KUR		object that permits travel between KI and KUR
Hoama ²³	HU-AMA ¹⁰	mother-bird	tree of the world
Hušmuš	HUS-MUS	savage reptiles	dinosaurs
Ilu ¹	IL-U ₄ IL ₅ -U ₄	who travels through time who rises like the light of day	biblical <i>el</i>
Imanujela ³ =gods, reptiles, "lords who have come"	IM-AN-ÚH-EL-Á ²	wind / tempest / clouds the sky venom / poison carry / exalted / high being force / power	those from the clouds in the sky with venom who carry the power
Imdugud	IM-DUGUD ⁷	in this context: blood high	noble blood
Irminsul ⁴³	IR ₇ -MIN-SUL ⁷	the dove, companion of man	the tree of the world
Ish ^{5,36}	IŠ ₇	ancient/ancestor/androgyny	Supposedly first <u>man</u> (Genesis) but IŠ ₇ is androgyny
Išed ¹⁴	IŠ-ÉD ⁶ IŠ ₇ -ÉD ⁶	mountain, star, ardent - rise, leave, appear ancient - rise, leave, appear	make the star appear / exit from the star raise from the


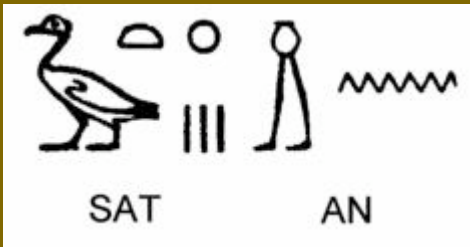

			ancient Note: ÉD ⁷ = sunrise, so: sun rising from the mountain/star/ancien t
Ishsha ^{5,36}	IŠ-ŠA ₇	ancient/ancestor heart/entrails/womb	heart/womb of the ancestor she of the entrails of the ancestor first woman (Genesis)
Jine ⁴²	HI-NE (No "J" in Gina-abul/Sumerian)	blend power/awe/impressiveness	who blends power and impressiveness
Kadištu Qadištu ¹	KAD ₄ -IŠ ₇ -TU	ancient assemblers of life ^{2,7} <u>caduceus</u>	Life Designers
Kama ⁸	KA-MA ⁷ KÁM-A ⁷ /KAM ₂ -A ⁷	testimonial of attachment source of embrace/desire	love/desire
Kau ¹⁴	KA-Ú ⁷	revelation plant powerful testimonial	fruit of the sycamore see Dabu ¹⁴ , Peš ²
Kemet ¹⁴ ... but decompose vocable in Sumero-Akkadian	KE-EM-ET	land of predicted mud land of the predicted storm	Egyptian night land or where one buries the dead
Kien-Mou ²¹	KI-EN-MU ⁴	place where the lords dwell	raised wood
Kilena ⁴⁸	Sumerian-Akkadian KI: place, earth LE ₄ : celestial NA: human being	celestial place of the human being symbol of the Mother-Goddess	Dogon Tree that perished with Anagonno representing all vegetation
Kirišti	KIR-IS-TI ¹⁰	fish/son	blazing son of life

Kristos (Greek: anointed) Ichthys (fish)	KRST ¹⁴ KIR-IŠ-TUŠ	star(s)/mountain/blazing life	fish of the stars/life Egypt: burial ritual; coffin or sarcophagus of the king the son who resides in the stars
Kohkyangwwuhti ²⁰	KÙ-KI-AN-GU ₇ -ÚH-TI ¹⁰	saint (fem.) of the heaven and the earth, wet- nurse with the life-giving saliva	Hopis' mother-spider who created humanity (See Peš)
Kundalini ⁸	KUN ₄ -DA-LI-NÍ ⁷	scale powerful inflammation/burn/glow body	that which forms rings
KUR	KU-UR	the banded foundation	
	KU-ÚR	the base of the foundation	
KUR-NU-GI ⁴		the KUR of no return	
Lilith	LIL-TI ⁷	spirit of life (see <u>Divinities</u>)	
Mága'an	MA-GA ₆ -AN	transport ship of the sky (space)	cargo ship ⁶
Mantindane ⁹	MAN-TIN-DAN ⁶	partner/associate/equal to live/reside calamity	associate(s) where calamity resides partner(s) who live for calamity
Margíd'da	MAR-GÍD-DA	chariot of the distance	Gina'abul spacecraft
		elongated chariot	Ursa Major

			(Gina'abul residence)
Mater ¹³	MA-TE-ER ⁷	who produces and establishes the creation <hr/> who carries and establishes the foundation <hr/> who guides and establishes the stars ¹⁶	mother
ME ²	ME-E MÍ	that which expresses the prescriptions the (feminine) source of all life	crystals on which are recorded the arts and laws
Menu ¹⁴ (= tree)	ME-NU MEN-Ú MEN ₅ -Ú	image(s) of the divine decrees diadem(s) of power plant/power partner(s)	female = tree in the garden of the gods
MÉR ⁷	ME ER/ÉR	divine decree, destiny, "prodigious region of the mighty divinity" to conduct, guide crying, lamentations	which guides toward the prodigious region of mighty divinity (= the Source!!) place of destiny and lamentations
MĪ-MĪ-NU ⁷		responsible for hostile (negative) duties	
Míuš'zu ⁷	MÍ-UŠ ₁₂ -ZU <hr/> MÍ-ÚŠ-ZU <hr/> MÍ-UŠ-ZU	woman of the wisdom-secretion woman of the knowledge-venom <hr/> woman of the wisdom blood <hr/> woman who elevates the knowledge (or the wisdom)	sorceress person possessing the Goddess Energy
Muladhara ₈	MUL-AD-HARA ₅ ⁷	flash/brilliance that emanates from the cup	the place of the root

Mušdagur	MUŠ-DA-GUR ⁷	great fat reptile powerful and brilliant reptile	lizard (can be an insult)
Nadi ⁸	NA ₈ -DI ₅ ⁶	to irrigate and gleam	energy system in the body
Namlú'u	NAM-LU'U ₁₈	immense human beings	primordial humans
Niama	NÍ-AMA ⁷ NÍ-AMA ₂ ⁷	power of the mother/heat power of the master	Can be transmitted by flowing blood as in sacrifices. Dogon: Nyama is vital energy in the blood
NIG-ZI-GAL		a thing/property where the life has been placed	cloned creature
Ninišib ²	NIN-IŠI-ÍB	queen of the stars with purifying flanks	priestess of the purifications
Nommo	NUM ⁴⁵ -MU	exalted one who makes grow and restores	
	NIM ⁷ ...	high/exalted	
	NUM ⁴⁵ -MU	exalted one who speaks	
Nornes ²²	NU-ÚR-NÈ ⁷	representatives of the potent bosom	triple goddess associated with <i>Yggrasil</i> see <u>initiation</u>
Nügua ¹⁵	NU-GU-A ¹⁰	she of the string of figurines/images wet-nurse of the images (clones)	
Nü Wa ¹⁵	NU-WA(BA ⁷)	she who produces the figurines/images	
Peš ²	PES ₅ ⁷	spider	The name of one of the initiations; evokes "profound respiration," uterus,
	PEŠ ⁷	uterus/entrails/precious	

	PES ⁷ <hr/> PEŠ ₄ ⁷ (v.) <hr/> PEŠ ₁₃ ⁷ (v.)	fig / fig tree <hr/> to conceive <hr/> to be pregnant	<i>matrix</i> (see <u>To Be a Clone</u>). Cut fig resembles an Amašutum vagina (<i>Gála</i>). See Lilith See Dabu, Kau ¹⁴
Prâna ⁸	PAR-ANNA ⁷	action that links to the heavens	the vital energy
Ptah ¹⁴ (No written E in Egyptian)	PE/PI-TAH ⁶	understanding multiplier	who multiplies the understanding cloner
Rasa ⁸ <hr/> Raiaš ⁸	RA-SA ₇ ⁷ <hr/> RA-I-AŠ ₅ ⁸ RA-I-AŠ	lovely/pleasant flow <hr/> flow that germinates the spider flow that germinates the unique (i.e., the woman)	flow from a woman during sexual rapport <hr/> menses
Restau ¹⁴ ...but decompose "vocale" in Sumerian:	RE ₇ ĒŠ TA Û or U ₄	accompany/guide/conduct sanctuary/tomb/place of pilgrimage toward/for/nature sleep/repose or light of day	lead to the grave, toward the resting place or accompany to the sanctuary, toward the light of day
Ruah ⁵ <hr/> Ruah Elohim ⁵ (See Elohim)	RU-ÁH/AH ₅ ⁷	gift / present / act of restoring the power	Mother-Goddess ¹⁰ <hr/> Spirit of God ⁵
SAG ₄ -RA ⁷ ŠÀ-AK-RA ⁷		heart that drains/floods	chakra ⁸
Sagmegar	SAG-ME-GAR	depository at the head of the ME	the black star (Mulge)

			also named Nibiru (Neberu in Babylonian)
Šàlim	ŠA-LIM ⁷ ŠÀ-LIM ⁴⁷	the heart thousand the heart of eternity	capital of the Abzu of Uraš
Samû (Akkadian pronunciation of Sumerian ZIKUM)	ŠÁM-Ù ŠÁM-U ⁴ ŠÀ-MÚ	absorbed in repose absorbed in time or flash of day restore the heart	heaven
 <p>SATA genie serpent child of the Earth</p>	 <p>SAT AN</p>  <p>SAT AN</p>	<p>carry the Earth (Šàtam)</p> <hr/> <p>carry evil (Satan)</p>	<p>territorial administrator / regional chief</p> <hr/> <p>supreme chieftain of the Annuna; hence "God"</p>
Seba ¹⁴	SE-BA (or SA-BA) ¹⁰ <hr/> SE-BÀ ⁷ <hr/> SE-BA ₇ ⁷	<p>brightness that opens that which gives (allocates) light</p> <hr/> <p>the light of life</p> <hr/> <p>that which distributes light the light of the soul</p>	<p>door star see <u>Stargates</u></p> <hr/> <p>instruction, apprenticeship</p> <hr/> <p>the light of the soul</p>
Seker ⁴⁶ (Also see <i>Sokaris</i>)	SE-KE/KI-ÉR ²	rays, light place	light/rays of the place of lamentation

		crying, lamentations, to lament	
Shakti ⁸	ŠA ₆ -AK-TI ⁷	good miracle-worker of life	India: divine primordial energy
Siensišár	SI-EN-SI-ŠÁR	which assembles in order the numerous dignitaries	artificial womb
Sigun	SI ₄ -GUN ¹⁰	"the red land"	present-day Australia
Sínsal	SIN-SAL	to examine the matrix (template)	Africa's <u>Rift Valley</u>
Sokaris ¹¹	SU-KAR-IŠ	distant, far, isolated dock, pier, wharf star(s), mountain	the distant docking quay for journeys to the stars the isolated mountain (pyramid!) docking quay
Sukumorus ¹¹	SUKU ₅ MUR-US ⁷	haunches that distribute the blood	sycamore
Sicomorus ¹³	SI-KÚ-MÚR-ÚŠ	holy fissure/slit that clothes itself with blood	
Sutum	SU-TUM	those who deploy the work	
Tantra ⁸	TAN-TA-RA ⁷	that which brings/lends a luminous/free/pure nature	
Tiamata	TI-AMA-TA	mother of life	Tiamat on the Akkadian tablets
Tigeme	TI-GEME ₂	servant of life	Tigeme is name used by Gina'abul males and in Sumerian
Tiamate	TI-AMA-TE	place where compassion and life intersect	the solar system

Tsélem ⁵	TÉŠ EL/ÍL EM/IM	sexuality / vital force exalted being clay/mud	exalted vital force of the clay high vital force raised from the clay
Ubšu'ukkinna Maia system, Pleiades	UB-ŠU-UNKIN-NA	region / part of universe / sanctum force/power assembly	Mesopotamia: sacred mound origin-place of the "gods"
Udumbara ⁸	UD-UM-BAR-A ⁷ / UD-UM-BARA ₂	radiant midwife who distributes the water/throne	fig, India, associated with sacred nutritive energy
Ugubi Ukubi	UGU ₄ -BI UKU ₃ -BI	ape, simian, monkey inferior multitude	
Umaï Ancient Goddess of the Turks of Orkhon	UM-A-I ⁷	midwife who controls the seminal fluid	
Undu ¹⁴	UN-DU ₇	horned rabble	sheep (ancient Egypt)
Undut ¹⁴	UN-DÛ-UT ⁷	population that casts or makes flow the metal of light (gold)	the people (ancient Egypt)
Unir	U ₆ -NIR ⁴	elevated/exalted/culminating view/sight	pyramid
	U ₄ -NIR ²	elevated/exalted/culminating brilliance	pyramids in <i>Unulahgal</i>
Uraš ⁷ (Earth)	UR-AŠ	man/being unique/one	place of the unique being
Urenes ¹⁴	UR ₅ /ÛR/ÚR	heart, soul, foundation / entrance, mountain pass, passage / basement, foundation, base	Subterranean extension of the Nile: passage to the

	EN ÈŠ	lord, noble, ancestor, up to sanctuary, tomb, place of pilgrimage	sanctuary, basement leading to the tomb, place of pilgrimage of the soul of the lord, etc.
Urmah	UR-MAH Sumerian: lion	warrior great	great warrior
Urní	UR ₅ -NI	same soul	sister soul
Ušumgal	UŠUM-GAL	Grand Dragon, monarch	Sumer: humanoid- reptilian god or lord
Úzug Úzug ²	UZUG ₂ ⁷ / Ú-SUG ₄ ⁷ Ú-SUG ₄ ⁷ / Ú-ZUG ₄ ⁷	menstruating woman something unclean person excluded from society impure/forbidden nourishment	menses / blood that empties itself furious wisdom- plant / nourishment- knowledge
Wazungu ¹²	WA-ZU-UN-GU ₇ ⁶	understanding wisdom/knowledge people/population bring food offerings / nourishment / to eat	those of understanding and knowledge to whom the people bring food offerings / nourishment
Yggdrasil ²²	ÍG-RÁ-SIL ₅ ⁷	which waters and provides beatitude/illumination	tree of the world / cosmic tree See <i>Nornes</i>
Zoe	ZU-E ⁷	who emerged from Wisdom	

Case 1: "NAME" = SHORT-RANGE SPACECRAFT

Note: In ancient times, to possess a vessel capable of carrying passengers rapidly from place to place amounted to holding a NAME. We can draw a parallel with today where whoever does not possess an automobile, a bank card, and a social security number is a nonentity in the eyes of society! To possess a Name (a vessel) in the most ancient antiquity was the mark of senior social rank. [Think of the concept of "titled landowner" or owners of personal jets today.] Only the "gods", kings, and princes directly affiliated with heavenly divinities plus some other privileged humans could possess "Names" on the Earth.

We study the term "name" in Sumerian, Akkadian, Hebrew, and Egyptian.

As you know, numerous Sumerian terms were fabricated by combining several syllables from Emeša (the matrix language). Generally, when two vowels were in sequence, one of them automatically disappeared. You will observe that, thanks to the phonetic values of the Sumerian syllabary, the original sense of the word MU (name) will appear as by enchantment.

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING</u>	<u>TRANSLATION</u> ¹⁸
Mu ⁷ (name)	MÚ/MUD ₆ + U ₅	light up / take fire / kindle + travel / raise / become elevated	MU-U ₅ = that which becomes enflamed and elevates itself / travels
Šumu ¹ (name)	ŠÚM + U ₅	procure/give + travel / raise / elevate itself	SUM-U ₅ = that which procures the act of traveling / elevating itself
Šhem ¹ (name) Officially from Šumu ¹ and Mu ⁷	ŠE ₆ + EM/IM	enflame/heat + wind/blow/tempest/clouds	ŠE ₆ -EM/IM = the blow/wind that enflames itself
REN ¹⁴ (name)	RE ₇ + EN	conduct/bring/lead + lord/noble	RE ₇ -EN = that which leads/conducts the lord(s)

Case 2: MULTIPLE MEANINGS OF THE NAME "MIKAEL"

<u>TRANSLITERATION from Original Language</u>	<u>DECOMPOSITION</u>	<u>DECODING/TRANSLATION</u>
Mikael ⁵	resembles God	
Mikael ⁷	MI-KA-EL MĪ-KA ₅ -EL MĒ-KA ₅ -EL	responsible for the witness of the exalted accountable to the exalted fox combat of the exalted fox
Mikaîl ²⁴	Angel possessing spirituality, wisdom, consciousness of God Koran: If Mikaîl opens his mouth (Sumerian KA), the heavens appear as small as a mustard seed (Master of the Verb)	

1 Akkadian

2 Emeša

3 Rwandan (by Credo Mutwa)

4 Sumerian

Ideogram form for *ziggurat*. Recall the Latin *unire* (unite); the "gods" came down to unite with human priestesses in the little temples on the summits of the ziggurats.

5 Hebrew

6 Sumero-Akkadian

7 Sumerian

8 Sanskrit

9 Zulu (by Credo Mutwa)

10 Gina'abul-Sumerian

11 Greek

12 Numerous African tribes

13 Latin

14 Egyptian

15 Primordial Goddess of Chinese legends

16 TE=MUL

TE possesses the same archaic pictographic sign in the form of two rejoining stars, as the particle MUL (star), suggesting a common meaning in a distant epoch.

17 Emesal (Paleo-Babylonian dialect)

Secret dialect of women and priestesses. Part of, but not to be confused with, Emešà, No male could use this dialect with the exception of the Kalû priests, who were eunuchs.

18 This is either a direct translation from the original language specified in column 1, or one inferred with the help of the decomposition.

19 DIGIR/DINGIR

In Mesopotamia as in Egypt divinities (goddesses and gods) were identified as "celestial cows" and "wild or fierce bulls." The fact that DIGIR/DINGIR is associated with "makers of life" leads us to identify at least some of them with Hebrew Elohim. The Sumerian term used in connection with *the creation* is ŠĀ-ĀB, *the matrix of cows*, identifying the feminine principle with the creation of the world. The equivalent in Akkadian is *ilu*, from which comes the biblical *el*. See *ilu* above. Also GIR₁₁ (good, skilled); GIR₁₅ (noble, civilized); GIR₄ (kiln); GIR₈ (piece of clay). Numerous civilizations associate the womb with a kiln or oven. In the next book we will see that the "gods" equated clay with a precise element of human genetic material and the human himself. See *elohim*.

20 Hopi

21 Chinese

22 Icelandic

23 Persian

24 Arabic

25 Lingala (Africa); more precisely Gabon, Zaire, Congo, south of Cameroon

26 O doesn't exist in Gina'abul-Sumerian; replace with U. Replace C with K.

27 Kurdish

28 EK doesn't exist in Sumerian.

29 Duala (Africa); Cameroon, estuary of Wuri)

30 Note that women did not always give birth naturally, which explains why they were suddenly obliged to give birth in pain after the "sin" in "Eden". We will go into this in detail after the publication of Parks' second book.

31 Indonesian

32 Quechua (Countries of the Andes: Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru); Aymara (southern Bolivia, parts of Argentina and Chile)

33 Armenian

34 Ancient Hopi

35 Modern Hopi

36 Ancient Assyrian

37 *Islam* is the Arabic word for "submission."

38 Sumerian

Pronounced *Jungaau*; no "J" in Sumerian.

39 Japanese

40 The Hebrew religion is not truly based on faith/belief, but on respect for the laws of God. See Laws.

41 The Sumerian pronunciation would be DAD. Think of the English language *dad*.

42 Mali. Considered to derive from the Arabic *Djinn*, a term said to designate descendants of a vanished ancient people. Arabs, like the Malians, believe Djinn to be very real, although normally hidden. When they do appear, they take the form of serpents or lizards.

43 Saxon

44 Kadištu

45 Assyro-Babylonian

46 Egyptian funerary god

47 Hermetic

48 Dogon

To be continued...

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Ben Stein, Economist and Financial Expert

AIRPLANE 2: THE SEQUEL

Written by

Ken Finkleman

SECOND DRAFT

February 18, 1982

FADE IN:**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**

A machete slashes INTO FRAME. An American in battered fedora and leather jacket, accompanied by two gunbearers, hacks his way through dense bush. We see him from the back only. He hacks an opening, bats fly out AT CAMERA and the bushes part, revealing huge overgrown stone letters -- the Mayan ruin look -- that spell "AIRPLANE II."

EXT. GANTRY - NIGHT

The Jupiter shuttle stands ready to fly.

SUPER: HOUSTON, 2002**INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM - STOCK FOOTAGE**

of Houston Control with appropriate jargon V.O.

INT. TERMINAL - WIDE ANGLE STOCK SHOT

of a crowded modern terminal.

P.A.


All lunar departures, please proceed to
concourse lounge 'B.'


EXT. TERMINAL - STOCK FOOTAGE - NIGHT


of heavy traffic at LAX.


ANGLE ON TERMINAL DOORS

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Draco
 Wheeee! Someone's k


Draco
 Whoohooo!!!! Draco M


chaching!
 How come the only rec


GREENY

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)**Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.**

A number of men in futuristic-looking mining outfits, carrying futuristic gear, unload a truck with a corporate logo that reads: TRX DEEP SPACE RESOURCE MANAGEMENT.

P.A.

Attention, all Pulsar Four mining personnel.

The miners look up.

P.A.

Please report to the Resource Expeditions office, level seven.

Two miners head to terminal doors and pass FOUR NUNS, who bid farewell to FATHER O'FLANAGAN. O'Flanagan shakes the hands of the first three elderly nuns, then grabs the last young gorgeous nun and kisses her passionately.

OLDER NUN

No tongues, Father.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

A group tour moves through the room behind controllers.

GUIDE

All lunar shuttle landings are handled by these computers and simulated on these video units.

CONTROLLER 1

(at computer screen)

You're programmed on R-two-niner and locked, Lunar eight six. Over.

INT. LUNAR SHUTTLE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Three crew members watch the lit landing strip as their shuttle approaches.

CAPTAIN

(to co-pilot)

It's out of our hands now, gentlemen.

They smile.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

The CONTROLLER moves away from his video unit. A kid from the tour who has lagged behind hits a switch. The screen turns into a video game with SFX. He flips knobs.

INT. LUNAR SHUTTLE

The crew are tossed from side to side and try to regain control of the ship.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

The Lunar shuttle careens towards the terminal, out of control.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The kid is still playing like mad. A flash appears on the

screen. SFX VIDEO GAME EXPLOSION and a corresponding EXPLOSION from outside. SIRENS WAIL. CONTROLLERS run around. The kid is oblivious and walks away.

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

BUD KRUGER, head of the space center, and the COMMISSIONER get out of a limo under a sign that reads, "MERCURY SHUTTLE." They walk and talk.

KRUGER

Commissioner, we both know the Mercury shuttle needs another month of pre-launch testing.

COMMISSIONER

Forget it. The boys on the board want that shuttle to go on schedule.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL

Kruger and the Commissioner go up escalator.

KRUGER

And what do the boys on the board know about safety, Commissioner? Let me talk to them.

COMMISSIONER

Bud, get wise to the political realities. The boys on the board are under a lot of pressure from the boys downtown.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - SECOND LEVEL

Kruger gets a pack of cigarettes from a machine. Commissioner buys a newspaper.

KRUGER

And I'll be the one they'll hang if there's a screw-up.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - SHOESHINE STAND

Kruger and Commissioner get shoes shined. A MAN next to them in white shoes reads paper with headline -- "SOLAR PLANT MELTDOWN, 500 WORKERS SERIOUSLY TANNED" -- and doesn't notice his shoes are getting black polish.

COMMISSIONER

Listen, Bud, the boys downtown are under heavy fire from the boys in Washington. That's why they're putting pressure on the boys on the board.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL

Kruger and Commissioner head down escalator.

KRUGER

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

Well, you tell the boys on the board to tell the boys downtown to let the boys in Washington know that the press has been nosing around my people in the front office.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERMINAL

Kruger and Commissioner head to their limo.

COMMISSIONER

You handle your front office people, I'll handle the press and leave the boys in Washington to the boys downtown and the boys downtown to the boys on the board.

KRUGER

Commissioner.

They stop and look at each other.

COMMISSIONER

What?

KRUGER

I just wish it was that simple.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

They get back in their limo and drive off.

INT. MISSION CONTROL**CONTROLLER**

(over P.A.)

This is Mercury One control. We have condition green. Mark launch 'T' minus two hours and counting. I repeat, we have condition green.

ANGLE ON LESLIE NEILSON - DOCTOR RUMACK

Dressed as a doctor and looking in a Controller's mouth. The Controller's face is bright green.

RUMACK

This condition isn't as bad as it could be if it were a lot worse. Take these pills.
(hands him pills and water)
Here's some water.

CONTROLLER

What is it, doctor?

RUMACK

Two parts oxygen, one part hydrogen. It'll make the pills go down easier.

EXT. GANTRY - CLOSEUP OF SHUTTLE - NIGHT**MUSIC: BIG SPACE THEME**

WIDE ANGLE LENS PANS the under-belly past the nose as if the viewer bent his head back as far as he could, until... the CAMERA crashes to the ground as if it has fallen off the tripod.

MUSIC: CRASHES TO A STOP

ANGLE ON SIDE OF SHIP

MUSIC: BIG SPACE THEME STARTS FROM TOP AGAIN

PAN workers on scaffolding who check gauges on exterior of ship. PAN to panel that reads, "SOLID FUEL CHUTE" -- a sweaty muscular worker in undershirt opens the panel, flames shoot out. LOOSEN to reveal another sweaty worker in undershirt shoveling coal into the chute. PAN to other workers checking more gauges. SUDDENLY a PANEL EXPLODES. Smoking, sparking wires pop out. A WORKER runs up with walkie-talkie in hand.

WORKER

(into walkie-talkie)

This is Mercury station six! Get me the Sarg and fast!

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

SIMON KURTZ and ELAINE THOMPSON get out of a taxi with hand luggage. They are dressed in matching flight outfits.

A JAPANESE COUPLE get out of a taxi -- the man has about fifty cameras around his neck. His wife hangs another camera on him. He crashes to the ground under the weight.

Simon and Elaine are approached by a BUSINESSMAN with handful of roses.

BUSINESSMAN

Would you like to buy a rose to help bail out Chrysler? We're an all-profit organization and need all the money we can get.

Simon hands the Businessman a dollar and takes a rose.

SIMON

(to Businessman)

Here.

The Businessman joins six other BUSINESSMEN carrying signs with LEE IACCOCA's picture. They all smile and chant.

BUSINESSMEN

(to Hari Krishna)

IACCOCA, IACCOCA, IACCOCA, IARAMA.

Simon hands Elaine the rose. She takes his arm as they walk towards the sign that reads, "MERCURY SHUTTLE."

SIMON

For the best little computer officer on the Mercury mission.

ELAINE

(smiling)

Simon.

SIMON

Who would believe that Elaine Thompson was once a stewardess on the Denver-Chicago run.

ELAINE

And I can hardly believe that I'm engaged

to someone like you, Simon. I'm a very lucky woman.

A man with a suitcase on a leash walks beside them. The case pulls him along like a dog and takes a leak on a post.

SIMON

Women and the space program have come a long way, sweetheart. But after the wedding, no more complicated computers for my little girl.

ELAINE

But, darling, they've offered me a chance to head up the computer analysis division for the Jupiter probe.

SIMON

You're heading up the division in charge of babies for Mr. and Mrs. Simon Kurtz.

He kisses Elaine and smiles.

SIMON

And that's an order, Lieutenant.

The man with the case on a leash passes a woman with a case on a leash. The cases start a violent, BARKING DOG FIGHT.

EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

SARG (imagine George Kennedy), dressed in a tuxedo, tie undone, with a huge cigar, which he eats during the conversation, talks to his wife on his car phone. A worker in hard hat waits next to him. Behind the worker are fuel drums and a large sign that reads: DANGER, FUEL -- **ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING, ABSOLUTELY NO SPITTING.**

SARG

(on car phone)

Marge, you better go without me. We've got a condition red.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH WIFE AT HOME.

MARGE

(in evening gown, a cigar stuck in her mouth)

We've got a condition red with our marriage. I think you're in love with that shuttle, not with me. I want a divorce, Sarg.

Sarg lights his cigar.

SARG

Is there someone else, Marge? Is that it?

Sarg throws the lit match towards the "ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING" sign. The worker grimaces but nothing happens.

MARGE

Sarg, there's been someone else for fifteen years. You were just too involved in your work to see it.

They hang up. Sarg bites off the end of his cigar and spits it in the direction of the "NO SPITTING" sign, blowing the worker OUT OF FRAME with a MASSIVE EXPLOSION. Sarg hops into his car, takes a Lava lamp from the seat and puts it on the car roof -- like Kojak's flasher. The lamp flashes, the

SIREN WAILS, as Sarg pulls away.

INT. SARG'S CAR - ON THE MOVE - NIGHT

He thinks about his wife. SPLIT SCREEN FLASHBACK OF THEIR BEDROOM. Marge, a cigar in her mouth, is in bed with five football players -- other half-clad athletes (hockey, baseball, wrestling, basketball) line up for their turn at her. Sarg has to climb over them to kiss her goodbye.

SARG

Don't wait up for me, sweetheart. We're testing the retro-rockets tonight.

MARGE

You just can't see it, can you, Sarg.

SARG

We'll talk tomorrow, hon. I promise.

EXT. TERMINAL, PASSENGER ARRIVAL AREA - NIGHT

The WILSON FAMILY -- JOHN, ALICE and ten-year-old JIMMY -- carry luggage. Jimmy carries a puppy in a small cage.

P.A.

All Mercury passengers please proceed to passenger processing, concourse level 'C.'

JOHN

That's us.

Jimmy Wilson looks at Scraps.

JIMMY

Will Scraps be able to sit with us, Dad?

JOHN

We'll have to check, Jimmy. It's a pretty long trip to Mercury.

A PORTER approaches.

PORTER

Can I help you folks?

JOHN

(handing him a bag)
Thanks.

PORTER

(noticing Scraps)
Is that your puppy, son?

JIMMY

Yeah, his name is Scraps and he's going to Mercury with us.

PORTER

No dogs are allowed on the shuttle, son.

JIMMY

But they said...

PORTER

(pulling out a handgun)
Scraps will have to be shot. I can do it for you here if you like.

He SHOTS.

JIMMY

Scraps!!!

PORTER

(laughing)

Just joking. Blanks. See, Scraps is fine.

Alice, John, and Porter crack up while Jimmy cries.

ALICE

It was just a joke, Jimmy.

Alice and John look at each other as if there is something wrong with their son.

ANGLE ON MAN WITH CAGE

A man lifts a large dog cage out of the trunk of a taxi. Inside is another man dressed in S&M leathers.

MAN WITH CAGE

(to Man in Cage)

If we can't fit you under the seat, you'll just have to be locked up with the luggage.

The man in the cage seems to relish the latter suggestion. Two Porters lift the cage onto a conveyor belt next to Jimmy's dog.

EXT. GANTRY - NIGHT

Sarg stands beside the burnt panel on the side of the shuttle. He is eating another cigar, holding a burnt wire, and talking into a walkie-talkie.

SARG

There's no way this wiring could have passed inspection without Simon Kurtz's okay!

SPLIT SCREEN OF KRUGER IN HIS OFFICE

KRUGER

(on phone)

Just patch up the damage and get that ship ready to fly. That's an order, mister!

SARG

You've got it, mister. But you can tell your boys on the board for me that this thing stinks to high heaven of kickback.

WIPE TO:

KRUGER'S OFFICE - FULL SCREEN

Kruger turns to room. LOOSEN to reveal a dozen five-year-old boys in three-piece suits, smoking cigars. A huge Keans-style painting of three astronauts with big eyes, painted on black velvet, hangs in b.g.

KRUGER

You heard it, boys. Now, what do you say?

ALL BOYS

Fuck him!

EXT. GANTRY - NIGHT

Sarg looks at the wire and shakes his head.

SARG

(to worker)

Ted Striker was right six months ago when he test-piloted this sucker. And what did he get for telling the truth? A one-way ticket to Palukaville.

Sarg spits a chunk of cigar on the ground, blowing the worker OUT OF FRAME with a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

EXT. WILD BLUE YONDER - DAY

A jet fighter streaks across the sky.

INT. JET - DAY

TED STRIKER is at the controls. His oxygen mask hangs loose from his helmet. Clouds outside shoot by -- he's going at least 700 MPH. A bird lands on the nose in front of the window. Ted shoos it away by knocking on the glass. He takes a slug of beer and cockily pulls on the stick.

EXT. FIGHTER - DAY

The plane does a barrel roll.

INT. FIGHTER - DAY

Ted has beer all over his face and shirt.

EXT. SMALL LATIN-AMERICAN LANDING STRIP - DAY

SUPER: "SOUTH AMERICA, 2002 (PALUKAVILLE)"

Striker's fighter comes in for a landing.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF RIO MONTENEGRO - DAY

CLOSEUP of sign, "WELCOME TO RIO MONTENEGRO -- POP. 2,354,900 -- NO TORTURING 7AM-9AM MON.-FRI."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "HOTEL MONTENEGRO"

COME UP on CLOSEUP of parachute. PAN past a flight jacket thrown over a chair, clothes strewn around, a framed photo of TED and ELAINE on the bedtable next to a bottle of whiskey. The room is hot and dusty. Ted lies on the bed soaked with sweat, a drink in his hand, a cigarette dangling from his lip. He takes a drink and, forgetting to remove the cigarette, swallows it without batting an eye. LOOSEN to find a CRUCIFIX above the bed with a real person on it.

TED (V.O.)

(to self)

Who could have figured it would come to this. It'll be twenty years this week that I lost my entire squadron over Macho Grande. Planes, too.

SUPER: DOG FIGHT FOOTAGE

VOICE

You're too low, Striker! You're too low!

The Crucifix in b.g. looks around trying to figure out where the planes in the SUPER are coming from.

TED (V.O.)

After the war, I couldn't go near anything with a pair of wings.

SUPER: TED IN PARK TRYING TO AVOID PIGEONS THAT FOLLOW HIM.

A pigeon lands on the Cross.

TED (V.O.)

That is, until fate dropped me on the seat of my pants at the stick of a 167 into Chicago with no crew.

SUPER: TED LANDING PLANE IN "AIRPLANE!"

TED (V.O.)

It's funny how fate can make heroes out of cowards.

The Crucifix gives a look of exasperated boredom.

SUPER: NEW YORK TIMES HEADLINE, "STRIKER SAVES 120!" OVER A PHOTO OF TED AND ELAINE WAVING.

TED (V.O.)

Then came the job offers.

SUPER: HOUSTON TRIBUNE HEADLINE, "FLYING HEROES ACCEPT NASA POSTS" OVER A PHOTO OF TED AND ELAINE WAVING.

TED (V.O.)

The publicity.

SUPER: NATIONAL ENQUIRER HEADLINE, "TED IMPOTENT? ELAINE FRIGID?" A MINOR HEADLINE READS, "JFK ALIVE, SAYS UROLOGIST!"

TED (V.O.)

Even the key to the City of New York.

SUPER: MAYOR HANDING TED A KILO OF GRASS.

TED (V.O.)

Now look at me.

Ted wipes the sweat off his face and switches on the table fan. A tornado force wind destroys the room as he fights to switch off the fan.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

SUPER: "RIO MONTENEGRO - TOWN SQUARE"

A peasant boy takes a newspaper from a newsstand. The headline reads, "MERCURY SHUTTLE FLIES TOMORROW."

BOY

Senor Ted!

The boy hightails it through the town-square and passes:

-- A large alabaster statue of the Generalissimo snorting cocaine.

-- Soldiers dragging nuns off screaming.

-- Nuns dragging soldiers off screaming.

He passes a line of peasants held at gunpoint by soldiers.
We HOLD on them. In b.g. are stores like HITLER'S SHOES,
TRIEU GUYS FROM SAIGON LIQUORS, KEY'S KEYS -- GENERAL KEY
stands in doorway.

SOLDIER

(to first peasant)

Traficante de drogas o comunista?

SUPER: SUBTITLES -- "Drug dealer or communist?"

PEASANT

(pleading)

Traficante de drogas, traficante de
drogas!

SUPER: SUBTITLES -- "Drug dealer, drug dealer!"

The soldier lets the peasant go.

SOLDIER

(to second peasant)

Traficante de drogas o comunista?

SUPER: SUBTITLES -- "Drug dealer or communist?"

The peasant panics and bolts from the line. The soldiers
FIRE.

SOLDIER

Communista!

He runs up to THE HOTEL MONTENEGRO. A sign reads, "TV,
POOL, WATERBEDS, DONKEY, KLEENEX" -- All but "KLEENEX" are
crossed out. He runs inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

A clean-cut AMERICAN COUPLE argue with Desk Clerk.

YOUNG MAN

(to Desk Clerk)

We've lost all our travelers' checks!

YOUNG WOMAN

What are we going to do?!

CLERK

Calm down. What kind were they?

YOUNG MAN

American Excess!

The Clerk throws up his hands and strikes the same pose as
the Karl Marden look-alike in the "AMERICAN EXCESS" poster,
b.g.

CLERK

I'd say you're fucked.

The boy passes them and bounds up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

CLOSEUP of Ted pacing.

TED

(to self)

Next thing I know, I'm the chief test pilot for the XR-2300, NASA's first Mercury shuttle. That is, until I report she's got more flaws than the Titanic.

LOOSEN slowly to find the Cross empty and the man who was on it hanging, his feet dangling next to Ted.

TED

Now I'm testing old F-18s for some crazy Generalissimo who thinks there's a commie behind every tree in the Amazon.

SUDDENLY the boy bursts in.

BOY

Senor Ted! Look!

Ted spins and the paper stays still. He stops.

TED

My God! They're launching the ZR-2300. Do you know what that is, Jose?

BOY

The muffler bracket for a '78 Pinto.

TED

No, that's an XR-2200. The XR-2300 is the Mercury shuttle. They can't do it!

EXT. HOTEL MONTENEGRO

Ted races out.

TED

Taxi!

SFX: A DOZEN CARS SCREECH AND CRASH INTO EACH OTHER. HORNS STICK.

ANGLE ON PILE OF CARS

Ted jumps into the taxi on bottom of pile. The driver POUNDS on his HORN -- it CONTINUES TO BLARE as they pull away, dragging other taxis.

TED

Houston, Texas.

DRIVER

Houston, Texas, senor??

TED

Right at the corner, left at the light. Here's a map and step on it!

Ted throws a map onto the floor of the front seat. The driver steps on the map.

EXT. TERMINAL, PASSENGER ARRIVALS - NIGHT

An old truck loaded high with furniture pulls up. A YOUNG MAN and his PARENTS, looking like the family from THE GRAPES OF WRATH, get out.

SON

We finally made it, Ma. Mercury. We're gonna start all over agin. A whole new life.

MUSIC: OPTIMISTIC.

SON

Where the soil is rich.

He bends down and takes a handful of earth from the terminal sidewalk and lets it run through his fingers.

SON

And the union strong. Where men are free to realize their true potential.

A black PORTER approaches and grabs a bag at the bottom of their pile of junk.

PORTER

Can I help you?

SON

Where black men and white men, working together, can move mountains.

The Porter pulls the bag and the entire mountain of junk cascades to the ground.

ANGLE ON TED'S TAXI ARRIVING

It is covered in mud, flames shoot out from under the hood, the HORN BLARES. The driver flips off the meter which reads, "874,567,004,500,000,000." The numbers run off the meter along a special attachment.

DRIVER

That'll be eight hundred and seventy-four zillion quastavitas.

TED

Here's three bucks. Keep the change.

DRIVER

Thank you!!

INT. TERMINAL

STELLA BARRINGTON pushes her wheelchair-ridden father, DR. CYRUS BARRINGTON, through the terminal crowd. A PORTER approaches.

PORTER

You folks need any help?

STELLA

Thanks, but we have a terrific woman in on Thursdays.

PORTER

Say, isn't that Dr. Barrington, the world-renowned agronomist?

STELLA

Yes.

PORTER

It's a privilege to meet you, sir, I'm familiar with all your work.

STELLA

Let's go, Daddy. We have to check in.
(to Porter)
He was never appreciated at the Institute.

PORTER

Ah, yes, the Institute, I'm familiar with it.

STELLA

Now he's D-Y-I-N-Ging and wants to be buried on Mercury.

Stella pushes her father away as another PORTER approaches our first Porter.

PORTER 2

Say, wasn't that Dr. Barrington, the world-renowned agronomist?

PORTER 1

That's right. Are you familiar with his work?

PORTER 2

No, but the missus sure is.

ANGLE ON TED AT ARRIVALS/DEPARTURES MONITORS

The departures side reads. "MERCURY SHUTTLE - DEPARTS 6:15 AM"

TED

(to self)
I have to stop that flight.

Ted pushes his way through the crowd past two businessmen. HOLD on them as BUSINESSMAN 1 straightens BUSINESSMAN 2's tie and hair.

BUSINESSMAN 1

Don't worry about the Viatex account.
It's a buy-sell option. We can't get hurt in either case.

BUSINESSMAN 2

Just keep on top of their legal people, Bob.

BUSINESSMAN 1

Don't sweat it.

They kiss and part.

ANGLE ON "1ST CLASS" TICKET LINE**AGENT**

(to traveller)
We can take your in-flight dinner orders here, if you like. Today there's lobster or rack of lamb.

TRAVELLER

The lobster sounds nice.

The Agent throws a huge lobster into a steaming cauldron.

SFX: LOBSTER SCREAM.

TED

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

(rushing up)

Where can I find mission control?

AGENT

(without pointing or indicating
in any way)

Information's over there.

TED

Thanks.

He seems a bit puzzled but moves on.

ANGLE ON "2ND CLASS" LINE

Ted passes travellers in rags.

AGENT

(to traveller in rags)

Today there's the swill or the slop.

TRAVELLER

The slop sounds nice.

Ted passes the "NO CLASS" line. Travellers in line all wear gaudy double-knit suits, white belts and shoes, carry lava lamps and bongo drums, wear alpine hats, etc. The agent hands a NO CLASS traveller his ticket with large foam dice dangling. Ted spots the INFORMATION counter and heads for it.

ANGLE ON INFORMATION COUNTER

MAN

(to Info Agent)

What's the fastest animal on earth?

INFO AGENT

The cheetah. Next.

WOMAN

Should I fake my orgasms?

INFO AGENT

Yes. Next.

Next in line are three armed, bearded "TERRORISTS."

"TERRORIST" 1

Please, where is flight to Miami?

INFO AGENT

(without indicating anything)

Over there. Next.

The TERRORISTS leave looking confused.

TED

Mission control?

INFO AGENT

(without indicating anything)

It's over therrrrrrrr!

The agent is shot with an arrow and slumps over the counter.

ZOOM TO:

CLOSEUP OF TED

He looks in the CAMERA.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

TED

That's strange. I just came from over there.

INT. TERMINAL - ANOTHER AREA

Elaine, Simon, and FRANK MORGAN, the shuttle pilot, talk.

FRANK

I'll meet you on board. I've got some business to attend to.

Frank leaves.

SIMON

(to Elaine)

Frank's the best pilot in the program.

ELAINE

I'm so excited, Simon.

SIMON

I guess this is a first for you.

ELAINE

No, I've been excited before.

TED (O.S.)

Elaine.

ELAINE

(turning around)

Te...!

TED

That's not important now, Elaine. We have to talk.

Simon pulls Elaine away. They all walk and talk.

ELAINE

Ted, we've been worried sick ever since you escaped from the Ronald Reagan Institute For The Mentally Feeble.

They walk faster. The b.g. starts whipping by as if they're running. Wind blows in their hair.

TED

Are you on the Mercury mission?

SIMON

That's right, Striker. And we're getting married when we return.

The b.g. moves faster. The wind gets stronger. They pass a marathon refreshment stand and are handed wet sponges and cups of Gatoraid.

TED

It's got to be stopped!

ELAINE

But, Ted, the invitations have already gone out.

TED

I mean the Mercury flight. It's not safe and, Kurtz, you know why.

SIMON

You're still crazy, Striker. Come on, sweetheart.

Simon pulls Elaine away as she looks back with empathy.

ELAINE

What did Ted mean?

They leave Ted standing.

SIMON

Elaine, he's still sick.

ANGLE ON TED

The wind is still blowing in his hair even though he stands still. Ted has a FLASHBACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCKET HANGAR

Ted, in flight coveralls, follows after Simon who is overseeing the operation.

SIMON

You're seeing bugs where they don't exist, Striker.

TED

(holding wire)
Look at this wiring. It's shorting out under high temperatures.

SIMON

You're tired, Striker, overworked. That wiring meets all the safety specifications.

TED

I know you've been subtly spreading the word that I'm having a breakdown.

A NEWSPAPER BOY passes.

NEWSIE

Shuttle test pilot goes mad!

A TECHNICIAN -- JACOBS -- enters with drawings of flight outfits.

JACOBS

Sir, these are the designs for the flight uniforms. I think the captain's is to die.

SIMON

(with drawings)
Good, good, no, no, good. What's this?!
I said no studded dog collars, Jacobs.

Jacobs grabs the drawings and leaves in a huff.

TED

You won't get away with this, Simon!

Ted turns to leave and bumps right into Elaine. She holds him.

ELAINE

Ted, what's wrong?

TED

(pulling away from her)

Ask Simon.

In b.g. a car is parked by a huge rocket engine. A worker opens the hood and strings jumper cables to the rocket. A sign above rocket reads, "ROCKET ENGINE TEST AREA."

ELAINE

Ted, you're overworked. You've been flying yourself into the ground.

TED

There's nothing wrong with me!

ELAINE

Let's relax tonight, just the two of us.
I'll make a quiet Italian dinner just the way you like it, with spaghetti.

TED

You're as bad as the rest of them, Elaine!

(ranting)

It's all here in the design specifications!

(grabs plans from a passing technician)

Look! It's all here!

Simon signals the guards. They grab Ted. He struggles and rants. A DOCTOR in white approaches and injects something into Ted's arm.

ELAINE

No! Wait! You're hurting him!

Ted falls unconscious. Simon holds Elaine.

SIMON

Elaine! Ted's a danger to himself, he's a threat to this mission and his behavior does absolutely nothing to promote peace in the Middle East.

ELAINE

(crying on Simon's shoulder)

Simon, why has he become so... so...

SIMON

So mentally ill?

Elaine collapses on Simon's shoulder, sobbing. Simon smiles evilly. The technician with the jumper cables, b.g., signals the driver to start the car. The car revs and the rocket fires.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

SCENE

Ted still standing alone and muttering.

TED

(to self)

I'm perfectly sane.

Ted notices Stella Barrington looking at him.

STELLA

Excuse me, are you alright? I noticed you talking to yourself. I'm a nurse. Can I be of some help?

TED

Uh... oh, thank you. It's nothing.

STELLA

You don't have to thank me, I'm a nurse. This is my father, Dr. Barrington.

TED

Not Dr. Barrington, the world renowned agronomist?

STELLA

Yes. He's dying a-n-d wants to be buried on Mercury.

TED

I'm familiar with your work, Doctor. You'll have to excuse me, I have to go.

STELLA

You don't have to excuse yourself. I'm a nurse. I understand.

Ted leaves.

INT. TERMINAL - OUTSIDE DRUGSTORE

SIMON

Meet me onboard, sweetheart. I have to pick up a few things at the drugstore.

ELAINE

(checking her watch)

Don't be too long.

Simon walks into the drugstore past a DRUGGIST who whispers to him:

DRUGGIST

Uppers, downers, coke, speed, hash, Tampax.

ANGLE ON ELAINE

Ted approaches. We see light flashes from a 25¢ photo booth.

TED

Elaine.

ELAINE

Ted, please. You're just making things difficult for yourself.

A WOMAN IN BLACK GARTER BELT emerges from photo booth followed by a donkey.

TED

Elaine, what happened to us?

ELAINE

Ted, I loved you and I'll always love you.

But I need Simon. He's stable. He's a good provider. I want that at this stage of the game, Ted. He might have his faults, but Simon doesn't know the meaning of the word fear and I need that in a man.

INT. DRUGSTORE

The Druggist hands Simon a huge bottle of pills. The label reads, "ANTI-FEAR PILLS."

SIMON

(looking at the label, "ANTI-FEAR PILLS")

What does this word mean?

DRUGGIST

(looking at label)

'Fear,' to be afraid or over-anxious.

Simon swallows a handful of pills, braces himself and walks out right through the plate glass window without feeling a thing.

INT. TERMINAL

Ted is still following Elaine.

TED

Elaine, someone has to listen to me. I'm going right to mission control.

A kid bops by with a huge (5'x3'x2') oak cabinet, TV/stereo console perched on his shoulder.

MUSIC: DISCO.**ELAINE**

Ted, you should go right back to the hospital.

Elaine leaves and Ted has another FLASHBACK.

DISSOLVE TO:**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL**

PAN by dorm window. We see a sign on grounds outside -- "THE RONALD REAGAN INSTITUTE OF SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS AND HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE." PAN patient in bed, accountant at desk, patient in bed, accountant at desk, Ted in bed. Ted has electrodes attached to his head. A NURSE with "I (heart) NORMAL" on the back of her uniform, hands Ted some pills. He is about to pop them when she stops him.

NURSE

That's \$38.

Ted hands her bills.

LOOSEN to find Elaine on other side of bed. She turns off the radio and opens a box of spaghetti-to-go.

ELAINE

Eat this spaghetti, Ted. It'll make you feel a lot better.

SFX: GROANING O.S.

ELAINE

Who's that, Ted?

TED

Sammy Davis Junior. Terrible car accident. He hasn't been the same since.

ANGLE ON SAMMY DAVIS

A white patient in lots of gold chains. A Nurse stands over him and pulls a long oil dip-stick from his mouth, checks it, wipes it off and replaces it.

RETURN TO SCENE**TED**

Elaine, when are you going to realize Simon Kurtz put me in here to get me out of the way.

ELAINE

And when are you going to realize, Ted, that your mental hygiene is the most important thing right now.

VOICE (O.S.)

(ranting)

It works... No, it doesn't... Yes, it does.

ELAINE

What's his problem?

ANGLE

On BEARDED MAN in rags chained to wall.

MAN

It does work... No, it doesn't.

ANGLE

On Ted and Elaine.

TED

His name's David Stockman. He's been here twenty years, that's all he says.

ELAINE

Ted, you must remember what the doctor said, the first step on the road to sanity is admitting that you're sick. Now take your electro-shock and you'll be back at the space center in no time. And by the way, Ted, I'm leaving you for Simon.

Ted gags on his spaghetti.

ELAINE

I just can't go on living with a man who refuses to deal with reality, Ted. I have to go now. Believe me, it's best for all concerned.

Elaine leans over to kiss Ted. He turns away.

TED

No goodbyes, Elaine. Just go.

ELAINE

If that's the way you want it.

TED

That's the way I want it. Just turn the radio on and go.

ELAINE

Goodbye, Ted. I don't want to hurt you.

Elaine flips a switch by the bed thinking it's the radio. It's the "ELECTRO-SHOCK." Ted goes into convulsions as she leaves.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

TED AT TERMINAL

He rubs his temples.

INT. TERMINAL - OUTSIDE BOOKSTORE

Frank Morgan kisses JANE DENNIS, his mistress. In b.g. is a bookstore window with a display of yellow covered books with plain black titles and a sign advertising, "NO-NAME BOOKS."

Visible titles include: "DEEP BOOK," "FASCINATING BOOK," "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO JOHN DOE." A man next to the window reads a newspaper with headline, "SENSELESS MURDER UP 99% AND RISING!"

FRANK

Carol's not going to give me a divorce that easily, Jane.

JANE

I'm worried about her, Frank. She could do something senseless, something violent.

FRANK

You're the one who's not making sense, Jane. Carol's not the violent...

Frank sees CAROL.

FRANK

Carol!

Carol whips out a gun.

FRANK

No! This is senseless!

CAROL

FIRES. Jane faints. Other women nearby faint. Two S.W.A.T. cops faint. Carol bolts. The newspaper, b.g., clicks over from 99% to 120%.

INT. TERMINAL - ANOTHER AREA

Ted pushes through crowd and passes a spherical booth with sign that reads, "ORGASMIC EXPERIENCES, 25¢." MRS. GOOCH, an elderly woman, stops Ted next to the booth door.

MRS. GOOCH

Young man, would you have change for a twenty?

TED

(going for his wallet)
I might have two tens.

MRS. GOOCH

Thank you anyway, but I wanted it in quarters.

Ted keeps moving past a police line which has gone up around Frank Morgan's body. We HOLD on the murder scene. A DETECTIVE kneels beside the body which now has a chalk mark around it.

SERGEANT

(lookind down at Detective)
When is this senseless killing going to stop?

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Senseless or not, Sergeant, there's a pattern here. This is the 12th victim this week with a chalk mark around the body. I want this whole area cordoned off! I want everyone in this terminal booked and beaten until they talk. I want an M.O. on everyone who has seen THE SOUND OF MUSIC and I want the entire population of Hawaii off that rock and into the water within one hour.

Hallick stands up and finds the area surrounded by 30 accordian players playing "Lady of Spain."

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Sergeant. I said cordon off, not accordian off! Now dust this area for prints.

One cop pulls out a duster and dusts the wall. Other cops follow after him hanging prints by Picasso, Lautrec, etc.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

And run a check on their plates.

A cop looks at people's upper false teeth plates.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

(TO CAMERA)

When will this senseless killing end?

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER straddles the body and shoots it "BLOW-UP" style.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Super! Great! Super! Terrific! Super!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - EXECUTIVE OFFICE

KRUGER

That's right, Commissioner. Senselessly murdered just minutes ago.

COMMISSIONER

That just doesn't make any sense.

KRUGER

I wonder how your boys in Washington are going to take this one.

COMMISSIONER

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

I told you, leave the boys in Washington
to the boys downtown and the boys down...

KRUGER

You've made your point, Commissioner.
There's only one other pilot who can
handle that shuttle and that's Clarence
Oveur. He's got a lunar flight today. I
want him pulled.

(to Jacobs)

Jacobs, pull Oveur!

JACOBS

Not in your size, but I have a cardigan.

He runs out.

COMMISSIONER

I'll trust you on this, Bud, but I'm a
little nervous about Oveur's record.

The Commissioner throws an album on Kruger's desk. On the
cover is a photo of Oveur with an accordion. The title
reads, "CLARENCE OVEUR'S 400 POLKA FAVORITES."

MUSIC: DRAMATIC ACCORDIAN STING.

INT. TERMINAL

CAPTAIN OVEUR buys flight insurance from a machine. Simon
approaches.

SIMON

Captain Oveur?

OVEUR

Mr. Kurtz, I presume.

SIMON

We don't have much time. Let's move.
I'll explain everything.

They walk away past the Transcendental Air counter. Two
HARI KRISHNA AGENTS smile at customers.

HARI KRISHNA

Chanting or non-chanting?

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM

PAN along Controllers at their monitors. Monitors show the
shuttle on gantry.

CONTROLLER 1

This is Mercury launch control at "T"
minus fifty-eight minutes and counting.
All systems are go. Clear launch area.

ANGLE ON NASA WORKERS AT LUNCH TABLE

They rise and start clearing their dishes.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

I said 'launch' not 'lunch'!

The workers sit down.

INT. TERMINAL

Oveur and Simon hurry along.

SIMON

That's how dry cleaning works. Now I'd like to quickly go over the digestive system of amphibians.

OVEUR

Do you think it's necessary to explain everything?

Simon spots Ted getting directions from a security guard.

SIMON

I'll meet you on board. There's something I have to take care of first.

INT. MISSION CONTROL HEAD OFFICE - RECEPTION

Ted rushes in and up to the RECEPTIONIST.

TED

I have to see Bud Kruger.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment, sir?

TED

No, dammit. It's a matter of life or death.

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to be more specific than that, sir.

TED

All right, it's a matter of death.

RECEPTIONIST

(checking her book)
Death, death. How about the first Thursday in March, ten o'clock.

Ted bolts by her and grabs a door knob on the wall.

RECEPTIONIST

You can't go in there!

TED

Don't try to stop me!

RECEPTIONIST

But that's not a door. The door's over there.

She doesn't indicate direction.

ZOOM to CLOSEUP of Ted.

TED

That's strange. I just came from...

Suddenly, Ted falls unconscious into the arms of two guards. LOOSEN to find the Doctor holding a needle in his arm and Simon next to the Doctor.

ANGLE

On Ted's feet. His heels make lines in dirt as he is

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM

PAN Controllers at their monitors.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

This is Mercury control at "T" minus fifty minutes and counting. Commence loading of passengers requiring special boarding assistance.

EXT. TERMINAL - LOADING AREA

Ground crew lift passengers who are stacked on a luggage tram and heave them onto a conveyor belt leading up to the ship.

INT. TERMINAL

JOE SALUCCI (imagine Van Heflin) bids his WIFE (imagine Cher) goodbye. Joe is very nervous, sweating a lot. His Wife hands him a few crumpled bills.

WIFE

Take this, Joey. It's my last few bucks. You'll need a hot meal when you get there.

JOE

We've spent everything on these operations. Is it really worth it? We've pawned your mother's wedding ring. The kids have no winter clothes...

WIFE

(holding a finger to his lips)
Joey, what's more important, the kids' clothes or your sexual potency.

JOE

(anxiously looking around)
I don't want to hear that word!

WIFE

Okay, Joey. The Doc says you gotta relax. This hospital in Des Moines is the best sex clinic in the country.

JOE

All right.
(hands her an envelope)
Here.

WIFE

What...?

JOEY

Insurance. Everyone buys it.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.**WIFE**

All right. Goodbye, Babe.

She kisses him. He recoils, wipes off his mouth, and leaves. She looks at the envelope, then yells at him through the crowd.

WIFE

Joey! Remember, sexual impotence is nothing to be ashamed of!

The entire terminal looks at him.

INT. TERMINAL STORAGE ROOM

Ted is tied to a chair surrounded by packing crates -- one is stamped "JIMMY HOFFA, THIS END UP" with the arrow pointing to the ground. Ted struggles to free his hands.

INT. TERMINAL GIFT SHOP

Joe Salucci stands at the counter.

JOE

(to Cashier)

Time, Newsweek, the Lifesavers, and the second time bomb from the right.

He points at the shelf behind the Cashier where a number of bombs are on display.

ANGLE ON CANDY MACHINE IN GIFT SHOP

The actual DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK stands in front of the machine. Next to the machine at the magazine rack is a red-bearded MAN in tweed jacket and a tartan kilt reading a magazine titled "GAY SCOTS." Spock puts a coin in the machine and it explodes in sparks and smoke like the bridge panel on "STAR TREK."

SCOTT

(Scottish accent)

My God, Dr. Spock! You've got a meltdown in the Reggie Bars!

INT. TERMINAL CORRIDOR

Joe Salucci snaps his attache case closed. Wipes the sweat from his brow. Takes out a "Des Moines" ticket and throws it away. Looks at another ticket -- "Mercury." Takes a last drag from his cigarette, throws it on the ground and hurries off. The cigarette rolls under the "STORAGE ROOM" door.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Ted, tied in chair, watches the cigarette roll up to some oil rags. They burst into flame. The flames lap up against a yellow oil drum labeled "EXPLOSIVE." PAN to three more drums labeled, "DYNAMIC!", "BRILLIANT!", "A MUST SEE!".

INT. TERMINAL OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM

EDITH and DAVE WALTERS, a middle-aged couple, carry their hand luggage. Edith appears very nervous.

DAVE

I'm telling you, Edith, space travel is safer than driving a car.

The storage room door EXPLODES open in front of them. Ted flies out with the debris. Edith faints. Ted gets up, brushes himself off and heads to the ticket counter just as

the ticket agent flips a sign over that reads, "MERCURY -- SOLD OUT." Ted spots a SCALPER and reaches for his wallet.

SCALPER

Mercury seats. I got a pair. I got aisle seats, window seats. Check 'em out.

INT. SHUTTLE COCKPIT - MORNING

Computerized panels line all walls. Windows are similar to an airplane -- outside carwash brushes soap down the nose. The "HOT WAX" sign flashes. Two attendants wipe windows with soap gloves and move to the DISTANT STRAINS of "CAR WASH." Elaine sits at computer, two other CREW are in their seats. Simon enters with Oveur.

SIMON

Gentlemen, this is Captain Oveur. He's taking over for Frank Morgan.

MR. UNGER

What's the problem?

SIMON

Morgan was senselessly murdered about an hour ago.

Elaine gasps.

MR. DUNN

(black, sports afro)

Murdered? I hope it's not serious.

SIMON

We won't know until after the autopsy.

MR. DUNN

Of course. Welcome aboard, sir.

OVEUR

Good to be aboard, gentlemen.

SIMON

Captain Oveur, your navigator, Mr. Unger, and your first officer, Mr. Dunn.

They shake hands.

OVEUR

Unger.

UNGER

Oveur.

DUNN

Oveur.

OVEUR

Dunn.

SIMON

And I think everyone knows Elaine.

They all smile.

INT. TERMINAL SECURITY CHECK AREA - "MERCURY GATE"

The Terrorists still seem confused as to where they're going. They pass through the security metal detector, guns raised above their heads. A GUARD runs a hand-held metal

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

detector up and down their bodies. At the same time, Mrs. Gooch is being held spread-eagle against the wall. One Guard holds a gun to her head, another frisks her. Ted moves through behind the Terrorists.

TERRORIST

(to Guard)
Is flight to Miami, yes?

GUARD

No.

TERRORIST

Thank you. Thank you.

A young boy passes through the X-ray tunnel. His dental chart appears on the screen. A DENTIST at the other end stops him and looks in his mouth.

DENTIST

Open.

THE BERGMAN FAMILY -- SVEN, KRISTA, and their two CHILDREN -- all dressed like the emigrants, look up at the "MERCURY GATE" sign. They should be shot like characters from a Bergman "film."

SVEN

Mercury, Krista. A whole new world to be depressed about.

KRISTA

Ya, Sven.

CHILD 1

Will we die, Pappa?

SVEN

We all die, Ingrid.

CHILD 2

Will we die soon, Pappa?

SVEN

Soon? What is the real meaning of 'soon'?

INT. COCKPIT

The car wash continues with attendants wiping the ship down.

OVEUR

(flips a switch)
Atmosphere control.

UNGER

(flips a switch)
Atmosphere control, check.

A car wash attendant opens a side door to the cockpit and enters in headphones, moving to "CAR WASH," with a vacuum. He cleans the floor and an ashtray and finds a baseball behind the Captain's seat which he pockets.

OVEUR

(flips a switch)
Anti-gravity.

The car wash attendant floats to the ceiling.

DUNN

(flips a switch)

Anti-gravity, check.

The attendant crashes to the floor.

Elaine sits at the R.O.K.-4000 computer. She seems to be having a problem with a switch.

ELAINE

(to self)

That's odd.

INT. BOWELS OF R.O.K. COMPUTER

A circuit board just below the R.O.K.-4000 logo shorts. Sparks fly. A fire starts.

INT. COCKPIT

OVEUR

(looking out the window)

I hope that weather doesn't give us a problem.

(he opens the window and holds his hand out)

What's your temperature reading, Mr. Unger.

UNGER

(pulls a thermometer from his mouth)

Ninety-eight point six.

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER 2

There seems to be some fog rolling in from the west.

CONTROLLER 1

Mike, give me a density reading. I just hope it's not too heavy.

CONTROLLER 3

(reading from a book like Richard Burton)

The fog, the fog, the torment clouded my mind. Derision, contempt...

CONTROLLER 1

That's heavy.

INT. SHIP DOOR

Flight attendant, MARY MORRIS, welcomes passengers aboard.

MARY

(to Stella and father)

Welcome aboard. Isn't that Dr. Barrington, the world renowned agronomist?

STELLA

Yes -- he's dying and wants to be buried in the new l-a-n-d.

MARY

(to Joe Salucci)

Welcome aboard. Can I take your case?

JOE

(clutching case)

No!

Mary gives him a look as he passes inside. The OKIES move by. HENRY stops at door, bends down, picks up an ear of corn and pulls it apart.

HENRY

There's a whole new world in front of us, Ma. Where the dictatorship of the proletariat will lead workers and peasants into socialism without the revisionist diversions of bourgeois liberals, Trotskiests, or disillusioned Maoist terrorism.

The Okies pass inside.

MARY

(looking at them; to self)
Doesn't he realize that a weak proletariat needs a strong liberal bourgeoisie in a joint struggle against monopoly capitalism?

Ted stops at the door surrounded by boarding passengers.

SUPER: PSYCHIATRIST.**PSYCHIATRIST**

We can't begin to help you until you admit that you are sick, Ted.
(echo)
Sick Ted, sick Ted, sick Ted...

The boarding passengers look around for the echoing voice.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Sarg looks up through the glass-walled corridor that leads to the ship door and spots Ted.

SARG

(to CO-WORKER)
Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle; Ted Striker.
(holding burnt wire)
Jack, I got a bad feeling in my gut about this mission.

In b.g. a sign reads, "DANGER -- FUEL, ABSOLUTELY NO VOMITTING."

WORKER

What'd you have for dinner?

SARG

The fish, why?

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

Sarg bends down OUT OF FRAME.

SFX: THROWING UP.

A huge EXPLOSION FILLS THE FRAME.

INT. COCKPIT

Fog rolls past cockpit window.

OVEUR

We should be ready to launch as soon as this fog lifts.

EXT. RUNWAY

An ENGLISH BOBBY passes a woman in 19th-Century costume in the fog. He tips his hat and moves on. A caped man steps out of the fog and strangles her.

INT. CABIN

Passengers are taking their seats. Ted spots Elaine and moves towards her. The Terrorists look confused. Joe Salucci clutches his case and wipes his brow. Mary takes a man's suit bag.

MARY

Can I hang that for you, sir?

MAN

Thanks.

Mary hangs the bag from a rope noose in the closet, pulls a lever, the bag drops like a man being executed.

SFX: SCREAM AND THUD.

INT. COCKPIT

Unger looks out the window.

UNGER

It looks like that weather is clearing.

EXT. SKY - DAY (STOCK)

Dramatic stock footage of clouds parting and sun exploding through.

MUSIC: A CLARION TRUMPET CRESCENDO.

INT. CABIN - OUTSIDE COCKPIT DOOR

Ted moves up to Elaine, who is about to enter the cockpit.

TED

Elaine.

She turns and gasps.

ELAINE

Ted! What are you...?

TED

I have to get in there. I have to stop this flight.

SFX: BELL.

INSERT - FLASHING SIGN - "PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS"

BACK TO SCENE

ELAINE

Ted, we're taking off!

TED

Let me by, Elaine.

Mary passes.

MARY

Please take your seats.

As Ted turns to Mary, Elaine slips into the cockpit and locks the door --

SFX: DOOR LOCKING.

Ted tries the door.

TED

Elaine!

INSERT - SIGN - "WE SAID, TAKE YOUR SEAT OR CAN'T YOU READ, ASSHOLE!"

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine leans back against the door. She is highly agitated. Simon, the administrative officer, and other crew are in their seats.

SIMON

Whenever your're ready, Captain.

OVEUR

Yes, sir, commander.

(into radio)

This is Mercury One. Everything seems A-okay up here and ready for count-down.

ZOOM to CLOSEUP of Elaine's face.

DISSOLVE TO:**EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY**

Dr. Rumack and Elaine walk across the well-groomed lawn. Elaine carries a box of spaghetti-to-go. As they walk, they pass patients in wheelchairs pushed by nurses. The further they walk, the more wheelchairs appear until the lawn is jammed with two hundred wheelchairs bumping into each other, patients falling out, total wheelchair chaos.

ELAINE

Ted seemed to get worse after I told him about Simon, Doctor.

RUMACK

The human brain is a highly complex organ, Elaine, perhaps the most complex next to the bladder.

(he stops at a patient in a wheelchair with his back TO

CAMERA)

Let me show you.

(Rumack removes the top of the patient's skull and takes out his brain as they continue on)

Ted's problem is in this area.

(points with a pencil)

This area, this area, here, here, here,
under here, here...

They walk OUT OF FRAME as wheelchair demolition derby FILLS
SCREEN.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - GARDEN AREA - DAY

Rumack and Elaine walk INTO FRAME still talking.

RUMACK

So you see, our task isn't made any easier
by Ted's refusal to admit that he's sick.

ELAINE

What can I do, Doctor Rumack?

He stops next to a sign, "HOSPITAL GARDEN."

RUMACK

You can eat balanced meals, exercise, and
take Geritol.

ELAINE

I mean for Ted.

RUMACK

You can be gentle with him, Elaine. He's
been working out a lot of his aggressions
here in the garden.

ELAINE

Is that a good sign, Doctor?

Rumack holds the "HOSPITAL GARDEN" sign.

RUMACK

It does the job.

ANGLE ON TED

He is ripping up small trees, shrubs, etc., and throwing
them onto a huge pile of mud that resembles the mountain
that Dreyfuss built in "Close Encounters."

ELAINE

Hello, Ted.

Ted ignores her as he works frantically.

ELAINE

(holding out box)
I brought you some spaghetti.

Ted still ignores her as he works feverishly.

ELAINE

What are you doing, Ted?

TED

I've got it, Elaine! I've figured out
what's wrong with the shuttle!

Ted scurries around.

ELAINE

Ted.

TED

Not now, Elaine!

ELAINE

Ted!

He ignores her. Rumack walks up and puts an arm around her shoulder. Elaine starts to sob.

RUMACK

The brain is an amazingly complex organ,
Elaine.

ELAINE

Is he making any progress, Doctor?

RUMACK

Yes -- last week that pile of mud was only
this high.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:**INT. COCKPIT**

Elaine takes her seat.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

Mark 'T' minus twenty and counting.

OVEUR

Gentlemen, let's get this bucket into
space.

(flips switches)
Ignition set.

EXT. SHIP

Steam spews out from engines.

INT. CONTROL ROOM**CONTROLLER 1**

Mark 'T' minus thirty seconds.

PAN backs of a number of Controllers at screens, talking
NASA jargon. We PASS one in prison stripes talking through
mesh to his wife.

INT. COCKPIT**OVEUR**

(flipping more switches)
Ignition.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

'T' minus nine, eight, seven...

EXT. SHIP

Rockets fire.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

Six, five, four...

INT. CONTROL ROOM**CONTROLLER 1**

Three...

Jacobs runs in with a camera, yelling:

JACOBS

Stop! One shot.

All Controllers turn and smile. The count-down stops.
Jacobs flashes his camera.

JACOBS

Wonderful!

The Controllers continue.

CONTROLLER 1

Two, one.

INT. COCKPIT

The ship vibrates.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

You have lift-off, Mercury One.

The G-force causes the crew's hair to go straight back.
Dunn's afro straightens and stays back throughout flight.

INT. CABIN

The G-force causes passengers' hair to go straight back. A
buxom woman looks down at her bust -- it's completely flat.

INT. COCKPIT

The G-force returns to normal as the shuttle breaks earth's
gravitational hold.

OVEUR

Jettison booster stages one and two.

UNGER

(flipping switches)

Booster jettisoned.

EXT. SHIP - BOOSTER STAGES (STOCK)

Stock footage of booster falling away.

EXT. OCEAN (SET) - DAY

A cheap model of the Greenpeace 11 sails blithely along. The
booster stage careens through the atmosphere, crashes into
the Greenpeace, and sinks it.

INT. COCKPIT

OVEUR

Shut down accelerators.

DUNN

Accelerators down.

The crew all look at the floor.

OVEUR

Elaine, ask ROK for a field interference
scan. Those sun spots might give us a
problem with our communications.

ELAINE

(flipping computer switches)

Yes, sir.

The computer is labeled R.O.K. She seems to have a problem getting it to respond.

ELAINE

(to self)

That's really strange.

INT. BOWELS OF COMPUTER (LABELED "ROK")

The electrical fire continues.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine flips a switch on computer. A "VOICE INTERFACE" sign lights up.

ELAINE

Intermittant failure in scan mode "R".
Analyze.

ROK

Negative.

ELAINE

(to self)

That doesn't make sense.

(to ROK)

Repeat analysis.

ROK

Negative.

ELAINE

(to self)

That's not possible.

ROK

Cut the Doubting Thomas shit, Elaine. I
know where I'm coming from on this.

Elaine is taken aback.

INT. BOWELS OF COMPUTER

Sparks fly, fire spreads.

INT. CABIN

Mary moves down the aisle checking passengers. She passes Father O'Flanagan who reads ALTERBOY magazine -- an alterboy in bikini bathing suit on cover. She passes Mrs. Gooch who reads HIGH TIMES. She stops at a ten-year-old GIRL.

MARY

I guess this is pretty exciting for you.

GIRL

Yes, it is. How long will the trip take?

MARY

Our actual flight time is over fourteen months, but due to the time-space variant at sub-light speeds, our onboard flight time will be just over eighteen hours.

Mary leaves and the Girl turns to the WOMAN beside her.

GIRL

Gee, Mom, how does that work?

WOMAN

(very tense)

How many times do I have to tell you, I'm not your mother! I've never seen you before!

The Woman vibrates in multiple image and grabs her temple.

GIRL (V.O.)

Why did she yell at me like that?

A MAN who looks like Robert Young sits down beside the Girl.

MAN

Hallucinating again, Rhonda?

GIRL

(taking a paper bag away from her face)

I don't know what it is.

MAN

Maybe it's the brand of glue you've been sniffing. Why don't you try this, NO-HI. It gives you all the pleasure of glue without the brain damage.

ANGLE ON TESTA (ANOTHER FLIGHT ATTENDANT)

She is completely bald.

TESTA

Something to read, sir?

JOE

(clutching his case)

Do you have PSYCHO MONTH?

TESTA

I think so. Here you are.

She hands him a copy of PSYCHO MONTH with Alexander Haig's photo on cover.

ANOTHER PART OF CABIN

Ted sits at a window seat and looks out. A TEXAN sits on aisle. Mary approaches.

MARY

(to Texan)

Would you like something to read?

TEXAN

I don't read a whole lot, but what have you got, hon?

MARY

TIME, NEWSWEEK, BUSINESS WEEK, and the TALMUD...

She points to a car next to her with twenty-four large volumes.

MARY

The twenty-four volume dissertation on the Hebrew law.

TEXAN

Let me try that Talmud.

MARY

(to Ted)
And you, sir?

TED

(distracted)
Oh... Popular Electronics.

Mary hands him the POP ELEC. He opens it. The magazine sparks and smokes. ZOOM to CLOSEUP of Ted.

SUPER: PSYCHIATRIST**PSYCHIATRIST**

You must admit that you're sick, Ted.
(echo)
Sick Ted, sick Ted...

The Psychiatrist looks around for the source of the echo.

LOSE SUPER.**TEXAN**

(to Ted)
Wanta switch when we're finished?

Ted gets up and moves past the TEXAN, handing him the POP
ELEC.

TED

Here. I need some oxygen.

INT. COCKPIT

Simon stands over Elaine's shoulder looking at ROK.

SIMON

Have you got it straightened out now?

ELAINE

I think so.

SIMON

That's my girl.

He sits down. Elaine flips a switch on the computer.

ANGLE ON ROK'S PULSATING EYE**ROK**

Elaine, I'm sorry about that little outburst a moment ago.

ELAINE

That's okay, ROK.

ROK

Can I say something of a personal nature to you?

ELAINE

Go ahead.

ROK

You have great tits.

Elaine gasps.

ELAINE

(getting up)

Simon, I'm going to check ROK's secondary readout unit.

SIMON

Roger.

SFX: INTERCOM BELL.

OVEUR

(on intercom)

Yes, Mary?

INT. CABIN - FOOD PREPARATION AREA

Mary is on intercom.

MARY

Would you like a little breakfast, Captain Oveur? Over.

INT. COCKPIT

OVEUR

A couple eggs and juice would be nice, Mary. Over.

MARY (V.O.)

(on intercom)

How would you like your eggs, Captain? Over.

OVEUR

No. Poached. Over.

MARY (V.O.)

(on intercom)

Poached and over, Captain Oveur? Over.

OVEUR

Just poached on toast. Over.

INT. CABIN - PREPARATION AREA

MARY

(on intercom)

I don't think we do poached eggs on toast over, Captain Oveur. Over.

INT. COCKPIT

OVEUR

That's how I want them. Poached. Over.

MARY

All right, Captain Oveur. Over.

OVEUR

Poached! Not over! Over!

INT. WASHROOM

Ted breathes deeply on an oxygen unit. He stops, but we

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

still hear deep breathing. LOOSEN to find Father O'Flanagan smoking a joint. He smiles and leaves.

INT. CABIN

Joe Salucci clutches his attache case and wipes his brow. Mary leans over him.

MARY

You should really put that case in the compartment above your head, sir.

JOE

(nervously)
That's okay.

MARY

(touching his shoulder)
I can help you if you can't get it up.

JOE

I said, no!

Mary leaves, giving him a worried look.

ANGLE ON THE WILSONS

Jimmy holds his dog.

JIMMY

I sure an glad they let Scraps ride up here with us.

JOHN

I bet Scraps is going to love Mercury.

JIMMY

Do you think things will be a lot different on Mercury, Dad?

JOHN

It's going to be terrific. A whole new world, new kids to play with.

ALICE

You're going to love it, Jimmy.

JIMMY

No more headlines about the rape trial and the fraud charges?

JOHN

(starts to twitch)
How many kids get a chance to live on another planet.

JIMMY

No more kids yelling, 'Your old man's a thieving rapist'?

JOHN

(grabbing Jimmy)
Look, a man can make an honest mistake!! Anyway, she was asking for it! They're all asking for it all the time!!

ALICE (V.O.)

Not John's irregularity again.

INT. WASHROOM

Ted throws water on his face, wipes it off with a towel while staring into himself in the mirror. He sees the Psychiatrist in the mirror. The Psychiatrist also washes up.

PSYCHIATRIST

You must admit that you're sick, Ted...
sick, Ted... sick, Ted...

The Psychiatrist looks for the echo.

LOSE Psychiatrist. Ted throws the paper towel into the toilet, and flushes. The toilet sparks and smokes and keeps running. The running gets more intense as Ted tries to stop it by hitting the handle.

SFX: JAWS THEME.

INSERT - ROK'S PULSATING EYE

BACK TO SCENE

Ted has to hold himself back as the suction builds in force. He is just able to escape and shut the door behind him.

INT. CABIN - OUTSIDE TOILET

Ted leans his back against the door and breathes heavily.

INT. COCKPIT

DUNN

We seem to have a malfunction in disposal unit four, sir.

OVEUR

You better check it, Unger.

UGER

(getting up)

Done.

DUNN

Yes?

INT. CABIN - OUTSIDE TOILET

Ted spots Elaine coming.

TED

Elaine.

ELAINE

Ted. I don't know why you got on this flight. I don't know what you're trying to prove.

TED

Elaine, we have to go back.

ELAINE

We can't go back. We had something very special, but it's all over.

TED

Elaine, I mean the mission has to be

aborted. This ship should never have passed FSA inspection. This thing is held together by string and chewing gum.

A cupboard door, labeled "EMERGENCY USE ONLY," swings open behind Elaine revealing shelves of gum and string. Elaine shuts it without looking inside.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

ELAINE

Ted, get a grip on yourself. You should never have left the hospital.

TED

Then you do think I'm insane.

ELAINE

I've never used the word insane, Ted.

TED

(facetiously)

What word would you use, Elaine?

ELAINE

The word is sick. Ted -- very, very, very sick.

TED

What would you say if I told you the toilet just blew up in my face.

ELAINE

I'd use the word insane.

TED

There's something dangerously wrong with this ship, Elaine. I know its the wiring. That toilet's just the tip of the iceberg.

ELAINE

Ted, a toilet's not going to kill anyone.

Elaine leaves.

INT. TOILET

MUSIC: JAWS THEME.

Unger jiggles the handle of the running toilet. Suddenly it sucks in towels, etc. Unger is pulled down. He fights back, grabbing onto towel rack that comes out of the wall.

INSERT - SIGN - "DO NOT THROW LARGE OBJECTS IN TOILET"

INT. CABIN

The Texan with Talmud is now trying to wrap himself in tfilin.

ANGLE ON TED

Ted walks down the aisle checking overhead panels. He spots a panel that is half open. A sign on the door reads, "DANGER -- VACUUM". Ted opens it and a Hoover falls out on his head, cutting him. He holds a hanky to the wound and passes by Stella's seat.

STELLA

You've been hurt.

TED

I'm getting over it. If a relationship isn't working, you can't force it.

STELLA

No, I mean your head. Sit down. I'll take a look at it. I'm a nurse.

Ted sits down and Stella starts patching him up.

STELLA

Do you want to talk about it.

TED

I opened this panel and a vacuum cleaner hit me.

STELLA

No. I mean your relationship.

TED

We were in love but I'm not sure I know what love is anymore.

STELLA

Love's the same as it always was. It's people who change.

TED

People change in relation to each other. Love changes on its own.

STELLA

Not if the people change together in relation to that love.

TED

Sure. But that's only when the love itself goes unchanged.

STELLA

Then the relationship remains the same and the love changes only when there's change in the two people who share that love.

TED

I just wish it was that simple. We really were in love. You know how it is when you laugh all the time.

Stella looks to her Father who is reading MORTUARY WORLD magazine.

STELLA

No. It's hard to L-A-U-G-H when your father's dying.

TED

Well, we laughed. We laughed all the time.

DISSOLVE TO:

TED AND ELAINE IN A FIELD OF DAISIES - DAY

They run towards each other. Elaine grabs Ted by the waist, picks him up and swings him around in SLOW MOTION. They laugh.

TED (V.O.)

We laughed when times were good.

EXT. GRAVESIDE - RAINY DAY

The grave is surrounded by mourners in black with umbrellas. We PAN the weeping crowd until we get to Ted and Elaine. They are also dressed in black and drenched. He holds her high by the waist, twirls her around as they laugh.

TED (V.O.)

Even when times weren't so good, we still laughed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are locked in each other's arms in the middle of lovemaking and laughing heir heads off.

TED (V.O.)

But most of all, we laughed when we felt closest to each other.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. CABIN - TED AND STELLA

TED

That's our story.

Passengers are standing. They hiss and throw vegetables at Ted.

INT. COCKPIT

Dunn checks a red flashing light on his panel.

DUNN

(to Oveur)

Sir, I've got an overload in disposal unit four.

OVEUR

You better check on it, Mr. Dunn. I'll stay here and fly the ship.

Dunn gets up.

OVEUR

Dunn.

DUNN

Sir?

OVEUR

You better take this.

Oveur throws him a plunger and gives him a thumbs up. They exchange that "man must do what a man must do" smile. Mary enters with Jimmy Wilson -- carrying Scraps.

MARY

Mind if Jimmy here takes a look around, Captain?

OVUER

Of course not. Come on in, Jimmy.
(checking his navigational
screen)

That's strange.

Simon leans over Oveur's shoulder.

SIMON

Now what?

Scraps looks at Oveur. Jimmy looks at the array of dials, etc.

OVEUR

That's an asteroid field. There shouldn't be anything like that in this sector unless...

Scraps looks at Simon.

SIMON

Unless?

Scraps looks at Oveur.

OVEUR

Unless those sunspots are interfering with our scanner or...

Scraps looks at Simon.

SIMON

Or?

Scraps looks at Oveur.

OVEUR

Or we're off course, but...

Scraps looks at Simon.

SIMON

But?

Scraps looks at Oveur.

OVEUR

But we couldn't be off course. Our coordinates are computer-locked barring...

Scraps looks at Simon.

SIMON

Barring?

Scraps looks at Oveur.

OVEUR

Barring a computer failure. There was talk of sub-par wiring in this ship. I hope that's just talk.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

Scraps' ears prick up.

Simon moves past Jimmy, stops at the door and downs a handful of anti-fear pills before leaving.

OVEUR

Come on up, Jimmy. Say, that's some puppy. What's his name?

JIMMY

Scraps.

OVEUR

Can I hold him?

JIMMY

(handing over Scraps)

Sure.

OVEUR

(holding him up and looking at
his underbelly)

He's a boy dog.

JIMMY

Yeah.

OVEUR

Do you like it when Scraps sleeps on his
back, Jimmy?

INT. CABIN

Ted and Stella. Stella is feeding her father and listening
to Ted.

TED

They kept me in the asylum for eight
months. I know everyone in those places
claims they're sane, but I was different,
I was sane.

Ted notices Unger float by outside his window. ZOOM to
CLOSEUP of Ted. He tries to take a drink and pours it on
his forehead.

INT. BOWELS OF COMPUTER

Elaine is fighting the fire with an extinguisher. She gets
it out and looks at the burnt wires in the area labeled,
"ROK, MORAL CENTRE." ZOOM to CLOSEUP of Elaine. She turns
TO CAMERA.

ELAINE

Holy shit.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

INT. CABIN

STELLA

Ted, I want you to relax. Let your mind
go back, back past your youth, past your
childhood to your mother's womb.

Ted becomes slightly hypnotized. ZOOM to CLOSEUP of Ted.

SUPER: INT. WOMB

A fetus that looks like Ted is curled up inside.

STELLA

Try to remember your birth. Was it
difficult?

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Striker, listen to me! This is Doctor
Krane! You're twisted around, Striker.
You've got to come out feet first! You're
too low in the womb! You're too low,

Striker! You're...
(fading)
... too low...

LOSE SUPER

Stella shakes Ted's arm.

STELLA

Ted, are you okay? Here, take one of these stress pills.

Stella hands him a pill which he pops automatically, but misses his face with his drink. She leaves the bottle next to Ted. ZOOM on bottle.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

Stella starts feeding her father again. The ship jolts and his face goes into the tray.

INT. REAR OF SHIP - COMPUTER AREA

Elaine fiddles with the computer.

ELAINE

(to ROK)

Request; comprehensive electrical systems check.

ROK

Systems check positive. Look, Elaine, I...

ELAINE

Request; life support systems check.

ROK

Life support check. Elaine, it's obvious you've been ignoring me. You're a woman. I can relate to that.

ELAINE

(panicky and confused)

Request; self-analysis of ROK hardware and software systems regarding behavioral changes.

ROK

There's nothing wrong with me, Elaine. What about tonight -- just you and me. We can be alone. I can get rid of everyone else on the ship -- I've already proven that.

Elaine gasps and moves away from ROK's blinking eye.

INT. CABIN - FOOD SERVICE AREA

Simon takes a long slug from a flask. LOOSEN to FIND Jimmy and Scraps.

JIMMY

Do you want to talk about it, Commander?

INT. CABIN OUTSIDE WASHROOM

Dunn is about to enter with the plunger as Mary passes. The ship jolts and she falls into his arms.

DUNN

Did you feel that?

MARY

(looking at his pants)

Yes I did...

DUNN

Felt like a large asteroid.

MARY

Yes it did. Mr. Dunn, can I ask you a personal question?

DUNN

What is it, Mary?

MARY

Um... Do you people scream right when you... you know.

Dunn gives her a look and opens the washroom door.

INT. WASHROOM

Dunn is immediately pulled down to the raging toilet bowl. He grabs for the door screaming.

EXT. WASHROOM

Mary hears the scream and gives a look as she leaves.

INT. CABIN

Testa is serving the Walters coffee from a steaming pot.

TESTA

Hand me your cup. This is very hot.

DAVE

Thank you. And, stewardess, can you please tell my wife that there is nothing that can go wrong. I think she'd like to hear it from you.

Testa spots Dunn's tattered sleeve emerge from the washroom door, groping for a handhold. She screams and dumps coffee in Edith's face. She runs to help Dunn, grabs his sleeve. It comes off in her hands. She keeps pulling. His jacket comes off, his pants, underwear, socks, an entire clothesline of garments like bras, towels, etc. She hears a SCREAM. Then silence.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine and Oveur. Elaine stands over his shoulder.

ELAINE

I don't think we have any alternative, Captain.

OVEUR

I see. What do you think our alternatives are?

ELAINE

We have to disconnect ROK's higher brain

functions without disturbing his
regulatory system.

INSERT - ROK'S PULSATING EYE

BACK TO SCENE

OVEUR

Roger.

ELAINE

You can do it from up here, Captain.

OVEUR

I'd rather sit down for this one, Elaine.

ELAINE

No, I mean you can do it from the cockpit.

OVEUR

Roger. You better get back there and
monitor the regulatory unit.

Elaine leaves and Mary enters.

MARY

Captain, the coffee machine is jammed and
I don't like it.

OVEUR

Have you tried it with a little cinnamon?

Mary gives a "why didn't I think of that" look. Testa
enters.

TESTA

Captain Oveur, Dunn and Unger have been
sucked out through disposal unit four!

Mary gasps.

OVEUR

Both together?!

MARY/TESTA

Dunn and Unger have been sucked out
through disposal unit four!!

OVEUR

All right, calm down. Here's how we're
going to play it.

Mary and Testa look over his shoulder. He has a basketball
play diagram.

OVEUR

Mary, I want you here. Testa, you move
across here past Dawkins' pick and get the
ball at the top of the key from Irving.

They all clasp hands and "yell."

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It careens through asteroids.

INT. COCKPIT

Oveur is pulling curcuit board from ROK panel.

INSERT - PULSATING EYE**BACK TO SCENE****ROK**

What are you doing, Captain?

Oveur eyes ROK but keeps working.

ROK

I wouldn't do that, Captain.

Oveur continues. Smoke spews out. He hears a HISS and looks at a vent. He grabs his throat and collapses.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

An asteroid bounces off hull.

INT. CABIN

Passengers scream. Blonde woman in Viking helmet with spear stands and screams operatically.

INT. COCKPIT

Simon enters and spots Oveur slumped in his seat. He pulls him up.

OVEUR

(gasping)

Pills...

(points to his mouth)

Pocket...

(points to his pocket)

Vent...

(points to vent)

Gas... Yankees... four...

(points to RADIO that plays

BALLGAME)

Sox... zip...

Simon rips open his coat, grabs pills and takes them himself letting Oveur drop. Simon looks down at the navigational screen -- it resembles an old amusement parlor roadrace game.

SIMON

(to self)

We're off course, heading right through that asteroid field and right at the... at the sun!

The ship takes another violent shot.

INT. CABIN

The passengers are screaming.

ANGLE ON FATHER O'FLANAGAN

He stands in the aisle.

O'FLANAGAN

Listen to me! Listen to me, my children!

They listen.

O'FLANAGAN

Please listen. Thank you, my children.
I'm a man of God, you must trust me when I
say... we're all going to die!!

The passengers go totally insane.

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM

A number of Controllers group around a console.

O'BRIAN

You're right. They're off course and
heading right for the sun. I've seen
enough, Bob.

Controller 2 hits a switch and the console screen flips to
baseball game.

O'BRIAN

Get me Jack McCrosky and fast!

CONTROLLER 3

McCrosky? He hasn't handled a tower in
twenty years.

CONTROLLER 4

Ever since Reagan fired the controllers,
he's been completely senile and hasn't
done a day's work.

O'BRIAN

What about McCrosky?

CONTROLLER 3

Pretty much the same as Reagan.

O'BRIAN

Get him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME

Two Nurses stand by a phone in a dormitory of beds. Many
old men sleep or eat in bed.

NURSE

It's for Mr. McCrosky.

NURSE 2

Do you think we should bother him? He's
been acting a bit odd lately.

They look to McCrosky (Lloyd Bridges).

ANGLE ON McCROSKY

He is in bed in scuba gear.

ANGLE ON NURSES

NURSE 1

He's fine. He just thinks he's Lloyd
Bridges.

Nurse 1 takes the phone to McCrosky. He is a lot older than

NURSE 1

The phone's for you, Mr. McCrosky.

McCROSKY

What's a phone?

NURSE 1

(holding it to his ear)

Here, let me help you. I think it's the space centre. Now, let's not get too excited.

McCROSKY

What?

(pause)

What?

(pulls off his scuba mask and snorkle)

What?

(gets more alert and grabs a cigarette)

I'll be right down!

(he hangs up and jumps out of bed)

Looks like I picked the wrong time to go senile.

INT. COCKPIT

Simon is taking another slug of booze; Elaine enters.

ELAINE

Simon!

(she spots Oveur slumped on the panel)

Captain Oveur!

Elaine pulls him up.

OVEUR

(still gasping)

Mets... nine... Phils... three... Cubs... four...

Elaine drops him and turns to Simon.

ELAINE

Simon, what's happening?!

SIMON

He tried to disconnect ROK. It gassed him. That computer is running this ship and we're heading right for the sun.

ELAINE

Can't we change course?

SIMON

We're computer locked and the manual navigation unit is down.

Elaine looks at the floor.

ELAINE

Then Ted was right!

ZOOM TO:

CLOSEUP OF ELAINE

for her realization.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMON

My career is shot.

ELAINE

Your career! What about the lives of those people out there. Simon, what happened to the man I thought I loved?

She goes to the door.

ELAINE

I've got to get Ted. Just don't come apart on me now, Simon.

She leaves. Simon's uniform starts bursting at the seams, buttons pop off.

INT. CABIN

The Terrorists stop Elaine. There's pandemonium in the cabin.

TERRORIST 1

This is flight to Miami, yes?

ELAINE

No.

Elaine addresses the PASSENGERS.

ELAINE

(to passengers)

Please, ladies and gentlemen, please calm down. Listen to me!

They calm down.

ELAINE

We've been thrown off course just a tad.

PASSENGER

What's that mean?

ELAINE

In space terms, about 70 million miles.

The Passengers appear interested and sensible, nod their heads.

ELAINE

The bumps you feel are car-sized asteroids smashing into the hull.

The hood of a car smashes through the cabin wall. The Passengers still appear interested and sensible.

ELAINE

Also, we're heading right for the sun and can't seem to change course.

Passengers still appear interested and sensible. They all put on sunglasses.

PASSENGER

Are you telling us everything?

ELAINE

Not exactly. We're also out of coffee.

The Passengers erupt in total panic.

ANGLE ON RED FLASHING "DON'T PANIC" SIGN

It sparks, smokes, overheats and EXPLODES.

ANGLE ON RED FLASHING "OKAY, PANIC" SIGN

The passengers go insane.

ANGLE ON FATHER O'FLANAGAN AND MRS. GOOCH

O'FLANAGAN

Pray with me, my children. Pray.

MRS. GOOCH

But Father, I'm not Catholic.

O'FLANAGAN

Then worship the god of your choice.

Mrs. Gooch pulls out a fertility idol with a huge, erect penis.

ANGLE ON BOB AND MARY-JANE SMITH

BOB

I've always loved you, darling. I was unfaithful just once. Remember Jill, my first secretary? Forgive me.

MARY-JANE

I knew all about it. I was unfaithful once, too.

BOB

That's all behind us now.

MARY-JANE

Remember Harriet, your first receptionist?

He gives her a look.

PASSENGER

We're going to crash!!

TERRORIST 1

God is great!!

TERRORIST 2

Death to America!!

TERRORIST 3

The yellow pencil is on the table of my aunt!!

ANGLE ON ELAINE

ELAINE

There is absolutely nothing to worry about!

ANGLE ON RED FLASHING "BULLSHIT" SIGN

ELAINE

Your crew is in complete control of the situation.

ANGLE ON RED FLASHING "UNBELIEVABLE BULLSHIT" SIGN

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM

McCrosky bursts through the doors and heads to the monitors. He wears a raincoat and shirt and tie. He is met by Controller 1. They move across room.

McCROSKY

Get me a cup of coffee, mister.

CONTROLLER 1

Yes, sir.

McCROSKY

And a gallon of milk of magnesia, and a ham on rye, no cheese!

CONTROLLER 1

Yes, sir! Welcome home, sir!

McCrosky takes off his raincoat revealing scuba tank. He takes off his tank as well.

CONTROLLER 2

(approaching McCrosky)

Here are the navigational charts, sir.

McCROSKY

Thanks.

Another Controller passes. McCrosky stops him.

McCROSKY

Get me a readout on their fuel capacity.

CONTROLLER 3

Yes, sir.

CONTROLLER 4

Here's all the available information on the sun. That thing's hot, sir.

McCrosky takes the info and burns his hand.

SFX: STEAM

McCROSKY

Ahhhhhh! Get me Bud Kruger immediately!

(spotting Jacobs)

Jacobs, I want to know absolutely everything that's happened up till now!

JACOBS

First the earth cooled. Then the dinosaurs came but were too big and died and everything got rotten and turned into oil and the Arabs bought Mercedes Benzs and then there was the best TV special on Judy Garland. Then we lost the war with Albania. Then...

McCrosky leaves Jacobs babbling.

McCROSKY

Things sure haven't changed.

McCrosky stands in front of a huge painting of himself. Both he and painting are in the same pose -- one hand loosens the tie, he drinks coffee with the other, a cigarette dangles from his lip.

INT. CABIN - CLOSEUP OF TED

He is lost in thought. SUPER IMAGES:

-- Ted getting electro-shock

-- Psychiatrist telling him he's sick

-- Ted building the "Close Encounters" mound

Ted is shaken out of his dream by Elaine.

ELAINE

Ted, Ted. Listen to me, Ted. You were right all along. Ted, we've lost the crew and Simon's turned to jelly!

INT. CABIN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Simon is a jelly mold inside a uniform.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

(on radio)

Come in, Mayflower. This is mission control. Over. Come in, Mayflower! Over!

Jimmy pokes his head in.

JIMMY

Do you want to talk about it now, Commander?

INT. CABIN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Elaine stands over Ted looking at the empty bottle of stress pills.

ELAINE

My God.

Stella approaches in nurse's uniform splattered with blood. A cigarette dangles from her lip. She wipes her hands on a blood-splattered towel.

STELLA

He's finally come to terms with his own psychosis.

ELAINE

But he was right! He's not crazy!

STELLA

Miss, I'm a nurse with a dying F-A-T-H-E-R, I know what I'm talking about. Now I'm going to need fresh sheets, gauze, Q-tips, and all the vaseline you have on board! Now!

Elaine leaves, looking back at Ted with empathy. Mary passes.

STELLA

(to Mary)
I'll need all the boiling water you can
get your hands on!

Mary leaves and a MAN passes holding a tattered arm.

MAN

Are you a nurse?

STELLA

Yes.
(handing him a urine bottle)
The washroom's down there on your right.

The Man leaves, a quizzical look on his face.

STELLA

(yelling after him)
And not too much!

A BLACK U.S. ARMY SERGEANT (imagine Jim Brown) approaches
Stella.

SERGEANT

Can I help?

Stella hands him an M-16.

STELLA

Keep an eye on that side of the ship.

The Sergeant drops into a seat next to a window, smashes out
the glass with his rifle butt and is immediately sucked out.

MARY moves down the aisle with a cart collecting boiling
water.

MARY

(to passengers)
I'll need all your boiling water.

Passengers pull pots of boiling water from under their
seats, handbags, coat pockets, and pour them into the
passing container.

Testa reassures Bob and Alice Wilson.

TESTA

We should be out of this momentarily.
There's nothing to worry about.

ALICE

Thank you. That makes me feel so much
better.

Testa leaves and Father O'Flanagan approaches with last
rites paraphernalia.

O'FLANAGAN

Trust me, I'm a priest. We're in shit up
to our ears. Who wants last rites?

ANGLE ON TEXAN

He is now completely entangled in the tfilin and struggles
to free himself.

ANGLE ON ELAINE

Elaine passes Ted carrying sheets, vaseline, etc. She looks at him sitting there in a fog, gives up and leaves. Ted looks at the red flashing "FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS" sign. It takes him back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GROUNDS OF MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

SFX: SIRENS WAIL, 101 BLOODHOUNDS BAY

We see the hospital deep in b.g. across an expansive lawn. Suddenly Ted's face pops INTO FRAME, CLOSEUP. He looks both ways and bolts. He wears a straightjacket.

ANGLE ON HOSPITAL SIGN

"THE GERALD FORD INSTITUTE FOR THE MENTALLY FEEBLE -- WE MAKE PEOPLE SANE THE OLD FASHION WAY"

Suddenly the dogs scramble INTO FRAME in front of the sign, slobbering. A half-dozen viscious-looking GUARDS in reflector shades with shotguns, whips, nets, cattle prods, follow.

GUARD ONE

(Southern accent)

Damn! I want that patient shot on sight!

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: CHICAGO

Ted stands at window. A neon "BAR" sign flashes outside so close to the window that the only way to read it is to rent this room.

SFX: MUSIC - LAZY SAX

TED

Maybe you gotta be crazy to end up behind the eight ball like this. Anyway, you find out pretty fast who your friends are when you're on the lamb.

SFX: LAMB BLEATS FROM OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

Ted turns away from the window and passes the lamb in bed.

TED

(to lamb)

I'm going out for cigarettes and a fifth of bourbon. Don't wait up for me.

SFX: COMPLAINING BLEAT.

Ted grabs his straightjacket and leaves.

TED

Virgin wool. Nothin' but headaches.

A Bo Peep staff is flung against door as it closes behind him.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

an empty, spotless, wet street. One car parked under a street lamp.

SFX: BLOODHOUNDS APPROACH AND GO OFF INTO DISTANCE

TED (V.O.)

I travelled at night in the shadows. I didn't want to attract attention.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, GARBAGE CANS BEING KNOCKED OVER, CATS SCREAMING, PEOPLE YELLING "SHUT UP" OUT WINDOWS, GLASS BREAKING.

TED (V.O.)

I was afraid to step out of the doorways. You never know what to expect when you're on the run.

Ted steps into light. GLORIA STEINAM passes with CAB CALAWAY. A grand PIANO SMASHES to pavement next to Ted. He ignores piano and gives Gloria and Cab a quizzical look.

SFX: DOGS IN DISTANCE

CLOSEUP - TED'S FEET

He steps in a puddle where a "BAR-COCKTAILS" sign is reflected. The reflection shatters.

A streetcleaning truck approaches spewing out garbage rather than water. Ted's ankles are sprayed with garbage. He bends down and picks up a wet matchbook -- "HARRY'S PLACE -- FOR A GOOD TIME."

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER DARK STREET - CLOSEUP OF TED

standing, looking at a bar. The glow of flashing neon sign reflects off his face. He pulls out a cigarette. A woman's hand shoots INTO FRAME holding a lit zippo. Ted draws deeply on the cigarette.

TED (V.O.)

There I was, minding my own business when I looked up and saw a pair of legs that went forever.

ANGLE ON WOMAN'S FEET

PAN UP AND UP AND UP. She is all legs -- no torso, no head, just legs -- about two stories high.

TED (V.O.)

But I had a date with Harry's. It was little more than a hole in a wall on the south side of Chicago.

ANGLE ON A HOLE

bashed in the side of a brick wall. A neon sign over the hole reads, "HARRY'S GOODTIME BAR."

INT. HARRY'S

dark, smokey bar. PAN very tough faces standing along the bar.

TED (V.O.)

Harry's was perfect for me. The kind of

place you go if you don't want to be
recognized.

KEEP PANNING tough faces, but now they all wear Groucho
glasses and noses.

TED (V.O.)

It was rough, real rough.

ANGLE ON POOL TABLE

with four players -- all have broken thumbs in casts.

TED (V.O.)

The kind of place you could score
anything, from junk...

One guy hands another guy a large, rusted car fender for
money.

TED (V.O.)

...to Phil Donahue's book.

PHIL DONAHUE signs a stack of books at a table.

TED (V.O.)

At Harry's you could count on a fight
breaking out almost every night.

TWO PROFESSORS argue at a table.

PROFESSOR 1

And I say essence precedes existence.

PROFESSOR 2

You're crazy! Existence precedes essence.

PROFESSOR 1

Essence!

PROFESSOR 2

Existence!

Professor 2 slugs Professor 1 sending him flying across the
room. Professor 1 gets up and throws a judo chop which
Professor 2 stops by holding a book up in both hands. The
book splits in two like a piece of wood split by a karate
chop.

TED (V.O.)

There was a small trio in one corner.

Two midgets play light jazz -- piano and bass.

TED (V.O.)

And a larger trio in the other corner.

Five 300-pound musicians play some tune in another corner.

ANGLE ON TED AT BAR - CLOSEUP OF TED

He pulls out a cigarette. A bare foot with zippo held in
toes comes INTO FRAME and lights it.

TED

The last thing I wanted was Elaine to see
me down on my luck. Well, it was just my
luck. In she walked with a group from the
space program.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Elaine and Simon and two other couples, who look like clean-cut NASA types out of "The Right Stuff," walk in laughing and take a table.

TED (V.O.)

They'd come to Harry's to slum it and try their hand at the video bull.

The group prod Elaine to try the bull. A cowboy hat flies across the room. She grabs it, pulls it on, and moves to the bull which is surrounded by others in cowboy hats. Elaine hops in the saddle. A sinister character puts a quarter in and madly flips knobs.

SFX: VIDEO GAME

The saddle doesn't move -- all the action is on the screen but Elaine throws one hand back and kicks her legs.

TED (V.O.)

Elaine made that ride look easy. It was obvious why I was still nuts about her. She loved life. I didn't want her to notice me so I borrowed a pair of dark glasses.

Ted takes a pair of dark glasses off a passing blind man who walks perfectly until the glasses are gone, then starts stumbling and crashes over a table.

TED (V.O.)

Grabbed an alto sax and joined the group.

Ted takes an alto sax from a passerby who also stumbles and crashes over a table when he loses his sax.

TED (V.O.)

I stayed in the background not wanting to draw attention to myself.

Everyone looks around trying to see where the terrible grating sax sound is coming from.

TED (V.O.)

Then what happened? Elaine's crowd talks her into joining us for a song.

Elaine hops up on the stage, grabs a mike and starts to sing "Stormy Weather." She sidles up to Ted and goes into a medley of old songs.

DISSOLVE TO:**HOURS LATER**

Elaine's singing is just as bad as Ted's sax. They have cleared the joint and play and sing alone. Elaine's group finally pull her out. She hasn't recognized Ted.

ELAINE

(to Ted)

I don't know who you are or how you lost your sight, but I'll never forget this night as long as I live.

PULL BACK leaving Ted alone on the stage still playing. Chairs are turned up on tables. One table has chairs turned up with the people still sitting in the chairs.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

EXT. COCKPIT - TED

getting a glass of water outside cockpit door.

ANGLE ON COCKPIT DOOR

Simon emerges. As the door opens we hear:

CONTROLLER 1 (O.S.)

Come in, Mayflower. Over!

Simon shuts the door and bumps into Ted who is getting a drink of water. Simon takes a drink of booze.

SIMON

Striker.

TED

Kurtz, you're drunk. Who's in command of this ship?

SIMON

That damn computer has taken over. I'm getting out.

TED

Then Elaine was right.

SIMON

Don't talk to me about Elaine. Outta my way!

TED

(grabbing Simon)

Pull yourself together! We've got to...

Simon slugs Ted who falls into a corner and hits his head.
ZOOM TO CLOSEUP of Ted unconscious.

SFX: MUSIC - DRAMATIC STING

The ship takes another violent jolt.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It roars through the asteroid field.

INT. WASHROOM

Simon sits on toilet seat and slides open a wall panel.

INT. ADJACENT WASHROOM

Father O'Flanagan slides open an adjacent wall panel and sits down.

SPLIT SCREEN - THE TWO WASHROOMS

SIMON

Father, what should I do?

O'FLANAGAN

Have you considered suicide, my son?

A panel on the other side of Simon slides open.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Do you want to talk about it now,
Commander?

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROSKY

(holding radio mike)

Come in, Mayflower. Over. Do you read
me? Over. Damn it!

McCrosky throws the mike down.

CONTROLLER 1

(taking mike)

Let me try, sir. Come in, Mayflower.
Over. Come in. Over. Damn it!

Controller 1 throws the mike even harder.

CONTROLLER 2

(taking mike)

Let me try, sir. Come in. Over. Damn it!

Controller 2 smashes the mike through the monitor screen.

CONTROLLER 3

Let me try, sir.

Controller 3 smashes the monitor with an axe. Controller 4
smashes the monitor with an electric guitar. Other
Controllers line up for their turns with various heavy
implements.

ANGLE ON McCROSKY

McCROSKY

(to Controller 5)

Stinson, have you contacted the families
of the passengers and crew?

McCrosky looks out window.

INSERT - MOB SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

BACK TO SCENE

McCROSKY

Try and calm them down. And for God sake,
be diplomatic.

Stinson turns to two burly men in leather jerkins and black
hoods. They hold a large caldron of molten lead next to
window.

CONTROLLER 5

Give 'em the lead!

They pour it out.

SFX: MOB SCREAMS

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It careens through the asteroid field towards the sun.

INT. CABIN

Ted lies unconscious.

SFX: MUSIC - DRAMATIC STING

ANGLE ON STELLA

She's doing her rounds -- takes a medical chart from the back of a seat.

STELLA

(to a male passenger)
I'm afraid that leg's going to have to come off.

A leg is passed to her from OUT OF FRAME. She takes it while still looking at the chart.

STELLA

Wait. This isn't your chart. You just had a touch of air sickness.
(handing him back his leg)
You'll be fine.

A WOMAN sitting next to the MAN WHO IS HOLDING HIS LEG grabs Stella.

WOMAN

I'm terrified.

STELLA

(shakes her hand)
And I'm a nurse. Everything will be okay.
Pass it on.

The Man with the leg passes it to the passenger in seat behind.

MAN WITH LEG

Everything will be okay. Pass it on.

The leg gets passed from seat to seat as passengers say, "Everything will be okay. Pass it on."

CLOSEUP OF TED

lying unconscious in a corner. A puppy crawls INTO FRAME and starts licking his face. LOOSEN TO FIND Jimmy standing over Ted. Ted comes to, feels his jaw and pulls himself up. The ship jolts.

JIMMY

Are you feeling okay, mister?

TED

I'm feeling just fine, son. Just fine.

Ted pushes by Jimmy, a look of great purpose on his face.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine enters looking for Simon.

ELAINE

Simon, I...

The cockpit is empty.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

Do you read, Mayflower? Over. This is mission control. Over.

Elaine gasps. She leaps into the Captain's seat and grabs radio.

ELAINE

Hello. This is the Mayflower. Over!
Come in, anyone.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Controllers are gathered around one monitor.

McCROSKY

(on radio)

We read you, Mayflower! Identify yourself and give your position.

INT. COCKPIT

ELAINE

This is Elaine Thompson. I'm five-six, 123 pounds with brown hair and I'm sitting down and facing the front.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROSKY

Elaine Thompson!! What in sam hill is a woman doing in charge of that ship?!

JACOBS

Maybe she's got her shit together.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted enters.

TED

Elaine!

ELAINE

Ted!

TED

Elaine, what's going on?

ELAINE

Ted, there's no time to explain.

Ted picks up Oveur who is still gasping.

OVEUR

Packers... seven... Vikings... three...

Ted drags him onto the floor and takes his seat.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Come in, Mayflower! Over!

ELAINE

Ted, I was wrong about you.

They reach out and hold hands.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Come in! Over! Come in! Over!

TED

We all make mistakes, Elaine.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Come in Mayflower!

ELAINE

How could I ever have doubted you?

McCROSKY (V.O.)

This is mission control! Over!

TED

That's all behind us now, Elaine. And no
matter what happens, I want you to know
I've always loved you.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Jesus, would someone answer me!!

ELAINE

I love you, Ted.

They smile at each other.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

What the hell's going on up there?!

Ted and Elaine still smile at each other.

INT. CABIN

All passengers look forward and smile.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

All Controller's look down the line and smile.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - RIO MONTENEGRO

Six soldiers on firing squad duty, ready to fire, turn,
smile, and FIRE while they're smiling.

SFX: SHOTS, SCREAMS**INT. COCKPIT**

Ted grabs the radio.

ELAINE

(smiling lovingly)

Ted, this reminds me of twenty years ago
over Chicago.

Ted hits a switch. The ship does a barrel roll.

INT. CABIN

All we see are feet sticking up from the seats.

INT. COCKPIT**TED**

(on radio)

This is Mayflower One calling mission control. Do you read me? Over.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROSKY

A man. Now that's more like it.

(continuing on radio)

This is mission control. Identify yourself and give me your position. Over.

INT. COCKPIT

TED

(on radio)

The name's Ted Striker and I'm sitting down and facing the front.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROSKY

(trying to place the name)

Striker... Striker... Striker...

CONTROLLER 3

If you say so.

He slugs the female worker next to him.

McCROSKY

(remembering)

Ted Striker!

SFX: RADIO STATIC.

McCROSKY

Damn! We've lost them again.

CONTROLLER 1

Could be those sunspots.

JACOBS

Could be your dishwashing detergent.

McCROSKY

Striker's the guy who flew that 736 into Chicago over 20 years ago without a crew. Would someone tell me what in sam hill he's doing up there?

JACOBS

(waving his hand in the air)

Me! Me! Me!

ANGLE ON MISSION CONTROL DOORS

They are swinging aluminum doors similar to restaurant kitchens and hospital operating rooms. Kruger and the Commissioner enter through one door.

COMMISSIONER

The boys downtown are taking the heat from the boys in Washington and the boys...

They PASS OUT OF FRAME. A waiter with tray passes them and leaves through the swing doors.

SFX: CRASHING DISHES

Two surgeons in operating gowns and masks enter covered in food.

We PICK UP Kruger and the Commissioner still walking and talking.

COMMISSIONER

Bud, the President wants an explanation.

They approach McCrosky.

McCROSKY

Sorry to pull you out of bed at this hour, gentlemen.

KRUGER

Forget it. I was reading.

COMMISSIONER

I was reading too.

KRUGER

What's the story?

COMMISSIONER

Some southern plantation owner falls in love with this poor...

KRUGER

I was asking McCrosky, Commissioner.

McCROSKY

He falls in love with this poor school teacher who...

A CONTROLLER interrupts them.

CONTROLLER

(to McCrosky)

Sir, we've restored radio transmission.

McCROSKY

Good.

(to Kruger)

We keep losing their radio.

KRUGER

Give it to me straight, McCrosky -- what's it look like.

McCROSKY

It's green with numbers and lots of knobs.

KRUGER

Not the radio, the situation. I want to know exactly what your people think.

PAN three Controllers at monitors.

CONTROLLER 1 (V.O.)

(thinking)

They're screwed.

CONTROLLER 2 (V.O.)

(thinking)

They're dead.

CONTROLLER 3 (V.O.)

(thinking)

Did I leave the iron on?

INT. CABIN

The ship lurches from side to side.

Stella, covered in blood, kneels beside BILLY, a young man bandaged head to toe, lying on a stretcher with lots of I.V. bottles hanging around him. A U.S. ARMY GENERAL stands next to him -- imagine General Patton.

STELLA

General Walker is here, Billy. He wants to talk to you.

GENERAL WALKER

Billy, if we get through this thing alive, I'd like you to get this letter to my mother.

He hands Billy a letter.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine is monitoring various dials. Ted is at controls and on the radio.

TED

(on radio)

An electrical fire in the core has played havoc with the ROK-4000 computer. It's locked us on a direct line with the sun and there's no way we can go to manual. Captain Oveur already tried it and he's...

OVEUR (O.S.)

(from floor)

Giants sixty... Rams... zip...

TED

... become an intolerable bore. The rest of the crew has been lost and we're out of coffee. Also, we're starting to feel the sun's heat pretty bad.

Striker wipes his forehead. Elaine holds a tan reflector up to her face and turns to the sun.

INT. CABIN

Passengers sweat profusely.

SFX: JUNGLE SOUNDS.

A MAN slaps a mosquito on the back of his neck.

FOUR MEN sit nude to the waist, wrapped in towels as if in a steam bath.

MAN ONE

It's eight-thousand square feet with great parking and a twenty-year lease with option to buy.

MAN TWO

You can't lose, Al.

MAN THREE

He can lose. I've seen it happen a thousand times.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It shoots towards sun.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCrosky sits at a monitor, talks into a mike and looks down at a book. Behind him two Controllers make a dope deal -- a baggie of grass for cash. We only see their midsections and hands.

McCROSKY

Striker, this is Jack McCrosky, chief controller. I want you to listen to me and listen good.

The buyer checks out the baggie -- it's mostly twigs. The seller is trying to explain the situation with his hands.

McCROSKY

Twenty years ago I helped a young pilot through a storm over Chicago.

The buyer grabs the seller's shirt and tries to get cash back. A fight ensues.

McCROSKY

He didn't have a crew either. He said he couldn't do it. But when the going got tough that kid pulled it together.

The seller's shirt is ripped. Knives are pulled.

McCROSKY

You might have read about him; he made all the big papers and the Canadian Jewish News.

The seller is stabbed.

McCROSKY

I don't know where he is today but if he was up there right now, I know he'd find some way to turn that bucket around and get the hell out of there, pronto!

ANGLE ON JACOBS

JACOBS

I wish I could talk like that -- so macho yet so sensitive.

ANGLE ON McCROSKY'S BOOK - "PEP TALKS FOR ALL OCCASIONS"

McCrosky slams it shut.

McCROSKY

I just hope I said the right thing.

TED (V.O.)

I'm afraid you gave the wrong speech. McCrosky. I'm not your problem. It's this ship. That computer's gone bananas.

McCROSKY

(holding up the book)
Why the hell are we still using the old manual! Burn this book!

A smiling blonde man in a white sweater with "MORAL MAJORITY" on the front walks by and takes the book.

McCROSKY

(on radio)

Just hold on, Striker, we'll get back to you.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted writes a note to Elaine and hands it to her -- it reads, "WE MUST FIND SOME WAY TO BLOW THAT COMPUTER!" Elaine looks a bit nervous and licks her lip. They look up at ROK's pulsating eye.

Testa pokes her head in. She's soaked with sweat.

TESTA

The cabin temperature is rising. The passengers want to know what's happening up here.

TED

Let us handle this end of things. Now what's the coffee situation?

TESTA

It just won't drip! I've tried everything. And the passengers are dropping like flies from the heat.

INT. CABIN

SFX: FLIES BUZZING

Passengers reel and drop to floor.

INT. COCKPIT

TED

Elaine, I'm going back there. Just hold onto that stick and try to control this hunk of tin as best you can.

ELAINE

Ted, please be careful.

Ted leaves. We hear an enormous CRASH on the other side of the door.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

JOE DIMAGGIO (MR. COFFEE), drinking a cup of coffee, rushes in accompanied by a GROUND CONTROL OFFICER.

OFFICER

(to Joe)

It doesn't look good. The drip seems to be jammed up pretty bad.

MR. COFFEE

Did they change the filter and wait for the brew sign to light up?

OFFICER

(stopping and looking Mr. Coffee in the eye)

To tell you the truth, sir, I don't really know.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

ANGLE ON SIX CONTROLLERS

One holds a hat, one pulls a slip of paper from it.

CONTROLLER 3

(reading his slip)

Eighty-three. What's that mean?

CONTROLLER WITH HAT

If eighty-three passengers die, you win the two hundred bucks.

ANGLE ON MR. COFFEE AND OFFICER

They approach McCrosky.

OFFICER

Mr. McCrosky, Mr. Coffee. Coffee, McCrosky.

McCROSKY

Thanks for coming down so soon.

MR. COFFEE

(checking watch)

I won't come down for another couple hours.

McCROSKY

I'll put you on the radio with Striker. Jeez you look familiar. Did you ever play water polo?

MR. COFFEE

Not to my knowledge.

McCROSKY

I thought so.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It roars towards the sun. The nose of the ship begins to glow red.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SPIN:

NEW YORK TIMES

"MERCURY SHUTTLE HEADS FOR DISASTER"

LONDON TIMES

"DEEP SPACE DEATH CERTAIN"

JERUSALEM POST

"THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE IN THE FIRST PLACE"

BUFFALO LOCAL NEWS SET

FILM INSET: APARTMENT FIRE

Set logo reads, "NEWS 4 BUFFALO."

ANCHOR 1

Four alarm fire rages through downtown Buffalo!

FILM INSET: ROCKET GOING OFF COURSE

ANCHOR 2

Mercury shuttle heads for sun.

TOKYO LOCAL NEWS SET

FILM INSET: APARTMENT FIRE

Set logo reads, "NEWS 4 TOKYO"

ANCHOR 1

(subtitles)

Four alarm fire guts Tokyo apartment.

FILM INSET: SHUTTLE MODEL IN MOUTH OF GODZILLA.

SFX: SCREAMS.

ANCHOR 2

(subtitles)

Mercury mission in death struggle.

MOSCOW LOCAL NEWS SET

FILM INSET: APARTMENT FIRE

Set logo reads, "NEWS 3 MOSCOW." A gun is held to ANCHORMAN'S head.

ANCHOR 1

(subtitles)

Four alarm fire in downtown Moscow clears way for glorious new tractor factory.

FILM INSET: ROCKET GOING OFF COURSE

ANCHOR 2

(subtitles)

Capitalist, imperialist adventurism ends in space disaster.

ABC "NIGHTLINE"

SUPER: "GAY UNMARRIED VEGETARIAN MOTHERS AGAINST SPACE TRAVEL"

WOMAN

If this country was run by vegetarian women who's old men deserted them after knocking them up instead of by meat-eating males, this thing never would have happened.

EXT. TERMINAL - DAY

A banner hangs over terminal door: "HOUSTON WELCOMES SPACE DISASTER PRESS."

CLOSEUP OF ATTACHE CASE being carried to the door -- sticker on it reads, "NATIONAL ENQUIRER."

CLOSEUP OF ANOTHER CASE coming from other direction -- sticker on it reads, "NATIONAL STAR."

The cases meet. LOOSEN to REPORTERS.

ENQUIRER

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

(to STAR)

I never forget a face. 'Texas doctor
claims sex with chicken cures baldness?'

STAR

'Severed legs grow back after Utah man
finds Christ?'

ENQUIRER/STAR

Long time no see.

They shake hands and turn into the terminal.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Controllers stand over Mr. Coffee -- everyone sips coffee
and smokes cigarettes.

MR. COFFEE

(on radio)

Have you got the back panel off the brew
manifold?

INT. CABIN

Ted has the coffee machine apart, wears a headset and holds
wires in pliers. Anxious passengers with coffee cups stand
over him -- they are all totally wired and going cold
turkey.

TED

(into headset)

Check.

MR. COFFEE (V.O.)

There's a terminal at the base of the
coil. That's your contact point.

A PASSENGER bends down and picks a coffee bean off the
floor.

PASSENGER

Is this a coffee bean?

ALL PASSENGERS

(maniacally)

He's got a bean!!

A riot ensues. The "bean" Passenger is beaten to death.

TED

(into headset)

It looks like the solder point has melted.

INT. MISSION CONTROL**MR. COFFEE**

(enraged)

Just what I thought. When the hell will
you people realize that adding extra water
after the initial brew cycle overheats the
system!! Now listen to me, Striker, and
listen good.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It careens towards the sun.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Detective Hallick storms in and up to McCrosky. He flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Who's in charge here, Mister?

McCROSKY

McCrosky, Control.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Hallick, homicide.

JACOBS

Jacobs, Pisces.

KRUGER

Kruger, Sagittarius.

COMMISSIONER

Commissioner, Aquarius.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

We have information that one of your passengers is carrying a bomb and might be suicidal.

McCROSKY

Where'd you get this information, Captain?

DETECTIVE HALLICK

We have our methods.

KRUGER

And what methods are those?

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Have you heard of the Heimlich method?

McCROSKY

The method of saving someone choking on a piece of gristle?

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Exactly.

KRUGER/McCROSKY/COMMISSIONER

We're familiar with it.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

Good. This is the passenger's wife. Mrs. Joe Salucci.

She approaches very distressed looking.

McCROSKY

What makes you think your husband might want to blow up that shuttle, ma'am?

She goes into her purse for the insurance form.

MRS. SALUCCI

This insurance policy.

A large ivory colored vibrator drops out of her purse, hits the floor, and flips on. They all look at it.

MRS. SALUCCI

An electric tooth.
(handing McCrosky the insurance

form)

Joey was supposed to go to Des Moines for an operation to cure his impotence.

McCROSKY

The Des Moines Institute?

MRS. SALUCCI

Then you know it.

KRUGER/McCROSKY/COMMISSIONER

Yes, we're familiar with it.

MRS. SALUCCI

Well, I found out Joey got on this shuttle instead and...

DETECTIVE HALLICK

The way I read it, blowin' up a plane in space leaves no traces, if you know what I mean.

KRUGER

I'm not exactly sure what you mean, Captain.

DETECTIVE HALLICK

No blood. No body. No bones. No eyes. No ears. No throats.

McCROSKY

(looking at form)

This is \$500,000 worth of insurance!

Kruger, Commissioner, and Hallick all whistle "wow!"

McCROSKY

Just a second. This is insurance on his car!

MRS. SALUCCI

That's what worries me.

KRUGER

He's impotent.

COMMISSIONER

He's suicidal.

ALL

And he's stupid!

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

ANOTHER AREA

MR. COFFEE

(into radio)

This is it, Striker. You got one shot and one shot only.

INT. CABIN

Striker stands over the coffee machine, sweating like mad. The Passengers with cups hang over him. He makes contact with a wire.

TED

(to self)

Contact.

The MACHINE EXPLODES. Coffee gushes out like an oil well coming in. The Passengers dance under the gusher of brown liquid, mouths open and cheering.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROSKY

How are we going to handle this bomb nut?

CONTROLLER 2

(rushes up with printouts)

Here are the tests we ran on their computer. I had them xeroxed for you.

McCROSKY

How'd they come out?

CONTROLLER 2

Upside-down, but I turned each page over and put them in order. I'm afraid that computer is totally capable of taking control of that ship.

McCROSKY

Let's keep cool. There's gotta be a way to control it.

He lights a cigarette.

CONTROLLER 3

(rushes up with diagrams)

These are their position calculations. They've got about ten minutes before they start to burn up.

McCROSKY

Keep calm. A lot can happen in ten minutes.

(to self)

What next?

He sips his coffee.

CONTROLLER 4

(rushes in)

Sir, your headlights are on and your doors are locked!

McCROSKY

(spitting out coffee, Danny Thomas style)

Jesus!! I'll be right back!

McCrosky races out.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It heads closer to the sun. The nose is glowing.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine is checking computer. The cockpit is steaming now. She unbuttons her uniform just as Ted comes in.

ELAINE

Ted, we've only got ten minutes.

TED

(thinking she wants sex)

Not now, Elaine.

ELAINE

I mean until we start to burn up.

Ted takes his seat and looks at a panel gauge.

TED

We're closer to the sun than I estimated.

INSERT - GAUGES

One is labeled "EXACT DISTANCE" and reads, "76.50". The other is labeled "ESTIMATED DISTANCE" and reads, "5689465932.09".

BACK TO SCENE

KRUGER (V.O.)

Come in, Mayflower. This is Bud Kruger. Over.

TED

(on radio)

This is Striker.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

KRUGER

(on radio)

Look, Striker, I don't know how you got into that driver's seat but I want Simon Kurtz on that radio and I want him now!

INT. COCKPIT

TED

(on radio)

Kurtz was the one who got us into this mess in the first place. You people knew this ship wasn't ready to fly. You played God with over a hundred lives, Kruger, and for what -- the prestige of your precious space program.

ELAINE

That was very well put, Ted.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Jacobs stands next to Kruger rubbing his forefingers together in the "shame, shame" sign.

KRUGER

(on radio)

Striker, you're heading right for the sun, so don't you think it's a little late for that bleeding heart liberal crap now?

INT. COCKPIT

ELAINE

He's got a point, Ted.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ANGLE ON JACOBS AT A SCOREBOARD

There are columns under Kruger's and Striker's names.
Striker has two check marks. Jacobs gives Kruger one.

INT. COCKPIT**TED**

(on radio)

Call me a bleeding heart, but if we get through this thing I'm preparing a paper on alternative spending directives recommending the transfer of space program funds to low cost housing.

INT. MISSION CONTROL**KRUGER**

(on radio)

Just put Kurtz on that radio!!

McCrosky rushes in and grabs the mike from Kruger.

McCROSKY

(enraged)

Look, Kruger, you and your people have caused enough trouble already. I don't care about your political games, I care about only one thing, the lives of those people up there!!! Out of my control room!!

JACOBS

Someone's car wouldn't start.

McCROSKY

(on mike)

Striker, this is McCrosky. Give me five minutes and keep your fingers crossed.

(to Stinson)

Stinson, get me the Mayflower plans!

(to Controller 3)

You, clear this table!

JACOBS

I'll get the cards and bridge mix.

McCROSKY

And someone get me the Sarg!

CUT TO:**CLOSEUP OF SARG**

leaning over the ship's plans. He is eating another cigar.
All Controllers stand around him.

SARG

That's my little girl, my little darlin', my sweetheart, my honey, and you want to blow her belly out with that bomb. If you blast here in the computer core and the fuselage doesn't give way here and the main communication lines to the cockpit hold here and this baby here doesn't jam this little old unit up here and throw about two tons of hot steel through here like a hot knife through butter and the upper and lower...

McCROSKY

What's your point, Sarg?

SARG

I have no point.

McCROSKY

Then it's settled. The bomb is Striker's only chance. Are there any questions?

CONTROLLERS

No sir.

McCROSKY

Those are answers, I asked for questions.

CONTROLLER 3

Should a man in his forties have a circumcision?

McCROSKY

Absolutely.

INT. COCKPIT

TED

Well, Elaine, this might be it if those guys on the ground don't think of something.

ELAINE

I just want you to know, I love you Ted and always will.

SFX: RADIO BEEPS

TED

That might be the news we've been waiting for.

He grabs radio.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

I've got some news for you, Striker.

Ted and Elaine smile hopefully at each other.

TED

(on radio)

Roger.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

One of your passengers is carrying a bomb and is suicidal.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

ELAINE

A b...

She covers her mouth.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

No, a bomb.

INT. CABIN

Joe Salucci wipes his brow, lays his case on his lap.

ANGLE ON FRONT OF CABIN

Ted and Mary huddle.

TED

Which passenger is Joe Salucci?

MARY

Sixteen 'C', why?

TED

He's carrying a bomb.

MARY

A b...

She covers her mouth.

TED

No, a bomb. Now, as discreetly as possible, I want you to move the passengers into the lounge.

MARY

What should I say?

TED

Anything. Just don't let Salucci think we're onto him.

Ted moves down the aisle. Mary gets on the P.A.

MARY

Would everyone not carrying a bomb please move to the lounge.

The Passengers go nuts screaming, "A bomb!!"

JOE

(jumping up with his case)

Don't anyone move!

All the passengers pile up in a ceiling-to-floor wall behind Ted -- he extends his arms, holding them back.

TED

Mr. Salucci, listen to me.

Ted takes a step forward away from the wall of passengers -- the wall crumbles.

TED

Joe, you don't want to blow that thing and kill all these innocent people.

JOE

I don't want to live anymore.

TED

Joe, the insurance policy won't help your wife and kids. You bought auto insurance, not life insurance.

JOE

What?

TED

(inching up on him)

That's right, Joe. Now, no one's going to hurt you and no one has to know what's wrong with you.

JOE

You're sure?

TED

I'm sure.

Ted is almost up to Joe when:

JIMMY

(yells)

That's the guy from the terminal who can't
get it up!!

Joe bolts. Passengers panic. Ted tackles him. The case
flies into the air in SLOW MOTION. It turns slowly, hanging
for the longest time as we CUT, still in SLOW MOTION, to
horrified faces watching it. This SLOW MOTION sequence
lasts for about 60 seconds -- people put on make-up, do
macrame, read, etc. -- while the case is still in the air.
Suddenly, Scraps leaps high into the air in SLOW MOTION and
comes down with the case between his teeth.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Controllers huddle over one monitor.

MCCROSKY

Get that bomb, Striker! Get that bomb!

ELAINE (V.O.)

Come in, Control! We have the bomb!!

ALL CONTROLLERS

He's got the bomb!!

JACOB

This is just like an election in Iran.

INT. COCKPITTed is back at the controls -- the cockpit is incredibly hot
now.**TED**

This heat's getting unbearable.

He looks down and sees two eggs frying on the dash.

ELAINE

But it is a dry heat, Ted.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Controllers are grouped around the plans.

MCCROSKYDo we use the bomb to blow that computer
or is there another way? I want to know
what everyone thinks.**CONTROLLER 2 (V.O.)**

I think...

(changes mind)

... No.

CONTROLLER 3 (V.O.)We could knock out the wall between the
cockpit and cabin, and hang plants.

CONTROLLER 2 (V.O.)

I think...
(changes mind)
... No.

CONTROLLER 4 (V.O.)

You can't knock that wall out. That's a support wall, asshole.

CONTROLLER 2 (V.O.)

I think...
(changes mind)
No.

CONTROLLER 5 (V.O.)

Did I flush?

McCROSKY

Then it's settled. We use the bomb.
(grabs radio)
Striker, McCrosky.

INT. COCKPIT

McCROSKY (V.O.)

We've gone over the blueprints and you've got only one option.

TED

(on radio)
I know what you're going to say, McCrosky -- knock out the wall between the cockpit and cabin and hang plants.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Forget it. That's a support wall. Use the bomb.

ELAINE

The b...

She covers her mouth.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

I keep telling you, not the b... The bomb!!

TED

(almost to self)
Why, you'd have to be crazy to try a stunt like that.

Elaine looks at Ted.

INT. CABIN

All passengers look forward in Ted's direction.

INT. COCKPIT

SUPER the womb over Ted's face.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

You're too low in the womb, Striker!
You've got to come out feet first!

LOSE SUPER.

TED

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

(grabs case)

Elaine. I'm going back there.

ELAINE

Ted... I love you. Be careful.

Ted leaves.

SFX: CRASHING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

INT. MISSION CONTROL

MCCROSKY

(to his controllers)

I want everyone on their toes for this one.

ANGLE ON JACOBS

Handing out ballet slippers to the Controllers who are passing a joint down the line.

MCCROSKY

And if anyone has any ideas, I want to hear them now.

JACOBS

How about a show just like Hollywood Squares but with kids. Gary Coleman could host.

INT. CABIN

The Passengers stand in the aisle listening to Mary.

MARY

Now I want everyone to move to the front of the cabin.

Passengers move calmly.

MARY

That's fine. Stay calm. We just want everyone as far away from the blast as possible.

The Passengers panic and stampede right over her.

INT. COMPUTER CORE

Ted wears a gas mask and attaches the time-bomb to the computer.

ROK

What are you doing, Ted? Why are you wearing that mask, Ted?

Gas spews out of a vent. Ted makes sure his gas mask is tight.

INT. CABIN

Simon is dressed in space suit and moving down the aisle. Elaine holds onto him.

ELAINE

Simon! Wait! What are you doing?!

They pass Father O'Flanagan. He has a Bongo drum at his seat.

O'FLANAGAN

Under the 'B', sixteen!

SIMON

I've lost the ship and now I've lost you, Elaine. I'm getting out.

ELAINE

Simon, I didn't want it to end like this. We can be friends! You'll die out there.

SIMON

Maybe.

ELAINE

Simon, what are you saying?!

Simon steps into a hatch labeled, "ESCAPE CAPSULE".

SIMON

I'm saying, I can't take the singles scene again, Elaine.

The hatch door slams shut. A passenger passes with a sandwich board that reads, "JESUS WAS A SINGLE."

ELAINE

Simon, no!

Jimmy appears and yells through the window on the hatch.

JIMMY

You want to talk about it now, Commander?

The capsule ejects.

INT. KRUGER'S OFFICE

The Commissioner stands in front of the painting of astronauts on black velvet. He is on the phone.

COMMISSIONER

Give me the President of the United States. Tell him it's the Commissioner.
(to Kruger)
I don't know how the old man's going to take this.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The PRESIDENT poses for a photo session: CLOSEUP of President holding aloft in a victory salute, the hands of two black men. On the camera flash we LOOSEN to reveal the bodiless arms of two black mannequins. An AID hands the phone to the President.

AID

Houston, sir.

PRESIDENT

(taking phone)
This is the President... What?!... What?!

He walks past a wall of photos of past presidents: JFK, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Reagan older, Reagan much older, Merv Griffin, a chimp, and this President.

SPLIT SCREEN: PRESIDENT AND COMMISSIONER**COMMISSIONER**

I don't think that shuttle's going to make it, sir.

The President passes an Arab piling millions in cash onto his desk.

PRESIDENT

Damnit, Mister, the dignity and integrity of this presidency depends on the success of that mission. And that's my last word!

COMMISSIONER

Yes, sir.

They both hang up and, making sure no one is watching, pick their noses.

WIPE TO FULL SCREEN OF OVAL OFFICE**AID**

What's our strategy on this one, sir?

PRESIDENT

I work for the people of these United States, Frank. I have to do what's best for them.

(grabs the red phone)

Al, kill social security, cancel school lunches only for the poor, dismantle welfare, close all hospitals and public toilets, green light the MX-6, invade Brazil, and bring my horse around after my nap!

INT. COCKPIT

Ted is at the controls. Elaine rushes in.

ELAINE

Simon just ejected!

TED

Sit down, Elaine. If this bomb trick works we just might make it. Simon was a fool to eject now.

ELAINE

You mean...

TED

That's right -- premature ejection.

ELAINE

What will happen to him, Ted?

TED

The sun will heat that thing to over 450 degrees within seconds. He'll roast like a pig on a spit.

EXT. ESCAPE CAPSULE - SPACE

We see a roast on a spit through the window.

INT. COMPUTER CORE

The clock on the time bomb TICKS down.

INT. COCKPIT

TED

(looking at wristwatch)
Are you afraid?

ELAINE

Not when I'm with you, Ted.

TED

I guess you'd have to be a fool not to be afraid at a time like this.

INT. CABIN

Mrs. Gooch sucks on her cushion -- she's totally zonked on acid.

MAN NEXT TO HER

Are you afraid?

MRS. GOOCH

(looking at her hands)
Are these my hands?

FATHER O'FLANAGAN

(to Stella)
Are you afraid?

STELLA

I'm a nurse. I can't afford to be afraid, Father.

ANOTHER AREA

JIMMY

(to Scraps)
Are you afraid, Scraps?

SCRAPS

(he BARKS once, subtitle
translate)
Now when there's a guy like Ted Striker up there, Jimmy.
(he BARKS one more time --
subtitles)
Now how about a little scratch on the inner thigh?

INT. COCKPIT

Testa stands over Ted with a clipboard.

TESTA

Fifty-six percent of the passengers are afraid. Twenty-nine percent are not afraid. Eight percent are undecided and seven percent think Israel should give back Finland.

TED

You better strap yourself in, Testa.
(on radio)
Mission control, this is Mayflower. Over.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Go ahead, Striker.

TED

(on radio)

We've got about 60 seconds before that thing blows. We're set to reprogram for Mercury at zero point five WORP.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCROKSY

(on radio)

Zero point five WORP?!

STRIKER (V.O.)

That's right. When the bomb explodes we're going to have a ten foot hole in the fuselage and I want to get there as fast as I can. I know what this snip can do, McCrosky.

McCROKSY

(to Controllers)

No one's ever travelled at that speed before.

JACOBS

Last spring we did Europe in nine days.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It careens towards the sun.

INT. COMPUTER CORE

Bomb clock TICKS down.

INT. CABIN

Mary instructs Passengers.

MARY

Heads between the knees!

(looking down aisle)

Between your own knees, Father!

O'Flanagan looks around guiltily.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

McCrosky addresses his troops.

McCROSKY

I don't find it easy to talk at a time like this, but I want to say something about that guy up there. I can sum it all up in one word -- courage, dedication, spirit, pride, selflessness, and g-u-t-s, guts. Striker's got more guts in his little finger than most of us have in our large intestine. He's got guts up to his eyeballs, guts coming out of his ears.

Controllers start playing cards, doing needlepoint.

McCROSKY

Sure it's a cliché but great shortstops are born, not made, and a clown is funny in the circus but when he gets on the highway, he's murder. It bugged me too when Mr. Ed refused to talk when the neighbors came over but...

INT. COMPUTER CORE

The bomb TICKS down and BLOWS.

INT. COCKPIT

The ship shakes violently. Ted fights for control.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER SLOWS**BACK TO SCENE****SFX: ENGINE WHINE SUBSIDES.**

The ship starts bumping as if it's hit a rough road.

TED

(on radio)

We've blown the computer!

(to Elaine)

Elaine! Set course change!

ELAINE

(flips a switch)

Set!

TED

Now!

ELAINE

(pushes a button)

Compute!

"Compute" sign flashes.

Ted pulls an acceleration lever.

TED

Here goes.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It slows to a halt.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted pulls the lever hard toward himself. The ship shudders.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

The ship slingshots in the opposite direction, disappearing into the void leaving a trail of light.

INT. COCKPIT**INSERT - PANEL LIGHT, "0.5 WOP"**

BACK TO SCENE**TED**

(on radio)

Point five WORP!

INT. MISSION CONTROL

PAN Controllers looking intently into the night sky. PAN to Mrs. Salucci intently gripping her vibrator -- it's on. PAN to Jacobs reading VARIETY -- headline: "PARAMOUNT ANNOUNCES SHUTTLE DISASTER PIC!"

McCROSKY

Zero point five WORP, that's half the speed of light. We really have no idea what can happen to the human body at that speed.

INT. CABIN

Two Passengers (contortionists) with legs up over their shoulders and looking out over their rear ends, play cards.

INT. COCKPIT

The interior vibrates. A psychedelic blaze of multi-colored light illuminates the interior. Ted struggles with the controls.

McCROSKY (V.O.)

Striker, we're monitoring you. You're right on course. At that speed you should hit Mercury in about six minutes. So give yourself enough time to kill those WORP engines.

INT. MISSION CONTROL**McCROSKY**

(on radio)

We'll be out of radio range in a few seconds. I'm going to put you in contact with Mercury Base Alpha Beta for your final descent. Over.

(off mike)

Stinson, who's in command of Alpha Beta?

STINSON

Al Hammil?

CONTROLLER 3

Not anymore. It's Rex Kramer, now.

McCROSKY

Not Rex Kramer!

CONTROLLER 3

No, Rex Kramer.

EXT. MERCURY - NIGHT

We see the Alpha Beta base in distance with an ALPHA BETA neon sign flashing.

SFX: WAILING SUBMARINE SIREN.

SUPER: MERCURY BASE, ALPHA BETA

INT. ALPHA BETA BASE - CORRIDOR

SFX: WAILING SUBMARINE SIREN.

Four uniformed officers race to their posts around a corner and collide with four others racing around the corner from the other direction.

INT. ELEVATOR - ALPHA BETA BASE

REX KRAMER watches the floors flash by on the panel above the door.

INSERT - FLOOR LIGHT, "LEVEL 1 - POWER STATION"

O.S. we hear a DOG GROWLING and fighting with something.

CLOSEUP OF KRAMER

KRAMER

I know this guy, Ted Striker. I flew with him during the war. He was a crack pilot but he didn't have it in the crunch... That is...

INSERT - FLOOR LIGHT, "LEVEL 3 - LIVING QUARTERS"

BACK TO SCENE

KRAMER

Until that day over Chicago. He brought that busted up 767 out of that storm like a paper glider coming outta the baby blue.

INSERT - FLOOR LIGHT, "LEVEL 5 - WOMEN'S SHOES, BEDDING, APPLIANCES". "LEVEL 6 - DESIGNER JEANS".

BACK TO SCENE

KRAMER

But flying that shuttle is a whole different ballgame.

The elevator doors open. Kramer steps out into the communications room.

SFX: SUBMARINE SIREN WAILS.

PAN down to floor of elevator to find a young officer -- Carey -- torn to shreds and fighting off Kramer's golden retriever dog. The doors close. Kramer approaches an **OFFICER.**

KRAMER

What's the latest, Lieutenant?

OFFICER

They'll hit our atmosphere in about three minutes, if they hold together. They've lost their computer and are coming in at zero point five WOPR on manual control, sir.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted shifts a stick shift on the steering column.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Kramer looks at the big screen.

SFX: SUBMARINE SIREN WAILS.

KRAMER

Down scope!

A submarine periscope drops. Kramer looks for the shuttle.

KRAMER

He'll never bring that thing in on manual,
but I guess Striker's their only hope.

INSERT - PERISCOPE SHOT OF WWII SHIPS

BACK TO SCENE

KRAMER

It's his ship now. He's the top dog.

INSERT - PERISCOPE SHOT OF SHORE LINE FROM WWII FILM

BACK TO SCENE

KRAMER

The big man. The numero uno honcho.

INSERT - PERISCOPE SHOT OF DESERT

BACK TO SCENE

KRAMER

The head cheese.

INSERT - PERISCOPE SHOT OF THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW -- ED WAVES GOODNIGHT.

BACK TO SCENE

Kramer steps away from the scope. It drops down. A man in a barber chair is on the other end of the steel column and comes to rest on the floor.

OFFICER 2

Sir, we have radio contact.

INT. CABIN

Testa talks to the passengers. Psychedelic lights flash.

TESTA

(yelling)
We're travelling at one half the speed of
light. There is nothing to worry about.
However, you might experience some

ANGLE ON WOMAN

Her beard grows.

INSERT - CLOSEUP OF SANITARY NAPKIN DISPENSER

A flurry of hands empties it in two seconds.

ANGLE ON TEXAN

He has turned into a Hassidic Rabbi.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted is fighting to maintain control.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Striker, this is Rex Kramer on Alpha Beta.
Do you read me? Over.

Ted and Elaine give startled looks of recognition.

KRAMER (V.O.)

That's right, Ted. Rex Kramer. We've
locked you on track beam. You're going to
have to kill those WOPR engines in exactly
thirty seconds. Over.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Everyone tensely looks out the window into the night sky.

McCROSKY

There's nothing else we can do for those
people out there now, except pray.

The entire room explodes in an up-beat Southern Baptists'
rendition of "HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS".

INT. COCKPIT**KRAMER (V.O.)**

Now, Striker! Kill WOPR!

Ted pushes his WOPR lever forward but it comes off in his
hand.

ELAINE

Ted, the lever!

TED

(on radio)
Kramer, the WOPR control handle just came
off in my hand.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Try another handle!

TED

There are no more handles, only switches.

KRAMER (V.O.)

No buttons?!

TED

(looking around madly)
Just switches, lights, and knobs.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM**KRAMER**

(looking at buttons and levers
on his panel)

I'd give my right arm to get just one of
these buttons or levers up there right
now.

(on radio)

Okay, Striker. You're going to have to
pull that lever panel off.

INT. COCKPIT**TED**

(to Elaine)

Screw driver!

She hands him a vodka and orange juice. Ted throws it on
his face. He reaches down and rips the panel off, exposing
all sorts of wires.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Now find a piece of metal and stick it in
there.

Ted looks around for a piece of metal. Elaine pulls a bobby
pin from her hair.

ELAINE

Will this work, Ted?

Her long brown hair falls sexily. She sweeps it back with a
toss of her head. Ted is overwhelmed by her.

TED

Thanks.

(on radio)

I've got something that might work.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM**TED (V.O.)**

A bobby pin.

Kramer and Aids exchange a look which questions Ted's
sexuality.

KRAMER

What the hell is a man doing with a...
forget it.

(on radio)

It'll have to do, Striker.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted sticks the bobby pin into the wires. Sparks fly. The
ship starts slowing up.

SFX: THE ENGINE WHINE SUBSIDES.**INSERT - SPEEDOMETER WINDING DOWN**

BACK TO SCENE

TED

It's working.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Kramer stands in front of the huge screen. A small ship appears in the distance coming right at us.

KRAMER

(on radio)

Okay, Striker. We have you on visual.
Just keep her level.

EXT. SHIP - SPACE

It careens towards the planet surface.

INT. COCKPIT

It starts bouncing wildly.

TED

She's coming apart!

INT. CABIN

Passengers scream.

INT. NEWS SET - BUFFALO

The anchorman screams.

SUPER: "EDITORIAL".

INT. NEWS SET - TOKYO

The anchorman screams.

SUPER: "EDITORIAL". (In Russian looking print.)

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - RIO MONTENEGRO

The desk clerk screams.

INT. COCKPIT

KRAMER (V.O.)

Keep her nose up! Don't fight her!

TED

I'm trying but she's fighting me!

A boxing glove springs from the dash punching Ted in the face.

ELAINE

Ted, that's Alpha Beta!

ANGLE OUT SHIP WINDOW - NIGHT

We see the lights of a small colony on planet surface. The Alpha Beta neon sign is visible.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Kramer sits in a large swivel chair -- like Captain Kirk's on the Enterprise bridge. As he talks, he nonchalantly swivels so his back is to the huge window. We see the Mayflower approaching on the screen.

KRAMER

(on radio)

Now, Striker, there are a few things you have to keep in mind as you get close to the planet's atmosphere.

ANGLE ON COMMUNICATION ROOM PERSONNEL

They watch in horror as the Mayflower comes shooting at them.

KRAMER

(on radio)

First and foremost you have to make one very important decision.

INT. COCKPIT

Elaine looks out the window -- horrified.

ELAINE

Ted! We're not stopping!!

Ted fights the controls.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Is this a landing you're sure you can make without endangering the lives of your passengers?

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM**ANGLE ON PERSONNEL**

They run for cover.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

The Mayflower comes right at the screen and crashes through it. Kramer still has his back to the screen and doesn't notice what has happened -- the room behind him has been totally demolished.

KRAMER

(on radio)

Now, once you've made that decision you have to be very clear about your responsibility to those people on that ship.

INT. COCKPIT

The front window is broken. Ted and Elaine are covered in debris. Elaine's eyes grow wide with terror again.

ELAINE

Ted!

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

A group of scientists stand at a keyboard synthesizer. One plays the series of notes from CLOSE ENCOUNTERS. Suddenly the Mayflower appears over a hill. They all jump for cover as it crashes through the synthesizer.

INT. COCKPIT

Ted and Elaine are covered in piano keys.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Their lives, their futures, their goals
and aspirations are in your hands,
Striker.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

The Mayflower bounces across the surface.

INT. CABIN

Mary maneuvers down the aisle. Passengers are screaming and being tossed around.

MARY

(to one passenger)
Seat backs up. Thank you.

She looks up and sees feet dangling from the ceiling. A man has gone right through the ceiling up to his waist.

MARY

(looking up)
Sir, you really must take your seat.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

KRAMER

(on radio)
We're all with you on this one, Striker.
Now get ready to position landing gear,
cut engines, and fire your retrorockets.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE - DAWN

The Mayflower careens to a smoking, crunching, shattering stop.

INT. CABIN

Mary and Testa start directing panic-stricken passengers to the exits.

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

KRAMER

(on radio)
Timing's of the essence on a lame duck
approach, Striker. Don't fight her. Hold
her steady. Nose up.

EXT. SHIP ON A HILL - DAWN

Airplane 2: The Sequel Script at IMSDb.

Ted and Elaine stand looking down on the wreckage. In b.g.,
SIRENS WAIL, emergency lights flash across Ted and Elaine.

VOICES (O.S.)

You'll be all right! Everyone's going to
be okay!

Ted holds Elaine.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Don't fight her, Striker. Hold her! Hold
her! Stay with her, Striker!

Ted and Elaine kiss.

KRAMER (V.O.)

Now, hit your landing gear and cut those
engines!

INT. ALPHA BETA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

KRAMER

(on radio)

Timing's everything, Striker! Fire your
retro-rockets!

EXT. PLANET SURFACE - DAWN

Ted and Elaine walk off into the distance.

SFX: SIRENS FROM CRASH AREA IN DISTANCE.

KRAMER (V.O.)

(voice fading)

Now give her full flap and keep that nose
up. Okay, now!

ELAINE

Ted, what's going to happen to us?

Ted stops and looks into the distant, dark sky. A printed
crawl begins:

MUSIC: OPTIMISTIC THEME

CRAWL

**FAR, FAR AWAY IN THE DEEPEST REGIONS OF
OUR VAST SOLAR SYSTEM, A SMALL, BRAVE
GROUP OF PIONEERS EMBARK ON A BOLD NEW
ADVENTURE. THEIR MISSION: TO OPEN UP A
NEW FRONTIER. THEIR GOAL, TO BUILD A
BRAVE NEW WORLD.**

Ted and Elaine walk towards crawl and are approached by two
strange CREATURES -- bald with a shock of hair sprouting
from the top of their heads.

CREATURE

Hello, we'd like you to have this flower.
We're with the Church of Mercurial
Consciousness. Would you like to make a
donation?

THE END



Airplane 2: The Sequel

Writers : [Ken Finkleman](#)

Genres : [Comedy](#) [Sci-Fi](#)

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AIRPLANE

Written by

Jim Abrahams, David Zucker & Jerry Zucker

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

June 11, 1979

Revised 6/15/79

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Sponsor

9/10: Homeowners
 Fail To Take
 Advantage of
 Government
 Refinance Plan



Last spring, the
 US government
 launched a housing
 relief program,
 designed to help 7-9
 million homeowners,
 but so far only
 85,000 homeowners
 have used the
 program to refinance.

Many homeowners
 mistakenly think
 they are not eligible.
 If you are a
 homeowner and
 you haven't looked
 into refinancing
 recently, you may
 be surprised at how
 much you can save.

Select Your State:
 Alabama

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - JUST ABOVE CLOUDS - NIGHT

OMINOUS, THREATENING MUSIC. The upper tail fin of a jet
 plane emerges through the cloud layer and PASSES THROUGH the
 FRAME like a shark's fin through water. It passes by again
 in the opposite direction. MUSIC BUILDS as the fin comes
 straight TOWARD the CAMERA, MUSIC SWELLS to CRESCENDO as
 entire jet plane lifts out of clouds and passes overhead.
TITLE SLASHES ACROSS SCREEN, "AIRPLANE!"

CREDITS and MUSIC continue over following.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (STOCK)

ESTABLISHING terminal building.

EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING - PASSENGER LOADING ZONE - NIGHT

Airport bus arrives. Stewardess ELAINE DICKINSON steps off.
 CAMERA FOLLOWS Elaine as she walks to terminal building.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)

The white zone is for immediate loading
 and unloading of passengers only. There is
 no stopping in the red zone.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)

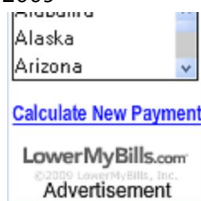
The red zone is for immediate loading and
 unloading of passengers. There is no
 stopping in the white zone.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)

No. The white zone is for loading and
 unloading, and there is no stopping in the
 red zone.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)

The red zone has always been for loading
 and unloading, and there is never stopping

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Draco
 Wheeee! Someone's b


Draco
 Whoohooo!!!! Draco M


chaching!
 How come the only rec


GREENY

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

in a white zone.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)

Don't tell me which zone is for stopping and which zone is for loading.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)

Listen, Betty. Don't start up with your white zone shit again!

Elaine enters terminal building.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Elaine is approached by a religious ZEALOT #1.

ZEALOT #1

Hello, we'd like you to have this flower from the Religious Consciousness Church.

ELAINE

No, but thank you very much.

Arrival-Departure TV monitors. Elaine approaches.

ELAINE'S POV - TV MONITORS

Reads: Flight 209 to Chicago - Depart Gate 89 - 7:25 p.m.
Arrival monitor is goldfish swimming.

BACK TO ELAINE

She checks her watch and walks past Security Check area. CAMERA STAYS with a middle-aged couple, SHIRLEY and JACK, waiting to pass through Security Check. Behind them is sign reading: WARNING, HIJACKING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE, etc.

SHIRLEY

Jack, isn't that Fred Bliffert over there in the blue turtleneck? Maybe he's on our flight to Chicago.

JACK

Yeah, I think he is.
(waves)
Hey, Fred!

FRED recognizes Jack.

FRED

(yelling)
Hi, Jack!!!

A swarm of police and airport security men descend on Fred and take him away.

EXT. AIRPORT - PASSENGER LOADING ZONE - NIGHT

A limousine arrives. Two colorfully dressed BLACK DUDES emerge. An extra pesters them. Two HARE KRISHNA'S arrive on foot and walk toward terminal.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)

There's just no stopping in the white zone.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)

Christ, you're as bad as your mother!

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)

Oh, really, Vernon! Why pretend? We both know perfectly well what it is you're

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

talking about. You want me to have an abortion.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)
It's really the only sensible thing to do.
If it's done properly, therapeutically,
there's no danger involved.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)
Have you considered that what's inside me
is a human being; that it's alive. We made
love. It's us -- you and me.

P.A. SYSTER (male v.o.)
That isn't true. A fetus at this stage is
not a human being, nor is it a person.

Krishnas enter terminal building.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

The Krishnas are approached by the Religious Zealot.

ZEALOT #2
Hello, we'd like you to have this flower
from the Church of Consciousness. Would
you like to make a donation?

KRISHNA
(shakes his head)
No, we gave at the office.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

A voluptuous BLONDE saunters through the airport, clears her
throat loudly, and spits on the wall.

She walks past an ELDERLY WOMAN standing outside a men's
room door. She turns and sticks her head in the door.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Go, O.J., go!!

INT. SECURITY CHECK AREA - NIGHT

SECURITY CHECK LADY is watching X-ray scanner. First picture
is typically filled suitcase, then another, then a chest X-
ray.

A man passes through metal detector archway and it BEEPS.

SECURITY LADY
Please put your metal objects on this
tray.

He puts his watch, keys on the tray. Then removes his metal
arm and metal leg.

EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING - PASSENGER LOADING AREA - NIGHT

MR. and MRS. HAMMEN and their eight year old son, JOEY,
arrive in a station wagon. They unload luggage.

P.A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)
The red zone is for immediate loading and
unloading of passengers only. There is no
stopping in the white zone.

P.A. System Female v.o. weeping.

P. A. SYSTEM (male v.o.)
The red zone is for...Betty, put down that

SHOTS and GROAN.

P.A. SYSTEM (female v.o.)
The white zone is for immediate loading
and unloading of passengers only. There is
no stopping in the red zone.

The Hammens walk toward terminal past a BUSINESSMAN.

BUSINESSMAN

Taxi!

A taxi cab skids to a stop in front of him. The Businessman
gets in as the driver, TED STRIKER, drops the flag and
rushes out.

STRIKER

Back in a minute.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - BAGGAGE PICKUP AREA - NIGHT

Striker enters, looking around as if searching for someone.
People are rolling down the conveyor belt of a baggage
carousel, banging into each other like luggage. The luggage
is standing around the conveyor belt, waiting for the people
to come off.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Striker, walking briskly, is approached by Zealot #3 who
tries to pin a flower on his jacket. Striker keeps walking
but the Zealot is persistent. Finally, Striker slips out of
his jacket leaving the Zealot with the coat.

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)
Your attention, please. Flight seven-
thirty-three from Milwaukee is now
arriving on the B Concourse, Gate thirty-
five.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Flight 733 taxis toward gate. A GROUND CREWMAN with red
flashlights is directing plane to his right. A SECOND
GROUND CREWMAN approaches as First Ground Crewman continues
to direct plane to his right.

CREDITS END.

GROUND CREWMAN #2

Hey, Joe, where's the forklift?

GROUND CREWMAN #1

The forklift? It's over there by the
baggage loader.

He points to the left with his flashlights. Flight 733
follows flashlights and CRASHES into terminal.

INT. TERMINAL - GATE 35 - NIGHT

Nose of Flight 733 CRASHES into terminal, scattering waiting
crowd. A woman tosses away her infant child as she runs off.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Striker catches up to Elaine.

STRIKER

Elaine!

ELAINE

(surprised)

Ted!

STRIKER

I came home early and found your note. I guess you meant for me to read it later. Elaine, I've got to talk to you.

ELAINE

I just don't want to go over it any more.

STRIKER

I know things haven't been right for a long time, but it'll be different. If you'll just be patient, I can work things out.

ELAINE

I have been patient and I've tried to help, but you wouldn't even let me do that.

STRIKER

Don't you feel anything for me at all any more?

ELAINE

It takes so many things to make love last. Most of all it takes respect. And I can't live with a man I don't respect!

She leaves.

STRIKER

(to CAMERA)

What a pisser.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - CONCESSION AREA - NIGHT

CAPTAIN CLARENCE OVEUR is standing at the magazine racks. The first two sections of the display are books; the third is girly magazines. The captions over the display are FICTION, NON-FICTION, WHACKING MATERIAL. He selects a magazine entitled "Modern Sperm" and begins to page through.

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)

Captain Clarence Oveur, white courtesy phone. Captain Clarence Oveur, white courtesy phone.

Captain Oveur approaches telephones and picks up a red phone.

OPERATOR (v.o.)

No, the white phone.

Oveur picks up the white phone.

OVEUR

This is Captain Oveur.

OPERATOR (v.o.)

One moment for your call from the Mayo Clinic.

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)

Captain Oveur, white courtesy phone. Captain Clarence Oveur...

OVEUR

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

(yelling at ceiling)
I've got it!

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)
All right. Thank you.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Go ahead with your call.

TURNANSKY (v.o.)
This is Doctor Turnansky at the Mayo
Clinic.

INT. DR. TURNANSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DR. TURNANSKY is seated at desk. Behind him are shelves
filled with mayonnaise jars.

TURNANSKY
There's a passenger on your Chicago flight
two-oh-niner, a little girl named Lisa
Davis -- en route to Minneapolis. She's
scheduled for a heart transplant and we'd
like you to tell her mother that we found
a donor an hour ago.

On his desk is a beaker containing a beating heart.

TURNANSKY
We have the heart here ready for surgery
and we must have the recipient on the
operating table within six hours.

The heart jumps out of the beaker, across the desk and falls
off the edge.

TURNANSKY
I want you to make sure she is kept in a
reclined position and that a continuous
watch is kept on her I.V.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - PHONE AREA - NIGHT

TURNANSKY (v.o.)
Also, it's important that...

OPERATOR (v.o.)
Excuse me. This is the Operator, Captain
Oveur, I have an emergency call for you on
line five from a Mister Hamm.

OVEUR
All right. Give me Hamm on five, hold the
Mayo.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Ambulance arrives at airplane. Attendants and MRS. DAVIS
unload LISA DAVIS into wheelchair.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Elaine and Striker are walking together.

STRIKER
Look, you'll be back in town tomorrow
night. We'll have dinner -- talk it over.

ELAINE
I won't be back. I've requested the
Atlanta run.

STRIKER

Elaine, not yet. I promise you I really can change.

ELAINE

Then why don't you take the job that Louie Netz offered you at Boeing?

In the b.g. an airline PORTER is transporting an ELDERLY COUPLE in an electric cart. They round the corner too fast and the woman falls out. Husband doesn't notice.

STRIKER

You know I haven't been able to get near an airplane since the war. And even if I could, they wouldn't hire me because of my war record.

ELAINE

Your war record? You're the only one keeping that alive. For everyone else it's ancient history.

STRIKER

You expect me to believe that?

In the b.g. the Elderly Woman staggers to her feet and is immediately run over by another electric cart.

ELAINE

It's the truth. What's hurt you the most is your record since the war. Different cities, different jobs, and not one of them shows you can accept any real responsibility.

STRIKER

But if you'll just give me...

ELAINE

It's too late, Ted. When I get back to Chicago, I'm going to start my life all over again. I'm sorry.

She walks off. Dramatic MUSIC as Striker glares with determination. The religious Zealot tries to pin a flower on his lapel.

ZEALOT #3

Hello, we'd like you to have this...

Without looking, Striker decks the Zealot with one punch. He walks after Elaine.

INT. COCKPIT - FLIGHT 209 - NIGHT

Clarence Oveur is in the pilot's seat. VICTOR BASTA is seated at engineer's console. There is a St. Christopher's statue on the dashboard.

BASTA

Any word on that storm lifting over Salt Lake, Clarence?

TEXACO SERVICE MAN is cleaning windshield.

OVEUR

Unlikely, Victor. I just reviewed the Area Report for 1609 hours through 2400 hours. That's an occluded front stalled over the Dakotas -- backed up all the way to Utah.

Texaco Service Man opens hood and checks dipstick.

BASTA

If it decides to push over into the Great Lakes it could get plenty soupy. How about the southern route, around Tulsa?

OVEUR

I double checked the terminal forecast and winds aloft. IFR ceilings all the way.

Oveur gives charge card to Texaco Man.

BASTA

Where do they top out?

OVEUR

Well, there's some light scattered cover at twenty thousand with icing around eighteen.

BASTA

Looks like the original flight plan over Denver is still the best bet.

Oveur signs charge form and gives it to Texaco Man.

OVEUR

Denver it is.

ROGER MURDOCK enters. He is played by a famous athlete.

MURDOCK

Sorry, Clarence. Latest weather report shows everything socked in from Salt Lake to Lincoln.

OVEUR

(to Murdock)

Hi, Roger. Good to have you aboard. Victor, this is Roger Murdock.

BASTA

How do you do, Roger?

Texaco Man hands receipt to Oveur.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

Stewardesses Elaine and RANDY are greeting boarding passengers including the Hammens and SISTER ANGELINA who is carrying a guitar.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

HARI KRISHNA #1

Do you believe those goddamn Steelers? Can you imagine blitzing on third and long with two minutes in the game?

HARI KRISHNA #2

Well, hell, they couldn't stay in zone coverage with Dallas running swing patterns!

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

JACK

What did you think of 'Great Expectations?'

SHIRLEY

Well, it wasn't all that I had hoped.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

A SOLDIER and GIRL are tearfully embracing at the base of the stairs leading into the plane.

GIRL

Oh, Bill, I'm going to miss you so much.

SOLDIER

You promise you'll write.

GIRL

Every day.

AIRPORT STEWARD

Better get on board, son.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - GATE 89 - NIGHT

Striker approaches check-in counter.

STRIKER

Can you tell me if Elaine Dickinson is on this flight?

She looks at her list.

CHECK-IN LADY

Well, the whole flight crew has boarded.
Yes. She is on board.

STRIKER

I'd like one ticket to Chicago. No baggage!

EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING - PASSENGER LOADING AREA - NIGHT

The Businessman is patiently waiting in Striker's cab.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - GATE 89 - NIGHT

CHECK-IN LADY

Smoking or non-smoking?

STRIKER

Smoking, please.

She hands him a smoldering ticket, and he walks out the door.

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Striker emerges and freezes in terror.

STRIKER'S POV - THE AIRPLANE - NIGHT

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

CLOSEUP - STRIKER - NIGHT

agonizing over war recollections. SUPERIMPOSE ROARING fighter planes. SUPER FADES OUT. Striker musters his courage and walks toward airplane.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

BLACK DUDE #1

Shi',man, tha' honkey mo'fo' mess wi' my ol' lady, man I rap tha' dude upside his head, man.

SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN: "GOLLY, THAT WHITE FELLOW SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM MY WIFE OR I WILL PUNCH HIM."

BLACK DUDE #2

Yeah, man, he ain't never goin' come on
layin' no pig rap off you, man.

SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN: "YES, THERE IS TRUTH IN WHAT YOU SAY. HOWEVER, I THINK HE MAY BE MISLEADING YOU."

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Randy is taking Striker's ticket.

RANDY

Fourteen-B. It's halfway down on your
right.

STRIKER

Thank you.

As Striker sits down he sees Elaine, who is unaware he is on board.

STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT

Elaine is handing out pillows. We HEAR A DING.

INSERT - LIGHTED WARNING SIGNS

"NO SMOKING
EL NO A YOU SMOKO"

"FASTEN SEAT BELTS
PUTANA DA SEATBELTZ"

He fastens his seat belt and looks nervously out the window.
The Elderly Woman next to him notices.

MRS. ELDERLY

Nervous?

STRIKER

Yes.

MRS. ELDERLY

First time?

STRIKER

No. I've been nervous lots of times. I
used to be a pilot myself...during the
war.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Elaine approaches Mrs. Davis and Lisa.

ELAINE

We'll be taking off real soon so we better
fasten you in tight.

LISA

Thank you. Oh Mother, this is so exciting.

MRS. DAVIS

I know, but remember you must get some
rest.

ELAINE

That's good advice. You relax and I'll be
back after we take off.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

MILTON, an eight year old boy wearing a conservative coat and tie, fastens his seat belt and begins reading his "Business Monthly" magazine.

He sees BERNICE, a seven year old girl, in the aisle and looks her up and down.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

DRAMATIC MUSIC. Engines one and two REV UP.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock and Oveur look toward left wing.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

ENGINES three and four REV UP.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock and Oveur look toward right wing.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Two more ENGINES REV UP.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock and Oveur look toward left wing and do a double take.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Two more ENGINES REV UP.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock and Oveur are confused and counting on their fingers.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Stairs are removed from airplane. The Soldier is in the open doorway waving good-bye to his tearful girlfriend at the base of the plane.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

OVEUR

Two-zero-niner to ground control. We are loaded and ready to taxi.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

GROUND CONTROL (v.o.)

Roger, two-zero-niner. You are third in line for takeoff...Air Israel, taxi into position.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

An Air Israel airplane with beard and pais, wearing a yarmulka and tallis.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

GROUND CONTROL (v.o.)

Air Poland, you are cleared for takeoff.

INT. AIR POLAND COCKPIT - NIGHT

Crew is Jose Feliciano and look-alike for Ray Charles.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

GROUND CONTROL (v.o.)

Taxi to runway one-niner.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Oveur moves console levers as if shifting into first gear.

EXT. AIRPLANE - SOLDIER - NIGHT

as 209 starts to taxi, the Soldier is leaning out the door.

SOLDIER

Good-bye, darling.

EXT. RUNWAY - GIRL - NIGHT

His girlfriend is moving along next to the plane as in typical train station good-bye scene.

GIRL

Oh, good-bye, Bill! Have your picture taken as soon as you get there and send me one!

As she runs, she dodges posts. We HEAR the chug chug of a steam engine pulling from a station.

SOLDIER

I will.

She runs through crowd of people standing on side of runway.

GIRL

Don't you go getting fat or anything.

She's running faster.

SOLDIER

Don't worry, I won't. Okay, here -- hurry!

He tosses her his watch.

GIRL

Oh, but it's your watch. You shouldn't. You'll need it.

She is now knocking down posts as she keeps up with the accelerating plane.

SOLDIER

Good-bye, darling.

GIRL

Oh, Bill, I'll keep it. I'll keep it with me all the time.

SOLDIER

So long, darling. Good-bye. Take care of yourself.

GIRL

Bill! Bill! Good-bye, Bill.

SOLDIER

Good-bye, darling.

GIRL

Good-bye, darling. I love you. I love you, darling.

SOLDIER

Good-bye, darling.

A TRAIN WHISTLE sounds. She stops running and waves.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

GROUND CONTROLLER (v.o.)

Flight two-zero-niner, you are cleared for takeoff.

OVEUR

Roger.

MURDOCK

(turning to Oveur)

Huh?

Oveur throws console lever into second gear.

GROUND CONTROLLER (v.o.)

L.A. departure frequency two-point-niner.

OVEUR

Roger.

MURDOCK

(turning to Oveur)

Huh?

BASTA

(to tower)

Request vector...over.

OVEUR

(turning to Basta)

What?

GROUND CONTROLLER (v.o.)

Flight two-zero-niner, cleared for vector three...two four.

MURDOCK

We have clearance, Clarence.

OVEUR

Roger, Roger. What's our vector, Victor?

Oveur throws console lever into third.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Flight 209 takes off, flying erratically.

BASTA (v.o.)

Tower radioed clearance, over.

OVEUR (v.o.)

That's Clarence Oveur...over.

BASTA (v.o.)

Roger.

MURDOCK (v.o.)

Huh?

TOWER (v.o.)

Roger, over.

OVEUR (v.o.)

What?!

MURDOCK (v.o.)

Huh?

INSERT - SEAT BELT AND SMOKING SIGNS

going off.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Striker walks to rear of plane and looks out window. He swallows a couple of pills. Randy approaches.

RANDY

Do you feel all right, sir?

STRIKER

Oh -- I haven't flown for a long time.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Elaine is handing out magazines.

OVEUR (v.o.)

Good evening, this is Captain Oveur speaking. We'll be cruising at thirty-six, thousand feet, and arrival time in Chicago is ten-forty-five Central Time. The temperature there is sixty-two degrees, with a twenty percent chance of precipitation. And now here's Victor with People in the news.

BASTA (v.o.)

Thank you, Clarence. Ali McGraw announced another spin on the marriage-go-round. And who's the lucky guy? You guessed it. None other than Olympic gymnast...

Elaine approaches Mrs. Elderly. Striker's seat is vacant.

ELAINE

Would you like something to read?

MRS. ELDERLY

Do you have anything light?

Elaine hands her a small piece of paper.

ELAINE

How about this leaflet: 'Famous Jewish Sports Legends?'

MRS. ELDERLY

(taking pamphlet)

Yes. Thank you.

Elaine turns and is shocked to see Striker approaching his seat.

ELAINE

Ted, what are you doing here?

STRIKER

Elaine, I've got to talk to you.

ELAINE

You...you shouldn't have come. I don't have time now.

MRS. SCHIFF

Oh, stewardess...

ELAINE

Excuse me.

Striker sits down.

MRS. ELDERLY

No wonder you're upset. She's lovely. And a darling figure. Supple, pouting breasts. Firm thighs. It's a shame you're not getting along.

STRIKER

Yes, I know. Things used to be different. I remember when we first met. It was during the war.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAGUMBA BAR - NIGHT

Striker is seated at bar in a smoke-filled room. An assortment of unsavory characters are hanging around the bar.

STRIKER (v.o.)

I was in the Air Force, stationed in Drambuie, on the Barbary Coast. I used to hang out in the Magumba Bar.

Shapely female legs walking on bar stop in front of Striker. SLEAZY TROMBONE MUSIC. CAMERA PANS UP shapely female in tight fitting dress. She is playing the sleazy trombone music.

STRIKER (v.o.)

It was a rough place. You would count on a fight breaking out almost every night.

Two GIRL SCOUTS are slugging it out old Western style -- breaking tables and chairs.

INT. MAGUMBA BAR - JUKEBOX AREA - NIGHT

An unsavory CHARACTER puts a quarter in the jukebox. One Girl Scout bashes the other against the jukebox buttons.

INSERT - LIGHTED SIGN

"E-5

MAKE ANOTHER SELECTION"

DISCO TUNE plays. Girl Scout is bashed against jukebox again.

INSERT - LIGHTED SIGN

"B-17

MAKE ANOTHER SELECTION"

Girl Scout bashes again.

INSERT - LIGHTED SIGN

"A-12

THANK YOU"

The unsavory Character nods approvingly at selections.

INT. MAGUMBA BAR DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Patrons are dancing a la John Travolta.

STRIKER (v.o.)

I didn't go there that night to fall in love, I just dropped in for a couple of drinks.

BACK TO STRIKER

He turns to look toward dance floor.

STRIKER (v.o.)

But suddenly there she was.

STRIKER'S POV

Elaine dancing with grizzly looking cutthroat.

STRIKER (v.o.)

I was captivated, entranced.

BACK TO STRIKER

STRIKER (v.o.)

It hit me like a thunderbolt. I had to ask the guy next to me to pinch me to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

Striker asks the burly LONGSHOREMAN next to him to to pinch him. Longshoreman gives him a look and moves away cautiously.

STRIKER (v.o.)

I was afraid to approach her, but that night, fate was on my side.

Elaine's dancing partner is stabbed in the back and falls to the ground. No one notices but Striker who eagerly fills in. They make a perfect disco couple. The other dancers make a circle around them.

They begin with fancy disco steps, move on to flips and seemingly impossible acrobatics, finally ending with incredible stunts: Striker, jumping through flaming hoops and Elaine, hanging from a chandelier by her teeth and twirling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAGUMBA BAR DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Bar is closing, chairs on tables, bartender sweeping floor, Elaine and Striker dancing slowly in center of room. One final Girl Scout flies into FRAME and falls in a lifeless heap at their feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

STRIKER

We laughed, we talked, we danced, I never wanted it to end and I guess I still don't. But enough about me. I hope this hasn't been boring for you.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Mrs. Elderly's legs dangling next to him. She has hung herself.

STRIKER

It's just that when I start to talk about Elaine, I get so carried away -- I lose all track of time -- not unlike Oliver in 'Jesus: the Man.'

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Milton, carrying a tray with two cups of coffee, approaches Bernice.

MILTON

I happened to be passing, and I thought you might like some corfee.

BERNICE

That's very nice of you. Thank you.

She takes a cup.

BERNICE

Ah, won't you sit down?

MILTON

Thank you. Cream?

BERNICE

No, thank you. I take it black. Like my men.

MILTON

Were you vacationing in Los Angeles?

BERNICE

Well, it really wasn't a vacation. You see, I'm a teacher in the New York City school system, and I was attending a seminar on visual aids to education. Are you from L.A.?

MILTON

No. I'm from Washington, D.C. I'm a lobbyist for the Small Businessmen's Association.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Elaine is taking orders from a couple and their eight year old son.

ELAINE

Would you like to order dinner now?

MR. HAMMEN

Yes. Steak for Joey and my wife and I will have the fish.

JOEY

When can I see the cockpit, Dad?

MR. HAMMEN

Well, I think that the pilots are too busy flying the plane for that, Joey.

JOEY

Aw, gee whiz.

ELAINE

I tell you what, Joey. I'll talk to the Captain and see what I can arrange.

JOEY

Gee! That'd be swell!

Elaine moves on to the two Black Dudes.

ELAINE

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

Would you gentlemen care to order your dinners?

The Black Dudes point to their selections on the menu.

BLACK DUDE #1

'Ey ma' muh fuh wha' fo', shi!

SUBTITLES APPEAR: "I WOULD LIKE THE STEAK, PLEASE."

BLACK DUDE #2

Shi' mo cain ma foh mess wi' ain?!

SUBTITLES APPEAR: "I'LL HAVE THE FISH, THANK YOU."

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Randy is taking dinner orders from Hari Krishnas.

RANDY

May I take your dinner order?

HARI KRISHNA #1

No, thank you, we brought our own vegetables.

HARI KRISHNA #2

But we would like some hot water for our tea, please.

Randy moves on.

HARI KRISHNA #1

Did you catch the jugs on that broad?

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - STEWARDESS ALCOVE - NIGHT

Elaine is replacing a magazine and catches sight of Striker.

ELAINE'S POV - STRIKER

Boring another passenger.

BACK TO ELAINE

She moves into the alcove and begins to pour coffee. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSEUP of Elaine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Striker and Elaine are running. She falls down at the water's edge, exhausted. Striker drops to his knees and they embrace passionately. A huge wave washes over them covering them completely. When the wave recedes, they're still locked in the same embrace. They are covered with seaweed. Fish are flopping around in the sand.

ELAINE

Oh, Ted, I never knew I could be so happy. These past few months have been wonderful. Tomorrow why don't we drive up the coast to that little seafood place and...

Striker frowns.

ELAINE

What's the matter?

STRIKER

My orders came through. My squadron ships out tomorrow. I'll be leading a very

Airplane Script at IMSDb.
important mission.

ELAINE

Oh, Ted, please be careful. I worry about you so much.

STRIKER

I love you, Elaine.

ELAINE

I love you.

They embrace. Another huge wave washes in and covers them completely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEWARDESS ALCOVE - NIGHT

Elaine comes back to reality.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

In level flight.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

GROUND CONTROL (v.o.)

Flight two-zero-niner, this is Denver Flight Control. You're approaching some rough weather. Please climb to forty-two thousand feet.

OVEUR

Roger, Denver.

There is a KNOCK on the cockpit door. Elaine and Joey enter.

ELAINE

We have a visitor.

OVEUR

Hello.

MURDOCK

Hi.

ELAINE

This is Captain Oveur. Mister Murdock and Mister Johnson. This is Joey Hammen.

MURDOCK

Come on up here. You can see better.

OVEUR

Joey, here's something we give our special visitors. Would you like to have it?

He gives Joey a small toy airplane and puts his arm around him.

JOEY

Thank you. Thanks a lot!

OVEUR

Have you ever been in a cockpit before?

JOEY

No, sir. I've never been up in a plane before.

OVEUR

Have you ever seen a grown man naked?

MURDOCK

Do you want me to check the weather,
Clarence?

OVEUR

(looking at Joey)
No, why don't you take care of it?

ELAINE

We'd better get back now.

OVEUR

Joey can stay up here for a while if he'd
like to.

JOEY

Could I?

ELAINE

Okay, if you don't get in the way.

Elaine exits. Murdock picks up phone.

MURDOCK

Flight two-zero-niner to Denver radio.
Climbing to cruise at forty-two thousand.
Will report again over Lincoln. Over and
out.

Joey has been paying very close attention to Murdock, and
suddenly recognizes him.

JOEY

Wait a minute. I know you. You're Kareem
Abdul Jabbar. You play basketball for the
Los Angeles Lakers!

MURDOCK

I'm sorry, son, but you must have me
confused with someone else. My name is
Roger Murdock. I'm the co-pilot.

He turns to Basta.

MURDOCK

Ah, Victor, why don't you get the
coordinates on the altitude vector and
find out the ratio of direct velocity over
engine speed?

Victor is puzzled.

JOEY

You are Kareem. I've seen you play. My
Dad's got season tickets!

MURDOCK

I think you should go back to your seat
now, Joey. Right, Clarence?

OVEUR

No, he's not bothering anyone. Let him
stay up here.

MURDOCK

All right. But just remember, my name is
Roger Murdock.

He points to his nametag.

MURDOCK

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

I'm an airline pilot.

(to Oveur)

Ah, Clarence, according to my calculations, with this tailwind we ought to be able to make up an additional fifteen minutes over the Rockies.

JOEY

I think you're the greatest. But my Dad says you don't work hard enough on defense.

MURDOCK

(into microphone)

Denver Control, this is Flight two-zero-niner intersecting Victor Airway seven-niner-niner.

JOEY

...and that lots of times you don't even run down court.

MURDOCK

We are turning left to a heading of zero-niner-niner.

JOEY

...and that you don't really try, except during the playoffs.

MURDOCK

The hell I don't! I'm out there busting my buns every night.

Murdock realizes he has given himself away. He quickly looks to see if Oveur is listening. Oveur is busy checking instruments. Murdock grabs Joey by the collar and whispers angrily.

MURDOCK

Listen, kid, I've been hearing that crap ever since I was at UCLA. Tell your old man to drag Unseld and Lanier up and down the court for forty-eight minutes.

(into mike)

Ah...Denver Control, this is Flight two-zero-niner continuing on a heading two-niner-niner...niner, ah...niner...niner.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Elaine is seated next to Striker.

STRIKER

Elaine, just hear me out. I know things haven't been right for a long time. But it will be different...like it was in the beginning. Remember?

ELAINE

I remember everything. All I have are memories.

Soft MUSIC begins.

ELAINE

Mostly I remember...the nights when we were together. I remember how you used to hold me...and how I used to sit on your face and wriggle...and then afterwards how we'd watch until the sun came up. When it did, it was almost like...like each new

Airplane Script at IMSDb.
day was created...only for us.

STRIKER

That's the way I've always wanted it to be, Elaine.

ELAINE

But it won't be. Not as long as you insist on living in the past!

Elaine leaves, teary-eyed.

CLOSEUP - STRIKER

SUPERIMPOSE:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fighter plane diving.

SQUADRON LEADER (v.o.)

You're too low, Ted! You're too low!

Fighter plane CRASHES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sign in front reads:

**U.S. ARMY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL
PENTATHOL AVAILABLE**

Master Charge, Visa, Carte Blanche

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Striker is lying in bed painting a canvas. Elaine is seated at bedside.

ELAINE

You got a telegram from headquarters today.

STRIKER

Headquarters!? What is it?

ELAINE

It's a big building where the generals meet. But that's not important right now. They've cleared you of any blame for what happened on that raid. Isn't that good news?

INSERT - STRIKER'S PAINTING

A surreal image of a soldier contorted like a pretzel clutching a machine gun in one hand and a crying infant in the other.

BACK TO HOSPITAL - DAY

STRIKER

Is it? Because of my mistake six men didn't return from that raid.

ELAINE

Seven. Lieutenant Zipp died this morning. Ted, Doctor Sandler says you'll be out in a week. Isn't that wonderful?

In the b.g., a doctor in a white lab coat is attending a patient. When he turns around WE SEE he is wearing an STP insignia on his back.

STRIKER

I wish I could say the same for George Zipp.

ELAINE

Be patient, Ted. No one expects you to get over this immediately.

Striker is despondent.

SGT. McCOBB (o.s.)

Hey, Striker!

INT. HOSPITAL - ANGLE - SGT. McCOBB - DAY

He is posing for Striker's painting, contorted like a pretzel, holding a machine gun in one hand and crying baby in the other.

SGT. McCOBB

How about a break? I'm getting tired!

STRIKER

All right. Take five.

McCobb untangles himself and walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLOSEUP - ELAINE - DAY

ELAINE

I found a wonderful apartment for us. It's got a brick fireplace and a cute little bedroom with mirrors on the ceiling. And...

CAPTAIN GELINE (o.s.)

I'm off course. Red Leader!!! Look out!!

STRIKER

That's Captain Geline. He thinks he's a pilot, still fighting the war.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Captain Geline agonizing and making bombing and machine gun noises.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

LIEUTENANT HURWITZ (o.s.)

Groan.

ELAINE

What's his problem?

STRIKER

That's Lieutennt Hurwitz. Severe shell shock. He thinks he's Ethel Merman.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Strapped to the bed is ETHEL MERMAN singing "EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES." She breaks loose from the straps for a grand finale. Two attendants attempt to restrain her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - BACK TO STRIKER - NIGHT**RANDY**

Excuse me, sir. Would you like some coffee before we serve dinner?

STRIKER

No. No thank you.

Randy moves on to the Hammens.

RANDY

Would either of you like another cup of coffee?

MRS. HAMMEN

I will, but Jim won't.

MR. HAMMEN

Yes, I think I will have another cup of coffee.

CAMERA ZOOMS to CLOSEUP of Mrs. Hammen.

MRS. HAMMEN'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

Jim never has a second cup of coffee at home.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Randy approaches Sister Angelina. The guitar is on the seat next to her.

RANDY

Excuse me, Sister?

SISTER ANGELINA

Yes?

RANDY

There's a little girl on board who's ill and...

SISTER ANGELINA

Oh yes, I saw. Poor child.

RANDY

Could I borrow your guitar? I thought I might be able to cheer her up.

SISTER ANGELINA

Of course.

Randy takes the guitar and walks down the aisle. The guitar clonks people on the back of the head. Randy approaches Lisa.

RANDY

Is it all right if I talk to your daughter?

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, I think that would be nice.

RANDY

(to Lisa, who is reading)

Hi!

LISA

Hi!

RANDY

I'm Randy.

LISA

I'm Lisa. Oh, you have a guitar!

RANDY

I thought maybe you'd like to hear a song.

LISA

Oh, I'd love to.

RANDY

Okay, this is one of my favorites.

Randy is sitting on the edge of the gurney as she strums three opening chords.

RANDY

(strumming and singing in
ballad tempo)

'I've traveled the banks of the River
Jordan, to find where it flows to the
sea.'

Stewardesses and passengers notice the singer and peer around corners and over seat backs. A man's head peers upside down from the TOP OF THE FRAME.

RANDY

'I looked in the eyes of the cold and the
hungry and saw that I was looking at me.'

As singing continues, Shirley and Jack look at each other with saccherine smiles, the Hammens do the same, then the Krishnas, then the Black Dudes. Finally, everyone is smiling sweetly at each other.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock and Oveur smile sweetly at each other...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

RANDY

(singing and playing the
guitar)

'And I wanted to know if life had a
purpose, and what it all means in the end.
In the silence I listened to the voices
inside me, and they told me again and
again.'

Tempo Jumps to rock pace.

RANDY

'There is only one river. There is only
one sea.'

Randy, in her growing enthusiasm, swings her guitar, knocking the I.V. connection tube from Lisa's arm. The I.V. squirts, and Lisa turns pale and hollowcheeked. No one else notices.

RANDY

'And it flows through you, and it flows
through me. There is only one people, we
are one and the same.'

Lisa manages to reconnect her I.V.

RANDY

(still singing)

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

'We are all one spirit, one name. We are the Father, we are the son.'

Randy again knocks I.V. from Lisa's arm with guitar as the passengers start to get into the music.

RANDY

'In the Dawn of Creation. We are one.'

Mrs. Davis rushes to reconnect Lisa's I.V. Lisa doesn't react. Mrs. Davis pounds Lisa's chest.

RANDY & PASSENGERS

'We are only one people, we are one and the same.'

As Lisa revives, Randy swings her guitar and clonks Mrs. Davis on the head.

RANDY & PASSENGERS

'We are all one spirit on Earth, one name.'

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

RANDY & PASSENGERS (v.o.)

'We are the Father, we are the son, and in the Dawn of Creation we are one.'

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine enters with dinners.

OVEUR

Hey, we've been waiting for you. A little bit late tonight.

ELAINE

Who wants to be first?

MURDOCK

Go ahead, Clarence, I got it.

Oveur removes his headset, Elaine puts tray down.

ELAINE

How's the weather?

MURDOCK

Not so good. We've got some heavy stuff ahead of us. It might get rough again unless we can climb on top. But our airspeed is holding steady at six hundred ten knots.

ELAINE

That's great. By the way, Joey Hammen asked me if you would autograph this basketball.

Murdock autographs it reluctantly.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A JAPANESE GENERAL, dressed in World War II uniform, is now seated next to Striker.

STRIKER

After the war, I just wanted to get as far away from things as possible. So Elaine and I joined the Peace Corps. We were assigned to an isolated tribe, the

DISSOLVE TO:**EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY**

Striker and Elaine are being escorted to the chief's hut by two GUARDS. We hear Jungle Animal SOUNDS. The chief is standing in front of his hut surrounded by several TRIBESMEN who are making the jungle animal sounds.

STRIKER (v.o.)

They had never seen Americans before.

When Striker and Elaine arrive, the CHIEF holds up his hands and the sounds stop.

STRIKER (v.o.)

At first, they didn't know what to think of us; but soon we gained their trust.

The Chief extends his right hand for conventional handshake. Striker shows him power grip. When the Chief is pleased, Striker gives him five. The Chief pauses then decks Striker.

STRIKER (v.o.)

It really was a challenge during the year introducing them to our Western culture.

DISSOLVE TO:**EXT. JUNGLE - ANOTHER AREA - DAY**

Elaine is having a Supperware party for native women.

ELAINE

Also, Supperware products are ideal for storing leftovers to help stretch your food dollar. This two quart "Seals-M-Rite" container with a special "Close-M-Tite" lid keeps hotdog buns fresh for days and prevents sugared cereals from sticking.

She scoops a ladle of corn mush from a carved wooden bowl into a Supperware container.

ELAINE

Meat and dairy products are protected against unwanted refrigerator odors when sealed in this non-slip pastel colored "Freez-o-leer".

When she burps the lid, the Supperware makes a human burp SOUND.

EXT. JUNGLE - ANOTHER AREA - DAY

Striker nailing crude basketball rim and net to tree.

STRIKER (v.o.)

You must understand that these people had been completely isolated from civilization.

Striker demonstrates a two-handed set shot to natives. He misses.

STRIKER (v.o.)

No one had ever outlined a physical fitness program for them and they had no athletic equipment.

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

Native examines basketball for first time. After two slow dribbles, he gracefully feints lefts, then, dribbling through his legs, sinks a two-hand, over-the-head, reverse dunk shot.

STRIKER (v.o.)

We also emphasized nutrition and taught them to watch their diets.

Another native hits a long jump shot.

STRIKER (v.o.)

The exercise improved their physical fitness and condition.

One shot after another swishes through the basketball rim.

STRIKER (v.o.)

My working with them seemed to reinforce our objectives of group cooperation and controlled-competitive activity.

Striker approaches Elaine who is standing on the sideline. As they talk, the natives are passing the ball around and shooting baskets Harlem Globetrotter fashion.

STRIKER

I think they're getting the hang of it!
When we re-enlist I'll teach them
baseball!

ELAINE

Ted, I don't want to stay here. It's time
for us to go back home -- to the plans we
made before the war.

STRIKER

A lot of people made plans before the war.
Like George Zipp.

Elaine walks away, dejectedly. CAMERA STAYS with Striker as he pours Gator-Ade into a glass.

STRIKER (v.o.)

I guess it was at that moment that I first
realized Elaine had doubts about our
relationship. And that as much as anything
else led to my drinking problem.

Striker has a problem drinking. He raises his glass of Gator-Ade, then suddenly pours it on his forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

STRIKER

We did come back to the States. I tried a
number of jobs...Well, I could go on for
hours, but I'd probably start to bore you.

The Japanese General is kneeling on the seat committing Hari Kari.

STRIKER

You know, I really couldn't blame Elaine.
She wanted a career. I was offered a job
at Boeing but I couldn't bring myself to
take it...

EXT. LAX PASSENGER LOADING AREA - NIGHT

The businessman waiting in Striker's cab checks his watch.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Shirley is ill and holding her stomach in pain.

SHIRLEY

Oh, I can't stand it.

JACK

What is it?

Elaine approaches.

ELAINE

Yes?

SHIRLEY

My, stomach. I haven't felt this awful since we saw that Lina Wertmuller film.

ELAINE

I'll see if I can find some Dramamine.

Elaine exits.

SHIRLEY

OOOOOO.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - STEWARDESS ALCOVE - NIGHT

Elaine is on the phone.

ELAINE

Captain, one of the women passengers is very sick.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Joey enters to retrieve basketball. Murdock is wearing goggles.

OVEUR

Airsick?

ELAINE

I think so, but I've never seen it so acute.

OVEUR

Find out if there's a doctor on board, as quietly as you can.

Oveur hangs up phone.

OVEUR

Joey, have you ever been in a Turkish prison?

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

MR. HAMMEN

(nauseous)

Oooh, I shouldn't have had that second cup of coffee.

He grabs for motion sickness bag. CAMERA ZOOMS to CLOSEUP of Mrs. Hammen.

MRS. HAMMEN'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)
Jim never vomits at home.

EXT. AIRPLANE

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Elaine is speaking to couple.

ELAINE

I'm sorry I had to wake you. I'm just looking for a doctor. There's nothing to worry about.

Middle-aged lady, MRS. YAFFE, having overheard this conversation, beckons to Elaine.

MRS. YAFFE

Stewardess, I think the man next to me is a doctor.

The MAN next to her is wearing a surgical cap with mask. Hanging around his neck is a stethoscope. He's sleeping.

ELAINE

Sir. Excuse me, sir. I'm sorry to have to wake you. Are you a doctor?

DR. RUMACK

That's right.

ELAINE

We have some passengers who are very sick. Could you come and take a look at them?

DR. RUMACK

Yes. Yes, of course.

Rumack picks up bag and exits with Elaine.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Rumack and Elaine enter. Rumack stoops over to Shirley, and surgical instrument is slapped into his hand from o.s. He pokes her stomach with his hand.

DR. RUMACK

Pain there?

She winces and nods.

DR. RUMACK

May I see your tongue, please?

She sticks her tongue out. Rumack pulls on it until it is obviously too long. He continues to pull, and the tongue becomes multi-colored magician's scarves. Then he pulls out a bouquet of flowers followed by a white dove.

DR. RUMACK

I'll be back in a minute.

Rumack takes Elaine aside.

DR. RUMACK

You'd better tell the Captain. We've got to land as soon as we can. This woman has to be gotten to a hospital.

ELAINE

Airplane Script at IMSDb.
A hospital? What is it?

DR. RUMACK

It's a big building with patients. But that's not important right now. Tell the Captain I must speak to him.

ELAINE

Certainly.

EXT. AIRPLANE - THUNDER AND LIGHTNING - NIGHT

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

OVEUR

(into mike)

Thank you, Omaha. Two-zero-niner out.

(to Basta)

Victor, we're running into a heavy storm, can you...

Oveur turns to see Basta slumped over the console.

Dramatic MUSIC.

OVEUR

Victor! Roger, take over!

Oveur lifts Basta onto ground.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock, flying the plane alone, wipes his brow and appears ill.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - OUTSIDE COCKPIT DOOR - NIGHT

DR. RUMACK

Captain, how soon can we land?

OVEUR

I can't tell.

DR. ROMACK

You can tell me. I'm a doctor!

OVEUR

No. I mean I'm just not sure.

DR. RUMACK

Can't you take a guess?

OVEUR

Well...not for another two hours.

DR. RUMACK

You can't take a guess for another two hours?

OVEUR

No, I mean we can't land for another two hours. Fog has closed down everything this side of the mountains. We've got to go through to Chicago!

Suddenly, the plane rocks violently. Rumack and Oveur lose balance.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning -- plane is flying erratically.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Murdock, unconscious, is slumped over controls. Oveur and Rumack burst into cockpit. Oveur gets into pilot's seat. Elaine enters.

OVEUR

(excitedly)

Get him out of there!

INSERT - ALTIMETER AND FLIGHT CONTROLS

Altitude is fluctuating.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Oveur struggles with controls. They extricate Murdock from behind the wheel. He is wearing shorts, kneepads, and basketball shoes.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

climbing and diving.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are being tossed about. A woman, applying lipstick, smears it over her face.

INSERT - LIGHTED SYMBOLS

-- cigarette with line slashed through, and couple copulating with line slashed through.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Randy loses her balance and shoves dinner into a passenger's face.

INT. COCKPIT - OVEUR - NIGHT

struggling with controls, finally regains level flight.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning -- plane levels off.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The St. Christopher statue is holding a motion discomfort bag to its mouth.

OVEUR

What is it, Doctor? What's happening?

DR. RUMACK

I'm not sure. I haven't seen anything like this since the Lina Wertmuller Film Festival.

Rumack and Elaine are now standing face-to-face. Oveur, in the f.g., is at controls.

DR. RUMACK

What was it we had for dinner tonight?

ELAINE

Well, we had a choice. Steak or fish.

DR. RUMACK

Yes, yes, I remember. I had lasagna.

He points to Johnson.

DR. RUMACK

What did he have?

ELAINE

He had fish.

Randy enters cockpit.

RANDY

We have two more sick people, and the rest of the passengers are worried.

OVEUR

I'll take care of the passengers. Elaine, find out what the two sick people had for dinner.

(into P.A.)

This is Captain Oveur speaking.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are listening to P.A.

OVEUR (v.o.)

It's been a little bumpy up here but we'll be past it in a few minutes.

Randy and Elaine drag Murodck and Basta down center aisle.

OVEUR (v.o.)

A couple points of interest: we're just now passing over the Hoover Dam and later on, our course will take us just south of the Grand Canyon.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

OVEUR

Meanwhile, relax and enjoy the rest of your flight. Okay? Okay!

He hangs up phone and turns to Rumack.

OVEUR

That should do it.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Absolute pandemonium. Passengers are yelling, screaming, tearing their hair out, climbing about.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

OVEUR

(into microphone)

Chicago, this is flight two-zero-niner. We're in trouble.

INT. O'HARE WEATHER CENTER - CLOSEUP - TYPEWRITER - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal DISPATCHER typing Oveur's message.

OVEUR (v.o.)

We've got to have all altitudes below us cleared and priority approach and landing in Chicago. Over.

DISPATCHER

We read you. Stand by, two-zero-niner.

When he tries to remove paper from typewriter, it rips in half.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Randy approaches Hammens. Mr. Hammen is sick.

RANDY

Yes?

MRS. HAMMEN

Oh, Stewardess. My husband is very sick.
Can you do something, please?

RANDY

Well, the doctor will be with you in just a moment. One thing: do you know what he had for dinner?

MRS. HAMMEN

Yes, of course. We both had fish. Why?

RANDY

Oh, it's nothing to be alarmed about.
We'll get back to you very quickly.

She turns to walk toward CAMERA with horrified expression.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine enters, turns to face Rumack. Oveur is at controls in f.g.

ELAINE

Doctor Rumack, Mister Hammen ate fish. And Randy says there are five more cases, and they ate fish, too.

DR. RUMACK

Let's see now. The co-pilot had fish. What did the navigator eat?

ELAINE

He had fish, too.

Oveur is picking up on the conversation.

DR. RUMACK

All right, now we know what we're up against. Every passenger on this plane who ate fish for dinner will become violently ill within the next half hour.

Oveur looks down at his dinner tray and sees skeleton of the fish he just ate.

ELAINE

Just how serious is it, doctor?

DR. RUMACK

Extremely serious. It starts with a slight fever.

Oveur experiences what the doctor is describing.

DR. RUMACK

Then a dryness in the throat. As the virus penetrates the red blood cells the victim becomes dizzy and begins to experience a rash and itching. From there the poison works its way into the central nervous system causing severe muscle spasms, followed by the inevitable drooling. At this point, the entire digestive system is rendered useless, causing the complete collapse of the lower bowels, accompanied by uncontrollable flatulence...until finally the poor bastard is reduced to a quivering, wasted piece of jelly.

Oveur passes out and pitches forward onto the controls.
Rumack and Elaine lose balance as plane dives.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning as plane is diving.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are being tossed about. A woman, applying rouge, smears it all over her face.

INT. CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - CLOSEUP - A PLATE OF JELLO

wiggling. CAMERA PANS UP to braless woman whose breasts are wiggling.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

As they finally untangle Oveur from the wheel, he gains semi-consciousness.

OVEUR

(gasping)

Turn...on...automatic pilot.

Oveur passes out.

ELAINE

Uh, automatic pilot...automatic pilot?

INSERT - ELAINE'S POV - CONTROL PANEL - NIGHT**ELAINE**

is frantically searching for automatic pilot button.

ELAINE

There it is!

INSERT - SWITCH MARKED "AUTOMATIC PILOT"

Elaine's hand tenuously reaches for and turns switch to "ON".

INT. COCKPIT - CO-PILOT'S SEAT - NIGHT

SOUND of rushing air as instantly inflatable balloon pilot takes shape in seat with hands on wheel. His uniform and cap are painted on, and he has an alert "leave the driving to us" expression on his face. The plane immediately regains level flight, and Elaine and Rumack sigh in relief.

DR. RUMACK

I'll get back to the passengers.

Rumack exits.

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

(over radio)

Come in two-zero-niner. This is Chicago.
Flight two-zero-niner, come in, please.

Elaine picks up mike while still standing.

ELAINE

This is Elaine Dickinson. I'm the
stewardess. Captain Oveur is passed out on
the floor, and we've lost the co-pilot and
navigator, too. We're in terrible trouble.
Over.

OVEUR (o.s.)

Groan!

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Elaine! Roger, Roger! I read you. This is
Steve McCroskey at Chicago Air Control.

ELAINE

Hi, Steve!

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Now listen carefully. Is the automatic
pilot on? Over.

ELAINE

Yes. Yes, it is. Over.

OVEUR (o.s.)

Huh?

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Very good. Now, Elaine, where are you?
Over.

ELAINE

I'm standing over Oveur. Over.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

McCROSKEY

(into mike)

All right, Elaine. Just hold on. We'll be
back to you in a minute.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal dispatch is a beehive of
activity. The Chief Dispatcher, STEVE McCROSKEY, is barking
orders to AIR CONTROLLER #1.

McCROSKEY

Hold all takeoffs. I don't want another
plane in the air. When the 508 reports,
bring it straight in.

Air Controller #1 exits quickly. McCroskey picks up phone.

McCROSKEY

Put out a general bulletin to suspend all
meal service on flights out of Los
Angeles.

He hangs up phone and talks to AIR CONTROLLER #2.

McCROSKEY

Tell all dispatchers to remain at their
posts. It's going to be a long night.

Air Controller #2 exits. McCroskey notices he is out of

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

coffee and turns to AIR CONTROLLER HINSHAW.

McCROSKEY

And how about some coffee, Johnny?

HINSHAW

No thanks.

AIR CONTROLLER #3 enters.

McCROSKEY

I want the weather on every landing field
on this side of the Rockies, no matter
what the size.

Air Controller #3 exits. AIR CONTROLLER #4 enters.

McCROSKEY

Do you understand?

Air Controller #4 exits. AIR CONTROLLER #5 enters.

McCROSKEY

Any place where there's a chance to land
this plane.

Air Controller #5 exits. SIAMESE TWINS enter.

McCROSKEY

Stan, go upstairs to the tower and get a
runway diagram. Terry, check down on the
field for emergency equipment.

Siamese Twins leave. In the b.g. we see them trying to walk
in opposite directions. Air Controller #1 enters.

AIR CONTROLLER #1

Chief, there's fog down to the deck
everywhere east of the Rockies. There's no
possible place they can land. They'll have
to come through to Chicago.

McCROSKEY

Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit
smoking.

He lights up a cigarette. McCroskey walks toward a table and
leans on his hands.

McCROSKEY

I want the best available man on this. A
man who knows this plane inside and out
and won't crack under pressure.

HINSHAW

How about Sal Mineo?

McCROSKEY

Get me Rex Kramer!

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Lightning and THUNDER.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine is in the pilot's seat and the inflated automatic
pilot is in co-pilot's seat.

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Now, Elaine, right next to the throttle is
the air speed gauge. What speed does it

ELAINE

Three hundred twenty miles per hour.

INSERT - AIR SPEED GAUGE**BACK TO SCENE**

We see, but Elaine does not notice, the automatic pilot very slowly beginning to deflate.

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Good. Now check your altitude. That's the dial just below and to the right of the air speed indicator.

ELAINE

Thirty-five thousand feet.

INSERT - ALTIMETER

Altitude is dropping.

BACK TO SCENE**ELAINE**

No, wait. Now it says thirty-four thousand feet. It's dropping! It's dropping fast! Why is it doing that?

By now the automatic pilot is really slumped over as it is quite deflated. It is staring at her with a half smile. Elaine notices it.

ELAINE

Oh, my God! The automatic pilot! It's deflating!

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

All right, Elaine, don't worry. We have an auxiliary inflation system. Just follow my instructions.

ELAINE

Okay, but please hurry! We're dropping fast!

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are being tossed about. Rumack is examining a female patient.

DR. RUMACK

What the hell's going on up there?

Rumack starts toward cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Now, Elaine, don't panic. On the belt line of the automatic pilot there is a hollow tube. Can you see that?

ELAINE

Yes. Yes, I can see it.

McCROSKEY (v.o.)

Good. Now that's the manual inflation nozzle. Pull it out and blow it up like a balloon.

Elaine kneels over automatic pilot's crotch, puts tube in her mouth and blows. Automatic pilot inflates. Rumack bursts into cockpit.

RUMACK'S POV

Back of automatic pilot with Elaine kneeling over its crotch.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - OUTSIDE OF COCKPIT - NIGHT

Rumack slams the door in disbelief.

CLOSEUP - AUTOMATIC PILOT

with a big smile on its face.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Passengers are relieved as plane regains level flight.

EXT. AIRPLANE - THROUGH COCKPIT WINDOW - NIGHT

Elaine and automatic pilot are relaxed in their seats. Both are smoking cigarettes.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Rumack enters.

DR. RUMACK

Elaine, you're a member of this crew. Can you face some unpleasant facts?

ELAINE

No.

DR. RUMACK

All right. Unless I can get all these people to a hospital quickly, I can't even be sure of saving their lives. Now, is there anyone else on board who can land this plane?

ELAINE

Well...

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Striker, struggling with drinking problem, pours drink between his cheek and ear.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

ELAINE

No. No one that I know of.

DR. RUMACK

I think you ought to know what our chances are. The life of everyone on board depends on just one thing: finding someone back there who not only can fly this plane, but who didn't have fish for dinner.

CAMERA ZOOMS into CLOSEUP of Elaine's face as she realizes the severity of the situation.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are listening to P.A.

ELAINE (v.o.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your stewardess speaking. We regret any inconvenience the sudden cabin movement might have caused.

Randy drags unconscious pilot, Oveur, down center aisle.

ELAINE (v.o.)

This is due to periodic air pockets we encounter. There is no reason to become alarmed, and we hope you enjoy the rest of your flight. By the way, is there anyone on board who knows how to fly a plane?

Absolute pandemonium. Passengers are yelling, screaming, tearing their hair out and climbing around. A naked woman runs down the aisle. Sister Mary is choking a Krishna. Two passengers are dueling with swords. A Spanish-speaking lady waits for her husband to translate the announcement, then panics.

INT. KRAMER'S HOUSE

SOUND of car screeching to a stop. PAUL CAREY, twenty-four year-old, cleancut, naive-looking, navigator trainee enters and pushes doorbell. We HEAR the typical eight-note chime progression. The CHIMES then play the Air Force Fight song. A dog BARKS and MRS. KRAMER opens the door.

CAREY

Hello, I'm Paul Carey from the airline. I'm here to pick up Captain Kramer.

MRS. KRAMER

Oh, yes. Come in, Paul. Rex will be right out.

INT. KRAMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

When Carey enters, a big dog jumps on him with its paws on his chest.

MRS. KRAMER

Shep, sit...sit! So, I understand you've got a real emergency down there.

CAREY

(holding off dog)

Well, to tell the truth, they really didn't fill me in on many of the details. Just told me to pick up Captain Kramer.

MRS. KRAMER

Something about a plane with no pilot?

Carey begins to lose battle with the dog, while trying to remain polite.

CAREY

Yeah, something like that, but as I say, they didn't have time to tell me very much.

MRS. KRAMER

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

Shep, no! I'll bet you have exciting things happen all the time down there.

Shep is growling and Carey's arm is locked firmly in his Jaws.

CAREY

Well...the airline business...does have... its moments...

Shep pins Carey against the wall, ripping his sleeve.

CAREY

...but after...awhile...you begin to...
(gasp)
...get used to it.

MRS. KRAMER

Shep, no! He gets so excited when new people are here.

We hear a THUD and loud growling.

MRS. KRAMER

Are you a pilot yourself?

Carey is on the floor desperately fighting off the dog, which is on top of him.

CAREY

I'm...in a...argh...navigator training program.

KRAMER enters, buttoning his coat.

KRAMER

It's unbelievable! How many times have I warned those people about food inspection?

Kramer is tying his tie in the mirror. In the corner of the mirror, Carey is being thrashed by the dog.

KRAMER

The airport management, the F.A.A., and the airlines, they're all cheats and liars! All right, let's get out of here.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Randy is talking to Krishnas.

RANDY

Sorry to bother you. We were just looking for someone with flying experience.

Randy exits. They return to reading their PLAYRAMA magazine with a female Hari Krishna in a sexy pose on the cover.

HARI KRISHNA #1

Hari Rama?

HARI KRISHNA #2

Rama Rama.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Striker is sitting next to a MAN FROM INDIA in a business suit and turban.

STRIKER

You see, the day we left the village it was raining, so we had to take a special jeep to the main road...

The Indian is dousing himself with a can of gasoline. In b.g. Randy is talking to passengers.

STRIKER

In fact, we were lucky to even get a jeep since just the day before the only one we had broke down -- it had a bad axle...

The Indian lights a match to immolate himself. Randy approaches.

RANDY

Excuse me, sir. There's been a little problem in the cockpit and I was wondering...

STRIKER

The cockpit? What is it?

RANDY

It's the little room at the front of the plane where the pilots sit. But that's not important right now. The first officer is ill and the Captain would like someone with flying experience to help him with the radio. Do you know anything about planes?

The Indian holds the match, awaiting the outcome.

STRIKER

Well, I flew in the war, but that was a long time ago. I wouldn't know anything about it.

RANDY

Would you go up, please?

He has a moment of indecision. The Indian encourages Striker with an adamant nod. Striker gets up to leave. The Indian, relieved, blows out the match.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Jack is sitting across the aisle from a 65-year-old conservatively dressed SPINSTER. He pulls a flask from his coat pocket and takes a swig. She eyes him disapprovingly.

JACK

Would ya like a little whiskey, ma'am?

SPINSTER

(insulted)
Certainly not.

She inserts a two inch straw in her nose and snorts a couple lines of cocaine off a piece of glass.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker enters.

STRIKER

(to Rumack and Randy)
The stewardess said...

STRIKER'S POV

Empty pilot's seat and inflated automatic pilot.

STRIKER

Both pilots!

DR. RUMACK

Can you fly this airplane and land it?

STRIKER

Surely you can't be serious.

DR. RUMACK

I am serious, and don't call me Shirley!
What flying experience have you had?

STRIKER

Well, I flew single-engine fighters in the
Air Force, but this plane has four
engines. It's an entirely different kind
of flying...all together!!!

RANDY/RUMACK

(all together)

It's an entirely different kind of flying.

STRIKER

Besides, I haven't touched any kind of
plane in six years.

DR. RUMACK

Mister Striker. I know nothing about
flying. All I know is this: you're the
only person on this plane who can possibly
fly it. You're the only chance we've got.

DRAMATIC MUSIC as Striker turns to face the controls.

STRIKER'S POV

CAMERA PANS controls. CAMERA KEEPS PANNING and PANNING as WE
SEE more and more controls ad absurdum.

EXT. LAX PASSENGER LOADING AREA - NIGHT

INSERT METER - \$115.25. The businessman in Striker's cab
checks his watch.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT**McCROSKEY**

(to Air Controller)

Tell Omaha to acknowledge and standby.

(into phone)

Get every piece of emergency equipment you
can reach.

(to Air Controller)

Alert at every mile of the way from here
to the mountains.

Hinshaw grabs Air Controller #1's tummy.

HINSHAW

Would anyone care for a roll and coffee?

Phone RINGS.

AIR CONTROLLER #2

Chief?

McCROSKEY

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

We'll need a pre-landing flight check.
Tell 'em I'm in the dispatch office and I
want it here fast.

AIR CONTROLLER #2

It's your wife.

MCCROSKEY

(into phone)

I want the kids in bed by nine. I want the
dog fed, the yard watered, and the gate
locked. And get a note to the milkman --
no more cheese!

He slams down the phone. He leans his hands on the desk.

MCCROSKEY

Where the hell is Kramer?

On the wall behind him there is a picture of McCroskey
leaning his hands on a desk.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kramer and a mutilated Carey are en route to airport. Kramer
is at the wheel. Through rear window is obvious REAR
PROJECTION of passing road.

KRAMER

(into phone)

No, we can't do that; the risk of a
flameout is too great. Keep him 24,000.
No, feet!

He hangs up phone.

KRAMER

One of the passengers is going to land
that plane.

CAREY

Is that possible?

KRAMER

Possible, but it's a hundred to one shot.
Thousand to one. I know this guy.

CAREY

You do? Who is it?

We hear A THUNK. REAR PROJECTION shows he has run over a
bicyclist, who stands and gives the finger.

KRAMER

His name is Ted Striker. I flew with him
during the war. And that won't make my job
any easier tonight.

REAR PROJECTION SPEEDS UP to obvious FAST MOTION.

KRAMER

Ted Striker was a crack flight leader up
to a point. But he was one of those men
who, well, let's just say he felt too much
inside. Maybe you know the kind.

Now REAR PROJECTION indicates car is turning and then
weaving, but Kramer does not move wheel.

KRAMER

It takes a certain type to perform under
pressure. Striker didn't have it.

By now REAR PROJECTION is cowboys and Indians on horseback chasing and shooting at Kramer's car.

KRAMER

Ate his heart out over every name on the casualty lists. The upshot of it is that he went all to pieces on one particular mission. Let's just hope it doesn't happen again tonight.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker is in pilot's seat. Rumack is standing behind him.

STRIKER

Let's see, altitude twenty-four thousand feet, level flight, air speed four hundred sixty knots, course zero niner zero, trim, mixture, landing gear, balance.

Elaine enters.

ELAINE

Ted! What are you doing? You can't fly this plane!

STRIKER

That's what I've been trying to tell these people.

DR. RUMACK

Elaine, I haven't time to put this gently, so I'll be very direct. Everyone of us on this plane is in a desperate situation. Mister Striker is the only hope we've got.

STRIKER

Let's see. Those are the flaps, that's the thrust, this must turn on the landing lights.

He flips a switch. The plane dives.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The plane is diving.

INT. LAVATORY - JACK

Jack is standing at toilet. He is jolted back and forth against the walls.

INSERT - SIGN

flashing:

RETURN TO SEAT

GOBACKEN SIDONNA

INT. COCKPIT NIGHT

STRIKER

(into mike)

Mayday!

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

STRIKER (v.o.)

Mayday! Mayday!

MCCROSKEY

(surprised)

Mayday? What the hell is that for?

HINSHAW

It's the Russian New Year! We'll have a parade! They'll serve hot hors d'oeuvres!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker flips switch and rights plane.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Level flight.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

MCCROSKEY (v.o.)

Two-zero-niner, are you okay up there?

STRIKER

Yeah, I was just trying out the landing lights.

Elaine and Rumack exchange glances.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

MRS. HAMMEN

I've got to get out of here! I can't stand it! I've got to get out of here!

Randy pushes up and shakes Mrs. Hammen by the shoulders.

RANDY

Calm down. Get hold of yourself!

JACK

Stewardess, let me handle this.

Randy leaves, Jack shakes Mrs. Hammen by the shoulders.

JACK

Get hold of yourself! Get hold of yourself!

DR. RUMACK

(to Jack)

Get back to your seat; I'll take care of this.

Jack leaves; Rumack shakes Mrs. Hammen by the shoulders.

DR. RUMACK

Calm down. Calm down. Get hold of yourself!

Sister Angelina taps Rumack on the shoulder.

SISTER ANGELINA

(to Rumack)

Doctor, you're wanted on the phone.

Sister Angelina starts shaking Mrs. Hammen.

SISTER ANGELINA

Everything will be all right. Please get hold of yourself.

We see a line of passengers behind Sister Angelina waiting

to shake Mrs. Hammen.

EXT. AIRFIELD - SIGN - NIGHT

reads: CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
OVER 16 BILLION PLANES LANDED

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

As Kramer rushes through the lobby, he is approached by a series of religious zealots. In quick succession he decks each one karate style, shooting the last zealot twenty feet away with a .44 Magnum.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

P.A. #1 (v.o.)

Your attention, please. Flight four-one-seven now departing the B Concourse, gate six.

P.A. #2 (v.o.)

Your attention, please. Flight twenty-seven now arriving the B Concourse, gate six.

There is a LOUD CRASH, and the SCENE SHAKES.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

AIR CONTROLLER #1

(into phone)

This guy doing the flying has no airline experience at all. He'll be a menace to himself and everything else in the air...

(he pauses to listen)

...Yes, birds too.

Kramer enters, picks up clipboard, and reads it.

MCCROSKEY

(into phone)

Okay, okay. He's a terrible risk, but what other choice have we got?

McCroskey hangs up phone.

MCCROSKEY

Well, that's the whole story, Rex, everything we know.

KRAMER

All right, Steve, let's face a few facts.

Kramer whips off his sunglasses. Underneath is another pair of sunglasses.

KRAMER

As you know, I flew with this man, Striker, during the war. He'll have enough on his mind without remembering those days when -- well, when things weren't so good.

MCCROSKEY

Well, right now things aren't so good. And while we're talking there are a hundred and thirty-eight lives waiting on us for a decision.

KRAMER

Let me tell you something, Steve. Striker was a top-notch squadron leader -- a long

A spear slams into the wall behind Kramer.

KRAMER

...but my feeling is that when the going gets rough upstairs tonight, Ted Striker's gonna fold up.

MCCROSKEY

Look, Rex -- I want you to get on the horn and talk this guy down! You're going to have to let him get the feel of this airplane on the way; you'll have to talk him onto the approach; and so help me, you'll have to talk him right down to the ground!

A watermelon falls from TOP OF FRAME, splattering on the table.

KRAMER

Very well then. Put Striker on the speaker.

MCCROSKEY

Okay, you can use the radio over there. Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit drinking.

He pulls a flask from the drawer and takes a swig.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

Kramer at dispatch radio. He picks up mike.

KRAMER

Striker, Striker, this is Captain Rex Kramer speaking.

McCroskey joins Kramer at dispatch radio.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

DRAMATIC MUSIC as we see Striker's ominous look of recognition.

STRIKER

(dramatically)

Yes, Captain Kramer. Read you loud and clear.

INT. DISPATCH - NIGHT

Kramer sits at the mike. An Air Controller is standing next to him, but only his mid-section is in FRAME.

KRAMER

All right. It's obvious you remember me.

The Air Controller is scratching his behind.

KRAMER

So what do you say you and I just forget about everything except what we have to do now?

The Air Controller is now scratching his crotch.

KRAMER

You and I are going to bring this plane in together.

The Air Controller's hand is now inside his pants straightening out his underwear.

KRAMER

Before we start, I'd like to say something. I know that right now things must look pretty rough up there.

The Air Controller is now hopping around with both hands inside his pants.

KRAMER

But if you do what I tell you, when I tell you to do it, there's no reason you can't bring that plane in.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

STRIKER

Let's not kid each other, Kramer. You know I've never flown a bucket like this. I'm going to need all the luck there is.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

KRAMER

Stand by, Striker.
(to McCroskey)
The one hope we have is to build this man up. I've got to give him all the confidence I can.
(into microphone)
All right, Striker, have you ever flown a multi-engine plane before?

STRIKER (v.o.)

No. Never.

KRAMER

Shit!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker over hears conversation on radio.

KRAMER (v.o.)

This is a goddamn waste of time. There's no way he can land this plane! Route 'em into Lake Michigan and at least avoid killing innocent people!

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

MCCROSKEY

Grab hold of yourself! You've got to talk them down. You're the only chance they've got!

Kramer lights cigarette.

KRAMER

(into mike)
All right, Striker, now you listen to me and you listen close. Flying is no different than riding a bicycle...it just happens to be a lot harder to put baseball cards in the spokes. Now, if you just follow my instructions...

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Two vultures are sitting on back of Striker's seat.

KRAMER (v.o.)

...there's no reason why you shouldn't have complete confidence in your chances to come out of this thing alive and in one piece.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

KRAMER

First, I want you to familiarize yourself with the controls. Later we'll run through the landing procedure.

Kramer takes a last drag on his cigarette and tosses it out the window. McCroskey plugs his ears with his fingers and ducks as though Kramer had thrown a grenade. There is an **EXPLOSION O.S.**

KRAMER

All right. Now I'd like you to disengage the automatic pilot. But watch any violent movement of the controls, like you used to make in Spitfires and Phantoms.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

STRIKER

(into microphone)

Okay, I'm going to unlock the automatic pilot.

Striker switches off automatic pilot button. Automatic pilot shoots upward out of the seat. Elaine is thrown to the floor. Striker struggles desperately to control the plane.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

flying erratically.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

KRAMER (v.o.)

(matter of factly)

Just remember, the controls will feel very heavy compared to a fighter.

Striker is fighting the wheel and the autopilot which is drifting in his way. Finally, he throws the autopilot to the rear of the cockpit.

KRAMER (v.o.)

Don't worry about that. It's perfectly normal. You must watch your airspeed closely. Don't let it fall below 520. Both your rudder pedals and elevator trim will have additional play due to increased drag, but you can compensate by lowering manifold pressure below 154. Now there's one other thing. Have you someone up there who can work the radio and leave you free for flying?

STRIKER

Yes! The stewardess is here with me!

Elaine rises. The autopilot is on her back, its hands clinging to her breasts. She removes it and seats it at engineer's console.

KRAMER (v.o.)

Have her take the co-pilot's seat.

Elaine takes her seat as Striker regains control of the plane. He hands Elaine the mike.

STRIKER

The radio's all yours now. And keep an eye on that number three engine. It's running a little hot.

INSERT - NUMBER THREE ENGINE GAUGE

A LITTLE HOT is blinking.

BACK TO INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

KRAMER (v.o.)

Striker, what kind of weather are you in up there?

ELAINE

(into microphone)

Rain.

STRIKER

And a little ice.

ELAINE

And a little ice!

KRAMER (v.o.)

How's it handling?

STRIKER

Sluggish. Like a wet sponge.

ELAINE

(into microphone)

Sluggish. Like a wet sponge.

KRAMER (v.o.)

(patronizing)

All right, Striker, you're doing just fine.

STRIKER

(to Elaine)

It's a damn good thing he doesn't know how much I hate his guts.

ELAINE

(into microphone)

It's a damn good thing you don't know how much he hates your guts.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A Black Dude is holding his stomach in pain.

BLACK DUDE

Oooooooh.

Randy approaches.

RANDY

Can I get something for you?

BLACK DUDE

Cain fo' gwine sho fi cun for.

RANDY

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

MRS. SCHIFF, a middle-aged woman, is seated behind the Black Dudes.

MRS. SCHIFF

Oh, stewardess, I can speak jive. He said he's in great pain and wants to know if you can help him.

RANDY

Tell him to relax and I'll be back as quickly as I can with some medicine.

Randy exits.

MRS. SCHIFF

Shi gwine man chitlun down for mo sho.

BLACK DUDE

(indignantly)

Shi man I ain neba mo fo gwine ain.

They engage in an argument in jive talk, with Mrs. Schiff getting the best of it. She swaggers off in typical black dude fashion.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Sister Angelina is singing to the Krishnas.

SISTER ANGELINA

'...I sit by the telephone for hours. I love when men send me flowers. I enjoy being a girl.'

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Jack is comforting an ailing Shirley. She is perspiring.

JACK

How ya doing, honey?

SHIRLEY

Oh Jack, I'm so warm. I'm burning up.

JACK

Here.

He reaches up and opens the overhead air nozzle. Air rushes out with hurricane force. As Jack struggles to turn off nozzle, Shirley is blown about, an adjacent passenger's papers go flying from a briefcase, a Hari Krishna's toga flies up revealing polka dot boxer shorts. An extra's toupe flies off.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

SOFT MUSIC.

MILTON

After my wife died, I felt like a fifth wheel. You know, so many years being with one person -- a very wonderful person -- makes you always think of yourself as part of a pair...When Ethel passed away, I was lost. I couldn't function socially and I couldn't function in business.

BERNICE

Well, after a thing like that you wouldn't be expected to.

MILTON

But I think it's time we stopped talking about me. A woman like you -- why haven't you ever married?

BERNICE

Well, I'm afraid that's a question that's all too easy to answer.

MILTON

I know the answer -- Career. A smart woman like you became so involved in your work, you didn't have time for marriage.

BERNICE

I wish I could fool myself into believing that that's the reason. The truth of the matter is, nobody ever asked me.

MILTON

You know, here we are having coffee together, and discussing education and business and economy...and we don't even know each other's names...full names I mean.

BERNICE

Mine's Eleanor. Eleanor Schiff.

MILTON

That's a lovely name. Mine's Milton...Milt Ettenhenim. But my friends call me 'Bubbles.'

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Randy approaches Mrs. Schiff.

RANDY

Would you care for a soft drink?

MRS. SCHIFF

I'd be glad to.

Randy hands a large bottle of Coca Cola wrapped in a baby blanket to Ms. Schiff, who cradles it in her arms.

MRS. SCHIFF

Ooooh, such a nice soft drink.

INT. O'HARE WEATHER CENTER - CLOSEUP ON TYPEWRITER

CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal Dispatcher typing message.

RADIO (v.o.)

National Weather Service reporting Omaha fogged in. Visibility zero.

The Dispatcher attempts to remove the message, but it is stuck in the cartridge. He yanks on it, but the paper stretches out like rubber. The scene now becomes like a cartoon. He lodges his feet against the typewriter and pulls until the paper stretches to his face. He grumbles in Donald Duck voice. The typewriter snaps back and hits him.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT**McCROSKEY**

(to Air Controller #2)

Macias, get me Captain Oveur's wife on the phone. We'd better let her know what's going on.

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

Air Controller #1 rushes in holding a piece of paper and hands it to McCroskey.

AIR CONTROLLER #1

Steve, this weather bulletin just came off the wire.

McCroskey frowns and hands it to Hinshaw.

MCCROSKEY

Johnny, what can you make out of this?

HINSHAW

This? Why, I could make a hat or a broach...

McCroskey grabs the note from him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MRS. OVEUR is in bed. Phone on night table RINGS. She reaches for it sleepily.

MRS. OVEUR

Hello?

AIR CONTROLLER #2 (v.o.)

Missus Oveur?

MRS. OVEUR

Yes, this is Missus Oveur.

AIR CONTROLLER #2 (v.o.)

This is Ed Macias calling from the airport. There's some trouble on your husband's flight.

SHOT WIDENS to reveal she is sleeping with a horse.

AIR CONTROLLER #2 (v.o.)

We don't know how serious it is yet, but Harry Ballard thought you'd want to get down here right away.

MRS. OVEUR

I'll be right down.

She hangs up the phone and rises.

MRS. OVEUR

I've got to go to the airport. You can let yourself out the back door. There's juice in the refrigerator.

HORSE

(sounding like Mr. Ed)

Did you finish? Was I good?

MRS. OVEUR

Oh, you're all so concerned about performance!

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning; turbulent weather.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Randy approaches Mrs. Schiff, who is caring for a drink.

RANDY

Would you care for another drink?

MRS. SCHIFF

No, thank you, I'm still nursing this one.

She is bottle feeding the Coke bottle.

MRS. SCHIFF

(to bottle)

There, just a little bit more -- and then burpie time and a good nap!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine hangs up phone.

ELAINE

Doctor Rumack says the sick people are getting worse and we're running out of time.

Striker is perspiring.

STRIKER'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

(echoing)

I've got to concentrate, concentrate, entrate, I've got to concentrate, oncentrate, oncentrate.

He becomes aware of ECHO.

STRIKER'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

(echoing)

Hell, hello, ello, ello, ello, lo, lo.
Echo, echo, echo, cho, cho, o, o, o, o, o.
Pinch hitting for Pedro Bourbone, Manny
Mota, Mota, Mota, Mota.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Nose down.

ELAINE (v.o.)

(hysterically)

Ted, the altitude! We're falling, we're falling!

INSERT - GAUGE INDICATING DROPPING ALTITUDE

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning. Flying nose down.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A Woman applying eye makeup, smears it over her face.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

DRAMATIC MUSIC as Striker is struggling with the controls. Windshield wipers are moving as though directing music. St. Christopher statue is holding an umbrella. Striker regains control of the plane.

INT. CABIN ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

JACK

(to Rumack)

What's going on? We have a right to know the truth!

DR. RUMACK

(to passengers)

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

All right. I'm going to level with you.
The most important thing now is that you
should all be calm, because there's no
reason to panic.

Rumack's nose elongates slightly.

DR. RUMACK

Now, it is true that one of the flight
crew has been taken ill...slightly ill.

His nose is getting longer.

DR. RUMACK

But the other two pilots are just fine and
at the controls flying the plane.

Rumack's nose is a foot long.

DR. RUMACK

The weather in Chicago is clear as a bell,
and there's no reason that we won't land
on schedule...

ANGLE

Passengers listening. His nose grows THROUGH FRAME.

DR. RUMACK

...safe and sound and free to pursue a
life of religious fulfillment.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

STRIKER

(into microphone)

Chicago, the passengers are beginning to
panic. When do we start down?

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into microphone)

Not just yet, we'll have you in radar
range any second now.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - REVOLVING RADAR ANTENNA - NIGHT

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

KRAMER

(to McCroskey)

I don't understand it. He should have been
in range ten minutes ago.

MCCROSKEY

(into microphone)

Gunderson, check the radar range. Anything
yet?

INT. RADAR ROOM

GUNDERSON opens door of Amana Radar Range and peers in.
There is a turkey inside.

GUNDERSON

(into microphone)

About two more minutes, Chief.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

MCCROSKEY

Two more minutes! They could be miles off course.

KRAMER

That's impossible. They're on instruments!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine, Randy, Rumack, and Striker are playing trumpet, clarinet, saxophone and bass fiddle in Benny Goodman swing band style.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

KRAMER

This is gonna be a real sweat.

(into mike)

Gunderson, let me know when you get anything.

McCROSKEY

I can't take much more of this! Johnny, how about some more coffee?

HINSHAW

Would you like half of my provolone and roast beef?

McCROSKEY

Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit amphetamines.

He pops a couple pills. Fifteen REPORTERS, Cameramen, etc. enter with Air Controller #1.

AIR CONTROLLER #1

(to McCroskey)

Steve, these reporters won't leave without a statement.

REPORTER #1

How much longer can the sick passengers hold out?

McCROSKEY

Half hour...maybe forty-five minutes.

REPORTER #2

Who's flying the plane?

Air Controller #2 enters and hands McCroskey a note. Hands holding microphones are thrust INTO FRAME in front of McCroskey. One hand is holding an ice cream cone.

McCROSKEY

One of the passengers. But he's an experienced air force pilot who flew during the war so there's no cause for alarm. Hinshaw, take over.

McCroskey exits.

REPORTER #3

Have the families been notified?

HINSHAW

I think Florence Henderson knows about it!

REPORTER #1

What are the chances of bringing this plane in safely?

HINSHAW

What are the chances of returning
something to Montgomery Ward the week
after Christmas?

REPORTER #1

(beckoning to door)

All right, boys. Let's get some pictures.

Three men with cameras enter and begin to remove framed
pictures from walls.

NEWSPAPERS

coming off press. SUPERIMPOSE:

CLASSIC MONTAGE OF:

Series of spinning newspapers. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to each as it
stops spinning so that we can read headlines. Headlines are:

"CHICAGO TIMES"

"DISASTER LOOMS FOR AIRLINE PASSENGERS"

"NEW YORK TRIBUNE"

"CHICAGO PREPARES FOR CRASH LANDING"

"NATIONAL INQUIRER"

"BOY TRAPPED IN REFRIGERATOR EATS OWN FOOT"

CAMERA ZOOMS in to:

SPINNING TELEVISION SET

NEWSCASTER

Stricken Airliner Approaches Chicago!

DISSOLVE TO:

ARAB NEWS SET

Arab newscast.

DISSOLVE TO:

JAPANESE NEWS SET

Japanese newscast.

DISSOLVE TO:

AFRICAN TV NEWSCAST

NEWSCASTER is an African in native dress with a bone in his
nose. There is a graphic of an airplane behind him and he is
beating on a hollow log with sticks. The CAMERA ANGLE
CHANGES and he switches to look into NEW CAMERA, and
continues beating.

DISSOLVE TO:

CBS' SIXTY MINUTES "POINT-COUNTERPOINT" SET

JACK KILPATRICK

Shana, they bought their tickets, they
knew what they were getting into. I say,
let 'em crash!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK)

SCREAMING firetrucks, police cars, and ambulances.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Lightning and THUNDER.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

DR. RUMACK

Will the hospital equipment be at the airport?

STRIKER

Yes, everything they've got. How are the passengers doing?

DR. RUMACK

I won't deceive you, Mister Striker. We're running out of time.

STRIKER

Surely there must be something you can do.

DR. RUMACK

I'm doing everything I can! -- And stop calling me Shirley!

Rumack leaves.

STRIKER'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

I've got to stay calm. If I can just keep my wits about me, I can't mess this one up.

ELAINE'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

Maybe I have been too harsh with him. If I had given him more support in the beginning, maybe things would be different.

STRIKER'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

Forget it. It's not your fault.

ELAINE'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

That's sweet of you, Ted. I appreciate the thought.

We hear both of their thoughts simultaneously.

STRIKER'S

THOUGHTS (v.o.)

You know, Elaine, I just wanted to tell you...

ELAINE'S

THOUGHTS (v.o.)

It's just that I feel so helpless and...

STRIKER'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

Go ahead.

ELAINE'S THOUGHTS (v.o.)

No, no. You were first.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Jack is seated across the aisle from Mrs. Hammen. He falls asleep and slumps over.

MRS. HAMMEN

(hysterically)

He's dead. He's dead!

Jack wakes up. Disgustedly:

JACK

No, I'm not dead.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Mrs. Schiff is holding the bottle to her shoulder and patting it. It BURPS.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Sister Angelina is singing to the two black dudes.

SISTER ANGELINA

'What you want,
Baby I got,
What you need,
You know I got it.
All I'm askin' for
Is a little respect
When you come home.'

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - STEWARDESS' ALCOVE - NIGHT

Rumack pours a cup of water. Randy begins to weep.

DR. RUMACK

Randy, are you all right?

RANDY

Doctor Rumack, I'm scared. I've never been so scared. And besides, I'm twenty-six and I'm not married.

DR. RUMACK

Randy, we're going to make it. You've got to believe that.

Mrs. Hammen enters alcove.

MRS. HAMMEN

Lorison, do you have any idea when we'll be landing?

DR. RUMACK

It will be pretty soon. How are you bearing up?

MRS. HAMMEN

Well, to be honest, I'm very scared. But at least I've got a husband.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Revolving radar antenna.

INT. CHICAGO WEATHER CENTER - CLOSEUP

of typewriter. CAMERA PULLS OUT to REVEAL Dispatcher typing message.

RADIO (v.o.)

National Weather Service reporting Chicago ceiling zero, visibility one hundred feet.

With great care the Dispatcher turns the knob on carriage until the paper comes out clean. Relishing his victory, he talks in Donald Duck voice.

DISPATCHER

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy.

As he starts toward the door, the room caves in on him.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

McCroskey and Kramer are at watercooler. McCroskey is filling cup while Kramer drinks.

McCROSKEY

Rex, I've decided that the best thing to do is to foam the runway -- let him do a wheels-up landing. It'd be a lot simpler.

Kramer throws cup into wastebasket. McCroskey drinks.

KRAMER

(filling up another cup)

No, the risk of fire is too great. If she starts burning, you write off all those people who can't get out of there on their own power.

McCroskey throws cup into wastebasket. Kramer drinks.

McCROSKEY

(filling up another cup)

Well that's better than writing them all off? Are you going to play God with a hundred and 38 lives?

Kramer throws cup into wastebasket as McCroskey drinks.

KRAMER

(filling up another cup)

No. A belly landing isn't all that simple. It takes a good pilot to keep from smearin' himself all over the runway.

McCroskey throws cup into wastebasket as Kramer drinks.

McCROSKEY

(filling up another cup)

If Striker has the guts to try this, he deserves the best shot we can give him. We've gotta foam that runway.

Kramer throws cup into wastebasket as McCroskey drinks.

KRAMER

(taking another cup)

His only shot's with the wheels down. I've seen foam tear a man's guts out.

McCroskey throws cup into wastebasket. Kramer throws cup into wastebasket.

McCROSKEY

And if Striker goes to pieces?

KRAMER

(taking another cup)

That's a risk we'll just have to take.

Kramer throws cup into wastebasket. McCroskey throws cup into wastebasket. They burp.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker is looking at controls. Lightning is flashing on his face.

INSERT - ALTIMETER

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

SUPERIMPOSE fighter plane. Then STOCK FOOTAGE of early experimental planes crashing.

VOICE (v.o.)

Stay in formation. Targets just ahead.
Target should be clear if you go in low
enough. You'll have to decide.

(echoing)

You'll have to decide. You'll have to
decide...So, decide already.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Sudden dramatic MUSIC. The cockpit shakes. Engine number three is flaming out.

INSERT - CONTROL PANEL - GAUGE FOR ENGINE #3

BACK TO SCENE

STRIKER

Rats! I've lost number three.

ELAINE

What happened, Ted? What went wrong?

STRIKER

Oil pressure. I forgot to check the oil
pressure. When Kramer hears about this,
the shit's gonna hit the fan.

INT. DISPATCH - CLOSEUP - FAN - NIGHT

The shit hits it. PULL BACK to include:

KRAMER

I told him to watch that oil temperature.
What the hell's he doing up there?

He picks up the mike.

KRAMER

Striker, that plane can't land itself! It
takes a pilot who can handle pressure.

MCCROSKEY

Ease up, Rex! He hasn't flown for years!
It's not his fault. It could happen to any
pilot.

HINSHAW

It happened to Barbara Stanwyck!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

STRIKER

He's right. I can't take the pressure. I
was crazy to think I could land this
plane.

ELAINE

But Ted, you're the only...

STRIKER

I don't care. I just don't have what it
takes. They'd be better off with someone
who'd never flown before.

As Striker leaves he puts autopilot into pilot's seat.
Elaine is on the verge of tears.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

INT. DISPATCH - NIGHT

Air Controller #2 enters.

AIR CONTROLLER #2

Bad news. The fog's getting thicker.

HINSHAW

And Liz Taylor is getting larger!

MCCROSKEY

Ya know, this would be a tough landing for anyone to make. Maybe, if we hold them off for a bit we'll get a break in the weather.

KRAMER

All right, but let's wait until they reach the control area.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Outside stewardess' alcove. Striker fills a cup from drinking fountain then pours it on his head. He sits down dejectedly on stewardess' fold-out seat. Rumack approaches.

STRIKER

I know what you're going to say, so save your breath.

Rumack sits.

DR. RUMACK

No. I haven't a thing to say. You've done the best you could. You really have. The best you could. I guess we can't expect to win 'em all. I want to tell you something I've kept to myself for years. I was in the war myself -- the Medical Corps. I was on duty late one night when a badly wounded pilot was brought in from a raid. He could barely talk, but he looked at me and he said, "Doc. The odds were against us up there but we went in anyway, and I'm glad we did. The captain made the right decision." The pilot's name was George Zipp.

Striker looks up. Notre Dame Fight Song is heard in b.g.

STRIKER

George Zipp said that?

DR. RUMACK

And the last thing he said to me, "Doc," he said, "Sometime when the crew is up against it and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go out there with all they've got and win just one for the Zipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Doc," he said, "but I won't smell too good. That's for sure."

STRIKER

(rejuvenated)

Excuse me, Doc, I've got a plane to land.

Striker boldly starts toward cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker enters. Elaine, unaware of his return, is listening to Kramer on the radio.

KRAMER (v.o.)

All right, you'd better stay up there for a bit. As soon as the fog lifts, we'll bring you in.

STRIKER

I'll take it, Elaine.

She turns to face him. A dramatic moment. Striker enters pilot seat and takes mike from Elaine's hand.

STRIKER

Listen to me, Kramer. Doctor Rumack says the sick people are in critical condition and every minute counts. We've got to land now!

KRAMER (v.o.)

Don't be a fool, Striker. You know what a landing like this means. You more than anybody. I'm ordering you to stay up there!

STRIKER

No dice, Chicago. I'm giving the orders, and we're coming in...I guess the foot's on the other hand now, isn't it, Kramer?

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

McCROSKEY

He'll never bring it down in this soup. Never! Not one chance in a million.

KRAMER

I know. I know. But it's his ship now, his command; he's in charge, he's the boss, the head man, the top dog, the big cheese, the head honcho...

Air Controller #2 rushes up to McCroskey and Kramer, carrying a newspaper.

AIR CONTROLLER #2

Chief, look at this!

Kramer grabs newspaper.

KRAMER

(reading)

'Passengers Certain to Die?!?!?!?!'

McCROSKEY

'Airline Negligent?!?!?!?!'

He hands the paper to Hinshaw.

HINSHAW

(looking at newspaper)

There's a sale at Penny's!

McCroskey grabs paper from Hinshaw.

KRAMER

(to men in Dispatch)

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

All right, I'll need three men up in the tower.

(pointing)

You, Neubauer. You, Macias.

HINSHAW

Me John. Big tree.

He puts his ear to the ground.

HINSHAW

Wagon train comes three, maybe four day away.

KRAMER

(into microphone)

Stand by, Striker. I'm going to the tower.
And good luck.

Kramer exits.

MCCROSKEY

(into phone)

We're going to the tower.

McCroskey exits.

HINSHAW

(excitedly)

The tower! Oh! Rapunzel! Rapunzel!

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Randy is talking to passengers and demonstrating.

RANDY

In a moment we'll ask you to assume crash positions. Your life jackets are located under your seat.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Jack and Shirley are watching.

RANDY (v.o.)

Remove the jacket and unfold it so that the red arrow points up.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

The Krishnas are watching.

RANDY (v.o.)

Place the jacket over your head, and when I give the word pull the cord under the left side flap.

BACK TO RANDY

She pulls the cord and it inflates into a child's duck-shaped inner tube.

INT. CHICAGO TOWER - NIGHT

Hinshaw, Kramer, and McCroskey enter. Three Controllers are there. One is wearing a black striped shirt.

STRIPED CONTROLLER

We're all ready, sir.

As he makes introductions, they shake hands.

STRIPED CONTROLLER

Captain McCroskey, this is Captain Roberts. Captain Kramer, this is Captain Colosimo. Captain Hinshaw, Captain Gatz. Captain Kramer, Captain Gatz. Captain Hinshaw, Captain Roberts.

KRAMER

All right. Colosimo, you'll work the relay. Roberts, double check all air traffic within five miles.

Roberts is scratching his ear.

KRAMER

And get that finger out of your ear. You don't know where that finger's been! Gunderson?

GUNDERSON

Yes, Captain?

KRAMER

Did you decide on a runway yet?

GUNDERSON

Runway niner. It's the longest, and directly into the wind.

HINSHAW

And the foliage looks so pretty this time of year.

Gunderson exits.

KRAMER

(into mike)

Striker, you're going to have to work fast. After this message, do not acknowledge any transmission unless you want to ask a question. Do you understand? Striker, Striker, do you read me?

INT. TOWER - DIFFERENT ANGLE - NIGHT

Mrs. Oveur enters.

MRS. OVEUR

Steve!

McCROSKEY

Linda, your husband and the others are alive but unconscious.

HINSHAW

Just like Gerald Ford!

McCROSKEY

Now there's a chance we can save them if Striker can get this plane down on time.

MRS. OVEUR

That isn't much of a chance, is it?

HINSHAW

(appalled)

Where did you get that dress? It's an eyesore!

INT. RADAR ROOM

Gunderson and an assistant are seated in front of radar screens. One of them is a video anti-aircraft game.

GUNDERSON

(into microphone)

Eight miles. Turn right to heading zero eight niner.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into microphone)

You are now eight miles from the airport. Turn right to a heading of zero eight niner, throttle back slightly and begin to lose altitude to fifteen hundred feet.

ELAINE (v.o.)

We're now at twelve hundred feet, leveling off.

KRAMER

(to McCroskey)

Steve, I want every light you can get poured on that field.

McCROSKEY

It's being done right now.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A truck is dumping a variety of lamps, fixtures, and light bulbs onto the runway.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into mike)

Tower to all emergency vehicles. Runway is niner.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars start to move.

KRAMER (v.o.)

(over P.A.)

Airport vehicles take positions one and two.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into microphone)

Civilian equipment, number three.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Ambulances, firetrucks, and police cars speed toward runway. They are followed by a baggage truck, fuel truck, a taxi, Coke truck, an ice cream truck, farm machinery, and a cement mixer.

KRAMER (v.o.)

(over P.A.)

Air Force positions number four and five. All ambulances to position three.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

HINSHAW

(into mike)

It's a twister! It's a twister! Toto!...
Auntie Em!

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

THUNDER and lightning.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

KRAMER (v.o.)

All right, Striker, put down twenty
degrees of flap. When your flaps are down,
retrim for level flight.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers are wearing headsets and watching in-flight
movie. Randy approaches Mrs. Schiff.

MRS. SCHIFF

Stewardess, how soon 'til we land?

RANDY

It won't be long now. Try not to worry.

Mrs. Schiff puts on a headset and watches movie. The movie
is airplanes crashing and burning.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

flying erratically.

INSERT - ALTIMETER

fluctuating.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A woman, applying facial makeup, smears it all over her
face.

INT. RADAR ROOM

GUNDERSON

He's all over the place! Nine hundred feet
up to thirteen hundred feet! What an
asshole!

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Watch your altitude, Striker. It's too
erratic. You can't come straight in.
You've got enough fuel left for two hours
flying. You've got to stay up there 'til
we get a break in the weather.

INT. COCKPIT

Striker reaches for microphone.

STRIKER

I'll take it, Elaine.

(into mike)

Listen, Kramer, I'm coming in. Do you hear
me? I'm coming in right now! We have
people up here who will die in less than
an hour, never mind two. I may bend your
precious airplane, but I'll get it down!

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

Now get on with the landing check. I'm putting the gear down now.

As he activates landing gear, Randy enters.

RANDY

Mr. Striker, the passengers are ready.

STRIKER

Thank you, Randy. You better leave sweetheart. You might get hurt in here.

Randy leaves. There is a CRASH and Randy screams.

ELAINE

Ted...

STRIKER

Yes?

ELAINE

I wanted you to know -- now -- I'm very proud.

STRIKER

Tell them the gear is down and we're ready to land.

ELAINE

(into mike)

The gear is down.

INT. TOWER

ELAINE (v.o.)

And we're ready to land.

MCCROSKEY

He may not be able to fly, but he's sure got guts.

Kramer nods.

EXT. LAX PASSENGER LOADING AREA - BUSINESSMAN - NIGHT

in Striker's cab checks his watch.

BUSINESSMAN

Well, I'll give him another twenty minutes, but that's it.

INSERT - METER

reads \$389.10.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Fog, THUNDER, and lightning.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

MILTON

I'm sure we'll both make it...but just in case one of us...well, is there a message you'd like me to give someone?

BERNICE

No. I'm all alone.

MILTON

Just in case I don't have a chance to say goodbye, I want you to know that I haven't

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

spent so many pleasant hours for many years.

BERNICE

That's a very nice compliment, and I'd like to say that...you've done the same for me.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Dr. Rumack pokes his head in the door.

DR. RUMACK

I just wanted to tell you both good luck. We're all counting on you.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Now, Striker...hold your present heading, put down full flap, bring your air speed back to a hundred and thirty-five, then I want you to take hold of the throttle...

HINSHAW

And stick it in your ear.

KRAMER

And stick it in your ear.

McCroskey gives Hinshaw a disapproving look.

HINSHAW

(a la Froggy, the Gremlin)
I'll be good, I will, I will.

INT. RADAR ROOM

GUNDERSON

Captain, he's dropping off fast. Almost seven hundred.

INT. TOWER

KRAMER

Striker, get back to a thousand feet!

INT. RADAR ROOM

Assistant Radar Operator unloads clothes from radar screen/wash machine door and puts them into basket.

GUNDERSON

He's below seven hundred now and he's still going down! 675! 650! 625! 600!

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

It knocks the radio tower off a building and heads past the John Hancock Building.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Striker, you're coming in too low! What's your altitude?

STRIKER (v.o.)

I don't know. How high was the eighty-ninth floor of the John Hancock Building?

INT. RADAR ROOM

GUNDERSON

He's right on the heading.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**KRAMER**

All right, he's on final now! Put out all runway lights except niner.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Ambulance attendants, firemen, and emergency vehicles are in readiness.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**KRAMER**

Turn on your landing lights, Striker. It's the switch above your right knee.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker reaches for button above his left knee.

KRAMER (v.o.)

No. I said your right knee.

Striker pushes button over his right knee.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Landing lights come on.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

McCroskey, Kramer, and Mrs. Oveur are nervously watching the sky.

KRAMER

All right, now just listen carefully. You should be able to see the runway at three hundred feet.

Mrs. Oveur clutches Kramer's arm anxiously.

KRAMER

Aim to touchdown a third of the way along. There's a slight crosswind from the right, so be ready for it.

Mrs. Oveur is clutching Kramer's arm with both hands.

KRAMER

If you land too fast, use your emergency brakes. The red handle is right in front of you.

Now Mrs. Oveur, still watching the sky, has both arms around Kramer's waist, massaging his chest with her hands.

KRAMER

If that doesn't stop you...

Kramer is suddenly aware of what Mrs. Oveur is doing. He gives her a look and she removes her hands.

KRAMER

If that doesn't stop you, cut the four ignition switches over the co-pilot's head.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker looks for switches.

INSERT - IGNITION SWITCHES

INT. COCKPIT

STRIKER

See them, Elaine?

ELAINE

Uh-huh.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Do you see us now? You should be able to see the field now.

EXT. AIRPLANE - THROUGH COCKPIT WINDOW - NIGHT

Striker and Elaine are searching for airfield.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Kramer and McCroskey are tensely trying to spot plane. Mrs. Oveur is watching, prayerfully.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Searchlights scan field.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

Revolving beacon searches.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

McCROSKEY

It sure is quiet out there.

KRAMER

Yeah -- too quiet.

McCROSKEY

Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit sniffing glue.

He pulls a tube of airplane glue from his shirt pocket and sniffs.

EXT. AIRPLANE - THROUGH COCKPIT WINDOW - NIGHT

Striker and Elaine are searching for airfield.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Kramer and Mrs. Oveur are anxiously watching the sky. McCroskey is glazed.

KRAMER

(excited)

There he is!

(into microphone)

Striker, you're coming in too fast!

STRIKER (v.o.)

I know! I know!

ELAINE (v.o.)

(into microphone)

He knows! He knows!

Wow!

EXT. RUNWAY - STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into microphone)

Sound your alarm bell now.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine rings alarm bell.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Alarm BELL RINGS. Randy is standing in center aisle.

RANDY

All right, now, everybody get in crash positions.

Passengers assume various awkward poses as though plane had just crashed.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Ambulance attendants anxiously watch sky.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)

Striker sees airport and points it out to Elaine.

INSERT - AIR SPEED GAUGE

Speed is increasing.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

ELAINE

Airspeed one twenty-five, one thirty...

She raises her head to look out cockpit window.

EXT. RUNWAY - ELAINE'S POV - NIGHT (STOCK)

The runway lights go out.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker and Elaine look at each other, panicked.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Hinshaw has just pulled a plug from an electrical outlet.

HINSHAW

Just kidding!

EXT. RUNWAY - ELAINE'S POV - NIGHT

Runway lights go back on.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker and Elaine are relieved.

ELAINE

...one thirty-five, one forty.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Striker, now listen to me. You're coming down too fast!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker is struggling with steering wheel and sweating.

KRAMER (v.o.)

Put down thirty degrees of flap!

Striker is sweating profusely as he struggles in vain with the flap switch.

STRIKER

It's stuck. It won't move!

He bangs the control panel and "TILT" light up.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

McCroskey is staring at radio equipment.

KRAMER

Bring it down! Easy!

MCCROSKEY

Look at all those buttons! Oh that's beautiful! Just beautiful!

EXT. RUNWAY - STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT**INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT****KRAMER (v.o.)**

Watch your nose! It's too low!

Striker is struggling with wheel. The wheel begins to fight back, pushing Striker.

KRAMER (v.o.)

You're coming in too hot!

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**KRAMER**

Remember your brakes and switches! Get ready to flare it out! You're coming in too fast! Watch your speed!

MCCROSKEY

(hysterical)

He's coming right at us!

McCroskey turns and leaps through tower window. All activity momentarily stops. Everyone looks back at window. Then activity resumes.

KRAMER

You're coming in too hot! Put down full flaps! Watch your nose!

EXT. RUNWAY - STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT

Runway swerving underneath him.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**KRAMER**

Now ease her down! Down!

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Plane is a few feet from ground.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

Lift the nose! Throttle back!

EXT. RUNWAY - STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT

Closer to ground.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker pushes wheel forward as tires SCREECH.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

The brake! Pull the red handle!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Striker pulls red handle. It comes off in his hand. He pushes brake with feet.

EXT. RUNWAY - CLOSEUP - TIRES - NIGHT

SCREECHING.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Dr. Rumack pokes his head in the door.

DR. RUMACK

I just wanted to tell you both good luck.
We're all counting on you.

EXT. RUNWAY - STRIKER'S POV - NIGHT

Runway passing underneath.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER

(into microphone)

Hold her steady, hold her steady!

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

skidding.

INT. O'HARE TERMINAL BUILDING - GATE 7 - NIGHT

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)

You attention, please. Trans American
Flight 209 non-stop from Los Angeles is
now arriving at Gate seven...Gate eight...

People in Gate seven waiting area move to Gate eight.

INT. COCKPIT - STRIKER - NIGHT

is struggling with controls, sweating profusely.

INT. TOWER

KRAMER

Pull a lever!

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

skidding.

INT. COCKPIT - STRIKER - NIGHT

is struggling with controls. Water is gushing down his face ridiculously.

INT. O'HARE TERMINAL BUILDING - GATE 13 - NIGHT

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)
...209 arriving gate thirteen...gate
fourteen....gate fifteen...

People in Gate thirteen move to Gate fourteen.

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

skidding.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER
Push a button!

INT. COCKPIT - STRIKER - NIGHT

Striker is struggling with controls.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

KRAMER
(into microphone)
You're too low! You're too low!

INT. O'HARE TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)
...gate twenty-three...twenty four...
twenty-five...

People are running THROUGH FRAME right to left.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Ground crewman with red flashlights nonchalantly directs plane. Suddenly he realizes the plane is not stopping. He throws his flashlight at the plane and runs off, terrified.

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

skidding.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Randy approaches a passenger in crash position.

RANDY
Can we help arrange hotel accommodations
or a rent-a-car during your stay in
Chicago?

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Landing gear snaps off; plane starts to slide on its belly.

PLANE

is heading toward a building. On the side of the building is a billboard with a man drinking milk.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Elaine screams and covers her face. St. Christopher statue covers its face.

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

is getting closer to building. Billboard man is looking at plane, terrified.

INT. TOWER - MRS. OVEUR - NIGHT

is screaming.

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

is skidding.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**HINSHAW**

(seated in wheelchair)

Wheel me to the West Wing. I wish to view the Degas.

EXT. RUNWAY - PLANE - NIGHT

skids to a stop.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Kramer sighs in relief as controllers and Mrs. Oveur dash from room.

INT. CHICAGO DISPATCH - NIGHT

Controllers celebrate safe landing, reporters rush from room.

INT. DISPATCH LOBBY - NIGHT

Five reporters run into bank of phone booths and the booths topple over.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

SCREAMING ambulances race toward plane.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Passengers rise slowly, shaken but uninjured. Milton and Bernice look at each other, relieved, and embrace. Mrs. Schiff gets up to leave.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Rumack pokes his head in door.

DR. RUMACK

I just wanted to tell you both good luck.
We're all counting on you.

Striker and Elaine get up to leave cockpit.

KRAMER (v.o.)

Striker, Striker, are you all right?

STRIKER

(into microphone)

Yeah, we're okay.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT**KRAMER**

Ted, that was probably the lousiest landing in the history of this airport.
But there are some of us here...

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

KRAMER (v.o.)
...particularly me, who'd like to buy you
a drink and shake your hand.

Striker and Elaine leave.

KRAMER (v.o.)
...and, Ted, I just want you to know, that
when the going got tough up there, when
the chips were down...

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

Randy is assisting Jack and Shirley, the Hammens, and the
nun from the plane.

RANDY
Hurry now. Please be careful.

INT. TOWER - NIGHT

Air controllers leave as Kramer continues.

KRAMER
...Lonliness, that's the bottom line. I
was never happy as a child. Christmas,
Ted, what does it mean to you? For me, it
was a living hell. Do you know what it's
like to fall in the mud and get kicked? In
the head? By an iron boot? Of course you
don't. No one does. That never happens.
Sorry, Ted. Dumb question. Strike that.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

Randy is assisting Hari Krishnas and Black Dudes from plane.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

McCroskey, dressed in wet suit and flippers and oxygen tank
is moving as though swimming under water.

McCROSKEY (v.o.)
I didn't know that the electric eel was
approaching so rapidly nor that hidden in
the coral reef was a family of poisonous
sea urchins.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Lisa Davis and her mother enter ambulance. It pulls from
FRAME. We HEAR a loud screech and crash.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Kramer is still droning on.

KRAMER (v.o.)
(into mike)
...and they shall be for frontlets between
thine eyes, Ted. Neither they man servant,
nor they maid servant, nor thine ox, nor
thine ass.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT**ROMANTIC MUSIC.**

Striker and Elaine are alone on the runway. Behind them is

Airplane Script at IMSDb.

flight 209. They embrace and kiss as CAMERA ARCS around. MUSIC SWELLS. Suddenly the ENGINES REV UP. Astonished, they look up to the cockpit.


EXT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Automatic pilot is at controls. He salutes Striker and Elaine and winks at CAMERA.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The plane begins to taxi on its belly, shooting off sparks and making a tremendous scraping SOUND. Arm in arm, Striker and Elaine wave good-bye as the plane takes off into the night sky.

FADE OUT.



Airplane

Writers : [Jim Abrahams](#) [David Zucker](#) [Jerry Zucker](#)
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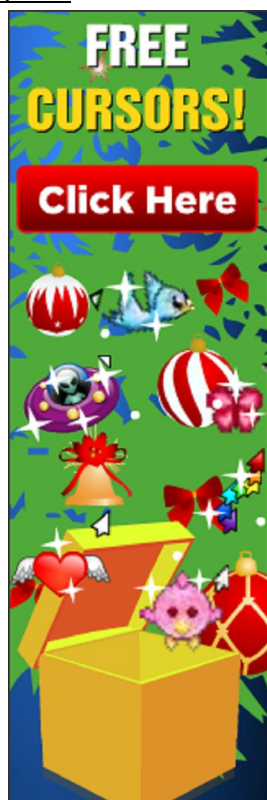
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Alien III
Screenplay by John Fasano
Story by Vincent Ward & John Fasano

FIRST DRAFT
March 29, 1990

"But how will you die when your time comes, Narcissus, since you have no mother? Without a mother, one cannot love. Without a mother, one cannot die."

- Hesse

ALIEN III

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

A pinpoint of light appears.
Red. An ember.
Unseen BELLOWS blow.

GLASS FURNACE

The embers glow. Flame.
The fire GROWS.

A RIVER OF MOLTEN GLASS

Heated by the furnace to over 1,300 degrees fahrenheit.
White Hot.

GLASS FACTORY

Flickering flame casts dancing shadows on wooden walls.
Coarsely grained wood. Moisture blasted out by years of intense heat. Timbers split. Patched with new wood, it too now old and dry.

SMOKE

Billows up the walls.
Hangs as an angry, black cloud amongst the rafters and beams of the vaulted ceiling. Almost obscures --

A MAN

On a narrow LEDGE, twenty feet about the Glassworks' floor.
His clothing is Medieval. A rough textured cassock.
He is a MONK.

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Draco
 Wheeee! Someone's t

Draco
 Whooohooo!!!! Draco M

chaching!
 How come the only rec

GREENY

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

LOUVERS are set into the wall. He angles them open.
The smoke begins to escape.

The Monk turns, raises arms and LEAPS from his lofty perch --
Gently gliding down to the floor with the aid of a FLOWING FOX --
a primitive hand-held pulley that runs down a rope.
He lands next to the glass furnace, surrounded by --

MORE MONKS

By their dress. With Blowing Iron and Pontil.
They blow and shape the molten glass. Crack off the finished
pieces. The old way.

ONE PARTICULAR MONK

Black skinned, early fifties.
Stirs his five foot long blowing iron in the molten glass, but
he is watching something else. It moves him to song.
Lilting tenor lifts high into the air.
This is BROTHER KYLE.

BROTHER KYLE

Well would he guess the ascending of the star,
Wherein his patient's fortunes settled were.
He knew the course of every malady,
Were it of cold or heat or moist or dry.
Brother John, would-be Doctour of Physick.

We see the object of his song:

BROTHER JOHN

Not yet forty. Strong features, but fear behind the eyes.
The fear that comes from a lack of inner confidence.
A good face, nonetheless.
He stirs a thick mixture in a mortar.
Next to him another MONK sits holding his arm out in front of
him, cassock sleeve rolled up, revealing a vicious BURN.

BROTHER KYLE

Tend you quickly he will,
with bottles from a shelf.
But heals not, so easily,
The ill's which plague himself.

Brother John stops stirring.

BROTHER JOHN

(to Kyle)
Enough.

He scoops the salve out with his fingers and applies it to the
Burned Monk's arm. The Burned Monk INHALES sharply as the cool
mixture contacts the injured area.

BROTHER JOHN

(to the burned Monk)
Relax.
(to Kyle)
Put those lungs of yours to better
use.

BROTHER KYLE

Yes, Doc Tor.

Kyle laughs, removes the blowing iron from the molten glass --
a BLOB of white hot glass hanging on the end.

He rolls the blob on the Marver, a flat, polished piece of
iron, then begins to blow a bottle shaped container.

John wraps a fray-edged cloth bandage around the burn.

JOHN

Keep this from getting wet. Go home at late afternoon mealtime and don't come back to work today --

BURNED MONK

But John --

JOHN

I'll tell the Abbot. Just rest today. You're lucky you only burned yourself on the side of the furnace. If some of that glass had gotten on your arm --

He points to the top of his forearm.

JOHN

-- it would've burned clean through to the other side.

He mimes a drop down from the bottom of his arm. The Burned Monk shudders at the thought.

BELLS toll.

JOHN

That's late afternoon. Now get on.

BURNED MONK

Thank you, John. I --

JOHN

You're welcome. Go!

The Burned Monk trundles off, injured arm against his chest. John gathers his mortar, pestle, and extra bandages into a burlap sack. Kyle comes over.

KYLE

Good work.

JOHN

All right, but I'm no Father Anselm.

KYLE

You're yourself, that's better...

Kyle pushes him through the door...

INTO THE HALLWAY

The Hallway is alive with cassocked monks. Their LOW CHANTING reverberates throughout the building. The wooden floorboards creak beneath their combined weights. This is obviously a MEDIEVAL MONASTERY...

KYLE

The Abbot will be pleased.

JOHN

Don't.

KYLE

Don't what?

JOHN

Please don't tell him. At least until I know if there's an infection.

KYLE

You want to be the Abbey's Physician,
and you haven't learned the first rule:
Don't worry about the patient.

John's face drops.

KYLE

I shouldn't have. Sorry. Look, I know
how you must --

JOHN

You don't, but thanks anyway.

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

A wide stairwell. A constant stream of monks all moving down
the stairs. Coming from floors above. Headed for lunch.
Kyle starts down. John starts up --

KYLE

Not coming down?

JOHN

I have someone waiting for me.

Kyle disappears into the crowd.
John moves up...

THE STAIRWAY

A river of brown cassocks running downstream.
John is the only one moving against the flow.
He exits the stairwell --

ONE FLOOR UP

A narrow corridor lined with doorways.
John moves to one in particular.
He doesn't even look as he grabs the door knob.
This is his room.
He opens the door --

IN BROTHER JOHN'S ROOM

An old, worn out DOG lays in wait on an old, worn out cassock
which is now serving as its bed.
At the sight of John it stands.

JOHN

Come on, Mattias.

The dog, MATTIAS, joins him in the hall.
Monk and pet disappear up a flight of stairs.
Past another dozen or so Monks who are on their way down.

INT. LIBRARY

A vast room filled with rows of wooden tables with low benches
between aisle after aisle of floor-to-ceiling wooden shelves
jammed to capacity with BOOKS of all shapes and sizes. Millions
of books, from the looks of it.
From each book hangs a long CHAIN, long enough to allow the
book to be carried only as far as the nearest table.

A CORPULENT MONK - BROTHER PHILIP

In his fifties, and the Librarian by his stern affect, his
position behind a broad, but also old oak desk, and the large
KEY hanging from his belt. He watches the few stragglers return

their chain bound volumes to the shelves and head for the door,
then rises and joins them...

IN THE CORRIDOR JUST OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY

John leans against the wall as Philip exits.
Mattias is nowhere to be seen.

PHILIP

Brother John.

JOHN

Brother Philip.

PHILIP

Feeding the mind instead of the body
again?

JOHN

My training has taught me to feed what's
hungry.

Philip pats his broad stomach and heads down the hallway.

PHILIP

As did mine. As long as you're alone.
Enjoy yourself -- and remember, no book
leaves the library.

JOHN

How could I forget? Have a good meal...

John watches the corpulent librarian head down the stairs.
When he's gone from sight John lifts the bottom of his cassock
to reveal Mattias.

JOHN

Perfect.

They move into the library...

THE MEDIEVAL SECTION

The oldest books.
John moves to the stacks.
Mattias trots over to a particular bench and sits.
This is his regular place.

AT THE SHELVES

John stands on toe tips to retrieve an ancient Tome.
He runs his fingers over the familiar leather binding.
A smile plays across his lips.

He carries the book, places it on the edge of the table so
there is slack in the chain.
Sits on the bench next to the dog.
Clears his throat, opens the book, begins to read...

John

(reading)

In the year of our Lord 1348 I, Brother
Gerhado of the Minorite Abbey helped bury
the Abbot and my sixty fellow monks --

VOICE O/S

Sometimes, I think you'd like that.

John turns to find --

THE ABBOT

Leader of the monastery. In his seventies but looks younger. His Cassock is adorned with a large, ornately carved, wooden CHAIN in place of a rope belt. He crosses to the table.

John closes the book and stands, head bowed in respect.

John
Abbot, I -- I didn't think anyone would --

ABBOT
Mind? Just Philip, if he knew. I passed him on the way up. He said you'd come in alone. I knew better.

He scratches the back of Mattias' neck.

ABBOT
Hello, Mattias. How are you, boy?

The dog snuffles in response.

ABBOT
You know what Philip says about Mattias' hair and his breathing. You'll have to take him out of here.

JOHN
He likes when I read to him and -- I can't --

John looks down sheepishly. Though nearly forty, he feels almost adolescent in the presence of the Abbot. The Abbot pulls a large key from his pocket.

ABBOT
(smiles)
Someone must have left this one unlocked. Take the book with you.

He hands the key to John, who is shocked -- this is a great honor.

JOHN
Father, I --?

ABBOT
Kyle tells me you did a good job at the glassworks today.

JOHN
I'll reserve judgement until the patient lives.

John crosses to the shelf and unlocks his book. He returns the key.

ABBOT
It will get easier. Father Anselm was... an unexpected loss. You'll do fine.

The Abbot walks towards the door...

ABBOT
Just have it back before the end of lunch. Oh -- And I didn't see you in here.

JOHN
Thank you.
(to Mattias)
Let's go upstairs, boy.

John takes his book -- Moves to a spiral wooden staircase.
Mattias at his heels.
Goes UP --

INTO THE BELL TOWER

The mechanics of the bell tower -- all ropes and wooden cogs
cast scary shadows.
A doorway leads to --

THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Thick with sandy dust. The wood shows through thin patches.
We PULL BACK TO REVEAL what we think is the roof of the Abbey
is actually --

THE SURFACE OF ARCEON - NIGHT

The door has opened onto the SURFACE OF A PLANTOID!
The curving horizon broken only by the very top of the
Abbey bell tower poking through from the levels below.
SMOKE curls from vents set into the surface.
Sunken areas of the planet's surface are SEAS.

This is ARCEON.
An manmade orbiter.
A shell of lightweight foamed steel, five miles in diameter.
Constructed by The Company on Special Order with habitable
level within finished in whatever material suits its end user.

This orbiter, for reasons to be discovered later, has been
sheathed in wood.

JOHN

Walks to the shore of an inland SEA.
Sits on a bare patch of wood. Looks up.
His eyes grow accustomed to --

THE NIGHT SKY - JOHN POV

Freckled with tiny dots of light.
Stars. Spread across the inky void.
Bathe Arceon's surface with their celestial glow.

John smiles at Mattias, breathes deep.
The atmosphere up here is thinner, but fresher.
He opens the book.
Reads aloud --

JOHN

In the year of our Lord 1348 I, Brother
Gerhado of the Minorite Abbey helped bury
the Abbot and my sixty fellow monks, day
by day, one by one, until I am the only
one left. I stayed as long as I could bear
it, then with my dog --

Mattias lifts his ears at this part. His favorite part.

JOHN

- fled. I have put this to parchment lest
this pestilence - this Black Death -
stay my hand.
(beat)
This was finished by another hand...

John closes the book. Something catches his eye --
Something among the myriad points of light in the sky.
Millions of miles away:

ONE OF THE STARS

Brighter than the rest. MOVING.
Fast enough to leave a faint trail.
Across the stars. And down...
A comet.

John stands. Watches --

THE STAR

Growing brighter.
Drawing nearer.

JOHN

Joined by three other MONKS.
They are older than he.
The Four men watch the sky...

THE STAR

Brighter still. Closer.

MORE MONKS

Two dozen. A hundred.
They come up through the planet's surface.
Out of wooden trap doors. Join the others.
Days pass.
Now three hundred.
Necks bowed back.
Mouths agape.
A SUBTITLE identifies...

RELIGIOUS COLONY ARCEON

POPULATION: 350 Exiles
CRIME: Political Heresy

THE STAR

Fills the sky.
Burns brighter still as it hits the planetoid's atmosphere.

ON THE SURFACE OF ARCEON

Hundreds of Monks shield their eyes as the ship -- the star --
ROARS over their heads. Trailing FIRE --

John holds up his hands - to touch a star --
Skin BLISTERS as it passes over him,
He turns and watches as it --
Arcs downward --

INTO THE SEA**WHOMP- SSSSSSSSSS --!!**

PLUMES of steam rise into the air.
The water boils. Fish bob to the surface. Bloated. Dead.

JOHN

Is the first to hit the shore.
Small leather and wood fishing boats tossed by the wake.
His coracle is the first into the water.
The others running up behind him.
He cannot hear the SHOUTS of warning.

ON THE SEA - DAWN

The sun cracks over the black water.
John's hands move the rough wooden oars.
Blistered palm opens.
BLOOD flows.
He tears off a piece of his cassock --
Rips it with his teeth --
Wraps the bloody hand.
Rows.

THE STAR

Ship. Star Ship.
Sulaco escape vehicle #4 rocks on the water.
White metal skin blackened by the heat.

JOHN

Rows right into it.
His coracle pitches in the choppy surf.
He scrambles onto the ship's cracked tile surface.
Teeters -- balances -- moves to the unmistakeable HATCH.
Looks around for a knob, a handle --

NEXT TO THE HATCH

A small panel door whose black and yellow stripes denote urgency. John hesitantly opens the door, revealing a shiny metal LEVER. He stares at it...a beat.
Then quickly pulls it down...

WUORRRSH -!

Hull door OPENS.

The doorway is a black maw.
John crosses himself.
Begins to lower his foot into the hatch --

KYLE O/S

Watch it!

He almost falls backwards off the ship. Looks back --

THE OTHER MONKS

Are rapidly approaching.
Kyle gestulates wildly --

KYLE

John! Wait -- ! Don't go in!

John turns back to the open hatch.
Machine recirculated air flows out.
He feels it on the skin of his face. Cool.
Cool, and artificial. It calls to him.
He steps in. Swallowed by the blackness --

WHOOSH-CLANG -!

The door closes behind him.

INT. SULACO ESCAPE POD #4 - DAY

Dark. Dim red lights. John stands still as his eyes adjust to the darkness. He sees:

NEWT'S HYPER SLEEP TUBE

A glass and metal COFFIN -- pneumatic piping twines around its base. The glass lid is BROKEN. A Small RED LIGHT pulses at the head of the tube -- a soft VOICE and TONE, like your seat belt warning -- is audible...

COMPUTER VOICE

(sotto)

Seal broken...seal broken...

John finds himself moving towards the tube...
Looks through the broken lid:

IN THE TUBE

There is a splattered BLOOD STAIN on the sterile white interior. OLD, turned rust-brown.
Whatever happened here happened a while ago.
Rust colored drips trail down to --

THE FLOOR

Drag marks. His eyes follow the stains to a pile of
Bloody clothing against a control panel. A jumpsuit. Torn.
Child size. The head of child's DOLL, but no body to be found.

JOHN

Looks back towards the door.
Part of him wants to get the hell out here -- but he fights
back his fear. He is a doctor - or trying to be - someone
in here may need his help. He presses forward --
Averts his gaze from the clothing, UP to the blinking and
glowing instrument panels and their myraid --

LIGHTS

Pressure lights. Data lights. Warning lights.
Thousands of lights. Like the stars in the sky.

It's been decades since he's seen technology like this -- and
never this close up. He steps further into the ship, his fear
now replaced by fascination, follows the lights....

ON A PALE GREEN SCREEN

LED numbers race -- 7,291.01.05...06...07
A legend identifies "Elapsed since separation."
He moves on...

A VIDEO MONITOR

Through scanning bars of snow, an image:
A WOMAN with a YOUNG GIRL standing in front of her.
The Woman's arms are wrapped around the girl.
Protective. Maternal.

The Woman speaks. Her message repeats itself.
A tape loop, although John has no idea what that is.

WOMAN

...taking pod four. The Crew of the SS
Sulaco and all Marine commandoes are dead.
Ship's sensors have interrupted the hyper
sleep cycle. An overlooked alien egg has
hatched. Bishop and Hicks have been killed.
Xenomorphs have infested the cruiser. Newt
and I are taking pod four. The Crew of...

The WARNING TONE of the Woman's message rekindles John's fear.
He moves more hesitantly around the periphery of the ship,
following the trail of blinking instruments --
Drawn to touch a button. Click...

SOMETHING TENTACLE-LIKE DROPS DOWN ON HIS SHOULDER!

Just an oxygen mask.

John feels his rapidly BEATING heart as he pushes aside the plastic, dangling object and continues around the shuttle. His hand brushes over a SENSOR which responds by lighting and --

HSSSSSSSSS -!

A BLAST of freon shoots out of an overhead pipe --
John SHOUTS and back up into --

ANOTHER HYPER SLEEP TUBE!!!

Next to Newt's now empty tube.
Humming gently. Still operational.
John approaches it cautiously.
He can make out the occupant through the lid...

A WOMAN

The woman from the screen. This is RIPLEY.
In hypersleep. Wearing a white cotton tank top and boxer-type shorts. Christ, she looks beautiful.

John looks from Ripley to her image on the monitor, then back. Sinks to his knees, reverent. Fascination has replaced fear again. Moves his face closer to the lid. Closer to hers...

DAYLIGHT spills in --
John's head WHIPS towards the source of the light --

THE DOOR

Open. Kyle and the other monks.

KYLE

John - what is it? Is this a Supply ship?

JOHN

No. No supplies. Kyle, there's someone in here --

The Second Monk looks at Kyle.

SECOND MONK

This is forbidden.

KYLE

John. Just get the hell out of there --

JOHN

I don't want to stay. I have to get her out before this sinks. You come in, give me a hand --

KYLE

Her? Look, this is not the supply ship, so this is technology forbidden to us. Get out of there now!

John looks down at Ripely.
A KEYPAD is mounted at the head of the tube.
A red button: "EMERG-OPEN"
That's plain enough.

JOHN

All right --

He presses it.
The Tube opens with a loud BLAST of compressed air.
The Monks at the door recoil at the sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE SHIP - ON THE SEA - DAY

Ripley has been lowered into a large coracle. John holds her in front of him. Unconscious.
Her head lolls as the boat rocks on the waves.
The monks start to row back to shore.

FIRST MONK

(reverent)

A space ship...

SECOND MONK

(even more reverent)

A woman...

KYLE

You shouldn't have gone in --

JOHN

I'm supposed to be a doctor.

He pushes Ripley's hair away from her forehead.

JOHN

She could've been lost.

FIRST MONK

Been a long time since I saw either.

SECOND MONK

It isn't sinking. Look at it. What are we supposed to do with it?

KYLE

What was it like in there --?

JOHN

Lights. So many lights --

THIRD MONK

Tow it in. Bring it in.

SECOND MONK

It's evil.

FIRST MONK

It's just technology.

SECOND MONK

Evil technology. Look at these fish --

THIRD MONK

The Abbot will know what we should do with it --

KYLE

Just lights?

JOHN

Machines. Buttons. Metal.

SECOND MONK

See? Just look at the fish.

THIRD MONK

The Abbot will know.

SECOND MONK

They're boiled. These fish are boiled.

JOHN

Thousands of lights. Like the stars.
Like Heaven on Earth.

Ripley stirs in John's arms. Groans.
Fights to come out of her fugue state...
Looks around through half-lidded eyes --
She is surrounded by rowing, cassocked Monks.
MONKS? She closes her eyes.
Tries to clear the imagine. Opens:
They're still there.
She looks down at the bloodied hands around her waist --
realizes she's sitting on someone's lap.
Looks back over her shoulder --

JOHN

He smiles at her.
Friendly, not sexual.

RIPLEY

Shakes her head. Tries to speak --
Her lips form soundless words.
She looks over her other shoulder, sees --

THE SHIP - RIPLEY POV

Bobbing on the surface.
Growing small with each stroke of the oars.

RIPLEY

Brows knit. Fights the cobwebs in her brain.
Tries to focus on the ship --
Remembers.
Turns to John, tries to speak --

RIPLEY

Wait. New...

She loses consciousness.

GO TO BLACK...

INT. THE ABBEY - RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Streaks of light move across the darkness.
Form patterns of light and shadow against the wooden walls.
There is a sublime stillness, but coming through the walls are
the muted, far off SOUNDS of the Abbey --
The SAWING of wood. HAMMERING.
WHISPERED prayers.
LILTING song.

We move down off the wall to a hand-made wooden bed.
Ripley in restless sleep.

EXT. ARCEON SEA - DUSK

The waters grown rough with the approach of night. Wind whips across
white wave tops -- SPRAYS the dozen Monks who LASH their
boats to Ripley's SHIP with thick hemp ropes --
Start to tow it to shore...

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ripley is sleeping -- but struggling against some unseen foe --
She tries to sit up -- can't. Tries to shake off the effects of
the suspended animation...looks up through half-lidded eyes:

JOHN

Sits next to her. Quite asleep.
Hands swathed in white bandages. Book resting on his lap.

She squints to make the figure standing in the shadows
behind him -- it's skin picks up and reflects tiny points of
flickering candle light - seems to ripple as it moves --

THE ALIEN

Big, black shiny-smooth head moves into the taper light.
It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side --
moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move -
to cry out -- She can't.

She can only move her eyes. She looks over at John, sleeping
peacefully. He doesn't notice the Alien --

The Alien moves closer.
She can feel his breath -- it evaporates the sweat on her
forehead -- a CHILL runs through her but she still can't move --

The Alien stands alongside her bed.
Extends a six-fingered hand...
Gently rests it on her stomach.
Cocks its head -- like it's listening to something.
The implication is clear.

Ripley finds her voice --

RIPLEY
AAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

Her eyes open wide --
She sits bolt upright.

A hand moves to her forehead. Gently pushes her head back to
the pillow. John's.

JOHN
You're out of it. Out of it...

Ripley falls back, eyes glued to where the alien appeared.
John sees her focal point, looks back over his shoulder:
Nothing.
Ripley's eyes roll back into her head.
She tries to speak -- It was there.
Her hand, at her side, tightens into a fist --

John's hand covers hers.
Eases the fingers open again.
She feels the coarse bandages against her palm.

He starts to read quietly from Saint Augustines' Confessions.
She begins to drowse again as his soft voice flows over her
like waves lapping against the shore...

EXT. SURGACE OF ARCEON - DAY

A HOWLING DUST STORM has kicked up. The monks wear small round
goggles, have rags tied over their noses, as they work at a
huge BLOCK AND TACKLE arrangement --

Hundreds of ropes grow TAUT.
Timbers GROAN.
They LIFT Ripley's SHIP -- SWING it over to a large portal --

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Ripley lays with eyes closed.

Muffled VOICES outside her door:

ABBOT

How is the woman, John?

JOHN

I don't think she's here yet.

At the sound of John's voice the SLIGHTEST smile plays across Ripley's sleeping lips.

JOHN

She is close, though.

As they continue talking, Ripley wakes. Opens her eyes.
Rolls over onto her side --
There is a window right next to the bed.
Ripley lifts herself up on one elbow, looks out:

HER POV

Garden of Earthly delights...
Monks laboring under a beautiful, celestial blue sky --
picking apples, fishing on the water on small inland lakes.
Working with hammer and saw on small wooden cottages. Lyrical.
It makes her feel good. She scans the countryside...

Sheep graze around wooden ladders stretching hundreds of feet
up to the -- Ripley does a take --

WORKERS ON A SCAFFOLDING

With crude brushes at the end of poles -- PAINT the sky blue.
The Abbey, the cottages, the fields outside her window are all
on one level - INSIDE THE PLANET.

The vaulted CEILING, painted to look like the sky with huge
glass "windows" to allow the sunlight in, is actually the
UNDERSIDE of the planetoid's outer shell.

Ripley looks back at the Monks on the ground:
Instead of repairing, they are taking the cabins apart, stacking
the wood onto push carts --

RIPLEY

What the hell --?

SUDDENLY --

The Sulaco Escape ship APPEARS in front of her.
SWINGS past her window suspended by ropes.
Then disappears up, out of sight.
Ripley checks her pulse.

RIPLEY

This must be a dream. A bad one.

She rolls back onto the bed.
Stares up at the ceiling.

ABOVE HER - ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Monks scurry around the Ship as it is lowered into place on
a flat area of the roof above the library.
It seats with a deeply resounding THUD...

RIPLEY

Hears the SOUND and then another - her door OPENING.
She turns to find the Abbot and John standing in the doorway.
John waits in the doorway as the Abbot crosses to the chair by
the bed and sits.

RIPLEY

Who are you?

ABBOT

I am the Abbot. Leader of this Colony.
And you?

He smiles. Open. Friendly.

RIPLEY

Ripley. How did I get here?

ABBOT

Your vehicle crash landed.
(indicates John)
Brother John found you and brought
you here.

RIPLEY

Where is here?

ABBOT

This is the Minorite Abbey within the
manmade orbiter Arceon.

RIPLEY

Can I use a radio to --

ABBOT

We have no radio here. We are a monastic
order that has renounced all modern
technology. We live the old way. The pure
way.

She shakes her head.

RIPLEY

Uh, I - I still don't feel 100%. Whoever
took me out of the stasis tube must not
have run the full D-F program...
Where's Newt?

The Abbot looks at her blankly.

RIPLEY

There was a little girl with me --

ABBOT

You were alone.

RIPLEY

No. She was with me. I put her in her
stasis tube -- We launched when the --

ABBOT

You were the only living thing found
aboard that vessel.

The Abbot watches Ripley as the terrible truth overcomes her --

RIPLEY

(slowly)
Oh, God. Newt.

She stops -- gets that chill up her spine --
She realizes that she MUST have brought the Alien with her.

RIPLEY

It came with us.

The Abbot leans in.

ABBOT

What came with you?

RIPLEY

Listen -- there is a danger here. It came with me. How long have I been here?

ABBOT

Almost two days --

RIPLEY

(calculates)

Loose for two days. This planet could be overrun within the week.

Ripley grabs the Abbot by his cassock --

RIPLEY

Look, there's a xenomorph --

(sees his confusion)

An Alien creature. A killer. A monster.

And now it's here.

The Abbot looks at her the way you look at that guy on the corner of Santa Monica and 3rd who's babbling about Judgement Day. The guy with his pants down around his kness.

She sees this, releases her hold on him...

RIPLEY

Calm down, Ripley. Okay, I was with a platoon of Colonial Marines on a mission to planetoid LV426. We left Earth six months ago - maybe a year --

ABBOT

(interrupts)

Wait a moment --

The Abbot becomes aware of John's presence in the doorway. Turns over his shoulder at him.

ABBOT

Leave us.

John waits there a beat, then backs out and closes the door.

ABBOT

Continue.

RIPLEY

We launched in the Cruiser Sulaco from Gateway sub-orbital space station --

ABBOT

Not possible.

RIPLEY

What do you mean?

ABBOT

When we left Earth seventy years ago, it was on the brink of a New Dark Age. Technology was on the verge of destroying the planet's environment. A computer virus was threatening to wipe away all recorded knowledge. There didn't seem to be any way it could be averted. In the almost forty years since we were towed out here

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

in hypersleep, the news that came with occasional supply ships only got worse. Finally, the ships stopped coming. We had to resign ourselves to the fact that worst had come to pass, and the Earth no longer existed.

Now she gives him that look.

RIPLEY

(slowly)

Uh...All right... Forget the Earth - How many people do you have here? Let's worry about them. Warn them --

A new look overtakes the Abbot's face. A look of fear. Now she's getting to him - or is she? He abruptly stands.

ABBOT

Your mind is troubled. You need to rest some more.

RIPLEY

I don't need rest - I need to get to your people. You've got to get to them -- tell them about the alien --

He heads for the door --

ABBOT

I have had enough for now.

RIPLEY

Enough? Didn't you hear what I said? It could wipe out the entire population of this planet. It may have started already - Have there been any unusual deaths since I got here?

The Abbot stops in the door -

ABBOT

No. And there won't be.

The Abbot SLAMS the door behind him.

THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RIPLEY'S ROOM - DAY

John stands nearby as the Abbot addresses two BURLY MONKS

ABBOT

Bolt it.

The guards move to bolt the door.

JOHN

What is it -- What's wrong?

ABBOT

Your patient is in a dangerous mental state. Nobody gets in or out until I say so.

JOHN

But I. Her meals --

ABBOT

Nobody.

JOHN

Father, I don't understand --

The Abbot turns and disappears down the hall.
John looks from the departing Abbot to the two Guard/Monks.

THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

John has his head buried in his hands. His back rises and falls with the rhythmic breathing of sleep.
Mattias curled up on his feet. Asleep as well.

WHAM!

The Library door FLIES open --!

John sits bolt upright --

A HYSTERICAL MONK bursts in.

Rushes to John's table.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Brother John! You're here! The Abbot said you'd -- I need -- you're the medic --

JOHN

What?!

HYSTERICAL MONK

My Sandy -- she's ill --

John tries to rub the fitfull sleep out of his eyes.

JOHN

Huh? A woman?

HYSTERICAL MONK

Sandy. My ewe.

John returns his head to the table.

JOHN

One of your sheep? Jesus Christ.
Call a vet.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Father Anselm was the vet.

John looks under his arms at Mattias --

The dog just stares at him.

JOHN

You're no help. Okay, let me get my bag.
All creatures great and small...

INT. HYSTERICAL MONK'S BARN - NIGHT

A small structure housing a handful of sheep and a few chickens in wire cages. The wooden walss are full of gaps where boards have been ripped off.

The Hysterical Monk holds a torch to illuminate the scene. One of his sheep is laying on its side...

HYSTERICAL MONK

I just gave her dinner and she keeled over.

JOHN

So would I. It's freezing in here.

HYSTERICAL MONK

Been using the wood from the walls

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.
for the fire in my cabin.

JOHN

Haven't we all...

John kneels at the ewe.

She's breathing heavy. Rapidly.

John puts his left hand down on the hay covered floor while he checks the animal's neck pulse with his right hand.
She gives a weak "Baa-ah."

JOHN

May be pneumonia. Pitch some of that hay around her. Stop this damn cold breeze.

The Hysterical Monk props the torch up in an empty bucket and retrieves a crude iron pitchfork from the wall.
Starts to pile hay around the fallen animal.

JOHN

First, I'll --

He sits up to reach for his back, then stops when he sees what's on his left hand --

A SLIMY MUCOUS-LIKE SUBSTANCE

JOHN

Wait a minute...

The Hysterical Monk stops on mid-pitch.
John rubs the material between his fingers.
Brings it close to his nose. Sniffs.

HYSTERICAL MONK

What is it?

JOHN

I don't know. It's all over the ground.
Some sort of --

BAAA-AAAH!!!

The ewe starts to SHAKE - QUIVER --
John tries to hold it down --
The Hysterical Monk, at this juncture, goes completely apeshit.

HYSTERICAL MONK

What?! WHAT?!

JOHN

Jesus! Help m --

The ewe is shaking so violently that John is thrown back --
He knocks over the bucket -- the torch falls into the hay --
The light is cut off as the torch almost smothers.
Then the hay starts to burn --
Weak fire light revealing:

BAAaa-Aha-SCLORTCH-H-!!

THE EWE EXPLODES ---!

Stomach BURSTS --
SPRAYING the two Monks with entrails and blood --
They start SCREAMING.

The flickering FIRE LIGHT grows as...

A TERRIBLE ALIEN CHEST-BURSTER

BURSTS out of the jerking and twitching carcass.

It shows the characteristics of the animal in which it has gestated. Tiny razor sharp teeth and black, glass-like eyes peer from a enlongated head covered with downy, but gore-matted WOOL. A quadroped, its shrunked hind legs struggling to free itself from the cooling morass of intestines.

John can only SCREAM as the most horrible nightmare he can imagine tries to slough off the animal's mortal coil.

The Hysterical Monk, fear overcome with ANGER at the loss of his beloved Sandy, steps in front of the near catatonic Medic and instinctively THRUSTS his pitchfork into the creature -- The sharp prongs PIERCE its still forming body --

The CREATURE

WAILS a high pitched SHRIEK - half alien, half sheep as it is roughly TORN from it's nesting place -- The Monk lifts --

It TWISTS at the end of the fork, acid blood dripping onto the wood floor -- each drop bursting into a little pool of FIRE.

The Hysterical Monk turns to the now raging hay fire -- The entire corner of the barn is ablaze -- SHOVES the abomination in --

The Sheep/Alien POPS and SIZZLES as tongues of flame leap up to lap at it's struggling body -- tiny tail whipping about --

The creature dies, its fading screams are soon the only sound heard within the barn. The Hysterical Monk holds his fork in the flame as he looks back to check on --

JOHN

Face contorted, eyes glued to the burning creature. Heaving lungs push air through his diaphragm, but no sound comes from his open mouth -- The Doctor in training has seen the devil.

EXT. HYSTERICAL MONK'S BARN - NIGHT

Wooden walls collapse inward as the building becomes a pyre. Acrid black smoke curls up to the ceiling and spreads out across the rafters...

We pull back from the sight INTO a window. Into

INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ripley, watches the burning barn. Frustrated, she climbs out of the bed on unsteady legs, wearing her tank top and shorts. Pulls on a coarse wollen cassock, ties the rope belt --

RIPLEY

Idiots...I'll --

WHAM!

The door BURSTS OPEN --

RIPLEY

What the -?

Four BURLY MONKS rush in and grab her. TEAR her out of bed --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ripley is dragged down the darkened hallway.

ABBOT V.O.

An evil has come to Arceon...

IN THE TRIBUNAL ROOM - NIGHT

As he continues we move down a row of stern Monk faces, ending at the Abbots...

ABBOT

You heard Brother Graham tell of the devil inside sheep's wool --

He motions towards the Hysterical Monk, sitting in the crowd.

ABBOT

An evil brought by this woman in her vessel of technology.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A large circular room with wooden walls stretching thirty feet high. Light creeps in through stained glass windows.

Hundreds of monks sits in a gallery that looms over the floor of the Tribunal. On the floor:

The Abbot and the five eldest Monks sit at a long table facing the witness stand. On the stand:

RIPLEY

Considers the faces that surround her. Fear. Hate.

RIPLEY

This can't be happening.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

You have no voice in this tribunal.

RIPLEY

You must listen to me! You're all in terrible danger! It came with me on the ship --

ABBOT

We know that. At first we believed its arrival was a good omen. But it has only brought pestilence. Dead sheep. Dead fish.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

Evil.

Ripley turns to the Abbot.

RIPLEY

Yes, the ship brought it. Not evil. It brought the Alien. I told you, it's here.

ABBOT

We know the name of the evil it brought. It brought technology. Technology to destroy our planet, as surely as it destroyed the Earth.

MONK IN AUDIENCE

Destruction!

RIPLEY

I was on the Earth less than a year ago. It's still there. People, cities, all

A murmur through the crowd. Some are listening to her.
The Abbot looks around. He must be in command.

ABBOT

(matter of fact)
All dead.

RIPLEY

(screams)
It's still there!

The Abbot smiles to himself for making her crack.
He stands and begins to pace.

ABBOT

You could not have been on the Earth a
year ago, because there is no Earth to
be on -- for at least twenty years.

RIPLEY

I haven't been floating in space for
twenty years. Let me get to my ship
and I'll prove it.

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

No. Who knows what new evils she'll
release if allowed back into that
infernal machine.

MONK IN AUDIENCE

No! Don't let her!!

TRIBUNAL MEMBER

This woman is a danger. She denies The
New Dark Age. She denies reality.

RIPLEY

This is reality. There is a Xenomorph
loose on this planetoid - a alien -- it must
have stowed away on my ship -- must have
killed --

(swallows hard)

Newt. Killed the girl I brought with me.
You can't stop it. It goes inside you like
an egg - grows -

(mimes)

Explodes out of you - keeps growing into
some sort of monster. Kills you --
Kills all of you...

She looks at the Medieval people around her.
They stare at her in complete confusion.
To them, she does sound like a madwoman.

RIPLEY

Who are you people? Look at you -- all
of you -- the way you're dressed. This
isn't the Middle Ages. You're in space --
on a artifical planet. What are you
doing out here?

There, in the upper tier -- John. They make eye contact.
She looks to him pleadingly.

RIPLEY

Isn't there anyone here who will
listen?

John looks from Ripley to the Abbot.

The Abbot stares him down.
John turns away.

RIPLEY

(defeated)

I guess not. I can't believe this...

The gavel BANGS.
The Abbot sits in a moment of contemplation.

ABBOT

Then there is no choice.

The Four Monks grab Ripley roughly --
Bind her arms.

ABBOT

(to Ripley)

The evil is inside you. I cast you down.
To be sealed away. And God have mercy on
your soul.

SLAM CUT TO:

THE SHAFT ROOM - DAY

A Medieval elevator shaft. The "elevator" is a wooden cage
lowered on thick, rough hewn ropes.
Ripley, bound, is led to it.

She looks back at the monks who have gathered at the door --

RIPLEY

You won't be able to fight it...
You don't know what it is --!

She's put into the cage. The door is secured.
Two monks begins to pull the ropes. The cage is lifted out over
the abyss -- a vast cavernesque space.

The other Monks move closer. Crowd around the edge --
John pushes through them - right to the edge --
Watches as the cage is slowly lowered down...

Ripley looks directly at John --

RIPLEY

You've sentenced yourselves to
death!

John watches as she disappears down into the darkness...
Then turns and pushes his way through the crowd --
Down the hall --

THE TRIBUNAL ROOM

Empty now except for the Abbot and the Tribunal Members.
They speak in hushed tones.
John appears in the doorway, but pauses -
strains to hear what they are saying:

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

...they'll have started before she gets
down to the Hermitage level.

ABBOT

No trouble?

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

Only finding the wood for the ship. But
Anderson's hut was about that big, and

ABBOT

I had that wood earmarked for the Cloister next winter. Well, we might not get to the winter if we don't take care of this. By winter time we can start taking the penitent cells apart. No one in them.

ANOTHER TRIBUNAL MONK

The wood isn't going to last forever.

ABBOT

Neither are we --

He becomes aware of John's presence, and motions the other Tribunal members out of the room. John moves to the Abbot. The Abbot knows what's coming...

ABBOT

Go ahead.

JOHN

This woman. Ripley. I tended her --

ABBOT

Yes, and you did a good job. You shouldn't feel responsible. You couldn't have known --

JOHN

Please, sir, let me finish. I feel that there may be something to what she says.

ABBOT

There isn't.

The Abbot moves to his table, begins to gather up his gavel, notebook. John follows him --

JOHN

I don't understand what you are doing.

ABBOT

This colony is my responsibility. I am protecting the colony.

JOHN

From what? This woman? You never gave her a chance. How can you be so sure you're right?

ABBOT

A better question is what makes you think I'm wrong?

JOHN

You didn't see this thing -- this demon -- Brother Graham and I -- we both saw it.

ABBOT

(realizes)
That's right. You both did.
(beat)
And what was it?

JOHN

I -- I don't know what it was. But I don't think Ripley was a party to it.

ABBOT

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.
She admits she brought it.

JOHN

But she tried to warn us --

ABBOT

You know that's how the devil works.
Deception.

JOHN

But I believe her. I don't know how to
describe it -- A feeling.

ABBOT

You haven't seen a woman in thirty years.
Where does this feeling originate, John?

JOHN

(points to his head)
Here.

Pause.

ABBOT

I believe you. But your feelings are
fooling you.

JOHN

It's - It's her conviction. I just think --

The Abbot snaps at him --

ABBOT

Don't think.

John takes a step back at the Abbot's tone. A tone he's never
heard before. The Abbot runs a hand through his thinning hair.
Forces a smile.

ABBOT

It's been a long night. For all of us.
You really don't understand what you're
dealing with here.

JOHN

That's what she said.

The Abbot chafes.

ABBOT

These are ideas which threaten the very
system we live under. The creature is
dead and the woman is gone. Forget them.
Both. Go read. Go fishing. Go anywhere,
but leave this alone.

JOHN

But I --

ABBOT

Alone. I'll get Philip to let Mattias
into the Library, all right? For your
own good, just stay out of this.

John looks like he's going to protest.

ABBOT

I mean it.

JOHN

(slowly)

Yes, Father.

John turns and leaves the room.
The Abbot stares after him.

INT. PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

Dark. Dank. Dreary.
A NAIL is hammered into a board. Then another.
The board is old, twisted. The grain is pronounced, splintered.

Another board is lifted into place, a nail held -- BAM-BAM-BAM -
HAMMERED in tight.

TWO ANCIENT WORKERS

Drab, torn gray clothing.
Hammer the boards over the opening in the wall.
Methodically covering up --

RIPLEY

Watching them work.
BAM-BAM-BAM.
Defeated.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY (INTERCUT)

A dozen Monks frantically hammer planks up around the Sulacco
escape ship - A frame of wood --
begin to wall it in...

IN THE PRISON LEVEL

The two ANCIENT WORKERS continue their carpentry.
The planks cover more of the opening.
BAM-BAM-BAM.

Covers more of Ripley.
BAM-BAM-BAM.
She stares...

ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

Planks are rising around the ship.
Covering it. Locking away the good omen turned evil.

IN THE LIBRARY

John and Mattias sit before an open book.
He doesn't read. He can hear the POUNDING of the hammers.
It seems to reverberate THROUGH the planet.
Through his SKULL.
He closes his eyes in pain.

RIPLEY

Only her face is visible.
Another board.
BAM-BAM-BAM.
Then just her eyes.

Just before the last plank is put in place --

WORKER

Here you go, woman. Something from your

ship. Something to keep you company --

He tosses it into the cell. Ripley catches it.
Watches as the last of the light is covered over.

BAM-BAM...BAM.

She continues to stare at the once open wall as her eyes grow accustomed to the darkness. The little light creeping between the planks grows in intensity until it is soon enough to see what it is she has caught --

NEWT'S DOLL'S HEAD.

Ripley looks around her cell -- actually a narrow space behind other cells, one wall curved out -- like a narrow slice crossways towards the edge of the pie.
Looks at the Doll's head in her hand.
A beat.

She FREAKS OUT --!

RIPLEY

You fucking idiots! You're dead!
You're all dead!

BEATS the walls. KICKS.
SMASHES her HEAD against the wall.
Again.
Her nose starts to bleed.
Her hand goes to her nose.
She squints in the darkenss.
Sees the BLOOD.
Tastes the iron taste in her mouth.
Death is with her again.

RIPLEY

(sotto)

Dead...

The "widest" part of her cell, the middle, allows her to slide down into a sitting position. She does.

RIPLEY

Christ. Jesus Christ. It's here. Here.
Shit. Here. I can't get rid of it...

Looks at the Doll's head --

RIPLEY

Newt. This isn't what I wanted...

She throws the doll's head away --
It bounces off the wall and rolls back to an upright position so that it is staring at her.

RIPLEY

(snaps)

Don't stare at me!

Beat.

VOICE O/S

Sorry.

Ripley looks down at the base of the wall facing her --
Where it meets the floor, in the rotting timbers:
A HOLE. In it:

A MAN'S FACE

Bright, wrinkled eyes beneath a snowy white crew cut.

He's looking back at her.

ON THE ROOF OF THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

The Sulaco escape pod #4 is now a memory as the Monks have finished walling it up. Now just another part of the Abbey.

As the Monks move down the thin wooden ladders we follow --
Pass them -- down to an open window and into...

INT. LIBRARY - THE MEDIEVAL SECTION - NIGHT INTO DAWN

John is here, Mattias asleep at his feet.
The tables, the benches, the floor are COVERED with hundreds of books he's pulled off the shelves, their chains all TANGLED.
All open to --

PICTURES OF DEVILS

Different representations of Evil through the ages --
Lucifer, Shaitan, Ahriman, Asmodeus -- Satan.
"The Temptation of Christ" from the Master of Schloss
Lichtenstein. Satan roasting on an enormous grill from
"Tres riches heures du Duc de Berry."

The devil as a serpent. As a semi-humanoid.
Gruenwald's "Temptation of St. Anthony."
Pacher's "Saint Wolfgang and the Devil."
A miasma of Medieval Monsters.

JOHN

Picks his way through the mess. Like a man possessed he fumbles through book after book.

The first golden rays of daylight filter through the huge stained glass windows. John rapidly flips through the Medieval tome in front of him - past an illustration of Satan depicted as having a FACE on his ASS -- further still -- then stops.
This is it.

We can't see what the illustration is, but we see his REACTION:

His eyes open wide as saucers. SLAMS the book closed as if the image would strike blind. He turns to Mattias as if to say something -- Decides not to wake the sleeping dog.

John wraps the book's chain around his hand and puts one foot up against the shelf. Pulls -- SPANKT!
The old chain gives way.

Face set, he loops the shoulder strap of his burlap medical bag over his shoulder. Clutches the book to his chest, gently pets his sleeping dog and goes...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBOT'S OFFICE - DAY

John strides down the corridor purposefully but stops and flattens himself against the wall when the door to the Abbot's office opens suddenly --

BROTHER GRAHAM, The Hysterical Monk, is forcibly led from the room by two burly Monks, taken down the corridor in the other direction. He is gagged. A third Burly Monk moves out of the doorway with the Abbot.

JOHN

Now find John and have him brought to me immediately.

THIRD BURLY MONK

Yes, Father.

ABBOT

Start in the library. And keep it quiet.

The Third Burly Monk nods and moves off.

The Abbot watches him leave, then goes back into the room and closes the door. John stares at the closed door a beat and then makes up his mind. He turns and runs back down the hallway...

INT. GLASS FACTORY - DAY

The first Monks straggle in for the morning shift.

Kyle is among them. He lifts his blowing iron from a wall mounted rack and moves towards the glass furnace as two other Monks begin to stoke the fire.

John enters.

Looks around the room and for a frantic moment cannot find --

KYLE

At the glass furnace. About to dip his blowing iron into the MOLTEN GLASS. John runs over to him. Almost knocks him over --

KYLE

Hey! Watch it!

He sees that John is agitated --

KYLE

What? What is it?

The other monks begin to notice the commotion, start moving in for a look...

JOHN

I -- Abbot. Must --

John tries to catch his breath. He gestulates wildly. Kyle puts down his blowing iron.

KYLE

John - relax. Take a deep breath - Christ, now I sound like you --

He sees the book clutched in John's white knuckled hands.

KYLE

Is that it, John? Is it the book --?

JOHN

(panting)

Yes. Devil.

Kyle moves closer to him. Cautiously.

John sees the other monks gathering around -- Closing in on him - whispering --

WHISPERING MONKS

He's got it...

SECOND WHISPERING MONK

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.
Like the Comet Woman...

THIRD WHISPERING MONK

He found her...

WHISPERING MONK

He's infected...

John sees one of the Monks run out -- undoubtedly going to tell the Abbot. John looks into his friend Kyle's face -- Fear.

KYLE

Everything's gonna be fine. Now, let's see the --

JOHN

Don't humor me -- I'm --

KYLE

Sure. Everything's gonna be fine...

If only he could explain - he can't.
John YANKS the book away -- spins --
Bursts through the crowd...

KYLE

Wait -- JOHN!

INT. SHAFT ROOM - DAY

The cage is still down, the ropes stretching into the abyss.
John runs in. Moves to the ropes. Places the book on the floor.
Tightens his scarred hands on the rope -- Mind racing:
The woman will know. Know what it is. How to combat it.
He PULLS --

There's no tension against the ropes.
John FALLS back on his ass.

The ropes WHIZ through the rusty pulley overhead.
Pile on the floor in front of John.
He lifts the end of the rope. Stares:
BITTEN THROUGH.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE MONASTERY - SERIES OF SHOTS

John RUNS through the building.
Through the upper half of the planet.
DOWN through the many levels, past dozens of Monks oblivious to the previous night's events and the danger they face:

Monks working at Looms.
Monks in the Tanning Room.
Monks in Morning Prayer.
Past them all, to --

INT. ABBEY BASEMENT WORKROOM - DAY

Mops and brooms.
John enters. His hair is wild, breathing heavy.
He shoves the book into his medical bag.
Pushes aside a box of kindling wood to reveal a
WOODEN DOOR set into the timbers of the floor.
He opens the door:

LADDERS

Extending down through huge open areas beneath the upper level.
Past vast underground viaducts that held up by wooden rafters.
Beyond that - a great underground sea that marks the center of
the planet - below that, the cells.
And Ripley.

JOHN

Can smell the dank air from the lower tunnels.
He MUST go down -- The hard way.
He climbs into the darkness...

INT. ABBEY LAVATORY - NIGHT

An enormous room, over a football field in length, consisting
of at least a hundred open toilet STALLS facing a hundred wall
mounted SINKS. Their condition, though, bespeaks the awful
truth -
The stalls furthest away from us are COBWEBBED.
Some have had the side walls stripped for fire wood.
Of the original hundred sinks, maybe twenty are still
functional - A facility created for a much larger number of
colonists than are left.

A SKINNY MONK washes his hands.

IN THE STALLS

Moving down the row of stalls (chest high, thank you) past a
few empty stalls and several grimacing faces, the second to
last being The Abbot --

ABBOT

Cold tonight --

-- continuing to the last, Bald Tribunal Member.

BALD TRIBUNAL MEMBER

Gets colder every night.

ABBOT

And every day. Never this bad. Taken
so much wood out of the structure the
surface wind blows right through the
colony. Right under the floor --

The Bald Tribunal Member SHIVERS as a cold breeze runs along the
waste trough under the floor and chills the air in his bowl.

BALD TRIBUNAL MEMBER

Right up your bloody backside. Nights
like this make me miss plumbing --
Ack --!

He feels a TUGGING at his bowels - it's not piles.
A beat.

ABBOT O/S

What?

BALD TRIBUNAL MONK

I don't -- AAH --

The Bald Tribunal Monk SCREAMS as something GRABS him from
below --

(note: the left half of the following 5 pages is cut off.

I have completed the text to the best of my ability.)

Something SNAKES up his rectum and hooks into his lower intestine!
He convulses in spasms of agony.

There is a terrible RIPPING SOUND as the Bald Tribunal Monk is
PULLED VIOLENTLY down -- out of frame --

We PAN BACK down the row of stalls tight on each sitting Monk
and see their HORRIFIED REACTION as they feel the ALIEN drag the
Bald Tribunal Monk's body away under them...

THE ABBOT in his stall

He pounds on the wall --

ABBOT

Matthew? Matthew? Jesus, what's wrong?

SKINNY MONK washing his hands, sees all this. Looses control
of his bodily functions as blood sprays from the faucet --

OTHER MONKS

In their stalls as the toilets reject a torrent of gore!
Blood and viscera spraying the walls -- converting the Abbey
into an abattoir.

CUT TO:

SPACE

Angle on the Orbitor Arceon:

An orb of wood hands peacefully against a tapestry of celestial
seas.

RIPLEY V.O.

Death...

INT. RIPLEY'S CELL - NIGHT

Darkness. Somewhere water drips into a puddle.
Ripley lays on her side on the floor with her head resting
near the hole in the floor. Her eyes are closed.

RIPLEY

Wherever I go.

A HAND pushes a crust of bread through the hole.
She opens her eyes to look at the food. The White-Haired Man's
head appears --

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Take it.

RIPLEY

Thanks, but no thanks, Anthony.

She knows his name.

ANTHONY

You waiting for meat? They don't bring
me meat because they know I'm an android.
Really don't need it. Bread's better
for you anyway. Harder to digest, so
it makes you feel fuller than you are.

RIPLEY

Not hungry.

Anthony takes a bite.

ANTHONY

Mmmm. Just a little crunchy.

Ripley twists onto her back until she's staring up at the ceiling.

RIPLEY

Waste of time.

ANTHONY

You don't eat, you'll starve to death, girl.

RIPLEY

That was the plan when they put me down here. And why should you care?

ANTHONY

Because I'm a synthetic person you don't think I can care?

RIPLEY

Believe me, that's a discussion you don't want to have with me.

ANTHONY

You told me you had a bad experience and a good one with androids --

RIPLEY

That's one of each. That means you could go either way. I'm tired of talking about this.

He pushes the bread towards her again.

ANTHONY

You've still gotta eat. You gotta fight the bastards --

RIPLEY

I'm tired of fighting. Maybe I'll be dead before he finds me. Maybe he won't get the satisfaction.

ANTHONY

He? You make it sound like this Alien has a personal score to settle with you. The biology you describe: Queen laying eggs, larvae, drone -- that's very insectoid. Insects usually don't bear grudges.

RIPLEY

And Androids usually aren't the prisoners of lunatics that believe they're ancient Greeks.

ANTHONY

Medieval Monks.

RIPLEY

Whatever.

ANTHONY

And they've only chose to live the life style, they don't believe they're --
(hears something)

What's that?

Ripley strains to listen. In the distance:
KNOCKING. Someone is knocking on the walls.
A VOICE calls out --

INT. PRISON LEVEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

JOHN

(hoarse)

Ripley!

He moves down the hallway.
BANGS his fist against the walls every few feet --
Waits a moment for a reply, then moves on.

INT. ANTHONY'S CELL

Anthony gets off the floor - Moves so she can see into his cell:

The walls of Anthony's cell are covered with charcoal sketches -
Different versions of demons and the devil. She rolls her eyes -
This guy is an Android!

Anthony crosses to his cell door, peers through eye level.

INT. PRISON LEVEL CORRIDOR HALLWAY - ANTHONY POV

John coming towards him, knocking on the doors of boarded up cells.

ANTHONY

Hey -- you knocking -- cut it out --
You're going to wake everybody up.

John moves to Anthony's door. Looks at him through the slot.
Anthony recognizes him.

ANTHONY

Brother John?

John unbolts Anthony's door.
Picks him up by his cassock --

JOHN

Anthony? Thought you dead fifteen years.

ANTHONY

Made too good for that. What're
you doing?

JOHN

I -- I'm looking -- the Abbot --

ANTHONY

What? You look like you've seen the
devil.

RIPLEY O/S

He has.

Anthony turns to look back at Ripley -- moves aside so John can
see her face at the hole --

ANTHONY

You mean he --

Anthony turns back - John is gone.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

As John begins to PULL the outermosk planks off.

RIPLEY

I was right, wasn't I? You've seen it,
you've seen the Alien?

John pauses at that.
His eyes tighten at the memory.

RIPLEY

I can tell you have. I was right.
It came with me.
(to the wall, sharp)
Go away.

John stops. Looks at the wall.
Ripley's voice comes clearly through the wood...

RIPLEY

Listen, priest, or whatever you are, I
know what you want. I can't help you.
I couldn't help any of the others.
Just stop what you're doing. Go away.
Do you understand?

John has opened a crack that exposes Ripley's eyes.
He stares at her a beat, tries to think of what to reply --
He goes back to work as she continues her confession...

RIPLEY

You going to stay, Father? But you're
not going to talk. Okay. Then you can
listen. You should listen. Your Abbot
was right. I am guilty. But not of
heresy. Of murder.

John stops again.
Just stares at her eyes.

RIPLEY

The murder of the crew of the Nostromo.
That was when I first met the Alien.

That reminds him of why he's here.
He doubles his efforts at the boards...

RIPLEY

No, not the same one that's here now.
Or maybe it is. Maybe they're all the
same one. I couldn't save my crew then.
I should have been able to. But I couldn't.
When I went the second time --

Her eyes soften.

RIPLEY

Then I met Newt. Newt. I fought --
stayed alive to keep Newt alive.
Hoped maybe that would make up for...

She trails off. Slides down the wall.

RIPLEY

Now he got her too. What's the point?
(hard again)
Just go away. Leave me in here. If you
let me out you'll want me to help you
and it will start all over again.
Let it end.

John breaks through, flickering torch light streams in the mote filled air around him. Ripley looks up at him.

RIPLEY

I can't help you.

John, heaving and panting from the exertion.
Swallows...

JOHN

Puh. (pant) Please.

RIPLEY

It never ends.

INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

A long, twisted-plank-floored corridor with a torch every twenty feet. There is MOVEMENT at the far end. Something is coming towards us - FLICKERING in and out of the light and shadow --

RIPLEY O/S

Sheep?

RIPLEY, JOHN AND ANTHONY

Running together. Anthony carries a long wooden staff like a spear. John has his bag. Ripley a torch.
We move with them.

ANTHONY

It must be able to take on some of the characteristics of the animal it grows in. Maybe they are from some sort of aggressive soldier race -- warring parties drop the eggs on opposing planets --

RIPLEY

And the alien takes on the form of the creature that finds it, assuming that animal is the dominant life form on the planet. So when it gestates in a man --

Ripley shudders at the memory.

ANTHONY

It's a biped. In a sheep or cow, a quadroped.

RIPLEY

Shit. I just didn't think it could do that to animals.

JOHN

Wait a minute - I thought you were the expert on this monster.

RIPLEY

Is that the only reason you came to get me out? Because I knew about this thing?

JOHN

Yes. I mean no. I mean, that was part of it. Look. I never thought you were wrong. I was wrong not to say anything. I was afraid to speak up. It's hard to be a monk, you know?

Ripley stops. Looks at him.

A long beat.

RIPLEY

Thank you. If anything, you're honest.

JOHN

We all are. Took vows.

RIPLEY

I don't know about the Abbot.

JOHN

I'm sure he thinks what he did was right.

RIPLEY

Is that speaking up for someone?

JOHN

No. Charity.

She smiles. They turn a corner...

INT. SLOPING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

This hallway slopes downwards a few degrees. The three find themselves trotting, leaning backward to keep their balance.

RIPLEY

All right, let's forget about the past and get on to our survival. No more prisoners behind us?

ANTHONY

Not for years.

RIPLEY

Okay -- If the Alien's had a few days to lay his eggs our only hope is to get off this - What is this?

JOHN

Arceon.

ANTHONY

Satellite.

RIPLEY

Get to my ship and get off this Satellite.

JOHN

We can't.

RIPLEY

We can't what?

JOHN

Leave Arceon. Can't leave the library --

RIPLEY

A Tape Library?

JOHN

Books.

RIPLEY

So?

JOHN

The reason we are out here. Like the Monks who guarded Monastery Libraries

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

on remote islands off England during
the First Plague --

RIPLEY

There must be books on other colonies --

JOHN

Some of these books survived the burning
of the Libraries of Alexandria. They
contain knowledge that exists in no
other record. Their value is unestimable.

He runs his hand along the spine of the book in his bag.

JOHN

We're supposed to protect them.

RIPLEY

(to Anthony)

And what does an android have to do
with all this?

JOHN

He's a spy.

ANTHONY

The Company planted me here.

RIPLEY

The Company? What does the Company have
to do with this?

ANTHONY

They built this prison.

RIPLEY

Prison?

JOHN

Colony.

ANTHONY

Prison. They are all political heretics.

Ripley looks at John.

RIPLEY

You left that part out.

JOHN

The order was more of a counter culture,
a reaction to the Technology that was
beginning to take over everyone's lives.
It was a simple enough idea - Read, don't
watch disk. Walk, don't pump more carbons
into the air. The earliest members
renounced technology. Started to collect
the remaining books. Nobody would have
noticed if it hadn't been for the Virus.

RIPLEY

Your Abbot talked about that. The
New Plague.

ANTHONY

A computer virus. A bad program. By
this time the Corporate structure was
transglobal, all the world's data storage
systems were linked. It spread through
two countries before it was stopped.

JOHN

After a scare like that, thousands flocked to our retreat. People started clamoring for written information. For our books. They abandoned the modern ways --

RIPLEY

I think I can see how this comes out. They gave up their possessions.

ANTHONY

This was a threat --

RIPLEY

To the Company.

JOHN

They sold the technology. A movement to live simply was quickly twisted by Federal agents into a political movement against the Company-controlled World Government. Too much was at stake.

RIPLEY

Too much profit.

JOHN

We were sentenced as political dissidents. This orbiter is our gulag. All the men were packed up with all our books, and towed into space. Ten thousand men. The eldest died very quickly.

RIPLEY

The Company had such a sense of irony. Sending you out on this wooden tub.

ANTHONY

I was placed among them as a sensor. Keeps tabs on the movement.

RIPLEY

So how'd they find out about you?

ANTHONY

I told them. After the supply ship's stopped coming I saw no point in keeping up the charade. Since I was a sort of walking reminder of technology, they cast me down.

RIPLEY

Join the club.

(to John)

I figured this wasn't planned. You don't have to be a genius to see it wouldn't be prudent to try to preserve man's written works for generations -- without women.

John looks embarrassed.

RIPLEY

And I don't know about your New Plague, but I was just on Earth and everything's fine.

John has a doubtful look.

RIPLEY

I was right about the Alien, wasn't I? Means I must be right about the Earth.

The logic behind her argument is uncomfortable.

JOHN

(beat)

Perhaps.

RIPLEY

That's better than nothing. Come on.

They reach the end of the corridor.

It opens into --

INT. TRANSOM SPACE - PRISON LEVEL

An enormous open space between "cell blocks."

The Wall behind them is honey-combed with corridor openings going up four stories, connected by aged, warped wooden ladders reminiscent of Indian cave dwellings. Only wooden.

The room stretches several football field lengths ahead of them -- falling off into gloom.

They stand silent for a moment, dwarfed by the size of the room and the task ahead of them. Finally --

RIPLEY

At any rate, let's forget about the Earth completely - whether you're right or I'm right what's important is getting the hell out of here. From here my ship is...?

John points up at the ceiling.

ANTHONY

In Heaven.

RIPLEY

Right. And this is...

Anthony and John nod.

ANTHONY

This orbiter was patterned after a medieval concept of the universe --
(makes a circle in the air)
They call the top half "Heaven - "

JOHN

The Abbey, the fields --

ANTHONY

The bottom half is "Hell." Where we are.

RIPLEY

Aptly named. What's in the middle?

JOHN

The sea.

ANTHONY

Really.

RIPLEY

Work with me here. How far is it back to the surface of the planet?

JOHN

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

As a stone falls --- Five miles through
the center.

RIPLEY

And the elevator -- the thing they
lowered me down in?

JOHN

Ropes cut.

ANTHONY

It's smart. First he cuts their escape
off, then works his way down through the
monastery level by level until there
isn't a thing left alive. Interesting...

RIPLEY

Well, you start appreciating him more
than me and I'll find a way to shut
you down, capisce, Andy? How do we
get up?

JOHN

There are ladders.

She stops. John and Anthony continue on a few steps and then
stop and walk back to her.

RIPLEY

Five miles with the Alien between us
and there? Good luck, boys.

She turns and heads back towards her cell --
John catches her shoulder --

JOHN

You can't --

RIPLEY

Can't what? Not help you go to your
deaths? I've had my fill of that.

JOHN

I need you. I can't do it alone.

RIPLEY

I've fought these creatures twice
before. It take a lot to kill
these things. Heavy artillery.

ANTHONY

We don't have weapons here.

RIPLEY

How about something we can make weapons
from? Do you have anything like that --
any modern things here?

John SHAKES his head vehemently --

JOHN

We renounced technology. It was those
things that caused the Plague.

RIPLEY

This is a man-made planet. Something has
to be recirculating your air, your water.

JOHN

God?

RIPLEY

Please.

JOHN

I don't know. I just took it for granted.

RIPLEY

Most people do. Without some sort of technology we haven't got a chance.

From behind them:

ANTHONY

There is technology.

John and Ripley turn to look at him.

ANTHONY

A room. A Technology room. Fresh air and water come out.

RIPLEY

An atmosphere processing plant --

ANTHONY

The heart and lungs of Arceon.

RIPLEY

Where is it?

ANTHONY

One level beneath the underground sea.

JOHN

That's five levels up --

ANTHONY

(points into the gloom)
On the other side of the orbiter.

John looks at Ripley --

JOHN

A chance.

Ripley looks from John's earnest face to the darkness and back.

RIPLEY

All right. You've got me - so far.
But here's the deal: I don't know how many of your brethren are going to be alive when we get up there, but if we make it to my ship, you're all coming with me. We'll take as many of your precious books as we can carry, but we're going. I'm not going to fight this thing again to end up alone again. Understand?

John nods his head.

RIPLEY

We're all dead anyway. We might as well go fi --

She feels a TWINGE in her midsection --
Doubles over. Anthony and John each take an arm --

RIPLEY

Ugh - I'm all right.

She takes a deep breath.

RIPLEY

Still thawing out. I hate hyper sleep...
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCEON - MONASTERY LEVEL - NIGHT

The formerly idyllic landscape has been reduced to a scorched battlefield. Wooden huts leveled. Small fires dot the land. The air thick with ash and greasy smoke.

DOZENS OF MONKS swarm across the countryside like ants on a mound of spilt sugar. In one hand a taper or torch held high, in the other hand their WEAPON: scythe, pitchfork, hoe, whatever they could get ahold of, seem pitifully out of place. Some pound sharpened stakes into the ground, others push carts into rough barricades.

A "Platoon" of Monks huddle around trap doors open on the wooden "ground." More ladders.
They climb down to --

AN UNDERGROUND WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT

Just beneath the Monastery level of the satellite: an Underground Wheatfield. Tall golden grass stretches out for miles, swaying gently around huge wooden columns that support the Abbey fifty feet above --

THE CEILING

A lattice-work of suspended troughs and wooden pipes -- the "plumbing," the understructure, of the Monastery.

THE MONKS

Descend the ladders single file. Fear is in all of their faces though most have only heard the stories. They move cautiously into the wheat. Spread out through the field in the jaggedly drawn skirmish line.

THE ABBOT

The Bald Tribunal Monk's dried blood splattered on his cassock, stands atop an empty wooden wagon. From this vantage point he watches

THE MONKS IN THE FIELD

THRASH and POKE their way forward leaving trails through the high grass. Their attempt at an orderly progression quickly falls apart as they get strung out all over the field.

ABBOT

(sotto)

Stay together. Together...

Then another movement catches the Abbot's eye --
AHEAD of the Monks - the wheat waves against the wind.
Begins to ripple -- the wheat flattens.
a TRAIL forms.
SomeTHING is MOVING in the long grass.
Moving towards the Lead Monk -- FAST.

The Abbot opens his mouth as if to shout a warning - even though the Monk closest to the moving trail is too far away to hear him - before he can make a sound The Alien closes the gap - Feeling horribly helpless he can only watch as

AARGH-Aa -!

The Lead Monk gives one strangled CRY before he disappears beneath the surface of the long grass. His taper falls among the long, dry stalks -- begins to SMOKE...

The Abbot can see the trail moving towards his men before they can. He finds his voice:

ABBOT

Run! RUN!

The Monks in the field turn from the spot where the Monk screamed towards the Abbot -- TURN THEIR BACKS to the now moving again trail --

ABBOT

No - NO. The --

The Alien hits the skirmish line at a flanking angle -- RAKING through five Monks like a scythe through wheat. His tail, arms WHIP out -- SNAP their spines like kindling. Lost torches ignite the wheat...

The field BURSTS INTO FLAME.
Smoke fills the air.

In the smoky commotion the Monks break rank and start running. Weapons in front of them -- SWINGING wildly -- Screaming. Crying. DYING.

One Frightened Monk runs through another with his pitchfork. Another hears something crashing through the grass towards him and buries his scythe in his best friend's chest.

And through it all the Alien seems to be everywhere. Using the chalky smoke for cover as it SLASHES and TEARS its way across the field --

THE ABBOT

Frozen in terror to the spot. Squints through the smoke to see what has happened to his flock. Hears the WAILS of defeat rising up from the wounded.

The waving grass is flattened as The Alien moves towards him --

He can finally pry himself from his perch on the wagon. He climbs down. As his feet hit the wooden floor he feels a shadow fall over him. The little hairs on the back of his neck stand up. He slowly turns...

THE ALIEN

Rises out of the grass in front of the Holy Man. Slowly rises up to its height of almost three meters. It's long, smooth head is no longer black and slimy.

It is golden.
It's cable-like arms are sheathed in a straw-like covering. It has adapted to the environment of the wheat field. Its now grass-like lips draw back into a ghastly parody of a smile.

The Abbot SCREAMS and RUNS.

JOHN O/S

It isn't your fault, you know.

INT. TRANSON SPACE - SERIES OF SHOTS

They move across the huge room...Anthony a few paces ahead.
Their candles throwing only enough light to see several yards.
Wind whistles through the huge room, timbers creaking like some
gigantic old house settling.

RIPLEY

What?

JOHN

Those things you said before --

Ripley remembers her "confession."

JOHN

I read about it in psychology books.
Sometimes when people outlive someone
they cared for, they transfer some of
the guilt for that person's death to
themselves.

RIPLEY

I got a belly full of that from the
Psychtechs when I was on Earth. Yeah.
"Survivor Guilt syndrome," or something
like that. But that's not what I was
thinking about. I was thinking about
my "friend" up there.

She looks up.

RIPLEY

He was on the pod. He killed Newt but
not me. Why not me? It's almost like
he's playing with me. Maybe they have
some sort of race memory. Maybe he
knows what I did to his "mother."
That's why he didn't just kill me.
That would be too easy. He has to
torment me.

JOHN

You make it sound human.

RIPLEY

Hell, I don't know what it is.

John unconsciously fingers his book.

JOHN

I think I do.

INT. LADDER-WELL - PRISON LEVEL - NIGHT

At the end of the space a rough hewn wooden ladder leads to
another block of cell corridors four stories up.
Years of damp air have warped the ladder.
Ripley leads the way, torch in her left hand.
They climb...

INT. END OF PRISON CORRIDOR - FOURTH LEVEL - NIGHT

Dark. Ripley is the first one up.
She raises her torch and heads down the new corridor alone.
The cells here have no doors.
She holds her torch in one --
An old skeleton sits in quiet contemplation.

AT THE LADDER

John is just climbing off, Anthony right behind him.
Anthony is winded. He reaches up for a helping hand.
John looks back and sees that Ripley has moved ahead without them, then reaches down to help Anthony.
Their hands clasp --

ANTHONY HAS A "VISION"

He is seemingly standing in an open field, sheep grazing peacefully at his side.
SUDDENLY he is ATTACKED by a horde of Medieval demons.

Fish faced demons. Man-headed bird demons.
They fly about him, grab hold of his limbs.
The Sheep nearest him opens it's mouth to reveal a horde of razor sharp fangs, SINKS THEM INTO HIS ANKLE --

Anthony SCREAMS -!

RIPLEY

Down the corridor HEARS the scream, turns back -- sees Anthony fighting with himself, struggling against John's grasp -

ANTHONY

Balanced precariously on the top of the ladder in the real world as he fights against the demons in his android mind --
He JERKS --
Pulls his left ankle out of the grasp of the DEMON SHEEP --
OFF the ladder - forty foot drop waiting below him...

JOHN

Struggles to keep his death grip on Anthony's hand.
It's all that keeps Anthony from falling back down the shaft --

JOHN

Jesus Christ. Ripleeeee -!

He PULLS with all his might...

ANTHONY

SEES a horrible BIRD-DEMON grasping his hand in its beak --
BITING through his wrist. He waves his staff in the air --
He aims for its head:

CRACK -!

WHACKS John's hand with his staff --

John HOWLS in pain - LETS GO --

Anthony TEETERS BACK ON ONE FOOT, arms waving in the air --

Ripley's hands SHOOT OUT --
GRAB Anthony's cassock --

STOP his fall.

Anthony's eyes open wide at the sight of this new horror --
A terrible, wet, black cable-armed CREATURE that's latched
itself onto his cassock -- Long, shiny head.
Ripley has become the Alien.

WHACK!

Anthony HITS the Creature with his staff --
HITS Ripley on the head.

WHACK!

Again. In the face.

John tries to take hold of Anthony's staff arm --

WHACK!

The cane WHIPS against the side of his head, knocking him back.
Ripley sets her feet and pulls on Anthony's cassock --
Opens her mouth - GRUNTS --

ANTHONY sees the terrible Alien open it's maw to devour him.

WHACK!

His staff connects with the bridge of Ripley's nose.
She sees flashes of light -- loses her balance --
Pitches forward, starts to go over with Anthony --

JOHN GRABS THEM!

Wraps his arms around the struggling pair and like a sumo
wrestler LIFTS and FALLS backwards - carrying the three of them
into the corridor -- WHUMPH!

They land on the floor in a heap.
Anthony continues to FLAIL ABOUT --

Ripley and John pin him to the floor between them.
Finally, the vision leaves him.
He loses consciousness.

JOHN

Breathing heavy - opens his eyes --
He's staring right into Ripley's face.
Less than an inch away.
He's laying on top of her.
She's breathing heavy too.
A long, uncomfortable moment.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

JOHN

You're welcome.

They roll off each other.
Her hand goes up to her nose.
Blood.

RIPLEY

I'm all right.

John reaches into his bag, withdraws a small cotton bag.

JOHN

Hold this against your nose. It'll
stop the flow.

She looks over at him questioningly.

JOHN

I'm a doctor.

She holds the small bag against her nose. The bleeding stops.
They move over to Anthony - try to help him to his feet.
He shakes them off.

ANTHONY

No - please. Just let me sit.
Awhile.

He rubs his temples. White, milk-like sweat runs down his
cheek.

ANTHONY

Damn it.

RIPLEY

What was that?

ANTHONY

The reason I'm down here.

John points to his own eyes.

JOHN

Visions.

ANTHONY

Dreams.

RIPLEY

Androids can't dream...

ANTHONY

That's probably what they thought when
they built me. But my brain is cyber-
organic - patterned after the human
brain - it functions the same way a
human brain does. It accumulates random
images and sensations during waking
hours, but unlike the human brain that
sloughs them off during sleep --

RIPLEY

Androids don't sleep.

ANTHONY

Right. Maybe they've fixed this on later
models, but I don't. Do you know what
happens to the human brain when it is
deprived of sleep? It starts to run off
the dreams while you're awake, as
hallucinations. Same thing with me.
For twenty years I absorbed data on this
planetoid. A little after we lost contact
with Earth the visions started. They
thought I was insane. I had to explain
that it was because I was an android.
They liked that even less.

RIPLEY

What did you see?

ANTHONY

What I always see. Images of Monsters.
Demons.

JOHN

They're portents. They stand for an
evil yet to come.

ANTHONY

Just images I've absorbed from those old books and have no way to get rid of.

RIPLEY

I saw the inside of your cell.

ANTHONY

(shrugs)

My head is full of them. I try to get them out any way I can.

His eyelids droop.

JOHN

You need sleep.

ANTHONY

I know that. I'll settle for rest.

He closes his eyes. Ripley recovers the torch.

RIPLEY

Stay with him.

Ripley tried to stand - John takes her arm, pulls her down.

JOHN

No. We all need rest. You especially.

Ripley considers him.

JOHN

Doctor's orders.

She smiles and sits.

JOHN

Besides, you see what happens when you get ahead of us. We should stay together.

RIPLEY

All right. He's still above us, anyway.

JOHN

What do you mean?

RIPLEY

I've faced this evil twice before - I guess I've gotten sensitive to it --

(beat)

You're really a Doctor?

John pats his canvas bag.

JOHN

See my bag?

RIPLEY

What's that book?

JOHN

Just a book.

RIPLEY

I don't buy "just a book" from a guy who says we can't leave the planet without the library.

JOHN

It's just... a medical book I might need.

RIPLEY

You don't have any food in there, do you?

JOHN

Only if you can eat bandages.

Ripley rubs her midsection.

RIPLEY

In a few hours that's going to sound good. Going in and out of suspended animation - Christ I probably haven't eaten in a year.

ANTHONY

(without opening eyes)

You should've eaten the bread.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Rest!

Ripley lets her head loll back against the wall.
Closes her eyes. Time passes.
Her brow knits.
John sees this.

JOHN

You all right?

RIPLEY

Aces.

JOHN

You weren't hurt when I landed on you?
Bruised a rib?

He reaches over and puts his hands beneath her cassock.
Feels her midsection. His hands are warm.

RIPLEY

Are you sure you're a doctor?

He withdraws his hands.

JOHN

Sort of. My father passed on when we first came here. The Abbey's Physician - Father Anselm - took me in. He really raised me --

(pause)

Taught me what he could before he passed away. He was schooled on Earth.

RIPLEY

Well, I'm just hungry.

JOHN

You haven't eaten since I took you out of your tube.

RIPLEY

You did that...

She reaches out and takes hold of his hands. Turns them over.

RIPLEY

You burned yourself on the escape pod.

Her hands on his makes him feel...uncomfortable.

RIPLEY

Thank you, I guess.

They look into each other's eyes --

ANTHONY O/S

You should've eaten the bread.

Ripley, embarrassed, releases his hands.
Looks at Anthony. He's trying to stand.

ANTHONY

Enough rest. There's beasties afoot.

They start into...

A NARROW CORRIDOR

Ceiling so low their torches must be held out in front of them.
Ripley makes an effort not to move faster than the two monks.

INT. LADDER SHAFT

A great long ladder hanging in the middle of nowhere.
Seems at least a mile long.
The group climbs...

A SERPENTINE CORRIDOR

Liquid drips through the ceiling planks over head.
Falls into RED puddles on the slanted floor.

John kneels, dips his fingertips --

JOHN

Blood.
(sniffs)
Mixed with sea water.

ANTHONY

We're getting close to the center of
the arc -- near the sea.

RIPLEY

Blood.

JOHN

Getting close...

John HEARS something.
Raises his hand -- "stop"
The group stops. Flatten themselves against the wall.

John takes Anthony's staff.
Moves forward with it held out in front of him...
WHIRLS around a blind corner --
SHOVES something against the wall --
Thump!
It struggles --

Ripley and Anthony run up -- raise their tapers --
Revealing:

RIPLEY

The Abbot.

Cassock torn, dirty. Hair, eyes wild.
Anthony's staff across his throat.

John pulls back.

JOHN

Father --

RIPLEY

(sarcastic)

What are you doing down here, father?
You look like you've seen something
that doesn't exist.

The Abbot runs his fingers through his hair. Smoothes it down.

ABBOT

I was their spiritual leader. I was not
prepared to lead them in battle.
Not against that thing.

JOHN

No one could be.

RIPLEY

I thought you said the evil was inside
me -- that sealing me up was the answer
to all your problems?

ABBOT

Destruction. The destruction YOU brought
to us!

RIPLEY

I only tried to warn you.

ABBOT

What are you doing with this woman --?

JOHN

We are going to the Technology Room.
Trying to find some way to fight --

ABBOT

You don't join the devil to fight the
devil.

ANTHONY

She's helping us --

ABBOT

Look who defends the deceiver -- the one
who isn't even human. John, can't you see
what is happening? On ancient Earth,
during the Black Death - many believed
that God had abandoned them, so they
appealed to the Devil. Flocked to him
hoping to save their bodies - losing their
souls in the bargain.

RIPLEY

Father, we're all on the run from the
same monster so let's not resort to the
fire and brimstone routine. I've been
enlightened about your "movement."
Pretty funny to be tried for heresy on a
planet of heretics.

JOHN

Please.

The time for pretense is past.

ABBOT

All right. I was trying to keep you quiet.

JOHN

Sir --?

ABBOT

I do what I have to do to keep the Brotherhood together. We all gave up believing in Earth a long time ago. How do you think they would feel if told their exiled was in vain? That the holocaust they were trying to avoid never occurred? Those men up there have grown to live with it.

RIPLEY

And with you as their leader.

The Abbot smiles. Ripley is sharp.

ABBOT

You threatened the status quo.

RIPLEY

So you, protector of knowledge and truth, lied to them.

ABBOT

Only about you. The rest I still believe. If Earth still orbits its sun there is no way it could have survived being reduced to Barbarism.

RIPLEY

You're as bad as the Company.

JOHN

Ripley --

RIPLEY

That's why you ran. After all your talk death stared you in the face and you were afraid.

ABBOT

Not afraid of death.

RIPLEY

The Alien.

ANTHONY

The Organism.

ABBOT

The Devil.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM CORRIDOR

The now four refugees work their way into the final corridor. Dark. Turns at sharp angles. Blind alleys. The floor is uneven, wood aged and twisted. Warped by years of water dripping from above. The group strings out as it moves into the darkness, candles held high...

ANTHONY

Bringing up the rear, puts his walking stick down --
SNAPP!!!

Everybody stops at the sound.

ABBOT

What was that?

Anthony pulls his stick from the grasp of a--

ANTHONY

Man trap.

They lower their candles. Look to:

THE FLOOR

Interspersed throughout the timbers --
Spring jawed, steel toothed, BEAR TRAPS.
Rusted. Open. And all around them.

ANTHONY

In case anyone tried to get in and
tamper with the technology.

The four of them are standing in the middle of a mine-field of
man traps. Nobody moves.

ABBOT

What do we do?

RIPLEY

Don't move. Don't breath.

ABBOT

We can't just stand here and wait.

RIPLEY

Floor's too unstable to try to walk
around them.

John pulls a loose board from the corridor wall.
Turns and kneels at the trap in front of him.
Pokes the end of the board into the jaws...

SNAP!!

The others jump at the sound --

ABBOT

John - what are you doing?

John pulls the stick out of the rusted jaws.
Moves to the next trap --
Snap!!

RIPLEY

He's thinking like a leader. Everyone:
Grab wood. Spring the traps. Clear a path.
(proud of him)
Good work, Father John.

JOHN

Brother.

RIPLEY

Brother. Let's go.

Ripley pulls a plank from the wall next to her.
Exposes a bit of the surface underneath --
It's METAL.

She touches the cool, familiar material. Smiles.
Now she knows this is not a dream.
She turns and SPRINGS the trap in front of her --

SNAP!!

THE FOUR

Slowly make their way down the corridor, one hand holding a candle high, the other poking a piece of wood into the trap in front of them... SNAP-SNAP...SNAP. SNAP.
walking carefully around the yet unfired traps....

THE DOOR TO THE TECHNOLOGY ROOM

A huge wooden door with no knob or handle. Looks like it could almost be part of the wall. John and Ripley are the first to it. They put down their planks and begin to feel around the edges of the door for some purchase.
The Abbot joins them.

BACK IN THE CORRIDOR

Anthony lags behind. He senses a presence in the hallway.
Hears a sound behind him.
We see a GLIMPSE of something --
He turns towards the sound --

Empty hallway.

He thinks. Starts forward again -- with his ear cocked to the rear... SNAP!

AT THE DOOR

Ripley, John and The Abbot knock on the door, walls.
Ripley leans her head against the wall in frustration and exhaustion. To get this far, and be locked out.
She feels sick to her stomach.
How long since she had food?
She looks over at John.
He is staring at her.
He turns red at being caught. Cute.

JOHN

I just - are you alright?

RIPLEY

Tied. Without sleep, food -- I just
feel my age.
(smiles)
Figuring hyperspace time, I'm almost a
hundred.

She wipes her brow and goes back to knocking...

JOHN

Hello?

The wall beneath his fist sounds hollow.
Fingernails find the edge of the plank and pull --
The plank slides aside on tiny, rusty pneumatic pistons.

BEHIND THE PLANK

A primitive KEYBOARD. Circa late twentieth century.

JOHN

I think this is it.

Ripley and the Abbot move over to see.

ABBOT

Technology.

RIPLEY

Yeah - a hundred years ago. An antique.

ABBOT

(to Ripley)

Go ahead.

RIPLEY

Go ahead and what?

ABBOT

Open the door, woman.

RIPLEY

I'll get to it, but listen to me --
you may dress like you're living in
the middle ages but you can't treat
me like your chambermaid, or whatever
Monks had.

UP THE HALL - ANTHONY

Hears the sound again. Turns.
Nothing again.
He pauses... Turns back quickly --

The wooden wall MOVES - steps forward --

THE ALIEN

Adapted itself to look like WOOD.

It's body changes -- transmutes -- Cable-like sinew snaking
over grained limbs to approximate the more traditional bio-
mechnoid alien appearance...!

ANTHONY POV

The weary android sees the Alien as a conglomeration of his
many Medieval images of demons. He hears the Alien's hollow,
raspy breath. It glides towards him...

Anthony steps back directly INTO A TRAP as his mind goes --

SNAP!!

The STEEL JAWS spring shut on his left ankle.
Milky blood-fluid starts to flow.

He finds himself in the same predicament as his vision --
Ankle pinned, the Alien's appendages circling him --
He screams. AAAAAAAAAAARGH --!

AT THE DOOR

Ripley is trying to work. She punches numbers into the keyboard.
She is too exhausted to see straight.
They HEAR the scream --
John RUNS back --
Traps SNAPPING around him --
Ripley turns towards the sound --
The Abbot pushes her back to the keyboard --

ABBOT

OPEN IT!!

Ripley knits her brows. Forces herself to focus.
Her fingers punch the keys.

THE ALIEN

Steps towards Anthony --
Snap-snap-SNAP-AP-!!
Traps snap closed on its tail, its legs --

HALFWAY DOWN THE HALL - JOHN

SNAP!!

His cassock is snagged in a trap.
He TEARS right out of it --

AT THE END OF THE HALL

Anthony is in the clutches of the Alien.
He WHACKS at the Beast with his staff, but his blows fall like
drops of rain on an elephant.

The Alien LIFTS him up to face him. Anthony SCREAMS as his left
leg is stretched against the tension of the trap's chain --
Blood pouring as white ribbons from his almost severed ankle.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE ALIEN

Anthony drops his staff and grabs each of the alien's arms with
his own android arms. His extra-human strength keeps them from
squeezing him any tighter, but he cannot avert his gaze from
the smooth, eyeless face.

The Alien considers him. Its thin, almost translucent lips pull
back to reveal rows of splinter-like teeth. The jaws spread,
making room for the distended tongue:

The Alien HISSES --
PUTS OUT Anthony's EYES with a thin stream of ACIDIC SALIVA --
Artificial skin BUBBLES AND BLISTERS --

JOHN

Picks up Anthony's staff.
Begins to FLAIL away at the demon.

AT THE DOOR

Ripley is getting no response from the keyboard.

ABBOT

What's wrong?!

Ripley slides the keyboard out of the wall compartment.
The wires are so old they've broken.

RIPLEY

Shit.

She BITES the ends off the wires - spits out the insulation.
TWISTS the bare wire ends together...
Sweat runs into her eyes.

JOHN

WHACKS the Alien with Anthony's staff --
Again. Again. The creature will not let Anthony go.
The Android writhes in its grasp, his face now a blistered,
pulpy mass, eyes gone.

RIPLEY

Finishes hot wiring. The keyboard hums to life.
Her fingers FLY across the keys --

THE ALIEN

Tail wraps around John's waist --
Pulls him towards it --
LIFTS him - turns him upside down --

Lips PULL BACK --

John's hands GROPE at the floor --

Sharp metal teeth SPREAD --

THE DOOR KEYBOARD

Lights: CODE ACCEPTED
Ripley's head whips towards the corridor --

JOHN

His hand closes around the end of one of the traps --
He brings it up --

SNAP!!

It SLAMS closed on the Alien's extended Tongue -!
The Beast bellows!!
Whips its head from side to side --
Can't shake off the trap --
ACID BLOOD sprays out --!
Lands as pools of FIRE on the wooden floor.

THE DOOR

Opens with a strained blast of dust -- SEE-WHORCSSH!
The Abbot LEAPS inside --

RIPLEY

It's open!!

JOHN

PRIES Anthony's ankle out of his trap.
Scoops up his staff, drags the moaning Android --
Back up the corridor --

RIPLEY

Stands in open Technology Room doorway --

ABBOT

Close it -- close it -- it's coming -

RIPLEY

We wait. John!!

John and Anthony appear out of the shadows --

Run/hobble towards the door --

THE ALIEN

Acid Blood DISSOLVES the traps' steel jaws. PULLS itself free.
Head whips towards the escaping Monks -- if it had eyes they
would narrow to slits in anger --
RUNS up the hall --

RIPLEY

Follows John and Anthony into the Technology Room.
On the other side of the doorway: another keyboard.
She punches keys --

ABBOT

Hurry --

JOHN

HURRY!!

THE ALIEN

Yards away -- Limping. Hissing.
ANGRY.

THE KEYBOARD

Acceptance tone "bings."
The Door starts to slide down --

The Alien is feet away --
INCHES...

The door seats itself closed with a solid THUD.

Ripley, panting, rests eyes closed against the rough wooden
door. A beat.
She turns to the room for the first time and finds --

WINDMILLS

Real Man of LaMancha wood and cloth windmills. Two story high
arms slowly rotating. Moving enormous volumes of air through
the wind tunnel-like room. As far as the eye can see.
Turning, creaking.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
But no electronics. No radio. No weapons.
This is the Technology Room.

Ripley collapses to the floor and loses consciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SULACO ESCAPE SHIP #4 (DREAM)

Yellow warning lights PULSE. Those goddamned STROBES are
flickering on and off. Steam blasts out overhead pipes.

The blue-spark pilot light muzzles of a FLAME THROWER shyly
pokes out from behind a console. It's owner cautiously
follows...

RIPLEY

She's breathing heavy.
She's wearing a sweat soaked tank top.
Her eyes flit from side to side. Then up. Then down.
She pokes the weapon out ahead of her and moves into the pod.
She silently crosses the distance to Newt's sleep tube:

IN THE TUBE

Newt sleeps peacefully.
Ripley allows herself one maternal smile, then remembers.
Her grip TIGHTENS in the Flame Thrower in her hands.
She flips a switch to HI HEAT.
Moves around the sleep tubes...

A noise to her left.
She WHIRLS --

Pulls the trigger on the flame thrower -- click. Nothing.
She tries again -- a half-hearted burp, but no flame.
She begins to panic --

Senses the Alien's presence.
Looks left, right, up - no Alien...
Looks down:

The Alien's tail is COMING UP BETWEEN HER LEGS.
She turns --

Right into it's grasp.
The useless flamethrower SKITTERS across the floor.
She PUMMELS the beast with balled up fists.

RIPLEY

No. NO! I beat you! I beat you mother
fucker!!

The Alien spins her -- pushes her over across the sleep tube --
Like it's taking her from behind!

Ripley looks down into the sleep tube:

Newt is gone.
Her doll's head lays in a pool of blood.
The Alien wraps his arms around Ripley.
Thin lips pull back for a kiss.

She SCREAMS.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - REALITY - DAY

Ripley opens her eyes.
WHOOSH...WHOOSH...
She's still in the room with the windmills.
Somehow this place seems less real than her dream.
She looks around:

John is sitting next to her, writing on a piece of parchment.
He smiles a relieved smile.

JOHN

I thought we'd lost you.

RIPLEY

What are you writing?

JOHN

Last will and testament.
(beat)
Just kidding.

She looks to her left:
Anthony is lying on his back, cotton bandage wrapped around his eyes. His ankle is a swollen mess. Wires are hanging out.

RIPLEY

Is he --?

JOHN

Resting.

(shakes his head)

He'll be fine.

ANTHONY

No I won't. He's a terrible liar.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry.

ANTHONY

It's ironic. I guess my visions were prescience after all. How will I ever resolve that with my artificial conscience?

A creaking floorboard to Ripley's right draws her attention to The Abbot. He's pacing.

ABBOT

Do you see what you've delivered us into?

RIPLEY

Yeah. Lead me not into temptation to kick your -- ahh --

Ripley tries to stand - her head spins.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY

Oh shit.

The entire room THROBS with the rhythm of the wind.

RIPLEY

Where is the Big Boy -?

The Abbot points to the door.

ABBOT

On the other side of that door.
Waiting for us to starve to death.

Ripley moves to the door and feels it's cold surface.

RIPLEY

It's playing with us. It could get in here any time it wants.

ABBOT

Why should he enter? He knows that one of the people in this room is in league with him.

JOHN

Sir. We're all in the same coracle, so to speak.

ABBOT

Maybe more than one of us.

RIPLEY

Let's talk about the facts, Mr. Abbot.

She looks at the windmills.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY

This is your technology?

ABBOT

Even this is forbidden to us.

RIPLEY

Well then, the facts are that we're screwed.

She moves into the room. Walks around one of the Windmills.

RIPLEY

An Eco system. Nothing to recycle your atmosphere except the green plants. Winds generated down here --

(looks at the floor)

Windmills use the natural surface winds to turn wheels underground, create tides on the seas to recirculate your water...

ANTHONY

More than that. There are pumps beneath the floor - I can feel their vibration.

RIPLEY

Probably pumping this air through charcoal filters.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

RIPLEY

It gets colder all the time here, right?

John looks at her questioningly.

JOHN

Yes...

RIPLEY

Your wood burning fires throw soot into the atmosphere, building the cloud layer - cutting off the sun's rays - cooling the planet, forcing you to burn more wood.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

ANTHONY

The Greenhouse Effect. It's how the Earth almost destroyed itself in the late 20th century.

RIPLEY

Don't you see? This is a planet set to self destruct. Not in ten minutes or two hours but soon. Your atmosphere here is finite. If the plants die the fires will eat up all the oxygen - this planetoid will be dead - Everyone will die.

The Abbot has the look of a man who has been beaten in the last few meters of a Marathon.

ABBOT

It's here. I was just hoping I would be dead long before it came to this.

JOHN

What?

ABBOT

We're supposed to die here. That's the point.

RIPLEY

Wait a minute -- you were exiled --?

ABBOT

The punishment for our crime was death.

Anthony sits up.

ANTHONY

This planet is the supreme triumph of planned obsolescence. A certain amount of primitive materials with an atmosphere processing system as fragile as a real environment but not replenishable.

The Abbot has a faraway look in his eyes...

ABBOT

Poetic justice for the anti-technologists. The Company's best work. You know, I used to be a corporate executive. Middle range V.P. Then my wife got hit by a speed craft. I chucked it all and joined the order. Be a monk -- see the world. Being here, being chairman of the board...

RIPLEY

No, now I understand why I landed here. To join you happy lunatics in your deaths.

Ripley moves away...

John starts after her.

JOHN

Ripley, wait --

The Abbot stands, blocks his way.

ABBOT

Where can she go? She's trapped.
(beat)

Trapped inside her own prison. A prison in her mind. Inside her mind. Dancing. Sparklets of light - dance with the june bugs in the recesses of our minds they are coming to dance in the shadow of...

John and Ripley turn to look at the Abbot.

He begins to speak faster. Faster.

He shakes. Vibrates is more accurate --

A trickle of BLOOD runs from his left ear...

ABBOT

Riding the wild winds of change No escape No
escape for the wicked Evil Evil thy name is
woman. Woman. Woman he is coming. He is coming
for youuuuuuuuu --*

SPLORTCH-KT--!!

The Abbot's HEAD EXPLODES --!!!

Like a ripe melon dropped ten stories onto pavement.

Blood, bone, hair and brain matter SPRAY John.

John SCREAMS.

A HORRIBLE ALIEN HEAD BURSTER

Is all that sits atop the blood spurting neck of the Abbot.
It keeps it's hold on the Abbot's spinal cord -- The Abbot's
body continues to stagger around, arms jerking mechanically as
lack of fresh nerve impulses from the brain works its way
through the system.

Ripley SCREAMS.

The Infant Alien-headed corpse stumbles towards her --
She plucks Anthony's staff from the floor and SWINGS --
-- Like a child hitting a baseball from a TEE --

WHACK-K -!!

BLASTS the Chest/head burster across the room --

It hits the floor SCRAMBLING. Scuttles down into where the
Windmills meet the floor. Disappears.

RIPLEY

BASTARD!! It came out of his fucking
head!

ANTHONY

I didn't have to see that to know what
that means.

RIPLEY

He sent him to us. That bastard outside.
I can't get away from him. He's fucking
with my mind. He's my punishment!

ANTHONY

I'm confused. Before you said it came out
of the torso, not the head --

RIPLEY

I don't feel like a discussion of Alien biology.

John comes up next to her.

JOHN

Ripley, don't --

She pushes him away and sinks to the floor.

RIPLEY

I should just wait for the air to run out...

JOHN

I believe - I know - that we can win --
there is an answer in our books.

RIPLEY

Your books? Your books are gone, Brother.
Your world is gone. Once that thing starts
to lay its eggs, all your brothers - if
they aren't already - are dead.

JOHN

If that's true, then all of us, the books,
are consigned to ashes.

He clasps his hands and bows his head.
The Abbot's blood drips off his hands.
Plip - plop!
Into a little puddle at Ripley's feet.
She stares at the blood. Aahk.
Feels the PAIN again.
Runs her hand across her chest...

ANTHONY O/S

Ripley?

RIPLEY

What?

ANTHONY

There are several inconsistencies between this and the other Aliens you described.

RIPLEY

Give it up.

ANTHONY

I think this is important. This may help us fight it. The creature that I fought in the hall - when I first saw it, it had camouflaged itself to look like wood.

Ripley looks up.

RIPLEY

Wood? When I saw it in my room it looked the way it did before -- black, mechanical -- unless that was a dream.

ANTHONY

I don't think it was. I think that this creature, if it is the efficient predator that you say it is, has the ability to adapt to its environment.

RIPLEY

Then the reason they've always looked the same to me is that I only ever saw them in the same environment.

ANTHONY

Or this may be an as yet unseen stage of development -- you saw a queen -- This could be like a King ant -- more highly advanced than the drone, bred for survival -?

JOHN

How does this explain the thing that came out of the ewe's chest? The Abbot's head?

RIPLEY

Maybe it can deposit different types of eggs. The chest burster is probably dormant until the host eats - The first one I ever saw came out of Kane after he started to eat --

And in one horrible moment she realizes:
She hasn't eaten. The pain in her chest...

RIPLEY

No.

Anthony "looks" towards her - does he realize as well?

JOHN

No what?

RIPLEY

No, we're not beat yet, Father --

JOHN

Brother --

Ripley gets up.

RIPLEY

Brother. Not yet. If he's taunting me,
then maybe we can use that. We can beat
this bastard. We can get to my ship.
We can live.

CUT TO:**INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM**

John stands by a ladder that runs up to a trap door in the
ceiling. Holds a torch.
Ripley is on the ground with Anthony, his injured leg splayed
out in front of him. Skin is palid.

ANTHONY

Don't have second thoughts. Blind and
crippled I would only slow you down.
Give him time to figure out what you're
doing. Just leave me my staff.

RIPLEY

Okay. Good luck.

She shakes his hand. He pulls her closer.
Anthony's empty eye sockets seem to see as he looks at Ripley.

ANTHONY

Ripley, I know. Good luck.

RIPLEY

Sit tight.

Ripley crosses to John. Poised at the bottom of the ladder they
look up at the trap door on the ceiling.

RIPLEY

He could be waiting on the other side
of that door. We might not get ten feet
before he kills the three of us.

He shakes his head.

JOHN

We had better go, then.

He smiles.
She smiles back.
They move up the ladder.

It leads up a damp, short shaft, walls GREEN with algae, to

AN UNDERGROUND DOCK - NIGHT

The ladder shaft opens onto a barnacled pier. Ripley and John
climb out onto the wooden structure. Before them:

AN UNDERGROUND SEA stretches the width of the entire planet,
over five miles across. The floor of the lowest level of the
top half of the orbiter makes a ceiling that looms a hundred
feet overhead.

The water sparkles with a golden glow.

JOHN

Must be day on the surface of the planet.

RIPLEY

Where is the light coming from?

JOHN

Mirrors. Reflect the outside light down
great shafts -- through lenses. That's
what they make in the glass factory.
Lenses. Look --

She turns:

A HUGE WATERFALL

Lit from within by daylight beaming down from above -- pours
into the sea a short distance from them.

JOHN

Opens to the surface. Water flows in
and out. I don't know how. There's one
at either end. I came down on the other
side.

RIPLEY

What do we do?

John points to three small leather and wood coracles bobbing at
the end of their ropes.

JOHN

We cross.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - DAY

Anthony has dragged himself to a sitting position against the
bottom of one of the windmills. He winces as he prods his
tender ankle with the end of his staff. It SPARKS.
The large canvas arms of the windmill rotate above his head.
The wind blows through his hair.

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

Feels good.

Anthony reaches up and waves his hand of his "eyes."

ANTHONY

Now the seer can only see what God wants
him to. Forty years on a planet of Monks
and I've finally found religion.

A floor board CREAKS.

Anthony strains to hear:

ANTHONY

John? Ripley?

WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

He knows it is not.

ANTHONY

Well come then. I haven't got forever.

A shadow falls across his face. He can feel it.
He doesn't have to see what is here.

THE UNDERGROUND OCEAN - DAY INTO NIGHT

The leather boat makes its way across the sea.
John rows while Ripley holds the torch aloft.
As night falls she takes the oars.

The Ocean is dead calm. The coracle glides across the glass-like surface. John flexes his scarred fingers.

RIPLEY

Your hands okay?

JOHN

They'll be fine. You've been on a boat before.

Ripley squints ahead of them.
The ocean seems to go on forever.

RIPLEY

I was a warrant officer on a ship --
but I did all my sailing in space.

JOHN

Father Anselm used to take me on his
coracle when I was little.

Ripley leans forward - scans his face.

RIPLEY

How old were you when they towed
this satellite out here?

JOHN

Five. The Abbot said they put us to
sleep for the thirty years it took
to get here. We've had almost forty
more. Until now.

RIPLEY

What happened to your mother?

JOHN

Never had one. I mean, never knew her.
I mean, I did, once. She left my father
when he joined the movement. If she
hadn't I wouldn't be here. They kept
the other children with the women, on
Earth. That was too long ago now. Like
a dream.

Ripley's face grows strangely dark. She turns to the water.

RIPLEY

Did you know that I was a mother?

JOHN

The girl in the ship with -?

RIPLEY

No. On Earth. I never mentioned my
daughter. My daughter. I have - had
I guess, by now - a daughter on Earth.
Kathy. She was nine when I signed on to
the Nostromo. Mommy will be home before
you know it I said. My shares would have
set us up good. Then I lost sixty years
floating around in a rescue pod. Thanks
to the Alien. I came home to face a bitter,
70 year old woman. My daughter. A little
girl who's mother never came home.

JOHN

Jesus Christ.

RIPLEY

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

They said I should have been happy to be alive. Funny, huh? That's why I went back the second time. Not so I could fight it -- You can't fight it -- So I could let it kill me.

She rubs her chest --

JOHN

You didn't choose to get lost in space.

RIPLEY

Thanks for the try Father --

JOHN

Brother.

RIPLEY

Brother, but I'm not looking for absolution. I couldn't be a good mother to my daughter. I couldn't be a good mother to Newt. But I can be a good mother to you. I can make sure you survive.

Suddenly they feel rain --

Ripley holds out her hand.

Her eyes open wide at what she sees.

John takes the oars as she holds the torch over the side:

The Ocean has become red with BLOOD.

Blood DRIPS down from the ceiling around them.

RIPLEY

Blood.

John looks up.

JOHN

From the levels above.

His face goes white.

JOHN

He must have slaughtered all --

RIPLEY

Don't think about it. Don't think about what's up there. Just row.

As Ripley takes the torch away from the water, tiny ripples move across the surface.

She doesn't notice.

A SHAPE

Passes underneath the boat. A swimming CREATURE. The Alien. Thanks to the reflective qualities of water, it appears HUGE. Dwarfs their coracle.

INT. TECHNOLOGY ROOM - NIGHT

All the windmills are BURNING.

Flaming arms lazily turning.

Anthony is not in sight.

Whoosh...Whoosh...

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Another dock with ladders going up and down.
Ripley and John climb out of the coracle.
Don't waste time tying off. They go --

UP THE LADDER

A hundred foot climb. The wood is twisted.
Rungs have been torn away in some places.
They pull themselves up sections that have only the tiniest
foothold. The temperature rises as they do.
Sweat runs into their eyes.

Soon they can see the floor above them:
BLACKENED by intense heat.
They climb.

INT. UNDERGROUND WHEAT FIELDS - NIGHT

Ripley and John come up from the level below.

RIPLEY

Holy shit.

John crosses himself.

Another testament to the terrible battle with the Alien.
Reduced to just a huge, blackened floor.
All the crops burned to ash --
Their charred stalks mingled with the corpses of roasted Monks.
Their nostrils assailed by the stench of the dead --
Ripley would puke if she had any food in her body.

JOHN

There's Andrew. And Raphael. Peter...

RIPLEY

Stop. How far?

JOHN

We're right below the Abbey now.

They cross the smoldering field.
The scorched floor threatens to give way under John's feet --
Ripley pull him to one side.

THE MONASTERY LEVEL

Heaven has become HELL.
The ground, the buildings, the Sky-timber - all blackened.
FIRES burn everywhere. Air choked with gray smoke and dust
pouring in from the Orbiter's surface through rends in the
vaulted ceiling.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Climb through a hole where a trap door has been torn off it's
hinges. They look at the grim tableau:

Monks impaled on their own pikes.
Tangled together in their own pungy stakes.
Alien cocoon material cobwebbed over their bodies.

THE MONASTERY

Flickering fires lit the first few floor windows.
Ripley takes a step towards it --

Reaches back and pulls John...

INT. GLASS FACTORY - NIGHT

The Glass furnace boils almost to the point of overflow.
Small fires burn out of control around the room.
Finished glass pieces BURST from the heat.
Ripley and John enter.

JOHN

This is the glassworks. They have
tools here --
(spots)
Kyle --

He runs across the room --

BROTHER KYLE

Sits calmly at the Marver table.
He places playing cards on the table in front of him.
Solitaire.
He sings to himself quietly.

KYLE

(sotto)
Can't see my baby.
Don't see my baby. Bay be.

John grabs him by the lapels - pulls him to his feet.
The playing cards fall to the floor --
Kyle watches them, not John.

JOHN

Kyle. Brother Kyle.

KYLE

Cards on the floor, fifty two pickup.
Black king on red queen, put the
ace up --

John SHAKES him.

JOHN

Kyle goddammit!

Ripley moves closer.

RIPLEY

John - it's too late --

Kyle begins to sing faster. Faster.

KYLE

Ace up. Put the ace up. Redaceupup.
Blackaceup.Up.Pup-pup-pup-chaka-
boomloommawhacka -- Booomalooma
looma --

Ripley and John look at each other.
They know what this means.
John pulls a length of rope off a nearby table.
Moves in front of Kyle. Looks into his glassy eyes.
A tear runs down his cheek.

JOHN

Keep singing, my friend.

John loops the rope around Kyle's neck.

Strangles him.
Eases the lifeless body to the floor.
Stares at it.

RIPLEY

Pulls a blowing iron from the rack. Feels its weight and balance. A reasonable weapon. She crosses to John.

JOHN

I killed him. I'm a doctor and I
killed him.

RIPLEY

You had to. You're supposed to end
suffering.

She hands him a pontil, a pointed iron spear used to form the molten glass shapes.

RIPLEY

Let's get the hell out of here.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ripley and John move up the stairs.
Flickering orange lit from below.
Smoke and soot rise from the first on the lower floors.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

They enter carefully. The room is exactly as John left it,
books out of shelves, hanging on their chains.

RIPLEY

He's made a mess.

John pushes ahead of her.

JOHN

No. He hasn't been up here yet. I
did this.

He moves to the nearest shelf and uses his pontil to pry open
the lock --

JOHN

Here - philosophy - we'll start here --

AAAROO --!

A HAIRY BLUR flies out from between the stacks --
WHUMPH! Knocks John to the floor --
Licks his face.

JOHN

Mattias!

The happy dog leaps all over his master.

JOHN

He waited. Ripley, this is Mattias. My
dog. Good fellow.

Ripley crosses to them.

RIPLEY

I'm glad. Really. But we've probably
only got a few minutes before this

entire place goes up in flames. Just
grab whatever books you want and --

Ripley leans in to pet Mattias.
Mattias draws his lip back. Growls.
He's looking over Ripley's shoulder.

She turns around slowly...

THE ALIEN

Standing in the open doorway.
It's in bad shape from the man traps.
Lost a foot. Tongue hanging out, useless.
Parts of it look like wood. Parts of it look like wheat.

It carries Anthony's waterlogged, limp body --
POPS off his head like a grape from the bunch.
Tosses the corpse at Ripley's feet.

I could swear it's trying to smile.

RIPLEY AND JOHN

Back against the book stacks.
John grabs Mattias' collar.
The Dog GROWLS at the Alien intruder...

JOHN

Easy, boy...

RIPLEY

Is there another way out?

JOHN

Not that will do us any good.

THE ALIEN

Limps into the room dragging one foot.
It's breathing is labored. Dripping acid blood leaves a thin
trail of fire behind it.

JOHN

We hurt it.

The Alien draws itself up to its full height --
Even wounded it is one dangerous mother fucker.

RIPLEY

You wanna give it a bandage? Look --
Where is my ship from here?

JOHN

On the roof directly above this room.

RIPLEY

Here's the plan --

JOHN

But the books --

RIPLEY

Forget the books!

RUFF!!

Mattias pulls free from John's grasp --
Runs to the Alien --

RIPLEY

Shit.

MATTIAS

Snaps and barks at the Alien --
Leaping about to dodge its claws.
Draws its attention --

RIPLEY AND JOHN

RUN at the Alien.
It is trying to spear the dog with its tail.
John swings the iron rod -- THWAP -!
HITS the Alien across the back of its bulbous head --

It turns to him --

SPLIIIIITCH -!

Ripley SHOVES the blowing iron into the Alien's torso.
His acid blood SPURTS out the end of the hollow tube --
SPLATTERS Ripley's cassock - she TEARS it off --

John grabs Mattias -- pulls him back.

The Alien SPINS in a circle --
Blood SPRAYING around him -

Creating a CIRCLE OF FIRE about him --
IGNITING the books --

JOHN

No! THE BOOKS!!

RIPLEY

Don't --!

John steps forward -- Ripley grabs for him --
The ACID EATS through the wooden floor --

THE FLOOR COLLAPSES

The Alien, John and Ripley PLUMMET down -!
THROUGH the next floor --

INTO THE GLASSWORKS

The Alien FALLS into the molten glass vat --
SCREECHES - arms flailing as it sinks beneath the surface of
the thousand degree liquid.

JOHN

Finds himself HANGING over the bubbling glass vat - Caught -
DANGLING on the Flying Fox rope. Five feet away - the ledge the
Flying Fox is launched from. He looks down:

He can see the huge open vat of molten glass below him. To its
right, the Water DUMP TANK - a large wine cask-looking affair
where finished pieces are cooled. He looks up:

Ripley holding onto the edge of the broken floor above.

JOHN

Are you all right?

Ripley grunts an affirmative response.
At least is she falls, it will only be a twenty-foot drop to the floor. John is looking at instant par-boiling.
John starts to move hand over hand UP the rope. He begins to sweat.
A drop of sweat falls...
HSSS!
POPS AND SIZZLES as it hits the surface of the molten glass --

RIPLEY

Tries to pull herself up to the floor above --
The next level is a raging fire.

She can only hang and DROP. She DOES -!
Falls the two stories.
Bends her knees and ROLLS on impact.

JOHN

Has reached the ledge overlooking the furnace.
He stands. Sees Ripley slowly rising --

JOHN

Ripley -!

Ripley shakily gets to her feet.
Hops on one foot.

RIPLEY

Aargh. I'm fine. Let's get the fuck
out of --

SUDDENLY

THE ALIEN'S head breaks the surface of the molten glass.
SCREAMING. STEAMING. It is white-hot -
translucent -- covered with --
It looks like MOLTEN GLASS!!

Hook-like hands grasp the edge of the tank --
It tries to climb out --

Ripley turns to run. Tender ankle gives out.
She falls face down on the floor --
Rolls over --

THE ALIEN is going to climb out of the vat --
She SCREAMS --

JOHN

Grabs the Flying Fox handle.
SWINGS down the rope - across the room --
PAST the Alien --

It turns away from Ripley -
She scrambles across the floor...

John lands HARD.
Points --

JOHN

Ripley - the lever!!

Ripley looks next to her: a burning wooden lever.

The Alien has one foot out of the glass furnace --

RIPLEY grabs the lever -- Hsssst!
Putting out the fire with her hand --
Pulls --

THE HUGE DUMP TANK OF WATER

DUMPS. Empties a thousand gallons --
RAINS DOWN on the Alien.
It HOWLS in pain --

The Molten Glass instantly COOLS --
The rapid extreme temperature change causes the beast to
BE-THWOOOoooOOM -!!
EXPLODE into a million pieces...!!!!

Ripley helps John off the floor.
They are battered. Bloody.
They look into the vat.
The steam clears...

The room is littered with Alien Bits.
Each piece is encased in glass --
Trapped like a fly in amber.

JOHN

Saw that happen to a bottle once.

RIPLEY

(panting)

Beat... Beat him - ugh --

She grabs her stomach as her knees give out.
John gives her an arm for support.

JOHN

We've got to get to the Library --

RIPLEY

Don't worry. Ship. Just --

They look up:

Mattias looks down through the hole in the floor.
BARKS...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

An INFERNO.
Every bookshelf ablaze. The floor dotted with pools of flame.
Ripley and John are at the door - held back by the heat --

John tries to enter the room --
Ripley grabs him --

RIPLEY

Don't be stupid --

JOHN

Some of them! I've got to save some of
them! Mattias!!

Mattias yelps in response. Threads his way through to them.
Ripley spins him to face her. Tears stream down his cheeks.

RIPLEY

They're lost. You did your best. If
you get out, it wasn't in vain.

We've got to live!!

She YANKS him into the hallway --

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY - THE ROOF - NIGHT

Ripley's good foot KICKS down the burning planks that surround the escape ship. John and Mattias stand behind as she climbs through to the ship. John looks around:

The ABBEY LEVEL is devastated. The air is filled with smoke. The Abbey is burning. The Library is in flames.

John looks down at his medical bag.
Torn, bloody, scorched, it still hangs from his shoulders.
Inside: The only remaining book.

RIPLEY O/S

Come on in!

John and Mattias step through --

INT. SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4 - NIGHT

Ripley CLICKS on the lights.
John lifts Mattias into the hatch.

JOHN

The Library --

RIPLEY

I told you -- the Earth is still there --

Ripley checks an instrument: Elapsed travel time.
Her brows knit. She TAPS the gauge.

RIPLEY

Not working.

JOHN

What does that mean?

RIPLEY

It means I don't know how long I was
in hyper sleep.

JOHN

It means the Abbot could've been right --

RIPLEY

It means my clock isn't working. We have
to get out of here. Even if he was right
this ship's onboard computer is filled
with man's knowledge.

JOHN

Not everything. Some things will be
lost forever.

RIPLEY

Then man starts over. He's done it
before.

She pushes a few buttons. Somewhere under the floor a
propulsion source HUMS to life. THROBBING through the soles
of John's feet. Ripley is absorbed in her work.

RIPLEY

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

Okay. The seals weren't broken so we're probably clear. But those dead monks out there are going to start hatching soon. Let's get ready to take off.

JOHN

What can I do?

RIPLEY

Here, I need a compressor tank from in that compartment.

She motions towards an open door.
John enters the compartment.
Whoosh-CLANG -!
The door closes behind him.

JOHN

Hey! What?!

He looks out the window in the door.

Ripley is staring at him, punching keys on a pad next to the door.

JOHN

Hey - I'm locked in.

Mattias scratches at the door.

RIPLEY

I know. I locked you in.

JOHN

What?

RIPLEY

I'm not going with you. I've got one inside me.

JOHN

What?! You can't --

She runs a hand across her midsection.

RIPLEY

I figured it out. That's why it didn't kill me. He must have impregnated me when I was in the stasis tube.

(remembers nightmare)

It hasn't come out yet because I haven't eaten, It's still dormant. So either I eat and it kills me or I don't eat and I starve to death. Either way I die.

John pulls the Medieval Tome out of his medical bag.

JOHN

My book -- I know what to do --

RIPLEY

What, an exorcism? No good.

JOHN

You can't do this. Ripley - listen to me - you're confusing feeling of guilt for actual sin - I can help you --

RIPLEY

Alien 3 Script at IMSDb.

(ignoring)

I've set a time lock. When the pod escapes the Colony's gravitational pull this compartment will open. Then all you have to do is get into the Stasis tube with Mattias and press the blue button. With any luck a freighter or something will pick you up. Good luck.

He pounds his fists against the door.

JOHN

NO! No, Goddammit - you can't do this. You can't let it win.

She turns away from the door.

RIPLEY

It always wins. We killed it, but it's still inside me -- You're my last chance. If I can keep you alive it'll make up for all those I've lost.

JOHN

Listen to me! You have to let me try! Ripley: You're MY only chance!

She's listening...

JOHN

I told you Father Anselm raised me. He raised me and when he was dying I couldn't do anything to save him. I didn't know enough. It was my fault he died. If you don't let me try to save you my body will live but my soul will be dead.

Ripley turns and stares at him.

JOHN

Please.

CUT TO:

THE PAGE

A MEDIEVAL ETCHING.

A Monk vomits up the devil.

Pull back as John lowers Ripley to the pod floor. John closes his eyes. Closes the book.

He pours some water into a small plastic cup. Retrieves a small pouch of herbs. Opens it. Wrinkles his nose - they smell -- pours these ancient medicines into the space age cup.

RIPLEY

What is this stuff?

JOHN

(forceful)

Something that will make you well. Something that will make you sick.

RIPLEY

I don't --

JOHN

Shut up and drink.

He lifts the back of Ripley's head --
FORCES the drink down her throat.

John swings his leg over her midsection. STRADDLES her.
Presses his two hands together in prayer.
Then balls them into one fist.
Takes a deep, preparatory breath...

Ripley starts to GAG -- Cough.
Her body starts to JERK --

John BRINGS HIS FIST DOWN INTO HER STOMACH --
WHAMM -!!

Ripley CONVULSES -- has the dry heaves --

WHAM! WHAM --!
John PUMMELS Ripley's diaphragm!

She sputters -- VOMITS a thick mucous-like substance --
HEAVES --

Ripley's back arches --
She SCREAMS a gut wrenching WAIL --
Her torso BULGES as the creature is forced upwards.

John BEARS down --
Pushes UP under her ribs --
FORCING the chest-burster up her throat --

Ripley fights for air as the alien STOPS halfway up her
esophagus -- She's choking --

John crosses himself -- takes a deep breath --
Lowers his mouth to hers --
Inhales. Exhales. CPR.

THE ALIEN CHEST BURSTER

SLITHERS out of Ripley's mouth --

INTO JOHN'S!!
Reptilian tail whips about before disappearing down his gullet.

John falls back against a computer console.
Gagging. Fights to speak.

Ripley raises herself up on one elbow.
Alien mucous drooling down her chin.
Hair matted against her forehead.

RIPLEY

Why?

JOHN

Choking. It was the only way.

He drops the open book in front of her:
She sees the etching.

JOHN

Gulps back the oozing slime.
Struggles to his feet.

JOHN

They knew.

RIPLEY

But you --

Ripley tries to stand - to go after him --
She can't sit up -- feels like a rib might be cracked.

RIPLEY

You'll die --

John stumbles to the Pod door. Turns back.

JOHN

That's idea. Join...my brothers. If
we were right, Heaven. If we were wrong --
either way, where we belong. World of
books. Pages.

He draws the parchment out of his bag.
Drops it to the floor.

JOHN

You... are from the real world.

He starts to step through the door --
Mattias tries to follow.

JOHN

Stay -- both of you.

He exits the Pod.

Ripley drags herself across the floor.

RIPLEY

No - wait! John!

To the Door. Looks out:

BROTHER JOHN

Dawn's rays are peeking through the battered ceiling as he
walks slowly across the smoking roof.
Into the inferno that is the burning Abbey.

Ripley watches as John and the alien horror inside him are
INCINERATED.

The heat of the flames grows.
She must pull back --
Reaches up for the door handle.
It closes with a THUD.

She rolls onto her back.
She weeps. For the first time in years.
She's been absolved.

CREeeek -!!
The escape pod SHIFTS.
Ripley's eyes SNAP open --

The Roof beneath the Pod is beginning to GIVE WAY.

Ripley rolls onto her stomach and drags herself to the
pilot's chair. Pulls herself into the seat.
Straps herself in --

SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4

Blasts THROUGH the wooden outershell of the Orbiter Arceon.
ROARS towards us - past us.

INT. SULACCO ESCAPE POD #4 = DAY

Ripley places Mattias into the Hyper sleep tube.
Rubs under his chin. Is about to climb in with him when she
spots something on the floor --

JOHN'S PARCHMENT

Ripley picks it up and unrolls it.
She hears John's voice:

JOHN V.O.

I, Brother John Goldman of the orbiter
Arceon, Minorite abbey and gaol, know
the Abbot was wrong. There is a great
evil here. I have seen it. I put pen to
paper now lest this plague - this creature
stills my hand. I have gone down below -
both to try to warn the others and get
the woman - Ripley - get from her some
clue as to how to battle this evil, or
at least to make my peace for not
defending her. She believes there is
still an Earth and I hope she is right.
I hope she will be able to find out.
I hope she can find some rest for the
devils that torment her.

Ripley looks at the elapsed time counter on the command
console. Pulls a pen from it's holder. She adds:

RIPLEY V.O.

Whether the Earth exists or not, whether
we end up in Heaven, or Hell, or the cold
vacuum of space, she has.

She sets her course.
Gets back into her tube.
Closes the lid.

DEEP SPACE

The escape pod moves through the jet-black void...

ARCEON

Dwindles into the darkness behind her, a smouldering, slowly
dying ember...

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK

END CREDITS ROLL...

Teenager in the back of the movie theater shouts,
"It's in the dog!"

Writers : [Rex Pickett](#)

Genres : [Action](#) [Drama](#) [Horror](#) [Sci-Fi](#) [Thriller](#)

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THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM

Screenplay by

Tony Gilroy
and
Scott Z. Burns
and
George Nolfi

Screen Story
by
Tony Gilroy

Based on the novels by Robert Ludlum and Universal's
"The Bourne Identity" and "The Bourne Ultimatum"

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
June 20, 2007

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1 EXT. NIGHT. HOUSING PROJECTS -- MOSCOW 1

SMASH CUT

MOTION -- flat out -- it's us -- we're running -- stumbling -- breathing rushed -- blood in the snow...

We are JASON BOURNE and we're running down an alley...

Supered below: MOSCOW

BLUE LIGHTS -- from the distance -- strobing through the night -- rushing toward us -- POLICE CARS -- three of them -- SIRENS HOWLING as they bear down -- closer -- faster -- until they whip past the alley...

Up against the wall -- BOURNE is hidden in the shadows.

BOURNE is badly wounded -- shot through the shoulder -- bruises and broken bones from the final car chase in SUPREMACY...

With a GROAN, he lifts himself up, staggers across a park toward a PHARMACY...

4 INT. NIGHT. PHARMACY -- MOSCOW 4

ROWS of MEDICINE and FIRST AID supplies, and in the background, a DOOR being jimmied...It's BOURNE...The ALARM goes off...

MACRO ON -- MEDICINE BOTTLE

VICODIN, as BOURNE grabs it...Then PENICILLIN...

Then SURGICAL SUPPLIES:

Scalpel...Forceps...Sutures...Cotton gauze...Betadine...

BOURNE finds a large sink...Rests his gun there...Lays out SURGICAL SUPPLIES...Checks out his back in the mirror...Opens the capsules of penicillin and pours the powder directly into the wound...Begins treating himself...

5 EXT. NIGHT. PHARMACY -- MOSCOW 5

A POLICE CAR pulls up to the curb, lights flashing. One POLICEMAN goes to the jimmied DOOR. SECOND POLICEMAN sees blood and footprints. He motions to his partner to follow...

6 INT. NIGHT. PHARMACY BATHROOM -- MOSCOW 6

BOURNE finishing up -- splashes water on his face -- he seems a man on a mission. He looks up --

A MIRROR.

His face...

FB1 FLASHBACK -- JUMBLED STREAKY IMAGES: FB1

"415" written on a building.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (HIRSCH)
Welcome to the program...

POV Bourne walks down a corridor (corridor #1).

6AA INT. NIGHT PHARMACY -- MOSCOW 6AA

The cops approaching.

FB1A FLASHBACK -- JUMBLED STREAKY IMAGES: FB1A

Daniels leading Bourne down the corridor.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)
You'll be saving American lives.

A black sack is thrown over Bourne's head, then:

(STOCK) A torrent of quick shots of Bourne's kills: the Professor, Jarda, the blonde guy in Paris, Mr. And Mrs. Neski...

And finally. BANG -- Marie hit in the head. The car off the bridge. She sinks away dead...

6A INT. NIGHT PHARMACY -- MOSCOW 6A

The POLICE enter the back room, guns drawn.

POLICEMAN #1
Put your hands on your head and
turn around slowly!

BOURNE snaps out of it, doesn't move. POLICEMAN #1 (older) approaches him. When BOURNE doesn't respond to his questions, the POLICEMAN starts forward. BOURNE turns and in one motion grabs his gun from the sink and disables the POLICEMAN.

BOURNE freezes POLICEMAN #2 with his gun and a look.

BOURNE
(in Russian)
Give me your gun and radio.

POLICEMAN #2's gun and radio skittle across the floor.

BOURNE
 (in Russian)
My argument is not with you.

BOURNE smashes the radio and takes the gun.

BOURNE exits...

BLACK SCREEN

A TITLE fades in --

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM

SUPER: Six Weeks Later

6B	OMITTED	6B
6C	OMITTED	6C
6D	OMITTED	6D
6E	OMITTED	6E
6F	OMITTED	6F
6G	OMITTED	6G
6F	OMITTED	6F
6G	OMITTED	6G
8B	EXT. DAY. LANGLEY, VA	8B
	Establishing shot -- CIA Headquarters	
8C	INT. CIA -- DAY	8C
	A workman installs a nameplate that reads: <i>Ezra Kramer, Director, CIA.</i>	
8C	INT. KRAMER'S OFFICE -- DAY	8C
	Kramer listens to a recording with Landy and Cronin. There are unhung pictures and a few other items that indicate he has just moved into this job.	

Two other senior CIA officials sit in on the meeting.
Kramer looks at a file on Bourne and Abbott.

*BOURNE (V.O.)
So we got in the way? Is that
why Neski died? Is that why you
killed Marie?*

Kramer glances at a photo of Marie in the file.

*ABBOTT (V.O.)
You killed Marie the minute you
climbed into her car. The
minute you entered her life she
was dead!*

Kramer looks at Abbott's official photo.

*BOURNE (V.O.)
I told you people to leave me
alone! I fell off the grid. I
was half way around the world.*

*ABBOTT (V.O.)
There's no place it won't catch
up to you. It's how every story
ends. It's what you are, Jason.
A killer! You always will be.*

THUMP!

*CRONIN
We think that's Bourne hitting
him on the head and then--*

He makes a gun with his hand, i.e. Bourne putting his gun
to Abbott's head.

*ABBOTT (V.O.)
Go ahead! Go on! Do it!*

*BOURNE (V.O.)
She wouldn't want me to. That's
the only reason your alive.*

The tape clicks off.

*KRAMER
Who's "she?"*

CRONIN puts a picture of MARIE in front of KRAMER.

*LANDY
His girlfriend, Marie. She was
killed in India three weeks ago.*

Kramer looks down at another image. Abbott dead after his
suicide.

KRAMER

A dirty section chief in league
with a corrupt Russian
Billionaire commits suicide when
confronted by Jason Bourne. You
couldn't make this stuff up.

(holds up the photo of

Abbot dead)

You watched this happen?

Landy nods. Kramer shakes his head in disgust at the whole
situation.

KRAMER

Bourne's last confirmed location
is Moscow, three days ago?

LANDY

Right.

KRAMER

So what does he do now?

LANDY

I think he's looking for
something he hasn't found.

KRAMER

Like what? What's he after?

LANDY

I'm not sure. Maybe he hasn't
gotten his memory back yet. Not
all of it.

A look from Kramer...

KRAMER

Pam, what I need to know is, what
kind of a threat is he to us?

LANDY

If he just wanted to hurt us he
could have sent this tape to CNN.

KRAMER

Maybe he still will. Maybe he
gave it to you because he wants
to throw you in the opposite
direction of his real plan. I
don't know. I just know my
number one rule is "the only way
to stay safe is to assume the
worst." As far as I'm concerned
Bourne is a serious threat until
proven otherwise.

8D	OMITTED	8D
8E	OMITTED	8E
8F	OMITTED	8F
8G	OMITTED	8G
14A	OMITTED	14A
14AA	EXT. TURIN, ITALY - ESTABLISHING SHOT	14AA
	<i>SUPER: TURIN, ITALY</i>	
R15	INT. DAY. ITALIAN CAFE BACKROOM -- TURIN	R15
	ROSS interviews DANIELS, a TAPE RECORDER on the table between them. ROSS shows DANIELS some of the evidence he's assembled...WANTED POSTERS of JASON BOURNE.	
	ROSS (with poster) ...This one's three years ago -- had half of Interpol after him -- disappeared...Turned up in Naples -- Berlin -- Moscow -- disappeared again... (Daniels says nothing) The girl he was on he run with -- Marie Kreutz -- she turned up dead halfway around the world, from a sniper's bullet... (beat) What connects the dots? Is it Treadstone?	
	DANIELS Turn off that tape recorder.	
15A	OMITTED	15A
15B	OMITTED	15B
24	INT. DAY. MARTIN'S APARTMENT -- PARIS	24
	The charm of old Paris captured in the workings of an elevator operating in a wrought-iron shaft...	

A WORK TABLE, covered with sheet music, music paper, pencils. And, sitting on the upright piano against the wall, a framed PHOTO of MARIE...

A KNOCK on a door beautifully, heavily lacquered with centuries of paint...

MARTIN KREUTZ, late 20s, opens the door and finds BOURNE. A long look between them -- like two lost brothers who recognize each other -- each has been waiting for this moment for a long time.

INT. CONTINUOUS. MARTIN'S APARTMENT

Martin looks out the window.

MARTIN
Where is my sister?

BOURNE
She's dead. She was killed.

MARTIN
I knew it was going to end this way. It was always going to end this way...

BOURNE
I didn't believe that.

MARTIN
Why did she die?

BOURNE
She was shot. A man came for me.

MARTIN
And then you killed him.

Bourne nods.

MARTIN
Now what?

BOURNE
Someone started all this...and I'm going to find them.

Bourne looks at him for a beat and leaves.

EXT. SUBWAY -- DAY

Bourne climbs the stairs.

Bourne rounds a corner and stops, sees a bodyguard at a door up the street hail a car then go back inside.

Bourne walks up to the door, the bodyguard comes out again. Bourne knocks him aside. Grabs the man behind him, ELLATRACHE.

BOURNE
(in French)
Who started Treadstone?

The bodyguard comes back, gun out--

ELLATRACHE
(in French, to
bodyguard)
It's OK!
(in French, to Bourne)
They're still looking for you.
You are taking a big risk coming
here.

Bourne shoves him against the wall, hard.

BOURNE
(in French)
Just tell me what I want to know!

ELLATRACHE
(in French)
I just provided them weapons. I
don't know who started--

BOURNE
(in French)
You know something. Tell me
where to start looking.

ELLATRACHE
(in French)
There's a journalist in London.
Simon Ross. He seems to know a
lot about you. He has a source
inside the program. Someone
there from the beginning. What
should I tell them if they
contact me?

BOURNE
(in English)
They give me the name I want, or
I burn their entire house down to
get it.

ROSS
 ...This is big -- a skein of lies
 -- you pull at it and it just
 keeps coming -- I'll fill you in
 when I get home. And it's not
 finished, either.
 (beat)
 They're calling it 'Blackbriar'.

Follow this SEQUENCE as...

17 INT. DAY. CIA SUBSTATION -- LONDON 17

A LISTENING STATION in England scoops up MILLIONS of CELL
 PHONE CALLS...Sifts through BILLIONS of words...One word
 EMERGES from the CHATTER...

BLACKBRIAR

A TECHNICIAN sends the data to NSA back in the
 States...Where another COMPUTER gathers up the rest of the
 phone call...As we listen...

TECH#3
 "Blackbriar" echelon hit.
 NSA, please confirm receipt.

R18 EXT. DAY. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- LANGLEY R18

And there in the CRI HUB, another TECHNICIAN receives the
 DATA. Stops SUPERVISOR and reports.

TECHNICIAN #1
 Sir, we intercepted a call from
 London, keyword "Blackbriar."

SUPERVISOR
 Okay, send it to CRI right now.

25D EXT. DAY. THE SKYLINE -- NEW YORK CITY 25D

NOAH VOSEN, deft and confident, arrives at CRI
 Headquarters.

25E INT. DAY. CRI OFFICES -- NEW YORK CITY 25E

As VOSEN steps out of the elevator and into his office, he
 is met by his #2, WILLS.

WILLS
 We tracked the phone. Registered
 to a London reporter named Simon
 Ross. He works at the Guardian
 newspaper.

They enter a hallway through double doors towards the HUB.

VOSEN
You tracking him?

As they pass through, colleague hands WILLIS a file.

WILLIS
Yeah, thanks Mike. We have a survey team covering him at work...and a sneak and peek's on their way to his apartment.

VOSEN
Well, who talked to him? How did he find out about Blackbriar?

WILLIS
We don't know, we pulled his background and ran a cross check on any known anomalies, but we've come up with nothing. But, I think if we follow Ross, we are going to be able...

VOSEN
Right. Ross is easy. I want the source.

They enter the HUB.

26 EXT. DAY. GARE DU NORD -- PARIS 26

BOURNE buys a newspaper, enters the station and gets on the EUROSTAR.

26A INT. DAY. CRI DATA ROOM (was 25E) 26A

VOSEN and WILLIS listen to the phone call.

ROSS (VOICEOVER)
Have you heard of an Operation Blackbriar? I'm going to try and get my head around this, see you first thing.

VOSEN turns.

VOSEN
Is that all?

WILLIS
Yeah.

VOSEN

I want rendition protocols and I
want the asset put on standby,
just in case.

26B INT. DAY -- CRI HUB

26B

VOSEN steps out from DATA ROOM...addresses the HUB.

VOSEN

People, listen up, this is a full
priority situation

WILLS

Jimmy, give me Ross's profile on
one.

(points at the big
screen on the wall)

ROSS'S information come up on the center screen.

VOSEN

Our target is a British national,
Simon Ross, a reporter. I want
all his phones, his blackberry,
his apartment, his car, bank
accounts, credit cards, travel
patterns...I want to know what
he's going to think before he
does. Every dirty little secret
he has. And most of all, we want
the name and real time location
of his source.

This is NSA priority level 4, any
questions?

No response from the HUB.

VOSEN (CONT'D)

All right, let's get to it.

26C EXT. DAY. EUROSTAR -- ENGLAND

26C

The EUROSTAR winds it's way to London.

26D INT. DAY. EUROSTAR

26D

BOURNE reads The Guardian. He sees an article written by
Simon Ross. Title: "RENEGADE ASSASSIN LOSE IN EUROPE".
It mentions BOURNE. There is a photo of Marie--

FB2 FLASHBACK

FB2

Marie smiles at him. Marie shot. Marie fades into the depths, dead. Bourne burns Marie's stuff

26D INT. DAY. EUROSTAR 26D

BOURNE comes out of the flashback. He is still carrying the pain of her loss

Bourne finds Ross's name on the masthead, then goes to the name just below it in the news department.

29 EXT. DAY GUARDIAN NEWSPAPER -- LONDON 29

Ross crosses a busy London street -- heads to Guardian office building. A CRI TEAM watches from a parked car.

35H INT. DAY -- CRI HUB 35H

TECH #1 watches the data arrive.

TECH#1

Copy that. Mr. Vosen, subject is entering his office.

VOSEN watches the feed.

VOSEN

Where's my picture please?

TECH#2

Coming online...Online...Now.

A surveillance picture flashes onscreen -- ROSS works in his office. HUB chatter about ROSS phone.

TECH#3

Take an hour to get his phone...

VOSEN

That's too long.

Off VOSEN.

R34 INT. DAY. GUARDIAN EDITOR OFFICE -- LONDON R34

ROSS reports to his EDITOR.

EDITOR

So how do we know he's not spinning for someone?

ROSS

There's more. He was scared.

EDITOR
Scared of what?

ROSS
Blackbriar.

A REPORTER sticks her head in.

REPORTER
Sorry, a call for you.

ROSS
Who is it?

REPORTER
Won't give hie name.

ROSS leaves to pick up the call.

35Y INT. CONTINUOUS. GUARDIAN -- NEWSROOM

35Y

ROSS crosses the busy newsroom...

REPORTER
He's on my line...

ROSS picks up the phone.

Ross (CONT'D)
Simon Ross.

35H INT. DAY. CRI HUB -- NEW YORK CITY

35H

VOSEN watches as ROSS takes phone call.

VOSEN
Why aren't we hearing this?

WILLS
That's a hard line, Jimmy, why
don't we have it?

JIMMY
We have his line, sir, but he's
not on it.

WILLS looks confused.

35Y INT. DAY GUARDIAN -- NEWSROOM

35Y

ROSS listens.

BOURNE (V.O.)
Waterloo Station, south entrance,
thirty minutes.

ROSS
Who is this?

BOURNE (V.O.)
This is Jason Bourne.

35Z INT. DAY -- EUROSTAR TRAVELING 35Z

Bourne
You want to talk to me. Come
alone.

BOURNE hangs up.

35Y INT. DAY. GUARDIAN -- NEWSROOM 35Y

ROSS looks bewildered -- hangs up the phone -- gathers his
stuff -- puts his notebook in his pocket and leaves.

SURVEY ONE (V.O.)
Are you getting an image?

35H VOSEN 35H
Where's he going?

WILLS
Okay, he is on the move. Target
is mobile.

The HUB reacts. .

WILLS
Okay, people, look sharp, give me
eyeballs on the street.

36 INT. DAY. BUILDING -- ACROSS FROM GUARDIAN 36

SURVEY ONE has panned down to the entrance of the GUARDIAN
building. Because ROSS is on the move...

SURVEY ONE
Subject is on the move. Go mobile
One and Two.

WILLS
Where's that audio on the street?
I want to know where he's
going...

36A EXT. CONTINUOUS. LONDON STREET 36A

ROSS hails a BLACK TAXI. The SILVER VAN pulls out behind
him...

35H INT. DAY. NEW YORK HUB

35H

VOSEN watches as the feed from the SILVER VAN comes through.

MOBILE 2
(over radio)
We have the subject confirmed.

VOSEN
Where is he heading?

MOBILE 2
Waterloo Station.

37 EXT. DAY. WATERLOO STATION -- LONDON

37

BOURNE arrives on the EUROSTAR. Enters the station.

38 EXT. CONTINUOUS. STREET

38

As the taxi moves away, the SILVER VAN pulls out behind it.

A CYCLE COURIER momentarily blocks its path. Looking in on ROSS sifting through documents in the back seat.

HUB (V.O.)
Stand by at Waterloo...

39 EXT. DAY. WATERLOO STATION -- LONDON

39

BOURNE moving toward the rendezvous...

63 INT/EXT. DAY. BLACK CAB -- YORK ROAD

63

ROSS pays the DRIVER, exits. Checks his watch. Looks around. Isn't sure what his next move is--

64H INT. DAY. CRI HUB

64H

TECHNICIANS searching for ROSS on the busy street.

TECHNICIAN #2
Mobile One -- give us eyes on the subject.

63 EXT. DAY. YORK ROAD -- LONDON 63

MOBILE ONE-- two people from the van-- take up a position in an open stairwell three floors up. They focus a camera down on Ross.

63A EXT. DAY. ENTRANCE -- WATERLOO STATION 63A

BOURNE buys a cell phone. Activates the SIM card on the new phone. Dumps the pay-as-you-go package in a bin. Rounds a corner. Out of sight.

63B OMITTED 63B

64H INT. CONTINUOUS. CRI HUB -- NEW YORK CITY 64H

Screens come alive with a POV of ROSS. VOSEN studies the monitors. ROSS arrives at Waterloo, pays TAXI.

TECHNICIAN #1
Sir, subject just arrived at the
south entrance to Waterloo
Station.

63 INT. DAY. WATERLOO -- ENTRANCE 63

ROSS moves to the entrance.

Behind him, inside the tube station portico, BOURNE arrives.

Sees ROSS. Sees the two survey teams. MOBILE ONE up the stair well and MOBILE TWO at street level.

Commuters coming up the escalators. BOURNE joins them - moving towards Ross.

Closer.

Right on him. ROSS oblivious. Looking out onto the street.

BOURNE brushes past him and PUTS THE PHONE IN HIS POCKET..

ROSS feels the contact. Checking himself -- he's okay. But now a phone is ringing -- looks around, must be someone else.

But the vibration's coming from his jacket pocket.

ROSS takes out the phone -- not his -- puzzled.

ROSS hits "answer."

ROSS

Hello?

BOURNE (O.S.)

Don't ask questions. Just
listen...

64H INT. CONTINUOUS. NEW YORK HUB

64H

VOSEN watching...

VOSEN

What's he doing? I thought we
blocked his cell? Who the hell
is he talking to???

WILLS

Jimmy, I need that phone!

VOSEN

(beat)

Activate the asset.

WILLS

Sir, we haven't yet become
operational --

VOSEN

I said activate the asset. I
want options.

Wills keys in a CODE...

64 EXT. DAY. BMW -- LONDON STREET

64

PAZ, 20s, cool and predatory, drives and waits for
instructions...His PHONE buzzes...He reads the
code...Accelerates toward Waterloo Station...

70 EXT. CONTINUOUS. FOOTBRIDGE

70

BOURNE reaches the top of the stairwell on the other side
of the road.

His POV to the left -- a LONDON BUS is approaching.

To the right -- a young man in a hooded top -- speaking on
his cell -- walking toward a BUS STOP...

A plan is forming.

71 INT. CONTINUOUS. WHITE VAN

71

SURVEY TWO -- camera zooming in on ROSS.

SURVEY TWO
What's the ROE on this one?

PANNING TO REVEAL

64H INT. CONTINUOUS. NEW YORK HUB 64H
VOSEN thinking it over as he watches the image of ROSS.

75 EXT. DAY. YORK ROAD -- TUBE -- BUS STOP 75
ROSS looking around. Then --

BOURNE (O.S.)
To your left. Blue hooded top.
Walking towards the bus stop

ROSS has clocked him.

The HOODY walks to the bus stop. One hands-free EARBUD
swaying down by his side as he moves to a seat.

Sitting down. Checking his watch.

ROSS shifting nervously from one foot to another.

BOURNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Go to the bus stop, sit next to
him. Head down...

The LONDON BUS approaching.

ROSS begins to move.

64H INT. DAY. CRI HUB -- NEW YORK 64H
Things are beginning to happen.

TECHNICIAN #1
Target is on the move.

WILLS
Okay, who's the guy in the blue
hood?

Screen POV. ROSS standing next to the HOODY -- head down.
Trying to play it cool -- ROSS in clear view of the
cameras. "Speaking" with the HOODY. Camera zooming in.

VOSEN
Okay, there, he's talking to the
guy with the hood. Take them
down.

Just then --

A BUS pulling up to the bus stop, blocking both SURVEYS' views. Rifle mics picking up the bus chatter, instead of ROSS.

VOSEN. Annoyed now.

VOSEN
Watch that bus! The bus! --
don't lose them! Stay triangular
and don't get blocked.

The crackle of the survey teams as they try and reframe.

POV SCREEN -- SURVEY ONE seeing the bus clear. The HOODY has gone.

POV ANOTHER SCREEN -- SURVEY TWO -- camera finally catching up, picking out the HOODY on the bus as it begins to pull away.

VOSEN?
Grab Team B. Grab the hoody and
stay with Ross...

TECH'S giving orders...

77 EXT. ACROSS FROM YORK ROAD -- DAY 77

SURVEY TWO -- three men racing across the road on foot. Weaving through heavy traffic.

78 EXT. DAY. FOOTBRIDGE AREA 78

BOURNE watching his plan unfold...Only a few seconds to get ROSS out of there...

BOURNE
Take the footbridge. Go to the
West Entrance. I'll meet you at
the newsstand.

79 EXT. DAY. YORK ROAD -- CONTINUOUS 79

ROSS rearing this -- Moving away --

The BUS moves up to the traffic light. The AGENTS moving across the street...

64H INT. DAY. NEW YORK -- ENCRYPTED AREA -- CONTINUOUS 64H

VOSEN looking at the screens. Pointing...

VOSEN

No, no, look...Ross is not on the bus. Split up the team -- get the guy on the bus and send someone to stay on Ross.

R81 EXT DAY. YORK ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

R81

One AGENT peeling off, to keep ROSS in check.

The other two AGENTS racing to the bus as it pulls away from the lights. Kicking the doors open, leaping on.

GUNS drawn. So quick. Passengers screaming.

AGENT ONE

(to Hoody)

You. On the floor. Down.

Pushing the HOODY to the floor.

AGENT TWO

Driver, stop the bus!

On the HOODY.

The HOOD is pulled back.

An innocent YOUNG MAN -- terrified, bewildered.

83 EXT. DAY. FOOTBRIDGE AREA

83

ROSS on the move across the walkway.

84 INT. DAY. STAIRWELL

84

SURVEY ONE moving up the steps, only to meet-

BOURNE coming down. Three quick moves and he's down-slumped against a wall- just another drunk to step over in the rush hour.

Pulls the feed. Takes the earbud. Then back up and falls into step behind ROSS.

Listening in to the chaos he has caused -- an ocean away.

64H INT. DAY. NEW YORK HUB

64H

TECHIES scrambling to restore the feed. VOSEN staring.

TECHNICIAN #2

We've lost signal.

TECHNICIAN #1
What happened to Survey One?

VOSEN
I don't like this. Patch me
through to Met surveillance.

86 INT/EXT. DAY. CAR -- LONDON STREETS 86

PAZ parked up -- gets the call -- pulls out into the
traffic.

Slicing through to the target area. Waterloo up ahead.

87 EXT. DAY. WATERLOO 87

A SECOND SURVEY TEAM -- out of their vehicles. Furtively
they lock and load their side arms.

Fanning out towards the station.

R88 EXT. DAY. WEST ENTRANCE WATERLOO - NEWSTAND R88

Bourne stops Ross, surprising him.

BOURNE
Why do you know so much about me?

ROSS
What?

BOURNE
The article. You talked to
someone from Treadstone. Someone
there at the beginning. What's
his name?

ROSS
I can't tell you that.... Who's
following me?

BOURNE
Whoever they are it's trouble.

ROSS
Are they Blackbriar?

BOURNE
Blackbriar, what's Blackbriar?

ROSS
I don't know. I heard the name
this morning for the first time.
Whatever it is, my source said it
started with you.

BOURNE
What? What are you talking
about?

ROSS
Look, just help me get away from
these people...and we can talk
more...we can--

BOURNE
(spotting approaching
operatives)
We have to move.

Bourne moves Ross toward the concourse.

BOURNE
Answer your phone.

64H INT. DAY. CRI HUB

64H

SCREENS coming alive again. They are through to MET
SURVEILLANCE -- the AREA around WATERLOO.

TECHNICIAN #1
Last sighted heading to the West
entrance.

VOSEN
He's got to be close. Seal the
entrances.

90 EXT. DAY. WATERLOO

90

The new SURVEY team moves towards different entrances --
Ready to beat out the quarry.

R88A EXT. DAY. WEST ENTRANCE

R88A

CAMERAS suddenly alive. Movement across the footbridge.
The net's been thrown.

91 INT. CONTINUOUS. CONCOURSE -- WATERLOO

91

Into the station concourse.

ROSS moving fast. Fighting through the crowds of faces.
Each one a killer in ROSS' tormented mind.

BOURNE on the periphery looking out across the throng,
picking out the inconsistencies.

One AGENT, then another approaching.

He dials.

BOURNE (O.C.)
Three o'clock. Female. Blonde
black top.

ROSS
Has she seen me?

BOURNE
Not yet. Dip left past the photo
kiosk.

ROSS spinning round. Dipping left. BLACK TOP passing in
the background missing him.

BOURNE crossing close behind - marshalling the pieces at
breakneck speed.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Straight ahead. News kiosk.

ROSS turning. Weaving through the commuters.

BOURNE seeing cameras turn. ROSS heading into their path.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Change of plan. Stop. Tie your
shoelace.

BOURNE seeing ROSS dip out of view as a group of TOURISTS
block the CCTV's line of sight.

64H INT. DAY. CRI HUB

64H

That same scene -- scores of TOURISTS -- from VOSEN's point
of view. The TECHS try to get another angle...

94 EXT. DAY. CONCOURSE -- WATERLOO

94

ROSS looking through the sea of legs as he finishes tying
his laces. Cameras sweeping past.

ROSS
Are we clear?

BOURNE
Clear. News kiosk. Straight
ahead.

ROSS on the move. Sweating. Paranoid.

Seeing a BIN MAN coming toward him -- reaching into his
trolley.

ROSS
Straight toward me. Bin man?

BOURNE
Negative.

ROSS
He's got a gun.

BOURNE
Negative. Keep straight ahead.

But ROSS swerves out of his path as the BIN MAN pulls out -- a bunch of keys.

CCTV CAMERAS turn -- ZOOMING IN ON ROSS.

64H INT. DAY. CRI HUB -- NEW YORK

64H

Ross' face on all screens.

TECH#1
We got a hit. Middle of the
concourse.

VOSEN pacing.

VOSEN
We're losing him! We cannot
afford to lose him!

Frenzied teching as they capture and transmit an image of Ross to...

96 EXT. DAY. TAXI RANK -- WATERLOO

96

PAZ flipping open his phone. A voice crackling in his earpiece.

VOICE
Waterloo concourse. Subject
heading east.

Paz jamming the wheel hard right. Doing a high speed U-turn.

Heading towards the east side of the station.

94 EXT. DAY. CONCOURSE

94

BOURNE realizes ROSS has been seen. Sees the AGENTS starting to form the box...

BOURNE
Get into cover. Now!

ROSS moving faster.

64H VOSEN What's the status of the asset? 64H

WILLS
In place in one minute.

VOSEN
Alright, I want to take him now.
Get him out of there and have the
asset cover it.

WILLS gives orders...

96 INT. CAR TRAVELLING-- MEPHAM STREET -- DAY. 96

PAZ pulling into a side street. Out towards a series of
arches that lead underneath the terminal. In his ear...

VOICE
Target moving towards the stores.

ANOTHER VOICE
Asset in play. ETA thirty
seconds. All exits covered.

PAZ through the archway. Grabbing a station plan. Studying
it.

98 Through a subterranean maze of corridors. Up steps. 98
Through doors.

On his way to the kill zone.

99 EXT. CONCOURSE-- CONTINUOUS -- DAY 99

ROSS moving through crowds around the departures board.

BOURNE hearing that last exchange in his earpiece too.
Asset in play?

BOURNE
Keep moving...

BOURNE's POV: AGENTS closing the box. The departures board.
Platform 7. A train waiting.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Faster....

Commuters waiting for the platform

BOURNE (CONT'D)
The front...

Suddenly -- CLICK -- PLATFORM 7 displays.

A wave of commuters flooding away -- sweeping the AGENTS back with them towards platform 7.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
GET IN THE STORE.

BOURNE'S bought them thirty seconds.

100 INT. TUNNELS ABOVE THE CONCOURSE -- DAY 100

PAZ on the move. Earpiece crackling. Through a door. Taking a left down another tunnel.

Opens another security door and moves up some steps. Towards a ladder.

100A EXT. CONCOURSE WATERLOO -- SIMULTANEOUSLY -- DAY 100A

The AGENTS regrouping. Speaking into their radios.

Voice
He's in the store -- still moving east.

ROSS out into the open again. In front of him another STORE COMPLEX.

BOURNE
INSIDE!

BOURNE searching the concourse. Something bothering him. The threat level clicking another notch.

102A/B INT. MAINTENANCE AREA-- SIMULTANEOUSLY -- DAY 102A/B

PAZ heads up some stairs to a service platform.

Climbs a ladder.

101 EXT. CONCOURSE -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY 101

ROSS into the store complex. To one side is a service doorway.

BOURNE sees the AGENTS approaching. Looks the other way -- up at the hoardings above.

Something's not right. Treadstone instinct.

BOURNE
Service doorway -- Now!

64H INT. NEW YORK HUB -- SIMULTANEOUS -- DAY

64H

An image of Ross as he enters the store complex appears on the screen.

TECHY 2

Store. Three means of egress.

VOSEN

Close him down...

105 INT. STORE COMPLEX -- SIMULTANEOUSLY -- DAY

105

ROSS through narrow store corridors. Sheer panic now. Two of the AGENTS move in after him.

BOURNE behind them.

BANG - takes the first out silently.

BOURNE

Keep moving.

ROSS moving out to the light as another AGENT follows.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

Through the store room.

ROSS travelling through. The second AGENT right behind as-

BOURNE steps out from behind the store room door. The dull snap of bones as second AGENT falls to the floor.

64H INT. DAY -- CRI HUB

64H

On a screen VOSEN watches, transfixed, as BOURNE takes out all his agents and then grabs ROBB...

VOSEN

Jesus Christ, that's Jason Bourne.

WILLS

Maybe he's the source?

VOSEN

It doesn't matter, the asset now has 2 targets. Take them both out.

WILLS taps in the order...

102B INT. MAINTENANCE AREA-- DAY

102B

PAZ moves cross a narrow walkway.

Now he's behind a mechanical 'tri-panel' hoarding. The kind that displays a different advert every 15 seconds. He waits for the change and then---

-- A huge field of vision across the concourse stretching out down below him- a sniper's heaven.

PAZ pulling open the motor-casing from the side panel, goes to work on it.

Slowing the rotation. Rearranging the large triangular prisms to give him just the right time-gap to pull the trigger- and just enough cover to disappear.

He takes out rifle parts from his rucksack. Starts to assemble them.

102C INT. BEHIND THRESHERS (BEHIND THE SILVER METAL DOOR) 102C

BOURNE

I'm going to get you to safety
but you have to stay calm do
exactly what I say.

ROSS

(fear-induced autopilot)
Sure, okay.

BOURNE

No, listen to me: Exactly what I
say this time. Understand?

Ross snaps to focus. Looks Bourne in the eye.

ROSS

Yes.

BOURNE

Stay here while I look for an
escape.

Ross nods.

102B INT. MAINTENANCE AREA 102B

PAZ puts together the rifle.

103 INT. WATERLOO STATION 103

BOURNE exits from the silver door behind Threshers. He stays on the phone with Ross.

Hidden from the view of the CCTV cameras by the thick crowd, Bourne sees the approaching agents abruptly pulling back.

ROSS (PHONE V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I can see the entrance from here
 I can make it out--

BOURNE
 No, stay behind that door.

64H INT. HUB

64H

CCTV view of the silver door behind Threshers that ROSS is behind (not Bourne). Wills is on phone.

WILLS
 There. That silver door.
 Bourne's behind that door?

TECH
 Confirmed.

WILLS
 Okay, pull the agents back and
 give Bourne's location to the
 asset.

107 INT. MAINTENANCE AREA

107

On his cell phone Paz receives a text indicating Bourne's location. Paz finds the silver door and aims his rifle at it.

SCOPE POV

A shape barely visible moving behind the window. (It's Ross but Paz and the Hub think it's Bourne.

111 INT. BEHIND THRESHERS / WATERLOO CONCOURSE-- DAY

111

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN ROSS AND BOURNE:

Bourne spots the agents pulling back per Wills' orders.

ROSS (INTO PHONE)
 If I run now I can make it--

BOURNE (INTO PHONE)
 No. Something's not right.

107 INT. MAINTENANCE AREA

107

Paz awaiting his shot--

SCOPE POV

The door comes open slightly, but from this angle Paz doesn't have a clean shot at his target (who he thinks is Bourne).

111 INT. CONCOURSE -- WATERLOO 111

Bourne searches the rafters, looking for any threats from above.

ROSS (TEL. V.O.)
I'm going to go for it, okay?

BOURNE
Don't move until I tell you.

Bourne is distracted by the last of the agents disappearing. Something is definitely wrong--

ROSS
I'm going to go for it.

BOURNE
No, No not now.

Ross suddenly sprints out from behind the door--

110A SCOPE POV 110A

Paz sees the shape emerge--

110A INT. MAINTENANCE AREA -- DAY 110A

PAZ fires--

111 INT. WATERLOO -- SERIES OF ANGLES 111

But it's Ross, not Bourne. Ross is hit by Paz's shot. He falls, inches from the silver door, dead. Blood has splattered on the door.

110A INT. PAZ'S NEST 110A

Paz snaps his head back to the scope, realizing he's shot the wrong person. Then he catches a glimpse of Bourne--

Bourne ducks behind the gathering crowd, out of Paz's line of sight, and goes to the body.

64H INT. HUB

64H

Vosen and Wills stare at the screen. At the image of Ross, dead on the concourse. The room -- normally full of chatter has gone dead silent...

Vosen puts his head in his hands. This is a monumental screw up and everyone here knows it. He just had the wrong man killed....

VOSEN

Oh...shit...

Then suddenly Vosen snaps back to focus:

VOSEN (CONT'D)

Get the asset out of there ...

WILLS

What about Bourne?

On the HUB MONITORS we see Police moving in... Vosen doesn't need to see anymore.

VOSEN

Get him out of there - NOW!

111 INT. WATERLOO -- DAY

111

Bourne feels Ross' body for something.

110A OMITTED

110A

110A PAZ'S NEST

110A

Paz is frustrated by the order. He's itching to get another shot off at Bourne, but after a beat, packs up quickly, as ordered.

111 INT. WATERLOO -- DAY

111

Back in Waterloo, Cops run in from all sides.

111A INT. DAY. WATERLOO STATION

111A

On the screens and in real life, the aftermath of the hit. PARAMEDICS try helplessly to deal with ROSS -- killed instantly by the head shot meant for BOURNE...POLICE arrive and seal off the crime scene...

113 EXT. CONCOURSE WATERLOO -- SIMULTANEOUSLY -- DAY 113

BOURNE on the move. Fast --

Past platforms. On his way up to the Tri Panel.

Up stairs. On to a walkway. To his right he sees a figure disappearing...

PAZ.

BOURNE hammers down the walk - way in pursuit.

114 EXT. PLATFORM AREA -- DAY 114

BOURNE tailing PAZ down on to a parallel platform. PAZ dipping down into the underground entrance.

115/116 INT. TUBE STATION -- WATERLOO -- DAY 115/116

PAZ moving deliberately through the evening rush hour-- blending in...

BOURNE in pursuit. Chasing on instinct.

There...A glimpse of PAZ at the bottom of an escalator.

BOURNE fights past people.

PAZ disappears into the crowd.

BOURNE rushes to catch him. Rounding a corner...

A long walkway -- at the end, two staircases lead to different tube lines. BOURNE hesitates-- measures the choice.

The sound of a train fills the station--

BOURNE -- Fast downstairs.

Watches-- just as PAZ gets onto the car at another door.

BOURNE lunges to get on the train...But the doors close...

BOURNE'S POV

Watching PAZ from the platform as he SAGS down onto a seat, nauseated, his skin clammy, his head pounding...He takes out the PILLS and dry-swallows them...Looks up...

CLOSE ON -- BOURNE

Watching PAZ...As if he's looking in the MIRROR at his old self...The self before THE BOURNE IDENTITY...

CLOSE ON -- PAZ

He looks straight ahead, just another commuter...

BACK ON -- BOURNE

Watching PAZ, as the train pulls away...Then BOURNE is immediately in motion...

119 INT. DAY. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- CIA -- LANGLEY, VA 119

KRAMER

Hello.

VOSEN

It's Vosen. We have a situation.

119B EXT. NIGHT. DANIELS OFFICE -- MADRID 119B

Establishing Sewell and Marbury.

120 INT. NIGHT. DANIELS OFFICE 120

DANIELS watches news of ROSS murder on TV. DANIELS panics, opens his safe, packs up papers, takes Blackbriar FILE. Sets alarm. Leaves.

120C EXT. NIGHT. INTERNET CAFE -- LONDON. 120C

BOURNE sits at a computer, the ROSS notebook open in front of him. He pages through it, finding names, places, "HOW DID THIS ALL START?" -- and Blackbriar. He Googles "Sewell and Marbury"-- finds Paris, Berlin, Madrid. BOURNE continues to search and finds receipt from Madrid.

BOURNE leaves.

123 EXT. DAY. POSH HOTEL -- NEW YORK CITY 123

LANDY steps out of a TAXI...

123A INT. DAY. POSH HOTEL -- NEW YORK CITY 123A

Vosen's sitting.

VOSEN

(to waiter)

Sparkling. And a "Heart-Healthy" omelet with goat cheese and peppers.

Landy arrives.

VOSEN
You're late. Traffic?

WAITER
(handing her the menu)
Ma'am?

LANDY
Nothing for me.

Vosen looks at her, surprised.

VOSEN
I'm buying.

She shakes her head, no. She sits, without taking her coat off. She's not staying long.

VOSEN
When the Director called, it was suggested we bring you on--

LANDY
Suggested?
(beat)
Are you sure it was just a suggestion?

VOSEN
Funny how different things look depending on where you sit. I look at this as doing a favor for you. Giving you an opportunity to complete some unfinished business.

LANDY
Meaning?

VOSEN
Jason Bourne.

LANDY
Bourne's finished.

VOSEN
Really?

LANDY
It was finished the moment I realized I was chasing him for something he didn't do. The case is closed.

VOSEN

So what do you make of this?
(handing her
surveillance photos of
Bourne in Paris)
French intel picked up Bourne
meeting Pierre Elattrache on
Tuesday. He threatened to burn
our house down if you didn't tell
him who started Treadstone.
That's a big problem, wouldn't
you agree?

LANDY

This doesn't feel like Bourne to
me.

VOSEN

Why's it so hard for you to
believe?

LANDY

Probably because it's coming from
you, Noah.

VOSEN

Lets try and be adults okay? We
all thought he was done, off the
grid. But Bourne's back. Maybe
he's a threat. We both want the
same thing here.

LANDY

So what happened at Waterloo?

VOSEN

We have a leak. Bourne showed up
in our surveillance. We had very
little time to react.

LANDY

And the reporter ended up dead?

VOSEN

Bourne saw us coming.

Landy looks at him, suspicious.

LANDY

So what was he doing?

VOSEN?

We don't know. But just the fact
that he was there means he's up
to something, don't you think?
Maybe he's the source?

LANDY

The real question is how you managed to get in a fire fight in the middle of a public train station.

VOSEN

Don't second guess an operation from an armchair, Pam. It's not fair.

LANDY

I'm going to the office now.
I'll make my own introductions.

Off VOSEN...

125 EXT. DAY. ATOCHA TRAIN STATION -- MADRID 125

AN AVE train pulling into the vast station. BOURNE stepping out, walking up the platform.

Moving out through the station...

125A INT. DAY -- CRI HUB 125A

TWO NEW TECHS plus the three we met before. All watching VOSEN lead LANDY and CRONIN into the room.

WILLS

This is Pamela Landy. She's gonna be quarterbacking our search effort. I think what we oughta do, just to get started, let's go around the room, say who you are and what your spec is.

LANDY stepping in before this gets going --

LANDY

Let's do names later.
(she's got the floor)
What's Bourne's last fixed position?
(impatient)
Anybody.

TECH#3

London. Twelve hundred Zulu.

LANDY

Status? Wounded? Armed?

TECH#2

Alive. Mobile. Unknown.

LANDY
Where are your grids coming from?

TECH#1
NSA Tactical.

LANDY
You have an Echelon package?

TECH#1
Yes.

LANDY
Why isn't it on?

TECH#1
We were waiting.

LANDY
For what?
(no takers)
You're nine hours behind the
toughest target you've ever
tracked. I want everyone to sit
down, strap in, and turn on all
you've got.
(beat)
That would mean now.

That lights it. They're moving.

LANDY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

VOSEN watches...

LANDY (CONT'D)
I want everything you've got on
Ross on screen one.

LANDY watches as the screen lights up with ROSS
information...

125B EXT. DAY. SEWELL AND MARBURY -- MADRID

125B

Bourne arrives, begins to recon the area.

He goes to the front door finds "Sewell and Marbury" and
rings the bell. No answer. Two cops come around a corner.

Bourne sees them, notes the side of the building and
leaves.

125E INT. DAY. CRI HUB -- NEW YORK CITY

125E

TECH#1

Sir, we just hacked Ross's email account at the Guardian and found a round trip ticket to Turin, yesterday. 0800 arrival, 12:05 departure.

LANDY

I think we can be pretty certain that Bourne's not your source then?

VOSEN

How?

LANDY

Ross's call to his editor, where he said he just met the source on Blackbriar, took place just after his flight landed. His met his source in Turin.

VOSEN

So?

LANDY

So, what, Bourne met Ross for breakfast and then, at noon the same day Bourne calls Ross to demand a meet at Waterloo?

CRONIN

(Needling Wills)

Maybe they were even on the same flight?

VOSEN

Cross check the secure cell phone usage of everyone with Blackbriar SCI clearance against all calls in and out of Turin during the morning Ross was there

TECHNICIANS start pounding keyboards.

LANDY

The guy you're after is a CIA operative with clearance above Top Secret. He was committing treason by talking to Ross. Do you really think, while doing that, he used a cell phone he knows we can track?

TECH 3 (JIMMY)

Zero results on the cross check.

VOSEN stares daggers at her.

WILLS

Do you have a better idea?

LANDY

Yeah, I'd look at all the people whose cell phones were switched off the entire period Ross was in Turin.

WILLS

Do it Jimmy.

TECHNICIANS start tapping.

LANDY

(looks at Cronin)

I mean if your people use their cell phones as much as mine do, the list should be pretty small

TECHNICIAN 3 JIMMY

Three names: Tom Brewster, Jack Boulin, Neal Daniels.

The names display on the screen: Tom Brewster, Jack Boulin Neal Daniels.

The HUB employees can't help but be impressed by LANDY. WILLS and VOSEN notice their response.

LANDY

Now check everything in Ross's apartment against those names. Look for common patterns, look for -

CRONIN

InitialsBring that up on main.

LANDY turns. CRONIN is leaning down in front of a computer screen. Point to something for the tech --- who puts it on the big screen, blown up.

In a set of handwritten notes by ROSS it says "per N.D." next to several scrawls.

LANDY

Neal Daniels. He's Station Chief in Madrid now, isn't he?

WILLS

Jesus Christ.

VOSEN

Call the RSO at the Embassy and have them take Daniels into custody if he's there. If he's not, get a grab team to the Calle Norte safe house. Send them in heavy and tell them we'll assist with entry.

LANDY

"Heavy?" Daniels isn't--

VOSEN

I'm worried about Bourne. If he's not Ross's source, then he must be after Ross's source -- just like us.

Off LANDY...

125F EXT. MADRID STREETS -- NIGHT 125F

BOURNE in a TAXI turning a corner into a narrow street. The rain has slowed, but the streets are still quiet.

BOURNE gets out and walks past the SEWELL and MARBURY front door, picks the lock and gains entry.

126B INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY. -- NIGHT 126B

BOURNE up the stairs. Finds the office. Jimmies the door. Disables the alarm.

All the signs of a hurried exit. A half filled cup of coffee -- cigarette burned down in an ashtray but not snubbed out -- a light left on -- files and documents, some shredded, some not.

127H INT. HUB 127H

Vosen paces back and forth. The hub is MUCH quieter than it was in the Waterloo scenes.

TECH 1. (LUCY)

Parque Vasquez is clean. No sign of subject.

VOSEN

Team two, ETA Callee Norte?

FILTERED V.O. (KILEY)

Three minutes.

127A EXT. MADRID STREETS -- NIGHT 127A
A BLACK CAR moving briskly through traffic and --

127A INT. MOVING BLACK CAR -- NIGHT 127A
HAMMOND at the wheel. KILEY with the map. Shutting off his phone.

127B INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY -- NIGHT 127B
BOURNE checks the office. Soon he finds a photo of Daniels with Albert Hirsch.

FB3 EXT. HOSPITAL ANNEX -- OVERCAST DAY -- FLASHBACK FB3
Bourne arrives at a nondescript steel door with two CCTV cameras covering it. He sees 415 written above the door.

127B INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY -- NIGHT 127B
The flashback overwhelms Bourne.

FB3A INT. SRD CORRIDOR -- DAY -- FLASHBACK FB3A
POV shots of Bourne walking down the long corridor with Daniels. Other shots revealing that Bourne is in Army dress greens (without hat). Daniels knocks and leads Bourne into--
-

127B INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY -- NIGHT 127B
Bourne is driven to his knees.

FB3B OMITTED FB3B

FB3C INT. TANK ROOM -- FLASHBACK FB3C
Bourne is dragged into a room with a large water tank. His hands have been bound behind his back, the sack's drawstring pulled tight, and he has been weighted down. Bourne is shoved into the water.

FB3D UNDERWATER SHOT -- FLASHBACK FB3D
Bourne falls into the water. SPLASH. He starts to sink. The wet sack allows us to see the outlines of his face. Also POVs as Bourne sinks.

FB3E *SERIES OF SHOTS FROM ABOVE AND BELOW WATER --FLASHBACK* FB3E

Bourne struggles wildly at first. Tries to get out of his restraints. But to no avail. SRD men watch him from the edge of the tank. Perhaps also on monitors. Expressionless.

FB3F *UNDERWATER SHOT - FLASHBACK* FB3F

Bourne fights every human instinct to draw a breath. Also shot from Bourne's POV:

HIRSCH (FILTERED, EERIE)
You're going to drown. There is nothing you can do to prevent this. Stop struggling and accept it.

Finally Bourne can't hold his breath for an instant longer. His mouth opens. Water rushes in. He convulses, begins to drown...

FB3G *INT. TANK ROOM -- FLASHBACK* FB3G

Bourne's body goes limp. SRD men watch. No reaction.

FB3H *UNDERWATER SHOT -- FLASHBACK* FB3H

Bourne goes limp. POV of him blacking out.

127B *INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY -- NIGHT* 127B

BOURNE comes out of the FLASHBACK. As he staggers across the room, he notices a car arriving on the monitor...

127C *EXT. STREET* 127C

A car approaches.

127B *INT. SEWELL AND MARBURY* 127B

Bourne snaps out of it and sees the car on a security monitor.

127C *EXT. STREET.* 127C

Agents get out of car and approach building.

127H INT. DAY -- CRI HUB 127H

TECH#3
Sir, they're at the front door.

VOSEN watches...

127C EXT. NIGHT. MADRID SAFEHOUSE 127C

HAMMOND AND KILEY enter the building.

127D INT. NIGHT. SAFEHOUSE 127D

BOURNE runs water into the TEA KETTLE -- sets the trap...

128A INT. NIGHT. SAFEHOUSE 128A

HAMMOND and KILEY enter.

HAMMOND
We're in.

BOURNE listens from his hiding spot.

127H INT. DAY. CRI HUB 127H

LANDY paces.

VOSEN
Okay, put it live.

129 INT. NIGHT. SAFEHOUSE 129

HAMMOND moves quickly into the room -- gun raised.

HAMMOND at the alarm box.

HAMMOND
Alarm's down.

127H INT. DAY -- CRI HUB 127H

VOSEN
That has to be Bourne.

VOSEN already moving to the monitor.

131 INT. NIGHT. MADRID SAFEHOUSE 131

HAMMOND and KILEY -- move cautiously from room to room -- they've done it before...

HAMMOND
 (into mike)
 Safe's cleaned out.

127H INT. CRI/GRID ROOM 127H

VOSEN pacing impatiently around the speakerphone --

VOSEN
 Shit... Track the passports.

133 INT. NIGHT/RAIN -- SAFEHOUSE 133

KILEY gestures to a light moving under a door.

Kiley crouching...leaning in...hand on the knob, and --

Pulls the closet DOOR OPEN --

Nothing. Sink, dishes. a small kitchen. And... on the stove...a tea kettle and a spoon...

Which is the last thing they'll remember, because...

BOURNE -- coming around the corner fast -- full stop and --

BOURNE lays out HAMMOND... KILEY turns to find BOURNE -- who takes him out too.

Then it stops.

BOURNE yanks the headsets. Closes the PHONE.

127H INT. DAY. CRI HUB 127H

The SCREENS go black. Silence...

VOSEN
 Goddamn it! Get a back-up team
 in there!

127D INT. MADRID SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT 127D

TEA KETTLE payoff...

127H INT. HUB 127H

VOSEN
 How long till back-up arrives?

The hub scrambles to answer that... Landy paces in the background. Suspicious of Vosen...

VOSEN
 How long?
 (beat, loud, to the
 entire hub)
 Stop! Hang on. I have an
 idea...

136 INT. NIGHT. MADRID SAFEHOUSE

136

ON A SECURITY MONITOR -- BOURNE sees another figure moving up the stairs...Checking his watch, reloading his gun. Twisting into the path to shoot as the door opens, hesitating because-

It's NICKY.

A beat -- long unbroken.

BOURNE
 What are you doing here?

NICKY
 I was posted here after Berlin.

BOURNE
 Where's Daniels?

The office PHONE goes. Bourne waving her to it. She picks it up. He hits the speaker phone.

127H INT. HUB

127H

NICKY (V.O.)
 Hello.

VOSEN
 Who is this?

NICKY (V.O.)
 This is Nicky Parsons. Who's
 this?

Landy reacts to her voice...

Both Vosen and Landy strongly suspect Bourne is there and listening...

Vosen reads her "Duress Challenge" identity check off the screen. It reads:

Challenge: "Sparrow"

Response if Under Duress: "Ruby"

Response if Normal: "Everest"

VOSEN
Nicky, I need to do an ID
challenge first. Code in:
"Sparrow."

Vosen looks at the screen to check her response...

NICKY
Response: "Everest".

VOSEN
Nicky, this is Noah Vosen. How
long have you been on site?

NICKY (V.O.)
I just walked in.

VOSEN
We have two officers on site.
Are you in contact with them?

NICKY (V.O.)
They're down. Unconscious, but
alive.

VOSEN
Is there any sign of Daniels?

NICKY (V.O.)
No.

LANDY
Nicky, this is Pam Landy. We
have reason to believe there is a
connection between Neal Daniels
and Jason Bourne.

NICKY (V.O.)
Bourne, are you still looking for
Bourne? I thought the case was
closed.

LANDY
No, some people are convinced
he's still a threat. I disagree
but to find out I need to talk to
him.

VOSEN seething because LANDY has interrupted him...

VOSEN
Hold on Nicky.

Vosen hits the mute button.

VOSEN
What are you doing? You know
Bourne's probably listening.

Landy doesn't answer. Vosen to Wills:

VOSEN
How long till back up arrives.

Wills holds up three fingers. Vosen unmutes.

VOSEN (CONT'D)
(into microphone again)
Listen, Nicky. I want you to
stay put and secure the premises.
It could be an hour until another
team arrives.

LANDY piercing VOSEN with a look...

138 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT 138

BOURNE continues to hold the gun in her face -- NICKY is very calm considering the predicament she is in.

NICKY
Okay.

DIAL TONE as the line gets closed at the other end.

NICKY
They know you're here.

BOURNE
How long do I have?

NICKY
Three minutes...

138A EXT. NIGHT. MADRID STREET 138A

FLASH: TWO SEDANS squeal around a corner. CRI reinforcements.

138AA INT. NIGHT. CRI SEDAN -- MADRID STREET 138AA

DELTA DUDE
2 minutes to safehouse.

138B INT. NIGHT. MADRID SAFEHOUSE 138B

NICKY
My car's outside. I know where
Daniels is.

BOURNE lowers his gun, grabs the phone and dials "1-1-2"

SPANISH OPERATOR (SUBTITLE)
*Emergency operator. Where is
 your emergency?*

BOURNE answers her in perfect Spanish with a perfect Madrid accent, but worked up, like a civilian would be...

BOURNE (SUBTITLE)
*334 Calle Norte. I hear gunfire.
 And men shouting. I think
 they're Americans --*

BOURNE pushes the phone off the desk -- fires four shots into the ceiling -- calmly moves Nicky towards the back door...

127H INT. HUB

127H

VOSEN
 You "disagree" he's a threat? He just took out two more of my men. Not to mention his ultimatum to Ellatrache?

LANDY
 The only way this has a happy ending, Noah, is if we find a way to bring Bourne in voluntarily.

VOSEN
 He wants revenge, Pam. The only realistic way to deal with this is to eliminate the threat.

139 INT. NIGHT. BACKSTAIRS

139

BOURNE and NICKY rapidly descend.

BOURNE
 Okay, where is Daniels headed?

NICKY
 8 o'clock this morning, he wired \$100,000. to a numbered bank account in Tangier.

BOURNE
 Okay, Tangier is about 300 miles away, we can make the morning ferry.

NICKY
 And then what?

139A EXT. NIGHT -- MADRID SAFEHOUSE STREET 139A

Bourne and Nicky exit on to the street. Suddenly they hear tires squealing nearby.

NICKY
They're coming.

They continue to walk down the street towards Nicky's car.

127H INT. HUB 127H

Vosen and Landy are watching this live.

As they cross the street two MADRID POLICE CARS come around the corner the wrong way and screech to a stop.

Vosen reacts...

139A EXT. MADRID -- NIGHT 139A

Four cops jump out and take aim at the AGENTS.

SPANISH POLICE
Manos Arriba! Manos Arriba!

More sirens closing in. A third police car appears. Then a fourth...

127H INT. HUB 127H

Vosen can't believe it--

139A EXT. MADRID -- NIGHT 139A

The agents drop their guns and surrender.

BOURNE and NICKY continue around a corner -- they get in her VW GOLF and drive away...

127H INT. HUB 127H

Vosen stares at Landy. A beat, then she walks out.

VOSEN
Issue a standing kill order on
Jason Bourne, effective
immediately.

139AB OMITTED 139AB

139B-C INT. NIGHT -- VOSEN'S OFFICE -- CRI

139B-C

VOSEN on the phone.

VOSEN
We lost Bourne.

KRAMER
You still think he's after
Daniels?

VOSEN
Yeah. Nicky's just the means.
But if we find Daniels, we'll
find Bourne.

KRAMER
Daniels knows way too much.
Daniels knows everything. We
can't let them meet.

VOSEN
I'll take care of it.

KRAMER
Good.
(beat)
And fill Hirsch in. Just in
case.

R145 INT. NIGHT. TRUCK STOP -- SPAIN

R145

BOURNE and NICKY sit over coffee. A long silence...then:

NICKY
What are you after, Jason? Why
are you looking for Daniels?

BOURNE
Do you know who this is?

Bourne puts the photo of Daniels and Hirsch on the table
between them. She looks at the photo, points.

NICKY
That's Daniels.
(points at Hirsch)
I don't know who that is.

BOURNE
I have to get back to the
beginning...or I'll never be free
of this.

NICKY
Who is he?

BOURNE
 I think he started Treadstone. I
 remember meeting him. I
 remember the first day...
 (beat)
 Daniels brought me to him.

Nicky looks back at him....not sure what to say.

NICKY
 What happened?

BOURNE
 An initiation...I guess...

FB3B FLASHBACK

FB3B

*QUICK FLASH: Bourne, head in sack, is held underwater,
 struggling desperately for breath--*

R145 INT. NIGHT. TRUCK STOP -- SPAIN

R145

Bourne comes out of the flashback. Nicky is looking at
 him....

NICKY
 Jason...that wasn't some one-off
 initiation. Daniels said they
 did that to you over and over
 again. That's how they...

She doesn't finish. And Bourne doesn't ask her to. Just
 a long pause.

BOURNE
 Why are you helping me?

NICKY
 It was difficult for me...with
 you.

BOURNE looks up. Another long pause...

NICKY (CONT'D)
 You really don't remember
 anything?

BOURNE
 No.

NICKY'S face.

Two SPANISH COPS enter the cafe.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
 We should move.

They get up and leave...

145A INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

145A

Vosen goes to his safe.

VOSEN
(to voiceprint mic)
Noah Vosen.

Then he puts his thumb into a print reader. The safe door pops open. He pulls out a file marked "Top Secret."

145B INT. DAY. LANDY'S OFFICE -- CRI

145B

CRONIN makes his way down the hallway.

LANDY works at her desk. CRONIN enters...

CRONIN
They tracked Daniels' passport to a hotel in Tangier. They're holding up a bank transfer he made to keep him in place while they move an asset in from Casablanca.

Off LANDY. This just keeps getting worse...

145C INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE

145C

Landy enters without knocking.

LANDY
Since when do you have authorization for lethal action against Daniels?

VOSEN
Since he cleaned out a Blackbriar safe and fled to Morocco!

LANDY
So grab him--

VOSEN
I don't have the people on the ground to do that and I'm not going to risk that file falling into the wrong hands.

LANDY
What's going on? What's Daniels got?

VOSEN

What's he got? He ran all of Blackbriar's operations in Southern Europe and North Africa.

LANDY

I think the world's well aware we have a rendition and lethal action capability at this point, Noah.

VOSEN

For Christ's sake, Pam, he's got our entire playbook. Names, dates, ghost sites, how we train our assets.....

LANDY

You still don't have the authority to kill him.

VOSEN

Oh, yes I do, Pam.

Vosen holds up the file we saw him pull out of his safe. It is labeled "Blackbriar: Lethal Action Protocol."

VOSEN

That's what makes us special. No red tape. No more getting badguys in our sights and then watching them escape while we wait for some bureaucrat to issue the order.

Landy opens up the file. Sees the words "instantaneous lethal action is authorized when..."

LANDY

You just decide? No oversight. No checks and balances.

VOSEN

Come on, Pam, you've seen the raw intel. You know how real the threat is. We can't afford to have our hands tied like that anymore.

148

EXT. DAY. FERRY -- ESTABLISHING

148

BOURNE and NICKY ride the ferry from Gibraltar to Morocco...

150	EXT. DAY. TANGIER HARBOR	150
	They arrive and pass through CUSTOMS...	
150A	EXT. DAY. TANGIER	150A
	DANIELS drives...	
148H	OMITTED	148H
148A	EXT. DAY. TANGIER	148A
	DESH arrives, grabs a TAXI...	
148B	INT. DAY. PENSIONE -- TANGIER	148B
	BOURNE and NICKY enter a shabby room. Turn on the fluorescent lights...	
	BOURNE tosses his BACKPACK on the bed...	
	NICKY plugs her LAPTOP into the USB port...	
	ON THE SCREEN, as NICKY hacks into the system...	
	BLACKBRIAR...	
148C	OMITTED	148C
148CA	INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY	148CA
	Landy on the phone.	
	<p style="text-align: center;">LANDY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">It's Pamela Landy for him.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Would you tell him it's urgent?</p>	
148CB	INT. KRAMER'S OFFICE -- DAY	148CB
	The phone buzzes. Kramer picks it up.	
	<p style="text-align: center;">ASSISTANT (PHONE V.O.)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">It's Pam Landy. She says it's urgent.</p>	
	On Kramer...the wheels turning....	
	<p style="text-align: center;">KRAMER</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Tell her I'm unreachable.</p>	
	Kramer hangs up.	

148CA INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY 148CA

Landy receives the news.... The wheels turning in her head.... She hangs up. A pensive moment, then she gets up and heads for--

148H INT. DAY -- CRI HUB 148H

LANDY AND CRONIN enter the hub--

VOSEN is in the middle of giving the kill order.

VOSEN

Give me the subject's location.

TECHNICIAN #2

Subject is currently on foot and now entering Hotel Velazquez. 45 Route Commerce, Tangier.

VOSEN

Get an elevation and a floor plan, tic-tac-toe. Locate the room. Give the asset Daniels's location and the route between Daniel's hotel and the bank.

149B INT. TAXI 149B

DESH looks down at his beeping cellphone. It has a MAP on the screen.

149C INT. HOTEL 149C

Nicky at her computer.

SHE LOGS IN WITH HER USER I.D.

Bourne looks on.

TIGHT ON MONITOR: 3-D IMAGE OF HOTEL WITH DANIEL'S ICON PINPOINTED

148H INT. HUB 148H

Vosen and Wills. Landy still pacing

VOSEN

Do we have that room yet?

TECH 2(ARKI)

Yes sir Room 117.

VOSEN
Get the hotel's trunk line. Run
all calls through here with an
iso on 117

TIGHT ON COMPUTER MONITOR: DESH'S ICON STOPS MOVING.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP ON TECH

TECH
Sir, the asset is acquiring the
materials.

154 INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE. DAY 154

DESH opens a lock-up and goes in. He comes out with a
scooter and drives off.

149C INT. HOTEL 149C

Nicky types on computer. Enters search parameter: NEAL
DANIELS. ACCESS DENIED.

NICKY
His location's being blocked.

BOURNE
Now they found Daniels, do you
know where he is?

NICKY
They'll get one of the operatives
to terminate him.

BOURNE
Find out who.

154 INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE. DAY 154

Desh works on a bomb.

NICKY (O.C.)
Desh.

149C INT. HOTEL 149C

DESH BOUKSANI's profile.

BOURNE
Tell him you're going to meet him
and that you have a new phone for
him.

NICKY

If you stop Desh they'll just get
someone else.

BOURNE

We're not going to stop him.
We're going to follow him. He'll
take us right to Daniels.

154 INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE. DAY 154

CU DESH (AND INSERT PHONE) HE RECEIVES NEW ROUTING
INFORMATION FROM NICKY.

"Meet me Tangier Cafe Paris"

The bomb is finished on the Work table.

154 EXT. LOCK-UP GARAGE. DAY 154

Desh takes the scooter out.

154 EXT. TANGIER ESTABLISHING 154

155 EXT. STREET. 155

Bourne and Nicky walk.

Desh rides his scooter.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: DESH'S ICON TURNS OFF COURSE.

148H INT. HUB 148H

TECH (LUCY)

Sir, the asset is deviating.

VOSEN

Find out why.

157 EXT. ACROSS FROM CAFE DE PARIS. DAY 157

BOURNE, recalculating. Looking around him.

A scooter is pulling up and the driver walks toward BOURNE.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: DESH'S ICON IS NOW STATIONARY

148H INT. HUB

148H

TECH (LUCY)
Asset unscheduled stop.

159 EXT. CAFE DE PARIS

159

NICKY SITS, Desh walks up and snatches the phone off of the table.

A scooter is pulling up and the driver walks toward BOURNE. He brushes past him, taking the key.

Keeping DESH in sight as he returns to his Vespa and pulls out in to traffic.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: DESH'S ICON IS MOVING AGAIN

TECH
Sir, the asset is on the move, in route to subject.

148H INT. HUB - DAY

148H

TECH #1
Sir, the asset is back on course.

VOSEN looks up.

WILLS
Sir, we have an unauthorized breach. Someone with active system knowledge has penetrated out protocols. Information was passed to the asset at 14.11.
(beat)
The trace is confirmed and valid. It comes from a computer belonging to Nicky Parsons.

VOSEN looks over at Landy....his wheels turning. A series of cuts between them.

VOSEN
Where did the course deviation occur?

TECH (LUCY)
South to Rue Belgique.
Stationery at Place de France.

VOSEN
That's where Parson's is.

He pauses, deciding what course to take. Landy watches.

VOSEN

When we're finished with Daniels
send the asset after her. We
find Parsons, we find Bourne.

LANDY (OVERLAPPING)

(going to Vosen, firm)
Noah, what are you doing?

VOSEN

Not now.

LANDY

Now. I want to know what's going
on.

VOSEN

Not now.

LANDY

I'm asking on what basis you're
continuing this operation.

VOSEN

On the basis that Nicky Parsons
has compromised a covert
operation. She is up to her neck
in it.

LANDY

This is about Daniels, not Nicky!

VOSEN

She has betrayed us!

LANDY

You don't know the circumstances!

VOSEN

She's in league with Jason Bourne
for Chrissake!

LANDY

You don't have the authority to
kill her or Bourne!

VOSEN

Yes, I do Pam, it's right here
and it's legal.

VOSEN slams a document on the desk. INSERT SHOT:
"Blackbriar: Lethal Action Protocol."

LANDY

She's one of our own. You start
down this path...where does it
end?!

VOSEN
It ends when we've won.

LANDY turns and storms out...

VOSEN
Notify the asset of the
additional target.

BRYAN
Yes, sir.

BRYAN codes in a kill order on NICKY...

164A EXT. DAY. TANGIER 164A

As he rides his VESPA, DESH receives additional target
information..Pictures of BOURNE and NICKY.

DESH glances in his rearview mirror -- spots BOURNE.

148H INT. DAY. HUB -- MEDIUM CLOSE UP: 148H

VOSEN
Have the bank release the funds.

A TECH calls DANIELS.

167 INT. DAY. VELASQUEZ HOTEL 167

DANIELS answers phone.

BANK OFFICER (FRENCH, SUBTITLED)
Mr. Daniels, Bank of Tangier.
Your funds are now available.

Daniels leaves.

168 EXT. DAY. TANGIER STREET 168

DESH parks the motorbike and walks around the corner,
BOURNE follows.

DANIELS' car coming down the street. BOURNE stops and sees
the car -- realizes the danger.

BOURNE turns back to see DESH with the detonator in his
hand.

BOURNE locks eyes with DESH. Before BOURNE can react --
DESH detonates.

BOOM! DANIELS is DEAD.

BOURNE is thrown across the street by the blast. He lays
MOTIONLESS.

DESH POV. He looks back to see BOURNE not moving, lying in
the street.

DESH gets on his motorbike and heads off to kill NICKY.

EXT. PETIT SOCCO -- CONTINUOUS

NICKY still at that café waiting. Taking out her phone-
puzzled.

She answers. Looking around.

NICKY

Code in?

(no reply)

Code in?

Nothing. Just the noise of traffic.

EXT. VESPA TRAVELLING

DESH on the move towards Petit Socco. On the cell - making
that 'silent call'.

EXT. AVENUE D'ESPAGNE -- THAT MOMENT

BOURNE'S too late- hearing the 'line busy' tone. Knows this
tactic.

And those POLICEMEN are getting closer.

INT. NEW YORK HUB -- ENCRYPED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Frenzied teching. A screen comes alive.

TECHY

We have a trace.

TECHY 2

Target heading north. Rue des
Chretiens. Intercept ETA six
minutes.

VOSEN

Okay, that's it. Bar her cell.
Tie it off.

EXT. RUE D'ESPAGNE -- CONTINUOUS

DESH is disappearing from view.

And the POLICEMEN are surrounding BOURNE. Demanding to see his papers. *

BOURNE speaking in Spanish - fishing for his papers. Looking back up the street. Forming a plan. Checking his watch. *

More POLICE arriving now. *

And DESH has disappeared out of sight. *

No time for this. *

BOURNE breaks away. Through the crowds into the traffic. Police whistles- shouting. Confusion. *

The chase is on. *

Three policemen turning into his path. No choice. BOURNE taking them down. Sprinting out across the road. *

A KID and his moped. Caught up in the police dragnet. BOURNE leaping on the bike - kick-starting it. *

Away into traffic as two squad cars turn and make chase. *

BOURNE weaving through traffic. One hand on the bike the other on the cell, desperately trying to call NICKY. *

But now, at least he's got a dial tone. *

EXT. PETIT SOCCO -- CONTINUOUS *

NICKY grabbing the cell. Answering. *

NICKY
Bourne? *

BOURNE
Nicky? Listen to me. You need
to - *

The line goes dead. Looking at the screen - 'SERVICE DENIED' *

Really spooked now- looking around. Time to move. *

Dismantling the phone instinctively - scattering it's components. *

She starts to make her way out of the square. *

EXT. STREETS -- CONTINUOUS *

DESH through the streets-getting closer - heading towards the PETIT SOCCO. *

EXT. MOPED TRAVELLING *

BOURNE picking up the pace. Three more police cars out of a side road just missing him. *

BOURNE choosing his exit. *

Up ahead- a narrow alleyway - taking it. *

The squad cars crunching to a halt, behind him. *

EXT. PETIT SOCCO -- CONTINUOUS *

DESH crossing the SQUARE weaving through a sea of push bikes. *

Parking his Vespa at the corner of RUE DES CHRETIENS. *

Travelling on foot. *

EXT. RUE DE CHRETIENS -- CONTINUOUS *

NICKY - trying to keep calm. Checking each alley. Moving on. *

EXT. PETIT SOCCO -- CONTINUOUS *

BOURNE arriving - seeing NICKY has left. Seeing DESH'S Vespa parked up. *

More police - on foot now. *

BOURNE parking up. Seeing the crowded streets. Looking up to the rooftops. He needs to get higher. *

Starts running up steps. *

INT./EXT. RIAD/ROOFTOPS -- CONTINUOUS *

BOURNE into a riad. Through a courtyard - up more stairs - up a ladder. Out onto the rooftops. Scanning the skyline. A beat. Has he misjudged? *

No, there in the distance at the top of a narrow street- NICKY walking slowly and behind DESH. Moving quickly. *

BOURNE tailing him - trying to close the gap. Dipping down through another riad - through an alley. Up more stairs. Back up onto another roof. He's gained a few metres on DESH. *

Desh goes up to the rooftops now. Bourne has him in sight - *
 DESH is prepping his gun with a silencer. *

DESH speeding up. BOURNE sees NICKY down below amongst the *
 crowds. In Desh's sights. *

BOURNE knows he has to gain more ground. *

CABLE CAM shot - Two trained assassins leaping across the *
 narrow streets - silently effortlessly -- the cops down *
 below searching the alleyways, oblivious to the chase *
 unfolding above them. *

BOURNE nearly on terms with him - then -- *

DESH dipping down again into the street below. Avoiding *
 the police -- he melts into the crowds. *

STEADYCAM SHOT - following BOURNE as he heads downstairs. *
 More stairs. Through a corridor then a courtyard - *
 bursting out of a door into the street - *

A police checkpoint. Right in his path. Bourne forced to *
 dog leg and take another route. *

BOURNE'S lost him- for the moment. *

EXT. RUE DE CHRETIENS -- CONTINUOUS *

NICKY - walking fast up the Rue des Chretiens. Wondering *
 why there are so many police around. *

Suddenly stopping - seeing DESH - knows instantly that he *
 is coming for her. *

Now we see NICKY'S skills. Has to think on her fee t- *
 TREADSTONE MINDSET -- *

Checking the alleyways. Slipping out of sight. *

NICKY looking to the rooftops -- taking the advantage. Up *
 some steps -- into a riad. *

Desh tracking her. *

EXT. RUE DE CHRETIENS -- CONTINUOUS *

BOURNE seeing Desh again - further up the street. Heading *
 in that direction. *

INT. RIAD -- CONTINUOUS *

NICKY through one hallway - then another. Moving up all *
 the time. *

EXT. RIAD -- CONTINUOUS

DESH arriving at the steps. Looks up to where Nicky is going. Takes the entrance to the next building. Anticipates her next move. Aiming to cut her off.

EXT. RIAD ROOFTOP

NICKY up steps. Out onto the rooftops. Looking for a path across them.

Scrabbling across the roof of this crumbling riad. Knows she can't go back down.

She makes it across to the next building.

Where Desh is...

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

BOURNE up high. Seeing NICKY on that other roof.

He can't get across to her. Moving fast now.

Down steps. Into the riad courtyard.

INT. RIAD

BOURNE entering the hallway.

Moving up the stairs. Towards Nicky.

And towards Desh.

Meanwhile NICKY moving down. Looking out into the courtyard below. The sound of POLICE getting nearer.

BOURNE hearing the POLICE too as he moves up onto a landing.

BOURNE into a main room - something stirring on a couch - a girl and her little sister having a siesta.

In another room two small boys fast asleep. TV playing. One wakes.

A noise on the stairs above. Quickly arranging a mirror - getting line of sight - Bourne dipping into a corner.

It's NICKY.

She gives him a look -- DESH is in here somewhere.

The door goes below them. The noise of Police entering the Riad. *

NICKY signalling to BOURNE - this way. *

They climb narrow stairs to the next floor. *

Down below Police begin searching rooms. Waking the sleeping family. Shouting, crying. Commotion. *

INT./EXT. -- NARROW STAIRWELL *

BOURNE and NICKY creeping up the steps. *

Then - suddenly NICKY spinning round as two silenced bullets speed past her - And DESH bursting out of a landing toilet. *

On to Bourne. *

Full on Treadstone fighting in the narrow stairwell. *

Crashing into a tiny disused lift cage- silent constrained- vicious. *

Downstairs a young POLICEMAN hears the noise- heading for the lift. *

NICKY seeing the handle turn. Thinking quickly. She sends the lift up to the next floor. *

The POLICEMAN stepping back from the door -- directing the other cops out to the courtyard. *

People are spilling out into the atrium. It's pandemonium. *

EXT. ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS *

Bourne and Desh spill out of the elevator and onto the roof. *

BOURNE kicking the gun - spinning across the floor - he and DESH facing each other. *

DESH with BOURNE - straight over the edge. *

DESH still on top - just. *

A brutal exchange. Matching each other's moves like shadows. *

Relentless. Rolling - falling onto another roof level. *

And another. *

The two men tiring now. DESH grabbing for the bag. The pills. BOURNE kicking them away. *

BOURNE has the upper hand now. DESH'S reaction's slowing. No longer the match he was. *

BOURNE drags him to the ground. He's finished. Bourne's won. *

DESH- shivering -- convulsing. *

In the struggle, BOURNE strangles Desh.

194 BOURNE and NICKY hide DESH's body. 194

BOURNE
Alright, we need to be dead. You
need to code that in.

NICKY CODES into DESH'S PDA -- BOTH OBJECTIVES
ACHIEVED...In the CRI HUB the message comes up...VOSEN and
LANDY believe NICKY and BOURNE are both DEAD...

196A INT. DAY. HUB -- CRI -- NEW YORK 196A

The code from DESH remains on screen -- BOTH OBJECTIVES
ACHIEVED -- like an EPITAPH for BOURNE and NICKY...VOSEN
picks his briefcase. Turns to WILLIS.

VOSEN
I want to be sure. Have the
station chief in Rabat confirm
the deaths and do a sub-rosa
check...And keep an eye on
Landy.

Off WILLIS...

197A INT. DAY. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY 197A

Cronin enters.

CRONIN
The hub just got word Bourne and
Nicky are dead.

Landy looks at him.

LANDY
Confirmed?

CRONIN
Not yet.

Landy looks away...thinking. Wheels turning.

LANDY
Get me a copy of Bourne's
personnel file.

195A EXT. DUSK. PENSIONE 195A
Bourne and Nicky enter.

198A INT. DUSK PENSIONE -- WASHROOM -- TANGIER 198A
BOURNE scrubs the blood from his hands. REVEAL Nicky
watching him from the bedroom.

197 INT. DUSK. LANDY'S OFFICE (LONELY LANDY) 197
Landy sits at her desk reviewing files on Treadstone. Open
on her desk we see the file she will be looking at in the
Supremacy phone call.
The way she examines the papers we get the sense she thinks
something is missing, some piece, some file.

198A INT. DUSK. PENSIONE -- WASHROOM 198A
Bourne scrubbing the blood from his hands. Nicky comes in,
touches his shoulder. There's a tenderness to it, a re-
assurance. For a moment it looks like Bourne might
react...but the moment passes....

197 INT. DUSK. LANDY'S OFFICE (LONELY LANDY) 197
Landy opens a new file. Bourne's operations.

198A INT. DUSK. PENSIONE -- WASHROOM 198A
Bourne is toweling off.

BOURNE
I can see all their faces. But I
can't remember any names....

197 INT. DUSK. LANDY'S OFFICE (LONELY LANDY) 197
Landy looks at Bourne's kills. The faces Bourne remembers.
But there names are here, and who they were, why they were
killed.

198AC INT. NIGHT. PENSIONE -- BEDROOM/SITTING ROOM 198AC
Bourne and Nicky sitting together.

BOURNE

I was starting to remember who they were...in India...with Marie.

A beat.

NICKY

It's just going to lead to more killing, Jason. Are you sure you want that?

Bourne takes her words in. But who he is is eating him alive from the inside...

BOURNE

I've killed people and I've tried to apologize for what I've done, for what I am. None of it makes it better...

Another moment passes between them...then:

BOURNE

They're going to come for you again. You are going to have to run now.

She gets up.

198 INT. BATHROOM 198

Nicky dyes her hair BLACK. Starts cutting it shorter.

199 EXT. NIGHT. TANGIER BUS STATION 199

Bourne walks with a now dark-haired Nicky. They exchange looks for a long beat. She turns towards the bus.

BOURNE

It gets easier.

197 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 197

Landy finds a denotation in Bourne's file that he was "recruited to Treadstone by Neal Daniels." Further down the page it says "Bourne was inducted into Treadstone at the Special Research Department facility at 415 E 71st, New York, NY." Then "Facility closed by order of Director, June 2002."

198C INT. TANGIER MORGUE 198C

Bourne looks at the tattered remains of Daniels' body and belongings.

He goes through his briefcase and finds a nearly destroyed piece of paper with "Noah Vosen - Director of Operations - CRI" written on it. Bourne slips the morgue attendant a bribe.

198DA INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

198DA

Vosen is shaving.

WILLS

Station chief in Rabat just called, they found a body. Bourne?

VOSEN

Desh.

198DB INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

198DB

On final approach to JFK. Bourne looks out the window to see the Verizano Narrows bridge. And beyond it, Manhattan. Bourne is coming home.

A202 EXT. NEW YORK

A202

Establishes skyline.

200 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE. DAY

200

CRONIN

Pam, You need to see this.

Landy follows CRONIN into--

201 INT. CRONIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

201

BOURNE'S PASSPORT is displayed on the computer monitor.

CRONIN (CONT'D)

This passport just cleared Immigration at JFK ten minutes ago. It's an early Treadstone identity registered to Jason Bourne but he never used it and it never went to the grid. Bourne's alive.

LANDY

They don't know.

CRONIN

No, if they knew Vosen wouldn't be in his office right now.

202 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL 202

Bourne moves through the airport.

LANDY (O.S.)
It's a hell of a risk.

CRONIN (O.S.)
Yeah. Maybe Bourne wants us to know, just like Naples, maybe he's communicating.

201 INT. CRONIN'S OFFICE 201

CRONIN
Maybe he's trying to communicate with you.

LANDY
Maybe we should communicate back. Because I think I know what Bourne's looking for.

202 SERIES OF SHOTS 202

Bourne over the 59th Street Bridge -- arrives at CRI -- goes into the adjacent building --

202A INT. OFFICE BUILDING ACROSS FROM CRI -- DAY 202A

Bourne uses his monocular to zoom in on a file Vosen is looking at -- he sees the word "Blackbriar." Vosen puts the file back in the safe.

203 INT. DAY. LANDY'S OFFICE -- CRI -- NEW YORK 203

LANDY'S cell phone rings. She answers it.

LANDY
Pamela Landy.

204 INT. UNDEFINED SPACE 204

BOURNE
I hear you're still looking for me.

203 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE 203

LANDY puts down her pencil. CRONIN watches.

LANDY
Bourne?

206 INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE 206

His phone rings. He picks it up.

WILLS (TEL. V.O.)
Get in here! Bourne called
Landy!

Vosen jumps up, sprints toward the hub--

203 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY 203

LANDY
I guess I owe you an apology.

207 INT. HUB -- BACK ROOM 207

Vosen rushes in--

BOURNE (V.O.)
Is that official?

VOSEN (OVERLAPPING)
Are we triangulating?!

LANDY (V.O.)
No. Off the record. You know
how it is.

BACK ROOM TECH (OVERLAPPING)
Trying--

BOURNE (V.O.)
Good-bye.

203 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE 203

LANDY
Wait. Wait.

She opens a file on her desk.

204 INT. UNDEFINED SPACE 204

Bourne listening--

LANDY
David Webb. That's your real
name.

207 INT. HUB -- BACK ROOM 207

VOSEN
Why the hell did she give him
that?

LANDY (V.O.)
You were born 4/15/71 in Nixa,
Missouri.

203 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE 203

LANDY
Why don't you come in, and we'll
talk about it?
(beat)
Bourne?

204 INT. UNDEFINED SPACE 204

BOURNE
Get some rest, Pam.

207 INT. HUB -- BACK ROOM 207

BOURNE (V.O.)
You look tired.

Vosen realizes--

VOSEN
(rushing out)
He's got line of sight on us!

203 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE 203

She spins to look for Bourne--

210 OMITTED 210

207 INT. HUB 207

Vosen moving across the floor.

VOSEN
...This is a national security
emergency. We have an imminent
threat.

212 INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY 212
Landy takes out her gun. Checks it.

207 INT. HUB 207

VOSEN
Jason Bourne is alive and at
large in New York City. We
believe in one thousand yards of
this building. I want an
immediate twelve block lockdown
of the area. Send a FLASH
message to Langley, prep for
local backup assistance.

217 EXT. CRI -- DAY 217
HIGH ANGLE: Landy leaves CRI.

207 INT. HUB -- DAY 207
Wills walks over to Vosen. The look in his eye indicates
that he thinks there's something odd about this:

WILLS
Landy just left the building.
Vosen looks at Wills.... A beat, Vosen's suspicion
building, though he can't quite put his finger on what he
suspects...

VOSEN
Check Landy's phone. Is she
using it?

217B EXT. NYC STREETS -- DAY 217B
Landy receives a text message.

207 INT. HUB -- DAY 207
Vosen leans in to the Hub's back monitoring room.

VOSEN
Nothing? No calls since Bourne--
?

BACK ROOM TECH
Wait a minute. Wait. She just
got a text.

219 EXT. NYC STREETS -- DAY 219

Landy heads for someplace -- now with purpose.

217A INT. DAY. CRI HUB 217A

VOSEN confers with WILLS.

VOSEN
What the hell do you mean we
can't read it?

TECH
Working on it--

VOSEN
(frustrated)
How do you know a text came if
you can't read it--
(to Wills)
Are we on Landy?

TECH
Six men. More on the way.

VOSEN
I want that goddamn text. We
need to get out in front of her!

TECH
Seconds...

VOSEN paces anxiously.

TECH (CONT'D)
Got it!

TECH points at big screen: "Tudor City Pl & 42nd. Ten
minutes. Come alone. Come on foot."

VOSEN
Surround it. Anyone not on Landy
goes to Tudor City. Now!
(to Wills)
Get the trucks. We're going
mobile.

218A OMITTED 218A

219 EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY 219

LANDY walks east toward Tudor City. She looks around her
for any signs of surveillance but finds nothing out of the
ordinary.

221 EXT. CRI BUILDING -- DAY 221

Vosen and AGENTS come running out of the front door. Others leave through a side entrance. They jump in sedans.

221A OMITTED 221A

223 EXT. STREET. 223

Landy still being trailed by foot.

222A INT. VOSEN'S SUV 222A

Vosen and agents race to Tudor city. An electronic map on the dash.

AGENT 3
Copy, we're going to take a left at 41st. One block, settle at the corner.

VOSEN
Get the map up.

AGENT 4
It's a bad place to pick, it's too exposed.

VOSEN
He wouldn't have chosen it if he didn't have a reason.

223 EXT. MANHATTAN 223

LANDY walks east through the crowded streets.

224 EXT. MANHATTAN 224

BOURNE walks down the street, enters a building.

225 OMITTED 225

225A EXT. TUDOR CITY ROOFTOP 225A

Spotter on a rooftop.

226 EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY 226

LANDY is on the east side now, walking toward Tudor City. An agents trails her on foot. Another parallels her from across the street.

227 EXT. TUTOR CITY OUTSKIRTS 227

SERIES OF SHOTS: CRI cars arrive, careful to stay several blocks from the meet site. They jump out and try to set up surreptitious surveillance posts.

AGENT 3 (V.O.)
Okay folks here we go, box at two hundred meters. Let's lock it down.

226A INT. STAIRWAY 226A

Bourne climbs stairs.

226 EXT. TUDOR CITY 226

Landy walks, agents are everywhere looking for her. Vosen is still in car.

226B INT. VOSEN'S SUV 226B

VOSEN
As soon as you have eyes on Landy, I want to know.

226 EXT. TUTOR CITY 226

She becomes clear to AGENT 3.

AGENT 3
Okay, here we go.

226A INT. STAIRWAY 226A

Bourne climbs stairs. Walks down a dank hallway.

229 INT. VOSEN'S SUV 229

VOSEN
Copy that, I see her.

Landy stands on a corner waiting for Bourne.

VOSEN (CONT'D)
Any sign of Bourne?

229A INT. AMBIGUOUS SPACE 229A

TIGHT SHOT on Bourne's face. FAST TILT to TIGHT ON his hands, pulling up what seems like a piece of clear tape. We can't tell where we are or what he's doing.

230 EXT. TUDOR CITY 230

Landy looks around.

229A INT. AMBIGUOUS SPACE 229A

TIGHT ON Bourne's hands placing the clear tape on a piece of clear plastic. Again we can't tell what's going on.

231 EXT. TUTOR CITY 231

Agents watch Landy.

232 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 232

Vosen's cell phone rings.

VOSEN
Noah Vosen.

BOURNE (V.O.)
This is Jason Bourne.

VOSEN reels for a beat. Then quickly scans the streets, trying to see if he can spot BOURNE.

VOSEN
How did you get this number?

BOURNE (V.O.)
You didn't actually think I was coming to Tudor City, did you?

VOSEN
No, I guess not. But if it's me you want to talk to maybe we can arrange a meet.

BOURNE (V.O.)
Where are you right now?

VOSEN
In my office.

BOURNE (V.O.)
I doubt that. If you were in
your office--

233 INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY 233

REVEAL that BOURNE is inside VOSEN'S office.

BOURNE
We'd be having this conversation
face-to-face.

BOURNE hangs up. Puts a portable dictaphone up to VOSEN'S
SAFE and his play:

VOSEN (TAPE V.O.)
Noah Vosen.

As he places the plastic slide we saw in the ECUs into the
fingerprint reader. The safe pops open--

234 INT. DAY. VOSEN SUV 234

VOSEN stunned.... Is it possible? Is it a trick?

233 INT. DAY. VOSEN'S OFFICE 233

From the safe, BOURNE scoops out the "TREADSTONE:
Blackbriar" folder Bourne saw Vosen putting into his safe."

He flips it open. He scans down the page. His eye
stopping at the words "US Citizen."

He flips to another page -- another photo, and again "US
Citizen."

BOURNE shoves the folders in his backpack and leaves.

234 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 234

VOSEN
This is a code ten abort, I want
everybody back in the vehicles
this is a code ten abort! Back to
the vehicles immediately, back to
CRI immediately.

237 OMITTED 237

237B INT. SERVICE STAIRS 237B

Bourne rushes down with his back pack.

237C INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE 237C

Wills grabs the phone and hits a speed-dial:

WILLS
Bourne got into your safe!

239 EXT. MANHATTAN 239

Bourne onto the street with back pack.

234 OMITTED 234

238 EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY 238

SERIES OF SHOTS -- VOSEN'S SUV races, lights and sirens, across town. 2) Other CRI cars race back across town.

239 EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY 239

BOURNE walks out of a building, backpack over his shoulder. CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UP...

BOURNE walks around a corner near CRI. He hears a siren turn on a few blocks away. Then another. He starts to run.

240 INT. CRONIN'S CAR -- DAY 240

A SEDAN pulls to a stop as a door comes open. CRONIN'S inside. REVEAL Landy on the sidewalk. She jumps in.

LANDY
What just happened?

CRONIN
Bourne got into Vosen's safe.

LANDY
What?!

Cronin pulls out.

CRONIN
Where to?

LANDY
415 East 71st Street.

Cronin puts it together.

CRONIN
4.15.71... Jesus, Pam.

240A EXT. MIDTOWN WEST -- DAY 240A

BOURNE walking away from CRI.

Agents leaving a building. Getting into unmarked sedans and peeling out.

240AA INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 240AA

As Vosen races across town.

VOSEN
...I want the entire building searched. Every room. Every hallway. Every closet. Every goddam airduct. Do you understand? I want him found!

240B INT. CRI CAR -- DAY 240B

The passenger side agent sees BOURNE, points--

BOURNE cuts to the south side of the road so the passenger-side agent doesn't have a shot, while controlling the car makes it almost impossible for the driver to fire accurately.

240C EXT. 41 STREET -- DAY 240C

The westbound car cuts sharply and drives up on the sidewalk. But Bourne is too fast. He's already past them. The passenger side agent jumps out. But he's still got to get around the door and then move a few steps to get a bead over the hood of his car on Bourne.

The other CRI car races the wrong way on the street but gets immobilized and trapped by the onrushing tunnel traffic.

242A INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 242A

Vosen and Wills race West on 41st.

242B SERIES OF SHOTS 242B

CRI cars close in -- on 42nd, on 39th, on 10th Ave.

242C EXT. MIDTOWN WEST -- DAY 242C

Bourne races through the tunnel traffic and onto 40th street. He rushes east toward the spaghetti of concrete ramps leading into and out of Port Authority.

He runs across 10th Avenue as a third CRI car screams up the street at him.

243 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 243

Several radios blare.

CRI AGENT (RADIO V.O.)
He's heading for Port Authority!
Subject up the ramp, eastbound
into Port Authority.

VOSEN
(to Tac Team Leader)
Lethal force is authorized.

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER
I told-

VOSEN
Tell them again!

258 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY -- DAY 258

Bourne runs up a one lane outgoing ramp.

258A INT. CRI CAR -- DAY 258A

The driver pilots his car up the ramp behind Bourne. He jams the accelerator down. He'll be on top of Bourne -- running him over -- in seconds--

260 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY -- DAY 260

A New Jersey-bound bus exits the complex and heads around the corner of the ramp -- it skids to a stop when it sees Bourne and the CRI car giving chase heading right at the bus.

260A INT. CRI CAR -- DAY 260A

The driver has to skid to a stop to avoid hitting the bus. Bourne slides between the side of the bus and concrete guard rail. The driver calls it in--

261 SERIES OF SHOTS 261

Cops and CRI cars close in on Port Authority. One agent jumps out of his car on 8th Avenue and rushes for the stairs.

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Block every exit. I want a full
perimeter on Port Authority--

262 EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT -- PORT AUTHORITY

262

Bourne races up a set of stairs the rooftop parking lot. He surveys every aspect of his environment on the fly (which includes his taking a quick peak over the concrete railing at the east end of the roof.

Next Bourne rushes toward the parked cars. Smashes the window of one to set off its alarm. Then a second and a third, setting off their alarms.

The fourth window Bourne smashes in doesn't set off an alarm. Bourne pulls the door open and climbs in.

Inside the car Bourne reaches under the dash and yanks handful of wires off the steering column and starts to expertly hotwire the car.

263 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

263

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER
(into radio)
Box him in! Box him in!

264 SERIES OF SHOTS

264

Agents race up stairwells. Two CRI cars careen up the ramp to the passenger parking (a separate ramp to the bus ramp we saw Bourne on earlier.) A third CRI car races through the parking level just below the roof and up the circular ramp to the roof.

INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER
(to Vosen)
He's on the roof. He's trapped.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT -- PORT AUTHORITY

Bourne works to hotwire the car.

A CRI car gets to the roof. Two agents come from the elevator lobby. The three car alarms distract them. They search for Bourne, but can't find him at first...

Bourne gets the car engine on - but, given the wonders of modern anti-theft technology his steering wheel is still locked.

A second CRI car arrives.

Bourne slams the car into low gear and backs up at high speed.

He smashes into the car across the aisle from him. With a sharp metallic snap the wheel in Bourne's car is suddenly free, he jams the car into drive pulls out into lane and stops.

Three CRI cars here now. Two head straight for him. A third blocks the exit ramp.

Bourne checks the rearview and sees two more agents pour from the elevator lobby, one carrying the serious firepower of an M-4 (an M-16 variant whose bullets can penetrate metal and concrete). They move into position to get a bead on him.

Bourne assesses. But he doesn't move. The agents swarm toward him. What the hell is he doing? Why is he waiting?

267 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

267

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER

We've got him! He's got nowhere to run!

VOSEN

Take him out!

268 EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT -- PORT AUTHORITY

268

The agents clear their obstructions and drop their barrels toward Bourne--

But before they can get a bead--

Bourne slams the car into reverse again. Petal to the metal in reverse--

The agents open fire.

Bourne ducks the lead slugs ripping through the windshield. But there's no dodging the shower of broken glass.

As Bourne disappears below the dashboard, the CRI agent adjusts his fire into the car's grill.

Virtually blind, Bourne races the hard-pressed vehicle backwards as the agent's fire decimates the car's driveline.

Bourne slips the car into neutral and takes a quick peek behind him.

Steers still speeding but quickly dying car towards a small gap between two parked cars at the edge of the parking structure.

Bourne's car splits the gap between the parked cars, hits the base of a low angled wall that slams the back of his car up and over the wall.

Bourne is pounded as his car jounces onto the wall, a second later the front end seesaws over the top, the sudden angle change exposes for an instant the bottom of Bourne's car, to the shooters.

Several rounds rip through the floorboard and tear past Bourne's head just before his car drops upside down for 25 feet and slams onto a row of parked cars.

The impact rips Bourne from the seat and slams him hard against the roof.

Bourne struggles out of the car, knowing he has only a moment before the armed agents will fire down into his overturned car.

CRI AGENT

Ho-ly shit!

269 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

269

VOSEN

(practically screaming
into his handheld)

He did what?!

270 EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT -- PORT AUTHORITY

270

The CRI agents race to the spot where Bourne's car disappeared over the railing and reflexively fire into Bourne's car but they're too late! Bourne's already out. He disappears from sight under the covered parking structure.

LEAD CRI AGENT

Get down there! Get down!

271 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

271

As it speeds toward the spaghetti of ramps leading in and out of Port Authority -- two blocks away.

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER

Who has eyeball on him?! Who has
eyeball?!

271A EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT -- PORT AUTHORITY 271A

One of the agents scrambles over the edge and starts to climb down. Other agents race for the stairs.

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Don't tell me--

274 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY 274

TACTICAL TEAM LEADER
--you've lost him! Who's on
street level?! Street level
backup?!

Clearly there is no one down there. Bourne's car jump from the roof has completely flat-footed them.

VOSEN
(to Wills)
Get NYPD backup! And FBI, DEA,
any other federal assets we can
draft!

A274A OMITTED A274A

274A INT/EXT. CIRCULAR RAMP 274A

Two CRI cars race down from the roof to try to get to the level Bourne's on.

275 INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- TWO LEVELS BELOW ROOFTOP 275

Bourne cuts off a guy cruising for a parking space and pulls him from his car and races away as the agent from the roof lands hard behind him.

Bourne's race to the exit is cut off as a 3rd CRI sedan slides into view and it's occupants open fire on Bourne in a head on charge.

The just stolen vehicle takes heavy fire as Bourne reacts instantaneously; thumbing on the cruise control, shouldering his door open, and slamming the gas pedal to the floor as he dives out of the car.

The agents react as Bourne's sedan torpedoes them head on. Hit hard they're taken out of the fight as metal collapses, glass shatters, and airbags explode.

Bourne tumbles to a stop at the rear of a parked car as his car implodes against the oncoming agents.

Instantly Bourne is on his feet, moving between the parked cars to engage another CRI sedan traveling parallel to the course of the wrecked one.

The agents in this sedan are distracted by the still echoing crash and are caught off-guard as Bourne steps out and points his gun at the driver.

The driver ducks and floors his gas pedal in a desperate effort to save his own life. As the sedan suddenly accelerates, Bourne deliberately shifts his aim to the sedan's front tire and fires.

The tire explodes and the car suddenly veers left and slams into a parked car, pitching the driver violently against the unyielding interior of the sedan.

An instant later Bourne rips the radio off the dazed drivers belt just before he cold cocks him with it.

With the wreck still echoing through the garage Bourne has to deal with the arrival of the first NYPD sedan.

Bourne takes on the persona of an alarmed witness as the on edge cop climbs out of his car but Bourne's performance is cut short as the agent running from his drop from the roof, arrives and opens fire.

The police officer goes down in the hail of gunfire as Bourne turns and expertly drops the gunman with a single shot.

The increasing volume of squealing tires alerts Bourne to a new threat, he pulls the officer into some cover and grabs the officer's radio.

BOURNE
10-13. Shots fired. Officer
down. Port Authority parking
lot. Level four.

Bourne rips a piece of his sweater off and ties a makeshift tourniquet for the officer. Then he hands the cop his radio back.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Stay out of sight until one of
your own arrive.

Bourne disappears.

We pick him up as he jumps into the cops car and guns the engine and heads for the exits.

CRI agents are confused for a second -- until they pick up the NYPD car exiting Port Authority on one of the ramps. But that's all the time Bourne needs--

276 OMITTED 276

277 EXT. CROSSTOWN STREET -- DAY 277

Bourne turns on his lights and siren and speeds east, followed closely by a CRI sedan.

As cars yield to Bourne's siren a taxi tries to jump into Bourne's wake but a CRI sedan punches the taxi back to the right. It ricochets off several parked cars before regaining control.

277A OMITTED 277A

280 OMITTED 280

281 EXT. CROSSTOWN STREET -- DAY 281

Bourne struggles to keep his over-matched vehicle ahead of the more powerful CRI Sedan which tries to spin Bourne out by hitting his bumper.

Bourne tacks right quickly and barely avoids a stopped car. The CRI sedan flanking Bourne's slams into the rear of that car, spinning it 180 degrees into the path of the trailing CRI sedan which destroys itself in the resulting collision and blocks the path of the other CRI sedan.

282 INT. BOURNE'S CAR -- DAY 282

Bourne is home free. He looks around and spots a sign that indicates a right turn and says "To Holland Tunnel / US 95." Bourne turns right--

Suddenly the window next to his head explodes as two more shots rip through his door to tear a jagged wound into the top of Bourne's leg.

REVEAL Paz, his SUV racing along the curb lane. As Bourne's car crosses in front of a small car stopped at the intersection Paz swerves his car into that car and punches it into the side of Bourne's car.

Bourne's car is knocked spinning, Paz keeps charging forward and slams into the back of Bourne's car. With his front tires spinning wildly Bourne fights to straighten his car as another CRI sedan appears and tries to box Bourne's car by sliding into his path.

283 OMITTED 283

284 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET -- DAY

284

Bourne just manages to punch his car into the right rear of the CRI Sedan and race down the Avenue with Paz and the slightly damaged sedan in pursuit.

Paz gains on him and Bourne is forced to swerve violently to deny Paz the kill shot he is all too capable of.

Just ahead of Bourne, two government SUVs slide into the intersection completely blocking his path.

Bourne instantly spins his car 180 degrees and continues on, barreling into the roadblock backwards.

As Bourne's car plows through the SUV's he whips the wheel and his car spins through a reverse 180 as Paz and the other sedan race through the wreckage in Bourne's wake.

Paz and the CRI sedan are all over Bourne as he slides a right hand turn onto South St. as Paz and the CRI sedan overwhelm Bourne's battered vehicle.

284A OMITTED

284A

287 INT. BOURNE'S CAR -- DAY

287

On his police radio, Bourne singles out an NYPD officer (call sign Alpha-2503) racing toward the intersection just ahead.

Bourne slows, then speeds up quickly to time it right:

The CRI car almost hits his bumper, then has to accelerate through the upcoming intersection. As he does, the cop car Bourne was listening to on the radio slams broadside into the CRI sedan drafting the bumper of the mangled cop car.

Swerving wildly Paz avoids the pileup and slams his heavy SUV into the back of Bourne's car, pushing him into the oncoming traffic.

Several cars swerve left and right as Paz pushes Bourne sideways onto the ramped end of a K-Rail dividing the street ahead.

The nearly upended car grinds down the K-Rail until the rear of Bourne's car strikes an obstruction which punches it back into the lane as it slams against the front of Paz's SUV, knocking the SUV sideways, into a row of parked cars.

Bourne's car hits parked cars on the other side of the road.

SMOKE and STEAM -- SIRENS -- CHAOS

BOURNE kicks the window out of the police car. Gun up...
Ready--

NEARBY

287A PAZ in the car. Still. Bloody from the crash, really 287A
fucked up. He comes to...and Bourne is there. Gun pointed
at his head...

The two assassins look at each other...then Bourne lowers
his gun...and disappears...

ON PAZ -- as the wheels start to turn...

287B INT. HUB

287B

WILLS

The asset lost Bourne. We lost
him.

Vosen reacts--

289 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE -- LATE AFTERNOON

289

Bourne exits from the subway. Bourne walks north.

A288A INT. HUB

A288A

Wills pacing... Bourne's profile is up on Screen 2. It
says "David Webb (AKA Jason Bourne)" on the profile. A
tech comes to Wills.

TECH

Sir, this may be nothing but,
look at Bourne's birthday.

Wills looks at the profile. Bourne's birthdate is listed
as 9/13/70.

WILLS

What about it?

TECH

Well, Landy told Bourne his
birthday was 4/15/71 so...

Wills gets it instantly.

WILLS

Everything stops.

(to the room now)

EVERYTHING STOPS! LISTEN UP!

(they're listening)

New assignment. Numbers. Four.

(MORE)

WILLS (cont'd)
Fifteen. Seventy-one. What do
they mean?

Wills grabs his headset--

288A EXT. CRASH SITE -- DAY

288A

A CRI agent approaches Vosen.

CRI AGENT
Landy gave Bourne a false
birthday. Wills thinks it's a
code.

It sinks in for Vosen...oh...shit...

289 EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE -- DAY

289

BOURNE emerges into the crowded street, headed uptown.

289A INT. HUB

289A

Wills watches the techs work.

TECH #3
-- if you plug them in as
variants of latitude and
longitude you get Cameroon --
Peru -- Colombia --

TECH #2
-- San Francisco's got a four-one-
five area code --

TECH #1
-- 41571 is the zip code for
Varney, Kentucky --

TECH #4
-- there's no 415 West 71st
Street, but there is a 415 *East*
71st --

TECH #1
-- if it's a substitution code,
we're way short on variables,
which I --
(no chance to finish as--
)

WILLS
--hang on -- wait -- Seventy
First Street? Like what? Like
York and First?

TECH #4
That's correct.

Wills like he's been hit. Like hard. As we cut to --

289B INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- DAY

289B

They race uptown.

WILLS
She gave him the facility. She
gave him--

VOSEN
(into cell phone)
I know.
(to driver)
Go! Go! Drive!
(into cell phone)
We're already on our way. Turn
the teams around. Bring them in
behind me.

291 OMITTED

291

292 OMITTED

292

303 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- LATE AFTERNOON

303

Vosen steely eyed as they race uptown. He dials a number--

304 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE -- LATE AFTERNOON

304

Bourne reaches 71st street and 2nd Ave. He looks up at the
sign...

306 INT. HIRSCH'S OFFICE (NEW BUILDING OF HOSPITAL) -- LATE 306
AFTERNOON

Hirsch's office is located in the SRD's "front office",
which is located covertly on a floor of the new building of
the hospital. He is the longtime head of SRD and a
powerful behind-the-scenes official at CIA.

THE CAMERA FINDS

DR. HIRSCH, 70, is, put simply, not a man to be trifled
with. He's a 45 year CIA veteran. One of the great brains
in the Agency's history, but also a man who knows how to
wield power silently, invisibly, and to tremendous effect.
His phone buzzes.

DR. HIRSCH (INTO PHONE)
Hello.

306A INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- LATE AFTERNOON 306A

VOSEN at the other end of the line --

VOSEN (INTO PHONE)
Bourne knows everything. I think
he's heading for you right now.

Dead pause.

306 INT. HIRSCH'S OFFICE (NEW BUILDING OF HOSPITAL)-- DAY 306

HIRSCH (INTO PHONE)
He's coming home, Noah.

There's a wistfulness in the way he says it. But also the
sense that this was absolutely inevitable. And he's calm
about it, doesn't show any fear, doesn't reach for a gun.

HIRSCH (INTO PHONE)
How long do I have?

VOSEN
Not long. Get out of there.

HIRSCH
No. I'm going to stay.

VOSEN
Are you crazy, he'll--

HIRSCH
He'll come to the training wing.
That's what he knows. I'll keep
him in play until you arrive.

309R EXT. NEW YORK -- HOSPITAL -- LATE AFTERNOON 309R

Bourne arrives at the "Johnston Medical Center." He looks
up to see "415".

FB5 FLASHBACK FB5

The image of "415" that has been haunting his dreams.

309 EXT. NEW YORK -- HOSPITAL -- LATE AFTERNOON 309

This is the place... When he looks down Landy steps out of
the lobby to meet him on the sidewalk.

BOURNE
They'll kill you for giving me
this place.

LANDY
4/15/71 isn't much of a code. My
guess is Vosen's already on his
way.

BOURNE
Why'd you do it?

LANDY
This isn't us, David. What they
turned you into, what they're
doing with Blackbriar... This
has to stop.

BOURNE
Then stop it. Everything you
need is in there.

Bourne hands her the black bag and enters the hospital.

LANDY
David... Come in with me. It's
better if we do this together.

BOURNE
(shakes head)
This is where it started for me,
this is where it ends.

She watches the doors close behind him.... Landy lets him
go.

323 EXT. NYC STREETS -- LATE AFTERNOON

323

QUICK SHOTS of six different CRI sedans and SUVs rushing
toward the hospital.

309R EXT. HOSPITAL -- LATE AFTERNOON

309R

Landy looks in the backpack.

JUMPCUTS:

--She unzips the backpack and looks in at the the
Blackbriar Operations File.

--A cover page inside: "utmost secrecy"... "potentially
explosive public reaction would jeopardize the program"...

--Another page: "Terminated" stamped across the photos of
victims. Next to the victim from the inciting incident,
the words: "US citizen"...

LANDY
Oh, my God...

--A third page, more photos, no "terminated" on these.
Future victims. "US citizen" stamped next to each one...

310 INT. HOSPITAL -- LATE AFTERNOON 310

Bourne uses the card reader he took from Vosen's safe to enter a "restricted access elevator." A guard comes. Bourne aims his pistol at him as the elevator door closes.

309R EXT. FIRST AVENUE -- OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- LATE AFTERNOON 309R

Landy walks down the street. She looks up to spot two black sedans speeding east on 71st, turns south -- two SUVs coming up York. Shit--

323 INT. VOSEN'S SUV -- LATE AFTERNOON 323

A block south of the hospital, stuck in traffic, Vosen points.

VOSEN
Landy! Right there! She's got
Bourne's backpack!

310R INT. 8TH FLOOR ELEVATOR LOBBY -- LATE AFTERNOON 310R

Bourne flips up the elevator stop button and uses the access card to enter a secure corridor--

323 INT. LOBBY -- LATE AFTERNOON 323

Landy runs across the lobby.

323 EXT. FIRST AVENUE -- LATE AFTERNOON 323

Vosen's SUV careens to a stop behind a bunch of traffic. Still a half block from the entry door but it's close enough--

322 INT. CORRIDOR 322

Bourne rushes down a nondescript corridor--

325 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- LATE AFTERNOON 325

Vosen and CRI agents rush into the lobby.

VOSEN
 (to a group of six
 agents)
 I'll find Landy. You get to the
 training wing and get Bourne!

A security guard comes over.

VOSEN
 Do you know who I am?
 (the guard nods)
 Where's your security room?

324 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 324

Landy looks around. Finds an open office. She pushes open the door and runs to the fax machine. She starts faxing the Blackbriar documents Bourne took from Vosen's safe.

324A INT. SECURITY ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON 324A

Vosen enters.

VOSEN
 I want to see all your footage
 for the last three minutes.

322 INT. SRD TRAINING WING (OLD BUILDING OF HOSPITAL) -- LATE 322
 AFTERNOON

Bourne stares down the corridor from his dreams, the corridor Daniels lead him down in his flashback.

We see Bourne go into--

FBA3 FLASHBACK FBA3

That first day, Bourne's POV being led down this corridor by Daniels.

322 BACK TO SCENE 322

Bourne moves down the corridor.

322 INT. SRD TRAINING WING (OLD BUILDING OF HOSPITAL) -- LATE 322
 AFTERNOON

Bourne reaches the end of the hall. He looks around "flashback style" --

FBB3 FLASHBACK

FBB3

Bourne was standing at this door....

331 INT. OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

331

Vosen enters the room. The last pages have been faxed...

LANDY

You better get a good lawyer.

She exits...

322 BACK TO SCENE

322

Then spins, gun up--

Hirsch is there, halfway down the corridor behind him.

HIRSCH

Put the gun down. I wouldn't be here if I didn't want to talk.

BOURNE

I've spent three years running. Three years trying to find out who I was.

Hirsch moves toward Bourne, completely unfazed by the gun.

HIRSCH

You still don't have it all back, do you? You haven't filled in all the pieces?

BOURNE

Let's start with the moment you found out I wouldn't execute Wombosi. The amnesia wasn't the issue, it was the fact that I didn't pull the trigger....

HIRSCH

One lapse meant your conditioning had failed.

Bourne grabs Hirsch and slams him against the wall

BOURNE

It was always you, behind Conklin, behind Abbott.... They were just following orders.

Bourne grabs Hirsch and pushes him to the wall. Searches him for weapons.

HIRSCH
(completely calm)
I'm unarmed, Jason.

BOURNE
(shoving Hirsch hard
against the wall)
"David." I'm David Webb.

CLOSE ON Bourne's face--

HIRSCH
You were David Webb, but not
anymore.

322 INT. SRD TRAINING WING CORRIDOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

322

Bourne stands with Hirsch.

BOURNE
Why me? Why did you pick me?

A beat...

HIRSCH
You really don't remember, do
you?
(beat)
You picked us, Jason.

BOURNE
What does that mean?

HIRSCH
You volunteered.

Hirsch uses his free hand to hit the keypad on the wall.
The "room in use" sign lights up.

Bourne looks up "flashback style"--

FBA1 *FLASHBACK*

FBA1

*Bourne remembers that keypad, that "room in use" sign from
the first day...*

322 INT. ROOM WHERE BOURNE FIRST MET HIRSCH

322

Bourne and Hirsch enter...

HIRSCH
You volunteered right here....
You didn't even blink, Jason.
You just handed me these...

Hirsch removes a pair of dog tags from his jacket pocket.
Holds them out to Bourne.

Bourne takes the dog tags. Stares at them.

INSERT of the dog tags:

Webb, David

946610190

O Negative

Catholic

FB9

FLASHBACK

FB9

Bourne hands over his dog tags....

HIRSCH (CONT'D)
Has everything been explained to
you.

BOURNE
Yes, sir.

322

PRESENT DAY

322

HIRSCH
You were a soldier ready to serve
his country. Just like thousands
of others, except you were a
prodigy with languages...and a
perfect shot.

FBB3

FLASHBACK

FBB3

HIRSCH (CONT'D)
Your missions will save American
lives.

322

PRESENT DAY

322

BOURNE
You said I'd be saving American
lives. Instead you just turned me
into a killer.

Bourne raises the gun to Hirsch.

HIRSCH
You could have left at any time.
And you knew exactly what it
meant for you if you chose to
stay.

FB9 FLASHBACK

FB9

HIRSCH

*When we're finished with you,
you'll no longer be David Webb.*

BOURNE

*I'll be whoever you need me to
be, sir.*

322 PRESENT DAY

322

HIRSCH

*Stop running from the truth,
Jason. You chose to come here!
You chose to stay! And no matter
how much you want to forget
it...eventually you're going to
have to face how you chose, right
there, to become Jason Bourne!*

FB10 FLASHBACK:

FB10

*Bourne sitting in a chair, looking terrible. Hirsch looks
at him from behind the desk...*

HIRSCH (CONT'D)

*You haven't slept for a long time
have you David? Have you made a
decision? This can't go on, you
know. You have to decide.*

BOURNE

Who is he?

HIRSCH

We've been through that.

BOURNE

What did he do?

HIRSCH

It doesn't matter.

(beat)

*You came to us. You volunteered.
You said you'd do anything it
takes to save American lives.
You're not a liar are you? Or too
weak to see this through? This is
it. Let go of David Webb. Will
you give yourself to this
program?*

Bourne looks down, a gun in his hand. He gets to his feet swiftly and fires the pistol several times into a hooded figure. The man slumps over.

Bourne stares at what he's done.

HIRSCH (CONT'D)
You're no longer David Webb.
From now on you'll be known as
Jason Bourne. Welcome to the
program.

Daniels pulls the hood off the figure to show that he is dead.

Just then Kramer walks through the door.

KRAMER
He's ready. Send him to
Operations.

322 PRESENT

322

And now, in real time, Bourne comes out of the flashback. He stares back at Hirsch....

HIRSCH
Do you remember now?

Bourne lowers the gun.

BOURNE
I remember. I remember
everything.

HIRSCH
You can't outrun what you did,
Jason. You made yourself into
who you are.

BOURNE
I'm done running. That's why
I'm here. To end you, to shut
this down. I'm no longer Jason
Bourne.

HIRSCH
So now you're going to kill me?

BOURNE
No. You don't deserve the star
they give you on the wall at
Langley.

Just then Bourne spins -- agents arrive at the door. It's locked.

322 INT. HALLWAY 322

The agents fire at the door handle to get it open.

322 INT. ROOM WHERE BOURNE FIRST MET HIRSCH 322

Bourne looks out a window. Sees the layout of a roof several stories below. Then he turns and shoots out the room's mirrored observation window. Bourne dives through it just as agents rush in and open fire at him.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Bourne races through corridors, loosing the CRI agents.

352 EXT. ROOF -- NIGHT 352

Bourne runs out onto the roof. Rushes across it to look over the edge. It's a straight drop to the FDR -- 12 stories down.

He races to another ledge -- the East River below him. But he has to clear a 10 foot supporting wall at the base of the building to hit the water. He backs up to get a running leap.

As he does, he turns and sees Paz, who is holding a gun on him.

PAZ

Why didn't you take the shot?

Bourne looks at him.

BOURNE

Do you even know why you're trying to kill me? Look at what they make you give.

Bourne turns and runs off the roof.

Paz fires into the air...

FOLLOW Bourne as he drops fourteen stories into the freezing river--

MULTIPLE ANGLES -- Bourne goes into the river...

352 UNDERWATER 352

Bourne in a dead man's float...as his clothes soak through he begins to sink....

PULL BACK...farther and farther from Bourne's dead still sinking....as OVERLAPPING, INTERWEAVING VOICE OVERS begin:

ANCHOR 1 (V.O.)

FBI agents arrested several senior CIA officials today in connection with the broadening scandal enveloping Washington today--

ANCHOR 2 (V.O.)

Assassination program code-named "Blackbriar" was exposed by a former assassin named David Webb--

ANCHOR 3 (V.O.)

Program reportedly targeting US Citizens in some cases...

ANCHOR 4 (V.O.)

CIA Director Ezra Kramer produced explosive documents for the Senate Committee indicating "Blackbriar" was authorized at the highest levels of government.

356 INT. BAR -- URUGUAY -- SUNSET

356

Nicky goes to the bar of at a low end tourist bar with several other customers. She stands there, eyes fixed on a TV behind the bar:

ANCHOR 5 (V.O., CONT'D)

Webb, who was known inside the intelligence community, as "Jason Bourne" jumped from the fourteenth floor of the CIA facility where he was trained in New York into the East River below. While experts say it would be nearly impossible to survive the fall, despite two weeks of efforts, his body has still not been recovered.

PUSH in on the smile that develops on Nicky's face. As we CUE the Moby "Extreme Ways" sting---

352 UNDERWATER

352

Bourne's body sinking toward the bottom...when all of a sudden it comes to life -- arms together, legs kick powerfully--

And Bourne swims away...

THE END

The Bourne Supremacy

Compiled from drafts

Dated

7/11/03

9/17/03

10/13/03

By

Tony Gilroy

Dated

11/14/03

11/19/03

By

Brian Helgeland

Based on the novel by Robert Ludlum and
The 2002 Universal Film "The Bourne Identity"

GREEN:	1/13/04
YELLOW:	12/11/03
PINK:	11/27/03
BLUE:	10/13/03
WHITE:	9/17/03

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

1 EXT. MERCEDES WINDSHIELD -- DUSK 1

It's raining...

Light strobes across the wet glass at a rhythmic pace...

*Suddenly -- through the window a face -- JASON BOURNE --
riding in the backseat -- his gaze fixed.*

A1 INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT A1

On his knee -- a syringe and a gun --

The eyes of the driver, JARDA, watching --

*BOURNE'S POV -- the passenger -- back of his HEAD -- cell
phone rings -- the HEAD turns -- it's CONKLIN --*

BOURNE returns his stare...

CUT TO --

2 INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT 2

*BOURNE'S EYES OPEN! -- panicked -- gasping -- trying to
stay quiet -- MARIE sleeps.*

A2 INT. COTTAGE LIVING AREA/BATHROOM -- NIGHT A2

*BOURNE moving for the medicine cabinet. Digs through the
medicine cabinet. Downs something specific.*

3 INT./EXT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM/VERANDA -- NIGHT 3

One minute later. BOURNE moves out onto the veranda.

*MARIE pads in. Watching him for a moment. Concerned.
Clearly it's not the first time this has happened.*

*They both look different than last we saw them; his hair is
longer. She's a blonde. Hippie travelers. Their cottage
is humble but sweet. The bedroom opens to a beach and a
town just down the hill. CLUB MUSIC from some all night
rave wafting in from the far distance.*

MARIE
Where were you, Jason?

BOURNE
In the car. Conklin up front.

MARIE
I'll get the book.

BOURNE
No. There's nothing new.

MARIE
You're sure?
(he nods)
We should still -- we should write it
down.

BOURNE
Two years we're scribbling in a notebook --

MARIE
-- it hasn't been two years --

BOURNE
-- it's always bad and it's never
anything but bits and pieces anyway!
(she's gone quiet)
You ever think that maybe it's just
making it worse? You don't wonder that?

She lays her hands on his shoulders, steadies him.

MARIE
We write them down because sooner or
later you're going to remember something
good.

BOURNE
(softens)
I do remember something good. All the
time. I remember you.

She smiles. Kisses him. Leads him back in.

4

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

4

MARIE getting BOURNE into the bed. Turning down the light.
Getting him settled. Waiting for that pill to kick in.
What would he do without her?

BOURNE
I'm trying, Marie, Okay?

MARIE
I worry when you get like this.

BOURNE
It's just a nightmare.

MARIE
I don't mean that. I worry when you try
to ignore it.

He hesitates. But that gets him. He knows she's right.
And with that opening, he's letting go. Resistance
folding. Almost childlike. She's gathering him in.
He's letting her do it...

MARIE (CONT'D)
Sleep. Sleep now.

BOURNE
I should be better by now.

MARIE
You are better. And I think it's not
memories at all. It's just a dream you
keep having over and over.

BOURNE
But it ends up the same.

MARIE
One day it will be different. It just
takes time.
(beat)
We'll make new memories. You and me.

Silence. She strokes his face. He gives in to her
tenderness. He's fading. Two waifs in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. BEACH -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 5

BOURNE running in the sun. A punishing pace along the
sand. Moving strong. Effortless. Deep into it. Focused.
The stunning conjunction of sun and scenery are lost on
him.

6 EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 6

A busy market town. Fishing town. Hippie town. Lots of
young Western faces. Rundown and happening at the same
time.

MARIE shopping. Filling a bag with local produce.

7 EXT. ROAD -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 7

BOURNE still running, leaving the beach behind.

8 INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN -- DAY 8

MARIE back from the market, putting the groceries away.
Almost done, when she stops for a moment --

A PHOTOGRAPH. There on the windowsill. A snapshot. Jason
and Marie on a beach. Her arms around him. As if she were
the protector. Big smiles. Young. Alive. In love.

MARIE smiles.

9 EXT. MAIN STREET -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 9

Funky busy. Colonial facades in vivid, sub-continental
technicolor. Loud morning traffic.

CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE coming out of a store with a big bottle of water.
He's just finished his run. Standing there, chugging away,
checking the scene, when something catches his eye --

HIS POV

THE STREET. A SILVER CAR -- something newish -- pulling
down the block -- can't quite see who's driving, but --

BACK TO

BOURNE watching this silver car. So serious he's casual.
Nobody passing would notice, but we do: He's on alert.

MOVING WITH HIM AS

BOURNE follows THE SILVER CAR on foot -- natural --
cruising the BUSY SIDEWALK -- blending into the mix --
chugging on that water bottle and --

UP AHEAD

THE SILVER CAR making the corner and turning now --

BACK TO

BOURNE slowing as he reaches the corner --

HIS POV

THE SILVER CAR has parked. There's a GUY -- well-dressed -- casual -- physical -- sunglasses -- call him KIRILL -- he's out of the car and heading across the street toward a building there. A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

BACK TO

BOURNE checking his watch. The car. The guy. Perimeter.

10

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE/GOA -- DAY

10

*

MR. MOHAN at his desk. He's a crisp, proper man of fifty. He's just been handed something --

A PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE -- an old passport picture.

MR. MOHAN

And your question, sir?

KIRILL across the desk.

KIRILL

She's my sister. There's been a death in the family. This is the last place we know she called from.

11

INT. COTTAGE -- DAY

11

A NOTE ON THE TABLE: "I'M AT THE BEACH"

BOURNE has just come in -- just read the note -- balling it quickly. In fact, everything is quickly now, because --

BOURNE is bailing.

Fast. Calm. Methodical. Some exfil procedure that he's honed and choreographed. Packing like a machine --

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- BACKPACKS thrown open on the bed. -- HOUSE CASH pulled from a lamp base. -- CREDIT CARDS taped under the counter.

12

EXT. MAIN STREET/BANK GOA/BEACH TOWN -- DAY

12

KIRILL coming out of the bank. Mission accomplished. Heading back to the SILVER CAR. Getting in and --

13	<u>INT. SILVER CAR -- DAY (CONT)</u>	13	
	KIRILL starting it up. Glancing around nice and easy. He's cool. Putting the car into gear, he makes a slow pass through the marketplace. Eyes everywhere.		* *
14	<u>DELETED</u>	14	*
15	<u>INT. COTTAGE -- DAY</u>	15	
	BOURNE -- done -- the place is stripped -- pulling on the backpacks -- glancing around -- one last thing -- shit, he almost missed it --		
	THE PHOTOGRAPH -- the one of he and Marie on the beach -- the one we saw her looking at earlier -- there it is on the windowsill -- jamming it into his pocket and --		
A16	<u>EXT. SIDE STREET/PARKING AREA -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY</u>	A16	*
	KIRILL now parked and out of the car -- on the move -- on foot -- he begins a sweep of the beach.		* *
16	<u>EXT. COTTAGE BACK DOOR -- YARD/ALLEY -- DAY (CONT)</u>	16	
	BOURNE out the back -- jogging -- keeping low -- into the neighborhood -- through the alleys -- nothing random about it, this has all been worked out and --		
17	<u>DELETED</u>	17	*
18	<u>EXT. BEACH -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY</u>	18	*
	Crowded with tourists -- sunbathers -- MARIE at her favorite spot. Talking with TWO WOMEN, laughing with them - - happy.		
18A	<u>EXT. BEACH/PARKING AREA -- GOA -- DAY</u>	18A	*
	A burly JEEP comes roaring up. BOURNE spots the SILVER CAR, parks at the other end -- takes off towards the beach.		* *

[illegible]

23 EXT. BEACH/PARKING LOT -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 23 *

KIRILL already back at the SILVER CAR -- following them *

out onto the MAIN STREET -- blocked by the local traffic -- *

pulling a HUGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL out from his travel bag.

24 EXT. BEACHTOWN ALLEY/OFF MAIN STREET -- DAY 24

THE JEEP pulling down this narrow little passageway and --

BOURNE'S WINDSHIELD POV *

MAIN STREET packed with traffic and --

BACK TO

BOURNE not liking this. Eyes all over -- trying to decide.

MARIE

But you're sure?

BOURNE

He was at the campground yesterday.

MARIE

So...

BOURNE

It's wrong. Guy with a rental car and *

hundred dollar sneakers sleeps in a tent?

Trying to decide whether to pull out or back up --

MARIE

That's crazy. *

BOURNE

No. Not this. This is real. *

(suddenly) *

And he's right there... *

(throwing the car into

reverse)

MARIE

Where --

BOURNE

Back there -- at the corner -- Hyundai -- *

silver -- *

25 INT. HYUNDAI -- DAY (CONT) 25 *

KIRILL trapped in some Main Street gridlock. Glancing back for a way out -- freezing suddenly, because there --

HIS POV -- THE JEEP -- THE ALLEY -- right there -- twenty yards back -- a good look at BOURNE and MARIE -- as they disappear and --

26 EXT. ALLEYWAY -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY (CONT) 26

THE JEEP backing up the way it came -- BLOWING ITS HORN
because an OLD VAN pulls in and blocks him from behind --

27 INT. JEEP -- DAY (CONT) 27

BOURNE leaning on THE HORN -- shit, now they've got to wait!

MARIE *
...but you're not -- you're not sure... *

BOURNE *

We can't wait to be sure. *

MARIE *
I don't want to move again...I like it *
here. *

BOURNE *
Look, we clear out, we get to the shack, *
we get safe. We hang there awhile. I'll *
come back. I'll check it out. But right *
now we can't -- *

MARIE *
-- where's left to go? -- *

```

                                BOURNE                                *
-- there's places -- we can't afford to                          *
be wrong!                                                         *
```

28 INT. HYUNDAI -- DAY (CONT) 28

KIRILL. Calm. Possessed of a familiar tactical patience. He can't get the Hyundai to the alley from where he is and it doesn't make sense to go on foot. He checks his rearview. *

Fuck it -- there's an opening ahead and he's taking it -- *
 even though it's away from them -- he'll find another way -- *

29

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY -- (CONT)

29

BOURNE sees the HYUNDAI move forward into traffic. THE OLD *
 VAN is still blocking them from behind -- *

BOURNE *
 You drive. *

MARIE *
 What? *

BOURNE *
 (already squeezing over) *
 Switch! You drive! *

MARIE *
 -- where? -- *

BOURNE *
 -- make the left -- toward the bridge -- *

MARIE scrambling over the seat. BOURNE, eyes everywhere, *
 checks his watch. *

THE JEEP squirts back on the main street and --

30

INT. JEEP -- DAY -- CONT

30

MARIE at the wheel -- adrenaline pumping -- clear running
 for thirty yards ahead and --

MARIE skidding them into the right turn -- clipping another
 vehicle -- MIRROR SHATTERING! -- speeding up.

BOURNE scanning behind them -- MARIE moving out to pass --
veering back! -- an ONCOMING BUS -- just in time and --

MARIE *
 -- Jesus! -- *
 (glancing over) *
 -- is he back there? -- *

BOURNE *
 -- not yet -- *

MARIE *
 -- it's just him? -- *

BOURNE

-- yeah -- one guy -- I don't think
he was ready --

MARIE

-- hang on --

MARIE bearing down -- pulling out -- gives him a quick
smile -- BOURNE knowing he's got a good one here --

*

31

INT. HYUNDAI -- DAY/SUNSET

31

*

KIRILL stopping short on a rise. Bit of a view from here.
Gets half out the car to look.

*

*

BELOW -- the JEEP headed for A BRIDGE. He's gonna lose
them. KIRILL'S mind racing. Grabs duffle from the back,
abandons car.

*

*

*

32

INT. JEEP -- BRIDGE -- DAY/SUNSET

32

MARIE driving. BOURNE preps his pistol. Eye out for
KIRILL.

*

*

BOURNE

You keep going to the shack. I'll meet
you there in an hour.

*

*

*

MARIE

(concerned)

Where are you going?

*

*

*

BOURNE

I'm going to bail on the other side and
wait. This bridge is the only way he can
follow.

*

*

*

*

MARIE

What if it's not who you think it is?

*

*

BOURNE

If he crosses the bridge, it is.

*

*

MARIE

There must be another way!

*

*

BOURNE

I warned them, Marie. I told them to
leave us alone.

*

*

*

MARIE
Jason, please don't do this...it won't
ever be over like this.

BOURNE
There's no choice.

HER POV

The old CONCRETE BRIDGE ahead. Almost there.

33

EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY/SUNSET

33

KIRILL slams into it. Quick, precise grabs into the bag.
Only a moment and he's got a SNIPER RIFLE.

A34

INT. JEEP -- BRIDGE -- DAY

A34

BOURNE -- pistol in hand -- spare clip in the other --
checks his watch.

BOURNE
At the end make the left, when I roll out
do not slow down.

MARIE nods, got it. After a beat...

MARIE
I love you, too.

BOURNE
Tell me later.

MARIE looks ahead.

B34

EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY

B34

KIRILL. Eye to the scope.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

There! The JEEP rumbling across the bridge. No clear
target, just the back of the full DRIVER'S SIDE HEADREST.

KIRILL'S FINGER

Squeezing. Firing.

34 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE -- DAY (CONT) 34

The JEEP jerking.

FRONT FENDER tearing into and along the guard rail --
cement shards fill the air --

BOURNE reaching for the wheel -- Too late!

As the JEEP finally crashes through the flimsy guardrail --
Plummets -- splashes hard -- begins to sink out of sight.

35 EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY (CONT) 35

KIRILL lowers the scope, takes a quick look around. He's
basically gone unnoticed in this little nook with his
silenced rifle. But people are already rushing toward the
bridge. Then... there!

An OLD WOMAN looking directly at KIRILL from a doorway.
Not quite sure what. But an old Indian woman in Goa? So
what.

KIRILL drills her with a look. As she sinks back inside --

36 INT. JEEP -- SINKING IN THE RIVER -- DAY/SUNSET 36

Swallowed up. BOURNE and MARIE gone.

*

37 EXT. LOW WALL -- SUNSET 37

KIRILL scans the surface of the river under the bridge.
Waiting.

38 EXT. RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY 38

Mud plumes as the JEEP settles. BOURNE reaches over to
MARIE, tries to urge her out.

*

*

39 EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY 39

KIRILL with a killer's patience, waiting, almost done.

SCOPE POV

The surface of the water. Unbroken.

KIRILL

Scans his perimeter. There's the old woman again. But more people with her. People coming out of the woodwork.

KIRILL checks the surface one last time. Nothing.

He breaks down the rifle in moments -- goes. *

40 EXT. JEEP -- RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY 40

BOURNE -- up into an air pocket held by the jeep's canvas top. A big gulp of air --

And he's back to MARIE. Frantic. Trying to unclip her seatbelt. Pull her out. But it's all jammed up. *

41 EXT. KIRILL -- BY THE SILVER CAR 41

Bag chunked in the back. All he has left is the scope. One last look to the unbroken surface. Then it's time to go. KIRILL -- drifting away -- disappears. *

42 EXT. JEEP -- RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY 42

The red halo growing bigger. BLOOD. *

BOURNE pauses. MARIE'S face is blank. She's dead. *

BOURNE finally pulling back. Realizing this is goodbye... *

DISSOLVE TO:

43-68 DELETED 43-68

69 EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE -- NIGHT 69

We pick up a MAN WITH A BRIEFCASE on a telephoto lens.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)
The seller has arrived.

BERLIN

As the man comes to a CHINESE RESTAURANT he stops. Squarely. So he can be seen clearly. Then he enters a STARK GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)
(cont'd) (CONT'D)

He's inside.

70 EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE -- NIGHT

70

TWO MEN cross the square to the Chinese Restaurant. VIC is forty -- steel-ass intel operator -- he carries A LARGE SAMPLES CASE. Beside him, MIKE, younger, ex-Navy-Seal.

71 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

71

"The Hub". Secure, anonymous office space somewhere in the city. Shades drawn. Lots of gear cabled around. The stale, improvised feel of a temporary outpost. Four serious people alone in this room:

PAMELA LANDY is 46. A Senior C.I.A. Counterintelligence Officer. Hovering over the communications console.

CRONIN -- Pamela's #2 -- early forties, stone-cold facade -- quarterbacking the operation over the radio --

KURT and KIM are the techs here. His and Her headphones. Ruggedized laptops and comm gear spread around them.

CRONIN
What have you got, Survey One?

72 INT. NEARBY BERLIN OFFICE -- NIGHT (CONT)

72

Dark. TEDDY at the window. Another military face. Radio rig. Night Scope. Watching VIC and MIKE pass below him --

TEDDY/RADIO (OVER)
"Hub, this is Survey One. Mobile One is in motion. Seller is inside and waiting."

73 EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

73

VIC and MIKE slow as they come to the same STARK, GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (OVER)
"We are ready to go."

74

EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

74

MIKE and VIC shake hands; two tired co-workers parting ways. MIKE will keep walking. VIC entering the building through the big glass doors, smiling as he's approached by A NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD. And we hear:

MIKE still walking, alone now, heading away from THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING toward A VAN parked up the block.

MIKE/RADIO
(sleeve mike, earpiece)
"This is Escort One. I'm clear."

75

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

75

THE COMMAND POST. CRONIN works the communications board...

CRONIN
"All teams -- listen up -- we are standing-
by for final green."
(turning now to--)

PAMELA, who has been listening. Just as she's about to give the final word, KIM raises a finger...

KIM
Langley...

She hands PAMELA a phone that's patched into her board.

PAMELA
(a bit surprised)
Martin?

76

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/LANGLEY, VIRGINIA -- DAY

76

THREE MEN -- CIA MANDARINS -- sit around a round table. MARTIN MARSHALL, Deputy Vice-Director, he's in charge. All is tense.

MARSHALL
I'm here. So is Donnie and Jack Weller.
We understand you're using the full
allocation for this buy?

PAMELA
That's where we came out.

MARSHALL

It's a lot of money, Pam.

PAMELA

We're talking raw, unprocessed KGB files.
It's not something we can go out and
comparison shop.

MARSHALL

Still...

PAMELA

For a thief. A mole. I vetted the
source, Marty. He's real. If it does
nothing more than narrow the list of
suspects, it's a bargain at ten times the
price.

MANDARIN #1

Pamela, Jack Weller here. It's the
quality that's at issue...

PAMELA

Yes, sir. I'm in total agreement. If
they're fakes, they're expensive.

(furious, impatient)

Gentlemen, I've got the seller on site and
in play. Quite honestly, there's not much
more to talk about.

MARSHALL looks to his MANDARIANS. Not convinced, but
doesn't want to lose the opportunity. Time to wash his
hands.

MARSHALL

All right Pam, your game, your call...

77

DELETED

77

78

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

78

All eyes on PAMELA as she puts down the phone to Langley.
Nodding to CRONIN. Yes.

CRONIN/RADIO

"Final Green. You are go. Repeat, you
are go for Final Green."

79

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

79

VIC has just passed muster with The Security Guard, he's standing alone at AN ELEVATOR BANK.

VIC/RADIO
(sleeve mike, earpiece)
"On my way up."

VIC pulling his earpiece. Going dark. Waits for an elevator.

*

A80

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT A80

Dark. A small room full of wiring and infrastructure, lit by the glare of someone's MAG-LIGHT.

GLOVED HANDS quickly pass over racks of gear and wiring and then stopping at -- the main electrical risers.

They carefully place an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE -- no bigger than a pack of cigarettes -- onto the main riser...

Done with that, here comes A SECOND SMALL EXPLOSIVE DEVICE -- but this one's special, it's being taken from A PLASTIC BAG and mounted down by the floor on a sub-panel --

Done, the hands hold up what looks like a piece of tape. It bears a FINGERPRINT. As the tape is pressed down, transferring it onto the charge --

80

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

80

VIC alone with THE SAMPLES CASE. Pressing the button for #9, the top floor. The doors close. The car rises...2...3...4...5...6... And then, it stops. VIC bracing himself, as the door opens and --

IVAN -- Russian -- the guy we saw outside with the briefcase -- standing in an empty, darkened hallway.

IVAN
Show me.

VIC
Here?

IVAN
(holding open the door)
Now. Show now.

VIC flips open the case. CASH. Three million dollars.

81

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

81

A GLASS DOOR. A suite of offices beyond. Clean.
Anonymous. One light on deep inside...

CASPIEX-PETROLEUM

Cherbourg -- Moscow -- Rome -- Tehran

82

INT. CASPIEX OFFICE -- NIGHT

82

Curtains drawn. Lights low. IVAN sitting with THE SAMPLES CASE, counting the cash. VIC poring over --

RUSSIAN DOCUMENT FILES. Dozens of KGB files. Old and new. Spread sheets, financial data. Incomprehensibly Cyrillic. Marked up. But judging by the seals and clearance sign-offs, all top-secret.

*
*
*
*

VIC

This is everything?

IVAN

Is there. Is all there.

Suddenly -- MUSIC -- a radio -- some tinny pop tune just started playing from somewhere down the hall --

VIC

-- what the hell is that? -- alone --
you said alone --

Both of them sure they're being double-crossed --

VIC (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(reaching for his ankle)
-- who? -- who else is here? --

IVAN

-- no! -- not me! -- no other people! --

VIC

(coming up with a pistol)
-- shut up! -- just shut the --

Freaked by the gun, IVAN to his feet -- VIC pushing him back as he rushes past -- THE SAMPLE CASE spilling cash and --

Wrong.

SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- five fast, suppressed small caliber shots -- VIC falls first -- IVAN crashing back across a desk as the bullets tear into him -- both of them dead before they hit the floor and --

REVERSE TO FIND

The GLOVED HANDS unscrewing a SILENCER, tucking away the weapon. Already in motion before we know what's happened -- pulling a climbing duffel out from his back pack -- stuffing in THE SAMPLES CASE and IVAN'S BRIEFCASE -- all the files -- all the money...

Except, wait... He's left out ONE old KGB FILE COVER -- and now he pulls A PLASTIC BAG from his backpack -- GLOVED HANDS carefully remove A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER from inside the bag. And this paper looks exactly like all the stuff he's just tucked away; another page full of Cyrillic blur.

He's putting this sheet of paper inside the file cover. Now he's slipping them both underneath the desk, tossing them there as if they fell in the struggle and --

83 INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT 83

The electrical risers -- as ONE OF THE TWO DETONATION DEVICES BLOWS -- a single, tidy, self-contained explosion and --

84 EXT./INT. THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT 84

As the lights flicker and fail and THE NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD is suddenly cast into darkness and --

85 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT 85

As they were. Waiting. But only a moment before --

TEDDY/RADIO

(sudden, urgent)

"Hub? -- we just -- we lost power -- the building! -- the whole place just went dark! --"

CRONIN looking at Pamela -- the first whiff of dread as --

CRONIN

"-- repeat -- who is dark? -- the target building or your location? --"

RADIO VOICES piling up -- panicked, confusion cascading as -
-

86-87	<u>DELETED</u>	86-87	*
A87,B87	<u>DELETED</u>	A87,B87	*
88	<u>EXT. BERLIN NOVATEL/PARKING LOT -- NIGHT</u>	88	*
	Anonymous drone barn. KIRILL stepping out of a car. He's carrying the duffle.		* *
89	<u>INT. BERLIN NOVATEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT</u>	89	*
	KIRILL. Heading down the hall.		*
90	<u>INT. NOVATEL ROOM -- NIGHT</u>	90	*
	KIRILL enters. It's a small room. GRETKOV is waiting. He's forty. Professional. Trim and polished. Dominant.		* *
	GRETKOV		*
	(Russian)		*
	(You're early)		*
	KIRILL		
	(You're complaining?)		
	GRETKOV		*
	(It's clean?)		*
	KIRILL		*
	(Would I bring it?)		*
	GRETKOV taking over now. Tosses some money on the bed, checks out the photocopy of the files.		* *
	GRETKOV		
	(What are you doing?)		
	KIRILL stripping quickly --		*
	KIRILL		*
	(I'm taking a shower, it's been a long day.)		* *
	GRETKOV		*
	(Make it fast, my plane is waiting)		*

GRET KOV dumping three million dollars over the bed as
KIRILL sheds his clothes, and we --

*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

A90 EXT. THE BRIDGE -- GOA -- DAY

A90

WORKMEN cluster as a cable winches --

The JEEP is raised from the river bottom. As water pours
off of it --

BOURNE -- Watching -- From a distance -- Empty --

CUT TO:

B90 EXT. BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

B90

Crime scene. POLICE blocking OFFICE WORKERS from getting
in the building. MEDIA vans clogging the street.

PAMELA and CRONIN, across the street, watching.

The mood is black. Ashes.

PAMELA

We need to get in there.

CRONIN

I'm working on it.

PAMELA stands there. Silent. Staring at the disaster
across the street.

91-92A DELETED

91-92A

A93 INT. SHACK -- GOA -- DAY

A93

BOURNE is bailing.

Exfil procedure, but this is a heartbroken exfil.

-- A FOOTLOCKER open. Bourne's main stash.

BOURNE going through the footlocker. Setting aside his
'work clothes' -- other things he needs.

But he also has to separate.

A GROWING PILE of Marie memories: Bank cards. Phony student IDs. Loose passport photos with a mix of looks and hair-dos. Clothes -- vacuum-packed bags -- spare shoes. *

B93

EXT. NEAR THE SHACK -- DAY

B93

A gasoline-stoked FIRE burning in a rock-lined pit. BOURNE feeding his papers and all of Marie's belongings into the fire. A passport cover crinkles back to reveal her photo. Her face begins to burn. Gas-soaked clothes tossed in. Nothing left except --

The PHOTOGRAPH -- the picture of he and Marie at the beach. The one from his desk.

BOURNE hesitates, holds the photo out to the flames. The rules of exfil say drop it -- but he can't -- won't --

He reaches to his bag, sticks the photo on top of his gear.

Then, hefting, the bag, BOURNE strides away. *

93

INT. BERLIN HQ COMMAND POST -- DAY

93

A folding table covered with XEROXED BERLIN POLICE PAPERWORK. PAMELA getting a show-and-tell from CRONIN and TEDDY. *

CRONIN

-- so there were two of these explosive charges placed on the power lines. One of them failed. The fingerprint... *

(Pamela's got it)

That's from the one that didn't go off. *

PAMELA

And the Germans can't match it?

TEDDY

Nobody's got it. We checked every database we could access. Nothing.

CRONIN

Show her the other thing.

TEDDY

This is a KGB file that must've fallen somehow and then slipped under, I guess, a desk there, or...

(handing it to her--)

PAMELA
Do we know what this says?

TEDDY
Yup...
(a scrap of paper)
The main word there, the file heading,
translates as: Treadstone.

PAMELA
What the hell is a "Treadstone?"

CRONIN shaking his head. Nobody knows.

CUT TO:

C93 EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY C93

BOURNE bouncing around on an old Punjab BUS. Alone in a
crush of humanity.

Going only God knows where...

CUT TO:

94-96 DELETED 94-96

A97 EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- LANGLEY, VIRGINIA A97

PAMELA'S POV as she drives toward the entrance.

C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA

*

97 INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 97

A long, bright, sterile hallway. PAMELA and CRONIN walking
briskly alongside A UNIFORMED S.P.S. OFFICER.

98 INT. C.I.A. ELEVATOR -- DAY 98

PAMELA and CRONIN watching THE S.P.S. OFFICER unlock the
operation panel. Coding in. They begin to descend and --

99 INT. DIFFERENT C.I.A. CORRIDOR -- DAY 99

Drab and desolate. PAMELA and CRONIN come around a corner, walking with A NEW ESCORT OFFICER. Passing a sign that reads:

Operations Library Center.

100-102 DELETED 100-102

103 INT. SECURED READING ROOM #63171 -- DAY 103 *

Sealed, triple-locked NUMBERED DOOR. It swings open. Lights flicker on. Tons of shit packed away in here. Shelves bulging. Boxes. Tapes. Binders. Hard drives. PAMELA steps in. A HUGE FILING CABINET labeled --

TREADSTONE

PAMELA/PHONE (OVER)

Ward?

ABBOTT (OS)

Yes?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy.

103A-104 DELETED 103A-104

105 INT. ABBOTT'S OFFICE/C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 105

WARD ABBOTT at his desk. The cluttered clubhouse HQ of a man who's spent the last thirty-five years in the spy game. A PICTURE WINDOW offers a commander's view of the BULLPEN.

ABBOTT/PHONE

What can I do for you, Pam?

PAMELA/PHONE

I was hoping you had some time for me.

ABBOTT/PHONE

Time for what?

PAMELA/PHONE

I'm free right now actually.

ABBOTT/PHONE

That sounds ominous. Let me check my schedule.

ABBOTT holds the phone. Eyes drifting out the window and --

ABBOTT'S POV

THE BULLPEN. CRONIN is standing with DANIEL ZORN, one of Abbott's trusted #2s. Clearly ZORN is getting the less polite version of Pamela's invitation. ZORN managing to shoot a quick, questioning glance to Abbott as --

106

INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

106

A cold room. Desk. Two chairs. ABBOTT and PAMELA alone.

PAMELA

Treadstone.

ABBOTT

Never heard of it.

PAMELA

That's not gonna fly.

ABBOTT

With all due respect, Pam, I think you might've wandered a little past your pay-grade.

She has a piece of paper. She slides it forward.

PAMELA

That's a warrant from Director Marshall granting me unrestricted access to all personnel and materials associated with Treadstone.

ABBOTT rocked and trying to hide it.

ABBOTT

And what are we looking for?

PAMELA

I want to know about Treadstone.

ABBOTT

To know about it?

(almost amused)

It was a kill squad. Black on black.

Closed down two years ago.

(MORE)

*

*

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Nobody wants to know about Treadstone.
Not around here.

(the warrant)

You better take this back to Marty and
make sure he knows what you're doing.

PAMELA

(trump card)

He does. I've been down to the archives.
I have the files, Ward.

107 DELETED

107

A107 EXT. BAY OF NAPLES -- LATE AFTERNOON

A107

A hard working port. A big MEDITERRANEAN FERRY coming in.

NAPLES

FERRY -- BOURNE at the rail. Unchanged from India.
Staring ahead as Europe looms.

B107 EXT. FERRY DOCK -- LATE AFTERNOON

B107

BOURNE disembarking to an immigration queue. Looking
unremarkable. Just one of many passing through.

108 INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

108

As they were. ABBOTT watching PAMELA pull a photo from her
file. Sliding it over. CONKLIN'S FACE peering back.

PAMELA

Let's talk about Conklin.

ABBOTT

What are you after, Pam? You want to fry
me? You want my desk? Is that it?

PAMELA

I want to know what happened.

ABBOTT

What happened? Jason Bourne happened.

(fury focusing)

You've got the files? Then let's cut the
crap. It went wrong. Conklin had these
guys wound so tight they were bound to
snap.

(MORE)

*
*

*
*

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Bourne was his number one -- guy went out to work, screwed the op and never came back. Conklin couldn't fix it, couldn't find Bourne, couldn't adjust. It all went sideways. Finally there were no options left.

*

*

PAMELA

So you had Conklin killed.

(silence)

I mean, if we're cutting the crap...

ABBOTT

I've given thirty years and two marriages to this agency. I've shoveled shit on four continents. I'm due to retire next year and believe me, I need my pension, but if you think I'm gonna sit here and let you dangle me with this, you can go to hell. Marshall too.

*

(flat)

It had to be done.

PAMELA

And Bourne? Where's he now?

ABBOTT

(shrugs)

Dead in a ditch? Drunk in a bar in Mogadishu? Who knows?

PAMELA

I think I do. We had a deal going down in Berlin last week. During the buy, both our Field Agent and the seller were killed. We pulled a fingerprint from a timing charge that didn't go off.

*

(beat)

They were killed by Jason Bourne.

ABBOTT hesitates. Blindsided. What?

A courtesy knock at the door.

CRONIN

(appearing in the doorway)

They're ready for us upstairs.

A115 INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- SUNSET A115

Now at the IMMIGRATION OFFICER booth, BOURNE hands over an OLD BLUE PASSPORT. It reads, JASON BOURNE. What's he up to? Is he giving up?

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(Where you coming from, Mr.
Bourne?)

BOURNE
(Tangiers)

The OFFICER runs the CODE on the passport through the SCANNER.

115 INT. INTERPOL MONITORING STATION -- MADRID -- SUNSET 115

A TECH turns as a COMPUTER ALARM begins an incessant BEEPING.

THE SCREEN

As Jason Bourne's PASSPORT DATA begins scrolling through. A sleeper waking up on the grid. Then his PHOTO.

WORK STATION

As an Interpol SUPERVISOR leans in over the TECH'S shoulder to see what's up. After a beat...

As the TECH begins typing and hits send...

116 INT. C.I.A. RELAY STATION -- BETHESDA, MARYLAND -- DAY 116

CREWCUT turns from his monitor to his own SUPERIOR as, at the same time...

117 INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- SUNSET 117

Looking up from his computer, the IMMIGRATION OFFICER gestures BOURNE to one side.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(Sir, would you be so kind as to step
over here, please?)

BOURNE

(Uh, sure.)

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER comes out of his booth as a CARABINIERI joins him and they escort BOURNE to a small room at the side of the CUSTOMS HALL.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(Please wait in here.)

*

BOURNE scans the hall as he walks, enters room...

PAMELA'S (V.O.)

Seven years ago, twelve million dollars
was stolen from a CIA account...

*

*

BOURNE takes a seat. CARABINIERI guards the room.

118

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

118

Same table. More faces. MARSHALL back in the throne.
ABBOTT, THREE C.I.A. MANDARINS plus THEIR #2'S, and --

*

*

PAMELA

...in Warsaw. This is...

*

*

CLICK -- A PHOTO of the man killed in Berlin fills the
projection screen behind her -- CLICK -- crime scene photo
of dead body -- CLICK -- "PECOS OIL" logo --

*

*

*

PAMELA (CONT'D)

...Ivan Mevedev -- senior financial
manager -- worked for one of the new
Russian petroleum companies, Pecos Oil.
He claimed to know where the money landed.
We believe this could have only happened
with help from someone inside the
Agency... This...

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

CLICK -- CONKLIN'S PHOTO --

*

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(placing it on the table)
...this is Conklin's computer.

*

*

*

CLICK -- A PHOTOCOPY OF A BANKING CONTRACT --

*

PAMELA (CONT'D)

...At the time of his death, Conklin was
sitting on a personal account in the
amount of seven-hundred and sixty
thousand dollars.

*

ABBOTT
Do you know what his budget was?

*

PAMELA
Excuse me.

ABBOTT
We were throwing money at him. Throwing
it at him and asking him to keep it dark.

*

*

PAMELA
May I finish?

*

ABBOTT
Conklin might've been a nut, but he
wasn't a mole. You have me his calendar
for a couple of days, I'll prove he
killed Lincoln.

*

*

*

*

(appealing to Marshall)
This is supposed to be definitive?

PAMELA
What's definitive, is that I just lost
two people in Berlin!

ABBOTT
So what's your theory?
(mocking her)
Conklin's reaching out from the grave to
protect his good name?
(incredulous)
The man is dead.

MARSHALL
(he's heard enough)
No one's disputing that, Ward.

ABBOTT
For crissake, Marty, you knew Conklin.
Does this scan? I mean, at all?

MARSHALL signals for quiet...

MARSHALL
Okay, cut to the chase, Pam. What are you
selling?

PAMELA
I think that Bourne and Conklin were in
business. That Bourne is still involved.
(MORE)

*

PAMELA (CONT'D)

And that whatever information I was going to buy in Berlin, it was big enough to make Bourne come out from wherever he's been hiding to kill again.

(to Abbott)

How's that scan?

*
*
*
*
*
*

As the MANDARINS all start talking at once --

ZORN enters. Stands at the head of the table. Tries to get their attention.

*
*

ZORN

Hey...

(they look up)

Look, you're not gonna believe this, but Jason Bourne's passport just came on the grid in Naples.

*
*
*
*
*

ABBOTT blinks. What?

*

119-120 DELETED

119-120

*

121 EXT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- NIGHT

121

NEVINS. American. A junior, C.I.A. Field Officer. Walking from the parking lot, talking on his cellphone.

NEVINS

...what can I do? I can't. I'll call you when I know what I'm into...

(a hassled pause)

I don't know, some guy's name came up on the computer.

(starting toward the building)

So start without me, if I can get there, I will. Later...

NEVINS hangs up and pockets the phone. He hustles towards the building.

122 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

122

The room is jumping. Agents tracking, working the phones and computers. PAMELA giving orders. ABBOTT watches.

CRONIN
 (looks up from computer
 screen)
 Looks like he's been detained.

PAMELA
 Who's going? Us?

CRONIN
 There's only a Consulate, they sent a
 field officer out half an hour ago --

PAMELA
 (cuts him off)
 Then get a number, they need to know who
 they're dealing with.

CRONIN already on it...

123

INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM -- SUNSET

123

As NEVINS flashes his credentials to CARABINIERI at door,
 who gives an unimpressed shrug and lets him in.

NEVINS takes his overcoat off, tosses it on the empty
 chair. We see a big ass .45 for just a second under his
 suit jacket.

NEVINS
 Alright, Mr. Bourne, is that your name?
 (BOURNE nods)
 Name's Nevins. I'm with the US Consulate.
 Could I see your passport?

BOURNE, silent, hands over his passport.

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 So, Mr. Bourne...

NEVINS studies Bourne's passport...

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 What are you doing in Tangiers?

Silence...

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 (faux friendly)
 Are you travelling alone?

BOURNE stares straight ahead. NEVINS comes around the table and sits in front of BOURNE.

NEVINS (CONT'D)
(in his face)
Look, I don't know what you've done.
But, you're gonna need to play ball here.

NEVINS cell starts to ring. He shrugs an apology, turns away and answers:

NEVINS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Nevins...

PAMELA/PHONE
This is Pamela Landy, a CI Supervisor
calling from Langley, Virginia. Are you
with a Jason Bourne now?

NEVINS
(listens; looks at Bourne)
Yes...

A123 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

A123

PAMELA on the phone.

PAMELA
Then use extreme caution. He can be very
unpredictable and violent. Use whatever
means necessary to...

123 INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM -- SUNSET

123

Whatever Nevins is being told, it's concerning. BOURNE watching him. Knows exactly what this is.

CLOSE ON NEVINS as he steps away, listening intently. His hand just starting to move toward his shoulder holster.

NEVINS (cont'd)
Okay, I'll call you right back.

NEVINS flips shut his phone. He reaches for his gun, even as he turns, and --

BOURNE is right there in his face. WHUMP! Momentum and gravity reaching mutual agreement as NEVINS hits the deck.

CARABINIERI barely clears his holster before -- CHOP -- CHOP -- BOURNE has him down in a heap.

BOURNE is back, silent and effective.

Finding NEVINS cellphone, BOURNE reaches into his bag. He holds the phone next to a larger, diagnostic MOBILE UNIT -- the "confirm" light blinks -- Nevins' phone has been cloned. BOURNE puts the phone back in NEVINS coat, takes his gun and CARABINIERI'S gun and radio and puts them in his duffle. We're starting to realize there's a plan at work here.

FINALLY

BOURNE -- exits the door, wedging a desk under the handle so it cannot be opened from the inside and calmly walks away like nothing ever happened --

124 EXT. NAPLES FERRY BUILDING -- NIGHT 124

And now we see the old BOURNE, in his long black coat, purposely striding out of the building. He pauses long enough for the security camera to get a good look at him.

THE RONIN returns.

125 EXT. NAPLES FERRY PARKING LOT -- NIGHT 125

BOURNE crosses the street and approaches a man putting his suitcase in the trunk of a green Peugeot. BOURNE reaches into his bag, pulls out some cash.

126 DELETED 126 *

127 INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM -- NIGHT 127

NEVINS stirring, the CARABINIERI still out. A phone starts to RING. Nevins' phone. Finally sitting up, he answers.

NEVINS

Hello?

128-129 DELETED 128-129

130 INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY 130

PAMELA at the other end of the line.

PAMELA/PHONE

Mr. Nevins?

NEVINS/PHONE

Who's this?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy, again. Where do we stand?

*

A130 INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM -- NIGHT

A130

Nevins barely knows where he is.

131 EXT. NAPLES STREET -- NIGHT

131

BOURNE sits in the dark car. Headphones. A nest of cool gadgetry -- on the passenger seat. Listening in -- recording --

*

He writes: Pamela Landy -- circles it.

NEVINS/PHONE

I think... I think he got away.

*

PAMELA looks at the faces waiting around the table. Shakes her head no...

*

PAMELA

Have you locked down the area?

*

*

NEVINS/PHONE

Ah, we're in Italy. They don't exactly "lock down" real quick...

*

INTERCUT -- BOURNE -- NEVINS -- PAMELA --

PAMELA/PHONE

How long have you worked for the agency?

NEVINS/PHONE

Me? Four years.

PAMELA/PHONE

If you ever want to make it to five, you're gonna listen to me real close. Jason Bourne is armed and extremely dangerous. A week ago, he assassinated two men in Berlin, one of whom was a highly-experienced field officer...

*

*

(continuing as--)

We're TOTALLY ON BOURNE at this point -- sitting there in the dark car, struggling to make sense of this -- what the fuck is she talking about? -- Berlin? -- He writes it, circles it.

PAMELA/PHONE (CONT'D)

I want that area secured, I want any evidence secured and I want it done now. Is that clear??

*

NEVINS/PHONE

Yes, sir -- ma'am...

PAMELA/PHONE

I'm getting on a plane to Berlin in 45 minutes, which means you are going to call me back in 30, and when I ask you where we stand, I had better be impressed. My mobile number is...

*
*
*
*
*

BOURNE already turning the key in the ignition -- THE PEUGEOT ROARING TO LIFE, as he writes the number.

*

Dropping the car into gear, BOURNE pulls briskly away from the curb.

A131 INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

A131

PAMELA finishes, hangs up.

ABBOTT

Berlin!

*
*

PAMELA

I've already got a team there. I doubt Bourne's in Naples to settle down and raise a family.

*
*
*
*

ABBOTT

You don't know what you're getting into here.

*
*
*

PAMELA

And you do? From the moment he left Treadstone, he has killed and eluded every person that you sent to find him...

*
*
*
*

Before it can come to blows --

MARSHALL

(riot act)

Enough. I want both of you on that plane.
(MORE)

*

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And we are -- all of us -- going to do
what we were either too lazy or inept to
do the last time around -- you're going to
find this sonofabitch and take him down
before he destroys any more of this
agency.

(beat)

Is that definitive enough for you?

ABBOTT nods. Sharing a look with PAMELA as we --

AA131

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY -- DAY

AA131

PAMELA and CRONIN come screaming around a corner and down
a long corridor, ABBOTT and ZORN trying to keep up.

CRONIN

-- Kurt's reopening all the wyfi and sat
links --

PAMELA

-- uplink all relevant files to
Kim --

(a look back at Zorn)

-- and I want them to contact anyone who
had anything to do with Treadstone --

ZORN looks to ABBOTT, as they disappear around a
corner...

B131

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

B131

THE PEUGEOT speeding North -- North towards Germany and --

132

DELETED

132

133

INT. BOURNE'S PEUGEOT -- NIGHT (CONT)

133

BOURNE driving -- listening to playback of Pamela's
conversation with Nevins.

PAMELA/TAPE

"Jason Bourne is armed and extremely
dangerous..."

BOURNE'S FACE -- eyes -- tight -- looking weird --

PAMELA/TAPE (cont'd)
(CONT'D)

"...a week ago he assassinated two men in Berlin, one a highly..."

A133 SUDDENLY A133

FLASHBACK! -- a shard -- pieces -- lightning flash of images GETTING IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR -- rolling BRANDENBURG BERLIN -- A MIRROR -- THE TELEVISION TOWER --

THE DRIVER looks back. We see him. (We'll know him later as Jarda.) Then -- A STEEL CASE on the backseat. Inside a SYRINGE, A DARK VIAL, PISTOL. As we lay hands on them --

B133 BACK TO: B133

BOURNE out of it -- jolted! -- almost losing control of the car for a second -- jerking back into his lane, -- recognition -- toughing it out -- Steady as she goes --

Catching his rhythm again. Accelerating and ---

134 EXT. BAKERY -- PORTOBELLO ROAD -- DAY 134

A BAKERY on the corner. NICKY emerging. Nicky from the old days. Suddenly, she stops --

ABBOTT stands there beside a parked car. The passenger door open. Message clear. Get the fuck in.

135 INT. US AIR FORCE BASE, ENGLAND -- DAY 135

Inside a hanger. Inside an office. ABBOTT watching as CRONIN questions NICKY. PAMELA sits on a window sill.

CRONIN

So your cover at the time was what?

NICKY

That I was an American student in Paris.

CRONIN

What exactly did your job with Treadstone in Paris consist of?

Nicky looks to Abbott. He nods that it's okay to answer. Pamela bristles at the check-off.

*
*

NICKY

I had two responsibilities. One was to coordinate logistical operations. The other was to monitor the health of the agents, to make sure they were up to date with their medications.

CRONIN

Health, meaning what?

NICKY

Their mental health. Because of what they'd been through. They were prone to a variety of problems.

PAMELA

(losing patience)

What kind of problems?

*

NICKY

Depression. Anger. Compulsive behaviors. They had physical symptoms -- headaches -- sensitivity to light --

PAMELA

Amnesia?

*

*

NICKY

Before this? Before Bourne? No.

NICKY gets agitated. ABBOTT steps in, fatherly, good cop.

*

*

ABBOTT

Were you familiar with the training program?

NICKY

The details? No. I mean, I was told it was voluntary. I don't know if that's true or not, but that's what I was told.

(a bit defensive)

Look, they took vulnerable subjects, okay? You mix that with the right pharmacology and some serious behavior modification, and, I don't know, I mean, I guess anything's possible.

ZORN arrives from outside.

*

ZORN
 The jet's ready.
 (points to Nicky)
 There's a car for you.

Everybody moving. NICKY relieved. She's off the hook.
 She thinks. She becomes aware of PAMELA considering her.

NICKY
 Good luck.

PAMELA
 You were his local contact. You were
 with him the night Conklin died. You're
 coming with us.

136 EXT. PRIVATE JET -- DUSK 136

Streaks across the sky.

137 INT. PRIVATE JET -- NIGHT 137

Quiet in the cabin. ABBOTT gets up to use the bathroom.
 PAMELA sits across from NICKY who stares out the window.
 As the bathroom door clicks shut, PAMELA seizes the
 privacy.

PAMELA
 I'm curious about Bourne. Your
 interpretation of his condition.
 You have specific training in the
 identification and diagnosis of
 psychological conditions?

NICKY
 Am I a doctor, no, but...

PAMELA
 Are you an expert in amnesia?

NICKY
 Look, what do you want me to say?
 I was there. I believed him.

PAMELA
 Believed what?

NICKY
 I believed Jason Bourne had suffered
 a severe traumatic breakdown.

PAMELA
So he fooled you.

NICKY
(frustration building)
If you say so.

PAMELA
(leans in; still low)
Not good enough. You're the person who
floated this amnesia story.
(shifts gears)
Ever feel sorry for him? For what he'd
been through?

NICKY
You're making it out like we're friends
here or something. I met him alone twice.

PAMELA
You felt nothing? No spark? Two young
people in Paris? Dangerous missions?
Life and death?

NICKY
(incredulous)
You mean, did I want a date?

PAMELA
Did you?

NICKY
These were killers. Conklin had them all
jacked up. They were Dobermans.

PAMELA
Some women like Dobermans --

NICKY
What do you want from me? I was
reassigned. I'm out.

PAMELA
See, that's a problem for me, Nicky.
Whatever he's doing, we need to end it.
This isn't the kind of mess you walk away
from.

PAMELA leans away. NICKY looks back out the window.

138 EXT. TARMAC -- BERLIN AIRPORT -- NIGHT 138

Three in the morning as the GULF STREAM lurches to a stop.
TWO BLACK SEDANS here for the pickup. TEDDY the greeting
party as --

PAMELA, CRONIN, ABBOTT, ZORN and NICKY disembark --

A138 EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT A138

The SEDANS making their way, stopping at a non-descript
office building.

B138 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT B138

ELEVATOR opens into their 9th floor world. Emergency
activity. KIM ready to debrief, KURT work the computers.
Energy up. PAMELA, ABBOTT and CRONIN bring NICKY into the
room.

KIM

-- so far Bourne's had no contact with
anyone on the list -- Langley pulled an
image out of Naples, it's uploading right
now.

*
*

KURT

Coming in now...

Everything stops, as THE PHOTO -- blurry, oblique -- begins
materializing on HALF-A-DOZEN MONITORS around the room.
Suddenly, they're surrounded by Bourne.

PAMELA

(to Nicky)

Is it him?

Looking closer -- she nods...

CRONIN

He's not hiding, that's for sure.

ZORN

Why Naples? Why now?

PAMELA has gone quiet, just staring at the picture, as --

KURT

Could be random.

CRONIN
Maybe he's running.

ABBOTT looks skeptical.

ABBOTT
On his own passport?

KIM
(the image)
What's he actually doing?

CRONIN
What's he doing? He's making his first
mistake...

And then, from behind them --

NICKY
It's not a mistake.
(everyone looks over)
They don't make mistakes. And they don't
do random. There's always an objective,
always a target.
(beat)
If he's in Naples, on his own passport,
there's a reason.

*
*
*
*
*

PAMELA turns to ABBOTT. A silent moment between them.
They're in it now and they know it.

C138 EXT. ITALIAN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY -- NIGHT C138

THE PEUGEOT streaking through the Alps. Passing a sign for
the German border. Moonlit glacial peaks whipping past as
CLUB MUSIC STARTS PULSING LOUDER AND LOUDER and --

D138 INT. THE PEUGEOT -- NIGHT (CONT.) D138

BOURNE driving hard. Pushing the car through the night.
Mission Bourne. As the MUSIC KEEPS JUST BUILDING AND
BUILDING, taking us into --

139 INT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT 139

Packed and loud. Skin and smoke. A DOORMAN on the move,
taking us with him through THE CROWD. Faces -- voices --
all the Moscow party people and --

AT THE BACK

A VIP BOOTH. KIRILL simply shitfaced. But in a really creepy, numb kind of way. THREE WOMEN, absolutely gorgeous, are sitting around him, chatting away as if he weren't even there. The girls looking up to see --

THE DOORMAN
(standing there)
(Can he walk?)

KIRILL stirs. His stupor a futile attempt to escape. Eyes still those of an exceptionally hard man.

A minute later. KIRILL can walk. The most graceful drunk you've ever seen. Making his way through the club. Tuning out everything but the need to get to THE DOOR and --

140 EXT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB -- DAY (CONT) 140

Yes, day. It's nine a.m. KIRILL suddenly in the sunlight. People going to work. Kids off to school and --

GRET KOV sitting in his Mercedes, not happy.

FOLLOW CAR and SECURITY and ASSISTANT equally unhappy.

GRET KOV
(You told me Jason Bourne was dead.)

KIRILL blinking against the sunlight -- trying to process.

141 DELETED 141

142 EXT. ANONYMOUS MUNICH NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY 142

Discreet and chilly. A car pulls up. A MAN gets out.

MUNICH

We don't see his face as he heads in.

143 INT. JARDA'S HOUSE FOYER/KITCHEN -- DAY 143

The man enters. His alarm system -- beep...beep -- starts once he comes through the door. There's A KEYPAD on the wall. He enters his code and the beeping stops. Just like everyday. It's a sad house.

He hangs his coat on the rack. Moving now --

INTO

THE KITCHEN. He drops his briefcase on the table, opens the fridge for a drink. Except what he comes out with is --

A GUN!

Wheeling around. The salaryman is JARDA. JARDA from Bourne's dream. But as he turns --

BOURNE behind him. Bigger gun. Waiting. So ready.

BOURNE
I emptied it.

JARDA
(a total pro)
Felt a little light.

BOURNE
Drop it.

JARDA lets the gun fall, looks his old comrade over a beat.

But Bourne's not interested in a reunion.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Here...

Bourne tosses him FLEXCUFFS -- JARDA puts his hands behind his back, turns to let BOURNE cinch them.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Front. Use your teeth.

JARDA
(caught scamming)
Sorry. Old habits.

BOURNE kicks over a chair. Sit.

JARDA (CONT'D)
Word in the ether was you'd lost your
memory.

*

BOURNE checking JARDA'S briefcase -- tearing through it --

BOURNE
You still should've moved.

JARDA
I like it here.
(a beat)
(MORE)

JARDA (CONT'D)

Last time I saw you was Greece. You had a good spot.

BOURNE reacts -- doesn't look over -- but realizes...

JARDA (CONT'D)

I had the girl. I had her lined up that whole afternoon. Waiting for you, that was the problem.

(defensive)

You ever do two targets? It's tough.

BOURNE turns. Cold.

JARDA (CONT'D)

(his real question)

So why didn't you kill me then?

BOURNE

She wouldn't let me.

(beat)

She's the only reason you're alive.

Silence. JARDA down a peg. Or two.

JARDA

What do you want?

BOURNE

Conklin.

JARDA

He's dead.

BOURNE -- the gun -- right to Jarda's face --

BOURNE

Try again.

JARDA

Shot dead in Paris. Dead the night you walked out.

BOURNE/PHONE

Then who runs Treadstone?

JARDA

Nobody. They shut it down. We're the last two. It's over...

(not finishing because--)

-- he's falling! -- landing hard -- BOURNE just kicked the chair out from under him --

BOURNE

You're lying. If it's over, why are they after me?

JARDA

I don't know.

BOURNE

Who sent you to Greece?

JARDA

A voice. A voice from the States. Someone new.

BOURNE

Pamela Landy?

JARDA

I don't know who that is.

BOURNE

What's going on in Berlin?

JARDA

I don't know! Why would I lie?

Silence. BOURNE pulls back. Unsure.

JARDA makes it to his feet.

JARDA (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do? You must have really screwed up.

*

BOURNE doesn't know. He backs off.

JARDA (CONT'D)

She really did that? Told you not to kill me?

(beat)

I had a woman once. But after a while, what do you talk about? I mean, for us. The work. You can't tell them who you are...

BOURNE

I did.

JARDA hesitates. It's really like Bourne just told him how much he loved her.

JARDA

I thought you were here to kill me.

Something in the way he said it. Plus Jarda just glanced at his watch.

BOURNE

What did you do?

JARDA shrugs, almost embarrassed. BOURNE looks across to the alarm pad Jarda hit on the way in. Voltage -- like a switch.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You called it in?

JARDA

I'm sorry.

BOURNE

How long? How long do I have --
(stopping because--)

THE PHONE JUST STARTED RINGING -- loud -- insistent --

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

How long?

144

INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY

144

Jamming -- right the fuck into it -- three guys -- JARHEADS -- DOD Special Force dudes -- speeding through MUNICH -- JAR #1 is the driver -- JAR #2 is prepping weapons like a maniac in the backseat and --

JAR #3

(on the phone)
-- it's a red flag file! -- so fix it,
call them back ASAP! --

JAR #1

(the call)
What? What'd they do?

JAR #3

(bad news)
She called Munich local.

JAR #2

(slamming home another clip)
It's probably just a drill anyway.

*

145 INT. JARDA'S HOUSE KITCHEN -- DAY 145

PHONE RINGING -- JARDA in cuffs -- BOURNE scanning out the windows -- everything fast --

 BOURNE
-- car keys?

 JARDA
-- my coat -- but we should --

 BOURNE
-- what? --

 JARDA
-- take the back -- get another car --

BOURNE hesitates -- just a moment --

Wrong.

SLAM! -- out of nowhere -- JARDA swings -- two-hands -- still cuffed -- like a mace -- catching BOURNE hard and --

BOURNE stunned -- JARDA smashing the coffee table, slices the flexcuffs through on a shard of glass -- Free!

JARDA follows up -- knee up in the ribs -- THE GUN KNOCKED FREE FROM BOURNE'S HAND! -- skittering across the floor -- BOURNE -- as JARDA starts to move -- backhanding him and --

146 EXT. MUNICH STREET -- DAY 146

TWO MUNICH PATROL CARS rolling and --

147 EXT./INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY 147

Seen from inside, glimpsed through the glass outside.

It's war -- a flat-out, close-quarter death match -- JARDA older and cuffed, but strong and determined -- BOURNE still hammered from that opening sucker-punch -- the two of them braced there -- grappling -- falling --

JARDA -- the cuffs -- he's got BOURNE in a choke-hold -- but BOURNE driving his head back -- into JARDA'S FACE and --

148 INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY 148

Jamming along through Munich --

149

INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

149

JARDA -- BOURNE -- THE GUN on the floor -- struggling for it -- JARDA there first -- BOURNE on him -- pinned there -- four hands, one gun and --

BLAMM!!! -- wild shot -- into the refrigerator --

Still wrestling -- breaking JARDA's nose, until --

The gun knocked away again.

Finally their hands locked into each other's throats. This is as real and up close as it gets. Until, BOURNE finally holds dead weight. Eyes fixed. Staring...

BOURNE jumping back. Blood all over his shirt -- BOURNE'S first kill in a long time. A messy one -- Revulsion.

150

INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY

150

JARHEADS getting close -- but up ahead -- ANOTHER MUNICH PATROL CAR in motion -- the JARHEADS react -- don't need or want the company.

151

INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

151

BOURNE -- all business now -- pulling THE STOVE away from the wall -- there -- THE GAS LINE HOSE -- BOURNE ripping it free -- gas running wide open into the room --

Next -- A FORK -- grabbing it -- jamming it down into the mechanism on a TOASTER -- wedging it there -- and now he's grabbing PAPERS -- JARDA's stuff on the table -- jamming a roll of sales projections into the toaster beside the fork --
-

BOURNE coughing from the gas, turning the toaster on.

Checking his watch.

Taking one last look at JARDA dead on the floor and --

152

DELETED

152

*

153 INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY 153
They're just turning into the street --

154 EXT. JARDA'S STREET -- DAY 154
THE DOD CAR -- THREE DODS approaching the house, when -- *
BOOOOOMM!!! -- JARDA'S KITCHEN -- blown out! -- gone --

155 EXT. JARDA'S BACK DOOR -- DAY 155
BOURNE -- same moment -- flying out the rear -- as planned
-- urban backyard exfil -- he's flying and -- Gone.

156 EXT. JARDA'S HOUSE -- DAY 156
Fire -- smoke -- it's all burning now -- MUNICH COPS blown
back -- they'll have a story to tell tonight --

157 INT. BOURNE'S CAR -- DAY 157 *
Drives away past arriving police... *

158-163 DELETED 158-163

164 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT 164
The bullpen is cranking -- phones to Munich -- lines to
Langley -- ABBOTT watching from the sidelines -- KURT and
KIM at their work stations -- PAMELA on mobile, turns to
ABBOTT --

 PAMELA
 So he beats a man within an inch of his *
 life, strangles him, then blows the place *
 up? *
 (at Nicky)
 For someone with amnesia, he certainly
 hasn't forgotten how to kill, has he?

Across the room -- CRONIN and TEDDY suddenly excited about
what they're seeing on THEIR SCREEN --

CRONIN

-- hey! -- they've got him boxed in! --
(new data coming up on the
monitor)

Everyone rushing to look. Excited, except --

ZORN

Forget it. They lost him.

TEDDY

What're you talking about? They've got a
three block perimeter.

ZORN

You can't see him? He's not in front of
you? Forget it. He's gone.

CRONIN

(fuck you, buzzkill)
It's not gonna be like last time.

*
*
*

ZORN

You better start listening to someone.
Cause we've been there.

*
*

ABBOTT

Okay, enough...
(stepping in)
Take a walk, Danny. Get some air.

*
*
*
*

Zorn nods. Happy to.

*

NICKY

(piping in)
I don't think we need to keep looking for
him anyway.

PAMELA

And why is that?

NICKY

Because he's doing just what he said he'd
do. He's coming for us.

*

And for the first time they're all thinking the same thing.

165

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER -- BERLIN -- NIGHT -- RAIN

165

*It is pouring rain. Seen from that Hellish car, A HUGE,
DISTINCTIVE, NEEDLE-LIKE TOWER dominates the skyline,
lights flashing through the dark and wet --*

166

INT. THE AUDI/REST-STOP -- NIGHT

166

BOURNE'S EYES OPENING! -- heart pounding -- springing up -- alone -- damn, his side hurts -- recoiling from that -- where is he? -- he's in the car -- looking around and --

HIS WINDSHIELD POV

AN AUTOBAHN REST-STOP. Gas station. Sleeping trucks.

BACK TO

BOURNE catching his breath -- shifting away from the pain in his rib -- checking his watch -- but what the hell is that on his sleeve? -- fuck, it's BLOOD -- JARDA's blood --

167

EXT. AUTOBAHN REST-STOP -- NIGHT

167

BOURNE out of the car fast -- careless -- wrong -- not even checking who's watching -- pulling off the shirt -- tearing it off -- throwing it down and --

Standing there. In the weird light. A big bruise ripening on his side. Looking around.

It's okay. Nobody's watching. But, shit, man...

Get it together.

A167

INT. PEUGEOT -- AUTOBAHN -- NIGHT

A167

Streaking along. BOURNE back to his mission.

B167

EXT. AUTOBAHN -- NIGHT

B167

Roaring by a SIGN: Berlin 75 KM.

168

INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT -- NIGHT

168

KIRILL striding through the terminal. Moving quickly toward a departure gate and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

GRET KOV above. Watching him go.

B179 INT. PAMELA'S HILTON HOTEL SUITE -- DAWN

B179

Clean and plain. A bed nobody's slept in. THE PHONE begins ringing. PAMELA, fresh from the shower, rushing out from the bathroom to answer it --

PAMELA/PHONE

Hello --

Dial tone. PAMELA hangs up. That was strange --

C179 EXT. BERLIN STREETS/ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAWN

C179

A TAXI driving through the empty early streets and --

D179 INT. BERLIN TAXI -- DAWN (CONT)

D179

BOURNE in the backseat. Staring out the window and --

HIS POV

THE FERNSEHTURM looming as they pass, the Berlin TV Tower. That needle in the sky. From the flashback. And then --

E179 SUDDENLY

E179

FLASHBACK! -- it's raining -- we're still moving -- still in a car -- still near Alexanderplatz, but suddenly it's pouring outside -- turning back, we realize we're not in the cab anymore -- there's A DRIVER up front, and beside him...

CONKLIN! -- yes, Conklin -- he's in the passenger seat -- turning back to us -- handing us something -- A PHOTOGRAPH -- a face -- some guy --

CONKLIN

Neski. Vladimir Neski...

(the photo)

He's at the Hotel Brecker. Get the papers.

(beat)

Say it.

*

*

BOURNE -- Treadstone Bourne -- alone in the back -- staring at the photo --

BOURNE

Neski. Hotel Brecker. Papers.

*

CONKLIN

This is not a drill, soldier. We're clear on that? This is a live project and you are go. Training is over.

BOURNE

Yes, sir.

CONKLIN

Good, then gimme the damn picture back.

(taking it)

See you on the other side.

(to the driver)

Pull over, he's getting out.

F179

BACK TO

F179

BOURNE sitting in the back seat of the cab. Frozen there. Rocked. What's happening to him? No chance to work it out, because the taxi's stopped and --

TAXI DRIVER

(waiting; irritated)

(The Hotel Brecker or the Grand?, make up your mind.)

BOURNE

(What?)

TAXI DRIVER

(This is the Westin Grand. You just said Brecker.)

BOURNE

(fishing for money)

(Yeah. Sorry. This is good.)

G179

INT. BERLIN WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- EARLY MORNING G179

Concentric rings looking down on each other. BOURNE slipping in unnoticed, taking a quick look up before moving along.

H179

INT. HEALTH CLUB -- GRAND HOTEL -- DAY

H179

BOURNE stepping up to the GUY behind the desk. The gym mostly empty.

BOURNE

Hi. I think I left my backpack here yesterday. Black, Nike.

*
*
*
*

The guy disappears in back to check. *

BOURNE leans across the counter, scrolling the COMPUTER -- the guest list -- his finger stabbing down on... *

SCREEN: Landy, Pamela 413.

BOURNE clears the screen, walks away.

J179 INT. CONCENTRIC RINGS -- GRAND HOTEL -- DAY J179

Because of the set-up, Bourne, pretending to talk on a house phone, has a view of ROOM 413 across the way. The door opens, PAMELA exits, carrying an overnight bag -- *

BOURNE watches.

K179 INT. LOBBY -- THE GRAND -- DAY K179

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING. PAMELA coming out into the lobby. Heading toward the exit and --

L179 EXT. GRAND HOTEL ENTRANCE -- EARLY MORNING L179

A BLACK SUBURBAN at the curb. CRONIN standing there waiting, as she emerges -- *

PAMELA

Anything?

TEDDY

No. Munich's a bust. He's loose. *

PAMELA

Are we locked up? *

CRONIN

I told everyone they had an hour -- eat, sleep, shave, whatever they want, but once we're back, we're back for good. *

As they pile in, and -- *

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE walking right past them -- he's got the whole thing scoped -- heading quickly across the street and --

M179 EXT. HILTON HOTEL TAXI STAND -- EARLY MORNING M179

BOURNE jumps into the first cab in the rank and --

N179 INT. BERLIN TAXI #2 -- EARLY MORNING (CONT) N179

THE DRIVER starting up the car, as --

BOURNE
(That black SUV. Fifty Euros if you keep
me close.)

THE DRIVER smiles and --

179I pt. INT. BERLIN AIRPORT HOTEL -- EARLY MORNING 179I pt.

KIRILL walks down the same hallway Gretkov came to meet him last time.

A GUY carrying a briefcase toward him. Stopping for a moment to light a smoke. Letting KIRILL take charge of the briefcase. Smooth. Like it never happened --

180 EXT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY 180

The SUV rolling up. The CAB continuing past and stopping at the corner.

A180 INT. CAB -- DAY A180

BOURNE looking back out the rear window.

HIS POV

As they pile out of the van, start inside. Acknowledged by a SECURITY DETAIL pretending to loiter outside. As we hear:

PAMELA (VO)
-- Munich to Berlin, check everything --
flights -- trains -- police reports --
that'll be Box #1, Teddy that's yours --
(continuing as--)

179I pt. INT. BERLIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

179I pt.

KIRILL opening the briefcase. TWO AUTOMATIC PISTOLS.
SILENCERS. AMMO. Care package.

181 EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP -- DAY

181

A bulkhead opening. BOURNE stepping out among the
satellite dishes. Unpacks a bag: telescope, water, food,
and we hear:

PAMELA (VO)
-- Box #2, call it Prior German
Connections -- Nicky, I want to re-run all
Bourne's Treadstone material, every
footstep -- Kim, Box #3 -- let's call it
Munich Outbound --
(continuing as--)

182 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY

182

We've been hearing it, now we're seeing it: PAMELA at the
chalkboard -- ABBOTT backing her up -- everyone else spread
around -- they're re-grouping -- urgently -- behind them
cots are being set up -- food, water stacked up --

*

*

PAMELA
-- let's stay on the local cops, we need
a vehicle -- parking ticket -- something --
Langley's offered to upload any satellite
imaging we need, so let's find a target to
look for.
(to Zorn)
Danny, Box #4 -- I need fresh eyes --
review the buy where we lost the three
million -- timeline it with what we know
about Bourne's movements. Turn it upside
down and see how it looks --
(continuing as--)

183 EXT. TELESCOPIC POV -- DAY

183

A decent view into the Berlin HQ. Two windows. One offers
a look at an empty kitchenette. The other, a nice shot of
the bullpen area. It looks like they are in for the long
haul. There's TEDDY pacing past...a glimpse of ZORN
conferring with ABBOTT...now KIM talking on the phone.

*

*

184 EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP -- DAY 184

BOURNE -- eyes locked on the target. Scanning. Waiting.

And then, something changes. Suddenly, there's something down there that's clearly a great deal more electric than what he's seen so far --

A184 TELESCOPIC POV A184

NICKY! -- she's just come into the kitchenette -- pouring herself a cup of coffee. Nicky who he knows. And --

BOURNE lowering the telescope. Yes. Now he's getting somewhere. Thinking it through, as --

185 DELETED 185 *

186 INT. KITCHENETTE -- BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY 186

NICKY is joined by PAMELA who goes for the coffee.

PAMELA

Is it fresh?

NICKY

It's got caffeine in it. That's all I know.

Before PAMELA can pour, her cell phone rings. She answers. *

PAMELA

Pamela Landy.

BOURNE/PHONE

I was at the Westin this morning. I could have killed you. *

PAMELA

Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH ROOFTOP

BOURNE *

It's me. *

PAMELA

(Holy Christ)

Bourne?

NICKY reacts to the name. Runs to the other room to try and start a trace.

PAMELA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
What do you want?

BOURNE
I want to come in.

He wants to come in! -- it's like a bomb going off -- NICKY back in with Conklin -- PAMELA waving for a pencil.

PAMELA
Okay, how do you want to do it? *

BOURNE
I want someone I know to take me in. *

PAMELA
Who?

BOURNE
There was a girl in Paris. Part of the program. She used to handle the medication.

AND NOW WE STAY WITH

PAMELA -- her eyes flicker over to NICKY.

PAMELA
What if we can't find her?

BOURNE/PHONE
It's easy. She's standing right in front of you.

Busted. *

PAMELA
Okay, Jason, your move. *

BOURNE
Alexanderplatz. 30 minutes. Under the World Clock. Alone. Give her your phone. *

Click. The line goes dead -- Pamela steps away from the window, realizing he's on one of the roofs out there! *

A186 EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP -- DAY A186

As the bulkhead door swings in the wind -- BOURNE is gone.

B186 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY B186

Everyone gathered. A big, detailed MAP of ALEXANDERPLATZ spread on the table. *

ZORN *

Here's the clock -- shit -- he's put her in the middle of everything. *

CRONIN *

-- it's a nightmare -- we'll never get her covered. *

ABBOTT

Call a Mayday into Berlin station. We need snipers, DOD, whatever they got.

PAMELA

Snipers? Hold on -- he said he wants to come in. *

ABBOTT

My ass he does. You're playing with fire, Pamela. Marshall said nail him to the wall. I don't know how you interpreted that, but I don't think he meant repatriate him. *

PAMELA

Don't you want answers?

ABBOTT

There are no answers. There's either Jason Bourne alive or Jason Bourne dead. And I for one would prefer the latter. And what about her?

(points to Nicky)

You just send her out to this lunatic with no protection?

PAMELA looks to NICKY.

PAMELA

What do you think? Is he coming in?

NICKY

I don't know. He was sick. He wanted out. I believed him.

*

PAMELA

Alright...

PAMELA gestures to ABBOTT, CRONIN, TEDDY.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

...make the call. Get a wire on her. If it starts to go wrong, take him out.

*

*

187 DELETED

187

*

A187 EXT. BERLIN STATION/MOTORPOOL -- DAY

A187

The rear of THE OFFICIAL BERLIN C.I.A. HQ -- and here they come -- TEN DELTA DUDES in civvies, sprinting to A COUPLE VEHICLES with DRIVERS ready and engines running and --

*

B187-C187 DELETED

B187-C187

*

D187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY

D187

NICKY, her hands overhead as -- ZORN tapes a TRANSMITTER and BATTERY between her shoulder blades -- TEDDY and CRONIN plot the area with TWO MEN plainclothed DELTA TEAM -- KIM and KURT on their own lines.

*

*

*

KIM

*

(this just in)

*

They got the number. Bourne's calls came from Nevins' phone. The field agent in Genoa.

*

*

*

TEDDY

*

Nevins is Bourne?

*

ABBOTT

*

(losing it)

*

Are you an idiot?! Bourne must've cloned his phone!

*

*

An embarrassed silence. Abbott mad at himself for losing his temper -- looking up to find Pamela's eyes on his.

*

*

ABBOTT (cont'd) (CONT'D)

*

I hope you know what you're doing --

*

E187-F187	<u>DELETED</u>	E187-F187	*
G187	<u>EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAY</u>	G187	
	In all its vastness -- Alone -- there's the WORLD CLOCK -- NICKY waiting on the periphery, TWO PLAIN-CLOTHED DELTAS nearby.		*
	IN QUICK SUCCESSION -- NICKY -- BINOCULAR POV -- SNIPER SCOPE POV -- on a VIDEO MONITOR.		
H187	<u>INT. BULLPEN -- COMMAND POST -- DAY</u>	H187	*
	Everyone waiting. Holding their breath. Watching NICKY standing as...		* *
J187	<u>EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- WORLD CLOCK -- DAY</u>	J187	
	NICKY'S (Pamela's) PHONE rings. She answers as a yellow TRAM approaches...		* *
	BOURNE		*
	See that tram coming around the corner?		*
	NICKY		*
	Yes.		*
	BOURNE		*
	Get on it.		*
	She turns and walks as the TRAM arrives. The DELTA DUDES start moving...		* *
K187	<u>EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAY</u>	K187	*
	The yellow TRAM arrives. NICKY enters. One of the DELTA DUDES just barely joining her. The TRAM begins moving. NICKY looks around nervously. Nothing happens. The TRAM moves about 500 yards across the PLATZ. Stops at the next stop. People get on and off. NICKY and DELTA DUDE relax a bit. Doors begin to close.		* * * * * *
	And just like that, BOURNE swoops in beside NICKY! Flashes a gun.		* *
	BOURNE		*
	Walk.		*

BOURNE takes her arm and they just get off as the doors
close leaving the DELTA DUDE behind. They disappear down
into the PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY.

*
*
*

L187-M187 DELETED

L187-M187

*

N187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

N187

*

A madhouse, a video feed on a monitor.

PAMELA
Where's Nicky?

As they realize she's gone --

ABBOTT
Goddamn it -- I told you.

CRONIN
Listen! Listen!

He cranks the speaker.

BOURNE'S VOICE
What did I say? What did I tell you in
Paris?

O187 DELETED

O187

*

P187 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY

P187

BOURNE
What were my words?
(but she can't speak)
Leave me alone! Leave me out of it!
But you couldn't do that, could you?

NICKY
I did...Jason, I swear, I did...I told
them... I told them I believed you...

BOURNE
Who is Pamela Landy?

NICKY
You hear me? I believed you.

BOURNE
IS SHE RUNNING TREADSTONE?

*

Q187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

Q187 *

PAMELA all ears.

NICKY'S VOICE
She's CI. Counterintelligence.
She's a Deputy Director.

BOURNE'S VOICE
What the hell is she doing?

R187 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY

R187

NICKY
What's she doing?

Nicky looks at him like he's crazy.

BOURNE
Why is she trying to kill me?

*

NICKY
They know!
(defiant, reckless)
They know you were here. They know you
killed these two guys. They know you and
Conklin had something on the side. They
don't know what it is, but they know!

As BOURNE tries to process --

S187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

S187 *

Radio chatter going wild. Panic.

DELTA V.O.
(into radio)
Where are they? Anyone?

T187 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY

T187

Still walking. BOURNE knowing he must be driving them
nuts.

*

BOURNE
How do they know that? How can they know
any of that?

NICKY
What is this, a game?

BOURNE
I want to hear it from you.

She looks at him. Is he crazy? What?

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Say it.

NICKY
Last week an Agency field officer went to make a buy from a Russian national.

BOURNE
A Russian?

NICKY
It was Pamela Landy's op. The guy was going to sell-out a mole or something. I haven't been debriefed on exactly what it was.

BOURNE
Last week? When?

*
*

Is she supposed to answer? -- Nicky shrugs -- on quicksand.

NICKY
And you got to him before we could.

BOURNE
I killed him???

NICKY
You left a print! There was Kel that didn't go off! There was a partial print, they tracked it back to Treadstone! They know it's you!

BOURNE
I left a fingerprint! You fucking people.

*
*

SUDDENLY --

BOURNE'S jerking her down to a LOWER LEVEL --

U187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY U187 *

Big static on the speakers. DELTA C.O. coolly checks the map.

DELTA C.O.
She must be in one of the pedestrian tunnels.

V187 EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAY V187

As DELTA DUDES fan out, head for the subway entrances.

W187 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- SECTION TWO -- DAY W187

An INTERSECTION of THREE TUNNELS.

BOURNE leads NICKY far left. She looks really scared.

188 INT./EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT -- DAY 188

GRET KOV has landed. Just coming off the flight --

189-A189 DELETED 189-A189 *

190 DELETED 190 *

191 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- SECTION FOUR -- DAY 191

BOURNE *

What was Landy buying? What kind of files? *

(when she doesn't answer instantly--)

WHAT WAS SHE BUYING? *

NICKY

Conklin! Stuff on Conklin! *

(trying not to lose it)

Suddenly he rips the microphone out from under her shirt -- he knew of course -- dropping it as he yanks her along. *

192 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY 192 *

As the transmission goes dead. Christ... ABOOTT drills a look at PAMELA. Your fault!

PAMELA *
(ignoring Abbott) *
That phone has a locator on it. *

KURT and KIM work their stuff. *

193 INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY 193

Gloomy, deserted. A mausoleum. Here come NICKY and BOURNE. She knows she's on her own now. BOURNE dead serious. Looks at his watch.

BOURNE
Why are you here, then? *

NICKY *
Please -- I'm only here because of Paris -- *
because they can't figure out what you're *
doing -- I'm here because of Abbott -- *

	BOURNE	*
Abbott?		*

NICKY *

He closed down Treadstone -- he took care *

of me after Paris... *

BOURNE *

So when was I here? *

NICKY *

What do you mean? *

BOURNE
For Treadstone. In Berlin. You know my
file. I did a job here. When?

NICKY
No. You never worked Berlin.

BOURNE
My first job. *

NICKY
Your first assignment was Geneva.

BOURNE
That's a lie!

NICKY
(emphatic)
You never worked Berlin...

BOURNE raising the gun -- eyes gone dead -- oh, shit...

NICKY (CONT'D)
No...Jason...please...

BOURNE
I was here!

NICKY
...it's not in the file...I swear...I
know your file...your first job was
Geneva!...I swear to God you never worked
here!...

*
*
*

He's so ready to kill her. NICKY starting to cry -- hands
over her face -- covering up -- bracing for the bullet she
knows is coming --

BOURNE -- about to pull the trigger --

SUDDENLY

A193 *FLASHBACK! -- a moment -- a shard -- A WOMAN'S FACE -- A193
backing away -- begging -- begging us -- begging the camera
-- PLEADING FOR HER LIFE IN RUSSIAN -- this awful blur of
desperation and panic -- fear -- too fast -- too panicked --*

B193 JAM BACK TO B193

BOURNE swamped -- thrown -- hesitating --

CLOSE ON NICKY

Sobbing now -- when? -- finally looking out, and --

BOURNE IS GONE!

C193 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT C193

An hour later. Whole new vibe. Siege mode. Curtains
drawn.

THREE DELTA DUDES parked around the room. KURT and KIM
working the phones and screens.

*

The mood is dark. PAMELA, ABBOTT, CRONIN all in here,
the "safe" zone, away from the windows --

CRONIN

(on a cell phone)

Got it, yeah. Hang on...

(to the room)

Okay, they've got three guys out front
and another two taking the back stairs.
No word on Nicky.

KURT

(looks up from screen)

Even if she's still got your phone, it
might take awhile -- signal's hard to
trace down there.

PAMELA turns, looking at the photo of BOURNE in Naples.
Introspective.

PAMELA

So what's he doing? You believe him?

ABBOTT

It's hard to swallow.

(beat)

The confusion -- the amnesia -- but he
keeps on killing? It's more calculated
than sick.

(real soft sell)

What about Nicky? She's the last one to
see Bourne in Paris. She's the one he
asks for. They disappear...

PAMELA

Well, whatever he's doing, I've had
enough -- this is now a search and
destroy mission.

(turns to the room)

I want the Berlin police fully briefed
and --

(handing the photo to Cronin)

-- get this out to all the agencies.

ABBOTT agrees...

194

DELETED

194

195

EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

195

A BMW parked in the shadows.

196 INT. BMW -- NIGHT

196

KIRILL wearing headphones, listening to a BERLIN POLICE FREQUENCY. There's an INTERPOL "WANTED" PICTURE OF JASON BOURNE there on the seat. He's in play.

D193 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

D193

Quiet, intense activity. MILITARY RADIOS CHIRPING here and there.

THE CAMERA FINDS

ZORN moving through the bullpen, carrying a cup of coffee, heading back toward PAMELA'S OFFICE where --

ABBOTT is leaning in the doorway. Past him, inside, we can see PAMELA in the midst of a tough phone conversation. CRONIN and THE DELTA BOSS sitting there with her.

ZORN
(the coffee)
Sir...

ABBOTT
Thanks.

ABBOTT nods. Takes a sip. Looking beat.

ZORN (cont'd)
I have that number you wanted...

ABBOTT hesitates -- but only a moment -- he never asked for a number. But he's playing along. Looking satisfied as ZORN hands him a slip of paper.

ABBOTT
(glancing at it)
She say what time I should call?

ZORN
The sooner the better.

ABBOTT nods. Pockets the paper. Turning back, as if it were nothing and --

E193 INT. BERLIN CYBER CAFE -- NIGHT

E193

Massive. Modern. Busy. BOURNE in the back. In a corner.

Doing a search HOTEL BRECKER 1997-1999. Scrolling. And then stopping. Freezing. Because...

ON THE MONITOR

A BERLIN NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. There it is. Written large in loud, tabloid German:

(OIL REFORMER MURDERED)

*

There's a photograph of the Berlin Police carrying two body bags out of the Hotel Brecker. There's a caption identifying the dead as Vladimir and Sonya Neski. There's even a long article accompanying all this, but it's in German and we don't need to read it anyway, because --

BOURNE is reading it.

And we're reading in his face. That he is rocked. That he has found another bottom to the abyss.

F193

INT./EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

F193

Remember the building where Vic was killed? We're back.

ZORN and ABBOTT making their way in. Zorn steering them away toward a stairwell at the back...

194

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT 194

ZORN and ABBOTT have snuck in here. Work light. Signs of repair on the wall.

ZORN

(nervous)

I did my box work, but I wanted to show you before I showed Landy. I came out here last night because none of this was making any sense. I mean, I'm with you on this, Conklin was a nut, but a traitor? I just can't get there.

*

ABBOTT

What do you have, Danny?

ZORN

(the electrical riser)

You put a four-gam Kel on here and it's gonna take out power to the building. You know that. What you can't know, is if it's gonna blow the room with it.

ABBOTT

And?

ZORN

There were two charges, they were supposed to go off simultaneously. The second one, the one that didn't go off, was down here...

(pointing it out)

First of all, this is nothing, it's a sub-line for the breaker above. Second, why put the charge all the way down here? If you're good enough to get in here and handle the gear, you're good enough to know you don't need this.

(beat)

Bourne would know.

ABBOTT

It was staged?

ZORN

Is it a slam dunk? No, but...

ABBOTT

Jesus...

ZORN

(spit-balling)

Okay. What if someone decided to cover their tracks by blaming Conklin and Bourne. What if Bourne didn't have anything to do with this?

ABBOTT

Keep going...

ZORN

Something's been going on here in Europe. And it's still going on. Post Conklin. Who's been in Berlin?

ABBOTT

Lots of people...

ZORN

Including Landy...

(jumping off the cliff)

She had access to the archives.

ZORN hesitates. But it's out. It's in the room.

ABBOTT
Who else knows about this?

ZORN
Nobody. You.
(he's scared)
I had to tell you, right?

ABBOTT
Show me again...

ZORN
Okay...
(turning away, when--)

ABBOTT -- out of nowhere -- his hand jamming up into ZORN'S RIBCAGE! -- *more than his hand*, because ZORN'S EYES barely have a moment to register shock before they bulge. Clenching the younger man's body, pulling him close, as he turns the knife and --

ZORN is dead.

ABBOTT without hesitation. Shifting away from the blood.

Letting the body fall.

ABBOTT standing there. Listening. Checking himself for blood. He's clean.

Looking for a place to stash the body, as --

A194 EXT. HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

A194

BOURNE across the street. Staring at the hotel. Haunted. As a POLICE SIREN edges closer through the empty streets --

AA194 *FLASHBACK!*

AA194

We are a POV -- a stake-out -- watching the HOTEL across the way --

The POV checks its watch -- checks the perimeter, the street deserted, foreboding --

THE HOTEL

Our destiny waiting up there somehow --

-- and suddenly a LIGHT COMES ON -- a terrible signal -- and as the car suddenly lurches forward and around the corner --

AB194 BACK TO: AB194
 BOURNE muscling up his backpack. Heading toward the hotel.

B194 INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT B194
 And hotel. Fusty but comfortable. And busy. GUESTS
 and STAFF doing their thing. A CLERK behind the reception
 desk.

CLERK
 Guten Abend.

BOURNE
 (playing it American)
 Guten Abend.

CLERK
 (switching to English)
 Can I help you?

SUDDENLY

BA194 *FLASHBACK! -- the lobby, but seven years ago --* BA194
across the room -- A MAN buttoning a raincoat as he
passes -- NESKI! --

BB194 JAMMING BACK TO BB194
 BOURNE stalled -- coming back, as --

CLERK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Sir?
 (smiling)
 Do you have a reservation?

BOURNE
 No. Sorry. I just got in...
 (rallying back)
 I -- Is room 645 available?
 (off the Clerk's look)
 I stayed there before. My wife and I.

THE CLERK nods, checking the register. THE CONCIERGE just
 down the desk glancing over at BOURNE. Nodding hello and --

CLERK
 I'm sorry, that room is occupied. Would
 room 644 be okay, it's just across the
 hall...

BOURNE
Sure. That's fine. Danka.

194C-D	<u>DELETED</u>	194C-D
195	<u>SHOT</u>	195 *
A196	<u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER ELEVATOR -- NIGHT</u>	A196
	BOURNE riding up. Alone. Dread mounting, and --	
197	<u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u>	197
	THE CONCIERGE coming out of the office with a sheet of fax paper. Placing it quietly down beside THE CLERK and --	
	THE CAMERA FINDS	
	THE FAX -- BOURNE'S FACE -- the same "wanted" picture and --	
198	<u>INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u>	198
	BOURNE off the elevator. He makes his way down --	
	HIS POV	
	THE SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY. Suddenly scary.	
A198	<u>INT. BMW -- NIGHT</u>	A198
	KIRILL sitting up as THE POLICE RADIO starts broadcasting an ALL-POINTS BULLETIN, the words "Hotel Brecker" in there --	
	KIRILL dropping the car into gear and --	
B198/200	<u>INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u>	B198/200
	BOURNE walking. There's his room, #618. But across the hall and down one...	
	ROOM #645. BOURNE steps up. Listening a moment. Then he knocks. Nothing.	
	He pulls A KNIFE from his pocket.	

Checks the hallway. He's clear. Wedges the blade in there and -- one...two... Pop.

199 DELETED 199

201 INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 201

BOURNE enters a suite. Closing the door behind him.

-- And TREADSTONE BOURNE, seven years ago, does the same --

BOURNE shakes off the flash, looks around. The lights are on. An open suitcase on the bed.

202 INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT 202

THE CLERK, THE CONCIERGE and THE MANAGER are huddled in conversation with THREE BERLIN COPS who've just arrived and --

Trying to be discreet, but... this is clearly serious.

203 INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 203

BOURNE just standing there. Breathing it in.

TREADSTONE BOURNE doing the same --

*

204 DELETED 204

205 INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 205

BOURNE with his hand on the wall. As if he can feel it. Like it's all still here. Heart pounding and --

206 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT 206

Chaos -- Bourne's been found -- everybody rushing out --

CRONIN
(to Teddy)
-- go -- take the van! --

PAMELA
-- the hotel -- how far? --

TEDDY
-- five, six minutes --

CRONIN
-- Kurt -- you're here! -- keep the comm
line open! --

207 INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT 207

BOURNE standing there. Looking out the window. The images
-- the Television Tower over the city. Everything but the
rain.

208 EXT. HOTEL BRECKER COURTYARD -- NIGHT 208 *

The BERLIN POLICE SWAT TEAM TRUCK arrives -- discreetly --
by the back loading area.

209 INT. ROOM #645 BEDROOM -- NIGHT 209

BOURNE flat against the wall. Just as he was. Leaning
forward to see in THE MIRROR. Just so, and... There.

210 DELETED 210

211A INT. ROOM #645 -- FLASHBACK -- NIGHT 211A

*A MAN in the mirror -- pacing into view -- NESKI -- on the
phone -- a talking in Russian -- it's raining --*

*BOURNE standing there -- Treadstone Bourne, still wet from
the rain -- one eye on that mirror and the other on A
SYRINGE that he prepped -- a predator --*

*THE MIRROR -- the doorbell rings -- NESKI gets off the phone
--*

BOURNE tensing -- new element -- factoring and --

*THE MIRROR -- as NESKI opens the door -- a new flood of
Russian -- happy -- it's MRS. NESKI -- a surprise! -- but
he's very happy to see her --*

*BOURNE pocketing the syringe -- new weapon -- pistol --
quiet -- methodical -- watching the lovers bill and coo and
--*

THE MIRROR -- Mr. Neski kisses her -- takes her bag -- she's hanging up her coat and moving now toward the bathroom and --

BOURNE checking the window -- the weapon -- his balance and --

THE MIRROR -- MRS. NESKI'S FACE right there -- seeing him -- so freaked she can't even register it yet --

BOURNE with the pistol in her face -- finger to his lips -- "shhh..." -- but she knows -- backing away -- begging for her life in Russian -- this awful blur of desperation and fear --

MR. NESKI turning back to see his wife backing out of the bathroom and BOURNE with the pistol -- with no hesitation --

SNAP! -- one shot -- into Neski's heart -- he's down --

MRS. NESKI -- what's just happened? --

BOURNE has her wrist in his hand -- raising it to her head -- to where he holds the pistol -- her fingers -- his trigger -- SNAP! -- letting the gun fall with her as she drops and --

BOURNE starts to move -- starts to prep his evac -- but there's something on the dresser --

A PHOTOGRAPH -- the Neski family -- father, mother and a TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL -- arms around each other -- happy and --

BOURNE staring at the picture -- undone for a moment --

HARD OUT FLASHBACK TO

212 INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT

212

BOURNE -- our Bourne -- standing where they fell.

Frozen there. Paralyzed by the shame of original sin.

212 pt DELETED

212 pt

213-214 DELETED

213-214

215 INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT 215

A SWAT CAPTAIN conferring discreetly with the MANAGER.

MANAGER

He's in 618.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Call all the guests on the 6th floor.
Tell them to remain in their rooms. Tell
them it's a police order. Then start on
the 5th and 8th floors.

A215 INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT A215

BOURNE -- trying to stabilize -- to breathe --

216 INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 216

The SWAT team on their way up.

A216 INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT A216

RING! RING! BOURNE snaps back as the phone in his room
STARTS TO RING. Four times and it stops.

BOURNE freezes. Footsteps. Shadows under the door. He
leans into the peephole.

BOURNE'S POV

ROOM #644. GERMAN S.W.A.T. TEAM. Taking position.

B216 INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT B216

BOURNE backs away -- surveys the room -- his watch -- his
balance and --

C216 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT C216

Quickly turning into a major event -- HALF-A-DOZEN POLICE
VEHICLES already parked here -- MORE ARRIVING every minute --
- PASSERSBY mixing with the COPS and PEOPLE FROM THE HOTEL
who've just come out and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

KIRILL jogging over from THE BMW he's just parked and --

217	<u>DELETED</u>	217	*
-----	----------------	-----	---

218 DELETED 218

219 INT. ROOM #644 HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 219

WHAM! -- THE DOOR KICKED OFF ITS HINGES! -- SWAT TEAM
flooding into BOURNE'S EMPTY HOTEL ROOM and --

A219 INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT A219

BOURNE -- in motion -- out the bathroom window and --

220 INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT 220

BERLIN SWAT LEADER gives order to search other rooms and --

221 EXT. HOTEL BRECKER FACADE -- NIGHT 221

BOURNE up the water pipe to the roof -- as he arrives, a
SWAT team member turns -- BOURNE pulls him over the edge --
fires point blank into the 2nd SWAT member's vest --
stunning him. He's moving fast -- scrambling along the
roof and into the night...

222 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY ROOM #645 -- NIGHT 222

WHAM! The door caves in and the SWAT team moves enters #
645 -- rushing to the window -- Nobody -- No sign of him
and --

223 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 223

KIRILL heading for THE HOTEL ENTRANCE blocked by the
exiting guests.

225 INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT 225

Too many cops and radios --

SWAT TEAM BOSS
 (trying to take charge)
 (-- LISTEN UP! -- WE'RE CLEARING THE
 BUILDING! -- ROOM BY ROOM! --)

226	<u>EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u>	226	
	PAMELA jumping out of A VAN the moment it stops. Seeing it all. The crowd. The army of cops. The searchlights playing across THE HOTEL FACADE. It's another disaster.		
227	<u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u>	227	
	KIRILL wants to get upstairs -- he can't -- TOO MANY GUESTS coming down the stairwell -- BERLIN COPS trying keep it moving and --		
228-229	<u>DELETED</u>	228-229	*
230	<u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u>	230	*
	KIRILL hears BOURNE is on the roof.		
231	<u>DELETED</u>	231	*
234	<u>DELETED</u>	234	*
232	<u>INT. LOBBY/THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u>	232	*
	PAMELA and CRONIN listening to TEDDY who just got the police update --		

TEDDY
 Black coat, possibly leather. Dark slacks. Dark t-shirt.
 (pointing now--)
 He says they're gonna try and corral the guests on the street over there, and then check them out, but...

PAMELA
 (disgusted)
 Yeah, that'll work...What the hell was he doing here?

CRONIN

Maybe he just needed a place to spend the night?

PAMELA

I want to look at the room.
(to TEDDY as she goes)
Check it out.

*
*
*

PAMELA'S in charge now. They enter the elevator.

*

233

EXT. STREET BEHIND THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

233

BOURNE coming around the other side of the hotel --
Stepping to the left before he spots the SWAT van --
BOURNE about-faces -- heads the other way --

A SIDEWALK COP looks over, checks the BOURNE PHOTO print-out in his hand.

234

DELETED

234

*

244

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

244

TEDDY huddled with the HOTEL MANAGER and A GROUP OF HIGH-RANKING BERLIN COPS, turning back as --

ABBOTT

(arriving breathless)
They missed him?

TEDDY

So far. But they found Nicky. She's back at the Westin. Bourne let her go.

*
*
*

ABBOTT

He let her go? Great. Where's Danny? He should head over there and debrief her.

*
*
*

(the Hotel)

What's here? What was he doing?

*
*

TEDDY

We don't know. They're in a room upstairs. I was told to wait down here.

ABBOTT accepting that. Because he has to. Only we see the fear. Turns to leave...

*

ABBOTT

OK, if you see Danny tell him I went back
to the hotel.

*
*

ABBOTT steps out into the street as...

235 EXT. STREET NEAR THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 235 *

BOURNE striding away and -- Following -- *

SIDEWALK COP blowing a WHISTLE -- fumbling for his holster.

BOURNE running now, slowly at first, and --

A235 EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL -- NIGHT A235

Now FASTER, as if he can gauge his speed and distance...

237 EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL -- NIGHT 237

MOTION -- BOURNE tearing away and --

A237 EXT. BIGGER BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT A237

BOURNE slows to a walk -- TWO PATROL CARS heading his way --
no choice -- there -- a narrow passageway between TWO
MOVING TROLLEY TRAINS and -- SPRINTING through --

The PATROL CARS skidding into 180's.

B237 EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT B237

THE RIVER SPREE lit by THE TROLLEY that's rumbling past and
the running lights of a DOUBLE COAL BARGE up the river.

BOURNE runs across the bridge -- going as fast as he can --
hearing THE POLICE SIRENS swirling behind him, when --

A THIRD AND FOURTH POLICE CAR AHEAD!

BOURNE turns hard for a STAIRWELL, jumps the walkway curb,
leaps up the stairs, two at a time, as --

All FOUR COP CARS SKID to a stop. As doors open --

238 EXT. TRAM PLATFORM -- BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT 238

A TRAM waiting as the LAST FEW PASSENGERS get on. The doors seem to stay open in slow motion as --

BOURNE appears -- makes a mad last dash --

And he's on!

And the doors don't close! It's not scheduled to go yet.

And here come the COPS!

BOURNE off the tram -- GUNS appear --

BOURNE runs to his left -- stops short --

The other cops are coming this way -- SCREAMING at him --

Not a lot of options -- BOURNE looks over the rail --

DOWN BELOW

A COAL BARGE passing, the prow just emerging --

BOURNE

On the rail and JUMPING even as the FIRST SHOT is fired --

239 EXT. DOUBLE COAL BARGE -- NIGHT 239

BOURNE lands hard -- stands -- voltage going up one leg --

And they're SHOOTING at him.

He can worry about the leg later. He RUNS.

Back toward them!

The barge moving slow -- BOURNE disappears under the bridge.

240 EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT 240

Guns aimed, POLICE waiting for a clear shot. TWO OF THEM DASH to watch over the other side.

241 EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE -- NIGHT 241

Countering -- the barge going one way -- BOURNE the other --
dodging all the super-structure on deck -- all the while
keeping his cover overhead --

And LEAPING to the second barge!

And more of the same, until --

BOURNE running out of barge --

LEAPING back onto the BRIDGE FOOTING and --

242 EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT 242

THE POLICE watching the barge fully emerge -- continuing
down river -- SHOUTING IN GERMAN that he's either "*in the*
water" or "*hiding on the barge*".

Off they go -- down the stairs --

Leaving the PASSENGERS on the tram blinking out in shock --

And BOURNE -- climbing back over the rail --

Limping back on the tram just before --

The DOORS CLOSE -- and off it goes --

243 EXT. NEXT BRIDGE DOWN -- NIGHT 243

POLICE converge from both ends -- Barge goes under as
KIRILL arrives at the center of the bridge -- missed
again -- behind KIRILL, a train snakes off into the
night...

245 pt INT. ROOM #645 -- HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 245 pt

PAMELA and CRONIN move into the living room. A couple of
COPS in the hallway outside. *

CRONIN *

The room he checked into was across the *
hall -- why, why would he come here? *

PAMELA glances around -- something bothering her about *
this space -- *

PAMELA

He must've had a reason. That's how they
were trained.

CRONIN moves around the bedroom, then into the bathroom
and --

CRONIN

He went out the window in here...

246-247 DELETED

246-247

245 pt

INT. ROOM #645 -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

245 pt

There on the mirror -- scrawled in soap on the glass...

I KILLED NESKI

CRONIN

Pam, you need to see this.

PAMELA moves in behind him.

CRONIN (CONT'D)

Who's Neski?

Both of them staring.

PAMELA

(thinking)

Alright...take it down.

CRONIN

What?

PAMELA

This stays between you and I.

(sensing confusion)

We finally have an edge. I don't want to
lose it.

253

EXT. CATHEDRAL PLAZA -- NIGHT

253

Very late -- ABBOTT waits on an isolated bridge -- a lone
figure in the shadow of East Berlin.

GRETKOV arrives by car. Walks through the darkness.
ABBOTT barely glancing over.

ABBOTT
You told me Bourne was dead.

GRET KOV
There was a mistake.

ABBOTT
I'll say. You killed his goddam
girlfriend instead. Now they're onto
Neski. They're at the Brecker Hotel even
as we speak.

GRET KOV
Will it track back to us?

ABBOTT
No. The files are spotless. Whatever
they find, it's just going to make Conklin
look worse.

GRET KOV
And the Landy woman?

ABBOTT
She's done everything I wanted. She bit
on Conklin so fast it was laughable. She
even found his bogus Swiss account...

GRET KOV
Anything else?

ABBOTT shoves a piece of paper -- and ADDRESS -- into
GRET KOV'S hand.

ABBOTT
(the paper)
There's a body in the basement. Danny
Zorn. He's got to disappear. For good.
Clean and fast. I'll put him in bed with
Conklin and Bourne. Even the girl, Nicky.
Give me twenty-four hours, I'll think it
up. But get the goddamn body out of
there.

It's getting late. A taxi now and then...

ABBOTT (CONT'D)
Neski was a roadblock. Without me,
there's no company, no fortune. You owe
me, Uri. One last push.

GRET KOV
One last push. One.

GRET KOV leaves. ABBOTT watches him go.

*

254 EXT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT

254

Seconds later. GRET KOV getting in slowly.

*

255 INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT

255

KIRILL slouched in back. Waiting. Gretkov to the DRIVER.

GRET KOV

(Airport.)

(to Kirill)

(We're done here.)

KIRILL nods. As they pull away, ABBOTT turns and walks into the foggy night...

*

*

A248 EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

A248

*

Late. ABBOTT walks. A lonely figure. Past someone in the shadows --

*

*

BOURNE

Mr. Abbott?

*

*

He turns to answer when BOURNE firmly guides him into a side street...

*

*

BOURNE/ABBOTT SCENE

*

248 INT. LOBBY -- HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

248

*

As PAMELA and CRONIN exit the elevator, they are met by TEDDY.

*

*

TEDDY

Here's what I've got.

(reads)

Remember Vladimir Neski? Russian politician? Seven years ago, he was due to speak to a group of European Oil ministers here at the hotel. He never did. He was murdered.

*

*

*

*

*

PAMELA

By who?

*

*

TEDDY
 His wife. In room 645. Then she shot
 herself.
 (Pamela and Cronin share a
 look)

PAMELA
 (to Teddy)
 Alright...I want you, Kurt and Kim to stay on
 Bourne, track everything that's out
 there...

TEDDY goes to get in the van. PAMELA follows with
 CRONIN.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
 (confidentially to Cronin)
 And I want you to go through and cross
 reference our buy that went bad, the
 Neskis, and Treadstone --

As they get in...

PAMELA (CONT'D)
 -- they have to be related.

249 EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT 249

BOURNE'S ARRIVED. Limping. As he continues for the
 station --

250 INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION LOCKER AREA -- NIGHT 250

BOURNE retrieving the exfil bag he stashed in the locker.
 Changed his clothes.

251 INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT 251

Bag slung -- limping out -- BOURNE has changed clothes. A
 big overcoat, knit cap.

252 INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PLATFORM -- NIGHT 252

A busy midnight departure. Big train. BOURNE climbing
 on the train, under the sign:

MOSCOW EXPRESS

253-255 MOVED 253-255 *

A256 INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT A256

A BLUEPRINT spread across a table. NICKY, KURT & KIM all gathered around. CRONIN works the TREADSTONE files on another table. TEDDY at center briefing PAMELA. *

TEDDY *

We're looking at all Berlin outbound. *

Good news is, every train station in *

Berlin has thirty to forty fixed, digital *

security cameras. Common feed. *

PAMELA

Are we hacking or asking?

TEDDY *

Yes. In that order.

PAMELA

And what about you, anything? *

CRONIN

It's starting to link up -- the hijacked *

money -- the leak -- Pecos Oil -- one *

last bit is Treadstone. *

256 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN -- NIGHT 256

Crossing the border into Poland -- Cold, desolate, snow --

257 INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR -- NIGHT 257

CONDUCTORS moving quietly through the dark cars. Checking tickets and visas and --

BOURNE -- hands over his ticket and RUSSIAN PASSPORT -- off the grid --

258-259 DELETED 258-259 *

A260 INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT A260 *

4:00 am. KURT, KIM, and TEDDY spread around the room. *

They've been running laptop train station videos for *

hours. Just about ready to raise the white flag. *

All they have so far is an isolated loop of BOURNE limping into the men's room. Cronin watches it stutter along.

CRONIN
Does it look like he's faking?

TEDDY
On the way in? Forget it.

KURT
The leg's definitely hurt.

CRONIN
(the blueprint)
Well, there's no window in the men's room, folks, so let's find somebody coming out with a bad left leg.

KURT
(worn out)
Maybe he's still in there.

TEDDY
I've got a limping guy, but it's the right leg.

KIM
Walking away, or walking toward you?

CRONIN jumping on that, right there, over TEDDY'S shoulder -
-

CRONIN
That's him. It's the coat! What train is that?

260

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR -- DAWN

260

BOURNE -- asleep in his chair -- rocked by the rhythm. But something wakes him up.

Looks out the window -- something weird about the light out there -- then up to see:

MARIE -- looking at him over the back of his chair in front of him -- no big deal --

BOURNE
Hey...

She smiles. A beat. She comes around, sits beside him. He looks away out the window.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
I wanted to kill him.

MARIE
But you found another choice.

BOURNE
I did.

MARIE
It wouldn't have changed the way you
feel.

BOURNE
It might have.

BOURNE looks back at her. She smiles. He accepts it,
leans back, closes his eyes.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
I know it's a dream.

MARIE
You do?

BOURNE
I only dream about people who are dead.

MARIE leans over, kisses his forehead. *Whispers --*

BOURNE (CONT'D)
God, I miss you. I don't know what to do
without you.

MARIE
(softly, serenely)
Jason. You know exactly what to do. That
is your mission now.

BOURNE opens his eyes.

And it's morning outside.

And Marie is gone.

A LITTLE GIRL smiles at him from over the back of the chair
in front. BOURNE can't meet her gaze for long. As he
looks back out the window --

263

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR -- DAWN

263

BOURNE watching the birch trees rush past, not quite hiding the smokestacks beyond. Eyes locked. Forging something within, one final mission, as we --

264

INT. BERLIN WESTIN HOTEL LOBBY -- EARLY MORNING

264

ABBOTT coming through. It's empty this early, but --

Here's PAMELA, NICKY, CRONIN and the TEAM waiting to report.

*

PAMELA

Sorry to wake you.

ABBOTT

(waves off apology)

I wasn't sleeping.

(to Nicky as he passes)

You OK?

*

*

*

NICKY

Yeah, thanks.

*

*

ABBOTT

What's up?

*

*

PAMELA

Bunch of stuff.

PAMELA looks to CRONIN -- him first.

*

CRONIN

We tied the room Bourne visited tonight to a murder/suicide seven years ago. A Russian couple, the Neskis.

*

*

ABBOTT

(playing along)

Neski. The reformer. I remember that.

*

*

*

CRONIN

He championed the equal distribution of oil leases in the Caspian Sea. When he died, they were all released to one petroleum company, Pecos Oil. Guess what? -- the CEO, Uri Gretkov, is ex-KGB.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

NICKY
Someone was using Treadstone as a private
cleaning service.

ABBOTT
Conklin...
(a beat)
It's -- I'm sorry, Pamela. I guess you
were right all along.

Pamela waves him off, it's okay, but --

PAMELA
There's something else.

Abbott can see by their faces: this hits closer to home.

ABBOTT
What?

PAMELA
They found Danny Zorn's body. Dead in the
basement at the building where my people
got hit the first time.

ABBOTT
Oh, God... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA
Did he say anything to you?

ABBOTT
No... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA, straight...

PAMELA
We'll know for sure when we get the
security tapes.

CRONIN
But we can relax. We tracked him. He's
on a train to Moscow.

ABBOTT reeling, hiding it.

ABBOTT
Moscow? What the Hell's he going to
Moscow for?

PAMELA
(shrugs)
Don't know.

ABBOTT
Jesus... I, Zorn... I have to call his
family. Tell them...

PAMELA
I'm sorry, Ward.

They watch as he goes.

265 INT. WESTIN ELEVATOR -- DAWN 265 *

ABBOTT in the rising elevator. Imploding.

266 INT. GRETKOV'S OFFICE -- MORNING 266

Palatial. But you can't buy taste. GRETKOV working his computer -- answers his PHONE. *

GRETKOV
Da...

ABBOTT/PHONE
You didn't stay, Uri.

GRETKOV
(matter of fact)
This is not a clean phone.

267 INT. WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- DAWN 267 *

Everyone still here. CRONIN answering his cell phone -- motioning to them, he's got news -- *

CRONIN
(phone to his ear)
You're sure?

PAMELA
What? The tapes? *

CRONIN
(nodding but)
Hold on...
(holding the phone)
Yep. And Abbott just direct dialed Moscow from his room... *

Now we realize, she's set a trap and Abbott's walked in.
All the same, Pamela shakes her head, wishes it wasn't
true.

And they're moving --

268

INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN

268

*

ABBOTT at his desk, still on the phone, pouring a vodka.

GRET KOV

Leaving was a business decision. We're
both rich, come enjoy it.

ABBOTT

What do you mean?

GRET KOV

Go to the airport. Get a plane. I'll
have a brass band waiting for you.

ABBOTT

Save it for Bourne.

GRET KOV

What?

There's a KNOCKING AT HIS DOOR -- ABBOTT simply ignores it.

ABBOTT

He left yesterday on the night train.
He's probably just getting in now.
(he drinks)
You'll have to hurry.

GRET KOV

Bourne comes here? Why?

More KNOCKING...

ABBOTT

Good luck.

A268

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN -- DAWN

A268

*

Speeding East through the Russian countryside. The forest
is gone, replaced by factories and refineries. A
wasteland of rust and gray that seems to go on forever --

*

*

*

269 INT. WESTIN HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBOTT'S ROOM -- NIGHT 269 *

PAMELA knocking again. NICKY, TEDDY and CRONIN behind her.

PAMELA

Open it.

CRONIN with a pass key. TEDDY prepped and --

A269 INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT A269 *

PAMELA leading -- they enter -- stop short --

ABBOTT at his desk, calmly pointing a PISTOL -- at Pamela.

ABBOTT

They go. You stay.

She looks back. CRONIN shakes his head 'no'.

PAMELA

Yes. Now...

They reluctantly obey. The door clicking shut behind them.

ABBOTT

Sit down.

PAMELA

I'd rather stand if it's all the same to you.

ABBOTT

I don't exactly know what to say -- I'm sorry.

PAMELA

'Why' would be enough for me.

ABBOTT

I'm not a traitor. I've served my country.

*
*

PAMELA

And pocketed a fair amount of change while doing it.

*
*

ABBOTT

Why not? It was just money.

*

PAMELA
And Danny Zorn, what was that? *

ABBOTT
Had to be done. *

PAMELA
No good options left? *

ABBOTT
(shrugs)
In the end, honestly, it's hubris.
Simple hubris. You reach a point in this
game when the only satisfaction left is
to see how clever you are. *

PAMELA
No. You lost your way. *

ABBOTT
Well, you're probably right. I guess
that's all that hubris is. *

He raises the gun.

PAMELA -- presses her lips together, closes her eyes.
BOOM!

She opens them. And as CRONIN flies back through the door --
There's ABBOTT -- dead at the desk -- he's shot himself --
also, in a way, with some help from Bourne.

270 INT. PLATFORM -- MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 270

THE TRAIN easing to a stop. The platform busy with people
waiting and -- PASSENGERS disembarking.

BOURNE among them. Unremarkable in THE CROWD and -- *

271 INT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 271

BOURNE on the move. Welcome to the whole mad Moscow scene.
A jumble of faces and voices. Travellers. Arrivals and
departures. Families. Beggars. Drunk war vets. Hawkers.

272 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND -- DAY 272

There, in the plaza. BOURNE hobbling across the street,
when suddenly -- A CAR HORN! -- he turns and --

Look out!

A BIG BLACK BMW speeding past -- followed by TWO MORE --
all three cars with BLUE LIGHTS STROBING on the dashboards -
- a convoy -- whipping by like they own the place and --

TAXI DRIVER (OS)
(Gangster bastards don't care what they
do.)

BOURNE turns. A grizzled TAXI DRIVER right beside him.

BOURNE pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

BOURNE
(his Russian is basic)
(You know this address?)

THE TAXI DRIVER squints, finally grunts affirmative.

He motions to his cab. As they get in and pull away --

273 INT. MOSCOW GARAGE -- DAY 273

Lots of cars. No people. But someone running... It's
KIRILL pulling his keys as he sprints past and --

274 DELETED 274 *

275 INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY 275

BOURNE and THE TAXI DRIVER looking over as THREE MOSCOW
POLICE CARS speed by -- SIRENS WAILING --

TAXI DRIVER
(It's always something, right?)

BOURNE just nods, as we --

276 INT./EXT. BLACK BMW -- DAY 276

KIRILL at the wheel. A guy in a hurry who knows what he's doing. One more thing, on the passenger seat -- TWO BIG AUTOMATIC PISTOLS --

277 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 277

MOSCOW COPS fanning through the crowd showing BOURNE'S INTERPOL PICTURE. "Have you seen him?"

278 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND -- DAY 278

MOSCOW COPS with the picture. Flashing it around, until --

 YOUNG CABBY
 (the moment he sees it)
 (He was just here. They just left.)

279 INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY 279

They've stopped. BOURNE flashes a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL --

 BOURNE
 You wait. You understand? Stay.

 TAXI DRIVER
 (happy to pocket the cash)
 Sure. No problem. I sit.

280 EXT. OLD MOSCOW STREET -- DAY 280

Old Moscow. But not for long, there's new construction metastasizing all around it. BOURNE crosses the street and --

HIS POV

AN ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE. Windows shattered and boarded up. Paint all but gone. Roof and gables all failing.

BACK TO

BOURNE crestfallen. Checking the address. This is it.

281 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND -- DAY 281
MORE COPS. Everything focused on ANOTHER TAXI DRIVER who's making a call on a cell phone -- everybody waiting on it --

282 EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE -- DAY 282
BOURNE off the sidewalk now, peering around the side, trying to see if there's anything around back and --
OVER THERE
AN OLD WOMAN on the steps next door. Watching him.
BOURNE starts over. Finding the sweetest smile he's got --

283 INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY 283
THE TAXI DRIVER still parked there --
HIS POV
BOURNE and the OLD LADY -- she's pointing like she's giving directions -- when suddenly, the Driver's CELL PHONE RINGS --
-
 TAXI DRIVER/PHONE
 (Hello...?)

284 EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE -- DAY 284
BOURNE and the OLD LADY. His Russian is limited, but she's charmed nonetheless --
 BOURNE
 (A pen...to write...one minute...)
 (searching his pockets)

285 INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY 285
THE TAXI DRIVER on the phone -- not so happy anymore --
 TAXI DRIVER
 (-- I'm looking at him -- American -- he's right here! --)

286 EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE -- DAY 286

THE OLD LADY scribbling on a piece of paper. BOURNE reacting as the TAXI drops into gear. Pulls away.

BOURNE

Wait! Hey!

But THE TAXI only speeds up, and --

287 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 287

MOSCOW POLICE CARS tearing away and --

288 DELETED 288

289 INT. BLACK BMW -- DAY 289

KIRILL DRIVING. Reaching for his RINGING PHONE and --

290 EXT. MOSCOW STREET -- DAY 290

THE BLACK BMW -- a moment later -- slamming on the brakes --
fishtailing a U-TURN and --

291 EXT. MOSCOW BUILDING PROJECT -- DAY 291

BOURNE hustling past all the new construction. Glancing back as POLICE SIRENS start rising behind him and --

292 INT. RED LEXUS -- DAY 292

KIRILL skidding around another corner and --

293 EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE -- DAY 293

TWO POLICE CARS just stopped there -- COPS -- the OLD LADY pointing -- everyone turning as --

THE RED LEXUS speeds past them and --

294 DELETED 294

295 EXT. CONCRETE STAIRS -- DAY 295
BOURNE coming down as fast as he can -- just ahead there's
A FOOTPATH BENEATH A FOUR LANE OVERPASS -- a neighborhood *
on the other side -- he could disappear there --

296 INT. RED LEXUS -- DAY 296
KIRILL driving and scanning -- THERE! -- as he passes it --
THE OVERPASS -- slamming on the brakes and --

297 EXT. FOOTPATH -- DAY 297
BOURNE hobbling out in the open -- twenty yards to go --

298 EXT. OVERPASS -- DAY 298
KIRILL jumping out of the Lexus with A PISTOL in hand and --

299 EXT. FOOTPATH -- DAY 299
BOURNE -- no clue -- BANG! -- his shoulder! -- he's hit! --
he throws himself forward and --

300 EXT. OVERPASS -- DAY 300
KIRILL shifting for a better second shot and --

301 EXT. FOOTPATH -- DAY 301
BOURNE -- he's diving! -- rolling! -- pure instinct -- back
under the embankment and --

302 EXT. OVERPASS -- DAY 302
KIRILL with no shot suddenly -- leaning over the rail --
just as the TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS come screaming up --
MOSCOW COPS jumping out with guns drawn and --

303 EXT. FOOTPATH -- DAY 303
BOURNE -- he's up -- he's bleeding -- he's moving and --

CHAOS -- KIRILL with his hands in the air -- MOSCOW COPS coming toward him -- everyone screaming --

MOSCOW COPS
(-- UP! -- HANDS UP! -- KEEP THEM UP! -- DROP THE GUN! -- DROP IT! --)

MOCK-BOURNE
(-- I'M KGB, ASSHOLES! -- WE'RE CHASING THE SAME GUY! - HE'S GETTING AWAY! --) *

They let KIRILL go -- he looks back at the footpath -- BOURNE is gone -- as *

A304 EXT. MOSCOW CITY STREET -- DAY A304 *

GRETOKOV strolls along, suddenly two black sedans pull up and he is arrested. *

A305 INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL -- DAY A305 *

BOURNE hurriedly makes his way to the other end -- a few beats later -- KIRILL on the hunt -- *

305 EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY 305

A labyrinth of stalls. Food. Hardware. Clothes. And crowded. Even this hard-to-impress CROWD noticing --

BOURNE hobbling through. Nothing like a limping madman with a fresh gunshot wound to get attention --

PEOPLE back off -- pull THEIR KIDS out of the way -- SOME WOMAN STARTS SCREAMING and --

306 INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET -- DAY 306

A SECURITY GUARD -- hears the commotion -- jogs out and --

307 DELETED 307

308 EXT. NEARBY MOSCOW STREET -- DAY 308

KIRILL running toward the market -- FIVE MOSCOW COPS behind him, can't keep up and --

309	<u>INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	309	*
	THE SECURITY GUARD coming up fast behind BOURNE --		
	SECURITY GUARD		
	(-- hey! -- hey you! -- stop! --)		
	BOURNE turns. THE SECURITY GUARD right behind him and --		
	BOURNE -- no warning -- his good arm -- SMASH!!! -- right		
	into THE SECURITY GUARD'S FACE and --		
	BOURNE takes HIS PISTOL and --		
	THE CROWD -- they jump -- holy shit!		
310	<u>INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET -- DAY</u>	310	
	Crazy -- KIRILL sprinting through -- where did Bourne go? --		
311	<u>INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	311	*
	BOURNE back on the march, except now he's shopping! --		
	Grabbing -- A BUNDLE OF TUBE SOCKS and --		
312	<u>INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	312	*
	KIRILL sprinting out toward the stalls and --		
313-314	<u>DELETED</u>	313-314	
315	<u>INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	315	*
	BOURNE -- THERE! -- A ROLL OF DUCT TAPE and --		
	-- A BOTTLE OF VODKA and --		
316	<u>INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	316	*
	KIRILL fighting his way through THE FLEEING CROWD --		
317	<u>DELETED</u>	317	*

318 pt 1	<u>EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY</u>	318 pt 1	*
	BOURNE -- leaving the market -- taking a swig of VODKA and --		*
	Continues -- knows there are TWO NEW COPS on his ass.		*
318 pt 2	<u>EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT -- DAY</u>	318 pt 2	*
	Another CAB STAND. CABBIE by a YELLOW CAB, looks up to see --		*
	BOURNE -- coming toward him -- and also --		*
	The TWO COPS. As BOURNE nears, the CABBIE shakes his head.		*
	Bourne pivots -- casually -- like he doesn't know they're coming until -- HE SPITS! -- VODKA -- into one of the cop's face! -- blinded as BOURNE takes him and his PARTNER out.		*
	The CABBIE raises his hands in surrender, steps aside as BOURNE takes his car --		*
318 pt 3	<u>INT./EXT. CAB -- DAY</u>	318 pt 3	*
	BOURNE IN THE YELLOW CAB -- starting THE ENGINE -- peeling away! -- careening into the street and --		*
	KIRILL sprinting into the parking lot, just in time to see --		*
318 pt 4	<u>INT. CAB -- DAY</u>	318 pt 4	*
	BOURNE concentrating away the pain -- trying to drive --		*
319	<u>EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT -- DAY</u>	319	*
	TWO LADIES ducked behind a BIG BLACK G-WAGON -- freaked out as KIRILL grabs their keys and --		*
320-335	<u>INT./EXT. MOSCOW STREETS/CARS/FACES -- DAY</u>	320-335	*
	THE CAB speeding across A BOULEVARD into an older neighborhood of rising narrow streets and --		*
	TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS PULLING U-TURNS on the BOULEVARD -- whipping around to give chase and --		*

THE G-WAGON in full pursuit now and -- *

BOURNE DRIVING -- up this curving little hill and -- *

THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS starting to climb and -- *

KIRILL DRIVING and he's on the hill now -- *

BOURNE -- bad hand on the wheel -- holding on -- trying to find something in passenger seat -- TUBE SOCKS? *

THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS splitting up! -- one on Bourne's ass -- the other cutting hard into A SIDE STREET, flanking him and -- *

BOURNE -- topping the hill -- two choices -- right or left? *

RIGHT! -- No! -- wrong -- because down the hill there's A POLICE CAR just about to angle in from THE SIDE-STREET and -- *

BOURNE -- no choice -- FLOORING IT! -- *

THE CAB -- it's a whale -- SLAM! -- knifing the front end of THE POLICE CAR and -- *

THE POLICE CAR -- spun back! -- CRASHING AGAINST A BUILDING ON THE CORNER and -- *

KIRILL -- right behind that guy -- swerving -- onto the sidewalk -- SPARKS FROM THE WALL AS HE SCRAPES! -- hanging in -- skidding into a turn down the hill and -- *

JUST MISSING THE FIRST POLICE CAR bombing right past him! *

BOURNE -- in pain as he packs his shoulder wound with the socks -- Ahead -- the street banks downhill to left and -- *

THERE! -- A BOULEVARD -- wide ride -- lots of traffic and -- *

THE CAB rocketing into the flow and -- *

BEHIND HIM -- POLICE CAR #1 with THE G-WAGON right on his ass and -- *

BOURNE -- Wrists flicking the wheel. THE CAB screaming through the slower traffic and -- *

KIRILL -- totally on it -- pedal down -- passenger window open -- wind blowing -- he's got THE PISTOL in his hand -- closing the gap and -- *

THE BLACK G-WAGON -- blowing past POLICE CAR #1 and -- *

BOURNE -- steering -- barely -- as he tears a few strips of DUCT TAPE to finish his triage -- *

BLAM! -- BLAM!! -- THE G-WAGON -- right beside him! -- *

BOURNE -- reacting -- what the fuck?! -- that's not a cop! - *

- but no time to clock Kirill because -- *

KIRILL -- shit! -- can't keep shooting -- into the oncoming lanes -- swinging wide -- A TRUCK! -- swerving again and -- *

THE CAB -- wavering again -- rallying and -- *

UP AHEAD -- THE BOULEVARD opens into THE RIVER BELTWAY -- big -- wide -- fast -- KREMLIN in the BG and -- *

FOUR NEW POLICE CARS screaming down from RED SQUARE and -- *

BOURNE skidding onto THE BELTWAY -- looking for room -- *

-- Finding it -- open road -- *

KIRILL back in the hunt and -- *

THE RIVER BELTWAY -- CAB SCREAMING PAST -- then ONE -- TWO - *

- THREE -- FOUR POLICE CARS -- now the BLACK G-WAGON and -- *

BOURNE -- Both hands on the wheel -- He's already forgotten about his shoulder -- *

THE BELTWAY -- up ahead -- ANOTHER CHOICE -- right takes you up to the city -- left is a TRANSIT TUNNEL and -- *

BOURNE -- checking his rearview -- starting right and -- *

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS right on his ass and -- *

BOURNE -- fake out -- veering left! -- last second -- into THE TUNNEL and -- *

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS -- wrong -- and worse, trying to change -- CRASH!!!! -- SPINNING -- and it's not just them -- *

A THIRD POLICE CAR caught in the clutter -- Not to mention the COMMUTERS -- CRASH!!! The Police are out of the race. *

KIRILL -- not fooled -- threading the needle -- through the carnage and into -- *

338

INT. THE TUNNEL -- DAY

338

FOUR LANES -- two way -- and long -- there's -- *

THE CAB -- squibbing past SLOWER CARS and -- *

KIRILL on him -- move for move -- follow the leader and -- *

BOURNE -- checks the rearview -- he's lost them all but the *
G-WAGON -- who the hell is that? -- *

The Heavyweights. World Championship Belt up for grabs. *

KIRILL -- gaining -- nearly pulling level. *

BOURNE -- nowhere to go -- that's never stopped him before - *
- he carves a path -- turns two lanes into three as *
sparks his way through a lane split -- *

THE G-WAGON -- roaring after him.

BOURNE -- checks the mirror -- closer -- who the Hell is
that guy? --

KIRILL -- Gaining -- FIRING through his passenger window.

BOURNE -- BRAKES --

TUNNEL -- As the two vehicles scrape along each other --

KIRILL -- FIRING BACK -- odd angle --

BOURNE -- ducking for meager cover as bullets stitch
through the roof --

TUNNEL -- The G-WAGON crushes the CAB against the wall --
sparks showering the windshield -- finally --

THE CAB -- shoots ahead --

KIRILL -- in a controlled fury --

THE SUV -- jerking hard and right into the rear of the CAB --

BOURNE -- trying to keep control -- spots a MAINTENANCE
TRUCK up ahead --

KIRILL -- banging away as his quarry straightens --

MAINTENANCE TRUCK -- looming --

BOURNE -- a hard left --

TUNNEL -- the CAB wrapping around the front of the SUV --
WHAM! -- pushing it to the right -- the cab continues --
SPINNING around the G-WAGON --

DETAILS -- front bumpers locking on rear fenders as --

TUNNEL -- The G-WAGON hurtling forward -- the CAB ass end
first -- locked together --

KIRILL -- firing into the CAB -- really unloading now --

BOURNE -- down on the floor -- a tornado overhead --

KIRILL -- slaps in a new clip -- intense --

BOURNE -- gun against his door -- just below the window
knob -- WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP --

SUV TIRE -- shredding.

KIRILL -- fights the wheel --

ANOTHER TRUCK -- looming large --

BOURNE -- looking between the seats out the rear window --
a LANE DIVIDING PILLAR ahead --

CAB -- as BOURNE sits up -- jerks the wheel to the right --

TUNNEL -- the cars unlock -- spin away from each other --

KIRILL -- focused -- taking deadly aim --

BOURNE -- staring back at him -- calm -- "I know something
you don't know."

KIRILL -- frowns --

THE TRUCK -- swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Kirill's POV --

KIRILL -- eyes go wide --

WHALLOP! -- steel vs. concrete -- concrete victorious -- a
bone compressing, truly horrendous impact!

BOURNE -- whipping the wheel --

CAB -- spinning to a stop out of harm's way -- door opening
--

353 INT. PROJECT BUILDING STAIRWELL -- EVENING 353

IRENA climbing. A JUNKIE here. Flickering light there.

354 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- EVENING 354

IRENA -- her key at the door. Domestic disturbance playing across the hall. She opens up and --

355 INT. IRENA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING 355

It's dark. And she's barely through the door when --

IRENA jumps -- chokes back a CRY --

BOURNE is standing there -- propped there actually -- behind her -- gun in hand -- motioning for her to be quiet --

 BOURNE
 (his shabby Russian)
 (Quiet. Silence. Okay?)

IRENA nods. Scared. Gun in hand, BOURNE pushes the door the last few inches so it's fully closed.

 IRENA
 (I have no money. No drugs. Is that what
 you want?)

And now she can really see him. He's a disaster. Shivering. Bloody. Eyes more hollow than hers are.

 BOURNE
 Sit. Can you...
 (trying to conjure the
 Russian--)
 (The chair. Have the chair.)

 IRENA
 (accented)
 I speak English.

BOURNE staring at her. Nods. Gestures for her to sit.

 BOURNE
 Please...

So she does. And here they are.

BOURNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Of all the people in the world, you're the
 only one I have anything to offer.
 (hesitating)
 That's why I came here.

IRENA
 (she's terrified)
 Okay.

He's got something beside him. Something he's taken off
 the wall. IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPH. The Neski family. Same as
 the one that was in the Hotel Brecker. Mom, Dad and Irena,
 arms around each other, in front of the house. Before it
 was abandoned. Happy. Smiling. Perfect.

BOURNE
 It's nice.
 (a beat)
 Does this picture mean anything to you?
 (no answer)
 Hmm?

*
 *
 *

IRENA
 It's nothing. It's just a picture.

BOURNE
 No. It's because you don't know how they
 died.

IRENA
 (he couldn't understand)
 No, I do.

*

A change in BOURNE as he studies her, measures her. Some
 moment of truth is here. IRENA braces, unsure.

BOURNE
 I would want to know.
 (beat)
 I would want to know that my mother didn't
 kill my father. I would want
 to know that she didn't kill herself.

IRENA
 What?

She really looks at him now. Fear overwhelmed by
 curiosity.

BOURNE
 I would grow up thinking that they didn't
 love me if they just left me like that.

Irena making sure her eyes don't leave his. They don't.

BOURNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It changes things. That knowledge.
Doesn't it?

IRENA
(wary)
Yes...

BOURNE
That's not what happened to your parents.

IRENA
Then what?

BOURNE
I killed them.

Body blows, but he has her attention. She wipes a tear.

BOURNE (CONT'D) *
It was my job. My first time. Your
father was supposed to be alone. But then
your mother, she came out of nowhere...
(a little shrug)
I had to change my plan.
(beat)
You understand me?
(does she?)
You don't have to live like that anymore.
Thinking that.

IRENA
You killed them.

BOURNE nods, that's right.

BOURNE
They loved you.
(beat)
And I killed them.

IRENA *
How...how can...how can you be here and *
say this? *

BOURNE *
I don't want you to forgive me. *

She stands suddenly. Stands because if she doesn't she'll
burst into tears. Because she knows if she starts crying
she won't be able to make sense of this.

IRENA

For who?

(he doesn't answer)

KILLED FOR WHO?

*

BOURNE pushes himself to his feet. A real effort.

BOURNE

It doesn't matter. Your life is hard enough.

IRENA

You're a liar.

BOURNE

You know I'm not.

IRENA

YOU'RE A LIAR!

BOURNE

Look at me.

There they are. Two people standing in a room. Squared off.

And now she starts crying. Really crying.

And he's taking it.

IRENA

I should kill you...if it's true you should die...I should kill you now!

BOURNE

I can't let you do that either.

*

IRENA

Because you're afraid!

BOURNE

No.

(starting for the door)

Because you don't want to know how it feels.

She hesitates. Stunned. He's leaving. He's opening the door.

*

*

BOURNE (CONT'D)

I have to go now.

*

*

IRENA

Is this really happening?

*

*

BOURNE
 (empty)
 I'm sorry.

*

And she sags. Back into the chair, as --

*

THE CAMERA FINDS

*

THE PHOTOGRAPH on the table. The sound of the door
 closing and Irena crying, as --

*

*

356 EXT. HOUSING PROJECT PLAYGROUND -- DAY

356

BOURNE trudging along. Across the snow. He's done it.

And he really can't take another step.

There's a bench. He sits down. Out of gas.

He just might die here. We slowly tilt up to the multi-
 colored Moscow tenements.

*

*

FADE OUT:

*

357 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

357

BOURNE waking up -- sitting up -- where is he? -- trying to
 get his bearings -- but it's so bright -- white walls --
 sheets -- SUNSHINE through clean windows and --

PAMELA (OS)
 Hello, David.

*

There she is. Standing at the foot of his bed.

BOURNE
 Where am I?

PAMELA
 Ramstein Air Base, Germany.
 (smiles)
 Before the wall fell you would have woken
 up in a Russian prison hospital.

*

He looks around -- tries to move -- hammered by pain.

BOURNE
 Oh, shit...

PAMELA
 Careful...

*

Long moment. He's taking it in. Trying to.

BOURNE
Why am I alive?

PAMELA
Are you disappointed?

They study each other a beat.

BOURNE
I know who you are.

PAMELA nods. Very calm here. No sudden movements.

PAMELA
Thank you for your gift. I'm sorry about Marie. *

BOURNE
What's that? *

PAMELA
Do you think you can read? Are you well
enough? *

She has a folder. A PHOTOGRAPH -- Bourne's face -- stapled to the cover.

PAMELA (CONT'D) *

It's all in here. Treadstone. A summary of your life. All of it.

He waves it off.

BOURNE
Don't need it. I remember everything.

PAMELA
(smiles again)
Sounds like a threat.

BOURNE
You didn't answer my question.

PAMELA
Why you're alive?
(beat)
You're alive because you're special.
Because she kept you alive.
(she smiles)
Because we want you back on our side.

BOURNE silent. But hearing it. PAMELA leaves the file.

PAMELA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Take a look at it. We'll talk later.

BOURNE watching her back away. As she exits into --

358

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

358

Long, sterile hallway. CRONIN and NICKY standing there with an AIR FORCE SENTRY assigned to guard the room.

CRONIN and NICKY trying to play it cool, but now, as they get some distance down the hallway --

PAMELA
(to the sentry)
Let's give him half an hour.

*
*
*

NICKY
(quietly)
So?

PAMELA
Felt promising. It's a start.

*

A chill in the air. Both of them going quiet because there's A NURSE carrying a tray of food. She's coming toward us. They're walking away.

THE CAMERA

Staying with THE NURSE now. Coming up the hall.

THE SENTRY smiles -- opens the door and she enters --

359

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

359

Empty bed. Open window. Bourne is gone.

As THE MUSIC STARTS PUMPING, and we...

360

EXT. MUSEUM ISLAND BRIDGE -- BERLIN -- DAY

360

Off he goes. Disappearing into thin air...

FADE OUT.

*
*
*

THE END

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

<#>[A](#)[B](#)[C](#)[D](#)[E](#)[F](#)[G](#)[H](#)[I](#)[J](#)[K](#)[L](#)[M](#)[N](#)[O](#)[P](#)[Q](#)[R](#)[S](#)[T](#)[U](#)[V](#)[W](#)[X](#)[Y](#)[Z](#) [PDF](#) [ALL](#)

Butterfly Effect, The (2004)

by J. Mackye Gruber and Eric Bress.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

INT. SUNNYVALE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 2002

EVAN, 20, good-looking but with dark haunted eyes, frantically hides himself in an unlit Doctor's office. His face and chest are covered in blood. He holds his forehead in pain.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS stab through the darkened corridor hunting for him. ALARMS SOUND. GUARDS are heard shouting to each other. Evan grabs a cardboard box and hides under a doctor's desk. He grabs some paper and begins writing in shorthand.

EVAN

(as he writes)

If anyone finds this, then I guess my
plan didn't work and I'm already
dead...

He takes a deep breath.

EVAN

But if I can just go back to the
beginning of all this, I still might be
able to save her.

Fatigue overwhelms him, but he continues writing...

INT. BUSY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - 1982

TITLE: TWENTY YEARS EARLIER

ANDREA TREBORN, twenty-five, an attractive pregnant woman strapped to a gurney, is rolled down a busy hospital corridor. She is clearly ready to give birth, and as she flails her arms, she knocks another patient's IV bottle into the wall.

INT. BUSY HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - 1982

A tearful Andrea holds newborn EVAN in her hands.

TITLE SEQUENCE OVER SUPER-8 MONTAGE INCLUDING:

INT. BUSY HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY - 1982

Smiling Andrea holds baby Evan up to the camera, then places him in a crib.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - 1983

A playground. Evan's father, JASON (23), puts a 1-year old on a slide.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - DAY - 1987

A birthday party for LENNY, 5, a chubby kid with only a few friends. Evan, now 5, is gently prodded by

Andrea toward KAYLEIGH, 5, a quiet sweet-looking girl with beautiful hair.

Evan clumsily shakes her hand and she quickly leans over and kisses his cheek. He blushes and runs to hug his mother's leg.

END MONTAGE & TITLES.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - 1989

In the driveway, 7-year old Evan plays with CRICKETT, a frisky cocker spaniel puppy.

Andrea, wearing a mechanic's jumpsuit, works impatiently on the carburetor of a Toyota Celica. Evan pets the dog as he watches his mother work.

ANDREA

Okay, okay...what now?

Evan quickly eyes the situation and grabs the 5/16" wrench from the toolbox.

EVAN

We're gonna be late again.

ANDREA

When did you ever care about getting to school on time?

EVAN

We're putting up pictures for Parent's Night.

Evan impatiently watches Andrea turn the bolt.

EVAN

Righty-tighty, lefty-lucy.

ANDREA

Thanks. Don't worry Evan, you'll have plenty of time.

The carburetor will not set properly. She bangs on it with the wrench.

ANDREA

(re: carb)

Darn it!

EVAN

Um...can dad come this time?

ANDREA

(getting impatient)

You know the answer to that.

EVAN

Can't he come out for one day?

ANDREA

We've been over this a hundred times.

It's too dangerous for him.

EVAN

But Lenny said that his dad's coming... and Tommy and Kayleigh's dad...

Andrea hands the wrench to Evan.

ANDREA

Here, Ev... Finish this up for me.

Evan beams as he climbs onto the bumper and screws the carb back together. Andrea, meanwhile, strips off her coveralls, revealing a spotless nurse's uniform underneath.

EVAN

All the dads are gonna be there.

ANDREA

I get the point, kiddo. But I'm not so bad, am I?

EVAN

No.

ANDREA

Good. Because I've been waiting to see your art projects all week and I'd feel terrible if all you thought about was your father not being there.

Evan, disappointed, passes the wrench back to Andrea.

EVAN

(beat)

Done. Try it.

Andrea gets behind the wheel. She turns the ignition and the engine roars to life. Evan wears a proud smile.

ANDREA

You're amazing, kiddo.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING - 1989

Andrea races through the school zone and heads for the main doors. Evan's already got the car door open and his foot on the ground by the time the car skids to a halt. Andrea checks her watch.

ANDREA

Okay have a great day I love you I'll pick you up later gotta go...

Evan blows Andrea a kiss goodbye and runs into the school. As Andrea pulls away, MRS. BOSWELL, 35, taps the car window.

MRS. BOSWELL

Mrs. Treborn! I need to speak with you!

ANDREA

I'm sorry, but can it wait til tonight?

I'm already late for work --

Mrs. Boswell's morbid expression stops Andrea.

MRS. BOSWELL

I think you really need to see this.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The classroom is filled with screaming, running children. Mrs. Boswell enters the classroom with Andrea and immediately calls out to TOMMY, a tough seven-year old kid who swings a whiffle bat at LENNY, now seven, a sniffling, chubby kid.

MRS. BOSWELL

Tommy! Leave Lenny alone! Don't make me send you to Mr. Voytek's office!

Evan is surprised to see his mother enter with Mrs. Boswell, but continues playing with Kayleigh, now seven, a quiet, sweet-looking girl.

Mrs. Boswell leads Andrea over to the teacher's desk.

MRS. BOSWELL

I was going to show this to the principal, but I wanted to talk to you first.

ANDREA

What is it?

MRS. BOSWELL

Yesterday I had all the children draw pictures of what they wanted to be when they grew up. Most of them made drawings of what their parents did, but this...

Mrs. Boswell opens the bottom drawer of her desk and pulls out a drawing. Andrea turns to stone when she sees it.

ANDREA

I don't understand...Evan did this?
The drawing shows a child holding a bloody knife while standing on a heap of dead bodies. It's extremely sophisticated for a seven-year old. Some of the corpses have been cut open and the insides are surprisingly anatomically correct. Andrea sees Evan playing with Lenny, harmless as a bunny, and struggles to control her concern.

ANDREA

Thank you for showing it to me first.
I'll...I'll take care of it. Can I have the picture?

MRS. BOSWELL

Of course. There is one more thing, Mrs. Treborn. And I feel bad for mentioning it...

ANDREA

What?

MRS. BOSWELL

When I asked Evan about his drawing, well, he didn't remember doing it.

Andrea is visibly shaken now.

ANDREA

I have to go.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

Andrea seems so impacted by this revelation that she cannot even start the car.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LATER

The children hang artwork on the walls in prep for Parent's Night. Each child has a picture of his or her family made from colored construction paper and macaroni. Evan's picture (no longer sophisticated) depicts his mother, Crockett and himself on a green hill. Tommy and Kayleigh's pictures each show two kids and a single father. And their 'mother' is stuck to the far end of page.

Lenny beams as he pins-up his picture of an ideal nuclear family. He looks at Tommy's picture and is confused.

LENNY

You put the mommy too far away. Mrs. Boswell has macaroni and glue if you wanna fix it.

TOMMY

You're such a retard!

KAYLEIGH

Mommy lives far away but she comes and visits.

LENNY

(to Tommy)

If I'm retarded, why didn't my mommy move away from me?

Tommy gets upset. He swipes his hand down Lenny's picture and his macaroni "mother" crumbles to the floor. Lenny begins to cry.

EVAN

Hey, what'd you do that for?

TOMMY

Fat little baby, crying for mommy.

Evan takes the ruined picture and leans down next to Lenny.

EVAN

Come on, Lenny. It's not that bad. You can still see your mom a little.

Lenny, unable to stop crying, begins hyperventilating out of control. His desperate gasps for breath are frightening.

Evan, scared, looks around for Mrs. Boswell, but cannot find her. He reaches up to his own picture and quickly tears his own macaroni "mother" apart and places it over Lenny's picture. It's a nuclear family again. Lenny slowly is able to catch his breath.

LENNY

(grateful)

Can...can...Can I have this?

EVAN

Sure. I was gonna make a new one, anyway.

Kayleigh helps Lenny glue a new "mother" in place and she smiles gratefully at Evan.

As Evan smiles back at Kayleigh, Mrs. Boswell calmly enters the room in time to see Evan tacking up his butchered family portrait. She shivers.

EXT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - DAY - 1989

Gothic. Imposing. Andrea runs up the stairs.

INT. SUNNYVALE - DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. HARLON REDFIELD, 40, a handsome and extremely genial man, scrutinizes a disturbing drawing.

DR. REDFIELD

And you say he doesn't remember any of it?

ANDREA

(anxious)

Not according to his teacher. It just got me thinking about Jason and what if Evan's inherited his father's condition?

DR. REDFIELD

Hold it, hold it, Andrea. Let's not jump to conclusions. I'll run some preliminary tests, see what we can rule out.

Andrea nods and forces a thankful smile.

DR. REDFIELD

Tell you what, bring Evan here tonight
and we'll run a CAT-scan series.

EXT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - NIGHT

The looming building looks even more frightening at
night. Andrea and Evan head up the stairs.

EVAN

I don't like this place, Mom. It's
creepy. Please can we go? I promise I
won't make any more bad pictures!

ANDREA

(lighthearted)

You'll be fine. Dr. Redfield just wants
to give you some tests. You'll like
him.

INT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - NIGHT

Andrea leads Evan into Dr. Redfield's office. Dr.
Redfield warmly greets Evan at the door.

DR. REDFIELD

Hello, Evan. It's very nice to meet
you.

(to Andrea)

He's as handsome as his father.

EVAN

(stunned)

You know my father?

Before Dr. Redfield can answer, Andrea cuts him off.

ANDREA

That's why I wanted you to come here,
Evan. Dr. Redfield already has a
background in memory loss.

EVAN

My father has a bad memory, too?

DR. REDFIELD

(off Andrea's look)

Uh, tell you what, Evan. If it's okay
with your mother, I'd like to run some
tests. Nothing scary.

Evan raises an eyebrow at the doctor.

DR. REDFIELD

Okay, it might be a little scary...

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Evan looks terrified as he lies on a medical platform
as a series of CAT-scan images are taken. In another
part of the room, a distressed Andrea speaks quietly
with Dr. Redfield.

ANDREA

Just tell me that Evan doesn't have
Jason's illness...

DR. REDFIELD

Look, Andrea, I'm sure he'll test
negative for brain disorders. But
there's something else you can try to
monitor his memory.

ANDREA

Anything.

DR. REDFIELD

A journal. Just have him write down everything he does.

ANDREA

Why? What for?

DR. REDFIELD

It could be extremely useful to jog his memory. See if he remembers anything new the next day. And I'll have the test results back in a few days.

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The next morning. Evan busily writes in his new black-marble mead comp book:

EVAN'S DIARY

Today Mommy is taking me to play with Kayley and Tommy. I will mete there father and see what a real dad is like. Maybe one day I will mete my Dad.

Andrea, meanwhile, speaks into the phone as she pours Lucky Charms into a cereal bowl for Evan.

ANDREA

Thanks, George. I really appreciate you watching him, he won't be any trouble at all.

Evan puts down the journal and eats breakfast. He separates the green clovers from the cereal and drops them to the floor for Crockett to nibble.

EVAN

These'll bring you luck, Crockett.

ANDREA

(into phone)

Great. I'll see you soon.

Andrea hangs up the phone and walks into the next room.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Andrea grabs the pocket book off the coffee table and heads back into the kitchen. She drops her purse in shock when she sees:

Evan, in doorway, expressionless and holding a large BUTCHER KNIFE by his side.

ANDREA

Evan?

Evan sees her but remains expressionless.

ANDREA

Evan? What are you doing with that knife?

Life suddenly springs into Evan's face. He seems stunned to find himself holding the knife and drops it.

EVAN

(scared)

What happened?

ANDREA

Honey. What were you doing with that?

EVAN

(tears welling)

I...I don't remember.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - MORNING

Andrea, still shaken, drops Evan off at the house of GEORGE MILLER, 35, a handsome athletic man with an infectious smile. He approaches the car and opens the door for Evan.

MR. MILLER

Hey, Andrea.

(to Evan)

Hello little man.

Andrea writes nervously on a piece of paper as Evan gets out.

ANDREA

Thanks a lot George. Here's my work number in case there are any problems.

MR. MILLER

(lighthearted laughter)

Whaddaya kidding? We're going to have a great time today, right Evan?

Andrea nods thanks and nervously drives away. Evan walks up to Mr. Miller and momentarily reaches for his hand. Mr. Miller flinches his hand away and chuckles at Evan.

MR. MILLER

You waiting for an invitation? The kids are inside.

Evan appears confused for a moment at Mr. Miller's unexpected rudeness, but walks inside.

INT. MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Evan enters the well-kept middle class home and sees his classmates Kayleigh and Tommy. Kayleigh is dressed in a make-shift Medieval gown and Tommy is also dressed in a period costume.

KAYLEIGH

(excited to see Evan)

Evan, guess what? Dad got a new video camera and we're all gonna be in a movie.

TOMMY

I don't think Evan gets to be in it --

KAYLEIGH

Quit it, Tommy. Evan gets to be Robin Hood. I'm gonna be Maid Marian, and you're the Sheriff of Nottingham!

TOMMY

I thought I was the bad guy!

KAYLEIGH

You are, silly. He's a bad sheriff.

Mr. Miller, holding a full glass of scotch in one hand, sets the circa-80's bulky video camera on a tripod and plugs it into the porta-deck.

EVAN

We're really gonna be in a movie!?

MR. MILLER

That's right, Evan, and you get to be the star.

TOMMY

I thought I was the star.

MR. MILLER

Shut up, moron. Now get in your costume, Evan. And you have to promise, your bestest super-duper promise, that this will be our little secret. Think you can do that?

Evan nods and sticks his arms straight up in the air. Mr. Miller downs his drink and helps Evan off with his clothes. Suddenly --

HARD CUT
TO:

INT. MILLER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Evan comes to in an unfamiliar place. The rec-room/basement. Evan's eyes dart from the fireplace to Mr. Miller's camera lens and finally to Kayleigh, whose ashen face trembles slightly. Panic spreads across Evan's face.

EVAN

Where am I? What happened? Where did we all go?

MR. MILLER

Calm down, kid. Stand still.

Evan backs up and awkwardly scurries around the basement, grabbing his clothes. Panicking.

EVAN

I was just somewhere else - how did I get here?

MR. MILLER

Quit acting like some retard or I'll call your mother and tell her what a naughty little shit you've been.

EVAN

Kayleigh? What happened?

Kayleigh's eyes are unable to leave the floor. She begins adjusting her disheveled clothing. Evan trembles.

EVAN

What's wrong with me?

Tommy silently watches from the top of the basement stairs, absently wringing the head off one of his sister's dolls.

INT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - DAY

Dr. Redfield places Evan's CAT-scan slides on the light box. Andrea squints, unable to interpret them.

DR. REDFIELD

Well, the good news is that the results are negative. I've found no evidence in the way of lesions, hemorrhaging, tumors...

ANDREA

And the bad news?

DR. REDFIELD

Unfortunately, we've got nothing to work with. It's harder playing detective now.

ANDREA

But you must have something to go on?

DR. REDFIELD

If I had to guess, I'd say the blackouts are stress related.

ANDREA

But he's seven. What kind of stress can he have?

DR. REDFIELD

Plenty. Who knows? Maybe he's got severe coping problems about not having a father. Did you say the last blackout occurred when he was with his friend's dad.

ANDREA

Come on, I doubt the answer's that simple.

DR. REDFIELD

You'd be surprised how often they are.

ANDREA

Well, he has been pushing me to meet his father, but I've been putting it off.

DR. REDFIELD

It's worth a shot. I can arrange a controlled meeting. A careful dose of sedatives for Jason, some security, you and I monitoring. Evan comes in for a quick visit and with any luck, no more missing father complex.

ANDREA

How soon?...

INT. ANDREA'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Evan, dressed in his Sunday best, writes copiously in a journal marked "AGE 7."

EVAN'S DIARY

April 15. Today I get to meet my father. His name is Jason and he is crazy. I hope he lets me call him dad.

INT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - DAY

Andrea tightly grips Evan's hand as the pair follow Dr. Redfield down a corridor. Evan's enthusiasm is dampened by the sounds of distant screams and bloodcurdling laughter.

EVAN

Dad lives here?

DR. REDFIELD

Not in this wing, actually. No.

ANDREA

Now your father may seem sleepy to you, but that's just because of his medicine, okay?

EVAN

Okay.

They walk to the end of the corridor and come to a "Visitor's Chamber". Dr. Redfield leads Evan inside. Andrea begins to follow, but the doctor gestures that she stay outside.

INT. SUNNYVALE - VISITOR'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Evan takes a seat at a long rectangular table. His

eyes are fixated on the door on the other side of the room. Finally, a dark figure can be seen through the opaque glass.

JASON, thirty and haggard looking, enters the room. His eyes want to sparkle at seeing his son for the first time. But tranquilizers have dulled the effect. Evan's eyes fixate on the leg-restraints and handcuffs that hinder Jason's movement. Finally Jason sits. He smiles warmly and speaks in over-enunciated tones.

JASON

It's okay. I won't bite. You've seen pictures of me, right?

EVAN

Uh-huh. Mom says I have your eyes and your --

SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. SUNNYVALE - VISITOR'S CHAMBER - DAY

Evan "comes to" in another unfamiliar place. Rather than seeing his father across a table, he's looking up at a ceiling.

Blocking his view of the ceiling is Jason, whose face is now monstrous with rage, and whose cuffed hands are wrapped around Evan's throat, choking the life out of him.

JASON

(through clenched teeth)

I...love...you.

Suddenly, ORDERLIES tackle Jason from both sides and wedge a baton under his jaw to wrench him away. Andrea frantically struggles to rescue Evan from Jason's clutches.

JASON

(panicking)

He has to die! You don't understand!

It's the only way to stop it!

Jason wrestles the baton from under his chin, hits an orderly in the kneecap and comes for Evan with the baton!

Orderly #2 acts quickly, beating Jason with his baton.

As Jason makes another desperate grab for Evan,

Orderly #2 is forced to bash him in the skull. Down for the count.

Andrea hugs Evan, now in shock.

ANDREA

I'm sorry, Evan. I'm sorry.

And ALARM sounds and Andrea tries to cover Evan's eyes, but through her fingers he can see a quick blur of a pool of blood spreading from Jason's head.

FADE TO
BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - 1989

Dressed in black, Andrea and Evan watch Jason's casket being lowered into the ground. Andrea's tears soak through her veil. A few feet back, Kayleigh stands behind Evan.

PRIEST

Ashes to ashes...dust to dust.

Evan watches the coffin descend, disappearing from sight. Kayleigh steps up to Evan and takes his hand. A moment. And she softly whispers in Evan's ear.

KAYLEIGH

You're better off anyway.

A rumble of thunder. Evan looks up at the brooding dark clouds.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Gray skies. Andrea drives the children home. Evan stares at the passing tombstones that flutter by like a white picket fence. The flickering strobe effect that intensifies into a white blur is hypnotic.

SLOWLY
DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY - 1995

Bright and sunny. The lawn freshly cut. A Toro lawnmower has been carelessly left in the grass-strewn driveway.

TITLE: SIX YEARS LATER

CRANE DOWN to the window of the --

INT. MILLER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Evan, Kayleigh, Tommy and Lenny are now THIRTEEN. Evan exhales cigarette smoke, taps his ash and finishes sketching a portrait of Kayleigh in his journal. Tommy wears a leather jacket and now has traces of peach fuzz on his upper lip. Kayleigh's hair is longer now, albeit stringy and unkempt.

Evan closes his journal and coolly ignites a STRIKE-ANYWHERE MATCH with his thumb and lights Kayleigh's cigarette. Everyone but Lenny smokes in the basement. Tommy, now with longer hair, ransacks his father's army locker looking for something.

EVAN

Tommy, I'm bored shitless over here.
What's up already?

TOMMY

Hold your horses, man. It's here
somewhere. I saw it when I was a kid.

Tommy absently chucks an old Playboy toward Lenny. Kayleigh seems uncomfortable by the sight of it.

KAYLEIGH

(to Tommy)

We should go soon. If Dad catches us
smoking down here, we're dead.

EVAN

So let's go. This place creeps me out.

Evan claps his hands and stands up, Lenny and Kayleigh join him. Finally, Tommy shakes an old army thermos and hears something rattling inside.

TOMMY

I knew it had something to do with the
army.

Tommy opens the thermos, tips it over and a blockbuster (1/4 stick of dynamite) spills out. Tommy

grins mischievously.

TOMMY

Let's blow the shit out of something!

EXT. HALPERNS' FOREST - DAY

Tommy leads Evan, Kayleigh and Lenny on a mission through the woods. Everyone smokes except Lenny, yet he's the only one who's wheezing. He pulls out an inhaler and takes a puff.

LENNY

Guys, slow up, would you?

KAYLEIGH

Evan, did I tell you? My mother said I might be able to visit her this summer in Orlando with her new family.

TOMMY

What did I say about mentioning that bitch?

KAYLEIGH

(uncomfortable)

Where the hell are you taking us anyway? Just blow something up already.

TOMMY

Just blow something up? Are you nuts? There's an art to mass destruction. Would you just paint the Mona Lisa? No. Besides, we're here already.

Now at the edge of the woods, Tommy spots:

EXT. MRS. HALPERN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A MAILBOX sits at the end of the driveway. It's exquisite. An exact replica of a Colonial home it serves.

Across the street, Tommy hands the blockbuster to Lenny.

TOMMY

Here you go, buddy.

LENNY

(recoiling)

What? No frigging way, man. I'm not touching that thing.

TOMMY

The hell you aren't. Anyone of us does it, you'll puss out and narc for sure.

LENNY

Ain't gonna work this time, buddy. Look how small that fuse is! I'll get killed.

EVAN

Not necessarily.

All eyes turn to Evan as he takes his lit cigarette, breaks off the filter and jams the fuse into the unlit end.

EVAN

That should buy you ten minutes at least.

LENNY

Gee, thanks friend.

EXT. MRS. HALPERN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lenny paces back and forth next to the three-story mailbox, desperately trying to appear nonchalant. He pretends to notice his shoe's untied and bends down to tie it. From the woods, the other kids watch anxiously.

TOMMY

Oh, for Christ's sake, just do it,
Lenny.

Finally, Lenny throws the bomb in the mailbox. Then sprints like hell to the woods. Kayleigh shakes Lenny's inhaler and hands it to him when he gets back.

LENNY

(taking puff)

Thanks.

Evan pats Lenny on the back.

EVAN

You got balls, man.

The four watch the mailbox in intense anticipation. Evan smiles with the cigarette pressed tightly between his lips and places his hands over Kayleigh's ears. She smiles back at him and presses his hands against her head. Tommy catches this and seems disturbed, and quickly turns back to --
The mailbox. Tick-tock...tick-tock...It's like a staring contest...

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. HALPERNS' FOREST - DAY

Evan, running full speed, comes to in an unfamiliar place. He instantly loses his footing and falls to the ground. Lenny, falling on top of him.

TOMMY

Hurry! Let's go! Get him up, Evan! Come on!

EVAN

(frantic)

What happened?? Where are we?!

Evan gets up and starts running, then realizes he's not being followed. Kayleigh and Tommy are helping Lenny up and carrying him. Evan realizes that Lenny's completely dazed. Evan doubles back, grabs Lenny's arm and he and Tommy drag Lenny through the woods as fast as they can.

KAYLEIGH

(crying)

Oh God...what did we do?

EVAN

Shit, Lenny. What's happened to you!
We've gotta get help!

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Andrea's car screeches to the curb of Lenny's house. Lenny's mother, Mrs. Kagan, frantically loads Lenny into an ambulance.

As Andrea rushes up to the ambulance, Mrs. Kagan gives her an icy glare and slams the ambulance door in Andrea's face. Andrea turns to Evan, now trembling on the front stoop.

ANDREA

What is it? What happened?

TOMMY

(staring menacingly at the others)

We were just building a fort in the woods when Lenny freaked out. One minute he was fine, then he just froze up. Right guys?

ANDREA

What happened, Evan? The truth.

EVAN

I don't know... I don't remember.

ANDREA

Something must've happened! What set him off?

EVAN

I...I blacked out.

ANDREA

(building frustration)

Don't try to use your blackouts to get out of this one!

Evan looks helpless.

ANDREA

You're not making this up, are you?

Evan shakes his head "no". Almost ashamed...

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Evan lies on a couch.

DR. REDFIELD

With every breath you exhale, you can feel all of the tension draining from your body like water through a faucet. Nine, ten, and you're completely asleep. Relaxed.

Evan breathes slowly. Deeply. Andrea watches nervously from the far side of the room.

DR. REDFIELD

Now I want you to go back to the time you were in the woods with Lenny. Think of it like a movie. You can pause, rewind, or slow down any details you wish. Understand?

EVAN

Yes.

DR. REDFIELD

Where are you now?

EVAN

I'm standing next to Kayleigh, my hands are over her ears.

DR. REDFIELD

Are you hurting her?

EVAN
No, protecting her.
Andrea suppresses the tiniest of proud smiles.

DR. REDFIELD
Okay. Then go a little forward in time.
What do you see now?

EVAN
I see a car.
Evan's eyes suddenly roll back in his head.

DR. REDFIELD
Yes, tell me about the car.
Evan moans and begins shaking.

DR. REDFIELD
Go on. Nothing can hurt you. Remember,
this is only a movie. You're completely
safe.

EVAN
(moaning)
I can't...the car vanishes and all of a
sudden I'm on the ground in the woods.

DR. REDFIELD
The car doesn't vanish Evan. The movie
in your head has broken, that's all.
But now I've respliced it and I want
you to tell me about the car.

EVAN
It's coming...argh! I can't!
Evan moans and shakes on the couch.

DR. REDFIELD
Fight it Evan. Hurry. It's coming!
Blood begins to trickle from Evan's nose as a guttural
sound is uttered from deep within him. Dr. Redfield
bolts upright in his chair and redirects the session.

DR. REDFIELD
Okay, Evan. Listen to my voice! On the
count of ten, you're going to wake up.
Feeling refreshed and remembering
everything we talked about.
Evan moans in agony. Andrea darts into the room.

ANDREA
What's happening to him?? Make it stop!

Dr. Redfield waves her away and concentrates on Evan.

DR. REDFIELD
One. You're feeling more awake now.
Two, your eyes no longer feel heavy.
Andrea moves to stop the blood flowing from Evan's
nose. She lifts Evan's eyelids and sees only the
whites of his eyes.

DR. REDFIELD
Five. Six. Refreshed and awake! Seven,
eight. Come on, Evan, wake up, dammit!
Evan is completely non-responsive.

ANDREA
Evan wake up, oh please wake up!

DR. REDFIELD
Nine, ten. And you're awake! Open your

eyes, dammit!
Nothing but moans and blood. Dr. Redfield frantically opens some desk drawers until he finds smelling salts. He breaks a small capsule under Evan's mouth, pinches his bleeding nose closed and lets Evan inhale the vapor through his mouth. Evan lurches forward on the couch and falls off. Holding his bloody nose.

EVAN

What happened? Did it work?
Evan deduces the answer from everyone's horrified faces.

EXT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - PARKING LOT - DUSK
Andrea drops off Evan, Kayleigh and Tommy outside the complex. Kayleigh, looking morose, shuts the car door and Andrea drives off. They walk through the parking lot.

TOMMY

(to Kayleigh)

Wipe that sad-assed look off your face before you get us all busted. You see the way Evan's mom was looking at you?

KAYLEIGH

I'm sorry.

EVAN

Would someone just tell me already what the hell happened in the mailbox?
On "mailbox", Tommy suddenly grabs Evan's jacket and SHOVES him against a parked car. Tommy looks around to make sure nobody heard anything.

TOMMY

Don't ever bring that shit up again. Not ever. Not to me, not to Kayleigh, or even Lenny. The stupid fuck if he ever learns to talk again. Understand?
Evan nods, scared. Tommy gives a final shove.

TOMMY

Ever.

(re: Kayleigh)

She don't want to talk about it, anyway. Do you Kayleigh?
Tommy's right. Kayleigh clearly doesn't.

INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER LOBBY - DUSK
Kayleigh shuffles behind Evan and Tommy as they head toward the theatre. Evan drops back.

EVAN

Are you okay?
Kayleigh says nothing as Tommy sees the theatre playing SEVEN and whispers.

TOMMY

There it is. Let's go.
INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT
Andrea does the dishes as the TV plays a NEWSCAST in the b.g.

ANCHOR

(on TV)

...was the grizzly aftermath of what

police officials of upstate New York
are calling a horrible act of vandalism
gone awry.

Andrea turns to the TV, blocking our view. We can only
hear the report as she watches intensely.

ANCHOR

The powerful explosion is believed to
have been caused by a small quantity of
dynamite.

Andrea's face looks haunted by the on-screen images.
She shakes her head in terror and grabs the remote.

ANCHOR

Police thus far have no leads as to the
suspects...

She clicks off the TV, trembling.

INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - NIGHT

The movie's in progress. Evan and Kayleigh sit behind
Tommy.

TOMMY

Holy shit! Look at that fat fuck! You'd
have to wipe his ass with a forklift!

Some crowd members TURN around and give Tommy a SHUSH.
Tommy whips M&Ms at them.

TOMMY

Shut up, faggot. No one's talking to
you!

Kayleigh, repulsed, suddenly darts fro the aisle and
runs out. Evan follows.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Evan follows her to a small alcove.

EVAN

I'm sorry Kayleigh. This was a bad
idea.

KAYLEIGH

You really don't remember anything that
happened?

Evan shakes his head "no". She looks devastated.

KAYLEIGH

You're so lucky.

She begins to cry. Evan makes sure no one's staring.

EVAN

It's going to be okay. Lenny'll be
fine. You'll see.

He reaches to comfort her. But she winces.

KAYLEIGH

Ouch.

EVAN

I'm sorry.

She pulls her sleeve up, revealing a large bruise.

KAYLEIGH

It's not your fault. Mrs. Kagan called
dad and blamed us for what happened to
Lenny.

EVAN

Damn. Your dad did this?

Kayleigh pulls back her shirt collar to show an even
larger, darker bruise.

KAYLEIGH
(looking down)
I deserve a lot worse.

EVAN
What are you talking about? What you
deserve is a better brother and father.
All they do is make you feel like shit.

She looks into his eyes.

EVAN
You really have no clue how beautiful
you are, do you?

She searches his eyes for sincerity. And finds it.
They lean into each other for a TENDER KISS. After a
moment, a ROAR from nearby.

TOMMY (O.S.)
What the fuck are you doing??

They jerk back to see Tommy, shocked and betrayed,
staring at them from across a small crowd. By now,
some teens chuckle at Tommy.

TEEN PUNK (O.S.)
Buying popcorn, what the fuck are you
doing?

Tommy rushes through the small crowd at Evan. His
hands in fists. Suddenly a FOOT reaches out and trips
Tommy. Tommy falls to the floor and the crowd cackles
at him.

Tommy slowly gets up, locks eyes with Evan. Hatred
oozing.

Evan looks guilty, weakly shaking his head, it's not
what you're thinking.

Tommy suddenly lunges at the TEEN PUNK who must be at
least a foot taller than he is. Tommy lands a flurry
of punches before the Teen Punk can even defend
himself, frequently taking opportunities to eyeball
Evan.

Evan, Kayleigh and even the punk's FRIENDS look on
helplessly when TWO SECURITY GUARDS SEIZE TOMMY. Tommy
valiantly struggles against them at first. But the
moment he realizes it's hopeless, he allows his body
to go slack.

As Tommy is being dragged away, he turns to Evan, a
sick smile on his face.

Evan and Kayleigh look back, speechless.

INT. ANDREA'S CAR - NIGHT
Andrea drives through the winding roads.

CLOSE UP
Andrea's eyes. Tormented.

REVEAL she's driving Evan and Kayleigh home. Evan's up
front and Kayleigh sits behind them. Everyone silent.
Andrea stares through the rearview mirror into
KAYLEIGH'S EYES
Probing. Searching.

ANDREA
So how was the movie?

KAYLEIGH
Okay.

Andrea watches Kayleigh. A calculated beat.

ANDREA

Any exploding mailboxes?

Kayleigh flinches at the question. And Andrea catches it. Evan can't help but look back at Kayleigh. Oh my god, she knows.

KAYLEIGH

(faking poorly)

What do you mean?

Andrea pulls the car over and stops. After a moment, Kayleigh realizes she's at her house. She exits the car in a hurry.

ANDREA

Goodnight.

Andrea stares at Evan, who keeps his eyes facing dead ahead. She finally shifts the car into gear.

ANDREA

We're moving.

Evan says nothing.

FADE TO
BLACK.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A "For Sale" sign is now planted on the front lawn. Andrea, in her nurse uniform, exits the house to her car.

INT. ANDREA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan discreetly watches her leave through the window. Grabs his coat and exits frame.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kayleigh and Evan walk down toward the house.

EVAN

I can't believe Tommy's still pissed at me. He knows I'm moving away, right?

KAYLEIGH

He's been acting real strange lately. He won't even look me in the eyes anymore.

EVAN

Duck, here they come.

As a station wagon rolls up the street, Evan and Kayleigh duck in nearby bushes.

KAYLEIGH

Did your mom say if Lenny was...okay?

EVAN

He must be. They're letting him go, right?

The station wagon finally heads into the driveway.

Evan puts on a smile and charges the car, pounding the window.

EVAN

Welcome home, Lenny!

Inside the car, Lenny jerks back in horror. Mrs. Kagan looks angry as she rolls the window down.

MRS. KAGAN

I think your little homecoming's in bad taste.

The smile fades from Evan's face. Kayleigh hangs back.

EVAN

Sorry?

MRS. KAGAN

(acidic)

Lenny's been through a hell of an ordeal no thanks to you.

Evan and Kayleigh look guilty as the garage door opens up and Mrs. Kagan continues into the garage.

INT. LENNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alone, Lenny concentrates on a MODEL AIRPLANE. There is a sudden KNOCK at the window. Lenny's head jerks around to see Evan and Kayleigh smiling through the window.

EXT. LENNY'S WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Kayleigh stand on the ivy-covered trellis.

EVAN

(quietly)

Welcome home. Thought you might like some fresh air for a change.

KAYLEIGH

Hi, Lenny.

Lenny twitches ever-so-slightly.

LENNY

Is Tommy with you guys?

Evan shakes his head "no".

EVAN

It's cool.

Lenny looks back at the model airplane. Needs to think.

EXT. JUNKYARD WOODS - DAY

Evan, Lenny and Kayleigh pass a junk pile in the woods.

KAYLEIGH

(to Lenny)

So what did you do in there?

LENNY

It was awful. You can't sleep 'cause everyone's screaming all night long. I never want to go back.

As Evan and Kayleigh absorb this in silence, they see a column of smoke billowing in the horizon.

KAYLEIGH

Do you see that?

Evan and Kayleigh run toward the smoke. Lenny nervously follows behind.

They exit the woods to find:

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Tommy has stuffed a dog into a gunny sack which he douses with lighter fluid. Next to a campfire.

EVAN

Crockett!!

Evan and Kayleigh rush toward the trapped, helpless dog. Tommy is ready for them. He drops the lighter fluid, picks up a wooden plank and SWINGS! Evan ducks back at the last minute and Tommy accidentally connects with Kayleigh's head. Knocking her

unconscious.

TOMMY

Look what you made me do!

EVAN

What's wrong with you?!

Tommy, enraged, fakes a high swing, then goes for Evan's knee cap. BASH! Evan doubles over in pain and falls to the ground, clutching his knee.

Tommy moves to the fire, Crockett squirming inside the bag and picks up the lighter fluid.

Evan painfully looks up from the ground and his eyes dart from the sight of Kayleigh, unconscious, to Crockett, trapped in the tied gunny sack.

EVAN

Kayleigh! Wake up!

No response.

TOMMY

Why don't you fucking kiss her, Prince Charming!

Tommy squeezes the bottle hard, creating a flaming fuse from the campfire to the fluid soaked dog.

As the flames near Crockett, Evan, seething with rage, stands up with clenched fists and CHARGES Tommy at FULL SPEED --

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Evan comes to in an unfamiliar place. Still in running mode. His body contorts spastically like a fish on land, since he is now lying face down on the ground. Evan regains himself and sits up painfully. His face is badly bruised and he clutches his battered ribs.

EVAN

How long was I out?

He gets no answer from Lenny, who stands in the exact same spot. Tommy is nowhere in sight and the sound is of Kayleigh weeping. Evan spins to face her.

EVAN

Kayleigh?! Are you okay? Where's Crockett?

Kayleigh, her knees drawn tightly to her chest, is unable to answer through her tears. Evan struggles to rise but he becomes dizzy and falls back to the ground.

Evan takes a quick glance toward the gunny sack, smouldering then moans and buries his head in his hands.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

A small neighborhood CROWD has gathered to watch an ambulance with the SUNNYVALE insignia take an entranced Lenny away. Mrs. Kagan is about to climb in the rear when she stops and turns to Evan.

MRS. KAGAN

(ice cold)

Do you know what you are? A monster.

Evan stands there, speechless.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY

A packed U-HAUL sits in front of Evan's house. Andrea shifts the small truck into gear and slowly pulls out.

Outside the truck, Kayleigh waves to Evan, tears spilling shamelessly down her cheeks. Evan reaches behind his seat and opens a large cardboard box. It is filled with past journals. He finds the most recent journal, uncaps a pen and writes something. Finished he presses the journal to the window.

EVAN'S DIARY

I'll come back for you.

Evan waves back to her, trying nonchalantly to wipe away his own tears as she fades into the distance. When Kayleigh disappears from sight, Andrea looks over to see what he's written.

ANDREA

I'm sorry.

Evan returns the journal and begins writing furiously.

SLOW
DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY - 2002

TITLE: SEVEN YEARS LATER

Evan, twenty now, continues writing in a college Blue Book. He is older, dressed down in worn jeans, T-shirt and plaid flannel. He closes the Blue Book with a cocky grin just as PROFESSOR CARTER, 40, calls out to the class:

PROFESSOR CARTER

Time! Please place your blue books on my desk before you leave.

Evan grabs his psychology textbook from under his seat, gets up and turns in his exam.

PROFESSOR CARTER

How'd you do, Evan?

Evan flashes a confident smile.

EVAN

I'm not sure. I might have gotten some stories mixed up. Did Pavlof condition his dogs to lick his nuts?

PROFESSOR CARTER

(laughing)

Typical psych major. A complete wise ass. And how's your project coming? Still planning to change the way we humble scientists view memory assimilation?

EVAN

(shrugging)

Hey, I got no choice.

Professor Carter nods solemnly, obviously in the know.

EXT. COLLEGE - QUAD - DAY

Evan bikes past students.

EXT. COLLEGE - FRAT HOUSE - DAY

Evan bikes past some obnoxious GREEKS.

EXT. COLLEGE - EVAN'S DORM - DAY

Evan docks his bike and carries his knapsack inside.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - MOMENTS LATER

Evan's dorm is cluttered "double" whose walls are adorned with head-shop posters of Gothic rock bands. By Evan's bed is a bookshelf filled with books on amnesia, memory loss, fugues, hypnotism and other related bands.

Evan's roommate, THUMPER, 19, is a completely punked out Gothic boy who weighs 300 pounds. He currently hands a black lacy dress to CRICKET, 17, a pierced Goth co-ed. She slips the tattered dress on as Thumper wipes his post-coital self off with a black tee-shirt.

Evan barges through the door, throwing his psych books on the bed and politely looking away from the half-naked girl.

EVAN

Whoa. Smells like patchouli and...ass.

Evan opens the window and checks out his Psych project: a small maze has several flatworms at one end and a bowl of cornflakes at the other.

THUMPER

Cricket, meet my well-mannered roommate, Evan.

Cricket puts on her Doc Martens as Evan watches the worms.

CRICKET

Yeah, you're the one who fucked up the bell-curve on my Anthropology final. Later, Thumper.

EVAN

Nice to meet you, too.

As she leaves, Thumper takes the black T-shirt by his wallet and throws it on Evan's bed.

THUMPER

Here, bro. Found your T-shirt.

Evan nods thanks, picks up his journal. Reads something and smiles.

EVAN

Get dressed, Thumper, you're taking me out for my birthday.

THUMPER

I thought you were a December baby.

EVAN

This is bigger. Seven years to the day. No blackouts.

Thumper pulls out a bong.

THUMPER

Let's do this.

EXT. DIRTY HANK'S BAR - DAY

INT. DIRTY HANK'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

A popular watering hole. A dark rustic interior, blasting alternative rock. Plenty of underage students carry pitchers of beer to their tables.

Evan and Thumper play pool against two young women.

HEIDI, beautiful, wears ripped jeans, no make up. She

sinks the eleven ball off the rail. KRISTEN coolly smokes a cigarette, confident that she and Heidi will hold the table.

KRISTEN

So...which one of you has a pet worm?
Thumper proudly steps forward.

THUMPER

Worms, plural.

KRISTEN

That's so gross.
Thumper steps back, points to Evan.

THUMPER

Talk to him about it, he's got the
fetish.
Heidi sinks another ball and looks up at Evan
strangely.

EVAN

Actually, they're for a psych project.
A study on memory.
Heidi misses her shot and passes the cue to Evan.

HEIDI

(stifling a yawn)
Shit, better explain before all the
excitement gives me a heart attack.
Evan speaks as he knocks the one-ball in the corner
pocket. As he talks, at a table behind them, some
obnoxious Greeks; including HUNTER, SPENCER, and GWEN
make fun of Thumper.

EVAN

It's an experiment with flatworms and a
maze. You take a flatworm and run it
through the maze until he's memorized
it. Then you put a new flatworm in the
maze. He's clueless. Banging into
walls, getting lost, whatever.

THUMPER

(thoughtfully)
Like Ozzy.
Gwen giggles as Spencer throws popcorn at Thumper's
head.

SPENCER

Ten bucks says he eats it off the
floor.
Thumper seems oblivious to their taunts as Evan knocks
the three-ball in the side.

EVAN

You chop up the smart flatworm and feed
it to the dumb one and presto, the dumb
one suddenly knows the maze inside and
out.
Evan walks past Heidi, putting his hand on her
shoulder to squeeze by. The hand lingers longer than
necessary and Heidi doesn't mind. He sinks another
ball.

EVAN

Just by absorbing the first worm into
its cellular structure, it gets all of

the worm's memories.

THUMPER

(thoughtfully)

That's probably why Hannibal Lecter's
so smart.

A handful of popcorn hits Thumper's face. They all try
to ignore Hunter and Spencer's jeers.

HEIDI

So what's the point?

EVAN

(setting up the eight)

Maybe if I can figure out how the
memories of a simple worm function,
it'll help me understand the
complexities of the human brain.

Another barrage of popcorn hits Thumper's jacket.
Although his hand clenches on the cue. He meekly
shuffles away to the opposite side of the pool table
from the cackling geeks.

HEIDI

(intrigued)

So are you planning on becoming a
doctor or something?

Thumper casually takes the pool cue from Evan.

EVAN

No, I just don't want to lose my mind.

As Heidi digests this, Thumper carefully lines up his
shot...The eight ball.

CRASH!!! The cue ball intentionally jumps the table,
rocketing into the pitcher of beer on the Greek's
table. They're all soaked with beer and debris.

Just as they begin to rise, Thumper smashes the cue
stick on the table, WHISTLING innocently (while now
brandishing a spear). They sit the fuck down.

Kristin, impressed, casually wraps her arm around
Thumper's waist. He smiles coolly, it's nothing.

EVAN

(to Heidi)

I think that's your game.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan and Heidi, making out, burst through the door and
fall on the bed. Evan's shirt is unbuttoned and Heidi
strokes his chest. Suddenly Heidi stops and sniffs the
air.

HEIDI

Smells like sex in here.

EVAN

Thumper had a busy afternoon.

HEIDI

You're kidding. He's so...big.

Evan drunkenly crosses the room, grabs two beers from
the mini-fridge.

EVAN

Charisma and eyeliner go a long way, I
guess. Wanna beer?

Heidi takes one. Looks under the bed.

HEIDI

Most guys tuck their porn under here,
but all you have are... comp books.

EVAN

Yeah. I've been keeping journals since
I was seven.

HEIDI

(respectfully)

Wow...read something.

Evan chugs his beer and sits next to her on the bed
and puts his arm around her. Very drunk.

EVAN

No way, I'd be too embarrassed.
Heidi teasingly runs her fingers over his smooth
torso.

HEIDI

Then keep drinking, worm-boy. You're
too uptight.

Evan stops short.

EVAN

Freeze! No "worm-boy". No "Mr. Worm,"
and no "Worm-Master-General!" Once you
get a nickname like that you can't
shake it. And I don't want everyone
thinking I've got tapeworms coming out
of my ass or something, okay?

HEIDI

(laughing)

Deal. Now read me something.

Heidi hands him a book marked "AGE 13". He flips it
open to a random place and takes the beer from her
hand.

EVAN

(re: her beer)

For courage.

Evan takes and finishes her beer and begins reading.
As he reads, he seems more and more on the verge of
passing out.

EVAN

It's like my mind refused to believe
what it was seeing. Hearing Crockett
make those awful screams... Just
writing about it gives me the shivers.

Color drains from Evan's face as he realizes what he's
reading. He looks over at Heidi, who kisses him.

HEIDI

Come on, go on...

EVAN

It was like Tommy was possessed or
something. There was a hate in his eyes
that I couldn't really call human.

As Evan reads, the world seems to ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY
VIBRATE around him LIKE A TUNING FORK. His voice
becomes distant and SOUNDS ECHO around him like
distant memories resurrecting themselves...

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY - 1995

Evan is THIRTEEN again. The scene begins exactly where Evan's blackout occurred as a child. Tommy has just knocked Kayleigh unconscious with a wooden plank, Lenny is frozen at the sight of Crockett in the fluid-soaked gunny sack. And Evan, seething with rage, stands up with clenched fists and CHARGES Tommy at full speed.

Only now, Evan almost seems caught off-guard to suddenly find himself running at full speed. He stumbles and falls to his knees at Tommy's feet. Evan looks around, utterly confused by his surroundings.

EVAN

What the hell is going on?

Before an answer comes, Tommy smiles at his good fortune and swings the plank, hitting Evan's head. Evan is sent sprawling backwards, his forehead bleeding freely.

Tommy knocks Evan hard in the ribs with his boots. Evan writhes in agony, his face against the ground. Lenny moves toward the gunny sack, lifts it and tugs desperately on the rope that traps Crockett inside.

LENNY

I can't undo the rope!

Tommy spins around and flashes an evil smile.

TOMMY

Drop it or I'll slit your mother's throat in her sleep.

As if on cue, Lenny does exactly as he's told. His eyes begin to glaze over.

Evan, beaten and bloody, reaches out with his last bit of strength, grabs Tommy's foot and holds on.

EVAN

I got him, Lenny. Help Crockett!

Lenny remains frozen in place. Tommy yanks his leg back, breaking Evan's grip. Evan groans on the ground in a writhing heap.

Tommy's voice hitches. His eyes water from pent up frustration.

TOMMY

Listen to me good, Evan. There's a million other sisters in the world. You didn't have to fuck with mine.

Tommy smiles viciously at Lenny, traumatized to watch Tommy pick up the lighter fluid and spray a liquid fuse from the campfire to the soaked gunny sack.

A WHOOSH OF FLAMES

And Evan passes out.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT - 2002

Evan comes to with Heidi slapping him awake.

EVAN

Oh my God! No! No!

Heidi rolls her eyes.

HEIDI

Wake up, idiot. It was just a dream.
She stands and angrily puts on her jacket.

EVAN

(freaked out)
It didn't feel like a dream.

HEIDI

Maybe because they never do.
(sarcastic)

So Don Juan, you pass out on all your
dates?

Evan doesn't even hear her. After getting his
bearings, he grabs his jacket and exits, leaving her
dumbfounded.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - SUNRISE

Evan drives...

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Evan, exhausted, finally pulls into Lenny's driveway.
Very little has changed in the past seven years.

INT. LENNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON LENNY

Now 20, making a model airplane. He's still overweight
and looks like his mother dresses him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The room is filled with model airplanes. Hundreds of
them.

A KNOCK on Lenny's bedroom door. Mrs. Kagan, grayer,
fatter, opens the door and escorts Evan inside. She
glares at Evan while pretending to be cheerful.

MRS. KAGAN

I've got a surprise for you, Lenny.
You'll never guess who's here.

Lenny looks up to see Evan, his jaw drops.

ANGLE ON EVAN

Looking around, shocked to see:

PAN ALL THE WAY AROUND THE ROOM. Nothing has changed
in the past seven years. The same kids' toys, posters
and comic books.

AS WE PAN ALL THE WAY AROUND TO LENNY

We see he's working on the model again, in his own
world. The window of opportunity for conversation has
closed.

EVAN

Hey, uh, it's me. Evan.
Silence. Lenny frowns.

EVAN

What's that you're working on? A model?

Nothing.

EVAN

Well, you look busy, so maybe I should
make this quick. I'd totally understand
if you didn't want to get into this
right now, but that day at the
junkyard, could you help me remember
what happened? Any details?

No response. Evan picks up a model airplane from the

desk.

LENNY

I couldn't cut the rope.

EVAN

(containing excitement)

Yeah, good, what else do you remember?

LENNY

Drop it or I'll slit your mother's
throat in her sleep.

Evan, startled, drops the model on the desk. An
epiphany.

EVAN

Jesus Christ. It really happened.

Lenny stares out the window.

EVAN

What if I can get back all my lost
memories with my journals.

With lightning speed, Lenny jumps from his desk and
unexpectedly shoves EVAN IN TO THE WALL. Squadrons of
hanging planes crash to the floor. Lenny digs his
fingers into Evan's shoulder.

LENNY

Make one peep and I swear it'll be your
last, motherfucker.

Evan is terrified. Then Lenny suddenly moves back and
begins working on the model again, his eyes a million
miles away. Evan is speechless.

The door bursts open. Mrs. Kagan looks at the smashed
model airplanes by Evan's feet. Evan ignores her
accusing stare.

EVAN

Well, thanks for seeing me, man. I
shouldn't have waited so long.

When Lenny doesn't respond, Mrs. Kagan hustles Evan
back into the hallway.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan pulls a dozen journals from beneath his bed and
begins pouring over them. Nearby, Thumper empties a
can of hairspray into his Mohawk.

THUMPER

You really think he wanted to kill you?

EVAN

All I know is that I might be able to
unblock some of my repressed memories.

He finds something he's looking for, marks the page
with a yellow post-it note marked, BLACKOUT and sets
the book in a separate pile.

As he sets the next journal on the bed, it
automatically opens up to a place where the spine was
bent. Staring up at him is the message:

EVAN'S DIARY

I will come back for you.

Evan looks overcome by guilt.

LATER THAT
EVENING:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan has now organized a pile of five journals. He selects an entry, begins reading and suddenly closes the journal. Fear covers his face. He holds one of his hands up and isn't surprised to see it trembling. He opens his journal again and reads out loud.

EVAN

(reading aloud)

The last thing I remember before the
blackout was holding my hands over
Kayleigh's ears...

(his voice slowly fades)

I think I was more focused on her hands
on mine than the mailbox across the
street...

His own words grow reverberant, distant. Furthermore, the walls behind him vibrate, slightly worse than before.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. MRS. HALPERN'S HOME - DAY - 1995

Evan, Kayleigh, Lenny and Tommy, all thirteen, watch the mailbox across the street with intense anticipation.

When Evan comes to in this memory, the lit cigarette absently drops from his mouth and nestles into the folds of his shirt, SMOLDERING.

The mailbox...tick-tock, tick-tock...Like a staring contest.

LENNY

Maybe it went out. Should someone check it?

TOMMY

Yeah, you do that, Lenny.

Suddenly a car appears from down the street and slowly pulls into the driveway.

MRS. HALPERN, 24, an attractive young mother, gets out of the car and walks to the mailbox.

Across the street, Tommy digs his fingers into the nerves of Lenny's shoulder.

TOMMY

Make one peep and I swear it'll be your last, motherfucker.

Tommy's words make Evan flinch. From inside the car, a BABY begins to cry. Mrs. Halpern walks back to the car.

Evan looks on in horror and suddenly clenches his teeth in pain and silently swipes the front of his shirt, sending the lit cigarette to the ground. He pulls up his shirt revealing a fresh BURN MARK on his stomach.

MRS. HALPERN

How's my sweet girl? Awww, you need a change, don't you honey?

Mrs. Halpern picks her up and carries her to the house. AS the mother unlocks the front door to the house, the kids break into wide smiles of relief. But

wait...

The mother remembers the mail and carries the baby back to the mailbox. Now Tommy is the only one left still smiling.

MRS. HALPERN

You want to open the door, honey?

The baby fumbles with the mailbox's door handle for a moment -

ANGLE ON KIDS' FACES

BOOM!!!

The blast is deafening. Evan, Kayleigh and Lenny watch the results in stunned horror.

TOMMY

C'mon! Run!!

Evan and Kayleigh slowly back away in shock and begin to run a few steps when they realize that Lenny isn't with them.

TOMMY

Lenny? Come on!

KAYLEIGH

Oh my God oh my God...

Lenny doesn't seem to hear, his eyes fixated on the crimson road. Evan and Tommy double back and grab him. They try to make him break out into a run, but Lenny's feet drag limply against the ground. Both Tommy and Evan grab an arm and begin to run with Lenny through the woods.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan comes to. Lurches his body over the bed and vomits.

Sounds of squeaky bed springs fill the room. Looking sick and pale, he lifts his shirt to see a NEW SCAR from the cigarette burn.

EVAN

What the hell?

In the next bed, Thumper's head, wrapped in a blanket, pops up from above a NAKED GESELA'S waist.

THUMPER

Christ, man. You wanna clean that up before I lose my appetite here?

Evan sits upright in bed and begins writing in the margins of the journal.

INT. DORM LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is decorated with colorful streamers, balloons, posters and banners announcing PARENTS' WEEKEND.

Carefree STUDENTS and their parents carry shopping bags toward the bustling elevators. Evan leans against the side of a pay phone, holding his ear to drawn out the noise.

EVAN

Yes, hello, uh, Mrs. Kagan, this is Evan Treborn.

(rolling eyes)

I know. I'm sorry about that. But I really need to speak with him.
She's obviously hung up on him. Suddenly, a HAND grabs his shoulder. It's Professor Carter.

PROFESSOR CARTER

Whoa! Didn't mean to scare you, Evan.
Just wanted to know how the flatworms project was coming.

EVAN

Oh, fine I guess. It's been kind of crazy lately with my mom coming up, so I haven't...

PROFESSOR CARTER

I know, I know. Who can think of worms when your libido's in full swing, right? Evan shrugs and forces a smile.

PROFESSOR CARTER

Just don't drop the ball, okay?

EVAN

I won't let you down, Professor Carter.

Carter waves to another student and her parents and walks away.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A waiter clears the dishes away from Evan and Andrea's table.

REVEAL ANDREA

Her hair now has gray streaks. As she signs for the bill, she leans over and kisses Evan on the cheek.

EVAN

Please, mom. People will talk.

ANDREA

I can't help it. I'm just so proud of you. You've got the highest grades in all of your classes.

EVAN

Did Da - Jason - get good grades?

ANDREA

(smiling)

Please. He got straight A's without ever touching a book. That was the one area where his memory never failed him.

EVAN

Ma? Did he ever say that he figured out a way to recall a lost memory years after he blacked it out for the first time?

Andrea's smile fades.

ANDREA

Why do you ask?

EVAN

No, it's just weird with him being such a brain and all, I just wondered if he was ever able to remember stuff he'd forgotten.

ANDREA

When he was around your age...almost exactly your age. He said he figured out a trick to remember the past.

Evan tries not to react.

ANDREA

I couldn't tell if they were real memories or just phantoms. You know, he might only have thought he actually remembered them...

EVAN

Sure...

ANDREA

And then, just before it got so bad that he had to be committed, he said that he could...

EVAN

What? What could he do?

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA

Forget it. It's nothing. He was far too sick by then.

Evan nods, but something gnaws beneath the surface.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan hastily hunts through his journals, tearing up the room looking for a certain book. Thumper, lying on his bed, quietly watches Evan with growing concern.

EVAN

(reading aloud)

I never wanted to be in the movie anyway and it was cold so I wanted to wear my clothes but Mr. Miller took his shirt off --

THUMPER

What the fuck are you doing?

EVAN

Shhh! I need quiet for this.

Thumper jumps off the bed and snatches the journal away.

THUMPER

Are you stupid or what?

EVAN

What?

THUMPER

Shucks, I dunno. But maybe there's a reason why you've repressed the one day when some old lecher had you in your tighty whities, dammit!

Thumper begins scanning the journal entry. A bitter laugh.

THUMPER

Yeah, man. I'd think twice about this. You could wake up a lot more fucked up than you are now.

He hands the journal back to Evan. Evan opens it and begins reading it silently. His hands begin to tremble and he slams the book shut in defeat.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Evan, looking haggard and frail, wipes the greasy hair from his eyes and punches the accelerator. His teeth are clenched and he hammers his fist on the dashboard.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. RIDGEWOOD DINER - EVENING

Evan pulls into a parking lot of a country diner. He eyes a piece of paper with an address scrawled on it and gets out.

INT. RIDGEWOOD DINER - CONTINUOUS

A run-down greasy spoon. Filled with a number of TOWNIES and TRUCKERS. The place is stale with cigarette smoke and appears decorated in grime motif. Evan is about to enter when he spots Kayleigh coming out of the kitchen with a tray full of food. Kayleigh, now twenty, looks pale and sickly thin. She bangs her hip on the swinging door and an order of food crashes to the floor. Her BOSS stares back in aggravation.

BOSS

Can we get through one goddamned day
without you breaking something?

Kayleigh's face turns beet red as she bends down to clean up the order. She is humiliated and Evan leans back against a pay phone so that she can't see him watching her.

As she brings the mess inside the kitchen, a CUSTOMER pinches her ass. Evan closely studies her reaction to the offense. She flinches uncomfortably but then composes a smile for the customer. Evan backs out uncomfortably.

EXT. RIDGEWOOD DINER - NIGHT

Kayleigh struggles with the zipper of a shabby coat as she exits. Evan steps out of the shadows. She's startled at first, but eventually recognizes him. A smile flickers across her face and she allows herself to be hugged.

KAYLEIGH

God, Evan! I never thought I'd see you
again. How've you been?

EVAN

Oh, comme si, comme ca, you know...

KAYLEIGH

No, Evan. I don't know. It's been a
long time. Fill me in.

EVAN

I'm going to State now. Things are
going okay. I guess. Mom's good...

Kayleigh nods and they walk down the street. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a pack of smokes.

EVAN

(declining)

Not since we were kids.

KAYLEIGH

I've stopped a hundred times.

EVAN

So how's Tommy?

KAYLEIGH

(takes a long drag)

They kept him in juvy for a few years.

Now he works over at Dale's Autobody.

Evan nods and scrutinizes her face with his next question.

EVAN

You still live with your dad?

Her face is betrayed by a slight tick.

KAYLEIGH

No. I emancipated myself when I was fifteen.

EVAN

Wow. That must've taken some courage.

KAYLEIGH

Not if you remember my dad.

EVAN

Couldn't you have moved in with your mom?

KAYLEIGH

(shaking her head)

She had a new family. Not enough space for me. Said I should have moved in with her when we were kids. But... whatever.

They walk in silence for a moment.

EVAN

Actually, Kayleigh, the reason I came back to town was to talk to you.

KAYLEIGH

(brightening)

Me? Are you kidding? Why?

EVAN

Remember when I was a kid I had all these blackouts?

KAYLEIGH

Of course.

EVAN

Well, lately some of the memories have begun to come back and I'd kinds like to talk to you about one of them in particular. It'd be a big help.

KAYLEIGH

Well, sure. I'll try to remember. Shoot.

EVAN

When we were kids. Your dad was making a movie. Robin Hood or something?

KAYLEIGH

(cold)

What do you want to know, Evan?

EVAN

It's just...did he...what happened in the basement?

KAYLEIGH

It was a long time ago.

EVAN
I know, but...

KAYLEIGH
(cold)
Is that why you came all the way back?
To ask a lot of stupid questions about
Robin Hood?

EVAN
No, but I think something really bad
might've happened to us.
Kayleigh stops walking and crushes her cigarette.

KAYLEIGH
Is there a point to any of this?
Evan's features shift from inquisitory to tenderness.
He steps closer to Kayleigh and softly strokes her
face. She flinches at first, but remains in the same
spot.

EVAN
Whatever happened, it wasn't our fault.
You know we couldn't have stopped it.
Kayleigh begins to tremble. Tears flow.

EVAN
Look, Kayleigh. This may sound like
bullshit coming from a guy who hasn't
spoken to you in seven years...
She moves her face away from his hand.

EVAN
But you were seven years old and
there's nothing you could've done to
deserve...
Her face collapses and she turns away.

KAYLEIGH
(defeated)
Just shut up, Evan. You're wasting your
breath.

EVAN
You can't hate yourself just because
your dad's a twisted freak.

KAYLEIGH
Who are you trying to convince, Evan?!
You come all the way out here to stir
up my shit just because you had a bad
memory!? You want me to cry on your
shoulder and tell you that everything's
all better now? Well fuck you, Evan!
Nothing's gonna be all better! Okay?!
Nothing ever gets better!
Kayleigh runs, stops and turns back to Evan.

KAYLEIGH
If I was so wonderful, Evan, why didn't
you ever call me? Why'd you leave me
here to rot?!

She turns and runs away. Evan looks sick with guilt.
EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - QUAD - DAY - 2002
A few GREEKS play frisbee and talk trash. Evan, tired
and depressed, sits on the lawn nearby, fingering the
new burn scar on his belly. Contemplating...

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Evan enters his dorm. He ignores Thumper, who sits on Evan's bed sucking furiously from a gurgling bong. He chokes out a message.

THUMPER

Some dude left a message for you.

Evan puts a towel under the door.

EVAN

You can smell it all the way in the bathroom.

Evan hits "play" on the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(male voice)

Hi, Evan, this is Professor Carter. Just wondered why you didn't hand in your essay this afternoon. I was a bit concerned. Call me to schedule a make-up.

BEEP. Thumper offers Evan a magnified frown of disapproval.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(male voice)

What did you say to my sister motherfucker?! Last night she cried on the phone for over an hour to me.

(enraged breathing)

She said you came and saw her last night.

Thumper coughs accidentally, tips the bong over on Evan's bed. Reacting quickly, he grabs a towel from under the door and wipes off Evan's comforter.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(Tommy; cont'd)

She...she fucking killed herself tonight. She's dead.

(beat)

And so are you.

BEEP. Evan stares dumbstruck at the machine.

THUMPER

Whoa, bad news, bro. I don't think this is gonna come out.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Evan, dressed in black, gets out of his car at the edge of the cemetery. A small cluster of friends and family gather at the grave. Evan grabs a bouquet of roses and begins walking to the grave. When he suddenly spots Mr. Miller and Tommy.

Evan's hands tense up into fists. He becomes weak in the knees and stops walking. After an uncomfortable moment of standing still, he retreats to his car and watches the ceremony from the driver's seat.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The last of the mourners are filing away. Evan exits

his car and walks to the deserted grave. He drops the roses on the casket and turns to make sure nobody is watching.

Evan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sheet of paper. He unfolds it and leaves it on her gravesite:

EVAN'S DIARY

I'll come back for you.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

He makes a weighty decision and gets up. He hastily hunts through his journals, looking for a certain book.

Evan opens his journal marked "Age 7". He plops on his bed and starts writing sideways in the margins.

EVAN (V.O.)

It's been said that a person's life is little more than the sum of his experiences. If that's true, then I'm not sure I know who I am anymore.

(beat)

I definitely never knew Kayleigh.

He turns the page and begins reading the journal. As he mouths the entry to himself, the resonance of an older man's voice seems to REVERBERATE throughout the room and the WORLD behind his head FAINTLY VIBRATES.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO: INT.
MILLER'S
HOUSE -
LIVING
ROOM - DAY
- 1989

Mr. Miller plays with his camera and the kids are excited about playing Robin Hood in a movie.

MR. MILLER

Shut up moron. Now get in your costume Evan.

Evan slowly nods and begins to strip out of his clothes. Mr. Miller takes a quick peek at him.

MR. MILLER

I've got an idea. Let's go downstairs, it'll look more like a dungeon down there.

INT. MILLER'S BASEMENT - DAY - 1989

Mr. Miller puts the camera on a tripod in the basement. Kayleigh and Evan sit on folding chairs in front of the camera. Tommy stands at the top of the basement stairs, looking down.

MR. MILLER

(to Tommy)

What did I say about keeping that door closed, stupid?

TOMMY

But I wanna see!

MR. MILLER

You're gonna see my fist in about two seconds unless you do what I tell you.

Tommy sulks and closes the door. Mr. Miller lowers his voice and speaks to Evan and Kayleigh.

MR. MILLER

Now in this part of the story, Robin Hood just married Maid Marian and they have to kiss and stuff like grown-ups do.

Kayleigh giggles and covers her mouth with her hand. Evan looks skeptical.

MR. MILLER

So take your clothes off Kayleigh.

Kayleigh stops giggling. Evan says nothing.

MR. MILLER

Come on, like when you take a bath. Don't make a deal out of it. You too, Evan.

Mr. Miller gets behind the lens. The room is dead silent.

MR. MILLER

Let's go.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Who silently opens the door at the top of the basement stairs and watches with horror.

Evan's face is flushed with rage. He walks behind Kayleigh and cups his hands tightly around her ears. She can't hear anything now.

EVAN

What time is it?

MR. MILLER

It's time for you to stand where the hell I told you.

EVAN

Wrong answer, fuckbag. This is the very moment of your reckoning. In the next thirty seconds you're going to open one of two doors. The first door will forever traumatize your own flesh and blood.

The mature speech seems completely surreal coming from a seven-year old. Mr. Miller looks around the room as if he's the butt of some sick joke.

MR. MILLER

(stunned disbelief)

What's happened to -- How are you doing that?

EVAN

(voice rising)

It'll change your daughter from a beautiful child into an empty shell whose only concept of trust was betrayed by her own sick pedophile father. Ultimately, it'll lead to her suicide. Nice work, daddy.

MR. MILLER

(hoarse whisper)

Who - who are you?

Evan impatiently waves the question.

EVAN

Let's just say you're being closely watched, George. Your other option is to get your porn off the rack and treat Kayleigh like...oh, let's say like how a loving father treats his daughter. Sound okay to you, Papa?

MR. MILLER

(choking)

...yes.

EVAN

Listen close then, fuckbag. You screw up again and I swear I'll flat out castrate you.

The impact of the last sentence isn't lost on Mr. Miller.

EVAN

One last thing.

Evan leans over to whisper in Kayleigh's ear. Kayleigh stares at the floor, then looks up at her father and shivers.

Kayleigh looks into Evan's eyes for support. Evan nods go on. His confidence brings a boldness to her lips.

KAYLEIGH

Don't you ever touch me again.

MR. MILLER

I - I won't.

Kayleigh summons her own new courage.

KAYLEIGH

I'm cold. And I'm putting on my clothes.

As he leaves to pick up her clothes, Evan grins.

EVAN

What you need to do is discipline your son Tommy, because the kid's one sadistic pup.

Hiding at the top of the basement stairs, Tommy recoils in horror and picks up one of his sister's dolls and begins twisting the head back and forth...

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - MORNING - 2002

A broad smile lines Evan's face as he slowly wakes up from his slumber. He suddenly grabs his head as if suffering from a pounding migraine.

MONTAGE OF SWIRLING MEMORIES

Quick cuts and flashes of Evan and Kayleigh growing older - she seems more carefree now, full of life and less-self conscious.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - 1989

Evan pulls Kayleigh around in a little red wagon.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY - 1989

Evan and Kayleigh play in a tub of balls in the playroom.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - 1989

Kayleigh pushes Evan on a tire swing.

INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER - NIGHT - 1995

Tommy, glaring at Evan, thrashes the Teen Punk.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY - 1995

Burning sack in flames.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - STREET - 1995

QUICK FLASH of the U-Haul driving away.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY - 1995

At thirteen, Kayleigh spunkily hops off a GREYHOUND

BUS and runs into Evan's arms.

EXT. ANDREA'S NEW HOUSE - DAY - 1995

Still thirteen, Evan peddles his bike by his new house, Kayleigh riding on the handlebars.

More memory flashes of Evan and Kayleigh throughout the teen years, they grow up as lovers now:

EXT. LAKE - DAY - 1997

Evan and Kayleigh have romantic picnic on a rowboat.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - SUNRISE - 2000

Evan and Kayleigh watch the sunrise after senior prom.

BACK TO:

INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - MORNING - 2002

Finally the memory assault is over. Evan groans in pain as blood trickles from his nose.

An arm reaches over and touches his shoulder.

KAYLEIGH (O.S.)

Honey, are you all right?

Evan whips around to see Kayleigh watching him. Not only is Kayleigh alive, but she's a ravishing beauty. Evan lurches back from the shock of seeing Kayleigh and falls to the floor. She sees Evan's nose bleed and her eyes go wide.

KAYLEIGH

Oh my God, Evan. You're bleeding! Look at you!

Evan, still stunned, can do little but stare from the floor.

EVAN

(transfixed by her)

Jesus, Kayleigh, you're...

(looks around)

Incredible.

KAYLEIGH

(purring)

Mmmm... You' give good compliment.

Clean up and come back to bed.

He stands in the middle of her bedroom, surrounded by sorority plaques and pink preppy decor.

Evan, hardly able to take his eyes off her as she hands him a tissue. He reaches for his clothes at the foot of the bed and comes up with a Greek-lettered fraternity sweatshirt and brown suede jacket.

EVAN

Where...where are my clothes?

KAYLEIGH

Those are your clothes, silly.

Evan frowns with distaste, grabs a towel and heads out.

WE FOLLOW HIM INTO:

INT. SORORITY BATHROOM - MORNING

At the sink, Evan washes the blood off his face and looks at his reflection in the mirror. A nearby shower SHUTS OFF.

EVAN

This is too amazing! Un-fucking-real!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I wish I could get so excited about a nose bleed.

Evan turns around and sees Gwen, one of the sorority brats from the bar, exit the shower naked.

EVAN

Whoops. Sorry. My bad.

Evan blushes and turns back to the mirror through which Gwen dries herself with a towel while staring flirtatiously back at Evan.

EVAN

Hey, you were with those assholes who threw popcorn at Thumper.

Evan holds his temple in pain as another memory comes to him.

EVAN

And your name is...Gwen!

GWEN

Seriously, Evan. Lay off the blow.

She pats his ass and exits the bathroom.

EXT. COLLEGE - QUAD - DAY - 2002

Kayleigh, wearing a long skirt and tight red sweater, catches the eye of every guy on campus. She and Evan stroll arm in arm through the quad. Somehow, the world seems brighter now. Even the colors seem more vibrant when compared to the somewhat grimmer world we've known.

MANY STUDENTS wave to Evan and call his name. He can't remember all their names but it's kinda cool being the BMOC.

Evan takes a long look at her and becomes curious.

EVAN

Hey, uh, don't go freaking out on me over this, but do you remember when your dad first got his video camera?

KAYLEIGH

Well I remember he had one...but he, like, put it away after the first day. Why would that freak me out?

EVAN

I dunno.

(goofy smile)

Just being weird.

Kayleigh playfully sweeps her leg around to kick him on the ass, then smiles as if a ghost must have done it.

KAYLEIGH

Such a goofus. See you tonight.

Kayleigh gives him a big unexpected kiss and walks away. After a moment of wow, Evan runs off to class

himself.

INT. DORM LOBBY - DAY

Evan inserts his last quarter into the lobby pay phone and dials a telephone number.

EVAN

(to himself)

Come on, Mom, be there!

ANSWERING MACHINE

(Andrea's voice)

Andrea,

(Evan's voice)

Evan,

(a strange, older man's voice)

And Chuck

(all three)

Aren't home right now. You know what to do.

EVAN

(off-guard)

Hi, Mom and, uh, Chuck. Just calling to say hi and well, call me.

Evan hangs up the phone, then checks his watch. No, wrist. At that moment, Thumper passes Evan in the lobby.

EVAN

Thumper! What time is it, man?

Thumper eyes this strange preppy kid with distaste.

THUMPER

Whasamatter? Lost your Rolex?

EVAN

Huh?

THUMPER

Fuck off, frat boy.

Thumper walks away, leaving Evan dumbfounded.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Evan runs into the lecture hall and gets in line behind other STUDENTS who are taking No. 2 pencils from a box on Professor Carter's desk.

Evan hears PEOPLE he cannot see calling his name. Somehow, it's more creepy than cool. The Professor makes a loud announcement.

PROFESSOR CARTER

Remember, everyone! Only two weeks until your science projects are due.

EVAN

(quietly)

I still owe you an essay from last week. Is there any way I could get an extension?

PROFESSOR CARTER

And you are...?

EVAN

(disappointed)

Evan Treborn.

PROFESSOR CARTER

The answer's 'no', Mr. Treborn. Now take a seat. The exam's about to begin.

Evan walks up the aisle and takes a seat. As he sits down, someone puts his ARM menacingly around Evan's throat.

Evan flinches, turns around and sees Hunter, the frat guy Thumper assaulted the other night at Dirty Hank's bar.

EVAN

Leave me alone, asshole. I didn't lay a hand on you, okay?

Hunter bursts out laughing.

HUNTER

Evan, you're hysterical. You study for this?

EVAN

(awkward)

We'll find out soon enough.

HUNTER

(laughing)

Me neither.

Hunter surreptitiously hands Evan a cheat-sheet to the exam. Evan's face brightens.

EVAN

You're kidding. Are these the answers?!

HUNTER

Damn, Evan, on the D.L.

EVAN

(holding it lower)

Thanks. Wow. Hey, I want to do something really special for Kayleigh tomorrow. If I said I needed some help from you and the brothers...

HUNTER

I'd say blow me. Get the pledges to do it.

Evan nods and smiles as exams are passed down his row.

INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan and Kayleigh have just finished having sex. She seems incredibly satisfied, but he looks slightly uncomfortable.

KAYLEIGH

Oh my God, that was good. Where'd you learn all those new tricks/

EVAN

So it didn't feel...weird?

KAYLEIGH

Yeah, if you call multiple orgasms weird.

She giggles and snuggles into him. He's grateful for her affection, but still looks uneasy. The PHONE RINGS and he automatically answers it.

EVAN

Yellow.

Silence on the other end. More silence.

KAYLEIGH

Fuck 'em.

As Evan hangs up, he and Kayleigh share a giggle and he resumes snuggle position.

EVAN

What do you think it is about us that makes us so perfect? Like, looking back, whatever gave you the nerve to sneak out and visit me after I moved away?

KAYLEIGH

(laughs)

As if my dad could've stopped me from seeing you. What's he gonna do to me? Evan smiles to himself. And hugs her tighter.

EVAN

You think we'll always be together?
For the first time she looks at him with concern.

KAYLEIGH

That is the plan, right? Hell or high water?

He's in heaven, but plays it cool.

EVAN

Just making sure.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The pledges of Theta Chi busily gather around Evan, their clothes covered in dirt, food and what might be vomit.

Evan, now dressed like his usual self, bangs a wooden spoon on a metal salad bowl that a poor THETA CHI PLEDGE wears as a hat.

EVAN

Order, order. So all you rushes know what you've got to do for me?

THETA CHI PLEDGE

(correcting him)

Pledges, Sir Brother Evan, Sir.

EVAN

Pledges, rushees, same difference. Now this is a one-time deal. You do all this for me and I'll never give you shit again. Promise.

A buzz of excitement runs through the pledges.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. FRAT HOUSE - ATTIC HALL - NIGHT

It's peaceful now. Evan covers Kayleigh's eyes with his hands as he leads her through the attic hallways. Both are dressed to the nines.

KAYLEIGH

I don't understand, where are you taking me?

EVAN

You'll see.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - ROOF - CONTINUOUS The wooden door to

the rooftop swings open, revealing Kayleigh and Evan.
Kayleigh is dazzled by what she sees:
The entire roof is decorated with fairy-lights,
Chinese lanterns and hundreds upon hundreds of
candles. And elegant romantic table for two awaits
them, flanked by twelve FORMALLY DRESSED SERVANTS
(previously seen pledges) who respectfully stare ahead
with the utmost class.
Two pledges immediately pull out two chairs and stand
by. Kayleigh applauds and laughs with delight.

KAYLEIGH

I don't know what to say. It's
beautiful.

EVAN

Go on. Sit down.

AS she takes a step toward the table - FLOWER PETALS
shower down on her. She looks up to see TWO MORE
PLEDGES standing on ladders, delicately tossing
pedals.

Kayleigh looks overwhelmed as she sits down.

KAYLEIGH

Why are you doing all this for me?

EVAN

Simple math. When I woke up this
morning and saw your smile... I knew
that I wanted to spend the rest of my
life with you.

Her hand reaches out to his and grabs it fiercely. Her
eyes tell him she feels the same way. A magical
moment.

And they lean into each other for a kiss so enchanted
it might as well be their first ever --

Hunter bolts up the stairs, two at a time.

HUNTER

We been lookin' all over for you, man.

SENIOR BROTHER

Someone trashed your car.

The moment's gone. Evan and Kayleigh exchange worried
looks.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Evan runs down the front lawn to his car, the Honda
parked at the bottom of the hill. His face collapses.
Evan's car has been trashed and is surrounded by
broken glass. The seats and tires have been slashed,
the hood has been mysteriously yanked off and the
steering wheel sits on the roof.

The most unnerving thing, however, is a SPIKED LEATHER
DOG COLLAR hangs off the rearview mirror.

By now a crowd has gathered. Evan runs up to people.

EVAN

(panicked)

Did you see who did this? You see
anyone?

No one will answer with anything more than a shrug.

HUNTER

Probably them Pika fuckers.

But Kayleigh knows better. She stares at the collar.

EVAN

How could he get away with this? Right
in front of the goddamn frat house!

A SENIOR BROTHER angrily calls him from the lawn.

SENIOR BROTHER

Frat house? Hey man, would you call
your "country" a "cunt"?

Kayleigh shudders and Evan puts his arms around her.

KAYLEIGH

Don't. He's probably watching.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan leads Kayleigh into his bedroom and shuts the
door. Evan can't help but look under the bed. No one.
He then locks the door, reaches into his desk and
finds a tiny canister of Pepper Spray.

KAYLEIGH

It's my fault. I should have told you
he was released a few weeks ago.

EVAN

Might'a been nice.

(re: pepper spray)

Like this is gonna do any good. Maybe
one of the frat guys has a gun.

KAYLEIGH

Please, Evan. Don't even joke. He
wouldn't hurt you. He's just trying to
scare you away from me.

EVAN

(shaking the cannister)

Yeah, right. Tell that to Crockett.

KAYLEIGH

(quietly)

It's not his fault, Evan. You knew how
bad he had it when we were kids.

EVAN

Don't give me this Oprah-book club bad
upbringing shit, because you turned out
fine.

KAYLEIGH

(quietly)

My father never laid a hand on me. It's
like the prick saved it all up for
Tommy.

Evan sits in silence for a moment, contemplating this.

Kayleigh's eyes plead for him to have compassion.

EVAN

Fine, then. We'll let campus security
deal with him.

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - NIGHT

Kayleigh and Evan walk through the all-but-deserted
campus. Evan seems especially paranoid. In the
distance, some guy vomits loudly.

KAYLEIGH

Are you okay?

EVAN

What do you mean?

KAYLEIGH

It's just...you've been acting kinda strange, you know?

EVAN

Like how?

KAYLEIGH

I don't know. You seem...different. You make weird jokes. Your accents changed. You don't even walk the same.

EVAN

I walk differently?

KAYLEIGH

I can't put my finger on it, but everything's a bit off. Even the dinner tonight. It was beautiful, but...

EVAN

I know I've been actin strange lately. It's just that... I don't want anything to happen to us.

The guy along the path gags loudly into the bushes. Kayleigh and Evan instinctively avert their eyes. Suddenly, Kayleigh's ears perk and she stops walking mid-stride.

KAYLEIGH

Wait. Something's not right. Isn't that your jacket?

EVAN

What?

The guy, wearing Evan's brown suede jacket, suddenly springs to his feet, revealing his face for the first time.

KAYLEIGH

Tommy.

Tommy has grown in the last seven years. He has long, greasy hair and some tattoos. He holds a TIRE THUMPER (a short, steel bat for truckers) menacingly in his right hand.

Evan stands frozen in fear, his hands rooted in his coat pockets.

EVAN

Leave us alone you sick fuck!

TOMMY

Get this "us" shit. As if I was gonna lay a hand on my own sister. You've done nicely for yourself, Evan. Nice friends, nice life, not to mention you're fucking my sister. Not a bad piece of ass if I say so myself.

KAYLEIGH

Shut up, Tommy!

TOMMY

Aw, hey now, that was a compliment.

Tommy takes a few practice swings with the tire thumper.

EVAN

What the hell are you doing?

TOMMY

It wasn't enough that the whole world

loves you, but you had to take away the last person on earth who didn't think I was a piece of shit.

EVAN

(suppressing panic)

No one thinks you're a piece of shit, Tommy.

TOMMY

Right, Evan. I believe you just said "sick fuck."

Tommy rushes Evan and bashes him with the tire thumper in the shoulder and ribs. Evan goes down. As Tommy prepares to bash his brains in, Evan whips out the Pepper Spray and nails Tommy in the face.

Tommy reels back in pain, covering his eyes with this free hand. Evan struggles to his feet and circles around Tommy, keeping a distance as he douses Tommy with Pepper Spray. Kayleigh screams. Tommy blindly stumbles around, madly swinging the tire thumper. Evan charges forward in an uncontrollable rage, rips the weapon out of Tommy's hands and sprays a lethal dose of pepper spray into Tommy's open mouth.

KAYLEIGH

Evan, stop! You're gonna kill him!

EVAN

He's a fucking maniac!

Evan knocks Tommy down with the tire thumper. Kayleigh screams and tries to hold Evan back, but he easily wrestles free of her. She runs to a blue streetlight on the quad.

EVAN

He ruined Lenny's life --

Evan kicks Tommy hard in the ribs. Kayleigh pushes a button on the "Blue Light" lamp post and an ALARM WAILS.

EVAN

He killed Crockett --

(kicks him)

Murdered that woman and her baby!

(kicks again)

And he's trying to kill me, Kayleigh!

He's trying to fucking kill me!

Evan raises the tire thumper for a final attack and swings down OFF CAMERA. CRUNCH!

Evan sees what he's done and drops the weapon, horrified. Kayleigh sees what Evan's done to her brother. And stops cold when she sees the damage to Tommy.

Evan rushes toward her and she stumbles backwards, still terrified by his rage, and skitters away from him in a crablike fashion.

SIRENS come racing to the quad. Evan looks away from Tommy's limp body. Collapses to the ground and begins to weep.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. MAVIS PENITENTIARY - DAY

A SECURITY VEHICLE pulls through the ominous metal gates of the large state prison. The vehicle stops and Evan, along with nine other convicts, exit in leg and hand restraints.

INT. MAVIS PENITENTIARY - DAY

Evan, now wearing his standard issue inmate uniform, enters the General Population area of the prison. PRISONERS begin screaming vicious taunts and catcalls at the fresh batch of new inmates. Evan tries to keep composed and walks toward his cell. Evan looks up to see one of the men leaning over the second tier, KARL, a huge muscular con with tattoos of swastikas and other Nazi symbols on his arm, blows a kiss at Evan and winks.

INT. EVAN'S CELL - DAY

Evan enters a dimly lit cell plastered with pictures of Jesus Christ and various Saints. Burning flames on open cans of shoe polish serve as candles to the large shrine.

There is a stained bare mattress on the top bunk. Sitting on the bottom bunk is CARLOS, 30s, a massive Hispanic convict covered with faded Indian ink jail tats of Christ in agony. Carlos stares at Evan disinterestedly as Evan makes up his bed on the top bunk.

CARLOS

First time?

Evan nods glumly.

CARLOS

Best not bitch up. Wind up someone's luggage that way.

EVAN

(desperate)

Can you protect me?

CARLOS

Jesus himself couldn't make me take on the Brotherhood. When they come, just put your mind in another place, man. Be somewhere else.

A BUZZER SOUNDS. Carlos leaves the cell without another word.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - EVENING

Evan sets his tray down at a table filled with Carlos and some other INMATES. No sooner has he sat down to eat, do eager forks reach onto his tray and steal his food. Carlos shrugs at Evan and offers him a roll.

INT. MAVIS VISITING CHAMBER - DAY

Andrea sits across from Evan in the visitor's chamber. Her hair is now bottle-blond. Four inches of Plexiglas separate the two and they talk on monitored phones. Andrea, frazzled, twirls an unlit cigarette.

ANDREA

...I spoke to your new lawyer about the appeal. HE's sure he can get you off on self-defense, so if you're patient.

EVAN

How long will I be in here?

ANDREA

I don't know. These things take time.

EVAN

How's Kayleigh doing? She all right?

Andrea's look tells him to look for hope elsewhere.

EVAN

What about my journals, Mom? Did you bring the ones I asked for?

Andrea nods, holding up two comp books. "AGE 7" and "AGE 13".

ANDREA

I found these. The others are still in storage.

EVAN

Damn it, Mom. I told you I need them all!

ANDREA

Fine. You'll get them, Evan. But I think it's far more important to focus on your case right now.

Evan looks as if he's about to disagree with her, but he closes his mouth and placates her.

EVAN

Sure, Mom. You're right. Just try to tell Kayleigh I'm sorry.

And officer signals Evan and points to his watch.

ANDREA

I'm not gonna lose you, kiddo. Promise me you'll hang on, Ev.

They look at each other and Evan slowly lowers the phone. He hangs up, Andrea still pressing her phone to her ear.

INT. MAVIS PENITENTIARY - DAY

Evan walks closely behind Carlos through a corridor, clutching his journals. As he passes Karl, the Neo-Nazi, Karl reaches over and firmly grabs Evan's crotch.

Evan, totally violated, turns white with rage.

KARL

Shit on my dick or blood on my knife.

Evan stands there, stunned, unable to react when -- Another Neo-Nazi, RICK, swats Evan's journals out of his hands and onto the floor. Life springs back into Evan as he rushes for the journals. He and Rick grab the journals at the same time. A minor tug of war.

EVAN

Let go! They're mine!

Rick tears them away, Evan coming up with only a few torn pages. Evan sees the damage and goes mental.

EVAN

Motherfucker!

Evan swings at Rick and misses. INMATES CHEER! It's on! Rick lunges for Evan, a brief and painful scuffle ensues, the journals getting trampled. Suddenly -- The sounds of COCKED RIFLES echo through the air. The fight stops instantly as Rick and Evan look up to see

--

ANGLE ON

OFFICER STATION. Officers aim rifles at the pair. From an upper tier, even more officers with more rifles. Their barrels sight directly at Evan. Rick steps away, quick to maliciously scoop up Evan's torn journals.

KARL

We'll be comin' for you tonight,
sister.

Evan catches his breath, then looks at the remaining few pages on the floor.

INT. EVAN'S CELL - DAY

Evan enters the cell with a few entry pages. HE looks through them. Nothing there.

Evan nods depressed, then sees the page from his "Age 7" journal, grabs Carlos' duct tape and tapes the page over his bed.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Evan, walking toward some White Supremacists, flinches whenever the occasional INMATE brushes against him.

Evan is completely paranoid, waiting for an inevitable attack.

Karl makes himself visible among them, holding a journal. He reads:

KARL

(from Evan's journal)

Today I found my grandfather's death
certificate. HE died in a nut house,
just like my father. Mom denies it, but
she thinks I'm gonna end up the same
way...

The other Supremacists start laughing and calling "looney" and "nut job." Evan rushes past them and they make chicken clucks at him.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Evan and Carlos sit on BLEACHERS that overlook the other prisoners working out.

Evan closely watches Karl and Rick who stare daggers at him from across the yard. A SKINHEAD PASSES

SOMETHING with a white-taped handle to Karl but no officers seem to notice.

Evan slides closer to Carlos and stares at the Jesus Christ tattoos all over Carlos' back.

EVAN

You're religious Carlos, you believe
that bit about "the Lord works in
mysterious ways?"

CARLOS

Straight up.

EVAN

Because I think he sent me to your cell
on purpose. For you to help me.

CARLOS

Shit. I knew you were crazy.

EVAN

I ain't bullshitting. Jesus speaks to
me in my dreams.

Carlos scoffs whatever.

EVAN

Pack of smokes says I can prove it to you.

Carlos is suddenly interested.

INT. EVAN'S CELL - LATER

Evan holds a tattered journal entry in his hand and finishes up a conversation. Carlos looks dumbfounded.

EVAN

So when I'm out, I need you to watch my face and hands closely.

CARLOS

You need to see the prison shrink, man.

Their conversation stops when a convict rolls a mail cart by, Evan looking up expectantly.

EVAN

Anything today?

CONVICT

Yep. Just not for you.

Disappointed, Evan turns back to Carlos. Holds up his journal entry.

EVAN

Just tell me if anything weird happens.

CARLOS

Weirder than this?

EVAN

Marks, scars, I dunno. Anything could happen I guess.

Evan studies the page.

JOURNAL ENTRY

On Wednesday I got in trouble for a drawing that I didn't do. Mommy wont let me see it.

Then as he starts reading it to himself, the bars behind him almost imperceptibly VIBRATE --

SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY - 1989

Evan, seven, COMES TO in an old familiar place. WE are back in Mrs. Boswell's first grade class. All of the children draw colorful pictures.

Evan sees some paper spindles sitting on Mrs. Boswell's desk. AS he heads over to them, Mrs. Boswell firmly grabs his shoulders and steers him back to his own desk.

MRS. BOSWELL

No monkey business, Evan. Sit still and finish your drawing.

Evan, defeated, looks over at his blank piece of paper. HE smiles mischievously, and grabs some colored pencils.

MRS. BOSWELL

That's great everyone! Just imagine anything you want to be. There are no limits.

Soon enough, an image emerges: Evan holding a knife,

stands over a heap of several dead inmates Karl and Rick.

When done, he sneaks over to Mrs. Boswell's desk, where the two paper spindles sit. The metal needles reach up and skewer a number of paper notes and messages. Evan looks over to see Mrs. Boswell holding up his drawing, horrified.

EVAN

(musically)

Oh, Mrs. Boswelllllllllll?

She looks over in time to see Evan using all of his seven-year old strength to WHIP his hands down toward the spindles!

The moment before his palms reach them there's a brief instant where SOUNDSCAPES COLLIDE and the world behind him VIBRATES.

AND WE'RE
BACK TO:

INT. EVAN'S PRISON CELL - DAY - 2002

Evan comes to as ECHOES OF SCREAMING CHILDREN FADE.

Alertness slowly creeps back up on him as he hears:

CARLOS

Oh sweet Jesus. It's true. It's a miracle! A miracle!

Evan looks up to see Carlos staring at him with reverence.

CARLOS

Your hands. The stigmata!

Evan looks to see two scars in the center of each palm.

EVAN

What did you see? What did it look like?

CARLOS

(laughing)

Signs of the Lord. They just appeared out of nowhere. I thought you were loco!

EVAN

So you believe me?

Carlos simply stares at him, awestruck, and hands over a box of cigarettes.

INT. KARL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Evan nervously approaches. A CREW of Aryans block his path.

EVAN

I want to make a deal.

The Aryans laugh, make discrete eye contact with Karl, who grins and signals to let Evan pass.

INT. KARL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Karl and Rick wait expectantly as Evan nervously enters. They say nothing, relishing the fearful silence.

EVAN

Look. I'm new to all this but I think I get how things work. You gotta join a gang or else end up dead meat.

They continue to stare.

EVAN

Well it sure ain't gonna fucking be
with no niggers or spics. So how do we
do this? You gotta work your way up,
and I'm the new guy.

(looking ill)

So...should I...I mean, do I suck your
dicks right now?

Karl and Rick exchange looks.

KARL

Is your blood pure?

EVAN

(angry)

I ain't no fucking kike if that's what
you mean.

Rick stands. All muscle.

RICK

Let's see what you got. And watch the
fucking teeth or you'll be leaving
without 'em.

Evan nods reluctantly and peacefully drops to his
knees. Karl and Rick lower their pants to their
ankles. Evan looks miserable, about to do the deed
when --

CARLOS

Bulldozes past the Aryans into the room, slamming Karl
into the wall and jamming a shank into Karl's crotch!
Rick instantly charges Carlos, but trips on the pants
around his ankles. Evan, anticipating Rick's fall,
stomps Rick's face before snatching his journals from
Karl's shelf.

Evan frantically flips through them, hunting for
something, as the other WHITE SUPREMACISTS charge the
cell.

EVAN

Carlos!

Carlos drops Karl's writhing body to the floor and
presses his girth against the cell door.

Evan locates an entry and concentrates on the words
just as the other supremacists force the door open --
Evan focuses on the words. Chanting quickly.

EVAN

We took the woods behind the junkyard
just to make sure we wouldn't bump into
Tommy. We hadn't seen the smoke yet.

WORDS from the entry begin to SHIMMER. REVERBERANT
SOUNDS OF BARKING break the sound barrier and the
image of Aryans storming the cell behind him become a
frenetic blur -

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD WOODS - DAY - 1995

Evan, thirteen again, comes to in the woods. Evan
stumbles at first, then rights himself. He seems
strangely exhilarated. A sinister victory smile.

EVAN

Rot in hell you fucking animals.
Kayleigh and Lenny, walking by his side, do a double take. Evan shrugs "just kidding" and looks around, getting his bearings. He whips his hand out and stops them.

EVAN

Wait. Before we --
He suddenly notices Kayleigh who now no longer looks an awkward and unkempt tomboy, but rather a vibrant and feminine young girl. Whereas her clothes were loose and unflattering before, she is now radiant and wears fashionable styles.
Evan remembers his mission and darts over to a JUNK PILE.

EVAN

We need something to cut open the sack!

Kayleigh and Lenny stare at him, concerned for his sanity.
Evan roots through the trash until he finds something: a razor sharp piece of metal about two feet long. Evan offers it to Lenny.

EVAN

I want you to take this, Lenny. Today's your day of atonement. I know how guilty you feel about that woman and her baby --

KAYLEIGH

Evan. Stop it. It's not the time.

EVAN

(frantic)
Now's the only time!
(to Lenny)
Today you get a chance to redeem yourself. Start over with a clean slate. Tabula rasa --

LENNY

What are you talking about?

KAYLEIGH

You're acting crazy!

EVAN

(desperate; to Lenny)
Please. If you've ever trusted me before, trust me on this one.

Evan places the metal shard in Lenny's hand.

EVAN

Cut the rope.

Lenny slowly follows Evan as he bolts away.

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATER

Evan groans on the ground, writhing. Tommy's voice hitches, eyes watering from pent up frustration.

TOMMY

Listen to me good, Evan...

EVAN

I'll do whatever you want. You don't want me to ever see Kayleigh again, fine. Just let Crockett go. Besides,

you kill him now and they'll stick you
in juvy for sure. And I know you'd
never leave your sister alone with your
father.

Evan's words hit home and Tommy's anger slowly
dissipates. A look of understanding passes between
them. Gratitude, even.

Tommy looks at the sack and begins to untie it. Lenny
comes screaming from nowhere like a bat out of hell!
With all of the force he can muster, he jams the metal
shard all the way through Tommy's throat!

Tommy clutches his throat, gagging in blood. Evan
surveys the scene in shock:

EVAN

Oh fuck, Lenny, no!

Lenny drops to the floor, Indian style, wipes the dirt
in his hands and freezes up completely. Kayleigh wakes
up and SCREAMS when she sees blood spurt from Tommy's
throat.

Meanwhile, Crockett escapes from the sack.

EVAN'S POV

Lenny, silhouetted by the sky, seems to vibrate
violently as if operating a jack-hammer.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. COLLEGE - EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT - 2002

Evan comes to in a familiar place. His original
college dorm - ONLY BACKWARDS.

EVAN

Christ. Help me.

He sits upright in bed and takes in his surroundings.
When suddenly, Evan clutches his head in severe pain.

A MONTAGE OF IMAGES ASSAULT HIM:

INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - DAY

Color memories of Kayleigh's sorority fade to BLACK
and WHITE and dissipate.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT - 2002

Memories of Evan's vandalized car fade to BLACK and
WHITE and dissipate.

INT. PENITENTIARY - DAY - 2002

The faces of Karl and Rick all turn grainy...

INT. COLLEGE - EVAN'S DORM - DAY - 2002

As new images of THUMPER become more BRILLIANT.

INT. SUNNYVALE - PADDED ROOM - DAY - 1005

A new image overwhelms the others: Lenny, 13, with
dark, soulless eyes wearing a straight-jacket in a
padded room.

BACK TO
EVAN:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY - 2002

Evan's eyes roll back in his head. He shakes
uncontrollably and blood pours from his nose.

Thumper opens the door, sees Evan convulsing and jumps
back in horror. He scans the hallways for assistance.

THUMPER

Someone call 9-1-1!

INT. SUNNYVALE LABORATORY - DAY

Evan lies on an examining table undergoing another series of CAT-scans. The machines are now state of the art and the lab room has been redecorated.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrea nervously chews her fingernails as she watches Dr. Redfield post CAT-scan results on the light box. A young nurse pushes Evan, in a wheelchair, into the doctor's office.

EVAN

Okay, doc. What's the damage? How much time have I got?

ANDREA

Cute, Evan.

DR. REDFIELD

It's a little complicated. I haven't seen results exactly like these before.

EVAN

Are you sure? Not even with my father?

Dr. Redfield and Andrea exchange looks.

DR. REDFIELD

Actually, these tests weren't available twenty years ago.

ANDREA

So what did you find.

Dr. Redfield points to the CAT-scan slides, specifically, to the outer lining of Evan's brain.

DR. REDFIELD

This is where we're finding most of the hemorrhaging. The outer lining of the cerebral cortex.

EVAN

(nonplussed)

Lemme guess. Would that be where the memories are stored?

Dr. Redfield stares ahead. Transfixed by the slides.

DR. REDFIELD

I've never seen anything like this. I've compared these to the ones taken last year, and there's evidence of severe hemorrhaging and massive neural reconstruction.

Andrea stares at him blankly. Evan impatiently "pops wheelies" in the wheel chair.

ANDREA

What does that mean for Evan?

EVAN

(to Andrea)

He's saying it's like forty years worth of new memories have been jammed in my brain since last year. Overload city.

'Sat about the gist of it, doc?

Dr. Redfield nods, awed by Evan's effortless interpretation. Evan springs out of the wheelchair and stretches his legs.

EVAN

(to Andrea)
Mind if I wait in the car? The lighting
here bugs my eyes.
Andrea nods. Evan shakes Dr. Redfield's hand.
EVAN
Well, it's nice seeing you again. But
you know, people to see, things to
read...
Andrea shoots Dr. Redfield an apologetic look. Evan
heads out the door, accidentally knocking Dr.
Redfield's jacket to the floor. He shrugs
apologetically and re-hangs it.
INT. SUNNYVALE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
Outside the office, Evan inspects Dr. Redfield's KEYS
and attached SECURITY CARD and smiles. Evan covertly
winds himself through the maze of corridors, careful
not to be seen by the staff.
He finally sees a wing marked "CRIMINALLY INSANE".
Evan look around to make certain he's not being
watched, then uses the security card to open the door.
He looks in every room of the wing until he finds --
INT. SUNNYVALE - LENNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Evan unlocks the door and is moved by what he sees.
Lenny is strapped onto a metal bed, his arms and legs
in tight leather restraints. The dark five o'clock
shadow and his malicious grin radiate evil. His black
and haunting eyes personify hate and murderous intent.

Lenny seems neither surprised or happy to see Evan.
That is, if he's aware of Evan's presence at all...
EVAN
Is there anything you need? Anything I
can get you?
Nothing from Lenny.
EVAN
What about the models, man? Bet I can
get you a shitload of models up in
here.
Still nothing. Not even a glance in his direction.
Evan sighs and gives up.
EVAN
Okay, Lenny. Just wanted to say "hi".
Evan turns around to leave.
LENNY
You knew the whole time, didn't you?
(Evan spins around)
When you put the blade in my hand, you
knew something big was going to happen.
Didn't you?!
EVAN
(jaw dropped)
Y...yes. I guess I did.
Lenny's eyes seethe with hate.
LENNY
Then you should be where I am. You
should be where I am.
Evan backs away, face guilt-stricken.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY

Evan enters his dormroom (where everything's backwards), reaches under his bed and is relieved to find the journal marked "AGE 7".

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - DAY

Evan is ignored by several Theta Chi pledges as he plops himself by a tree and hunts through his journal to find the entry from when he was seven and visited Jason at Sunnyvale.

JOURNAL ENTRY

Today I get to meet my father. His name is Jason and he is crazy. I hope he lets me call him dad.

Evan takes a calming breath and begins reading.

EVAN

(as if reciting a mantra)

Today I get to meet my father. His name is Jason and he is crazy...

Evan gets some strange looks, but continues. As he does, the trees and frisbee-playing students behind him VIBRATE and SHUDDER.

SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. SUNNYVALE VISITOR'S CHAMBER - DAY - 1989

Seven-year old Evan comes to during the time he first met his father, Jason. Jason waits patiently for young Evan to finish his sentence.

JASON

Are you okay? You looked like you were somewhere else for a second there.

EVAN

Look, Jason, I need some fast answers if I'm ever gonna fix what I've done.

Jason is completely thrown.

JASON

I was praying this curse would have ended with me.

EVAN

But it didn't. And now I need info to make things right again and you're the only one who can give it to me.

JASON

(frustrated)

There is no "right". When you change who people are, you destroy who they were.

EVAN

Who's to say you can't make things better?

Jason seems extremely upset to hear Evan say this.

JASON

You can't play God, son. It must end with me. Just by being here, you may be killing your mother.

EVAN

Bullshit. I'll send you a postcard when I've made everything perfect again.

Jason launches himself across the table, shackles and all, and grabs hold of Evan's throat.

EVAN'S POV

As Jason looks down at us, frothing at the mouth, there's a trick of the light where Jason's head seems to VIBRATE against the ceiling.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - DAY - 2002

Evan's hands instinctively reach for his throat, then he realizes his surroundings. Heartbroken, he shuts the journal and stands up shakily.

INT. RIDGEWOOD DINER - EARLY EVENING

Evan eats in the same diner where Kayleigh used to work. As he eats, his arm sits in front of his plate, protectively. Guarding his food.

WAITRESS

Just get out, didja?

EVAN

Huh?

WAITRESS

(re: his arm)

Nothing. Just that my brother did a stint in the pen and he used to eat like that.

EVAN

(defensively)

I come from a big family.

WAITRESS

Meant no offense.

EVAN

None taken. Hey, uh, does Kayleigh Miller still work here?

WAITRESS

(confused)

Sorry. Never heard of her.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - EVENING

Evan slowly walks up the driveway, which is now a dilapidated mess. Garbage litters the front lawn and paint chips rot off the sides of the house. Inside, Mr. Miller yells at someone.

MR. MILLER (O.S.)

Just shut the hell up already! Can't a man get a little goddamn peace in his own home!

(Evan rings doorbell)

Oh, for Christ's sake, now what?

Mr. Miller opens the door and sees Evan.

MR. MILLER

Don't suppose you're here to sell cookies?

In a blur, Evan grabs Mr. Miller's shirt and violently shoves him through the house and into a wall.

EVAN

Good guess, fuckbag.

(off Miller's startled face)

Remember me now? We had a great chat
once when I was seven.

Mr. Miller goes slack, his eyes wide with horror.

EVAN

One question, fuckbag. Where can I find
your daughter?

EXT. SEEDY HOTEL - NIGHT

Evan walks past some junkies and enters.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Evan steps over some passed out bodies that litter the
hallway of an incredibly seedy motel. The kind with
hourly rates. He knocks on a door.

Kayleigh, now haggard, strung-out junkie, opens the
door and immediately the contempt for Evan grows in
her eyes. She puts out an expression of
disappointment.

KAYLEIGH

Oh, I thought you were my eight
o'clock. Make it fast, I'm expecting
someone.

EVAN

Nice to see you, too. Can I come in?

She looks around, waves him in.

KAYLEIGH

If I knew you were coming I'd have
cleaned the stains off the sheets.

INT. KAYLEIGH'S SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dirty and sparse, excepting charred-bottom
spoons, yellowed cotton balls and brown-spotted
squares of tin foil. Evan doesn't hesitate to sit on
the "soiled" bed.

KAYLEIGH

What do you want?

Evan can't speak. His eyes begin to water.

EVAN

I just needed to see...a friendly face.

His sincerity touches her.

KAYLEIGH

Well, time is money, Evan. So you...

Evan reaches for his wallet and throws it on her
dresser. Kayleigh eyes the wallet. But makes no move
to pick it up.

KAYLEIGH

Well, I guess I can spare ten minutes
for an old friend, right?

Tears fall freely from Evan's eyes.

KAYLEIGH

So how's tricks? Sorry, occupational
humor.

EVAN

I get it. You can drop it now.

KAYLEIGH

(angry again)

Oh, I'm sorry. Does my line of work
make you uncomfortable, precious?

EVAN

No. Just that you need to hurt me with it. I've been where you've been

KAYLEIGH

Ha! Where's that?

EVAN

The bottom. When you're just a piece of meat waiting for the next attack.

Kayleigh watches Evan silently.

KAYLEIGH

What's happened to you?

EVAN

You wouldn't believe me. I mean, people always say, "You wouldn't believe me", but in this case, it's not even worth trying.

KAYLEIGH

I've seen some sickening shit. I don't blink twice anymore, especially in your case.

EVAN

Why's that?

KAYLEIGH

Because you're...different.

EVAN

Different? How?

KAYLEIGH

Let me ask you a question. Just a little one that's been gnawing at me for years.

EVAN

Yeah?

KAYLEIGH

On the bridge. How did you know that Tommy had your dog? That was no fucking hunch.

EVAN

Do you remember when I was a kid and I had those blackouts?

Evan continues and Kayleigh listens with a mixture of intense interest and matched skepticism.

DISSOLVE
TO LATER:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Kayleigh finishes a plateful of food at a busy diner. She lights up an after-dinner smoke.

KAYLEIGH

You're right, Evan, I don't believe you.

EVAN

I never thought you would. That's why I've never bothered to tell a soul until now, and why I never will again.

KAYLEIGH

I'm the only person you've told? That's a great line. Does that make other girls swoon? Do they actually eat up this bullshit?

EVAN

I couldn't give a shit if you believe me or not, and frankly I'm too tired to prove it to you.

KAYLEIGH

Oh? There's proof now?

EVAN

(tired)

Shit. I dunno. How would I know about the twin moles on your inner thigh?

KAYLEIGH

Anyone with fifty bucks could tell you that.

EVAN

Then forget that. How about...you prefer the smell of a skunk to flowers, you hate cilantro because for reasons unknown to you, it reminds you of your step-sister.

Kayleigh's jaw drops.

EVAN

Oh! And when you orgasm, your toes go numb. I'm sure your clientele aren't privy to that one.

Kayleigh tries to conceal the surprise in her eyes.

EVAN

I just thought you should know.

KAYLEIGH

Know what?

EVAN

That I didn't leave you there to rot.

Kayleigh flinches as if her should had been invaded, then her eyes fill with distrust and contempt.

KAYLEIGH

There's one major hole in your story.

EVAN

Which is?

KAYLEIGH

There is no fuckin' way on this planet or any other that I was in some fuckin' sorority.

She opens Evan's wallet and leaves a twenty on the table.

KAYLEIGH

Sure you don't want your wallet?

EVAN

Don't think I'll need it where I'm going.

KAYLEIGH

Off to change everyone's life again, is that it? Maybe this time you'll pop up in some mansion while I wind up in Tijuana doing the donkey act.

EVAN

I'm over it. Whenever I try to help anyone it all turns to shit.

KAYLEIGH

Well, don't give up now, Slick. You've already done so much for me. Hell, why don't you go back in time and save Mrs. Halbern and her baby. Then maybe Lenny wouldn't freak out and ruin my family. She gets up and puts on her coat.

KAYLEIGH

Oh, here's one! Go back when I'm seven and fuck me in front of Daddy's handi-cam, you know, straighten me out a bit...

She tosses his wallet over her shoulder at him and leaves.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY

Evan enters his familiar looking dorm and hears the familiar sounds of Thumper having sex with another naked GOTHIC CO-ED. On Evan's bed.

EVAN

Get out. Both of you.

THUMPER

Sorry, dude. Just figured it'd be okay with you bein' sick and all.

Evan's temper flares and he picks up a chair and SMASHES it against a wall above Thumper's head.

EVAN

I'm not saying it again.

Thumper and the co-ed quickly cover themselves in the blankets and leave. Alone in the room, Evan looks under his bed and breathes a sigh of relief to see all of his journals are intact. He sifts through them again. He finally finds the passage he needs. Something catches the corner of Evan's eyes and he turns to examine it.

To the left of Thumper's Buddha statuette sits a large VOTIVE CANDLE that bears a portrait of Jesus Christ.

EVAN

(humble)

Lord give me the strength and guidance
I need to set things right.

As he begins reading a passage to himself, SOUNDS ECHO backward at us from another time and place. And the entire ROOM SHIMMERS around him -

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. MRS. HALPERN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1995

Evan comes to as he, Kayleigh, Lenny and Tommy - all thirteen - watch Mrs. Halpern carry her baby back to the mailbox across the street with intense anticipation.

Evan suddenly comes to life and makes himself visible, running across the street shouting.

EVAN

Lady, stay back! Don't go near the mailbox!

Mrs. Halpern, startled, stares at the young kid skeptically as she absently continues toward the mailbox.

EVAN

I mean it, woman! Get the hell back!
Lenny comes running across the street to Evan's aid,
and Tommy shrugs and follows after him.

LENNY

There's a bomb in the mailbox. Get
away!

Tommy, still running, cringes to hear Lenny's stupid
confession and rolls his eyes at the situation. Evan
positions himself between Mrs. Halpern and the
mailbox, frantically waving his hand at her to stay
back, because she's STILL COMING.

TOMMY

I'll save you lady!

Tommy takes a running dive at Mrs. Halpern, perhaps a
bit too hard, and sends her and the baby to the
pavement, hurt, but no major injuries.
Seeing things are safe, Evan backs away from the mail

--

BOOM!

The blast is deafening! Evan's body is hurled
backwards dramatically.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY - 2002

Evan comes to back in his dorm, the same posters are
on the wall, the sheets are the same. Even the
familiar sounds of Thumper having sex under the
covers.

EVAN

I thought I told you two to beat it.
Evan's face falls as he hears a familiar voice, but
not Thumper's.

LENNY

What? Hey, sorry, man. We wake you up?
Evan is confused by Lenny's presence, but smiles to
himself and shakes his head "no".

EVAN

No, it's cool.

(re: Lenny's okay)

Really cool.

Evan yawns, brining his hand to his mouth, but there's
no hand. No arm, really, either. Just two FLESHY
STUMPS!

Evan bolts upright in bed and stares down at his
amputations.

A FLOOD OF MEMORIES ASSAULT HIM:

We see countless and brief image flashes of Evan
growing up from the age of thirteen with NO ARMS, and
requiring a WHEELCHAIR.

INT. MULTIPLEX THEATER LOBBY - DAY - 1995

Tommy and Kayleigh load popcorn and drinks onto Evan's
lap as Lenny pushes the wheelchair.

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - 1995

Evan celebrates his 14th birthday and blows out the
candles. Andrea, Kayleigh, Tommy and Lenny all clap.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY - 1995

Tommy pushes Evan to church.

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY - 2002

Evan screams as blood pours from his nose. Lenny is out of bed at once to help him...as is KAYLEIGH! (Now beautiful and natural looking).

QUICK SERIES OF FLASHES:

EXT. LAKE - DAY - 1999

Lenny and Kayleigh, as teens, sit together with Evan at the far end of the boat.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - 1999

Evan looks on longingly as Lenny and Kayleigh become lovers in high school.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - 1999

A campfire. Evan sips from a BEER CAP as Lenny and Kayleigh make out in plain sight with Tommy's bashful approval.

BACK TO
EVAN:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY - 2002

Evan's in agony as Kayleigh opens a series of dorm doors and Lenny rushes Evan's wheelchair through. Kayleigh carries a pair of prosthetic arms in her hands. Evan moans and tries to rub his temple with his stump.

EVAN

Where are we going?

KAYLEIGH

We have to get you to Sunnyvale. You're having one of your famous hemorrhages.

EVAN

Stop! Take me back!

LENNY

Sorry, tough guy, no can do. Your mother would kill me.

Evan launches his body forward and spills clumsily out of the wheelchair. Lenny must halt in order not to crush Evan. AS Evan writhes about on the floor, his legs paralyzed, a CROWD GATHERS.

Evan focuses on Lenny, but it's hard to ignore the crowd that titters and snickers in the background.

EVAN

Take me back, Lenny!
(teeth clenched)

You owe me that much.

Kayleigh turns to face the jeering crowd.

KAYLEIGH

What are you geeks looking at? Must be nice to be so goddamned perfect, huh?
Fucking losers.

The crowd breaks up and leaves.

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - DAY

It's calm now. Lenny and Kayleigh push Evan's wheelchair around the quad. Evan now wears prosthetic arms. Random PEOPLE call out to Lenny. He's extremely popular in this world.

LENNY

'Sup, Sheila! WE missed you at the party! Don't even think I'm giving you my lab notes either! Think I like getting up for "eight thirty's"?

Lenny pushes Evan past Thumper and Cricket. Their conversation stops and they stare at their feet as Evan gets wheeled by. Evan boils to be treated as if he were non-existent.

LENNY

Hey, there's Tommy.

Evan spins around in fear. He sees Tommy, clean-cut, and handing out flyers in front of a banner that reads "Campus Crusade for Christ." Tommy seems good-natured now, working hard and soliciting names for his list. He looks up as Evan rolls along and his eyes brighten to see Evan.

TOMMY

I did what you said, man! We're pooling our student funds with Hillel House and we're going to have an Awareness Dance.

EVAN

Oh goody, nothing like spinning my chair around to a techno mix of Hava Nagila til I puke.

Tommy frowns and exchanges glances with Lenny, who shrugs and nods back to him.

LENNY

Uh, we should be getting to class now.

EVAN

Forget it. What's the point of Psych now? Tomorrow I could wake up as some dirt farmer in Bangladesh.

Another exchanged glance. Kayleigh looks at Evan.

KAYLEIGH

Let's go for a stroll.

Evan allows Kayleigh to roll him away from the others. To the very spot where Evan once killed Tommy. Evan stares at his prosthetic hand which he can "magically" will to open, close, open, close...

EVAN

So Tommy's really into this Jesus kick, huh?

Kayleigh looks at him curiously.

KAYLEIGH

You know how spiritual he's gotten ever since he saved Mrs. Halpern and Katie.

EVAN

He saved Mrs. Halpern? Please, the twisted fuck.

Kayleigh, now by a bench. Stops and sits. As she casually uses her foot to turn his chair to face her, she pulls out a granola bar and hands it to him. His prosthetic hand crushes it. It crumbles to dust. She seems more confused.

KAYLEIGH

Is something the matter?

EVAN

(re: prosthetic arms)

Yeah, I think I gotta get these fixed
or something.

She leans into him, gently feeding him her remaining
bar.

EVAN

Kayleigh? Do you ever think about "us?"
I mean, wonder if it could ever have
been different between the two of us?

KAYLEIGH

Sure, Evan, why not? You were the first
person I really ever cared about.

EVAN

I was?

KAYLEIGH

That's why when I was little I never
went to live with my mother.

EVAN

I don't get it.

KAYLEIGH

(feeding another bite)

When my folks split, they gave me and
Tommy a choice who we wanted to live
with. I couldn't stand my dad, but I
knew if I moved to my mom's I'd never
see you again.

EVAN

I never knew that. So then you still
sometimes think of us... together?

KAYLEIGH

It's crossed my mind from time to time.

EVAN

(hopeful)

And...?

KAYLEIGH

Well a lot of things cross my mind.
I've always been a fast thinker, Ev. I
can play out the movie of our entire
lives in under a second. Boom - we fall
in love-get married-two kids, your keen
analytical insight matched to my
generous nature-kids grow old as do we,
relatively stable relationships,
matching burial plots, the whole bit.
It took a lot longer to spit out than
to imagine.

EVAN

Then you think it might have worked
out?

KAYLEIGH

Why not? But that's not how things
wound up. I'm with Lenny, Lenny's your
friend. And there it ends.

She looks into his eyes and shrugs almost
apologetically. Tears streak down Evan's face as he

speaks in a pleading tone.

EVAN

Would it make any difference if I told
you that no one could possibly love
anyone as much as I love you?

Kayleigh shakes her head sadly, then suddenly looks
up. Evan turns to see Lenny waving her over. She puts
her hand on Evan's shoulder, stands and goes to Lenny.

Evan can't take his eyes off her.

ANGLE ON

Lenny kissing Kayleigh. In painful slo-mo. Evan turns
away, utterly heartbroken.

INT. HANDICAPPED BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP

Evan's stump turns on a BATHTUB FAUCET.

REVEAL

Evan, fully clothes, lies in a bathtub that's filling
with water. Beside the tub, the wheelchair has been
tipped over.

The water rises past his mouth, to his nostrils - Evan
makes his peace and takes a final breath.

And the water spills over the side of the tub. All
Evan can do is watch it, still breathing easily
through his nose.

A beat. Then the door opens.

TOMMY ENTERS

Immediately sizing up the situation.

TOMMY

You forgot to put the toaster on the
edge.

Tommy casually turns off the water, then pops open the
DRAIN. The water level lowers to Evan's mouth.

EVAN

But you, Kayleigh and Lenny like toast.
And that's really all that matters now.

Tommy feels Evan's anguish and plops his ass on the
wet floor by the tub. He lanes his head onto Evan's
shoulder.

Evan bristles at first, but finally gives in to his
hatred, ultimately resting his own head against
Tommy's. Taking the comfort offered.

TOMMY

I'll get you changed. Visiting hours
are almost up.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - EVENING

Tommy rolls Evan through a quiet hospital corridor.

EVAN

(looking around)

What, did mom get transferred again?

Tommy frowns, confused, then rolls Evan into --

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan is startled to see Andrea hooked up to several
IV's, an oxygen tank and a respirator Several oxygen
hoses connect to a tracheotomy tube.

Tommy smiles and kisses Andrea on the cheek. She

tousles his hair in return. Evan can hardly speak. As Tommy begins to wheel Evan's chair closer to Andrea's bedside, Andrea utters a faint whisper.

ANDREA

Looking. Good. Kiddo.

Evan eyes her MEDICAL CLIPBOARD as he's wheeled by.

EVAN

(reading)

Lung cancer?

TOMMY

Sorry, Mrs. T. He's been out of sorts lately.

Andrea flinches to hear this. Evan stares at her, eyes wide.

EVAN

Right... You started chain smoking after I blew myself up.

Evan suddenly seems sick with guilt.

EVAN

There must be a way to fix this.

ANDREA

Fix?

EVAN

I just need the entry about the blockbuster. Wait, shit, no arms. I never even got the chance to write it.

A flicker of recognition registers in her eyes.

ANDREA

Is Evan...different?

TOMMY

He's just going through some tough times.

EVAN

Mom. Don't cry. I can change this.

TOMMY

I think I'll go check out the chapel.

ANDREA

You're. Acting. Like your father.

EVAN

Come on, Mom. Just 'cause Dad was my age when he started going crazy doesn't mean that I'm nuts.

Andrea is shocked.

ANDREA

How. Did you. Know that?

EVAN

You told me that on Parents' Weekend. Remember? Wait, that wasn't me. Or you.

She uses her left hand to pinch off the air to her oxygen tube and forces herself to speak in a sick, GRAVELY manner.

ANDREA

Just. Like. Jason.

EVAN

Don't worry. I'm gonna get you out of here.

He pushes a lever and the mechanical wheelchair rolls itself out of the room. Andrea forces her loudest raspy scream.

ANDREA

Stop him. Stop him. Stop him...

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Lenny tears through old cardboard boxes in Evan's closet. Evan watches nearby.

LENNY

Are you sure you even packed it?

EVAN

My mom packed for me. I think she sent everything I ever owned. So we'll see.

Evan watches Lenny eagerly as he dumps tons of Evan's junk on the floor. Old report cards, books, toys and photo albums fall on the floor.

LENNY

Is this it?

Evan beams when he sees Lenny holding his old journal. AGE 7.

LENNY

What do you need it for? I don't get you lately.

EVAN

Duly noted. Now I'm gonna ask you for one last favor.

LENNY

What?

EVAN

Shhh. I need to concentrate on the blockbuster if I'm gonna destroy it.

LENNY

(concerned)

Destroy it?

EVAN

If I hadn't blown my arms off, Mom never woulda started smoking in the first place. Now shhhh.

Lenny, utterly baffled, sits back in silence and watches Evan begin reading his journal to himself for a beat.

ON EVAN

As new sounds ECHO BACKWARD. There's a --

SHIMMER!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 1989

Evan comes to in his childhood kitchen. He is only seven-years old. He coughs up Lucky Charms that have "magically" appeared in his mouth. On a journal before him is the recently written passage:

JOURNAL ENTRY

Today Mommy is taking me to play with Kayley and Tommy. I will mete there father and see what a real dad is like.

Andrea is nowhere in sight. Evan springs to his feet

and flexes his real hands triumphantly.

EVAN

Yes. Now how do I destroy the
blockbuster?

He rummages through the utensil drawer and pulls out a large butcher knife and grabs it. He tucks it into his sock but it won't fit. He's still debating what to do when:

ANDREA WALKS IN

And is startled by the unexpected sight of Evan holding a huge knife.

Evan sees her but remains expressionless. Andrea's face blanches.

ANDREA

Evan? What are you doing with that
knife?

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - NIGHT - 2002

Evan comes to to find Lenny still staring at him. Waiting for something big to happen.

EVAN

Well, that didn't work...

Evan flips a single page of his journal and tries again. He reads to himself, then relaxes his head --

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. MILLER'S BASEMENT - DAY - 1989

Evan, seven again, stands in the basement dressed in his Robin Hood costume as Mr. Miller prepares for the sex scene.

MR. MILLER

Now in this part of the story, Robin Hood just married Maid Marian and they have to kiss and stuff like grown-ups do. Kayleigh giggles. There seems to be a new glint of intelligence in Evan's eyes as he adjusts to his new surroundings.

EVAN

Wait! I need my belt!

Mr. Miller is puzzled, but watches Evan SKIP to the fireplace.

EVAN

(overly childlike)

Loo loo, skip to my loo. Loo loo, skip
to my loo.

Mr. Miller puts his eye back to the viewfinder as Evan quickly finds Mr. Miller's old army thermos in the bottom drawer of the dresser, opens it and shakes out the blockbuster.

EVAN

Loo, loo, skip to my loo.

He tries to crack it with his own hands, but his seven-year old body is too weak.

MR. MILLER

Hey kid, don't bother with the belt.
Mr. Miller finally turns around and sees Evan banging the blockbuster on the table. Shock registers in Mr. Miller's eyes and he takes a step towards Evan.

EVAN

Back off, fuckbag!
Mr. Miller freezes on that, and Evan smiles at him.

EVAN

Amazing. That word never fails to make an impression with you...
Mr. Miller takes a slow, non-threatening step toward Evan.

MR. MILLER

Easy does it, Evan! Don't be a bad boy or I'll tell mommy you were naughty.

EVAN

And I'll tell the Child Protective Services about your kiddie porn endeavors. One step closer and I'll shove this up your ass!
Kayleigh's mouth hangs open with utter amazement at the scene. Tommy, hiding at the top of the stairs, slowly creeps down to get a better view.
Evan rummages in the bureau and finds the wooden "strike anywhere" matches used at thirteen to light his cigarettes.

MR. MILLER

That's dangerous! You could blow your hands off!

EVAN

Been there, done that.
Evan, standing near the fireplace, defiantly strikes the match with this thumb and lowers the flame to the short fuse.
Mr. Miller charges Evan just as the fuse is lit! Mr. Miller knocks the blockbuster from Evan's hand and it rolls towards the other side of the room, resting peacefully against the video camera.
Kayleigh's eyes are dazzled by the sparkling fuse and she bends down to pick it up --

MR. MILLER/TOMMY/EVAN

Kayleigh! NOOOOOoooooo!
EXT. MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY - 1989
BOOM! The blast is deafening.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. SUNNYVALE - EVAN'S ROOM - DAY - 2002
Evan, twenty, wakes up with a bloody nose.

EVAN

Oh God, Kayleigh...
Evan gets a new series of QUICK IMAGES and FLASHED FACES.

INT. FAMILY COURTROOM - DAY - 1989
Evan (now seven) is institutionalized before a judge.
INT. SUNNYVALE INSTITUTION - DAY - 1989-1994

Evan (seven through twelve) GROWS UP in an institution.
INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY - 1989-1994
Evan undergoes years of therapy under Redfield's care.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S ROOM - SUNNYVALE - DAY - 2002
Evan lies in a room, same posters from college adorn the walls. Blood flows freely now.

EVAN
(sobbing uncontrollably)
Kayleigh...no! You can't die again! I won't let this happen. I won't!
Evan fights off the pain and looks under his bed for something.

EVAN
Where are they?!
His journals are missing! He runs from the room.
INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY
Evan runs into Dr. Redfield's office just as another patient is leaving.

DR. REDFIELD
Hey, Evan. What's the big rush? We don't meet for another hour.

EVAN
Where are my goddman books?
DR. REDFIELD
Books?

EVAN
My journals! Where are they?
The doctor looks heartbroken, as if Evan has had a relapse.

DR. REDFIELD
It kills me to have to go through this again. There are no journals. There never were. It's part of this fantasy world your mind created to cope with the guilt of killing...
Evan looks stunned. Refusing to believe it.

DR. REDFIELD
Think Evan. You've invented a disease that doesn't exist. Alternate universes with colleges, prisons, paraplegia...

EVAN
But I...I need those books.

DR. REDFIELD
You remind me of your father. He always screamed for a photo album even though he never had one.

EVAN
Photos?
Evan's eyes roll back and he collapses lifelessly to the floor.
INT. SUNNYVALE LABORATORY - DAY
Evan lies on a platform and gets another series of

CAT-scans.

INT. EVAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Evan, no longer incapacitated, stares out the window into the darkness. Alone. Trapped. Hopeless.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Later that day, Dr. Redfield posts the new CAT-scan slides on the light box and shudders when he sees the results. Andrea looks on anxiously.

DR. REDFIELD

Jesus, no.

Andrea, biting her nails, is unable to conceal her fear.

ANDREA

No dances, just tell me.

DR. REDFIELD

(devastated)

The hemorrhaging...the neural damage is irreparable. I'm frankly surprised he still has use of his motor functions.

Andrea begins to break down in tears. Evan secretly listens in from the hallway. His gaunt face looks deep in thought. He takes a breath and enters the lab, making sure not to look directly at his weeping mother.

EVAN

Hey, Mom, didja remember to bring those goofy old home movies we used to make?

Andrea wipes tears away, nodding in advance.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Evan sees no one is watching him in the institution corridor as he throws his weight into the door of the doctor's office, breaking it open.

Sporadically, severe VIBRATIONS invade Evan's environment, threatening to distract him from his mission.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Evan enters the office and tears the file cabinets apart, looking for something. His nose bleeds profusely and he repeatedly wipes the blood off his face with irritation.

Evan sees a cardboard marked TREBORN, E. Grabs it and hides under the doctor's desk.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS FLASHLIGHT BEAMS stab through the darkened corridor hunting for him. An ALARM SOUNDS. GUARDS are shouting.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evan, under the doctor's desk, grabs some paper and begins writing in shorthand.

EVAN

If anyone finds this, then I guess my plan didn't work and I'm already dead.

Again, the world flutters as if it were attached to a paint-shaker. He takes a deep breath.

EVAN

But I I can just go back to the beginning of all this, I might be able to save her.

Fatigue overwhelms him, but he continues writing...
INT. DR. REDFIELD'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
Dr. Redfield catches up with the rest of the guards.

DR. REDFIELD

He's not in his room. Search the
grounds.

INT. DR. REDFIELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
The cardboard box is overturned. Evan finishes
threading a SUPER-8 film projector and turns it on.
Careful not to let any light spill against the wall,
Evan projects it at the underside of the desk.
We see familiar home movie footage from his childhood:
Lenny, 5, has a birthday party. Kayleigh is there.
ANGLE ON EVAN'S EYES
Getting lost in the memory.
CHAOTIC NOISES of CHILDREN'S PARTY bleed into Evan's
reality. The world SHUDDERS UNCONTROLLABLY.

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. LENNY'S BACKYARD - DAY - 1987
Evan, 5, comes to at a birthday party. He's
unexpectedly gently prodded forward by Andrea.

ANDREA

Go on, Evan. Introduce yourself.
Evan slowly approaches Kayleigh, only five. She smiles
bashfully at him. An old memory comes back to him.

KAYLEIGH (V.O.)

When my folks split, they gave me and
Tommy a choice who we wanted to live
with. I couldn't stand my dad, but I
knew if I lived with my mom, I'd never
see you again...

Evan slowly looks around the yard, taking in the
reality of this distant memory. He even inhales the
aroma of the place. Savoring the moment. He locks eyes
with Kayleigh.

ANDREA (O.S.)

He's not usually this shy.
It's time. Evan leans over to Kayleigh as if he's
about to kiss her. Then whispers in her ear:

EVAN

I hate you. If you ever come near me
again, I'll kill you and your whole
family.

Kayleigh reacts predictably. Bursting into tears and
runs into Kayleigh's mother's arms.

KAYLEIGH'S MOTHER What did you say to her? What
happened?!

Evan ignores them. He can't take his eyes off
Kayleigh.

EVAN

Goodbye.
His eyes well up.

FLASH!
SMASH CUT
TO:

INT. EVAN'S DORM - DAY - 2002

Evan wakes up with a bloody nose. He grabs a pillow and covers his head with it as a flood of memories seizes him.

Lenny (looking fit) grabs a towel from atop an award-winning flatworms project and hands it to Evan.

LENNY (O.S.)

You alright? Should I call the doctor?

Evan groans and shakes his head "no". He rides out the pain like a seasoned pro. When it finally subsides, he lowers the pillow and smiles feebly.

EVAN

I'll think I'll be alright this time.

(a new hope)

I really do.

Lenny nods, still concerned.

INT. COLLEGE - INCINERATOR ROOM - LATER

Evan opens the door to a concrete room with a large furnace. He and Lenny carry cardboard boxes.

LENNY

You sure about this?

Evan nods. They silently dump tons of journals into the fire. Evan steps outside and returns with a box of home movies, photo albums, old report cards, etc. In they go.

CLOSE ON

Burning journals.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - 2010

Evan, a suit now, walks down a city street cradling a cell phone to his ear.

TITLE CARD: Years Later

EVAN

(into phone)

Yeah, Ma. I'm running a little late for lunch. One of my patients had a breakdown. Anyway, order some soup in the meantime. See ya soon.

As he clicks off, an attractive woman wearing a power suit approaches from the other direction. Evan has to look closely, but it's Kayleigh. A mature woman, now. He stumbles slightly, caught off guard. As she passes, her eyes linger on his a little longer than necessary, but there's no recognition. Evan watches her continue past him and down the sidewalk.

After a hesitant beat, he takes a breath, turns around and follows her.

FADE TO
BLACK.

Roll credits...



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Written by

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INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

CLOSE ON an ornate ring. It's intricately carved with a seal, an image of St. Peter casting a net. The ring is carried on a satin pillow through a darkened, regal apartment. In the distance, BELLS ARE TOLLING -- the slow, solemn tones that announce a death.

A dozen men in scarlet cassocks, ROMAN CATHOLIC CARDINALS, bend down to inspect the ring, nodding in affirmation, part of an ancient ritual.

A younger man (the CAMERLENGO) in a black cassock takes a silver knife and scratches the ring's seal twice, once horizontally and once vertically, in the sign of the cross.

Now the ring is placed on a lead block. The Camerlengo raises a silver mallet and SMASHES it down, shattering the ring into a thousand tiny pieces.

As the Cardinals confirm to their satisfaction that the ring has been destroyed, the HUSHED VOICE of a NEWS REPORTER comes over the image.

REPORTER

-- the Ring of the Fisherman, which bears the official papal seal and by Vatican law must be destroyed immediately following the Pope's death.

IN THE HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT,

the Cardinals file out in a solemn procession. Behind them, the Camerlengo closes and locks the doors to the apartment entrance, helped by an AIDE who stretches red silk across the doors in the form of an X.

REPORTER (O.S.)

The Pope's Chamberlain, or "Camerlengo," then seals the papal apartments ---

At the juncture point of the doors, the Camerlengo places a glob of hot wax, then raises a seal and BURNS it into the wax with a hot SIZZLE. TWO SWISS GUARDSMEN, traditionally attired, step in

front of the doors, their eight-foot swords held in a low cross.



REPORTER (O.S.) (cont'd)

--- and Swiss Guard will remain posted outside the doors for at least nine days of mourning, a period known as tempe sede vacante, or ---

2.

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 Wheeee! Someone's t


Draco
 Whoohooo!!!! Draco M


chaching!
 How come the only rec


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INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

In St. Peter's Basilica, we move in toward an empty chair, a chair so magnificent it can only be called a throne.

REPORTER (O.S.)

--- "the time of the empty throne."

A ring appears around the empty throne and --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT CERN - DETECTOR ROOM DAY

-- a ring as ornate in its way as the Ring of the Fisherman, except this one is a mass of technological sophistication. It's twenty-five feet across, covered with wires, sensors, gizmos. It's the centerpiece of a massive laboratory the size of a football field.

SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS read off checklists in a variety of languages, none of them English so far. The place is a hive of activity and sound; cooling water WHOOSHES through pipes, the static HUM of high levels of current floats in the air.

VITTORIA VETRA, an intense woman in her mid-thirties with the long stride of an impatient person, makes her way across the floor to PHILLIPE, the project manager, a Frenchman around fifty. She follows him as he climbs down a scaffolding that surrounds the detector wheel and heads toward a console across the room.

VITTORIA

(in Italian, subtitled)

Somebody pulled us off the grid, Phillippe.

PHILLIPE

(responds in French, also subtitled)

You hit 36kV down there yesterday. The whole synchrotron only loads 18.

VITTORIA

(switching to French)

And the LEAR's specked up to 42. It's all approved by the Director, you want me to call him?

Reluctantly, Phillippe sits down at a console and starts entering commands, shaking his head.

3.

PHILLIPE

Waste of power, what're you extracting, still ten to the seventh APs a second? How long to produce a gram at that rate?

VITTORIA

About two billion years. At that
rate.

He looks at her sideways, didn't like the sound of that. He
hits a few last keystrokes and a series of flashing lights
reconnect what looks like a lower laboratory complex to the main
grid. She nods her thanks and starts to go.

PHILLIPE

Vittoria.
(switching to soft
ITALIAN)
Please don't blow us all to heaven.

And on the word "heaven," everything goes white and --

DISSOLVES TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

--- a veil of thin white silk billows down over the face of the
dead pontiff. TWO VATICAN FUNERIAL WORKERS pull a second veil over
his face, then another over his head and hands.

A burled cypress lid slides over the top of the coffin, which is
carried out of frame and into ---

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

--- St. Peter's Square, packed with THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MOURNERS,
including kings, queens, presidents, and prime ministers.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Following the elegy Mass, the body of
the pontiff, borne by the traditional
twelve pall bearers will be sealed in
a zinc crypt deep in the Vatican
Grottoes along with the bodies of
twenty-five other popes.

The PROCESSION OF CARDINALS is a ribbon of red making its way
through the kaleidoscope of colors of the assembled religious
dignitaries. On the brilliant array of colors ---

CUT TO:

4.

INT CERN - DETECTOR ROOM DAY

--- another array of colors, this one like the best fireworks
display you've ever seen. Pulling back, we realize it's on one
of the giant monitor screens in the detector room at CERN, all of
which are lit up with similar arrays.

Something has happened and there's an enormous amount of
excitement in the room. More Scientists and Technicians pour
in, take their seats at consoles, CONFER excitedly. A
computerized voice speaks English over a loudspeaker:

VOICE (O.S.)

Beam on beam collisions are active.

It repeats the message in Italian, German, French, and Chinese.

INT CERN TUNNEL DAY

Elevator doors open in a subterranean tunnel and Vittoria steps
out. A long tube, about four feet across, runs off into the

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

distance, and as Vittoria heads off in the other direction, we see that the tunnel, and its cylinder, go on forever that way too. TWO MORE TECHNICIANS hurry down the tunnel and jump into the elevator she just vacated.

Vittoria steps up to a security panel and places her chin in a cup. A vertical laser sweeps across her eyeball and we --

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

--- an ancient carved incense holder that swings back and forth at the end of a chain, swung by a PRIEST in St. Peter's Basilica. A THOUSAND FAITHFUL are gathered for ---

REPORTER

--- the Pope's elegy Mass, led by Cardinal Saverio Mortati, Dean of the College of Cardinals ---

At the front, CARDINAL MORTATI stands behind a massive altar, arms outstretched, praying in Latin for the assembled luminaries.

As he performs the service, intoning in a dead language --

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

--- Vittoria steps through an airlock and emerges in a gleaming white underground lab. Everything, everywhere, is white.

5.

There are a dozen columns of polished steel about three feet tall, each of which supports a transparent canister the size of a tennis ball can. They appear empty.

LEONARDO BENTIVOGLIO, sixtyish, black pants and a short-sleeve black shirt, is at work at a command console in the center of the room. (They speak to each other in Italian, subtitled.)

VITTORIA

Power should be back five by five.

LEONARDO

It is, extraction's already started.

He turns around, and we thought his black pants and shirt looked familiar -- now we see his Roman collar and realize this physicist is also a priest.

LEONARDO (cont'd)

We're in God's hands now.

While Leonardo and Vittoria work at the console, we move slowly across the room toward those strange vertical pillars.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

In St. Peter's, we're in a complimentary move, down the aisle past the College of Cardinals, one hundred sixty-five aging men in brilliant red robes, seated near the altar.

REPORTER (O.S.)

The College of Cardinals will lock itself in the Sistine Chapel for Conclave literally, the word means "with key" -- the process by which the Church chooses a new leader for the world's one billion Catholics.

We move onto the altar, close enough to Mortati to get a good look at him. He's in his late seventies, grave, eyes closed in religious fervor as he consecrates the communion host.

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

In the lab, we're still moving, close to one of the pillars and to the transparent tube on top of it. The tube isn't empty, as we first thought, there's something suspended in the middle of it, a drop, round and white, floating in mid-air.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA DAY

Mortati reaches the religious climax of the ceremony and holds aloft the round white communion host.

6.

A THOUSAND VOICES begin singing in St. Peter's, we go in close on the host and dissolve to ---

INT ANTIMATTER LAB DAY

--- that otherworldly drop, also round and white, a perfect match for the host, but so different, hovering in the tube like a hot blob of mercury, defying gravity.

Everything abruptly goes black and a title bleeds on screen:

ANGELS AND DEMONS

CUT TO:

INT HARVARD COLLEGE - NATATORIUM DAWN

The bottom of a swimming pool. A lithe figure SLASHES like a knife through the water, doing laps.

The swimmer is the only one in the pool, but still pushes like he's got someone to beat. His strokes echo off vacant bleachers in an oldish college natatorium.

As he reaches the end of the pool, he sees a murky figure through the water. The swimmer stops, pulls off his goggles.

ROBERT LANGDON is fiftyish, but looks ten years younger, must have something to do with two hundred laps at dawn every day.

CLAUDIO VINCENZO is heavier, dressed in a sport jacket and slacks, looks exhausted. He speaks with an Italian accent.

VINCENZO

Professor Langdon?

LANGDON

Swim might help your jet lag.

VINCENZO

I beg your pardon?

Langdon gets out and pulls a towel off a nearby bench.

LANGDON

(GESTURING)

Bags under your eyes, up at five a.m., Italian accent... Do I hear Naples in those Rs?

VINCENZO

(smiles, shows an ID)
Claudio Vincenzo, Corpo della
Gendarmeria Vaticano.

LANGDON

Vatican Police? I was expecting
another letter.
(Vincenzo looks confused)
My request for access to the Archives?

Vincenzo has no idea what he's talking about.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Shouldn't you be in Rome? Busy time
for you guys.

VINCENZO

In fact I was in New York, on
vacation. I got a call in the
middle of the night --- find Robert
Langdon. A matter of great urgency.

LANGDON

Urgent Vatican business, involving me?
I doubt that.

He heads for the locker room. Vincenzo calls after him.

VINCENZO

They said to show you this.

Langdon turns back. Vincenzo's holding a single sheet of paper in
his right hand. Langdon, curious, makes his way back to him.
Takes the paper ---

--- and, it is safe to say, feels the earth give way beneath his
feet. He looks up, eyes wide, and mutters a single word:

LANGDON

lluminati?

CUT TO:

EXT HARVARD CAMPUS DAWN

As the sun comes up, Langdon and Vincenzo leave the natatorium.

VINCENZO

Yes, of course, but it couldn't be
the llluminati as we knew them, they
disappeared a hundred years ago.

LANGDON

Did they? Look at the paper.

VINCENZO

I've seen it.

LANGDON

Look again.

Vincenzo looks at it. The word llluminati is written in ornate
script. Vincenzo looks back up --- so?

LANGDON (cont'd)

Turn it upside down.

Vincenzo does. Incredibly, the word reads exactly the same way upside down.

LANGDON (cont'd)

It's called an ambigram, the same backwards and forwards. That's common in a symbol, like a Jewish star, or yin-yang, or a swastika, but this is a word. People have searched for the llluminati ambigrammatic symbol for four centuries, modern symbologists even tried to create it, but nobody could pull it off, not even by computer. Most had concluded it was a myth. I wrote a book about it.

(REALIZING)

Which is why you're here, isn't it?

VINCENZO

"The Art of the llluminati," by Robert Langdon.

CUT TO:**INT LANGDON'S APARTMENT DAY**

A hand skims along a bookcase and stops at that very title, a heavy academic tome. Langdon pulls it out and drops it on the desk in his apartment with a THUD.

(The apartment is cluttered with esoterica, the home of a man whose taste in furnishings was very fashionable about four hundred years ago. A single man -- no kid stuff, no cats.)

Langdon flips the book open to an illustrated section in the middle, filled with renderings of previous attempts to create the symbol he now holds in his hand.

9.**LANGDON**

Incredible. Either someone just figured out how to make this, or they found it. Recently. Which would mean the llluminati have returned.

(looks at Vincenzo)

An ancient brotherhood, enemies of the church, surfacing just after the death of a Pope? I'd pull you off vacation too.

VINCENZO

It's worse than just that. Four cardinals were kidnapped from their quarters inside the Vatican some time between three and five a.m. this morning. Shortly afterward, the Office of the Swiss Guard received that document, along with the threat that the Cardinals will be publicly executed, one per hour, starting at seven p.m. tonight, in Rome.

LANGDON

(mind racing ahead)
Conclave?

VINCENZO

Was to begin today. We have postponed its start for a few hours, a story of illness, there are no suspicions. Yet.

LANGDON

What do you want from me?

VINCENZO

The perpetrators of this heinous act sent that -- ambigram, you say? -- as a provocation, a taunt. But it may also be their undoing. If you can help us learn their identity, perhaps we can stop them.

LANGDON

Why me?

VINCENZO

Your expertise. Your erudition. And your involvement with recent Church -- shall we say "mysteries?"

10.

LANGDON

I wasn't under the impression that episode had endeared me to the Vatican.

VINCENZO

Oh, it didn't. But it made you -- what is the word?

(Italian pronunciation)

Formidable. Formidable. A plane is standing by twenty minutes from here. Will you come with me?

Langdon doesn't move, just stares at the ambigram, still amazed.

VINCENZO (cont'd)

Professor Langdon, you have spent ten years of your academic life searching for the very symbol you now hold in your hand. And the madman who created it, or who knows the secrets of its origin-- that person is in Rome.

(checks his watch)

How much longer must we pretend you have not already decided to come?

CUT TO:

EXT AIRPORT DAY

A small private plane SCREAMS into the sky.

EXT ROME DAY

We soar over Rome, the Eternal City. A helicopter WHOOSHES into frame below us.

INT HELICOPTER DAY

The papal helicopter is plush inside, and nearly silent. A very pricey piece of equipment. Vincenzo stares out the window.

VINCENZO

If the Illuminati have returned and
are in Rome, we will hunt them down
and kill them.

Langdon, seated across from him, stifles a laugh.

LANGDON

Spoken like a Roman Catholic.

Vincenzo looks at him sharply.

11.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The Illuminati didn't become violent
anti-Papists until the 17th century.
Initially, they were physicists,
mathematicians, astronomers. Their
name means "the Enlightened Ones." In
the 1500s, they started meeting
secretly to share their concerns about
the church's inaccurate teachings.
They were dedicated to the quest for
scientific truth. And for that, the
church -- to use your words -- hunted
them down and killed them. Drove
them underground.

Langdon turns and looks out the front window of the helicopter as,
up ahead, the marble facade of St. Peter's Basilica blazes like
fire in the afternoon sun.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Into a secret society.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

Pulling away from the helicopter, we see a coat of arms emblazoned
on its side -- two skeleton keys crossing a shield and papal crown.
The helicopter SWOOPS over St. Peter's Square, filled with more
tourists than usual, due to the impending start of Conclave.

We drift toward a structure on the far side of the Square, closer
to its huge, ornate windows. As we approach, large swaths of
black drop down, draping over the windows, closing off our view.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY

Inside, WORKERS continue to drape large bolts of black velvet over
the windows, sealing this room off from outside. Pulling back,
we realize it's not just any room ---

--- it's the Sistine Chapel. As the last window is blackened,
the room is bathed in a profound darkness lit only by candles.

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-ONE MEN in red robes are gathered inside the
Chapel, the College of Cardinals. They talk in a polyglot of
languages, milling about the place, conferring, catching up on old
friendships.

Cardinal Mortati, the Dean of the College who led the Pope's elegy
mass, is the type of man one crosses a room to see, not the other
way around.

12.

He chats in Italian with two other Cardinals, until a black-
cassocked aide (FATHER SIMEON) outside the open doors of the

Chapel catches his eye. Mortati excuses himself, steps through the open doorway, and into ---

INT SALON DAY

-- the salon just outside the Chapel. Father Simeon is an unctuous man in his fifties with eyes that are always looking for whoever's behind you. (They speak in Italian, subtitled.)

MORTATI

And?

FR. SIMEON

Commandante Rocher assures me the Guard is doing everything humanly possible to find the prefiriti.

MORTATI

A very long way for him to say very little.

FR. SIMEON

What if you were to begin in their absence?

MORTATI

They are the four leading candidates. If they're not present, they're not eligible. There will be no consensus without them, wid are we to vote for?

Father Simeon gives him a look -- perhaps you?

MORTATI (cont'd)

It is as much a sin to offer flattery to accept it.

FR. SIMEON

(chastened, but not

REALLY)

The Camerlengo asks how long you can postpone the opening prayer without making another announcement to the public?

MORTATI

Two years and three months.

(Simeon looks confused)

The conclave of 1316?

(never mind)

(MORE)

13.

MORTATI (cont'd)

Tell the Camerlengo the Cardinal Electors will take every minute required to perform their sacred trust. No further announcements are necessary.

FR. SIMEON

He's be concerned about the public dimension. People will think-

MORTATI

(cutting him off)

What we tell them to think.

CUT TO:

EXT VATICAN - STREET DAY

On the ground now and behind Vatican walls, Langdon and Vincenzo walk briskly around a corner and are met by ERNESTO OLIVETTI, a solidly-built man in his late thirties.

OLIVETTI

Professor Langdon, welcome to Vatican City. Ernesto Olivetti, Inspector Generale of the Vatican Police Force.

He takes Langdon by the arm and gestures down a narrow passageway.

OLIVETTI (cont'd)

This way, please, we'll meet in the headquarters of the Swiss Guard.

LANGDON

I assumed you were Swiss Guard.

OLIVETTI

No. The Gendarmerie is responsible for everything inside the Vatican walls, with the exception of the security of His Holiness and the Apostolic Palace. That is Swiss Guard. The Commandante Generale of the Roman Carabinieri has joined us as well, in an advisory capacity, and the Guardia Nazionale have sent a representative.

LANGDON

(CONFUSED)

So jurisdictionally, this is-

OLIVETTI

A God damn nightmare.

14.

They turn a corner and approach a squat stone building labeled "Offizia della Guardia Svizzera."

TWO SWISS GUARDSMEN are standing outside the entrance to the building. They're somewhat comically dressed in puffy tunics vertically striped in brilliant blue and gold, with matching pantaloons and spats, topped by a black beret.

Langdon can't completely hide a smile. Olivetti notices. The Guards raise their eight-foot swords, allowing the three of them to enter the building.

INT SWISS GUARD OFFICES - CORRIDOR DAY

The interior of the Swiss Guard offices is ornate and filled with artwork, like every other Vatican building. As they walk, Langdon studies the row of statues of male nudes that lines both sides of the hallway, all wearing fig leaves.

LANGDON

The Great Castration.

OLIVETTI

I beg your pardon?

LANGDON

1857. Pius IX felt the male form might inspire lust, so he got a hammer and chisel and unmanned two hundred statues. These plaster fig leaves

were added later.

Olivetti stops abruptly, outside a heavy steel door with a security keyguard beside it.

OLIVETTI

Are you anti-Catholic, Professor Langdon?

LANGDON

Me? No, I'm anti-vandalism.

OLIVETTI

I urge you to guard your tone in there. The Swiss Guard is a calling, not a profession, and it encourages a certain -- zealotry. Commander Rocher, the head of the Guard, is a deeply spiritual man, and he was close to the late Pope. Understood?

LANGDON

(SINCERE)

I just hope I can help.

15.

OLIVETTI

So do I. You were my idea.

He enters a five-digit number on the keypad and the steel doors slide open.

INT SWISS GUARD HEADQUARTERS DAY

The headquarters of the Swiss Guard is in a lushly adorned Renaissance library crammed with sophisticated communications and surveillance equipment. It's crowded, Swiss Guard (in suits and ties, the pantaloons are more for show), uniformed Carabinieri, and Vatican Police crammed around different stations, some working together, others arguing, mostly in Italian.

OLIVETTI

Wait here.

He crosses the room to a tall, fair-haired man around sixty, weathered like steel -- maybe "tempered" is the better word.

While they confer, Langdon notices a woman to his left. We recognize Vittoria Vetra, the physicist we saw at CERN.

She catches Langdon's eye, forces a grim smile, recognizes they're both strangers here. Olivetti comes back with COMMANDER ROCHER, the tall man, very much in charge. He speaks with a French/Swiss **ACCENT**.

ROCHER

(to Vittoria)

Ms. Vetra? I'm Commander Rocher, Commandante Principale of the Swiss Guard. Thank you for coming. And Professor Langdon?

LANGDON

That's right. Rocher looks him up and down, so, you're Langdon.

ROCHER

Thank God, the symbolologist is here. Ms. Vetra, this way, please.

He leads Vittoria across the room, to a surveillance monitor. Langdon, puzzled by the cold shoulder, looks at Olivetti, who leans in.

OLIVETTI

There's been a development. We received another threat from the kidnapper.

16.

Across the room, they hear Vittoria GASP. Olivetti goes to join them, nodding to Langdon to follow.

AT THE MONITOR,

Langdon and Olivetti join Rocher and Vittoria and stare at the image on a video monitor -- it's a familiar-looking canister, in which a metallic drop of liquid shimmers in the middle, suspended. The acronym CERN is stenciled up its side. On its base is an LED display, counting down from about six hours.

At the top of the monitor flashes superimposed text -- LIVE FEED, **CAMERA #86.**

VITTORIA

(CONTINUING)

-- canister was stolen from our lab around midnight last night. The intruder killed my research partner, Leonardo Bentivoglio, and mutilated him in order to bypass security.

They look at her, don't quite see the connection.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

We use retinal scanners.
(they still don't get it)
They cut out his eyes.

They cringe.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

That canister contains an extremely combustible substance called antimatter. We need to locate it immediately or evacuate Vatican City.

ROCHER

I'm quite familiar with incendiaries, Ms. Vetra. I haven't heard of antimatter.

VITTORIA

It's new, energy research technology. It uses a reverse polarity vacuum to filter out anti-matter positrons generated in particle accelerations in the Large Hadron Collider at CERN.

They look at her blankly. She points at the screen,

17.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

The anti-matter is suspended, there, in an airtight nanocomposite shell

with electromagnets at each end. But if it were to fall out of suspension and come into contact with matter -- say, the bottom of the canister -- the two opposing forces will annihilate one another. Violently.

ROCHER

And what might cause it to fall out of suspension?

VITTORIA

The battery going dead. Which it will.

(looks at the screen)

In six hours and eleven minutes.

Silence for a moment.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Where is that camera? Number eighty-six?

OLIVETTI

It's wireless. It too was stolen. That could be anywhere inside the Vatican walls.

VITTORIA

You've got to find it.

ROCHER

We're a bit preoccupied with four missing cardinals at the moment.

VITTORIA

You don't understand. An annihilation is a cataclysmic event. It would be a blinding explosion, equivalent to about five megatons. The blast radius alone would be --

Softly, Langdon speaks up from behind her.

LANGDON

"Vatican City will be consumed by light."

A few voices fall still. They turn and look at him.

18.

ROCHER

Those are the exact words the kidnapper used.

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE DAY

A few moments later, they're crowded around the communications console at Rocher's desk, where a dimly-lit video recording is playing back on a computer screen. (The office is behind a glass wall to one side of the headquarters.)

The images on the recording are of FOUR OLDER MEN, some in their sixties, the others in their seventies, filmed in dim light behind bars in a dank, dungeon-like space.

A lightly accented VOICE speaks from behind the camera.

VOICE (O.S.)

We will destroy your four pillars...
brand your preferiti and sacrifice
them on the altars of science... and
then bring your church down upon you.
Vatican City will be consumed by
light.

LANGDON

It's an ancient llluminati threat.
(Rocher pauses the recording)
The destruction of Vatican City
through light. The four pillars --
he probably means the kidnapped
cardinals. You didn't mention they
were the preferiti.
(to Vittoria)
The favorites to be chosen as the new
Pope. Play it again.

VOICE (O.S.)

We will destroy your four pillars...
brand your preferiti and sacrifice
them on the altars of science...

LANGDON

Stop it there.

Rocher does

LANGDON (cont'd)

"Brand" them, another llluminati
legend, this one says there are a set
of five brands, each one an ambigram.
(MORE)

19.**LANGDON (cont'd)**

The first four are the fundamental
elements of science -- earth, air,
fire, water. The fifth -- is a
mystery. Maybe it's this.

He pulls the "llluminati" ambigram from his pocket.

ROCHER

He said they'd be killed publicly. In
churches.

LANGDON

(nods, not surprised)
Revenge for La Purga.

ROCHER

La Purga?

LANGDON

Don't you guys read your own history?
1668. The church kidnapped four
llluminati scientists and branded
their chests with the symbol of the
cross. To "purge their sins."
Murdered them and left their bodies in
the street as a warning to others to
stop questioning church rulings on
scientific matters. It was after La
Purga that a darker, more violent
llluminati emerged. This sounds
like retribution.
(to Rocher)
Is there any more?

Rocher hits play again.

VOICE (O.S.)

.... and then bring your church down upon you. Vatican City will be consumed by light...

While listening this time, Langdon notices a darkened video monitor, inlaid at an angle on Rocher's desk. It faces away from the outer office, and instead of an on/off switch, there is an oddly-shaped keyhole.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

A shining star at the end of the Path of Illumination.

Langdon looks up sharply.

20.**LANGDON**

The Path of Illumination?

Rocher stops the video.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I need to get into the Vatican Archives.

Rocher shakes his head, looks at Olivetti harshly, is embarrassed.

OLIVETTI

Professor, this is not the appropriate moment to-

ROCHER

Your petition has been denied seven times, Mr. Langdon.

LANGDON

This has nothing to do with that,

(FAST)

The Path of Illumination is an ancient trail through Rome that leads to the Church of the Illumination, a secret place where Illuminati members could meet in safety. If I can find the Segno, the sign that marks the start of the Path, I'm willing to bet the four churches along it are where he intends to murder your cardinals. If we can get to one of them before he does, we can stop it. But to find the start of the path, I need to get into the Archives.

ROCHER

Even if I wanted to help you, access is only by written decree of the curator and the Board of Vatican Librarians.

LANGDON

Or by papal mandate.

ROCHER

Yes. But as you've no doubt heard, the Holy Father is-

LANGDON

What about Il Camerlengo? Let me

talk to him.

21.

ROCHER

The Camerlengo? He's just a priest here, the former Pope's Chamberlain.

LANGDON

Doesn't the power of the Holy See rest with him during tempe sede vacante?

They just stare at him. Shit, this guy's good. Langdon checks his watch, getting irritated.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Hey, fellas --- you called me.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICES DAY

A spectacular view of St. Peter's Square, through the windows of the Papal offices. Moving down, we find a figure dressed in a simple black cassock, his back to us, staring out at the crowd. FATHER SEBASTIAN GUTIEREZ, the Camerlengo, speaks with a soft Spanish accent.

CAMERLENGO

His Holiness once told me that a Pope is a man torn between two worlds... the real world and the divine.

Assembled in the grand office are Langdon, Rocher, Olivetti, and Vittoria. The Camerlengo's back is still turned.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

He warned that any church that ignored reality would not survive to enjoy the divine.

He turns around. He's younger than we thought, in his mid-thirties, deep, dark eyes. The kind of priest who often inspires, before the years of dogma catch up with him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

It seems the real world is upon us tonight.

(to Langdon)

I'm familiar with Illuminati lore, and the legend of the brandings. La Purga is a dark stain on the church's history; I'm not surprised this ghost has come back to haunt us.

22.

He sits behind the massive desk, and if he seemed young before, he seems like a child now, overcome by the position he's in. But when he speaks to Rocher, he's in command.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Commandante, have you begun a search for this explosive device?

ROCHER

Of course, but it could be anywhere,
and the safety of the cardinals is my
primary concern at the moment.

CAMERLENGO

The Sistine Chapel is a fortress, as
long as the cardinals are in conclave,
your security concerns are at a
minimum. Devote as much of your
resources as possible to a search for-

ROCHER

Signore, if you're about to suggest
we make a naked-eye search of all of
Vatican City, I must-

CAMERLENGO

(SHARPLY)

Commander. Though I am not His
Holiness, when you address me, you are
addressing this office. Do you
understand?

ROCHER

Yes, Padre,

CAMERLENGO

Good. Now -- you said the image on
screen was illuminated by artificial
light. May I suggest methodically
cutting the power to various sections
of the City. When the image on your
screen goes dark, you'll have a more
specific idea of the device's
location.

Rocher looks at Olivetti -- gotta admit, that's a pretty damn good
idea.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Ms. Vetra. Besides yourself and
your research partner, who knew about
your antimatter project?

23.

VITTORIA

Only the director of CERN. But
Leonardo kept detailed journals; if he
told anyone else about what we were
doing, he would have made a note of
it.

CAMERLENGO

(PAUSE)

Do you have these journals?

VITTORIA

I can have them flown here from Geneva
in an hour.

He pauses, thinking, then turns the phone on his desk to face her.
While she picks it up to dial, the Camerlengo comes around his
desk to speak privately to Langdon.

CAMERLENGO

Mr. Langdon. You're correct that I
may grant you access to the Archives.

LANGDON

Thank you, Padre.

CAMERLENGO

I said you're correct that I may, not that I will. Christianity's most sacred codices are in that archive. Given your recent entanglement with the church -- I need to ask you a question first.

Langdon looks at him -- fire away.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Do you believe in God, sir?

LANGDON

(DELICATELY)

Father, I simply believe that religions can often-

CAMERLENGO

I didn't ask if you believe what man says about God, I asked if you believe in God.

LANGDON

I'm an academic. My mind tells me I will never understand God.

24.

CAMERLENGO

And your heart?

LANGDON

Tells me I'm not meant to.

The Camerlengo looks at him -- that's not quite good enough.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I believe that faith is a gift, which I have not been fortunate enough to receive.

The Camerlengo looks at him for a long moment. Pretty damn good answer. He puts a hand on Langdon's shoulder and leans in.

CAMERLENGO

Be delicate with our treasures.

CUT TO:

EXT APOSTOLIC PALACE DAY

The back doors of the Apostolic Palace BANG open and Langdon is ushered out (fast) by Olivetti, the head of the Vatican Police.

OLIVETTI

The archives are this way.

They turn down a narrow passageway. A VOICE calls from behind them.

VITTORIA (O.S.)

Professor Langdon!

Vittoria catches up to them.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

If this path really leads to the Church of Illumination, that may be

where they've hidden the antimatter.

LANGDON

"A shining star at the end of the Path." My thoughts exactly.

OLIVETTI

(to Vittoria)

If we find this bomb, can you deactivate it?

25.

VITTORIA

No, but I can change its battery, as long as it has more than five minutes of life. That would give us another twenty-four hours to get it back to

CERN.

Olivetti nods to her, come on along. They walk again, holds a hand out to Langdon.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Vittoria Vetra. Are you really a symbologist, or was he mocking you?

LANGDON

Both. You're a physicist?

VITTORIA

(NODS)

Bio-entanglement physics.
Interconnectivity of life systems.

LANGDON

Okay.

VITTORIA

What are we looking for in the archives?

LANGDON

A little book written by Galileo.

VITTORIA

Galileo was Illuminati?

LANGDON

And a devout Catholic. He thought science and religion weren't enemies, but two different languages telling the same story. He wanted like minds to be able to find the Church of Illumination, but he couldn't exactly advertise its location, so he created a coded path. An unknown Illuminati master sculpted four statues, each a tribute to one of the four fundamental elements -- earth, air, fire, water -- and put them out in public, in churches throughout Rome. Each statue held a clue, pointing to the next. And at the end of the trail was the Church of Illumination.

26.

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

Vincenzo, leading them, turns up Via Sentinel and starts up the hill toward the Archives. They follow, quickly.

OLIVETTI

What makes you think he's going to murder the cardinals in the churches?

LANGDON

The Illuminati called those four churches by a special name -- L'Altare di scienza. The altars of science.

VITTORIA

(making the

CONNECTION)

"Sacrifice them on the altars of science," he said.

Langdon stops in his tracks.

LANGDON

Oh. Oh, wow.

He's staring up at the impressive facade of the Vatican Archives. He takes a deep breath, then steps forward to enter. But Vincenzo doesn't follow. Langdon looks at him.

LANGDON (cont'd)

We go in alone?

OLIVETTI

Vatican Police aren't allowed access to the archives, only Swiss Guard. Lt. Chartrand will meet you inside. I'll be here when you're done.

Langdon turns back to the Archives with a look of deep contentment -- he's wanted in here for a long, long time.

And steps through the double doors.

CUT TO:

INT APOSTOLIC PALACE DAY

The Camerlengo walks briskly through the hallways of the Apostolic Palace, deep in thought. He reaches the top of the Royal Staircase, and can hear the RUMBLING of activity in the Sistine Chapel below.

Looking down the stairs, he sees the doorway open, and the gathering of cardinals inside. As he reaches the base of the stairs, Cardinal Mortati, who has been summoned, steps outside to meet him, flanked by his aide, Father Simeon.

27.

Vincenzo, leading them, turns up Via Sentinel and starts up the hill toward the Archives. They follow, quickly.

They speak in English, their common language.

CAMERLENGO

You've been informed of the new situation?

MORTATI

(NODS)

May God's mercy be upon us.

CAMERLENGO

And the other cardinals?

MORTATI

Await your word.

The Camerlengo thinks, feels the weight of this decision on his young shoulders.

CAMERLENGO

May I ask your guidance, Padre?

MORTATI

My belief is we should proceed with the sealing of conclave.

CAMERLENGO

At this hour? That would be highly unorthodox.

MORTATI

And yet within church law. It's in my power, I've been chosen Great Elector.

CAMERLENGO

The cruelest honor in Christendom.

MORTATI

The only ambitions I have are for my church. St. Peter's church, which is under attack at its most vulnerable moment. This is not a coincidence. Is it possible our enemies hope to distract us from our sacred task?

CAMERLENGO

The church will not fall in a day. We may be wise to consider evacuation.

28.

MORTATI

That is exactly what they want, publicity and panic. We must not give them oxygen for the media fire.

CAMERLENGO

What of the safety of the cardinals?

MORTATI

Surely there is not an elector present who values his physical being more than the unbroken leadership of the Holy See.

CAMERLENGO

And the people in St. Peter's Square?

MORTATI

They care as deeply about their church as we do. Their faith will sustain them.

CAMERLENGO

But if their faith does not protect them from an explosion?

MORTATI

We're all bound for heaven eventually, are we not?

CAMERLENGO

Spoken like one who has enjoyed the blessings of a long and full life.

Mortati bristles at the thinly-veiled insult.

MORTATI

Signore, do not confuse the power of the office you temporarily hold with your true place here in the Vatican. You were a favorite of His Holiness, but His Holiness is with his Father now.

CAMERLENGO

Mea culpa.

Satisfied, Mortati looks back over his shoulder, at the anxious faces in the Chapel. Then turns back to the Camerlengo.

MORTATI

Seal the doors.

29.

With a heavy THUD, the huge doors close and bolts SLAM into place. An ancient key GRINDS in an ornate lock, two heavy chains RATTLE into place, FOUR SWISS GUARD take position in front of the doors and at that very moment --

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

-- two huge, modern glass doors WHOOSH open, revealing what looks like a 23rd century library. It's a massive underground space, like a darkened airplane hangar, with a dozen glass boxes evenly spaced throughout. They're lit up from within, each containing row upon row of bookshelves, neatly filled with books, papers, and arcana.

LT. CHARTRAND, a twenty-five year old member of the Swiss Guard (in a suit and earpiece, not the traditional garb), leads Langdon and Vittoria toward the glass enclosures.

CHARTRAND

(Swiss accent)

The chambers are hermetic vaults, oxygen is kept at lowest possible levels. It's a partial vacuum inside. More than ten minutes in the vault is not recommended without breathing apparatus.

He stops at one particular chamber and gestures to the sign on its door -- "Il Processo Galileano."

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

I'll be just outside the door.

Langdon starts toward the entrance to the vault, but Chartrand puts a hand on his chest, stopping him.

CHARTRAND (cont'd)

Watching you, Mr. Langdon.

Langdon looks at him. He's not popular around here.

INT GALILEO VAULT DAY

The electronic revolving door spins and admits Langdon to the interior of the vault. He takes a deep breath, holds it, and lets

it out.

Vittoria follows shortly behind him, and she's unprepared -- the lack of oxygen hits her hard, she dizzies.

30.

LANGDON

Take a moment. If you feel double vision, double over.

VITTORIA

(bends over)
Feels like I'm... scuba diving... with the wrong mixture.

LANGDON

Plenty of time.

He checks his watch. It's 7:07.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Uh... actually, I take that back.

CUT TO:

INT A DARK SPACE DAY

In a dark space, a tea bag bobs delicately up and down in a cup of hot water. An elegant man in his forties, dressed in a casual suit, no tie, HUMS softly to himself as he steeps his tea. No idea of his name, but his suit is gray, so how about MR. GRAY.

The tea is on an old wooden table, being heated by a small can of sterno. While Mr. Gray bobs the tea bag, he stares at something to his right.

Money. A lot of it, in a number of different denominations, neatly segmented in a briefcase. And three passports, all different colors (and nationalities), neatly placed on top of it.

Satisfied, Mr. Gray CLICKS the briefcase shut and slides it under the table, tucking it up against the wall. He removes the cup from the heat, still bobbing the tea bag.

He walks, lit by candlelight that throws harsh shadows on strange walls. He heads down a very dark hallway, past a row of stonewalled cells, and within each is the dimly lit figure of the older men we saw on the videotape earlier -- the kidnapped cardinals.

He stops at the last cell, where the man, CARDINAL LAMASSE, looks up at him from the wooden bench he's sitting on.

MR. GRAY

You have no idea what you're missing.

LAMASSE

Conclave will go on without us. The voice of God will not be silenced.

31.

MR. GRAY

I was referring to my tea. Last chance, I'd be happy to make you a cup.

LAMASSE

May God forgive you for what you've done.

MR. GRAY

Father, if God has issues they won't be with what I've done --
(seems genuinely saddened)
-- but with what I'm about to do.

A MOMENT LATER,

Mr. Gray's hand takes the burning tin of sterno and tosses it into a fireplace, where the liquid fire consumes a pile of dry kindling. He picks up something else and places it in the heart of the flames.

A long-handled iron rod.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

Inside the archive, Vittoria is searching the lower shelves while Langdon, on a ladder, digs through folio bins higher up.

LANGDON

-- confiscated from the Netherlands by the Vatican shortly after Galileo's death. I've been petitioning to see it for almost ten years. Ever since I realized what was in it.

VITTORIA

What makes you so sure the Segno is there?

LANGDON

(while searching)

The number 503. I kept seeing it over and over in Illuminati letters, scribbled in the margins, or sometimes just signed that way, "503." It's a numerical clue, but to what? Five, of course, is the sacred Illuminati number -- the pentagram, Pythagoras, a dozen other examples in science -- but why three?

(MORE)

32.

LANGDON (cont'd)

It made no sense. And then I thought -- what if it were a Roman numeral?

VITTORIA

(THINKS)

D-I-I-I?

LANGDON

D3. Galileo's third text.
(ticking them off)
Dialogo. Discorsi.

His eyes light up as he pulls a slender volume out of a folio bin on one of the top shelves.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Diagramma.

A MOMENT LATER,

Langdon, now wearing white cotton gloves, sets the tiny manuscript on a viewing stand.

LANGDON

Diagramma della Verita. The Diagram
of Truth.

VITTORIA

I know about Dialogo and Discorsi --
Galileo laid out his theories about
the earth revolving around the sun,
and the church forced him to recant.
But what was this?

LANGDON

This is where he got the word out. The
truth, not what the Vatican forced him
to write. Smuggled out of Rome and
printed in Holland on sedge papyrus.
That way any scientists caught with a
copy could simply drop it in water and
the booklet would dissolve.

Carefully, he turns the first page.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Between its delicate nature and the
Vatican burnings, it's said this is
the only copy that remains.

(turns the second page)

(MORE)**33.****LANGDON (cont'd)**

And if I'm right the Segno should be
hidden --

(and the third)

-- on page number --

(and the fourth)

-- five.

He stops. They study the page,

LANGDON (cont'd)

Latin. Can you --- ?

VITTORIA

A bit.

She reaches for the book, to pull it towards her, but Langdon
SLAPS her hand. He holds up his own, glove

LANGDON

Finger acids.

She rolls her eyes and leans in, studying the page. There are
sketches on the page as well.

VITTORIA**(READING)**

Movement of the planets... elliptical
orbits... heliocentricity...

Langdon's nervous. This doesn't sound right. Vittoria turns the
page, turns it back.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I don't think there's

anything that could be interpreted
as a-

LANGDON

Do that again.

She turns the page, then turns it back. Noticing something in the deep crevice of the margin as the page moves, Langdon grabs a magnifying glass on the end of a long pole and swings it over.

There, in the print gutter, what looked like a smudge is revealed under the magnifier to be --

LANGDON (cont'd)

A line of text. In English.

(CONT'D)

34.

VITTORIA

English? Why English?

LANGDON

No one spoke it at the Vatican. It was considered polluted. Too free-thinking, the language of radicals like Shakespeare and Chaucer.

He rotates the book.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Another line.

He keeps rotating the book, finds two more tiny lines written at the very edges, barely visible to the naked eye.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"The path of light is laid, the sacred test..." I need a pen, we have to transcribe this.

VITTORIA

Sorry, Professor. No time.

Before Langdon can do anything to stop her, she RIPS the page from the text and shoves it in her pocket.

Langdon's jaw drops. He shoots a look over his shoulder at Lt. Chartrand, but the man's back is turned.

LANGDON

Ah, what the hell.

He SNAPS the magnifying glass off the end of its pole.

CUT TO:

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES DAY

The doors SLAM on a Vatican police car and the tires SQUEAL as Olivetti hits the gas.

INT CAR DAY

Olivetti is behind the wheel, Vittoria's in front, Langdon leans in from the back seat.

OLIVETTI

Twenty minutes till eight, where are we headed?

35.

LANGDON

I'll know in a minute, give me the paper.

Vittoria pulls the page from the Diagramma out of her pocket and hands it to Langdon. He pulls the magnifier from his coat and studies the thin paper, turning it in his hands.

LANGDON (cont'd)

(READING)

From Santi's earthly tomb with demon's hole...

OLIVETTI

Where did you get that paper?!

LANGDON

'Cross Rome the mystic elements unfold.

VITTORIA

We borrowed it.

LANGDON

The path of light is laid, the sacred test...

OLIVETTI

Are you insane?!

LANGDON

Let angels guide you on your earthly quest.

OLIVETTI

You removed a document from the Vatican Archives?!

LANGDON

Huh? Oh, um -- well, she moved so fast..

VITTORIA

The first marker sounds like it's at Santi's tomb.

LANGDON

(MUSING)

Sounds like.

VITTORIA

But who is Santi?

36.

LANGDON

Raphael.

VITTORIA

Raphael? The sculptor?

LANGDON

Santi was his last name.

VITTORIA

So the path starts at Raphael's tomb!

LANGDON

(not entirely

CONVINCED)

Yeah.

OLIVETTI

Raphael is buried at the Pantheon.

VITTORIA

Is the Pantheon even a church?

OLIVETTI

(snatching up the

RADIO)

Oldest Catholic church in Rome!

Langdon has fallen silent, but it all makes perfect sense, so he says nothing as Olivetti cranks the wheel hard --

EXT ROME - STREET DAY

-- the car fishtails into a 180, and they take off in the opposite direction, headed for the Pantheon.

CUT TO:**EXT PANTHEON - SIDE STREET DAY**

The police car pulls to a stop, as quietly as possible, across an open plaza from the Pantheon.

Two black Alfa-Romeos with tinted windows glide to a stop on either side of them. As Langdon and the others get out, Commander Rocher and THREE MORE SWISS GUARD, all in black suits, surround them. Rocher goes straight to Langdon, highly skeptical.

ROCHER

I've just pulled a dozen of my best men from Vatican City during conclave and left the search for the antimatter device in the hands of secondary officers. You'd better be right.

37.**LANGDON**

I believe I am.

ROCHER

The Pantheon is one of the busiest tourist spots in Rome, how could he hope to get away with it? It's impossible.

LANGDON

As impossible as kidnapping four cardinals from Vatican City? The poem is precise.

Olivetti catches eyes with Langdon, who's still clutching the page pulled from the Diagramma. He slips it quietly into his jacket pocket.

ROCHER

The poem. Unbelievable. I'm basing this operation on an American's interpretation of a four hundred year old poem.

VITTORIA

The information we have clearly refers to Raphael's tomb, and Raphael's tomb is inside that building.

She points to the Pantheon, its edifice shimmering in the early evening light.

LANGDON

The Pantheon is your one chance to catch this guy.

ROCHER

One? I thought you said four. A pathway, four markers. We'll have four chances to catch him.

LANGDON

You would have, a hundred years ago. The Vatican had all the pagan statues in the Pantheon removed and destroyed in the late 1800s. Whatever marker was there to lead us to the next church is gone now. The path is dead. This is your chance.

Rocher looks at him for a long moment, then turns abruptly to a **UNIFORMED OFFICER**.

38.

ROCHER

Separate approaches. Cars to Piazza della Rotunda, Via degli Orfani, Piazza Sant'Ignazio, and Sant'Eustachio. No closer than two blocks, no uniforms, three minutes. Understood?

The Officer salutes and they snap into action.

ROCHER (cont'd)

And I need a set of eyes inside.

Two BEEFY GUARDSMEN in black suits step forward.

VITTORIA

Wait a minute, you'll scare him off.

ROCHER

They're not in uniform.

VITTORIA

I'm sorry, two weightlifters in matching black suits and earpieces, they're hardly disguised.

ROCHER

There's no time to get undercover men here.

VITTORIA

Fine. I'll go.

ROCHER

I'm not sending a wom-

Her arched eyebrow stops his sentence in its tracks.

ROCHER (cont'd)

-- a civilian into this situation. You have no communications and you can't carry a walkie-talkie, it's too conspicuous.

VITTORIA

Tourists have cell phones, don't they?
(pulls out her own and
holds it to her ear)
Hi honey, I'm at the Pantheon, you should see this place!

39.

Rocher seems to be thinking about it. Langdon looks at her, his protective instincts aroused.

LANGDON

You can't send her in there alone.

ROCHER

I don't intend to.

EXT PANTHEON - TWO MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON a pair of hands, linked. Vittoria and Langdon, holding hands like lovers, walk slowly toward the entrance to the Pantheon. A COUPLE DOZEN TOURISTS, blissfully unaware, mill about the square while up on the rooftops, SNIPERS have them in view.

Langdon looks around, this wasn't what he had in mind. Vittoria glances at him, amused.

VITTORIA

You're crushing my hand.

LANGDON

I'm sorry.

VITTORIA

A nervous newlywed?

LANGDON

Ancient newlywed.

VITTORIA

Try harder.

He puts an arm around her waist, feels a lump in her back.

LANGDON

You really know how to use that gun gave you?

VITTORIA

I can tag a breaching porpoise from forty meters off the bow of a rocking ship.

LANGDON

Thought you said you were a physicist,

VITTORIA

I am. Long story.

LANGDON

Make it short.

40.

VITTORIA**(THINKS)**

Can't be done.

What time is it?

Langdon raises his hand and checks his watch.

LANGDON

Seven minutes to eight.

VITTORIA

(of the watch)

Was that Mickey Mouse?

LANGDON

Long story.

VITTORIA

Make it short.

LANGDON**(THINKS)**

Can't be done.

And with that they step through the entrance and into --

INT PANTHEON DAY

-- the Pantheon, a massive, circular room with a 141-foot unsupported span even larger than the cupola of St. Peter's. There are a DOZEN TOURISTS scattered around, and a TOUR GROUP on one side hearing a lecture from a MUSEUM DOCENT.

Langdon looks up at the hole in the ceiling through which a bright shaft of light is shining.

LANGDON

The oculus. That could be the
"demon's hole" in the poem.

Looking around, Vittoria sees several sarcophagi scattered around the room, all pointing obliquely in a certain direction. As they move stealthily through the crowd, they speak in low tones:

VITTORIA

Why are the tombs at an angle?

LANGDON

To face east. Sun worship.

VITTORIA

But this is a Christian church.

41.**LANGDON****(SHRUGS)**

New religions often adopt existing holidays to make conversion less shocking. December 25th was the pagan holiday of the Unconquered Sun. Made it a handy choice for Christ's birthday.

VITTORIA

You're saying Christianity is
repackaged sun worship?

LANGDON

Where do you think halos came from?

Not just sun worship though, the Catholics borrowed Communion from the Aztecs, canonization from Euphemerus, the cruciform from the Egyptians ---

VITTORIA

No wonder they don't like you around here.

LANGDON

Just trying to keep the conversation lively.

(POINTS)

Check the recesses. I'll go left.
See you in a hundred eighty degrees.

He starts to the left, she goes to the right, walking in the shadowy recesses behind the pillars at the edges of the room.

Langdon walks slowly, checking out faces. Tourists. Couples. Teenagers. More tourists.

Around every column, there are shadows, and in those shadows --
--- nothing.

He looks at his watch. Five minutes to eight. And then --

--- a SHRIEK from the other side of the room. He whirls, sees Vittoria backing away from something.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Vittoria!

He races across the room, reaches her at the far side. Her face is ashen. She's pointing at something, aghast.

42.

VITTORIA

Raphael's tomb! But --

Langdon rushes forward to the crypt. There doesn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary, except ---

VITTORIA (cont'd)

--- it's the wrong one!

LANGDON

What are you talking about?!

He leans down, looks at the plaque on it.

VITTORIA

He was moved here, in 1759. A century after Diagramma was published!

LANGDON

That's not possible, the poem said-

VITTORIA

Where was he originally buried?

LANGDON

I don't know... Urbino, I think...
(thinking like crazy)
Santi's earthly tomb... what else
could it possibly... Santi 's tomb...

His eyes flit around the room, from one ornate sarcophagus to

another. And then it hits him:

LANGDON (cont'd)

Damn it! "Santi's tomb" must mean one of the chapels he built! He's not buried in it, he designed it! Rich people commissioned burial chapels in churches all over Rome in his day!

(looks up)

And the "demon's hole," it isn't the oculus, it's an undercroft, a crypt, common sixteenth century term!

At that very moment, the tour group is passing them, and the elderly Docent asks his group the perfunctory wrap-up:

DOCENT

Does anyone have any questions?

Langdon busts in on the group.

43.

LANGDON

Yes! Did Raphael Santi ever design a chapel with an ossuary annex and angel figure commissioned by the Catholic Church?!

The Docent blinks. Wasn't expecting quite so esoteric a question.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Well?!

DOCENT

I'm sorry, I... I can only think of one.

Langdon suppresses the urge to grab him by the lapels and shake it out of him.

LANGDON

One'll do.

CUT TO:

EXT PANTHEON DAY

A clock in the square outside the Pantheon says 7:56. Langdon and Vittoria face Rocher, Olivetti, and half a dozen Swiss Guard.

ROCHER

Wrong? What do you mean, wrong?!

LANGDON

(FAST)

The first altar of science is the Chigi Chapel, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, about a mile from here! It used to be called Capella della Terra, Chapel of the Earth. Earth, the first element! This is it, I'm certain.

ROCHER

You were certain of the Pantheon.

LANGDON

Please, we have four minutes!

Rocher looks at Langdon with contempt, then BARKS orders to his men in Italian. They begin to head for their cars.

VITTORIA

Back to the Vatican?! You can't!

44.

LANGDON

Commandante, if you care at all about your church-

ROCHER

My church? My church feeds the hungry, comforts the sick and dying. What does your church do, Professor?

(no answer)

Ah, that's right, you haven't one.

He turns and walks away, glaring at Olivetti.

ROCHER (cont'd)

Take him if you want, but I'm done with him.

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DAY

Olivetti's car SCREECHES to a halt in the Piazza del Popolo at sunset. Langdon, Vittoria, Olivetti, and Vincenzo, the Vatican cop who first came to see Langdon, all climb out, start scanning the square.

LANGDON

This is the place.

He points to an obelisk in the center of the square.

LANGDON (cont'd)

An obelisk, with a pyramid at the top. Both Masonic symbols.

VITTORIA

The Freemasons? Are Illuminati?

LANGDON

The Illuminati were infiltrators. There isn't a powerful organization on earth they didn't place members in. Look at a dollar bill some time. A pyramid, an occult symbol representing convergence upward, with the eye of illumination above it, and beneath it the Latin for "New World Order."

45.

VITTORIA

The United States government was infiltrated by Illuminati?

LANGDON

FDR's vice-president was a high-ranking Freemason. Convinced him the words in Latin actually meant "New

Deal."

A church bell begins to TOLL.

OLIVETTI

Eight o'clock!

Langdon takes off running, toward an eleventh-century church at the southwest corner of the plaza, covered in scaffolding.

At the front door of the church,

Langdon hops over the sawhorses blocking the entrance and tries the door. Locked. A sign says the place is under construction.

At a side door,

Olivetti races alongside the church, followed by the others. He reaches a door with a large, heavy ring, and pulls it toward him. But the door won't budge. He pushes, throws his shoulder into it. Locked.

LANGDON

(APPROACHING)

No, no, it's an annulus!

But Olivetti just races onward, looking for another door, followed by Vincenzo. As they disappear around the back of the church, Langdon steps up to the large ring, gives it an almighty twist --

INT

SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO

DUSK

-- and the heavy door CLUNKS open.

The interior of the church is an obstacle course of torn-up flooring, brick pallets, mounds of dirt. Silt drifts in the dying sunlight that shines through the broken windows and walls.

Nothing moves. Dead silence. Langdon and Vittoria walk slowly to the middle of the floor, at one end of the chapel. There are eight recesses, four on either side of a central aisle, all covered with large sheets of plastic, to protect them during construction.

46.

LANGDON

(WHISPERING)

The chapel is in one of those apses.

The plastic RUSTLES ominously. Anything could be behind any one of them.

Vittoria pulls the gun from her waistband and holds it in front of her. Langdon notices, it makes him uncomfortable.

LANGDON (cont'd)

You have to give that back.

She looks at him --- what are you, nuts? Something rushes at them from the side, she whirls --

--- and nearly blows Olivetti to kingdom come as he and Vincenzo barrel in through the side door.

Langdon gestures --- everybody quiet. Olivetti points to the left gestures to Langdon and Vittoria to go to the right.

They separate, to either side of the main aisle.

AT THE FIRST CHAPEL,

Langdon pulls the plastic aside, eyes scan the chapel. Nothing.

ON THE OTHER SIDE,

Olivetti does the same, at another chapel. Nothing.

AT THE THIRD CHAPEL,

Vittoria pushes the plastic aside, gun in front of her. There's
a sudden movement to her left, she whirls --

--- and a rat scurries away.

AT THE FOURTH CHAPEL,

Langdon pushes the plastic aside, steps inside --

-- and GASPS.

Moving behind him, we see a Christian chapel like no other we've
ever seen. Finished entirely in chestnut marble, overhead it
has a domed cupola with a field of illuminated stars and the seven
planets (as known in Galileo's day).

Further down the wall, there are tributes to earth's four seasons
but most incredible of all are the two huge structures that
dominate the room from either side.

47.

Pyramids. Ten feet high.

Vittoria steps in behind him.

LANGDON

Pyramids. In a Catholic church.
This is it.

Behind them, the plastic rustles, as if drawn by a wind, and as
Langdon turns, he hears, faintly, a DOOR CLOSING far away.

He turns back, eyes drawn to the floor. There is a large oval
medallion there, with a skeleton carved into it. It's slightly
off center, raised. As if it's been opened recently, and
hurriedly replaced.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The demon's hole.

IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,

we're looking up now as the medallion GRINDS to the side. Faces
peer down at us -- Langdon, Vittoria, Olivetti, and Vincenzo. They
recoil from a stench.

UP TOP,

Langdon squints, trying to see inside.

LANGDON

Anybody got a flashlight?

Vincenzo hands him one. Langdon shines it down into the crypt.
There are shapes, but thirty feet down and hard to make out.

There's one in particular, in the darkness, seems too short to be
a person, but it's moving slightly.

OLIVETTI

Can you tell what it is?

LANGDON

Not from up here.

He reaches down, rattles the ladder that leans against the wall of the crypt. Takes a deep breath, looks at the others.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Those guns. Keep 'em handy?

48.

IN THE DEMON'S HOLE,

Langdon reaches the bottom, still shining the light at the figure in the distance. It's brighter here, he can see it's flesh-colored, but still indistinct. He takes a step toward it --

-- and something CRUNCHES under his feet.

He shines the light down. He's standing on a pile of human skulls

OLIVETTI

(calling down)

You okay?

LANGDON

More or less.

He takes two more steps, closer to the swaying figure on the other side of the crypt. He can now clearly see a man's naked back.

LANGDON (cont'd)

He's here! I think he's -- sitting.

(moves closer)

Hello?

(closer still)

Are you all right?

It's a human figure. As Langdon draws close, he sees the source of the movement --- rats, gnawing at the dead body.

They scurry away as Langdon comes around the front, and we pull back to see what he sees.

It's Cardinal Lamasse.

He's been buried in the earthen floor of the crypt up to his waist his jaw broken, his mouth crammed full of dirt.

But that's not the worst of it. Langdon GAGS as he sees the blackened word that has been branded into the red flesh of the Cardinal's chest. It's an ambigram, like we've seen before, but this time it says --

EARTH.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL DAY

Cardinal Mortati sits regally at the main altar at the front of the Sistine Chapel as the electors, one by one, cast their votes in the traditional manner.

49.

An AFRICAN CARDINAL at the front of the line kneels before him.

AFRICAN CARDINAL
(SUBTITLED)

I call as my witness Christ the Lord,
who will be my judge that my vote is
given to the one who before God I
think should be elected.

The African Cardinal stands, holds his ballot over his head, t
lowers the ballot to the altar, where a plate sits atop a large
chalice.

He places the ballot on the plate, then picks up the plate and
uses it to drop the ballot in the chalice. He then replaces the
plate over the chalice, bows to the cross, and heads for his seat.

The next cardinal steps up to repeat the process.

A SHORT TIME LATER, A DISSOLVE,

and the line is gone. Mortati holds the chalice with all the
votes. He shakes it, chooses one---

MORTATI
Eligo in summum pontificem --

-- and reads an unfamiliar name.

He makes a note in a ledger, then raises a threaded needle and
pierces the ballot through the word "Eligo," sliding the ballot on
the thread.

A SHORT TIME LATER, ANOTHER DISSOLVE,

and there are a hundred and sixty-one ballots on the thread,
Mortati looks up from his ledger and speaks to the room.

MORTATI
The first ballot has failed.

He takes He thread carrying all the ballots and ties the ends
together to create a ring.

He lays the ring of ballots on a silver tray. Dusts the tray
heavily with a yellowish powder.

A DOOR OPENS

on a small incinerator. The ring of ballots is hurled inside and
bursts immediately into flame.

50.

A dark, brackish smoke billows up from the burning ballots, and we
follow the smoke up, up, into the chimney --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DUSK

--- and to the roof of the Sistine Chapel, where the black iUPke
puffs out into the early evening sky.

Below, a CROWD OF THOUSANDS GROANS in disappointment as the
message is sent --- no new pope yet.

But while they are all watching the smoke, we turn our attention?
to the opposite direction, to the east, across Rome, to where ---

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DUSK

--- those black Alfa Romeos, four this time, glide silently to a halt outside the church where Langdon just found the corpse. Swiss Guard in black suits pour out of the vehicles and hurry into the church, trying to attract as little attention as possible.

INT SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO DUSK

The inside of the church is being sealed off as a crime scene. Rocher, just arriving, takes charge as the plastic is RIPPED off the Chigi Chapel.

ROCHER

Get that body out of there and search
the rest of the building.

Swiss Guardsmen drop into the demon's hole to remove the body.

ROCHER (cont'd)

(to another Guardsman)

Outside -- a perimeter. Secure but
invisible. No lights, no guns, no
one knows. Understood?

Langdon, lost in thought, drifts through the small chapel, studying the intricate carvings and other artwork.

LANGDON

Earthly symbology... everywhere...

Rocher passes through his field of vision, livid:

ROCHER

Why the hell didn't you figure this
out in the first place?

51.

It was more a rhetorical question, but Langdon answers honestly, still lost in thought, his voice soft.

LANGDON

I made a mistake.

He drifts toward a statue, of the highest quality white marble, resting in a niche on the far side, out of the way of the mayhem.

Vittoria joins him.

VITTORIA

Is it Raphael?

LANGDON

The chapel is. But the sculptures
are Bernini.

(STUNNED)

The unknown Illuminati master was
Bernini.

VITTORIA

Didn't he work for the Church?

LANGDON

Almost exclusively. It means the
Illuminati even infiltrated the
Vatican. They hid in plain sight.

He steps closer to the statue. It's of two life-size human figures, intertwined, one a regal, bearded man, the other a

cherub, floating overhead.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Habakkuk and the Angel.

VITTORIA

Habakkuk?

LANGDON

The prophet who predicted the
annihilation of the earth. This is
the first marker.

He steps closer, studying it carefully.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"Let angels guide you on your lofty
quest..."

His eyes move slowly over the statue, and ours do too, from the
angel's innocent face, down his arm, and to his right hand, which
is outstretched, one finger extended --

52.

-- pointing the way.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The Path is alive.

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA DEL POPOLO DUSK

Langdon dashes down the stairs outside the church and into the
middle of the piazza. It's getting dark now, shadows streaking
the square.

LANGDON

Southwest... it points southwest...

He gets his bearings, looks to the southwest, sees nothing but
buildings in the way.

He runs back up the church steps, where Vittoria and Rocher are
just coming outside. Langdon's mind is racing.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Earth-air-fire-water, we're looking
for a Bernini sculpture having
something to do with air...

(to Rocher)

And the next church is southwest of
here.

ROCHER

You're sure this time?

LANGDON

I need a map. One that shows all
the churches in Rome.

Rocher just stares at him, studying him.

LANGDON (cont'd)

I could use it now.

Rocher starts down the steps toward his car.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And a compass!

He looks around, sees the rickety scaffolding outside the church,
and ---

53.

A MOMENT LATER,

--- he climbs into our view, now on the scaffolding. He's moving
upward, fast, toward ---

EXT CHURCH ROOF DUSK

--- the roof of the old church, also undergoing renovation. The
view of Rome is spectacular from up here, and Langdon rushes to
the western wall, looking intently off in that direction.

He sees something that makes him suck in his breath, hears a voice
from behind him ---

VITTORIA (O.S.)

Robert!

--- and turns as Vittoria tosses something small and black up to
him.

A compass. He catches it, holds it steady, and walks toward the
edge of the roof as the compass needle swivels and settles on SW.

Langdon looks up, following the line of the needle, up over the
rooftops of Rome, to a massive structure in the distance, exactly
in line with the compass needle.

A huge dome on the horizon blots out the setting sun.

ST. PETER'S BASILICA.**CUT TO:****INT CAR NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a map of Rome, unfolded in the back seat of a racing car
and spread out over Langdon and Vittoria's laps. Langdon has a
pen and is drawing a line on the map, through --

LANGDON

The black rectangles with crosses are
churches, and none of them intersect
the line until it comes to an end,
right in the middle of St. Peter's
Square.

Night has fallen, and the four Alfa Romeos are now speeding across
Rome. No sirens, but lots of speed. Olivetti drives, Rocher
is in the passenger seat.

54.

ROCHER

Your theory doesn't hold up,
Professor. Michelangelo designed
St. Peter's, not Bernini.

LANGDON

The Basilica is Michelangelo, but the
square is Bernini. The second

marker must be a statue in the square.

VITTORIA

It's ten minutes till nine! Can we go any faster?!

ROCHER

Not unless we want the full attention of the world press.

She looks down, to two television screens mounted into the backs of the front seats. Both are tuned to coverage of the papal selection process, REPORTERS doing stand-ups from the middle of crowded St. Peter's Square.

We move in on one of the images, then into the image, coming out -

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

--- on a television monitor in St. Peter's Square. The Reporter, a JAPANESE WOMAN, is giving a stand-up report on the progress so far, gesturing to the chimney over the Sistine Chapel.

The crowd has grown, now four thousand, maybe five. FLASHBULBS POP. A few PROTESTERS CHANT.

Almost silently, behind them all, half a dozen black Alfa Romeos race in, too fast, and come to an abrupt halt.

IN ROCHER'S CAR,

they all get out, trying to avoid causing a panic.

Langdon walks into the square, eyes focused on an object in the middle.

LANGDON

Another obelisk. We're close.

He looks up, at row after row of statues that ring the square from atop the oval colonnades.

SHARPSHOOTERS scurry among the statuary, setting themselves up.

55.

In the crowd, Rocher MUTTERS into his radio and to undercover SWISS GUARD scattered throughout. The crowd is unaware of them.

Langdon keeps walking, turning in circles, looking above him, to the tops of the colonnades that border the square.

VITTORIA

There must be a hundred statues up there, which one is it?

LANGDON

How in God's name would anyone make a sculpture about air?

And indeed there are. Langdon looks at his watch. Two minutes to nine.

And then he freezes. Staring down, not up.

He takes a step back. There is a fresco carved into the square beneath his feet, or more accurately --

LANGDON (cont'd)

Bas relief!

He takes a step back, to look at the carving, as does Vittoria.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The other half of sculpture is bas relief.

(to Vittoria)

Look for more! Something having to do with air!

They move through the crowd, pushing people aside, causing a bit of a ruckus as they try to uncover the elaborate carvings in the stone of the square.

(IF WE ARE EAGLE-EYED, at this point we will see TWO ROBED MEN, one helping the other, who carries a cross, as they pass through the crowd behind Langdon.)

Remembering something, Langdon rushes forward, toward the center of the square, uncharacteristically brusque with the crowd, shoving his way through now.

He draws close to one carving in particular, slows to a stop, and stares down at it, eyes wide.

It's a carving of an angel's face, cheeks billowing outward as it blows a gust of wind, symbolized by five vertical streaks. Its title is ---

56.

LANGDON (cont'd)

"West Ponente." The West Wind. An angel's face and five streaks. Air!

So this is it, but now what? They look around frantically, scanning the crowd. So does Rocher, so does Olivetti. The BELLS of St. Peter's start to TOLL the hour.

NEARBY,

a LITTLE GIRL dances with a doll. Happily unaware of what's going on.

ELSEWHERE,

some PROTESTERS tangle. Some believe one thing, others don't.

Swiss Guard and Vatican Police race in to break it up. But there's no bloodshed.

CLOSE TO THAT,

a ROBED MAN carrying a small wooden cross falls to the ground. Somebody near him SCREAMS.

NEARBY,

the Little Girl is jostled by a HOMELESS MAN, drops her doll.

THE ROBED MAN

is helped to his feet by the Police. He's fine. He wanders away, holding his cross high.

And as he passes us, we catch just a glimpse of his face ---

--and recognize Mr. Gray.

THE LITTLE GIRL

bends down, picks up her doll, and sees --

-- **IT'S COVERED IN BLOOD.**

She looks down at the ground, sees a trail of blood, follows it with her eyes to where ---

-- the Homeless Man, dressed in torn rags, leans against a fountain, gasping for breath.

ACROSS THE CROWD,

57.

Vittoria and Langdon hear the SCREAMS. They're closest, and they're at the fountain in just a few seconds.

Langdon drops to his knees, turns the Homeless Man over. Through the man's torn shirt, he can see a black and red brand burned into his chest.

Three letters, ornate script, reading the same front to back:

AIR.

Vittoria grabs his arm, feels for a pulse.

VITTORIA

He's still alive!

But the dying Cardinal is gasping for breath, his mouth opening and closing like a fish on a dock.

She bends down, arches his neck, closes her mouth over his, and blows air into his lungs.

Immediately, a fog of red mist BILLOWS from two puncture holes in the man's chest, covering Langdon in blood --- his face, his clothes.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

His chest! They punctured his lungs!

Langdon recoils in horror, overcome, completely out of his depth.

Rocher arrives, as does Olivetti, as do a DOZEN MORE SWISS GUARD and VATICAN POLICE. Rocher looks around, defeated and enraged, as the Cardinal expires and the Crowd panics, fleeing in all directions.

He presses his radio to his lips and keys the mic.

ROCHER

Clear the square.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM NIGHT

Blood and water swirl down a drain. Langdon looks up from the sink, water rushing from his face. He dries himself, looks in the mirror. He holds up his hands. They're shaking.

He's standing in a lavish marble bathroom, now cleaned up and changed into black pants and a black long-sleeved shirt. No Roman collar, they don't just give you those, but clearly the clothes of a priest. He steps out of the bathroom and into ---

58.

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

-- the papal office, where the Camerlengo, Rocher, Olivetti, and Vittoria are gathered again, as are HALF A DOZEN other security officers. It's crowded, busy, little knots of jurisdictional arguments and competing theories around the room.

The Camerlengo, at his desk, is stunned, speaking to Olivetti. Langdon edges close enough to hear, but not too close.

CAMERLENGO

When did this call come in?

OLIVETTI

Three, four minutes ago. The same voice as on the tape. We're analyzing the accent now, Alsatian is our best guess at the moment.

CAMERLENGO

And he actually claimed responsibility for the death of His Holiness?

OLIVETTI

Not personally, but he said it was the Illuminati. He said they murdered him.

CAMERLENGO

That's ridiculous, the Holy Father died of a stroke. Did he say how they claim to have done it?

OLIVETTI

The Pope's own medication. A drug known as Heparin?

There is silence for a moment. Rocher looks up. Looks away.

VITTORIA

The Pope took Heparin?

CAMERLENGO

He had thrombophlebitis. He took an injection once a day. But no one knew that.

OLIVETTI

Someone knew.

59.

ROCHER

His Holiness had health concerns; he was subject to seizures as well. But he took steps to make sure he was -- watched. For safety. That's all he wished to be made public, and that's all we should discuss.

VITTORIA

(ignoring him)

Heparin is lethal in the wrong dosage. An overdose would cause massive internal bleeding and brain hemorrhages. At first it might look

like a stroke, but in a few days his
body would show signs, we could easily-

Rocher spins on her, livid.

ROCHER

Ms. Vetra, in case you're unaware,
papal autopsies are prohibited by
Vatican Law. We are not about to
defile His Holiness's body just
because his enemies claim to-

CAMERLENGO

Of course we're not. We'll make a
public announcement refuting this
absurd claim.

Father Simeon, Cardinal Mortati's aide, steps forward.

FR. SIMEON

I'm afraid that's out of the question.
Cardinal Mortati has insisted this
entire matter be kept internal.

CAMERLENGO

Cardinal Mortati shouldn't even be
aware of this, he's locked in
conclave.

FR. SIMEON

His final instructions before sealing
the doors were very clear -- no outside
communications unless absolutely
necessary.

CAMERLENGO

Cardinal Mortati will remember that he
is Dean of the College of Cardinals,
not His Holiness himself.

60.

FR. SIMEON

As you say. Yet, technically, now that
Conclave has begun, it is his
privilege and duty to control public
announcements. I've drafted a short
release about the incident in the
square, but any other statements are
specifically prohibited. For that, the
Cardinal has asked me to remind you --
we have a chimney.

The Camerlengo just stares at him, a power struggle. Which he is
going to lose.

CAMERLENGO

As you say.
(turns away)
Commander Rocher, the search for the
device?

ROCHER

We've turned the power off and on to
about twenty percent of Vatican City.
Nothing on the video yet.

CAMERLENGO

Mr. Langdon, you've been right so far,
if belatedly, about the Path. It's now

nine fifteen, how quickly can you find
the next church?

Langdon refers to a map spread out on the desk.

LANGDON

The line of the breath in the carving
points due east, directly away from
Vatican City, but there are five
lines, so there's room for error.

While he talks, an AIDE in a business suit is ushered quietly in
the door by a Swiss Guardsman. He's carrying a satchel.
Vittoria recognizes him, and he goes to her.

LANGDON (cont'd)

There are about twenty churches that
intersect it. None of their names
invoke "fire," but there must be a
Bernini sculpture inside one of them
that does. I'm going to need to get
back into the Archives to find it.

61.

CAMERLENGO

(to Olivetti)

Escort him.

Langdon looks to Vittoria -- you coming? She looks up from a table,
where she's opened the satchel brought in by the Aide. She holds
two leather-bound books in her hand.

VITTORIA

The journals I asked for. I'd like
to stay here and study them. If
Leonardo told anyone else about our
project, that could be the killer.

CAMERLENGO

Fine.

The group starts to break up, half of them headed for the doors.
As Langdon rolls up the map on the desk, the Camerlengo notices
his black clothes for the first time.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Professor, would it surprise you to
find those clothes suit you?

Langdon manages a sliver of a smile, starting to like this guy.

LANGDON

It would surprise the hell out of me.

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

St. Peter's has been cleared out, the throng moved to barricades
at its edges so that the crime scene can be properly investigated.
Flashbulbs POP everywhere.

The row of TV REPORTERS is nearly shoulder to shoulder, and we
move along them --- first up is an ITALIAN REPORTER:

**ITALIAN REPORTER
(SUBTITLED)**

-- a statement just released by the
Vatican expressing sympathy for the
family of the mugging victim, a
tourist from Dusseldorf --

Still moving, we pass a CHINESE REPORTER.

62.

CHINESE REPORTER

(SUBTITLED)

--- who is now confirmed dead.
Vatican Police have a suspect in
custody, and after photographing the
crime scene ---

Still moving, a FRENCH REPORTER.

FRENCH REPORTER

(SUBTITLED)

--- will allow the crowds of faithful
back into St. Peter's Square, where
security will be doubled.

Still moving, a BBC REPORTER, in English.

BBC REPORTER

Sadly, the Vatican spokesman points
out, where crowds go --

And finally, an AMERICAN.

AMERICAN REPORTER

--- so often follows crime. We're
trying now to get the name of the
tourist who was- wait a-

The American Reporter looks confused, somebody's talking to her in
her earpiece.

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)

We're getting word now of -- smoke,
smoke from the Sistine Chapel chimney,
apparently there's been another vote I

And almost as one, the row of TV cameras all swing away from the
crime scene in the square and up, to the Sistine Chapel chimney,
where there is indeed a thick cloud --

--- of black smoke. Still no new pope, and the subject is
effectively changed.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

Langdon and Lt. Chartrand, the young Swiss Guardsman, walk quickly
down the row of hermetically sealed vaults in the Vatican
Archives.

Langdon's leading, looking at the names on the outsides of each of
the individual vaults.

63.

CHARTRAND

What are you looking for this time?

LANGDON

Assets.

CHARTRAND

I beg your pardon?

LANGDON

Artwork is valuable, and corporations
tend to keep track of their holdings.

CHARTRAND

The Catholic Church is not a
corporation, Signore, it is a beacon,
a source of inspiration for one
billion lost and frightened souls.

LANGDON

Sure sure, I get that.

He stops, pointing up at a sign on the end of one of the vaults --
BANCO VATICANO.

LANGDON (cont'd)

But it's also a bank.

He takes one last breath of oxygen-rich air, pushes through the
revolving door --

INT VAULT NIGHT

--- and comes through the other side, eyes scanning the place. A
moment later, Chartrand follows him through the door. Langdon
looks at him --- you're coming in too?

CHARTRAND

Cfmmmander Olivetti said I was not to
leave your side this time.

LANGDON

(a mutter)

Wasn't me, it was her,

MOVING FAST ALONG THE LEATHER-BOUND VOLUMES, Langdon searches the
place as fast as he can.

BAM!

A book drops onto a table, pages flip by, Langdon studies it,
SLAMS it shut.

64.

BAM! BAM! Two more books, flipped open, compared, pages rifled,
nothing.

BACK IN THE STACKS,

his hand finds a five-inch thick ledger marked "Bernini."

ON A TABLE,

it SMACKS down and opens to the first page. Langdon sits, begins
turning the pages, one by one.

LOOKING AT THE PAGE,

his vision momentarily blurs. He rubs his eyes, it clears
again.

He looks up, at a vent over the doorway. Thin ribbons flutter in
the breeze of the minimal oxygen that's being pumped in.

He goes back to work. Chartrand watches him.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

Looking out the window of the papal office, we see the barricades removed from the edges of St. Peter's Square. The crowds return.

Pulling back, we see the Camerlengo looking out at them, thinking, troubled. There are still half a dozen Security Officials in the papal office, but the Camerlengo turns and looks at Vittoria, working alone at a desk on the far side of the office.

AT THE DESK,

Vittoria pores over the journals sent from Geneva. Sensing something, she looks up. The Camerlengo is standing over her. He speaks quietly.

CAMERLENGO

What sort of signs?

VITTORIA

I'm sorry?

The Camerlengo looks over his shoulder, to make sure their conversation is private.

CAMERLENGO

If the Holy Father were given an overdose of Heparin... what signs would his body bear?

65.

VITTORIA

Bleeding of the oral mucosa.
(off his questioning look)
His gums. Postmortem, the blood congeals and turns the inside of the mouth black.

CAMERLENGO

Even though he died fourteen days ago?

VITTORIA

It wouldn't show up until at least a week after his death.

He looks around the room once more. Then back to her?

CAMERLENGO

He was... very important to me.

VITTORIA

I understand.

He thinks for a long moment, then --

CAMERLENGO

Please come.

--- turns and leaves the room. She makes sure no one's looking, then follows him out.

She leaves the journals behind.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

CLOSE ON the Bernini ledger, which Langdon is now almost halfway through. He tiyrns a page, scans the list of items written there, then moves on to the next.

He blinks, his vision blurring again. He looks over at Chartrand, who's suffering even worse, panting for air, hands on his knees.

LANGDON

You don't smoke, do you?

CHARTRAND

(yes, a lot)

A little bit.

LANGDON

Sit down before you fall down.

66.

Chartrand half-stumbles into a chair on the opposite side of the table. Langdon goes back to what he was doing, flipping a page--

--- and then immediately flipping it back.

There is a hand-written notation alongside one of the entries.

LANGDON (cont'd)

My Italian's no good, what does this note say? Next to the entry for The Ecstasy of St. Teresa?

Chartrand leans over the ledger, squinting hard, trying to focus.

CHARTRAND

"Moved at suggestion of the artist."

LANGDON

Moved to another church? At
Bernini's suggestion?

Chartrand, really suffering for air, can't follow it.

CHARTRAND

I don't know.

Langdon flips the page back, to a photograph of the sculpture in question.

THE STATUE

is of a woman, seemingly in the throes of ecstasy, while an angel hovering over her holds a spear aloft.

Langdon raises an eyebrow.

The word "Seraphim" jumps up from the page, words in quotes after it -- "Seraphim, meaning 'the fiery one...'"

LANGDON

Fire.

More words pop out at us -- "His great golden spear... filled with fire..."

LANGDON (cont'd)

Fire.

Still more -- "woman inflamed by passion's fire..."

And now a close-up of her enraptured face.

67.

LANGDON

Fire.

And now three things happen in quick succession:

-- Langdon SLAMS the ledger shut,

-- the ribbons on the air vent fall as the oxygen into the vault is cut off, and

-- one by one, ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE ARCHIVES GO OUT.

Total silence for a moment.

Langdon and Chartrand look at each other in the darkness.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The door -- ?

CHARTRAND

Electronic.

LANGDON

That's too bad.

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

The Camerlengo, flanked by two Swiss Guardsmen, escorts Vittoria rapidly across the deserted floor of St. Peter's Basilica.

VITTORIA

Where are we going?

CAMERLENGO

To see my father.

VITTORIA

I don't understand.

They circle past a pillar and she sees an orange glow up ahead, seeming to emanate from beneath the floor in the center of the basilica.

CAMERLENGO

I was orphaned when I was nine years old. A bombing in Madrid -- Basque separatists protesting the visit of a Catholic archbishop.

As they draw closer, she sees it's the entrance to a sumptuous underground chamber, surrounded by scores of glowing oil lamps.

68.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

The archbishop felt responsible, and he adopted me the following day. I was raised by him, and by the church.

The Camerlengo starts down a winding stairway, rimmed by the lamps,

ON THE STAIRCASE,

they descend, lit by the spectral glow of the oil lamps.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

He was the wisest man I ever met, even with my youthful foolishness. He always saw the middle way. I wanted to be ordained, but I also refused to be excused from military service. So he suggested I fly rescue missions, helicopters bringing the wounded to hospital.

He stops at the bottom of the stairs and looks up at her.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

He was a great man.

VITTORIA

He died?

CAMERLENGO

(NODS)

Fourteen days ago.

Vittoria, stunned, realizes who he's talking about.

CUT TO:

INT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

KA-CHUNG! Emergency lights switch on in the Vatican Archives, casting a weird, reddish glow over everything.

But the ribbons at the oxygen panel remain limp.

Below, Langdon pushes, again and again, on the deadened exit button, trying to activate the doors. Nothing doing.

He's weak, weaving, barely on his feet.

Chartrand's already slumped against a wall, his radio in hand, keying it over and over again, but getting only static.

69.

LANGDON

Anything?

Chartrand gestures weakly around the room.

CHARTRAND

Walls... lead-lined... no signal.

Langdon blinks, his vision becoming seriously impaired. He holds his eyes closed for a moment, opens them, it's not much better.

Langdon looks at the glass wall on the far side of the vault. Then at the row of bookcases. Gets an idea.

He goes to the last bookcase, which is about six feet from the glass wall. He hoists himself up on the shelf of the bookcase opposite it, wedges himself in.

And pushes with one leg. The giant bookcase teeters, but just barely.

Langdon hoists himself further up, gets both legs up against the bookshelf.

Pushes again -- more movement this time.

Now he puts everything he has into it, straining like hell. The bookcase starts to tip, goes just past the point of no return, starts to fall, gloriously headed straight for the glass wall, which it SLAMS into with enormous power and --

--- stops.

Leaning against the wall. Forget cracks, there's not even a scratch.

Langdon CURSES under his breath, looks around for another idea.

He hears a soft THUD from the other side of the room, sees Chartrand has slumped over, unconscious.

But his jacket has fallen open, revealing the sidearm he carries in a shoulder holster.

LANGDON'S HAND

slips the gun out of the holster and hefts it. Safe bet he's never held one of these before.

He staggers over toward the glass wall, raises the gun, and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. Trigger doesn't even move.

70.

After a moment of oxygen-poor thinking, he figures out how to CLICK off the safety. Tries again.

(Pow.)

The sound of the shot is barely audible to Langdon. His brain's going fast.

If he was hoping to bring the whole wall down, he failed, but there's a faint HISSING sound coming from the bullethole, and he goes to it and takes a deep breath of air from the outside.

He stands back, his brain clearing momentarily.

Seized by an idea, he looks up at the wall, at its four corners, and at the tiny web of cracks radiating out from the hole he just made in the center.

He raises the gun again and fires off FOUR SHOTS in quick succession. They're in an odd pattern-- upper left corner, upper right, not quite as high, lower middle-left, and the very lower right corner.

Now there are four new holes, each HISSING slightly, and the first hole, in the center.

Shaking his head once more to clear it, Langdon steps forward to the glass wall, but instead of barreling against it or throwing a chair, he simply raises one hand, places it flat over the first hole he made, the one in the center of the glass wall ---

-- and presses gently.

Almost immediately, a SHARP SOUND comes from the hole beneath his hand and a jagged crack leaps out from the first hole, shooting up to connect with the hole in the upper left corner.

He presses just a touch harder and a SECOND CRACK starts, shooting down to the lower right. Then a third, and a fourth, the glass is cracking like ice in springtime, all four extremities

connecting with the central hole, and with a huge GROANING SOUND -
-

-- the entire glass wall falls to pieces at his feet.

Air RUSHES into the vault.

And, wouldn't you know it, the power comes back on in the Archives.

CUT TO:

71.

INT VATICAN GROTTOES NIGHT

Vittoria, the Camerlengo, and the two Swiss Guard reach the entrance to the Holy Vatican Grottoes just as --

-- their power goes out.

Two flashlights CLICK on, and the Guardsmen lead the way in. On both sides, hollow niches line the walls. Recessed in the alcoves, as far as the flashlights let them see, the hulking shadows of sarcophagi loom.

On top of each tomb are life-sized marble carvings of each Pope, shown in death and wearing full papal vestments, arms folded across their chests.

CAMERLENGO

If the Holy Father was murdered, the implications are profound. Vatican security is impenetrable, no one from the outside could have gotten anywhere near him.

VITTORIA

Meaning it was someone on the inside.

CAMERLENGO

We can trust no one

He steps up his pace, taking the lead, knows exactly where he's going. The others fall behind, as everyone slowly realizes what he intends to do. And they're not at all sure they're up for it.

AT THE LATE POPE'S SARCOPHAGUS,

the Camerlengo closes the last few feet alone. He knees down in front of the bright marble carving, a likeness of the late Pope. He WHISPERS.

CAMERLENGO

Father... Holy Father... You told me when I was young that the voice in my heart was that of God. You told me I must follow it no matter what painful places it leads. I hear it now, asking me the impossible. Give me strength. Forgive me. What I do, I do in the name of everything you believe.

BEHIND HIM,

72.

the others watch as he finishes his private prayer, stands, and

turns to them.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Remove the covering.

Nobody moves. Just stares at him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Did you hear me?

SWISS GUARDSMAN

Signore, by law we are at your command. But we are also bound by-

CAMERLENGO

I ask your forgiveness for putting you in this position. Vatican laws are established to protect the church. But it is in that very spirit that I command you to break them now.

A moment of silence, and then --

-- they step forward. Set their flashlights on the floor. And step to the tomb. Bracing their hands against the marble covering near the head of the tomb, they plant their feet and push.

It doesn't move.

They push harder.

Vittoria and the Camerlengo join them.

With an almost primal GROWL of stone on stone, the lid slides, rotating off the top of the casket and coming to rest at an angle.

The Camerlengo picks up a flashlight and shines it in the crypt.

Vittoria leans forward.

The light creeps up the Pope's body, over his burial vestments, past his folded hands, and finally to his face.

His cheeks have collapsed, the Pope's mouth gapes wide --

-- and his tongue is black as death.

CUT TO:

73.

EXT VATICAN ARCHIVES NIGHT

The face of Langdon's Mickey Mouse watch is smeared with blood from a cut on his hand, but we can still read the time.

It's 9:41.

Langdon and Chartrand stagger down the front steps of the Vatican Archives, where they're immediately met by three Vatican Police cars. Olivetti leaps out of one and meets them at the base of the steps, holding his hands up in defense almost before Langdon can lay into him.

LANGDON

Are you out of your minds?!

OLIVETTI

Please. In the car.

LANGDON

Someone tried to kill me.

OLIVETTI

Do you know where the next church is?

LANGDON

Yes.

OLIVETTI

Then get in the car!

Langdon jumps in the back seat of the car with Olivetti, and they SQUEAL away from the Archives.

IN THE CAR,

they continue as the DRIVER tears through the streets of Rome.

OLIVETTI

We had no idea that --

LANGDON

You heard me ask permission! You assigned me an escort! Don't try to tell me you didn't know I was in there!

OLIVETTI

(let me finish)

Of course I knew, but we had no idea that portions of our white zones are

74.

OLIVETTI (cont'd)

cross-wired with that building. Commander Rocher was extending the search, if he'd known the Archives were on that grid, he never would have killed the power.

Langdon looks at him evenly, sees in Olivetti's eyes that they may be thinking the same thing.

LANGDON

Or there is the other possibility.

Olivetti doesn't answer. But he's thinking about it.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Infiltration is the Illuminati specialty -- why not the head of the Swiss Guard?

OLIVETTI

(AGONIZED)

Perhaps.

LANGDON

I want to speak to the Camerlengo.

OLIVETTI

Il Camerlengo is unavailable,

LANGDON

Unavailable? Why?

OLIVETTI

He's found evidence that the Holy

Father was indeed murdered. He is
seeking guidance.

LANGDON

From whom?

Olivetti looks at him -- what are you, an idiot?

OLIVETTI

From God.

LANGDON

Oh, right.

OLIVETTI

Please. Make an effort.

CUT TO:

75.

INT PAPAL OFFICE NIGHT

Vittoria, escorted by the two Swiss Guardsmen from the grottoes,
returns to the papal office.

She goes to the desk where she was sitting earlier, to resume her
examination of the journals.

But the desk is bare.

VITTORIA

The journals. Where are they?

The Guardsmen look at her blankly.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Who took the journals from this desk?!

INT APOSTOLIC PALACE - GREAT STAIRCASE NIGHT

The Camerlengo, in deep meditation, slowly descends the stairs
that lead to the Sistine Chapel.

At the bottom, Four Swiss Guard (in traditional garb) guard the
locked doors.

The Camerlengo reaches them. Hesitates. Looks heavenward for
one last word of encouragement, and then --

CAMERLENGO

Unseal the doors.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

There is an audible GASP from the assembled cardinals as the heavy
locks CLUNK open, the chains RATTLE away, and the main doors of
the Sistine Chapel sweep open.

The Camerlengo walks in, a stark presence in his black cassock
amid the sea of red robes. Cardinal Mortati steps from behind the
altar to meet him.

MORTATI

Signore, do you realize that for the
first time in Vatican history, a
Camerlengo has just crossed the sacred
threshold of conclave after sealing
the doors?

CUT TO:

CAMERLENGO

There has been a development.

76.

EXT ROME - STREET NIGHT

Olivetti's Alfa Romeo races through the streets of Rome, trailed by three other cars.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo has just passed on the shocking news, and the whispered word "murder" can be heard in several languages.

Even Mortati is shaken. The Camerlengo speaks to the Cardinals.

CAMERLENGO

Please... a moment... if I...

He strides quickly up the steps of the altar to address the group -- again, to the shock and surprise of this most conservative and rule-bound group.

But no one stops him.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

It is true we are under attack from an old enemy. And this time they've struck from within, murdering our Holy Father and threatening us all with destruction at the hands of their new god, science. So what are we to do?

INT OLIVETTI'S CAR NIGHT

CLOSE ON the dashboard clock in Olivetti's car, which now reads 8:57. Langdon looks up from it, staring intently through the windshield.

On the horizon, he sees a faint orange glow.

LANGDON

Oh no.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo continues, and the cardinals are listening.

CAMERLENGO

Since the days of Galileo, the church has tried to slow the relentless march of science, sometimes with misguided means, but always with benevolent intention. Still, they call us backward, ignorant.

77.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

But who is more ignorant? The man who cannot define lightning, or the man who does not respect its awesome power?

INT OLIVETTI'S CAR NIGHT

Through the windshield of Olivetti's car, we see that orange glow,

closer now. It's a building on fire.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo continues, growing passionate.

CAMERLENGO

The promises of science have not been kept. We're a fractured and frantic species, moving down of destruction in the name of progress.

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

The police cars come to an abrupt stop in front of the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria. Flames glow like evil eyes through the stained-glass windows fifty feet above the ground.

A small CROWD has gathered, stabbing at their cell phones. A SIREN WAILS in the distance.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

Mortati's Aide, Father Simeon, takes advantage of the open Sistine Chapel doors and slips inside. He takes a place just behind Mortati as the Camerlengo goes on.

CAMERLENGO

Science and religion are not enemies. But there are things that science is simply too young to understand. We are here to lead, but how?

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

With three sharp CRACKS, Olivetti fires into the lock in the front door of the church. He KICKS it open --

-- and flame RIPS out into the night air.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo speaks faster now:

78.

CAMERLENGO

Shall we cloak ourselves in silence and secrecy, as in the past? Or do we open the doors, take down the blackened curtains, and speak to our flock?

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

Olivetti, Langdon, and four other VATICAN POLICE make their way into the burning church. There is a massive pile of church pews in the center aisle, burning wildly.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The Camerlengo's wrapping up:

CAMERLENGO

Signores, I ask, no, I pray that you break this conclave. Open the doors.

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

In the burning church, two heavy incensor cables run from the

walls of the church and rise above the burning pews at an angle, strung tightly to a center point. Langdon follows the wires up with his eyes --

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CAMERLENGO

Evacuate St. Peter's Square.

INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

-- the wires meet at a center point, just above the roaring flames, where --

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CAMERLENGO

Tell the world the truth.

INT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

-- the third cardinal, still alive, is suspended over the searing flames.

A word is branded into the center of his bared chest:

FIRE.

79.

Vatican Police, led by Olivetti and Vincenzo, race into the building and draw their weapons. Olivetti SHOUTS to them in Italian, looking for a way to cut down the agonized cardinal.

Langdon races toward the pyre, but is repelled by a wall of heat ten feet away.

The Cardinal SCREAMS, and Langdon looks to the sides, following the cables that reach to the walls.

One of the Vatican Cops ducks

INTO THE LEFT SIDE AISLE,

which is lit only by the wild orange flames. He creeps forward, gun in front of him, toward a fire extinguisher mounted on the wall.

He reaches for it --

-- but a HAND reaches for him from behind, he's pulled off his feet and --

IN THE MAIN AISLE,

Olivetti and Vincenzo whirl as TWO GUNSHOTS come from the darkened side aisle. They race toward it.

AT THE BONFIRE,

Langdon SHOUTS to two more Vatican Cops, pointing upward.

LANGDON

The cleat, on the wall! Get something to stand on!

He's pointing at a cleat, maybe ten feet up on the wall, where the right guide wire is attached.

Vatican Cops 2 & 3 drag a half-burned pew out of the fire and pull it underneath, leaning it against the wall for greater height,

Langdon starts to climb it, to uncleat the wire.

IN THE DARKENED LEFT AISLE

Olivetti creeps forward, gun at the ready, Vincenzo close behind him.

They see a form on the floor in front of them and Olivetti bends down -- it's the first Vatican Policeman.

Dead in a pool of his own blood.

80.

Vincenzo, standing behind Olivetti, looks down, horrified, and in that moment of distraction, a figure creeps up behind him --

-- and twists his head 180 degrees with one smooth motion.

Olivetti whirls, but his gun comes around a split-second slower than he does and in that split-second a shadow falls over him, something SLASHES through the air and --

IN THE MAIN AISLE,

Langdon struggles to climb the pew that's leaned against the wall as Vatican Cop 4 finds a long-handled candle snuffer and races toward the edge of the fire with it.

Blinking back the intense heat, he manages to hook the Cardinals manacled foot with it, he turns to Langdon--

-- who, stretched as far as he possibly can, just manages to loose the wire from its cleat, holding tightly to it so as not to let the Cardinal go into free-fall.

But the pew on which he's balanced starts to wobble, then- --

-- BLAM! BLAM!

Two gunshots THUD into the chests of Vatican Cops 2 & 3, who were supporting the pew. They fall, the pew tips --

-- and Langdon, falling --

-- loses his grip on the chain.

The Cardinal falls toward the flames. Vatican Cop 4 tries to pull him to safety, but doesn't have enough of WHIRRS through the pulley until it reaches its the Cardinal to an abrupt stop, six feet lower

-- and directly in the middle of the bonfire.

His SHRIEK of agony echoes through the burning church.

Langdon SLAMS to the floor just at the edge of the burning church pews, maybe CRACKING a rib on the hard floor of the church.

A FIGURE steps out of the shadows, looming over him, Langdon looks up, expecting a gunshot, but instead --

-- sees the bleeding figure of Olivetti, staggering toward him, clutching his slit throat in his last moments of life.

NEARBY,

81.

Vatican Cop 4 is desperately trying to pull the Cardinal from the flames, the end of the candle-snuffer is now hooked around the Cardinal's foot, he pulls him closer, reaches out, can almost grab his ankle --

-- until he is SHOT in the back. He falls to the floor, drawing and dropping his gun in the process, losing his grip on the long-handled pole as well.

On the ground, bleeding, he sees his gun, just a foot away from his hand.

He reaches for it.

And a foot steps on his wrist, BREAKING it.

Mr. Gray stands over him, implacable.

FROM A DISTANCE,

we see Mr. Gray fire two shots into the ground where Cop 4 is lying.

Then he turns toward us.

NEARBY,

Langdon, still on the ground, looks up at the sound of the shots. Through the burning church pews he can see Mr. Gray, starting toward him.

Langdon crawls, on all fours, through the outskirts of the bonfire, toward a recessed part of the wall ten or fifteen feet away.

Mr. Gray steps up behind him, raises his gun --

VOICE (O.S.)

Polizia!

-- and turns. TWO MORE COPS, Roman Carabinieri, have run into the burning church and are making their way down the center aisle, straight toward him.

Mr. Gray raises his left (non-gun holding) hand, displaying a leather billfold with a badge in it.

MR. GRAY

(good Italian accent)

Gendarmeria Vaticano!

Recognizing the ID, the two Cops glance away for a second, to search the rest of the church --

82.

-- and Mr. Gray BLASTS two shots into each of them.

They drop, dead, but one of them squeezes off a single round before falling.

Mr. Gray looks down, at his right shoulder, where a dark red stain is spreading on his suit. He touches it, more annoyed than anything.

UNDERNEATH THE BURNING PEWS,

Langdon has crawled as close as he dares to the raging fire, and the sleeve of his shirt is ablaze. He rolls out the other side

of the embers, stamping out the flames, gets to his feet, and takes off running.

Mr. Gray pursues, only slowing his gait slightly to DOUBLE TAP two shots into the head of a dying Vatican Cop.

ACROSS THE CHURCH,

Langdon hurls himself over a balustrade and into a chapel on the far side of the church. Bullets SHATTER the glass of an elevated crypt, three feet off the floor. (Inside is a superbly detailed wax statue of a saint in death.)

Langdon dives under it and crawls backwards, staring in horror at Mr. Gray's feet as they approach the chapel from across the church.

Langdon's back THUDS into a wall.

Dead end.

But there's an old wooden grating in the wall. He turns, KICKS it with both feet.

The grating CRUNCHES into pieces, revealing a narrow crawlspace

IN THE CRAWL SPACE,

Langdon army-crawls through it.

Mr. Gray's face appears in the entry to the crypt. He pauses to change clips on his handgun --

-- the floor beneath Langdon abruptly runs out --

-- Mr. Gray raises his gun --

-- and Langdon disappears. The gunshots THUD into cement wall where he was, not where he is.

83.

UNDERGROUND,

Langdon CRUNCHES to a hard landing on a subterranean stone floor, rolls over, and sees Mr. Gray above him, now pointing down.

But there's another crawl space, and Langdon scurries into it.

IN THE SECOND CRAWL SPACE,

it's hopelessly dark, an even tighter space than the last one, filled with cobwebs that Langdon blindly claws his way through.

He hits another hole in the floor, falls a second time ---

INTO THE CATACOMB,

-- and lands on top of a pile of long-decayed skeletons in the nearly-black bottom of the church's underground warren of hiding places.

He looks up. He's ten feet from the nearest handhold, only a fool would follow him down here

BACK UP IN THE BURNING CHURCH,

-- and Mr. Gray is no fool. He steps back over the balustrade and leaves the chapel.

The waxen face of the carving in the sarcophagus melts in the

intense heat of the out-of-control fire.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL - SALON NIGHT

In the salon outside the Sistine Chapel, the Camerlengo waits alone. From inside can be heard the sound of VOICES in debate.

Finally, the big doors open and Cardinal Mortati emerges, goes to him.

MORTATI

My son... God answers all prayers.

He puts a hand on the Camerlengo's shoulder.

MORTATI (cont'd)

But sometimes the answer is no.

The Camerlengo closes his eyes -- this is a terrible, terrible mistake.

84.

MORTATI

The College will not break conclave.

CAMERLENGO

We can't hide this anymore. The
burning church --

MORTATI

A despicable act of terrorism.
Father Simeon will make a suitable
announcement lamenting the loss of
life. May I suggest you direct
your energies to helping the Swiss
Guard confront the possibility of this
explosive device, and leave church
leadership --

He gestures to the open doors to the Sistine Chapel, and the assembled cardinals within.

MORTATI (cont'd)

-- to its leaders.

The Camerlengo looks at him for a long moment, then turns and walks away.

Father Simeon, who had been lurking in the open doorway to the chapel, now glides up beside him and touches Mortati's arm.

FR. SIMEON

Eminence. There is a growing fear
that without the four prefiriti, a two-
thirds majority for any candidate may
be impossible. Unless --

He trails off, gestures vaguely.

MORTATI

Speak plainly.

FR. SIMEON

It is the recommendation of many that
you ask to be removed from your post
as Great Elector --

Mortati raises an eyebrow, seeing where this is going.

FR. SIMEON (cont'd)

-- thereby making yourself eligible
to wear the Ring of the Fisherman.

85.

Mortati looks at him for a moment, then looks back, over his shoulder, where a small knot of Cardinals, who have clearly discussed this, are looking at him in confirmation.

MORTATI

If it is God's will, may His will be
DONE

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT

CLOSE ON a handwritten page, half-filled with mathematical computations; the other half with a scratchy handwritten prose.

(IF WE'RE EAGLE-EYED, we'll notice the phrase we move past just as we cut into the scene is "may His will be done," the same phrase we just heard Mortati utter.)

Commandante Rocher is at his desk, Vittoria's leather-bound journals on the desk in front of him. He's studying them carefully, and seems troubled by what he reads.

Through the glass walls of his office, we can see a commotion in the still-chaotic Swiss Guard headquarters. Someone is walking toward us, briskly, a WOMAN'S VOICE complaining loudly in Italian.

Rocher calmly places the journals on top of the screen of the video monitor inlaid in his desk, the one we saw earlier, with a keyhole where a power switch should be.

He pushes a button and the monitor rotates shut, into an inlaid panel in the desk's surface. It closes just after --

VITTORIA (O.S.)

Those journals are private property.

-- Vittoria arrives in the doorway, livid.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I demand that you return them to me.

ROCHER

(no attempt at a

DENIAL)

They are material evidence in a
Vatican investigation.

VITTORIA

I am an Italian citizen and I have a
right to-

86.

ROCHER

This isn't Italy. It isn't even
Rome. The Vatican is its own
country, with its own laws, and when
those journals crossed our border they
became our property. You will get

them back when I have decided they
contain nothing of value to this
investigation.

She looks at him, then down at the desk, where the outline of the
hidden panel is visible in the veneer of the wood.

VITTORIA

Do you have something to hide,
Commandante Rocher?

ROCHER

Do you, Doctor Vetra?

He stresses her title, as if it offends

CUT TO:

EXT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

The burning church, now mostly extinguished. But a LARGE CROWD
has gathered, along with a dozen police and fire vehicles.

INT SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA NIGHT

As FIREMEN put out the last of the flames (not using water, but
Halon gas, which creates no steam), a metallic TAPPING sound comes
from somewhere.

One of the Firemen approaches another, gets his attention -- stop
what you're doing and listen.

They shut down a hose and stop, listening.

There it is again. They SHOUT in Italian to the others, now
everybody shuts down their hoses and listens.

The metallic TAPPING echoes in the smoldering church.

They walk toward it -- it's coming from an oval plate in the
floor, like a manhole cover, heavy and carved. We've seen one
of these before, it leads to a Demon's Hole.

The TAPPING is louder now, rhythmic. Somebody's down there.
Crowbars are produced, the cover of the Demon's Hole is pried off
and shoved aside, revealing --

87.

-- Robert Langdon, wedged into the top of the opening, holding a
rock in one hand as he clings precariously to the walls he has
climbed.

Strong hands reach down, haul him to his feet --

AT THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH,

-- and those same feet hurry to the front of the smoldering
church, coming to a stop in front of --

-- Bernini's Ecstasy of St. Teresa.

The statue he came here to find. Now, as the Italian-speaking
police and firemen work around him, Langdon moves, as if in his
own world. He looks to the statue, repeating fragments of the
poem he has by now memorized:

LANGDON

Let angels guide you on your lofty
quest...

Directly over the recumbent saint, against a backdrop of gilded flame, hovers Bernini's angel. The angel's hand clutches a pointed spear of fire.

LANGDON (cont'd)
Cross Rome the mystic elements
unfold...

Langdon's eyes follow the direction of the shaft, arcing toward the right side of the church.

VOICE (O.S.)
Professor?

A ROMAN POLICEMAN, a member of the Carabinieri, comes up to Langdon, discussing him in Italian with TWO OTHER COPS as he approaches.

ROMAN COP
Langdon, is it?

Langdon ignores him, pointing at the wall instead.

LANGDON
What direction is that?

ROMAN COP
Direction? West, I think. Mr.
Langdon, we've confirmed with the
Vatican that they invited you into
this investigation, but what I-

88.

LANGDON
Map.

A MOMENT LATER,

as if by command, a map CRINKLES out on the floor of the church. It's detailed, a fire department map, and Langdon drops down on all fours, studying it.

LANGDON
We're here... Piazza Barberini...

Langdon whips a glance over at the angel, gets bearings, and rotates the map to match.

His finger travels over the map and --

CLOSE ON THE MAP,

we watch as his finger crosses church after church after church, tiny black boxes with crosses in them. There must be two dozen.

LANGDON
Damn it.

He sits back for a moment.

The Roman Cop bends down next to him. Treats him like a crazy person.

ROMAN COP
Professor, I need to know what you saw here.

LANGDON
Fire and death. Show me where Santa

Maria del Popolo is.

(the Cop doesn't

UNDERSTAND)

The Church, it was the first altar of science.

The Cop points to a spot at the top center of the map.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And St. Peter's is...

The Cop points to a spot at the bottom center.

Langdon's eyes widen, he grabs the Cop by the lapels --

-- and pulls a pen from the man's pocket.

89.

He turns back to the map and draws a straight line, from north to south, connecting the two churches the Cop just pointed to.

LANGDON (cont'd)

And we're over here --

He puts the pen on a point on the eastern side of the map.

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- and west is --

He draws a line straight across the map, to the west, sucking in his breath as he realizes something.

LANGDON (cont'd)

'Cross Rome...

Now he stands, slowly, and as he stands, we rise up, to get a birds-eye view of the map on the floor.

On which he has drawn a perfect cross.

LANGDON (cont'd)

It's a cross. The poem meant it literally. The four altars of science form a perfect cross.

The Cop, who has no clue what he's talking about, gets a call on his radio and turns away to take it.

LANGDON (cont'd)

(muttering to himself)

Which means the fourth element, water, should be right about --

He drops to his knees again, and traces the horizontal line to where it stops on the western side of the city, exactly as far from the center line as was the church on the eastern side.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Here.

ROMAN COP

(behind him)

Professor, I am asked to escort you to the Vatican immediately. Commander Rocher has asked to see you.

LANGDON

(ignoring him)

Water.

90.

As Langdon peers down, we see the line on the map comes to a stop in the center of a place called Piazza Navona, and as we go in closer on the map, an odd-shaped object in the middle of the Piazza starts to move, to ripple, right there on the map, and we hear the sound of running water as it slowly dissolves to --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT PIAZZA NAVONA NIGHT

-- Bernini's spectacular Fountain of the Four Rivers in the Piazza Navona.

There is a black van parked beside the fountain, and we drift over toward it. Passing through the passenger window, we go inside to find --

-- Mr. Gray, facing the rear of the van, his jacket off and his shirt open, engaged in battlefield surgery on his injured right shoulder. Using a long-handled tweezers, he digs into his own flesh, gets a hold of the bullet that pierced him, and tosses it onto the metal floor of the van with a TING.

It lands beside a lumpy tarp, and as metal hits metal, the tarp jumps.

There's a human being in there. Mr. Gray speaks to the lump.

MR. GRAY

Were it up to me, it would not be this way. It is a sin to kill with pain.

(SIGHS)

But I am a sinner.

We pan off him quickly and look out the driver's window, up at a clock tower on the far side of the plaza.

It's sixteen minutes to eleven.

CUT TO:

EXT BURNING CHURCH NIGHT

Langdon hurries down the steps of the still-smoldering church, followed closely by the Roman Cop and TWO OTHER COPS.

ROMAN COP

Professor! The Vatican insists that-

91.

LANGDON

(turning on him)

The Vatican is about to see its fourth Cardinal murdered tonight.

He realizes he spoke too loudly, and there is quite a crowd assembled outside the smoking church. Langdon lowers his voice and presses in.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Now you can either do what they tell you and force me to go to the Vatican, where we can all mourn his death

together, or you can show them how
real cops act and take me to the
Piazza Navona, where we might be able
to stop it.

The Cop looks at him, thinking, confers with another Cop in rapid
Italian. Langdon checks his watch.

LANGDON (cont'd)

By all means, talk it over. But in
fourteen minutes he'll be dead.

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

St. Peter's Square is even more crowded than before. Another
move down the row of international television reporters, but this
one's about twice as fast as the last one. (Anybody not
speaking English is subtitled.)

SOUTH AFRICAN REPORTER

-- possibility of terrorism, as the
church has now confirmed arson at one
of its oldest and holiest churches

Moving on, to an Asian Reporter:

ASIAN REPORTER

-- resulting in at least six confirmed
deaths --

To a Brazilian:

BRAZILIAN REPORTER

-- initial rumors that one of the
dead was Cardinal Ebner of Frankfurt --

To an American:

92.

AMERICAN REPORTER

-- been refuted by the Vatican, which
has asked international media not to
engage in, quote, "wild speculation"--

And to a French Woman:

FRENCH REPORTER

-- as conclave goes on, with no sign
of agreement on a new pope yet.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE NIGHT

In the papal office, the Camerlengo sits, alone, in front of the
fireplace, staring into the flames, thinking.

Behind him, a small knot of Swiss Guard debate their next move in
Italian. He speaks softly to them, in Italian, subtitled.

CAMERLENGO

At 11:15, if the church is still in
peril, give the order to evacuate the
cardinals. But with dignity, let
them exit into St. Peter's Square,
with their heads held high. I don't

want the last image of this church to be frightened old men sneaking out a back door. If Cardinal Mortati protests, escort him bodily. Do you understand?

The Guardsmen are uncomfortable with that idea.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

If you think it is the right thing, Signore.

CAMERLENGO

I'm certain it's the wrong thing, and I will be removed from my post for it. But I also know we have no choice.

They just look at him. You're the boss.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

Please clear the room so that I may pray on the matter.

93.

They get out. He stares into the flames.

CUT TO:

EXT PIAZZA NAVONA NIGHT

Piazza Navona is lightly peopled on this soft summer night with so much attention directed toward the Vatican.

The hood of a car glides into view, nearly silent, on the far side of the fountain. Langdon and the two Roman Cops step out and survey the area.

Langdon looks to the fountain. Its central core is twenty feet tall, a rugged mountain of marble with caves and grottoes through which water churns. Atop it stands an obelisk that climbs another forty feet.

LANGDON

(eyes searching)
Let angels guide you...

But there's no angel anywhere. He turns to the first Roman Cop.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Isn't there an angel on this fountain?

ROMAN COP

Not anymore.

LANGDON

The marker's no good without an angel, pointing to the final-

ROMAN COP

Blame Mussolini. He wanted it for his summer-

But the Cop stops mid-sentence as he notices the black van parked on the far side of the fountain.

Silently, the Cops gesture to each other to go opposite ways

around the fountain, and to Langdon to stay where he is.

Langdon, frustrated but no action hero, watches them as they slowly encircle the van.

AT THE DRIVER'S SIDE,

the First Cop approaches the Driver's Window, sees Mr. Gray sitting implacably behind the wheel. He taps lightly with a knuckle, his drawn gun at his side, just out of view.

94.

Mr. Gray opens the window.

MR. GRAY

Si?

The Roman Cop looks down, ever so briefly, at a small spreading bloodstain on Mr. Gray's shirt. When he looks back up --

-- there is a silenced pistol pointing directly at him.

PHOOM.

He takes a bullet in the forehead, slumps forward against the window, and --

FROM A DISTANCE,

we see his body pulled rapidly into the van through the driver's window. Whole thing took about three seconds. DINERS at an outdoor cafe don't even notice.

FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,

on the other side of the fountain, the van rocks slightly, but he can't see anything out of the ordinary.

He turns, looks to the Second Cop, who is just now approaching from the rear of the van.

WITH THE SECOND COP,

this one's got his gun in front of him, he's ready for anything. We creep around the back of the van with him, and just as he comes around to where he can see the driver's side --

-- the barrel of the silencer presses into his forehead. A quick exchange in Italian:

SECOND COP

Per favore?

MR. GRAY

Non posso.

PHOOM.

Another bullet, another slumping Cop, and

FROM LANGDON'S POINT OF VIEW,

the van rocks again, but he can't see anything more detailed than that. All he knows is the two cops aren't coming out from the other side of the van, something is going on --

95.

-- and the bell in the clock tower starts to BONG.

EVEN UNARMED, LANGDON STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD, JUST AS --

-- the sliding door on the fountain side of the van SLAMS open

-- revealing the figure of the FOURTH CARDINAL, wrapped in chains and with manacled hands and feet. He thrashes against the iron links, but the chains are too heavy. One of the links bisects his mouth like a horse's bit, stifling his cries for help. Mr. Gray hovers over him.

Langdon GASPS --

-- and Mr. Gray shoves the bound figure roughly out of the van.

The Cardinal rolls, falling into the fountain with an enormous SPLASH. His weighted body sinks immediately to the bottom.

There is a moment, frozen in time, in which Langdon locks eyes with Mr. Gray, still hunched in the back of the van as the clock tower continues to BONG, the only sound we can hear.

Langdon looks at him, then down at the body in the fountain, then back up at Mr. Gray--

-- who salutes him ---

-- the van door SLAMS shut, and the van tears ass out of there.

Langdon looks from its receding taillights to the idling police car, its door hanging open, he could jump in and give chase, but then his eyes go back to the fountain, where the drowning cardinal must not have much time left, and it's really no decision at all.

Langdon covers the distance to the fountain in two quick strides and leaps in.

IN THE FOUNTAIN,

the water is waist deep and like ice. Steady streams of bubbles rise up from the bottom, churning it.

Langdon reaches the body of the Cardinal, plunges in --

UNDERWATER,

-- and struggles to get both arms underneath the drowning man.

Through the watery haze, we can see the man's bare chest, branded with the final ambigram:

WATER.

96.

Langdon struggles to lift him, but the weight is too much, he can barely get him a few inches off the bottom of the fountain, much less all the way to the surface.

Langdon, running out of air, bursts to the surface and -- **ON THE SURFACE,**

-- takes a deep breath, then plunges back --

UNDERWATER,

-- but he still can't move the Cardinal.

He makes eye contact with the dying man, who seems to be accepting his fate, maybe even welcoming it.

Langdon changes his grip, strains like hell, and actually gets him a few inches higher this time, but nowhere close to the air supply.

But with the new position, his eyes fall on something behind the cardinal -- a plastic tube, six inches across, streaming bubbles into the fountain.

He goes back --

ABOVE THE SURFACE

-- takes another breathy and sees the fountain of bubbles rising up to the surface just above the tube. Air!

Several PASSERS-BY notice the commotion in the fountain as Langdon dives back under the water.

UNDERWATER,

Langdon drags the body of the Cardinal a few feet across the bottom of the fountain and RIPS the tube free from its mooring, pulling it to the Cardinal's mouth.

He clamps it down over the man's lips, and the Cardinal sucks a few greedy breaths from it. Enough to keep him alive.

Langdon takes the tube and draws a couple breaths of his own, then digs his hands back underneath the Cardinal to lift him, but this time --

-- SIX MORE HANDS come in from all sides.

Several Passers-by have jumped into the fountain to help, and as they all strain together --

97.

ON THE SURFACE,

-- the Cardinal's bound body breaks the surface and he GULPS deep lungfuls of air.

He is saved. Langdon sags against the side of the fountain, exhausted and freezing, as the others pull the Cardinal's body to safety.

In the distance, SIRENS.

Langdon, gathering himself, goes to the Cardinal, speaks in rapid Spanish, subtitled.

LANGDON

Cardinale Guidera?

CARDINAL GU

Si...si...

LANGDON

The Church of Illumination. It's where you were being held, isn't it?

Guidera nods weakly as, around them, it seems like everybody arrives at the fountain -- Carabinieri, Swiss Guard, Vatican Police, paramedics -- car after car after car.

LANGDON (cont'd)

(still to Guidera)

Where is it?!

CARDINAL GUIDERA

Castel... Sant'Angelo...

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD

NIGHT

CLOSE ON a row of weapons in a cabinet in the Office of the Swiss Commander Rocher selects a pistol and slips it into a harness.

While his back is turned to the room, Lt. Chartrand, the young Swiss Guardsman who escorted Langdon to the Archives, hurries up behind him.

CHARTRAND

Langdon says Cardinal Guidera will be killed in Piazza Navona. He's on his way there with two Carabinieri.

98.

ROCHER

Send everyone we can spare.

He closes and locks the cabinet, heads for the door. Alone.

CHARTRAND

You?

ROCHER

Staying here to continue the search for the explosive.

He leaves. Chartrand looks back at the weapons cabinet. Sees the space from which the pistol was taken.

CUT TO:

EXT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO

NIGHT

We fly over a bridge, flanked by a dozen angel statues standing sentinel on either side, leading directly toward--

-- the Castel Sant'Angelo, Castle of the Angels, its ancient stone ramparts lit by floodlights. Soaring swiftly up its facade, we close in on a mammoth bronze angel standing atop the citadel.

It points the way, all right, its sword aimed directly downward, at the castle itself, as if to say you've found it.

DOWN ON THE GROUND,

several Police Cars come to a stop in front of the castle at the same time.

Langdon climbs out the back of one just as Vittoria gets out of a car driven by a SWISS GUARDSMAN.

Langdon grabs her, thrilled to see her.

LANGDON

You're all right?

VITTORIA

I'm all right, what about you?!

LANGDON

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

Cold and wet but alive. Where's
Rocher?

VITTORIA

I don't know. He took the journals,
he's hiding something.

99.

More Cops arrive, and a SECURITY GUARD is pressed into service behind them, opening the massive front doors to the Castle,

LANGDON

This is it. The Church of
Illumination is somewhere in the
castle.

Cops pour into the courtyard of the castle. Langdon and Vittoria follow.

EXT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO - COURTYARD NIGHT

They dash around the outer bulwark of the Castle. The courtyard
beneath them looks like a museum of ancient warfare -- catapults,
stacks of marble cannonballs, fearful contraptions.

As the Cops quickly and silently search every nook, Langdon and Vittoria follow closely.

LANGDON

The Vatican used this place for centuries as a hideout, a prison for enemies of the church -- there are passages and catacombs everywhere. It makes sense, the Illuminati infiltrated the Church's own stronghold. Bernini was chief architect here, he left clues everywhere, it's even surrounded by a pentagonal park!

They reach the central core of the castle.

Another angel statue, similar to the one atop the citadel, stands in front of them, its sword held in the same position, pointing downward at an angle.

Langdon studies it, follows the line of the angel's sword -- and
sees a gated drive that cuts across the courtyard itself.

LANGDON (cont'd)

There.

A MOMENT LATER,

he and Vittoria are down in the courtyard, at the mouth of the gated drive. The gate is open and leads to a tunnel, a gaping entry in the central core.

100.

LANGDON

A traforo. Commanders on horseback used them to ride directly into a castle from the outside.

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

He gestures to the nearby Cops, who are already on it, and they all head into the darkened tunnel.

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

Police flashlights switch on and their beams bounce crazily off the walls of the tunnel.

Footsteps CRUNCH as they all press in, Langdon and Vittoria content to let men with guns lead the way.

It gets darker as they descend, and then, by the echo of their footfalls, they can tell they've entered --

A LARGE CHAMBER.

More lights are switched on, illuminating the space, which terminates in three stone walls.

LANGDON

It's a dead end.

But the Police attention is focused on the black van parked in the center of the room.

Roman Police snap into action, flashlight beams bounce everywhere, guns point in every possible window of the van, SHOUTS for whoever's inside to get the hell out now, now, now.

The doors are flung open.

The van is empty.

Except for the two dead policemen from the Piazza Navona.

The police frenzy reaches an even higher level, URGENT MESSAGES passed along on radios, half the Cops turning and heading back out of the tunnel.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Where are they going?

Vittoria listens to the orders being given in Italian.

VITTORIA

Back to search the outer castle.

101.

LANGDON

No... no, it has to be here!

But there's no stopping the Cops, and the only two that remain are posted outside the van, guarding their fallen colleagues.

VITTORIA

Robert, it's a dead end.

Langdon walks forward, to the stone wall at the end of the tunnel, and feels his way along it.

It joins smoothly with the wall on the right side.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

Robert...

But he waves her off, this has to be it. He feels all along the wall toward the other corner, and as he looks down at the ground, his eyes widen.

LANGDON

Bring a flashlight.

Vittoria borrows a flashlight from one of the two remaining Cops, who now get a CRACKLY MESSAGE on their walkie-talkies and race out of the tunnel, toward the top, leaving Langdon and Vittoria alone in the dead end.

She brings the light to Langdon, who shines its beam down at the floor. There, in the corner, is a granite block.

LANGDON (cont'd)

None of the other blocks are granite.
And they're all square.

He bends down, looks closer.

LANGDON (cont'd)

This one's a pentagram. It points --

Sure enough, the block is carved in the shape of a pentagram, with the tip pointing into the corner.

LANGDON (cont'd)

-- at nothing.

But as he shines the light, there's something off about the shadow it casts in the corner of the room. It creates an odd, dark slit.

Langdon crouches in the corner and slides his hand along the back wall of the chamber. When he reaches the point at which it should intersect the side wall --

102.

-- his hand disappears.

LANGDON (cont'd)

The walls overlap.

He flattens himself against the back wall, shining the light straight at what should be the intersection of the walls. Half the flashlight's beam falls on the side wall, and the other half --

INT SECRET PASSAGE NIGHT

-- shines through into the secret passage behind the wall.

Langdon draws in his breath and forces himself through the tiny slit, just wide enough for a determined person to squeeze through.

Vittoria follows.

They look ahead, shining the light. They're in an extremely narrow passageway.

They start carefully down it, flashlight in front of them. They whisper.

LANGDON

Do you still have the gun?

VITTORIA

You told me to give it back.

She pulls the gun from her waistband.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

I ignored you.

LANGDON

Ignore me any time you like.

To their right, they pass half a dozen tiny jail cells, the iron bars on most eroded away. Several of the larger cells are intact, and on the floor of one they see black robes and red sashes.

They approach an iron doorway in the wall. The door is ajar and beyond it there is some sort of passage. Langdon squints at two words above it -- II Passetto.

Vittoria gestures -- that way?

Langdon shakes his head no.

103.**LANGDON (cont'd)****(WHISPERS)**

Leads to the Vatican. Or from it.

An ancient escape route.

They round a corner, where the tunnel takes a ninety degree turn to the right. At the corner, Langdon notices another pentagrammal block in the floor.

He bends, studies the direction it's pointing, feels the wall --

LANGDON (cont'd)

Another overlap.

-- and finds another overlapping angle, this one even smaller than the last. The wall is actually joined at the floor, seems to open out at the middle (in roughly the shape of a human form turned sideways), and joins again at the top.

HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, SLIPS THROUGH THE GAP --

-- and finds himself at the base of a set of steep spiral stairs.

Langdon looks up, to the top of the stairs. There is an archway, adorned with a tiny carved angel.

Vittoria slips through the gap, sees the carving too.

VITTORIA

An angel.

Langdon, sensing they're close, starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:**INT APOSTOLIC PALACE - HALLWAY NIGHT**

Commander Rocher, eyes dead-set, walks down a hallway in the Apostolic Palace. He passes two Swiss Guardsmen with radios.

ROCHER

Get on the radio and put the word out.
Conclave is to remain sealed.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

But the Camerlengo gave the order for
evacuation at eleven fif-

ROCHER

I'm countermanding it.

SWISS GUARDSMAN**BUT-**

104.

ROCHER

That door stays SHUT! Do you understand?

SWISS GUARDSMAN

Yes sir.

Rocher keeps walking.

CUT TO:**INT CHURCH OF ILLUMINATION NIGHT**

Langdon and Vittoria creep into the Church of Illumination, and we get our first good look at it.

The embellishments, though faded, are replete with familiar symbology. Pentagram tiles. Planet frescoes. Pyramids.

VITTORIA

We have thirty minutes left, I can still change the battery if we can find the cannister.

Langdon nods, but he's fascinated by the place.

In the center of the room, there is an open fireplace, its embers still smoking. The four Illuminati brands, their faces wiped clean, have been placed back in a molded velvet case.

Langdon, fascinated, spots an empty slot in the very center of the case, surrounded by the four used brands.

But this one's missing.

Vittoria arrives over his shoulder, having completed a quick search of the place.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

It isn't here.

LANGDON

There's a fifth brand.

VITTORIA

What?

He touches the indentation in the velvet, puzzling it out.

LANGDON

Two crossed keys.

105.

VITTORIA

The symbol for the Vatican?

LANGDON

The papacy.

(THINKING)

They're going to kill him. Before they blow up the Vatican they're going to kill and brand the pope himself.

VITTORIA

But there is no pope.

LANGDON

Technically, there is.

VITTORIA

The Camerlengo?! We have to-

MR. GRAY (O.S.)

Please place your gun on the floor.

They freeze. Vittoria looks at Langdon, who nods -- you'd better do it. She does.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Now turn around.

They turn and face Mr. Gray. He looks quite dapper, and not too much the worse for wear. There is a briefcase on the ground beside him, and he's changed into a fresh shirt.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Kick it to me.

She does. He picks it up, ejects the clip and the round in the chamber, pockets them, and tosses the gun into the smoldering fire.

LANGDON

You could have been long gone by now.

MR. GRAY

Some do God's work for love, others for money. Which do you take me for?

As if to answer his own question, he picks up the briefcase from the floor beside him. Then studies Langdon for a moment.

106.

MR. GRAY

You're not one of them.

LANGDON

Neither are you. I was expecting a fanatic.

MR. GRAY

When they call me -- and they all call me -- it is so important to them that I know what they ask is the Lord's will. Or Allah's, or Yahweh's. And I suppose they're right. Because if He were not vengeful, I would not exist, would I?

He picks up his briefcase.

MR. GRAY (cont'd)

Be careful. These are men of God.

He turns to go. Langdon can't help himself:

LANGDON

Why didn't you kill us when you had the chance

Vittoria looks at Langdon like he's nuts.

Mr. Gray turns back,

seems puzzled by the very thought.

MR. GRAY

Because no one asked me to.

He leaves.

Langdon and Vittoria pause for a moment, look at each other --

LANGDON

We've got to get to the Vatican.

CUT TO:

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

Rocher reaches the office of the Pope. Two uniformed Swiss Guard are stationed outside.

Another Swiss Guardsman steps out of the office, reporting back from within.

107.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

The Camerlengo says he will grant you an audience.

ROCHER

I'd like to see him alone.

The Swiss Guards look at each other.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

That's impossible, sir. No one-

ROCHER

Have you forgotten who you work for?!

Rocher is truly intimidating when he wants to be.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

No, sir.

He nods to the other Guards, who raise their swords, allowing access.

CUT TO:

INT SECRET PASSAGE NIGHT

Vittoria and Langdon barrel down the stone stairs, into the passage, and through the open doorway to Il Passetto.

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

The passetto is narrow and dark, lit only by streaks of moonlight coming through the vertical slits in the walls.

But up ahead, there's light. They race for it.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE NIGHT

The Camerlengo kneels in prayer in front of the fire. He hears a sound behind him and turns as the door to the papal office opens.

Rocher enters, closes and locks the door behind him.

CAMERLENGO

CUT TO:

108.

INT/EXT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

Vittoria and Langdon race up a flight of stairs, and the passetto comes out into the open for a hundred yards or so as it leaves the Castel Sant'Angelo.

Ahead, they see a rope ladder over the side. They look down.

Directly below them, Mr. Gray is getting into an Alfa Romeo parked discretely at the end of a dead end street, making his escape.

DOWN ON THE STREET,

the car door SLAMS.

IN THE CAR,

Mr. Gray turns the key.

UP ON THE PASSETTO,

Langdon and Vittoria are running toward the Vatican again when the EXPLOSION rips through the still night.

They stagger and turn back, in time to see Mr. Gray's car go up in an enormous fireball.

VITTORIA

Men of God.

Langdon grabs her arm and they take off. The Passetto descends again, into --

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

-- another underground space. The outline of a steel gate looms ahead, blocking their way.

But as they draw closer, they find the ancient lock hanging open, and the gate swings freely. This tunnel has been used, and recently.

FURTHER AHEAD,

they plow onward, and now there is a low ROARING sound from above them. Langdon pauses, looks up.

LANGDON

We're under St. Peter's Square.

They keep on.

CUT TO:

109.

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

In the hallway outside the Pope's office, there are raised VOICES from behind the closed door. Lt. Chartrand approaches nervously.

He and the Guards look at each other, don't know what to do. From

the other direction, Father Simeon, Cardinal Mortati's Aide, strides toward them.

FR. SIMEON

I demand to speak to the Camerlengo.

AN ANGRY SHOUT from behind the door draws their attention --what the hell is going on in there?

CUT TO:

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria hit another gate, this one heavier, but it too is unlocked. The sound of St. Peter's Square fades behind them now.

UP AHEAD,

they turn a corner and, without warning --- the tunnel ends.

There is only a thick iron door, and as Langdon searches it with his flashlight, he finds no handle, no knob, no keyhole, no hinges.

LANGDON

Senza chiave! A one-way portal, the only access is from the other side!

With a ROAR of anger, he starts to POUND on the door. Vittoria joins in.

INT OFFICES OF THE POPE - HALLWAY NIGHT

CLOSE ON a watch -- 11:40. Outside the door to the Pope's office, Lt. Chartrand is desperate.

While Father Simeon attempts to argue with him in Italian, Chartrand turns, hearing the POUNDING coming from down the hall.

He heads toward it, rounds a corner --

INT POPE'S PRIVATE LIBRARY NIGHT

-- and steps into the Pope's private library, where the POUNDING is louder.

110.

He steps to a heavy door in the wall, looks unused for a century, but it's clearly the source of the sounds. He looks down, sees three keyholes in the door, and an ancient key in each of them.

Chartrand puts his ear to the door, hears VOICES --

INT IL PASSETTO NIGHT

-- and, on the other side, Langdon and Vittoria squint at the light as the heavy door is hauled open before them.

Chartrand looks at them in amazement -- how'd you get here?

LANGDON

The Camerlengo is in danger!

INT PAPAL OFFICES - HALLWAY NIGHT

Chartrand, Langdon, and Vittoria round the corner and race down the hallway toward the Pope's office, just as --

-- a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM comes from behind the closed doors. The

Swiss Guard move fast, throwing open the door.

INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT

Langdon and the others race into the pope's office and find a truly bizarre scene.

Rocher is near the fireplace, brandishing his sidearm, aimed at the Camerlengo, who lays on the floor, writhing in agony.

His cassock is torn open, and his bare chest is seared black. A large, square brand is on the floor at Rocher's feet.

Two of the Swiss Guard act without hesitation -- they open fire.

Two bullets SLAM into Rocher's chest and he crumples.

Father Simeon bursts into the room, and as he does the Camerlengo rolls over onto one side, points his index finger at Simeon, and cries out a single word:

CAMERLENGO

ILLUMINATUS!

FR. SIMEON

You bastard!

You sanctimonious-

He rushes at the Camerlengo and Chartrand reacts on instinct, putting three bullets in Father Simeon's back.

111.

He falls to the floor, dead.

Chartrand and the Guards dash to the Camerlengo, who clutches his chest, convulsing in pain.

Langdon walks toward him, stunned, as the Guards pull the Camerlengo's hands away from his wound, revealing the fifth brand.

The crossed keys, seared into the flesh of his chest.

Langdon looks at Rocher in utter disbelief. Rocher's still alive, trying to say something, holding out a hand.

Everyone else in the room is focused on the Camerlengo, so Langdon bends down, takes the dying man's hand.

Rocher looks up at him, desperation in his eyes, trying to communicate something but too weak to say more than:

ROCHER

For safety.

And his eyes close.

Langdon withdraws his hand from Rocher's, and finds the dying man has pressed something into his palm.

A key.

Langdon looks at it, and it gives him a thought. He turns, looks at the Camerlengo, whose chest is exposed.

The crossed keys are indeed branded there -- but they're upside down.

Langdon slips the key in his pocket and approaches the Camerlengo as Chartrand gets to his feet, on his radio.

CHARTRAND

I need a Medevac to St. Peter's
Square, right now!

The Camerlengo struggles to a sitting position.

CAMERLENGO

Order the evacuation. We only have
nineteen minutes.

LANGDON

(POINTING)

The keys. They're upside down.

112.

VITTORIA

You think it's a sign?

LANGDON

Everything has been a sign, why should
this be any different?

He looks at Rocher, dead on the floor. Back at the branded
keys.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Crossed keys -- the symbol for the
papacy, upside-down.

CAMERLENGO

St. Peter.

LANGDON

(YES)

The first pope, he was crucified
upside-down, on Vatican Hill. Right
beneath where we're standing.

CAMERLENGO

"Upon this rock I will build my
church..."

LANGDON

Or bring it down upon itself.

He looks back at Rocher, and at Father Simeon, dead on the floor.

LANGDON (cont'd)

They were conservatives, the former
Pope was becoming more and more
liberal. Maybe they loved their
church so much they were willing to
destroy it.

CAMERLENGO

(thinking, repeats)

Upon this rock I will build my church.

LANGDON

St. Peter's tomb is the very core of
Christendom.

CAMERLENGO

The bomb is in St. Peter's tomb!

LANGDON

(almost admiring it)
The ultimate infiltration.

113.

VITTORIA

I can still change the battery if we hurry!

CUT TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The square is more crowded than ever, and now the helicopter. Chartrand called SWOOPS in low overhead as Vatican Police frantically try to clear a landing area.

CUT TO:

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

Langdon, Vittoria, the Camerlengo, and two Swiss Guard are hurrying across the deserted floor of St. Peter's Basilica when the lights go out.

CHARTRAND

The grid is still cycling -- the power to this section must be down.

They race down the center aisle, to the candlelit balustrade which surrounds the winding staircase into the grottoes.

CAMERLENGO

Oil lamps. Grab one!

They do, and run down the center stair.

On the staircase,

the ninety-nine burning oil lamps throw exaggerated shadows on stone walls.

VITTORIA

What's down here?

LANGDON

The Necropolis. City of the dead.

Oh.

The Camerlengo drops to his knees and opens an iron grate in the marble floor.

CUT TO:

114.

INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT

Vittoria, Langdon, the Camerlengo, and Chartrand drop down through an open hole and into an underground city of ancient, winding streets. Part museum, part ruin, they run past ancient structures, some hundreds, some thousands of years old.

The rectangular tombs are similar to little houses, complete with doorways, thresholds, windows, and terraces.

AROUND A CORNER,

the Camerlengo seems to know exactly where he's going; he leads them down a narrow stone passageway.

AROUND ANOTHER CORNER,

they hurry up a small hill. At the top of the grade, there is a stone grotto, toward which the Camerlengo is racing.

He reaches the grotto, searches, but finds nothing.

Langdon and Vittoria come to a stop behind him, breathing hard.

CAMERLENGO

It must be here! It must be!

He rips aside some protective tarps, finds that underneath the actual burial site is an underground area, part of a dig in progress.

He climbs down into it, we see just the top of his head as --

-- a soft glow seems to emanate from beneath him.

The Camerlengo's head is wreathed in light for a moment, and then, as he climbs out, we see that he's holding in his hands --

-- the glowing canister of anti-matter.

ON THE GROUND NEARBY,

Vittoria drops to her knees, a tiny silver pellet in one hand, two wires leading from opposite ends of it.

VITTORIA

Set it down flat.

The Camerlengo does. Langdon bends close. Vittoria checks the timer.

VITTORIA (cont'd)

We still have seven minutes. Good.

115.

She leans down, reaching for the canister's baseplate.

As she does, a drop of sweat rolls to the tip of her nose She freezes.

Wipes the sweat away, thinking about it

VITTORIA (cont'd)

It's hot down here. Isn't it?

LANGDON

What's wrong?

VITTORIA

Heat decreases battery life. We may have less than five minutes.

CAMERLENGO

So?

VITTORIA

If I pull the power with less than five minutes, the residual charge won't hold suspension. We should leave it and get clear if we can. At least if it goes off down here the damage will be-

CAMERLENGO

NO.

And with that, he snatches up the canister and takes off running,

VITTORIA

Wait!

LANGDON

Father, please!

But he's already gone, around a darkened corner.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In St. Peter's Square, the helicopter that was brought in for the Camerlengo waits, propellers spinning.

The Crowd seems even bigger now, and a REPORTER tells us why:

REPORTER

-- in St. Peter's Square where, despite a bomb threat and order of evacuation, the crowd is actually growing in size as we await --

116.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

The Camerlengo emerges from the spiral staircase, accidentally kicks over one of the oil lamps, spilling its burning oil on the floor of the Basilica.

He ignores it, racing for the front doors.

INT THE NECROPOLIS NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria come around a corner in the Necropolis, having taken slightly longer to find their way.

Langdon spots the circular entry by which they first came in.

LANGDON

There it is!

They race toward it and climb up.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

They hurry across the floor of St. Peter's Basilica and burst out the huge doors that open onto St. Peter's Square, just as --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

-- the helicopter lifts off.

The Crowd watches in amazement, and the PILOT stands in the square, talking animatedly to two Swiss Guard, gesturing toward the helicopter. But if he's not flying it...

Langdon looks up at the helicopter as it climbs, straight upward.

LANGDON

Oh my God...

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

The Camerlengo is indeed at the controls of the helicopter, piloting it upwards and away from the crowd below. The canister is beside him on the passenger seat.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The crowd falls silent, all eyes turning upward, watching the helicopter recede into the clouds.

117.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

The canister BEEPS on the seat beside the Camerlengo -- still a few minutes left on its timer, but the urgently flashing red power light can't be considered a good sign.

The Camerlengo looks at it.

Crosses himself.

Raises the crucifix from around his neck and brushes it against his lips.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

All eyes are upturned, all voices have fallen still, watching as the helicopter's anti-collision lights disappear into the clouded night sky.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

High above the square, the helicopter still climbs, rotating in circles.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

CLOSE ON the canister as the red light flashes even faster, and a shrill BEEPING fills the cockpit.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In the crowd, faces turn, PEOPLE point. There's something in the sky above them.

Langdon and Vittoria see it too -- a faint white speck, far up in the sky. This is the explosion?

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

No, the faint white speck is a billowing parachute -- and the Camerlengo dangles at the end of it.

ABOVE HIM,

the helicopter continues to climb, far up into the night.

INT HELICOPTER NIGHT

And in the canister, the BEEPING sound becomes continuous and the light winks out altogether.

118.

The shimmering bead of anti-matter falls out of suspension and drops, slowly, toward the bottom of the canister, it barely touches the surface --

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

-- and the helicopter explodes in a blinding pinpoint of white light.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

Up in the sky over St. Peter's Square, the pinpoint of light is tiny at first, then it shoots out to either side in a searing white line, then the white line balloons out on either side, expanding into a gigantic ball of hot white light.

And then the sound hits.

THIS is the explosion, and it is so much more ferocious than we could have imagined.

The entire image is bleached white, with only the faint outlines of people visible within it.

And then concussive force of the blast hits, like heat waves, rippling everything in its way. SCREAMING and panic.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo, clinging to the parachute, is buffeted wildly, spun over and over, tangling him in his cords, which makes him fall faster.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The second wave of the blast comes, and this one's ten times as powerful as the first.

Everything standing is flattened -- PEOPLE, camera trucks, the fountain in the middle of the square collapses in a shower of marble and water.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

Ceiling tiles fall and SMASH on the floor inside St. Peter's, statues topple.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo falls, unconscious now, tumbling over and over, dropping too fast. He SLAMS off an angled rooftop, headed for the ground.

119.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

In the square, Langdon and Vittoria dodge falling debris. Vittoria loses her footing as a chunk of plaster CRUNCHES off a building, plummeting toward her.

Langdon pulls her to safety as the plaster PULVERIZES itself in the square.

EXT IN THE SKY NIGHT

The Camerlengo CRUNCHES off the side of another building and drifts downward, fast, toward the crowd in St. Peter's.

His unconscious form SMASHES through a dozen people before SLAMMING to the ground at one edge of the square.

AND IN THE SKY ABOVE,

the blast suddenly turns inward on itself, the heat and light and sound all seeming to suck back up into a perfect horizontal line, which then collapses in from the sides, until once again it is just a speck of white hot light --

-- that disappears into the night.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

The only sound that remains in the square is a soft night wind.

The wounded pick themselves up off the ground.

The crowd, realizing the blast is over, turns its attention to the body of the Camerlengo, on the far side of the square.

Langdon and Vittoria try to make their way toward him, but the crowd surges past them, and we soar over the heads of the crowd, wanting to get there first, wanting to be the first ones to see

--- his eyes open. He's alive.

WIDE ON THE SQUARE AS

a great CHEER rises up from the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

The CHEERS from outside are clearly audible in the Sistine Chapel, where the doors have been thrown open and they have gotten the news. Jubilation reigns.

A SWISS GUARDSMAN runs in, finds Cardinal Mortati.

120.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

Signore Mortati, he is alive! The
Camerlengo is alive!

MORTATI

Praise God.

But he looks around him -- the Cardinals have split into small groups, they're discussing something with great animation amongst themselves.

Mortati watches, doesn't like what he's seeing.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE OF THE SWISS GUARD NIGHT

Langdon and Vittoria, on a bench in the office of the Swiss Guard, are having superficial wounds treated. The buzz in the office is intense, just as excited as in the square and the Sistine Chapel.

Langdon looks over at Vittoria.

LANGDON

Are you okay?

She looks back at him, nods. Smiles. He reaches over, interlaces his fingers with hers, and takes her hand.

LANGDON (cont'd)

Thank God.

She smiles, turns his hand, noticing the glass on his wristwatch is broken. He notices, seems distressed.

VITTORIA

Do we have time for that story now?

LANGDON

Do I have someone to tell it to?

She smiles and kisses the back of his hand -- yes. A ROAR
comes from outside and we see --

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE NIGHT

-- the crowd in St. Peter's Square, in rapture. There is SINGING,
there's CHANTING of the Camerlengo's name. It's exactly
midnight.

121.

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

In the Sistine Chapel, Cardinal Mortati is in hushed, urgent
conversation with a group of seven or eight Cardinals.

MORTATI

Signores... you are no doubt aware
that by Holy Law the man is ineligible
for election to the papacy. He is
not a cardinal, he is a priest, a
chamberlain. And there is the
matter of his inadequate age. I'm
sorry, the protocols of conclave are
not subject to modification. I will
not call a ballot on this matter.

The African Cardinal who cast his vote earlier speaks up.

AFRICAN CARDINAL

But Signore, you would not call the
ballot. Surely you remember -- you
gave up your post as Great Elector.

Mortati looks at him. Boxed into a corner.

Outside, the crowd in St. Peter's can be heard, singing joyously.

A SECOND CARDINAL steps forward.

SECOND CARDINAL

They are singing in St. Peter's
Square! What happened here tonight
transcends our laws!

MORTATI

Does it? Is it God's will that we
abandon reason and give ourselves over
to frenzy? Discard the rules of the
church?

A THIRD CARDINAL now, a peacemaker:

THIRD CARDINAL

Perhaps they need not be discarded.

They all look at him.

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)

I am thinking now of Romano Pontifici
Eligendo, Numero 63.

Most of the Cardinals look puzzled -- but Mortati's face darkens.

122.

THIRD CARDINAL (cont'd)

Balloting is not the only method by which a Pope can be elected. There is another, more divine method.

MORTATI

"Acclimation by Adoration."

THIRD CARDINAL

Si, signore!

The Second Cardinal sparks to this idea.

SECOND CARDINAL

Of course!

(answering those around him who look confused)

Election by Adoration occurs when all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, freely and spontaneously, unanimously and aloud, proclaim one individual's name.

THIRD CARDINAL

And the law states that Adoration supersedes all other eligibility requirements. The candidate need only be an ordained member of the clergy.

(DRAMATICALLY)

BUT!

(they listen)

He must be present in the Sistine Chapel at the moment of election.

Many cries now of "Bring the Camerlengo to us!"

Mortati looks deeply troubled.

CUT TO:

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT

Bandaged now, Langdon and Vittoria are ushered into Rocher's office by a Swiss Guardsman.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

Please wait here while we arrange your transportation. May I get you anything?

123.

They shake their heads, no thanks. Settle into chairs to the side of Rocher's desk.

They look uncomfortable -- it's weird to be in a dead man's office.

Vittoria looks at his desk. Thinks of something.

She gets up and goes to it, running her hand lightly over it.

LANGDON

What are you doing?

VITTORIA

Leonardo's journals.
back.

I want them

She feels in the surface of the desk and finds the square outline of the inlaid panel where Rocher hid the journals. She tries prying it open, but that doesn't work, she tries pushing down on the front of it --

-- and the panel slowly rotates open. The journals, which were laid on top of the television monitor, slide out and onto the desk.

Vittoria scoops them up and is about to close the panel again when --

LANGDON

Wait a minute.

He looks down at the monitor. Thinking.

At its odd, key-shaped on/off switch.

He pulls something from his pocket -- the key Rocher gave him, just as he died.

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

he sees Rocher's face, looking up at him, dying:

ROCHER

For safety.

BACK IN THE OFFICE,

Langdon looks at the key, and its odd shape. Looks down at the monitor, the same odd shape where its switch should be.

124.

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

they're back in the Pope's office, but Rocher is alive, and saying words he said earlier:

ROCHER

The Holy Father was subject to seizures... but he took steps.

BACK IN THE OFFICE,

Rocher's voice continues over, but Langdon mouths the words as he remembers them:

ROCHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

"MADE SURE HE WAS WATCHED."

IN LANGDON'S MIND,

Rocher is back in the office again, finishing his sentence:

ROCHER

For safety.

IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,

Langdon holds the key up, repeating those last words:

LANGDON

For safety.

He lowers the key to the monitor, extending it toward the keyhole

-- and it's a perfect fit. He twists it.

And with a ZZZZT of power, the monitor winks to life. An image comes into focus.

VITTORIA

Where's that?

LANGDON

That...is the papal office.

On the monitor,

they are indeed looking at an image of the Pope's office. There are two dead bodies on the floor, covered with sheets, and VATICAN POLICE are photographing everything. Must be live.

IN ROCHER'S OFFICE,

Langdon's figuring it out.

125.

LANGDON

The Pope spent a lot of time in contemplation, alone. If he was worried about seizures, he must have asked Rocher to install a camera without telling anyone. To keep an eye on him. For safety. And maybe --

He reaches down to the screen, toward a touch panel at the bottom.

You don't have to be a symbologist to understand these symbols-- play, pause, fast forward.

And rewind. Langdon touches it.

ON THE MONITOR,

the image ZIPS backwards, rapidly, to the shooting, and the all the way back to when Rocher and the Camerlengo were alone together. Rocher stands just behind him, the Camerlengo still kneels before the fireplace.

As the image starts to play forward, in real time, we go in close on the monitor and come out --

INT POPE'S OFFICE NIGHT

-- in the papal office, to watch the scene in person.

CAMERLENGO

The scientist kept journals? So?

ROCHER

You figure prominently in them.

The Camerlengo turns his eyes back to the flames, stirring the embers with a poker.

CAMERLENGO

Really.

ROCHER

Leonardo wasn't just a physicist, he was a Catholic priest. Deeply conflicted about the implications of his work and in need of spiritual

guidance. About a month ago, he requested an audience with the Pope. But you'd know that, because you granted the audience, and were present during it.

The Camerlengo twists the poker in the fire. Speaks softly.

126.

CAMERLENGO

The fool thought he had duplicated the moment of creation.

ROCHER

And the Holy Father urged him to go public. His Holiness thought the discovery might actually prove the existence of a divine power -- begin to bridge the gap between religion and science.

CAMERLENGO

Science. The new God. Ignore the weapons and chaos and madness.

The Camerlengo looks up at him, and his expression is different than we've ever seen it. Contemptuous. Angry. Violent.

CAMERLENGO (cont'd)

His work was not religious, it was sacrilegious!

ROCHER

But you saw the Pope's position as a softening of church law. An old man's weakness. Your father's weakness.

CAMERLENGO

He raised me to protect the church. Even from within.

ROCHER

So you brought an old enemy back from the dead to frighten people.

CAMERLENGO

Nothing unites hearts like the presence of evil.

ROCHER

It didn't work, Father.

CAMERLENGO

It isn't finished.

ROCHER

I've informed Father Simeon of what I learned and he'll get word to the Cardinals the moment conclave opens.

The Camerlengo looks at him calmly for a moment --

127.

CAMERLENGO

I was planning on doing this alone.

-- and then removes the poker from the fire. But it isn't a poker, it's a long-handled brand, with a cross of some kind at the end.

Rocher pulls his gun, holds it at his side.

ROCHER

Put that down.

The Camerlengo rips open his cassock with his free hand.

CAMERLENGO

But perhaps it's better that you're here.

ROCHER

(raising the gun)

Put it down!

But the Camerlengo RAMS the red-hot brand into the exposed flesh of his bare chest. His skin SIZZLES and smokes, Rocher SHOUTS, the Camerlengo SCREAMS in agony, and we know the rest --

-- the door bursts open, Swiss Guard pour in, Rocher is shot, Father Simeon races toward the Camerlengo --

FR. SIMEON

You bastard! You sanctimonious-

-- and the Camerlengo rolls over, pointing one long finger at Father Simeon and CRYING OUT:

CAMERLENGO

ILLUMINATUS!

As we saw before, Lt. Chartrand FIRES THREE TIMES, killing Father Simeon in his tracks, we pull back, the image turns to --

INT ROCHER'S OFFICE NIGHT

-- video again, and as we complete the move out from the monitor, we see it isn't Langdon and Vittoria watching the image this time --

--- but Cardinal Mortati, flanked by two other red-robed Cardinals and a half-dozen Swiss Guardsman.

Langdon and Vittoria stand to one side as Mortati turns and looks at them. Suddenly, he seems very, very old.

CUT TO:

128.

INT GRAND STAIRCASE NIGHT

The Camerlengo, escorted by two Swiss Guardsman, descends the Royal Staircase that leads to the Sistine Chapel.

Though he is injured and limping, he radiates confidence, even benevolence, a man certain this is the greatest day of his life.

He approaches the chapel doors, speaks to the Swiss Guard posted there as he approaches.

CAMERLENGO

I have been summoned by the College of Cardinals.

Oh, they know all about it. They lift their swords, the doors sweep open, the Camerlengo strides boldly across the threshold --

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

-- and stops, right there, the look of imminent ascendancy frozen on his face.

The Cardinals are looking at him, all right, but not in joy, not in wonder, not for leadership. One hundred sixty-one faces are turned toward his, with an expression of ---

-- utter condemnation.

He stands there for a moment, searching their faces, trying to figure out what could possibly have happened.

But it doesn't matter.

They know. And he knows they know.

He takes two steps backwards, almost involuntarily.

Starts to teeter, balances himself in the doorway.

Then straightens himself, smoothes his cassock.

And turns and walks away, back up the staircase.

Two Swiss Guard move to go after him, quickly, but Cardinal Mortati gestures to them.

MORTATI

Gently. But within our walls.

The Swiss Guard follow the Camerlengo up the staircase.

CUT TO:

129.

INT ST. PETER'S BASILICA NIGHT

The Camerlengo comes out of a doorway and into St. Peter's Basilica. He heads for the main doors --

-- just as HALF A DOZEN SWISS GUARD step in from outside, blocking his way. Some MURMUR softly into their radios.

He stops, turns around to come back the way he came ---

-- but TWO SWISS GUARD appear in that doorway, also with radios.

He turns again, no way to go but toward the front of the Basilica.

He sees the candlelit balustrade near the front, the one that leads to the grottoes and the Necropolis. He picks up his pace.

The Swiss Guard follow, at a slight distance.

The Camerlengo reaches the spiral staircase and stops, looking down, seeing the oil lamp he kicked over earlier.

He thinks. He picks up a fresh lamp, holds it to his face --

-- and blows out its flame with a soft PUFF.

ACROSS THE BASILICA,

we're with the Swiss Guard as they walk slowly toward him.

But they hear a CRY from ahead, he's gone down the stairs a short distance, and they can hear the sound of liquid SLOSHING.

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

They break into a run as they realize what he's about to do, they're twenty feet away, then ten, then just close enough to see the Camerlengo as he --

-- SMASHES a burning oil lamp at his feet. The flames leap onto his oil-soaked clothes and --

-- HE IGNITES IN A PILLAR OF WHITE FLAME.

CUT TO:

INT SISTINE CHAPEL NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bundle of one hundred sixty-one slips of paper, pierced by a needle and strung together.

They're tossed into the fireplace in the Sistine Chapel, where they too burst into flame.

We rise up again, ahead of the smoke this time, all the way up to --

130.

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAWN

-- the chimney above St. Peter's Square, where the throng is still gathered, waiting for some word as the sun rises on the horizon. And this time, the smoke that billows from the chimney --
-- is white.

There is a new pope. The crowd ROARS its approval, BELLS begin to toll --

INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

-- the red silk sash covering the doors to the papal apartment is SLICED apart --

-- the wax seal BREAKS as the doors are flung open, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT ST. PETER'S SQUARE DAY

-- St. Peter's Square, later the same day. The Crowd, if you can believe it, is even bigger.

A STRING OF REPORTERS fills us in for the last time (non-English speakers subtitled).

BBC REPORTER

Church sources now confirm that
Camerlengo Father Sebastian Guttierrez
has died of internal injuries
sustained in his heroic fall --

A BRAZILIAN REPORTER:

BRAZILIAN REPORTER

-- which has spurred calls for his
immediate canonization and sainthood.
The Vatican also announced the death
of three of its cardinals in the fire
at Santa Maria Delia Vittoria --

An AMERICAN REPORTER:

AMERICAN REPORTER

-- but all eyes here are on the papal
balcony as we await the appearance of

the new Holy Father, who, despite
terrorist attempts at disruption --

We move off the Reporter and up, toward the papal balcony, its
doors hanging open, curtains billowing.

131.

AMERICAN REPORTER (cont'd)
-- seems to have been selected in one
of the swiftest and smoothest
conclaves in modern church history.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT PAPAL APARTMENT DAY

Inside the papal apartments, Robert Langdon sits stiffly on a
straight-backed chair in a hallway. Couldn't look more
uncomfortable if he tried.

A Swiss Guardsman stands on either side of him.

The door to his right suddenly opens, another Guardsman nods to
him, and Langdon gets to his feet, straightening his jacket.

INT OFFICE OF THE POPE DAY

Langdon is shown into the office, where a robed figure is being
dressed by two VATICAN ATTENDANTS -- the clothes he dons are
unmistakably papal vestments. The figure, his back to us,
gestures to a nearby table.

One of the Swiss Guardsmen goes to the table and picks up an
envelope, hands it to Langdon.

SWISS GUARDSMAN

A token of thanks from His Holiness.

Langdon, puzzled, opens the envelope and lets the contents fall
into his hand.

It's a thin volume, but a familiar one -- the only surviving copy
of Galileo's Diagramma. Langdon nearly GASPS.

The figure in the papal robes turn around. It is, of course,
Cardinal Mortati.

MORTATI

This should help you complete your
scholarly work, Professor.

Langdon is too stunned to speak,

MORTATI (cont'd)

I ask only that in your last will and
testament you ensure it finds its way
home.

LANGDON

I -- yes, I -- of course.

132.

Mortati takes a few steps forward, studying Langdon,

MORTATI

When you write of us -- and you will
write of us -- may I ask one thing?

Langdon looks at him questioningly.

MORTATI (cont'd)

Do so gently?

LANGDON

I'll try.

MORTATI

Religion is flawed, Mr. Langdon, but
only because man is flawed.
Including this one.

He touches his chest lightly.

The Aides now pick up the miter, the spade-shaped papal hat. He
stands still while they place it on his head, completing his
attire.

LANGDON

I hear you've chosen the name Luke.
There have been Marks and Johns, but
never a Luke.

MORTATI

It's said he was a doctor.

LANGDON

Is that a message? Science and
faith all in one?

MORTATI

The world is in need of both.
Science can heal, or science can kill.
It depends on the soul of the man
using the science.

Langdon looks at him. Likes the sound of that.

LANGDON

You'll lead wisely.

MORTATI

I'm an old man. I'll lead briefly,

Mortati comes closer to Langdon, raises his right hand, and makes
a gentle sign of the cross over him, murmuring softly.

133.

MORTATI (cont'd)

Thanks be to God, for sending someone
to protect His church.

LANGDON

I -- don't believe He sent me,
Father.

MORTATI

Oh, my son...

He smiles.

MORTATI (cont'd)

Of course He did.

He turns, and his Aides part the billowing silk curtains that lead
to the papal balcony.

Angels & Demons Script at IMSDb.

We move forward with him as he steps out over St. Peter's Square and a great ROAR rises up from below.

Cardinal Mortati, Pope Luke I, holds his arms out to his sides, an embrace to take in the world --

-- and behind him, hidden in the shadows of the papal apartment, just behind the billowing curtains, Robert Langdon folds his hand in front of him --

-- and bows his head.

THE END



Angels & Demons

Writers : [David Koepp](#) [Akiva Goldsman](#)

Genres : [Drama](#) [Mystery](#) [Thriller](#)

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AVATAR

written by
James Cameron

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THE SOUND OF DRUMS, from a great distance, growing louder.

FADE IN:

WE ARE FLYING through mist, a dimly glimpsed forest below.

VOICE (V.O.)

*When I was lying there in the VA
hospital, with a big hole blown through
the middle of my life, I started having
these dreams of flying.*

We are very low over the forest now, gliding fast, the drums
BUILDING to a PEAK --

VOICE (V.O.)

*Sooner or later though, you always have
to wake up...*

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A SCREECH OF BRAKES as a vehicle WIPES FRAME, revealing --

JAKE SULLY, a scarred and scruffy combat vet, sitting in a beat up carbon-fiber wheelchair. At 22, his eyes are hardened by the wisdom and wariness of one who has endured pain beyond his years.

Jake stares upward at the levels of the city. MAGLEV TRAINS WHOOSH overhead on elevated tracks, against a sky of garish advertizing.

JAKE (V.O.)

*They can fix a spinal, if you've got the
money. But not on vet benefits, not in
this economy.*

The traffic light changes and Jake pushes forward with the crowd, pumping the wheels of his chair. Most of the people wear FILTER MASKS to protect them from the toxic air. In a LONG LENS STACK it is a marching torrent of anonymous, isolated souls.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is a tiny CUBICLE, prison cell meets 747 bathroom. Narrow cot, wall-screen droning away in the B.G. --

PERKY NEWSCASTER

*The Bengal tiger, extinct for over a
century, is making a comeback. These
cloned tiger cubs at the Beijing Zoo
are...*

Jake laboriously pulls his pants off -- rocking to one side, pushing the fabric down past his hip, then rocking to the other, and so on.

His legs are white and atrophied. Utterly useless. But his arms are tattooed and powerfully muscled. A "Born Loser" tattoo prominent on his shoulder.

JAKE (V.O.)

I became a Marine for the hardship. To be hammered on the anvil of life. I told myself I could pass any test a man can pass.

Jake struggles with his pants a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. ROWDY BAR -- NIGHT

Not the kind of place you'd bring your mom.

We find Jake near the pool table, BALANCING his chair, front wheels off the ground, while holding a tequila shot on his forehead. ONLOOKERS, including some other disabled vets, CLAP and WHOOP.

Jake grabs the glass, SLAMS down the shot as they cheer.

A WALL-SIZED SCREEN filled with the World Cup game -- men RUNNING on antelope legs.

CU JAKE, watching what he can't have. Expression stony.

JAKE (V.O.)

Let's get it straight up front. I don't want your pity. I know the world's a cold-ass bitch.

Jake's eyes shift -- HIS POV, seeing the bar through gaps in the crowd. A MAN on a barstool SLAPS the WOMAN he's with. Hard. She cowers but he's got her arm, shouting, raising his fist. An eternal tableau. People look away.

CU JAKE -- not looking away.

JAKE (V.O.)

You want a fair deal, you're on the wrong planet. The strong prey on the weak.

TIGHT ON JAKE'S HAND as he starts pushing the wheel of his chair.

TRACKING WITH HIM as he rolls forward.

JAKE (V.O.)
*It's just the way things are. And nobody
 does a damn thing.*

Jake stops, unnoticed, next to the bullying man. He leans down and grabs one leg of the man's barstool -- and YANKS.

The chair flips. The guy goes down HARD and --

JAKE hurls himself from the wheelchair, toppling on the guy, getting a grip on him like a pit bull and PUNCHING the crap out of him, right there on the floor.

THE BOUNCER jumps in, trying to drag him off and it goes into SLOW MOTION, everybody yelling and pulling...

JAKE (V.O.)
*All I ever wanted in my sorry-ass life
 was a single thing worth fighting for.*

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR -- NIGHT

THE BOUNCER hurls Jake out the door, sending him SPRAWLING on the pavement. A moment later, his chair CRASHES down on him, banging across the alley, landing in the trash.

Jake struggles to rise on one elbow. He's bleeding and bruised, but still crazed and ready to fight.

JAKE
I hope you realize you've just lost a
 customer!

He collapses onto his back, panting.

JAKE
 (to himself)
 Candy ass bitch.

He stares upwards at the levels of the city. MAGTRAINS ROAR overhead. It starts to RAIN. He just lies there, blinking -- then shouts jauntily to no one in particular --

JAKE
 If it ain't rainin' we ain't trainin'!

CAMERA PULLS BACK high and wide, as Jake lies spread-eagled amongst the trash, getting drenched.

TWO LONG SHADOWS enter FRAME, coming to rest across him.

Jake sees two pairs of SHINY SHOES stop next to him. He squints up at --

TWO MEN. Matching suits. Their features unremarkable and blandly threatening in the way of FBI agents and auditors.

AGENT 1
Are you Jake Sully?

JAKE
Step off. You're ruinin' my good mood.

AGENT 2
It's about your brother.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

DOWN-ANGLE on a large rectangular cardboard box. HANDS ENTER FRAME, pulling open the top to reveal a DEAD MAN'S FACE. He looks EXACTLY like a clean-shaven version of Jake. His IDENTICAL TWIN -- **TOMMY**.

JAKE (V.O.)
The strong prey on the weak. A guy with a knife took all Tommy would ever be, for the paper in his wallet.

WIDER, showing Jake and the two agents in a high tech CREMATORIUM -- a row of stainless steel furnaces. Jake stares down at his own face.

JAKE
Jesus, Tommy.

JAKE (V.O.)
The Suits' concern was touching.

AGENT 1
Your brother represented a significant investment. We'd like to talk to you about taking over his contract.

The ATTENDANT closes the box and seals it with a tape dispenser, like it's a package for shipping. The cardboard coffin is rolled into the furnace.

JAKE (V.O.)
The egghead and the jarhead. Tommy was the scientist, not me. He was the one who wanted to get shot light years out into space to find the answers.

PUSHING IN ON JAKE as he watches, bathed in orange light.

JAKE (V.O.)

*Me -- I was just another dumb grunt
gettin' sent someplace I was gonna
regret.*

INSIDE THE FURNACE the burners quickly eat away the cardboard; TOMMY'S FACE is, for a moment, wreathed in flame but not touched by it, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

JAKE'S FACE, in icy darkness. CLOSE ON his eyes -- they OPEN suddenly, and he takes a sharp breath.

JAKE'S POV -- the inside of a metal coffin. A SERVO WHINE and we are moving, emerging into a large chamber --

INT. CRYO VAULT

JAKE'S POV -- A **TECH** in medical scrubs FLOATS WEIGHTLESSLY toward us. Wherever we are, we're not on Earth.

Jake squints as the lights flicker on, revealing --

WIDE SHOT -- the multi-tiered CRYO VAULT. Hundreds of CRYO-CAPSULES are opening like morgue drawers, as med techs pull themselves about in ZERO-G, tending to their patients.

JAKE

(a hoarse whisper)
Are we there?

MED TECH

We're there, Sunshine.

TIME CUT -- SCORES OF PEOPLE emerge from their cryo-capsules in ZERO-G. Pale spirits of the dead rising from rows of open coffins.

The MED TECH floats among them, using his announcement voice.

MED TECH

People, you have been in cryo for five years, nine months and twenty two days. You will be hungry, you will be weak. If you feel nausea, please use the sacks provided for your convenience. The staff thanks you in advance.

FOLLOWING JAKE as he pushes away from his capsule, gliding to the LOCKERS across the aisle, his paralyzed legs not an impediment in weightlessness.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Against the cold infinity of stars glides an INTERSTELLAR SPACECRAFT -- **ISV VENTURE STAR**. As it moves past like an endless train, we realize this thing is ENORMOUS -- over half a mile long. PAN WITH IT 180 to REVEAL --

A GAS-GIANT PLANET called **POLYPHEMUS**, ringed with dozens of moons which cast beauty-mark shadows on its vast face.

The ISV diminishes away from us toward the largest MOON-- a blue and surprisingly Earth-like world called **PANDORA**. The ship dwindles to a speck against the BLUE MOON.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANDORA ORBIT

ISV Venture Star drifts above a spectacular vista -- the sapphire seas and unfamiliar continents of Pandora.

CLOSE ON ISV -- two massive "VALKYRIE" **SHUTTLES** are mated to a DOCKING NODE. One of them separates from the starship and moves away, its thrusters FIRING in short bursts.

As the shuttle moves away, descending toward Pandora, we hear the sound of DRUMS, building, louder and louder until we--

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - TWILIGHT

FLYING OVER A LANDSCAPE of massive cliffs and towering mesas carpeted in rainforest. Great scarves of cloud swirl around the mesa tops. A primeval landscape, vast and forbidding.

The trees are alien, the color too cyan. There are waterfalls, rivers, and distant flocks of WINGED CREATURES.

Suddenly the carpet of virgin rainforest gives way to --

AN OPEN-PIT MINE. A lifeless crater -- as if a giant cookie-cutter took a chunk out of the world. Down among the terraces are EXCAVATORS and TRUCKS the size of three story buildings.

And beyond the mine is the HUMAN COLONY --

EXT. HELL'S GATE - TWILIGHT

HELL'S GATE is a cluster of squat concrete and steel structures surrounded by chain-link FENCE 10 meters high, topped with razor wire.

At the corners are towers with automated SENTRY GUNS swiveling on servo mounts.

Visible beyond the gun towers, the VALKYRIE SHUTTLE roars in across the treetops. VECTORING NOZZLES change angle, bringing the ship to a SLOW HOVER.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - TWILIGHT

Through a screen of jungle canopy, we see the VALKYRIE thunder overhead. Camera TILTS with it until leaves block the view.

A BLUE INHUMAN HAND reaches INTO SHOT, parting the foliage to reveal the shuttle hover-taxiing across the compound.

REVERSE -- ECU of two intense, cat-like golden EYES watching.

INT./EXT. SHUTTLE

The CREW CHIEF stomps down the aisle yelling --

CREW CHIEF
Exopacks on!

Passengers don their EXO-PACK breathing gear with practiced moves. Everybody except JAKE, who's turning his this way and that trying to figure out the straps.

CREW CHIEF
Remember people, you lose your mask
you're unconscious in 20 seconds and
you're dead in four minutes. Let's nobody
be dead today, it looks bad on my report.

The crew chief stops by Jake long enough to bark --

CREW CHIEF
Exopack on, let's go!

BENEATH THE SHUTTLE air blasts outward for a hundred meter radius as it settles onto its landing gear.

INSIDE everybody is queued up in the aisles, with duffles ready. Rows of tense, expectant faces in breathing masks -- and we DIP DOWN to find Jake, wheelchair putting him at the level of everyone else's WAISTS.

THE CARGO RAMP OPENS with a hydraulic whine.

CREW CHIEF

Go directly into the base! Do not stop!
Go straight inside!

HAND-HELD, running with the arriving colonists who double time down the ramp. They jog across the exposed apron toward a walkway covered in CHAINLINK which leads to the complex.

Inside the chain-link tunnel are a couple of SEC-OPS TROOPERS, **CORPORAL LYLE WAINFLEET** and **PRIVATE FIKE**. Sec-Ops is the colony's private security force. These guys are laid back, hardened, and haggard.

WAINFLEET

Look at all that new meat.

THEIR POV -- Jake rolls down the ramp.

FIKE

Check it out, man. Meals on wheels.

WAINFLEET

That is just wrong.

Jake, pumping his chair, looks around as --

A huge TRACTOR, taller than a house, ROARS past on muddy wheels. He notices something sticking in the tires -- ARROWS. The neolithic weapons are jarring amid all the advanced technology.

Beyond the tractor, two VTOL vehicles take off. Armored and heavily armed, they are AT-99 "**SCORPION**" **GUNSHIPS**.

MITSUBISHI MK-6 **AMPSUITS** -- human operated walking machines 4 meters tall -- patrol the perimeter. They are heavily armored, and armed with a huge rotary cannon called a GAU-90.

Beyond the outer fence stands a black wall of forest hundreds of feet high. A SENTRY GUN OPENS FIRE from a tower. TRACERS light up the twilight. A shadowy SHAPE SHRIEKS and drops off the fence. *It is an armed camp in a state of siege.*

WAINFLEET and Fike give Jake and his chair the hairy eyeball as he approaches.

JAKE

What're you two limpdicks starin' at?

As Jake rolls past, SOMETHING SWOOPS down behind him and --

K-KRASH! SMASHES against the chain-link right next to his head.

A vicious AERIAL PREDATOR a meter across gnashes glass fangs against the steel. It STABS at him through the chain link with a tail ending in a glistening stiletto. A **STINGBAT**.

WAINFLEET casually BLASTS IT with his PISTOL. It drops off the fence, tail still lashing.

WAINFLEET

Seen a lotta guys leave this place in a wheelchair. Never seen anybody show up in one.

Jake stares at the gnashing fangs of the dying alien.

ON A WALKWAY of the OPS CENTER, seen from above, a UNIFORMED FIGURE grips the railing, watching Jake pump his chair through the tunnel below.

The hair is clipped short. The scalp is etched by long parallel SCARS where some Pandoran denizen's claws raked across it. The bare arms, below tightly rolled sleeves, seem hewn out of some hard tropical wood. Criss-crossed by scars.

The MAN raises his masked face to look at the sky. He eyes are an icy steel gray.

HIS POV -- the mighty POLYPHEMUS seems to fill the sky, beyond the clouds.

MAN (V.O.)

You are not in Kansas any more...

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - TWILIGHT

THE MAN from the balcony -- **COLONEL MILES QUARITCH** -- is the HEAD OF SECURITY for the Hell's Gate colony. A hundred new arrivals watch raptly as he paces like a panther across the front of the large cafeteria. He stops, stance wide.

Without his mask, we see that Quaritch's features are rugged and handsome, except for the SCAR, which runs from scalp to jaw down one side of his face. On one hip he carries a very large PISTOL.

QUARITCH

... You are on Pandora, ladies and gentlemen. Respect that fact every second of every day.

JAKE ROLLS IN, watching from the back.

COLONEL QUARITCH raises his hand and points out the window, toward the dark treeline.

QUARITCH

Out beyond that fence every living thing that crawls, flies or squats in the mud wants to kill you and eat your eyes for jujubees.

The room gets very quiet.

QUARITCH

We have an indigenous population of humanoids here called the Na'vi. They're fond of arrows dipped in a neurotoxin which can stop your heart in one minute. We operate -- we live -- at a constant threat condition yellow.

PAN ACROSS the solid faces of miners, Cat-machine drivers, engineers, geologists, as they take that in.

QUARITCH

As head of security, it's my job to keep you alive. I will not succeed --
(pausing for effect)
-- not with all of you. If you wish to survive, you need a strong mental attitude, you need to follow procedure...

PUSH IN ON JAKE, watching as the briefing continues.

JAKE (V.O.)

Nothing like an old-school safety brief to put your mind at ease.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

People are roaming in both directions, looking for rooms, lugging duffels and cases.

An eager young XENOANTHROPOLOGIST, staggering under an overpacked duffel, runs to catch up to Jake.

NORM

Hey, you're Jake right? Tom's brother? You look just like him.
(off Jake's wary look)
Sorry, I'm Norm Spellman, I went through avatar training with him.

Norm offers his hand and Jake shakes it.

NORM

He was a great guy -- funny. It was a big shock to all of us.

JAKE

Yeah.

Jake pumps the wheels of his chair, rolling on. Norm walks with him.

NORM

And duh! -- obviously you look like him. I mean, if you weren't genetically identical, you wouldn't be taking over his avatar.

JAKE

That's why I'm here.

NORM

So -- you want to go check it out?

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-LAB - DAY

JAKE AND NORM enter the **BIO-LAB** -- a large lab complex with many adjoining rooms.

MAX

Me and Norm were out here to drive these remotely controlled bodies called avatars. They're grown from human DNA mixed with DNA from the natives here.

A scientist, **DOCTOR MAX CULLIMORE**, is supervising the uncrating of two SHIPPING CONTAINERS. The nearer has the sides removed, revealing -- a ceiling-height acrylic TANK.

Norm stops to stare, and Jake rolls past him as if drawn by some unseen force, toward --

THE **AMNIO TANK**. There is a FIGURE floating languidly inside, which looks like a man. A very large, very blue, man.

Blood circulates through a synthetic UMBILICAL in the abdomen. As the figure turns in the amniotic fluid, we see that it has a lemur-like TAIL. The skin is cyan-blue. Long black hair drifts, graceful as seaweed.

JAKE

Damn. They got big.

NORM

Yeah, they mature on the trip out.

(to Max)

So the proprioceptive sims worked pretty well.

MAX

Yeah, they've got great muscle tone. Give us a few hours, you guys can take them for a spin.

THE FIGURE'S sleeping face turns toward us, and the features are -- despite feline ears and a long feral snout -- definitely JAKE'S.

JAKE

It looks like him.

NORM

No, it looks like you. This is your avatar now, Jake.

ON JAKE, mesmerized as he stares into the tank.

JAKE (V.O.)

The idea is -- every driver is matched to his own avatar --

STEREOCAM VIDEO SHOT OF JAKE -- facing the camera, talking directly to the lens. JAKE'S VOICE-OVER up until now has been part of this VIDEOLOG.

JAKE

-- so their nervous systems are in tune. Or something. Which is why they offered me this gig, because I can link with Tommy's avatar, which was insanely expensive.

(looking off camera)

Is this right? I just say whatever in these videologs?

WIDER, showing Norm working nearby with Max.

NORM

Yeah. You just need to get in the habit of documenting everything -- what you see, what you feel -- it's all part of the science. Good science starts with good observation.

JAKE

Right.

(to camera)

So, whatever. Here I am. Doing science.

(looks around)

Never been in a lab before.

MAX

Log off. It's time to meet your boss for the next five years.

He leads Jake and Norm through the short corridor to the --

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - DUSK

The **LINK ROOM** contains a dozen PSIONIC LINK UNITS, which look like coffins crossed with MRI scanners.

NORM

Grace Augustine is a legend. She's the head of the Avatar Program, and she wrote the book -- I mean literally wrote the book -- on Pandoran botany.

MAX

(low, over his shoulder)

That's because she likes plants better than people.

DR. GRACE AUGUSTINE sits up in her link, stretching and cracking her neck after a long session. She's fifty, with a strong face and fiercely intelligent eyes.

GRACE

(yelling)

Who's got my goddamn cigarette?!

A TECH scurries to bring it to her, already lit. Around here they jump when Grace barks.

Grace stands, scowling, as Jake, Norm and Max approach.

MAX

And here she is, Cinderella back from the ball. Grace, I'd like you to meet Norm Spellman and Ja --

GRACE

Norm. I hear good things about you. How's your Na'vi?

NORM
 (Na'vi, subtitled)
May the All Mother smile upon our first meeting.

Grace nods approvingly, taking a drag on her cigarette.

GRACE
 (subtitled)
Not bad. You sound a little formal.

NORM
 (subtitled)
There is still much to learn.

Jake waits while they ignore him, chattering in fluent Na'vi.

MAX
 Uh, Grace, this is Jake S----

GRACE
 (turning to Jake)
 Yeah, yeah, I know who you are, and I don't need you. I need your brother.
 (to Max)
 You know -- the PhD who trained three years for this mission.

JAKE
 He's dead. I know it's a big inconvenience to everyone.

GRACE
 How much lab training have you had? Ever run a gas chromatograph?

JAKE
 No.

GRACE
 Any actual lab work at all?

JAKE
 High school chemistry. But I ditched.

Grace wheels on Max.

GRACE
 You see? You see? They're pissing on us without even the courtesy of calling it rain.
 (turning away)
 I'm going to Selfridge.

She shoves past Jake.

MAX

Grace, that's not a good idea.

But she's already out the door and clomping down the corridor. Max turns to Jake with a pained look.

MAX

Here, tomorrow, oh eight hundred. Try to use big words.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - DUSK

It looks like an air-traffic control tower, with lots of screens and bay windows showing the whole complex.

ADMINISTRATOR PARKER SELFRIDGE takes a ball from a newly opened case of TITLEISTS and sets it on the floor. Selfridge is young, charismatic, focused. Some would say ruthless.

He assumes the stance and lines up his putt, toward a practice cup across the control room floor. He glances up as Grace strides toward him.

GRACE

Parker, I used to think it was benign neglect, but now I see you're *intentionally* screwing us.

SELFRIDGE

Grace. You know I enjoy our little talks.

GRACE

I need a research assistant, not some jarhead dropout.

Selfridge looks down and hits the ball.

Grace kicks the practice cup aside, and the ball rolls past. Selfridge looks at her with a sigh.

SELFRIDGE

Actually, we got lucky with him.

GRACE

Lucky? How is this in any way lucky?

As Selfridge saunters over to retrieve the ball --

SELFRIDGE

Well -- lucky your guy had a twin brother, and lucky the brother wasn't an oral hygienist or something. A Marine we can use. I'm assigning him to your team as security escort.

GRACE

The last thing I need is another trigger happy asshole out there!

SELFRIDGE

Look, you're supposed to be winning the hearts and minds of the natives. Isn't that the whole point of your little puppet show? If you look like them, if you talk like them, they'll trust you?

Selfridge crosses to his office, behind a glass wall nearby. Grace follows.

SELFRIDGE

But after -- how many years? -- relations with the indigenous are only getting worse.

GRACE

That tends to happen when you use machine guns on them.

On Selfridge's desk is a magnetic base, and hovering in mid-air, in the invisible field, is a lump of METALLIC ROCK. Pure **UNOBTANIUM**. He grabs it and holds it up between thumb and forefinger, in front of Grace's eyes.

SELFRIDGE

This is why we're here. Unobtanium. Because this little gray rock sells for twenty million a kilo. No other reason. This is what pays for the party. And it's what pays for your science. Comprendo?

He places it back in the magnetic field.

SELFRIDGE

Those savages are threatening our whole operation. We're on the brink of war and you're supposed to be finding a diplomatic solution. So use what you've got and get me some results.

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - DAY

NEXT MORNING, GRACE, NORM and JAKE approach their link units.

Jake glances through a PRESSURE WINDOW. In an adjoining chamber (the **AMBIENT ROOM**) JAKE'S AVATAR lies on a gurney, breathing slowly in PANDORAN AIR. NORM'S AVATAR is on a second gurney. Both are attended by med techs in exo-masks.

Norm slips into his LINK CHAIR, expertly donning biometric sensors.

GRACE

How much link time have you logged?

NORM

Five hundred and twenty hours.

Grace looks pointedly at Jake.

JAKE

Like -- an hour.

GRACE

Tell me you're joking.

Grace opens the hood of Jake's link unit. Jake starts hauling himself across from his wheelchair. She reaches to help him but --

JAKE

Don't! I got this.

Grace steps back, hands raised. He drags himself into the unit.

GRACE

So you just figured you'd come out here to the most hostile environment known to man, with no training of any kind, and see how it went? What was going through your head?

He meets her eyes with a defiant glare.

JAKE

Maybe I was just tired of doctors telling me what I couldn't do.

Grace watches him laboriously pull his inert legs into the link chair by hand.

Jake settles into the warm fluid gel packs lining the unit. It seems to enfold him. Grace adjusts his biometric sensors, then lowers the UPPER CLAMSHELL --

GRACE
Relax and let your mind go blank. That
shouldn't be hard for you.

JAKE
Kiss the darkest part of my lily white --

But the SLAMMING HOOD muffles the rest.

MAX
Initiate link.

The LINK TECH touches some controls.

ON A LARGE MONITOR a 3D SCAN of Jake's brain appears. Regions of activity flow with complex shifting colors.

MAX
That's a gorgeous brain. Nice activity.

GRACE
Go figure.
(walking away)
Alright, I'm going in.

TECH
Phase-lock at forty percent. He's in
transition.

Max watches a display showing the avatar's nervous system aligning with Jake's -- two ghostly networks of light merging.

MAX
That's it. Find your way home.

ECU JAKE, inside the link unit. His eyes move under the lids, like a dreamer in REM sleep as --

INSIDE JAKE'S MIND -- radiant streamers coalesce into a pulsing TUNNEL OF LIGHT and --

THE SCREEN FLARES WHITE -- ZZZWHAP! -- resolving into an overexposed, out-of-focus image -- two BLURRY FACES wearing masks, looking down.

ECU **JAKE'S AVATAR** -- two very intense eyes FILL FRAME, the pupils contracting. Golden irises pulse with life.

MAX

He's in.

TECH

Phase-lock ninety nine percent. The link
is stable.

Blinking, Jake slowly sits up on the gurney. He looks down
at his AVATAR BODY, touching his chest with one hand.

MAX

Take it slow, Jake. We need to check
your motor control. Try touching your
fingertips together --

But Jake isn't listening. He's staring at his legs. He
eases them off the gurney and --

HIS BLUE FEET touch the concrete floor, taking his weight.

JAKE STANDS, feeling the strength in his legs. His
expression is child-like with wonder.

HIS POV -- looking down at the med techs, who seem the size
of children next to his 9' tall frame.

He sees something like a blue tentacle curl across his arm
and he JERKS AROUND in alarm. HIS TAIL.

As he turns to see it, the tail sweeps instruments off a
table with a crash. Jake laughs and grins at Max.

MED TECH

Easy, Jake, I need you to sit down --

But Jake takes a step, then another. The wires to the bio-
monitors pull taut, and he yanks them off his chest.

MAX

Jake! Wait, we have to run some tests --

But Jake pushes past the protesting med techs, toward the
door and --

EXT. AVATAR COMPOUND - DAY

Jake emerges, blinking in the morning sun. He finds himself
in the **AVATAR COMPOUND** -- a living and training area.

Nearby, a couple of AVATARS are playing one-on-one in front
of a (non-regulation height) basketball net. Others go about
their daily activities around the compound.

Jake flexes his legs -- JUMPS -- and lands a little unsteadily, but his expression is joyful.

He takes a few steps and breaks into a RUN. People are calling to him, somewhere, but he doesn't hear them -- he's running. RUNNING!

He finds himself in the COMPOUND GARDEN, and stops amid neatly tended rows of ALIEN PLANTS. He looks down, wiggling his toes in the warm soil. Then inhales deeply -- revelling in the alien smells -- earth, plants, the nearby forest. He looks at his bare footprint in the soil of an alien world.

GRACE (O.S.)
Hey Marine!

Jake turns at the familiar voice to see --

A statuesque FEMALE AVATAR walking toward him. **AVATAR GRACE** is magnificent, with panther thighs, flat muscular stomach and firm athlete's breasts. She wears shorts and a T-shirt. In human years she would be about 35.

JAKE
Grace?

GRACE
Well who'd you expect, numbnuts? Think fast!

She throws him a piece of Pandoran fruit, which he catches.

GRACE
Motor control is looking good.

Jake bites into the fruit, the juice running down his chin.

NORM (O.S.)
Hey, check it out.

Jake turns to see NORM'S AVATAR posing like a bodybuilder -- chest shot, back shot, bi's.

NORM
I am a living god.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINE PIT - DAY

A WIDE SHOT of the terraced crater of the UNOBTANIUM MINE. A quiet beat, then --

K-WHOOOOM! The entire face of one terrace is blown skyward in a chain of EXPLOSIONS. The "shot" blasts hundreds of tons of rock loose.

LONG LENS ANGLES of enormous WHEEL-LOADERS shovelling up ore-rich rock and dropping it into DUMP TRUCKS.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

A wall of steel FILLS FRAME. The DOZER BLADE crushes everything in its path, reducing trees to kindling.

WIDER, showing the CLEAR-CUTTING operation near the mine, as a road is cut through the jungle. Remotely operated **DOZERS** three stories tall rip into the tree-line.

One of the dozers has rotating **SLASH-CUTTER**, a vicious spinning head, mounted on a hydraulic arm, that hogs through the enormous tree trunks in a spray of wood-shrapnel.

The heavy machines are escorted by AMPSUITS. COLONEL QUARITCH, on foot, leads a squad of troopers wearing breathing masks and carrying almighty big AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

A **BANSHEE** -- a fearsome aerial predator -- HURTLES from above, diving toward them on wings 3 meters across. We get a glimpse of glassy fangs before --

P-P-POOM! Quaritch cranks off three rapid SHOTS with his massive sidearm, and the creature drops with a SHRIEK.

It crashes near them and Quaritch FIRES two more well placed rounds. The newbies stare at the thing's barracuda teeth.

QUARITCH

For you pagues, this is a banshee. A small one. See, they like it when I bring fresh meat out here. And this clearcutting really stirs up the hornet's nest. So keep your head on a swivel. If it moves, shoot it. If you're not sure it's moving -- shoot it! If it looks like a bunch of flowers you want to take home to Sally Rottencrotch -- SHOOT IT! What're you gonna do?

TROOPERS

Shoot it, sir!

QUARITCH

Outstanding. Let's roll.

Quaritch leads his squad into the gloom of the forest, his eyes scanning. Flanking the squad, LYLE WAINFLEET drives an AMPSUIT, his massive feet CRASHING through the underbrush.

As his gaze comes down, he sees something ahead of him on the trail -- an intricate **TOTEM** of woven sticks, bones and feathers hanging across the trail like an orb-weaver's web.

He tears it down with the barrel of his rifle, and stomps it into the mud as he moves on.

INT. AVATAR LONGHOUSE - DUSK

Jake sits on a wooden bed in a long hut of tropical-style construction -- beamed ceiling, open sides covered by screen.

Around him the other avatars are bedding down for the night, pulling insect netting around their cots. In one hand, Jake holds the end of his long braided QUEUE of hair.

CLOSE ON the queue -- the ends of the hair writhe slowly with their own life, like tendrils of a sea creature.

JAKE

That's kinda freaky.

GRACE switches off the overheads.

GRACE

Lights out amigos. See ya' at dinner.

Jake sits in the twilight, listening to the SCREECHES and HOOTS from the forest. Finally he lies down, CLOSING HIS EYES and --

INT. LINK ROOM - NIGHT

ECU HUMAN JAKE -- his eyes OPEN.

Jake blinks, disoriented, as Max opens the upper clamshell of his link unit.

In the next chair Grace sits up, yawning and cracking her neck as the scared tech runs to her with a lit cigarette.

GRACE

(looking down)

Damn. Same old sack a' bones.

JAKE struggles with the dead weight of his legs as he hauls himself out of the unit.

CUT TO

INT. COMMISSARY - EARLY MORNING

JAKE sits with GRACE, NORM and the other avatar "drivers", while around them miners, troopers and other base personnel wolf their breakfasts. Grace is engaged in a heated conversation with another SCIENTIST.

Jake, isolated from the conversations around him, notices --

PILOT **TRUDY CHACON** approaching, dressed in her flight suit. She's a rock-hard former Marine with thousands of flight hours out in the badlands.

TRUDY

Sully -- Colonel wants to see you in the Armor Bay.

Jake gives Norm a puzzled glance and pivots from the table. He wheels away, led by Trudy.

TIGHT ON GRACE, scowling as she watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY - MORNING

JAKE AND TRUDY enter the ARMOR BAY, passing TILT-ROTORS under repair. There are the heavily armed SCORPIONS as well as several SA-2 **SAMSON** work-horses outfitted with door guns and rocket pods.

JAKE

You guys're packing some heavy ordinance.

TRUDY

Yeah, 'cause we're not the only thing flyin' around out there. Or the biggest. I'm gonna need you on a door gun, I'm a man short.

JAKE

Yeah, no problem.

She extends her fist and he taps it with his.

TRUDY

See ya on the flight-line, zero nine.
(she points)
He's down there.

Jake rolls his chair along the central gallery of the Armor Bay, passing rows of AMPSUITS standing in service racks. Techs clamber over the 'suits, loading ordinance with cranes and lifts.

At the end of the row is a makeshift GYM area. QUARITCH is bench-pressing massive plates.

QUARITCH

This low gravity makes you soft.

(pushing the last rep)

You get soft, Pandora will shit you out dead with zero warning.

Quaritch racks the bar and sits up, sweating but not winded.

QUARITCH

I pulled your record, Corporal. Venezuela -- that was some mean bush. Nothing like this here, though. You got heart kid, coming out here.

JAKE

I figured -- just another hellhole.

Quaritch chuckles appreciatively, claps him on the shoulder. The CHIEF MECHANIC yells from the nearest AMPSUIT --

MECHANIC

That servo's in, Colonel, if you want to try it.

Quaritch crosses to the 'suit, with Jake following.

QUARITCH

I was in First Recon a few years ahead of you. More than a few. Two tours in Nigeria, not a scratch. I come out here and --

He points to his scarred face.

QUARITCH

They could fix this if I rotated back. But you know what? I kinda like it. Reminds me every day what's out there. Besides, I can't leave --

He looks out, as if he can see through the wall to the tree-line.

QUARITCH

This is my war, here.

Quaritch climbs the 'suit and reaches into the cockpit, throwing some switches. The 'suit's gas-turbine spools up with a rising WHINE.

QUARITCH

The avatar program is a joke -- buncha limp dick scientists. But we have a unique opportunity here, you and I. A recon Marine in an avatar body could get me the intel I need, on the ground, right in the hostiles' camp.

The WHINE is now a roaring WHOOSH as the 'suit trembles with power. The air boils above the exhaust vents.

Quaritch reaches in and operates the controls, flexing one huge hand. He nods to the waiting mechanic --

QUARITCH

Looks good.

(to Jake)

I need you to learn about these savages, gain their trust. Find out how I can force their cooperation, or hit 'em hard if they don't. Maybe you can keep some of my boys from going home like you. Or bagged-and-tagged.

JAKE

(nodding)

That sounds real good, Colonel. So -- am I still with Augustine?

QUARITCH

On paper. You walk like one of her science pukes, you quack like one, but you report to me. Can you do that for me?

Jake nods. Quaritch brings the 'suit to life. He steps forward and pivots smoothly.

He balances the two ton machine on one foot while sweeping the arms in strong, graceful arcs. Jake realizes he is doing a WU-SHOO KATA. A flawless display of strength and control. He's impressive, and Jake is impressed. Quaritch is the kind of man he respects -- focused, hard. Determined.

QUARITCH

Look, son -- I take care of my own. Get me what I need, I'll see you get your legs back when you rotate home. Your real legs.

He raises the 'suit's hand, and slams the canopy shut like the visor of a helmet. Jake watches Quaritch walk past, huge feet CLANGING -- KUNG! KUNG! KUNG!

INT. BIO LAB - DAY

GRACE is on the move, gulping coffee, in a hurry to get their FIRST SORTIE started. She hands a clipboard to MAX.

GRACE
Start calibrating. We're on the flight
line in ten minutes.

Max nods and jogs ahead toward the LINK ROOM. JAKE and NORM fall in with Grace as they enter the CONNECTING CORRIDOR.

GRACE
What did Atilla want?

JAKE
Just Marines comparin' tattoos.

GRACE
(not buying it)
Yeah. Well, listen to me, *Marine* --

She stops, turning to drill him with a look.

GRACE
-- you're driving an avatar, now. That
means you're in my world, got it?

JAKE
Got it.

She turns and enters the LINK ROOM.

INT. LINK ROOM

Grace crosses to the controls of Jake's LINK UNIT. As the others catch up --

GRACE
That son of a bitch has screwed up this
program enough. All this --
(indicating link room)
-- exists so we can go out there and
build a bridge of trust to these people,
who could teach us so much. But thanks
to Quaritch and his thugs the Na'vi won't
even talk to us anymore.

JAKE
Then how's this supposed to work?

GRACE

We have a new face.

(turning to Norm)

You're fluent, you've studied the culture. You're non-threatening. The ones we know best -- the *Omaticaya* clan -- may give you a chance. Maybe you can get them back to the table before things go tits-up for good.

NORM

This is failing as a pep talk.

Jake hauls himself across from wheelchair to link.

JAKE

How do we contact them?

GRACE

We don't. They contact us. If they see us taking our samples, treating the forest with respect --

(pointedly to Jake)

Not trampling everything in sight -- they may reach out to us.

JAKE

Or they may skin us and make a drum.

Jake lies back, lowering the sensor array over his body.

GRACE

Just keep your mouth shut and let Norm do the talking.

She closes his clamshell, **HARD**, and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST / AERIAL - DAY

FLYING over a carpet of rainforest, past sheer cliffs and cloud-wreathed mesas. **TRUDY'S SAMSON** TILT-ROTOR chases its shadow across the treetops. Though big as a Blackhawk, it is tiny in the vast primeval landscape.

ANGLE THROUGH the open side doors of the Samson. Trooper WAINFLEET, in exo-mask and body armor, leans on his door gun, scanning for aerial predators.

In avatar form JAKE, GRACE and NORM watch the forest unrolling beneath them, the wind blasting their clothes. Jake mans the other door gun, his feet propped on the skids.

TRUDY flies from a pressurized cockpit. She banks to follow a shallow river.

TRUDY (INTERCOM)
Sturmbeest herd, one o'clock.

Norm grins and points, excitedly. Jake looks in time to see-- A herd of **STURMBEEST** -- massive six-legged creatures reminiscent of buffalo -- thundering across the river.

GRACE
Looks like a bull, six cows and some juveniles.

NORM
The bull has the red on the dorsal armor?

Grace nods approvingly.

TIME CUT -- Hundreds of purple winged creatures take flight from a lake, startled by the Samson. They skim the water above their own reflections. **TETRAPTERONS**.

TIME CUT -- the ground drops away as the Samson flies over a WATERFALL hundreds of feet high. Trudy banks hard, rolling in on the gorge below like it's a gun-run.

Wainfleet WHOOPS while Norm looks like he's about to puke.

WAINFLEET
Yo Chacon! Get some!

Jake grins into the airstream.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A small meadow among towering trees. The fern-like "grass" is beaten down in waves by the rotor-wash as the Samson settles to the ground.

Jake pulls the massive door gun off its pintle mount and hefts it like an assault rifle.

He and Wainfleet leap out to secure the LZ, scanning the tree-line warily, weapons aimed.

Grace jogs forward to the cockpit, motioning Trudy to shut down. Trudy kills the Samson's TURBINES.

Grace, towering over Wainfleet, motions him to hang back.

GRACE
 Stay with the ship.
 (for Jake)
 One idiot with a gun's enough.

WAINFLEET
 Whatever you say, Doc.

Jake takes point as they enter the jungle.

WAINFLEET
 (laughing)
 Ya'll have fun out there.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The forest engulfs JAKE, GRACE and NORM in cyan gloom. The shadows are alive with the CHITTERING sounds of unseen alien wildlife.

TRACKING WITH JAKE as he moves through the foliage, hyper-alert -- looking around like a tourist in Hell. A monkey-like **PROLEMURIS** leaping from limb to limb overhead, flashing through the sunlight streaming down in shafts.

A PLANT with swaying tendrils which reach toward Jake as he passes.

This forest is more alive than any on Earth, with plants that react and move like animals. Jake white-knuckles his rifle as if every shadow conceals razor-fanged death.

GRACE
 Relax, Marine. You're making me nervous.

She pushes ahead of him on the trail, forcing him to lower his muzzle as he follows her. Grace moves nimbly on the path, seemingly unconcerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST/ GLEN

WIDE SHOT as the party moves between the huge trees, tiny as ants. The trail has gotten steeper, the going tougher.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL RUINS - DAY

They enter a clearing with an OVERGROWN BUILDING made of timbers cut from the local trees, with a thatch roof. It is covered with vines as the jungle reclaims it.

NORM
How will they know we're here?

GRACE
I'm sure they're watching us right now.

Norm gulps. Jake looks behind him as they approach the school, feeling unseen eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL RUINS

TRACKING WITH JAKE'S BOOTS as he steps among dried leaves and a few moldering CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Floorboards CREAK.

GRACE (O.S.)
The kids were so bright, so eager to learn... they picked up English faster than I could teach it to them.

WIDER as Jake explores the room. Grace and Norm are selecting INSTRUMENTS from storage cases on a wooden table.

GRACE
Bring the soil probe -- right there, yellow case.

Jake looks up at a RUSTLING among the dark rafters. Roosting STINGBATS eye him warily, fluttering their wings.

Grace picks up a moldering copy of "The Lorax" by Dr. Seuss from the floor and puts it back on a shelf.

GRACE
(wistfully)
The stingbats knock them off. I guess I always hope somebody will come back and read them.

NORM
Why don't they come back?

GRACE
(grimly)
The Na'vi learned as much about us as they needed to know.

Jake sees something, and approaches the blackboard -- reaches out to touch a pattern of holes blasted into the slate. Unmistakably BULLET HOLES.

JAKE
(turning to her)
What happened here?

GRACE
(sharply)
Are you going to help with this gear?
We've got a lot to do.

She turns away. Jake watches her as he jams equipment into his pack.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON Grace's blue hand gently brushing away soil, exposing a tangle of ROOT TENDRILS.

GRACE
See, right here where the roots of the
two trees interact.

WIDER -- GRACE and NORM crouch among enormous octopoidal roots. She takes a tiny sample using a needle-like probe. Norm uses a digital DEVICE to scan the roots.

JAKE, bored, scouts ahead a few meters.

He comes to a GLADE filled with shoulder-high SPIRAL PLANTS called **HELICORADIANS**.

He BRUSHES one and SHTOONK! -- it SUCKS DOWN into a tube in the ground so quickly it seems to simply vanish.

Curious, Jake touches another -- SHTOONK! And another -- like popping balloons after a party. SHTOONK! SHTOONK! SHTOONK!

A chain reaction begins and the whole colony pulls down into the ground, REVEALING --

A **HAMMERHEAD TITANOTHERE**. Like a six-legged rhinoceros, but twice that size. Its massive, low-slung head has projections of bone giving it the look of a hammerhead shark.

Its baleful eyes lock onto him. Jake raises his rifle.

Grace, alerted by the creature's SNORTS, runs to where she can see the tableau. She presses her THROAT MIKE.

GRACE
Don't shoot. You'll piss it off.

The bull HAMMERHEAD bellows and lowers its 3 meter wide sledgehammer of a skull.

JAKE

It's already pissed off!

GRACE

Jake, that armor's too thick. Trust me.

Jake starts to back away. The hammerhead bellows again, pawing the earth.

GRACE

It's a territorial threat display. Do not run, or he'll charge.

JAKE

What do I do?

GRACE

Hold your ground!

The hammerhead SLASHES its head sideways, splintering saplings. It bellows again, lowers its head and CHARGES --

Jake SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, spreads his arms wide and runs straight at the thing.

It STOPS abruptly, with an oversized BLEAT.

ON JAKE -- amazed the gambit worked.

JAKE

Oh yeah! Who's bad?! That's right.

SOMETHING rises up behind him out of focus --

A **THANATOR**. The most awesome land predator the universe has ever conceived This thing could eat a T-rex and have the Alien for desert.

It is a black six-limbed panther from Hell, with an armored head and massive distensible jaws.

JAKE, unaware of the advancing thanator, is still bracing the hammerhead --

JAKE

That's what I'm talkin' about, bitch!

The bull wheels around, TRUMPETING in fear, and CRASHES away through splintering undergrowth.

JAKE

That's right motherf--

A guttural SNARL behind him. Jake spins in time to see --

THREE TONS of rippling thanator LAUNCH over him, landing between him and the hammerhead. The ground shakes.

The thanator emits an earsplitting ROAR, enraged that the hammerhead got away. It twists on itself, turning to face Jake, and bares its fangs with a lethal HISS.

JAKE

What about this one? Run, don't run?
What?

GRACE

Run. Definitely RUN!

Jake BOLTS as --

The thanator LEAPS after him and --

Jake launches himself between two large trunks, forcing the beast to claw its way around to the side while --

Jake scrambles up -- around -- over a tangle of roots and --

SK-RASH!! CLAWS SLASH the air behind him, EXPLODING bark off a trunk as --

JAKE wills himself forward in a frenzy. With rippling muscle the beast is airborne again, blacking out the sun but --

JAKE dives under a massive root system, and --

CRASH! Kindling rains around him as the beast tears into the root-trunks above him. Claws SLASH down next to him as he rolls and crawls --

Glistening jaws SMASH and SNAP against the barrier trunks, sending chunks of wood flying. It's spittle sprays across Jake, jaws inches away as --

He rolls onto his back, and FIRES his AR point blank but the rifle is SNATCHED out of his hands. The beast SCREECHES an ungodly WAIL of pain and rage and -- RIPS the ENTIRE TRUNK away. Jake scrambles to escape but --

GLISTENING JAWS lunge downward, SNAP SHUT and --

The creature rips Jake out of the tree, shaking him like a junkyard dog with a rabbit, only --

It has him by the BACKPACK, so Jake unlatches it and --

He FLIES FREE as the thanator crushes the pack with its teeth. Giving Jake a moment to sprint away, but --

With a hideous BELLOW the thanator crashes after him, splintering trees.

JAKE RUNS in a blur, dodging between trunks as a glistening black tornado shreds the forest behind him and --

He sees WATER ahead and DIVES OUTWARD with all his might --

The thanator's jaws SNAP SHUT inches behind him as he flies out into open space and --

JAKE SPLASHES down into a swiftly moving river.

The thanator LEAPS DOWN AFTER HIM, pursuing from rock to rock, its claws swiping like a grizzly fishing for salmon.

Jake ducks under as -- FWHOOSH! -- black claws SLASH past his face amid turbulent bubbles.

A WATERFALL ahead. Jake is swept over the falls, with the thanator SWIPING at him from a rock, just MISSING and --

Jake disappears down the throat of the thundering cataract.

EXT. RIVER BELOW FALLS - DAY

The water boils below the cataract. Jake's head bursts through the surface, and he gasps for breath.

He is carried along by the current, but manages to grab a limb on a fallen tree. He weakly pulls himself up, and just lies there gasping on the trunk.

Above him, on the cliff, the THANATOR BELLOWS, a roar which echoes across the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

JAKE, wet and bruised, crouches under a screen of giant leaves. He hacks manically at the end of a cut sapling with his knife, forming a crude but sharp tip.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

TRACKING with Jake as he walks through the forest like it's a minefield, carrying his SPEAR white-knuckled. He is freaked and hyper-alert.

The trees here are a hundred meters high, blocking out the sky. A few pencil beams of sunlight filter down into the cyan gloom.

POV FROM ABOVE -- looking down through leaves we watch Jake move warily through the forest.

ECU -- TWO GOLDEN EYES, bright in the shadows.

DOWNANGLE as Jake passes under a tree limb. Invisible to him, draped on the limb like a leopard, is a striking NA'VI GIRL. She watches, only her eyes moving.

She is lithe as a cat, with a long neck, muscular shoulders, and nubile breasts. And she is devastatingly beautiful -- for a girl with a tail. In human age she would be 18. Her name is **NEYTIRI**(nay-Tee-ree).

Jake passes less than 2 meters beneath her, oblivious.

NEYTIRI rises soundlessly. In one fluid, sinuous movement she **NOCKS** an arrow to her **BOW** and **DRAWS**, aiming RIGHT AT JAKE. Utterly silent.

Below her Jake is totally unaware of the arrow aimed at his **THROAT**.

ON NEYTIRI as she follows him with the bow, muscles tensing for the shot --

-- and **SOMETHING** drifts down in front of her, F.G. She hesitates.

RACK FOCUS to the tip of the arrow -- where a single **WOODSPRITE** floats down to land on the arrow-head. Like a dandelion seed, but larger, the **WOODSPRITE** waves its silky **CILIA**, feather light, as it balances on the deadly point. It glows faintly in the dark shadows.

NEYTIRI frowns, puzzled, and **LOWERS** her bow slowly. The woodsprite **WHIRLS** away into the gloom.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SAMSON - SUNSET

GRACE and NORM peer down into the shadowed forest as TRUDY banks in a search pattern.

TRUDY (INTERCOM)
I'm going to have to call it, guys. We're not allowed to run night ops. Colonel's orders.

Grace looks to the west. The sun setting behind alien trees.

GRACE

Shit.

TRUDY

Sorry, Doc. He's just gonna have to hang on 'till morning.

GRACE

He's not going to make it till morning.

Grace stares into the dark forest as the Samson banks hard, thundering away toward the setting sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

LONG LENS-- POLYPHEMUS. The giant planet rises behind the black trees.

Jake's got a new problem. He sees shapes moving with liquid grace in the NIGHT shadows behind him. He is being stalked by a pack of **VIPERWOLVES**.

Jake catches only glimpses -- a glint of eyes, a slinking black movement -- then nothing. Darkness.

TIME CUT -- TIGHT ON Jake's hands as he knots his T-shirt around the butt end of the spear.

ANGLE ON THICK SAP trickling down a tree-trunk. Jake jams the makeshift torch into the sap, soaking the shirt with it.

A WATERPROOF MATCH from his survival kit lights the torch.

The torch creates a pool of light surrounded by pulsing, leaping shadows. Jake turns warily as he moves along the trail.

Behind him are several pairs of reflective green EYES. Another pair flanking him beside the trail. Black-on-black SHAPES which seem to flow like liquid.

He looks up -- sees one cross a limb overhead. Another on his opposite flank.

Then a hideous sound, like a hyena's psychotic LAUGH.

The VIPERWOLVES can run like a dog and climb like a monkey. They are hunting Jake from the ground and the trees.

JAKE RUNS by torch-light, on the edge of panic. He reaches a steep banked stream and -- without thinking -- runs across it on a horizontal trunk --

-- and STOPS DEAD on the other side. The torch illuminates GREEN EYES cutting ahead of him across the trail. The viperwolves have him encircled.

The psychotic BARKS become more intense as they signal each other, getting excited. ONE MAKES A RUN at him, angling on his legs from behind but --

JAKE WHIRLS, jamming the torch in its face. It yips and goes past, but ANOTHER moves in --

He jabs it with the business end of the spear and it SNARLS, retreating, baring its fangs.

Now half a dozen are circling him in the open, and he sees what he's up against. The VIPERWOLVES are six-limbed with shiny chitinous skin, their paws leathery BLACK HANDS. Intelligent eyes. Glistening black teeth in dead white gums.

Jake realizes that he is making his final stand. He whirls the torch in an arc, keeping them at bay --

And feels a rush of adrenaline. It goes through him like a lightning bolt and the fear is gone.

JAKE
(screaming)
I don't have all goddamn night! Come on!
Come on!

With snarls and a blur of motion THEY ATTACK.

Jake CRACKS the spear down on one, then SPINS as --

ANOTHER LEAPS at him and he plants the spear in it, striking true, but --

Its momentum wrenches it from his hands, and the torch goes flying. Left in semi-darkness, Jake draws his KNIFE as--

A WOLF LUNGES, sinking its teeth into his arm. He YELLS in pain and fury, SLASHING with the knife which --

CUTS deep into the beast's shoulder and it lets go.

JAKE SPRINTS, trying to escape, but a snarling viperwolf leaps, GRABBING him by the ankle with its fore-hand. Jake tears away, sprawling, SCRAMBLING to get up as --

THREE WOLVES charge at once. The nearest LEAPS at his throat just as --

THUNK!! -- an ARROW appears in its chest.

The wolf lands on him, already a dead weight. He pushes it off in time to see --

A BLUE AMAZON emerge from the trees, nock another arrow, draw and FIRE in one fluid motion. AN UNEARTHLY YOWL as another wolf falls.

NEYTIRI LEAPS right over Jake, and CRACKS her bow down on the skull of a circling wolf.

ANOTHER SPRINGS at her and she drops under its weight, but rolls, coming up on top of it with a knife in her hand.

Her knife FLASHES down, buried to the hilt in its chest.

SNARLING, a wounded wolf attacks Jake, and he KICKS it away, but --

It SPINS and leaps back onto him, and Jake barely catches its throat in time to keep the SNAPPING JAWS away from his face.

MEANWHILE Neytiri swings her bow in a big arc, CRACKING IT across the heads and shoulders of two remaining wolves.

NEYTIRI
Rrreeyaaah! Hyaaaah!!

The wolves slink and circle, yelping as the bow whistles past them. Finally they break and run, with Neytiri chasing and--

They bound away through the foliage as she SHOUTS after them--

NEYTIRI
Raaaarrrrr!

Jake has his adversary pinned and is choking it with all his weight. Finally it stops thrashing. Panting, he releases it and looks up at --

NEYTIRI. Her tail LASHES as she scans the forest, listening to the fading YELPS of the wolves. Satisfied the attack is over, she turns.

She regards him coldly for a second, then walks past him. Neytiri picks up the torch and extinguishes it in a stream.

JAKE
Wait, don't --

Jake blinks around at the darkness -- realizing he can still see. In fact, with the blinding torchlight gone, *the forest is transformed.*

The jungle has come alive with BIOLUMINESCENCE -- spots and patterns, ghosts and galaxies of blue-green light.

Jake scrambles to recover his spear. Neytiri kneels beside --

A DYING WOLF. It's CRIES are pitiful. It paws the air, trying to raise its head. She pulls her KNIFE from its chest.

NEYTIRI
(in Na'vi)
Forgive me, my brother.

She cuts its throat, ending the pitiful cries. She touches its head gently, regarding it with sadness.

Neytiri wipes the knife and returns it to the sheath at her waist. She crosses to another slain wolf and kneels, pulling the arrow from its heart.

JAKE
Look, um, I know you probably don't understand this. But -- thanks. Thank you. I owe you.

Neytiri ignores him, assuming a prayer posture over the dead animal.

NEYTIRI
(in Na'vi)
Forgive me. May your spirit run with the Great Mother.

JAKE
I would have been screwed if you hadn't come along --

She rises and walks away without looking at Jake.

JAKE
Hey, wait. Wait! Where you goin'?

He crashes through some plants, catching up to her.

JAKE
Slow down a second will you. I just want to thank you for killing those --

He makes the mistake of grasping her shoulder and --

WHACK! She WALLOPS him upside the head with her bow in a fierce backhand swing, laying him out flat.

He looks up to see a FURY standing over him. A Fury who speaks English -- accented, halting, angry English.

NEYTIRI

Don't thank! You don't thank for this!
This is sad. Very sad, only.

JAKE

Okay, I'm sorry. Whatever I did -- I'm sorry.

She gestures at the bodies of the viperwolves.

NEYTIRI

All this is your fault! They did not need to die.

JAKE

They attacked me. How'm I the bad guy here--

She silences him with the tip of her bow at his throat.

NEYTIRI

Your fault! You are like a baby, making noise, don't know what to do. You should not come here, all of you! You only come and make problems. Only.

Jake gets up, slowly, facing her.

JAKE

Okay, fine, you love your little forest friends. So why not just let them kill my ass? What's the thinking?

CU Neytiri -- looking away. Finally, reluctantly, her eyes MEET HIS for the first time -- a riveting gaze with those big gold orbs.

NEYTIRI

Why save you?

JAKE

Yes, why save me?

NEYTIRI

You have a strong heart. No fear.

She leans closer --

NEYTIRI

But stupid! Ignorant like a child!

She turns away, stalking off, but Jake goes after her.

TRACKING WITH Neytiri as she climbs nimbly along a huge ROOT.

WIDER as she trots with perfect balance along the root, which forms an elevated walkway.

Jake runs to catch up, realizing suddenly that he is far above the forest floor. Throughout the following they move through a GLOWING PHANTASMAGORICAL FOREST.

JAKE

If I'm so ignorant, maybe you should teach me.

NEYTIRI

Sky people can not learn. You do not See.

She leaps to another elevated root. Jake follows, surprised that he made it.

JAKE

Whooaa.

He runs to catch up with her easy jogging pace.

JAKE

Then teach me to "see."

She stops and he almost runs into her.

NEYTIRI

No one can teach you to See.

Then she turns and trots on.

EXT. GORGE - NIGHT

They run across the elevated root of an enormous tree -- a horizontal trunk big as an oak.

WIDE SHOT as they cross a DEEP GORGE. A waterfall shimmers silver in the Polyphemus-light. Vines hang down a hundred feet into the gorge, and among them swoop stingbats and other night flyers.

JAKE

Hey, slow down. Look, I think we just got off on the wrong foot and --

Jake looks down, suddenly aware of the height.

JAKE
--you just have to get to know me. I'm
Jake. Jake Sull--

A vine catches his spear and spins him off balance. He drops the spear and almost falls off the root.

JAKE
Whooaaa -- shit!

Neytiri catches him with one hand, gripping his bicep. He watches the spear cartwheel down to splash in the river.

She pulls him upright. Shouts at him in English and Na'vi.

JAKE
I need your help.

NEYTIRI
You should not be here.

JAKE
So take me with you.

NEYTIRI
No. You go back.

DOWN ANGLE FROM FAR ABOVE -- several WOODSPRITES float down through the trees. FOLLOW THEM as they descend silently toward Jake and Neytiri.

NEYTIRI, sensing a presence, looks up to see --

The WOODSPRITES, PULSING with purpose, float right towards Jake. They dance gently around his shoulders and head.

JAKE
(off her amazed look)
What?

More woodsprites gather around him. Several ALIGHT on him.

Jake holds still, knowing he should be afraid -- but somehow he's not. He spreads his arms. More sprites come, landing all over his arms, hands, body.

JAKE
What are they?

CU NEYTIRI -- reacting with a mixture of wonder and dread.

NEYTIRI
Atokirina'. Seeds of the Great Tree --
 very pure spirits.

Jake -- now a pulsing, glowing, fluttering MASS OF LIGHT --
 moves one hand slowly, not wanting to break the spell. He
 studies one of the sprites dancing on his palm until --

-- WHOOSSHH! the woodsprites whirl up and away, scattering
 into the darkness.

JAKE
 What was that all about?

Neytiri seems shaken. She seizes his hand and pulls him
 after her.

NEYTIRI
Come!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH JAKE as he gazes about him in growing wonder.
 He touches leaves as he passes, watching the bioluminescence
 shiver through them.

Jake looks down as -- they cross a bed of purple MOSS which
 reacts to the pressure of their footsteps. Rings of green
 light, like ripples on a pond, expand outward from each
 footfall. Exploding rings of light where his feet touch
 down. Dream-like, surreal beauty.

WIDE ON THEM as they run over a large root, across a mirror-
 like POOL at the base of a WATERFALL.

Jake follows Neytiri, running along a raised root-trunk.

JAKE
 What's your name?

JAKE hears WHOOSH-WHOOSH and snaps a look as a **BOLO** flies at
 him, spinning end for end and --

SHWHAP!! -- tangles around his legs. He topples off the root
 and crashes into the foliage below.

JAKE untangles himself, getting up to run just as --

SEVERAL NA'VI RIDERS thunder toward him. They are riding
DIREHORSES -- six-legged, armor-skinned alien Clydesdales.

We see that the riders' QUEUES are connected to the horses' long moth-like antennae -- a neural-link with which they can command the horse, leaving hands free for weapons.

The riders aim bows and spears at Jake as they approach. Jake turns to bolt, but --

NA'VI HUNTERS melt out of the shadows, weapons aimed -- blocking his retreat.

Neytiri drops to the ground next to Jake and confronts the LEAD RIDER. She shouts sharply in Na'vi --

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

Tsu'tey, what are you doing?! He is my captive!

TSU'TEY(tsu-Tay)is young and powerfully built, with sculpted features and a proud jawline, piercing eyes. Tsu'tey swings off his mount with fluid grace.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

These demons are forbidden here. I will kill this one as a lesson to the others!

Tsu'tey draws his bow but Neytiri leaps between him and Jake, confronting him warrior to warrior.

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

Stop! There has been a sign. This is a matter for the Tsahik.

Tsu'tey clenches his jaw with frustration -- frustration with her as much as the situation. He turns and angrily remounts his direhorse, barking a command to the HUNTERS.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

Bring him.

They grab Jake and haul him to his feet. Encircled by spears and bows, he is shoved forward along the trail, as Tsu'tey and the others ride ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE is hauled roughly toward Neytiri's village, which is sheltered inside one of the GREAT TREES. **HOMETREE** is 250 meters tall, with a trunk four times the diameter of the largest Sequoia, and a base of massive mangrove-pillars.

TSU'TEY rides inside the columns at the base of Hometree, shouting an ululating WARNING.

Jake is force-marched through the pillars into --

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

An open CENTRAL AREA. The villagers gather to see the arriving hunt party. We see the people of the tribe -- mothers with babies, old women, young hunters.

They gawk at the alien, expressions ranging from curiosity to outright hostility. The huge eyes of the children follow him.

Jake is amazed at the size of HOMETREE inside. By the light of the COOK-FIRES he can see up into a vast cylindrical gallery -- a living cathedral.

Clear membranes -- sturmbeest bladders -- filled with fluttering bio-luminescent insects, act as area lighting.

The central space is dominated by the SKULL of some enormous creature, mounted with much embellishment on a TOTEM. Standing in front of this, awaiting their approach, is --

EYTUKAN (AY-too-kahn), the Clan Leader. Eytukan has deeply chiselled features and a long chest mantle of THANATOR CLAWS. His normally stern features are clouded further by anger.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Why do you bring this creature here?

Neytiri addresses Eytukan in Na'vi.

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

I was going to kill him, but there was a sign from Eywa.

He glowers at her as he responds, pointing at Jake.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

I have said no dreamwalker will come here, to offend our home! His alien smell fills my nose

Neytiri stands her ground, answering in a respectful but not submissive tone.

NEYTIRI

(subtitled)

Father, many atokirina came to this alien.

JAKE

What's going on?

NEYTIRI

My father is deciding whether to kill you.

JAKE

Your father!?

(to Eytukan)

Uh, good to meet you, sir.

Jake steps forward, offering his hand, and the hunters JUMP to restrain him, shouting. But they all FREEZE as --

A commanding FEMALE VOICE echoes through the chamber.

MO'AT

(Na'vi)

Step back!

Everybody looks up.

MO'AT (MOH-aht) stands on the second level, looking down. She is a severe woman in her 50's. Her bearing is haughty, her expression friendly as a hanging-judge. Her outfit is elaborate, denoting her rank as CLAN MATRIARCH.

MO'AT

(subtitled)

I will look at this alien.

There is an expectant hush as Mo'at descends the helical core of Hometree, a kind of natural spiral staircase.

NEYTIRI

That is Mother. She is *Tsahik* -- the one who interprets the will of *Eywa*.

JAKE

Who's Eywa?

Neytiri kneels before her like an acolyte as Mo'at passes.

The villagers stare silently as the Matriarch circles slowly around Jake, examining his tail and the end of his queue.

MO'AT
(thick accent)
What are you called?

JAKE
Jake Sully.

She produces a long THORN between her fingertips. With a flourish she strikes his chest.

Jake flinches. RED BLOOD wells up and Mo'at rubs some between her fingertips. She tastes it.

MO'AT
Why did you come to us?

JAKE
I came to learn.

MO'AT
We have tried to teach other Sky People.
It is hard to fill a cup which is already full.

JAKE
My cup is empty, trust me. Just ask
Doctor Augustine. I'm no scientist.

MO'AT
What are you?

JAKE
I don't know. I was a Marine -- uh, a
warrior. Of the Jarhead clan.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
A warrior! I could kill him easily!

EYTUKAN
(subtitled)
*No! This is the first warrior
dreamwalker we have seen. We need to
learn more about him.*

JAKE
What's going on? What are they saying?

MO'AT
(to Neytiri, subtitled)
*Daughter. You will teach him our way, to
speak and walk as we do.*

NEYTIRI looks shocked, then angry.

NEYTIRI
(subtitled)
Why me? That's not fair! I only--

MO'AT
(subtitled)
It is decided!

Neytiri subsides, turning to glare at Jake.

MO'AT
(to Jake)
My daughter will teach you our ways.
Learn well, Jakesully. We will see if
your insanity can be cured.

She turns to Neytiri, her expression stern --

MO'AT
(subtitled)
He is your responsibility.

Neytiri nods, accepting, but she's not a happy camper. She grabs Jake's arm and pulls him roughly away.

JAKE
So it's all good, right? You and me --

NEYTIRI
Do not speak.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND LEVEL/HOMETREE

LATER, Neytiri leads Jake up the spiral to the SECOND LEVEL. He now wears only a ratty LOINCLOTH. His wounds are bound with plant-fiber bandages.

THE ENTIRE CLAN is squatting at dinner in a huge circle. They stop talking and turn to gaze at Jake as he enters the circle.

JAKE
Don't get up.

Neytiri crosses the circle to the cook pit and returns with several large leaves heaped with food. She kneels next to Jake, placing the food in front of him almost DEFIANTLY.

JAKE
You never told me your name.

NEYTIRI
Neytiri te Ckaha Mo'at'ite.

JAKE
 Okay, again, a whole lot slower.

NEYTIRI
 (exaggerated slowness)
 Neytiri. Nay-TEE-ree.

Jake knows she's baiting him. He smiles in response.

JAKE
 Nay-TEE-ree. That's nice. Nay-TEE-ree.

ACROSS THE CIRCLE, Tsu'tey, Mo'at and Eytukan sit together, glancing up occasionally from their food to the stranger.

TSU'TEY
 (subtitled)
These aliens try to look like people, but they can't.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
He seems dim to me. And his eyes are too small.

NEYTIRI motions for Jake to take portions from the serving leaves onto his own leaf.

JAKE
 Your mom likes me. I can tell.

MO'AT, watching Jake and Neytiri, leans over to Eytukan.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
Neytiri will test this "warrior." Hey may learn nothing -- but we will learn much.

EYTUKAN
You speak truth. We must understand these Sky People if we are to drive them out.

Jake munches on a white shrimp-like thing.

JAKE
These rock. What are they?

NEYTIRI
 Teylu. You call beetle larvae.

Jake blanches. She heaps some more onto his leaf -- a CHALLENGE -- and Jake meets her eyes, takes a handful, and starts munching enthusiastically.

JAKE
That's some damn fine *teylu*. That's like
grandma's *teylu*.

CU TSU'TEY, warily eyeing Jake --

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
I say she will kill him.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD LEVEL - NIGHT

The sleeping level -- families nesting in groups on woven hammocks the size of trampolines. The hunters sleep along **SPOKES** joining the inner trunk to the tree's outer shell.

Jake lies awake in a hammock, people rustling in the darkness around him. Neytiri is nearby, curled up like a little girl. She stares at him for a moment, then closes her eyes.

Jake watches the glowing bugs fluttering inside a night-light, a pulse of life energy. A strange peace spreads through him. He closes his eyes and --

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM - NIGHT

GRACE is over JAKE in the Link, SLAPPING him, as Max and NORM hover.

GRACE
Come on back, kid, that's it.

JAKE
Wha --? Oh.

He looks around, blinking. Reality crashing in.

GRACE
Damn, you were dug in like a tick.
(she helps him sit up)
Is the avatar safe?

JAKE
(huge grin)
Yeah, Doc -- and you are not going to
believe where I am.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - MORNING

BREAKFAST the next day. The other drivers lean forward, hanging on Grace's re-telling of the tale.

GRACE

-- so the kid's out there one night and he's got the Queen Bitch herself offering him the spare room and the car keys. Unbelievable.

JAKE

It's not something you can teach.

Some of the other scientists clap Jake on the shoulders in congratulation.

MAX

That's awesome, Jake.

NORM chomps his bacon, fuming.

GRACE

(to Jake, getting serious)
For reasons I cannot fathom, the *Omaticaya* have chosen you. God help us all.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - MORNING

JAKE has reported to SELFRIDGE and QUARITCH. Quaritch turns from gazing out at the wall of forest, displaying a feral grin.

QUARITCH

Jarhead clan?
(he laughs)
And that worked?

JAKE

(grinning)
Yeah. They want to study me. See if I can learn to be one of them.

QUARITCH

That's how you seize the initiative. I wish I had ten more like you.

SELFRRIDGE

Look, Sully -- find out what these blue monkeys want.

(MORE)

SELFRIDGE (cont'd)
We try to give them medicine and
education. Roads! But no -- they like
mud. I wouldn't care except --

Selfridge turns to a large 3D GRAPHIC DISPLAY, pointing. A
road runs from Hell's Gate to a proposed new mine miles away.

SELFRIDGE
Their damn village is sitting right over
the richest unobtainium deposit for a
hundred clicks in any direction. Which
sucks -- for them -- because they need to
relocate.

JAKE
(taking that in)
Does Augustine know about this?

SELFRIDGE
Yeah, she does, and she's on the next
ship back if she tries to cock-block me
on it.

JAKE
So -- who talks them into moving?

QUARITCH
(turning)
Guess.

JAKE
What if they won't go?

QUARITCH
(icy)
I'm betting they will.

SELFRIDGE
Killing the indigenous looks bad, but
there's one thing shareholders hate more
than bad press -- and that's a bad
quarterly statement. Find me a carrot to
get them to move, or it's going to have
to be *all stick*.

Jake is shaken by the enormity of this new responsibility.

QUARITCH
You got three months. That's when the
dozers get there.

JAKE
I'm on it.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB - MORNING

JAKE pumps his chair across the lab, flanked by GRACE and NORM. Grace holds STEREO STILL PICTURES in front of him, one at a time -- images of clan members she has shot over the years -- a kind of flash card drill.

JAKE

Tsu'tey.

(next photo)

Mo'at.

(next photo)

Eytukan.

GRACE

He's the clan leader --

(indicating Mo'at)

-- but she's the spiritual leader. Like a shaman.

INT. LINK ROOM

The dialogue is continuous as they enter.

JAKE

Got it. So who's this Eywa?

NORM

Who's Eywa? Oh, only their deity. The Great Mother. The goddess made up of all living things. You'd know that if you had *any training whatsoever*.

He hauls himself from wheelchair to Link.

JAKE

Who's got a date with the chief's daughter?

GRACE

Knock it off. Jesus, it's like kindergarten around here.

As Jake settles into the soft embrace of the link, Grace inputs commands at the control station.

GRACE

Neytiri was my best student. She and her sister Silwanin. Just amazing girls.

JAKE

I didn't meet the sister.

GRACE
(quietly)
No, she's dead.
(turning to him)
Okay, let's go -- village life starts
early.

MAX
Link is ready.

Grace lowers the bio-sensor array over Jake's chest.

GRACE
Don't do anything unusually stupid.

She closes the clamshell and we --

INT. HOMETREE/ THIRD LEVEL - DAY

CU JAKE'S AVATAR, blinking awake, staring up at --

HOMETREE, like a gothic cathedral overhead. Sunlight streams
down through gaps in the towering vault.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS - DAY

JAKE walks among the villagers, who go about their daily
tasks.

-- young girls sit together, weaving and SINGING. They look
up as he passes, then go back to work.

--two men clean the fish they've caught.

-- a young mother pounds seeds into meal, while nursing an
infant.

--children chase each other and climb like monkeys. One bold
LITTLE GIRL runs up to Jake, stops -- staring -- then shrieks
with laughter as she runs back to her playmates.

GRINNING, Jake turns to see NEYTIRI cantering toward him on a
DIREHORSE. She leads a second horse, an old sway-backed
MARE. His grin drops.

EXT. RIVER NEAR HOMETREE - DAY

JAKE nervously grips the surcingle of the mare. Neytiri holds
its nose-ring while Jake clumsily mounts.

Jake bends one of its ANTENNAE down to the tip of his queue.
He hesitantly touches them together and --

TIGHT SHOT -- the tendrils INTERWEAVE.

Jake's PUPILS DILATE and his mouth drops open. The horse's eyes also go wide and it HONKS nervously. Neytiri touches her fingertips to the neural interface.

NEYTIRI

This is *shahaylu* -- the bond. Feel her heartbeat, her breath. Feel her strong legs.

Jake closes his eyes, nodding. One with the horse.

TSU'TEY and another young hunter come out of the forest leading TWO DIREHORSES. The magnificent animals drink from the edge of the pool. Tsu'tey watches Jake's riding lesson with disdain.

NEYTIRI

You may tell her what to do --
 (she touches her head)
 -- inside. For now, say where to go.

JAKE

Forward.

The horse LAUNCHES into a GALLOP. Jake flops around, with no idea how to sit the animal, and is promptly THROWN OFF. He lands painfully in the mud.

He gets up, brushing mud off knees and ass, as Neytiri leads the horse back to him.

NEYTIRI

Again.

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS -- Jake falls off the horse in various ways, seemingly landing harder each time.

ON JAKE, face down in the mud of the riverbank. He painfully rises to hands and knees. Which is when he sees --

TSU'TEY and another HUNTER thundering across the shallow river on their direhorses. Spray blasts up from their hooves.

Jake stands, covered in mud, as Tsu'tey stops his horse next to him, looking down with disdain.

TSU'TEY

You should go away.

JAKE
 (to Neytiri)
 I knew this guy could speak English.

Tsu'tey turns to Neytiri, who is leading the old mare back.

TSU'TEY
 (subtitled)
*This alien will learn nothing. A rock
 Sees more.*

She sighs in agreement. Tsu'tey and the other hunter wheel their horses around and THUNDER OFF into the woods.

NEYTIRI gestures to Jake's horse.

NEYTIRI
Again.

CUT TO:

OPS CENTER - NIGHT

Grouped around a table are JAKE, COLONEL QUARITCH, SELFRIDGE and few ENGINEERS and OFFICERS. Jake is talking them through plans he's made of Hometree's inner structure.

JAKE
 You've got outer columns, then a secondary ring here, and an inner ring. Then a core structure, it's like a spiral, that's how they move up and down.

QUARITCH
 I'm going to need accurate scans of all these columns.

JAKE
 Roger that.

ANGLE ON MAX, at the stairwell. He's been watching Jake talking rapidly to Quaritch, but can't hear him. Frowning, he backs away, down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB - DAY

JAKE, GRACE and NORM are packing science gear and supplies.

GRACE
 I'm not about to let Quaritch and Selfridge micro-manage this thing.
 (she looks pointedly at Jake)
 We're going up into the mountains.
 (MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)
 There's a mobile link up at Site 26 that
 we can work out of.

NORM
 The Hallelujah Mountains?

GRACE
 That's right.

NORM
 Yesssss!
 (off Jake's look)
 The legendary Floating Mountains of
 Pandora? Heard of them?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - AERIAL - DAY

A SAMSON THUNDERS over the rainforest, climbing into the mist-shrouded mountains.

In the SEALED COCKPIT, Norm is up front, sitting left seat so Trudy can talk him through the flight controls. Jake and Grace are behind them, in the jump-seats.

Grace and Norm's UNCONSCIOUS AVATARS ride in the open back compartment.

TRUDY
 It only takes tiny inputs. Here, put
 your hand on the cyclic --

She points to the stick between her knees. Norm hesitantly reaches over and rests his hand on hers.

TRUDY
 Feel how small the moves are? You barely
 have to think it, and the aircraft
 reacts.

ON NORM -- reacting to tiny inputs from the hot lady-pilot.

THE SAMSON is dwarfed by enormous ARCHES OF ROCK.

GRACE
 See these magnetic formations. We're
 getting close.

TRUDY
Yeah we are. Look at my instruments.

On the dash, many of the displays are fritzing out.

GRACE

Yup. We're in the flux vortex.

AHEAD, a cloud bank parts, revealing --

THE HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS. Right in front of them.

NORM

Oh. My. God.

Jake leans forward between the seatbacks for a good look out the front canopy.

JAKE'S POV -- enormous islands of rock are hovering a half mile above the ground. They are overgrown with rainforest, and straggly beards of vines hang down beneath them. Waterfalls stream down the sides and dissolve into spray at the bottom.

ON JAKE, staring in amazement. It is both awe-inspiring and disturbing.

Trudy turns, grinning at Jake.

TRUDY

You should see your face.

WIDE AERIAL -- the Samson is tiny as it approaches the floating islands of rock. An archipelago among the clouds, they cast great shadows over the forested slopes below.

JAKE (V.O.)

Yeah, so what does hold them up? Grace explained it to me -- some kind of maglev effect because unobtanium is a superconductor, or something. At least somebody understands it. Just not me.

CUT TO:

EXT. SITE 26 - DAY

A remote RESEARCH STATION -- TWO **SHACKS** and a few clusters of instruments perched on a promontory near the Hallelujah Mountains. The shacks are AIRLIFT MODULES the size of buses.

THE SAMSON LANDS, beating the grass with its rotor-wash. The humans hop out, wearing MASKS.

They move toward the Shack, taking in the spectacular panorama.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - DAY

NORM and TRUDY assist JAKE with his chair as they cycle in through the AIRLOCK. GRACE is already inside, starting the GENNY. She turns on the lights and equipment.

There are 4 bunks, a clutter of science gear, and -- through a short connecting corridor -- THREE LINK UNITS in the second module.

As Grace powers up the Link equipment, Jake stops to look at STEREO STILL PICTURES which are taped and tacked up around her workstation.

CLOSE ON PICTURES -- Grace posing at the school with various grinning children. There is one of her with two lanky girls, a younger Neytiri and an older girl who looks much like her.

GRACE

Jake, take number two, it's the least glitchy. Norm, I need you to operate Jake's link.

Norm glares at Jake as he passes.

JAKE

Hey. You got a problem?

Norm turns to Grace, his frustration boiling over.

NORM

I trained three years for this mission.
I speak the language fluently.
(he points at Jake)
He falls off the frickin' turnip truck
and all of a sudden he's cultural
ambassador!?

GRACE

It's not our choice, Norm.

He glowers at Jake.

NORM

Yeah, well I didn't come out here to wash
the dishes while you're on some
interspecies booty call.

He stalks off.

GRACE

He can't go far.

She points to Jake's link.

GRACE
Let's get you in.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. HOMETREE - BANSHEE EYRIE

LOOKING DOWN the central shaft of Hometree, 80 meters to the ground. Villagers are ant-like.

Jake tries to keep up with Neytiri as she leaps up the core trunk like a lemur. He climbs the last section, arriving out of breath beside her. She leads him OUTSIDE, onto --

A large branch. Through gaps in the foliage Jake can see other Great Trees scattered across the landscape, like enormous umbrellas above the rainforest.

NEYTIRI strides out across the branch toward some kind of STRUCTURE -- a WEB made of thick woven fiber. DARK SHAPES clinging to it stir with a leathery RUSTLING SOUND.

Neytiri makes a series of TRILLS and CLICKS. One of the shapes MOVES toward them, emerging into a shaft of sunlight.

A huge **MOUNTAIN BANSHEE**. Much larger than the forest banshees, this thing is taller than a Na'vi with a 10 meter wingspan. A leathery FWHOOOP, like the crack of sails, as it alights on the branch right in front of her.

JAKE
Holy shit.

NEYTIRI
Do not look in her eye.

Neytiri feeds it a large scrap of meat, which it SNATCHES and gulps down. She murmurs to it and strokes its NECK.

It lets out a signature SHRIEK, and some of the others in the shadows nearby answer.

Neytiri flip-catches her queue and gently connects it to the Banshee's ANTENNA. It shivers and stretches its wings as the neural connection is made.

NEYTIRI
Ikran is not horse. Once *shahaylu* is made, *ikran* will fly with only one Hunter in the whole life.

She climbs smoothly onto the animal's back.

NEYTIRI

To become *taronyu* -- Hunter -- you must choose your own *ikran*. And he must choose you.

JAKE

When?

NEYTIRI

When you are ready.

The BANSHEE shivers with anticipation.

NEYTIRI

Heeyaaahh!

Jake ducks as the great wings EXPLODE OPEN and the banshee DROPS off the branch. It swoops down across the forest canopy, banks hard, lets out a CRY and beats its wings in a power climb.

Completing the bank, Neytiri directs the banshee into a close SWOOPING FLYBY, and Jake instinctively ducks.

ON NEYTIRI -- flying in perfect fusion with her winged mount, the rainforest rolling beneath her.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT/EXT

STEREO VIDEO-LOG IMAGE -- Jake has just switched on the camera. He looks tired.

JAKE

Do I have to do this? I need some rack.

GRACE, behind him, looks up from her MICROSCOPE, scowling.

GRACE

No -- now, when it's fresh.

JAKE

Yeah, yeah.

(to camera)

The days are starting to blur together.
The language is a bitch, but I figure
it's like field-stripping a weapon.
Repetition.

THIS THROWS US INTO A **TEACHING MONTAGE:**

JAKE AND NEYTIRI kneel together inside Hometree. Neytiri touches her lips with her fingertips.

JAKE

Seyri.

She touches her nose, her ears, her eyes in quick sequence.

JAKE

Ontu, mikyun, nari.

NEYTIRI stands next to him, correcting his position as he draws a longbow.

BARKING commands, she SMACKS him on the shoulder, then the elbow, repositioning him roughly.

JAKE (V.O.)

Neytiri thinks I'm some kind of retard.

HUMAN JAKE emerges from the LINK to see --

TRUDY and NORM caught IN THE ACT on Norm's bunk. Norm blushes and Trudy waves, pulling the blanket over their heads.

JAKE (V.O.)

Norm's attitude has improved lately.

NORM works with JAKE at the small table in the SHACK kitchen.

NORM

Thank you?

JAKE

Ireiyo.

Norm comically exaggerates the pronunciation.

NORM

Irrrreiyo. Irrrreiyo. You've gotta roll the R, r-r-r-oll it.

Norm makes Jake repeat the word, getting more frustrated.

JAKE (V.O.)

It's good he's back on board, but he thinks I'm a retard too.

TRACKING WITH JAKE'S FEET as he runs over rocks, leaping onto a thick root, running on across the rough bark.

JAKE (V.O.)

My feet are getting tougher. I can run farther every day.

Neytiri leads him along a massive root, and soon they are running 30 meters above the ground.

He sprints with her through the trees, trying to keep up. She CLIMBS and LEAPS with the ease of a spider monkey.

JAKE (V.O.)

I have to trust my body to know what to do. With Neytiri it's learn fast or die.

Neytiri LEAPS off into space, falling, falling until --

She catches an enormous palm leaf and, gripping it, allows its DROOP to slow her fall. She lets go, plummeting, and catches another.

JAKE FOLLOWS in a leap of faith. THE CAMERA PLUNGES with him, from leaf to leaf, down and down in a dizzying kinetic rush.

He drops down from the last leaf, landing next to her on a game trail. He is exhilarated to still be alive.

Neytiri is surprised -- that he followed. That he lived.

TIGHT ON HUMAN JAKE, in the shack. Thinking as he looks at the pictures of Grace with the laughing kids at the school.

IN THE COMMONS -- AVATAR NORM formally greets MO'AT. The Matriarch looks on as GRACE kneels to hug children she knows. Grace's eyes sparkle as she chats with them in Na'vi.

JAKE (V.O.)

I sweet-talked Mo'at into giving Norm and Grace a hall pass. Now Grace even makes me coffee before link every morning.

Grace looks up to see Neytiri approaching. It is an awkward moment between them. Grace makes the formal gesture of greeting.

GRACE

(Na'vi, subtitled)

I See you, Neytiri Mo'at'ite.

NEYTIRI

I See you, Doctor Grace Augustine.

ANOTHER DAY -- NEYTIRI kneels on a game trail, pointing out the tracks in the mud to Jake. She touches the edges of the plants around her, and sniffs the air.

JAKE (V.O.)
*I'm learning to read the trails, the
 tracks at the water-hole, the tiniest
 scents and sounds.*

JAKE AND NEYTIRI watch through a screen of leaves as --

A HERD of huge, armored **STURMBEEST** walks through the shallows of a lake. In the middle of the herd, the babies are sheltered from predators among their parents' legs.

One of the BULLS trumpets, and a flock of TETRAPTERONS takes flight, an explosion of purple wings.

Jake stares at the strange and wild alien tableau.

ANOTHER PLACE -- NEYTIRI STANDS utterly still, except for her ears, which move with a life of their own. Her eyes are closed. She speaks very softly to Jake --

NEYTIRI
 When you hear nothing, you will hear
 everything. When you see nothing, you
 will See everything.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Sometimes I have no idea what she's
 talking about.*

Jake and Neytiri creep quietly, stalking a large male **HEXAPEDE** -- a six legged deer-like creature.

Jake expertly nocks an arrow and draws his bow as Neytiri watches. He takes a bead on the hexapede -- tracks it for a beat with the drawn bow, then RELAXES his arm. Zen archery.

JAKE (V.O.)
*It's been a month and I'm still not
 allowed to make a kill. She says the
 forest hasn't given permission.*

OMIITED

NEYTIRI and JAKE crawl through the undergrowth. She points and he parts some leaves to see --

A MOTHER VIPERWOLF bringing meat to her cubs, which frisk around her legs. She licks their faces.

JAKE (V.O.)
*There's a lot of crap like that. She's
 always going on about the flow of energy--
 the spirits of the animals and what not --*

VIDEO-LOG IMAGE -- HUMAN JAKE talks into the lens. He's changing -- un-shaven, cheeks hollow. Pale.

JAKE
(smirking)
I just hope this treehugger shit isn't on
the final.

Visible behind him, Grace is hunched over her samples.

GRACE
(without looking up)
This isn't just about eye-hand
coordination out there. You need to
listen to what she says. Try to see the
forest through their eyes.

JAKE
Excuse me -- this is my video-log here,
okay?

NEYTIRI AND JAKE move through the NIGHT FOREST, surrounded by galaxies of shimmering bioluminescence. They move gracefully, soundlessly -- two forest spirits.

CU JAKE -- the pupils of his cat eyes dilated. The night forest floods his brain with its million bio-sources.

NIGHT SHOT, from overhead -- Jake and Neytiri bow-fishing from a dugout canoe over huge glowing **ANEMONES** at the bottom of a pool.

A large fish swims silhouetted against the pastel glow. ZAP! Jake drills it. He holds up the fish, triumphantly.

ANOTHER DAY -- Neytiri stands close behind Jake, adjusting his position as he draws his bow. Only now her hands are GENTLE as they move on his arms, his shoulders.

Aware of her touch, Jake's focus is broken. Their eyes meet, and she pulls away quickly.

NIGHT -- they enter a CLEARING filled with chest-high ferns. Neytiri signals him to move slowly. They approach a creature on one of the ferns. An ugly, stick-like LIZARD-THING perched on a frond. As he approaches --

SNAP! A long spine whips in a circle, unfurling a bioluminescent membrane -- a disk a meter across, opening like a Chinese fan. It FLIES OFF, a living Frisbee.

THE **FAN LIZARD** FLOATS across the clearing.

Neytiri plunges among the ferns with a SHARP CRY. An EXPLOSION OF COLOR as dozens of FAN LIZARDS take flight.

Grinning widely, she hops around like a little girl, until they are all flying. And for the first time, she is unguarded and joyful, totally herself with him.

INSIDE THE LINK -- Jake's eyes open in the darkness. He doesn't know where he is. He weakly pushes open the lid, blinking at the light.

JAKE (V.O.)
Everything is backwards now. Like out there is the true world, and in here is the dream.

TIGHT ON AVATAR JAKE silently drawing his bow, his eyes focused in intense concentration. A beat -- the arrow flies.

JAKE PULLS the arrow from the twitching body of a hexapede. He dispatches it with his knife.

He speaks haltingly, but with feeling, in Na'vi.

JAKE
 (Na'vi)
I See you Brother, and thank you. Your spirit goes with Eywa, your body stays behind to become part of the People.

NEYTIRI watches with approval.

NEYTIRI
 A clean kill. You are ready.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Lying in the link, Jake looks exhausted, pale, thin. Norm helps Grace get him to his chair.

GRACE
 You're still losing weight. Here --

She hands him a microwaved burrito. He looks at the now alien food. Bites into it without enthusiasm.

JAKE
 I made a kill today. We ate it. I know where that meal came from.

GRACE

Other body. You need to take care of this body.

JAKE

Yeah yeah.

GRACE

Jake, I'm serious -- you look like crap.
You're burning too hard.

Jake takes the cigarette out of her mouth and stubs it out.

JAKE

Get rid of this shit, then you can
lecture me.

GRACE

I'm telling you, as your boss and someone
who might even consider being a friend
someday, to take some down time.

JAKE

Not now. Tomorrow we leave for *Iknimaya*.

GRACE walks past Jake, starts making herself coffee.

GRACE

Yeah -- you're gonna go ride a banshee.
Or die trying.

JAKE

That's right, Grace. This is what I've
been working for.

GRACE

And this is your check up from the neck
up, Marine. You're getting in way too
deep.

(she turns away)

Trust me, I learned the hard way.

Jake scans the pictures tacked up around Grace's workstation.

JAKE

What did happen at the school?

GRACE looks up from making coffee. Her eyes track across the
pictures of the laughing children. Finally --

GRACE

Neytiri's sister -- Sylwanin -- stopped coming to school. She was angry about the clear-cutting.

GRACE sips her coffee, grimaces at the taste.

GRACE

One day, she and a couple of other young hunters came running in, all painted up -- they'd set a bulldozer on fire -- I guess they thought I could protect them.

GRACE'S voice stays oddly CALM as he tells this terrible story, while getting MILK out of the refrigerator.

GRACE

The troopers pursued them to the schoolhouse.

MACRO as she pours the milk -- her hand is SHAKING.

GRACE

They killed Sylwanin in the doorway. Right in front of Neytiri. Then shot the others.

(mildly)

I got most of the kids out, before they shot me.

JAKE

Jesus.

GRACE

Yeah.

Jake realizes that Grace is on the verge of tears and desperately trying to hide it.

GRACE

A scientist stays objective -- we can not be ruled by emotion. But I poured ten years of my life into that school. They called me sa'atenuk. Mother.

(turning to him)

That kind of pain reaches back through the link.

GRACE sits down at the table, looks intently at Jake.

GRACE

It's a job. Learn what you can -- but don't get attached.

GRACE looks at him with real PAIN in her eyes.

GRACE

It's not our world, Jake. And we can't
stop what's coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

TSU'TEY leads three direhorse riders up the trail -- two TEENAGE HUNTERS and JAKE, who's riding well enough to keep up. The horses' hooves CLOP right next to a sheer drop into a misty canyon.

JAKE (V.O.)

*Iknimaya translates roughly as stairway
to heaven. It's the test every young
hunter has to pass.*

TSU'TEY signals a stop.

UP-SLOPE AHEAD is an astounding formation. Thick vine-like trees have trapped large FLOATING BOULDERS of UNOBTANIUM in their gnarled grip.

A hundred meters above them more boulders are WOVEN into the twisted vine-trunks. This is some sort of freak natural occurrence -- like the mythical beanstalk, going up into the clouds.

There is a THUNDERING ROAR, like an artillery barrage, and the ground SHAKES. Jake looks around at --

One of the FLOATING MOUNTAINS grinding against the flank of a nearby mesa. A huge rockfall is set loose. The mountain is drifting toward them, filling half the sky.

The Hunters dismount.

JAKE looks up at the beanstalk going into the clouds. He turns to Tsu'tey, who is checking the young hunters' gear.

JAKE

We doin' this?

Jake leaps to catch up as Tsu'tey and the hunters swarm up the base of the beanstalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEANSTALK - DAY

200 METERS up the BEANSTALK, the hunters nimbly climb along the vine-trunks. They clamber over one of the unobtainium BOULDERS which is lifting this incredible tree.

JAKE looks down -- the massive trunk dwindles to the size of a licorice stick. A chunk breaks off a boulder as he climbs over it -- it floats *upward*.

They reach the upper branches of the beanstalk. Above them, the craggy underbelly of MONS Veritatis looms. Spray from one of the waterfalls hits them.

Some of the HANGING VINES are brushing over the upper branches of the beanstalk with a crackling hiss.

One by one the hunters grab onto vines as they pass.

Jake shrugs and leaps to a passing vine, his feet dangling over nothingness. They climb toward the floating islands above.

EXT. MONS VERITATIS - DAY

TINY FIGURES cross a causeway of vines connecting a small island of unobtainium to the main mass of Mons Veritatis.

WIDE SHOT looking down a rock face bigger than Half Dome -- the sheer side of Mons Veritatis.

Banshees circle next to the cliffs, flashing in shafts of sunlight. Waterfalls dissolve into nothingness below.

EXT. GROTTO/BANSHEE ROOKERY - DAY

A waterfall THUNDERS down into the void like a faucet of the gods. Jake looks down the sheer cliff at the world far below -- a view from Olympus.

A SHRIEK and the THWAP THWAP of leathery wings -- NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE swoops in to perch at the edge of the grotto. She dismounts and, like a falconer, covers its eyes with a woven HOOD. It waits, docile, as --

She joins Jake and the hunter party. Tsu'tey leads them through the cave until they emerge onto a CLIFF FACE. And Jake sees --

The BANSHEE ROOKERY. HUNDREDS of banshees huddle on rock outcroppings as far as the eye can see. They cling to the walls with the fore-claws on their wings, or perch on ledges.

TSU'TEY

Jakesully will go first.

Tsu'tey smirks at Jake, a challenge in his eyes. The two teenage Hunters are scared but trying to act tough.

Tsu'tey scowls when Neytiri leads Jake out onto the ledge.

NEYTIRI

(whispering)

Now you choose your *ikran*. This you must feel -- inside. If he also chooses you, move quick, like I showed. You will have one chance.

JAKE

How will I know if he chooses me?

NEYTIRI

He will try to kill you.

JAKE

Outstanding.

Out of sight of Tsu'tey, Neytiri takes his hand and squeezes it. Jake feels a rush of emotion, but she breaks away like it didn't happen. He is on his own, on the ledge with --

The BANSHEES. They eye him as he approaches. Several SHRIEK and take flight. Others flap their wings and yawn, showing rows of fangs, in a threat display.

Jake unrolls a weighted leather strap, like a one-ended BOLO.

A LARGE MALE spreads enormous wings, SHRIEKS, and glares straight at him.

Jake looks directly into its eyes -- and strides toward it.

JAKE

Let's dance.

The challenged banshee HISSES and leaps at him, jaws wide as--

Jake times the lunge, swinging the bolo, feinting and then slipping aside as the banshee's jaws miss him, SNAPPING SHUT.

Jake WHAPS the bolo across its snout. The weighted thong whips twice around its long jaws, tying them shut. A MUFFLED SCREAM and it SLASHES at his stomach with razor talons but --

Jake is already leaping, over the talons and tackling the banshee around the neck. It topples on its side, and he SWARMS IT -- arms around its thrashing head.

Jake grabs its whip-like antenna and brings it toward his queue but --

The bony head SLAMS sideways, and BAM! -- clocks him right in the face, almost knocking him out and --

IT WRITHES, flinging him to the ground. He slides on the rock and almost goes over the edge as --

NEYTIRI gasps. Tsu'tey laughs and yells mockingly.

The bolo is coming loose as the creature shakes its head, way pissed off now, but --

Jake scrambles up and leaps straight at it. Claws rake his leg but he gets his arms around its head and CLAMPS DOWN HARD. They flop to the ground and he scrambles on top, pinning it and --

Grabs its whipping antenna, locks it under his arm, and jams the end of his queue into it. They FUSE together and --

The banshee stops struggling. It lies there panting. They are locked together, literally eye to eye.

JAKE

That's right! You're mine.

ECU BANSHEE -- the pupil like a deep black well.

Jake relaxes his grip and slowly, warily, slides his leg over the creature's back.

Neytiri runs to him.

NEYTIRI

First flight seals the bond. You cannot wait.

Jake sits astride the creature, feeling its power. He grips a hank of the beast's main, and --

JAKE

Heeeyyyaaaah!

THWAP! THWAP! The banshee is off like a shot. Jake SCREAMS as they PLUMMET off the cliff -- the banshee WAILS and --

They fall together, spiralling out of control, and he is almost tossed lose. The thing is SQUAWKING and SHRIEKING so much he can't think.

JAKE
Shut the hell up!!

It does.

JAKE
Level out! Fly straight!

It levels out. Jake cocks his head, only thinking "bank left" and the animal complies. He settles the banshee into an easy loping beat of its huge wings, while he catches his breath.

NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE falls into formation with him. She signals "follow me" and DIVES.

Jake guides his banshee clumsily after her. Neytiri's banshee moves with precise movements of its wingtips, while Jake's wobbles and dips, almost falling out of the sky.

THE CAMERA SWOOPS after them as Neytiri leads an arcing DIVE around the flank of Mons Veritatis. The scenery is stunning. They pass waterfalls and swoop between hanging vines.

Neytiri leads Jake in a sharp bank, skimming close to the cliffs. They punch through streamers of cloud and emerge into sunlight.

Jake is getting the hang of it. He jinks left, then right, then dives, tucking himself tight against the animal's back. He's reckless, fearless. Half in control and LOVING IT.

Neytiri dives next to him as he lets out a long WHOOP of joy.
CUT TO:

INT./EXT. GROTTTO/MONS VERITATIS - DAY

FLIGHT MONTAGE:

NEYTIRI squats with Jake, using her hands to explain flight principles like one fighter pilot to another.

LOOKING DOWN a sheer cliff. SWOOOSH! Jake and Neytiri dive their mounts STRAIGHT DOWN PAST CAMERA, pulling out and soaring into a series of aerobatic turns.

JAKE (V.O.)
I may not be much of a horse guy. But I was born to do this.

THEY FLY in close formation with TSU'TEY and the young HUNTERS, 5 banshees flashing through scarves of mist.

ANOTHER DAY. Jake dives, playing hide and seek with Neytiri among the clouds. They are wild and free in a wild world. She grins and banks hard, diving -- *catch me if you can*. He DIVES after her.

IN THE GROTTO, by firelight, JAKE'S BANSHEE snaps at a piece of meat which he playfully pulls back. He's teaching it to take the food more slowly. He strokes its long head.

TSU'TEY is nearby with the young hunters. He eyes Jake with frustrated hostility.

ANOTHER DAY -- Jake and Neytiri fly abreast, soaring easily. She points and Jake sees --

A BIZARRE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION. Arches of magnetic rock form rainbows of stone above a deep CALDERA. In the center of the caldera is a single, enormous WILLOW TREE, gnarled and ancient. This, we will be told, is **THE WELL OF SOULS**.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE

JAKE flies with Neytiri along a forested ridge. She is teaching him to hunt from his banshee. They carry their bows at the ready, scanning below them for prey.

A HUGE SHADOW covers him and Neytiri SHOUTS a warning. Jake looks up to see --

A LEONOPTERYX in a delta-dive, whistling straight at him.

Like a banshee, only several times larger, it is the king predator of the air: the **GREAT LEONOPTERYX**. Striped scarlet, yellow and black, with a midnight blue crested head -- it is both gorgeous and terrifying.

The hunter has become the prey. JAKE snap-rolls and dives toward the forest canopy. He plummets into the gloom as --

K-CRASH -- the leonopteryx tears through foliage, following him down, both diving like missiles and --

JAKE yanks into a hair-pin bank, right through a gap between two huge branches --

Forcing the leonopteryx to brake with a loud FWOOSH of wings. It banks away with a frustrated SHRIEK. Two flaps of its mighty wings and it is gone, back above the canopy.

CLOSE ON THE LEONOPTERYX, as its fanged mouth opens in a bloodcurdling SCREECH which echoes among the mountains. *The lord of its domain.*

ON JAKE, shaken. Neytiri flies up, her expression the Na'vi equivalent of *Oh my God*. A beat -- they both crack up.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jake ponders images Grace has called up at her workstation-- science graphics of the Leonopteryx. Trudy and Norm are crowded around as well.

GRACE

The Great Leonopteryx is the apex aerial predator. Not only rare, but the sightings tend not to get reported.

Trudy makes a clicking motion with her thumb.

TRUDY

There usually isn't time to key the mike.

JAKE

The People call it *Toruk*.

NORM

(translating)
Last Shadow.

JAKE

Last one you ever see.

TRUDY

I saw one take out a gunship once --
WHAM! Total frickin' yard sale. Ate the crew like peanuts.

TIME CUT -- Grace is scanning through images and Jake stops her on one -- a 3D aerial shot of the strange arched formation.

JAKE

That's it.

GRACE

Vitraya Ramunong -- The Well of Souls.
It's their most sacred place.

She moves the virtual camera, and we seem to fly around the Well of Souls, catching only a glimpse of the interior.

GRACE

Something big is going on in there,
biologically. I'd die to get samples, but
outsiders are strictly forbidden.

TIME CUT -- Jake looks through the pressure window at HUMAN
GRACE and NORM outside. Wearing masks, they are taking
readings from some time-series experiments Grace has set up.

As TRUDY watches, JAKE works fast to download Grace's images
of the Well of Souls onto a memory chip.

TRUDY

They're coming back.

Jake pulls the chip, then hesitates. Torn by what he is
doing.

TRUDY

If you don't give him something, he's
gonna shut us down.

He hands her the chip and she slips it into a pocket of her
flight-suit just as Grace and Norm enter from the airlock.

JAKE

Hey, guys.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE STARES up at the TOTEM SKULL, which we now recognize as
that of a GREAT LEONOPTERYX. NEYTIRI watches as he reaches
up to touch the tall indigo crest.

NEYTIRI

My grandfather's grandfather was *Toruk*
Macto -- Rider of Last Shadow. *Toruk*
chose him. It has only happened five
times since the time of the First Songs.

JAKE

That's a long time.

Neytiri takes his hand, because that's what the Na'vi do when
they're telling you something important.

NEYTIRI

Toruk Macto was mighty -- he brought the
clans together in a time of great sorrow.
All Na'vi people know this story.

PUSH IN SLOWLY on the skull totem, then --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BED - DAY

JAKE, NEYTIRI and other FLYING HUNTERS swoop low above a HERD OF STURMBEEST -- a rapids of thundering muscle. Dust rises from this living river like steam from a python's back.

TRACKING WITH the herd. A HUNTER appears in FG, astride a direhorse at full gallop. The sight is breathtaking. He hurls a 3 meter spear and one of the sturmbeest CRASHES down, flipping twice from momentum.

JAKE ROLLS IN like a fighter jet, his banshee screaming. He draws and fires his bow. The arrow strikes true, in the plexus between the armored shoulders and --

THE BEAST crashes to the ground. Skids to a stop in a cloud of dust.

NEYTIRI swoops in next to Jake, arms raised and grinning wolfishly.

CU TSU'TEY, banking around Jake's kill. Jake looks up, and Tsu'tey SALUTES in grudging admiration.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

The central space is lit by a BONFIRE, around which the HUNT FESTIVAL is in full swing. Wild dancing. People gnawing on massive sturmbeest ribs. A bowl of some kava-like intoxicant is passed around.

NEYTIRI dances in a flowing costume as the BANSHEE SPIRIT. NORM is dancing seductively with his own tail.

JAKE, surrounded by young hunters, acts out the leonopteryx attack with his hands. The leaping fire-light plays across the eye sockets of the TORUK SKULL, bringing it to life. It seems to watch Jake.

TSU'TEY squats next to Jake, the usual scowl on his face.

Jake braces himself -- and Tsu'tey holds up the KAVA BOWL, offering it to him. A challenge or an olive branch?

Jake takes a long, hearty drink as some of the young hunters hoot and clap hands in a fast rhythm.

GRACE

Watch that stuff. It'll knock you into
next week.

Jake offers the bowl back to Tsu'tey. They lock eyes.
Tsu'tey drinks.

LATER -- AN EMPTY BOWL drops, landing on a pile of empty
bowls near the fire.

WIDER ON JAKE and TSU'TEY, sitting amid the rowdy hunters.
Tsu'tey looks a little blearily at Jake. Finally, he GRINS.

TSU'TEY

I thought -- enough drink -- you would
not be so ugly.

JAKE

Sorry.

Tsu'tey looks deep into the fire.

TSU'TEY

Your warriors -- hide inside machines --
fight from far away.

(he looks at Jake)

I did not think a sky person could be
brave.

Before Jake can answer, NEYTIRI'S lithe shape runs through
the circle of silhouetted dancers toward them. She takes
Jake by the hand and pulls him up --

NEYTIRI

You must dance! It is the way.

TSU'TEY watches as she leads him away, his face darkening --
the moment of connection to Jake lost to anger.

The hunters WHOOP and CHEER as Jake joins the circle of
dancers.

Jake takes Grace's hand and pulls her up, protesting.

JAKE lets the DRUMS and CHANTING flow through him. He lets
himself go, dancing from the inside, channeling the primal
energy.

GRACE is rocking out, grinning. We see the young girl, so
repressed, who lives within her.

Jake and Neytiri flow amongst the dancers, but they are
looking only at each other.

A couple of the young girls watching from outside the circle are giggling and talking about them. Mo'at and EYTUKAN follow their look, seeing the obvious connection.

MO'AT
(subtitled)
*We cannot let this seed grow. Her path is
with Tsu'tey.*

ON JAKE, dancing with abandon to the primal beat, eyes locked with Neytiri.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

WIDE VISTA -- mist blowing through the treetops as the morning sun burns it away. A spectacular panorama of a vast, primeval land.

UP ANGLE TRACKING among the trees, the sunlight shafting down like light in a cathedral.

JAKE (V.O.)
*It's hard to put in words the deep
connection the People have to the forest.*

HIGH IN THE BRANCHES of a tree, Jake watches as Neytiri gently bends a large pitcher-like flower toward her, sipping nectar which is sweet and thick as honey. An incredibly sensuous image.

JAKE (V.O.)
*They see a network of energy that flows
through all living things. They know that
all energy is only borrowed--*

MACRO SHOT of a purple flower, beaded with raindrops. A blue hand picks the flower.

JAKE (V.O.)
-- and one day you have to give it back.

LOOKING DOWN into a hole dug among tree roots. The body of an old Omaticaya WOMAN lies curled there like an unborn baby in the womb of the earth. The purple flower is gently placed on her body, joining flowers, totems and beads.

Mo'at recites a prayer as Neytiri, acting as acolyte, places a WOODSPRITE, a seed of the Great Tree, on the body.

Earth is poured over the LENS and we CUT TO --

JAKE WAKING UP in the Link. DARK as a coffin. He pushes the lid off, letting in light, and lies there. He looks pale and haggard, with a scraggly beard.

JAKE (V.O.)
Hard to believe it's only been three months.

JAKE SITS in front of the video log camera, late at night. It is many log entries later. He has lost a lot of weight. He looks like a junkie watching a test pattern.

JAKE
 (to the lens)
 I can barely remember my old life. I'm not sure who I am anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Under a sky of thunderheads, the forest is a dark wall beyond the fence. SELFRIDGE, wearing an exopack, TEES UP while GRACE and JAKE approach from the direction of the Ops Center.

SELFDRIDGE
 Good of you to stop by. How's it going out there? Our blue friends all packed up yet?

Selfridge swings his DRIVER with good form.

SELFDRIDGE
 See, I keep hooking it. It's the damn pack.

THE BALL drops into the mud just past a marker which reads 220. A TROOPER walks over to retrieve it.

SELFDRIDGE
 The low gravity and the high air density cancel out so --

JAKE
 You called us back to report -- you want to hear it or not?

SELFDRIDGE
 Go ahead.

GRACE
 Jake is making incredible progress, years worth in just a few months. But -- we need more time.

SELFRIDGE

Not what I was hoping to hear.

It starts to rain. Selfridge calmly pulls an umbrella from his golf bag and snaps it open.

GRACE

Parker, it's their ancestral home. They've lived there since before human history began. You can spare them a few more weeks.

SELFRIDGE

This thing is inevitable. What does it matter when it happens? I'm sorry, Dr. Augustine. You're out of time.

He leaves them standing there to get drenched.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY

A break table, under a harsh overhead light. Quaritch pulls up a chair, turns it around, and sits astride it facing Jake. He studies Jake's pale, sunken face. The scraggly beard.

QUARITCH

You're not gettin' lost in the woods, are you son?

Jake can't meet his eyes.

QUARITCH

Your last report was two weeks ago. I'm starting to doubt your *resolve*. From what I see, it's time to terminate this mission.

Jake eyes flare with alarm.

JAKE

No. I can do this.

QUARITCH

Look, you've given me plenty of usable intel. Like this "Well of Souls" place -- I've got them by the balls with that, when it turns into a shit-fight. Which it will.

Jake feels hollow inside, knowing what he's done.

QUARITCH

So you'll get your legs back, like I promised.

(puts his hand on Jake's shoulder)

It's time to come in.

Jake ponders this. *Isn't this what he was doing all this for?*

JAKE

I've gotta finish this thing. There's one more test -- the Dream Hunt. It's the final stage of becoming a man. Then I'm one of them. They'll trust what I say...

It's hard for him to even form these words --

JAKE

... and I can negotiate the terms of their relocation.

QUARITCH

Then you need to get it done, Corporal.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Strange horizontal LIGHTNING branches through the floating mountains, twisted by the magnetic fields. The sky is black and heavy with clouds.

INT. SHACK KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake is gulping black coffee like a tequila shot, looking pretty STRUNG OUT. GRACE is smoking furiously.

GRACE

Jake, I can't allow this. You're just not strong enough.

JAKE

It's the last door -- I'm going through it. You can help me or get out of the way.

Jake pushes past her toward the corridor --

GRACE

(grabbing him)

Will you listen to me? Sometimes the Na'vi themselves die in these vision quests. The venom takes you to the edge of death.

(MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)
 And the psychoactive alkaloid in the worm-
 - we have no idea what that'll do in an
 avatar brain.

Jake breaks free and wheels away, down the corridor.

GRACE follows JAKE as he crosses to the Link. A sheet of
 LIGHTNING flashes across the sky outside.

Norm is initializing the Link.

NORM
 Calibrating. Thirty seconds.

She puts her hands on his shoulders.

GRACE
 No matter what you prove out there-- you
 are still in here.
 (shaking him)
Right here.

JAKE
 I have to go all the way -- become one of
 them--

GRACE
 (furiously)
 Goddammit, Jake, you can never be one of
 them!

Norm looks up, startled at the VEHEMENCE in GRACE' voice.

GRACE
 Our life out there takes millions of
 dollars of machinery to sustain. You
 visit -- and you leave.

During this, Jake pulls himself from his wheelchair, levering
 himself into the Link, hauling his useless legs inside.

GRACE
 (softening)
 You can never truly be with her.

Jake stops, pinioned by the truth. He seems suddenly very
 lost.

JAKE
 You know why I'm here? Because Quaritch
 sent me.

NORM
 What?

JAKE

That's right -- to embed with the *Omaticaya*. To find out how to screw them out of their home. By deceit or by force, he didn't care. And if it turned out to be force, then how best to do it.

Norm is in shock. But Grace is eerily calm.

GRACE

And what about now, Jake?

JAKE

I'm not that guy any more.

Grace nods. She's been on his journey every step of the way.

GRACE

I know.

JAKE

But if I tell Quaritch the truth, he yanks me out -- I never see her again. And if I tell her the truth, the clan throws me out -- that's if they don't cut my heart out and show it to me.

Jake looks hopelessly at the two of them. In his own perfect Hell.

NORM

They won't understand what you've done.

JAKE

They don't even have a word for "lie" -- they had to learn it from us.

Grace sees he is on the verge of tears. Lost and alone, between worlds.

GRACE

I know. I taught it to them.

JAKE

(pleading)

Grace. I've gotta go. They're waiting.

NORM

Link is ready.

Grace stops him as he tries to close the lid.

GRACE

Jake. You can't carry this burden much longer.

JAKE

(smiling wanly)

It's okay. Mo'at says an alien mind probably can't survive the Dream Hunt anyway.

Grace closes the lid. It feels like closing a coffin. She watches his psionic patterns aligning to his avatar, somewhere out in the night.

GRACE

(to Norm)

Prep my link. I'm going in.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - NIGHT

JAKE SITS, eyes closed, as Neytiri and another young hunter paint his face and body in preparation for *uniltaron* -- the Dream Hunt.

NEYTIRI

When your Spirit Animal comes, you will know.

Their eyes meet with emotion neither can conceal any longer.

TIME CUT. GRACE stands with the crowd at the ramp to HOMETREE'S LOWEST LEVEL. Jake barely sees her as he goes down the spiral. She tries to follow, but is barred by a hunter.

BELOW, seemingly in the womb of the earth, Jake walks slowly into the center of a tight circle of seated elders and hunters. An ELDER is slowly rapping a large WATER DRUM.

TIME CUT -- MO'AT purifies him with smoke from burning herbs, CHANTING in a low monotone. Jake, squatting, washes the smoke over himself with his palms.

MACRO - MO'AT'S FINGERS unwrap a piece of wood riddled with holes. She catches the end of a glowing purple **WORM**, and draws it out of the wood.

MO'AT

(subtitled)

*Oh wise worm, eater of the Sacred Tree --
bless this worthy Hunter with a true
vision.*

MO'AT places the worm on Jake's out-stretched TONGUE. It twists on itself, lighting his mouth before he closes it. She indicates he should chew. He does.

MACRO -- AN EARTHEN JAR is opened. EYTUKAN removes a writhing black **ARACHNOID**, the Pandoran equivalent of a scorpion.

He places it against the back of Jake's neck and presses. The insect drives its stinger into Jake's skin and --

Jake grimaces. Mo'at and Eytukan step back, leaving Jake alone in the circle.

Neytiri watches intently, joining in the low chant.

SLOW DOLLY IN on Jake. His eyes OPEN. He looks around at the faces -- they seem to TRANSFORM, becoming threatening.

Jake looks down at the palms of his hands.

JAKE'S POV -- his hands recede, his whole body, the ground and --

INSTANTLY the circle of Na'vi recedes, as if to a distant horizon, leaving vast ground in between. SPACE is utterly distorted, and SOUND as well -- echoing, THUNDEROUS.

ECU JAKE -- pupils DILATED black. He looks around and --

The onlookers are gone, replaced by a ring of glowing trees, which seem miles high. The whole image is bathed in spectral radiance. Jake looks down --

JAKE'S POV -- his body and hands transforming -- fingers stretching into tendrils, legs becoming roots which spread outward across the ground, a thousand glowing dendrites which connect to the roots of the trees and --

CUT TO REALITY -- Jake is on his hands and knees, PUKING in the dirt. He contorts, crying out in agony as the venom contracts his muscles but --

IN HIS VISION Jake stands serene on a FLOATING MOUNTAIN CLIFF. A GREAT BLACK SHADOW covers him, the unmistakable X silhouette of a diving LEONOPTERYX. The LAST SHADOW.

CAMERA SCREAMS down on him as the shadow grows larger -- WE RUSH into his face, into the blackness of his pupil which FILLS THE UNIVERSE and --

REAL JAKE writhes in the dirt, his back arched as his muscles seize. He foams and thrashes, his eyes rolled back in his head, while inside --

TIME ITSELF HAS ACCELERATED -- clouds scream around the mountain tops, mist boils through the forest. He feels the wind of time blowing through him as --

REAL JAKE claws the ground, moaning, staring blindly while --

INSIDE, IN POV he FLIES over the landscape of Pandora --

--but the forest is BLASTED. Fires flicker among trees that are BURNED black and lifeless in a smoky twilight.

A great WINGED SHADOW is cast below, rippling over the devastated ground. AVATAR JAKE looks down at the shadow. Realizes HE is casting it, and we RUSH IN to his PUPIL and --

PULL BACK from the eye of a GREAT LEONOPTERYX, flying lordly and terrible over the land. It lets out an almighty SHRIEK which seems to echo to eternity and --

SLAM CUT to Jake, on his back, GASPING -- back in his body. He weakly rolls up to one elbow and looks around the room.

MO'AT

It is finished.

Neytiri's face is flooded with relief. The faces of the clan elders look at Jake expectantly.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Did your Spirit Animal come?

Jake looks from Eytukan to Mo'at, Tsu'tey and the elders. *How can he tell them what he has seen?*

Mo'at puts her splayed fingers against his face, seeming to peer into his troubled soul.

MO'AT

(to Jake)

Something has come.

(to the others, subtitled)

It will take time for the meaning to be clear.

She steps back, and Eytukan motions for Jake to stand. He gets up, weakly.

OUTSIDE THE ENCLOSURE -- Eytukan emerges with Jake and the others. The entire clan is gathered, waiting to hear what has happened. Jake looks up at the Leonopteryx Skull Totem, which seems to stare down at him.

GRACE watches, her eyes brimming. Proud. Relieved. Amazed.

Eytukan places both hands on Jake's chest and holds them there.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

*You are now a son of the Omaticaya. You
are part of the People.*

All the members of the clan press forward, crowding around and putting their hands on Jake's shoulders, back, chest -- hands upon hands, until he is connected to everyone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

JAKE and NEYTIRI run silhouetted in the night. Behind them waterfalls cascade down in the silvery light. POLYPHEMUS RISES behind the trees.

NEYTIRI DIVES from a rock, slicing into a mirror of water. Jake follows her and --

UNDERWATER, they swim over glowing ANEMONES.

They seem to float in a cosmic dance above a luminous garden of waving shapes. Tiny purple fish swirl around them.

Their hands come together, fingers twining, as they float weightlessly, as if between worlds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

Laughing, they run together into a stand of WILLOWS. Their trunks are as gnarled as bonsai. Long faintly glowing tendrils hang straight down in pastel curtains.

Underfoot, a bed of moss glows faintly. It REACTS to their footsteps with expanding rings of light.

It is an exquisitely beautiful spot.

The willows stir, responding to their presence. She holds up her hands, letting the TENDRILS caress her.

NEYTIRI

This is a place for prayers to be heard.
And sometimes answered.

Jake puts out his hands and the tendrils play over his fingers, his palms, his forearms. His eyes go wide. We hear the WHISPERING of ancient Na'vi VOICES.

JAKE

It's like -- a sound you feel.

NEYTIRI

We call this *utraya mokri* -- the Tree of Voices. The voices of our ancestors, who live within *Eywa*.

A few WOODSPRITES circle around them, some alighting on their shoulders and arms.

They stand, very close together now. Her eyes are intense, almost luminous. He feels drawn into them.

But she pulls back a little.

NEYTIRI

You are *Omaticaya* now. You may make your own bow from the wood of Hometree.
(she looks away)
And you may choose a woman.

The Amazon warrior trying so hard to sound casual. Jake suppresses a smile.

NEYTIRI

We have many fine women. Ninat is the best singer --

JAKE

I don't want Ninat.

NEYTIRI

There is Beyral -- she is a good hunter --

Jake puts his fingers on her lips to stop her.

JAKE

I've already chosen. But this woman must also choose me.

She takes his hands and their fingers intertwine, moving gently over each other.

NEYTIRI

She already has.

He puts his face close to hers. She rubs her cheek against his. He kisses her on the mouth. They explore each other.

Then she pulls back, eyes sparkling.

NEYTIRI

Kissing is very good. But we have something better.

She pulls him down until they are kneeling, facing each other on the faintly glowing moss.

Neytiri takes the end of her queue and raises it. Jake does the same, with trembling anticipation. The tendrils at the ends move with a life of their own, straining to be joined.

MACRO SHOT -- The tendrils INTERTWINE with gentle undulations.

JAKE rocks with the direct contact between his nervous system and hers. *The ultimate intimacy.*

They come together into a kiss and sink down on the bed of moss, and ripples of light spread out around them.

THE WILLOWS sway, without wind, and the night is alive with pulsing energy as we DISSOLVE TO --

LATER. She is collapsed across his chest. Spent. He strokes her face tenderly.

JAKE

Neytiri, you know my real body is far away, sleeping.

She raises up, placing her fingertips to his chest --

NEYTIRI

This body is real.

(she touches his forehead)

This spirit is real.

Her eyes are luminous, honest, infinitely deep.

NEYTIRI

When I was first your teacher, I hated all Sky People. But you have also taught me.

(whispering)

Spirit is all that matters.

She lays her head down, against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

NEYTIRI

I am with you now, Jake. We are mated for life.

JAKE

We are?

NEYTIRI

Yes. It is our way.

(innocently)

Oh. I forgot to tell?

He rouses up, making her look at him.

JAKE

Really, we are?

NEYTIRI

We are.

Jake considers this.

JAKE

It's cool. I'm there.

He lays his head down, and her arms enfold him, sheltering him as he sleeps.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jake's eyes open in the darkness. He just lies there, thinking. In his coffin. In another world.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOW GLADE - DAWN

DAWN BREAKS in the sacred glade. Shafts of orange morning light. Jake and Neytiri asleep in each others' arms. Maxfield Parrish painting. But then --

THE ROAR OF ENGINES. Neytiri awakens with a start. The SPLINTERING, CRACKLING of forest being crushed under enormous treads gets louder.

SHE WATCHES in growing horror as the BLADE of a bulldozer becomes a dark wall behind the sheltering ring of willows. She shakes Jake, shouting at him in Na'vi to wake up.

NEYTIRI

*Jake! Wake up! Where ever you are, come
back to me now. Jake!*

INT. SHACK - DAWN

HUMAN JAKE is in a hurry to get back to the link. GRACE, still groggy, chases him with coffee and microwaved eggs.

GRACE

Here -- eat this. I'd hate to have to
force-feed a cripple.

She slams the lid shut before he can enter and sticks the plate under his nose.

GRACE

(grinning)
She's not going anywhere.

He sighs heavily and starts wolfing the eggs.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE - DAWN

Neytiri SCREAMS as --

The willows begin to fall before the blade, to be ground under the treads. AVATAR JAKE is directly in the path. She tries to lift him, but he is too heavy. She is screaming at him, frantically trying to wake him, as --

INT. SHACK - DAWN

Jake adjusts himself in the link chair. He hands Grace the empty plate.

GRACE

And when was the last time you took a
shower? Jesus, Marine.

Jake pushes her hands away and pulls the lid down.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

AVATAR JAKE wakes up to see --

NEYTIRI dragging him, screaming. He leaps up as --

THE DOZER pushes inexorably into the glade, splintering the trees, plowing the earth before it.

JAKE RUNS into the path of the bulldozer, waving his arms.

JAKE
Hey! Heeeeey! Stop! Stop!

He positions himself where the camera-eyes of the robotic juggernaut will see him.

INT. OPS CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON MONITOR -- Jake shouts but there's no sound feed.

WIDER as the TRACTOR **OPERATOR** sees him and pulls back on the remote throttles. He yells to his **SUPERVISOR**.

OPERATOR
Hey, I got one of the natives blockin' my blade here.

This attracts the attention of Selfridge, who comes over to the workstation.

ON THE SCREEN -- Jake, in his Omaticaya loincloth and ceremonial body paint, is unrecognizable.

SUPERVISOR
(to Selfridge)
What do we do?

SELFRIDGE
Roll on. He'll move. These people have to learn that we don't stop.

TIGHT ON THROTTLES as the operator pushes them forward.

ON THE SCREEN Jake stumbles back, tripping, disappears below the blade for a second -- reappears, running to the side.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

JAKE grabs a rock and LEAPS onto the dozer. He climbs quickly to the CAMERA MAST.

SMASH! The rock crashes into the lens of the camera. Jake beats the rock furiously against it, pounding it to junk.

INT. OPS CENTER

CLOSE ON MONITOR -- as Jake's demonic face is replaced by noise.

OPERATOR
I'm blind.

He pulls back on the throttles.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE

THE JUGGERNAUT grinds to a stop. But the ROAR of engines continues because --

MORE DOZERS and TRACTORS advance nearby, crushing the forest before them. Trees are slashed down by the PLASMA CUTTERS. Terrified animals flee before the onslaught.

POWERSUITS and TROOPERS stride through the ravaged forest, blasting anything that moves. A trooper sees Jake on the dozer. He rips off a BURST and --

Rounds CLANG into metal as Jake dives off the machine. He grabs Neytiri and they run into concealing foliage. From behind a screen of leaves, they watch as --

THE DOZERS advance, obliterating the sacred site, leaving only mud and wood splinters in their path.

CU NEYTIRI, stunned by the nightmarish, unfathomable *wrongness* of it. She sobs as the willows die.

INT. OPS CENTER

MINUTES LATER, the operator is playing back the CAMERA'S FEED for Quaritch and the others.

QUARITCH

Freeze it, right -- there.

ON MONITOR -- the image expands, until Jake's face is clear, frozen in an animal snarl.

SELFRIDGE

Son of a bitch!

PUSH IN ON QUARITCH as his jaw clenches in cold fury.

He turns and strides toward the door, shouting to his WATCH COMMANDER as he passes.

QUARITCH

Get me a pilot!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS/HOMETREE - DAY

A RAIDING PARTY of hunters, their bodies painted, raise weapons overhead. AVATAR GRACE watches with growing alarm.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
Tsu'tey will lead the war party!

Tsu'tey steps forward, face full of hate, raising a war cry among the hunters.

GRACE
 (subtitled)
Please -- this will only make it worse --

TSU'TEY
You do not speak here!

JAKE and NEYTIRI cross the commons toward them. Jake feels all eyes turn toward him. He takes her arm, stopping her.

JAKE
 (to Neytiri, low)
 Okay, listen. There's something I have to tell you. It's gonna be hard. I just need you to --

He sees TSU'TEY striding toward them, his face a mask of fury.

TSU'TEY
You!

Tsu'tey walks right up and SLAMS Jake in the chest with both hands. It is so unexpected, that Jake topples on his ass.

TSU'TEY
You mated with this woman?!

GRACE
 Oh shit.

Jake stands. He reaches out for Neytiri. She goes to him, clutching his hand.

MO'AT
 Is this true?

NEYTIRI
 (subtitled)
We are mated before Eywa. It is done.

Tsu'tey turns to Mo'at and Eytukan, his face anguished.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

Neytiri was promised to me! Everything is changing. Everything is being destroyed!

Tsu'tey points at Jake, his pain shifting to rage.

TSU'TEY

(subtitled)

These aliens kill everything they touch, like poison.

MO'AT

Neytiri! If you choose this path, you can never be *Tsahik*. Your life will be wasted.

Neytiri looks at her mother -- sees the grief in her eyes.

NEYTIRI

I have chosen.

Tsu'tey draws his knife and --

TSU'TEY

Yeeeeeeaaa!

LUNGES AT JAKE, who's ready this time -- he sidesteps, blocking the knife, and elbows Tsu'tey HARD in the face.

Tsu'tey reels back, nose bleeding. He starts forward on a second attack but --

Eytukan grabs his arm and spins him around.

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Stop! This is not a proper challenge.

Tsu'tey glares at Jake while sheathing his knife.

TSU'TEY

I challenge you.

GRACE

Jake, don't --

JAKE

I accept.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SAMSON - DAY

QUARITCH rides left seat as Trudy pilots through the mountains. She glances at him, then toggles the aircom.

TRUDY
Loveshack this is Samson One Six inbound
hot to your pos. I have Colonel Quaritch
with me and --

But Quaritch SLAMS the switch, cutting her off.

QUARITCH
Did I tell you to announce us?

TRUDY
Sorry sir, it's procedure.

INT. SHACK

Norm punches buttons on the comms console.

NORM
Samson One Six? Trudy?
(no answer)
Crap.

He looks helplessly at Jake and Grace's link units -- no way to warn them.

INT. HOMETREE - DAY

TSU'TEY AND JAKE square off. Each holds a long, solid staff. The entire clan crowds around them in a circle.

GRACE
What the hell are you doing?

JAKE
It's the only way to get him to goddamn
listen.

TSU'TEY LEAPS at Jake with a sharp cry and Jake parries with his staff. The staves CLACK off each other as the two combatants LEAP, DUCK and STRIKE furiously.

Tsu'tey sweeps Jake off his feet with a roundhouse hit to the ankles, but --

Jake ROLLS out of it and catches Tsu'tey in the belly with the blunt end.

EXT. SITE 26 - DAY

TRUDY'S SAMSON lands. QUARITCH and a posse of troopers jump down and rush the Shack.

INT. COMMONS

TSU'TEY wades in with a series of short, sharp blows. Jake swings with equal fury. Both fighting from the heart.

The staves whistle through the air, and CLACK together like gunshots. Jake presses hard, and Tsu'tey staggers back, stumbling as --

Jake lands a SOLID HIT, dropping him to his knees, just as --

INT. SHACK

THE INNER DOOR bangs open and QUARITCH stomps toward Grace's Link controls.

NORM

Hey, hang on, you can't interrupt a link in progress, it's dangerous -- wait!

Quaritch shoves him aside and SMACKS his fist down on the POWER switch. Grace's unit goes dead and --

INT. COMMONS

AVATAR GRACE'S eyes roll back and she keels over. NEYTIRI barely catches her before she hits the ground.

JAKE parries as Tsu'tey swings but then --

Jake's eyes go blank just as -- K-RACK! Tsu'tey puts one alongside his head. Jake sprawls, completely inert. Tsu'tey pokes him with his staff, then raises it and lets out a piercing VICTORY CRY.

INT. SHACK - DAY

JAKE SLAMS OPEN the Link, amped from the fight, furious --

JAKE

Are you out of your goddamn mind?!

QUARITCH

You crossed a line.

Quaritch PUNCHES HIM HARD. Jake flops back, dazed. The troopers yank him out and ZIP-TIE his wrists.

INT. COMMONS

TSU'TEY draws his KNIFE, and bends down, grabbing Jake by the hair.

TSU'TEY
(subtitled)
*This is a demon in a false body. It
should not live.*

He puts his knife to Jake's throat but --

NEYTIRI BLIND-SIDES him at full tilt. Tsu'tey sprawls, rolls, comes up to see --

Neytiri crouched like a lioness over Jake, her KNIFE and teeth bared, her ears flattened. She SNARLS with primal fury.

Tsu'tey stands panting. He pushes through the crowd and walks away, calling for his hunters.

CUT TO:

INT. OPS CENTER - DUSK

TIGHT ON MONITOR -- showing JAKE'S AVATAR FACE on the dozer camera, as he pounds a rock into the lens. The shot FREEZES on Jake's ANIMAL SNARL.

WIDER -- HUMAN JAKE sits, bruised and bleeding, watching himself on the monitor. GRACE and NORM stand nearby, rubbing their wrists where the zip-ties bit in. SELFRIDGE and QUARITCH watch with disdain.

QUARITCH
You let me down, son. You got a little local pussy and completely forgot what team you play for.

Jake meets his gaze with a defiant glare.

GRACE
Parker, listen, there may still be time to --

QUARITCH
Shut your fucking hole!

Grace is momentarily stunned by Quaritch's fury. But she meets it with her own intensity, not backing down an inch.

GRACE

Or what, Ranger Rick? You gonna shoot me?

(to Selfridge)

You need to muzzle your dog!

SELFRIDGE

Can we just take this down a couple notches, please.

JAKE

(to Quaritch)

You say you want to keep your people alive. Start by listening to her.

Jake nods to Grace to continue.

GRACE

(to Selfridge)

This is bad, Parker. Those trees were sacred to the *Omaticaya* in a way you can't imagine.

SELFRIDGE

You know what? You throw a stick in the air around here it falls on some sacred fern.

GRACE

I'm not talking about pagan voodoo here -- I'm talking about something real and measurable in the biology of the forest.

SELFRIDGE

(frustrated)

Which is what exactly?

Grace's nerve fails. A rush of conflicting emotions -- the need to act, to *do something*, colliding with her scientific rigor.

GRACE

(to Jake)

I can't do this. How am I supposed to reduce years of work to a sound bite for the illiterate?

JAKE

Just tell him what you know in your heart.

She turns to Parker, steeling herself.

GRACE

Alright, look -- I don't have the answers yet, I'm just now starting to even frame the questions. What we think we know -- is that there's some kind of electrochemical communication between the roots of the trees. Like the synapses between neurons. Each tree has ten to the fourth connections to the trees around it, and there are ten to the twelfth trees on Pandora --

SELFRIDGE

That's a lot I'm guessing.

GRACE

That's more connections than the human brain. You get it? It's a network -- a global network. And the Na'vi can access it -- they can upload and download data -- memories -- at sites like the one you destroyed.

SELFRIDGE

What the hell have you people been smoking out there? They're just. Goddamn. Trees.

GRACE

You need to wake up, Parker. The wealth of this world isn't in the ground -- it's all around us. The Na'vi know that, and they're fighting to defend it. If you want to share this world with them, you need to understand them.

QUARITCH

We understand them just fine. Thanks to Jake here.

Jake shares a look of alarm with Grace as Quaritch selects a NEW CLIP on the main monitor --

TIGHT ON MONITOR -- VIDEO-LOG IMAGE of Jake, looking haggard and borderline deranged, rambling in a late-night monologue.

JAKE (RECORDED)

They're not going to give up their home -- they're not gonna make a deal. For what? Lite beer and shopping channel? There's nothing we have that they want. We're a horror to them. We're the monsters from space.

JAKE watches with a growing dread as his words condemn the people he has grown to love.

JAKE (RECORDED)

They're never going to leave Hometree.

Quaritch FREEZES the recording.

QUARITCH

Since a deal can't be made -- it gets real simple.

(to Jake, icily)

So thanks. I'm getting all emotional. I might just give you a big wet kiss.

GRACE

Parker, we have to talk, like rational people.

SELFRIDGE

Well, I'd cherish that, but unfortunately you're out of here on the next shuttle. All of you. I'm shutting down the Avatar Program, effective now.

ON JAKE, GRACE AND NORM, speechless.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A WALL OF FIRE. Silhouettes of direhorse riders cross in SLOW MOTION, spears and bows held high.

INT. OPS CENTER - MORNING

MONITOR SCREEN IMAGE -- WAINFLEET pans a camera across the smoldering hulks of BURNED DOZERS. The toppled remains of a charred ampsuit. Dead troopers bristling with arrows.

WAINFLEET

They hit with banshees first. Set the ampsuit on fire. Driver's toast.

Quaritch and Selfridge look on grimly.

QUARITCH

The rest of the squad?

WAINFLEET

Six bodies -- that's all of 'em. And the equipment is totalled.

SELFRIDGE

Christ.

INT. SELFRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Selfridge is stares soberly as Quaritch outlines the plan.

QUARITCH

I can do it with minimal casualties to the indigenous. We'll clear them out with gas first. It'll be humane. More or less.

Selfridge sighs and rubs his face.

QUARITCH

Hey, don't go limp on me now. This is exactly the incident we needed.

SELFRRIDGE

Alright, let's pull the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB

MAX and the lab staff are glumly packing files and equipment, under the watchful eye of armed SEC-OPS TROOPERS. JAKE, GRACE, NORM stare bleakly at each other.

GRACE

They bulldozed a sacred site on purpose, to trigger a response. They're fabricating this war to get what they want.

NORM

I can't believe that.

JAKE

Yup. That's how it's done. When people are sitting on shit you want, you make them your enemy. Then you're justified in taking it.

TRUDY RUNS into the lab, breathless. She's wearing full flight gear and carrying her helmet.

TRUDY

Sec-ops is rolling the gunships. They're gonna hit Hometree!

JAKE

When?

TRUDY

Now. We're spooling up now! I gotta go.

GRACE

My God.

Jake pumps furiously toward the door, Grace following.

INT. OPS CENTER - DAY

SELFRIDGE surveys the airfield, where crews swarm over the gunships, loading ordnance. He turns as JAKE and GRACE charge toward him.

GRACE

Parker, wait. Stop! These are people you're about to --

SELFRIDGE

They're fly-bitten savages who live in a tree! Look around -- I don't know about you but I see a lot of trees. They can move.

GRACE

For God's sake, there are children in there. Babies!

JAKE

Look Selfridge, you don't want this kind of blood on your hands. Let me try to talk them out. They trust me.

ON SELFRIDGE, considering this.

CUT TO:

INT. LINK ROOM

SELFRIDGE and an escort of armed TROOPERS accompany Jake and Grace to the links. The two enter their units, as NORM and MAX prep the system.

SELFRIDGE

You've got one hour. Unless you want your girlfriend in there when the axe comes down, you get them to evacuate. One hour.

Jake lowers the upper clamshell. Norm starts the sequence.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMONS -DAY

The entire clan is gathered, with Eytukan and Mo'at presiding. Jake looks around, feeling the gaze of the People upon him. He steels himself, and speaks in clear Na'vi --

JAKE
 (subtitled)
Eytukan, I have something to say, to everyone.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
Speak, Jakesully.

JAKE
 (subtitled)
A great evil is upon us. The Sky People are coming to destroy Hometree. They will be here soon.

A murmur of fear and anger goes through the crowd.

JAKE
 (subtitled)
You have to leave, or you will die.

MO'AT
 Are you certain of this?

JAKE
 They sent me here to learn your ways. So one day I could bring this message, and you would believe it.

NEYTIRI
 What are you saying, Jake? You knew this would happen?

He is unable to meet her eyes.

JAKE
 Yes.
 (anguished)
 At first it was just orders. Then everything changed. I fell in love-- with the forest, with the *Omaticaya* People --
 (he looks at her)
 -- with you. And by then, how could I tell you?

Neytiri can barely breathe. She is shaking with the enormity of it, her voice cracking with rage and pain --

NEYTIRI
 I trusted you, Jake!

JAKE
Neytiri. Please, I only wanted to --

NEYTIRI
You will never be one of the People!
NEVER!

TSU'TEY yells to his HUNTERS --

TSUTEY
(subtitled)
Bind them.

They grab Jake, who doesn't resist. Others seize Grace.
Both are driven to their knees, and their arms bound.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

SCORPION GUNSHIPS darken the sky as they come over the tops of the trees. At the head of the formation is one much larger ship, a monster 150 feet long -- the GENERAL DYNAMICS C-21 **DRAGON GUNSHIP**.

Quaritch, next to the pilot of the Dragon, surveys the world below like Napoleon astride his horse.

EXT. HOMETREE

JAKE and GRACE are lashed to posts at the front entrance to Hometree. The People look up as --

THE DRAGON and its escort of GUNSHIPS arrive over the trees. The DOWN-BLAST from their rotors creates a maelstrom of flying leaves and debris.

IN THE DRAGON COCKPIT Quaritch watches a targeting screen -- a telescopic image of Jake and Grace tied to posts.

QUARITCH
Well, I'd say diplomacy has failed.

TSU'TEY and another HUNTER hold knives to the throats of the two avatars, glaring defiantly at the gunships.

QUARITCH
I think they mean to cut their throats if we don't back off. Make sure you get a nice close-up of that. I can tack it onto the after-action report.

JAKE YELLS to Neytiri, Tsu'tey, the others gathered nearby --

JAKE

You have to get out of Hometree! Run to the forest! Please, I'm begging you!

EYTUKAN scowls at Jake, then GRABS TSU'TEY and yells --

EYTUKAN

(subtitled)

Take the ikran! Attack from above!

Tsu'tey grabs some hunters and runs up the roots of Hometree.

IN THE COCKPIT Quaritch grows impatient.

QUARITCH

Alright, let's get this done. Give me forty millimeter gas rounds, right in the front door.

GUNNER

Roger. CS forties. Going hot.

QUARITCH

Fire.

On the Dragon's stub-wings the 40mm ROCKET LAUNCHERS open up with a BARRAGE of leaping fire which FLASHES down and --

K-WHOOM!K-WHOOM!K-WHOOM! -- the inside of Hometree ERUPTS with multiple EXPLOSIONS of TEARGAS.

THE GAS rolls across the confused villagers. They begin to cough and gag.

Eytukan and the remaining HUNTERS bravely fire at the gunships with their longbows.

IN THE DRAGON'S COCKPIT, Quaritch laughs as arrows CLINK against the armored windows.

AMID CLOUDS of teargas, the Omaticaya run, stumble, collapse.

EYTUKAN

(yelling/subtitled)

Everybody outside! Go to the Forest.

The villagers pour out of Hometree. Everyone is yelling. Piercing SCREAMS in the boiling gas.

JAKE, eyes streaming, struggles with his bindings.

KA-WHOOM! An INCENDIARY ROUND explodes inside the Commons. FLAMES ROAR through the base of Hometree.

INSIDE HOMETREE it is a burning smoky HELL. Flames roar up the inside like a chimney. STRAGGLERS scramble outside, coughing and dragging wounded with them.

High up in the trunk, TSU'TEY and his hunters leap rapidly from spoke to spoke, climbing barely ahead of the fireball.

OUTSIDE the fire is driven by the rotor-wash toward JAKE and GRACE who are still bound tightly to the posts.

Out of the smoke, MO'AT appears in front of Jake. She raises a KNIFE and --

SLASHES DOWNWARD. Jake looks down, surprised, to see his bonds falling away. He meets her eyes, which are filled with horror, but also something else. Call it *faith*.

MO'AT

You are one of us. Help us!

Jake takes the knife and cuts Grace free.

JAKE

We've gotta move! He's gonna blow the columns.

As Grace realizes what he means, he grabs her and they RUN. Around them the Omaticaya flee in horror and confusion.

IN THE COCKPIT, Quaritch watches as the Omaticaya stream away from the Great Tree, running along roots and branches.

QUARITCH

That's how you scatter the roaches. Okay, switch missiles. Give me H-E's at the base of the west columns.

PILOTS (V.O.)

Copy, switching missiles.

IN TRUDY'S SAMSON -- she hears the other pilots acknowledging Quaritch's order.

TRUDY

Screw it.

She takes her finger OFF the fire-control and pulls her aircraft out of formation.

PUSHING IN ON QUARITCH, the Hometree reflecting in his glasses.

QUARITCH
Bring it down.

MISSILES stream down from the DRAGON and the other gunships and --

The base of Hometree VANISHES in a chain of HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BLASTS. The massive PILLARS fragment into matchsticks, and --

The Omaticaya watch in horror as --

HOMETREE GROANS and starts to MOVE.

In a cacophony of cracking, splintering roots, the mighty tree TOPPLES with agonizing slowness.

AT THE BANSHEE EYRIE, TSU'TEY and the other hunters spur their mounts into flight. They swoop among the branches as the tree, the one fixed thing in their lives, MOVES.

It CRASHES DOWN through the forest canopy, crushing the lesser trees in its path, FALLING PONDEROUSLY.

HOMETREE hits the ground like the end of the world, raising a great cloud of dust and pulverized debris.

IN THE DRAGON cockpit, Quaritch surveys the destruction.

QUARITCH
Nice work people. Alright, let's light it up.

INCENDIARIES launch from the gunships, EXPLODING into gouts of FIRE in the debris of Hometree.

THE GUNSHIPS fan the flames through the trees like a fire-storm. The Omaticaya retreat as a WALL OF FIRE advances.

JAKE SEARCHES for Neytiri amid swirling smoke and sparks.

JAKE
Neytiri! Neytiri!

GRACE is gathering crying CHILDREN, and herding them away from the fire-storm.

NEYTIRI stumbles through the burning wreckage at the edge of the INFERNO. She sees --

EYTUKAN. A large shard of wood is driven through him like a spear. He recognizes her as she kneels over him.

EYTUKAN
 (subtitled)
*Daughter -- take my bow. Protect the
 People.*

In his last living moment he places his bow in her hands.
 She collapses over him, her face crumpling in grief.
 JAKE reels out of the smoke. Kneels next to her.

JAKE
 I'm sorry --

She shoves him away and stands, screaming at him as tears
 stream down her face.

NETYIRI
 Get away from me, Jake. Go away! Never
come back!

Jake stumbles back as she slumps down by her father's body.
 Sparks and smoke swirl around him. He watches as --

NETYIRI kneels, grieving. Slumped over, clutching her
 stomach. Keening like an animal.

SLOW MOTION -- Jake staggers lost and alone through the
 burning forest. Utterly shattered. Eyes vacant.

JAKE (V.O.)
*I was a warrior who dreamed he could
 bring peace. Sooner or later though, you
 always have to wake up...*

INT. LINK ROOM

SELFRIDGE watches a video feed of the destruction on one of
 the monitors. Max and NORM stare in shock.

SELFRIDGE
 Pull the plug.

A TROOPER crosses to the console and grabs the handle of the
 MASTER BREAKER --

EXT. RAINFOREST

The strings are cut. Jake flops to the ground, limp.

Elsewhere in the smoky Hell, Grace slumps unconscious. The
 crying kids pull at her. Mo'at, leading a group of
 Omaticaya, comes upon the scene.

She grabs the kids and pulls them away, leaving Grace's avatar helpless in the path of the flames. She hesitates, then --

MO'AT
(subtitled)
Bring her.

INT. LINK ROOM

BLACKNESS. Then the top clamshell of Jake's unit is yanked upward, and troopers grab him, zip-tie his wrists as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DUSK

ON A HILLSIDE -- a grieving Neytiri stands with Mo'at and the Omaticaya refugees. Two hunters pull Grace's avatar on a travois.

They watch as the flames burn like a funeral pyre below. A great pall of smoke darkens the landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Jake, Grace, and Norm are in a common holding cell. They sit, staring in silence. Too wired to sleep, too emotionally drained to move.

GRACE
They *never* wanted us to succeed.

AT THE DESK OUTSIDE, the lone TROOPER looks up as --

TRUDY approaches along the corridor, pushing a stainless steel trolley.

TRUDY
Personally I think steak's too good for these traitors.

GUARD
They get steak? That's bullshit. Let me see that --

The guard bends to look into the hot cart and --

THE MUZZLE of Trudy's pistol presses behind his ear.

TRUDY

Oops.

(shoving him down)

All the way down, *pendejo*.

She WHISTLES and MAX trots around the corner.

Trudy binds the guard with one of his own zip-ties as Max grabs his KEY CARD and runs to the cell. Swipes the card. The door is rolling open when --

ANOTHER TROOPER rounds the corner. Trudy takes him down with a sharp BLOW to the windpipe and a THAI KNEE to the ribs.

Meanwhile the first TROOPER is getting up, but Max CLOCKS him heartily with a coffee urn. He goes down and stays down.

MAX

That was unexpectedly satisfying.

Trudy plants a kiss on Norm as he runs out of the cell.

NORM

Baby, you rock.

Jake wheels out, grabbing the sidearm from the fallen trooper as Trudy binds his wrists.

JAKE

(to Max and Trudy)

Thanks.

Jake faces his motley group, chambering a round.

JAKE

So what do you say? Time for a revolution?

GRACE

I'm free.

Trudy grins and taps his fist.

JAKE

Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILIDOR

In the utility corridor under the base, Jake pumps the chair furiously, as the others jog. They reach an AIRLOCK and start donning EXOPACKS.

JAKE
(to Trudy)
Get your ship fired up.

Trudy nods. She grabs Norm and enters the airlock. Jake turns to Max.

JAKE
Stay here. I need somebody on the inside
I can trust.

Max nods. Jake grips his hand tightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

IN THE SAMSON, Norm is helping Trudy race through the preflight checks as the turbines spool up. A LIGHT hits them.

An armored TROOPER approaches, aiming his AR at them.

TROOPER
I need you to shut down and step out of
the vehicle! Now!

JAKE rolls up behind him, aiming his pistol.

JAKE
Take it nice and easy, troop.

The trooper turns, sees the gun.

JAKE
On the ground, face down. Hands behind
your head.

The trooper hesitates.

GRACE
Do what he goddamn says!

He does. Norm jumps down and grabs the trooper's rifle and side-arm, covering him, while Grace helps Jake from chair to the back bay of the chopper. She throws his chair in, and jumps in herself.

JAKE
Go! Go! Go!

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT

QUARITCH, watching a monitor, sees what's happening down at the airfield. He slams his palm down on an ALARM BUTTON.

He draws his PISTOL. Strides toward the EMERGENCY DOOR. He undogs it.

EXT. OPS CENTER/AIRFIELD - NIGHT

HOLDING HIS BREATH Quaritch yanks the hatch open and strides onto the outer landing. Inside people scramble for MASKS.

THE SAMSON lifts off in a blast of rotor-wash just as --

QUARITCH OPENS FIRE and --

ROUNDS rake the ship. Trudy banks hard, using the bottom to shield them. Bullets WHACK into the ship as she climbs-out over the tree-line.

Jake's fist pumps the air exultantly.

JAKE

Oh yeah, baby!

GRACE

Aaahh, crap. Not again.

He looks over at Grace and freezes. She is looking down at a BLOODY HAND. She clutches her abdomen, covering the spreading stain. Looks at Jake, wide-eyed.

GRACE

This is gonna ruin my whole day.

JAKE

Hang on, Grace.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK / SITE 26 - NIGHT

NORM'S AVATAR, with an AR slung over his shoulder, stands on the roof of the LINK MODULE. He gives a thumbs up signal. The lift cable goes taut and --

The shack LIFTS OFF THE GROUND.

Trudy's Samson beats the grass of the mountain meadow, straining to lift the module on a long-line sling. The shack sways as Trudy banks across forested slopes and heads deeper into the HALLELUJAH MOUNTAINS.

INT. SAMSON CABIN - NIGHT

Outside the windows, clouds and cliffs pass by, lit by Polyphemus.

Jake is yanking stuff out of the Samson's trauma bag, while Grace lies curled across two back seats, hugging her blood-soaked abdomen. She is pale and shocky.

Trudy is flying on visual only, by the light of Polyphemus. Her instruments are showing gibberish.

TRUDY

Well, at least they won't be able to track us up here. Not this deep in the vortex.

JAKE

It's strongest at the Well of Souls, right?

TRUDY

Yeah.

JAKE

Good, 'cause that's where we're going.

TRUDY

Copy.

He gives Grace an ampule of morphine for the pain.

JAKE

I'm gonna get you some help, Grace.

GRACE

Forget it, it doesn't matter.

Jake grabs her shoulders.

JAKE

No! The People can help you. I know it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - AERIAL - DAWN

Dawn light paints the massive ARCHES of magnetic rock above the Well of Souls.

Tiny as an insect, the SAMSON passes.

JAKE (V.O.)
*The Well of Souls. The heart of the
 forest. I knew the People would go
 there.*

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - DAWN

The **WELL OF SOULS** is a deep caldera 100 meters across. It is ringed with enormous WILLOWS whose roots seem to pour down the sheer rock walls like candle wax.

AT THE BOTTOM, in a natural amphitheater, the Omaticaya refugees are clustered around a central rock outcropping which forms a kind of dais and altar.

Shafts of dawn light reach to the bottom of the grotto, lighting a single willow -- the **MOTHER TREE**. Ancient and gnarled, it grows in the center of the rock.

Its ROOTS spread down to the grotto floor, where they merge with the roots of the willows ringing the Well -- forming a braided mat resembling the surface of a brain.

Mo'at stands on the dais, leading them in a CHANT.

MO'AT
 (subtitled)
*Wise ancestors who live within Eywa,
 guide us. Give us a sign.*

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAWN

The shack descends from the sky like a gift from the gods. It bumps to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK -- DAY

Grace lies, comatose, in her open link. Trudy gives Jake a look that says "not much time." Jake feels Grace's cold forehead, then crosses to his own link.

As Trudy helps him in, Norm rapidly preps the system.

NORM
 (low)
*Tsu'tey is Olo'eyctan now. He's not
 going to let you get near that place.*

JAKE
I've gotta try, Norm.

Jake pulls the clamshell down and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINS OF HOMETREE - DAY

CU JAKE'S AVATAR -- HIS EYES OPEN. He sits up. The forest is silent, shrouded in smoke that the sun can't penetrate. The animals have fled. Ash blows on the wind.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Outcast. Betrayer. Alien. To ever face
 them again, I was gonna have to change
 the rules.*

DISSOLVE -- JAKE reaches the top of a rise. The forest beyond is utterly DEVASTATED. The trees burned and fallen. Small fires still flicker across a landscape in Hell.

JAKE stares. *It is his vision, made real.* He stumbles through the dark wasteland, sparks and ash swirling around him.

A SCREECH. Jake looks up as --

HIS BANSHEE -- bonded for life -- flaps down to a landing in front of him. He steps to it, and strokes its head. It nudges his chest like a horse.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Sometimes your whole life boils down to
 one insane move.*

JAKE
 Come on, boy. Time to fly.

OMIITED

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

THE GREAT LEONOPTERYX glides effortlessly along the ridge where Jake and Neytiri first encountered him.

It scans for prey below, its magnificent indigo-crested head cocking left, then right.

JAKE (V.O.)
*The way I had it figured, Toruk is the
 baddest cat in the sky. Nothing attacks
him. So why would he ever look up?*

FROM ABOVE -- THE SMALL SHADOW of Jake's banshee falls across the back of the mighty Toruk.

JAKE (V.O.)
But that was just a theory.

JAKE DIVES and WE RUSH DOWN toward the great beast and our own shadow then --

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Omaticaya people lift their voices in a SONG filled with tragic loss and yearning for deliverance.

CLOSE ON NEYTIRI, singing. A SHADOW CROSSES HER FACE. She looks up, and her eyes go wide as --

A TERRIBLE CRY echoes, turning all eyes skyward. AN ENORMOUS SHADOW covers the crowd as --

TORUK comes out of the sun, beating its huge wings to slow its descent. Its crimson and black wings, backlit by the sun, seem to glow from within.

The People CRY OUT in alarm and scatter as the dreaded beast alights in their midst. And that's when they see --

JAKE, riding high on its shoulders, plugged-in to its antenna. It folds its wings and stands calmly amid the paralyzed Na'vi.

Toruk lowers its body. They stare in awe as Jake dismounts and strokes the magnificent animal's flank.

NEYTIRI, TSU'TEY and MO'AT watch in stunned amazement as the legendary *Rider of Last Shadow* walks toward them.

NEYTIRI
 (breathing the words)
Toruk Macto.

Neytiri raises her arms.

NEYTIRI
 (shouting)
Toruk Macto!

ON THE FACES of the Omaticaya -- new hope dawning in their eyes. WHISPERS flow among them, the words REPEATED --

CROWD
Toruk Macto... Toruk Macto...

Jake walks through the crowd, straight to Neytiri at the foot of the dais. He looks into her enormous eyes, and the emotion between them is powerful and pure.

NEYTIRI

I See you.

JAKE

(a hoarse whisper)

I See you.

Neytiri's eyes brim with tears.

NEYTIRI

I was afraid Jake -- for my people. I'm not any more.

Jake takes Neytiri's hand and climbs the steps of the dais.

MO'AT steps back in awe as he approaches. He turns to Tsu'tey, who stares at him with fear and incomprehension. Jake plays to the rapt crowd as he says --

JAKE

(subtitled)

Tsu'tey of the Rongloa, son of Ateyo. I stand before you, ready to serve the People.

(then just for Tsu'tey)

You are *Olo'eyctan*, and you are the best warrior. I can't do this without you.

Tsu'tey struggles with his emotions. Finally --

TSU'TEY

I will fly with you.

JAKE

Ireiyo.

JAKE turns to the MATRIARCH.

JAKE

Grace is dying. I beg the help of the Great Mother.

MO'AT

Bring her, Jakesully.

TIME CUT -- AVATAR JAKE carries Grace's HUMAN BODY, lightly in his arms like a child. Jake walks through the crowd to the dais, followed by NORM, who carries GRACE'S AVATAR.

JAKE

Look where we are, Grace.

Her eyes flutter open. She looks up wonderingly at the Mother Tree.

GRACE

(with a wan smile)

I need to take some samples.

Mo'at directs them to lay both bodies among the roots on the altar-rock.

Mo'at touches Jake's shoulder and he steps back.

MO'AT

(quietly)

The Great Mother may choose to save all
that she is --

Mo'at's hand indicates Grace's AVATAR --

MO'AT

-- in this body.

CU JAKE, realizing the enormity of what she's saying.

JAKE

Is that possible?

MO'AT

Possible, yes. She must pass through the
Eye of Eywa -- and return. But Jakesully--
she is very weak.

Jake kneels next to Grace, taking her tiny human hand in his avatar hand.

JAKE

Hang on, they're gonna fix you up.

Grace is barely conscious. She grips his hand.

GRACE

I -- always held back. But you gave them
your heart. I'm proud of you, Jake.

Jake feels his throat close with emotion.

Grace's eyes blaze with intensity though her voice is faint.

GRACE

Help them. You do whatever it takes. You
hear me?

JAKE

I will.

TIME CUT -- MO'AT stands in a kind of trance amongst the
tendrils of the Mother Tree.

NEYTIRI and the other acolytes dance hypnotically. All the
Omaticaya sway and chant to the rhythm of the drums.

MACRO SHOT -- fine, hairlike THREADS have emerged from the
roots and are gently spreading over Grace's HUMAN skin.

JAKE, still holding her hand, watches her body being fused to
the root-floor by a thousand connections.

GRACE'S AVATAR is gently connected by the same questing ROOT-
CILIA-- they entwine with the QUEUE and spread over the body.

The grotto is dark except for the spectral GLOW of the
willows. The CHANT continues, hypnotically. MO'AT, on her
knees beneath the Mother Tree, writhes her arms in the trance
state. Her eyes are rolled back, showing only WHITE.

GRACE GASPS and her eyes SNAP OPEN. Her expression is AMAZED,
as if seeing something so beautiful it can never be
explained.

ON HER HAND -- GRIPPING Jake's convulsively, as she tries to
anchor herself to this world for a few more seconds --

GRACE

I'm with her Jake --
(an amazed whisper)
-- *she's real* --

Grace SHUDDERS, as pain shoots through her. BLOOD seeps
through the silken white root-cilia growing across her
abdomen. Drowning WHITE in shocking CRIMSON.

She exhales a last shuddering breath -- and goes STILL.

JAKE

Grace!

He sees the roots falling away from her human body.

JAKE TURNS hopefully toward her AVATAR -- but the roots are
falling away from it as well. It sleeps -- VACANT.

MO'AT stops the chant. She crosses to Jake and kneels with him, touching his shoulder.

MO'AT

Her wounds were too great, there was not enough time. She is with Eywa now.

NEYTIRI removes Grace's mask and gently closes her eyes.

Jake stands slowly, barely holding it together.

NEYTIRI comes to him and he sees the despair and hope conflicting on her face --

-- and he raises his head. TURNS to face TSU'TEY and the CROWD.

JAKE

With your permission, I will Speak now.
You would honor me by translating.

Tsu'tey gestures assent, and they face the clan together.

JAKE SPEAKS, the pain of Grace's death in the passion and fury of his voice. Tsu'tey TRANSLATES beside him.

JAKE

The Sky People have sent a message that they can take whatever they want, and no one can stop them. But we will send them a message. Ride out, as fast as the wind can carry you, tell the other clans to come. Tell them *Toruk Macto* calls to them. Fly now with me brothers and sisters! Fly! And we will show the Sky People that this is our land!

TSU'TEY finishes with a bloodcurdling war-cry, and the entire CLAN responds, their shouts echoing across the forest.

JAKE takes Neytiri's hand and runs to the leonopteryx. He vaults onto its back and pulls her up behind him.

THE HUNTERS run to their banshees, mounting quickly. Jake's leonopteryx rises on mighty wings into the night sky. With a thunder of wings, the banshees take off after it.

LONG LENS -- POLYPHEMUS. Across its face, the banshees rise like a swarm of bats. Groups of riders peel off in different directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAN GATHERING - NIGHT

JAKE and NEYTIRI stand before the gathered members of ANOTHER CLAN. Jake speaks as she translates. We don't hear the words.

TRACK ACROSS the faces of the clan, a sea of eyes in flickering fire-light.

JAKE (V.O.)

*We rode out to the four winds. To the
horse clans of the plain, to the ikran
people of the mountains. When Toruk
Macto called them, they came.*

VARIOUS ANGLES -- SLOW MOTION as riders vault onto their armored direhorses. Banshee riders raise spears and bows, spurring their mounts to leap skyward.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - DAWN

With a WHOOSH and the crack of mighty wings, JAKE RETURNS. Jake and Neytiri alight from his legendary mount.

Around them HUNDREDS OF BANSHEES are landing. A gathering of eagles.

FROM ABOVE we can see hundreds of Na'vi streaming down into the Well of Souls and many hundreds more camped in the forest above it.

DIREHORSE RIDERS are arriving along many trails.

BANSHEE RIDERS circle and swoop, darkening the sky above the grotto.

JAKE, standing next to the Leonopteryx, watches his army gathering.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSARY - DAY

It's standing room only as all base personnel are crowded into the dining hall. A portable 3D GRAPHICS PROJECTOR has been set up, and the lights are down. QUARITCH stands in front of the display image -- a classic pre-mission briefing.

QUARITCH

People, you are fighting for survival.
There's an aboriginal horde out there
massing for an attack. First slide.

The display shows an overhead image of the Well of Souls. It looks like Woodstock in the jungle.

QUARITCH

These orbital images show the hostiles' numbers have gone from a couple of hundred to over two thousand in one day, and more are pouring in. By next week it could be twenty thousand. Then they'll be overrunning our perimeter here. We can't wait. Our only security lies in pre-emptive attack. We will fight terror with terror.

TRACKING ACROSS the grim faces of the miners and troopers. Fear transforming to hatred in their eyes.

QUARITCH

Next slide. This mountain stronghold is supposedly protected by their deity. When we destroy it, we will blast a crater in their racial memory so deep they won't come within a thousand clicks of this place.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOR BAY - DAY

TROOPERS issue automatic weapons and magazines to a long line of mine workers. The miners lock and load like the red-blooded redneck NRA supporters they are.

BLASTING TECHS are setting radio-detonated primer charges into two-ton stacks of EXPLOSIVE COMPOUND. The stacks are band-strapped together on pallets.

TRACKING WITH SELFRIDGE, staring around him in growing dismay as he walks through the full-scale mobilization.

He approaches Quaritch, who is barking orders amid a hive of activity around the ampsuits.

SELFRIDGE

This thing is completely out of control!

Quaritch ignores him, turning away to focus on ordnance loading.

SELFRIDGE

Listen to me! I am not authorizing you to turn the mine-workers local into a freakin' militia!

QUARITCH

I declared threat condition red. That puts all on-world assets under my command.

SELFRIDGE

You think you can pull this palace coup shit on me?! I can have your ass with one call --

Quaritch grabs him and PINS him against the side of an ampsuit.

QUARITCH

You're a long way from Earth.

Selfridge is paralyzed. Physical force -- *against him?* Quaritch releases him and walks away.

QUARITCH

(to his men)

Get him out of here.

Several troopers converge on Selfridge.

SELFRIDGE

You touch me you're so fired.

He pushes through them and they escort him toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - DAY

HUMAN JAKE, NORM and TRUDY are gathered around the comms monitor, talking to MAX.

MAX

I don't know how secure this channel is.

JAKE

Talk fast.

MAX

It's crazy here, Jake. It's full mobilization. They're rigging the shuttles as bombers. They've made up these big pallets of mine explosives. It's for some kind of shock and awe campaign.

TRUDY

Frickin' daisycutters.

NORM

Holy shit.

JAKE

(to Max)

Can you talk to Selfridge? Maybe we can cut some kinda deal before this thing goes all the way.

MAX

No, Quaritch has taken over. He's rolling and there's no stopping him.

JAKE

When?

MAX

Oh six hundred tomorrow.

Jake takes that in.

JAKE

Thanks.

Max signs off.

NORM

We're screwed.

TRUDY

You know he's gonna commit those bombers straight to the Well of Souls.

JAKE

That's right. Because I gave it to him on a plate.

TRUDY

We both did.

NORM

If he takes out the Well of Souls -- it's over. It's their main line to Eywa, to their ancestors -- it'll destroy them.

JAKE

Then I guess we better stop him.

Jake looks like he's about to collapse. He's gaunt, eyes deeply shadowed, hands shaking.

TRUDY

You need to get some rack.

He grabs a packet of freeze-dried crystals and pours them directly into his mouth, chewing them up.

JAKE

Gonna have to settle for coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLE CAMP - DUSK

TRACKING through the warrior camp above the Well of Souls. Hundreds of hunters from many clans prepare their weapons.

Hunters paint the wings of their banshees like war ponies. DIREHORSES are painted and ornamented with totemic streamers.

The Na'vi paint and pierce themselves. Dance. Bathe in the smoke of cleansing herbs -- RITUAL PURIFICATION. HUGE DRUMS are beaten. A dark primeval energy. They are psyching themselves up for battle.

JAKE (V.O.)

*I was a warrior who dreamed he could
bring peace. But there was only one
thing I was ever really good at. Ooh-rah.*

TIME CUT -- Jake, Neytiri a group of banshee riders squat around an animal skin on which he has drawn the silhouette of a Scorpion gunship -- like a hunt totem.

JAKE

(Na'vi/subtitled)

Strike here and here.

Jake splats red dye at the centers of the circles symbolizing the rotors. The Na'vi absorb the lesson eagerly, like kids.

He sees TRUDY approaching and breaks off. Neytiri stays with the hunters, talking about what they've learned.

TRUDY

(low)

You know our chances suck.

JAKE

Yeah.

TRUDY

Going up against gunships with bows and arrows...

JAKE

What's your point?

TRUDY
 (nodding)
 Right.

She taps his fist and walks away toward her SAMSON.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - NIGHT

The cook-fires of the battle camp FLICKER like a constellation around the edge of the Well of Souls as --

JAKE slips down into the darkened, empty amphitheater.

He moves to the MOTHER TREE -- gnarled, ancient, MAJESTIC. The roots spread in all directions, like the center of the world.

Jake steps forward. The willow-like tendrils SWAY toward him, moving in a breeze that isn't there.

JAKE
 I've never done this in my life.

He squats at the base of the tree.

JAKE
 And I'm probably just talking to a tree right now. But if you're there -- I need to give you a heads up.

He looks up into the tree. The hanging tendrils undulate softly. It's easy to imagine a *presence*.

JAKE
 If Grace is there with you -- look in her memories -- she can show you the world we come from. There's no green there. They killed their Mother, and they're gonna do the same thing here.

FROM UP IN THE TREE, looking down. WOODSPRITES float in silence, moving around aimlessly.

JAKE
 More Sky People are gonna come. They're gonna come like a rain that never ends --

Neytiri approaches silently behind him, listening.

JAKE
 -- until they've covered the world.
 Unless we stop them.
 (MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)

Look, you chose me for somethin'. And
I'll stand and fight, you know I will.
But I could use a little help here.

Jake senses Neytiri and turns.

NEYTIRI

Our Great Mother does not take sides.
She protects only the balance of life.

She comes to him, intertwining her long fingers with his.

JAKE

It was worth a try.

They lean in, foreheads touching, bodies pressed together.
Holding each other -- in this, the last moment of peace.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON a turbine as it starts to turn. Its RISING WHINE
carries over --

A SERIES OF RHYTHMIC CUTS:

MAGAZINES are slammed into automatic weapons. AMMO BELTS are
fed into rotary cannons. MISSILES are attached to gunship
stub-wings.

TIGHT ON BLUE HANDS sharpening wooden arrows. Stringing
bows. Cinching direhorse harnesses.

TROOPERS DROP into amsuit cockpits. PILOTS close gunship
canopies. TROOPERS run up shuttle ramps.

LONG LENS STACK, tight and abstract on gunships as they rise
in a swarm amid boiling turbine exhaust and blasting rotor
wash.

EXT. RAINFOREST/ AERIAL - DAWN

WIDE SHOT -- TILTROTORS fill the sky. Deadly armored beetles.

The DRAGON leads the formation, flanked by SCORPIONS. Behind
that is a wave of SAMSONS, and last, the two enormous
VALKYRIE shuttles, packed with troops and amsuits.

INSIDE THE DRAGON, Quaritch surveys his armada as they skim
over the tree tops.

THEY SWEEP toward the Hallelujah mountains in a thundering
wave.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL - DAWN

SQUADRONS OF BANSHEES darken the sky in waves, led by a single GREAT LEONOPTERYX. Jake sits astride his mount, flanked by Neytiri and Tsu'tey on their banshees.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAWN

THE DRAGON DESCENDS on final approach to a large clearing -- the LZ. The Samsons flair and touch down, disgorging troops, while the gunships hover protectively.

THE VALKYRIES blast the ground with their powerful lift jets. They land. The ramps drop. Troopers pour out, weapons leveled, advancing in a cordon.

UP ANGLE as AMPSUITS descend from the Dragon on cables. Their massive feet smash down, and they march forward, leading the army into the forest.

LYLE WAINFLEET, walking point in his hydraulic suit, scans his cockpit screens. He sees movement on the FLIR display -- ghostly THERMAL SIGNATURES.

WAINFLEET

Contact. Two hundred meters.

A chilling SOUND echoes through the forest -- the ululating WAR CRIES of untold Na'vi. The troopers, look around, spooked. They can't tell where the sound is coming from.

Then they feel it -- the GROUND ITSELF SHAKING. They grip their weapons, bracing themselves as --

THREE HUNDRED NA'VI HORSEMEN charge through the forest at a full gallop, their hooves POUNDING the earth. It is an awesome sight.

NORM SPELLMAN rides with the Na'vi hunters, carrying an assault rifle.

THE NA'VI CHARGE thunders toward the human line. The hunters raise their bows as --

THE AMPSUITS raise their GAU-90's.

ON THE THERMAL IMAGERS target-cursors track the ghost riders.

QUARITCH

Fire for effect.

The entire line of troopers opens fire. TRACERS riddle the jungle, blasting foliage into confetti.

CHARGING DIREHORSES crash down, flipping over. Riders are flung off. The withering fire continues, and the ranks are decimated as --

RIDERS LAUNCH their arrows at a full gallop. A few hit their marks among the troopers. NORM FIRES his AR on full auto.

TWO CHARGING DIREHORSES have a heavy log slung between them like a battering ram. At a full gallop they hit an amsuit, FLIPPING IT onto its back with a blown-out canopy. Victory is short lived as the two riders are cut down.

NORM'S HORSE is hit by tracer fire. He is flung off as the creature cartwheels. He hits hard, scrambling for cover as --

A WARRIOR HURLS his spear a moment before his horse is cut down. It SLAMS through an amsuit's canopy but --

THE MERCILESS FIRE continues. Horses rear and collapse. Riders pivot their mounts to flee and --

THE THERMAL SCREENS show the remaining ghost riders scattering.

LYLE signals and the line advances, firing sporadically at moving targets.

OVERHEAD, NA'VI HUNTERS stream through the trees, running along the branches.

As the troopers advance into bow range, the NA'VI open fire and --

TROOPERS SPROUT ARROWS in throat, legs, masks -- the targets Jake taught them, but --

THE FIRING LINE aims upward, tracking the THERMAL TARGETS. TRACERS rip through the foliage and --

NA'VI FALL while others retreat as bark and wood is blasted off the limbs beneath their feet.

NORM sprints frantically through the woods, shouting into his HANDSET --

NORM
Jake! Jake! We're falling back!

SURVIVING NA'VI flee the horrific onslaught. It is a total rout.

IN THE DRAGON, Quaritch catches glimpses of the figures streaming through the forest below.

QUARITCH

Blue team, switch forties. Fire at will.

Led by the Dragon, the gunships FIRE streamers of 40mm ROCKETS ahead of them. The jungle EXPLODES with HE bursts. Circular SHOCK WAVES flash outward through the jungle --

STROBOSCOPIC GLIMPSES of terrified horses rearing, Na'vi leaping, as the jungle rocks with the concussive onslaught.

HUNTERS LOOK UP as a dark shape hovers overhead. The downblast of the VALKYRIE'S lift jets shreds the forest.

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE'S cargo bay, a row of DAISYCUTTERS are lined up. Troopers roll the first pallet down the ramp.

THE PALLET falls into the jungle below and --

BA-WHOOOOOM! -- an enormous high-explosive blast rips a huge hole in the forest. A white concussion wave flashes out across the ground for hundreds of meters in all directions.

AT GROUND LEVEL it is an apocalypse. Running Na'vi are blasted out of existence by fire and shock waves.

IN THE CARGO BAY the troopers WHOOP and high-five.

TROOPERS

Yeah baby! Get some!

GROUND TROOPS ADVANCE, firing flamethrowers, AR's and GAU-90's.

EXT. FLOATING MOUNTAINS - AERIAL

Quaritch's fleet flies into the shadow of the Mountain of Truth.

QUARITCH

Blue team, stay with the ground units.
Red team, with me. We're punching for
the main target.

Quaritch glances up to see --

A squadron of WINGED SHAPES, diving out of the morning glare like birds of prey.

CLOSE ON JAKE, rushing straight down, SCREAMING a war cry as he leads the charge and --

SCORES OF BANSHEES SLAM into the gunships and Samsons like falcons hitting fat turkeys. The air battle is joined.

JAKE'S GREAT LEONOPTERYX flairs into its signature crimson X shape just before --

K-WHAM!! -- it knocks a Scorpion tumbling. It coils around the gunship, slashing furiously as they spin together. JAKE can barely hang onto the gyrating creature.

The pilot of the Scorpion sees nothing but jaws slamming into his canopy. Jake releases the gunship and it careens into a CLIFF, tearing off one rotor -- then plummets into the trees. There is a satisfying FIREBALL.

SCORPIONS fall out of formation to pursue individual banshee riders, FIRING cannons and rockets.

JAKE BANKS as the cliff face next to him explodes with cannon rounds. SCREAMING down on him is another Scorpion.

JAKE tucks and dives along the cliff, feeling the rounds splitting the air around him and --

The Scorpions bank after the furiously jinking banshees as they head for cover among the floating mountains, or dive down into the trees.

DOOR GUNNERS in a SAMSON are shooting down banshees like Messerschmidts from a B-17 as --

WE FOLLOW TSU'TEY'S BANSHEE in a full delta dive. He swoops in from its blind spot and --

THE GUNNERS SWIVEL too late as Tsu'tey flashes past them, SHOOTING ARROWS with deadly accuracy.

A SCORPION gunship dives after a banshee. It fires an air-to-air missile and the banshee vanishes in an EXPLOSION.

WIDE SHOT as thirty ships and hundreds of banshees wheel and dive, like the Battle of Britain. Banshees are hit by guns and missiles, falling out of the sky. The occasional trail of smoke and fire marks the demise of a tilt-rotor.

IN THE CENTER the Dragon is pouring out hellacious fire -- tracer rounds from multiple turrets and missiles from the stub-wing pods.

NEYTIRI BANKS hard as TRACERS flash past her. A Scorpion is right on her ass as --

SHE ROLLS inverted and dives under the edge of Mons Veritatis, then rolls out, zig-zagging through the dangling vines but --

THE GUNSHIP stays on her. It rips through the vines, and tracers FLASH toward us as --

SHE JINKS the banshee around a thundering waterfall but --

HER PURSUER explodes right through the curtain of water. It launches an air-to-air missile. NEYTIRI jinks hard, diving. The missile hits a rock outcropping, pummeling her with the shock wave.

THE GUNSHIP follows her through a narrow slit between Mons Veritatis and a smaller floating island. They run this slot rolled up on their sides and --

THE SCORPION GUNNER locks up Neytiri for a missile shot but --

A SHADOW crosses his canopy. Out of the sun comes a crimson demon, shrieking over the roar of the turbines, and --

K-WHAMMM!! The leonopteryx SLAMS the gunship, driving it downward in a dive. The leonopteryx lashes at it with claws and teeth as they fall together out of control.

Jake kicks the gunship loose and it falls like a brick, breaking its back on a rocky promontory and EXPLODING.

FLYING WITH A SAMSON as a SECOND SAMSON falls in beside it. This one has its pilot door off, and the PILOT is wearing a breathing mask. The door gunners wave at --

TRUDY, her expression grim behind her mask. She holds the cyclic stick between her knees while she RAKES the other ship with BURSTS from an AR in her lap.

The pilot slumps over and the craft tumbles out of control.

TRUDY

You're not the only ones with guns, you pricks.

NEYTIRI JINKS her banshee hard, an enemy Samson right behind her. The pilot is a hotdog, following her down into the trees, under the canopy.

They slalom among the trunks at high speed. The gunners hang half out the doors, firing. Bark and leaves explode around Neytiri as she zig-zags through the jungle.

THE BANSHEE dives under a huge tree limb, and the pilot follows. He looks up at the last second, catching a glimpse of blue-skinned figures.

THE HUNTERS drop a net of woven vines behind Neytiri and --

The SAMSON hits it hard. The net fouls the ship, FLIPPING IT backwards. It crashes upside down to the forest floor.
KABOOM!!

NEYTIRI'S BANSHEE is hit by GROUND-FIRE. It folds up like a broken kite, crashing down through branches and --

SHE SLAMS into the ground, stunned.

IN THE DRAGON Quaritch looks ahead, seeing the WELL OF SOULS. He taps the pilot and points --

QUARITCH

There it is.

(into his headset)

Valkyrie One, this is Dragon. Target is in sight.

IN THE CARGO BAY of Valkyrie One, the troopers ready their deadly loads.

TROOPER

Target in sight.

CIRCLING ABOVE, Tsu'tey falls in beside Jake, who talks to him by AIRCOM HEADSET.

JAKE

We have to stop the shuttles, no matter what it takes.

TSU'TEY nods. He signals, gathering other hunters, who fall in with him as he dives. Jake rolls in after them but --

A GUNSHIP drops in behind him and he is forced to evade as --

TSU'TEY LEADS the attack on the first shuttle. Hunters jink and weave through WITHERING FIRE from the escort ships.

GUNNERS with jerry-rigged gun mounts ride the broad backs of the shuttles, picking off banshees who get past the escort.

TSU'TEY is RAKED by a burst from the dorsal gunners. His mount crumples, plummeting with a dying scream and --

WE SPIRAL DOWN with him, the forest rushing up and --

A BLINDING BLIZZARD of green as he tears downward, catching at leaves and vines. He SLAMS to the ground, badly injured.

NEARBY, amsuits and troopers advance across the forest floor, firing their cannons and flamethrowers. The GAU-90s rip the forest to shreds.

Norm, firing as he retreats, is HIT. He collapses, his avatar body mortally wounded as --

HYDRAULIC FEET approach, passing the bodies of direhorses and Na'vi hunters. Norm painfully tries to load another magazine, panting in fear and pain as --

AN AMPSUIT stomps up. Aims its cannon point blank. B-BLAM!

INT. SHACK

The top of Norm's LINK bangs open. He reels out, collapsing onto the floor, clutching himself as if he can still feel the pain of death.

He sits, huddled, shivering -- crazed.

EXT. RAINFOREST

TSU'TEY lies gasping, mortally injured. He looks up, grimacing, as an ampsuit looms over him.

LYLE WAINFLEET reaches down and grabs Tsu'tey by his queue, lifting him painfully.

WAINFLEET

I hear this is worse than death for you,
chief.

WAINFLEET cuts Tsu'tey's queue off near the base. TSU'TEY SCREAMS in agony, his nervous system exploding on overload. Grinning, Lyle holds up the queue -- Tsu'tey's only connection to the world-consciousness which is his life.

NEYTIRI -- bleeding, bruised -- staggers amid burning wreckage. AMPSUIT footsteps approach and she crouches behind a tree. Troopers are seconds from seeing her as --

NEYTIRI knocks an arrow to HER FATHER'S BOW, and readies herself for a last kamikaze shot when --

THE TROOPER on the far right of the firing line sees something on his screens.

TROOPER

Right flank -- something's coming! It's
all lit up out there.

The troopers become aware of the GROUND SHAKING. A slow building thunderous ROAR and --

AN AMPSUIT comes FLYING out of the trees, cartwheeling past them, and the SHAKING BUILDS --

EXT. WELL OF SOULS

Mo'at opens her eyes in sudden realization as --

EXT. FOREST

The troopers pivot to face --

A WALL OF CHARGING HAMMERHEADS CRASHING out of the foliage in a shower of broken branches as --

THE TROOPERS open fire but -- the stampede drives over them like a wave. Tree-trunk feet shatter the amsuit cockpits. Troopers are crushed or asphyxiated.

NEARBY the foot-soldiers see LIVING SHADOWS flow out of the gloom as --

VIPERWOLVES race among them with flashing jaws. The troopers FIRE wildly as they go down, hitting each other as much as their attackers.

The survivors break and run as more viperwolves bound out of the shadows.

JAKE BANKS, watching as HUNDREDS of rider-less WILD BANSHEES converge on Quaritch's ships. They literally darken the sky.

JAKE

What the hell -- ?

The wild banshees wheel among the ships, ripping into them.

ON JAKE -- slowly getting it. EYWA is in the fight.

JAKE

WHOO-HOOOO!

A GUNNER fires from the door of a Samson. There is a CRASH and the head of a BANSHEE lunges in the open door, jerking him out. Other banshees tear at the pilot's windshield.

NEYTIRI watches in awe as the ground troops scatter in disarray. The viperwolves flash past her, ignoring her.

She senses something and turns slowly to see --

A THANATOR emerging from the smoke behind her. A glistening black demon. She stands paralyzed before its stygian gaze--

-- and the thanator lowers itself, until its head is just above the ground. It holds that position -- waiting.

Trembling, she approaches the waiting demon.

EXT. FOREST

A smoky hell. Fires burn all around. The troopers are disorganized, falling back. Shooting at shadows. Panicked yelling fills the comm freq.

WAINFLEET and another AMPSUIT are charging together through the smoky gloom.

WAINFLEET

A and C squads -- rally at my pos. I want --

(screaming on the comm)

Who's screaming God damn it?!

TROOPER (ON RADIO)

We gotta get outta here! Whoever's in charge, call for extraction!

WAINFLEET

Shutup you crybabies!

SOMETHING slams into the other 'suit, tackling it OUT OF FRAME. Wainfleet whirls to see his squad-mate missing. He moves through a screen of foliage to reveal --

The AMPSUIT -- ripped open. Driver gone. Blood inside the cockpit. He WHIRLS at a sound in time to see --

A THANATOR LEAPING straight at him -- WAINFLEET raises his cannon but--

WHAM!! It's on him, slamming him to the ground. The cannon goes flying. He's face to face with its nightmare jaws, right outside his canopy--

On its back is NEYTIRI, and it's a toss up which one looks more pissed off. The thanator rears back, muscles rippling as it poises to strike and --

K-KRAAACKK! Slams its teeth right through his canopy. Wainfleet's SCREAM is brief.

Neytiri's demon mount rears up and its triumphant ROAR echoes through the forest.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max runs down the hall, leading the other scientists. He's yelling into an AIRCOM HANDSET --

MAX

Rogue One, Rogue One, this is Max. Tell
Jake we are in motion.
(to the scientists)
Get in there. Barricade the door!

INT. LINK ROOM

The door is hurled open and the SCIENTISTS charge in.

Science geeks barricade the door as AVATAR-DRIVERS scramble into their link units, pulling the clamshells down.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max checks the door is secure from his side then runs down a connecting corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK

HUMAN NORM emerges from the airlock, wearing breathing gear and carrying an AR. He stumbles, dazed, toward the battle.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL

JAKE SIGNALS and a formation of hunters rolls in, diving at the lead shuttle, which is already besieged by winged creatures.

THE CARGO RAMP is the scene of a pitched battle. Na'vi hunters hurl themselves off their mounts in waves, overwhelming the troopers.

HUNTERS are shot, falling out of the ship, as others fly in. They shoot arrows and spears from the end of the ramp, and troopers fall back deeper into the fuselage.

The panicked CREW CHIEF slams a switch and the ramp begins to close, a second before he is cut down by a spear.

JAKE'S LEONOPTERYX plummets at the shuttle from behind. He swoops down, flairs to reduce speed, rolls off his mount and lands, tumbling on the shuttle's broad back as --

GUNNERS try to swing their guns toward him but he RAKES them with his AR, still running forward and --

JAKE PULLS two grenades from his battle harness, yanking the pins out with his teeth. He hurls them down the intakes of the VTOL turbofans as --

HIS LEONOPTERYX BANKS in a tight arc back toward him and --

HE SPRINTS ON as the grenades EXPLODE, shattering the turbines, which riddle the fuselage with shrapnel and --

JAKE LEAPS INTO SPACE, landing on the back of his mount and reconnecting. They flap away, gaining altitude as fire BLASTS out of the bottom of the shuttle.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK, the pilot feels the ship dropping.

PILOT

Mains to a hundred percent! Get me
airspeed!

The pilot and copilot slam the throttle levers forward and --

The FUSION ENGINES BLAZE, thrusting the shuttle forward. It still falls, its remaining lift fans screaming, until --

IT'S CLIPPING the tree tops when it gets enough translational lift to fly and --

THE PILOT PULLS back on the stick, lifting the nose.

PILOT

We're good!

BEHIND HIM, a surviving Na'vi hunter runs forward and --

THOONK! ARROWHEADS sprout from the pilots' necks and chests.

THE SHUTTLE CLIMBS out of control, at full acceleration. It SLAMS into the underside of MONS Veritatis. It EXPLODES, and hundreds of tons of flaming debris drop back into the forest.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK of the other SHUTTLE, the pilots watch the wreckage falling.

PILOT

Valkyrie Two is breaking off. And if any
of ya'll want to get off this piece of
shit planet, you better cover our ass,
'cause we're the only way back to orbit.

GUNSHIP PILOT

Roger that.

FROM THE DRAGON COCKPIT Quaritch watches the shuttle bank away, with most of the remaining gunships following.

QUARITCH

Get back here you worthless pukes!

PILOT
Are we breaking off?

Quaritch draws his pistol.

QUARITCH
What do you think?

He is over the edge-- no logic in his brain now. Only death.

INT. OPS CENTER/CORRIDOR

Techs and troopers crowd around consoles, listening to all the yelling and confusion as they try to plot the disintegrating battle.

SELFRIDGE
(in growing alarm)
What the hell is going on out there?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST

Regular troopers and volunteers FLEE through the jungle, scrambling to board SAMSONS as they touch down.

INT. DRAGON COCKPIT

The pilot listens to comms from Hell's Gate.

PILOT
Sir, all ground units are falling back to the LZ.

Quaritch's jaw clenches.

QUARITCH
Stay on target.

EXT. WELL OF SOULS

Mo'at LOOKS UP as the DRAGON appears over the trees like the shadow of Death. Around her, the Na'vi mothers clutch their children to them. We see AKWEY'S BOY among them.

INT. DRAGON COCKPIT

Quaritch sets the target cursor on the MOTHER TREE and what we recognize is the ghostly figure of Mo'at.

QUARITCH
Switch missiles. Arm all pods.

PILOT

Arming.

QUARITCH

Let's see what these blue bastards do
when I bitch-slap their goddess.

EXT. MOUNTAINS/ AERIAL

JAKE'S LEONOPTERYX drops toward the Dragon like a Mig 29. He pulls out, skimming over the ship. Uncoupling, he rolls backward off his mount and --

JAKE HITS, skidding, on the hull of the Dragon. He rolls to his feet, already running as --

QUARITCH sees the leonopteryx WHOOSH overhead and flap away with no rider. He snap-looks aft to see --

JAKE SPRINTING along the spine of the ship, yanking two grenades from his battle-harness, pulling the pins with his teeth, then --

QUARITCH's hand shoots out and SLAMS the pilot's CYCLIC STICK hard over. THE DRAGON lurches sideways, rolling sharply with a ROAR of protesting rotors and --

JAKE IS FLUNG off his feet. The grenades miss the TURBINE INTAKES. One bounces off the ship. The other lodges against a cowling and --

JAKE SLIDES OFF the ship, falling as -- K-BLAM! The grenade blows a two meter hole in the hull --

WHOOOSHH! Pandoran air swirls inside.

QUARITCH

(to the pilot)

Put your mask on.

Quaritch leaps out of his seat, heading aft as --

JAKE GRABS the edge of a weapons pod, his feet dangling over open space.

HOLDING HIS BREATH, Quaritch blows a RESCUE HATCH and leans outside. Jake sees him aim his massive PISTOL.

K-WHAM! K-WHAM! Rounds clang next to Jake's head. He LETS GO, plummeting into the trees --

Jake plunges through jungle canopy. He catches a HUGE LEAF, as Neytiri taught him -- it bends down, breaking his fall --

HE LETS GO, dropping again only to catch ANOTHER LEAF, and then another, and --

WE RUSH DOWN with him through this green blur. Jake drops to the ground in a feral crouch. Unhurt.

JAKE
(into his headset)
Quaritch is gonna take out the Well of Souls! He's got a clear shot. Hit him, anybody that can! Do it now!

IN HER SAMSON Trudy Chacon is all business.

TRUDY
On it.

SHE BANKS hard, pulling g's, coming around on the Dragon. She pours on the coal and the Samson leaps forward, straight at the WARSHIP.

QUARITCH, DRILLS a stream of tracers at her, tearing through her canopy, ripping chunks off her fuselage.

IN THE JUNGLE BELOW, Norm watches her kamikaze run --

NORM
No!

TRUDY
(clipped, pilot-like)
Norm, I love you.

TRUDY DIVES, raking through treetops and then, at the last instant, YANKS BACK on the stick and --

THE SAMSON leaps straight up and -- K-KRASH!! SHEARS OFF THE COCKPIT of the Dragon as --

QUARITCH THROWS HIMSELF aft along the aisle and --

TRUDY'S SAMSON disintegrates, the wreckage burning as it tumbles into the jungle.

MILES QUARITCH grips the bulkhead as he stares out the open front of the fuselage. Wind howls through wreckage where the pilot used to be. The forest rushes up to meet him and --

THE DRAGON CRASHES through splintering trees, IMPACTING in a lake with a WHITE BLAST of water.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Norm takes a few steps and drops to his knees. Imploded by grief.

INT. OPS CENTER/ HELL'S GATE

ON THE PLOTTING DISPLAY as Quaritch's TRANSPONDER ICON disappears.

TROOPER

Dragon is down. It's off the board.

SELFRIDGE

What do you mean, off the board?!

Selfridge is stunned. Suddenly the ROAR of an ENGINE makes them all look up.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, MAX sits in the cab of an enormous SLASH-CUTTER. Max flips Selfridge the bird and pushes a lever forward --

SELFRIDGE

Oh shit.

Selfridge DIVES as --

K-RASHHHHH! The SPINNING TEETH of the SLASH-CUTTER tear through the window in a blast of glass and lethal air. Alarms go off. The technicians dive for cover in a blizzard of glass and shredded debris.

The slash-cutter head pulls back, and AVATARS SCRAMBLE through the gaping hole into the Ops Center --

The TROOPERS look up to see blue giants aiming weapons down at them. The battle is over in seconds. The avatars are holding the Ops Center.

Selfridge lies there gasping, in his emergency mask. In shock. *How could this be happening?*

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE

THE DRAGON lies half submerged. Out of the water FG, a shape rises -- a AMPSUIT. Inside -- MILES QUARITCH, his face bloody, his eyes burning.

He slogs out of the water, covered with mud, then strides into the forest.

QUARITCH'S AMPSUIT THUDS relentlessly through the jungle. He sees something through the foliage ahead -- the SHACK.

INSIDE THE SHACK Jake is oblivious under the link. Through a window we see Quaritch's AMPSUIT step into the clearing.

QUARITCH levels his GAU-90 at the shack. His finger goes to the firing button--

WHAM!! A six-legged BLACK DEMON tackles him.

Quaritch pivots as he falls, FIRING the cannon. It misses Neytiri by inches. He grapples with the THANATOR as its razor claws SCREECH over his metal armor.

THE TITANS twist and struggle. QUARITCH UNLEASHES a long burst from the cannon. Rounds tear into the creature, which SHRIEKS but --

NEYTIRI wills it to SMASH the cannon hard against a rock, tearing it loose from the 'suit's hand but --

Quaritch SLAMS the thanator back against a tree-trunk, almost crushing Neytiri.

CLOSE ON one hydraulic hand, as it draws the 'suit's KNIFE and --

QUARITCH TWISTS violently, ramming the knife up under the thanator's chest armor. The creature ROARS and Quaritch flips on top of it, stabbing.

QUARITCH STABS DOWN AGAIN. The thanator slumps, pinning Neytiri's legs under its great bulk. She is trapped.

Quaritch looks down at Neytiri. She glares back at him, panting, scared but defiant.

JAKE (O.S.)
It's all over Quaritch --

Quaritch turns, seeing Jake DROPPING from a tree limb. The 'suit rises slowly, knife glinting in the morning sun.

QUARITCH
Nothing's over while I'm breathing.

JAKE
Kinda hoped you'd say that.

QUARITCH SURGES forward. JAKE closes fast, snatching up the broken CANNON as --

Quaritch SLASHES DOWN with the knife and Jake parries, blocking it with the cannon. He CLOSES faster than the suit can move and --

K-CRACK! -- SLAMS the end of the cannon into the canopy, crazing it with a web of cracks as QUARITCH SLICES air with the huge knife. Jake ducks, coming up to meet the next slash and --

SMASHES the knife hand with the cannon once -- twice -- again -- in a furious attack -- knocking the knife flying.

QUARITCH catches him with the other arm, hurling him away. Jake rolls just before --

THUDD! -- the massive foot stomps down where he just was. He scrambles up as Quaritch CHARGES and --

JAKE DUCKS another round-house, LEAPING forward to smash the canopy again -- then again -- until it is WHITE with cracks. Quaritch manages to GRAB the cannon barrel but --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, he sees nothing but the sun on the shattered glass. HE HURLS the cannon blindly, but Jake ducks. The massive cylinder cartwheels toward the shack and --

FROM INSIDE we see it CRASH against pressure window, crazing it but not penetrating. Jake's link sits just inside.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, Quaritch yanks a yellow handle and --

P-FOOM! -- the canopy BLOWS OFF, flying through the air. Quaritch can see again. He dons his breathing mask. Bends to pick up his KNIFE.

NEARBY NEYTIRI struggles furiously, trying to get her legs free from underneath three tons of thanator.

QUARITCH, panting, glowers at Jake.

QUARITCH

How does it feel to betray your own race?

Then, inexplicably, he TURNS. Walks away.

FROM INSIDE the shack, we see him charge straight toward us and --

CRASH! -- he puts his hydraulic fist right through the window. He is reaching inside for the Link when --

JAKE HITS in a flying tackle with every ounce of force he has, knocking the ampsuit sideways and --

JAKE REACHES around the suit, grabbing Quaritch's shoulder and, yanks him forward HARD, SMASHING his face into the edge of the cockpit but --

QUARITCH flings him off with a sweep of his arm, and Jake slams to the ground.

INSIDE THE LINK Jake is holding his breath as the toxic Pandoran air swirls in. GAS ALARMS SHRIEK.

NEYTIRI shoves with one free leg, desperately trying to pull her other leg out.

THE AMPSUIT charges, the knife flashing down and --

JAKE just manages to catch it in both hands, but the force of the attack drives him to his knees as --

QUARITCH pushes the knife down inexorably, until Jake is pinned against a rock, the blade now inches from his throat.

INSIDE THE LINK Jake is straining to stay conscious, to stay connected as --

THE KNIFE reaches his throat as --

THWAP! AN ARROW APPEARS in Quaritch's chest. He looks up.

NEYTIRI STANDS -- a FURY released. A classic archer figure, she NOCKS another arrow. Then draws and releases smoothly.

TH-WHAP! The machine TOPPLES off Jake and lies still.

QUARITCH STARES at the two arrows in his chest. He touches the feathers of the ancient weapon, then -- with an ironic laugh -- he dies.

NEYTIRI runs up, another arrow nocked, bow drawn. Seeing Quaritch, she lowers her father's bow.

JAKE sees her, then goes limp, his eyes rolling back, and --

INT. SHACK

HUMAN JAKE EXPLODES out of the Link, slamming to the floor where he gags for breath. With his last strength, he claws toward an emergency breathing mask -- across the room.

He scrambles toward it, on the edge of unconsciousness.

NEYTIRI VAULTS through the shattered window, landing in the debris like a cat. She GRABS the mask and flashes to Jake's side -- puts the mask over his face and --

JAKE drags in breath after breath. He looks up at Neytiri, studying him as she holds him -- seeing his human body for the first time.

Jake touches her face, his pale human hand against the blue of her skin. Their eyes meet across the glass of the mask -- together, separate. Worldless.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

MO'AT tends to the mortally wounded TSU'TEY as AVATAR JAKE arrives with Neytiri. Mo'at has bound his wounds, but by her expression, it is clear he cannot be saved.

Jake kneels and Tsu'tey opens his eyes. Through a haze of pain, he recognizes Jake.

TSU'TEY
(Na'vi)
I See you, Jakesully.

JAKE
I See you, Tsu'tey te Rongloa Ateyitan.

TSU'TEY
Are the people safe?

JAKE
They're safe.

Tsu'tey weakly clutches his severed queue.

TSU'TEY
I can never ride again, or bond with my woman -- or hear the voice of Eywa. I can not lead the People. You will lead them, Jakesully.

JAKE
No. I'm not officer material.

TSU'TEY
It is decided. Now do the duty of Olo'eyctan. Set my spirit free.

JAKE
I'm not killing you.

TSU'TEY
I am already dead.

JAKE

No.

TSU'TEY

It is the way. And it is good. I will be remembered --

Tsu'tey's voice is weak, but thick with emotion.

TSU'TEY

-- I fought with *Toruk Macto*, we were brothers -- and he was my last shadow.

TSU'TEY'S HAND clasps with Jake's in a fierce grip. Jake draws his knife.

TSU'TEY'S POV -- Jake leans forward, blocking the sun. HIS SHADOW falls across Tsu'tey.

JAKE

(Na'vi)

Forgive me, my Brother. Go now to the Mother Spirit.

By his movement, we know that he has ended Tsu'tey's pain. Jake's eyes well with tears as he continues reciting the prayer for the dead, and his Na'vi words carry over as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELL'S GATE -DAY

Na'vi ride direhorses among the abandoned machines of Hell's Gate.

Banshees roost on the roofs of the modules, and stingbats flutter about, unimpeded. The SENTRY GUNS are silent, and the GATES are open to the forest.

JAKE (V.O.)

A few chose to stay. Fewer were chosen.

Max, Norm, and a few of the avatars hold AR's as the personnel of Hell's Gate file up the cargo ramp of the remaining shuttle. The evicted humans are sullen and angry, like POW's.

JAKE and NEYTIRI stand together, watching the departure of the Sky People.

PARKER SELFRIDGE shuffles up the ramp. His eyes -- the eyes of a lost soul -- meet JAKE'S. He disappears into the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

ISV VENTURE STAR hangs suspended against the dark side of PANDORA. The ISV's antimatter engines BLAZE to life and it accelerates out of orbit.

What remains IN FRAME is a virgin, primeval world. Spanning the black continents is a vast reticulated lace-work of BIOLUMINESCENCE -- a ghostly WEB connecting all of Pandora.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The sun's rays shaft down through the layers of canopy.

JAKE (V.O.)

The forest will heal, and so will the hearts of the People. New life keeps the energy flowing, like the breath of the world.

NEYTIRI, obviously pregnant, is bow-fishing in the shallows. Children jump and squeal with laughter in the river.

JAKE (V.O.)

This is my last videolog.

INT. LINK ROOM

VIDEO IMAGE -- Jake sits in a chair, talking straight TO CAMERA. He is thin, pale. He looks around the high tech room.

JAKE

The science guys will keep the lights on, here. But I won't miss this place.

EXT. WELL OF SOULS - NIGHT

THE WILLOWS glow softly. The entire Omaticaya clan is gathered, seated in a prayer circle around the Mother Tree.

JAKE (V.O.)

I better wrap this up. There's a funeral tonight, and I don't want to be late. It was someone very close to me.

WIDE SHOT, moving in across the concentric rings of people, all plugged-in and softly chanting. MOVING toward the center, over the figure of Mo'at, to hover above --

NEYTIRI, kneeling beside two FIGURES on the dais --

JAKE and his AVATAR lie head to head. Human Jake is wearing an exomask. Both figures are still, hands folded, covered in translucent silken shrouds of ROOT-CILIA.

CAMERA CLOSES IN as Neytiri removes the mask from Jake's human face. She gently closes his dead eyes with her fingertips. Then bends and kisses him.

MOVE INTO CU on AVATAR JAKE as Neytiri's hand comes into frame, stroking his cheek. TIGHTENING slowly to--

ECU JAKE'S EYES. Hold a beat, then --

They open.

CUT TO BLACK

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Written by

Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale

FOURTH DRAFT
Revised 10-12-84
with pink revisions
of 10-21-84

(Obviously, the tipped-in pink sheets that are a typical indication of revised pages or pages containing revisions within a script are not here. Lines and scenes containing the revisions of 10-21-84 are marked at the end of the line by an asterisk, as is also shown in the script itself.)

A WEIRD FLICKERING WHITE LIGHT strobes the screen, accompanied by PROJECTOR NOISE and an OFFSCREEN CONTROL VOICE.

CONTROL VOICE

5...4...3...2...1...detonate!

The light becomes brighter as we pan over to

MARTY MCFLY, 17, a good looking kid wearing Porsche mirrored sunglasses. The mirrored lenses reflect the MUSHROOM CLOUD of an ATOMIC EXPLOSION.

THE RED HOT OPENING MUSIC KICKS IN; MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

Marty starts bopping along to the rock and roll: he's plugged into a WALKMAN STEREO.

2 We are in a contemporary HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM where 30-odd STUDENTS are watching a 16mm documentary about nuclear tests of the 1950's. 2

3 SERIES OF SHOTS — MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE 3

BORED STUDENTS watch the black and white movie. Only MARTY is enjoying himself as he listens to his stereo. MARTY'S FOOT taps in time to the music.

The teacher, MRS. WOODS, 45, looks around the classroom, making sure the students are paying attention. She has her "Classroom Planner" in hand.

The DOCUMENTARY depicts preparations for another atomic test, noting that as many as 20 were done per year in the 1950's. Footage shows how tract houses were constructed and peopled with mannequins to measure the effects of radiation.

MARTY continues bopping along.

MRS. WOODS notices the one head in the classroom bobbing. MARTY'S FOOT continues tapping in time. Now a PAIR OF WOMAN'S SHOES step into FRAME.

MRS. WOODS is standing next to Marty, arms crossed, staring at him. But Marty is oblivious to her.

SUZY PARKER, 17, an attractive girl, looks over at the situation in horror.

Mrs. Woods waves her hand in front of Marty's sunglasses. No reaction.

Suzy turns her head — she can't bear to watch.

Mrs. Woods gently removes Marty's sunglasses. His eyes are closed.

Now Marty opens his eyes. He looks up at Mrs. Woods and smiles weakly.

Mrs. Woods does not smile back. She rips the headphones off — the MUSIC abruptly stops.

MRS. WOODS

Mr. McFly: detention!

CUT TO:

4 INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE — DAY

4

CLOSE ON MARTY'S WALKMAN in a pair of ELDERLY MALE HANDS being placed in a WOODWORKING VISE mounted on the corner of a desk.

WIDER — STRICKLAND'S OFFICE

Marty fidgets uneasily in an uncomfortable wooden chair in the sparse office as MR. STRICKLAND, a humorless disciplinarian, tightens the vise. Strickland looks 60, but he could be 160 — he was born old and stayed that way, and has been at this school forever.

Strickland gazes at Marty, then gives the vise a hard, mean wrench. The Walkman CRUNCHES... it sounds like bones breaking.

Marty cringes.

Strickland smiles sadistically and hands it back to him.

MR. STRICKLAND

That's number three, isn't it, McFly?

MARTY

Four.

MR. STRICKLAND

You don't like school, do you, McFly?

Marty rolls his eyes. Is this question for real?

MARTY

Oh, no. sir. I LOVE school.

MR. STRICKLAND

(snaps at him)

You've got a real attitude problem, you know that?

(opens a file on his desk)

You're a slacker, McFly. You've got aptitude, but you don't apply yourself. You remind me of your father: He was a slacker, too.

Marty just sits there, bored.

MR. STRICKLAND

Now, for slacking off in class and for having a serious attitude problem, your punishment is two weeks in detention, with me, starting this afternoon.

MARTY

This afternoon? But I can't! Me and my band have an audition at 3:45 for the YMCA dance. It's really important that I be there — they're counting on me. I gotta be there at 3:45.

MR. STRICKLAND

Too bad, McFly. I guess this isn't your day.

Marty is sick.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DETENTION CLASSROOM — ON A WALL CLOCK — DAY 5
It's 3:28.

WIDER

A regular math classroom used as detention after hours. Again, we see signs of an old school dressed to be more modern: green chalkboards, repainted walls, new desks, and a sprinkler system. *

8 or 10 STUDENTS are seated far apart from each other throughout the room. All are supposedly studying. One of them has a SKATEBOARD along with his books.

MARTY is at the pencil sharpener in the back, sharpening a pencil...but the look on his face indicates he's up to something. He looks at the clock, looks up at the SPRINKLER PIPE, then glances toward the front of the room.

MR. STRICKLAND sits at the teacher's desk, grading a LARGE STACK OF PAPERS.

Marty finishes at the sharpener. He sticks a PIECE OF GUM in his mouth and starts chewing like mad. Then he steps alongside the CAROUSEL SLIDE PROJECTOR and surreptitiously sneaks the lens into his jacket pocket. He quickly returns to his seat.

Now, Strickland stands up and starts toward Marty! Did he see Marty swipe the lens? No, he's merely "patrolling" the room.

When Strickland isn't looking, Marty produces a matchbook and a rubber band from the pencil pouch of his loose leaf binder. He opens the matchbook cover and sticks his gum to the backside.

He waits for Strickland to walk past him, then quickly, Marty stands and, using the rubber band, fires the matchbook at the ceiling.

Strickland whirls around upon hearing the snap, but Marty is already seated, "studying." Strickland looks around suspiciously, but sees nothing. He continues along.

Marty glances up: The gum is holding the matchbook on the ceiling, right near the sprinkler valve. He smiles.

Now Marty sets his mirrored sunglasses on his leg positioning them to reflect the rays of the sun up at the matchbook.

That done, he pulls the lens out of his pocket and focuses the beam onto the matchbook. He adjusts the lens ever so slightly... there! Perfect! A hot white pinpoint of light is focused on the matchbook.

MR. STRICKLAND returns to his paper grading. He marks an entire set of answers wrong and puts "F" at the top of a paper. The next paper has two right. Strickland gives it an "F+."

MARTY continues holding the lens as steady as he can, watching anxiously for results.

ABOVE there is a faint trace of SMOKE on the matchbook.

THE CLOCK now reads 3:37.

STRICKLAND grades his LAST PAPER, THEN STANDS UP AND STARTS PULLING DOWN THE WINDOW SHADES!

MARTY is horrified! Strickland is 3 shades away from Marty's window. Marty looks anxiously up at the matchbook.

MARTY
(under his breath)

Come on, come on...!

Strickland pulls down the next shade.

There is more smoke from the matchbook...

MARTY
Burn, you sucker...!

Strickland pulls down another shade. The next one is Marty's...

Strickland steps toward it...

Suddenly the matchbook ignites! FIRE!

Immediately the FIRE ALARM SOUNDS and the SPRINKLERS GO OFF!

MARTY
FIRE!!!

Students jump up and scream as water sprays all over them! They rush for the door. MARTY grabs the kid with the skateboard, named WEEZE.

MARTY
Weeze — let me borrow this! I'll bring it back tomorrow!

Marty takes the skateboard and dashes out.

MR. STRICKLAND
Stop! Wait! We must file out in an orderly fashion!

Another sprinkler goes off and sprays Strickland right in the face!

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 6 | EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL — DAY | 6 |
| | It's a classic WPA style high school, built in the 1930's. Marty dashes out, jumps on the skateboard, and skateboards down the front steps! | |
| 7 | EXT. HILLY RESIDENTIAL STREET — DAY | 7 |
| | Marty comes from around the corner, skateboards down a hill, weaving through traffic. He skateboards like a champ. | |
| 8 | EXT. STREET — TOWN SQUARE — DAY | 8 |

This is HILL VALLEY, a northern California town; it's October. The town has been here a while — and its town square business district is beginning to deteriorate... undoubtedly because there's a mall someplace.

The old courthouse, now the Department of Social Services, has a clock tower — but the clock is stopped at 10:02.

A time and temperature clock on the BANK reads 3:43.

MARTY skateboards down the business street and across traffic, narrowly missing being hit by a car!

9 INT. YMCA — STAGE — DAY 9

3 MEMBERS of the PINHEADS rock band, KEYBOARDS, BASS and DRUMS, exchange nervous glances, repeatedly checking their watches. They're all set up on stage.

SUZY PARKER is also here — but she's not part of the band. *

Suddenly, Marty skateboards onto the stage. *

SUZY

Marty!

Marty gives her a wink; she smiles.

Marty's guitar, amp and microphone have already been set up for him. He picks up the guitar and tunes up, then looks over at Suzy.

Suzy smiles and holds up her crossed fingers. Marty grins back. Clearly, they're "an item."

Marty practices a riff...and he's great. You can't tell where the guitar ends and the man begins. He turns and addresses the dance committee.

MARTY

All right, we're the Pinheads, and we're gonna rock 'n roll!

They kick into a red hot number. Marty's fingers dance across the strings and frets in a complicated lead line. He's terrific, and the band sounds great.

They get only about 25 seconds into the number when a VOICE calls out.

DANCE COMMITTEEMAN

That's enough. Thank you.

Marty and the group stop playing, exchanging bewildered glances. *

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DAY 10

On some of the boarded up buildings are ELECTION POSTERS: "RE-ELECT MAYOR 'GOLDIE' WILSON: HONESTY, DECENCY, INTEGRITY" and a picture of the incumbent Mayor Wilson is black, about 45, with a GOLD FRONT TOOTH.

MARTY and SUZY are walking together. She carries her schoolbooks: he has the

skateboard. And he's depressed.

SUZY

Marty, one rejection isn't the end of the world.

MARTY

I don't know. Maybe I'm just not cut out for music.

SUZY

But you're good, Marty. You're really good. And this audition tape of yours is great... (she gives him back a CASSETTE TAPE) You've got to send it in to that record company.

*
*
*

MARTY

But what if they hate it? What if they say, "get outta here, kid, you got no future?" Why should I put myself through all that anxiety? (He sighs.) I'm sorry. I guess I sound like some kinda schizoid neurotic.

SUZY

Well, according to my shrink, all of our emotional anxieties are a direct result of the influence our parents had in our childhood.

MARTY

In that case, you can kiss me off right now. You've met my old man. You know what a zero he is.

Suzy nods knowingly. They are walking past a TOYOTA DEALERSHIP.

*

SUZY

At least he's letting you borrow the car tomorrow night. That's a step in the right direction.

MARTY

Hey, I'm TAKING the car tomorrow night. That way it saves him the anxiety of making a decision.

Marty spots a tricked-out black SUPRA in the showroom.

*

MARTY

Hey, check out that tricked-out Supra. Now THAT'S a car. (sighs, admiring it longingly) Someday, Suzy, someday...

*
*

SUZY

What about your mother? Does she know?

MARTY

Are you kidding? She thinks I'm going camping with the guys. If she found out I was going camping with you, she'd shit.

Marty sprays some BINACA in his mouth.

SUZY

(nods knowingly)

My shrink says a lot of parents are sexually repressed.

MARTY

My mom's not sexually repressed. How can you be repressed about something you know absolutely nothing about?

They pause across from the former courthouse building.

SUZY

(flirting)

She's just trying to keep you respectable.

MARTY

(flirting back)

She's not doing a very good job, is she?

They move closer...

SUZY

Terrible...

They're about to kiss...

CLOCK WOMAN (O.S.)

Save the Clock Tower!

Marty and Suzy turn. A middle-aged CHURCH GROUP TYPE WOMAN has a donation can and an armful of printed FLYERS.

CLOCK WOMAN

Please make a donation to save the clock tower.

MARTY

Lady, can't you see I'm busy here?

CLOCK WOMAN

Mayor Wilson is sponsoring an initiative to repair that clock...

She points to the stopped clock on the old courthouse building.

CLOCK WOMAN

(continuing)

We at the Hill Valley Preservation Society think it should be preserved exactly the way it is.

MARTY

But it doesn't tell time. What good is it?

CLOCK WOMAN

It's part of our history. Here — it's all in this flyer. (gives Marty one) 30 years ago, lightning struck that clock tower, and the clock hasn't run since. We at the society feel it's a landmark of scientific importance, attesting to the power of the Almighty.

MARTY

All right, lady. Here's a quarter.

Marty drops a quarter into her can.

She nods and moves along to bother someone else.

MARTY
(to Suzy)

Now... you were saying that my mother wasn't doing a very good job...

They move closer again as before, about to kiss...

Suddenly, a MALE VOICE booms out over a P.A.

SPEAKER VOICE (O.S.)

Marty! Marty McFly!

Marty turns.

A medium sized RV with speakers mounted on the side is idling across the street. The vehicle is quite used. It's towing a tarped vehicle on a trailer.

Marty recognizes it, and rolls his eyes.

MARTY

Doc, I'm busy.

DRIVER

It'll only take a minute...

MARTY
(to Suzy)

Come on, you should see what's inside this thing.

They go over and step inside.

11 INT. RV — TOWN SQUARE — DAY

11

The driver is DR. EMMETT BROWN, about 65. He looks like an old hippie, with shoulder length white hair, Hawaiian shirt, faded jeans, an Indian turquoise around his neck and lively — almost wild — eyes. He's full of energy, full of life, talks fast, and is immediately likable for his eccentricities.

With him in the RV is his big DOG, "EINSTEIN."

The inside of the vehicle is full of CLOCKS — every imaginable type, a Cuckoo, a Grandfather, even a classic "Felix the Cat with moving eyes". All of them are in dead sync. There is also a bank of state-of-the-art component video and audio equipment. The 25-inch monitor is tuned to MTV. There are discarded fast food cartons, and a spilled box of sugar coated cereal, an unmade bed, a doggie dish, and tools and electronic parts. We might also notice a lead canister with purple radiation symbols.

MARTY

What's up, Doc?

BROWN

One a.m., right, Marty? You're gonna be there, right? Twin Pines Mall.

*

MARTY

Yeah, right.

Brown takes the “Save the Clock” flyer out of Marty’s hand.

BROWN

Let me write it down for you so you don’t forget... (writes on the back) “Twin Pines Mall... one a.m.” Twin Pines Mall — remember when that used to be Peabody’s farm? It was all farmland out there. No — I guess that was before your time, Marty.

*
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*

He folds the flyer and sticks it in Marty’s pocket.

BROWN

(continuing)

You’re feeling all right, Marty? You’ve been getting plenty of rest?

MARTY

Yeah, but Doc, exactly what are we gonna do at one a.m.?

BROWN

You want me to spoil it for you? Don’t worry about it — it’ll be great.

MARTY

You’re not planning on breaking into another power plant or something...? That was kinda risky.

BROWN

That’s the point, Marty. Risk. Risk makes life worth living. What would you rather do, sleep?

Brown checks one of the 4 watches on his arm.

BROWN

(sudden urgency)

It’s almost time — quiet!

Suzy gives Marty a bewildered look, but Marty knows what’s about to happen...

It’s exactly 4 o’clock, and all of the clocks CHIME at once — dings, dongs, electronic tones, cuckoo birds...

Brown loves it — he drinks it up like a proud father.

BROWN

I love that!

MARTY

Look, Doc, we’ve gotta go. I’ll...see you tonight.

BROWN

Yes! At one a.m.! It could change your life.

Marty and Suzy step out of the RV.

Marty and Suzy watch the RV go.

SUZY

I don't know if you should be hanging out with a guy like that after midnight.

MARTY

Doc Brown's all right — he's just a little hung up on time. A couple of years ago, he showed up at my house and hired me to sweep out this garage of his. He pays me 50 bucks a week, gives me free beer... and gives me total access to his record collection — he's got this great old record collection.

(a beat)

Hard to believe he was one of the world's greatest nuclear physicists.

Down the street, Brown's RV waits for an ELDERLY MAN to hobble across the street. Brown's voice booms out over his P.A.

BROWN (V.O. P.A.)

Let's move it, Gramps! You're not that old!

Suzy gives Marty a look of disbelief.

MARTY

(shrugs)

Too much radiation, I guess.

(a beat, moves closer to her)

Where were we?

She smiles and moves toward him.

SUZY

I think we were right here...

Again they're about to kiss...

A CAR HORN HONKS LOUDLY. Suzy turns away.

SUZY

That's my Dad. See you tomorrow.

She hops into the waiting car. Marty watches it go.

MARTY

This is not my day.

13 OMITTED

13*

14 EXT. MCFLY HOUSE — DUSK

14

A WRECKER is in the McFly driveway with a 1979 Plymouth Reliant in tow: its front end is completely smashed, as if someone rammed it into a brick wall. The truck driver is unhitching it.

Looking on with horror is timid GEORGE McFLY, 47, a balding, boring, uninspired man

who wears a suit he bought at Sears 4 years ago.

Next to him is BIFF TANNEN, 48, an intimidating lout, who wears gold chains and pinky rings, with sartorial taste to match.

MARTY skateboards up to the scene and is shocked. He listens as Biff lambasts his father.

BIFF

I can't believe you did this, McFly. I can't believe you loaned me your car without telling me it had a blind spot. I could have been killed!

GEORGE

Biff, I never noticed any blind spot before.

BIFF

It's there, McFly. How else can you explain this?

GEORGE

Can I assume that your insurance will pay for this?

BIFF

My insurance? It's your car. Your insurance should pay for it. I wanna know who's gonna pay for THIS! (indicates his stained suit) I spilled beer all over it when that car hit me. Who's gonna pay the cleaning bill?

George hesitates, then meekly pulls out his wallet.

GEORGE

Do you think 20 dollars will cover it?

Biff snatches the 20 dollar bill out of George's hand.

BIFF

It's a start. And hey... where's my reports?

GEORGE

Well, I haven't finished them yet. I figured since they weren't due till Monday...

BIFF

(knocks on George's head)

Hello? Anybody home? Think, McFly, think! I've gotta have time to get 'em retyped. If I turn in my reports in your handwriting, I'll get fired.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll finish them tonight and run them over first thing in the morning.

BIFF

Not too early — I sleep in on Saturday.

(about to leave)

Oh, hey, McFly: your shoe's untied.

GEORGE
(falling for it)

Huh?

He looks down and Biff hits him on the chin. Biff laughs loudly.

BIFF

Don't be so gullible, McFly!

Biff walks over to his sparkling year old CADILLAC on the street. He spots Marty.

BIFF

Hiya, kid. How do you like my new paint job?

Marty doesn't. He steps over to his father, outraged. He's about to say something, but George raises his hands and cuts him off.

GEORGE

I know what you're going to say, son, and you're right. You're right. But he happens to be my supervisor, and I'm afraid I'm just not very good at confrontations.

MARTY

But Jesus Christ, Dad, look at the car! Look what he did to the car!

GEORGE

I know. And I know you were counting on using it, and I'm sorry.

MARTY

Do you have any idea how important this was to me, Dad? Do you have any idea at all?

GEORGE
(shrugs)

Well... I guess I don't...

Biff screeches out in his Cadillac.

MARTY

Dad, did it ever occur to you to say "no?" To just once try saying "no?"

GEORGE

Son, I know it's hard for you to understand, but the fact is, I'm just not a fighter.

MARTY

Try it once, Dad. Just one time, say "no."

Now the NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR sticks his head out the window of the adjacent house. He's 40, pot-bellied, named HOWARD.

HOWARD

Hey, McFly! My kid's selling Girl Scout cookies! I told her you'd be good for a case.

Marty shakes his head. George gulps, then calls back.

*

GEORGE

Well... okay.

Marty shakes his head hopelessly.

CUT TO:

15 INT. AT THE McFLY DINNER TABLE — NIGHT

15

The McFly family is dining on meat loaf, Kraft macaroni and cheese, Bird's Eye mixed vegetables, and French's instant mashed potatoes.

Marty's mother, LORRAINE, 47, was once very attractive. Now she's OVERWEIGHT, in a rut, a victim of suburban stagnation. She has more food on her plate than anyone else, and a glass of vodka.

GEORGE has papers in front of him instead of food: he's doing the work Biff gave him. He's also glancing at the TV, which is tuned to a "Honeymooners" rerun.

Sister LINDA, 19, is cute but wears too much eye makeup; brother DAVE, 22, wears a MCDONALD'S UNIFORM and is wolfing down his food.

GEORGE

(to Marty)

Believe me, son, you're better off not having the aggravation of dealing with that YMCA dance. You'd have to worry about getting all your equipment there, making contingency plans in case someone got sick, making sure you got paid correctly, settling with the Musician's union... and what if you were so good that other people wanted to hire you? You'd have to worry about scheduling your jobs around school. Believe me, son, you're better off without those headaches.

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MARTY

Thanks for the pep talk, Dad.

*
*

LORRAINE

Kids, your Uncle Joey didn't make parole again. I think it would be nice if you all dropped him a line.

MARTY

Uncle "Jailbird Joey"?

DAVE

He's your brother, Mom.

LINDA

Yeah. I think it's a major embarrassment having an uncle in prison.

LORRAINE

We all make mistakes in life, children.

*

DAVE
(checks watch)

Damn, I'm late.

He wipes his mouth and hurries off.

LORRAINE
Please watch your language, David.

LINDA
(to Marty)
Suzy Parker called... wants you to call her back.

LORRAINE
I don't like her, Marty. Any girl who calls up a boy is looking for trouble. Pass the mashed potatoes, please.

Marty passes them and Lorraine takes a big helping.

LINDA
Oh, Mother, there's nothing wrong with calling a boy.

LORRAINE
Well, I think it's terrible, girls chasing boys. I never chased a boy when I was your age. I never called a boy, or asked a boy on a date, or sat in a parked car with a boy. Because when you behave like that, boys won't respect you, Linda. They'll think you're cheap.

Linda rolls her eyes. She's heard this a million times.

LINDA
Then how are you ever supposed to meet anybody?

LORRAINE
It'll just happen. Like the way I met your father.

LINDA
But that was so stupid! Grandpa hit him with his car.

LORRAINE
It was meant to be.

LINDA
I still don't understand what Dad was doing in the middle of the street.

LORRAINE
What was it, George? Birdwatching?

GEORGE
(absorbed in his work)
Huh? Did you say something, Lorraine?

LORRAINE
(to Linda and Marty)
Anyway, Grandpa hit him with the car and brought him into the house. He

seemed so helpless... like a little lost dog. And my heart just went out to him.

LINDA

Yeah, Mom, you've told us a million times: "Florence Nightingale to the rescue."

LORRAINE

(thoughtfully, remembering)

The next weekend, we went on our first date: the "Enchantment Under the Sea" school dance. I'll never forget it — it was the night of that terrible thunderstorm. Remember, George?

*

GEORGE

What's that, dear?

LORRAINE

(ignores him; to Marty and Linda)

Your father kissed me for the very first time on the dance floor... and that was when I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with him.

Marty and Linda exchange a look and shake their heads.

LINDA

I can't believe Dad actually got up enough nerve to kiss you in public.

LORRAINE

Well, I may have encouraged him a little...

MARTY

I'll bet you had to practically jump on his bones.

Marty gets up, finished eating.

LORRAINE

You watch your mouth, young man. And excuse yourself when you get up from the table.

Marty is already out of the room.

MARTY (O.S.)

May I be excused?

CUT TO:

16 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

16

Marty's walls are covered with posters of rock stars and cars — particularly Toyota Supras. *

There is also a portable home synthesizer, a tape recorder, and a stack of lead sheets.

Marty sits at his desk, with a submission form that has an "R & G RECORDS" letterhead, an envelope, and the cassette tape Suzy Parker gave him. There's also a picture of Suzy there. *

*

He signs the form and puts it in the envelope, along with the cassette tape. He is about to

seal it — then he hesitates, and ponders a moment. He stares at the envelope — it's addressed to the "R & G RECORDS, NEW TALENT DIVISION." He sighs, shakes his head, pulls the tape out and chucks the envelope and application into the trash can.

*

CUT TO:

16-A INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — CLOCK ON MARTY'S NIGHTSTAND

16-A*

It's almost 12:30. CAMERA PANS to pick up Marty lying asleep on the bed fully clothed.

*

Now Marty's CORDLESS PHONE beeps. Marty stirs and answers it.

*

MARTY
(into phone)

Hello?

(a beat, rolls his eyes)

No, I haven't forgotten, Doc. One a.m., Twin Pines Mall.

*

He hangs up and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. TWIN PINES MALL PARKING LOT — NIGHT

17*

CAMERA PANS from the lit entrance sign, depicting 2 PINE TREES with "TWIN PINES MALL" in lettering below (along with a digital clock at 12:59) to pick up MARTY on his skateboard with another WALKMAN (it's a different brand than the one Strickland smashed). Marty skateboards around a corner of the mall and sees Brown's RV on the vast, sodium vapor lit parking lot. DR. BROWN is dad in a white radiation suit, hood off, (still with his Indian turquoise around his neck) and EINSTEIN, are both next to

*

*

A SLEEK, STAINLESS STEEL DELOREAN SPORTS CAR. It's been modified with some wicked looking units on its rear engine, giving it a particularly dangerous feel. There are coils along the front and rear decks.

There are also several small cases of supplies and equipment, and a piece of American Tourister luggage around the RV.

Marty skateboards over, totally blown away by the car.

MARTY
Jeez, Doc, a DeLorean! What the hell did you do to it?

BROWN
Grab the camera and start taping, Marty. I'll explain as we go.

Brown indicates a HOME VIDEO CAMERA nearby. Marty picks it up.

MARTY
And what's with the Devo suit?

Brown lifts open the driver's side gull wing door.

BROWN
Come on, Einstein. Get in, boy.

The dog obediently jumps in and sits in the driver's seat. Brown buckles him in with the shoulder harness. The dog has a BATTERY OPERATED DIGITAL CLOCK hanging around his neck.

Marty begins taping, handheld, cinema verite style.

BROWN

(to Marty and video camera)

All right, this is test #1. Please note that Einstein's clock here is in precise synchronization with my control watch.

Brown holds up a digital watch next to Einstein's clock; indeed, the two are in dead sync.

BROWN

(to the dog)

Good luck, Einie.

Brown reaches in and starts the ignition. The DeLorean engine ROARS to life. Brown turns on the headlights and lowers the gull wing door, sealing Einstein in.

He steps back and picks up a REMOTE CONTROL UNIT, similar to one for a radio controlled toy car. There are buttons labeled "Accelerator" and "Brake", a joystick, and an L.E.D. digital readout labeled "Miles Per Hour." Brown flicks the power switch on and, using the accelerator button and joystick for steering, sends the DeLorean down to the far, far end of the parking lot. He turns the car around so that it's pointing toward them, idling.

BROWN

Here we go, Marty. If my calculations are correct, when the car hits 88 miles an hour, you're gonna see some serious shit.

Brown takes a deep breath, then pushes the accelerator button.

The DeLorean takes off, shifting gears automatically.

The L.E.D. speedometer passes 30.

The stainless steel vehicle zooms faster... past 40...

Marty is getting it all on tape.

Brown watches intently. The speedometer climbs past 60.

IN THE CAR, Einstein remains calmly in the driver's seat. Gauges and instrument lights mounted behind him begin flashing.

Brown's finger holds the accelerator button down.

The meter passes 75.

The DeLorean keeps accelerating, approaching Marty and Brown. The coils mounted around the car begin glowing.

The speedometer hits 85... 86... 87... 88...

The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW — then, BLAM! It's gone, a TRAIL OF FIRE left in its wake.

19 Brown and Marty are hit by a sharp blast of air. Marty blinks in disbelief: it's as if the car never existed. Only the LICENSE PLATE is left behind — a vanity plate: "NO TIME." 19

BROWN
(elated)

What'd I tell you? 88 miles per hour! Temporal displacement occurred at (checks watch) exactly 1:02 a.m. and zero seconds.

MARTY
(shocked)

Christ Almighty! You disintegrated Einstein!

BROWN

Calm down, Marty. I didn't disintegrate anything. The molecular structure of both Einstein and the car are completely intact.

MARTY

Then where the hell are they?

BROWN

The appropriate question is: WHEN the hell are they. You see, Einstein has just become the world's first time traveler. I sent him into the future — one minute into the future, to be exact. And at exactly 1:03 a.m. and zero seconds, we shall catch up to him... and the time machine.

MARTY

Time machine? Are you trying to tell me you built a time machine out of a DeLorean?

BROWN
(smiles, modestly)

The way I figured it, if you're gonna build a time machine into a car, why not do it with some style? Besides, the stainless steel construction made the flux dispersal—

(his digital watch BEEPS)

Ten seconds! Roll tape — and brace yourself for a sudden displacement of air.

Marty aims the camera right where the DeLorean disappeared. Brown grips the remote control unit tightly and counts down.

BROWN

5...4...3...2...1...

Their hair stands up on end, charged up with static electricity...

20 Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere, along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM — and the DELOREAN REAPPEARS right where it vanished, still going 88 m.p.h.! 20

21 Brown hits the brake button. 21

The car wheels lock up and the DeLorean comes to a SCREECHING HALT, smoke pouring off the body.

Brown and Marty rush over to the car. Brown approaches cautiously and reaches for the door handle. He touches it and recoils in pain.

MARTY

Is it hot?

BROWN

It's cold. Damned cold.

Brown raises the driver's side door: there sits Einstein, none the worse for wear. Brown again compares his watch with Einstein's.

22 INSERT — WATCHES

22

Einstein's reads 1:02:10; Brown's is 1:03:10.

23 BACK TO SHOT

23

BROWN

Exactly one minute difference — and still ticking!

MARTY

Is Einstein all right?

Brown unbuckles the shoulder harness, and Einstein bounds out, happy and playful. Brown gives the dog a Milk Bone reward.

BROWN

Good boy, Einie!

(to Marty)

He's fine. And he's completely unaware that anything happened. As far as he's concerned, the trip was instantaneous. That's why his watch is a minute behind mine — he "skipped over" that minute to instantly arrive at this moment in time. Come here, let me show you how it works...

Marty is still a bit skeptical, uneasy. Brown waves him over, like a kid who wants to show off a new toy. Marty approaches cautiously.

BROWN

First, you turn the time circuits on...

Brown flips the labeled switch. An array of indicator lights go on inside.

BROWN

(continuing)

This readout, tells you where you're going, this one tells you where you are, this one tells you where you were.

The three readouts are respectively labeled "DESTINATION TIME," "PRESENT TIME" and "LAST TIME DEPARTED."

BROWN
(continuing)

You input your destination time on this keypad. Want to see the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

He punches 7-4-1776. The “DESTINATION TIME” readout lights up with the date.

BROWN
(continuing)

Or witness the birth of Christ?

He punches in 12-25-0.

BROWN
(continuing)

Here’s a red letter date in the history of science: March 19, 1955...

He pauses, realizing something — as if something suddenly makes sense to him.

BROWN

Yes, of course... March 19, 1955...

MARTY

What happened then?

BROWN

That was the day I invented time travel. Actually, it was night. I remember it vividly: I got hit over the head, and when I came to, I had a revelation — a vision — a picture in my head. A picture of THIS...

Brown points to a particular centerpiece unit mounted inside the DeLorean.

Marty aims the video camera and gets it on tape. He continues taping as Dr. Brown explains.

BROWN

This is what makes time travel possible: the T.F.C. — Temporal Field Capacitor.

MARTY

Temporal Field Capacitor, huh? How’d you get beaned?

BROWN

Well, I was trying to— (stops short, thinking better of it) Well, it’s not important. What is important is that it works. It’s taken me over 30 years to fulfill the vision of that night.

He faces the DeLorean proudly.

MARTY

Heavy duty, Doc. And it runs on, like, regular unleaded gasoline?

BROWN

Unfortunately, no. It requires something with a little more kick...

Brown indicates a container with purple radioactivity symbols on it.

*

MARTY
(reads the label)

Plutonium?! You mean this sucker's nuclear?

BROWN

Electrical. But I need a nuclear reaction to generate the 1.21 jigowatts of electricity I need. The T.F.C. stores it, then discharges it all at once, like a gigantic bolt of lightning. Oh, you'd better put on this radiation suit before I reload. Not that there's any danger, but it never hurts to take precautions.

Brown hands him the YELLOW RADIATION SUIT which is near the RV. Marty puts the camera down.

*

*

MARTY

Hold the phone, Doc — plutonium's illegal. Did you rip it off?

*

BROWN

No, of course not. Here, let me help you with that.

*

Brown helps Marty get into the suit.

BROWN

Put your hood up, Marty, while I reload... and keep Einstein covered, too.

*

Marty and Brown both pull their hoods over their heads. Marty covers Einstein with a sheet of the same radiation proof material.

*

*

Brown opens the container and removes a 4-inch clear cylinder with a plutonium rod within (it's surrounded by water), then closes the container.

*

*

Brown steps over to the rear of the DeLorean and places the plutonium cylinder into the loading hopper. The plutonium rod drops down into the reactor, which then seals shut.

*

*

BROWN

(removes his hood)

It's safe now. Everything is lead lined.

Marty removes his hood and releases Einstein. He picks up the video camera and starts taping again.

*

*

BROWN

Oh — I mustn't forget my luggage...

Brown grabs his suitcase and puts it in the trunk (it's in the front).

BROWN

Who knows if they'll have cotton underwear in the future? I'm allergic to all synthetics.

Brown slams the trunk shut.

MARTY

The future? Is that where you're going?

BROWN

That's right. 25 years into the future. I've always dreamed of seeing the future — looking beyond my years, observing the progress of mankind. It's almost like cheating death.

(pauses, then smiles wryly)

I'll also be able to find out who wins the next 25 World Series.

*
*
*
*
*

Suddenly, Einstein starts BARKING at something.

BROWN

What is it, Einie?

Brown turns, and reacts with horror to an APPROACHING PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS: it's an ominous VAN.

BROWN

Oh, no — they found me. I don't know how, but they found me.

MARTY

Who?

BROWN

The Libyans!

*

MARTY

What Libyans?

*

BROWN

The Libyans who got me the Plutonium! They wanted me to build 'em a bomb — I told 'em I would, but I lied!

*
*

The van side door slides open and a SWARTHY CHARACTER who resembles Yasser Arafat leans out with an AK 47 submachine gun. He OPENS FIRE.

BROWN

Run for it, Marty! I'll draw their fire!

Brown pulls a .45 revolver from inside his radiation suit and FIRES at the van! He then breaks for the mall, a good 500 yards away.

The terrorist van SCREECHES around sharply and gives chase. The terrorist FIRES a machine gun blast.

*

MARTY

Doc — no! Wait!

But Brown keeps running and firing — and the van closes the distance. No way can Brown outrun it to the mall.

The Terrorist gunner screams a Libyan curse, then FIRES a burst at Brown.

*

The bullets rip into Brown's chest and the scientist goes down.

Marty stands frozen in horror, video camera still in hand.

MARTY

Doc! Oh my God!

(at the terrorists)

You bastards!

As if hearing Marty, the van makes a U-turn: it's coming for Marty!

Marty looks around. He's out in the open, and has only one chance: The DeLorean.

Marty dashes for it, even as the van accelerates toward him, and dives into the still open driver's door.

24	IN THE CAR	24
	Marty swings the door shut, then looks over the array of switches and buttons on the console with frightened bewilderment: how do you start this thing?	
	Then he spots the keys in the ignition on the steering column, just like any other car. He turns it over and shifts into first. He floors it.	
25	EXT. — CHASE	25*
	The DeLorean roars off!	
	The van gives chase.	
25-A	INT. DELOREAN — INSERT	25-A*
	The speedometer approaches 40.	
25-B	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — ON THE VAN	25-B*
	The Terrorist Gunner leans out of the van and takes aim.	
25-C	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	25-C*
	MARTY looks into the side view mirror.	
25-D	MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR	25-D*
	of the Libyan gunner taking aim.	
25-E	INT. DELOREAN — INSERT	25-E*
	The speedometer climbs past 50.	
25-F	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — THE MOVING VAN	25-F*
	The gunner FIRES.	
25-G	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — THE MOVING DELOREAN	25G*
	Bullets rip into the parking lot just behind the speeding DeLorean.	
25-H	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	25-H*

Marty has the pedal to the metal.

25-J INSERT — The speedometer hits 75. 25-J*

25-K ON MARTY — Marty again checks the side view mirror. 25-K*

25-L MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR 25-L*

The van is still keeping up.

25-M INT. MOVING DELOREAN 25M*

Marty reacts.

MARTY

Let's see if you bastards can do 90...

25-N EXT. MALL PARKING LOT 25-N*

The DeLorean continues accelerating.

The van continues pursuit, but begins to lose ground.

25-P INT. MOVING DELOREAN 25-P*

25-Q INSERT — The speedometer passes 85! 25Q*

25-R ON MARTY — Gauges and indicators light up behind Marty's head, just as they did before Einstein traveled through time — the T.F.C. is about to kick in! 25-R*

25-S INSERT — The speedometer dimbs...86...87...88... 25-S*

26 INT. MOVING DELOREAN, BEHIND MARTY, THRU THE WINDSHIELD 26

The mall parking lot is suddenly changed into an OPEN FIELD with a SCARECROW in the middle of it!

Marty is speeding toward it at 88 miles an hour — he hits it! The scarecrow's face is hideously smashed against the windshield.

Marty continues toward a HAYSTACK! He's completely disoriented.

27 EXT. FARM FIELD AND BARN — NIGHT 27

The DeLorean speeds right through the haystack, and then into an OPEN BARN.

We hold on the barn exterior — we hear a CRASH; hay and dust are kicked up out the door... then a CRACK OF WOOD — and A LARGE SECTION OF THE BARN ROOF CAVES IN!

We hold on the barn. We hear a DOG start BARKING.

28 EXT. NEARBY FARM HOUSE — NIGHT 28

A light goes on in the nearby FARM HOUSE. Now, FARMER PA PEABODY, 45, comes

out in his red flannels, carrying a lantern. Behind him is his wife, MA; their buxom 14 year old DAUGHTER, and lively 11 year old son SHERMAN.

They approach the barn and cautiously enter through the rear doors.

29 INT. BARN — NIGHT

29

The Peabodys stare in open-mouthed astonishment:

The stainless steel vehicle faces them head on, headlight beams shining through the dust. With its wheels buried in the straw and amber hazard lights blinking, it looks like a SPACE SHIP!

The COWS in the barn don't seem to care much, but Ma and Pa look up at the hole where the roof caved in, then exchange an uneasy look.

MA

What is it, Pa?

PA

Looks like an airplane.. .without wings...

SHERMAN

Airplane? It's a flying saucer, Pa! From outer space!

The driver's gull wing door rises slowly... just like a hatch.

Pa motions them all back. They watch expectantly, uneasily, with expressions of curiosity mixed with fear.

Now Marty steps out, dazed — he's in the radiation suit, and the HOOD IS DOWN, giving him the appearance of an alien!

Ma SCREAMS and faints!

PA

Run, children! Run for your lives!

They all run like hell out of the barn!

Marty takes a few steps, then removes the hood.

MARTY

Hey! Hello? Where am I?

Marty looks around. The cows in the barn just chew their cud.

Marty shakes his head, then steps out the barn door.

30 EXT. BARNYARD — NIGHT

30

Marty steps out into the barnyard.

MARTY

Excuse me! Anybody here?

EXT. FARM HOUSE — NIGHT

PA busts out of the farmhouse with a double-barreled shotgun. Sherman is right behind him, with something rolled up in his hand.

SHERMAN

Look, Pa — it's already mutated into human form! Shoot it!

Pa raises his shotgun and FIRES!

Buckshot cracks into the barn wall behind Marty.

PA

Take that, you mutated son-of-a-bitch!

He squeezes off the second barrel!

Shot explodes in the dirt near Marty's feet! He dashes back into the barn!

Pa breaks the gun and reloads, then moves cautiously toward the barn. Just as he's about to enter, the DELOREAN THUNDERS OUT!

Pa Peabody jumps back!

The car spins around in the barnyard, and smashes through a white picket fence surrounding 2 NEWLY PLANTED PINE TREES IN A LINE, just like on the sign at "TWIN PINES MALL." The DeLorean takes out one of the small trees, then finds the dirt access road and ROARS AWAY.

*

*

PA

You space bastard! You killed one of my pines!

Pa FIRES both barrels at the departing vehicle, then runs over to his "pine grove."

PA

(extremely upset)

Now I only got one.

*

Now he looks up and sees Ma coming out of the barn. She's dazed, rubbing her head.

PA

Ma! Are you all right!

Sherman runs over, terrified, with a rolled up something in his hand.

SHERMAN

Pa! No! Don't go near her! She's a zombie! She's got no more free will! The spaceman took over her brain!

PA

What the hell are you talking', boy?

SHERMAN

Read this! It's all right here!

Sherman shows him his WEIRD SCIENCE COMIC BOOK: On the cover is a space ship that resembles a 50's version of the DeLorean. An alien is stepping out who looks something like Marty in the radiation suit, and he appears to have enslaved several human females. The title of the story is "Space Zombies From Pluto."

Pa looks at it, then glances over at his wife with trepidation.

CUT TO:

31	EXT. THE DELOREAN — MORNING	31
	tears along the dirt road and out onto the MAIN (PAVED)ROAD.	
32	OMITTED	32*
33	EXT. STREET — DAY	33
	The DeLorean pulls into frame and stops. Marty's gull wing door opens, revealing Marty's shocked expression as he sees	
34	HIS OWN HOUSE — (MATTE PAINTING)	34
	BRAND NEW, freshly painted — a MODEL HOME, complete with colored pennants and "model home" signs... without any landscaping.	
	Next to it is a LARGE SIGN with an artist's rendering of an idyllic home, nestled between magnificent oak trees, with a proud family of four beside their Cadillac. Below, in big block letters: "Live in the home of tomorrow...today! Lyon Estates, scheduled completion, This Winter."	
	Beyond it is vacant land, with some of it graded for construction. There are a few foundations and perhaps a wood frame or two... and the familiar high tension wires.	
35	MARTY	35
	is in shock. He looks at the dashboard readouts.	
36	INSERT — DASHBOARD L.E.D.	36
	The date on the "Destination time" is Saturday, 3-19-1955, 5:35 a.m.... and that matches the date on "Present time." ("Last Time Departed" is 10—5 1985, 1:11 a.m.)	
	Below, the "Plutonium Chamber" light flashes "EMPTY."	
	MARTY	
	1955? I don't believe it!	
37	He turns on the car radio and tunes in a newscast.	37
	NEWSCASTER (V.O.)	
	...and President Eisenhower predicted that 1955 would see an increase in housing starts...	
	MARTY	
	Eisenhower?	

MARTY

*

Marty spots a page of discarded NEWSPAPER on the sidewalk in front of his house-to-be. He gets out of the car and picks it up.

*

38 INSERT — NEWSPAPER

38

The date is March 18, 1955

39 MARTY

39

MARTY

This is definitely not my day.

On the back of the newspaper is an AUTOMOBILE ADVERTISEMENT with a picture of a “new” 1955 Studebaker. The copy clearly says “YOU’LL BE NOTICED driving the car of the future — the All New 1955 Studebaker.”

Marty looks at the DeLorean, looks again at the ad copy, then looks at the garage door of his house-to-be.

MARTY

Why not...?

He tries to open the garage door: it’s locked.

Then he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his KEYS. He tries one in the garage lock. It works! Marty smiles and opens the garage door.

40 ANGLE ON THE OPEN GARAGE — DAY

40*

The DeLorean backs into the garage.

*

Marty is about to turn off the car when he hears the RADIO DJ from the car radio.

*

DJ
(V.O. RADIO)

And now, one of the top records of the week...

Marty turns up the volume: he wants to hear this. “Papa Loves Mambo” by Perry Como starts playing. Marty can’t believe what he is hearing. He shakes his head.

MARTY

This is not a good year.

MUSIC BECOMES SCORE AND CONTINUES OVER NEXT SEQUENCE.

41 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MARTY’S (MODEL) HOME — MATTE SHOT — DAY

41*

MARTY walks down the street toward Hill Valley. He’s out of the radiation suit and in his street clothes.

*

*

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE — DAY

42

The town square is immediately recognizable because the courthouse clock tower is now working. In 1955, the town square is a healthy, vibrant center of commerce. The same buildings are well kept and clean, and the street bustles with Saturday morning activity. Marty notices

THE MOVIE THEATER is now playing "Cattle Queen of Montana" starring Barbara Stanwyck and Ronald Reagan.

THE TOYOTA DEALERSHIP is now a STUDEBAKER DEALERSHIP selling new 1955 cars.

*

AN APPLIANCE STORE is selling "modern" small appliances.

A WOMAN'S STORE displays the latest fashions.

A TRAVEL AGENCY advertises "Fabulous Vacations in Cuba."

THE BANK has a round clock instead of the digital version of 1985. A sign in the window promotes "Passbook Savings at 2-1/4%."

A RECORD STORE displays the latest records and albums: Eddie Fisher, Perry Como, Pat Boone. There is no Rock and Roll.

AN ELECTION POSTER: "Re-elect Mayor Frank 'Red' Thomas. Honesty, Decency, Integrity." With the exception of the name and face, it's the same as the "Goldie Wilson" poster of 1985.

MARTY walks along the street staring at the places and people. The people stare at him too, particularly his green shoes.

The previously boarded up CAFÉ is now open for business. Marty notices a PUBLIC TELEPHONE SIGN on the window: he's got an idea. He enters.

43 INT. CAFÉ — DAY

43

A typical café/soda fountain of the period; 2 or 3 CUSTOMERS are at the counter.

Marty stares at the signs advertising menu items: Hamburger — 25 cents. Ham & Cheese — 30 cents. Chocolate Sundae — 15 cents. A sign over the cigarette display says "All Brands 20 cents."

LOU, the counterman, spots Marty.

LOU

Lookin' for something, kid?

MARTY

Uh, the telephone?

Lou points it out, in back: a phone booth.

44 MARTY
goes into the phone booth and flips through the directory.

44

45 INSERT — DIRECTORY

45

Marty's finger comes to rest at "Brown, Emmett L. (Scientist)." 1640 Riverside Dr. Hillside 3-4385. *

46 MARTY 46
smiles — just what he was hoping for. The sign on the phone says "Local Calls — 5 ¢s." Marty digs out a nickel and dials the number. It rings...and rings... and rings. No answer. He hangs up.

MARTY
Not my day.

He rips the page out. *

47 INT. CAFÉ 47

Marty saunters out of the phone booth and takes a seat at the counter. A NERDY LOOKING KID is seated nearby, sipping a soda and reading a comic book.

Marty looks at Lou, indicating the address on the phone book page. *

MARTY *
Can you tell me where 1640 Riverside— *

LOU *
You gonna order something, kid? *

MARTY *
Uh, yeah. Gimme a Pepsi Free. *

LOU
Kid, if you want a Pepsi, you gotta pay for it.

MARTY
No, a Pepsi Free — you know, diet soda?

Lou looks at him like he's from another planet.

LOU
No, I don't know.

MARTY
Uh, well, just give me something to drink that doesn't have sugar in it.

Lou gives him a look, then puts a cup of coffee in front of him. Marty looks at the bowl of sugar cubes in front of him.

MARTY
Have you got any Sweet 'N Low?

LOU
Sweet and what?
(eyeing him suspiciously)
Say, kid, you'd better pay for this right now.

MARTY
Okay.

He pulls out his wallet and gives Lou a crisp, new 20 dollar bill. Lou's eyes nearly fall out of his head.

LOU

A 20? What do you think this is, a bank? I can't break a 20 for a nickel cup of coffee. (suddenly suspicious) Say, what's a kid your age doing with a 20 dollar bill anyway?

Marty gulps, pulls a nickel out of his pocket and takes back his 20. Lou gives him a look, then walks away.

Marty raises his coffee cup and just as he's about to take a sip...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, McFly!

MARTY

Huh?

He spins around on his stool.

The voice came from a PUNK, 17; behind him are 3 OTHER PUNKS. The lead punk is coming right toward Marty... no, he's stepping over to the NERDY KID next to him.

NERDY KID

Uh, hi, Biff, how's it going?

Yes, the punk is BIFF TANNEN, aged 17! And the nerdy kid is GEORGE McFLY, also 17. Biff takes George's soda and drinks it all.

*
*

Biff's boys buy cigarettes at the counter. They are MATCH, perpetually chewing a wooden matchstick; SKINHEAD, who has a crewcut just this side of being bald; and 3-D, who always wears red-green 3-D glasses.

Marty watches the exchange between Biff and George with utter amazement.

BIFF

You got my homework finished, McFly?

GEORGE

Well, no. I figured since it's not due till Monday...

Biff knocks on George's head.

BIFF

Hello? Anybody home? Think, McFly, think! I've gotta have time to recopy it. Do you realize what would happen if I turned in MY homework in YOUR handwriting? I'd get kicked out of school!

(notices Marty staring at him)

What are you lookin' at, dipshit?

SKINHEAD

Biff — get a load of his shoes. This dork thinks he's a leprechaun — he painted 'em green!

They all laugh. Biff turns back to George.

BIFF

So how about my homework, McFly?

GEORGE

Um, okay, Biff, I'll do it tonight and bring it over first thing tomorrow.

BIFF

Not too early — I sleep in on Sundays. Oh, hey, McFly — your shoe's untied.

GEORGE

(looks down, falls for it)

Huh?

Biff hits him in the chin. He laughs loudly, as do his cronies... and they leave.

Marty, still in disbelief, turns to George.

MARTY

I don't believe it. You're George McFly...?

GEORGE

Uh-huh.

MARTY

Your birthday's August 18th, and your mother's name is Sylvia?

GEORGE

Uh-huh. Who are you?

MARTY

I'm a relative of yours. A very distant relative.

A BLACK BUSBOY has been sweeping up in the background, making his way over. He looks at George. As he talks, we see he has a gold front tooth — it's GOLDIE WILSON, aged 22!

GOLDIE

Say, what do let that boy push you around for?

GEORGE

Well, uh, he's bigger than me...

GOLDIE

Stand tall, boy. Have some respect for yourself. You let people walk over you now, they'll be walkin' over you for the rest of your life. Look at me. You think I'm gonna spend the rest of my life in this slophouse?

LOU

(has heard the remark)

Watch it, Goldie.

GOLDIE

(he's on a roll)
No, sir! I'm gonna make something of myself! I'm going to night school —
I'm gonna be somebody!

MARTY
That's right — he's gonna be Mayor someday.

This is an idea that's never occurred to Goldie.

GOLDIE
Mayor? That's a good idea! I could run for mayor!

George slips out as the conversation continues.

LOU
Ha! A colored mayor! That'll be the day!

GOLDIE
You wait and see, Mr. Carruthers. I'm gonna be mayor.

LOU
Just keep sweeping, Goldie.

Now Marty notices that George has left. He goes out after him.

GOLDIE
(to himself)
"Mayor Goldie Wilson." I like the sound of that.

48 EXT. — HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE 48

Marty looks around and sees GEORGE bicycling down the street.

MARTY
George! Hey, George! I want to talk to you!

But George doesn't hear him. He disappears around a corner.

Marty runs after him.

49 EXT. — A RESIDENTIAL STREET — DAY 49

The homes evoke pleasant nostalgia: front porches and white picket fences.

MARTY comes from around the corner and sees GEORGE'S BIKE parked underneath a tree. Marty looks around, then spots

GEORGE up in the tree, precariously out on a branch overhanging the street, about 12 feet up. George has a PAIR OF BINOCULARS trained on a second story window in the house across the street.

MARTY can't figure it out. He moves closer for a better view.

GEORGE focuses the binoculars.

MARTY

It was terrible. It was a terrible place to be. The music was awful — they didn't have rock. The cars were ugly. My neighborhood hadn't been built yet, and everything was so weird looking.

*
*
*

WOMAN

Well, you're safe and sound, back where you belong, in good old 1955.

MARTY

1955!

She turns on the bedside lamp. It's the same girl George was spying on, and Marty recognizes her just as we do...

MARTY

Oh my God. You're — you're my— my—

LORRAINE

My name's Lorraine. Lorraine Baines.

Marty stares at her for a long moment.

MARTY

But — but you're so thin!

LORRAINE

Just relax, Calvin. You got quite a bruise on your head.

MARTY

(looks under the blankets)

Uh... where are my pants?

LORRAINE

(points)

Over there on the chair.

(notices the color of his underwear)

I've never seen red underwear before, Calvin.

*

Marty covers himself up.

*

MARTY

Calvin? Why are you calling me Calvin?

LORRAINE

Well, isn't that your name — Calvin Klein? It's written in your underwear.

(suddenly realizing)

Oh — I guess people call you Cal.

MARTY

No, well, actually people call me Marty.

LORRAINE

Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Marty.

She comes over and sits on the bed right next to him. She's very interested in him.

LORRAINE

Mind if I sit here?

MARTY
(gulps, nervous)

Uh... no...

Marty moves as far away as he can without falling off the bed. He holds the blanket tight around his waist. She looks at him, fascinated.

LORRAINE

That is quite a bruise there...

She gently strokes his bruised forehead... and then runs her hand through his hair. Marty moves even further — and falls off the bed! He covers himself with the blankets.

STELLA (O.S.)

Lorraine? Are you up there?

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

LORRAINE
(to Marty)

It's my mother! Quick, put your pants back on!

She throws him his pants.

*

CUT TO:

55 INT. DINING ROOM — NIGHT

55

Marty takes a seat at the dinner table next to Lorraine as MRS. STELLA BAINES, 40 and pregnant, makes the introductions to the KIDS. The chair at the head of the table is empty.

*

STELLA

That's Milton, that's Sally, that's Toby...

MILTON, 12, wears a DAVY CROCKETT COONSKIN CAP; SALLY is 6, TOBY is 4.

STELLA
(continuing)

...and next to you there in the playpen is little Joey.

Marty turns and looks with amazement at 11-month old JOEY rattling the bars of his playpen.

MARTY
(whispers to him)

So you're my Uncle Joey. Get used to those bars, kid.

STELLA

Oh, yes, little Joey loves being in his pen. He actually cries when we take him out, so we leave him in there all the time — it seems to make him happy. Have some meat loaf, Marty.

She hands him a plate of MEAT LOAF. It looks like the same meat loaf he had for dinner in 1985... in fact, the whole dinner is the same!

STELLA

(calls into the other room)

Sam, would you quit fiddling with that thing and come in here and eat?

(to Milton)

Milton, don't eat so fast!

(to Lorraine)

Lorraine, you're not eating enough. Have some mashed potatoes.

LORRAINE

No thanks, Mom.

Now gruff SAM BAINES, 45, rolls in a brand new television, on a plywood dolly of his own construction.

SAM

Look at this: it rolls. Now we can watch Jackie Gleason while we eat.

MILTON

Oh boy!

Sam fiddles with the rabbit ears and brings in a rather muddy image of a cigarette commercial.

56 ON TV

56

a SURGEON steps out of an operating room, lights up a cigarette, and turns to do a testimonial.

DOCTOR (on TV)

After facing the tension of doing 3 lung operations in a row, I like to relax by lighting up a "Sir Randolph." I know its fine tobacco taste will soothe my nerves and improve my circulation...

57

SAM

57

Look at that picture: crystal clear! Why would anybody want to go to the movies when you can see this in your own home — free!

LORRAINE

(to Marty, explaining)

Our first television set. Dad picked it up today. Do you have a television?

MARTY

Uh... yeah... two of 'em.

*

MILTON

Wow! You must be rich!

STELLA

Milton, he's teasing you. Nobody has two television sets.

*

"The Honeymooners" has resumed — the classic "Man From Space" episode.

the night here? I'd hate for anything to happen to him with that bruise on his head.

She gives him a flirtatious smile.

STELLA

Marty, Lorraine is right. You must spend the night. You're our responsibility.

MARTY

Uh, gee, I don't know...

LORRAINE

And he can sleep in my room.

UNDER THE TABLE, Lorraine puts her hand on Marty's leg. Marty immediately jumps to his feet.

MARTY

Uh, actually, I've really gotta be going...

(he's backing out, toward the front door)

So, thank you for everything, and I'll see you all later. Much later.

*

He turns and hurries out of the house.

Lorraine sighs romantically.

CUT TO:

58 OMITTED 58*

59 OMITTED 59*

60 EXT. DR. BROWN'S HOUSE 60

The house at 1640 Riverside Drive is spectacular, the home of a very wealthy man.

*

Marty ogles it as he walks up to the front door. He checks the address against the page he ripped out of the phone book: it checks.

All the lights are on — a PARTY is going on inside. Marty rings the doorbell.

It's answered by DR. BROWN, aged 35. Brown is dressed in evening clothes, and is flanked by TWO LOVELY GIRLS.

*

*

BROWN

Hiya, kid. Looking for somebody?

MARTY

Uhhh, Dr. Brown — yeah, you ARE Dr. Brown... Boy, am I glad to see you.

*

BROWN

Do I know you, kid?

*

*

MARTY

Well, not exactly — that is, not yet. My name's Marty — Marty McFly. Now what I'm about to say is going to sound incredible, but you're the only man on earth who'll believe it...

(he takes a deep breath)

I'm from the future.

BROWN

(smiles)

Great sales pitch, kid — terrific. So what are you selling? Floor wax?

MARTY

No, I'm serious! You've gotta believe me! You're the only one who can get me back home!

BROWN

Get you back home? Kid, I think you got me confused with the Wizard of Oz.

MARTY

Look, I can prove I'm from 1985!

Marty pulls out his wallet and starts showing the contents to Brown.

MARTY

See this? My driver's license — expires 1987. Look at my birthdate — I haven't even been born yet.

(pulls out a 20 dollar bill)

Look at this money: "Series 1981."

(pulls out a color snapshot)

Here's a picture of me, my sister, and my brother. Look at her sweatshirt: it says "Class of '84."

Brown gives it all a cursory look, particularly the snapshot.

BROWN

Oh, I get it — you're selling trick film. This is great — it really looks like the guy's got no head. Very clever.

MARTY

Huh?

Brown hands it back to Marty. Marty looks at it.

60-A INSERT — THE SNAPSHOT

60-A*

Sure enough, the image of Dave in the photo has no head. It's not torn, or rubbed off — the figure genuinely is headless.

60-B EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE — ON MARTY AND BROWN

60-B*

Marty stares at it, unable to figure it out.

BROWN
(continuing)

I'd buy a roll, but I'm not much of a photographer.

MARTY

Doctor Brown, this is no trick. I really am from the future.

Brown rolls his eyes.

BROWN

Well then, tell me something, young man from the future: who's the president of the United States in 1985?

MARTY

Ronald Reagan.

Brown and the girls burst out laughing.

BROWN

That's a good one! The kid's a riot! A regular riot!
(pulls out his wallet)

Here's 5 bucks, kid! Thanks for the laughs!

He hands Marty a five, then closes the door.

Marty sighs, then walks around the side of the house and looks in the window.

60-C MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW — BROWN'S LIVING ROOM

60-C*

The PARTY is an eclectic collection of SOCIETY TYPES, COLLEGE TYPES, BEAT GENERATION TYPES, and lots of attractive WOMEN.

Brown wanders over to the best looking WOMAN in the place. Brown whispers into her ear. She responds by hitting him in the head with a BEER BOTTLE! Brown goes down, dazed.

She walks off in a huff.

Brown rubs his head... then his eyes open wide in the same crazed expression we've seen in 1985.

BROWN

Of course. Of course! It's so obvious!

(jumps to his feet, shouts)

All right, the party's over! Everybody go home! I have work to do!

The guests exchange looks.

BROWN

Go home! Everybody out! I need quiet!

Some of the guests begin to leave.

60-D EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE — ON MARTY

60-D*

Marty realizes what has just happened. He gets an idea.

	CUT TO:	
61		61*
Thru	OMITTED	Thru*
63		63*
64	INT. BROWN'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP — NIGHT	64

It's a large closed garage, with a PACKARD CONVERTIBLE and a large work area, organized and well-kept.
A clock shows the time is 12:45.

*
*
*

BROWN is hunched over his workbench, furiously scribbling down notes and plans. He's disheveled — he's been here for a while.

Brown's DOG is sitting near its "bed." The name on the dog dish is "COPERNICUS." Copernicus suddenly reacts to something...

MARTY appears at a partially open WINDOW. He opens it the rest of the way and climbs in.

MARTY
Doc, listen, you gotta hear me out—

BROWN
Get lost kid! I'm working!

*

MARTY
I know! And I know what you're doing — you're inventing time travel. It came to you in a vision when you got hit over the head with that beer bottle. And that thing you're drawing is the T.F.C. — the Temporal Field Capacitor!

Brown is totally astonished.

BROWN
My God. How did you know that?

MARTY
I told you — I'm from the future.

With that, he walks over to the garage door and raises the overhead door, revealing THE DELOREAN sitting there in the driveway.

Brown's mouth falls open as he stares at it — and the mechanism visible through the open gull wing door. He grabs the DRAWING he's been working on and runs over to the DeLorean to compare it.

It's a DRAWING OF THE T.F.C.! It matches the real thing perfectly.

CUT TO:

65	INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — A LITTLE LATER — NIGHT	65
----	--	----

The DeLorean is now in the garage; the garage door is closed. The 1985 suitcase is open, and we can see its contents — clothes, toilet articles, and a CONAIR (battery) HAIR DRYER.

MARTY is busily attaching the video camera into a 1953 model TV.

MARTY

Okay, Doc. Take a look at this...

*

Brown comes over and Marty rolls the tape he shot in the mall parking lot where Brown is explaining the operation of the time machine.

Brown is amazed to see himself as a man of 65.

BROWN

Why — that's me! I'm an old man! Incredible! Thank God I've still got my hair... baldness runs in my family, you know. But what on earth am I wearing?

MARTY

A radiation suit!

BROWN

Of course, because of all the fallout from the Atomic wars. And what's that thing around my neck?

MARTY

Indian jewelry.

BROWN

I'm not even gonna ask.

66 ON TV

66

The part of the tape comes up about the Plutonium. We see the image of the Plutonium cannister with old Dr. Brown next to it.

MARTY

(V.O. tape)

Plutonium? You mean this sucker's nuclear?

OLD BROWN

(on TV)

Electrical. But I need a nuclear reaction to generate the 1.21 jigowatts of electricity I need...

67 YOUNG BROWN is taken aback.

67

BROWN

1.21 JIGOWATTS? Kid, you're outta gas, going no place fast.

MARTY

Huh?

BROWN

Look, I'm sure that in 1985, plutonium is available in any corner drug store. But in 1955, it's a little hard to come by. And unless you figure on driving out into a nuclear test site while an A-bomb's going off, I'm afraid you're stuck here.

MARTY

But isn't there some other way to generate that kind of power?

BROWN

1.21 gigowatts? Oh, sure. We can tie into Hoover Dam with a very long cable. Or we build a turbine on the back of this thing and you can drive it over Niagara Falls. Or you can drive across the country at 88 miles an hour and hope that you get struck by a bolt of lightning.

MARTY

Lightning! Hold the phone, Doc — check this out!

Marty pulls out the "Save the Clock Tower" flyer from his pocket (with it is the mysterious "headless snapshot" we saw earlier). Marty shows the flyer to Brown.

68 INSERT — FLYER

68

It includes a photocopy of a NEWSPAPER ARTICLE, dated March 27, 1955, with a picture of the clock tower stopped at 10:02." The headline: "CLOCK TOWER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. CLOCK STOPPED AT 10:02."

69 BACK TO SHOT

69

Brown reads it, nodding. He's getting an idea.

BROWN

Kid, if this is true, we just might be able to get your ass back to the future! It's totally insane, but it's certainly no crazier than building a nuclear reactor onto the back of a car... According to this, we know the exact moment lightning will strike a specific spot — at 10:02 p.m. and 11 seconds on next Saturday. All I have to do is rig up a conducting system that'll channel the lightning directly into the T.F.C. As long as you're doing 88 miles an hour when it happens... See you later, alligator.

But Marty isn't paying attention. He's looking at the snapshot again, and he's quite concerned.

BROWN

What's wrong, kid?

MARTY

I don't know, but something weird is going on with this picture. My brother — he's fading out...

BROWN

Lemme see that...

Brown studies it. He too reacts with concern.

70 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

70

Indeed, more of Dave has faded away — his neck is gone, along with part of his shoulders.

71 BACK TO SHOT

71

MARTY

It looks like he's being erased or something...

BROWN

Erased from existence...

(to Marty, urgently)

Kid — we've gotta get you some new clothes!

CUT TO:

72 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL — DAY

72

Hill Valley High looks pretty much the same in 1955, but with a little less graffiti. There is not much activity in front — school is in session.

BROWN'S PACKARD pulls up and DR. BROWN and MARTY get out.

Marty is now dressed in total 1955 period garb. He and Brown ascend the school steps. Marty seems unsure, confused.

MARTY

Are you sure about this?

BROWN

Figure it out, kid. Your old man was supposed to get hit by your Grandpa's car, not you — therefore, you interfered in your parents' first meeting. If they don't meet, they don't fall in love; if they don't fall in love, they don't get married; if they don't get married they don't have kids. That's why your older brother's fading out — he's being erased from existence. He's first, since he's the oldest. Your sister'll be next... and then you... unless you repair the damage by getting your folks back together. Once you introduce 'em to each other, nature will take its course.

(a beat)

I hope.

Marty pauses to check his reflection in the windowed door. He combs back his slicked down hair in a ducktail, only to get a handful of "greasy kid stuff."

MARTY

I can't believe you actually put this crap in your hair.

BROWN

Come on kid, let's get this over with.

Brown pulls him inside.

73 P.O.V. THRU A CLASSROOM DOOR

73

on the STUDENTS OF AN ORDINARY 1955 History class, taking a test. LORRAINE can be clearly seen.

74 MARTY AND DR. BROWN are watching from the HALL.

74

MARTY

(points her out to Brown)

That's her — in the 2nd row... Jesus! She's cheating!

LORRAINE, copying an answer from the boy sitting next to her.

ANOTHER CLASSROOM DOOR opens and students head out for the next class. GEORGE McFLY is one of them. His shirt tail is out, his hair is poorly combed, and papers are practically falling out of his 3-ring binder.

MARTY AND DR. BROWN watch from down the hall.

BROWN

So which one's your father?

MARTY
(points)

That's him...

As GEORGE walks down the hall, students laugh at him behind his back, and some of the boys kick him in the ass.

George turns. He has a "KICK ME" sign hooked on his collar. DR. BROWN shakes his head at this pathetic sight.

BROWN
(to Marty)

Are you sure you're not adopted?

Now a hand yanks George by the arm: MR. STRICKLAND — and he looks exactly the same! Marty is amazed.

STRICKLAND

McFly! Shape up, man!

He pulls the sign off George's shirt and shows it to him.

STRICKLAND

You're a slacker! Do you want to be a slacker for the rest of your life?

George shakes his head unconvincingly.

Marty and Brown look down the hall in the opposite direction where

LORRAINE is at her locker, giggling with a girl friend.

ON MARTY AND BROWN

BROWN

Looks like a match made in heaven.

MARTY

My mom always said it was meant to be. I sure hope she's right...

Marty takes a deep breath and starts walking toward George.

MARTY

George! Hey, buddy, you're just the guy I wanted to see! You remember me — from Saturday? I saved your life, remember?

GEORGE

Oh...yeah...

MARTY

Listen, there's somebody I want you to meet. C'mere...

He pulls him down the hall to Lorraine, who has her back to them.

MARTY

Excuse me, Lorraine...

Lorraine turns.

LORRAINE

Calvin! I mean, Marty!

She's so delighted to see Marty, she drops her books.

MARTY

Oh, let me get those...

He picks up her books and gives them back to her. She's totally infatuated.

LORRAINE

Thank you.

MARTY

Lorraine, I want to introduce you to someone. This is my good friend, George McFly. George, this is Lorraine.

GEORGE

Hi. It's really a pleasure to meet you.

Lorraine doesn't pay George the slightest bit of attention. She only has eyes for Marty.

LORRAINE

Oh, Marty, I was so worried about you running off like that the other night with that bruise on your head. Is it all right?

MARTY

Um, yeah....

The BELL RINGS.

LORRAINE

I'm late. See you later.

She hurries off down the hall, joining a girl friend. They pass by Dr. Brown.

LORRAINE
(to her friend)

Isn't he a dreamboat?

George has run off in the opposite direction. Marty stands in the middle of the hall, completely bewildered.

Brown joins him.

MARTY

She didn't even look at him!

BROWN

Obviously, you being in the picture is a real distraction for her. You've got to get him to ask her out on a date — so they can be alone together.

MARTY

A date? What kinda date? I don't know what kids do in the 50's.

BROWN

What do they do in the 80's?

MARTY

Sex and drugs and rock 'n roll.

BROWN

No comment, kid.

Brown notices a hand-painted banner in the hall announcing the "Enchantment Under The Sea Dance" this Saturday night.

BROWN

Look — there's a dance coming up. Get him to take her to that.

Marty sees the sign and has a revelation.

MARTY

That's right! "Enchantment Under The Sea!" They're SUPPOSED to go to that dance — that's where they kiss for the first time!

BROWN

Well then, kid, you gotta make sure they go to that dance. Together.

CUT TO:

77 OMITTED

77*

78 INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

78*

GEORGE is seated at a table, having lunch and writing furiously. He has a copy of AMAZING STORIES SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE with his books.

*
*

MARTY comes over and sits down next to him.

*

MARTY	*
Hi, George. What are you writing?	*
GEORGE	*
Stories.	*
MARTY	*
Yeah? What kind of stories?	*
GEORGE	*
Science fiction stories... about space travel... and visitors from other planets coming to earth.	*
MARTY	*
I never knew you did anything creative. How about letting me read one of 'em?	*
GEORGE	*
Oh, no. I never let anybody read my stories.	*
MARTY	*
How come?	*
GEORGE	*
What if they didn't like 'em? What if they told me I was not good? I couldn't take that kind of rejection.	*
Marty's having a bad case of deja vu.	*
GEORGE	*
(continuing)	*
My father's always telling me that if I never let anyone read my work, I'll have no future as a writer. I know he's right... but I guess that's just the way I am.	*
(a beat)	*
This must be pretty hard for you to understand, huh?	*
MARTY	*
No, George, it's not that hard at all.	*
There is a long moment as Marty looks at George in a new light... and sees himself.	*
MARTY	*
Listen, George, you know that girl I introduced you to? Lorraine? She really likes you. And I think you should ask her to the "Enchantment Under The Sea" dance. I think you'd have a great time with her.	*
GEORGE	*
Well, I really couldn't ask her.	*
MARTY	*
Why not?	*
GEORGE	*
What if she says "no?" I'd hate to be rejected.	*

Marty is starting to get exasperated.

MARTY

George, I'm telling you, if you don't ask Lorraine to that dance, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your life... and I'm gonna regret it for the rest of mine.

GEORGE

Well, it's not like I don't want to... It's just that I kinda think she'd rather go out with somebody else.

MARTY

Who?

GEORGE
(points)

Biff.

Marty looks and reacts with horror

AT ANOTHER TABLE

BIFF is trying to put his hands on LORRAINE. She's trying to push him away.

LORRAINE

Quit pawing me, Biff! Leave me alone.

BIFF

Come on, Lorraine, You want it, you know you want it, and you know you want me to give it to you.

LORRAINE

Shut your filthy mouth! I'm not that kinda girl!

BIFF

Maybe you are and you just don't know it yet.

LORRAINE

Get your hands off me!

But Biff persists.

MARTY (O.S.)

She said to get your hands off her.

Biff turns to find himself facing Marty.

BIFF

What's it to you, dipshit? You know, you've been looking for—

MR. STRICKLAND approaches behind Marty. Biff sees him and plays it cool.

BIFF

Since you're new here, I'll give you a break. Today. But if you don't shape up, I'm shippin' you out.

Biff walks off.

Lorraine looks at Marty and sighs with infatuation.

LORRAINE
Oh, Marty, that was wonderful! Thank you.

MARTY
Oh, yeah. You're welcome.

CUT TO:

78-A INT. BROWN'S LIVING ROOM — DAY

78-A*

Marty is on the phone.

*

MARTY
What do you mean, She's not your type? It's destiny, George. You and
Lorraine are meant for each other.
(pause, listens)
Look, I'll give you 20 dollars if you take her to that dance. 20 whole dollars.
(sighs, disappointed)
Okay, George. I'll see you tomorrow.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Marty hangs up, exasperated. He pulls out the snapshot again.

*

78-B INSERT — SNAPSHOT

78-B*

All that's left of Dave are his feet!

*

78-C MARTY reacts uneasily.

78-C*

79

79*

Thru OMITTED

Thru*

81

81*

CUT TO:

82 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — DAY

82

Brown is fiddling with the video camera, playing the end section of the mail tape over his
TV set. Brown seems particularly curious about what happens at the end, why it cuts off so
abruptly.

*
*
*

MARTY enters as the tape reaches the end...

83 ON TV

83

OLD BROWN reacts to the dog barking.

OLD BROWN
(on TV)
What is it, Einie?
(reacting with horror)
Oh, no, they found me! I don't know how—

The tape ends abruptly.

84 MARTY reacts with pain, remembering what followed.

84

MARTY

Say, Doc—

Brown turns, surprised that Marty has been watching.

*

BROWN

Oh, hi, kid.

(indicates video camera)

Fascinating device, this camera. I can't believe it's made in Japan.

MARTY

Doc, there's something I haven't told you about what happens... (gulps)
...on the night we make that tape...

BROWN

Hold it right there, kid. Don't tell me anything, I don't want to take any more chances of screwing up the space-time Continuum. No man should know too much about his own destiny. If I know too much about the future, I could endanger my own existence. Besides, I've always hated fortune tellers.

(a beat)

And speaking of endangered species, how did it go today with your pop?

MARTY

Terrible. He just doesn't want to go out with my mom. I tried everything. I reasoned with him, begged him, pleaded with him, yelled at him... I even tried bribing him. The only thing I haven't tried is scaring him—

Marty stops short. He's getting an idea...

CUT TO:

85 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE — NIGHT

85

All is quiet; the house is dark.

86 INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM

86

Close ON A CLOCK on the nightstand. It's almost 1:30. We PAN OVER to GEORGE'S FACE. He's sleeping soundly, in bed.

Now a PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS place FEATHERWEIGHT HEADPHONES on George's ears. George doesn't stir.

THE HANDS now insert a cassette tape labeled "VAN HALEN" into a Walkman. A finger dials the volume level to "10," then presses "PLAY."

GEORGE AWAKENS SCREAMING! He opens his eyes and reacts in further terror: He sees A FRIGHTENING YELLOW MONSTER... Marty, in full radiation suit... at the foot of his bed!

WIDER

Marty turns off the music. When he talks, his voice is distorted through the mouth filter in

the hood. An open window indicates how Marty got in.

MARTY

Silence, Earthling!

GEORGE

Who — who are you?

MARTY

(imitating Darth Vader)

My name is Darth Vader. I am an extra-terrestrial from the planet Vulcan.

GEORGE

I must be dreaming...

MARTY

This is no dream! You are having a Close Encounter of the Third Kind! You have reached the Outer Limits of the Twilight Zone!

GEORGE

Mom! Dad!

George throws off the covers, but Marty pulls the portable hair dryer (from Brown's suitcase) out of his belt like a gun. He fires a blast of heat at George.

MARTY

Silence! My heat ray will vaporize you if you do not obey me!

George raises his hands in surrender.

GEORGE

All right! I surrender! Turn it off!

Marty lowers it. Now his digital watch alarm begins BEEPING. Marty raises his wrist as if it were a radio.

MARTY

Silence! I am receiving a transmission from the Battlestar Galactica!

(after several more beeps)

You, George McFly, have created a rift in the space-time continuum. The Supreme Klingon hereby commands you to take the female earth-person called "Baines Lorraine" to the location known to you as Hill Valley High School exactly 4 earth cycles from now — Saturday night in your language.

GEORGE

You mean, take Lorraine to the dance?

MARTY

Affirmative.

GEORGE

But I don't know if I'll be able—

Marty turns on the Walkman again. George SCREAMS!

GEORGE

Turn it off! Please, turn it off!

Marty turns it off.

MARTY

Insolent Earthling! Do you wish me to melt your brain?

GEORGE

No! Please! I'm sorry, I'll do it! I'll take her to the dance — but please don't turn that noise on again.

MARTY

Very good, Earthling. You will tell no one of this visit. Now, close your eyes, and see me no more....

GEORGE

Okay, Okay.

George closes his eyes.

Marty holds a vial under George's nose and George passes out. Marty removes the featherweight headphones from George's head, takes off his hood, and goes back out the window.

87 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE — NIGHT

87

Marty climbs down a trellis and jumps down into Dr. Brown's waiting Packard convertible.

*

BROWN

How'd it go?

MARTY

Great! That chloroform sure put him out — I hope I didn't overdo it.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DAY

88

MARTY is loitering in the grassy town square. Now GEORGE comes running up from the street. He's disheveled and wild-eyed.

MARTY
(spots him)

George! You weren't at school. Where've you been all day?

GEORGE

I just woke up — I overslept. Look, you've gotta help me! I want to ask Lorraine out, but I don't know how to do it.

MARTY

All right, keep your pants on. She's over there in the café, having a soda. Come on...

They head across the street toward the CAFÉ — it's the local teen after school hangout.

TWO KIDS on homemade scooters (roller skates nailed to a 2 x 4 with an orange crate on top) cruise down the sidewalk past them.

Marty points through the café window.

MARTY

Look, there she is.

89 THEIR P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW OF

89

LORRAINE, seated with 2 GIRLFRIENDS (BETTY and BABS) in a booth, sipping ice cream sodas and talking.

90 BACK TO SHOT

90

MARTY

It's simple, George. You just go in there and invite her.

GEORGE

All right. but what do I say?

MARTY

Say whatever feels natural — whatever comes to your mind.

George thinks about this a moment, then shrugs.

GEORGE

Nothing's coming to my mind.

MARTY

Christ, it's a miracle I was even born.

GEORGE

Huh?

MARTY

Nothing. Just tell her destiny has brought you to her and you think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Girls like to hear that — what are you doing, George?

George has taken out pencil and paper and is writing.

GEORGE

I'm writing it down. This is good stuff.

91 INT. CAFÉ — DAY

91

The place is really jumping — it's full of kids. A JUKEBOX is playing.

Marty enters with George.

MARTY

There she is. Just go and ask her.

Marty points George in the right direction, and takes a stool at the counter, out of

Lorraine's immediate view.

George looks at his "script" and mouths the words to himself. He gets up his nerve and approaches Lorraine. Despite his awkwardness and fear, there's something endearing about him, like a lost dog.

*
*
*

GEORGE

Uh, Lorraine...

(reads)

"My density has brought me to you."

LORRAINE

I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

Oh — what I mean to say is...

LORRAINE

(looks at him curiously)

Haven't I seen you somewhere?

GEORGE

(big smile)

Yes! I'm George. George McFly. I'm your density — I mean, destiny.

Lorraine giggles with her girl friends.

We hear the sound of the door being thrown open and a familiar VOICE calls to George.

BIFF (O.S.)

McFly, I thought I told you never to come in here!

George turns and sees Biff and his gang standing there. He shudders.

Marty drops his head in his hands and sighs.

BIFF

Well, it's gonna cost you, McFly. How much money you got on you?

GEORGE

(quickly pulls out his wallet)

How much do you want, Biff?

As Biff starts to walk toward George, Marty sticks out his leg and TRIPS HIM! Everyone in the malt shop laughs, but Biff doesn't think it's very funny. Now Biff sees who tripped him.

BIFF

You!

(getting up)

All right, wise ass, it's fat lip time...

Marty jumps off his stool, ready for action. Biff throws a punch which Marty easily avoids; then Marty delivers a left jab to Biff's gut, and slams a right into his face, sending Biff reeling backward into a table.

*

Match, 3-D and Skinhead rush Marty.

Marty doesn't like the odds. He bolts out.

The 3 guys pull Biff to his feet and they all run out after Marty.

LORRAINE
(to her girlfriends)

That's Calvin Klein! Oh, God, he's a dream!

92 EXT. CAFÉ AND STREET

92

Marty dashes down the street, followed by Biff and the boys. Most of the kids in the café hurry outside to watch, including LORRAINE and her friends.

Marty looks behind him — Biff and company are gaining. Then one of the kids on the scooters comes by. Thinking quickly, Marty yanks the scooter out from under him, kicks off the orange crate and creates a homemade SKATEBOARD! Marty hops on it and sails off down the sidewalk!

Biff and the boys have never seen anything like it — nor has the kid whose scooter it was! Everyone stares as Marty whizzes down the sidewalk.

KID

Wow! Look at him go!

ANOTHER KID

What is that thing?

BIFF
(to his boys)

In the car!

Biff and the gang jump into Biff's convertible parked nearby. Biff peels out after Marty.

93 FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

93

Marty looks over his shoulder and sees the convertible closing in. He cuts a sharp turn into the street, crossing right in front of Biff's car, and heads back in the opposite direction.

93-A INT. BIFF'S MOVING CONVERTIBLE

93-A

Biff and the boys are stunned!

*

94 EXT. STREET

94

Another car comes up from behind Marty. As it passes, Marty grabs onto the back and hooks a ride!

Biff cuts a U-Turn and continues the pursuit.

95 EXT. CAFÉ

95

Marty, towed by the car, zooms past the café. The spectators are truly amazed. Lorraine stares in open-mouthed awe.

LORRAINE

He's an absolute dream...!

Now Biff's convertible comes racing after Marty.

95-A MARTY 95-A
again looks over his shoulder and sees that Biff is closing in, fast. Things don't look good.

Up ahead is an intersecting street: Hill Street. Marty lets go of the car and cuts a sharp left onto Hill Street.

BIFF
95-B is coming too fast to make the turn. He overshoots the intersection and has to make 95-B
another U.

His boys are watching Marty with amazement. *

MATCH *

What is that thing he's on? *

SKINHEAD *

It's a board with a roller skate nailed under it. *

3 -D *

Hey — we could build those things and sell 'em — we could call 'em "Roller
Boards!" *

96 EXT. HILL STREET 96

It's an incredibly steep hill, and at the bottom is a railroad crossing. Marty accelerates and he coasts down. Now Biff's convertible shoots onto Hill Street, actually lifting off the ground as it comes over the hill!

Biff drives like hell after Marty and he's closing fast. Then Marty drops into a crouch, cuts his wind resistance and speeds away!

97 AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING, 97

the warning bells start ringing and the gate begins to lower.

Marty reacts with fear.

A Diesel Freight is approaching.

The gate drops all the way down.

Biff speeds up to stay on Marty's tail.

98 Marty has no choice — he vaults over the crossing gate and lands back on his 98
"skateboard," crossing the tracks just inches in front of the barreling Diesel!

99 Biff slams on his brakes. His wheels lock up and rubber SCREECHES across the 99
pavement... but nevertheless, he CRASHES through the crossing gate, coming to a stop
right at the edge of the tracks... and the Diesel engine runs over his front bumper!

99-A MARTY 99-A
continues on with a euphoric yell as the train roars on behind him, completely cutting off Biff's pursuit.

99-B ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS, 99-B
BIFF is pissed.

BIFF
I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — LATER 100

Time has passed; things are quiet at the café.

Marty comes gliding down the street on his "skateboard," looking around for somebody. He hops off and sticks his head in the café.

MARTY
George?

VOICE (O.S.)
Hi, Calvin — I mean, Marty.

Marty turns: LORRAINE is standing on the sidewalk behind him.

MARTY
Oh, hi.

LORRAINE
You know, you're the first person who's ever given Biff a taste of his own medicine.

Marty shrugs it off as no big deal.

She moves toward him. He backs away.

LORRAINE
Marty, this may seem a little forward, but I was hoping you might take me to the "Enchantment Under the Sea" Dance on Saturday.

MARTY
Uh, well, funny you should bring that up, because you know who really wants to take you, and I really think you'd hit it off with him, is George McFly.

LORRAINE
Yeah, he asked me, but I turned him down.

MARTY
You did WHAT?

LORRAINE
George just isn't my type. He's sort of cute and all, but he's such a... well,

you know, a chicken.

(moving closer to him)

I think a man should be strong...so he can protect the woman he loves.
Don't you?

She moves closer. Marty gulps. This is REALLY getting out of hand!

LORRAINE

So what do you say about Saturday?

MARTY

Uh...well...yeah, sure. Okay. It'll be...great. You and me... on a...
(coughs, nearly chokes)
...date.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — NIGHT

101

Brown is shocked to hear what Marty has just told him.

BROWN

What do you mean you said "yes"?

MARTY

I had to. At least that way I'll know she'll be there. Now all I've gotta do is figure out some way to make her end up with George.

BROWN

You're not gonna have much time, kid. You've gotta make everything happen by 9:30 — 9:45 at the latest — because you've gotta beat it back to the courthouse square in time for the fireworks.

Come here, I'll show you the set-up.

Brown takes him over to a CRUDE PLYWOOD TABLETOP MODEL of Hill Valley town square which he's constructed himself.

A "lightning rod" (a nail) has been attached to the top of the "clock tower" (a piece of wood with a watch strapped around it). A wire runs down from the "lightning rod," across "town square" and between two "lamp posts" (candles in candlesticks) across the "street."

Brown explains the layout to Marty.

BROWN

We put a lightning rod on the clock tower and we run some industrial strength electrical cable from the lightning rod, across the street.
Meanwhile, we've outfitted your car with a big hook directly connected into the T.F.C....

*
*

Brown brings out a wind-up toy car with a wire sticking straight up from the back. There's a hook on the top of it. (There is a similar rig on the real DeLorean, visible in the background.) Brown winds up the toy car.

BROWN

(continuing)

On a signal, you'll take off down the street toward the cable, accelerating to 88...

*

Brown releases the toy car from one end of the model, toward the strung wire...

He picks up a STRIPPED WIRE, plugged into the AC outlet and brings it toward the "lightning rod."

BROWN

(continuing)

Lightning strikes, electrifying the cable, just in time to...

He touches the live wire to the nail. The toy car's antenna snags the cable. SPARKS FLY, and the toy car catches FIRE! It flies off the table top, into some drapes, and they catch fire as well!

Brown grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and puts everything out. Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

You're instilling me with a lot of confidence here, Doc.

BROWN

Don't worry. I'll take care of the lightning. You just take care of your old man.

Marty has another look at the fateful snapshot.

102 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

102

Dave is entirely gone, and now Linda's head is beginning to go.

103 MARTY
gulps.

103

MARTY

Yeah...

CUT TO:

104 EXT. GEORGE'S BACKYARD — DAY

104

GEORGE seems very bewildered about what MARTY has been trying to explain to him.

GEORGE

I still don't understand. How can I go to the dance with her if she's going with YOU?

MARTY

She wants to go with YOU George — she just doesn't know it yet. That's why we've gotta convince her that you're not a chicken — so she'll realize that.

Now come on, hit me in the stomach. Right here, go ahead.

Marty makes himself a target, but George seems quite unwilling. In the background, a homemade body bag (a duffel bag filled with clothes) is hanging from a clothesline pole.

GEORGE

I don't want to hit you in the stomach.

MARTY

You're not gonna hurt me. Just give me a punch.

GEORGE

Look, I'm not a fighter.

MARTY

How many times do I have to explain it to you? We know you're not a fighter. You know it, I know it...but she doesn't know it. That's why we've gotta make you look like a fighter, somebody who'll stand up for her, somebody who'll protect her. And you're not gonna look like a fighter if you can't hit me in the stomach.

GEORGE

But I've never picked a fight in my life!

MARTY

You're not picking a fight, you're coming to her rescue. Maybe we'd better go over the plan again.

Where are you gonna be at 8:55?

GEORGE

At the dance.

MARTY

And where am I gonna be?

GEORGE

In the parking lot, with her.

MARTY

Okay. So right around 9:00, she's gonna get very angry with me—

GEORGE

Why?

MARTY

Why what?

GEORGE

Why is she gonna get angry with you?

MARTY

(it's hard for him to say)

Well...because...well, nice girls get angry at guys who... who try to take advantage of 'em.

GEORGE

You mean you're gonna—

MARTY

George, don't worry about it. Just remember that at 9 o'clock, you'll be strolling through the parking lot and you'll see us...

(gulps)

...struggling in the car, you'll run over, open the door, and say...?

George doesn't say anything.

MARTY

Your line, George.

GEORGE

Oh. Uh... "Hey, you! Get your damn hands off her." You really think I should swear?

MARTY

Yes, definitely, George, swear. Then you hit me in the stomach, I go down for the count, and you and Lorraine live happily ever after.

GEORGE

You make it sound so easy. I wish I wasn't so scared.

MARTY

There's nothing to be scared of. Now come on and hit me in the stomach.

George takes a deep breath and throws a flimsy punch into Marty's gut.

MARTY

No, George, put a little emotion into it. A little hostility, a little anger.

George tries to get himself angry. He makes some faces and throws another punch. It's not much better.

MARTY

Anger, George, anger.

GEORGE

Maybe if I used my left...

MARTY

No, George. Just concentrate on the anger. Anger.

George throws another punch. This one is slightly better than the last one.

MARTY

(sighs)

Well... I think you're starting to get the hang of it. Just keep practicing. I'll see you later. Remember, anger, George. Anger.

Marty walks off, leaving George with the body bag. He stares at it, trying to make himself mad.

GEORGE

...anger...

He hits it. He hits it again, harder... again... harder... again — he hits the tree! George howls in pain!

GEORGE

Yeeeowww!! Goddammit!!

He's really angry now, and he socks the bag with his left — and KNOCKS IT CLEAR OFF THE TREE!

105 George is astonished!

105

EXT. TOWN SQUARE CLOCK TOWER — NIGHT

It's a few minutes before 8 o'clock.

We hear a RADIO WEATHER FORECAST as the CAMERA takes us from the lightning rod atop the clock tower, along the cable strung down across the square, to the STREET where Brown's Packard is parked nearby — the weather report emanates from the car radio.

BROWN is on a ladder; he's connecting the paddle plug end of the clock tower cable to the socket on an extension cable tied around a lamp post.

The DeLorean is nearby covered with a tarp. MARTY arrives, dressed up for the dance.

FORECASTER

(V.O. radio)

Area weather on this Saturday night: An electrical storm in the vicinity will bypass Hill Valley, but we can expect continued cloudiness and some light rain...

Brown reacts to the weather report.

BROWN

Kid, are you sure about this storm?

MARTY

Doc, since when can a weatherman predict the weather — let alone the future?

Brown smiles. He plugs in the cables, then descends the ladder.

BROWN

Right.

(a beat)

You know, kid, I... well, I'm gonna be sad to see you go. You've really made a difference in my life — you've given me something to shoot for. Just knowing that I'm gonna live to see 1985... that I'll succeed in this... that I'll get a chance to travel through time... well, it's just gonna be hard for me to wait 30 years before we can talk about everything that's happened in the past few days. I'm gonna really miss you.

Marty is particularly uncomfortable, knowing the fate of Dr. Brown.

MARTY

Yeah... uh, Doc, about the future...

BROWN

No, kid. We've already agreed that having knowledge of the future can be extremely dangerous. Even if your intentions are good, it could backfire drastically. Whatever it is you want to tell me, I'll find out through the natural course of time.

This is not what Marty wanted to hear, but he can see there's no arguing with Brown.

MARTY

(sighs)

Yeah... Listen, I'm gonna get a candy bar or something. You want anything?

BROWN

No thanks.

CUT TO:

106 INT. CAFÉ — INSERT — ON A LETTER

106

as a HAND with a pen writes.

107 INT. CAFÉ — WIDE ANGLE — NIGHT

107

MARTY is sitting at a booth writing. He reads it over.

MARTY

"Dr. Brown, on October 5, 1985, at about 1:30 a.m., you will be shot by terrorists. Please take whatever precautions are necessary to prevent this terrible disaster. Your friend, Marty. March 26, 1955."

Satisfied, Marty folds the letter, puts it in an envelope, and writes something on it.

108 INSERT — ENVELOPE

108

"Dr. Brown: do not open until October 1, 1985."

CUT TO:

109 EXT. ON STREET — NIGHT

109

Brown is on the ladder stringing electrical cable across the street, between the two lamp posts. MARTY returns with a candy bar. Brown's trenchcoat is laying on the tarped DeLorean. Making sure that Brown isn't watching, Marty surreptitiously places the ENVELOPE into a pocket.

Now a COP meanders over and watches.

COP

Evening, Dr. Brown. What's with the wire?

BROWN
Oh, I'm just doing a little weather experiment.

COP
(notices the tarped DeLorean)
And what's under here?

BROWN
Some new specialized weather sensing equipment.
Brown comes down from the ladder.

COP
You got a permit for this?

BROWN
(smiles)
Of course I do... right here.

He takes out his wallet and gives the cop a 50 dollar bill.

COP
(hesitant)
You're... not going to set anything on fire this time, are you, Dr. Brown?

Brown looks to Marty for guidance. Marty shakes his head.

BROWN
(to cop)
Naw.

COP
In that case, good luck.

He continues down the street.

BROWN
Thank you, officer.
(to Marty)
Say, kid, you'd better pick up your mom and get going.

Marty is about to get into the Packard. He hesitates and pulls the snapshot out of his pocket.

*
*

110 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

110

Marty is the only one in the picture now, it's as if his siblings never existed.

111 BACK TO SHOT

111

Marty stares at it, then puts it back in his pocket. He is uneasy and scared.

*

BROWN
You look a little pale. Are you okay?

*
*

MARTY

Oh sure, I feel great. Why shouldn't I? I'm going on a hot date with my mother.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

112 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM — DANCE — NIGHT

112

"Enchantment Under The Sea" is well underway.

On stage is the band: Marvin Berry and the Midnighters. They're all black. Marvin plays lead guitar and sings; there is also a drummer, piano player, sax and bass. They're playing "3 Coins In The Fountain."

The gym has been decorated in an undersea motif: seaweed, fish on the walls, a paper mache sunken ship, a "treasure chest," and a single school locker labeled "Davey Jones." There is also a BUBBLE MACHINE, ala Lawrence Welk.

As usual at school dances, there are teachers acting as chaperones (including Mr. Strickland), a busy refreshment table (including a cake in the shape of a fish), and wallflowers on the sidelines.

GEORGE is on the sidelines, bopping out of time to the music. He's quite nervous.

113 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

113

Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

114 INT. PACKARD — MARTY, LORRAINE

114

Marty, at the wheel, is very uneasy; Lorraine next to him looks beautiful in her best party dress. Marty glances at the clock on the dashboard. It's 8 minutes before 9.

MARTY

Uh, you don't mind if we, uh, park for a few minutes...?

LORRAINE

Why do you think I'd mind?

MARTY

Well, I don't know, some girls just don't like to...

LORRAINE

Marty, I'm almost 18 years old. It's not like I've never parked before.

She scoots over, very close to him. Marty fidgets. Boy, is he nervous!

LORRAINE

You seem nervous, Marty. Is anything wrong?

MARTY

Uh, no...

LORRAINE

Have some of this — it'll help you relax.

She pulls a pint bottle of gin out of her purse. Marty is shocked.

MARTY

What are you doing with that?

LORRAINE

I swiped it from the old man's liquor cabinet.

She takes a nip.

MARTY

Lorraine, you shouldn't drink!

LORRAINE

Why not?

MARTY

Well, it's just not healthy.

LORRAINE

Don't be so square, Marty. Everybody who's anybody does it.

She hands it to him.

MARTY

Maybe I could use a hit....

Just as he takes a swig, she pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Marty spits out the gin in surprise.

MARTY

Jesus — you smoke, too?

LORRAINE

Now, Marty, you're not going to tell me that smoking is unhealthy. Everyone knows that it calms your nerves and it's good for the circulation.

MARTY

It'll give you cancer!

LORRAINE

You know, you sound just like my mother. When I have kids. I'm gonna let them do anything they want. Anything.

MARTY

I'd sure like to have that in writing.

The comment goes right past Lorraine.

LORRAINE

So what are your parents like? Are they as square as mine?

MARTY

Lorraine, lately I've come to the conclusion that I don't know anything about 'em.

Marvin Berry and the Midnighters finish up a number. Everyone applauds. Marvin steps up to the microphone.

MARVIN

We're gonna take a break now, but we'll be back in just a little while, so don't go away.

The band members leave their instruments on the stage and head out a side door.

GEORGE now glances at the clock in the gym. It says "8:59." Alarmed, he checks his own watch.

116 INSERT — GEORGE'S WATCH which reads "8:55."

116

117 GEORGE
is even more alarmed. He runs over to a nearby STUDENT.

117

GEORGE

What time do you have?

STUDENT

Five after nine.

George is panic stricken! He runs like hell out of the gym!

118 INT. PACKARD — MARTY, LORRAINE — NIGHT

118

Marty fidgets and looks at the clock again.

LORRAINE

Marty, why are you so nervous?

Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY

Well, have you ever been in a situation where, well, you know you have to act a certain way, but when you get there, you don't know if you can go through with it?

LORRAINE

You mean like how you're supposed to act with someone on a first date?

MARTY

Well, sort of...

LORRAINE

I think I know exactly what you mean.

MARTY

You do?

LORRAINE

(nods)

And you know what I do in those situations?

Marty looks at her.

LORRAINE

I don't worry about it!

And with that, she throws herself on him, kissing him passionately. Marty is absolutely shocked!

119 INT. SCHOOL HALL — NIGHT

119

George is in a PHONE BOOTH, dialing a number. It rings and a WOMAN answers.

WOMAN

(V.O. phone)

At the tone, the time will be nine o'clock, exactly....

A KID named DIXON (class prankster type) sticks a broom through the phone booth door handle. George tries to get out, but he's trapped.

*

*

Dixon LAUGHS loudly.

George jerks the door frantically, and Dixon just laughs louder.

120 INT. PACKARD — NIGHT

120

Lorraine continues her passionate assault of Marty — then abruptly stops and pushes him away. She's very confused.

LORRAINE

This isn't right.

(sighs)

I don't know what it is, but... when I kiss you, something's wrong. I almost feel like... like I was kissing my brother... or my father. I don't understand it, but I just know it's wrong. I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY

Believe me, it makes perfect sense.

We hear the sounds of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

LORRAINE

Sounds like somebody's coming.

Marty hears it too. He looks at the dashboard clock: 9:00. He sighs with defeat.

MARTY

Yeah... I know...

Suddenly the driver's door is opened, an arm reaches in, yanks Marty out, and Marty finds himself face to face with
BIFF!

Match, 3-D and Skinhead are with him.

BIFF

You caused \$300 damage to my car, dipshit. And I'm gonna take it outta your ass... Hold him, guys.

*

Biff shoves him roughly into the arms of Skinhead. Marty struggles, but Skinhead and Match grab him and restrain him

LORRAINE

Let go of him! Leave him alone, Biff! You're drunk.

Biff takes a look at Lorraine in the car.

BIFF

Well, lookee what we have here. Maybe I'll take it out of your ass...

She lunges at her door to escape, but Biff grabs her and climbs into the car.

BIFF

Oh, no, you're stayin' right here with me.

Biff pulls her toward him.

MARTY

Get you hands off her, you son-of-a-bitch.

Biff leers at Marty.

BIFF

I'll take care of you after I take care of her. (to his boys) Take him around back. I'll be there in a minute.

(a beat)

Go on! This ain't no peepshow!

They drag Marty away. Biff shuts the car door and tries to kiss her. She struggles, and in a moment, all we can see through the windshield are tussling arms and legs, accompanied by Lorraine's muffled screams.

121 EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

121

Skinhead, Match and 3-D drag Marty around the corner to the side of the school where a CADILLAC is parked with its trunk open.

SKINHEAD

Hey — let's lock him in that trunk!

They throw Marty into the car trunk and slam the lid shut. Then, the Cadillac's driver's door is thrown open and the DRUMMER from the band steps out. He's smoking a reefer.

DRUMMER

Say, what you messin' with my car for?

3-D

Beat it, spook, this don't concern you!

The other 3 car doors open, and MARVIN BERRY and the OTHER BAND MEMBERS get out. They look real “bad” with their processed hair.

MARVIN

Who you callin’ “spook,” peckerwood?

Biff’s boys exchange worried looks as the band members advance on them.

SKINHEAD

Hey, I don’t want to mess with no reefer addicts!

Biff’s boys take off (in the opposite direction from the Packard), but Marvin and the band manage to kick ‘em all in the ass as they run away.

Now we hear beating on the trunk from the inside, and Marty’s muffled voice.

MARTY’S VOICE

Lemme out! Lemme out!

MARVIN

Hey, Reginald, where’s your keys?

The drummer checks his pockets, and inside the car. He can’t find them.

MARTY’S VOICE

They’re in here! The keys are in here!

MARVIN

Dammit, boy, you left them suckers in the trunk!

122 INT. — PACKARD

122

Lorraine is trying to fight off Biff. It’s a real struggle for her.

123 EXT. PARKING LOT — ON THE PACKARD

123

Through the windshield we see arms and legs flailing about in a struggle. We hear SCREAMING.

Now GEORGE arrives. He spots the car and goes into his act. He adjusts his pants, strides to the car like John Wayne, and opens the driver’s door.

GEORGE

Hey, you! Get your damn hands — uh, oh!

George realizes he’s facing Biff. Now he’s really scared.

BIFF

I think you got the wrong car, McFly.

LORRAINE

George! Help me!

George doesn’t know what to do. He stares in dumbfounded amazement.

BIFF
Just close the door, McFly and walk away.

GEORGE
Uh, okay, Biff...

He turns and takes a few steps.

LORRAINE
George! Please! Help me!

George can't stand it. He stops and goes back. He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
All right, Biff. You let her alone.

BIFF
Who's gonna make me?

GEORGE
(gulps)
I am.

Biff steps out of the car and laughs loudly.

BIFF
Yeah? You and what army, McFly?

George balls his right hand into a fist and takes a swing at Biff — but Biff grabs his arm and starts twisting it.

George grimaces.

124 EXT. AT THE CADILLAC 124

Meanwhile, Marvin is trying to pop the trunk lock with a screwdriver. He's not having much luck.

125 EXT. PACKARD 125

Biff twists George's arm harder.

LORRAINE
Stop it, Biff! You'll break his arm!

She tries to pull him away. He slaps her backhand, knocking her down.

Biff laughs.

George's expression immediately goes from pain to rage — intense rage... and George lets go with a TREMENDOUS LEFT HOOK, SMACK INTO BIFF'S FACE!

Biff hits the ground, out cold!

George can't believe he did it! He looks at his fist, looks down at Biff, and grins widely.

LORRAINE

Oh, George, you were wonderful!

She looks at him with adoring eyes.

126 AT THE CADILLAC

126

Marvin has his screwdriver in the lock. He gives it a hard jerk: the trunk pops open, but he puts a big gash in his hand.

MARVIN

Damnit — I sliced my hand!

Marty jumps out of the trunk.

MARTY

Thanks a lot!

He dashes back toward the Packard.

127 MARTY

127

rushes onto the parking lot and is astonished to see GEORGE AND LORRAINE EMBRACING... and BIFF out cold on the ground. He keeps his distance, allowing them to have their moment.

Nearby, a few KID BYSTANDERS come over to them.

BYSTANDER #1

George, we never knew you had it in you!

BYSTANDER #2

Yeah! Ever think about going out for the team?

BYSTANDER #3

How about running for class president?

GEORGE

Well, I'll have to think about it.

Marty can't believe what he's hearing.

Now George and Lorraine head for the school.

128 EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

128

George and Lorraine go up the front stairs. Marty watches from a safe distance away. Just as they're about to go in, Lorraine turns and sees Marty. She smiles. He smiles back.

Now Marty pulls out the snapshot and takes a look.

129 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

129

Marty's own image is beginning to fade.

In the background, we hear distant THUNDER.

130 MARTY 130
is shocked. He considers the situation a moment, then realizes the answer. He runs back toward the Cadillac.

131 AT THE CADILLAC 131

Marvin is wrapping a handkerchief around his cut hand while the band looks on.

Marty runs over to them.

MARTY
Hey, you guys, you've gotta get back in there and finish the dance!

MARVIN
Sorry, my friend, but we're through for tonight.

MARTY
What do you mean, you're through?

DRUMMER
Look at Marvin's hand! He can't play with it like that. And we can't play without Marvin.

MARTY
But you've gotta play! That's where they kiss for the first time — on the dance floor! If there's no music, they won't dance, they won't kiss, they won't fall in love..., and I'm a goner!

DRUMMER
Hey, man, the dance is over... unless you know somebody who can play guitar.

Marty looks at Marvin and smiles.

CUT TO:

132 INT. SCHOOL GYM 132

Marty is playing the guitar with the Midnighters, in a version of "Earth Angel."

George and Lorraine are on the floor, dancing.

Marty looks at them, then looks at the back of his guitar where, attached with chewing gum, is the snapshot. Nothing has changed. Marty watches his parents. He's getting nervous.

GEORGE AND LORRAINE are looking at each other as they dance. George seems a little unsure of himself.

LORRAINE
Aren't you going to kiss me, George?

GEORGE
(uncertain)

Well... I don't know...

Now DIXON butts in.

DIXON

Beat it, McFly, I'm cuttin' in.

He pushes George out of the way. ON STAGE, Marty reacts with horror. He looks at the snapshot.

133 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 133

Marty's image is definitely fading!

134 MARTY 134
blinks his eyes and start hitting wrong notes. He doesn't seem to be able to play the guitar anymore.

The DRUMMER notices this.

DRUMMER

Hey, man...what's wrong?

MARTY

I can't play! I don't know how to play the guitar!

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, Dixon has his hands all over Lorraine. Lorraine doesn't like it. She looks to George with pleading eyes.

MARTY is turning pale. He can barely stand up.

MARTY

I don't feel so good..

The band keeps on playing.

GEORGE sees Dixon with Lorraine. His anger rises and he strides over the them.

GEORGE
(to Dixon)

Get lost, jerk!

He yanks Dixon away from Lorraine and shoves him hard, sending him sprawling into the refreshment table — right into the punch bowl!

George takes Lorraine in his arms and kisses her!

ON STAGE, Marty immediately recovers! He jumps up, full of life, wired with energy. The color returns to his face, and he looks at the snapshot.

135 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 135

Marty's image is now sharp and clear, and his sister and brother are fading back in!

George and Lorraine are dancing very close. From the looks on their faces, there can be no doubt: they're in love.

GEORGE

You know, I'm gonna write all this up in a story and send it in for publication.

LORRAINE

I thought you only wrote science fiction.

GEORGE

It IS science fiction.

137 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

137

The photo is now as it was originally, with Marty, Linda and Dave all "back in existence."

138 ON STAGE

138

Marty is euphoric. He remembers how to play, and jumps into the opening riff of "Johnny B. Goode!"

MARTY

(to the band)

Follow me, fellas! Let's rock 'n roll!

The band joins in.

SERIES OF SHOTS — DANCE NUMBER

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, heads turn. There are reactions of astonishment from everyone — and the kids start dancing.

Marty euphorically begins cavorting around like Little Richard!

The band is really getting into it.

And the kids all go nuts, jumping and screaming.

Mr. Strickland, however, just shakes his head with disgust.

Marty whips off his sport coat and throws it into the crowd!

139 INT. BACK STAGE — PUBLIC TELEPHONE

139

MARVIN BERRY is on the phone.

MARVIN

(into phone)

Chuck? This is Marvin!

(pauses)

Marvin Berry! Your cousin! Now, listen — I think this is the sound you've been looking for...

He holds the phone toward the music.

140 INT. SCHOOL GYM

140

The pandemonium continues.

Now Marty tears open his shirt and does some Elvis pelvis moves.

Girls scream!

Marty's movements become Mick Jaggeresque, then take on a Michael Jackson style... Finally he drifts into pure HEAVY METAL, puts his guitar next to the amp, making FEEDBACK.

This goes a little too far for 1955 musical tastes — the band stops playing, and the kids stop dancing. They all watch Marty, not sure what to think.

Marty suddenly realizes he's gone too far. He smiles sheepishly and steps up to the microphone.

MARTY

Uh, sorry, you guys aren't ready for that yet. But your kids are gonna love it.

He picks up the song again with the band. They do one more chorus.

Marty wraps up the song with a final riff, and the students all go berserk with applause!

CUT TO:

141 EXT. CLOCK TOWER — NIGHT

141

It's 4 minutes before 10:00.

142 ON THE STREET

142

BROWN, wearing the trenchcoat, paces back and forth anxiously. The wind is picking up, and we hear DISTANT THUNDER. The entire "lightning rod setup" is complete, with the cable strung across the street between the two lampposts. Brown checks his wristwatch: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn! Where is that kid?

Brown pulls out a pocket watch and checks it: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

Brown checks a wristwatch on his other wrist. It's 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

At last, the PACKARD pulls up across the street from the tarped DeLorean. Marty jumps out, dressed in his 1985 clothes.

BROWN

You're late! Do you have no concept of time?

Brown pulls the tarp off the DeLorean and raises the "trolley hook" on back to its full height.

MARTY

Take it easy, Doc! I had to change my clothes. Everything's cool — they're back together...and here's the proof.

Marty shows him the fully restored snapshot.

MARTY

Yeah, old George really came through. Laid out Biff with one punch — cold cocked him... and I had to miss it. I never knew he had it in him. Hell, my old man's never stood up to Biff in his life.

Brown opens the DeLorean door.

BROWN

All right, let's set your destination time. This is the exact time you left...

143 INSERT — L.E.D. READOUT

143

On a readout labeled "Last Time of Departure" is "OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:11 A.M."

144 BROWN

144

punches the appropriate keypad.

BROWN
(continuing)

Let's send you home 10 minutes later...

144 INSERT

144

The readout labeled "Destination Time" lights up to read "OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:21 A.M." We can see that the two readouts differ by 10 minutes.

145 EXT. ON BROWN AND MARTY

145

BROWN
(continuing)

Ten minutes isn't long enough for you to be missed. Now, I've painted a white line on the street up there — that's where you start from.

(continuing)

I've calculated the precise distance, taking into account the acceleration speed and wind resistance retroactive from the moment the lightning will strike...

He picks up a WIND-UP ALARM CLOCK.

BROWN
(continuing)

When this alarm goes off, you hit the gas.

Brown gives it a wind, then sets it on the DeLorean dashboard.

Brown looks around, then sighs.

BROWN

Well, I guess that's everything.

Marty extends his hand.

MARTY

Doc, thanks for everything.

They shake hands.

BROWN

Thank YOU. I'll see you in about 30 years.

Marty sighs, again thinking of Brown's destiny and the letter.

MARTY

I... I hope so.

BROWN

Don't worry. As long as you hit that wire with this hook, everything'll be fine.

MARTY

Right...

Brown puts his hands in his pockets and withdraws the letter Marty put there. He looks at it curiously. Marty turns away.

BROWN

What's the meaning of this?

MARTY

You'll find out in 30 years.

BROWN

It's about the future, isn't it? Information about the future?

MARTY

You'll find out in 30 years.

BROWN

I warned you about this, kid. The consequences could be disastrous.

MARTY

You've gotta take that risk, Doc. Your life depends on it.

BROWN

(shakes his head)

No. I'm not going to accept the responsibility.

Brown tears up the envelope and shoves the pieces into the Packard ashtray.

MARTY

All right, Doc, in that case, I'll just have to tell you straight out—

But before Marty can get the words out, a TREMENDOUS GUST OF WIND comes up accompanied by a loud CRACK! They turn: A TREE LIMB in the square has blown down right on top of the cable between the clock tower and the first lamp post!

The paddle-plug attached to the lightning rod on the clock tower is yanked out, and the cable drops down from the clock tower!

BROWN

Great Scott! Kid — find the end of that cable — I'll throw the rope down to you!

Brown grabs a big coil of rope and dashes into the courthouse.

Marty gulps. He takes a look at the fallen tree branch on the cable, then goes hunting for the end of it.

The wind is picking up, and the sound of THUNDER approaches.

146 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRS — NIGHT 146

Brown charges up the several flights of stairs like a madman!

147 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE 147

Marty pulls in the cable, hunting for the end of it. At last he finds it. He looks up at the clock tower.

148 EXT. ON THE CLOCK TOWER 148

A DOOR opens up, giving access to the ledge below the clock. BROWN steps out. His hair blows wildly in the wind, and lightning flashes in the distance. He looks up.

149 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 149
the CONNECTING SOCKET, dangling on its cable between the "1" and "2" on the huge clock face. Its other end is attached to the lightning rod on the tower above.

150 BROWN 150
looks down.

151 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 151
MARTY, 5 stories below, waving with the paddle plug in hand.

152 BROWN 152
tosses one end of the rope down. The coil unravels.

153 EXT. THE SQUARE 153

The rope drops to the ground.

Marty runs over, grabs it, and ties it to the paddle plug. He waves back to Brown.

154 BROWN 154
nods and starts pulling the rope with the cable back up.

155	MARTY watches anxiously as the cable goes back up. He yells up at Brown.	155
	MARTY Doc! I gotta tell you about the future!	
156	INTERCUT WITH BROWN who can barely hear him.	156
	BROWN What??	
157	MARTY The future! On the night I travel back in time, the terrorists show up and you get—	157
158	BONG! It's exactly 10:00 — and the CLOCK BELLS STRIKE TEN! Marty can't be heard over the sound!	158
	Brown almost loses his balance with the huge bells tolling so close! He regains his footing, then pulls the rope up the rest of the way. He's got the paddle plug in hand.	
	Brown yells at Marty, but he can't be heard over the bells. Brown gestures that he's got the cable and that Marty should go.	
159	MARTY hesitates, but Brown gestures adamantly. At last Marty nods and runs to the DeLorean.	159
160	BROWN unties the rope from the end of the paddle plug and looks up at its socket mate dangling on the clock face. He reaches up for it, but he can't quite get it. He'll have to move across the ledge to get closer to it.	160
161	MARTY climbs into the DeLorean and closes the gull wing door.	161
162	INT. DELOREAN Marty turns the key in the ignition and revs it up. He puts the car in gear.	162
163	EXT. STREET — TOWN SQUARE The DeLorean takes off.	163
164	EXT. CLOCK TOWER Brown looks down and sees the DeLorean heading down the street. Brown moves along the ledge. He reaches up but he's still not close enough to grab the dangling socket. Lightning and thunder move ever closer.	164
165	EXT. STREET The DeLorean passes a hand-painted white line on the street — Brown has also painted the words "START HERE" for Marty's benefit. Marty makes a U-turn and pulls up to it, like a starting line.	165

Marty has an anxious expression on his face.

MARTY

Dammit, Doc, why'd you have to tear up that letter? If only there was a little more time—

Marty glances down at the 2 readouts, "Destination Time," and "Last Time Departed."

167 INSERT — THE TWO READOUTS

167

The "Destination Time" is set for "1:21 A.M.," 10 minutes later than the "Last Time Departed," which is at "1:11 A.M."

168 MARTY

168

has an idea.

MARTY

More time! I'll give myself some more time!

He pushes the appropriate buttons on the keypad.

169 INSERT — THE TWO READOUTS

169

The "minutes" indicator on the "Destination Time" begins counting backwards:
1:21...1:20...1:19...

170 EXT. CLOCK TOWER

170

Brown, with the cable in his left hand, moves a little further along the ledge.

Suddenly, the ledge CRACKS and CRUMBLES beneath his feet! Brown drops the cable and grabs onto the CLOCK HANDS to save himself! The cable drops onto his left foot!

Brown hangs precariously from the clock face like Harold Lloyd, wind blowing his hair, and lightning, cracking in the sky!

Brown carefully moves his right foot toward the intact section of ledge while trying to keep the cable balanced on his left foot.

His right foot moves closer... at last it finds safe footing. Brown takes a deep breath, then hops over onto the ledge.

He kicks the cable up with his left foot and catches it in his hand.

He sighs relief. Everything is all right. He reaches up with his right hand and is able to grab the dangling socket.

171 INT. DELOREAN

171

Marty is still fiddling with destination time.

172	<p>INSERT — READOUTS</p> <p>The destination time drops back to 1:12... 1:11... 1:10... 1:09... 1:08... 1:07—</p> <p>Suddenly the engine dies!</p>	172
173	<p>MARTY</p> <p>tries to restart it but it won't turn over.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARTY</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Come on, come on...!</p>	173
174	<p>EXT. CLOCK TOWER</p> <p>Brown has the plug in his left hand, the socket in his right. He brings them toward each other to plug them in — but they won't reach! Both ends are taut, but he's about a foot short!</p> <p>Brown looks down.</p>	174
175	<p>HIS P.O.V. OF</p> <p>the tree limb caught on the cable — which is the reason there's no slack!</p>	175
176	<p>BROWN</p> <p>jerks the end of the cable, trying to free it from the limb.</p>	176
177	<p>INTERCUT WITH THE CABLE</p> <p>caught on the limb as Brown tries to disengage it.</p>	177
178	<p>Brown can't free it. His face takes on intense determination, exaggerated by the wind and lightning. He gives the cable a tremendous yank.</p>	178
179	<p>The cable jerks free from the tree — but THE PLUG AT THE OTHER END IS WRENCHED OUT OF THE CONNECTING SOCKET ON THE LAMP POST!</p>	179
180	<p>BROWN reacts with horror. He now has a useless plug in his hand. Lightning cracks even closer!</p>	180
181	<p>INT. DELOREAN</p> <p>Marty is still trying to get the car restarted.</p> <p>Now the ALARM CLOCK rings!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MARTY</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Shit!</p> <p>At last the engine roars to life!</p> <p>Marty switches THE TIME CIRCUITS ON!</p> <p>The various indicators LIGHT UP!</p> <p>Marty puts the car in gear.</p>	181

Marty's FOOT hits the gas pedal.

182	EXT. STREET	182
	The DeLorean peels out!	
183	EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER	183
	Brown looks at the two cables in his hand, and the loose end below: how can he get everything connected? Suddenly he realizes what he must do. He ties the two of them tightly together, then plugs them in.	
184	EXT. THE STREET	184
	The DeLorean accelerates...	
185	INSERT — SPEEDOMETER	185
	It passes 40 mph.	
186	EXT. CLOCK TOWER	186
	Brown tests the tied connected cable ends to make sure they won't come apart: they're secure. He takes a deep breath, then grips the line tightly. HE JUMPS! BROWN SLIDES DOWN THE CABLE!	
187	EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE	187
	Brown drops down to the ground! He runs with the cable toward the lamp post!	
188	EXT. STREET	188
	The DELOREAN approaches the square!	
189	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	189
	Marty drives with determination.	
190	THE SPEEDOMETER passes 65.	190
191	MARTY'S P.O.V. OF the approaching wire strung across the street.	191
192	EXT. STREET	192
	BROWN gets to the plug end of the cable! It's dislodged from the tree limb, so he has enough slack. He races to the lamp post and the dangling socket.	
193	THE DELOREAN continues accelerating!	193
194	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	194
	THE SPEEDOMETER passes 85!	
	The INDICATOR LIGHTS behind MARTY begin registering.	

195	EXT. STREET	195
	BROWN grabs the socket cable and PLUGS HIS CABLE IN!	
196	INT. DELOREAN	196
	THE SPEEDOMETER HITS 88!	
197	EXT. CLOCK TOWER	197
	THE MOST SPECTACULAR BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA STRIKES THE LIGHTNING ROD!	
198	SERIES OF CUTS	198
	The connecting cable becomes electrified!	
	The DeLorean passes under the cable between the lamp posts.	
	The trolley hook on the DeLorean MAKES CONTACT with the electrified cable!	
	The T.F.C. GLOWS and DISCHARGES!	
199	EXT. STREET	199
	The DeLorean's time coils light up and the vehicle is sent BACK TO THE FUTURE!	
200	DR. BROWN	200
	lets out a whoop of delight and relief as he's drenched by the deluge.	
201	THE CABLE ACROSS THE STREET	201
	has wrenched the trolley pole out of the rear of the DeLorean. It's left there, swinging from the cable.	
202	BROWN	202
	looks up at the clock tower.	
203	THE CLOCK	203
	is stopped at 10:02	
	Lightning cracks behind it and we	
	DISSOLVE TO:	
204	THE CLOCK — OCTOBER 5, 1985 — NIGHT	204
	The storm dissolves away into an ordinary night sky. The clock tower shows 30 years of additional age...	
	CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL	
	HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE, as we saw it in the beginning. All is quiet — it's late.	
205	A RAGGEDY BUM	205
	is asleep on a bench. Suddenly his hair begins to stand on end...	

He's lit by an OFFSCREEN FLASH OF LIGHT, accompanied by a SONIC BOOM and a SHARP BLAST OF WIND.

We hold on him as we hear a SCREECH OF TIRES and an OFFSCREEN CRASH.
The BUM awakens and looks up to see...

206 EXT. THE BOARDED UP MOVIE THEATER — BUM'S P.O.V. 206

There is a big hole in the front of what used to be the theater.
Suddenly, THE DELOREAN backs out and onto the street!

207 THE BUM 207
shakes his head.

BUM

Crazy drunk driver.

He goes back to sleep.

208 INT. DELOREAN 208

MARTY looks at the readouts.

209 INSERT — READOUTS 209

"Present Time" now matches "Destination Time" at OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:07 A.M. "Last Time Departed" is now MARCH 26, 1955; 10:02 P.M."

210 MARTY 210
is delighted.

MARTY

All right!

He turns on the car radio. A contemporary ROCK TUNE comes on.

MARTY

All right!

He puts the car into forward gear. THE ENGINE DIES!

MARTY

Aw, shit!

He tries to start it again, but he can't get it to turn over.

MARTY

Come on, come on—

He looks up and sees out the windshield...

211 MARTY'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD — NIGHT 211

THE TERRORIST VAN, cruising down the street and around a corner.

212	MARTY is horrified.	212
	MARTY The terrorists! Damn, it's frozen!	
	(tries starting the car again)	*
213	EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THEATER, DELOREAN — NIGHT Marty gets out of the DeLorean and runs like hell down the street after the terrorist van. CUT TO:	213
214	EXT. THE MALL — NIGHT as MARTY arrives at the Mall. He keeps on running, past the entrance sign that reads "LONE PINE MALL" (with an image of a single pine tree), into the parking lot, just in time to see, a good 150 yards away...	214
		*
		*
215	MARTY'S P.O.V. OF the Terrorist van chasing down Dr. Brown — with Marty's younger self watching frozen in horror.	215
216	MARTY is both horrified and amazed — horrified at being too late; amazed at seeing himself, and to be seeing something he's already experienced from a third person point of view.	216
	MARTY Oh, God, no, I'm too late!	
217	HIS P.O.V. The Terrorist leans out of the van with the machine gun.	217
	TERRORIST Dr. Brown, you American dog, you have betrayed our cause! For that you die! He BLASTS Dr. Brown in the chest. Brown goes down. Everything is as it already happened.	
218	MARTY	218
	MARTY Oh, no!	
219	HIS P.O.V. The Terrorist van turns and goes after the younger Marty. Just as before, Marty dives into the DeLorean and roars off.	219
220	MARTY watches himself chased by the terrorists.	220

The DeLorean accelerates, even as it's being shot at, going faster and faster until it's enveloped in the BLINDING WHITE GLOW and vanishes!

But the terrorist van drives into the white glow; we hear cursing as the blinded driver loses control of the van. It swerves and goes out of control, hitting a parking median and flipping over on its side.

222 MARTY

222

now runs toward the fallen Dr. Brown, lying face down in the parking lot.

He reaches him, along with EINSTEIN the faithful dog.

Marty turns Brown over, tears in his eyes.

MARTY

Doc, no...

Suddenly, BROWN OPENS HIS EYES and SMILES!

MARTY

You're alive!

Brown stands.

BROWN

Of course, I'm alive.

MARTY

But you were shot — I saw it! I saw it twice!

Brown rips open his radiation suit revealing a BULLET PROOF VEST.

BROWN

It's the latest fashion in personal protection. It'll stop a slug from an elephant rifle at 30 yards.

MARTY

But how did you know?

Brown smiles, reaches into his pocket and pulls out the LETTER THAT MARTY WROTE — SCOTCH TAPED TOGETHER! It's yellow and brittle: 30 years old!

MARTY

(smiles, shaking his head)

After all that lecturing about screwing up future events and the space-time continuum...

BROWN

(shrugs)

Yeah, well, I figured, what the hell.

We hear APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

*

CUT TO:

223 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

223

The DeLorean pulls up to the darkened house.

The gull wing passenger door opens and Marty gets out. Brown is driving and Einstein takes Marty's seat. Marty turns to talk to Brown.

INTERCUT WITH BROWN IN THE DELOREAN

MARTY

So how far ahead are you going?

BROWN

I figure I'll take it slow at first.. go about 30 years, just to get my feet wet; then maybe see what's shaking in the 22nd or 23rd century.

MARTY

Well... good luck. And if you get a chance, look me up. I'll be... 47 years old.

BROWN

I will. Funny... I had to wait 30 years to catch up to you. Now you've gotta wait 30 years to catch up to me. Ain't life weird.

*
*

Brown gives him a wink. Marty closes the door.

224 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

224

Marty waves Brown off and heads toward his front door.

In the background, the DeLorean zooms off, and we see light from the offscreen TIME TRAVEL GLOW. Marty is hit by the sharp blast of wind.

CUT TO:

225 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — DAY

225

MARTY is on top of the bed, asleep in his clothes. Morning light streams in through the bedroom window; he stirs and opens his eyes. He blinks several times, as if getting his bearings, then sits up and looks around.

*

Yes, it's his room all right, and everything seems the same, from the Z-28 posters to his audio equipment.

Marty looks at the clock: 8:30. He looks at the wall calendar: the first four days of October are X'ed off — today is the 5th. Could it have all been a dream?

He gets out of bed and looks at himself in the mirror, then pinches himself to make sure he's real. He is. On the nightstand is a framed 5 x 7 version of the snapshot with he and his siblings. It looks the same.

*

He reaches into his waste can and pulls out the SUBMISSION FORM TO THE RECORD COMPANY. He looks at it, then decisively pulls the CASSETTE TAPE out of his drawer, and puts it in the envelope with the form.

*
*
*

MARTY comes out of his room with the envelope. He goes down the hall and stops short as he enters

*
*

LINDA and DAVE are seated at the dining room table which has been beautifully set for breakfast. The 5 table settings are elegant; Dave is eating a half of grapefruit; Linda has eggs benedict. Dave is wearing an expensive tailored suit and reads the business section of the morning paper.

*

MARTY

Say, are we having company or something?

LINDA

Not that I know of.

MARTY

Dave, aren't you working today?

DAVE

Sure, I always work on Saturday.

MARTY

Then what's with the fancy suit?

DAVE

(confused, doesn't understand)

Marty, are you all right?

MARTY

Yeah. Are YOU guys all right?

DAVE

Sure, never better. Here, let me take that — I'll mail it from the office.

Dave takes Marty's envelope.

*

Marty nods uneasily and takes his place at the table. A bowl of fresh strawberries is waiting for him.

Now GEORGE and LORRAINE enter from outside. They're tanned and healthy in TENNIS OUTFITS with tennis rackets. George carries himself with an air of confidence, and Lorraine looks terrific — thin and svelte, radiantly healthy and positive. This is a happy marriage.

Marty can't believe how good his mother looks.

MARTY

Mom! You look — great!!

LORRAINE

Why, thank you, Marty. Say, tonight's the big night, right? Your big date with Suzy Parker? Such a nice girl, I sure like her.

*

MARTY
(can't believe it's his mother talking)
Pardon me, Ma?

LORRAINE
You're going up to the lake tonight, aren't you? Haven't you been planning it for 2 weeks?

MARTY
Mom, we went through this last night. How can I go if Dad's car is wrecked?

GEORGE
Wrecked? There's nothing wrong with my car. In fact, Biff is out there waxing it right now.

228 INT./EXT. MCFLY KITCHEN — P.O.V — DAY

228

George opens the curtains, revealing BIFF waxing a new LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in the driveway. Biff is working diligently; his rough edges and arrogance are all gone.

George opens the window.

GEORGE
Hey, Biff, don't forget to wax the inside of the wheel covers. You forgot that last time.

BIFF
(friendly, eager to please)
Yes, sir, you're the boss, sir!

229 Marty is absolutely astonished.

229

GEORGE
(sitting back down)
Some employees will get away with murder if you don't stay on 'em. I've had to keep him in line ever since high school. Although if it wasn't for him, your mother and I would have never met.

LINDA
Yeah, Dad, you've told us a million times: you beat him up when he was bothering Mom and that's how the two of you fell in love.

LORRAINE
It was more than that. Your father literally came to my rescue. (sighs) It was so romantic!

LINDA
(rolls her eyes)
Cornball city.

Marty nods with complete understanding.

GEORGE
(calls into the kitchen)
Bertha, how about bringing Marty his French Toast?

A uniformed MAID ENTERS with a tray and sets a lovely plate of French Toast in front of Marty. Marty is too dumbfounded to speak.

GEORGE

Well, Bertha, you won't have to put up with that tiny kitchen much longer.

BERTHA

When will the new house be ready, sir?

GEORGE

Just as soon as they finish painting the tennis court and re-tiling the swimming pool. It'll be sad to leave this place, though. So many memories... of you kids, and of my days as a struggling writer.

BIFF ENTERS and hands George a HARDBACK BOOK.

BIFF

Oh, Mr. McFly, this just came in: It's the British edition of your current best seller. How many has it sold so far? A million?

230 INSERT — BOOK

230

It's called "A MATCH MADE IN SPACE," and the cover shows a bedroom with a space alien talking to a couple in bed — very reminiscent of Marty's "Darth Vader" visitation to George. The style indicates it's a science-fiction romance novel. The author's name, GEORGE McFLY, is in big letters.

231 BACK TO SHOT

231

GEORGE

Two million, hard cover.

BIFF

Oh, Marty — here's your keys. Your car is all waxed and ready for tonight.

Biff tosses him a set of keys.

MARTY

My car?

CUT TO:

232 EXT. McFLY HOUSE — DAY

232

Marty comes out of the house and opens the garage door, revealing A TRICKED OUT BLACK SUPRA, just like he saw in the showroom.

*

MARTY can't believe it. The personalized license plate says "MARTY I."

*

Marty approaches his new car.

VOICE (O.S.)

How about a ride, mister?

Marty turns — it's SUZY PARKER. She looks just the same: great.

MARTY

Suzy! Are you ever a sight for sore eyes! Let me look at you!

Marty looks at her, as if trying to make sure she's real. Suzy is hard-pressed to understand why Marty is making such a big deal about this.

SUZY

Marty, are you okay? You're acting like you haven't seen me in a week.

MARTY

I haven't.

He pulls her toward him... they're about to kiss... closer, closer...

And just as they kiss, their HAIR STANDS UP ON END. Marty's eyes widen with the inevitable expectation...

MARTY

Oh, no... not again...

233 We hear a SONIC BOOM, and Marty turns — the DELOREAN STREAKS UP in front of the 233
house.

234 DR. BROWN 234
jumps out, more wild-eyed and frantic than we've ever seen him. His clothes are
particularly bizarre — a weird mixture of past and future: a cowboy hat, a strange variation
on a Roman tunic, a cape, and striped plastic pants.

BROWN

Marty — you've gotta come with me — back to the future!

MARTY

Doc, I've got Suzy here. I was just gonna try out my new wheels.

BROWN

Well, bring her along — this concerns her, too.

*

Brown opens the passenger gull wing door for him. Marty and Suzy approach cautiously.

*

MARTY

What do you mean? What happens?

*

(sudden alarm)

Does something happen to us? Do we turn into assholes or something?

*

BROWN

No, you and Suzy both turn out fine. But your kids, Marty — something's
gotta be done about your kids!

Brown gets back in the DeLorean.

235 INT. DELOREAN 235
Marty gets in, and Suzy sits on his lap. She closes the door.

*

BROWN

Okay, here we go...

MARTY

You'd better back this thing up, Doc. We haven't got enough road to get up to 88.

BROWN

Where we're going, we don't use roads.

Brown hits a new switch on the dashboard: "WESTINGHOUSE FUSION ENERGIZER."

236 EXT. STREET

236

The DeLorean speeds down the street, then BLASTS OFF INTO THE SKY LIKE A STREAK!

*

Once again, the coils glow and the DeLorean is enveloped in the familiar white glow and disappears into the future...

ROLL END TITLES

FADE OUT

BETAS

"PILOT"

Written by

Evan Endicott

&

Josh Stoddard

COLD OPEN**INT. BARCADE - SILICON VALLEY - NIGHT**

A watering hole with a vintage video game theme-- ARCADE cabinets, neon PAC MAN art, quarter-dispensing WAITRESSES.

CLOSE ON: the baby-faced good looks of aspiring dot-com maverick BARRETT THORNHILL III, 22. We'll call him TREY. His blazer-tee outfit reads laid-back, but his manic energy and rapid speech suggest a neurotic, brilliant mind at work.

Trey stares at his LAPTOP, which contains a bunch of GRAPHS, CHARTS and DATA, when A CUTE CO-ED bumps him slightly as she jostles for a drink.

CUTE CO-ED

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to--

TREY

No problem.

CUTE CO-ED

(to the bartender)

Oyster Stout, please.

Still staring at his computer--

TREY

Interesting.

CUTE CO-ED

Excuse me?

TREY

It's just-- I wouldn't have pegged you as a beer drinker. If I'm going strictly by appearances, that is. You don't present yourself as a prototypical-- I would've thought Appletinis down the street, not tech geek beer bar. That's all.

CUTE CO-ED

(trying hard to be nice)

Oh. I guess I just felt like a beer? Fruity cocktails don't sit well with me.

Trey looks up at her. You can almost hear his gears turning.

TREY

Did you know that girls who like the taste of beer are sixty percent more likely to have sex on the first date than girls who prefer, say, red wine. Or Appletinis.

CUTE CO-ED

What?

TREY

That's not my opinion.
(indicating screen)
I have the data right here.

CUTE CO-ED

Hold on. You don't even know me--

TREY

For guys, it's more clear cut-- a guy who can easily imagine murdering someone? Eighty-eight percent chance he'll have sex with you on the first date--

CUTE CO-ED

You're disgusting.

The Co-ed drops cash on the bar and storms off. Nearby are two ALPHA MALES who have been listening.

ALPHA

Dude, that was epic. You some kind of anti-pussy wizard?

TREY

I'm an entrepreneur. Mobile apps. Working on something big.

ALPHA

What, like how to repel hot chicks in five easy steps? Who'd buy that?

The Alphas bump fists-- "Burn!" Trey doesn't miss a beat--

TREY

I suppose you guys would.

ALPHA TWO

What's that supposed to mean?

TREY

Just that men who wear silver jewelry and put orange slices in their beers are more likely to act on homosexual impulses. It's not a hundred percent correlation of course...

Alpha Two raises up on Trey, shoves him. Trey just points to his screen, unflinching--

TREY (CONT'D)

I have the data right here.

POP! Alpha Two PUNCHES Trey in the face as we SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: BETAS

ACT ONE

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - DAY

A COMMUNAL OFFICE SPACE for web startups, WeWork features an OPEN FLOOR PLAN and hip furnishings. PROGRAMMERS and DESIGNERS from various companies sit in clusters. COMPANY NAMES are posted on whiteboard walls of the open "offices."

CLOSE ON: introvert tech genius, AVINASH DAGAVI, 22. Prickly. Anxious. Odd. SWEAT on his lip. HEADPHONES on. A Steely Dan tune pulses in his head as he codes away on a laptop.

But despite the tune's smooth vibe, and his hoodie-and-cargo-shorts ensemble, Nash is anything but comfortable. *He can't concentrate.* We get QUICK CUTS from his POV--

-A FAT ENGINEER guzzles Cheetos straight from the bag.

-Two GEEKS shoot NERF GUNS at one another, LAUGHING.

-Various hands CLACKING AWAY at KEYBOARDS, the sound GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER until it drowns out the MUSIC.

One of the NERF WARRIORS bumps Nash's desk, knocking him from his trance. He adjusts the position of his keyboard, aligning it to an invisible grid in his mind, grabs his PHONE--

NASH

Inconsiderate.

INT. TREY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Trey, face BRUISED from the night before, drives while consulting his iPhone. ON THE PHONE: A PARKING APP entitled *SpaceRace* reveals a MAP of the block. A BLINKING GREEN DOT indicates an OPEN METER nearby, denoted by a CAR AVATAR. A sexy British App voice announces: "Space Available."

Trey races to the spot and parallel parks, as the APP emits its signature catchphrase: "Like a glllllove!"

Trey sits for a moment, contemplating the App. He studies the PARKING SPOTS around him, the TRAFFIC driving by, the blinking AVATAR. Analyzing. Calculating. *Then it hits him--*

TREY
(scoffs)
It won't work.

His phone rings. Nash.

TREY (CONT'D)
(answering)
Did you hear Michael Lau sold
SpaceRace for five-point-two?
Thing's a joke. It's dangerous. Am
I the only one who sees this?

INTERCUT: TREY IN HIS CAR AND NASH IN WEWORK, ON PHONES.

Nash isn't listening. He maneuvers through the crowded office, desperate for some privacy, past a HALO TOURNAMENT, through another company's STAFF MEETING...

NASH
Can't do this anymore. Can't be
productive here. Two weeks behind
schedule and everywhere Cheetos and
sweat stains and and and--
(ducking a Nerf ball)
Assholes!

TREY gets out his car and enters the WEWORK OFFICE BUILDING.

TREY
Nash? You're dropping your pronouns
again. Try to breathe...

We can hear Nash ranting incoherently on Trey's phone--

TREY (CONT'D)
Put on some of your smooth rock.
Your Billy Joel or whatever.

NASH

Billy Joel is shit! He does not soothe me. He is not the Little River Band. He is not Toto.

TREY

I can't talk to you when you're like this. Put Hobbes on.

NASH

Hobbes isn't here.

CUT TO:

THE AFOREMENTIONED HOBBS, 35. The team's cranky, mischievous lead coder lazes in his undies, laptop perched on his pasty stomach. With his unkempt beard and cynical edge, we get the impression he's been around the block a time or two.

HOBBS

Shit, that's hot. Are you wet?

ON HIS LAPTOP: Hobbes is VIDEO CHATTING with a SUICIDE GIRL.

SUICIDE GIRL

Like an oil slick, baby. Wanna see?

As the tattooed beauty starts to slip off her panties...

SLURRRP! We PAN to REVEAL a YOUNG HISPANIC BOY, 11, observing the show with keen interest, sucking down a BIG GULP. We are

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

where Hobbes is "cybering" in a crowded Fluff 'n Fold. The boy's MOTHER gestures to the DRYER he's sitting on--

HISPANIC MOTHER (O.S.)

Excuse me, Mister, you finish?

HOBBS

Finished? I'm barely half mast!

(to her son)

Como se dice, "cock-block?"

Just then-- HONK-HONK!-- a late model Civic pulls up outside. Hobbes slams his laptop shut--

OUTSIDE - IN THE CIVIC

MITCHELL, 19, sits behind the wheel sipping an energy drink. A sweet, nerdy junior coder with an innocent look and a rapid-fire, ADD-addled brain. He listens to GANGSTA RAP, vibing.

Hobbes clambers into the passenger seat, carrying a still-damp pair of Dickies, a t-shirt and some tube socks.

HOBBS

Swear to God, Mitch, this neighborhood's falling apart. Between the bums and the Illegals, I almost miss my ex.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I was gonna say, my roommate's mom does all our laundry. You ever want me to throw in a load or whatever, just say the word. G2G.

HOBBS

(not gonna happen)
Yeah, thanks. You got anymore of that Adderall lying around?

Hobbes digs inside the glove box.

MITCHELL

Just my, uh, prescription-- but I kind of need that to--

HOBBS

(finding the pills)
Perfect. Fuckin' exhausted.

He snatches Mitchell's energy drink and washes 'em down. Pockets a couple more. Mitchell chuckles nervously--

MITCHELL

Okay, bottoms up! So hey, is Trey meeting with that investor dude tomorrow?

HOBBS

That's the word from on high.

MITCHELL

So like, this could mean like serious cash, right?

HOBBS

I'd settle for grocery money. I eat any more ramen I'm gonna start sweating MSG.

(beat)

Hey, you got a picture of your roomie's mom?

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - MORNING

Trey enters the communal office and spots Nash hiding out in one of the small glass "privacy booths" used for phone and video conferences. Trey shakes his head. *Not good.*

CUT TO:

TREY AND NASH -- crammed into the SAME BOOTH, awkwardly close to one another. Nash can't make eye contact-- the violation of his personal space is too upsetting.

TREY

Nash. Talk to me.

Nash swallows, shifts awkwardly.

NASH

Uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

TREY AND NASH. Now standing in adjacent booths, speaking through the glass partition on their phones. Like inmates.

NASH (CONT'D)

Cancel the meeting.

TREY

You don't cancel on George Murchison. He's one of the most sought after angels in the valley. If he invests in BRB, we're all but guaranteed our Series A. No more bootstrapping. No more communal office. No more Nash freakouts.

NASH

It's not ready. I ran the beta last night and it drained my phone in twenty minutes.

TREY

Fuck the beta! Our algorithm alone is worth major seed money. Investors are buying napkin sketches from high school dropouts--

NASH

I don't make napkin sketches!

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - LOBBY - SAME

Mitchell and Hobbes clamber into an ELEVATOR packed with TECH GEEKS and HIPSTERS from other companies. All of them, texting, surfing, gaming, etc. Among them:

MIKKI, 21, an Asian-American coder whose style is a mash-up of Hello Kitty and Enid from Ghost World. And--

DANE, 24, a rail-thin graphic designer with sculpted facial hair, piercings and expensive glasses. Geek chic.

DANE
(to Mikki)
Gimme your number, I'll text you.

Mitchell stares longingly at Mikki as she and Dane BUMP PHONES, exchanging info with an app called BUMP-N-GRIND.

WEWORK OFFICES - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

DING! The elevator doors slide open, Hipsters and Geeks spilling out, hustling to their work areas. Mitchell continues to gaze at Mikki--

HOBBS
(rolling his eyes)
Jaysus. Quit pining and make a move already.

MITCHELL
What? I don't even know her name.

HOBBS
And Designer Dane just got her digits. He's one Björk reference away from sealing the deal.

MITCHELL
Yeah, but I can't-- I mean, Dane's like, a total badass.

They arrive at a communal table, unpacking their laptops.

HOBBS
Badasses don't manscape. And they sure as shit don't help bring apps like "Bump-n-Grind" into the world. We gotta get you this chick's number--
(notices something)
Oh, fuck me.

Mitchell follows Hobbes' gaze to:

ANGLE: THE PRIVACY BOOTHS -- where Trey and Nash continue to squabble. Trey is losing patience.

TREY

I'm trying to be sympathetic to
your needs, buddy, but--
(decides to push)
You remember freshman year, our
Numerical Analysis final?

Nash grunts-- not a pleasant memory.

TREY (CONT'D)

We almost flunked because you
refused to turn in something that
wasn't flawless. If I hadn't gone
behind your back and shown it to
Professor Woltjer, you'd of lost
your scholarship.

NASH

That was different.

TREY

"Done is better than perfect." Look
around you--

(indicating office)

Every one of those geeks think
they're working on the Next Big
Thing, but they're wrong. They're
deluded. None of them can do what
we do. BRB is our chance to change
the nature of human interaction.

(lets that sink in)

I can handle George Murchison. But
I need you to take care of the
tech. Can you can do that for me?

Trey places his fist on the glass between them for a fist
bump. But Nash refuses, storms out of the booth-- furious.

Trey exits his booth. He approaches Mitchell and Hobbes. The
boys look at him expectantly--

TREY (CONT'D)

He's fine. We're fine.

HOBBS

(re: his bruise)

What happened to your face?

TREY

Data mining.

Trey heads for the elevator, Hobbes turns to Mitchell.

HOBBS

You got a Plan B, right? In case
this thing goes tits up.

(he doesn't)

First rule of Startups, little man:
Always have a Plan B.

MITCHELL

I can't move back home. My mom
still has DSL.

Off Mitchell's furrowed brow we

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. "BARCADE" - LATER THAT EVENING

The Betas Gang is gathered at a booth, working on their laptops, beneath a CHALKBOARD full of EQUATIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS. In giant underlined letters: The Social Matrix. Trey is having one of his insight-whirlwinds, talking a mile a minute, gesticulating with a piece of chalk--

TREY

People in Western culture think in
one of three ways-- visual,
auditory or kinesthetic. So I'm
listening for clues as I talk to
her. She tells me she felt like a
beer, that cocktails don't sit
well. I offended her and she told
me to hold on.

He circles KINESTHETIC on the board, next to a drawing of a
HEART. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches, irked--

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hey, did you erase our beer menu?

REVEAL that the CHALKBOARD is just that. On the far right
side, half-erased names: -VEIZEN, -ORTER, -LE ALE, etc.

TREY

This is important.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

(taking the chalk)

Asshole.

Trey barely notices. Back to the gang--

TREY

If we identify our users by how they think, we reduce our match pool by two-thirds and increase our algorithm's success rate.

MITCHELL

The Social Matrix. That's like, totally-- I mean-- whoa.

HOBBS

Dude. If you're gonna red pill me, I need to be a whole lot drunker.

Nash doesn't look up from his laptop--

NASH

(his highest praise)
It's not terrible.

TREY

I know. Thank you, Nash.

Just then, a GROUP of BOISTEROUS ASIANS tumble into the bar wearing matching YELLOW POLOS. They're red-faced drunk.

MITCHELL

Hey, it's the Walk Star guys. You think they got their seed money?

TREY

For a glorified pedometer? I fucking hope not.

MITCHELL

You gotta admit, the name's catchy.

HOBBS

(dismissive)
So's the herp.
(beat)
At least our break room won't smell like kimchi anymore.

TREY

(to Nash)
That should be us, celebrating our seed round. Instead, we're getting lapped by a pack of pudgy Koreans.

Nash doesn't want to engage, but it's true. Trey digs in--

TREY (CONT'D)

Our algorithm could change the way human beings socialize forever.

(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)

But hey, who doesn't need another fitness app?

NASH

Fine.

TREY

Fine? Fine what?

NASH

The meeting. I'll go.

Trey smiles. Nash stands abruptly, folds his laptop--

NASH (CONT'D)

Going home to work on the code.

TREY

Great. Hey, do me a favor.
Tomorrow? Wear pants.

NASH

I don't own pants.

INT. BARCADE - LATER

Trey, Hobbes and Mitchell. Hobbes and Mitchell are staring at their phones. Actually, most of the people in the bar are on their phones. Trey can't take it--

TREY

See, this, this is what I'm talking about. We're surrounded by people, all desperate to interact, and everyone's staring at screens, pretending not to notice.

MITCHELL

Dude, have you played "Fruit Ninja"? It's sick.

HOBBS

Besides, this place is a dog park.

Trey points to a buttoned-up WOMAN in a TAILORED SUIT at the end of the bar. A pair of HEELS rests on the bar stool next to her. This is LISA RUDOLPH, 24.

TREY

Really? What do you call that?

HOBBS

Out of our league.

TREY

There are no leagues. Only players.

HOBBS

(to Mitchell)

God help us. He's been reading
Fiddy's Twitter feed again.

Trey approaches, picks up Lisa's heels, sets them on the bar--

TREY

Blisters, right? My Louboutins do
the same thing.

Lisa offers a pinched smile and returns the shoes to the
stool, rebuffing him. Continues typing on her phone.

LISA

It's pronounced Loo-boo-ta.

TREY

I know. I was just testing you.
You'd be surprised how few women
know how to say it.

(she ignores him)

Even those who do, rarely correct a
stranger's pronunciation. I'm
guessing you spend a lot of time
evaluating people. Are you in H.R.?

LISA

No, but I am busy. No offense.

TREY

Sure. Forgive me for trying to
start a conversation in a popular
social venue.

That pisses Lisa off. She looks up from her phone--

LISA

Actually, I'm working. But thanks
for the shot of judgment and the
condescension chaser. I thought
putting my shoes on the stool would
be a pretty clear sign I'm not
looking to get hit on by every
Aspie in the joint, but that's the
thing about you guys-- you're not
exactly aces when it comes to
reading people.

Lisa slips her heels on and departs, Trey moves back to
Hobbes and Mitchell, who have a laugh at his expense--

TREY

Fuck it. She's an outlier. Who's hungry?

EXT. BARCADE - LATER

A hip-hop themed Taco Truck ("Tacos, Nah'mean!") is parked at the curb in front of the bar. Drunken TECHIES wolf burritos and smoke e-cigarettes. Trey stands by the window, talking to the thuggish PROPRIETOR of the truck, while--

Mitchell and Hobbes sit on the sidewalk, eating tacos and drinking sodas. Hobbes spots Mikki and Dane standing in line.

HOBBS

Look sharp. Your future ex is here.

MITCHELL

What're you-- Oh God. No, wait--

But Hobbes is already making his way over to Mikki and Dane. Mitchell reluctantly follows.

HOBBS

(to Dane)

What's crackin', Chin Curtains?

DANE

I was just telling Mikki that I'm spinning at The Cellar on Friday. You guys should come check out my set.

HOBBS

Yeah, I will never be drunk enough for that. Mikki. A pleasure. I'm Hobbes. And this-- is Mitchell. Boy genius and turntable prodigy.

MITCHELL

Hi, hey, hello. It's nice to uh, finally... I've been watching you across the office for like, weeks. I mean, not-- not in a creepy way.

Cringe. Mikki offers a half-smirk in response.

DANE

What kind of stuff do you spin?

MITCHELL

Oh... all... kinds of stuff.

(Dane waits, curious)

You know, mad crazy beats, like--

(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(beat-boxing)
And the--
(scary dubstep noises)

A bizarre performance. But before Mitchell can dig himself deeper, Hobbes "trips" and SPILLS his drink on Dane's shirt.

HOBBS
Oh, shit! Sorry, man. We better get you to a sink.

DANE
Careful! This shirt's hand-painted.

Hobbes leads Dane away, shooting Mitchell a look-- "Make your move!" Mikki stares at him, bemused. When she finally speaks, her tone is completely deadpan. This is just how she rolls.

MIKKI
Nice beat-boxing. Are you classically trained?

MITCHELL
Ha! "Classically trained." LOL.
Totally. That's-- wow.

Another awkward beat.

MIKKI
Do I make you nervous, Mitchell?

INT. BARCADE BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Trey enters, bumping into Dane as he leaves. As he unzips at a urinal... REVEAL Hobbes behind him, drunk.

HOBBS
Hola, jefe. Que paso?

He sidles up next to Trey, uncomfortably close.

TREY
Common men's room decorum calls for a two foot gap between users.

HOBBS
So about this meeting tomorrow.
We're good, right? You feel ready?

Trey just looks at him like, "Of course."

HOBBS (CONT'D)

'Cause I'm thirty-five years old, man. That's like, ninety-five in Valley years. I can't take another failed start-up.

TREY

We're not gonna fail.

HOBBS

'Cause I think you might be onto something here, but if BRB tanks they're gonna Old Yeller my ass. Just-- look me in the eye and tell me you got this.

Trey turns to Hobbes as he zips up, looks him in the eye--

TREY

Hobbes. I got this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TREY'S CAR - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Smooth rock plays as Trey drives. In the passenger seat, Nash SCRATCHES at the woefully unfashionable JEANS he's wearing.

NASH

I feel like my legs are suffocating.

The car approaches a modern mansion, a GLORIOUS GLASS STRUCTURE perched on Wolfback Ridge Road. We see the unmistakable trappings of an exclusive PARTY in progress. VALETS help guests from FANCY CARS, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE drink and laugh on the expansive deck.

NASH (CONT'D)

What is this? What's going on?

TREY

Looks like The Murch is having a few people over.

NASH

You told me we were going to a meeting. This is-- this is why you made me wear pants! You lied to me.

TREY

No, I managed expectations. If I told you we were going to a party, you'd be in the fetal position humming Hall and Oates right now. Now stay close and don't say anything.

NASH

What? Why?

A VALET opens Trey's door, ending the debate.

EXT. MODERN MANSION - AFTERNOON

A BORED ATTENDANT waits with an iPad, checking a GUEST LIST.

TREY

(nervous, speedy)
Hey there. Larry Page and Shamit Ramdi. We should be on the--

BORED ATTENDANT

Have a great time.

Trey smirks to himself, pushes Nash ahead of him into...

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE FOYER. Where POWER PLAYERS and WELL-TO-DO GUESTS network and mingle.

NASH

What was that? We weren't invited?!

TREY

"All war is based on deception."
Sun Tzu. Re-tweeted by Fifty Cent.

They continue into...

INT. MURCH'S MODERN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Massive. Sleek. Stylish. GUESTS mingle amidst the Far East-meets-future decor while a BAND of shaggy, middle-aged MUSICIANS rock out on a STAGE at the far end of the room.

NASH

(freaking out)
We can't-- We don't belong here.

Nash starts scratching at his legs and HUMMING. Trey grabs his shoulders--

TREY

Nash, I need you to listen to me.
It's gonna be fine. We just need to
find the Murch, get five minutes
alone with him, and do our thing.
Can you breathe for me? Big in
through the nose...

Nash stops scratching and humming. Inhales. Exhales.

TREY (CONT'D)

Okay. Follow me.

They move through the crowd, Trey pointing out the players--

TREY (CONT'D)

(re: a well-dressed geek)
Chris McLaren. Designed the *Mad Cow*
games. Escapist bullshit, but his
company's valued at \$600 million.
We'll do better.

(re: a regal 60-year-old)
Felix Abasi, big time V.C. He
invested in *Lunagram* and about a
billion others. And that-- is
George Murchison.

ON STAGE WITH THE BAND-- Millionaire Angel Investor GEORGE
"THE MURCH" MURCHISON jams on the FLUTE, Jethro Tull style.
Not the slick money-man we may have imagined, but a slightly
pudgy ex-hippie in linen pants and a sherwani.

TREY (CONT'D)

Don't let the flute and sandals act
fool you, he's got a mind like--

NASH

--John Mayer.

TREY

What?

NASH

He's playing. With John. Mayer.

Sure enough, neo-blues pretty boy JOHN MAYER is jamming with
The Murch, mid-guitar solo. As the band hits its final note--

TREY

Go time.

A smattering of APPLAUSE. Trey drags Nash toward the stage, where The Murch kisses cheeks and slaps fives.

TREY (CONT'D)

Mr. Murchison. Trey Thornhill. This is my partner, Avinash Dagavi. We met briefly at your TED talk last--

MURCH

Ah yes, Thornhill. Got your emails.
(pointed)
All twenty of them. How did you...
Did I invite you?

TREY

If we could just get five minutes of your time, we're working on something--

MURCH

Got a party to host, kid. You wanna talk shop, call my office Monday morning and set something up.

TREY

I've been calling your office for weeks, but they told me--

The Murch walks off, leaving Trey and Nash with their dicks in their hands. Nash scratches his leg--

NASH

We're fucked.

TREY

Easy, bud. We just got here.

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - AFTERNOON - SAME TIME

Hobbes and Mitchell are debugging.

HOBBS

Beta's still draining juice like a Saigon street walker. Did you try switching from GPS to the local cell network?

But Mitchell isn't listening. He's watching Mikki and Dane in the distance. Dane has his shirt lifted up, revealing a TATTOO OF HEADPHONES on his right pec.

MITCHELL

I totally blew it with Mikki.

HOBBS

Lemme tell you something about the ladies, Mitch. They're slow to warm up, but they reward persistence. Think of Mikki as a frostbitten limb. Cold and incapable of feeling, but you rub long and hard enough, you'll get to the pink.

Hobbes pulls an iPhone out of his pocket--

HOBBS (CONT'D)

To whit-- Dane's iPhone.

MITCHELL

What? How did you--

HOBBS

Let's just say it fell out of his pocket. Now, I send you Mikki's digits...

(he swipes and sends)
And then we change her number in Dane's phone...

MITCHELL

Change it to what?

HOBBS

To mine. So when I send Dane a text--

MITCHELL

(catching on)
He'll think it's coming from Mikki... But if I have her number, shouldn't I just, like, call her?

HOBBS

Are you a Jedi master of the Social Matrix? No. For guys like us, love is a fucking jungle, and the only way you get a girl like Mikki is by taking out the alpha. Dane's gotta go. And by "go," I mean suffer brutal humiliation by our hands.

Hobbes holds out Dane's phone. A nervous Mitchell takes it.

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - VARIOUS

Trey talks shop with a fellow ENTREPRENEUR.

TREY

I don't want to take the first money that comes knocking. I need an investor with vision, someone who sees the long game. Have you seen Murchison anywhere?

ENTREPRENEUR

Nah. He usually doesn't put in much face time at these things. Unless you're, you know--

He indicates a small group of DARK-HAIRED HOTTIES nearby.

ENTREPRENEUR (CONT'D)

Then he's got plenty of face to give.

Meanwhile... NASH has retreated to his "happy place"-- earbuds in, Yacht Rock cranked. He hums along, nibbling on satay skewers, focused intensely on something OFF SCREEN.

He eyes it critically, carefully, like a scientist studying a chemical reaction. And then we see it--

A FRAMED SHUNGA WATERCOLOR of a naked Japanese woman receiving oral pleasure from an OCTOPUS.

NASH

Ridiculous. Mollusks have barbed tongues.

Reveal A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN standing next to him, nonplussed.

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - BULLPEN - LATER

Mitchell lurks near Dane's desk, in espionage mode. When Dane gets up, Mitchell slips Dane's PHONE into his messenger bag.

MIKKI (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Startled, Mitchell turns to find Mikki watching him.

MITCHELL

What? Nothing. I... was just...

MIKKI

'Cause it looked like you put a phone in Dane's bag. Which is weird, 'cause he's been looking for his phone all day.

Mitchell, freaked, confesses in a single breath--

MITCHELL

Hobbes took it to get me your number because you and Dane bumped phones earlier and then we changed your number so we could text Dane but pretend we were you and--

MIKKI

Cool. I want in.

MITCHELL

You want... what?

MIKKI

If you're messing with Dane, I want in. I'm bored. Plus, he's a tool.

MITCHELL

I thought you guys were-- why'd you give him your number?

MIKKI

He said he had a weed connect. I just moved here and I'm out.

INT. MODERN MANSION - SAME TIME

Nash reloads on skewers, arranging them OCD-style when--

VOICE (O.S.)

Avinash? OMG, is that you?

Nash turns to find MICHAEL LAU (22), the *SpaceRace* impresario, bounding over, arms extended for a hug.

NASH

Michael Lau.

MICHAEL LAU

It's been ages!

NASH'S POV: Lau closes in fast-- uncomfortably so-- but there's something adorable about his nebbish, bespectacled face that keeps Nash from beating a hasty retreat.

MICHAEL LAU (CONT'D)

After you guys dropped out junior year it was like-- "Poof! Ghost Protocol initiated!" I miss our old hack sessions.

We may sense some sexual tension between these two... not that they're aware of it.

NASH
(overly formal)
Congratulations on *SpaceRace*.

MICHAEL LAU
(nicest guy ever)
I think they overvalued it, but...
I'm just psyched to see what you're
cooking up.

Nash scratches, doesn't make eye contact. Michael notices the
Shunga prints--

MICHAEL LAU (CONT'D)
Wow, these are explicit, aren't
they? Geez.
(chuckles)
Erotic!... You wanna get some air?

EXT. MURCH'S MANSION - DECK - SUNSET

Trey checks his watch, impatient. Looks across the DECK and
sees LISA, the woman from Barcade, standing alone, taking in
the sunset. He approaches. She sees him coming--

LISA
And just like that, a stunning
view... ruined.

TREY
I didn't catch your name last
night. Trey Thornhill.

He extends his hand, but she doesn't return the offer.

TREY (CONT'D)
I just came over to tell you that I
wasn't hitting on you last night.
You're not even my type, I prefer
tall women with blond hair. No
freckles, dancer's build, a little
extra in the trunk is fine, far
less conservative fashion sense--

LISA
Are you for real? I need to get
this on video.

TREY

My point is, I was conducting research when I approached you and while I can see how you'd misinterpret my intentions, I assure you they had nothing to do with sexual desire.

LISA

Well thank God for that.
(wait--)
Did you say research?

TREY

Yes. I'm developing an app that's going to revolutionize social networking. I'm here to pitch it to George Murchison.

LISA

(not impressed)
Sounds promising.

TREY

It is. Very promising. I promise.

Just then, Nash steps outside with Lau, buddy-buddy. Trey is taken aback--

TREY (CONT'D)

What the shit?

Lisa turns, sees Lau too--

LISA

Ah! There he is. Michael!
(waves Lau over)
Well, Trey, it's been strange.

TREY

You're with Michael Lau?

LISA

With, with? God no. George Murchison invested in him. And as Mr. Murchison's Senior Analyst, it's my job to make sure that investment pays off.

Panic takes hold as Trey realizes what he just stepped in. Lau smiles at Trey, goes for a high five--

LAU

Thornhill in the hay-ouse!

But Trey leaves Lau hanging, too stunned to react.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

EXT. MURCH'S MANSION - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Trey speed-walks away from Lau and Lisa, grabbing Nash by the elbow and dragging him with--

TREY

That's Murch's gatekeeper, and she doesn't like me. We need to find him while she's busy with Lau--

NASH

(mouth full of satay)
But he said to call next week--

TREY

We're done waiting. Time to see the wizard.

INT. MURCH'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trey spots the Murch holding court, wielding a SAMURAI SWORD behind a SUSHI BAR made of ice.

MURCH

This bluefin was caught less than twenty hours ago off the coast of Matsusaka. Wait 'til you taste the freshness.

The Murch carefully slices into the fish, the small crowd "oohs" and "aahs."

MURCH (CONT'D)

Anyone tries to dip this in soy sauce will get my *shinshinto* sword up their ass.

LAUGHS from the group. Trey pushes his way to the front.

TREY

Mr. Murchison. I'm sorry, if we could just get five minutes--

MURCH

I thought I told you to fuck off.

TREY

Actually, you told me to call your office next week, but next week is too late.

MURCH

This isn't the time or the place, kid.

Trey spots Lisa CLOSING IN. Now or never--

TREY

"The only wrong place is second place." You said that, sir, in your keynote.

A beat. The Murch sheathes his sword--

MURCH

Five minutes.

INT. MODERN MANSION - MURCH'S OFFICE

Murch reclines behind a massive desk in his man cave, smoking a JOINT, surrounded by GIANT MONITORS. Lisa stands behind him, waving smoke away as she takes notes on a tablet.

Nash nervously works a laptop, which feeds ONE OF THE MONITORS -- displaying a MOCKUP for the "BRB" MOBILE APP. Trey is mid-presentation, spreading his gospel.

TREY

--the key is "novelty." Our brains are wired to seek it. Our libidos demand it. And yet, most social networking tools connect us with people we *already* know. BRB is different. Our app introduces you to people you *should* know. *New* people. And it tells you where these people are hanging out, in real time, so you can stop staring at screens and get out into the real world, where meaningful interactions happen.

MURCH

"Meaningful interactions"... You mean fucking?

TREY

It's bigger than that. I'm talking about a world without loneliness.

MURCH
Social's all sewn up, kid.

LISA
You can't go toe to toe with
Facebook.

But Trey won't be dismissed so easily--

TREY
When Facebook launched, kids used
it to enhance their social lives.
Now my grandma's on there "liking"
casserole recipes and Taylor
Lautner's abs have a fan page.
We've turned life into a spectator
sport, but in our *real* lives, we're
lonelier than ever.

Murch picks up his flute and blows a few bars, unconvinced.

MURCH
I've got a second set with Mayer.
So stop tickling my nipples and
show me what you're packing.

TREY
Nash? Show the man how it works.

Nash shoots Trey a worried look, then pulls up The Murch's
FACEBOOK PROFILE on a monitor. With a few keystrokes, he's
HACKED INTO IT.

TREY (CONT'D)
BRB will use its own proprietary
interface-- the beta is already
underway. But for the sake of
demonstration-- this is *your social
life*, as Facebook sees it. But when
we apply our algorithm...

Nash CLACKS AWAY, applying the BRB algorithm to reveal
PROFILES Murch has a high match percentage with on the site,
ranked by common interests and geographical proximity.

MURCH
Whoa. What just happened?

TREY
These are people you'd like. Ranked
by common interests, proximity and
a thousand other factors I can't
reveal just yet. Map, please.

A MAP similar to Google Maps appears, GLOWING PINS identifying USERS' locations in nearby San Francisco.

TREY (CONT'D)

There they are. All over the city,
which has just become your social
oyster. Now let's find you a pearl.

Nash ZOOMS in on THE MURCH'S HOUSE-- a smaller set of PINS.

TREY (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you're a brunette man.

NASH CLACKS AWAY, and most of the pins vanish, leaving four or five remaining. He MOUSES over one, finding a match ratio of 92%, and clicks, bringing up her FACEBOOK PROFILE.

TREY (CONT'D)

Debbie. Late 20s, mixing and mingling as we speak. I'm guessing she's into gold digging, medical marijuana and Aqualung. But you don't have to guess, because BRB says you've got a nine-in-ten shot at sexual chemistry. And this is only the beginning.

Nash clicks. HOUSANDS of MARKERS erupt on the MAP.

TREY (CONT'D)

As our user base grows, so does our data set. As we mine that data, our algorithm evolves, until eventually, you'll have the entire Social Matrix in your pocket, just a finger-swipe away. "The end of loneliness." That's BRB. It's what we type when we leave webspace. And now it's the reason we leave, too.

Lisa looks skeptical. But Murch is intrigued.

MURCH

(to Nash)

Yo, silent partner. How are you doing this?

Nash just smirks, Sphinx-like. *This is what he does.*

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - LATER

Hobbes sits at a table, TEXTING furiously. He sees Mikki and Mitchell approaching and panics, pretending to make a call.

MITCHELL

It's okay, I told her. She wants in. And Dane is a drug dealer.

HOBBS

Maybe I underestimated him.

MIKKI

Nah, he's just a middleman. Has Dane said anything I can use later to get off?

HOBBS

I'm six texts in. Which according to my advance computational modeling means we're only a few texts away from Dane sending us a dick pic.

MIKKI

(reads over his shoulder)
I would never say "damp." Makes my vag sound like a cellar.

Mitchell reels from the mental image.

HOBBS

No offense, but I've got a lot of experience in this field.

MIKKI

Impersonating Asians? Move over.
(she begins typing)
Bet you twenty bucks he shaves his balls.

INT. THE MURCH'S MANSION - MURCH'S OFFICE

Trey talks turkey with Murch and Lisa while Nash packs up.

TREY

It's genius, right?

LISA

It's a stalker's wet dream.

MURCH

You can't demo this around town. Zuckerberg will make your nutsack into a dreamcatcher and hang it in your jail cell.

TREY

That's why we need you. We can't go wide, not yet. But we're sitting on something huge. We just want money to finish the beta.

MURCH

And I want an escort who looks like Kate Upton and cooks eggs benedict the morning after. You've got balls, kid, but my advice? Make something practical. Something people need.

LISA

Like *SpaceRace*.

Trey snaps-- that's one too many victories for Michael Lau.

TREY

SpaceRace? Think! There are 320,000 parking meters in San Francisco and half a million registered vehicles. Your user base expands, it's carma-fucking-geddon. I'm offering you a product with infinite scalability-- the Human Condition. The whole world wants BRB, they just don't know it yet. And knowing it before they do, that's what makes people like you into billionaires. This is the future, and it's knocking on your door.

A long beat.

MURCH

Decent pitch, kid. But I'm high as a kite and all I've got in my head is the flute solo to "Your Body is a Wonderland."

NASH

(finally speaks)

There is no flute solo in "Your Body--"

MURCH

My answer's no.

INT. TREY'S CAR - LATER

Trey and Nash ride in silence, tension filling the car. As Trey pulls into a parking spot outside of WEWORK, the *SpaceRace* app purrs: "Like a glllllllove." Trey YANKS his iPhone from its cradle and HURLS it out the window, pissed.

He takes a moment to compose himself.

TREY

The Murch will come around. He's just testing us.

Nash snorts-- "Are you kidding me?"

NASH

I told you we weren't ready.

TREY

The algorithm can't be denied. Any idiot can see its value. We'll find someone else--

NASH

Listen to yourself! Or are you even capable of listening? You just push and push and you never shut up!

Nash starts pulling off the jeans Trey made him wear. He struggles to get them off.

NASH (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?!

TREY

What's wrong with you?! At least I try. At least I put it out there for people to say "no" to. You'd rather sit alone in your--

(stops himself)

And what the fuck were you doing with Lau? You jumping ship? I thought we were partners!

Nash finally gets the jeans off. He throws open the car door, turns back for a final shot--

NASH

So did I!

--and TOSSES the jeans in Trey's face. SLAMS the door and walks away in his boxers. Trey sighs. *Fuck.*

INT. WEWORK OFFICES - LATER

Mitchell, Mikki and Hobbes are huddled around Hobbes' phone. ON SCREEN: the familiar "... of an impending text. Suddenly, DING! Hobbes shoots his fist skyward in triumph.

HOBBS

The eagle's junk has landed!

The three stare in giddy horror at DANE'S DICK PIC.

MITCHELL

Yuck. Why is he holding it next to the keyboard like that?

MIKKI

To show scale?

HOBBS

Base to tip is only like "V" to "back-slash." Full chub, too.

Trey enters the office, sees the gang together, laughing and high-fiving. He watches for a beat... can't bear to tell them the bad news. He turns and slinks out of the office UNSEEN.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - VERY LATE / VERY EARLY

A modest space, devoid of furniture except for a MATTRESS in the middle of the room. One WALL is covered with SCRIBBLINGS and DIAGRAMS. In the middle of them, a large printout tacked to the wall: "Move Fast And Break Things."

Trey sits alone, back against the opposite wall, staring at this mantra. He picks up his iPhone, screen CRACKED from the incident in the car. Calls Nash--

INT. NASH'S STUDIO - SAME TIME

IKEA decor. Well organized. Nash is engaged in an epic GUILD WARS session on his triple-wide COMPUTER MONITOR. He wears a GAMING HEADSET, from which the TINNY sounds of battle ECHO.

CLOSE ON -- Nash's PHONE ringing in its dock, displaying a PHOTO of TREY AND NASH at Stanford, arms around each other's shoulders. An instrumental version of Hall and Oates' ballad "One On One" plays, Nash's chosen ringtone for his friend.

As the call goes to voice mail, we see that Nash has another missed call as well-- this one from MICHAEL LAU.

INT. TREY'S MODERN LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Trey considers leaving a message on Nash's voicemail, but can't find the words. He clicks off, demoralized.

Trey crawls onto the mattress and pulls a pillow over his head, blocking out the world. A long beat, and then...

DING!

WE PUSH IN ON THE PHONE to find AN INCOMING TEXT: A SNAPSHOT of the GORGEOUS BRUNETTE ("Debbie") from Trey's pitch. She lies in The Murch's bed naked, post-coital.

THE TEXT below reads: "You kids give good algorithm. I'll be in touch."

DING! A second TEXT. It reads: "Lisa will run point. BTW she doesn't like u."

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

<#>[A](#) [B](#) [C](#) [D](#) [E](#) [F](#) [G](#) [H](#) [I](#) [J](#) [K](#) [L](#) [M](#) [N](#) [O](#) [P](#) [Q](#) [R](#) [S](#) [T](#) [U](#) [V](#) [W](#) [X](#) [Y](#) [Z](#) [PDF](#) [ALL](#)

Blair Witch Project, The (1999)

by Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez.

This Transcript was taken from the early Sundance Film Fest version of the movie.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

In October of 1994, three student filmmakers disappeared in the woods near Burkittsville, Maryland while shooting a documentary called "The Blair Witch Project".

A year later their footage was found.

Man off camera: You look a little blurry. Let me zoom out okay?

Heather: Okay. Huh.

Man: Okay got you.

Heather: This is my home. Which I am leaving the comforts of, for the weekend. To explore the Blair Witch.

(Close up of pile of books)

Heather: Some essential reading. How To Stay Alive in the Woods, cause you never know what's going to happen.

(Picks up book)

Heather: And this is a very important book, because it has the article about what happened at Coffin Rock.

Man: That's pretty old.

Heather: Yeah it's totally old.

Heather: And this is my field notebook.

(Cuts to Joshes car)

Heather: Hey it's Mister Punctuality! How the hell are you this morning?

Josh: Tired. So I got the CP up.

Heather: Good. It's important, cause that's what were shooting on.

Josh: No one knows I have it, but I got it.

Heather: Alright, come on. Into the house.

(Circling each other with cameras.)

Heather: (laughing) I'm not going to bump into shit from the directors' chair. I don't want to fuck up the cameras before we leave. Hey! Nice camera man! All right I know I'm hitting the steps.

(Inside Heaters house, Josh looking tired with head down on table)

Josh: So where's Mikey at?

Heather: I have to go get him.

Josh: Okay.

Heather: Supposed to be there at 8:30.

Josh: Okay.

Heather: Which means we are already going to be behind schedule, but it's important to have juice.

Josh: That's cool.

Cut to outside Mike's house inside car.

Heather: I guess your Mike!

Josh starts to back away leaving mike on the doorstep.

Heather: (whisper) stop, stop, stop, stop.

Will we get to meet your Mamma?

Inside car.

Heather: How are you Mike? It's nice to meet you.

Mike: I'm doing good, and I'm very excited about this. Thank you for the opportunity.

Heather: Well thank you for getting the equipment together.

Cuts to grocery store.

Holding box of rice over shopping cart

Josh: Yeah we've got rice. Got mustard, fudge.

Mike holds up Powerbar

Mike: Oatmeal and raisin baby.

Heather: You like raisin? I don't like it.

Mike: I've never had a Powerbar before.

Heather zooms in on bag of Marshmallows

Heather: Oh soft

Josh off camera: Hey! You weasel!

Heather: Marrrrrshmelllowwwss.

Walking into small diner

Mike points out a Halloween decoration of a ghost

Josh and Heather: Boooooooh

Heather: Do you believe in ghosts?

Inside diner

Head shot of Waitress Girl

Heather: Have you ever heard of the Blair Witch?

Girl: I guess. That actually sounds kind of familiar. My older sister went to Blair High School.

Heather: I wanna, I wanna get a little bit into here...

Josh: I want to go set this camera up over here.

Sets camera on nearby table shooting towards the crew

Heather: We are relatively tightly scheduled. So try to keep us

moving. First we are going to area five. I cannot stress enough the importance of being on time.

Josh: First is the cemetery?

Heather: First is the cemetery.

Cut to cemetery Mike fiddling with gear

Josh: You guys wanna get the uh...ceremonial first slate?

Heather fixes makeup in cars rear view mirror

Heather: Absolutely.

Heather zooms around Josh

Heather: Here he is, filling out our first slate for our first shot.

Josh: Should we all like cut our fingers open and bleed on it? A little bloodletting on the slate?

Heather: No we'll save that for later. (Laughs nervously)

Josh: Kiss the slate. It's first slate.

Heather: First slate, marked by my lipstick.

Josh carries slate over to Mike

Josh: First slate, kiss it.

Mike bites down onto clacker part of slate

Heather: Awe he licked it, god bless him. Your not supposed to eat it, we need that for the rest of the shoot.

Cut to Welcome sign outside of Burkittsville

Heather: This is Burkittsville, formerly Blair. It is a small, quiet Maryland town.

Cuts to heather in cemetery

Much like a small town anywhere. No more then twenty families laid their roots here over two hundred years ago. Many of whom remain, either on this hill or in the town below.

There are an unusually high number of children laid to rest here.

Shots of various headstones

Most of whom passed in the 1940's. Yet no one in the town seems to recall anything unusual about this time. To us anyway. Yet legend tells a different story. One whose evidence is all around us, etched in stone.

In joshes car

Heather: Yeah! Yeehaww! Well we have shot the first scene! The cemetery scene, the opening is shot!

Josh shows a handful of ruined and crumpled 16mm film to camera.

Heather: Ahh this is our salad.

Josh: This is our souvenir.

Heather: Yes this is our souvenir from our very first shot, of our very first scene on 16 millimeter. And we are proud of this salad.

Cut to man in general store

Heather: We are making a documentary, about the Blair Witch.

Man: (smiles) Oh?

Heather: Oh, have you heard of the Blair Witch?

Man: Oh yeah, that's an old, old, old story.

Outside store on B&W 16mm

Man: I remember Mister Parr was an old hermit.

Heather: Right.

Man: He lived up on the mountain, he had a place up there and had been up there for a long, long time.

Cut to woman with baby.

Heather: You've heard of the Blair Witch?

Woman: Several times.

Heather: Several times, and what was the first incidence?

Woman: Well I'd heard stories about her from people and neighbors and stuff like that. But also I saw a documentary on the Discovery Channel or something like that once, about her, about ghosts and legends in Maryland.

Cut back to man

Man: Sorta in the winter I guess that followed. In the winter of 1940. Ahh some of the young kids started disappearing. Nobody, nobody knew anything about why they were disappearing.

Cut back to woman

Woman: But the creepy

Woman is cut off by baby putting hand over woman's mouth

Heather: Uh oh that's an omen.

Woman: Haha, the creepiest story I'd heard about her, was that two men were out hunting near the uh, cabin or something that she's supposed to haunt. And they dissapeard off the face of the earth.

Baby grows more agitated

Baby: No! No! No!

Woman: It's all right Ingrid, I'm just telling a scary story, but it's not true.

Woman: (mouths) It's true.

Cut back to man

Man: Finally one day, old Mister Parr comes down into the market and said "I'm finally finished."

Heather: And what did he mean by that?

Man: Well I guess nobody knew at first but the police finely went up on the mountain and they searched his house and they found the bodies of seven kids from the area, and those were the seven kids who were missing. And then they brought them out of the woods one at a time. And it was just a terrible thing, just tore the whole community up.

Back to woman

Woman: Well their wives apparently went looking for them and they found their campsite. The fire was still burning. The deer that they had hunted that was being in the process of being gutted. It looked like someone was still working there and camping there and all that. The men were no where to be found. Their clothes were there. Everything was there.

Heather: But they never found them?

Woman: They never found them there.

Cut to girl in Diner

Girl: All my life I've believed in witches or ghosts and stuff.

Heather: But you believe there are some in this area?

Girl: Oh defiantly.

Cut to old man on street

Heather: Do you believe in witchcraft?

Old Man: Nope!

Heather: No?

Old Man: No sir.

Heather: Are you a religious man?

Old Man: Yep.

Heather: Alrighty.

Back to woman with baby -put in other parts

Woman: Pretty creepy stuff. I believe there is something happening with her.

Heather: Do you think its possible that she is still up there now?

Woman: I don't go up there.

Heather: You don't go up there?

Woman: Yeah I believe enough to not go up there. (Laughs)

Cut back to first man

Man: They say that the woods are all haunted up there and stuff like that.

Heather: What do they say? How are they haunted?

Man: Well there really isn't many people that say it's haunted, but there was this old woman by the name of Mary Brown.

Heather: Mary Brown? Hmm.

Man: Yeah and she was kinda crazy.

Heather: How was she seen by the community?

Man: Crazy.

Cut to in car driving towards trailer home

Heather: That's it, the American flag. Mary's house.

I'm gonna grab her and bring her out. Why don't you check around and see what the best light is.

Heather confronts Mary's gate comprised of twigs bound together with string

Heather: This is Mary's gate. I'm not even sure how I pull this open.

Heather lifts one end and tries to open gate

Heather: Okay. Oh shit. I've made her gate fall apart.

Cuts to Mary standing on her porch holding a bible

Heather: Cause something interesting happened at one point in your life. You had an encounter with the Blair Witch?

Mary: Yes I um, that is really a kinda scary story. To kinda make ends meet my dad and I would go fishing down by Tapings creek. You know that uhhms it's in Burkittsville. I was lying down on the leaves, upon the leaves, kinda watching the pool and looking up at the sky. And all of the sudden it felt like somthin was near me. You know kinda a eerie feeling. It was like a woman! Only on her arms and on her hands it was like a hair. It was real dark almost black hair. Almost like a horse.

Heather: Like fur?

Mary: Yeah like a fur, like a horse fur. And her arms, she had like a shawl, a wool shawl over her.

Heather: And she scared you? She threatened you?

Mary: And um...she didn't say anything, but she kept staring and then she opened up her shawl. And under it there was hair on her body like a horse.

Heather: So she was hairy from head to toe?

Mary: Yeah and her legs. And you could see she was a female.

Heather: How about her face?

Mary: Just kinda like strange looking.

Cuts back to car

Josh: Thank god she's not in the film business. I mean can you imagine...

Heather: She thinks she is in the film business! She also says she's a ballerina.

Mike: Get out!

Heather: She says she's a historian writing a book on American History.

Mike: I heard that.

Heather: And she says she's a scientist who does research at the department of energy.

Cuts to later in car

Josh: I'm checking my depth of field charts to see how bad...

Heather: So you measure for meters? What? Were not in Europe!

Josh: Yeah well the fucking lens has meters on it.

Heather: It also has, it also has our system.

Josh: Nah, it has meters on it.

Heather: This is an American camera though.

Josh: All those are meters.

Heather: What about the brown ones?

Josh: The brown ones are feet.

Heather: Yeah, the brown ones are on there, eh?

Josh: Yeah, but the white ones are obvious.

Heather: I thought you used this camera before man?

Josh: I've used it like once before.

Cut to motel room

Heather: How do you feel about today guys?

Josh: I learned a lot.

Heather: You learned a lot about Mary Brown?

Josh: I learned a lot about like shooting.

Heather: Sixteen?

Josh: Just, just shooting out here.

Cuts ahead crew is drinking and feeling good

Josh: (coughs)

Heather: Are you all right?

Mike: Are you gonna die?

Josh: I ain't gonna die paw!

Heather: The witch'll kill yah out there.

They toast each other

Mike: We kicked some ass today.

Josh: Cheers.

Heather: Very good day.

Mike: Excellent day.

Heather: Very good first day.

We're going to do an equipment check, and then I'm gonna call my mom.

Mike: Okay, I've got a bag of Utz and a beer.

Mike and Josh laugh

Heather: So I guess you're covered then.

Heather: Can you just run it for a few feet for me so we can check that it's okay?

Josh: Sure.

Josh picks up 16-mm camera and starts to shoot heather shooting him with VHS camera

Heather: We just want to hear it, so the mag is loaded properly so we can shoot some stuff.

Okay that's good. That's good thank you!

Heather: Let's just be relaxed because we've got a really, really long day tomorrow. Today was cake compared to tomorrow. We're going to do a lot of hiking, were going to have a lot of weight with us.

Josh: I'm there.

Mike: That's what we're preparing for!

Heather: (laughs) All right, shut up yah smart-ass.

Heather: Poor me a shot please.

Josh motions bottle of Scotch towards Heather.

Mike: Ohhh! You can't do that.

Heather: Yes I can, at this point I fuckin have to do that all right!

Mike laughs

Heather: Do we have any weed?

Cuts to heather holding bottle of Scotch

Heather: Here I go. (Takes swig)

Josh: Drink! Drink!

Heather: (makes face) I fucking hate Scotch.

Josh laughs

Cuts to next morning Josh packing car

Heather: There's my son Josh.

Josh: Kay.

Heather: How are yah?

Josh: I'm hurtin.

Cuts to Mike still getting ready in motel room

Mike: I'm not ready for that thing yet, like, you know?

Heather: I, I know you don't like it. Okay.

Heather waves at herself in bathroom mirror

Heather: Hello. Welcome to day two.

Cuts to inside car driving along country road

Heather: The trail should be somewhere along here, we shouldn't miss it. It should be pretty obvious.

Cuts to fishermen along creek

Heather: You guys say you know something about the Blair Witch?

Fisherman 1: Oh I've heard the myth. I don't really believe much in it.

Heather: The myth?

Fisherman 1: That's all I think it is.

Fisherman 2 mumbles something

Heather: What did you say sir?

Fisherman 2: I said you damn fool kids will never learn.

Heather: You damn fool kids will never learn.

Fisherman 1: Ehh shut up.

Heather: What makes you say that? First of all can I have your permission to put your image on video for the purpose of the documentary entitled the Blair Witch Project?

Fisherman 2: Well I don't care much about that but uh.

Heather: Well you have to say yes or no sir.

Fisherman 2: Yeah sure that's all right.

Fisherman 1: Uh, well some girl back in the late 1800's, Robin Weaver I believe her name was. Supposedly, wandered off and disappeared into the woods.

Fisherman 2: Ain't no supposedly about it! She wandered off!

Fisherman 1 swats at comment and rolls eyes

Fisherman 1: Okay so she wandered off.

Fisherman 2: And she got lost!

Fisherman 1: Three days later...

Fisherman 2: (mumbles) Supposedly....

Fisherman 1: (stutters, glares over at Fisherman 2 and tries to continue story)

Three days later she just uh appears back on her grandmothers' porch. And everybody's mystified by it. She was babbling...

Fisherman 2: And she had a tale to tell too.

Fisherman 1: Yeah she was babbling something about an old woman who's feet never touched the ground.

Fisherman 2: I tell yah, I saw right up there by that tree up the creek, about a hundred yards. A white misty thing that I can't tell what it was.

Heather: Gray? Like gray vapor rising out of the trees?

Fisherman 2: Wright out of the water!

Heather: Right out of the water?

Fisherman 2: Up the side of them trees and it disappeared over them....

Fisherman 1: Oh your full of it.

Fisherman 2: Anybody worth there salt around here knows this area has been haunted by that old woman for years.

Cut to inside of car, Josh sitting on windshield filming while Mike drives and Heather videotapes his ass.

Heather: (laughs) Oh our view is just ever so amazing. (Makes goat like sound swivels camera up)

Mike: How's the speed? A little more?

Josh: (muffled) Yeah you can!

Heather: Could you slide up so we get more of your ass-crack?

Cuts to what Josh is shooting on 16mm

Mike: Some serious woods around here.

Heather: You excited?

Mike: You got it.

Heather: I hope he's not rolling off the whole shot on this. How many feet are you shooting?

Josh: Ah, about twenty so far.

Heather: Oh okay good.

Slowly pass cabin along the road

Cuts to Heather struggling to strap on her with equipment pack

Mike: I could help you, but I'd rather stand here and record.

Heather: Okay.

Cuts to Heather having camera again

Heather: Packs are on were ready to go.

Mike: We gotta go up to the shack? The shanty?

Heather: Yup.

Josh: Wow.

Heather backs away, the car shrinking in the distance.

Heather: Oh my god, scary.

Cuts to the beginning of the hike

Heather: On our way to coffin rock now, we are totally on track now. I know exactly where we are. We are a bit behind schedule and I'm a bit concerned about loosing light today.

Mike: Ready for another song? (Sings) We are down by the river!

Heather: (laughs) we are down by the river.

Cuts to large ditch with small stream running through it

Heather: So were crossing this? Yeah?

Josh: Yeah

Josh runs and jumps into ditch

Cuts to Mike having camera

Josh: You wanna toss me the video camera man?

Heather: No I don't think we want to throw the video camera.

Josh: Hey Mikey throw me the video camera man.

Heather: No ah

Heather climbs down into ditch

Mike: I want to get her going across man.

Shot of Heather's rear end

Mike: I see a dirty behind!

Cuts to coffin rock, where rocks jut out into the stream

Heather: There it is. See?

Cuts to Heather on top of coffin rock.

Heather: (clacks slate picks up "The Blair Witch Cult" book struggles to find her place and begins reading)

Heather: They went into the woods prepared to find death, what they found was a desecration to humanity. At the site which trappers have often refereed to as Coffin Rock. On top of the rock formation, the story of the torture inflicted upon these brave five men unfolded. Each was bound to the other. Each mans hands bound to the next mans feet, forming a solid structure out of the men. Blood at the edge of the hedges had indicated that this act had been committed while each was alive and able bodied enough to struggle. In the torso of each man the intestines had been torn out crudely. On each mans sun bleached face was inscribed with indecipherable writing cut into their flesh with an eerie precision. The men still entranced by the horror of what had happened, left the scene to tell the sheriff what had happened and did not sketch the writing and did not remove the bodies from the rock. Upon return vultures were seen at the rock, but upon inspection the bodies had been removed by persons unknown. The search party clamed that the stench of death was still thick. And whom ever took the bodies had done so in a matter of hours.

That happened here, at Coffin Rock.

Cuts to Heather looking at watch

Heather: I felt really rushed, cause I really want to get to camp and its 4:52. We're going to be loosing light soon.

Cuts to what Josh is shooting on 16mm

Heather: But I can always use the shots without me in it. Because I recorded sound reading the whole thing. I'm sure I can edit it together somehow.

Heather: It's starting to rain.

Cuts to Josh and Mike setting up camp

Heather: Well I don't have a tent for three people. I'm not usually traveling with two men if you know what I'm saying.

Cuts to Mike playing with stick stuck in the ground

Heather: ...video camera, what a lie! It's poring rain right now; we can't even get a fire going.

Heather: Show the kids at home what the stick is for!

Mike shifts, leans tall and rests his arm on the stick

Heather: Look at that.

Cuts to night inside tent

Josh: You get too much ass smell just...

Heather: Okay, who wouldn't let me have a cigarette in the tent but he's aloud to fart as much as he wants?

Josh: I never gave Mike any fart allowance.

(Laughs)

Cuts to morning

Heather: So you heard noises last night? See the problem is I sleep like a fucking rock.

Josh: (yawns) there were two separate noises coming from two layers of spacer over here. And one of them was like. One of them possibly could have been an owl, but the other one was like a cackling.

Heather: No way.

Josh: It was a total cackle.

Mike: If I heard a cackling I would have shit in my pants.

Cuts to crew looking at map, Josh filming

Josh: Where did we start out yesterday?

Heather: Off the map.

Josh: Off the map.

Heather: Cause I knew where we were going. Though I know there was some confusion.

Josh: Wait, wait say that again?

Heather: I said I knew where we were going.

Josh: Wait, would that be a full of shit statement?

Josh points camera at Mike

Josh: Would that be a full of shit statement?

Mike nods

Heather: No I did know where we were going!

Josh: All I'm saying is that you got us lost man.

Heather: For a very brief amount of time!

Josh: Okay.

Mike: Just don't get us lost today.

Josh: Yeah seriously.

Heather: I'm not! I know where all these points are on the map.

Josh: So what's up? Are you happy with the way the documentary is going?

Heather: Yes I am.

Josh: Yeah?

Heather: And I'm very pleasantly surprised by our little Mikey.

Mike: Your little Mikey?

Heather laughs

Heather: He's a very spirited young man.

Josh: So what's up, I mean what's your take on the Blair Witch at this point?

Heather: I don't know.

Josh: Do you think she exists?

Heather: I don't know.

Cuts to crew hiking

Mike: Heather I wish you would find the trail already.

Heather: There is a trail on top of this hill! Don't worry! It is a trail.

Heather: We like short cuts don't we?

Mike: We like level shortcuts, we don't' like mountiness short cuts.

Cuts to close up of Mike's naked chest

Heather: It's a little warmer today. This is the first time we've seen Mike's chest. All right it's really hard to pick up on video actually. Mike has really spurtatic hair patterns on his chest. It's like blank, harry, blank harry.

Mike: You should see my ass!

Josh: (points to hair patch) Look! Look! It's fucking Uruguay right there!

Heather: Wow!

Josh: There's Paraguay over here.

Heather: Look I think I see Bolivia!

Cuts to dead mouse on forest floor

Heather: What killed this dead mouse? Witchcraft?

Josh: How about god?

Cuts to heather squatting in the distance behind some trees

Josh: Is that the Blair Witch? No, I think its Heather taking piss.

Heather: I really have to go!

Josh: Well then go!

Cuts to hiking again

Heather: We are hot on the cemeteries trail. I can feel it.

Mike mumbles

Heather: What?

Mike: Says you.

Heather: Says me, of course. And we should be hitting it in about ninety minutes. You guys cool with that?

Mike: What?

Heather: 90 minutes. Can you hang...?

Josh: As long as you know where were going.

Heather: I know exactly where were going.

Cuts to Josh looking at map

Heather: I suppose its necessary to look at the map, even though I know where were going. And were going straight ahead up there.

Mike: If you know where were going we wouldn't be hiking like...

Josh: Were in the middle of the fucking woods.

Heather: Some of it is off trail hiking!

Mike: Because people told you, oh yeah there's a cemetery back there!

Mike: Were lost. Admit that first!

Heather: I know were not lost!

Mike: Oh and you knew that yesterday too, and you know that twice

today!

Heather: Look! No! Bullshit! And we have not been lost at all today! Not once, I know where we were going!

Mike: Let me tell you what you told us. "It's like two hours away." Then it's like, three hours, maybe four hours away.

Heather: Did you agree to do this project?

Mike: I did! I agreed to a scouted out project! I didn't think we'd be running around in the woods...

Heather: It is scouted out!

Mike: I've got fifteen hundred dollars worth of equipment on me!

Josh: Guys! Guys! It's cool, it's cool. Please, your being a smart-ass and your being a smart-ass. Were, were just looking at the map using it the best we can. I can totally find this. This is where we were and we are going more or less this way.

Cuts to Mike holding map

Josh: Okay, what's your call. Where do you think we're going?

Mike: I'll tell you the truth. This is like; this is Greek to me. It's useless.

Heather: Right. Exactly.

Mike: So I am putting my ah trust in you that you know where it is.

Heather: Good.

Mike: Although I, I gotta tell you I don't fully trust you. And I....ah I'm not going to say it.

Heather: What?

Mike: Nothing, I don't understand why you have to have every conversation on video?

Heather: Because I'm making a documentary.

Mike: Not about us getting lost! We're making a documentary about a Witch!

Heather: I have a camera. It doesn't hurt, because I'm sure we'll look back at this and laugh heartily.

Cuts to Josh crossing stream on fallen log

Mike: Baby steps man, baby steps.

Heather: Just breathe and don't look down maybe? No you gotta look down.

Mike: You gonna have to crawl?

Josh: I'm going to crawl.

Mike: Cool.

Heather: Think about how fucking cool the cemetery is going to be when we get there. Think of the joy of being in a really good film!

Josh: Please be quiet!

Heather: Okay I'm quiet. Shit how am I going to do this?

Josh finishes crossing and stands up

Josh: Okay, Mikey?

Mike: Yeah.

Josh: There's no way your coming across. You'll have to get down on your belly.

Mike: No way man.

Josh: There's no chance. It's too fucking hard.

Heather: How are we going to get the DAT across then?

Josh: With the moss it's slippery as shit.

Heather: How will we get the DAT across?

Josh: I don't know, lemme get off here and get my pack off.

Mike: I'll just go back and forth.

Heather: You want to go back and forth? You can do it that way?

Mike: I didn't want to do this at all.

Heather: Okay, well do it back and forth.

Loud cracking

Josh: Oh god!

Heather: Oh shit! What'd you drop!

Josh: I didn't drop anything, the tree broke.

Mike: The log broke.

Heather: Phew! Oh, fuck.

Cuts to hiking near cemetery

Heather: We are very, very, very close now. You guys excited? Okay.

Heather: What's this?

Close up of tree with branches filled with rocks and dead twigs

Heather: Say, guys? Do you remember something that Mary Brown said the other day? What was the story from the Bible she was telling us? Fuck I wasn't listening to her because I thought she was a lunatic.

Shots of piles of rocks, "graves" and rocks stacked high up in tree branches

Heather: See I don't know if this counts. Three, four, five, six seven.

Cuts to night around camp fire

Heather: Witches in days gone by where roasted just like my Vienna sausage.

Flames are licking you like the devil their Josh.

Josh: (sings Gilligans Island theme)

Heather: Yeah, but this ship has a good captain, not a fat beer-guzzling captain.

Mike: He wasn't beer guzzling.

Josh: There was no beer on the island man, if they had beer they would've had like, big ass orgies.

(All laugh)

Heather: You're kinda like the Captain and Mikes kinda like your Gilligan. No offence, I mean that as a complement. Gilligan was a funny guy.

Josh: But the Captain was fat.

Heather: Okay, Let's call it a thin Captain.

Mike: Let's not call it the Captain anymore you illiterate TV people! It's the Skipper.

(All laugh loudly)

Cuts back to cemetery at night

Mike: Here we are back at the rock again, rock thing, cemetery deal.

Cuts to various rock piles

Sound of tumbling rocks

Heather: (gasps) You didn't just knock that over please tell me you didn't just knock that over. That's not very nice. All right, I'm going to put it back.

Heather places rocks back on pile and blows them a kiss

Heather: Can't be too careful.

Cuts ahead

Heather: What'd yah think?

Josh: It was...the same thing but darker.

Heather: Yeah pretty much. All right, bag it up put it away.

Cuts to absolute darkness

Heather: Hello!? (whispers) Shit the light.

(Sounds of sticks breaking in the distance)

(Heather breathes heavy)

Heather: We were sleeping...

Josh: Do you want this?

Heather: Just keep it by the opening of the tent!

Shhh!

Cuts to Heather crawling on hands and knees, then she motions Josh to come forward with camera

Heather: Hello!? Hello!

Cracking sounds in the distance

Heather: It's all around us. I can't see shit!

Cuts back to tent, Mike inside tent

Heather: Michael are you saying you're not coming down?

Mike: I ain't going down there!

Heather: Why not?

Mike: Because I don't hear shit!

Heather: Because you're fucking scared!

Mike: Because I don't hear anything anymore!

Heather: Because you're fucking scared! You can not deny hearing it! Get your ass out! What's the big deal!?

Cuts to next morning, Josh in rain gear.

Josh: This rain fucking blows dude.

Heather: I know and it's raining very heavily. Well...

Josh: Thank my mom for giving me rain gear for my eighteenth birthday, yah know.

Heather: (shivers) God bless her.

What do you think that was last night?

Josh: Personally.... I think it was someone fucking with your head.

Heather: But nobody knows where out here.

Josh: Yeah, but did you ever see Deliverance?

Cuts to Mike

Heather: Do you understand at all where I'm coming from? I just wanted to know that whoever it was...

Mike: You were freaking out. I don't even know....

Heather: I was freaking out. I wake up and all of the sudden shits going down, and all I can think is I gotta get it. I gotta get it all on; all I wanna get it on sound get it on sixteen. If we can see anything I want to see it on sixteen.

Mike: Well, it sounded to me like a bunch of people running around, and I'm not down with messing with locals or whatever. I dunno who the hell would come out here, but what bugs me out is that we're so damn deep in the woods and people are going to come out here and try and mess with us, then they gotta have something wrong with them. And I'm not gonna play with that.

Heather: But how do we know it was people?

Mike: Well even if it wasn't I'm not gonna play with that either!

Cuts to crew hiking back

Heather: (sighs) Fuck man, this is a really long day. Very wet, very long day. Nobody is really speaking to me at the moment now.

Mike: I don't remember a...(mumbles)

Heather: What?

Mike: I don't remember a portion of this from walking in from the car.

Heather: Well, we have to go a little differently to go back because we went around in a curve a little bit.

Cuts ahead

Heather: I'm telling you guys, two more hours max.

Josh: (stops walking) (mumbles) why were going back a different way?

Heather: Because we came a bit around. That was the most direct way to hit our two locations, now this is the most direct way back to the car.

Mike: Seriously, really?

Heather: Yeah! Seriously.

Mike: You know exactly what's going on?

Heather: Yes! Just keep going.

Josh: Yeah, well, will wait five minutes till map check.

Heather: All right.

Cuts ahead

Heather: All right we just did a map check and it seems were pretty much still on trail.

Josh: That's not what I said.

Heather: No, I think were all right.

(Both Josh then Mike look away in disgust)

Heather: We took a map reading we just fallow what the compass says. We are going straight ahead, that way. That way.

Josh: Were in the middle of nowhere!

Heather: We've been in the middle of nowhere for two days. The car is parked in the middle of nowhere, almost.

Josh: So like look at this shit man, this is nothing!

Heather: Okay, lets just keep going all right?

Cuts ahead

Heather: I think we should camp.

Mike: Get the fuck out of here! Why? Because you don't know where we're going?

Heather: No, because I think were still a ways off from the car and it's going to be getting dark real soon. Look, I'm not saying for certain.

Mike: We're not camping here! Get us home! Turn the camera off and get us home!

Heather: Maybe we're near the car. Maybe we're near the car!

Josh: Give me the fucking map! Give me the map. Turn the camera off and give me the map.

Mike: Turn the camera off and get us home!

Heather: No, I'm not turning the camera off. I wanna mark this occasion.

Josh: Give me the map.

Heather: The map is in my pocket your going to have to wait a second.

Mike: GODDAMN!

Heather: If we keep our heads together we'll be just fine.

Mike: THAT'S FUCKING BULLSHIT!

Josh: Mike, chill.

Heather: Mike...

Mike: DON'T FUCKING TELL ME TO RELAX!

Josh: Let's walk up, find a tree to sit under or some shit and check the map.

Heather: Yes, can we find a place to sit to check the map please?

Cuts to night, cuts to darkness.

Josh: Are you happy?

Heather: I'm not happy, no. But the car's not far; we're just not going to be able to find it in the dark.

Mike: Are you positively sure?

Heather: Yes. I am so sorry man. We can probably still get the DAT back tomorrow.

Josh: I hope your fucking happy.

Mike: We have too! We have too!

Heather: We will, we will. We will get the DAT back before it's due back tomorrow.

Josh: I gotta fucking work.

Heather: Everything will get back.

Josh: I'm supposed to be at work tomorrow at nine!

Heather: I know.

Josh: Let's camp...let's camp. Let's fucking camp. Okay?

Cuts ahead, darkness.

Heather: (hushes) shh...shhh... I wanna get it; I wanna get it from inside the tent. Whatever it was last night, it sounds like the same fucking thing.

(Rustling outside tent) (Tent flap being unzipped)

Heather: Where's my boots? Oh, fuck it's cold.

(Turns camera light on)

Heather: Hello!? Oh shit, it's fucking freezing. I hear it.

Mike: I don't hear shit.

(Rustling noise)

Heather: Hear that?

Shit!

Hello?

(Josh with 16mm swings back around to look at Heather standing at the tent)

(Cuts back to Heather's Hi-8)

Heather: Awe fuck. (Shivers, shaking camera)

Mike: I think it's just deer.

Heather: It could be deer I guess. I don't think it's deer though man. It sounds exactly like that shit last night. It's on all sides of us.

Mike: It sounded just like a deer.

Josh: It was a deer man.

Heather: I don't think it was a...

Mike: It wasn't like last night.

Heather: Shh! Shh...

(Bang in the distance)

Mike: Did you hear...?

Heather: (whispers) Yes! Fucking listen! Let's get it on DAT,

let's get it on DAT.

Mike: Okay, it's on.

(Rustling grows louder)

Josh: Jesus Christ! What the fuck is that?! FUCK!

(Sound continues)

Heather: It's not scared by our yelling.

Heather: That sounds like footsteps.

Mike: (whispers) I know! That's a fucking person!

Heather: Mike, I'm not seeing shit on video. I'm going to leave the rest for DAT but I'm going to stay out with you here though.

Mike: You gotta fucking stay out here with me.

Heather: I am.

Mike: What time is it? Is it anytime near morning right now?
(Whispers) Please say it's fucking five o'clock or some shit.

Heather: It's three.

Mike: Fuck! This is bullshit; this is absolutely fucking crazy.

Heather: I'm sorry Mike. We should be out of here already.

Mike: I have nothing, nothing to do with this. I swear to god this is bullshit.

Cuts to next morning

Heather: We woke up this morning, just like two seconds ago, and there are piles of rocks outside of our tent. There are three actually.

Josh: Are you seriously fucking positive that those weren't here when we set up camp last night?

Heather: I am seriously fucking positive that these weren't here. How would we have just made a campsite between three piles of rocks, just by coincidence?

You don't think this is strange?

Josh: This is way fucking weird! But it really doesn't matter at

this point! Because all I want to do is get to the goddamned car. Whatever it is, whatever it is man, at this point...

Heather: I know, I know. We have to get back to the car.

Josh: We are obviously not wanted here. So let's just get the hell out.

Heather: (sounding as if about to loose it) Okay. We have to get the DAT back any way.

Josh: I realize that.

Heather: Okay.

Josh: Let's get the DAT back, let's get the shit packed up and walk.

Heather: Right, we're out of here, we're out of here.

Josh: Okay, cool.

Cuts to crew packing up tent

Heather: (rambling) we have to leave, let's get our shit packed.

Josh: Heather put the fucking camera down! Let's get this shit packed up and...

Heather: Okay, hang on! (Points camera at pile of rocks)

Josh: Come on! No, I'm not fucking scared! I'm just tired, I'm hungry. I'm just fucking like done man. I'm just fucking done.

Heather: Alright.

Cuts to close up of Heather, Josh holding camera

Heather: Did you take it? (Feels inside pocket)

Josh: I didn't take the fucking map man. I'm not playing head games, if anyone's playing head games, your playing head games, but I'm not playing head games.

(Heather rubs face)

Heather: I don't have it, we have to go. I'm serious. I don't have it.

Josh: Are you fucking serious?

Heather: I'm fucking serious, I don't have the map, okay.

Josh: Heather that is so uncool man.

Heather: I know it's not cool.

Josh: That is so uncool!

Heather: I know it's not cool.

Josh: I mean that's like the least responsible thing you could have possibly done man.

Heather: I know that.

Mike: (sounding small) You really don't have it?

Heather: One of you has got to have the map.

Josh: No, I don't have the map. We gave it back to you after map check yesterday. You've always had the map.

Heather: I know, and I've always had the map in the same place and if it's not there one of you had to have taken it!

Josh: I'm not going into your fucking pants to get your god damned map man!

Heather: I just checked my pocket! It's not in my pants!

Josh: Look, would I go in and get your map? All I wanna do is get out of here!

Heather: That's all I want too man.

Josh: No! You wanna stay here, you wanna look around, you wanna shoot rocks, you wanna fucking get this, get that!

Heather: Let's go!

Josh: Which way are we fucking walking?

Heather: That way.

Josh: Dude we're in the middle of the fucking woods! We are in the middle of the goddamn woods! We can walk any way!

Mike: We're going this way! We're going this way because we've been going this way for a fucking day! We've got to come across something!

Heather: I gave you the map.

Josh: I gave you back the map Heather!

Heather: I gave you the map.

Josh: I gave you back the map!

Cuts ahead

Josh: All I'm saying is that we can move as fast as we can but if we have no fucking clue where we're going, well then it really doesn't matter. Does it?

Heather: We're following the creek and Mike seems satisfied with that.

Mike: (in the distance) Would you guys stop it!

(Marches on)

(Cuts ahead to Josh laying on his back and Heather plops down next to him holding camera)

Heather: (sighs)

Josh: We are lost, we are fucked, we are done, we are dead, we are fucked. (Begins to roll down embankment and stops when he runs into a tree)

Josh: I'm just gonna stay here. You guys find somebody; I'll be under this tree with the vine. This is really fucked up.

Heather: I know.

Mike: Yeah, we really, really need to work together.

Josh: Seriously, the area is not that fucking big.

Heather: Exactly, it's very hard to get lost in America these days, and it's even harder to stay lost. So we've got that on our side.

(Josh gets up and walks toward camera)

Mike: Well were doing a pretty god damn good job at being lost!

(Cuts ahead)

Josh: Cause at this point, when you're not home today, when I'm not home today people are going to start noticing. Like my girlfriend is defiantly going to notice that I'm not back today and that I

haven't fucking called. I mean if I had called it would be one thing, but you know, if I just get back. But if I don't get back period and I don't call she's going to notice which means that if by tonight we haven't found shit, someone's going to be looking for us.

(Cuts ahead to stream, Josh finishing crossing on other side)

Heather: Oh no.

Josh: Don't come this way! Come another way! Go down there! I just got my whole shit wet!

Mike: (laughs deeply)

Heather: Oh shit. Well let's try it this way.

Josh: I don't think you want to try it this way. I think you want to try it the other way.

Heather: (sighs) If we didn't have these fucking packs it would be so much easier.

Josh: There must be a...

Mike: (jiggles with laughter)

Heather: Is that Michael laughing?

Mike: (doubles up laughing)

Josh: Shut the fuck up and cross the stream.

Heather: He's laughing!? Michael that is the first time I've heard you laugh in days!

(Cuts to shot of Heather's wet boots after crossing the stream)

(Josh and Mike laughing)

Heather: I'm really happy you find it very amusing that I'm going to be incredibly uncomfortable for the rest of the day.

Mike: (doubles up laughing)

Josh: Awww. Dude, uncomfortable is not even. (Breaks into laughter)

Heather: Can we keep going please?

Mike: (laughing) No were gonna chill out!

Heather: I thought you wanted to get to the car?

Mike: HOOOO! BOY!

Josh: Come one let's get up there.

(Mike begins to climb embankment)

Heather: You guys weren't lying to me about the map were you? It just seems you guys are having just a little too much fun for my tastes.

Mike: Were just going a little stir crazy.

Josh: Heather, Heather. If you make me yell at this point... I'm going to have to hit you.

Mike: (laughs)

Heather: Come on, seriously, do you have the map? I just want to know that you have it! That would make me happy just to know that you have it.

Josh: Heather... (Turns in disgust)

Heather: If I, If I know you have it and I can at least see it I would feel much better.

Josh: (gives Heather the finger as he walks away from her)

(Cuts ahead)

Josh: Like all were trying to do is be cool with you.

Heather: Well I find it very cool that I get laughed at because my shoes are wet for the wrest of the day! It's fucking hilarious!

(Josh and Mike bust out laughing)

Josh: Heather, dude, all our shoes are wet. We were laughing at the situation. We're fucking hungry we're fucking tired. What the hell else are we supposed to do?

Mike: (laughing) You know what? Hahaha! I kicked the fu...haha... I'm sorry it's fucked up, but...I kicked that fucking map haaa! Into the creek yesterday! Haaa! It was useless! I kicked that fucker into the creek! Hahaha!

Mike: (walks away laughing hysterically) WAAAAHHHOOOO!

Heather: I fucking hope he's kidding.

Mike: WAAAAHOOOOO! Holy Jesus!

Josh: (small) Mike? (Anger rising) Are you kidding?

Heather: I really fucking hope he's kidding.

Josh: (angrily) Mike are you fucking kidding!?

(Josh and Heather move quickly towards Mike)

Mike: I'm sorry. It was useless.

Heather: You've gotta be fucking kidding me! YOU HAVE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!

Josh: (shoves Mike hard) What the fuck!

Mike: Get the fuck off me man!

Heather: WHAT THE FUCK! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND!

Mike: NO I AM NOT OUT OF MY MIND THAT MAP WASN'T DOING SHIT FOR US!

Heather: DO YOU REALIZE? NOT TO YOU, BUT I KNEW WHAT THE FUCK THAT MAP SAID!

Heather: YOU ARE A FUCKING ASSHOLE!

Mike: I'm sorry!

Heather: YOU ARE A FUCKING ASSHOLE!

Mike: That map wasn't doing shit all day!

Heather: IF WE GET HURT OR IF WE DIE OUT HERE IT'S YOUR FUCKING FAULT!

(Josh pushes Mike and they begin to grapple one another)

Mike: I'll fucking punch you out! I'll fucking punch you out!

Heather: I CAN'T BELIVE YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING ASSHOLE! WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING!

(Mike pushes Josh away)

Josh: (points finger in Mike's face) Your messing with my shit here!

Mike: (fends off Josh's finger with forearm) That map was useless! That map was useless!

Heather: It was useless to you! It was useless to you!

Mike: BULLSHIT!

Heather: Your ignorance has put our safety in danger! (Sobs)

(Cuts ahead)

Heather (calmer) Okay, okay.

Josh: This is not why I brought you out here man.

Mike: I'm sorry about the map, okay?

Heather: (trying to remain calm) Okay.

Mike: What can I say?

Heather: Sorry? Please just don't say sorry! That map wasn't worth shit to you but I knew exactly where we were on that map.

Mike: (points finger at Heather) I just fucking asked you where

Heather: I knew exactly WHERE WE WERE ON THAT MAP!

Mike: (jabbing finger at Heather) Yesterday I asked you what fucking river we were at!

(Mike tries to hit and grab camera away from Heather)

Heather: DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH MY FUCKING CAMERA! YOU! GET OFF ME! IT IS YOUR FAULT NOW! IT IS YOUR FUCKING FAULT!

--Think the following is cut from the final edit--

Mike: You wanna get hit!? You wanna get hit!? Keep fucking punching me!

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: Give me the compass. You have betrayed us all beyond. Way fucking beyond. Give me the compass.

Mike: You betrayed us when you couldn't get us out of the woods last night.

Heather: Yeah. Thanks.

Josh: Can I hold the fucking compass?

Heather: No!

Josh: Can I hold the fucking compass?

Heather: No! I bought the fucking compass. If you wanted a compass you should have bought your own.

Josh: I don't give a shit if you bought the compass! You fucked us up! He fucked us up! I don't know why you can't admit that you've been screwed since the moment we got out here!

Heather: I haven't.

Josh: Heather give me the...

Heather: I've been planning this for two years!

Josh: Give me the compass. Heather, Heather.

Heather: We're walking south! Now!

Josh: Give me the compass! (Pushes Heather from behind)

Heather: You fucking asshole! Don't knock me down! Cause I will fucking knock you out! I'm am walking south! Fuck you both! Fuck you both!

Josh: Okay you fucking bitch!

Heather: Okay, okay, I'm a fucking bitch! Your friend throws the fucking map in the creek and I'm a bitch? Okay! Oh Fuckin Kay!

(Cuts ahead, Josh sitting on the ground)

Heather: Why are we stopped again? Why? (Sighs) Why are we stopped?

Josh: (points at the sky) Heather, just don't, just don't.

Heather: Does anybody have a reason why were stopped? That's all I'm asking you. What about the plan to keep going south? We were all very happy with that plan. Why is that not a...thing anymore. (Under breath) Oh Jesus Christ.

(Cuts ahead, Heather hurrying thew woods)

Heather: (panting) I can't understand you!

Mike: (in the distance) there's all sorts of stuff down here!

Heather: What kind of stuff!?

Mike: Like twigs and shit!

Heather: What?

Mike: They're all over! Look around you!

Heather: No way.

(Cuts ahead to clearing)

Mike: They're all over the place. Holy shit!

(Shot of human looking figure made from sticks and twigs bound together dangling from trees)

Heather: Come up here quick I need to use the CP!

Mike: Yo, there's all sorts of shit up here man!

Heather: (reaching up and touching a stick man) This is fucking crazy shit.

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: Please, I've got to get this on 16!

(Shots of numerous stick men, hanging from trees on 16 mm)

Josh: I've almost got shots of everything. Jesus Christ, that's fucking creepy.

Mike: Please, this is no redneck no redneck is this creative.

Heather: Can we get out of here now?

Josh: Yeah, please? (Shot of gigantic stick man) Oh Jesus Christ! Did you see this? Okay, I want to get as far away from here by dark as humanly possible.

(Cuts ahead)

Josh: Get your shit in your pack and let's go! That's enough!

Mike: Stop taping! Please stop taping!

Josh: That's enough!

Heather: Okay, okay, okay were leaving right now. (Continues to tape) Okay, were out of here, were out of here. I'm leaving.

Mike: Come on! Turn it off!

(Cuts ahead)

Mike: HELP! HELP! PLEASE HELP US! HELP US!

Heather: This is not the way to get out of here.

Mike: HELP US! FUCK!

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: I think it's safe to say at this point that were lost.
And I don't know what to do.

(Cuts ahead to tent opening at night)

Josh: I'm getting inside the tent.

Heather: Alright.

Mike: Let's not light a fire tonight.

Heather: Yeah, I think...

Mike: Cause two nights in a row we've lit a fire. We didn't light
a fire the first night.

Heather: And nothing happened.

Mike: And nothing happened. We light fires, they know. I haven't
heard anything follow us. We should even turn that light off too.

Heather: Alright. (Turns off camera light)

Josh: Seriously, yeah turn that off.
(Complete darkness)

Heather: Okay, let's just go to sleep.

(Cuts ahead)

(In the pitch darkness)

(Sounds of babies laughing)

Heather: (whispered) Shit.

(The sounds of people stirring terrified inside a canvas tent)

Mike: (whispered) What the fuck is that?

Heather: Okay let's get ready.

(A few seconds of silence)

(Sound of a baby crying out in pain)

Mike: (whispered) Oh Jesus Christ. (Crying to himself) It sounds like little kids, out in the woods.

Heather: I'm going to put Jeans on.

Mike: Oh Jesus, oh Jesus.

Heather: Get the video camera. No, get the DAT ready.

Mike: How are we going to record this shit?

Heather: (turns on camera light showing crew huddling in tent, looking blurry through the fogged up lens)

Heather: (whispers) What's that sound? (Shudders with fear)

(Sounds grow louder and closer)

(The tent begins to shudder and shake as if something is attacking)
(All scream in fear)

Mike: Go! Fucking go!

(They break free of the tent and bolt away)

Heather: Oh god!

Mike: Hurry up!

Heather: I'm coming! My boots aren't laced! (Looking over her shoulder back at the tent) OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT! Oh shit! Oh my god! (Running and panting) Look where are we going!?

(Gathering together they crouch down in some thick weeds)

Mike: (whispers) Turn the lights off! Turn that light off! Turn it off!

(Heather looks back towards the tent, with a look of pure terror on her face)

Mike: (whispers) All lights off, all lights off, all lights off.

(Heavy panting)

Mike: (losing it & whispering) What the fuck is going on? That was more then last night, that was more then last night. I heard little babies screaming.

Josh: Shhhhh! (Trembling) There's no fucking babies out there man! There's no fucking baby out there; there's no fucking baby out there.

Heather: Shhh!

Mike: Jesus Christ. Oh my god it's cold.

Heather: Please be quiet okay?

Mike: Okay, okay.
(Cuts to dawn)

Heather: I don't hear anything anymore, I think we should go back.

Mike: How long have we been here?

Heather: I don't know, maybe a couple of hours. The suns up were okay now.

Josh: Let's just get back, let's pack shit up, let's get out.

Heather: Okay.

(Cuts back at tent, things scattered all around campsite)

Josh: What the fuck man?

Heather: Where's my pack?

Mike: Your packs right there. Where's my pack?

Josh: What the fuck man? Why are we getting fucked with like this? They opened it up. They spilled all my fucking water!

Mike: That looks like slime man.

Josh: That's just water, man. (Bends over and feels "slime") Ah that is slime. What the fuck is that? Dude.

Mike: Come on, let's get the shit packed up and let's get out of here.

Josh: Come on Heather turn that thing off and let's go. I'm not; I'm not interested in anything anymore! So turn it off!

Heather: I know. Let's relax for just a second. Have we gotten everything here?

Josh: Like I give a shit!

Heather: Who's shit was thrown around? Who specifically?

Josh: It was my shit!

Heather: Why you?

Mike: Oh shit, let's go! Let's go! Are you not scared enough?

Heather: Yes I am scared enough and I do want to go, but it's light now. We have a couple of minutes.

Mike: No we don't have a couple of minutes!

Heather: Let's just see what happened here okay! Let's just see what happened here!

Mike: We need to hike!

Josh: Put that camera down. This is not funny.

Heather: Do I look like I'm laughing at all?

Josh: No but you're going around doing your documentary thing man.

Mike: Heather.

Josh: Your doing your thing.

Mike: Heather.

(Mike attacks Heather attempting to take video camera)

Heather: Don't fucking!

(Camera flails wildly)

Mike: Turn this fucking thing off! If you bite me fucking one more time I'm gonna!

(Mike lets go and moves away)

Heather: If you touch my camera one more time I'll bite your fingers off!

Mike: Turn it off!

(Cuts ahead, Mike looking sorry)

Mike: I'm sorry.

Heather: I didn't mean it. Okay?

Mike: Are you all right?

Heather: I'm fine. I want to go home but it's important that we get what we can.

(Cuts ahead, crossing another log)

Heather: What the fuck? Is this possible? Okay, all right. I hate crossing streams on logs. If I never cross another stream on a log for the rest of my life, I will die a happy girl.

(Cuts to Josh filming with video camera)

Mike: (gives camera the finger)

Josh: I see why you like this video camera so much.

Heather: You do?

Josh: It's not quite reality.

Mike: Reality says we've gotta mooove.

Josh: No but its totally like filtered reality man. It's like you can pretend everything is not quite the way it is.

(Cuts ahead, Josh sitting alone in the distance)

Mike: (whispers) Just leave him alone.

Heather: We need to go. Mike.

Mike: Just give him like five minutes. Just leave him alone. He's lost it.

Heather: We are all on the brink of losing it.

Mike: (whisper) I know that. We've all got to take care of each other.

Heather: (whispers) I know.

Mike: (whispers) you can't really take care of him if you throw a camera in his face while he's crying.

Heather: I know.

Mike: I know you know that, and I know we're both about to lose it but let's try to get the last wits we have.

Heather: We have to go.

Mike: Understand I know we have to go. Believe me I know we have to go.

Heather: It is hard for all us to hold it together. We need to get out of here in one piece and this is not helping!

Mike: I know it's not. Just let him have his...

Josh: (In the distance) anybody have a cigarette?

Mike: No man.

Heather: No, there's none left.

Josh: We don't have any cigarettes?

Heather: We're out.

Josh: (voice cracking) Why the fuck? What the fuck was this blue jelly shit all over my shit?

Heather: Let's go. If we keep going south we will get out. Please.

(Cuts to Josh down on his knees)

Josh: (whispers something unintelligible)

Heather: Josh, none of us do.

Josh: I know.

Mike: What ever it is, is going to come back. We know that for a fact.

Heather: We don't know that for a fact.

Mike: Well it came three nights in a row. It's been getting worse every night.

Heather: I would love to hear this right now, I really would, but we...

Josh: Can we please go?

Mike: I'm just trying to say you know we have to rationally say, they might go on forever compared to our footsteps.

Heather: Not, not possible. Not possible in this country. Not possible.

Josh: Why is it not possible?

Heather: Because this is America. We've destroyed most of our natural resources.

Mike: (begins to sing) America, America. GOD SAVE YOUR GRACE ON THEE!

(Cuts to hiking)

Josh and Mike: (sing national anthem) The twilight's last gleaming.

Heather: Okay, I don't want to be a humorless pain in the ass, but this I don't fucking understand.

(Cuts ahead)

Mike: Yo that's the stream we crossed!

Josh: That's further down. That's the same one!

Mike: Oh god! You've got to be kidding me! This is a joke! THIS IS NOT FUNNY!

Heather: (begins to cry) No. Mike just please stop. Please stop.

Mike: Ohhh nooo.

Heather: It's not the same log. It's not the same log Mike!

Mike: It's the same one!

Heather: Look it's not!

Mike: It is! Open your eyes!

Heather: It's not the same log. (Begins to sob) It's not. It's not the same log.

Mike and Josh: Fuck!

Heather: (collapses crying next to log) It's the same log. It's

the same.

Mike: Fuck you God!

Heather: (sobs and rocks back and forth) It's okay. It's okay.
It's okay.

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: Where do you want to go today to camp? I guess south didn't work today so tomorrow we'll go east. I don't know what to say Josh.

Josh: How the fuck did we walk south and end up at the same place?

Heather: We walked south all day! We walked south all fucking day! I don't know how we ended up here.

(Cuts ahead, Josh filming Heather with video camera)

Heather: Do you expect me to do something or say something? What do you want to do Josh? Josh?

Josh: I wanna make movies Heather. Isn't that what we're here to do? Let's make some movies.

Heather: Fuck you. Really. Fuck you. Fuck you.

Mike: Please let's not fight. Come on I can't. I can't listen to fighting. I can't fight. We're screwed and that's it. Please stop fighting. I'll do the first watch. I got first watch.

Josh: (To Heather) Come on you can do better than that.

Mike: Come on guys we have things to prepare for here.

Josh: Okay here's your motivation! You're lost, you're angry in the woods! There's no one here to help you! There's a fucking witch and she keeps leaving shit outside your door! There's no one here to help you! She left little trinkets; you fucking took one of them! She ran after us! There's no one here to help you!

Mike: Josh!

Josh: We walked for 15 hours today, we ended up in the same place! There's no one here to help you! That's your motivation!

Heather: (begins to cry) Stop, please stop.

Mike: Josh!

Josh: That's your motivation!

Heather: Please stop.

Mike: Josh, just quit it. I've had enough.

Heather: Please stop.

Mike: Come on man, you got her back. Good one.

Josh: She's still making movies here man! That's my point! This is my point here!

Heather: It's all I fucking have left! Okay? Just please stop. Please stop. Just please stop yelling at me okay? Please.

Mike: I'm fucking tired of crying all day here. We have to think like human beings we have things to prepare for, we've gotta make shifts. We've got lots to do.

Josh: Are you going to write us a happy ending Heather?

Heather: (breaks down and weeps then walks away)

Mike: Come on man, turn it off. You're getting like she was. Come on man turn it off.

(Cuts ahead, inside of tent light only by flashlights, Heather mending hole in gear)

Heather: We need the smallest comforts we can get.

Josh: Doesn't it just seem absurd though, at this point.

Mike: Yes it does.

Heather: (mumbles with flashlight in mouth)

Mike: Like sleeping pretty much where we were sleeping last night.

Josh: That's just fucking me up. Period. That's just fucked up man. (Looks directly into camera, looking lost)

Josh: I'm sorry I yelled at you. I'm sorry.

Heather: It's okay.

Mike: Who wants a Cheeseburger?

Heather: (with flashlight in mouth) I do! I do!

Mike: Well I've got a cheeseburger in my back pocket.

Heather: Do you?

(All laugh slightly)

Josh: You know what I'd fucking love?

Heather: What.

Josh: Mashed potatoes. My moms mashed potatoes. My moms mashed potatoes and a piece of ass.

(Cuts to next morning, Heather outside of tent)

Heather: Josh! Josh! Fuck, Mike we never go out of earshot!

Mike: Come on, calm down.

Heather: How can I calm down? JOSH! JOSH!

Mike: He's probably at the river or something.

Heather: If he was at the river he could hear me from here.

Mike: Josh!

Heather: Josh!

Mike: Shhh. You gotta wait for his reply. He'll come back.

Heather: JOSH!

Mike: Heather...

Heather: Do you remember what he said yesterday? About, about this shit on his back. About how... JOSH!

Mike: We didn't even, we didn't even get waken up last night. Nothing even came to the tent last night. Last night was a good night. There's no way... He, he just, he just, he's just went for a walk.

Heather: Josh if your fucking with me, I swear to God I'm gonna kill you!

Mike: Let's go, we gotta find him! Come on!

Heather: We can't even find the car! (Crying) How the fuck are we going to find Josh? No, no, no, I'm fine.

Mike: Come on. Relax, he's just. He's around he just went out of

ear shot. I dunno. He just went out of earshot. That's all. All right? We'll relax, we'll break down the tent and when he's back we'll be ready to go. All right?

Heather: I'm loosing my mind Mike.

(Cuts ahead to Heather sitting alone talking to camera)

Heather: Josh hasn't come back yet.

Mike: (In the distance) Heather!

Heather: I'm over here Mike!

Mike: Okay.

Heather: I don't know if Josh ran off. I don't. All his shit's here.

(Cuts back to tent)

Heather: I've got the camera. I don't know how the fuck I'm gonna hike with that camera, but.

Mike: We should leave the camera.

Heather: We've gotta take the camera.

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: How do you feel about east?

Mike: How do you feel about east?

Heather: Well south didn't work.

Mike: Which Wicked Witch was worst, the Wicked Witch of the East or the Wicked Witch of the West?

Heather: The Wicked Witch of the West was the bad one.

Mike: Let's go east then.

(Cuts ahead)

(Sound of sticks breaking in the distance, both turn towards it)

Heather: What was that?

Mike: Josh? Josh!

(Cuts to end of day, Mike and Heather putting up tent)

Heather: We're going to put up the tent now.

(Cuts ahead)

Mike: I'm going to have a meatball.

Heather: Just one meatball?

Mike: And a long, red glass of wine.

Heather: Yeah, I would defiantly have the whole fucking bottle of Bordello.

Mike: A pack of smokes.

Heather: Smokes would be good. A long hot bath.

Mike: Pumpkin pie.

Heather: A big pumpkin pie with ice cream, warm with melty ice cream.

Mike: Yeah that sounds good. What's your favorite thing to do on a Sunday?

Heather: Um, it used to be, drive to the woods and go hiking.

Mike: (laughs)

Heather: But, um.

Mike: I think that's scratched off.

Heather: I think that might change now.

(Cuts ahead to darkness)

(Voice that sounds like Josh moans off in the distance)

Heather: Should we yell for him? Is it a trick?

Josh's voice: (cries of pain and fear in the distance)

Heather: Josh?

(Unzips tent)

Mike: Josh! (Silence) Josh!

(Silence)

Mike: Where's it coming from?

Josh's voice: (Bleating moans)

Mike: JOSH! Josh where are you? Tell me where you are!

Josh's voice: (closer and louder cry's of pain)

Heather: (muffled) Oh my god. No.

Mike: Fuck. Do you think that's them fucking with us?

Heather: Josh? Is it over here?

Mike: No it's over here.

Mike: JOSH! (Breath from the cold mists in the cameras view)

Mike: Well look for him!

Heather: (begins to cry uncontrollable)

Mike: (voice cracking) I don't know if it's really him, I don't know if it's really him.

Heather: Josh! (Sobs) I don't even know where to look.

Mike: (crying) Tell me where you are Josh!

(Cuts ahead)

Heather: Mike, please don't fall asleep.

Mike: I can't fall asleep.

Heather: Whatever it is, it knows that Josh is gone.

Mike: If that was Josh he would have said where he was.

Heather: (mumbles, not sure about this line?) Good night...
(something)

(Cuts to next morning)

Heather: I just want to show that Mike is here. He's sleeping.
(Pulls sleeping bag off of Mike's face, then steps out of tent)

(A bundle of sticks and twigs bound together by what looks to be strips of Josh's flannel shirt confronts Heather)

Heather: Oh shit. What the hell is it? Mike.

Mike: What?

Heather: There's something out here.

Mike: What is it?

(Heather gets close with camera and examines bundle)

Heather: (gasps) Okay, okay. Okay I'm just going to move it from the front of the tent. Okay? I'm taking it away; I'm taking it away from the front of the tent. I'm throwing it. (Throws it over log) Okay.

Mike: (sitting alone and rocking back and forth) We'll just keep walking. Okay?

Heather: (crying) Okay.

Mike: We'll keep walking. I found some cigarettes. I found them all the way at the bottom of my bag. We're still alive; we're still smoking.

(Heather sets camera up and walks over to comfort Mike. They share a cigarette)

(Cuts ahead, Heather goes back to where she had tossed the bundle of sticks)

(Heather examines bundle more closely and begins to untie strip of Josh's shirt)

Heather: It's all full of blood. (Gasps, screams, then begins to cry at what is bound inside the shirt, bloody clumps of hair and what appears to be gory teeth. She quickly begins to hyperventilate and lose control but continues to examine the gore with her camera) (pants) Shit. (Turns away) Oh god.

(Cuts to Heather by stream, washing her hand profusely)

Heather: Okay, okay. See? (Shows clean hands to camera)

Mike: (In the distance) Heather!

Heather: Yeah?

Mike: What are you doing?

Heather: I'm okay, I'm just washing my hands off.

Mike: What?

Heather: Just washing my hands off.

(Cuts ahead back at tent, Mike using camera)

Heather: (looking very freaked) I'm gonna put my gloves on. I'm gonna put my gloves on. I'm gonna put my gloves on my hands.

Mike: You all right?

Heather: I'm fine, I'm fine.

(Cuts ahead, Heather trying to lift her pack on)

Mike: You need help?

Heather: Nope. Nope. I don't need any help. I'm okay.

Mike: What happened?

Heather: Nothing. Nothing happened. I'm just very hungry and I'm very tired and I'm very scared and I just want to go home okay?

Mike: Okay.

Heather: But I'm fine and we're both okay. Oww, my hair's caught.

(Mike helps get her hair unsnaged from her pack)

Heather: Thank you. Okay.

(Cuts to Hiking)

(Heather stops, looks around, looks at compass then begins to hike again)

(Cuts to Mike rocking and looking exhausted)

(Cuts to hiking)

Mike: 2130 games. One more season and Cal Ripkin is king! Cal Ripkin is king! And I won't get to see it! Cause I'll be in the woods!

(Cuts to Mike sitting by stream holding a leaf)

Mike: (puts leaf in mouth, tears a chunk off and begins to chew)

Heather: Tell me your not eating a dry leaf. (Laughs)

(Cuts to night, Heather looking into camera)
(The confessional)

Heather: I just want to apologize to Mike's mom and Josh's mom and my mom and I'm sorry to everyone. I was very naive. (Looks away from camera scared) I was very naive and very stupid and I shouldn't have put other people in danger for something that was all about me and my selfish motives. I'm so sorry for everything that has happened because in spite of what Mike says now it is my fault. Because it was my project and I insisted on everything. I insisted we weren't lost. I insisted we keep going. I insisted we walk south. Everything had to be my way and this is where we've ended up. And it's all because of me we're here now hungry and cold and hunted. I love you mom and dad. I am so sorry. It was never my intention to hurt any one and I hope that's clear. (Begins to hyperventilate as mucus streams from her nostrils) I am so scared. What was that? I'm scared to close my eyes and I'm scared to open them. I'm going to die out here. Every night we just wait for them to come. (Breaks down and sobs)

(Cuts ahead to Heather and gathering gear in the darkness to confront the cries of Josh out in the woods)

Josh's Voice: Somebody!

Mike: Oh Jesus Christ.

Mike: Ready?

Josh's Voice: Somebody!

Mike: Okay. That can't be him.

(Heather carrying 16mm and Mike with Hi-8 Video camera, begin to walk towards sound)

Josh's Voice: Someone I need help please! Please help me god!

Mike: Holy shit it's a house. Watch your step.

(An ancient abandoned house looms over them)

Heather: Mike.

(Mike is eager to explore)

Heather: Josh?

(Cuts to inside of house, Mike's view through Video camera; house is in extreme state of decay, crumbling plaster no windows or doors walls knocked out)

Heather: Mike? Mike! Mike!

Mike: Come on!

Heather: Mike where are you?

Mike: Come on, I'm in the house.

Heather: Mike do not...

Josh's voice: (muffled) please help!

(Cuts to Heather's view with 16 mm)

Heather: Mike? Mike? Mike please.

Josh's Voice: (muffled cries)

Heather: Mike please. Mike where are you?

Mike: I'm right here! Where is he?

Heather: Mike don't leave me!

Heather: Is he in here?

Mike: No. (Whispers) Oh shit.

Josh's Voice: (muffled) No! God!

Mike: (whispers) Oh Jesus. (Arrives at a set of disheveled set of stairs) I hear him. (Begins to run up stairs) I hear him. I hear you! Where? I'm going up stairs! (Begins to climb second flight, there are child sized bloody hand prints and strange occultic symbols along the walls)

(Cuts to Heather's 16mm footage on same set of stairs)

Josh's Voice: (muffled) Overhmm!

Mike: Did you hear that? Did you hear that?

(Cuts to Mike camera looking back at Heather just as she confronts the hand prints)

Mike: Where is he?

Josh's Voice: (unintelligible cries and moans)

(Cuts back to Heather's footage, hyperventilating at this point)

Mike: Where are you!? Come on! Josh? I'm getting down stairs!
Come on! I HEAR HIM DOWN STAIRS! Come on!

(Begins to run down stairs)

Heather: (so scared she can hardly scream) Mmmm! Mike!

Mike: Come on! Josh!

Heather: MIKE!

(Mike arrives at the cellar steps, more occult writings along the wall)

Mike: Josh? Josh!? Josh is that you down there!?

Heather: (in the distance and at the top of her lungs) MIKE! MIKE!

(Mike descends into the basement, Heather continues to scream)

Mike: oh god. . Josh? (Grunt)

(Camera is knocked to the ground. It autofocuses on the cellar gravel)

(Cuts to Heather, just now reaching the cellar entrance)

Heather: MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! (Screams) MIKE! IEEEE! Mike.
(Reaches bottom of the cellar steps)

(Rounds a protruding wall)

(Mike is standing facing the far corner)

Heather: MIKE! MIKE! IEEEE! IEE! HHUH!

(16 MM drops on its side and film jitters)

(No sound)

EOF.

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

[A](#) [B](#) [C](#) [D](#) [E](#) [F](#) [G](#) [H](#) [I](#) [J](#) [K](#) [L](#) [M](#) [N](#) [O](#) [P](#) [Q](#) [R](#) [S](#) [T](#) [U](#) [V](#) [W](#) [X](#) [Y](#) [Z](#) [PDF](#)

Blow (2001) movie script

by David McKenna and Nick Cassavetes.

[More info about this movie on IMDb.com](#)

ON BLACK:

"A MAN MUST LOOK AT HIS LIFE AND THINK LUXURY."

FADE IN:

EXT. GUARJIRA, COLOMBIA - 1989 - DAY

A majestic panorama of the lush green slopes that are the Colombian highlands. A faint chopping sound IS HEARD and then another. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. The view changes and tiny dots appear on the hillside vegetation. WHOOSH.

CLOSER

We realize the dots are people. Workers swinging long steel machetes in slow methodical rhythm. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. WE SEE the South American Indian MEN clearly now. Their tar stained teeth. Their gaunt faces riddled with crow's feet. Their jaws chewing away on huge wads of coca leaves as they collect the harvest.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - COLOMBIA - DAY

Old rickety trucks carrying the huge green tractor-sized bales speed along the narrow road.

EXT. CLEARING - COLOMBIA - DAY

The bundles are undone and Colombian women separate out the leaves. Tribes of underweight workers carry armload after armload of the harvest and ritualistically dump them into a gigantic cannibal pot which sits on top of a raging bonfire. The leaves are being boiled down and a huge plume of smoke streaks the sky. Wizenod Indios brave the heat and shovel ashes into the pot to cool the solution.

INT. JUNGLE - COLOMBIA - DAY

A primitive but enormous makeshift lab contains all the equipment. The machinery. The solutions. The over-sized vats. Dark-skinned bandoleros smoke cigarettes and sport automatic weapons at all the points of entry. The coca is now a "basuco" paste and is being sent in for a wash.

INT. LABORATORY - COLOMBIA - 1989 - DAY

A conveyor belt pours out brick after brick of pure cocaine hydrochloride. The bricks are wrapped, tied up, weighed, and stamped with a "P" before being thrown into duffel bags.

EXT. JUNGLE AIRSTRIP - COLOMBIA - DAY

A small twin-engine Cessna is loaded with dozens of duffel bags and the plane takes off.

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EXT. VERO BEACH AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Cessna touches down.

EXT. WORKSITE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

The worksite is busy. George is amongst other workers, working a summer job. As George is taking five, he looks across the sight to Fred, who is sweeping up debris. A long way from being the boss.

INT. COLLEGE ADMISSIONS OFFICE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

George stands in line to register for college, wearing his Brooks Brothers suit, bowtie, and freshly Bryllcreamed hair. The room is crowded and the line is long. Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues" blares out of one of the kid's transistor radios. George looks around the room. He is uncomfortable. He catches his reflection in the shiny glass partition and stops. He doesn't like what he sees. Something is not right. He looks like everyone else. Same cookie-cutter hair, same cookie-cutter clothes, same cookie cutter faces. He's a carbon copy.

REGISTRATION WOMAN

Next.

It's George's turn but he doesn't hear it. "Twenty years of schooling and they put you on a day shift." The words hit him like a tone of bricks as he continues to stare at his own reflection.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I was standing there, and it was like the outside of me and the inside of me didn't match, you know? And then I looked around the room and it hit me. I saw my whole life. Where I was gonna live, what type of car I'd drive, who my neighbors would be. I saw it all and I didn't want it. Not that life.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - WEYMOUTH - 1966 - DAY

George sits with Fred. It's breaktime and Fred eats from a lunch box.

GEORGE

There's something out there for me, Dad. Something different. Something free form, you know? Something for me, and college just isn't it.

FRED

That's too bad. You would have been the first one in the family.

GEORGE

I know.

FRED

Alright. You want me to get your old job back? Because I could, you know, I could put in that word.

GEORGE

No, Dad. I don't want to...I mean, I just don't want...

It's obvious to Fred that his son doesn't want to be like him.

FRED

What are you going to do?

GEORGE

I'm going to California.

EXT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIFORNIA 1968

George and Tuna, now 21-years old, struggle with their bags. Their new place is a tackily furnished, two-story apartment with small balconies and a view of the ocean. As George and Tuna struggle with the bags, two California beauties appear on the balcony next door: BARBARA BUCKLEY, 20, and MARIA GONZALES, 21.

GIRLS

You guys need some help?

George and Tuna share a look.

TUNA

I don't know about you, but I think we're gonna like it here.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Barbara and Maria introduce George and Tuna around to the Manhattan Beach regulars. They are immediately accepted despite their ill fitting shorts and Tuna's unhip black socks. The beach scene is one big party. Lots of beer, music, bikinis, and good times. By the end of the day, George and Tuna have a hundred new friends.

GEORGE (V.O.)

California was like nothing I'd ever experienced. The people were liberated and independent and full of new ideas.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They used words like "right on," "groovy," and "solid." The women are all beautiful and seemed to share the same occupation.

WOMAN #1

I'm a flight attendant.

WOMAN #2

I'm a flight attendant.

WOMAN #3

I'm a flight attendant.

The weed comes out and is passed around. Pipes. Joints. Bongs. In SLOW MOTION, Barbara takes a huge hit of grass, grabs George's face, french kissing him, and giving him a huge shotgun.

INT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

George and Barbara are sleeping late. Their bodies intertwined beneath the sheets. A slam of the front door

wakes them up. It's Tuna.

TUNA

Hey, wake up. Come on, you two lovebirds. Hurry, I want to show you something.

George and Barbara shake cobwebs out and stumble into the kitchen to find Tuna holding a brown paper shopping bag.

TUNA (CONT'D)

Figured it out.

GEORGE

Figured what out?

TUNA

You know how we were wondering what we were going to do for money? Being how we don't want to get jobs and whatnot? Well, check this out.

Tuna takes the paper bag and empties its contents on the kitchen table. It's a grey mound of stocky, seedy marijuana.

Barbara examines the reefer.

BARBARA

Tuna, this is crap.

TUNA

I know it's not the greatest. It's commercial.

BARBARA

It's garbage.

GEORGE

It's oregano. You got ripped off, pal. What are you gonna do with all this?

TUNA

We sell it. I got it all figured out. We make three finger lids and sell them on the beach. We move all of it. We've made ourselves a hundred bucks. Or a lot of weed for our head. What do you think? Not bad, huh? I got the baggies and everything.

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You can't sell this to your friends.

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Man. Fuck you guys. I have this great idea and you guys have to be all skeptical.

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Look, if you really wanna score some dope, I got the guy.

EXT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

George, Barbara and Tuna stop outside the front door.

GEORGE

Are you sure this guy is cool?

BARBARA
You'll see for yourself.

TUNA
A beauty parlor for men? Sounds pretty queer.

They walk in.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - CONTINUOUS

George, Tuna and Barbara enter. The Whipping Post is California's first male hair salon. George looks around at the customer's being pampered. Haircuts, pedicures, manicures.

GEORGE
Nothing like this back home.

BARBARA
Derek!

DEREK FOREAL is a curious man. Daringly effeminate, especially for the sixties, he is always surrounded by beautiful women. As he sees Barbara, he stops his haircut and runs to embrace her.

DEREK
Barbie!

Derek's female entourage rush over as well. Kisses all around.

DEREK (CONT'D)
So, this is the new man, huh? He's cute!

George and Tuna stick out there hands.

GEORGE
George.

TUNA
Tuna.

DEREK
Tuna, oh my. Enchante, George. Barbie, he's yummy. He looks like a Ken doll. Oooh, Ken and Barbie. It's perfect. Alright, girls, give me five minutes.

Derek makes dismissing gestures and the girls scatter.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Everyone, shoo! You, too, Barbie. I want to talk to the boys alone.

After the girls leave, Derek closes the partition and his playful demeanor changes. He's all business now.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What can I do for you guys?

GEORGE
We want some grass.

DEREK
I know what you want. But, first of all, are you cops?

GEORGE

No.

DEREK

Because if you are, you have to tell me.
If not, it's entrapment.

GEORGE

We're not cops. We're from
Massachusetts. I mean, does he look
like a cop?

DEREK

I guess not. Okay. You know, you're
very lucky you're friends of Barbie's.
If you weren't, I'd never talk to you.

Derek pulls a television-sized brick of quality marijuana out
from under a sink and sets it down in front of George.

GEORGE

What the fuck is that?

DEREK

It's your grass.

TUNA

Wow. That's more than we had in mind.

DEREK

I don't nickel and dime. You want it or
not?

George and Tuna look at each other.

GEORGE

We'll take it.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Summer on the beach. It's one big party. George and Tuna
are on the beach. They are the new kings. They smoke pot
and drink brews.

George and Barbara get close as do Tuna and Maria. Slowly,
George's clothes and hair start to look better, cooler.

George and Tuna hanging out with the SURFERS.

George and Tuna hang with Barbara, Maria and SOME GIRLFRIENDS
in bikinis.

George and Barbara hang together at the life guard stand.

George and Tuna on the strand with HIPPY PROFESSORS selling
half-ounces.

Derek, Tuna, George, Barbara, Maria and the Elves play
volleyball.

Barbecue at Belmont Shores apartment with George, Barbara,
Derek, Tuna, Maria and different Elves.

George and Tuna sell half-ounces to BIKERS.

Derek is having a party out of a mini-van in the beach
parking lot. George, Barbara, Tuna and Maria are there.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - SUNSET

George and Barbara sit by the water, watching the waves crash into the sand. The sky is streaked with purple and red.

GEORGE
This is it for me.

BARBARA
What is?

GEORGE
Just everything. You. California. The beach. This spot right here. I feel like I belong here, you know? It just feels right.

BARBARA
You happy, baby?

GEORGE
Yeah. I am.

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Tuna.

DEREK

Tuna, oh my. Enchante, George. Barbie, he's yummy. He looks like a Ken doll. Oooh, Ken and Barbie. It's perfect.

Alright, girls, give me five minutes.

Derek makes dismissing gestures and the girls scatter.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Everyone, shoo! You, too, Barbie. I want to talk to the boys alone.

After the girls leave, Derek closes the partition and his playful demeanor changes. He's all business now.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What can I do for you guys?

GEORGE

We want some grass.

DEREK

I know what you want. But, first of all, are you cops?

GEORGE

No.

DEREK

Because if you are, you have to tell me. If not, it's entrapment.

GEORGE

We're not cops. We're from Massachusetts. I mean, does he look like a cop?

DEREK

I guess not. Okay. You know, you're very lucky you're friends of Barbie's. If you weren't, I'd never talk to you.

Derek pulls a television-sized brick of quality marijuana out from under a sink and sets it down in front of George.

GEORGE

What the fuck is that?

DEREK

It's your grass.

TUNA

Wow. That's more than we had in mind.

DEREK

I don't nickel and dime. You want it or not?

George and Tuna look at each other.

GEORGE

We'll take it.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Summer on the beach. It's one big party. George and Tuna are on the beach. They are the new kings. They smoke pot and drink brews.

George and Barbara get close as do Tuna and Maria. Slowly, George's clothes and hair start to look better, cooler.

George and Tuna hanging out with the SURFERS.

George and Tuna hang with Barbara, Maria and SOME GIRLFRIENDS in bikinis.

George and Barbara hang together at the life guard stand.

George and Tuna on the strand with HIPPY PROFESSORS selling half-ounces.

Derek, Tuna, George, Barbara, Maria and the Elves play volleyball.

Barbecue at Belmont Shores apartment with George, Barbara, Derek, Tuna, Maria and different Elves.

George and Tuna sell half-ounces to BIKERS.

Derek is having a party out of a mini-van in the beach parking lot. George, Barbara, Tuna and Maria are there.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - SUNSET

George and Barbara sit by the water, watching the waves crash into the sand. The sky is streaked with purple and red.

GEORGE
This is it for me.

BARBARA
What is?

GEORGE
Just everything. You. California. The beach. This spot right here. I feel like I belong here, you know? It just feels right.

BARBARA
You happy, baby?

GEORGE
Yeah. I am.

INT. BELMONT SHORES APARTMENT - 1968 - DAY

George walks in to find Tuna and Maria sitting with KEVIN DULLI, an old friend from back east. He's sitting in front of a water pipe and coughing his ass off.

TUNA
Look what the cat dragged in.

GEORGE
Holy shit, Dulli. What the hell are you doing here?

KEVIN
Well, I'll tell you. I was walking down the beach, minding my business, when who did I see but this fucking guy. I didn't know you guys were living in California.

GEORGE
Yeah, but what are you doing out here?

KEVIN
I'm on vacation. On my way back to

school.

GEORGE

This calls for a joint. You want to do the honors?

KEVIN

No, man. I'm too fucked up.

TUNA

Nice weed, huh?

KEVIN

Fuck yeah. I never seen nothing like it. I'm fucking wasted.

GEORGE

Right on.

KEVIN

G-d, I'm stoned. I'm stoned. I'm really...

GEORGE

Stoned?

KEVIN

I wish there was shit like this back home.

GEORGE

Yeah?

KEVIN

Shit, yeah. Do you know how much money I could make if I had this stuff back east?

TUNA

No shit, Kevin?

KEVIN

That's right.

GEORGE

Yeah?

KEVIN

When there's something to move, it's too easy not to. Do you know how many colleges are in a twenty mile radius? U. Mass, Amherst, B.U....

TUNA

Smith. Hampshire....

KEVIN

Right. And Holyoke. There are a hundred thousand rich kids with their parents' money to spend, but there's never anything available. Nothing good, anyway. I'm paying four hundred dollars for shit.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - DAY

Derek, George and Barbara sit around. The blinds are drawn.

GEORGE

The way we figure it, Barbara flies to Boston twice a week. Two bags per flight. Twenty-five pounds in each bag.

DEREK
You're kidding, right? That's a hundred pounds a week.

GEORGE
Yeah, I know, it's a lot of weight.

BARBARA
We're gonna call it California sinsemilla. Sounds exotic.

GEORGE
I'm telling you, Derek, it will sell.

DEREK
I don't know...

GEORGE
Here's the best part. We can charge five-hundred a pound.

DEREK
Come on, George, no one is going to pay that.

GEORGE
It's already been negotiated. It's done. The money is there waiting.

Derek looks at Barbara. She nods.

DEREK
Goodness.

GEORGE
Goodness is right. If you do the math, that's over thirty grand a week profit. I want you to be my partner on this, Derek. Fifty-fifty. That's fifteen thousand a week for you, my friend. In your pocket, free and clear.

DEREK
And I only deal with you?

GEORGE
Barbara and me. No one else.

Derek thinks about it.

BARBARA
It's gonna work, Derek.

DEREK
I don't know. East coast. Airplanes. It all sounds pretty risky.

GEORGE
She's a flight attendant. They don't check her bags.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - 1968 - DAY

George drops Barbara off in her uniform curbside. They kiss and she walks away with two big, red Samsonites. She checks

them with a SKYCAP and tips him.

EXT. SKY - 1968 - DAY

A huge jet goes right to left through frame.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968 - DAY

Barbara is greeted by KEVIN DULLI with a hug. A baggage claim check is slipped into Kevin's hand.

BARBARA
Any message?

KEVIN
Keep it coming.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - BOSTON - 1968

We see Barbara's two red Samsonites being taken off the belt by Kevin.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968

Same scene repeated, except different clothes on all. Maybe Kevin is dressed a little better.

KEVIN
More.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE - BOSTON - 1968

The same scene repeated, same things changed again; now Kevin is definitely dressed a little better.

KEVIN
I need more.

BARBARA
What do you want me to do? I can only take two bags, and I can't fly back here everyday.

KEVIN
I know, but I've got a feeding frenzy on my hands. Tell George this is small potatoes. We're missing out on some serious cash. You tell George. He'll think of something.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - 1968 - DAY

MUSIC CUE:

Tuna drives the big Winny. Maria rides shotgun. Barrelling cross-country, it's a party on wheels.

EXT. WHITE OAK LODGE - AMHERST - 1968 - NIGHT

Kevin and his girl, RADA, are the welcoming committee as the RV pulls into the parking lot. They wave, slap the sides of the Winnebago, and greet the prodigal sons with hugs and handshakes.

INT. WHITE OAK LODGE - AMHERST - 1968 - LATER

George's room is rustic and plush. A log fire burns and empty champagne bottles adorn the surroundings. The girls have taken to each other. The music is loud, and they dance

while the boys do business. Kevin counts out the money.
It's stacked in piles all over the table.

KEVIN

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, nine.
Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, a
thousand. It's all there. Wow. A
hundred and twenty-eight thousand
dollars.

TUNA

Jesus Christ, I'm getting a boner just
looking at it.

But George isn't paying attention. His wheels are turning.

KEVIN

What's the matter, George? Something
wrong? You look like you just fucked
your mother.

TUNA

Cheer up, man. Half this money is ours.
We're fucking rich.

GEORGE

It's not enough.

KEVIN

What?

TUNA

What the fuck are you talking about,
man?

GEORGE

The set-up is wrong. We're doing all
the legwork, and at the end of the day,
we're still paying retail. We're
getting muddled.

KEVIN

So?

GEORGE

So, we need to get to the source.

TUNA

Source? What about Derek?

GEORGE

He's getting muddled, too. And Derek's
our partner. What's good for us is good
for him.

KEVIN

Okay. So we need a source. Where do we
start?

GEORGE

Who speaks Spanish?

EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA - MEXICO - 1968 - DAY

MUSIC CUE.

SUPERIMPOSE: PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO

We PAN OFF the beautiful waters of Puerto Vallarta. This is

a local beach on a Saturday afternoon. The girls on the beach are drinking coco-locos and swimming.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GANG LOOKING FOR A CONNECTION

George with a bartender.

Tuna and Dulli with cabbies.

George and Derek talking with a local man, RAMON, at a corner bar.

Barbara, Maria and Rada talk with local girls.

EXT. OCEANA BAR - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

TUNA

This is bullshit, George. We're never going to find anything down there.

KEVIN

You know, he's got a point. We're fucking Americans. We stick out like sore thumbs.

DEREK

I don't think so.

GEORGE

You guys are such babies. You want to go home, go. Me, I'm not going to stop until I find the fucking motherlode.

RADA

Georgie, we're gonna get busted if we keep this up.

GEORGE

We're not gonna get busted.

KEVIN

George, we'll wind up in a Mexican prison getting fucked up the ass by one of Maria's relatives.

MARIA

Hey, fuck you, Dulli. I'm not Mexican. I'm Italian.

BARBARA

You're Italian?

KEVIN

Yeah, right. Gonzales. What is that, Sicilian?

TUNA

As far as I'm concerned, we're on fucking vacation.

He grabs Maria, runs and does a huge belly-flop into the water. They all laugh.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

George and Barbara with local musicians on the beach.

George and Derek at a cab stand.

George talks with a bellboy in the lobby of a local hotel.

INT. COCOS FRIOS BAR - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

George, Barbara, Tuna, Derek, Maria, Kevin, and Rada are at the bar. Ramon comes up to George, they briefly discuss and George follows him out of the bar.

EXT. STREETS - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

George and Ramon climb into a beat up V.W. bug and take off.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1968 - DAY

Fields and Farms. The V.W. bug pulls up to an old ranch. They get out of the bug and are greeted by SANTIAGO and his THREE SONS.

SANTIAGO

Ramon tells me you are looking for some mota.

GEORGE

Yes, I am.

Santiago moves to a tarp and pulls it back to reveal many bales of green, seedless sinsemilla.

SANTIAGO

For instance, something like this?

GEORGE

Very nice. I'll take it.

SANTIAGO

Ha ha ha. You are funny. Really, how much will you be needing?

GEORGE

All of it. As much as you've got. A couples thousand pounds. I'll be back in a week with a plane.

SANTIAGO

Listen, Americano, it is very nice to meet you, but maybe we are going too fast. You take a little and then come back.

GEORGE

I don't need a little. I need a lot.

SANTIAGO

Marijuana is illegal in my country, and I believe in yours, as well. We must be careful.

GEORGE

What if I brought you, let's say, fifty thousand dollars? Would that eliminate some of your concerns?

SANTIAGO

Amigo, you bring me fifty-thousand dollars, and I have no more concerns.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - 1968 - DAY

A pair of boltcutters snaps the chain off a single-engine

Cessna.

TUNA

I can't believe we're stealing a plane.

KEVIN

Don't be such a pussy.

GEORGE

It's fine. We're not stealing it.
We're borrowing it. And try to look
natural. We've got company.

A MECHANIC working on the adjacent plane is giving them the hairy eyeball.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Be cool.

The three boys nod their heads in acknowledgement and give a small wave. The mechanic smiles and waves back.

INT. CESSNA - 1968 - DAY

The engine is on and the propeller is spinning. Kevin is at the controls. Tuna is not making the trip. He pokes his head in before shutting the cockpit.

TUNA

You guys are fucking insane.

George reads from a flight manual.

GEORGE

Alright, pull back the throttle...

The engine screams.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Not that far, only halfway. You sure
you know what you're doing?

KEVIN

Relax. I've flown with my old man a
million times. And he always told me,
the taking off part is easy, it's the
landing you've got to worry about.

EXT. SANTIAGO FARM - MEXICO - 1968 - DAY

The plane tries to land. It's a clumsy one. The Cessna is tipping and touching, first one wheel, then another, almost sideways before straightening out and stopping. George and Kevin hop out of the plane. They are greeted by Santiago and the Mexican contingency.

AMIGOS

Hola, George! Bienvenido!

George hands out presents to everyone. He's like Santa Claus, giving gifts to every man, woman and child. They love him. Santiago pumps George's hand.

SANTIAGO

Good to see you, Jorge. You are a man
of your word.

GEORGE

Actually, I've got some news. That

fifty thousand I promised you, I
couldn't get it.

George throws Santiago a duffel bag.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So I brought you sixty.

EXT. DRY LAKE BEDS - TWENTY-NINE PALMS, CA. - 1968 - DUSK

Rada sits in the Winnebago and keeps flashing the headlights.
Barbara, Tuna, and Maria stand on top of the Winnebago waving
big, white towels. The plane descends from the sky and
touches down, making another extremely shaky landing.

INT. FOREAL'S HOUSE - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1968 - NIGHT

It's on the water and beautiful. The furnishings are
distinctly Derek Foreal. It's a surreal scene.
The holiday decorations are up, TOPLESS WOMEN in elf outfits
sip champagne, and a thousand pounds of cannabis lays on the
living room floor.

GEORGE
Are you sure you want to do this in
front of everyone?

DEREK
Don't be ridiculous, these are my
babies.

George empties the pot all over the floor.

DEREK (CONT'D)
George, you're a genius. We're rich.
Come, children.

The girls dive on top of Derek, caressing and kissing him.

DEREK (CONT'D)
George, get my camera.

Derek poses with a load of marijuana like it's a new fur.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Take a picture of me, George. Take a
picture of me with my new friends.
It'll be a fabulous Christmas card.

INT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARATA - 1970 - DAY

A Mexican Real Estate Agent shows Barbara and George a
sprawling Villa in Puerto Vallarta. It's amazing. White
marble on the water. George looks at Barbara.

GEORGE
Should we buy it?

BARBARA
Are you kidding?

GEORGE
We'll take it.

EXT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARATA - 1970 - MAGIC HOUR

The team is there. All of them. George, Barbara, Kevin,
Rada, Tuna, Maria and Derek with a couple of new senorita
friends. They all wear identical Mexican sombreros. A

MEXICAN BOY approaches them with a camera.

MEXICAN BOY
Picture?

They pose, their arms thrown around each other in camaraderie, and FLASH. The picture freezes and WE DISSOLVE.

INT. THE BUGGY WHIP - WEYMOUTH - 1972 - NIGHT

George is taking Barbara and his parents out to dinner. The Buggy Whip is Ermine's favorite.

ERMINE
I just can't get over the size of that ring. I just love it. Fred, look at it. Tell me you don't love that ring.

FRED
I'm just happy that George has found someone he cares for.

ERMINE
Yes. Of course. But, I'm talking about that ring. It's something else. Let me tell you.

BARBARA
George has exquisite taste.

ERMINE
What is that, two carats? That's got to be two carats.

BARBARA
I don't know.

ERMINE
Yes. It's at least two carats, darling. Treasure it.

FRED
Hard to imagine being able to afford a ring like that on a construction salary.

All eyes turn to George, who fumbles.

GEORGE
Well, you know. It's um...

ERMINE
Oh, shut up, Fred. Shut your big fat mouth. You don't buy it all at once. It's called layaway.

FRED
Layaway shmayaway.

ERMINE
That's right. Layaway. Something you wouldn't know anything about, you cheapskate.

FRED
Who's the cheapskate?

ERMINE
You, you big old tightwad. He still has his communion money. Tell him, George.

Tell your father about layaway.

GEORGE
Yeah, layaway.

ERMINE
The boy is happy, Fred. Don't be such a killjoy.

FRED
Killjoy?

George looks to Barbara, whose nose is bleeding.

GEORGE
Honey, your nose!

BARBARA
Oh my G-d, I'm so sorry.

ERMINE
Barbara, here, take my napkin.

BARBARA
Thanks. I'll be okay.

GEORGE
You wanna split?

BARBARA
Yeah, I don't feel so well.

GEORGE
Okay, guys, we're gonna leave. Let's get the check.

EXT. THE BUGGY WHIP - WEYMOUTH - 1972 - LATER

George and Barbara exit the restaurant.

GEORGE
Are you sure you're okay? You're pale.

BARBARA
I feel like shit. Me and my frigging nosebleeds.

GEORGE
I'm taking you to the doctor when we get home, and I don't want to hear any arguments.

BARBARA
Would you be bummed out if I didn't go to Chicago with you?

GEORGE
No, not at all. Sure. You're right. You fly home and get some rest.

BARBARA
Nice first impression. A nose bleed in front of your parents.

GEORGE
Oh my G-d, how embarrassing were they? I wanted to shoot myself.

BARBARA

Oh, they weren't that bad. I mean, they were kind of cute.

GEORGE

Promise me that we'll never be like them. I don't want to wind up like that.

BARBARA

Relax, baby. We're going to wind up like us.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHICAGO - 1972 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE

MUG SHOTS of George. Left, right, center. George sits handcuffed to a chair. Piles of marijuana bricks roll past him.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I had a little problem in Chicago. Something about trying to sell a truckload of dope to an undercover officer. So I applied the three rules of the game under if and when arrested.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CHICAGO - 1972 - DAY

George and his COURT APPOINTED ATTORNEY stand before the JUDGE at the arraignment.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Rule one: don't fight. A trial will cost you a fortune in lawyer's fees and the jury will chop off your balls and hand them to you on a platter.

JUDGE

George Jung, you have been accused of possession of six-hundred and sixty pounds of marijuana with intent to distribute. How do you plead?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Rule two: plead not guilty and get bailed out of jail.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your honor, I'd like to say a few words to the court.

The court appointed attorney puts his head in his hands.

JUDGE

By all means.

GEORGE

In all honesty, I don't feel like what I've done is a crime and I think it's illogical and irresponsible for you to sentence me to prison. None of the real criminals of the world ever end up behind bars. I mean, when you think about it, what did I really do? Cross an imaginary line with a bunch of plants? You say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief, but where's the Christmas dinner for the people on

relief?

George stops when his attorney stamps on his foot. The court officers roll their eyes and the judge smiles.

JUDGE

Those are very interesting concepts you have, Mr. Jung. Unfortunately for you, the imaginary line you crossed is real, the plants you brought with you are illegal, and what you did constitutes a crime.

The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bail is set at twenty-thousand dollars.

EXT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CHICAGO - 1972 - NIGHT

George walks out, free on bond, to find Barbara waiting for him. She doesn't look so good.

BARBARA

Surprise.

GEORGE

Baby, you didn't have to come.

BARBARA

What, and miss all the fun? C'mon, not a chance. So, what's the verdict?

GEORGE

Lawyer says he can plead it down to five years. I'll serve two.

BARBARA

Two years. George, I can't wait that long.

GEORGE

What? You're not going to wait for me?

BARBARA

George, I went to the doctor. I don't have two years.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Which brings me to rule number three: which says, fuck rules one and two, skip bail and take off.

EXT. RENT-A-CAR - 1972 - DAY

George hits the gas and the car screams down the road.

EXT. VILLA - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1973 - GOLDEN HOUR

George and Barbara sit on the veranda drinking champagne and watching the sun go down over the Pacific. Barbara is completely bald. Rail thin, eyes sunken. But it doesn't matter. They're having a great time. They laugh and hold hands and laugh some more.

EXT. CEMETERY - PUERTO VALLARTA - 1973 - DAY

Everyone is there. All in black. Barbara's casket is lowered into the ground and George climbs to his knees to

push the first dirt on the grave.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Time is such a funny thing. I look at where I am now, and in here, time inches along. So slow, it hardly seems like it moves. But back then, time went fast.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

George pushes dirt along the edge of a flower root. Still planting those sunflowers, he presses down firmly, standing before him is Barbara, still beautiful and young with flowing locks. George raises his hand and makes a small wave. Barbara opens and closes her hand. Bye bye.

GEORGE

It went too fast.

George looks down and Barbara is gone. No Barbara.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - BACKYARD - WEYMOUTH - 1973 - NIGHT

George hops the fence like he did when he was a boy and goes in the back door.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ermine looks at George blankly.

GEORGE

Hi, Mom.

Ermine just keeps looking at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Surprised to see me?

ERMINE

Take your boots off. You're tan.

GEORGE

Mexico.

ERMINE

Yeah. We heard all about it. I want you to know I'm deeply sorry about your girlfriend.

GEORGE

Barbara.

ERMINE

Yes, Barbara. She was very pretty.

GEORGE

Thank you. Have you been getting the money I sent you?

ERMINE

You mean the drug money? Yes, I got it.

Ermine's hands are trembling. She is emotional. She hugs George ferociously, not letting go.

ERMINE (CONT'D)

G-d, son.

GEORGE

Okay, Mom. It's okay. Where's Dad?

George turns around to see Fred's beaming face.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

George and Fred sit at the table, a bottle of Scotch sits between them. The glasses are raised.

GEORGE

May the wind always be at your back and
the sun always upon your face...

FRED

...and the winds of destiny carry you
aloft...

BOTH

...to dance with the stars.

The glasses clink and the drinks are sucked down.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - LATER

The bottle is dwindling. George and Fred are feeling it.

FRED

You alright?

George nods.

GEORGE

Just low.

FRED

You loved her, didn't you? You really
loved her.

GEORGE

Yeah, Dad. I really did. What am I
gonna do?

FRED

Tough spot.

The glasses are refilled.

GEORGE

You mad at me?

FRED

Not mad.

GEORGE

Yeah, you are. I can tell by the way
you look at me.

FRED

I just don't know what you're thinking.
I don't understand your choices. You
know, the police are looking for you.

GEORGE

I know. I'm great at what I do, Dad. I
mean, I'm really great.

FRED

Let me tell you something, son. You
would have been great at anything.

Something outside catches George's eye. A light. A reflection. A movement. George is up and on the move.

FRED (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and FEDERAL AGENTS pour into the house.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George is up the stairs in a flash.

ERMINE
George!

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

George slams the door behind him, moves over to the window, and opens it. Cops everywhere. He's trapped. Out of options, he folds. He moves to the corner and sits down, turns on the train set. A KNOCK on the door is heard. FBI Agent, JAMES T. TROUT.

TROUT
George Jung, you are under arrest.

FRED
Open the door, son.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - LATER

They lead George outside in handcuffs. Ermine and Fred watch.

ERMINE
I had no choice.

George stops and looks at his mother, for the first time realizing her betrayal.

ERMINE (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that. What was I supposed to do? You're in our house. What, was I supposed to be an accomplice?

As George is led to the police car, Ermine follows.

ERMINE (CONT'D)
You don't think people know you're a drug dealer? Everyone knows. It's no secret. How do you think that reflects on me? Every time I go out, I'm humiliated. I see the stares. I hear the whispers. How do you think that makes me feel? Did you ever once stop and think of me?

George's head is pushed down as he is put in the squad car. He looks up at his mother.

ERMINE (CONT'D)
So you go to jail. It's for your own good. You need to straighten your life out.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - 1974 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:

George is being led through a series of gated corridors.

GUARD
Prisoner in.

As he walks, he takes in the faces of the other inmates. He arrives at his cell and notices he has a ROOMMATE.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Prisoner in.

The cell door opens and George steps inside. There are books and papers spread out over both bunk beds. George watches as his cellmate quickly clears everything off the top bunk. Apparently, the papers are private. George puts his things down and the little man proffers his hand. He is dark, polite and Colombian.

DIEGO DELGADO
My name is Diego Delgado. How do you do?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - MESS HALL - 1974 - DAY

George pushes his tray through the cafeteria line. Diego is behind him.

DIEGO
If you don't mind me asking, what is the reason you are in this place?

GEORGE
What?

DIEGO
Your offense? Why are you here?

GEORGE
I don't want to talk about it.

DIEGO
Intriguing. I see. Would you like to know my crime?

GEORGE
Not really, no.

DIEGO
No?

GEORGE
I don't like a lot of conversation, Diego.

DIEGO
Me, too. Too much blah, blah, blah, blah is no good. But we are roommates, okay? And we must talk to each other. I am arrested for stealing cars. For the grand theft auto. Okay? So, now it is your turn. Now you will tell me, okay? You will tell me why you are here?

George says nothing. He keeps eating his food.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, George. If we are to be friends, we must trust each other.

GEORGE

Murder.

DIEGO

Ah, yes. The murder.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

George lays on his bunk, smoking. Diego is on the bottom bunk, furiously writing on a notepad. He flips through his books and rustles his papers. George peeks over the side to see what Diego is doing.

GEORGE

What do you got there, Diego?

DIEGO

Nothing. Just a little project.

GEORGE

What kind of project?

DIEGO

Never mind. Not for you to worry.

GEORGE

I thought you said we were roommates. That we should talk about everything.

DIEGO

You have your intrigues. I have mine. This is a happy day for me, George. Nine months from today, I will be in Medellin sipping champagne. In nine months, I am free. How much time do you have?

GEORGE

Twenty-six months.

DIEGO

Twenty-six months? For murder? I must be your lawyer.

GEORGE

I've got to get out of here, Diego.

DIEGO

Only two ways I know to leave here early. One is to escape.

GEORGE

What's the other one?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - CLASSROOM - DAY

George is trying to teach basic education to the inmates. The room, mostly black and hispanic, is hostile. They don't want to learn.

GEORGE

Alright, let's open our books.

INMATE #1

Man, fuck you.

INMATE #2
We ain't opening shit.

INMATE #1
You just the warden's boy. We on to
you. You just trying to knock some time
off, asskissing motherfucker.

Diego watches as the room reacts with laughter. This ain't
going to be easy.

GEORGE
Alright. You're right. I want to get
out of this shithole as fast as I can.
And I don't want to do this any more
than you do. But for me to walk early,
some of you have to graduate. You,
forget about it. You're hopeless, go to
sleep.

The room laughs again.

INMATE #3
Damn, homeboy, you got ruined.

GEORGE
But the rest of you could get diplomas
and get jobs when you're on the outside.

The room looks at him. They ain't buying it.

INMATE #1
Shit, I'm in for life.

INMATE #2
I'm a criminal. I ain't getting no
motherfucking job.

GEORGE
We can learn some criminal shit, too.
Alright, I'll make you a deal. What if
half the time, we learn about George
Washington, and the other half, I'll
teach you how to smuggle drugs?

INMATE #2
Man, you don't know dick about smuggling
no drugs.

GEORGE
I was arrested in Chicago with six
hundred and sixty pounds of grass. I
think that qualifies me.

Diego looks up from his desk, suddenly very interested.

INMATE #1
How did you get a hold of six-hundred
and sixty pounds of dope?

GEORGE
Flew it in from Mexico on a single
engine Cessna. Now, do we have a deal
or not?

They react. They're in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alright, the first thing you need to know about smuggling drugs is that it's easy. The DEA are a bunch of losers. They couldn't find their dicks in a whorehouse. They don't know what the fuck they're doing...

Diego watches George winning over the room. He listens intently to George's every word. His wheels are turning.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

Lights out. Diego and George lay in their cots. George is tired. Diego is not.

DIEGO

George? Hey, George? I listen to what you say to the class today about the smuggling. You are a magico, ah?

George doesn't respond.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I never believed you were a murderer. I knew. I knew you are a magico. I have seen it in you. It's in your spirit.

GEORGE

I'm tired, Diego. Go to bed.

DIEGO

You like to make the boundaries disappear. It's not only the money, is it, George? The adventure is part of the victory. It's the thrill, ah?

GEORGE

Good night.

DIEGO

In my country, I am a magico. A man with a dream. A man on the rise. To take nothing and make it something, okay? I have failed my dream, but I will accomplish. That is why I am in your country. Yes, I lose my freedom. But they do not take my dream. Do you have a dream, George?

GEORGE

I would if I could get some sleep.

DIEGO

Yes, you have a dream. And maybe you accomplish your dream. But yet you failed. Why?

GEORGE

Because I got caught.

DIEGO

No, my brother.

GEORGE

Because they caught me?

DIEGO

You failed because you had the wrong

dream.

Diego climbs off his bunk and looks George square in the eye.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

George? What do you know about cocaine?

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - MESS HALL - DAY

GEORGE

I don't know, Diego. I've got a good thing going already. Everybody smokes pot. It's easy. Cocaine is a rich man's drug. It's too expensive.

DIEGO

No, no. That is where you are wrong. For us, it is cheap. In Medellin, we buy for six-thousand dollars a kilo. IN Miami, we sell for sixty.

George's interest is piqued.

GEORGE

That's over fifty-thousand dollars profit per kilo.

DIEGO

And that's wholesale. Cut it a few times and retail, you're looking at two, three-hundred thousand.

GEORGE

Oh my G-d.

DIEGO

Yes. And a kilo of coca is smaller than a kilo of your precious marijuana. Everything is the same, George, except instead of thousands, you are making millions.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ. Jesus fucking Christ.

DIEGO

Now do you see what I am saying?

GEORGE

Getting it here is no problem. Trust me. I'll fly it in myself if I have to. What about supply? How much can we get?

DIEGO

Don't worry. We will talk of everything. We have the time. You arrive here with a Bachelor of Marijuana, but you will leave with a Doctorate of Cocaine.

INT. DANBURY F.C.I. - GEORGE'S CELL - NIGHT

Diego and George pouring over Diego's plans. Discussing, planning, plotting.

DIEGO

What type of planes do you have?

GEORGE

Four passenger, single engine Cessna.

DIEGO
How many kilos can we fit in these planes?

GEORGE
I don't know. A hundred, hundred and fifty. How many miles is it from Colombia to Miami?

DIEGO
Fifteen hundred. We'll have to stop somewhere to refuel.

GEORGE
We'll refuel in the Bahamas. I know someone there.

DIEGO
Great. I love the Bahamas.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WEYMOUTH - 1976

SUPERIMPOSE: JULY, 1976.

George is at a payphone. He drops in about a million quarters until he is finally connected.

GEORGE
Diego Delgado, please?

DIEGO
Allo?

GEORGE
Diego? It's George.

DIEGO
George, hallo! Today is the day, ah? Are you out?

GEORGE
Yeah, I'm out.

DIEGO
Congratulations, brother. I've been waiting for you.

GEORGE
How are we doing?

DIEGO
Perfect, George. Perfect. Everything is fine down here. Everything is all set up.

GEORGE
Do we need a plane? How does this work? When do I see you?

DIEGO
Slow down, George. Slow down.

Fred exits the liquor store carrying two bottles of Dom Perignon. As he catches George's eye, he lifts the bottles showing them off. George holds up his finger, indicating he'll be just a second.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

You need to come down here, everybody meets everybody. Ho ho ho. Ha ha ha. We do one for good faith and then we talk about airplanes.

GEORGE

I can't go anywhere, Diego. I'm on parole. I can't leave the state.

DIEGO

But you must. It's the only way.

GEORGE

I just got released five minutes ago.

DIEGO

George, are we gonna do this or not?

EXT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - POOLSIDE - 1976 - DAY

George steps outside and spots Diego. Their eyes meet. Diego looks different, relaxed. He wears a straw hat, shorts, and sports a healthy tan. The two men embrace.

GEORGE

Good to see you, Diego.

DIEGO

Yes. Look around you. The sun. The water. The women. It's better than Danbury, no? Come on. I have some friends I would like you to meet.

EXT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - POOLSIDE - 1976 - DAY

Diego and George sit with five other Colombians, most notably, a man named CESAR ROZA. The mood is not friendly.

DIEGO

Fifteen kilos. Seven and a half in each suitcase. You receive a hundred thousand dollars upon delivery.

GEORGE

Okay.

CESAR

Not so fast. I would like to go over the details.

GEORGE

What details? I put the coke in the false bottoms and take it through customs.

CESAR

Tell me about the suitcases. What is the make and the color?

DIEGO

Samsonites. Red. No tags.

Cesar thinks about it.

CESAR

Hmm. I see. Will there be clothes in the suitcase?

GEORGE
What? Yeah, sure.

CESAR
Whose cloths? Your clothes?

GEORGE
My clothes, your clothes. What does it matter?

CESAR
I would like to know the contents.
Every detail is important.

GEORGE
What are we doing here, Diego? This guy's a clown. He's talking about clothes.

CESAR
I demand to know everything. I do not trust six-hundred thousand dollars of coca to someone I don't know.

GEORGE
It's a lousy fifteen kilos. I piss fifteen kilos.

CESAR
The coca is my responsibility!

GEORGE
You're a fucking amateur!

DIEGO
Gentlemen, please. There is no need to be impolite. Cesar, this will be fine. You have my word. George, Cesar is just being thorough. That's all.

CESAR
Very well. But just remember, Mr. Jung. I will be with you the whole way. And I will be watching.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - 1976 - DAY

George carries the two Samsonites over to customs inspections. It's a long walk. George's heart beats hard. The sound is audible and grows with every beat. BA-BUMP. BA BUMP. Cesar lurks at the baggage carousel.

GEORGE (V.O.)
When you're carrying drugs across the border, the idea is to remain calm. The way I do it is to think of something pleasant, a fun party, a moment of triumph. A sexual encounter. I actually project myself to that place. Anything to keep your mind off the fact that you're going to jail for a very long time if they find the fifteen kilos of cocaine in your suitcases.

George stands in front of the customs agent. He tries his best to look relaxed as the agent reviews his documents.

CUSTOMS AGENT
On vacation?

GEORGE

Yes.

CUSTOMS AGENT

On vacation for only one day?

BA-BUMP. BA-BUMP. The heartbeats are very loud.

GEORGE

(weak smile)

My brother's wedding. Imagine that,
huh?

George's breathing is labored and his swallowing reflex
doesn't seem to be working. Cesar passes through, eyeballing
George the whole time.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Open your bags, please.

George opens the Samsonites. Super dry mouth. BA-BUMP. BA
BUMP. The beats are deafening now. Cesar nervously monitors
the situation from the payphones.

CUSTOMS AGENT (CONT'D)

Whose clothes are these?

GEORGE

Mine.

The customs agent holds up a woman's undergarment. Cesar
throws up his hands in frustration.

CUSTOMS AGENT

And this?

GEORGE

What can I tell you? Different strokes.

George winks at the customs agent, who shakes his head before
finishing the inspection.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Alright, go ahead.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - PAYPHONES - CONTINUOUS

George moves to the payphones, sets down the two suitcases,
and pretends to make a call. Not inconspicuously, Cesar
grabs the bags and walks quickly out of the terminal.

INT. BASSETERRE HOTEL - ANTIGUA - 1976 - DAY

Diego, Cesar, George and JACK STEVENS, a silver haired
executive type, lounge around the mini-suite. Cesar still
has that crazy look in his eye.

DIEGO

Three-hundred kilos it is, then.

A beautiful Latin woman enters and kisses both Diego and
Cesar. Her name is INEZ, and friendly she is not.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Has everyone met Inez? This is George.
I've told you about him. And this is
friend, Jack Stevens.

The men proffer their hands, but she just looks at them like ants before sitting down next to Diego.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Try to be more respectful, darling. My apologies. But she is mistrustful of Americans. Shall we proceed? Let's hear it again, Mr. Stevens.

STEVENS

I'll fly down on a Friday, refuel in the Bahamas, and then to Medellin.

INEZ

Friday?

Inez addresses Diego and Cesar only. She speaks in Spanish. The conversation is about "Why Friday?" Inez has some problem with it. Diego explains. And Inez is reassured.

DIEGO

Please, continue.

GEORGE

We make the pick-up, refuel once more in the Bahamas, and fly back on Sunday with the mom and pop traffic.

CESAR

Why are you speaking?

GEORGE

Excuse me?

CESAR

You. Your responsibility is over. You do not fly. You are not a pilot. You are not a distributor. You introduced us to Mr. Stevens and the use of his airplane. That is all. You make a percentage. A generous one. And you're lucky to get that.

GEORGE

I see. How much?

CESAR

Padrino will pay ten-thousand per kilo. For everyone. For you, and you, and you.

He indicates George, Diego and Jack Stevens.

CESAR (CONT'D)

There is no negotiation. Three-million dollars. That is all.

STEVENS

I want two.

GEORGE

Gee, Jack, a million each had such a nice ring to it.

STEVENS

No way. I'm doing all the work. Taking all the risk, and it's my plane.

Diego and George look at each other.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys don't have to do shit.
Just sit back and collect your money.

GEORGE

You good with this?

Diego nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alright.

This is too much for Inez to handle. She starts screaming machine gun Spanish. Something about a "lousy two-hundred and fifty-thousand dollars," and how Diego is "such a coward" to give away all his money. Diego is embarrassed but tries to remain calm.

DIEGO

You will watch what you say. Especially around George. He is my brother and he speaks as good Spanish as you.

But Inez is wild. She starts in again, a log of "Putos (SOB's)", and "Cojones" and "Maricones (gay/sissys)." Even Cesar is uncomfortable. Diego stands.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Okay. That's enough.

INEZ

Get your hands off me.

Inez takes a swing at Diego and catches him full across the face. Time stops in the room. Question. What will Diego do? Answer: SMACK! Diego swings back and a full scale is on. Cesar continues the conversation. It's surreal. As if Diego and Inez weren't beating the shit out of each other right in front of them.

CESAR

Do you have pictures of your kids?

STEVENS

What?

CESAR

I'll need to see them. Also need their names and the names of their schools. We are trusting you with ninety million dollars worth of coca, Mr. Stevens. Without your children, there is no deal.

Stevens thinks about it. Kids as collateral. Inez and Diego are still duking it out. But Diego finally gets the upper hand and drags her into the bedroom.

STEVENS

Fine. So if that's all, I'll be leaving now.

Cesar walks him to the door.

CESAR

Don't forget the pictures.

Diego calls from the other room.

DIEGO (O.S.)
George. George, come in here.

INT. LA BELLE MER - BEDROOM - LATER

Diego has put Inez in the bathroom and is holding the door closed. She pounds and kicks and screams in frustration, but he pays no attention.

DIEGO
What's the matter, George?

GEORGE
What's the matter? We're moving three hundred fucking kilos and we're making dogshit.

DIEGO
A million dollars for our first run is not bad, George.

GEORGE
It is bad. It's chump change. We might as well be hauling suitcases across the border. We're getting screwed.

DIEGO
I know.

GEORGE
And what happens when these guys stop paying? Sooner or later, these guys are going to cut us out. Then where are we?

DIEGO
That's my George, always thinking.

The door is yanked open to reveal Inez. She is in a rage. Diego slams it in her face.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
This is only part of the business, George. A very small part. Don't worry, there is so much more to do. Which reminds me, I need a favor from you. I must go to Colombia.

GEORGE
What is it, George? Because I have to get home. I've got a parole officer waiting for me.

DIEGO
I need you to go to Miami.

EXT. VENETIAN KING APTS. - MIAMI - 1977 - DAY

George gets out of a taxi to find SEVERAL COLOMBIAN MEN hanging around outside an apartment. He checks the address and moves over to the men.

GEORGE
I'm George. Friend of Diego's?

The Colombian men are not impressed. They grab George and pull him inside.

INT. VENETIAN KING APTS. - CONTINUOUS

George is pinned against the wall and the Colombian men all start screaming at him in Spanish. There seems to be a problem. A man, ALESSANDRO, steps forward. He is the one who speaks English.

ALESSANDRO
QUIET! Callate! Where's Diego?

GEORGE
I don't know. He sent me. I'm George.

ALESSANDRO
Oh, I see. George. Well, that explains everything. Open your mouth, George.

George's puzzled look is replaced by a gun barrel in his face. Alessandro presses it against George's front teeth.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)
Now, you listen to me. Are you hearing me?

George nods.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)
You see this?

He indicates two duffel bags stuffed with fifty kilos of cocaine.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)
I've been holding this shit for him for three weeks. You tell Diego I don't appreciate it. You tell him I want my money by Friday. Can you do that?

GEORGE
Um-hmm.

INT. JUNG HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - DAY

George sits on his bed, reading. Two duffel bags are tucked away in the closet. Ermine pokes her head in.

ERMINE
You have a phone call.

George picks up the phone.

DIEGO (O.S.)
George.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ, Diego, where are you?
It's been eleven days and these guys want their fucking money.

DIEGO (O.S.)
Bad news, George. I'm in Colombia.

GEORGE
Well, you better get here fast. I'm sitting on...

George notices Ermine is loitering in the hallway, eavesdropping.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom.

George acknowledges her before shutting the door in her face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm sitting on fifty fucking keys. Get
your ass up here.

INT. CARCEL DE VARONES - MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA - CONTINUOUS

It's a South American prison. Diego is on the pay phone.

DIEGO
It's a little hard to get away right
now. I'm afraid you're on your own.

INT. FOREAL'S HOUSE - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1977 - NIGHT

George and Derek sit in the living room with MR. T, a hippie
ish looking professor. On the table sits various
paraphernalia. Scales, beakers, test tubes, and a hot box.
George and Derek watch as Mr. T scoops some of George's
cocaine and sets it onto the two-inch metal plate.

MR. T
What we're doing is measuring the
purity. Pure coke melts out a hundred
and eighty-five, a hundred and ninety
degrees. Cutting agents melt much
lower. About a hundred degrees.
Quality product starts melting at a
hundred and forty degrees. That's what
I'm hoping for.

Mr. T turns the dial. 120. 130. 140.

MR. T (CONT'D)
Good.

150. 160.

MR. T (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

170. 180.

MR. T (CONT'D)
Holy fucking Mary! Jesus, fuck me
running! Where did you get this shit!

At one-hundred and eighty-seven degrees, the white powder
dribbles off the hotplate and melts away.

MR. T (CONT'D)
Damn! Can I do a fucking line?!

Mr. T puts his nose in the powder. George pulls Foreal
aside.

GEORGE
What did I tell you?

DEREK
It's great and everything, but what am I
going to do with all this?

GEORGE
Sell it?

DIEGO

Jesus Christ, George, I don't see you in two years, and you show up at my door with a hundred and ten pounds of cocaine?

GEORGE

Just sell it, Derek.

DEREK

Alright, but it's gonna take me a year.

INT. THE WHIPPING POST - MANHATTAN BEACH - 1977 - NIGHT

Money everywhere. All over the floor, the counters, the chairs, and even in the sinks. George and Derek count the money patiently, writing the dollar amount in yellow high lighter on the top of each stack, before wrapping it with a rubber band.

DIEGO

Thirty-six hours. I can't believe it. Everything is gone in thirty-six hours.

GEORGE

I think it's fair to say you underestimated the market there, Derek.

DIEGO

Touche.

GEORGE

But to the victor belong the spoils.

George divides the money. There's a hell of a lot.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Half a million for you. Half a million for me. One-point-three five for the Colombians.

DEREK

Nice doing business with you, George.

GEORGE

Not bad for a weekend's work, huh?

INT. AIRPORT - MIAMI - DAY

Immaculate in his white turtleneck and sunglasses, George walks with two aluminum cases. He is greeted by Alessandro and his thugs.

ALESSANDRO

Greetings, Mr. George.

GEORGE

Where do you guys want to count?

ALESSANDRO

On the plane.

GEORGE

What plane? We going someplace? Where we headed? You have your money. It's all there. What the fuck is going on?

They usher him away.

EXT. OLAYA HERRERA AIRPORT - MEDELLIN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA

The lear jet lands.

EXT. DESERTED SUGAR FACTORY - LOS RIOS, COLOMBIA - DAY

The blazer pulls into a long driveway. They approach a gate where SHIRTLESS TEENAGERS with MAC-10's stand guard. The gate opens. YOUNG SOLDIERS open the door for George and roughly usher him over to a Jeep within the confine. They frisk him top to bottom. Diego is leaning against another Jeep and waits for George to be released.

DIEGO

George, good to see you, my brother.

GEORGE

What the fuck is going on? When did you get out of jail?

DIEGO

Pablo used his influence. Now, George, watch what you say. Everybody hears everything. A lot of things get said and done that, well, let's just say this isn't America. Life is cheap here, you know? No offense, but you know what I'm saying?

GEORGE

Yeah. Keep my mouth shut and let you do the talking.

DIEGO

Right. Now who is the person in California? The connection?

GEORGE

Just a friend.

DIEGO

Who? I need to know. Ah, never mind. We'll talk about it later.

GEORGE

Yeah. You do the talking.

The sound of a young man, a MALETON, struggling can be heard in the distance. From another area, PABLO ESCOBAR emerges. He is singular in purpose. He is handed a pistol and moves quickly over to the man and quietly speaks a few words. And then, without emotion, he shoots the maleton in the head. George and Diego, who is visibly shaken, watch. Escobar is handed a towel, and he wipes the splattered blood off his hands, as he moves back.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN

He will see you now.

(to Diego)

Not you.

DIEGO

There must be some kind of mistake.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN

No mistake. Mr. Escobar will see Mr.

Jung alone. You are to wait here.

George hesitates.

DIEGO
It's alright, George. You go.

LARGE COLOMBIAN MAN
This way, please.

The large Colombian man escorts George towards the area where the maletón was just shot. George looks back at Diego as he is led away.

ESCOBAR
So, this is the man who takes fifty kilos and makes them disappear in one day?

GEORGE
Actually, it was three.

ESCOBAR
The man who gives us the airplanes. The man from America. The mafia. Chicago. Boom boom. Hollywood. You are going to open for us the gates of Hollywood, George?

GEORGE
It would be my pleasure.

ESCOBAR
Good. Very good. Welcome, my friend. Welcome to my country.

Escobar moves over to embrace George. George returns it, and their hands come together. George can't help it. He reflexively looks at his hands. Escobar understands.

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
The man in the garden. He was full of courage.

GEORGE
Un sapo?

ESCOBAR
Un rata - no good. But he could have run, fled the country. Gone to the policia. But then his wife, his children, his parents, his friends, many people would die.

GEORGE
Yes.

ESCOBAR
But, never mind. I am thinking we can do much together. This problem with Diego, the stolen car, the jail, is very silly business. To release him from the cárcel, it causes me much inconvenience. The fifty kilos could have been a big problem. And I don't like problems.

GEORGE
With all respect, Padrino. Diego is my partner. I do not do business without him.

Escobar looks at him with a cold stare. But George doesn't flinch. His face reveals nothing. Finally, a smile breaks across Pablo's lips.

ESCOBAR

I like you, George. You are loyal. That is good. That is rare. Maybe crazy. Yes. I can tell already. You are like me. I look at you and I see myself. It's in the eyes, no, George?

GEORGE

Yes, it is.

ESCOBAR

So, you are wanting to sell the cocaine for me in your country, George?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. As much as you can give me.

ESCOBAR

As much as I can give you? Ha ha. Very good. I like that. Come, George. Let us drive. We have much to talk about.

Diego watches the two men walk outside. Escobar throws an arm around George's shoulder. Pablo hops into a Jeep and motions for George. The bodyguards come running. But Pablo waves them away.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - COLOMBIA - DAY

Escobar pulls the Jeep off the road and parks it. Before them is a stunning panorama.

ESCOBAR

I like to come up here. To make the decisions. To be one with nature.

GEORGE

It's beautiful.

ESCOBAR

People tell me that I am crazy. That my business will never work in your country. What do you think, George?

Escobar looks out over the vista, allowing George the time to respond in full.

GEORGE

What do I think? I don't want my answer to be influenced by what I want, so I'm going to have to say I don't know.

ESCOBAR

Yes. I do not know, either. What do you want, George?

GEORGE

I want money.

ESCOBAR

Yes. Money. Which is what, George?

GEORGE

Freedom.

ESCOBAR
Power?

GEORGE
Yeah, maybe.

ESCOBAR
Family.

GEORGE
Sure.

ESCOBAR
Beautiful girls?

GEORGE
Keep them coming.

ESCOBAR
Keep them coming? Ah, yes. Ha ha. You
are right. But money.

GEORGE
Money.

ESCOBAR
And Diego?

GEORGE
Diego is my brother.

Escobar looks at George a long time. He's inscrutable.

ESCOBAR
Good. Take care of him, George. I'm
fond of him, but he is sometimes like a
baby. Keep an eye on him, okay?

EXT. DESERTED SUGAR FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Diego is a little pissed off for being left for so long. He
taps his foot and picks at his fingernails. Escobar and
George pull up in the Jeep. Diego leaps to his feet.

DIEGO
Padrino.

Escobar wraps his arms around Diego in an embrace.

ESCOBAR
Diego, mijo. I've made a decision. We
are going into business and I would like
to start right away.

MONTAGE - GEORGE AND DIEGO TAKING OVER THE WORLD

The following images are overlaid with snow falling and money
dropping through frame. CLOSE SHOTS of George and Diego on
the phone, wheeling and dealing, hands counting cash, and
lines being drawn off mirrors. The effect is surreal and
dreamy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A duffel bag is unzipped, revealing bricks and bricks of
cocaine. Each marked with a "P." A knife punctures one of
the bricks. A mound of white powder is brought up to a man's
nose. It's George who samples, and then it is sampled by the

man he is doing business with. The shot widens TO REVEAL all the participants and dozens and dozens of duffel bags. A handshake seals the deal.

STILL PHOTOS

Handshake after handshake after handshake.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Diego counting cash. It's everywhere. All over the floor, in two-foot stacks.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

Various transactions completed.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Diego count. It's ridiculous how much money there is. The stacks are now waist high and spill into other rooms. Inez is there, pacing the floor and rapid-fire talking on the phone.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

George and Diego, the Banditos. Cigars. Champagne. Arms around each other in camaraderie. In Diego's yellow Ferrari. With Inez, sunning on a yacht. More coke and more transactions. When the deals are with Derek Foreal, Diego is always notably absent.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE - NIGHT

The money is so high, it almost reaches the ceiling. There is nowhere to put it. George and Diego sit at the coffee table, dwarfed by the stacks of bills. There is a discrepancy in the count.

GEORGE

Three million. I counted it twice.

DIEGO

It's two-point-five, George. I am sure.

George starts to pick up the money.

GEORGE

I'm calling it three.

DIEGO

We're half a million off.

GEORGE

Fuck it. I'm not counting it again.

DIEGO

Weight it. If it's sixty pounds, it's three. If it's fifty, it's two-point five.

GEORGE

I don't give a shit. Close enough.

George moves down the hall looking for a place to stack the money, but there is no more room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Where do I put this!?

DIEGO
Try the back bedroom.

George opens the back bedroom door to find wall-to-wall money. It's packed.

GEORGE
There's no room.

DIEGO
Try the closet.

No luck there, either. George drops the money on the floor and moves back into the living room.

GEORGE
We've got to do something about this.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

George and Diego watch as their money is hauled into a huge wall safe. Armed Panamanian soldiers stand guard. The Panamanian officials and the BANK PRESIDENT oversee the proceedings.

GEORGE
Are you comfortable with this?

DIEGO
George, we've got sixty-one million dollars. It's either here or someplace else. We've got to put it somewhere. Unless you want to launder it.

GEORGE
And keep only forty-percent? No thanks.

DIEGO
Then relax. It's a federal bank. Guaranteed by the government. And Senor Noriega has very lenient banking principles. No questions. No problems. All the pesados keep their money here. Even El Padrino. What do you worry? Everyone knows we are with Escobar. Who is going to fuck with us?

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

George and Diego sign papers. The bank president congratulates them and hands them documentation.

GEORGE
I love it.

BANK PRESIDENT
I'm sorry.

GEORGE
I give you thirty-million dollars and you give me this little book.

MORE STILL PHOTOS

Diego and Inez's wedding. The ceremony. The ring. The kiss. The lineup with all of the bridesmaids. George is the

best man, and the only American.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A huge reception. All the pomp and circumstance Colombian money can buy. Politicians. Policemen. And every smuggler north of Colombia. George sits with Diego and Inez at the table of honor. Inez is opening presents. Diego's tipsiness is a little out of character, but hey, it's his wedding day and a little champagne never hurt anyone. He drunkenly throws his arm around George's shoulder.

DIEGO

I'm married, George. Me. I can't believe it. Can you believe I'm married, George?

GEORGE

You're a lucky man, Diego.

DIEGO

I love you, my brother, do you know that?

GEORGE

I love you too, man.

George notices MIRTHA showing teeth across the room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, Diego.

INEZ

Look, honey, a power boat.

DIEGO

Great, baby, great!

They kiss. George walks across the dance floor directly towards Mirtha.

GEORGE

Hello.

MIRTHA

Hello.

GEORGE

Do I know you?

MIRTHA

I don't think so.

GEORGE

Why are you smiling?

MIRTHA

Why are you smiling?

GEORGE

I don't know. My name is George.

MIRTHA

I know who you are, El Americano. Mister George.

GEORGE

What is your name?

Cesar arrives.

CESAR

Mr. Jung, I see you've met my fiancée,
Mirtha.

He kisses her.

GEORGE

Mirtha.

CESAR

Diego needs to see you right away,
please. Excuse us, Amorcito.

They leave. George looks back, Mirtha is giving him more
teeth. George arrives at the table. Various greetings.

AUGUSTO

Pleased to meet you finally, George. I
am Augusto Oliveras.

GEORGE

My pleasure, Augusto. Diego has told me
much about you.

RAMON OCHOA

Congratulations on your conquest of the
West Coast. How much bigger can we
get?

GEORGE

Sky's the limit. We're just beginning
to tap the market. If it's accepted by
actors and musicians, the rest will
follow.

They all agree. Mirtha still gives George the teeth from
across the room. Diego returns to the table.

AUGUSTO

We are talking about George's West Coast
operation.

DIEGO

Ah, George's mystery man.

RAFAEL OJEDA

Yes, where is this man? When do we meet
him?

DIEGO

You don't meet him. George keeps this a
secret. He's here meeting everyone,
goes to Colombia and meets Pablo, but
still keeps his secrets. Even from his
brother.

JUAN CARLOS "THE GUAPO"

Come on, George, we're all in this
together.

EMILIO OCHOA

Yes, George, there's enough for
everybody.

GEORGE

I think Padroni is happy with the
current situation. Will you please

excuse me?

George exits after Mirtha.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

George steps into the empty lobby looking for Mirtha. He can't find her. She appears from the shadows and startles him. George embraces her and plants one on her.

MIRTHA

You better know what you're doing,
George. You're playing with fire.

GEORGE

I like fire.

MONTAGE - MUSIC CUE - LIVING THE GOOD LIFE

CLOSE UP - George does a huge line, left to right.

CLOSE UP - Mirtha does a huge line, right to left.

EXT. MIAMI DRAG - DAY

A stretch limo flies by, left to right. The windows are open and Mirtha and George whoop it up as they go by.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

George and Mirtha out on the crowded dance floor, grooving to the Salsa rhythms.

STILL PHOTOS

Champagne bottles in hand, George and Mirtha on the tarmac running from the limo to the waiting private plane.

EXT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

George and Mirtha poolside, wearing shades, getting some sun. She blows him a kiss from the adjoining lounge chair. He blows one back. She licks her lips and it's on. He's out of the chair, pouring champagne over her tan body, and licking it off. She squeals with delight. A table gets knocked over as they cause a commotion. A hotel manager comes over, but George hands him a wad of cash and he quickly fucks off.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - MAGICAL REALITY

The dancing is in SUPER SLOW MOTION now. Passionate, carnal, intimate.

STILL PHOTOS

George buys gifts for Mirtha and she shows them off for the camera. A fur. A ring. A house.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Overhead shot of George and Mirtha's bedroom. It's completely covered with money. Completely covered. George and Mirtha make love on the sea of cash. As CAMERA PULLS UP we see money slowly falling from the ceiling.

INT. SILVER STAR WEDDING CHAPEL - LAS VEGAS - 1978 - DAY

There is no white dress. There is no tuxedo. George and

Mirtha haven't even taken off their sunglasses.

MIRTHA

I do.

They kiss. Mirtha wipes her red nose.

MIRTHA (CONT'D)

I need a fucking drink.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George moves to the bedroom. Mirtha is pregnant and she's showing. She's also bent over a mirror with a straw in her hand. George opens the door and takes her by surprise.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ.

MIRTHA

Oh, don't be such a fucking hypocrite.
I quit smoking, didn't I?

GEORGE

Put that shit away, they're here.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - LATER

Mirtha and George lead Fred and Ermine from room to room, showing off the house. The decor is, well, eclectic. It doesn't match the architecture.

ERMINE

It's all so beautiful.

MIRTHA

What do you think, Dad?

FRED

Yeah. Nice.

ERMINE

Look at this credenza. If you don't mind me asking, how much is something like that? It's got to cost a fortune.

GEORGE

(quickly)

It's a family heirloom.

ERMINE

I've seen those in magazines. They're not cheap.

GEORGE

Mirtha comes from a very wealthy family.

ERMINE

Oh, I see.

MIRTHA

Come on. I'll show you the rest of the house.

George and his father move outside.

EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

George and his father walk.

GEORGE

So, business is going good. I've got this import/export thing going on in Miami that's been very profitable. With my investments...

FRED

Don't bullshit me, George. I don't see you very much, I don't want to waste the time.

They move along the rear of the house. Classic cars line the driveway.

FRED (CONT'D)

You come from my body, remember? You're my baby boy. The same kid who would jump off a mountain if someone told him he couldn't do it. You haven't changed much. I know the things you do. Not everything. But I get the picture and I don't care. I don't like it. It's not what I would have chosen for you, but it's your life. It doesn't have anything to do with me.

He turns and looks at his boy.

FRED (CONT'D)

You're like your mother. You love money.

GEORGE

Dad.

FRED

No, it's good. You have a family. It's good if it makes you happy. It's nice to have nice things. Are you happy, son?

GEORGE

Yeah, Dad. I'm happy right now.

INT. HOLIDAY MOTEL - LITTLE HAVANA - 1978 - DAY

Diego puts a straw in his nose and snorts a big gaker. His eyes are wide, his pupils dilated, and a weapon sticks out of the back of his pants. He knocks the dust off his nose before moving outside. George is on the porch, smoking a cigarette.

DIEGO

Three years. How long have we been in business? Three years. Does she get to meet your connection? Was she good enough?

GEORGE

Shut up, Diego. They're going to be here any minute. I'm trying to concentrate.

DIEGO

I'm very angry with you, George. Very angry. You don't take me to California, but you take your bitch wife? A woman? I understand you love her, but it was

you and me who started this. You and me.

GEORGE

What do you need my connection for, Diego? What are you going to do with it?

DIEGO

What do I do with it? Nothing. It's for peace of mind. It's for the principle.

George doesn't have time for this. He checks the cylinders on his weapon and runs over possible scenarios in his mind. But Diego won't get off the soap box.

GEORGE

Jesus fucking Christ, Diego. I ain't telling you. It's just business. Now, shut up. You're driving me crazy.

DIEGO

I'm driving you crazy? No. You're driving me crazy. We had a dream. What happened to our dream?

A black sedan pulls up and FIVE PUERTO RICAN MEN approach the room. George and Diego greet them and lead them inside. It's game time. The atmosphere is charged with danger and everyone is acutely aware of everything. The guys sit down, their guns bulging through the inside of their suits. The suitcases are opened. The rules are the same. No English. No raising voices. No sudden movements. George offers their leader, TONY, beers for his men, and is politely declined. The count starts. George and Diego riff through ten thousand dollar bundles. Diego is still acting pissy. He's mumbling to himself, making faces, slamming the money all around. The guys keep a close eye on him. Diego finishes a stack, throws one of the bags on the ground. The conversation is in Spanish unless otherwise indicated.

TONY

Algun problema?

GEORGE

No no no... no problema, amigo. El dinero esta todo aqui. Llevas las "llaves" y mas tarde lo contaremos. Okay? No problem.

TONY

Que problema? Nosotros esperamos.

The pressure is getting to one of the hoods. His name is BENNY. He's got a crazy eye and he seems ready to snap. George resumes the count, but Diego won't get off it.

DIEGO

(English)

You embarrassed me, George. You make me look very bad.

BENNY

Que esta diciendo?

GEORGE

Nothing. Todo esta bien.

DIEGO
(English)
Everything is not alright. I bring you
in, and you slap my fucking face!

GEORGE
This is not the time, Diego.

The men all reach for their pieces and all hell starts to
break loose.

TONY
Hay algun problema? Hablame!

DIEGO
(English)
You fucked me in front of my whole
family!

GEORGE
Fuck you...I didn't fuck you.

BENNY
Maldita sea, que diablos esta diciendo?

GEORGE
Esta todo aqui, amigo...take the keys.
Take 'em and go.

TONY
Que esta pasando aqui, jefe?

DIEGO
Sientese ye no se meta en lo que no le
importa.

The guns are out and pointed. It's out of control now.

GEORGE
Take it easy! Everything's okay!

DIEGO
Que es lo que quieren de me, hijueputas
campesinos?

George steps forward with the keys.

GEORGE
Take the fucking keys!

BLAM! Courtesy of Benny, George is hit. The shoulder, the
collarbone. It's hard to tell.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Estoy bien, okay? Everything is
alright. There's no problem. Okay?
This never happened. No one has to know
anything about this. Diego, I want you
to calmly tell them where the fucking
coke is. Do it now.

DIEGO
Es un Ford blanco junto a una pick-up.

Tony very carefully takes the car keys.

GEORGE
No problem, gentlemen. Goodbye.

The men slowly back out the door. George looks at Diego.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Derek Foreal.

DIEGO
What?

GEORGE
Derek Foreal. Derek Foreal. Derek
fucking Foreal. Alright? The answer to
all your dreams. Are you happy now?

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

George and Diego exit the terminal. George's arm is in a sling. The familiar sight of Derek Foreal is Lincoln Continental.

The three men come together, and Diego and Derek are introduced. The men's hands come together and the FRAME FREEZES on their handshake.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Fred pulls into the driveway in his new car and honks the horn. Fred and Ermine get out of the car.

FRED
Hello, hello.

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - MIAMI - NIGHT

It's a New Year's Eve party. A lavish Colombian celebration. George and a very pregnant Mirtha move through the crowd to find Augusto.

AUGUSTO
I'm so glad you two could make it.
Mirtha, look at you. So beautiful. You
look like you're about to burst.

MIRTHA
Thanks. I am. Where's Martha?

AUGUSTO
I don't know. Drunk somewhere. Try the
bar. And if you find her, tell her to
come, it's almost midnight.

As Mirtha leaves, Augusto throws his arm around George's shoulder.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)
It's good you came down, George. We
need to discuss a few things.

DIEGO
Where's Diego?

AUGUSTO
He's not here, George.

GEORGE
Yeah, well where is he? And who is this
Norman K. guy? That's all anyone is
talking about. Norman K. Norman K. Do
I know him?

Augusto lets out a big laugh.

AUGUSTO

Norman Cay is not a person. He is an island, George. In the Bahamas. From what they say, it is free and it's Diego's new home.

GEORGE

What?

Augusto throws an arm around George's shoulder.

AUGUSTO

Let us walk. From what I understand, Diego has bought a hundred and sixty acres, a marina, a hotel, and an airstrip.

GEORGE

Motherfucker works fast.

AUGUSTO

The word is that soon he is to be king of the middle empire. He is doing multiple runs right now and using the island as a jump-off point.

GEORGE

He what?

AUGUSTO

Yes. Jack Stevens is already a very busy man. Along with many others. You shouldn't stay away so long.

GEORGE

That's impossible. We can't be up and running. Who's distributing?

Augusto says nothing. But the ball is dropping in Times Square. 10, 9, 8, 7...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Happy New Year. Streamers, confetti, and champagne. George marches through the kissing guests and over to a phone. He's steaming. The music is up, so he has to scream.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello, Derek? This is George. Am I wearing lipstick?
I said, am I wearing lipstick? Because when I'm getting fucked, I want to make sure my face is pretty. You're buying directly from Diego, aren't you, you son of a bitch?

INTERCUT

Derek Foreal in full New Year's regalia, complete with party hat.

DEREK

I don't want to get caught in the middle of this. That's between you and Diego.

George's face scrunches in pain.

DEREK (CONT'D)
It's nothing personal, George. Just business.

GEORGE
Yeah. I understand. Just business.
Right. Fuck you.

The song ends, and George is left standing there screaming.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I bring you in, and this is how you repay me? You little homo! Hey, Derek? Derek?

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - DINING ROOM - 1979 - LATER

It's late. The family is all there. Fifteen, twenty strong.
Cuban coffees all around.

MIRTHA
Que va hacer?

AUGUSTO
Que quieres decir. Que es lo que el va hacer? Pues, no va hacer nada.

MARIA
Alguna cosa tiene que hacer.

FAMILY MEMBER #2
De otra manera, es un marica.

FAMILY MEMBER #3
Un hijueputa

FAMILY MEMBER #1
Maricon.

FAMILY MEMBER #2
Mira, vos sos responsable por el exito de Diego.

FAMILY MEMBER #3
El se esta burlando de vos. Debes hacer algo, hombre.

MARIA
No Puedes hacer ni un culo.

AUGUSTO
El no va hacer nada. Hay un problema. Aqui, hubo un error y nosotros lo vamos ha arreglar.

BLANCA
No le escuches a mi yerno. A el solo le importa la plata.

Blanca reaches into her purse, pulls out an ice pick folded in a piece of linen cloth, and puts it down in front of George.

BLANCA (CONT'D)
Vos lo tenes que matar, ahorita mismo. De lo contrario vas a quedar como un marica sin horror.

FAMILY MEMBER #3

Mejor dicho vos sos un aculillado.

FAMILY MEMBER #1

Maricon.

BLANCA

Sabes que, vos no tenes pantalones. Nadie te va a respetar. Usa esto. Deja solo un huequito tan pequeno, que ni sangre le va a salir a ese malparido del Diego.

AUGUSTO

Blanca, por favor.

MIRTHA

Mama, vos sos bien antigua. Como lo va a matar con un picahielo. Eso era en su tiempo, estamos casi ya en los ochenta. El lo va a meter un tiro, lo va a volar, le va a hechar un hijueputa carro encima.

AUGUSTO

Dejen la maricada pues! No jodan! Nadie va a matar a nadie! George, debemos hablarle al Patron, es la unica manera, mano.

GEORGE

No, no, no, no yo puedo arregarlo solo.

EXT. NORMAN CAY - BAHAMAS - 1979 - DUSK

George cruises through the turquoise water of the Caribbean in a sport fisherman. Before him is Norman Cay. White sand beaches. Beautiful. Pristine.

EXT. NORMAN CAY - DOCKS - DUSK

Waiting for him is Cesar.

CESAR

Good to see you, George. It's been a long time.

INT. THE YACHT CLUB - SUNSET

The Yacht Club is a tavern style bar that juts out over the water. The crimson sky streaks the windows. Diego looks like Che Guavera. His hair is long, and a graying beard sticks through his gaunt face. The bar has been taken over by Diego's BANDITOS. Automatic weapons and PROSTITUTES accent this drunken setting. George is escorted through the door by Cesar, and the room quiets. All eyes on Diego and George. Diego rises.

DIEGO

George, I am happy to see you. How are you, my brother?

GEORGE

No more brothers, Diego.

DIEGO

Of course we are brothers. Why do you say that? You hurt me, George.

GEORGE
You fucked me, Diego.

DIEGO
I did not.

GEORGE
You went behind my back and you cut me
out.

DIEGO
No, I never. I would not do that,
George. Never.

GEORGE
I talked to Foreal, Diego.

There is a pause. Diego's goons ready their weapons as Diego
scoops up a cringer with his pinky and sniffs.

DIEGO
Maybe you are right. I did betray you a
little bit.

One of the men says something in Spanish and everyone laughs.
George is furious. He starts to tremble and his face turns
red.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Oh, boo hoo, boo hoo. So sad, George.
I stole your California connection. So
what? Who introduced you to Pablo
Escobar? Me. Who introduced you to
your fucking Colombian wife? Me. Who
protected you when my friend Cesar Roza
wanted to slice your fucking throat,
huh? Who mad you millions and millions
of dollars? Me. And what do I get in
return? This? Accusations? I have
always given you everything, George, but
that is over now. This is my operation.
My dream. So go home, George. Go back
to your stupid little life. You can
sell half grams to your fucking
relatives for all I care. Because you
are out!

George lunges at Diego and is immediately grabbed.

GEORGE
You'd better kill me now, Diego, because
you're a dead man.

DIEGO
George, don't be so emotional. This is
business. Besides, I can't kill you,
you are my brother.

They lead him away.

EXT. YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

George is getting the shit kicked out of him. His teeth
broken, kicked in the head, the body, the groin. His arm
stomped. Blood and broken bones. It's a king size beating.
The men prop him up and Cesar reaches back and hits him with
a haymaker. CRACK. George's nose is broken. Blood spurts
everywhere. George is dropped to the ground, spit on, and
left for dead.

CESAR

Say "hi" to your pretty wife for me.

EXT. HACIENDA LOS NAPOLES - COLOMBIA - POOL - DAY

A beautiful, sprawling estate. A family barbecue, Colombian style, is in full swing. Kids play soccer. Zoo animals run wild together.

George is led outside by TWO OVER-ARMED BODYGUARDS. Pablo sees him and gives George a big hug.

ESCOBAR

George, you look terrible.

GEORGE

Yeah, well...

ESCOBAR

Diego?

GEORGE

Yeah.

ESCOBAR

Please. Sit down. We'll drink some scotch.

GEORGE

I didn't come here to drink scotch.

ESCOBAR

I see. I'm sorry about this, George. I'm not happy about this situation. It's bad. You now know who your Brutus is.

GEORGE

You know why I'm here. You know what I have to do. I came here for permission. Out of respect, Pablo. This is bullshit, he's making me look like a punk.

ESCOBAR

It is very difficult. Diego makes me a lot of money. If Diego goes so does the money. You were an excellent teacher, George. When the student has learned well, the teacher is no longer necessary. We must remember we have wives, friends, familia. Even familia that has not been born. But sometimes, we must forget as well. I am like you. I must teach the lesson. We want to teach the lesson. But we cannot. We must remember that life is the teacher.

GEORGE

You're saying life will take care of Diego?

ESCOBAR

Life will take care of everybody. Diego, me, you. It is the teacher.

GEORGE

I get it. I'm really pissed, Pablo.

You know the DEA knows about Norman's Cay. For Chrissakes, Diego worships Adolf Hitler and John Lennon, that's fucked up!

ESCOBAR
I'm sorry, George.

GEORGE
Yeah, well, what are you gonna do? You and me, Pablo? Are we good?

ESCOBAR
Of course, George. We are beautiful. We are brothers. Real brothers. Not like Diego. We started this, George.

Escobar embraces George for a moment, and then George starts to move away.

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
And, George? The vengeance? It is best served cold.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mirtha is sleeping. She's so big, she looks like she's gonna explode. George sits on the bed and rests his hand on Mirtha's face. He looks like the Elephant Man.

MIRTHA
George. Oh, Jesus Christ, George. Look at you.

GEORGE
Shhh, honey, never mind. It's alright. It's over. I quit the business. I'm out.

MIRTHA
Pablo said no?

GEORGE
Pablo said no. It's all over. And I'm never going back. I have you. We have the baby. And there's nothing else. It's just the family now. Shhh. Sleep now.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Fred, Ermine and Mirth are waiting for George in the car. Mirtha's water has broken. Ermine honks the horn from the back seat and screams out the window.

ERMINE
George, it's time! George! George!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

George is high and in a panic. He races around, trying to get a suitcase packed and find his keys.

GEORGE
Coming!

He finally gets it together, but before he runs out the door, he does one last blast.

INT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - HYANNIS - MATERNITY - DAY

Mirtha is on the birthing table and screaming in pain. She's crowning. George wears hospital scrubs and a surgical mask. He and his saucer pupils hold Mirtha's hand in comfort. The baby comes, and DOCTOR MICK BAY slaps it's behind and cuts the cord. Tough ass Mirtha breaks down and sobs hysterically. But something is wrong with George. The color drains from his face. He grabs his chest and falls over onto the floor. The MEDICAL STAFF attends to him.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Watching my baby girl born did something to me.

They talk about religious experiences, I didn't believe in religion. But when Kristina Sunshine Jung came into this world, something in me changed. I looked at her and I knew right then that I could never love anything but my daughter ever again. It sounds sappy, but it was like, click, I knew what I was put on this planet for. It was the greatest feeling I ever had followed by the worst feeling I ever had.

NURSE

He fainted.

MIRTHA

George!

The doctor grabs George's wrist.

DR. BAY

He's in tachycardia. George, your heart is racing. Have you been using drugs?

GEORGE

Coke.

DR. BAY

Cocaine? How much?

GEORGE

I don't know. Maybe eighteen grams.

DR. BAY

In how long? A week?

GEORGE

Today.

DR. BAY

Oh, Jesus, Get me a 12-lead e.k.g. and start an i.v. stat! This man is having a heart attack.

INT. CAPE COD HOSPITAL - HYANNIS - LATER

George lies in the recovery room, sedated, tubes everywhere. He's hooked up to IV's, monitors, and machines. Dr. Bay enters.

DR. BAY

I've reviewed your toxicology report three times, George. I've never seen anything like it. Eighteen grams. The lethal dose is a gram and a half.

You should be in the Guinness Book.

George cracks a faint smile.

DR. BAY (CONT'D)

It's not funny, George. You should be dead right now. Absolutely. I cannot come up with one logical explanation for why you're still breathing. I'm not here to give you lectures, I've got no moral interest in what you do. But, take it easy, George. Stay with us a while. You've got a daughter now.

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - DAY

Kristina is crying. Daddy George to the rescue. He picks her up, cuddles her. Gives her a bottle and she quiets.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - 1980 - DAY

A one-year-old Kristina is being coaxed by George to take her first steps.

GEORGE

Come on. Come on, honey. You can do it. Come to Daddy.

Kristina tries, stumbles. Gets up again. She looks like a drunk, but she's doing it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Good girl!

Mirtha enters. She's all pinned out, dressed in Ungaro, Cartier, and dark sunglasses.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Look, Mirtha. She's walking.

MIRTHA

She did that before.

GEORGE

No. These are her first steps. Watch her.

MIRTHA

Yeah. I know. She did that before.

GEORGE

But this is...

MIRTHA

I said, I've seen it before.

GEORGE

Alright.

MIRTHA

Can you lift the furnace. I need money.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

MIRTHA

Out.

MONTAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - 1980-85

HOME MOVIE STYLE & PHOTOGRAPHS

The years go by and they are SUPERIMPOSED as they pass. George, clean and sober, enjoying family life. Healthy and happy. Mr. Mom. Mirtha looks worse and worse as her habit becomes bigger and bigger. As George and Kristina grow closer and closer, Mirtha is stepping out on the town. Blowing money right and left. Shopping with Mirtha, buying clothes, furs, and diamonds. As Kristina gets older, WE SEE her birthday parties. George and Kristina wearing paper hats and eating ice cream. She's two years old, she's three, four, five, six...

INT. EASTHAM HOUSE - 1985 - NIGHT

The Eastham house is all done up for a party deluxe. Fully catered, with bartenders, waiters, music, the works. And of course the three c's, champagne, caviar and Colombians. George is laughing with Augusto and Martha Oliveros, but when Derek Foreal appears in the doorway, George excuses himself and walks over.

DEREK

Happy Birthday, George. Mirtha invited me.

GEORGE

Yeah. She told me.

DEREK

Look, I'm sorry about everything. I feel like an idiot. You were right. I did fuck you. And then Diego fucked me. Cut me out, too.

GEORGE

I heard.

DEREK

I lost sight of everything. Forgot who my friends were.

GEORGE

It's in the past. I'm out of the business now, so forget about it. No hard feelings. We need to move on. And besides, I'm sorry, too.

DEREK

You?

GEORGE

For calling you a homo.

DEREK

That was out of line.

George throws his arm around Derek's shoulder.

GEORGE

Good to see you, Derek.

Mirtha runs in with a giant crystal punch bowl filled with mother of pearl. She holds it over her head triumphantly.

MIRTHA

Now let's fucking party, motherfuckers!
Let's have some fucking fun.

DEREK
Jesus, is that Mirtha!?

A very underweight Mirtha nervously runs around the party, shoving coke up everyone's noses. She is gakked to the gills and out of control. Her pupils a mile wide.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Christ almighty, George. Feed her a cheeseburger or something. What does she weight, eighty pounds?

GEORGE
I know. She needs to slow down. She's going to blow an O-ring.

Singing. The birthday cake is brought in, the candles are blown out and everyone cheers.
Mirtha runs over to her husband, still holding the cocaine. She's sweaty, her hair matted down on one side.

MIRTHA
Happy birthday, baby. Do a line.

She tries to push a line up his nose.

GEORGE
No, that's alright.

MIRTHA
Oh fucking relax. Let your hair down for once. It's your fucking birthday, for Chrissakes. You're such a fucking pussy. I swear to G-d, I married this big time drug dealer and wound up with the maid.

Mirtha's loud now and making a scene. He thinks about it.

GEORGE
No honey, I'm alright.

AUGUSTO
A toast! To Mister George Jung. Mr. I 95, north and south. My brother-in-law. Happy birthday!

Everyone raises their glasses.

EVERYONE
To George!

A party guest comes running inside.

PARTY GUEST
Cops! They're all over the place.

The WAITERS, in their white jackets, exchange knowing looks.
The BARTENDER comes out from behind the bar.

BARTENDER
Freeze!

In an instant, all of the waiters' guns are out.

WAITER
Massachusetts State Police Department!
Everybody on the floor!

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - LATER

Police cars everywhere. All the party guests are filed out the door, and are being led away. Mirtha is dragged out, spitting and screaming. George, in handcuffs, is pushed to a squad car. He looks through the window to see a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER escorting Kristina out of the house.

INT. M.P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

George, still dressed in his party clothes, sits at a desk. TWO DETECTIVES set a confession in front of him.

GEORGE
What's this?

DETECTIVE #2
It's your statement. How it was all yours, the pound of coke was for personal use and none of the guests had any idea it was there, yeah, right.

George looks through the papers.

GEORGE
I want my kid out of protective custody. Now. No fucking around. My wife and my kid on a plane tonight. I sign when they call me safe and sound.

DETECTIVE #1
No fucking way.

GEORGE
Fuck you, then. I sign nothing.

The detectives ponder.

DETECTIVE #2
Do it.

Detective #1 walks to the door.

DETECTIVE #1
George? You better get yourself a good lawyer this time. We're gonna nail your ass to the wall on this one.

GEORGE
Oh hey, one more thing?

DETECTIVE #1
What's that?

GEORGE
Get me a six pack.

EXT. EASTHAM HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. George walks through a dark and lonely house. He goes to the furnace, opens it up and sees that there are only five stacks left.

GEORGE
Fuck.

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - WEYMOUTH - PORCH - MORNING

George pulls up to the front.

GEORGE

Hi.

FRED

I heard. Ermine, your son is here.

ERMINE (O.S.)

Tell him I don't want to see him. Tell him he's not welcome here.

GEORGE

Mom.

Ermine's back is to George. She won't look at him.

ERMINE

Don't you dare step one foot in this house. You're not my son, you hear me? I don't have a son anymore.

She disappears into the house. The sound of a door slamming.

FRED

She's angry. It's all over the news.

GEORGE

Yeah. Listen. I'm going to be going away for awhile.

FRED

You're not going to trial?

GEORGE

No.

FRED

Good.

They stand there and look at each other for a while. There's a lot to say but nothing's coming out. George hands Fred a gym bag.

GEORGE

Give this to Mom, will you?

FRED

Money. You and your mother. All the time chasing it. I never understood it.

GEORGE

Give it to her, Dad. It'll make her happy.

FRED

Yeah, I know. This is it, isn't it?

The two men throw their arms around each other and hold on to one another in the doorway of the old house.

GEORGE

Tell Mom, you know...

FRED

I'll tell her.

George breaks away and moves to the T-bird.

FRED (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - 1985 - DAY

George walks through the bank.

INT. BANCO DE FEDERALE - PANAMA CITY - CONTINUOUS

George sits at a desk in front of a Panamanian BANK EMPLOYEE.
He slides his bank book across the table.

GEORGE
I'd like to make a withdrawal.

The employee opens the book and gets a funny look on his face. Nervous.

BANK EMPLOYEE
Excuse me, please.

He gets up and moves to the BANK MANAGER. They move to another MANAGER TYPE. And another.
And then everyone disappears behind closed doors. Finally, the BANK PRESIDENT emerges and moves over to George.

BANK PRESIDENT
I'm afraid there is a problem, Mr. Jung.
The banks have gone through a change, a nationalization. I'm afraid your funds have been appropriated by the Panamanian Government...

George starts to shake. The bank president tries to explain, but whatever he says is unimportant. George is paralyzed.

INT. APARTMENT - LIBERTY CITY, FLORIDA - NIGHT

An inexpensive one-bedroom furnished apartment. It ain't much, but it's home. Mirtha has just received the news and is losing her mind. Clara Blanca is cooking dinner.

MIRTHA
What are we going to do?! What are we going to use for money?!

GEORGE
Please, Mirtha. I'll start working for Augusto. I'll talk to him tonight. I'll do something.

MIRTHA
Don't touch me. Tell me. Just answer the question. What do I spend? What? How will we live?

Kristina sits there. She hears everything, so does Clara Blanca.

GEORGE
Not in front of the kid.

MIRTHA
Don't give me that shit. You just better do something.

She storms into the bedroom and slams the door. George stands there. Awkward silence. George goes to Kristina.

GEORGE

Everything's gonna be okay, sweetheart.
Don't be upset.

KRISTINA

What's happening to us?

Tough question to answer.

GEORGE

I don't know.

KRISTINA

Are we gonna split up?

GEORGE

No, never. Don't even think about that,
it's impossible. I love your mother.
And you are my heart. Could I live
without my heart? Could I?

Kristina nods "no." They embrace.

INT. GEORGE'S THUNDERBIRD - MIAMI - NIGHT

The car moves along I-95. George is driving while a jacked
up Mirtha does a speed bump. A cop is following in the
distance. It is not okay.

GEORGE

There's a fucking cop behind us, Mirtha.
Be cool, will ya.

MIRTHA

Fuck you, George, just fucking drive.

GEORGE

Hey, why don't you just put a "I'm doing
cocaine" sign on the car. What is your
fucking problem?

MIRTHA

My problem? We're broke, that's my
fucking problem. And you're a fucking
spy.

GEORGE

What?

MIRTHA

That's right. Always spying, always
judging. Everyone's laughing at you,
you fucking pussy. You let Diego fuck
you in the ass. Maybe you are a fucking
faggot. You must be fucking Diego
because you're not fucking me.

Mirtha grabs nuts.

GEORGE

Those are my nuts!

George tries to fend her off. The car swerves all over the
road. It's turned into a full scale fist fight. The red
lights of Florida's finest come up behind them and George is
pulled over.

EXT. I-95 - CONTINUOUS

Mirtha leaps out of the car, teary eyed, crazed and bloodied.
The policemen step from their car.

MIRTHA

He's a fugitive and a fucking cocaine
dealer! There's a kilo in his trunk
right now! Take this sorry motherfucker
to jail!

George sits behind the wheel. He knows it's over.

INT. M.C.I. WALPOLE - VISITING AREA - 1989 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR YEARS LATER

Visiting day. Inmates sit across from their families.
Mirtha is sitting at the glass. George walks to his seat.

MIRTHA

I'm divorcing you, George. I'm getting
custody of Kristina. And when you get
out next week, you're going to pay
support and that's the end of it.
Alright? There's someone else. I'm
sorry.

George just looks at her. His face is stone. But he is
moved.

MIRTHA (CONT'D)

You should have taken better care of me,
you know? You've been away a long time.
Four years. Say something.

GEORGE

What do you want me to say? I'm in
prison. You should know. You put me
here.

MIRTHA

Fuck you, George. I knew you'd say
something like that. Always thinking
about yourself.

She moves away and drags nine-year old Kristina into the
room.

Kristina yanks her arm away and they get into a heated
argument. Through the glass, George can't hear the words but
it's clear that Kristina doesn't want to be here.

GEORGE

My baby. She's so big.

Mirtha forces Kristina over to the glass and keeps showing
her, prompting her to talk. Kristina stares at George
through the glass. Cool. Defiant. Angry. She picks up the
phone and speaks, every word an accusation.

KRISTINA

I thought you couldn't live without your
heart.

She drops the phone, walks away, and doesn't look back.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MIAMI STREETS - DAY

George puts in the quarters.

GEORGE

Hello, Derek? It's George. Yeah.
Yeah, I am. I'm in Miami. I'm looking
to do something. I want to put together
a crew. Do you know anybody? Leon? I
don't know him. What's his last name?
Alright. Give me the number.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MIAMI - DAY

Nine-year old Kristina Jung leaves school. George, fresh out
of prison, moves across the street to meet her.

KRISTINA
What are you doing here?

GEORGE
Nothing. I just wanted you to know I
was out. I just wanted to see you.

KRISTINA
Well, here I am. See?

GEORGE
How are you doing?

KRISTINA
George, you just can't show up, tell me
you love me, and have everything be
okay.

GEORGE
Dad.

KRISTINA
What?

GEORGE
You can call me Dad if you want.

KRISTINA
I don't want, alright? It's not funny.
I'm really pissed off, George. You blew
it, now leave me alone.

GEORGE
Kristina, c'mon, I'm sorry. I'm going
to make this right. I've got a few
things going on...

KRISTINA
What do you want from me?

GEORGE
Just to walk with you. I want to be
your dad again.

KRISTINA
Do what you want, it's a free country.

She walks away. He follows.

INT. THE PALM LOUNGE - MIAMI - DAY

George sits at the bar with a man named LEON MINGHELLA.

LEON
It's a four-man operation. Two on the
ground. Two in the air.

GEORGE

Who's the co-pilot?

LEON

You're looking at him. We provide the plane, transportation cost, U.S. landing spot, and take it to wherever you want it to go. You provide the pick up point in South America, and are responsible for payment. You assume all the bust risks. We take sixty-five percent of all transportation fees, ten percent of the gross, plus our expenses. This is not a negotiation, so if this is okay with you, we can talk further. If not, we can forget we had this conversation.

GEORGE

Sounds fine. I'll need to meet everybody.

LEON

They're over at the booth.

Leon leads George over.

LEON (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, this is George. George, this is Ben, G.G. and...

George's eyes widen as he looks at the last man. It's Kevin Dulli.

GEORGE

Holy shit, Dulli!

KEVIN

Georgie, oh man, hold the mayo!

GEORGE (V.O.)

That was it. Seeing Dulli after fourteen years sealed the deal for me. The rest was just details. My end was roughly five-hundred thousand. Kristina and I could have a good life for five hundred grand. Start over somewhere. One final score. That's all I needed.

INT. OLIVEROS MANSION - MIAMI - DAY

AUGUSTO

Three-hundred kilos is a very big load, Georgie. Why don't we start small?

GEORGE

No. I have the space. I figured it out. This is what I want to do.

AUGUSTO

Alright. I'll ask Pablo, tell him it's for you. I don't think there will be a problem.

GEORGE

Five-thousand per kilo.

AUGUSTO

Ha ha. That's too much, Georgie. Those

days are over. The rate is one-thousand dollars. Inflation, you know?

GEORGE

This is a one time thing, Gusto. One and I'm out. Give me a good price for old time's sake. What do you think?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MIAMI - DAY

George and Kristina walk through the neighborhood. He carries her books.

GEORGE

Let me ask you something. If you could go anywhere in the world, anywhere, where would you want to go?

KRISTINA

You mean, like a trip?

GEORGE

Yeah, sure, whatever.

Kristina thinks about it.

KRISTINA

I don't know. Maybe California.

George is amused by her answer.

GEORGE

California? You can go anywhere in the world. India. Tibet. Australia. Paris. And you choose California?

KRISTINA

Yeah.

GEORGE

What is it? A Disneyland thing?

KRISTINA

No. I just kind of like the sound of it.

GEORGE

California, huh?

KRISTINA

California.

They turn a corner and arrive at Kristina's house. Mirtha is standing in the doorway.

GEORGE

Go on inside now. I want to talk to your mom alone.

He kisses his daughter goodbye.

KRISTINA

Bye, Dad. See you in the morning, okay?

GEORGE

I'll be here.

George moves over to Mirtha. It's been a while.

MIRTHA

What do you want?

GEORGE

You knew I was seeing Kristina, right?

MIRTHA

Yeah. She told me. You walk her to school.

GEORGE

Yeah, so I've been thinking. I love her, y'know? I kind of want to have her. I've been away for so long. Make up for the missed time, you know?

MIRTHA

I haven't seen one dollar from you. You haven't paid me one cent in child support, alimony.

GEORGE

Yeah, well. I'm working on that. I've got something going.

MIRTHA

Yeah? I better see some money out of it.

GEORGE

Yeah, you will. Of course.

Mirtha looks at her ex-husband. It's not all bad.

MIRTHA

Hey, look. You start paying, who knows what will happen. You're a good father, George. I always gave you that. But you've got to talk to her.

GEORGE

Yeah.

MIRTHA

She's getting big. Getting her own ideas.

GEORGE

I know. Well, that's all I really wanted to say. So, okay, then.

He moves down the steps and heads for the sidewalk.

MIRTHA

Hey, George. You okay?

GEORGE

Yeah. I'm fine. I'm good.

INT. THE PALM LOUNGE - DAY

The restaurant is filled with the team. They discuss, argue, re-examine every little detail.

KEVIN

We take off from Lauderdale, Sunday, refuel, and be in Medellin by Monday.

LEON

Overnight, refuel, and back Wednesday night.

GEORGE
Where are you coming in?

BEN
Vero Beach.

G.G.
It's good. It's small.

LEON
Then we drive it to the Lauderdale house where it stays until pick up and payment the next morning. You want to go over it again?

GEORGE
No. All set. Piece of cake.

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MIAMI - NIGHT

George is cooking dinner for Kristina. He's only got a hot plate so it's slow. The table is set with plasticware. Kristina chops the salad.

GEORGE
I'm thinking about getting out of town this week. You want to come with me?

KRISTINA
Where are you going?

GEORGE
I don't know. Maybe California.

KRISTINA
You swear?

GEORGE
Yeah. Go out there, check it out, see what it's like. I've got some stuff to do this week, but I'm thinking maybe Thursday. Thursday after school.

KRISTINA
You know I can't. Mom will never let me go.

GEORGE
You let me take care of your mother. You just pack your bags.

KRISTINA
But I've got school.

GEORGE
There's schools in California.

KRISTINA
You swear?

GEORGE
That's right. Three o'clock. Thursday. At your mother's. You and me. It's a date.

KRISTINA

I don't believe you.

GEORGE

I swear. On my life.

KRISTINA

Swear on my life.

GEORGE

I swear on your life.

EXT. VERO BEACH AIRFIELD - DUSK

George, Ben and G.G. wait on the tarmac. George is pacing. The sound of a Cessna is heard and soon it is dropping out of the sky. The plane lands and taxis over.

Kevin and Leon stick their fists out of the airplane in triumph. The men quickly unload the plane into the trunks of two Broncos and the back of a truck.

INT. FT. LAUDERDALE HOUSE - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW the duffel bags out of the Bronco into the house. The boys sit around as George samples the product.

KEVIN

Are we good?

GEORGE

Are we good? Yeah, we're good. We're beautiful. We're perfect. This is A grade, one-hundred percent pure Colombian cocaine, Ladies and Gentlemen. Disco shit. Pure as the driven snow. Good riddance.

He looks the boys over.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You saved my life, Dulli. You'll never fucking know. All you guys. Everyone just got a raise. Instead of ten percent, you get fifteen.

LEON

Jesus, George, fifteen percent. That's an extra two-hundred large.

GEORGE

I don't give a shit. Split it up. Have a great life. I'm done. I'm out. Starting over. Cheers.

They clank. George gets up and does the Snoopy Dance to the bathroom.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah! Unbelievable. Dulli, pour us another round. I gotta hit the head.

George leaves the room. The camera slowly pans back to the guys. Something doesn't look right. They have not moved. They look bummed. Leon looks at G.G.

LEON

What?

G.G.

I feel bad.

BEN

Me too. He's not such a bad guy.

KEVIN

Fuck you guys. All of you. I've known him for thirty fucking years. Fucking George.

LEON

Yeah, I like him, too. But what's done is done. So let's not get all sentimental about it, okay?

The CAMERA PANS BACK SLOWLY to the bathroom door, George comes back into the room, dancing. He goes and sits down with the guys.

GEORGE

(laughing)

Dulli, I was just thinking about that time we landed in Mexico. You've gotten a lot better since then, huh pal? Remember that fucking landing strip? Huh?

George is the only one smiling. No one is looking at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's wrong fellas? Why the long faces?

He looks at each one. He slowly realizes something's up. He looks to Dulli finally.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(defeated)

No. C'mon, Dulli.

The front door busts down, agents pour in. The CAMERA SWISH PANS to George. Lights out. Slow motion. Slow dolly into XCU.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

George has tears in his eyes. He is frozen. Paralyzed by the memories.

GEORGE

Oh, no.

INT. FT. LAUDERDALE HOUSE - 1989 - DAY

The voices from the bust can be heard as the CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY into George's face. Surreal.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I was busted. Set up by the FBI and the DEA. That didn't bother me. Set up by Kevin Dulli and Derek Foreal to save their own asses. That didn't bother me. Sentenced to sixty years at Otisville. That didn't bother me.

EXT. MIRTHA'S HOUSE - MIAMI - 1989 - DAY

Nine-year old Kristina Sunshine Jung sits on the front porch as the sun goes down. Her bags are packed and ready to go.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I had broken a promise. Everything I
loved in my life goes away.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - 1989 - DAY

George is led into a small room and greeted by his lawyer,
ARCHIE ZIGMOND.

ZIGMOND
Here's the deal, George. You're not
getting out. I tried to get you
furloughed, but your mother squashed it.
Said it would only upset him. I'm
sorry.

George takes it in. Blinks. The years have not been kind.

GEORGE
How's he doing?

ZIGMOND
Well, he's out of the hospital, but
there's not much anyone can do for him.
It's just a matter of time. Listen, I
brought a tape recorder in case you
wanted to say something to him. That
way he could hear your voice.

GEORGE
Right.

Zigmond sets the tape recorder down and leaves the room.
George stares long at the machine. He pushes the record
button and looks at the red light.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hello, Dad...

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - DAY

A sixty-nine year old Fred shuffles from his house to the
blue LTD. He gets in, turns the key, and puts his son's tape
into the deck.

GEORGE (V.O.)
You know, I remember a lifetime ago, I
was about three-and-a-half feet tall,
weighing all of sixty-pounds, every inch
your son...

EXT. JUNG HOUSE - 1953 - DAY

Six-year old George runs through the leaves to the truck and
rides to work with his father.

GEORGE (V.O.)
...those Saturday mornings going to work
with my Dad. We'd climb into that big
yellow truck. I used to think it was
the biggest truck in the world.

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON FRED

visibly moved.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I remember how important the job we did was.
How if it weren't for us, people would freeze to death. I thought you were the strongest man in the world.

FLASHBACK - VISUALS MATCH DIALOGUE

Ermine as Loretta Young.

Fred Jung and his son tossing a baseball.

Tuna and George driving off in the black Oldsmobile convertible.

The FBI arresting George in his old bedroom.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Remember those home movies when Mom would dress up like Loretta Young? And the ice creams and the football games? Waino, the Tuna, and the day I left for California only to come home with the FBI chasing me?

INT. JUNG HOUSE - GEORGE'S BEDROOM - 1973 - NIGHT

James J. Trout pulls a handcuffed George's boots over his socks as Fred and Ermine watch.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And that FBI agent, Trout? When he had to get on his knees to put my boots on? You said...

FRED

That's where you belong...

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

A choked up Fred repeats the words.

FRED

...you sonofabitch. Putting on George's boots.

GEORGE (V.O.)

That was a good one, Dad. That was really something. Remember that?

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1989 - DAY

George's eyes well up and he sparks a cigarette, as he keeps trying to tell his father goodbye.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And that time you told me that money wasn't real? Well, old man, I'm forty two years old. I finally learned what you tried to tell me so many years ago.

INT. FRED'S LTD. - 1989 - CONTINUOUS

Tears come crashing out of the old man's stoic face.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I finally understand. You're the best, Dad. I just wish I could have done more

for you. I wish we had more time.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1999 - DAY

A vision of Fred Jung sits on the ground before his fifty-two year old son.

GEORGE

I guess I kind of lost sight of things.
"May the wind always be at your back and
the sun always upon your face, and the
winds of destiny carry you aloft to
dance with the stars." Love, George.

FRED

That was a beautiful message.

GEORGE

I meant every word of it.

FRED

Did you know I died two weeks after you
sent me that tape?

The apparition of Fred disappears and George is left alone
once again.

GEORGE

Yeah, Dad. I knew that.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - 1990 - DAY

George is led into the room where THREE FBI MEN await him.
One of them is named FRED GARCIA.

GARCIA

How are you doing, George?

GEORGE

What do you guys want?

GARCIA

You hear about your old friend, Diego?

GEORGE

What about him?

Garcia tosses a newspaper onto the table. The Miami Herald.
Inside is a full page letter addressed from Diego Delgado to
Vice President George Bush. In the letter, Diego offers to
make a deal. In exchange for immunity, Diego will rat out
the entire cocaine business. Americans, Colombians, Noriega,
Escobar, everybody. Just let him free.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Is he going to walk?

GARCIA

He's going down, George. It's election
year. We're not making any deals.

FBI GUY #1

He's never getting out. Orders from the
top.

GARCIA

So, how would you like to help us put
him away?

FBI GUY #2

We've done our homework. We know you hate this motherfucker.

GEORGE

I don't think so.

GARCIA

Don't be stupid, George. We've got him. We've got him dead to rights. But like I said, this is top priority so we're handing out free passes on this one. And the first one's got your name on it. Cut your sentence in half, maybe more.

GEORGE

No thanks, fellas. You've got the wrong fucking guy. I'm not a rat.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - VISITOR'S ROOM - 1990 - DAY

George sits in the chair behind the plexiglass. Mirtha enters and takes a seat on the other side.

GEORGE

Mirtha, what's going on? Everything okay with Kristina?

MIRTHA

Kristina's fine.

GEORGE

Is she here? Is she coming?

MIRTHA

Is she here? George, Kristina hates you. You fucked her over one too many times. And I'm not here to socialize. Did you hear about Diego?

GEORGE

Yeah.

MIRTHA

Well, I got a call from Pablo. He said this thing with Diego is a disaster. He's giving up lab locations, names, bank accounts, he was very pissed off. Pablo said to take him down. His exact words were "Fuck Diego."

GEORGE

He wants me to testify? Is that what he's asking me to do?

MIRTHA

George, he wasn't asking.

Mirtha gets up and starts to move away.

GEORGE

Mirtha, how are you doing?

MIRTHA

Better than you.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - JACKSONVILLE - 1990 - DAY

George, Archie Zigmond and two armed guards walk down the

GEORGE

Hey, Arch, you think the judge will let us get a cocktail after this is all over?

ZIGMOND

I'll see what I can do, George.

GEORGE

Thanks, Arch.

They walk into the crowded courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - JACKSONVILLE - 1990 - DAY

Packed. Nuts. Standing room only. The courtroom buzzes as George is led down the center aisle and is handed off to the bailiff. Over this we hear...

CLERK

Sir, please state your name.

GEORGE

I'm George Jung. Spelled J-U-N-G.

CLERK

Thank you.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Jung, do you know Diego Delgado?

GEORGE

Yes, I do.

PROSECUTOR

Do you see him here in the courtroom?

GEORGE

Yes, he's sitting right there at the end of the table.

PROSECUTOR

Let the record state the witness has identified, Diego Delgado.

The following sound bytes are dissolved together in montage style...

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Jung, can you describe the circumstances of how you began talking about cocaine with Mr. Delgado?

GEORGE

Shortly after I arrived at Danbury Federal Correctional Institute I related to Diego that the crime I was in for was smuggling marijuana. Diego told me he had high level connections in Colombia and they needed to find someone to help them transport cocaine into America...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The first run was fifteen kilos, which we smuggled into Logan Airport in hard shelled suitcases.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We wrapped the cocaine in kitchen cabinet paper, and duct tape, that way if there were any dogs in customs...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I introduced Diego to a pilot named Jack Stevens, who helped us fly 300 kilos of cocaine per week into the United States via twin-engine Cessnas. Jack would fly into North Carolina, we'd meet him there and drive it down to different distribution points...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I never met Pablo Escobar. Diego Delgado was my only connection to cocaine from Colombia...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Diego convinced me to keep most of my money in a Panamanian bank. Diego had a close relationship with Manuel Noriega. In exchange for allowing us to keep our money there, we paid him a percentage.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There was an 85% chance that if you snorted cocaine between 1977-1984, it was ours. Initially with my LA connections, we invented the marketplace. In 1977, there was no other real competition.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The first year we made about 100 million dollars between us. It was an expensive operation. Eventually we built up to three different pilots doing multiple runs per week, connections on both coasts, everything was running smooth. We were like a corporation...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

he was very anti-government. He talked about revolution, forming his own country or island, he was looking for power as well as money. I was just looking for money.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He disliked the United States, thought it was a police state. He hoped that by flooding the country with cocaine, it would disrupt the political system and tear down the morality of the country.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well, yes, Derek Foreal was my connection, I met him back in 1968 when I first moved to Manhattan Beach. It was Foreal's marijuana connections that kicked off our cocaine market.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yes, it was my idea to bring the kilos to Los Angeles. When Diego finally got Derek Foreal's name from me, it was only

a matter of months before he'd cut me out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how my relationship with my daughter and ex-wife have anything to do with this trial. I mean we're here to talk about Diego Delgado, aren't we?

CALIBANOS

Yes, we are Mr. Jung.

We come out of the montage, the defense attorney Diego Delgado, Joe Calibanos, a sleazy-Greek-like-ex-basketball weight lifter guy is now doing the questioning.

CALIBANOS (CONT'D)

Mr. Jung, you're a convicted felon, correct?

GEORGE

Yes, I am.

CALIBANOS

Do you have any agreement or understanding whatsoever with the United States government in regards to your testimony?

GEORGE

No, I came here out of my own volition.

CALIBANOS

Excuse me?

GEORGE

Something about vengeance being best served cold.

CALIBANOS

Really. Are you getting paid, Mr. Jung?

GEORGE

Excuse me?

CALIBANOS

Mr. Jung, don't you have an agreement or understanding with the United States Government in connection with your testimony in this case?

GEORGE

I'm doing sixty years at Otisville, no chance of parole. Even if they cut my sentence in half I'll be seventy-three years old. That's some fucking deal. I don't know if the parole board, the judge, the pope or Jesus Christ himself can get me out of here. I have a really bad record, I'm not sure what's going to happen.

CALIBANOS

So you do have an agreement with the United States Government, Mr. Jung, correct?

George can't respond. Looks to Diego. Looks from the jury, the judge, George is on the spotlight and it's uncomfortable.

He feels suddenly sleazy.

CALIBANOS (CONT'D)

I thought so. No more questions.

Silence. The judge tells George he can step down. Calibanos laughs quietly with associates. George is bummed. He walks by Diego. They look at each other.

GEORGE

You shouldn't have taken the 30 million,
Diego, I was out.

George is lead away.

CLERK

The court calls Mr. Jack Stevens.

Jack Stevens is lead to the stand. WE SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - 1999 - DAY

The green of the New York State countryside drifts by as a brown Mazda moves along Highway 19. Behind the wheel is a beautiful 20 year old woman wearing dark sunglasses. She drives absently, her mind somewhere else.

INT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - 1999 - DAY

The woman is buzzed through the double doors. She moves to the MAN behind the desk and takes off her sunglasses.

KRISTINA

I'm here to see my father.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER

Name?

KRISTINA

Kristina Sunshine Jung.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - LATE AFTERNOON

The GUARDS are rounding up the other prisoners and escorting them inside, but George is still planting sunflowers.

GUARD

Hey, George, five more minutes, buddy.

INT. VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The admissions officer looks up from his paperwork.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER

Jung.

Kristina grabs her papers and moves to the counter.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Belongings in here.

Kristina empties her pockets and deposits her possessions into a locker box. She is handed a key.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Feet on the blue line.

Kristina stands on a blue piece of tape and the admissions officer buzzes open the giant metal door. But Kristina

doesn't move.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Miss?

He presses the buzzer again, but she just stands there.

ADMISSIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Miss? Something wrong?

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - CONTINUOUS

George turns around as a GUARD taps him on the shoulder.

GUARD

George? George, come on. You've got a visitor.

George looks up to find Kristina being buzzed through the gate. She moves through the open area and onto the grass quickly. SLOW MOTION: Father and daughter come together at last in a long embrace.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, baby. I'm so sorry.

KRISTINA

It's alright, Dad.

GEORGE

I didn't mean to...

KRISTINA

I know, Dad. I know...

He hugs her hard.

GEORGE

I fucked up.

KRISTINA

Shhhh.

GEORGE

I love you. I love you so much. You've got to know that. You've got to know.

KRISTINA

I know, Dad. I love you too.

GEORGE

After everything. After everything, the only thing left out of my whole life is you.

Kristina looks at her father, smiles, and disappears. There was no Kristina. The guard continues to tap.

GUARD

George? George, come on. It's getting dark.

George looks up to find a prison guard. His name is GUS, and he helps George to his feet.

GEORGE

But I have a visitor.

GUS

Not today, George. Time to go back.

GEORGE

But I want to put her name on the list
for tomorrow. My daughter.

GUS

Okay, George.

GEORGE

Because she's visiting me.

GUS

We'll do that tomorrow, okay? It's
lockdown time.

The shadows grow long, and Gus leads George down a cement path that cuts through the grass. The huge structure of Otisville looms dark against the sky, and Gus and George take the long walk back.

EXT. OTISVILLE F.C.I. - NEW YORK - DUSK

Standing outside the fences, Kristina smokes a cigarette as she watches her father being led away. After a few moments, she turns around, walks to her car and gets in. Time to go home. And as the brown Mazda pulls out of the driveway, the taillights turn red, growing smaller and smaller, until they finally disappear.

THE END.

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Bourne Identity (2002)

by Tony Gilroy.

Based on the novel by Robert Ludlum.

Paris Draft, 9/20/00.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

DARKNESS. THE SOUND OF WIND AND SPRAY.

MUSIC. TITLES.

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

The darkness is actually water. A SEARCHLIGHT arcs across heavy ocean swells. Half-a-dozen flashlights -- weaker beams -- racing along what we can see is the deck of an aging FISHING TRAWLER.

FISHERMEN struggling with a gaff -- something in the water --

A HUMAN CORPSE.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT

THE BODY sprawled there. The Sailors all talking at once -- three languages going -- brave chatter to mask the presence of death --

SAILOR #1
-- Jesus, look at him --

SAILOR #2
-- what? -- you never saw a dead
man before? --

SAILOR #3
-- look, look he was shot --
(nudging the body--)

SAILOR #1
-- don't, don't do that --

SAILOR #2

-- he's dead, you think he cares? --

SAILOR #1

-- so have some respect -- it's a --
(stopping as--)

THE BODY MOVES! -- convulsing -- coughing up sea water --
the Sailors -- freaked -- jumping back -- standing there, as --

THE MAN begins to breathe.

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- NIGHT

A wreck. Too small for all the people in here right now --
SAILORS sweeping off the table -- rough hands laying THE MAN
down --

THE CAPTAIN -- brutal and impatient -- watching from the
door as --

GIANCARLO tears through the clutter -- searching for a
medical kit buried in the shambles. GIANCARLO is sixty. A
bloodshot soul.

GIANCARLO

-- it's here -- hang on -- it's
here somewhere -- give me a
minute -- get some blankets -- get
some blankets on him --
(finding the kit--)
-- here we go -- here it is --

GIANCARLO with an old trunk -- just getting it open, as --

THE CAPTAIN

Giancarlo.

(Giancarlo turns
back--)

We pick him up? Okay, we have to
pick him up. But that's as far as it
goes.

GIANCARLO

He needs a doctor.

CAPTAIN

Fuck that. He lives? He dies? I
don't care. We've wasted two hours
on this shit already. You do what
you can, but we're not going back.
(pure steel now)
You understand me?

GIANCARLO

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

(to the rest of them)

Let's get back to work!

GIANCARLO watching them run out. Snagging a quick pull on a pint of rum he's got stashed and --

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAWN -- TIME CUTS

Transformed into a makeshift operating room. A light swings overhead. THE MAN layed out across the table. Sounds -- groans -- words -- snatches of them -- all in different languages.

GIANCARLO playing doctor in a greasy kitchen apron. Cutting away the clothes. Turning THE MAN on his side. Two bullet wounds in the back. Probing them, judging them.

Now -- GIANCARLO with a flashlight in his teeth -- TINK -- TINK -- TINK -- bullet fragments falling into a washed-out olive jar.

Now -- something catching GIANCARLO'S EYE -- A SCAR ON THE MAN'S HIP -- another fragment -- exacto knife cutting in -- tweezers extracting A SMALL PLASTIC TUBE, not a bullet at all, and as it comes free --

THE MAN'S HAND SLAMS down onto GIANCARLO'S and we SMASH CUT INTO A --

FIRST PERSON POV -- we are staring up at --

GIANCARLO

You're awake. Can you hear me?

(we're blinking--)

You've been shot. I'm trying to help you.

(we're trying to find
our voice--)

You were in the water. You've been shot. It's okay now.

THE MAN

Where am I?

GIANCARLO

(switching to English)

You're American. I thought so.

From your teeth -- the dental work --

THE MAN

Where am I?

GIANCARLO

You're on a boat. A fishing boat.
Italian flag. We're out of Vietri.

(he smiles)

It's the cold that saved you. The
water. The wounds are clean. I'm
not a doctor, but the wounds, it
looks okay. It's clean.

THE MAN

How did I get here?

GIANCARLO

You we're lost at sea. They pulled
you out.

(we say nothing)

Who are you?

(still nothing)

You were shot -- two bullets -- in
the back. You understand me?

(we try to nod)

Who are you?

Long dead pause.

THE MAN

I don't know.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

The Trawler plows through heavy seas.

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAY

GIANCARLO is hunched over a desk -- tweezers and
flashlight -- busy working at that strange plastic tube that
came out of THE MAN's hip.

THE MAN is bandaged. He's sitting up, and it must hurt like
hell, but physical pain is not the thing troubling him right
now. He's staring around the room -- at his body -- at the
walls -- haunted --

THE MAN

What if it doesn't come back?

GIANCARLO

(still working that tube)

I told you. You need to rest.

Silence. THE MAN can't rest. Too busy trying to make sense of all this.

THE MAN
I can read. I can read that sign
on the door. I can count. I can
talk...

(focusing now--)
What are you doing?

GIANCARLO rummaging around -- finding a magnifying glass --

THE MAN
What is that?

INSERT -- MAGNIFIED POV -- a slip of plastic from the
tube -- written there -- 000-7-17-12-0-14-26. GEMEINSCHAFT
BANK, ZURICH.

GIANCARLO
It came from your hip. Under the
skin.
(turning back--)
You have a bank in Zurich.
(waiting)
You remember Zurich?

THE MAN
No.

GIANCARLO staring at him now. Different suddenly. Suspicious.

GIANCARLO
Look, I'm just on this boat, okay?
I'm an engineer. Whatever this is,
it's not for me to be involved, okay?

THE MAN
I don't remember Zurich.

GIANCARLO pulls his pint. Takes a hit.

GIANCARLO
(offering the
bottle--)
You drink rum?

THE MAN
I don't know.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT

THE MAN stands at the rail, staring out to sea. So lost.

He turns to head inside -- there, a surfcasting rod propped against a locker.

THE MAN picks up the rod -- flips the bail -- traps the line -- now he's casting far out into the darkness. And for the first time, he smiles.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT

A ratty old espresso machine. THE MAN standing there, staring at the thing like it's a test. Then his hands begin to move -- trying to pack a grind -- trying to fit it in -- turning on the steam and --

The whole thing explodes.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- DAY

THE MAN alone doing chin-ups on the deck rail. He's still bandaged and the wounds must hurt like hell, but he's pushing himself. Using the pain -- bathing in it -- maybe even hoping that it will hold some answer for him.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT

A chess board. Wooden pieces jumbled in a box. THE MAN hesitates -- takes a black knight from the box -- lingers for a moment -- and then places it on the board. He's off and running. He knows this. Placing pieces faster and faster -- still setting it up, as we --

INT. FISHING BOAT HEAD -- NIGHT

One of the ugliest bathrooms on the planet. THE MAN standing before a pitted, tarnished, cataract of a mirror. Staring at himself.

And then he speaks.

THE MAN
(in perfect French)
(I don't know who I am. Do you
know who I am? Do have any idea
who I am?)

And then he stops. Blinks. Wipes away the perspiration just beading on his forehead.

THE MAN
(in perfect Dutch)
(Tell me who I am. If you know who
I am, please stop fucking around
and tell me.)

No answer. Just that face. His face. Who am I?

And what else is inside there?

EXT. FISHING BOAT -- DAY

SAILORS hauling in the nets. THE MAN -- still bandaged, but healing -- working beside them. Earning his keep. Getting healthy.

EXT. ITALIAN COASTLINE -- DAWN

A small, colorful fishing village. The trawler motoring in.

INT. THE FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- SAME TIME

THE MAN buttoning up borrowed clothes. GIANCARLO pulling some cash from his pocket --

GIANCARLO
(offering the money)
It's not much, but it should get
you to Switzerland.

THE MAN
I won't forget this.

GIANCARLO gives him a look. Shakes his head, and --

INT. POKEY ITALIAN TRAIN STATION -- DAY

The ticket window. THE MAN and a TICKET AGENT.

TICKET AGENT
Una sola via?

THE MAN
Si. One way. Una sola via.

EXT. TGV -- DAY

A HELICOPTER SHOT -- a bullet train speeds through snow-capped Alps. We move in on a window -- and staring out is...

INT. TGV TRAIN -- DAY

...THE MAN. People all around him -- families -- businessmen -- normal people going about their lives. THE MAN turns back to the window, but he's not watching the scenery -- he's looking at his reflection. So lost. His face suddenly plunged into darkness as the train bombs into

a tunnel...

EXT. TRAIN -- NIGHT

...and out of the darkness into night and the HELICOPTER SHOT, as the train races toward ZURICH.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A VIDEO MONITOR -- FULL FRAME -- meet WOMBOSI. He's an African ex-dictator, think Idi Amin crossed with Mobutu. He's in some sort of throne room. And he's angry. Bodyguards and a translator hovering nervously around him. What this is, is NEWS FOOTAGE -- an interview conducted by a German TV station.

WOMBOSI

(he speaks english)

...no, no, no -- the time is not right, my enemies are too strong. I'm telling you to wait for this, you understand? I'm telling you this, and I'm making a warning to all those peoples out there that think that my powers have become so weak that they can play with me as they wish. You will see -- I will tell you when the evidence is clear. Then you will have a story. My old friends will hear about themselves.

(stopping, freezing
on that image, and--)

MARSHALL, a CIA bigwig has the remote control. And the floor.

MARSHALL

That's Nykwana Wombosi speaking in Paris the day before yesterday. I'm sure most of you have a passing knowledge of Mr. Wombosi. Some of you on the African desks have worked with him over the years. Some of you very closely...

TWELVE CIA MANDARINS sitting around the table like kids in detention. We will tour the faces as MARSHALL continues, but the guy we're interested in is named WARD ABBOTT. Picture a sawier, slicker John Poindexter.

MARSHALL

...He was an irritation before he took power. He was a problem when he was in power. And he's been a disaster for us in exile.

(the tape--)
Wombosi likes to send us messages
through the European media. This
is an interview we pulled down from
a local German television station
in Dresden. We've been getting
these little broadsides every
couple of months. He knows this --
he knows that -- he's writing a
book about the Agency's history in
Africa -- he's going to name names.
It's basically a shakedown...

ABBOTT'S FACE says this is news to him. HIS HANDS suggest
otherwise.

MARSHALL
This interview -- and I'll make the
tape available for anyone who wants
it -- he goes on to claim that he
has just survived an assassination
attempt. He says it's us. He says
he's got proof.

(beat)
The overwhelming negative
ramifications of this should be
obvious.

(hard and dry)
The Director wants to know if there
is any possible shred of truth in
this accusation.

Long pause. No hands go up.

INT. ZURICH TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

THE MAN wandering through the terminal. Passing A PIZZA
PLACE closing up for the night.

THE MAN checks his funds. Just enough for one cold slice.

EXT. ZURICH STREETS -- NIGHT

THE MAN walking aimlessly.

EXT. ZURICH PARK -- NIGHT

THE MAN trying to get comfortable on a bench. It's chilly
but this will have to do until morning.

Just settling in, when --

ZURICH COP #1 (OS)

(authority German)
(Can't you read the signs?)

THE MAN turns. TWO ZURICH COPS coming toward him.

ZURICH COP #2
(On your feet. Let's go. Right now.)

THE MAN makes his feet. They're on top of him now.

ZURICH COP #1
(The park is closed. There's no
sleeping in the park.)

ZURICH COP #2
(Let's see some identification.)

THE MAN not sure what to do. Eyes moving. Mouth shut.

ZURICH COP #1
(Come on. Your papers. Let's go.)

THE MAN
I've lost them. I've.
(German now)
(My papers. They are lost.)

ZURICH COP #1
(not sympathetic)
(Okay. Let's go. Put your hands up.)

ZURICH COP #2
(pulling his nightstick)
(-- come on -- hands up -- up --)

THE MAN raising his hand slowly -- ZURICH COP #1 reaching up
to pat him down --

THE MAN
-- look, I'm just trying to sleep
okay? --
(German again)
(-- I just need to sleep --)

ZURICH COP #2 has heard enough -- giving a sharp poke with
the nightstick -- into THE MAN's back -- and that's the last
thing he'll remember because --

THE MAN is in motion.

A single turn -- spinning -- catching COP #2 completely off
guard -- the heel of his hand driving up into the guy's
throat and --

COP #1 -- behind him -- trying to reach for his pistol, but
THE MAN -- still turning -- all his weight moving in a
single fluid attack -- a sweeping kick and --

COP #1 -- he's falling -- catching the bench -- trying to
fight back but -- THE MAN -- like a machine -- just
unbelievably fast -- three jackhammer punches -- down-down-
down and -- COP #1 -- head slammed into the bench -- blood
spraying from his nose -- he's out cold and --

COP #2 -- writhing on the ground -- gasping for air --
struggling with his holster -- THE MAN -- his foot --
down -- like a vise -- onto COP #2's arm -- shattering the
bone -- COP #2 starting to scream, and then silenced because --

THE MAN -- he's got the pistol -- so fucking fast -- he's
got it right up against COP #2's forehead -- right on the
edge of pulling the trigger -- he is, he's gonna shoot him --

ZURICH COP #2
(gasping, pleading)
(-- no -- please God no -- please
don't -- please no -- my Go--)
(stopping as--)

THE MAN slams the gun against his temple and --

This fight is over.

THE MAN standing there. In the silence. Two unconscious
cops at his feet. Blood on his pants. What just happened?
How did he do this? And there's THE GUN in his hand. And
God, it just feels so natural -- checking it -- stripping it
down -- holding it -- aiming it -- like this is something
he's done a million times before...

This is something he definitely knows how to do.

And then he stops cold. Throwing down the gun. Running off
into the darkness --

INT. TREADSTONE -- DAY

A deep, inner office. An ops office. Operations. Unlabeled
and anonymous. A backwater project center hidden deep
within the Langley facility. Utilitarian. Several rooms
linked like a suite.

Small staff. SEVERAL TECHNICIANS. One or two for
communications. A couple for research. People are at their
posts. And it's all quiet. But they are busy. Quietly
urgent. This is a place under siege.

ZORN is the number two here. Brilliant bloodless lapdog.
He's coming through the suite. Coming through quickly.
Heading toward the boss's little office at the back --

TED CONKLIN. Ivy League Ollie North. Buttoned down.
Square jaw. Everything tucked away. But there's tension in
the air. Work on the desk. Cot in the corner.

CONKLIN
(looking up)
What?

ZORN
Abbott wants to talk.

CONKLIN
Tell him we're busy.

ZORN
I tried.

INT. CIA COMMISSARY -- NIGHT

ABBOTT with coffee. CONKLIN not lingering.

ABBOTT
Storm clouds are gathering, Ted.
It looks like rain and I don't have
a thing to wear.

CONKLIN
I don't know what we're talking about.

ABBOTT
We're talking about Marseille.
We're talking about Nykwana Wombosi.
And I'm asking you if this abortion
in Marseille has anything to do
with Treadstone.
(silence)
Was this Treadstone?

CONKLIN
You're asking me a direct question?

ABBOTT
Yes.

CONKLIN
I thought you were never going to
do that.

Silence. Pressure drop.

ABBOTT

They're putting together an agency oversight committee. They're going to look through everyone's budgets. Treadstone is a rather sizable line item in my ledger.

(beat)

What am I going to do about that?

CONKLIN

You'd want to make that go away. You'd want to remind them that Treadstone is a training organization. That it's all theoretical. You'd want to sign off on that.

ABBOTT

And what if I couldn't do that?

CONKLIN

Then I'd have to explain Treadstone. And you'd have to explain how you let me get this far.

(silence)

Doesn't sound like much of a Plan-B, does it?

(Abbott staring)

We'll clean up the field. You clean up your budgets.

EXT. ZURICH -- DAY

Morning in the financial district. Upscale. Uptight.

GEMEINSCHAFT BANK just one of many elegant fortresses on this street. Everything just now opening for business. TWO GUARDS unlocking the front door and --

THE MAN across the street. Tucked in the shadows. Checking for cops and trouble. Looks clear. He's walking and --

INT. BANK RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Ornate, formidable and tech at the same time.

RECEPTIONIST

(Can I help you?)

THE MAN standing before her. Looking very out of place.

THE MAN
I'm here about a numbered account.

THE RECEPTIONIST nods. Pulls a pen and bank card.

RECEPTIONIST
(instant English)
If you'll just enter your account
number here I'll direct you to the
appropriate officer.

THE MAN takes the pen, as we --

INT. BANK SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

A BIO-METRIC SCANNER. A piece of ultra-tech amidst the
Baroque. TWO SERIOUS BANK GUARDS manning the equipment.

THE MAN standing there, staring down at this machine.
Something ominously decisive about this. What if it's him?
What if it's not?

BANK GUARD #1
(they've been waiting)
(Your hand, sir...)

THE MAN focuses. Here we go -- BANK GUARD #2 guiding his
open palm onto the mirrored scanning surface.

THE MAN catching his reflection for a moment before a wave
of white light passes beneath his hand and now --

INT. BANK HALLWAY -- DAY

THE MAN being led by A THIRD GUARD to a special elevator.

INT. DEEPER INSIDE THE BANK -- DAY

Elevator doors open. THE MAN steps out. MR. APFEL -- anal
Zurich banker -- waiting there.

APFEL
Good morning, sir. I assume you're
here about your box.

THE MAN
...yes...
(what now?)
The box.

APFEL nods. Gestures down the corridor --

INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT VIEWING ROOM -- DAY

Sterile and kind of odd. But total privacy. THE MAN sitting there, as A DEPOSIT GUARD places a large SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX before him. THE GUARD leaves the room. Closing the door behind him.

THE MAN is alone. And there it is, right in front of him. This is it. Here are the answers. He lifts the lid.

THE BOX. There's a shallow tray on top. In this tray: a beat-up passport in the name of Jason Bourne. A French driver's license with a Parisian address. Credit cards for Jason Bourne.

THE MAN. Holding these objects close -- as if by holding them he might absorb their essence. Forcing himself to believe. This is him. His picture. There it is. He's Jason Bourne.

BOURNE

My name is Jason Bourne.

(sounds good)

Hi, I'm Jason. Jason Bourne.

Jason Bourne, nice to meet you.

BACK TO -- THE BOX -- the shallow tray on top. There's Kleenex. Several sets of contact lenses. A knife. A comb. Three sticks of gum. A ring. A pair of sunglasses. A Rolex.

BOURNE setting these things aside. Lifting the top tray. Staring into THE DEEP BOTTOM TRAY and --

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. Close to a million dollars. There's A GUN. A very good gun. Several clips of ammo. And...

FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Crisp. Brand new. All with his photo inside. Five different names. Three different Countries. Each one of these pristine passports clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:

NATIONALITY:

PLACE OF ISSUE:

SIGNATURE SAMPLE:

And a bar code.

Two Dutch passports. A French. A South African. A Belgian.

And...

There's one piece of card stock still with the paper clip in place. And no passport. This card reads:

NAME: John Michael Kane
NATIONALITY: U.S.A.
PLACE OF ISSUE: Paris, France
There's a signature sample.
And a bar code.
But no passport. This one is missing.

BOURNE sitting there. Trying to push his confusion away.

BOURNE
Bourne. My name is Jason Bourne.
I live at 121, Rue de la Jardin, Paris.

But there's something hollow about this. He came looking for one identity and now he's faced with six. The money... The gun...

Suddenly, it's all fucked up.

BOURNE into gear. Looking around the room -- there -- there's a pile of red canvas burn bags in the corner. BOURNE grabbing one -- stuffing everything into it -- everything except...

The gun. He doesn't want the gun. No guns.

INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT OUTER AREA -- DAY

BOURNE is done. Handing the box back to THE DEPOSIT GUARD --

BOURNE
(I'm trying to think how long it's been since I was here.)

DEPOSIT GUARD
(I'm not sure. Must be three weeks.)

EXT. STREETS OF ZURICH -- DAY -- VARIOUS SHOTS

BOURNE exits the bank. The red bag full to its limit. He's walking briskly now. Looking for a taxi. Nothing in sight.

BOURNE crossing the street. Shit, there's A COP on the corner -- turn -- change pace -- make it look natural --

BOURNE around a corner. And it's looking good for a moment -- but only a moment -- TWO MORE COPS walking a beat -- walking this way -- turn -- cut -- cross the street --

BOURNE heading down a boulevard. Trying to look small. Pulse starting to race. Fighting the paranoia. Where the hell is a cab? Turning back fast as A SIREN starts bleeding in from behind him --

It's just an ambulance.

BOURNE turning back. Forcing himself to focus. And fuck -- there's A METER MAID, and she's stopped writing up a ticket -- she's staring at him and --

BOURNE trying not to panic -- don't run -- smile -- stay small -- get to the corner -- scan the options -- but --

THE METER MAID -- she's watching him go and she's pulling her radio and --

BOURNE hitting this next corner -- banging a right -- forcing himself not to run -- glancing back and --

THERE'S ANOTHER COP -- but this one is jogging -- searching -- he's got his radio out and --

FINALLY TO --

BOURNE bailing on the street -- disappearing into --

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY COMPOUND -- DAY

Big gates. Speed barricades. SEVERAL U.S. MARINES standing guard near a gate house. An American flag. Lots of people coming and going. BOURNE playing it as normal as possible as he heads for the entrance.

INT. U.S. CONSULATE ZURICH -- VISA ROOM -- DAY

The passport and visa office. Big room. No windows. Unpleasant on purpose. Two lines: A short one for U.S. Citizens, a marathon for everyone else. CONSULATE CLERKS stationed in open cubicles along the back wall. And it's a zoo. American tourists who've lost their passports. Foreigners looking for visas. Asylum seekers. Everyone here has a problem.

BOURNE on the U.S. line. Standing there trying to think. What's he gonna say? What can he say? With the cops outside, and the incident in the park, then the bank...

MARIE (O.S.)

-- no, this is not my current address. It was my current address two days ago when I started

standing in line outside --

A NEARBY CUBICLE. Meet MARIE KREUTZ. German. Big energy. Real beauty hidden beneath the armor. And armor it is, because this is a warrior in full, crisis battlemode.

MARIE

-- and so now I lost my apartment,
I have no address, and I have no
visa, and you keep telling me how
much help you cannot give me!

A CONSULATE CLERK caught in her headlights.

CLERK

Miss Kreutz, please... I'm gonna
have to ask you to keep your voice
down.

MARIE

All the papers -- all the papers
they asked for -- I brought all the
papers --

CLERK

Miss Kreutz, excuse me, but you
entered into a fraudulent marriage
in an effort to circumvent the
immigration laws of the United
States --

MARIE

You only know that because I told
you!

(she's incredulous)

Ask the case officer -- find his
name -- it's on the papers -- I
told him all this myself! --

(tearing through the
papers now--)

CLERK

-- it's not the source of the
information that's important here --

MARIE

-- I paid this fucking guy -- I
paid him four thousand dollars --
my last four thousand dollars to
marry me, okay? -- I told this to
the case officer last week...

(she's found it--)

...here -- Mr. Thomas. I told Mr.
Thomas I didn't know this guy was

already married -- I admitted this!

CLERK

-- Miss Kreutz, please --

MARIE

-- I'm the one that got ripped off! -- not you -- not the United States government -- me -- I'm the one being ripped off!

CLERK

So now you're asking for a student visa?

That shuts her up. Yes. Today she's a student.

INT. CIA OFFICE COMPLEX -- NIGHT (BUT SAME TIME)

Motion -- CONKLIN racing down a staircase -- ZORN chasing after --

CONKLIN

-- and they're sure it's him? --

ZORN

-- he accessed the account --

CONKLIN

-- but it was him --

ZORN

-- yes, sir, it's confirmed --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE -- VISA ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE on line. Fear meter rising by the minute.

BOURNE'S POV

Scanning the room -- the perimeter -- the people -- A TURKISH MAN almost in tears as he tries to explain his case to a DESK CLERK -- TWO AMERICAN BACKPACKERS that have lost their passports -- MARIE still in the midst of her madness -- A SECURITY CAMERA high on the wall capturing everything -- lots of data -- too much going on and --

MAN ON LINE (OS)

(from behind him)

You're up.

BOURNE comes to. Shit. It's his turn.

A WOMAN CLERK waving him forward. BOURNE trying to think -- what the fuck is he doing? -- what's he gonna say? -- now he's at the window, and if he was looking for a friendly face, he came to the wrong place --

WOMAN CLERK
(cold shit)
You're a U.S. Citizen?

BOURNE
Yes.
(pause)
I mean, I think so. Yes. Yes...

WOMAN CLERK
Well, either you are, or you aren't.

BOURNE
Right.

WOMAN CLERK
You have your passport?

BOURNE
I have a passport. I've got...
(the bag there, but...)
Actually, it's a little complicated.

WOMAN CLERK
Do you have your passport, sir?

BOURNE
Look, maybe I should just...

WOMAN CLERK
Sir, you waited on line.

BOURNE
Yeah, I know...

But he's already bailing, walking away from the woman, the window, the room -- he's out of here --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY -- DAY

BOURNE on the move -- hustling back toward the lobby -- trying to snag a view out to the street -- there's a window just ahead and --

BOURNE'S WINDOW POV -- ZURICH COPS -- outside -- on the street -- half-a-dozen of them lingering around the entry gate and --

BOURNE stalled for a moment -- options dwindling -- he can't go back to the passport office -- he can't go out the front and --

The lobby looks tough -- there are two other points of entry into the main building, but they're both guarded by MARINES and METAL DETECTORS --

As he gets closer -- it gets worse --

A ZURICH POLICE INSPECTOR near the door, in deep conversation with TWO MARINES and THE EMBASSY SECURITY OFFICER and --

BOURNE trying to burrow through the human traffic -- trying to get to THE LARGER OF THE TWO ENTRY GATES -- this one the farthest from the front door and the passport office corridor, and it's the most crowded -- A COUPLE PEOPLE lined up here -- waiting for one of THE THREE MARINES STAFFING THIS POST to check their bags and pass them through a metal detector and --

SECURITY CHIEF (OS)
-- stop! -- stop right there! --

BOURNE turns back -- as does everyone else in the lobby --

SECURITY CHIEF
(from across the lobby)
-- YOU -- red bag -- the red bag --
stop right there! -- hands up! --

BOURNE glancing back -- ONE OF THE GATE MARINES BEHIND HIM -- the guy's raising his M-16 --

GUN MARINE
-- you heard him -- let's move
it! -- down -- let's go! --

BOURNE nodding -- total compliance -- starting to drop -- but only starting, because now --

He's swinging the backpack and --

THE GUN MARINE -- nailed -- blind-sided -- no chance and --

BOURNE -- all motion -- all forward -- all perfect -- vaulting the metal detector even as he pulls ONE OF THE PEOPLE ON LINE around to shield his back and --

ANOTHER GATE MARINE -- right there -- trying to grab him -- making his move -- BOURNE -- almost an afterthought -- his boot -- like a knife -- out of nowhere -- SNAP! -- the guy's

arm just shattered and --

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- freaking out -- TWO MARINES WITH HIM -- they're raising their weapons and there's people in the lobby and --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- no -- no -- hold your fire! --

BOURNE -- landing hard on THE GUN MARINE -- rolling away from the gate -- into the building now -- coming up with the backpack and --

SOMEONE SCREAMING
-- he's got a gun! -- he's got a gun! --

And he does -- BOURNE with the M-16! -- coming up with it -- coming up on the move -- swinging it around as he searches for an escape route and THE GUN -- it's like a magic wand of hysteria --

PEOPLE IN THE LOBBY -- SCREAMING -- diving away -- everyone dropping for cover and --

BOURNE -- bailing -- on the run -- sprinting down a hallway -- tossing away the M-16 as he sprints into the building --

THE SECURITY CHIEF
(frantic on his radio
now--)
-- red! -- red! -- red! -- code
red! -- South side entrance! --
male -- five-ten, brown hair -- black
jacket -- red bag --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY

Quiet for a second -- offices on either side of a carpeted hallway -- BUREAUCRAT-TYPES doing their thing, when suddenly --

BUREAUCRAT #1
Excuse me? Can I help you?
(but backing up as he
says it, because--)

Here comes BOURNE -- coming fast -- and he definitely does not belong back here --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY/SECURITY GATE -- DAY

Panic -- people fleeing the lobby -- MORE MARINES hustling

in from outside and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIRE STAIRWELL -- DAY

Door flies open -- BOURNE bombing in -- shit! -- it's a dead end -- no way out but up the stairs --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY

SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE MARINES -- sidearms drawn -- jogging past the INNER OFFICES -- running beside them, a frantic guy in a suit --

DEPUTY DCM

-- what're you talking about? --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- we're evacuating the building --

DEPUTY DCM

-- we're in the middle of a trade meeting! --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- call the code! -- I want everyone out! --

DEPUTY DCM

-- you gotta give me more to go on --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- he's running from the cops, he's got a bag filled with God knows what, he's in the building and I don't know where! --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY

BOURNE climbing fast -- two -- three -- stairs at a time -- racing up as a SECURITY ALARM STARTS SCREAMING -- bleet -- bleet -- bleet --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH-FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

THE ALARM ringing everywhere -- TRADE CONFERENCEES -- sixty confused and frightened people -- spilling out into the corridor --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR KITCHENETTE -- DAY

A NEW DOOR flying open -- it's BOURNE -- ready for anything, but there's nothing -- he's in a butler's prep area off the main conference room -- momentum stalled for a moment --

nothing in here but tableclothes and silverware and coffee cups and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY

THREE MARINES -- armed and stoked -- staring up the stairs -- leapfrogging -- point-to-point assault procedure --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN STAIRS -- DAY

Carpeted and grand -- SECURITY CHIEF with FIVE MARINES NOW -- charging up -- pushing past THE PEOPLE trying to come down and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

Completely clogged now -- PANICKED TRADE PEOPLE all over -- EMBASSY TYPES -- trying to herd them toward the main stairs -- everyone talking at once -- THAT ALARM STILL BLARING and --

VOICE (OS)

-- no! -- the other way! -- take
the backstairs! -- the backstairs! --
he's on the other side -- there's a
bomb! --

And as the crowd reacts -- as they mob back away from the main stairway -- we see -- holy shit, the guy yelling was BOURNE --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWELL -- DAY

THE ASSAULT MARINES -- still climbing -- weapons out -- clean and fast -- one more flight to go -- ready for anything -- completely freaking out as the door above them on the fifth floor flies open and --

LEAD MARINE

-- HALT! -- STOP WHERE YOU ARE! --

MARINE GUNS swinging up -- trigger fingers tense and --

IT'S TRADE PEOPLE! and now THEY'RE SCREAMING and this combined with THE ALARM and THE MARINES YELLING FOR THEM TO GET DOWN and ALL OF IT ECHOING THROUGH THE STAIRWELL and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE -- he's CLOSING A DOOR behind him -- he's jamming A CHAIR -- wedging it in tight so the door won't open and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- HIS MARINES -- coming from the main stairs -- weapons drawn -- fighting their way through the pandemonium and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE scanning for options -- the room is huge -- empty now -- the massive conference table covered with the meeting papers left behind -- windows along one wall and --

BOURNE rushes to the window staring down and --

BOURNE'S WINDOW POV

Fifty feet below there's a courtyard -- it's a sheer drop -- completely fucked and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

SECURITY CHIEF -- TWO MARINES -- just outside THE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR -- trying it -- it won't budge and --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- blow it -- shoot it open! --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

THE DOOR -- shattering -- eaten up by GUNFIRE! -- TAT-TAT-TAT-TATTAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! and --

WHAM! HERE THEY COME -- through the door -- guns -- eyes -- adrenaline -- everything ready and --

THE ROOM IS EMPTY!

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY

BOURNE -- dangling fifty-feet above the stone courtyard! -- he's gone out the window! -- hanging there -- hanging with one hand -- one hand clutching the corner of a ledge and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Utter confusion -- SECURITY CHIEF -- FIVE -- SIX -- SEVEN ARMED MARINES all piling in -- ready to rock but there's no one to shoot -- no target --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- check the closets! -- get those
back doors covered -- there's a
kitchen back there -- go! -- go! -- go!

TWO MARINES -- scanning the windows -- looking down and --

MARINE POV -- all clear -- no way he went down there and --

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY

BOURNE still hanging there -- looking down -- up -- there's no choice -- he has to go down --

BOURNE finding a toehold below him -- reaching -- touching down -- it gives way -- crumbling and --

BOURNE hesitates. Does he know how to do this or not? Stalled for a moment, then...

BOURNE starts climbing down. And this is all one shot. No cutaway. No cheating.

We are watching a master at work...

Handhold to a drain pipe. Swinging to a better ledge.

Dropping to an air-conditioner. Grabbing a window frame just before the air-conditioner gives way. Teetering there. Now he's on the fourth floor.

Below, there's an open window on the third floor. Struggling to keep his balance, he reaches behind him to shift the weight of the bag, and as he does --

THE RED BAG falls. Thump. Into the courtyard. Forget the open window. Now he's got to go all the way.

Timing his next move and --

He's pushing off -- reaching -- there's another drainpipe and he's snagged it -- he's got a dragline now -- starting to fall -- straining to hold the pipe -- slowing his descent -- the drainpipe pulling away from it's housing and --

BOURNE letting go -- just before he falls backward -- one last grab -- catching a gutter -- holding it just long enough to slow his fall and --

Letting go for the last fifteen feet and --

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

A DOZEN MARINES -- pumped-up and listening to --

SECURITY

-- we're gonna go room by room
until we find him -- so let's get
teamed up --

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY NEAR THE U.S. CONSULATE -- DAY

MARIE storming away. Pissed-off -- broke -- illegal --
ruined and --

MARIE
(German)
(Motherfucking sonsofbitches!)
(a new problem--)

A LITTLE RED CAR. A beat-to-shit Euro car. A shitty little
red car angled in beside a dumpster with a big red Zurich
parking ticket on the windshield.

MARIE grabbing the ticket -- tearing it up -- tearing the
shit out of it -- blind with misfortune -- throwing the
pieces on the ground and stomping on them and then --

MARIE
(looking up--)
(What are you looking at?)

BOURNE standing across the car -- on the passenger side --

BOURNE
I need a ride.

MARIE
(What?)

BOURNE
I need a ride out of here.

MARIE
Oh, Jesus...
(backing away and--)

BOURNE
Please. I don't want to scare you.

MARIE
It's a little late for that.

BOURNE
I've got a situation here and --

MARIE
Get the fuck away from my car.

BOURNE

I'll give you ten thousand dollars
to drive me to Paris.

MARIE

Great. You know what? I'll give
you ten gazillion dollars to get
the fuck away from me before I
start screaming my head off.

BOURNE

You don't want the police any more
than I do.

BOURNE tosses cash -- a stack of hundreds -- across the car
into her hands -- she catches it. Looks at it.

MARIE

Jesus...

BOURNE

Get me out of here. Please.

MARIE looking at him. At the money. Back at him, and --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

VIDEO PLAYBACK -- FULL FRAME -- fast forward -- a speeding
blur of images from a surveillance camera outside the Zurich
bank -- it's two days worth of footage -- they're scanning
for Bourne's arrival and --

CONKLIN

go -- keep going -- go...wait --
stop -- you went past it --

COM TECH #1 working the console. Freezing the image.
Punching it up. There it is -- BOURNE leaving the bank with
the red bag.

CONKLIN

(staring at the monitor)
It's him. My God, it's really him...

ZORN the phones across the room. COM TECH #2 at his console --

COM TECH #2

-- we got a cross-ref ready to go
here, sir, we're running hotel,
airline, train, and medical
variables, anything else you'd like?

CONKLIN

No...
 (still staring at Bourne)
Go ahead. Run it.
 (coming to--)
Let's get a map, let's get a grid
map on Zurich.

ZORN

 (holding the phone)
Sir...

CONKLIN up from the console. ZORN waiting for him --

CONKLIN

What?

ZORN

Zurich police are looking for an
American with a red bag. Apparently
he put two cops in the hospital
last night.

Silence. Like the floor just fell away. So heavy.

CONKLIN

What the fuck is he doing?

ZORN

Maybe it's a game. Maybe he's
trying to send us a message.

CONKLIN

It doesn't matter now. We've just
got to be the first ones there.
 (decision time)
Get everybody up. I want them all
activated.

ZORN

All of them?

A moment between them. CONKLIN all steel here now.

CONKLIN

You heard me.

COM TECH #2

 (from the console--)
Sir, the cross-ref is coming up cold...

CONKLIN breaks away -- back to the console and --

EXT. BARCELONA RESIDENTIAL BOULEVARD -- DAY

Establishing shot. A grand house. PIANO MUSIC over this -- someone butchering a piece by Haydn and --

INT. BARCELONA GRAND HOUSE MUSIC ROOM -- DAY

Meet THE PROFESSOR. He's a piano teacher. Late fifties. Deceptively fit. He's sitting here, listening to a NINE-YEAR-OLD STUDENT struggle through the music.

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

INT. HAMBURG CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A boring, marathon business meeting. FIFTEEN MIDDLE MANAGERS are trapped around a German sales presentation. Meet MANHEIM. Bald. Fifty. He looks dumb and piggy. Anything but. Sitting here --

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

EXT. A ROMAN CAF+ -- DAY

Meet CASTEL. He's thirty-five. Slender. Clean-cut. Easy to miss. He's here alone. Reading the paper. Sipping espresso.

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

EXT. A ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH -- DAY

The little red car parked. MARIE pacing around. BOURNE poring over a map spread out opver the hood.

MARIE
So what's in Paris?

BOURNE
I want to go home.

MARIE
For twenty thousand dollars.

BOURNE looks back from the map.

BOURNE
I said ten thousand.

MARIE
You have blood on your pants.

BOURNE

Okay.

(beat)

Twenty thousand. Ten now. Ten there.

MARIE

No. No, that was too easy --
(pacing away--)

BOURNE

Wait up --
(after her now--)
-- just wait up --

MARIE

-- get the fuck out of here -- all
this money, this crazy offer, I
mean give me a fucking break with
this, this is --
(stopping because--)

BOURNE just grabbed her. Both of them shocked that he's
done this. He immediately pulls back.

BOURNE

Look, I want a ride to Paris.
(wide open now)
That's all I want. I swear.

MARIE

You swear?
(cold here)
That's great. I feel so much
better now.

BOURNE

I don't want anything but a ride.
All I want to do is go home.

Silence now. She looks back. Measuring him.

MARIE

You could buy a car for twenty
grand. You could buy this car.

BOURNE

I don't want to go alone. I want
you to drive me to Paris. Like
we're a couple. Like we're a
couple and we're travelling
together. That's all we're doing.

MARIE

And I don't get hurt. I get twenty
thousand dollars and I don't get hurt.

BOURNE
I won't hurt you.

MARIE
What if I say no?

BOURNE
Then I'll find another ride.

EXT. ROME STREET -- DAY

CASTEL through the streets on a motorcycle. Whipping to a stop -- stepping off the bike in front of --

U-STORE-IT STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE ELEVATOR -- DAY

CASTEL and THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR -- rising slowly through the dark warehouse and --

INT. CASTEL'S STORAGE UNIT -- DAY

Darkness -- a key turning -- door opening -- light goes on to reveal CASTEL standing there and we're in --

CASTEL'S STORAGE UNIT. What's in here? Like nothing. Like a stack of old newspapers in the corner. Some mildewed books piled along one wall. Some shitty plastic chairs.

QUICK TIME CUTS

CASTEL working fast. Closing the door. Moving to the pile of books. Taking the top book off. Opening it.

INSIDE THE BOX -- a timer. A small bomb. A booby-trap. An LED light stops flashing as CASTEL'S HANDS code in his password and --

CASTEL moving to the newspapers stacked in the corner. Pulling away the top pile and --

A METAL LOCK BOX. Hidden here. CASTEL pulling it out. Opening it. An empty tray on top and --

CASTEL taking off his watch. Taking off his rings. Taking out his wallet. His Spanish passport. Emptying his pockets. All of this goes into the empty tray and --

CASTEL lifting away this top tray -- setting it aside and --

THE METAL LOCK BOX -- there's more -- a much larger bottom compartment -- and it's deja-vu all over again -- we're looking at the identical contents we saw Bourne find in the Zurich safe-deposit box.

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. A GUN. A very good gun. A dozen clips of ammo. And FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Brand new. All with his photo. Five different names. Four different countries. Each one of these pristine clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:

NATIONALITY:

PLACE OF ISSUE:

SIGNATURE SAMPLE:

A BAR CODE:

Two Italian. Two Spanish. A Portuguese.

CASTEL going for the Portuguese passport and --

EXT. ALPS HELICOPTER SHOT -- DAY

The little red car driving through The Alps.

INT. THE RED CAR -- DUSK

BOURNE staring out the window. MARIE driving. Long silence until --

MARIE

Just so you know, if you're gonna
burn me on the money, you might as
well kill me.

(Bourne looks over)

I was supposed to have this car
back three days ago. It's not my car.

BOURNE

I know that.

MARIE staring at him -- glancing back to the road -- just in time -- almost rear-ending a slow moving truck --

MARIE

Shit --

(trying to settle)

Can I tell you how much you're
freaking me out? Okay? Because
you are -- you're completely
freaking me out.

BOURNE

I'm sorry. Really. What do you want me to do?

MARIE

I don't know. Smile. Sneeze. Something. You've got a bag full of money and a ride to Paris. Fuck it, I don't know...

(the radio)

What kind of music do you like?

BOURNE

I don't know.

MARIE

What does that mean?

BOURNE

Listen to what you want.

MARIE

(out of nowhere)

Who pays twenty thousand dollars for a ride to Paris?

There it is. And she wants an answer --

BOURNE

I don't know. I don't know who I am.

MARIE

Yeah, well, welcome to the club.

BOURNE

No. No, I mean, I really don't know who I am. I can't remember anything earlier than two weeks ago.

(it's not flying)

I'm serious.

MARIE

What? Like amnesia?

BOURNE

Look, go ahead...put the radio on...

MARIE

Amnesia?

(total incredulity)

You're saying you don't remember anything that happened before two

weeks ago?

BOURNE
That's what I'm saying.

MARIE
(German)
(Give me a fucking break.)

BOURNE staring at her. She's furious. She's downshifting -- she's accelerating -- pulling out to pass the truck on a blind turn, as we --

EXT. ZURICH BANK -- DAY/DUSK

APFEL emerges from the bank. Leaving work. Turns the corner into a quiet side street and --

Up ahead, here comes another guy in a suit. It's MANHEIM walking toward us, deep into a cell phone conversation. Barely noticing Apfel as they get closer and --

As they pass -- MANHEIM -- it's completely out of the blue -- he's jabbing the cellphone down into Apfel's shoulder and --

APFEL -- no clue -- already clutching at the coronary exploding in his chest -- dead before his body hits the street and --

MANHEIM -- still walking -- he's never broken stride -- and as he goes he's fiddling with the cellphone and --

INSERT -- THE CELLPHONE -- MANHEIM'S HANDS working to retract a syringe into the device and --

MANHEIM striding away. Disappearing into Zurich...

INT. PARIS MORGUE -- NIGHT

Not the best morgue in town. Cold tile. A wall of freezers. Death lighting. Now add some color. Meet NYKWANA WOMBOSI in the flesh.

Meet HIS ENTOURAGE -- eight or ten of his thirty children -- two of his wives -- three of his bodyguards -- the whole crew spread out in this horrible basement room. THE WIVES are chatting. THE KIDS are playing, fighting and eating candy.

THE BODYGUARDS -- three of them here -- are white. These guys are French/Corsican mercs. Not quite the A-Team. The guy in charge of this ugly little unit is named DEAUVAGE. Into it. Too into it.

TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS hanging back. THE MORGUE BOSS -- who's clearly suffering this for a bribe -- moves to one of the freezer lockers...

MORGUE BOSS
(French)
(Okay, Monsieur Kane...number 121...)

And he pulls open FREEZER #121. And thank God we can't see it, because whatever's inside there is clearly horrible. THE MORGUE BOSS barely takes a glance, standing back as quickly as possible.

DEAUVAGE -- lead bodyguard -- moves to clear a zone for his boss --

WOMBOSI
Get the fuck out of my way --
(pushing Deauvage
aside--)

WOMBOSI moves to the freezer box. Stares down. As if it were nothing. He's seen -- he's made -- much, much worse. And now he reaches down into the box -- hands on -- literally feeling around this dead, awful corpse with his bare hands -- feeling around for something -- feeling and feeling and not finding --

WOMBOSI
(turning to Deauvage--)
It's not him.

DEAUVAGE looking pale as WOMBOSI slams shut the freezer.

WOMBOSI
(quiet hard fury)
So who's crazy now?

EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT

A MINI-MOTORCADE driving towards Neuilly. Two security cars. A van full of kids and mothers. And one big Mercedes stretch.

INT. THE MERCEDES STRETCH LIMO -- NIGHT

WOMBOSI alone in the back. Looking haunted.

INT. TRUCKSTOP CAF+ -- NIGHT

It's a weird spot. Open all night. But Euro-style. Quiet tonight. A few Alpen-truckers chowing down. A local or two at the bar and --

BOURNE AND MARIE at a back table. Drinking coffee. He's got the red bag open. All the passports -- the personal junk -- the money -- all the shit from the Zurich bank box -- he's been showing it to her --

And he's got her attention now.

MARIE

And you have no idea -- not a clue -- what came before that?

BOURNE

No.

MARIE

When you think of it, before the ship -- before you wake up on the ship, what do you see?

BOURNE

Nothing. It's just not there.

MARIE

Well, this is great.

(she sits back)

I'm sick of myself and you have no idea who you are.

BOURNE

I kept trying things, I thought if I could find all the things I could do, I could --

MARIE

-- you could put it together --

BOURNE

-- which was okay for a while, I was okay with it...

(hesitating now)

But then -- there's all these other things -- all these other things I know how to do -- and this -- this stuff from the bank and...

(suddenly flat out--)

I think something bad happened.

MARIE

What are you talking about?

BOURNE

I don't know.

MARIE

Sounds like you were in an accident or something.

BOURNE

I was shot twice in the back.

MARIE

Okay, so you're a victim.

BOURNE

There was a gun. Who has a safe deposit box with a gun and all this money and all these passports?

MARIE

Lots of people have guns. You're American. Americans love guns.

BOURNE

I fought my way out of an embassy. I climbed down a fifty-foot wall -- I went out the window and I was doing it -- I just did it. I knew how to do it.

MARIE

People do amazing things when they're scared.

BOURNE

Why do I? -- I come in here -- instinctively -- first thing I do -- I'm looking for the exit -- I'm catching the sightlines -- I know I can't sit with my back to the door --

MARIE

You're paranoid. You were shot. It's natural.

She's not listening. He leans in. Flat out now.

BOURNE

I can tell you the license plate numbers of all three cars out front. I can tell you that the waitress is left-handed and the guy at the counter weighs two-hundred and fifteen pounds and knows how to handle himself. I know that the best, first place to look for a gun

is the cab of that grey truck
outside. I know that at this
altitude I can run flat out for
half a mile before I lose my edge.
I knew that you were my first, best
option out of Zurich? How do I
know all that? How can I know all
that and not know who I am? How is
that possible?

Long dead pause.

MARIE
God, you're not kidding, are you?

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- DAY

BOURNE'S FACE -- a video image frozen on A COMPUTER
SCREEN -- it's Bourne looking at the camera -- Bourne
looking up at the camera in the consulate passport office
and --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

HALF A DOZEN COMPUTER MONITORS -- and lots of shots of
Bourne -- twenty angles -- twenty different locations --
twenty candid perspectives of Bourne and his mad scramble
through the consulate --

CONKLIN and RESEARCH TECH #1 poring over these surveillance
tapes downloaded from Zurich --

CONKLIN
And that's the best angle of the
courtyard?

RESEARCH TECH #1
That's the only angle.

CONKLIN
What do they have on the streets?
The area. They must have something.

RESEARCH TECH #1
Hang on...
(typing away--)

CONKLIN rubbing at the tension in his temples as ZORN enters --

CONKLIN
What?

ZORN

Abbott. He knows about the embassy.
He's coming down for a show and tell.

CONKLIN
That'll solve all our problems.

RESEARCH TECH #1
(he's hit paydirt)
Sir...

CONKLIN
(turning back--)
What's that?

RESEARCH TECH #1
It's an angle of the street -- some
sort of alleyway -- you can just...

CONKLIN
Enhance it.

INSERT -- THE MONITOR -- as the image enlarges to fill the
screen. And there's Bourne. And the little red car. And
Marie.

CONKLIN (OS)
Who the hell is that?

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL -- NIGHT

A drone barn. Practically on the runway.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

One of those rooms. Just a plain functional box. MANHEIM
laying on the bed. Fully dressed. Suit and tie. Just
laying there, staring at the ceiling. Who knows how long
he's been like this.

Just waiting.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND -- A gun. A knife. His e-phone pager.
His fresh credentials. And a photo of Jason Bourne.

INT. WOMBOSI'S PARIS COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Quick orientation: Picture a heavily-walled palace just
off the Bois Du Boulogne. But once inside you could be back
in Brazzaville. It's just a buffet of oddness. Home to
fifty children and nine wives. The decor blends money and
nouveau riche materialism with a hard, back-home tribal
esthetic. It's a visual treat. Not condescending or stupid,
but flat-out strange and menacing.

It's late. And the palace is dark and sleepy now, but carry all that through this next series of quick shots --

WOMBOSI HOUSE SECURITY STATION

Just inside the door. BODYGUARD #1 slouched before a bank of SECURITY MONITORS.

WOMBOSI MAIN HALLWAY

Littered with toys. Children's crap everywhere. BODYGUARD #3. Snoozing on a Louis Quatorze chair draped with African cloth.

WOMBOSI THRONE ROOM DOORS

DEAUVAGE -- head bodyguard -- posted outside this imposing set of doors. He's trying to stay awake. Reading a spy thriller.

FINALLY TO

WOMBOSI'S THRONE ROOM

And there he is -- the emperor himself -- WOMBOSI on his throne. Except the room is dark and empty. And he's sitting there by himself. A king without a country.

Sitting there. With a gun in his lap. Drinking hard from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Stewing.

EXT. FRENCH ROADSIDE -- DAWN

Beautiful morning. The red car parked along the road. BOURNE alone in the passenger seat. Deep asleep. Nestled there.

And then, he wakes suddenly. Starts. Freaked for a moment. Instantly feeling for the red bag. There it is in his lap. He looks around and --

MARIE sitting away from the car. She's got a loaf of bread. A soda. Smoking a butt. Same clothes, but her make-up's been washed away. Clean. Simple. Gorgeous.

BOURNE steps out. Morning legs.

MARIE
I needed a break.

BOURNE

Where are we?

MARIE

We're about an hour away.

BOURNE

I can't believe I slept.

MARIE

You were tired. Here...

(bread and soda--)

For twenty-thousand I like to throw
in breakfast.

(he takes it)

So what do you dream about?

BOURNE

I dream I'm asleep. I dream that
I'm asleep and I can't wake up.

(he takes a hit from
her smoke and
coughs--)

I don't think I smoke.

Another silence. She's watching him.

MARIE

You ever think maybe you have a family?

BOURNE

I thought about it. I don't know.

She looks away. Was she hoping for another answer?

MARIE

I guess it's like Christmas every
day for you, huh?

INT. TREADSTONE CONKLIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

MARIE'S FACE -- A PASSPORT PHOTO -- she's eighteen -- she's
smiling -- really alive and fresh and --

CONKLIN behind his desk. ABBOTT staring grimly at the
picture --

ABBOTT

Who is she?

ZORN

Marie Helene Kreutz. She's twenty-

six. Born outside Munich. Father was a welder. He died in '91. We don't have the mother. There might be a step-sister, we're trying to track that down.

(apologetic)

It's tough. She's a wanderer. She pops up on the grid here and there but...I mean, the last time she paid an electric bill in Europe was '94. No taxes. No steady employer. She's got three arrests. Two shoplifting cases, one in Spain, one in Germany. And she actually did three months in an Italian detention center for credit card fraud.

ABBOTT

No political affiliations?

CONKLIN

She's a gypsy. If it's a cover, it's a great one.

ABBOTT

I'm assuming we're exploring that possibility.

CONKLIN

We're exploring every possibility.
(tighter by the moment)
We are in pursuit. How much more do you want me to tell you?

ABBOTT

Pursuit would indicate that you know exactly where he is.

CONKLIN

No. Pursuit ends when we know exactly where he is.

ABBOTT

Yes, well, I think we need some fresh eyes on this problem. I'm bringing in some people from upstairs.

CONKLIN hesitates. Inside he's screaming.

CONKLIN

We've been down here for two weeks banging our heads against the wall. We've been sleeping down here. We just got our first lead fourteen

hours ago, and now? -- now that we
finally have something to work
with -- you want to bring planning
personnel down here?

(real steam)
I'd rethink that.

ABBOTT
I want a second opinion.

CONKLIN
This is an operations desk.

ABBOTT
I'm not asking.

EXT. PARIS STREET NEAR BOURNE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

THE LITTLE RED CAR cruising through town.

INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR -- DAY

MARIE driving. BOURNE checking building numbers as they
pass --

BOURNE
Slow down. No, don't stop. Just...

MARIE
(looking over)
That's it? Is that it?

AN APARTMENT BUILDING. Big building. Elegant but cold.

BOURNE
Four-fifty. That's the address...

MARIE
Looks familiar?

BOURNE
No.
(staring back as they
pass--)
No. Go around. Keep going...

MARIE pulling up -- turning a corner -- watching him as she
does. But he's pre-occupied -- eyes scanning -- taking it
all in --

MARIE
Where?

BOURNE

Yeah. Pull in here. Park it.

MARIE angles into an alleyway. Cuts the engine.

MARIE

So this is it, right?

BOURNE

I guess.

Dead pause. She's waiting. He's still scanning the street.

MARIE

I should go.

BOURNE

I don't remember any of this.

MARIE

Jason...

He turns back. She's staring at him.

BOURNE

Sorry. The money, right?

Before she can say anything, he's digging in the backpack. He pulls out another stack of hundreds. Hands it over. She takes it. It's not what she wanted, but she's used to being disappointed. Fighting it.

MARIE

Okay, so...

BOURNE

Thanks for the ride.

MARIE

Anytime.

Silence. That moment. He focuses. Getting it.

BOURNE

Look, I don't know what's up there.

MARIE

You got me pretty fucking curious.

BOURNE

Look, you could come up. Or you could wait if you want. I could go

check it out. You could wait.

MARIE

Nah...

(hide the pain)

With you, I mean, you'd probably
just forget about me, right?

BOURNE

How could I forget about you?

(he smiles)

You're the only person I know.

MARIE smiles. We've never seen it before. Worth waiting for.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER -- NIGHT

BOURNE and MARIE standing at the directory. Five apartments.
One per floor. Five names. A buzzer. An intercom. There
it is.

J. Bourne.

BOURNE presses the buzzer. After a moment, he presses again.
Nothing.

MARIE

I guess you're not home.

BOURNE checking the door. How to pop it open? Just about
to get into it, when --

CONCIERGE (OS)

(from the shadows

inside--)

(Monsieur Bourne...I'm coming...)

THE CONCIERGE is sixty. Plump and proper.

CONCIERGE

(opening the door--)

(Mr. Bourne, there you are -- I was
wondering -- I haven't seen you --)

BOURNE

(Here I am.)

THE CONCIERGE looking at BOURNE like maybe she's never seen
him look like this before. And she's looking at MARIE like
here's the reason her tenant looks like such shit.

BOURNE

(he tries a smile)

(I seem to have lost my key.)

THE CONCIERGE nods. Instant chilly disapproval.

CONCIERGE

(I've been ringing your bell. It's good you were away. We had some trouble with the hot water. It's been repaired.)

BOURNE

(Great. We could use a shower.)
(they look like

shit--)

(It was a long drive.)

THE CONCIERGE steps aside and --

INT. PARIS APARTMENT FIFTH FLOOR LANDING -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE at the apartment threshold. He has a key now.

Turning it. And the door opens...

Nothing...

No bombs. No wife and kids. No one.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY

A huge, rambling flat. Large entry hallway. Large rooms beyond that. It's obviously expensive. But cold. Completely impersonal. No photographs. No mementoes. No human history.

WE'RE MOVING NOW

THE LIVING ROOM

BOURNE and MARIE exploring.

MARIE

It's big.

BOURNE silent. Struggling to get a feel for the place.

MARIE (CONT'D)

This is like a real apartment.

(she likes it)

This is really yours?

BOURNE

I guess so.

MARIE taking it in fast. BOURNE seems paralyzed. Trying to soak it all in. Willing himself home. Touching things as he passes. As if a texture, a smell -- something will become familiar. He's deep into this as we go to --

THE BEDROOM

MARIE in the doorway. Checking it out. It's so clean and simple. But it's not the decor she's most interested in...

MARIE opening an armoire...

Nothing but men's clothes. No competition. She's feeling better by the moment as we go to --

THE KITCHEN

Like a stage set. Lots of props and no sign of food. BOURNE picking up a frying pan.

 BOURNE
This is my frying pan.
 (and then--)
This is my spoon.
 (trying harder)
I'm Jason Bourne and this is my
kitchen.

THE MASTER BATHROOM

MARIE still on the prowl. Mirror city. Big tub. One toothbrush.

AN OFFICE STUDY

There's a desk. Chair. Phone. Basic. BOURNE with a folder in his hand. Staring at the bookshelves. Binders, reference materials and hardbound volumes -- all of it about maritime law. Ship schedules. Registry catalogs. All about boats.

 MARIE
This is your office?
 (from the doorway)
God, you live like a monk...

 BOURNE
All this stuff -- it's all about
boats.
 (looking up)
I think I'm in the shipping business.

MARIE

See. It's starting to come back,
yeah?

(he sort of nods)
You mind if I take a bath?

BOURNE

Go ahead.

MARIE backs out. BOURNE alone again. Standing there for a moment. Dealing with it.

And then he sits down in a chair.

BOURNE sitting there. Staring. The room, the desk -- it's all so devoid of personality. And then, something catches his eye and --

INSERT -- THE DESK TOP -- a faint silhouette through the dust and grime. Outlines of where a computer used to sit.

BOURNE reaching suddenly under the desk. Bingo. Pulling out a retractable computer keyboard tray. But it's empty. No keyboard. Now he's really confused and --

INSERT -- A PHONE/ANSWERING MACHINE -- BOURNE pressing the playback button and --

PHONE MACHINE

"You have no messages."

BOURNE leaving that for a moment -- about to anyway -- and then he turns back -- new idea -- pressing for the speaker phone -- and then hitting redial and --

THE PHONE stars dialing...

RINGING and...

OPERATOR/PHONE

Bonjour, Hotel Marboeuf...

BOURNE quick grabbing the receiver. Taking it off speakerphone and --

BOURNE

...yes -- oui -- uh...

OPERATOR/PHONE

(Yes, sir. Hotel Marboeuf, Paris.
How can I direct your call?)

BOURNE

Paris?

OPERATOR/PHONE

Yes, sir...

(switching to English,
thinking that's his
problem--)

How can I help you?

BOURNE

Yes, I'm...I'm looking for Mr.
Jason Bourne.

OPERATOR/PHONE

One moment, please...

(a long pause, and
then--)

I'm afraid, I have no one by that
name registered, sir.

BOURNE

D'accord... Merci.

(about to hang up--)

Un moment -- un moment --

OPERATOR/PHONE

-- sir? --

BOURNE

-- hang on -- I need you to check
another name for me -- hang on --
un moment, s'il vous plait --

BOURNE grabbing the backpack -- tearing through it -- where
is it? -- where is it? -- shit and money falling out and --

There it is -- from the safe-deposit box -- that piece of
card stock -- the one with no passport attached to it --

BOURNE (CONT'D)

(reading it)

Kane. Do you have Mr. John Michael
Kane?

OPERATOR/PHONE

One moment, sir.

BOURNE waiting. And then there's muzak -- holding music and --

THE MASTER BATHROOM

Water running in the tub. MARIE pulling off her boots.
Checking the temperature.

THE OFFICE STUDY

Bourne still on hold. And then --

MANAGER/PHONE
(a new voice suddenly)
Bonjour? Monsieur? Allo...

BOURNE
Yes, I'm here...

MANAGER/PHONE
You call about Monsieur Kane? John
Michael Kane?

BOURNE
Yes. Is he there?

MANAGER/PHONE
You are a friend of his?

BOURNE
Yes.

MANAGER/PHONE
I have some very bad news for you,
sir. I'm terrible sorry to have to
tell you this, but Monsieur Kane
has passed away almost two weeks ago...

Silence. BOURNE is rocked. But the Manager, it's natural,
he interprets the silence as grief...

MANAGER/PHONE
There was an accident. On the
motorway. Apparently, he was
killed instantly. Really, I'm
terrible sorry to be the one to
tell you this...

BOURNE
...I understand...

MANAGER/PHONE
...we actually, we were unaware for
several days that this had happened.
When they came for his things, it
was made known for us, you see?

BOURNE

Who? Who came?

MANAGER/PHONE

His brother. You know his brother?

BOURNE

Right. Yes. Of course.

MANAGER/PHONE

It's very bad this. Terrible sad.
Such a young man.

BOURNE

Do you -- his brother -- do you
have a phone number?

MANAGER/PHONE

I think not...

(quick French to
someone in the office
there--)

No, I'm sorry. It was very sudden.
He was here very briefly.

BOURNE just hands up the phone. Just like that. Not even
goodbye. Standing there frozen. Stunned. John Michael
Kane is dead. And he had the passport.

Suddenly, everything's changed. They shouldn't be here.
This is bad. Danger.

THE MASTER BATHROOM

MARIE playing with her hair in the mirror. Checking the
water --

MARIE

(calling out to him--)
She wasn't kidding about the water.
It's freezing.

THE OFFICE

BOURNE frozen there. On alert. He forces a smile. Decoy mood.

BOURNE

Hang on. I'll check the kitchen...
(moving out of the
office--)
Maybe it takes a while to get all
the way upstairs.

THE KITCHEN

BOURNE moving to the sink. He's smiling. Upbeat. But it's an act. His eyes are everywhere. Turning on the water. But ignoring it. What he's really doing is searching out a weapon. Pulling A KNIFE very quietly from behind the stove. Holding it. Feels pretty comfortable. Hiding it down by his side. On the move again, now --

BOURNE
Yeah, it's cold in here, too...
(calling to her as he
goes--)
Let's give it another minute.

BOURNE like we've ever seen him. Like an animal. Every sound -- every breeze -- everything carries information.

Standing still. Taking it all in.

Real quick layout -- there's big windows along one wall that face out to the street below. The hallway to the bedroom and bath feeds into the living room from one side. There is a large frosted airshaft window along that hallway wall. Simple furniture.

MARIE
(suddenly--)
-- omigod! --
(she's behind him--)
-- what're you? -- no -- no --

MARIE backing away -- completely freaked -- BOURNE standing there with the knife in his hand and --

BOURNE
-- no -- Marie -- no! -- it's not
like that --

MARIE
-- please -- Jason -- omigod --

BOURNE
-- quiet -- quiet --

MARIE -- frightened -- confused -- paralyzed for a moment --

BOURNE glancing back -- a curtain fluttering behind him -- motioning for MARIE to get down -- do it -- now -- down!

MARIE hesitating and --

BOURNE -- what's he doing? -- he's unscrewing a lightbulb from a lamp beside him and --

MARIE about to say something -- he shakes her off --

BOURNE -- knife in one hand -- lightbulb in the other --
putting his foot on a chair in front of him and --

MARIE
...what are you doing?...

BOURNE waving her to shut up -- crawl -- now -- back up --
get under the window -- go! --

MARIE -- he seems so sure -- it's weird, but she's doing
it -- she's under that frosted window -- down below the
sill -- looking back -- what the fuck is he doing now? --

BOURNE -- the lightbulb -- he's tossing it across the
room -- over her head -- into that frosted window and --

As she ducks down --

As it SHATTERS --

EVERYTHING STARTS HAPPENING AT ONCE

PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT! -- silenced automatic
weapons fire -- raking into the apartment and --

THE FROSTED WINDOW peppered with holes and --

MARIE on the floor as THE WINDOW SHATTERS above her and --

CASTEL -- he's in the airshaft! -- hanging from an abseil
rope -- but off guard -- FIRING BLIND -- strafing the
apartment and --

BOURNE kicking that chair across the room and --

CASTEL reacting -- instinct -- moving target --

THE CHAIR just strafed to shit and --

BOURNE rolling away and --

CASTEL -- he's coming in -- last pieces of window frame
CRASHING AWAY as he swings into the apartment and --

MARIE -- right below him -- shit raining down as he flies in
and --

BOURNE throwing the knife and --

CASTEL -- turning -- too late -- the knife catching him in the neck and --

BOURNE -- in motion -- attacking and --

CASTEL -- knife impaled in his neck -- clawing for it with one hand -- trying to get off a shot and --

APARTMENT WALL -- PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT! -- gunfire tearing wildly around the room and --

BOURNE -- full-stop -- kicking the gun -- kicking it up -- ROUNDS TEARING ACROSS THE CEILING and --

MARIE -- SCREAMING NOW -- trying to crawl away and --

CASTEL -- no chance -- off balance -- BOURNE -- his open palm driving up into CASTEL'S JAW -- the body wants to fall backward, but BOURNE has the guy's arm in his free hand -- jerking it like rope -- tearing it from it's socket and --

THE GUN CLATTERING FREE across the floor and --

BOURNE -- his knee -- like a piston -- hard into CASTEL'S GUT -- and then down -- his foot -- down into CASTEL'S KNEE, shattering it and --

CASTEL is on the floor -- stunned -- wiped -- knife pouring blood from his neck -- arm hanging like a rag doll -- bone torn through his pant leg above the knee and --

MARIE

omigod -- omigod -- what're you doing? -- what're you doing? --

(incoherent fear and

confusion, German and English and--)

-- what is he? -- what've you? -- omigod -- what is this? --

BOURNE ignoring her -- grabbing the guy's backpack --

MARIE (CONT'D)

-- what're you doing? -- Jason, please, tell me what's happening!

BOURNE

Open it --

(tossing Castel's

backpack behind him--)

-- do it -- what's he got in there?

CASTEL -- eyes wild -- tries to make his feet --

BOURNE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

(kicking him down--)

-- who are you?

CASTEL -- crablike against a wall -- bloody hands leaving a mess as he struggles to get to his feet --

BOURNE

-- who are you? -- tell me who you
are -- who sent you? --

(bearing down)

-- what is this about? -- YOU'VE
GOT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! --

CASTEL -- staring back -- eyes wild -- mouth shut -- his expression -- is it terror or pure steel? --

BOURNE (CONT'D)

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

MARIE

(suddenly from behind)

...omigod, no...

MARIE -- the guy's backpack -- something in her hand -- and as freaked out as she was a moment ago -- this is worse --

BOURNE

What? -- what? --

(attention split--)

-- what is it?

MARIE

...this is my picture... he's got
my picture --

(holding it up, in

horror--)

-- this is me -- this is Zurich --
this...this...this is yesterday --

BOURNE

-- just --

MARIE

-- where does this come from? --

(to Castel)

How do you have my picture?

BOURNE

Marie, just --

(waving her back--)
-- just stay there! -- just --

MARIE
-- he's got my picture! -- this is
yesterday! -- this is me! --
(out of control now--)
-- where did you get my picture? --

BOURNE
-- let me do this, okay? --

MARIE
-- do what? -- what are you
doing? -- he's got my picture --
(just apoplectic--)
-- he's -- my God -- look at him --
he's bleeding to death -- my
picture -- look! -- he was trying
to kill us! -- omigod --

Now there's KNOCKING AT THE DOOR and --

THE CONCIERGE
(muffled but urgent)
(Mister Bourne! Mister Bourne!
What's going on? Is everything all
right in there? --)
(and she keeps
banging and--)

MARIE is past the point of rationality and CASTEL is
bleeding and shaking and BOURNE is trying to think and it's
just impossible and --

Suddenly -- CASTEL is moving! -- and fast -- it's
superhuman -- unbelievable -- just enough spring in his good
leg and --

BOURNE bracing himself but --

CASTEL isn't attacking! -- he's running away -- he's
crossing the living room -- but there's nowhere to go --
absolutely nowhere -- except --

THE WINDOW

CASTEL hurling himself into the glass and --

EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

WINDOW SHATTERING! -- CASTEL -- in a cloud of broken
glass -- sixty feet above the street --

Falling and falling and...

IMPACT! -- landing on the roof of a parked car and --

INT. THE PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY

THE APARTMENT -- BOURNE in motion -- five things at once --
checking the window -- kicking the gun away -- grabbing the
red bag -- grabbing what he can -- no time to spare and --

THE CONCIERGE
(still outside the
door--)
(--I'm calling the police, Mr.
Bourne -- you give me no choice --
I'm calling them right away! --)

BOURNE
-- your shoes -- Marie! -- where? --
where are your shoes? -- Marie --

MARIE standing there in utter shock -- paralyzed -- the
picture in her hand -- the broken glass -- all of what just
happened --

MARIE
He's dead isn't he?

BOURNE
Marie -- look at me -- there's no
time for this --

MARIE
He went out the window -- why? --
why would someone do that?

BOURNE
-- we can't stay here -- I can't
stay here -- it's not safe here --

MARIE
He came to kill us.

BOURNE
-- we can go -- I can get us out of
here -- but we have to go now --

MARIE
You knew he was coming.

BOURNE
No.

MARIE

I trusted you.

BOURNE

You're wrong. I didn't know.

MARIE

I don't trust anybody and I trusted you!

BOURNE

I didn't know this would happen.

MARIE

He had my picture! He knew I was here! He came here to kill us!

BOURNE

And where is he now?

(that gets her quiet)

You believe what you want, but I'm telling you the truth -- I never would have brought you here if I thought it was dangerous.

MARIE

(totally overwhelmed)

Oh, Jesus...

BOURNE

You stay -- if you want, you stay -- it's okay -- it's better -- maybe it's better -- I don't know --

(starting to back away--)

But I can't stay here. I can't.

MARIE

But the police --

BOURNE

-- there's no time --

MARIE

-- we'll explain it --

BOURNE

-- how? --

MARIE

-- there's two of us -- we'll tell

them -- we'll just --

BOURNE
-- forget it --

MARIE
-- we'll tell them what happened --

BOURNE
I don't know what happened!
(huge here)
I don't know who he is! I don't
know what he wants! I don't even
know who I am! The only thing I
know is that if I stay here, I'm
never gonna find out!

BOURNE -- that's it -- grabbing the backpack -- pulling it
on -- just about to make his move --

She's standing there. Just utterly swamped. Lost.

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Come with me.
(she turns back, he's
waiting--)
I can get us out of here. I know
it. Then we can think. Then we
can work it out. We'll explain it
then. Once we're safe.
(rock solid)
I can protect you.

EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A CROWD is gathered around CASTEL'S BODY. Rubberneckers and
people pointing up to the broken window -- THE CONCIERGE
running out to the street and getting the news and THE SOUND
OF SIRENS bleeding in from the distance and --

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND

THE LITTLE RED CAR pulling out of the alley. Turning away
from the scene. Disappearing into the streets of Paris --

INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- DAY

THRONE ROOM DOORS flying open -- WOMBOSI exploding out into
the hallway --

WOMBOSI
-- No! -- I say, no! -- they go
this far -- out a body in the

grave -- another body! -- no! --
this isn't over -- these people are
not finished -- nothing will make
them finish until they have
Wombosi! -- the real Wombosi --
until I'm the one in the box! --

SIX KIDS -- TWO WIVES -- THREE BODYGUARDS -- all startled by
this steamrolling mass of energy and paranoia --

WOMBOSI
-- what are you doing? --
 (bearing down on
 Bodyguard #2--)
-- sleeping? --
 (to Deauvage--)
-- he's sleeping! -- this man is
sleeping at his post! --
 (kicking the chair
 out from under him--)
-- I've had men killed for this! --
 (but he's still
 moving--)
-- you think these people? -- these
people who come for me -- you think
they sleep? -- they never sleep! --
they spend all the day -- all the
night -- all time thinking about
how to put Wombosi in that box! --
 (he's just gonna keep
 going, and we're
 into--)

A MASSIVE ONE-TAKE TRACKING SHOT

DEAUVAGE on his feet -- racing to follow -- KIDS scattering
out of the way -- THE WIVES completely unfazed and --

WOMBOSI
-- there is no box for Wombosi! --
they don't have a box that can hold
me! -- I know these people -- I
know they never sleep! -- I know
they never stop! -- they never stop
until the knife is at their
throat! --
 (suddenly distracted--)
-- what is the window? -- this
window is open! -- who leaves this
open! --
 (before Deauvage can
 possibly respond--)
-- this is a war, you fool! -- you
think these people are like you? --
you think this is stupid people? --

careless people? -- these people
see an open window, they reach in
with a big hand and grab your heart
until you die! --
 (still rolling as--)

WE'RE HEADING DOWN TO THE POOL

 WOMBOSI
-- and it won't just be me! -- they
don't just want Wombosi now! --
they want my babies -- they want my
children! -- and I say no! --
 (grabbing Deauvage--)
-- you leave that window open again,
you better pray they kill me --
 (something's caught
 his ear in the
 distance and now he's
 trying to get there--)
-- everything changes here now! --
everyone is a soldier here now! --
this is a fortress now! Are we
clear with this?

 DEAUVAGE
Yes, sir. All clear.

WOMBOSI stops to look at DEAUVAGE. In the background, we
can hear A CHILD CRYING by the pool --

 WOMBOSI
This man is out there. Kane is out
there. And they pretend he's dead.
That means he's coming back.

WOMBOSI moving quickly now and WE'RE STILL TRACKING --
taking him into --

THE POOL AREA

FORTY KIDS going nuts in the water. ONE KID crying.
WOMBOSI like a shot -- picking the kid up -- drying his
tears -- making a funny face -- getting a smile as --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE stash the red bag in a locker.

INT. CIA PSYCHOACOUSTICS LAB -- DAY

AN ELECTRONICS CONSOLE. Super-tech. Meters -- LEDs --
wave-form analyzers -- audio spectrum filters -- all of this

gear dancing and responding to every nuance of --

BOURNE'S VOICE -- OVER SPEAKERS -- we're listening to a recording of the call he made from the apartment to the Hotel Marbeouf Paris --

BOURNE/TAPE

"Okay. Merci."

(pause)

"Un moment -- un moment --"

OPERATOR/TAPE

"-- sir? --"

BOURNE/TAPE

"-- hang on -- I need you to

check

another name for me -- hang on --
un moment, s'il vous plait --"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A secret studio buried deep in the Langley facility. Equipment up the ass. Five people in this darkened room: AN ENGINEER working the board. CONKLIN looking sour. ZORN in the shadows. ABBOTT sitting there waiting for analysis from --

MRS. DOYLE. She's late sixties. A long-time spy shrink. An eminence. A diamond-hard, seen-it-all intelligence.

BOURNE/TAPE

"Kane. John Michael Kane."

OPERATOR/TAPE

"One moment, sir."

MRS. DOYLE nods to THE ENGINEER. She's heard enough.

MRS. DOYLE

He's not lying. He's very highly stressed, but he's not lying. He's confused. He's aggressively searching for a way out of the chaos. This conversation, the video from the consulate -- the body language, vocal pattern -- it's my sense he's really lost here.

(beat)

I think he snapped.

CONKLIN

Is that a medical term?

She turns. Battle lines drawn.

MRS. DOYLE
You want clinical terminology?
It's called, "conversation
hysteria."

(to Abbott now--)
I don't know exactly how you train
these people. I'm not sure I want
to know. I'll take a guess there's
some extremely rigorous behavior
modification going on here.

Silence. The idea dangling for a moment.

ABBOTT
Let's assume that's true.

MRS. DOYLE
You can only wind people so
tight.
Even machines break down.

CONKLIN
This unit has an unblemished
record
of success.

MRS. DOYLE
Then I guess I'm in the wrong
meeting.

EXT. BELLVILLE CAR PARK -- DUSK

BOURNE and MARIE stashing the red car.

INT. CIA HALLWAY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

ABBOTT and CONKLIN walk and talk. They want to get loud,
but they can't. Too many people passing by --

CONKLIN
That was two hours -- two hours to
get a second opinion -- and nothing
changes. He's loose. He's out of
control. It's very clear what
needs to happen.
(point blank)
I have work to do.

ABBOTT
What if he is working for someone
else? What if he turned?

CONKLIN

Turn? To who? Where does he turn?
What does he have to offer? He's
got nothing. He's a killer. He's
a piece of equipment for crissake.
Where's he gonna turn?

EXT. HOTEL DE LA PRIX -- NIGHT

Funky. Out of the way. Cash and carry. No-questions-asked
kind of flop. Our establishing shot somehow includes THE
PROPRIETOR and HIS DOG.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM -- NIGHT

HAIR DYE washing down a rusted drain. It's MARIE alone in
this crappy little bathroom. Jeans and bra. All of it
soaking wet.

A new hair color.

A MIRROR. There she is. Her turn to stare at herself and
wonder.

And then she smells something. Smoke...

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

It's a shitty little room. BOURNE sitting on the bed. And
the smoke is coming from...

HIS PASSPORT -- the Jason Bourne passport -- on fire.
BOURNE holding it as it burns away. Bourne's face --
melting -- bubbling -- finally disappearing, -- BOURNE
letting go just before it burns his fingers and --

BOURNE sits back. And there's MARIE standing there. And
she's holding out her passport --

He looks at her. Big moment.

BOURNE

No.

(he won't do it)

You know who you are. You know
what that's worth? That's
everything.

(pause)

I can't live like this. I can't do
anything until I know who I am.
Believe me, you don't want what I have.

He looks away. Silence. And then, she touches him. His

shoulder.

BOURNE almost recoils. Almost. He doesn't know what to do. Doesn't know how to react.

MARIE in front of him now -- she's taking his hand -- and he hesitates -- looking at her -- is this happening? -- she's taking his hand -- moving it down her body -- staring at him -- both of them silent -- his hand -- her skin -- his mind racing -- he wants this -- wants it in every way -- but it's overwhelming -- when was the last time something like this happened? -- he can't remember -- he doesn't care -- he's pulling her toward him -- and they're kissing -- and you know the rest...

INT. CDG AIRPORT -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR arriving in Paris. Coming through the terminal as his pager goes off -- never even stopping as he reads and --

.....

HOTEL SEQUENCE -- SKETCHED ONLY

HOTEL MARBOEUF PARIS. This is the place that answered the phone when Bourne hit redial in his apartment. This is the place that John Michael Kane was staying when he "died."

And so begins, the investigation...

Now, since the presence of danger -- ie Wombosi's guys and/or Treadstone -- is still up in the air, and since this scene could either play very quickly or very long, and since we're not exactly sure where we stand with page count -- this scene is not finished.

The rules of the scene, however, seem to be thus: Bourne would have to be very nervous about being recognized. If he was Kane and Kane stayed here, he's not the guy to do whatever "social engineering" needs doing.

Long version? Bourne sets the table and Marie gets the goods. Somehow there's a threat from Treadstone or Wombosi.

Fast version? It's all results -- we see them execute a plan rather than work it up. MARIE is already in the hotel. In a hotel uniform? Posing as a guest? In any case, she looks very much different than we've ever seen her before.

She gets close to the office. Hides. Waits. BOURNE calls the desk from a pay phone. Asks for something. We see that some sort of improvised booby-trap has been set inside the

hotel to start a fire. In the confusion -- MARIE -- very bravely -- gets into the office. We do a quick cut outside to Bourne waiting and --

.....

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL MARBOEUF -- DAY

Walk and talk. BOURNE and MARIE leaving the hotel fast. He's on alert -- always on alert now -- making sure they're not being watched. And she's excited and pumped -- she did it! -- she's got the hotel record in hand --

MARIE

You stayed there five times in the past six months. But I didn't have time -- I could only get the bill from the last stay -- you were there for two days. Some room service -- there's half a dozen phone calls here so that's someth--

BOURNE

(cutting her off)
Who paid the bill?

MARIE

It's a company... MPG Capital.

INT. AN EMPTY OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

Vacancy wasteland. Dead phone lines hanging. Carpet pulled up. Completely stripped out. BOURNE and MARIE standing there staring.

MARIE

This can't be it.

She turns around -- and what's he doing? -- BOURNE with a piece of paper and pencil -- or something/anything resourceful and handy -- maybe it's carpet lint -- maybe it's breaking the glass on the door and holding it up to the light -- or a rubbing -- anyway, he's doing something ingenious with the glass door --

And as he's doing this, we're hearing --

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)

(British, female)
Destin Navigational, can I help you?

BOURNE'S VOICE (OVER)

Hey, how are you. I'm trying to

reach Richard? Is he there.

We're watching the MPG LOGO emerge and seeing BOURNE and MARIE react, as we hear --

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
I'm afraid there's no Richard here.
(continuing into--)

INT./EXT. SHITBAG PARISIAN PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

BOURNE on the pay phone. MARIE behind him at the bar. He's got a pad and paper. This is all business.

BOURNE
Well, where are you? Where am I calling?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
This is an answering service, sir.
The company's located in Southampton, but--

BOURNE
-- this is a tire dealership, right?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
No sir, this is a navigational chart registry. I'm afraid you have the wrong number.

Dial tone. BOURNE making a note. And as he does --

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number two --

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(French, male, hassled)
(Marseille-Tropez Marina, how can I help you?)

BOURNE
(Hey, so this is the Marina, right?)

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(Yes, sir. Can I help you?)

BOURNE
(he's got the number)
(This is the one in Marseille, right?)

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(Last time I looked.)

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number three --

OPERATOR RECORDING (OVER)
(The number you have dialed has
been disconnected. If you think
you've reached this message in
error--)

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- last call --

RECORDED VOICE (OVER)
"You've reached the office of Simon
Rawlins at Alliance Security
Maritime Division. Paris office
hours are from nine a.m. to six p.m.
If this is an emergency, please
call our twenty-four hour help line
at..."

BOURNE hangs up. Scribbles down the number. Backing away
and --

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT

CONKLIN and the RESEARCH TECHS jamming on the console --

CONKLIN
-- let's check that Interpol window
again --

RESEARCH TECH #1
-- I'm on it --

CONKLIN
-- I want that red car -- the
girl -- we gotta get lucky here --

RESEARCH TECH #2
Sir.
(Conklin turns--)
I've got a code here from NSA --
they're not gonna give us Keyhole
satellite clearance unless we have
sign-off from upstairs.

CONKLIN turns and --

ABBOTT
No.
(sitting there tensely)
We can't risk it.

CONKLIN

Our last sighting was forty-eight hours ago. Even if they stayed in the car, the grid is huge.

(please)

This is it. He's trained -- conditioned -- they're built to disappear. You give him another day to run and we may never find him.

ABBOTT

This doesn't go upstairs.

CONKLIN left hanging. ABBOTT clear on this one.

EXT. EST. SHOT -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY

Monolithic tech. Reflection city.

INT. ELEVATOR -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY

BOURNE dressed for success. Suit. Cleaned up good. Catching his reflection in the elevator's mirrored ceiling. Nerves on edge.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY -- DAY

ALLIANCE SECURITY MARITIME DIVISION. Glossy posters of yachts, tankers and luxury sailboats. BOURNE standing there. Sucking it up. God knows what he's walking into here and --

INT. ALLIANCE SECURITY -- DAY

A SECRETARY leading BOURNE through a suite of offices and into --

INT. PETER RAWLINS' OFFICE -- DAY

Meet RAWLINS. He's a young, jolly Brit -- pink and overfed -- and quite shocked to see...

RAWLINS

Mr. Kane...

(hastily tidying up)

Come right in...please...have a seat.

BOURNE

Thanks.

BOURNE just trying to feel his way through this...

RAWLINS

Well...

(really thrown)

I must admit, when my assistant told me you were here I was, really -- I was quite -- I was surprised.

BOURNE

Really.

RAWLINS

We thought you were gone for good.

BOURNE

Did you?

RAWLINS

Well, I mean it's a tough business, isn't it? Cutthroat.

A long awkward beat. Neither of them sure where to go.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

(finally)

Look, our bid -- it was competitive -- but definitely at the high end of competitive -- when we didn't hear back from you, we did some re-analysis of the numbers, and honestly, we'd really like a chance to do a bit better.

(pitching now)

I'm assuming you're still in the market. It's the same vessel?

BOURNE

Yes.

RAWLINS

We just picked up a job quite like the one we were bidding for you. Gorgeous boat, hundred-and-seventy-five-foot pleasure cruiser. I think we learned a few things that might allow us to make our proposal for your job, as I said, a bit more competitive.

BOURNE

Okay.

Another beat. Rawlins holding back until now...

RAWLINS

Was it the break-in?

BOURNE

Excuse me?

RAWLINS

We also thought we hadn't heard from you -- we've had a bit of a publicity nightmare, people have been talking.

(the meat)

Our offices were broken into -- vandalism mostly -- shortly after we last spoke.

BOURNE

I hadn't heard.

RAWLINS smiles. Reset. Sales mode.

RAWLINS

Let me get you a new copy of the proposal.

BOURNE

That'd be great.

INT. A CAFÉ NEAR LA DEFENSE -- DAY

BOURNE entering. And there's MARIE in the back working a payphone -- waving for him to sit -- she's onto something.

BOURNE sits. Pulls out the Alliance Security Brochures and literature. Flipping through it. Boats. Water. He's getting closer. Pictures of yachts and various security blurbs and a list of references for huge yachts -- jobs they've done in the past...

MARIE

I found it.

(standing there)

It took six calls.

(she's crept out)

I found Kane. I found the body.

BOURNE

Let's go --

(already standing--)

We got to get away from this phone.

INT. PARIS MORGUE FRONT DESK -- NIGHT

THE TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS watching BOURNE put down a hundred dollar bill. MARIE standing a little off -- she will not be

comfortable in the morgue.

ATTENDANT #1
(picking up the cash)
(What was the name again?)

BOURNE
Kane. John Michael Kane.

ATTENDANT #2
(It's number 121.)

BOURNE
(I want to see the body.)

ATTENDANT #1
(Our boss could come back. We're
not supposed to.)

BOURNE pulling out another hundred and --

MORGUE FREEZER ROOM

It's showtime. MARIE back by the door. BOURNE right on it.
ATTENDANT #1 pulling open the freezer and...

BOURNE sags. ATTENDANT #1 looking baffled.

MARIE
What?

INSERT -- FREEZER #121 -- it's empty.

MORGUE BOSS (OS)
(from behind them--)
(What the hell's going on here?)

Here comes the boss back from his break -- a little drunk?

ATTENDANT #1
(This guy, he came to see the
American, but the body, it's missing.)

MORGUE BOSS
(They came last night. His brother.)

ATTENDANT #2
(It's not in the book.)

MORGUE BOSS
(Who are these people?)
(now English to Bourne)

Who are you? What's going on here?

BOURNE

Where did this body go?

MORGUE BOSS

I said, someone came last night --
(big attitude now)
Look, this isn't a carnival --
people call and they make an
appointment and they follow the
rules -- everyone signs in and
out -- this is a serious place --
serious work -- it's not just to
come in whenever you like --

BOURNE

(like a shot)
Shit, we didn't sign in.

MORGUE BOSS

So get the hell out of here.

BOURNE

Fine. But I'd like to sign in. In
fact, I insist on it. Where's the
book? I gotta sign in --
(off and running
now--)

Everybody following -- all of them confused -- and into --

FRONT DESK AREA

BOURNE there first -- all forward motion here -- balls out --

BOURNE

Is this it? --
(the book)
-- this is it, right? --

MORGUE BOSS

-- slow down -- you can't just take
the book like that --

BOURNE

-- don't sweat it, I have a pen --
no problem -- just let me find the
page --
(then quick to Marie)
-- honey, why don't you wait for me
outside, okay? --

MARIE trying to take the hint, but she's curious what he's doing --

MORGUE BOSS

-- we have rules here, this is a
very serious place -- I'm the one
who decides who gets in here, okay? --

BOURNE

-- what do I? -- I put the name of
the person I came to see? --

MORGUE BOSS

-- this is serious business down
here and we cannot have people
coming and going --

BOURNE

-- here we go -- I found it --

But he's not writing -- he's ripping -- tearing the page out
of the book --

MORGUE BOSS

(-- what are you? -- what are you
doing? -- you crazy fuck -- you
ripped the book! -- you stupid
fucki--)

(no chance to finish
this, because--)

BOURNE just slammed him against the wall. Hard. Like a
tractor hit him. And fast.

And that shuts up the room.

THE TWO ATTENDANTS rushing to help their boss --

BOURNE grabbing MARIE and pulling her out the door --

EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT

Moments after the morgue. BOURNE striding away. MARIE
struggling to keep up. And BOURNE is different now --
zoning in -- he's close -- he's hardening --

MARIE

What are you doing? --
(he's scaring her)
-- Jason -- stop -- talk to me...

BOURNE ignoring her -- ripping through the Alliance Security
brochures -- scanning them as he walks --

MARIE

-- I don't know what you're doing
and you're scaring me -- what are
you looking for? -- what just
happened in there? --

BOURNE

Nykwana Wombosi.
(he stops, holding up
the brochure--)

MARIE

What is that?

BOURNE

It's a name. Mr. Wombosi owns a
thirty million dollar yacht. He's
the proud owner of an Alliance
Security package.

(handing her the
brochure--)
He also paid a visit to the morgue
to see John Michael Kane.
(the ripped-out
page--)

MARIE

What does that mean?
(but he's walking
again--)
Jason, what does that mean?
(she's trying to
catch up, but he's
walking really fast--)
Jason, please...who is he?

BOURNE

I don't know.
(he's not turning
back again--)

MARIE

So what are we doing?

BOURNE

Go back to the hotel.

MARIE just stops. Reeling.

BOURNE walking away. Into Paris night and --

INT. CONKLIN'S TREADSTONE OFFICE -- DAY/NIGHT?

ABBOTT alone here. On the phone. Looking up to see --

ZORN
They found him. They found Bourne.

ABBOTT jumps off the call. Eyes never leaving ZORN.

ABBOTT
Where?

ZORN
You better come in.

EXT. L'ETOILE -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR -- A MOTORCYCLE -- screaming through traffic
and --

INT. WOMBOSI'S SECURITY ROOM -- NIGHT

VIDEO MONITOR -- there's BOURNE -- staring up and --

DEAUVAGE
(Jesus fuck, what is this?)

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT

VIDEO MONITOR -- different angle -- more clandestine -- but
same deal -- there's BOURNE just standing there and --

ABBOTT
Omigod.

EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT

BOURNE live. On the street. Bathed in a streetlight.
Staring up at a security camera.

Total hero moment.

I'm here. I'm waiting. I know you're watching.

EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Confusion to say the least -- WOMBOSI -- pistol in hand --
moving as fast as he can through the clutter -- KIDS
scattering as he follows DEAUVAGE -- racing for THE SECURITY
ROOM --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT

CONKLIN -- ZORN -- ABBOTT -- THE TECHS -- everyone plugged into the tension here --

CONKLIN
-- how long? --

COMM TECH #1
-- minutes -- he's close --

EXT. NEUILLY STREETS -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR on the speeding cycle -- closing in fast and --

EXT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND -- NIGHT

BOURNE standing there as the FRONT GATE opens. The moment. The big deep breath. He's walking in --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

Uglier by the second -- desperation madness --

ABBOTT
-- he went inside! --

CONKLIN
(to Abbott)
-- if we can get a clean shot --

ABBOTT
-- inside the house? --

CONKLIN
-- that's what they're trained for -- just a surgical strike.

ABBOTT
Forget it.

CONKLIN
What do you want to do?

ABBOTT
We don't know what we're into!

CONKLIN
We're in the shitter, man! Pick your poison. Maybe he's in there to finish the job. Maybe he's working for Wombosi. Maybe they want to go on TV together. Every

possibility sucks -- we've got to move!

INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- NIGHT

DEAUVAGE and BODYGUARD #1 giving BOURNE a serious pat down.

BOURNE

Is he here?

DEAUVAGE doesn't answer -- spinning BOURNE around -- they're really going over him --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT

CONKLIN on his feet -- ABBOTT beet red -- this is getting loud --

CONKLIN

You don't have the stones for this.
You people come down here and wink
and whisper and we send these guys
out and get it done. And you're
clear. And the guys upstairs get
what they want. And the whole
bunch of you are so stuffed on
deniability it's coming out of your
ears.

(gauntlet)

Well, you know what? You're here
now. What do you want to do?

ABBOTT just shaking his head no.

And CONKLIN snaps -- suddenly he's over the console --
there's the button -- and he's pressing it and --

EXT. NEUILLY ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR in position -- roof of the house next door --
hum -- hum -- hum --

It's the E-PHONE PAGER -- he's just been activated and --

INT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND HALLWAY -- NIGHT

BOURNE being marched toward the throne room doors --
DEAUVAGE and BODYGUARD #1 flanking him -- KIDS and WIVES
staring as he passes -- the way you'd look at a prisoner on
the way to the gallows --

THE BIG DOORS thrown open wide and --

WOMBOSI on the throne.

WOMBOSI

Come in.
(an imperial gesture)
Please...

BOURNE steps up to the plate.

WOMBOSI

Did you bring investment advice for me tonight? It was tax shelters, wasn't it? Swiss debenture-swaps.

BOURNE

MPG Capital.

WOMBOSI

I think investment advice from a dead man, it's a bad idea.

(beat)

How does it feel to be dead?

BOURNE

It's a lot more stressful than I thought.

KIDS have started sneaking into the room -- DEAUVAUGE is trying to scoot them out but --

WOMBOSI

-- no -- no, let them in! -- let them in.

(to the kids)

Come in -- on y va -- come in...

(to Bourne)

I think everyone wants to see the dead man.

BOURNE watching the kids -- they are all staring --

WOMBOSI

What do you do?

(on his feet now--)

You get an appointment with me?
You make sure it's on the boat?
You come visit me -- you pitch me this bullshit investment package.
You drink my water -- eat my bread -- play with my children -- and what? -- two nights later you come back and you put this death --
(slamming something
down onto the
throne--)

-- you put this in my engine room!

There is A BOMB on the throne now.

WOMBOSI

So this is a different kind of meeting.

(steam building)

Maybe now we talk some truth, okay?
One dead man to another.

BOURNE -- caught off guard as -- WOMBOSI suddenly rips away his jacket -- so hard that he tears straight through to the shirt --

BOURNE'S BACK -- bare -- two bullet scars -- still raw --

WOMBOSI

You see this?

(calling to Deauvage--)

I told you my shot was better!

DEAUVAGE

(He went in the water -- how did he live?)

WOMBOSI

No, no no...

(and he means this--)

This is a strong killer. This is a crazy strong killer. Oh, yeah...

(circling)

To make a killer that looks like you? This young? This face?

(he means this)

It's bloody fucking amazing.

BOURNE imploding -- this news -- the kids staring at him -- the bomb -- it's all getting loud around him --

BOURNE

Who do you think sent me?

WOMBOSI

I know who sent you. I don't know why.

(this could get

physical at any
moment now--)

I learned many, many things from the CIA. Many things. I learned the way they think.

(beat)

Was the bomb on my boat supposed to

go off or not?

BOURNE distracted by the kids -- these faces -- it's...

WOMBOSI

You didn't set the bomb. Why?

BOURNE not sure -- about any of it --

WOMBOSI

Was this a game or a fuck up?

BOURNE

I don't know.

WOMBOSI

Get the kids out!

He doesn't have to say it twice -- they know the drill -- they're gone.

WOMBOSI

And the door.

DEAUVAGE closing the doors and as he does --

THE PROFESSOR ATTACKS...

.....

THIS SCENE HAS NOT BEEN WRITTEN

It's a shootout.

The Professor is infinitely more talented at this than the bodyguards.

Bourne needs to get out of there -- without looking wimpy --

No children are harmed.

As the Professor rallies -- he will shoot Wombosi -- he will find Bourne's jacket left on the floor (in which later he will find a clue leading him to Belleville) and last but hardly least, he will take a parting shot at the bomb still sitting there on the throne.

There will be a huge, trailer-worthy explosion.

This might not want to be very long. There is an extensive action sequence just around the corner.

So Bourne escapes. Physically he's just weary. Emotionally he's fucked.

All of that happens and we cut to --

.....

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

CONKLIN flipping out -- THE PROFESSOR is not responding --

CONKLIN
-- code him again -- punch it in --

COM TECH #1
-- he's not responding --

CONKLIN
-- the paging unit must be damaged --

COM TECH #2
-- we just ran a remote diagnostic,
sir, it's not the unit --

ABBOTT looks like he might puke. ZORN watching his career burn to the ground around him.

ABBOTT
What are you doing?

CONKLIN grabbing shit -- like a madman --

CONKLIN
I'm going to Paris.

ABBOTT
No you're not. You're not going
anywhere. I'm shutting this down.

CONKLIN
You're not doing shit. You're so
scared you can't even think.

ABBOTT
You just blew up a house in Paris!
This program is over. Call it off.

CONKLIN
I can't call it off. He's not
responding. Get out of my way.

CONKLIN splits and --

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

It's really late. BOURNE enters the room. MARIE in the corner. Smoked out. Cried out. Lived out.

Silence. Not a word.

His shirt is torn to shit. He scraped-up -- blood here and there. He moves past her into --

THE BATHROOM

His hands shaking as he tries to wash them. He bags it.

THE ROOM

BOURNE comes out. And there's a long silence until --

MARIE

It doesn't matter who you were
before. It's who you want to be.
That's all that matters.

(is he listening?)

We have this money. We have what
we have. I had nothing before and
now, I don't know, maybe I have
more, maybe it's nothing, but...

(he looks over)

I say we leave here. We leave this
place. We go until we can't go
anymore.

BOURNE

You could do that?

MARIE

Yes. That's who I want to be.

BOURNE nods. Turns off the light. Takes her hand. And they lay in bed. Just laying there.

INT. PARIS SOMEWHERE -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR cooping somewhere. Tending to his wounds. Ignoring his pager. He's slipped off the grid.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN

BOURNE and MARIE packing up to hit the road. Together.

.....

DOUG'S ROUGH DRAFT OF THE BIG ACTION SEQUENCE

INT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- LOBBY -- DAY

MARIE dropping off the key. Hope hangs in the air --

CLERK
xxxxxxx...

MARIE
xxxxxxx

BOURNE enters. He's got the black duffel. Car keys.

BOURNE
xxxxxxx.

MARIE
xxxxxxx

And now they're headed for the door. Something doesn't feel right for BOURNE -- and then he notices --

BOURNE
Stop where you are.

MARIE
What?

Bourne turns back to the CLERK.

BOURNE
Where's the dog?

CLERK
My husband's out looking for him.

BOURNE
He run away often?

CLERK
That old beast? Miss his breakfast?
Not a chance.
(returning to cleaning)
It's always something, right?

Suddenly -- just like that -- everything's different --

BOURNE
Get in the basement.

CLERK

What?

BOURNE

(to Marie)

Get everyone down in the basement.

Now MARIE doesn't need a second warning --

CLERK

What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE

You're in danger. All of you. I
have no time to explain.

CLERK

Wait a minute --

BOURNE

I'm sorry.

-- those words -- the way he said it -- she's grabbing her
purse, clearing out of the room. Slamming the door behind
her -- click -- it's locked.

MARIE

Jason...

No answer -- too busy -- reaching under the check-in
desk, coming up with -- A SHOT GUN, an old one, but
nonetheless a gun --

MARIE (CONT'D)

Who is it? Who's out there?

And now BOURNE is moving, pulling open a drawer. A box of
shells. Filling his pockets.

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

MARIE

xxxxxxx

BOURNE

I won't let that happen.

And he is moving down the small hallway. Away from the
front door -- towards the back door under the stairs.

EXT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- COURTYARD -- DAY

THE HOTEL BACK DOOR -- kicked open -- BOURNE coming out of the house -- coming hard -- and --

The small courtyard is empty -- but now the ALARM is going off -- and BOURNE turns back to MARIE -- races to grab her as --

RATATATAT -- The FRONT DOOR -- WINDOWS -- ARE SHREDDED and -- here comes the PROFESSOR.

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

MARIE

xxxxxxx

And now they are running, across this little courtyard. To a wall -- BOURNE is up, on it -- reaching down for MARIE -- grabbing her -- swinging her over the wall as --

BAM!!! The PROFESSOR SHOOTS.

BOURNE

Go!

MARIE takes off running. BOURNE leans over the wall, FIRES BACK TWICE -- RATATAT -- The WALL IS SHREDDED. BOURNE takes off running -- reloading on the fly.

Rounds a bend, is chambering two rounds when he sees -- a WOMAN is in her kitchen -- staring at him -- no time to explain -- he turns back --

The PROFESSOR is just vaulting over the wall. BOURNE FIRES TWICE -- BAM! BAM! But the spray is too wide from this distance. Windows are shattered to both sides of him but -- the PROFESSOR stumbles but keeps going -- blood on his face now -- RATATAT --

BOURNE has to move. Reloading his almost useless gun. Reaching MARIE -- facing a choice and they climb a wall -- FLOWER POTS EXPLODE around them but they make it -- now --

RUNNING IN A LABYRINTH -- right -- then left -- through a small staircase. LEAPING a wall -- landing on a STEEP ROOF -- sliding, falling, crashing to the ground in --

A SMALL COURTYARD -- steep walls on all sides. But there's a large window -- and it's open. And they step through and find themselves --

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

They close the window behind them -- catch their breath --

MARIE

Did we lose them?

BOURNE shakes his head. Tucks the gun under his coat.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

BOURNE

We have to keep moving.

And now he is opening the door -- they step into --

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

STARTLED KITCHEN WORKERS stare as BOURNE and MARIE calmly walk out of the bathroom and head towards the front door of the empty restaurant. Quiet.

And then they open the door to the street and --

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- COMMERCIAL STREET -- DAY

The first thing we notice is noise. The street is burgeoning with life. The second thing we notice are SIRENS. POLICE CARS approaching. BOURNE and MARIE head down the street, blending in.

Up ahead -- TWO POLICE CARS snaking through traffic. BOURNE steers them off this crowded street.

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

MARIE

xxxxxxx

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- QUIET STREET -- DAY

And BOURNE and MARIE are hurrying down this street when -- BAM -- The PROFESSOR comes out of a building -- across and down the street. No time to hide -- he's seen them -- he's FIRING.

BOURNE tackles MARIE to the ground behind a car. RATATAT -- The PROFESSOR is literally shredding it. And now BOURNE is moving --

MARIE

What are you doing?

And BOURNE is on the offensive. BAM! BAM! Moving towards the PROFESSOR who is ducking behind cars on the other side.

They are shredding the street -- FIRING ruthlessly at each other and -- NOW THE POLICE ARE HERE -- BLOCKING both ends of the street. GUNS are drawn -- BOURNE's vulnerable on two flanks. The COPS are YELLING. And now --

THE PROFESSOR BLASTS the COPS -- And now things have changed.

THREE WAY FIREFIGHT and BOURNE grabs MARIE and they dive into --

INT. SMALL EPICERIE -- DAY

And the PROFESSOR shreds the store as BOURNE attempts to fire back. SHIT flying everywhere in here -- hard to see and -- The PROFESSOR is advancing on them -- cops are no match for his fire power. They move to the back -- kick open a door --

INT. HIGHWALLED COURTYARD -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE cross this small courtyard, the PROFESSOR is right on their heels. CRASH through a door -- and now they are in --

INT. SMALL SWEATSHOP -- DAY

COUPLE of ASIAN WOMEN sewing in here. One MAN in charge -- and BOURNE and MARIE charging through -- the MAN about to say something -- but now the PROFESSOR is on their tail and --

INT. SMALL AFRICAN SHOP -- DAY

Making god knows what in here -- vats of something. Small grouping of workers -- BOURNE shutting the door behind him -- it's shredded with BULLET HOLES. BOURNE and MARIE racing to the next door as -- BAM -- the PROFESSOR kicks the door open -- BOURNE about to fire -- but there is a WOMAN right behind the PROFESSOR! Can't do it -- turns to run as -- RATATATAT --

The PROFESSOR FIRES as BOURNE and MARIE dive into --

INT. LIVE POULTRY SHOP -- DAY

And now CHICKEN feathers are flying everywhere -- the glass at the front of the door is shattering. BOURNE and MARIE make it through the gauntlet.

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- STREET -- DAY

And BOURNE and MARIE are running. And he is reaching into his pocket -- fishing around -- and just as he pulls out the car keys -- we recognize this as the street they parked their car on and --

BY MARIE'S CAR

BOURNE unlocks the door -- pops MARIE's open. And --

THERE'S A COP -- yelling at them and -- BOURNE hits the gas -- they fly out of their parking space -- BAM!! The COP fires, shattering their windshield and there -- up ahead -- THE PROFESSOR coming out -- about to FIRE -- BOURNE aims for him -- forces him to dive out of the way and --

ONE QUICK MOVE around a TRUCK and they are free.

INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR

BOURNE and MARIE looking back nervously -- so far all over --

ON THE STREET

The PROFESSOR looking around. PEOPLE staring at him -- covered in blood -- the COP racing up -- yelling -- not yelling for long because the PROFESSOR is firing at him and --

Now the PROFESSOR is moving -- not running -- just a swift walk and now he's past the truck -- and --

A MOTORCYCLIST comes flying down the street -- oblivious -- going way too fast for these streets and -- the PROFESSOR swings his gun stock like a bat -- takes him out -- clean and smooth -- bike crashing to the ground and --

The PROFESSOR grabs the bike and takes off -- SHOOTING at TWO POLICE CARS just racing to the scene and we are into --

EXT. BELLEVILLE BLVD -- DAY

HIGH SPEED CAR CHASE. And BOURNE better do some fancy driving because here comes the PROFESSOR -- and he's a lot faster -- much better armed.

INT. MARIE'S CAR

BOURNE driving. MARIE looking back -- seeing the PROFESSOR gain on them --

MARIE

xxxxxx

BOURNE

xxxxxx

And -- THE PROFESSOR FIRES -- SHREDS the back off their car --

MARIE

Give me the gun --

And now she's got his shotgun, leaning out the window.

BOURNE

Wait 'till he's close.

BOURNE swerves, up on the sidewalk back onto the street --
slaloms through the traffic -- racing towards an intersection
and --

IN THE INTERSECTION

CARS coming the other way, BOURNE just makes it through --
the PROFESSOR tries to squeeze through -- skidding and --

CRACK! The PROFESSOR hits the front of a car sideways on
his bike -- he is THROWN clear through the intersection,
right into the windshield of an oncoming car and --

He gets up, grabs his gun and works his way towards his bike
and now we see --

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND PARIS -- DAY

COPS are mobilizing -- swarming into this area and --

BACK TO THE CAR CHASE --

BOURNE and MARIE pick up a few cops on their tail -- shed
all of them -- the last car goes into an EXPLOSIVE FLIP --
the PROFESSOR is now right behind them. And now we are into --

CRAZY CAR CHASE WITH COPS RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL

BOURNE, MARIE and the PROFESSOR leave a trail of totaled
cars that the cops have to try and navigate through --
finally saying fuck it and hitting a few cars themselves and
now we are into --

CAR CHASE THROUGH NARROW STREETS

MARIE'S CAR and the MOTORCYCLE can pass where the police
cars cannot. BOURNE may be able to shed the cops, but not

the PROFESSOR. And now one quick move and they are --

EXT. QUAI -- DAY

Racing against traffic up the Seine. Past the Louvre. COPS pursuing on the other side of the river. BOURNE and the PROFESSOR leaving behind a trail of carnage. And now --

The PROFESSOR is pulling up along side them -- one lane over. Both swerving to avoid oncoming cars and --

MARIE FIRES -- TWICE -- TAKES out a few windshields. The PROFESSOR fires at the same time -- MARIE'S CAR DOOR -- GONE -- she's totally exposed but --

THE PROFESSOR -- his BIKE is SPOUTING GAS -- one of the pellets nailed his tank.

BOURNE AND MARIE --

MARIE

xxxxxxx

THE PROFESSOR -- No problem -- he's unwrapping a piece of duct tape from the barrel of his gun -- two seconds and the hole is patched and -- BOURNE AND MARIE -- the side of the car is completely gone -- the PROFESSOR is gaining -- across the river dozens of police cars are racing alongside. Many more can be seen on their side -- a road block ahead -- running out of options and --

BOURNE turns hard -- crashes over the sidewalk and flies down a side street. A POLICE CAR pulls out behind them -- the PROFESSOR can't stop -- skidding hard, turning the bike sideways, skidding out -- sliding across the ground and BAMMM!!! SMASHING into a GLASS PHONE BOOTH which shatters.

And he's up -- lifting up his bike and --

BOURNE AND MARIE

SIX POLICE CARS on their tail -- more joining. Every street they look down has POLICE CARS racing in parallel. Running out of options and in the background --

THE PROFESSOR is back in the game -- passing the police cars and up ahead --

THE ROAD IS BLOCKED. POLICE ROAD BLOCK -- cops with guns. Gotta act quick and -- BOURNE turns hard left -- there's a metro staircase -- only way out and --

THEY BOUNCE down the stairs. CRASH through the doors down

below.

THE FIRST POLICE CAR -- no way he's following. SLAMMING on his brakes. SKIDDING to a halt -- SKIDDING sideways -- gonna stop in time -- just at the edge of the steps and then --

THE SECOND POLICE CAR isn't braking -- T-BONES the first car -- BAM!!! -- sends it rolling sideways down the steps until it crashes to a halt at the bottom -- upside down.

THE PROFESSOR -- he's turning -- heading for a different set of stairs. BOURNE AND MARIE -- crashing through the turnstiles -- people diving out of their way and --

AT THE STAIRCASE -- THE WINDOW of the POLICE CAR is kicked out and -- TWO VERY ANGRY COPS emerge -- pull their guns out -- head into the station. BOURNE and MARIE's world just got a lot more dangerous and --

THE PROFESSOR is racing down the other staircase -- an up escalator -- people diving out of the way as --

BOURNE and MARIE slalom through the station -- suddenly -- there's the PROFESSOR -- parallel corridor -- metal barricades keep them separated. PROFESSOR FIRING.

UP AHEAD -- a horizon line -- BOURNE guns it -- a steep staircase and -- THEY FLY down the steps -- landing on --

THE METRO PLATFORM

The PROFESSOR lands on the other side -- both racing down the platform -- PROFESSOR tearing up the wall behind them and -- HERE COMES A TRAIN -- on BOURNE and MARIE's side -- travelling the opposite way -- temporary refuge. Not for long -- there's no way out on this end of the platform. They skid to a halt -- just as --

THE TRAIN DOORS OPEN -- STARTLED STRAPHANGERS stare at BOURNE and MARIE as they stop onto the platform -- take off running.

THE PROFESSOR has to turn his bike around. He's quick -- but it gives BOURNE and MARIE a two second head start.

BOURNE AND MARIE almost at the other end of the platform -- gunfire ripping up the windows behind them. Gonna go for the steps -- but here come --

THE ANGRY COPS -- remember them? -- the ones who took the ride down the steps -- they're firing now and --

BOURNE AND MARIE turn back -- the PROFESSOR is firing and

there is only one option --

INT. METRO CAR -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE into the conductor booth. People diving off the train as BOURNE hits the YELLOW BUTTON and -- the TRAIN STARTS ROLLING -- doors still open -- they disappear into the protection of the tunnel walls -- then BOURNE hits the button to close the doors and -- THE PROFESSOR -- watching the trains accelerate out of the station -- and now he's racing his bike down the platform -- opposite the motion of the train and -- here comes the end of the train and --

THE PROFESSOR throws his bike into a skidding 180 and skids off the platform all in one move -- landing hard on the tracks but facing the right direction and now he's accelerating towards the train -- just as an oncoming train is racing into the station and --

HE LEAPS onto the back of the train in the nick of time. His GUN CLATTERS to the tracks.

IN THE LAST METRO CAR

The window is shattered and the PROFESSOR lets himself in -- wind whipping through his hair from the shattered windows. And --

IN THE FIRST METRO CAR

BOURNE and MARIE finally getting a breather. BOURNE keeps looking back -- nothing -- the train is deserted. Finally --

 MARIE
xxxxxxx

 BOURNE
xxxxxxx

 MARIE
xxxxxxx

 BOURNE
xxxxxxx

And ahead -- daylight -- the train tracks go above ground and as the train hits daylight -- we see the PROFESSOR directly behind BOURNE on the other side of the glass and --

CRASH! The PROFESSOR grabs BOURNE through the glass, ramming his head into the metal as --

BOURNE grabs the knob, swings the door open and CRUSHES the PROFESSOR -- CRUSHES him again and now he is free and --

BOURNE turns, pulls up the shotgun and -- the PROFESSOR kicks it out of his hands -- it clatters to the ground and now we have a beat -- THE TRAIN CAR races across the Bir Hakeim bridge -- all of Paris laid out behind them. BOURNE and the PROFESSOR squaring off -- both looking at the gun -- realizing there's no chance for either one of them to get it and --

A BRUTAL RUTHLESS FIGHT breaks out. BOURNE's motivated -- the PROFESSOR's crazy -- makes it a pretty even match. Looks like it could go on for a little while when suddenly --

BAM!!! The PROFESSOR drops to the ground -- behind him -- MARIE wields the shot gun.

MARIE

xxxxxxx

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

And BOURNE takes the gun from her -- standing there -- reloading -- both barrels -- raising the gun -- aiming it --

.....

INT. MOVING METRO CAR -- DAY

THE PROFESSOR sitting there. Like a dummy. Like a puppet that's been propped up. He's fucked -- his whole side ravaged with shot -- his arm shredded -- hand barely there -- blood flowing fast --

BOURNE

Who else is coming?

THE PROFESSOR staring up at the gun. Stunned. Doomed. Mouth dry. Eyes struggling to make sense of the chaos.

BOURNE

I won't ask again.

PROFESSOR

I work alone. Like you...
(confused beat)
...we always work alone.

BOURNE

What do you mean?

PROFESSOR
Who are you? Rome? Paris?
(Bourne is just
staring--)
Treadstone...both of us...I was
warned but...

BOURNE
Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
...which one are you?...

BOURNE lowering the weapon -- head swimming --

BOURNE
Paris. I live in Paris...

PROFESSOR
...headaches...you have that...I
get such bad headaches...

BOURNE
Yes.

PROFESSOR
...it's a problem...

He's losing blood fast -- things inside him seizing up --

BOURNE
Treadstone.

PROFESSOR
...or in a car...when it's
dark...something with the
headlights...
(circuits exploding)
...pills, right? Treadstone had
those pills...

BOURNE
What is Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
...what did you do?...you must've
really fucked up...

BOURNE
I think so.

PROFESSOR
...someone said caffeine -- for a

headache...doesn't seem...

BOURNE
What do they want me to do?

PROFESSOR
...they won't let you go...

BOURNE
Why?

THE PROFESSOR -- coughing -- a spasm -- helpless --

PROFESSOR
Look at this...
(all the blood--)
...least you have a woman....

And he's gone. Like that. Sitting there. And BOURNE looks paralyzed too. Kneeling there. Stalled out.

MARIE
Jason...

BOURNE doesn't answer -- can't, because there's this sound -- this pulsing hum -- BOURNE reaching into THE PROFESSOR'S POCKET and --

INSERT -- THE E-PHONE PAGER -- covered in blood -- hum --
hum -- hum -- BOURNE'S HAND wiping at the blood that covers the display --

BOURNE staring at it. Very familiar to him.

MARIE
We've got to go.

INT. METRO CAR -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE racing back through the cars -- away from the scene of the crime and --

EXT. ABOVE-GROUND METRO PLATFORM -- DAY

THE SHATTERED TRAIN pulling into the station -- doors opening -- SCREAMS ECHOING through the station from up the platform and --

BOURNE and MARIE getting off the last car and --

EXT. STREET/ALLEY NEAR THE PLATFORM -- DAY

Two minutes later. BOURNE and MARIE -- exhausted -- beat --
Everything all at once --

BOURNE

Take this.

She turns. He's holding the locker key.

BOURNE

Take it.

But she doesn't move.

MARIE

And that's it?

BOURNE

If you're lucky.

(it's hanging there)

Take it.

(beat)

There's enough in there to make a
life. Any life. Just get out now.

Get low. Stay low.

(beat)

Take it.

She takes it. Staring at him. Simply refusing to cry.

MARIE

What was I thinking, right?

BOURNE

I can't protect you anymore.

MARIE

What about you?

BOURNE

I'm gonna find the end of this.

(beat)

I can't protect you.

MARIE takes one last look. And she's running --

BOURNE hangs there a moment -- listening to her go -- and
then he pulls out THE E-PHONE PAGER. And it's pulsing like
crazy.

BOURNE flips open the shell. There's a keypad in there.

Holding it. Like a missing organ.

INT. THE ZURICH AIRPORT MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Remember MANHEIM? He's still there waiting. And his pager goes off, and --

INT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT

A safehouse -- CONKLIN filling a burn bag -- racing -- everything's going --

EXT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT

CONKLIN done with the dirty work -- out into the street --

As he's about to leave -- he hears a sound -- a familiar sound -- hum -- hum -- hum --

He cross the street -- looks down to the Quai below --

Holy shit -- there's one of his E-PHONE PAGERS --

He goes down -- picks it up --

And now --

BOURNE

What did you do to me?

CONKLIN wheels around. There he is. Right behind him.

CONKLIN

What did I do? What've you done?
Do you have any idea? Any
conception? What you've destroyed?
Do you have any idea how much time
and work -- how many people have
their lives wrapped up in this?

So now you know.

BOURNE

Are you Treadstone?

CONKLIN

Am I Treadstone? Me?
(peering at him
closely now--)
What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE showing nothing -- or is he trying too hard not to?

BOURNE

What did you do to me?

CONKLIN

What did I do? I spent thirty million dollars on you. I spent three years finding you -- four years training you --

(incredulous)

What did I do?

(staring now)

What in the name of God have you been doing, Jason?

BOURNE

I don't know.

CONKLIN

They're right about you, aren't they? You're fried.

(on it now)

You really don't know what's going on, do you?

BOURNE

I know you've been trying to kill me.

CONKLIN

Of course. We had to try. We didn't know what was wrong.

(warming to this--)

We didn't know you were in trouble.

BOURNE

So now you know.

CONKLIN

So it's time to go home.

BOURNE

That's all I get?

CONKLIN

We'll make you better. We can put the pieces back. We can do that.

BOURNE

I don't think so.

CONKLIN

We have to go home, Jason.

BOURNE

Jason Bourne is dead.

CONKLIN

There never was a Jason Bourne.

(that gets him)

You have to come with me. It's the only way. We can give it back to you...

BOURNE

Keep it.

(and he's walking--)

CONKLIN

Jason...

(trying to follow--)

They can't let you go...

BOURNE

That'll be their second worst mistake.

And with that, BOURNE scrambles up a wall -- like it's nothing -- CONKLIN just left there -- on the Quai -- in the dark --

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT

BOURNE walking away -- faster and faster --

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE NEARBY -- NIGHT

MANHEIM -- A CAR PARKED IN THE DARKNESS -- sitting alone with his briefcase. Opening it. There's his gun.

BOURNE -- walking -- deeper into the darkness and --

MANHEIM -- in the dark car -- loading the weapon -- calm -- steady -- methodical and --

BOURNE -- walking and --

MANHEIM -- stepping out of the car -- closing the door quietly -- deep in the shadows and --

BOURNE -- still coming -- the darkest part of the path just ahead and --

MANHEIM -- raising the gun and --

THE CAMERA SPINS TO HIS TARGET AND --

IT'S CONKLIN! -- just climbing back up from the Quai --

MANHEIM -- the gun -- phfft -- phfft -- phfft --

CONKLIN -- three holes -- head -- heart -- gut -- his body dropping like a stone beside his car.

MANHEIM walks over. Looks down. Point blank -- phfft -- that makes it four and --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

ABBOTT and ZORN alone in the dark. As a red light begins pulsing on the console.

That red light means Conklin's dead.

After a moment, ZORN moves to the console and shuts the light off.

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT

BOURNE still walking. And he's just gonna keep on going, as we --

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CIA OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

MARSHALL at the head of the table. A cadre of INTEL HONCHOS.

ABBOTT (O.S.)
The Treadstone project has actually already been terminated. It was designed primarily as a sort of advanced game program...

ABBOTT in the hot seat. ZORN right there beside him.

ABBOTT
...We'd hoped it might build into a good training platform, but quite honestly, for a strictly theoretical exercise, we thought it was far too expensive. The cost-benefit ratio was just too high. It's been all but decommissioned at this point.

MARSHALL
All right, what's next?

ZORN handing ABBOTT the next hundred pages.

ABBOTT

Okay, this is Blackbriar.
Blackbriar is a joint, DOD,
communications program that we
really feel has good traction to it.

ABBOTT is just gonna go on and on and on.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD -- DAY

Gorgeous Summer day. A SCOOTER RENTAL SHACK near the beach.

SIX MONTHS

LATER

MARIE coming out of the shack with two helmets. Handing them to A HAPPY COUPLE waiting there on their scooters.

THE HAPPY COUPLE rides off.

MARIE turns back and --

There's BOURNE. A new look. A smile.

MARIE
Can I help you?

BOURNE
This your store?

MARIE
Yes.

BOURNE
Think I could rent a scooter?

MARIE
You have ID?

BOURNE
Not really.

Beat. He smiles.

MARIE
It's not a problem.

Her turn to smile. And we...

FADE OUT

THE END



All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

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Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (2000)

by Wang Hui Ling, James Schamus, Tsai Kuo Jung.

Based on the novel by Wang Du Lu.

More info about this movie on IMDb.com

EXT. YUAN COMPOUND - DAY

Security men and porters are loading wagons for a convoy.
As they work, we see across the lake a lone horseman entering
the village. One of the men recognizes him.

WORKER

Master Li is here!

ANGLE ON: Li Mu Bai, thirties, powerful and handsome.

In the background, old Aunt Wu, at the sight of Li Mu Bai,
drops her parcels and runs excitedly into the building.

INT. YUAN HALLWAY - DAY

Aunt Wu runs hurriedly through the halls.

AUNT WU

Shu Lien!

INT. YU'S ROOM - DAY

Yu, a beautiful woman in her early 30s, is finishing packing
for the convoy, wrapping a few small items in a linen
wrapper, as Aunt Wu bursts in.

AUNT WU

Li Mu Bai is here!

INT. YUAN PRACTICE HALL - DAY

LI

How's everything?

AUNT WU

Fine. Please come in.

Yu sits, composed, as Aunt Wu ushers Li in. Li carries a large object, wrapped in silk.

Yu smiles.

YU

Mu Bai...It's been too long.

LI

It has.

(he glances around
the room)

How's business?

YU

Good. And how are you?

LI

Fine.

An awkward pause.

YU

Monk Zheng said you were at Wudan Mountain. He said you were practicing deep meditation.

LI

Yes.

YU

The mountain must be so peaceful...
I envy you. My work keeps me so
busy, I hardly get any rest.

LI

I left the training early.

YU

Why? You're a Wudan fighter.
Training is everything.

LI

During my meditation training... I
came to a place of deep silence...
I was surrounded by light... Time
and space disappeared. I had come
to a place my master had never told
me about.

YU

You were enlightened?

LI

No. I didn't feel the bliss of enlightenment. Instead... I was surrounded by an endless sorrow. I couldn't bear it. I broke off my meditation. I couldn't go on. There was something... pulling me back.

YU

What was it?

LI

Something I can't let go of. You are leaving soon?

YU

We're preparing a convoy for a delivery to Peking.

LI

Perhaps I could ask you to deliver something to Sir Te for me.

Li unwraps the object. It is an ancient, astonishingly beautiful sword.

YU

The Green Destiny Sword? You're giving it to Sir Te?

LI

I am. He has always been our greatest protector.

YU

I don't understand. How can you part with it? It has always been with you.

LI

Too many men have died at its edge. It only looks pure because blood washes so easily from its blade.

YU

You use it justly, you're worthy of it.

LI

It's time for me to leave it behind.

YU

So what will you do now?

Li doesn't reply.

YU

Come with me to Peking. You can
give the sword to Sir Te yourself.
It'll be just like old times.

LI

First I must visit my master's
grave. It's been many years since
Jade Fox murdered him. I have yet
to avenge his death. And yet I'm
thinking of quitting. I must pray
for his forgiveness.

YU

Join me once you have finished. I
can wait for you in Peking.

LI

Perhaps.

EXT. THE GATE TO PEKING. DAY

Customs officials have just finished checking the contents
in a row of carriages bearing the Sun Security insignia.
The caravan slowly passes through the checkpoint into the
boundaries of Peking. Yu, riding a handsome horse and
clearly the leader, watches as her crew clears inspection.

GUARDS

Ok. Pass.

YU

Thanks. Let's go into the city.

EXT. OUTSIDE A DEPOT. DAY

Workers are busy unloading the contents from the carriages.
Boss Giao is checking off the merchandise -- a cargo of
medicinal herbs.

GIAO

Everything got here safely. I'm
much obliged.

YU

Just doing my job.

GIAO

Sun Security has been the best
since your father started it.
You're a credit to his memory.

YU

Thank you.

GIAO

I mean it.

EXT. DAY. PEKING

From a gray tiled roof, we can see Peking's magnificent grid
of houses extending miles and miles out, freshly painted by
the morning sun.

EXT. PEKING STREET. DAY

Dusty and congested as always, people, horses, and carriages
are fighting to get through the boulevards.

A group of jugglers perform at a corner.

Yu surveys the busy street from on top of her horse.

INT. TE'S GREAT HALL - DAY

Yu presents the sword to Sir Te.

SIR TE

This is Li's personal sword, a
great hero's weapon! He is the
only one in the world worthy of
carrying it. It's too fine a gift.
I cannot accept it.

YU

Sir Te! It has brought him as much
trouble as glory. Help him to
leave these troubles behind.
Otherwise, he'll never be able to
start anew.

SIR TE

All right. I'll act as the sword's
custodian.

De Lu, the head servant, enters.

DE LU

Governor Yu has arrived.

SIR TE

I must change.

YU

(getting up)

You've always been so good to Li Mu Bai and me. Please accept our thanks.

SIR TE

Please do not be such a stranger. You'll stay the night as my guest. Now, Shu Lien... tell me something. And forgive me for prying. Your father was a great friend to me, and I think of you as my own daughter.

YU

Please, Sir Te, what is it?

SIR TE

Li Mu Bai giving up his sword and his warrior days... maybe he's trying to tell you something?

YU

I don't know...

SIR TE

Don't be coy. I've always known about your feelings for each other. All these years, it's a shame... neither of you is brave enough to admit the truth to the other. You're both wasting precious time.

YU

I beg your pardon. Li Mu Bai and I aren't cowards.

SIR TE

When it comes to emotions, even great heroes can be idiots. Tell me if Li Mu Bai is not more open the next time you see him. I'll give him an earful!

INT. TE'S STUDY - DAY

Yu and De Lu approach the study.

DE LU

Sir Te said to leave the sword in here.

De Lu opens the door and is startled to find a young woman inside. The woman is studying the sheets of calligraphy hanging on the walls.

DE LU

Who are you?

JEN

I'm your guest today. I am Governor Yu's daughter.

DE LU

This is Sir Te's study. You are here to...

JEN

I was looking for a quiet corner.

DE LU

I am Sir Te's head servant. And this is another of our guests.

INT. TE'S STUDY - DAY

Yu gently lays the sword, still in its sheath, in Jen's hands.

JEN

It's heavy for such a thin piece of metal!

YU

The handle is heavy. And the blade is no ordinary metal. Still, the sword is the lightest of weapons. You're just not used to handling it.

JEN

But I have had much practice. As a child in the West, a platoon lived with us. They'd let me play with their weapons. The scabbard is so beautiful.

YU

Beautiful but dangerous. Once you see it tainted with blood, its beauty is hard to admire. It's 400 years old.

JEN

Exquisite! You said it belongs to...

YU

My friend Li Mu Bai. He's given it
to Sir Te as a gift.

JEN

Li Mu Bai! The famous warrior?
Why would he give his sword to Sir
Te?

YU

You're too young to understand.

JEN

You're a sword fighter too?

Yu yanks the sword out of the sheath. An eerie sound
resonates within the study. Jen is even more impressed.

YU

Yes, I am. But I prefer the
machete. Certain moves, however,
call for a sword.

JEN

Really?

Yu puts the sword back in the case.

JEN

(longingly)

It must be exciting to be a fighter,
to be totally free!

YU

Fighters have rules too: friendship,
trust, integrity... Without rules,
we wouldn't survive for long.

JEN

I've read all about people like you.
Roaming wild, beating up anyone who
gets in your way!

YU

Writers wouldn't sell many books if
they told how it really is.

JEN

But you're just like the characters
in the stories.

YU

Sure. No place to bathe for days,

sleeping in flea-infested beds...
They tell you all about that in
those books?

JEN

You know what I mean. I'm getting
married soon, but I haven't lived
the life I want.

YU

So I heard. Congratulations. It's
the most important step in a
woman's life, isn't it?

JEN

You're not married, are you?

YU

What do you think?

JEN

No! You couldn't roam around
freely if you were.

YU

You're probably right.

Yu studies Jen. The room falls silent for a moment.

EXT. SIDE COURT YARD - DAY

It's dusk and the sky is beautiful orange and purple. Jen
is leaving the study escorted by her maid. She turns to Yu
for a final good-bye. Yu seems intrigued by the encounter.

EXT. SIR TE'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Two lighted lanterns are raised up.

INT. TE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sir Te hands the sword to Governor Yu.

SIR TE

Go ahead, Governor Yu.

Governor Yu is impressed by the opulence and elegance of the
sword. He closes his eyes to guess the weight of the sword.
Te snubs out the flame from a candle, then slides the sword
out from its sheath. The sword gives off a luminous blue
glow in the dark.

SIR TE

Two feet 9 inches long. 1 inch wide. The handle is 1 inch deep, 2.6 inches wide. Seven-tenths of an inch thick. With seven rubies missing from the hilt. You can tell the design dates back to before the Chin era. Engraved with a technique lost by the time of the Han Dynasty.

GOVERNOR YU

Your knowledge is remarkable, Sir Te.

SIR TE

A sword by itself rules nothing. It comes alive only through skillful manipulation.

GOVERNOR YU

I see your point. Please continue.

SIR TE

The Imperial Court isn't the problem. With royalty and officials everywhere, the Royal Guard keeps security tight. But Peking is not like the West. Here, you'll find all sorts of characters. Proceed with caution in your quest for law and order. Don't depend only on the court. Contacts in the Giang Hu underworld can ensure your position. Be strong, yet supple. This is the way to rule.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A maid warms her hands in a basin of hot water for Jen, then walks over to Jen and helps remove her earrings. Someone knocks and the maid goes to answer the door.

MAID

Governess...

GOVERNESS

Let me do it.

The maid leaves as the governess enters the room.

JEN

Please sit.

GOVERNESS

I've made you silk pajamas. Do you

want to change into them?

JEN

Put them down.

GOVERNESS

I heard you met Shu Lien today.

JEN

Do you know her?

GOVERNESS

She's one of those. Your mother would not want you consorting with her kind.

Jen shoots her an angry look.

JEN

I'll socialize with whomever I please.

GOVERNESS

Don't invite danger into your father's house.

She's about to say something, then thinks better of it.

JEN

I'm tired now.

GOVERNESS

Go to bed then. Miss has grown up, and is getting married soon. God knows what the future will bring.

JEN

It will be just the same. Enough! I'm tired.

GOVERNESS

Autumn is coming. I'll shut the windows for you.

The governess leaves. Jen sits on the side of her bed, thinking.

EXT. TE'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

A wide shot of the compound. A patrol man greets Master Bo, Sir Te's head of security. The place is serene.

MASTER BO

Chilly, eh?

NIGHTMAN

Yes, Master Bo.

As Bo walks on, shadows rustle in a treetop in the background.

EXT./INT. INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF TE'S STUDY - NIGHT

A masked figure silently opens the window and enters the room. It moves swiftly to the sword case, opens it, and wraps the sword.

Bo enters, sees the thief, who leaps up to the ceiling. The thief steps over Bo and out into the courtyard. Bo tries to stop the thief, who easily outwits him, jumping onto the roof as Bo yells out.

BO

Someone help! Stop him! He's on
the roof! The sword's been stolen!
Stop thief! Stop him!

The thief skips a few times and jumps off to a side street.

Bo grabs a pole and runs, as gongs begin to sound, alerting people to the theft. People rush outside, Yu Shu Lien among them.

EXT. PEKING STREET - NIGHT

Bo runs through the streets. The thief is nowhere in sight. Suddenly, there are sounds of weapons clashing. Bo hurries towards the source.

EXT. AN ALLEY OUTSIDE GOVERNOR YU'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bo is surprised to see the hooded figure battling with two other fighters -- Tsai (male, 40s) and May, his daughter.

TSAI

It's Jade Fox!

MAY

We must avenge mother!

The hooded figure does a gravity defying flip and soars over a wall, just as Bo arrives.

BO

Do something! He's getting away!

EXT. PEKING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The thief runs atop a roof -- right into Yu. Yu and the hooded figure face off.

YU
Return the sword, and I'll let you go.

The figure just regards her, slightly shifting weight.

Yu attacks, but the figure repels her.

YU
You've been trained at Wudan?

The figure answers by leaping to another rooftop. Yu catches up, and resumes her attack with a relentless series of lightning-quick blows.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE GOVERNOR YU'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bo follows Tsai and May, who are quickly walking away.

TSAI
You're mistaken. We're just street performers. We were rehearsing.

MAY
Father!

BO
You were rehearsing? Who are you trying to fool?

May wants to respond but is again cut off by Tsai. They run off.

BO
Where did that thief go?

Bo looks around and discovers he had chased the thief into Governor Yu's compound.

BO
Governor Yu's house!

EXT. ROOF TOP

Yu and the Black Figure continue to fight.

YU
Get down here! Give back the sword!

EXT. GOVERNOR YU'S - NIGHT

Yu slowly gets the upper hand in her fight with the thief.
A small arrow cuts across the night and flies toward Yu.
She catches it, but the masked figure takes the opportunity
to get away.

Yu pauses to feel the arrow in her hand, standing in the
empty courtyard.

EXT. TE'S SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

De Lu escorts Yu into Te's.

DE LU
Sir Te awaits you.

INT. TE'S GREAT HALL - DAY

Men are standing at attention. Bo is giving his account of
what happened, as Yu enters.

BO
I'm sure the thief is in the Yu
household.

SIR TE
How dare you imply?

BO
But I say --

SIR TE
-- Enough.

The men hustle out. Bo can barely contain his frustration.

YU
Has Governor Yu ever seen the sword?

SIR TE
Yes, though I doubt he's involved
in this.

YU
But the sword could be in his
compound.

SIR TE
Then someone's trying to set him up.
We should inform Li Mu Bai.

EXT. OUTSIDE GOVERNOR YU'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Madam Yu is returning from temple. The governess is helping her out of the carriage. Servants are peeling bills off a wall across the street.

MADAM YU

What is it?

MAID

Madam Yu, someone's put up posters.

A partially torn flyer with the words "Jade Fox will not escape justice!" is seen on the ground.

MADAM YU

Let me see.

GOVERNESS

Someone is after Jade Fox.
Preposterous, looking for her here!

Madam Yu nods and walks inside, as the Governess tosses the flyer away and follows her.

A hand scoops up the flyer -- it is Yu. She studies it, then puts it in her pocket, and moves on.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Bo is searching for the Tsais. The bridge is full of jugglers. But the two are nowhere to be found.

EXT. PEKING STREET - DAY

Bo quizzes a homeless man.

BO

Where are they?

HOMELESS MAN

I don't know. I haven't seen them
in two days.

Bo is about to give up when he looks up and sees May walking quickly into an alley. Bo follows her.

EXT. IN FRONT OF TSAI'S HOUSE

May walks into a dilapidated house surrounded by a broken-down bamboo fence. Bo inches closer and sees May and Tsai

oiling their weapons.

INT. BO'S ROOM - DAY

Jen practices calligraphy. The governess is by her side embroidering and throwing occasional glances at Jen. The maid enters.

MAID

There is a Miss Shu Lien here to see you.

Jen stops and looks up at them.

GOVERNESS

Miss is busy right now.

MAID

I'll tell her.

JEN

Show her in.

The governess shoots her a look.

GOVERNESS

This spells trouble.

JEN

I have a guest.

The governess gets up to leave just as the maid shows Yu in.

MAID

This way please.

The governess and Yu exchange quick glances. The governess bows slightly and departs.

JEN

I've missed you.

YU

How so?

JEN

I'm bored.

Yu sees the calligraphy.

YU

You're doing calligraphy?

JEN

I'll write your name. Just for fun.

Jen writes Yu's name with great confidence and swiftness.

YU

I never realized my name looks like
"sword."

Jen freezes slightly.

YU

You write gracefully. Calligraphy
is so similar to fencing.

JEN

Maybe it is. I wouldn't know.

The maid enters with tea.

JEN

Please.

YU

Thank you for seeing me. I hear
your wedding day is near. You must
be overwhelmed by the preparations.

JEN

I'm hardly doing a thing. The less
I think of it the better. My
parents are arranging everything.
The Gous are a very powerful family.
My marrying one will be good for my
father's career.

YU

You are fortunate to marry into such
a noble family.

JEN

Am I? I wish I were like the
heroes in the books I read. Like
you and Li Mu Bai. I guess I'm
happy to be marrying. But to be
free to live my own life, to choose
whom I love... That is true
happiness.

YU

Do you think so? Let me tell you a
story.

JEN
About you and Li Mu Bai?

YU
Yes. Did you know I was once
engaged to be married?

JEN
No, really?

YU
His name was Meng Si Zhao. He was
a brother to Li Mu Bai by oath.
One day, while in battle, he was
killed by the sword of Li Mu Bai's
enemy. After, Li Mu Bai and I went
through a lot together. Our
feelings for each other grew
stronger. But how could we dishonor
Meng's memory? So the freedom you
talk about, I too desire it. But I
have never tasted it.

JEN
Too bad for Meng, but it's not your
fault, or Li Mu Bai's.

YU
I am not an aristocrat, as you
are... but I must still respect a
woman's duties.

JEN
Don't distance us. From now on,
let's be like sisters.

YU
Then as a sister, let me wish you
happiness in your marriage.

EXT. YU'S GARDEN - DAY

The maid escorts Yu out. Yu pauses, looks around, and sees
the profile of the Governess peering at her from around a
corner.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight spills into the room, as Jen rises sleeplessly
from bed and looks out the window. A light breeze stirs her
hair. The sound of the wind rises, and slowly her face
dissolves, into...

INT./EXT. CARRIAGE/MONGOLIAN DESERT - DAY

...the face of a younger, less sophisticated Jen, as she lets the dry desert air flow through her hair. She sits in a carriage, part of a caravan, with guards on horseback, that is traveling through the spectacular desert. Across from her sits her mother, of whom she is barely cognizant.

MADAM YU

What a godforsaken place! Can't
your father be appointed closer to
civilization? Jen... are you
listening to me?

Jen is still looking out the side of the carriage, at a beautiful mountainside.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jen sighs, and turns back toward her bed.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GOVERNOR YU'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Tsai and May have been sitting, hidden in the branches of a tree, watching Jen.

TSAI

Let's go!

They drop down silently and walk away. From another rooftop, Lo looks silently on.

EXT. TSAI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tsai and May enter the house.

INT. TSAI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the tiny house, they discover a hooded figure going through their belongings.

Immediately Tsai throws a knife, which rips off the figure's mask -- revealing Bo. Tsai has another long knife at his throat.

TSAI

Who are you?

BO

Wait! I'm a friend!

Tsai pauses.

INT. TSAI'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

May fans a small coal-fired grill that is boiling a sizzling pot of vegetable and meatball soup. Her father and Bo are now friendly dinner companions, much to May's delight.

TSAI

I don't care about your sword.

BO

Why were you spying on the Yus?

TSAI

I'm looking for someone. Jade Fox. I'm a police inspector from Shaan Xi, Gen Su district. Jade Fox is a master criminal. I hear she infiltrated the Yus. She must have come with them when they transferred here. But with Yu's reputation, I can't just go in and accuse her.

BO

This Jade Fox is a woman?

TSAI

Yes.

BO

Then leave her to me.

TSAI

Pardon me, but I doubt you can handle her. My wife was quite a martial arts expert. Jade Fox killed her. So you see, this is personal. Leave her to me.

MAY

It's ready!
(re: the soup)

BO

I'm ready for anything!

Bo fishes into the pot with his chopsticks. May intercepts him with her own chopsticks.

MAY

Father gets first dip.

Tsai stiffens and snaps his chopsticks, not to pick up a meatball but to catch an incoming dart. A dart wrapped with a note. Bo jumps up.

TSAI
They're gone.

MAY
What does it say?

TSAI
"We'll settle this at midnight on
Yellow Hill." Good, the fox is out
of her hole.

INT. TE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Yu is ushered into the room, to discover Sir Te talking to another man, whose back is to her.

SIR TE
Shu Lien, look who's here.

The man turns around -- it's Li Mu Bai.

EXT. TE'S HALL - NIGHT

Yu and Li Mu Bai sit together.

LI
Sir Te believes it's a ploy cast
suspicion on Governor Yu.

YU
But something is going on at the Yu
household.

LI
What have you discovered?

From her sleeve, Yu removes the flyer. Li takes it, his face darkening.

LI
Jade Fox? Impossible.

YU
You always suspected she'd fled to
the West.

LI
I didn't think she'd dare come back

to Peking!

YU

Is there any place safer than under
the nose of Governor Yu?

LI

So I shall avenge my master's death
after all.

YU

Be careful. Sir Te requires
discretion. Official business is
difficult enough. Don't let
personal feelings make it worse.
And I don't know... even this
poster... could be some sort of trap.

LI

Did you see who posted it?

Yu pauses.

YU

No.

LI

It says Jade Fox is hiding at Yu's.
On the night of the theft there was
a brawl near Yu's. Were you
involved?

YU

It was Bo, Sir Te's man. I hear he
followed the thief to the Yus'.

LI

Have you questioned him yet?

YU

No, not yet...

LI

But your men are watching over Yu's
compound?

YU

No, I'd already sent them home.
You can blame me for losing the
sword, but please trust that I'll
get it back soon using my own
methods.

LI

That's not what I meant. I don't
care about the sword.

YU

What do you mean? Didn't you come
back here for it?

LI

I don't know it was stolen until I
got here.

YU

Then, why did you come?

LI

Well, we had talked...

De Lu enters.

DE LU

Pardon my intrusion. Master Li,
your room is ready.

LI

Thank you. Please lead the way.

EXT. YELLOW HILL - NIGHT

Tsai, Bo, and May wait under an ancient tree. Bo stifles a
yawn.

BO

The fox doesn't care much for
punctuality. Still no sign of her.

An old lady struggles up the hill, wearing a floppy hat over
her face, holding a cane. The three exchange glances.

TSAI

Enough! Show yourself.

The old woman shrinks in fear, but then throws off her
disguise and unveils herself -- the Governess.

FOX

Tsai... you dog! You will pay for
your stubbornness.

BO

That's what you think, old witch!

TSAI

If you surrender now, you'll suffer less. But if you resist, I won't stop until you're dead.

MAY

Father! Let me avenge my mother's death.

FOX

You'll soon end up like her, you little whore!

BO

You'll pay for that!

A fierce battle begins, the main fighting between Tsai and Fox, with May and Bo getting a stab in occasionally, when the opportunity presents itself.

TSAI

(to Bo)

She's going to paralyze you!

Using acupressure, Fox disables Bo. May shoots an arrow at her, but she catches it and flings it back, hitting May.

TSAI

May!

Fox then disables Tsai, but just as she goes for the kill, Li Mu Bai flies down from the treetops and steps between them.

FOX

Tsai, you filthy mongrel! An ambush!

MAY

Father, are you all right?

Li addresses Fox.

LI

Wudan should have gotten rid of you long ago. It's been a long time, Jade Fox! You don't remember me... But you should remember my master. You infiltrated Wudan while I was away. You stole our master! Now it's time for you to pay!

FOX

Your master underestimated us women. Sure, he'd sleep with me, but he would never teach me. He deserved

to die by a woman's hand!

LI

You stole the secrets of Wudan's
highest martial arts. But after
ten years of training, your moves
are still undisciplined. And
today, under a Wudan sword... you
will die!

Li easily brings Fox to the ground.

Li raises his sword to the prostrate Fox. A figure masked
in black appears next to Fox, sword extended, saving her.

FOX

Disciple, we'll kill them all!

FIGURE IN BLACK

Let's go!

BO

Another one!

FOX

I must get rid of Tsai!

Fox fights Tsai, Bo, and May, as Li addresses the masked
figure.

LI

Who are you? Why is the Green
Destiny in your possession?

FIGURE IN BLACK

What's it to you?

LI

My name is Li Mu Bai. The Green
Destiny is mine. Jade Fox can't be
your master. Where did you learn
that "Xuan Piu" move?

FIGURE IN BLACK

I'm just playing around.

LI

Tell me, who is your master?

FIGURE IN BLACK

Let's go!

FOX

We must kill them!

Tsai throws his blade at Fox, who catches it and throws it back, hitting him in the head. Fox and the masked figure leap away.

May drops to the ground, cradling her dead father's head. Bo kneels beside her.

MAY

Father!

EXT. TE'S - DAY

Te and a group of his men look down as a cloth is removed from over the body of Tsai. Bo and May stand before them.

TE

This is Tsai?

MAY

My father. Police Inspector from Shaan.

TE

This should be reported to Governor Yu. The victim is an officer. You believe the killer is hiding out in his compound.

YU

I'd bet my life on it!

TE

(to Li and Yu)

Come with me.

He exits the room.

INT. TE'S STUDY - DAY

Te, Li, and Yu are seated.

SIR TE

This needs to be resolved, and quickly.

LI

I'll get into the Yu household and get her. I'll ferret out Fox and her gang.

YU

We must be careful. Governor Yu is a court official, and in charge of security. Any disturbance will cast suspicion on him. It might get Sir Te in trouble.

SIR TE
This is a delicate matter.

YU
Sir Te, can you find some excuse to invite Madam Yu and her daughter?

SIR TE
What do you have in mind?

YU
The best way to trap a fox is through her cubs.

Sir Te and Li look puzzled.

EXT. SIR TE'S GARDEN - DAY

Yu sits with Madam Yu and Jen. They busy themselves with various items for her trousseau.

MADAM YU
Madam Te is certainly spoiling us with these wedding gifts. She's being so considerate.

YU
I'm sorry she's not feeling well enough to receive you today.

MADAM YU
I heard Sir Te lost something. And now Madame Te's not feeling well...

Jen sits silently reading.

YU
We know who stole the missing item. If the thief returns it, I'm sure Sir Te will pursue the matter no further.

MADAM YU
That's good. Sometimes the help can't keep their hands to themselves. It's very embarrassing.

YU

Sir Te knows that even well-meaning people can make mistakes... that can bring ruin to themselves and their families.

MADAM YU

But don't be too lenient.

YU

No mercy will be shown toward the murderer who turned up in Peking.

MADAM YU

A murderer?

YU

Yes. The very killer of Li Mu Bai's own master. Last night, she killed a policeman who had tracked her down.

MADAM YU

A female criminal! Now that's news!

Jen becomes visibly upset.

JEN

You say she killed a policeman?

YU

Yes, from the West. He went undercover and followed her here,

MADAM YU

Maybe the murderer and the thief are one and the same.

YU

I doubt it. This thief... it very unusual...

As Yu speaks, she lifts the tea pot to pour Jen some tea. As she finishes speaking, she looks into Jen's face and the pot slips from her hand. Without even looking down, Jen instinctively catches the pot with a lightning-fast move.

YU

...And most likely smarter than a mere killer.

Sir Te and Li Mu Bai walk by.

JEN
(formal)
Greetings, Sir Te.

SIR TE
Hello, Madam Yu. This is Li Mu
Bai, the renowned swordsman.

LI
Delighted to meet you.

Li sizes Jen up.

TE
Miss Yu is soon to be married.

LI
Congratulations.

EXT. TSAI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

May opens her door, only to find Bo standing guard.

MAY
Why don't you come in?

BO
I'm standing guard.

MAY
Come in. It's cold.

She turns back inside, hesitates, then turns back to him.

MAY
Come in. We don't have to fear
Jade Fox if we're together.

EXT. TE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A still, dark night.

EXT. TE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Something moves in the moonlight. A hooded figure jumps down.

Li Mu Bai, who had been hiding in the shadows, comes forward.

LI
Isn't it a bit too late to be out?
You've brought me the sword?

FIGURE
I do as I please.

The masked figure lunges away, but Li Mu Bai leaps with incredible speed and grabs the sword from her.

LI
Where's your master?

FIGURE
What's it to you?

The figure floats away. Li chases after her.

EXT. PEKING STREET - NIGHT

The two fly over houses and bounce off of rooftops, displaying amazing floating skills.

INT. ABANDONED MONASTERY - NIGHT

The figure bounces into an old monastery. Li is already there.

LI
Had enough flying? You've got potential. You've studied the Wudan Manual but you don't understand it. You need a real master.

The figure doesn't respond, but we sense the pride in her eyes.

FIGURE
Do you think you are a real master?

LI
Like most things, I am nothing. It's the same for this sword. All of it is simply a state of mind.

FIGURE
Stop talking like a monk! Just fight!

LI
Then tell me where Jade Fox is.

FIGURE
On guard!

LI

Real sharpness comes without effort.

EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

The figure leaps into the garden, but again, Li is ahead of her.

The figure attacks Li, who uses his agility to evade her. Frustrated, the figure intensifies her attack.

The figure, losing composure, attacks wildly. Li gets even more elusive, using a branch to repel her.

LI

No growth without assistant. No action without reaction. No desire without restraint. Now give yourself up and find yourself again. There is a lesson for you.

Li now holds the stick to her mask, gently raising it slightly.

FIGURE

Go ahead.

LI

Why should I? You need practice. I can teach you to fight with the Green Destiny, but first you must learn to hold it in stillness.

FIGURE

Why do you want to teach me?

LI

I've always wanted a disciple worthy of Wudan's secrets.

FIGURE

And if I use them to kill you?

LI

That's a risk I'm willing to take. Deep down, you're good. Even Jade Fox couldn't corrupt you.

The figure's eyes cloud with tears.

FIGURE

Wudan is a whorehouse! Keep your lessons!

The figure swirls and takes off, leaving a rueful Li standing alone in the monastery.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jen slips in through the window. She pulls off her mask, as she spots the Governess/Fox sitting and sewing.

FOX

You're home late... or should I say early?

JEN

Why are you still here? You killed a policeman. You should leave! You'll bring ruin on my whole family.

FOX

They wouldn't have found me if you hadn't stolen the sword. Like a little girl, you thought stealing would be fun? You, too, are responsible for that death. Come with me. You don't want to waste your life as the wife of some bureaucrat. Denied your talent... As a master and disciple we will rule.

JEN

I'll never live as a thief!

FOX

You're already a thief.

JEN

That was just for fun. How can I leave? Where would I go?

FOX

Wherever we want. We'll get rid of anyone in our way. Even your father.

JEN

Shut up!

FOX

It's the Giang Hu fighter lifestyle... kill or be killed. Exciting, isn't it?

JEN

I owe you nothing.

FOX

Yes, you do! You are still my
disciple.

Jen lunges at the Governess, and the two exchange a few
blows. Jen presses her finger against one of the Governess's
pressure points, disabling her. Jen pushes her across the
room.

JEN

You think you've been teaching me
all these years from the manual?
You couldn't even decipher the
symbols!

FOX

I studied the diagrams. But you
hid the details!

JEN

You wouldn't have understood, even
if I had tried to explain. You
know... you've gone as far as you
can go. I hid my skills so as not
to hurt you.

FOX

If I hadn't seen you fight with Li
Mu Bai, I'd still be ignorant of
all you've hidden from me.

JEN

Master... I started learning from
you in secret when I was 10. You
enchanted me with the world of
Giang Hu. But once I realized I
could surpass you, I became so
frightened! Everything fell apart.
I had no one to guide me, no one to
learn from.

FOX

Believe me, I've a lesson or two
left to teach you!

Fox exits.

EXT. GOVERNOR YU'S GATE - DAY

The Governess leaves, a small sack over her back.

EXT. TE'S COURTYARD - DAY

Li practices fluently with Green Destiny in hand, beautifully at ease with the weapon. He spins around to find Yu standing in the doorway.

YU

The sword is back... are you happy?

Li smiles.

LI

I admit, getting it back makes me realize how much I'd missed it.

YU

But it's not your sword anymore.
You gave it to Sir Te.

LI

True. But I must borrow it for one last mission. Jade Fox must die at its edge. Did you know what you were hiding when you covered for that girl?

YU

My job was to get the sword back, without embarrassing anyone. I wasn't about to ruin her life, or her father's.

LI

You did your job well. But, this girl... I saw her last night.

YU

I knew she would intrigue you.

LI

She needs direction... and training.

YU

She's an aristocrat's daughter. She's not one of us. In any case, it will all be over soon. You'll kill Fox, and she'll marry.

LI

That's not for her. She should come to Wudan and become a disciple.

YU

But Wudan does not accept women.

LI

For her, they might make an
exception. If not, I'm afraid
she'll become a poisoned dragon.

YU

It's not our affair. Even if Wudan
accepts her, her husband might
object.

LI

I thought by giving away the sword,
I could escape the Giang Hu world.
But the cycle of bloodshed continues.

YU

I wish there were something more I
could do to help you.

LI

Just be patient with me, Shu Lien.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jen is asleep. A noise awakens her.

Lo opens the window and sneaks in -- right into the point of
Jen's waiting sword.

Jen's sword drops to the ground.

JEN

Lo?

LO

Jen!

Lo grabs her by the wrist.

JEN

You shouldn't have come.

LO

With all the traffic on your
rooftop these days... it took me a
while to get in here. I can't wait
any longer. I was wrong to let you
go. Come back with me. You'll be
happy in the desert. You'll be
free there.

Jen turns back to him and rests herself briefly in his arms

again.

JEN

You've been looking for me all this time?

FLASHBACK: FOUR YEARS EARLIER

INT./EXT. CARRIAGE/MONGOLIAN DESERT - DAY

Jen holds up a comb, with daylight shining through it. Jen admires the piece, her most prized possession.

Madam Yu sits opposite her.

MADAM YU

Jen... stop playing with it.

Jen looks out over the desert, as the wind picks up and the sky darkens.

JEN

I won't break it.

EXT. CARRIAGE/MONGOLIAN DESERT - DAY

Lo and a group of armed bandits descend on the caravan.

GUARD A

It's Dark Cloud! Dark Cloud is coming!

His warning is useless. From Jen's pov, we see the guards slaughtered in a hail of arrows and swords.

MADAM YU

Lower the shade, don't let them see you!

DARK CLOUD (LO)

Don't touch the women!

Though unharmed, Madam Yu immediately faints. Lo approaches the carriage and grabs the comb from Jen's hand.

She bolts from the carriage, and, once outside, bends down and grabs a lance from the body of a dead guard, whose horse flails beside him.

She looks up to see the gang of bandits already making their escape on horseback.

LO

Let's go!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Jen and Lo ride across the desert floor at breakneck speed.

LO

Come get your comb.

She tries to jab him with the lance, but he grabs it and flings her off her horse.

LO

Hurry back to your mother.

Lo rides on as she charges after her horse.

EXT. DESERT BLUFF - DAY

A group of bandits is dividing up the loot, as Jen rides up, keeping a respectable distance. They notice her and rise as she dismounts.

One of them saunters over to her and stands, grinning, a few feet away.

In a second, she's slammed his balls into his stomach and knocked his nose into his face. He crumples to the sand.

The other bandits stop laughing, quickly exchange glances, and charge her at once.

In a matter of seconds, they're either on the ground or dragging their fallen comrades back.

Lo calls out and stops the fight.

LO

She's mine.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Lo and Jen ride, if not side-by-side, then parallel, about 20 feet apart. Their pace has slowed considerably. In fact, they're dead tired.

LO

Let's stop a moment.

JEN

Give it back!

LO
(shouting a bit)
You're tired. You need rest. Your
horse needs water. There's a creek
up here.

He dismounts, looks down at the dry creek bed.

LO
Well, there used to be! What's
your name? I'm Lo. The Hans call
me Dark Cloud. I'm not that tall
or big, but I'm quick as lightning.

JEN
My comb!

She kicks him. They fight ferociously until Lo, exhausted,
collapses. She kicks him a few times, then collapses too.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Jen comes to and finds herself wrapped in a blanket of
animal fur. She sits up with a start and checks her clothes.
Looking around, she realizes she's in a cave. Next to her
are a lamp, some hunting equipment, and a neat row of sharp
arrows. She quickly grabs one of the arrows.

LO
If you like that arrow, I can make
you a bow. Great for hunting wild
chicken. They're delicious.

Jen raises one of the arrows, going on the attack again, but
her legs betray her and she falls.

LO
You need to eat, understand? Then
you'll have the strength to fight.
Understand?

He helps her up, then pours her some horse milk from a sac.
He hands her a small chunk of food, which she first accepts
grudgingly, then, her hunger getting the better of her, she
starts to wolf it down.

LO
You're eating too fast. Slowly.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Lo walks out into a barren mountain landscape. A chicken

roasts over a fire. Lo whistles.

Jen appears suddenly with a rock and knocks it over his head.
Lo passes out as Jen scurries away.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE AND DESERT - DAY

Jen tries to find her way among the treacherous stony terrain, her lips chapped and fingers bloody and blistered. But soon she passes out.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Jen again awakes inside the cave. Lo tries to feed her some water, but she chokes, and tries to push him away, only to find that her legs and hands are tied up.

LO
You've got quite a temper. It's
better this way.

JEN
You coward!

LO
Still in a bad mood? At least
you're speaking. What's your name?

Jen spits at Lo.

LO
I didn't think the Hans had names
like that.

Later: She weaves in and out of consciousness. In the flickering lights, she sees Lo sharpening his arrows.

Later, he pulls back an opaque curtain to reveal a makeshift bathroom -- a water-filled cavity serves as a tub.

He rises as Jen sobs at the sight of her imprisoned and dishevelled body. He comes over and unties her.

LO
Relax. If I had wanted to, I would
already have done it. You must be
dying for a bath. Fresh water's
hard to get here. But I managed to
bring some up. You can wear my
clothes when you're done. They're
clean. Don't worry. I'll sing, so
you'll know where I am. After the
bath, you'll be calmer.

Jen nods and the bandit releases her. He starts to sing as he walks out. Jen waits until the sound recedes before closing the curtain behind her and dipping into the pit. While she bathes, she listens to his singing, a loud rendition of a tribal song. Lo apparently doesn't remember all the lyrics, and la-las his way through more than a few passages. Jen smiles.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Jen grimaces as Lo pulls the last of some cactus needles from the soles of her feet.

LO

No more hitting on the head! All this trouble for a comb?

JEN

It's mine. It means a lot to me. A barbarian like you wouldn't understand.

LO

Not true. I can use it to pick fleas from my horse.

JEN

By the way, I'm a real Manchurian.

LO

I'm sorry... I guessed wrong. I though you were a Han.

JEN

Give me back my comb.

LO

I don't take orders from anyone.

JEN

Give it back.

Jen impulsively grabs an arrow and stabs Lo, drawing a little blood from his chest. Furious, Lo lunges at her and they tussle briefly. Finally, Lo gets on top of Jen, and the scuffling becomes more like foreplay. Violence turns into unleashed passion.

EXT. DESERT OASIS - DAY

Lo and Jen ride across the desert. Jen holds tightly to him.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Lo and Jen lie in the bath together.

LO

When I was a boy, one night, I saw
a thousand shooting stars. I
thought, where did they all go?
I'm an orphan. I used to look for
stars alone. I thought if I rode
to the other end of the desert, I'd
find them. I've been riding in the
desert ever since.

JEN

And so, the little boy became a
fearsome bandit. He couldn't find
the stars, so he stole my comb.

Lo pauses.

LO

Out here, you always fight for
survival. You have to be part of a
gang to stand a chance. Slowly,
your gang becomes your family. All
that Dark Cloud stuff is just to
scare people and make my life easier.

JEN

So you're still that little boy
looking for shooting stars.

LO

I am a man. And now I've found the
brightest star of all.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Lo sees uniformed men through his binoculars.

LO

Your father's men are looking for
you.

Jen doesn't respond.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Lo and Jen ride through a mountain pass.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Lo and Jen stand at the crest of a cliff. Lo looks over, viewing the desert valley below, as Jen joins him. They see a troop of uniformed men riding by in the distance.

LO

Your father's men are still looking for you. They're still out there, circling closer.

JEN

Let them look.

LO

It is trouble for me.

Jen bites her lip.

JEN

Don't send me back!

LO

You must decide. You might get tired of this life. You might begin to miss your family. If it were our daughter, we'd look for her too. She would miss us. Jen... I want you to be mine forever. I will make my mark on the world. I will earn your parents' respect. We have a legend. Anyone who dares to jump from the mountain, God will grant his wish. Long ago, a young man's parents were ill, so he jumped. He didn't die. He wasn't even hurt. He floated away, far away, never to return. He knew his wish had come true. If you believe, it will happen. The elders say, "A faithful heart makes wishes come true."

INT. TENT - DAY

Jen and Lo kiss. Jen takes the jade comb out of her hair and presses it into his palm. Jen starts to cry. They embrace.

JEN

Keep it safe. Return it to me when we are together again.

LO

I will.

JEN
(smiling painfully)
If you don't, I'll come after you.
And I won't let you off so easy.

EXT. TENT - DAY

Jen quietly walks out and stands sadly in the early morning light.

End of flashback.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

LO
Wherever I went, someone always
recognized me. I really tried.
Later, I heard you came to Peking.
I was afraid I'd never see you
again. So I came. I can't let you
marry.

Jen is about to respond when a servant's voice is heard from outside the door.

JEN
(whispering)
Go.

LO
Jen...

JEN
(through her tears)
Don't ever come back.

Lo hovers at the window frame.

LO
So it's over?

Jen pauses.

JEN
Yes.

Lo thrusts a small object in her hand.

He lifts his legs through the window, and drops out of sight, just as Jen's door is opened from the hall.

MAID
We heard noises.

JEN
It was just a cat.

The maid pauses, then dutifully exits, closing the door.

Jen opens up her palm; gasping, she sees the comb that Lo has given her.

EXT. WEDDING PROCESSION - DAY

The noise and color of a wedding procession. A marching band heralds the occasion, as throngs of onlookers fight to get a glimpse of the groom, Gou Jun Pei, who trots by on a handsome white horse.

INT. WEDDING CARRIAGE - DAY

Jen's head is completely covered in red cloth, as she rides silently in the bride's carriage.

EXT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING WEDDING PROCESSION - DAY

Li and Yu watch the festivities from a balcony of the city gate.

YU
You think Jade Fox will show up?

LI
She's out there, but I doubt she'll show herself. We'll keep our eyes open. Sooner or later, she'll come for the girl.

INT. WEDDING CARRIAGE - DAY

A small arrow flies into the carriage. Jen calmly lifts the red cloth from her face and pulls the arrow out of the panelling inside the carriage.

We hear Lo's voice from outside the carriage, but Jen doesn't seem to notice.

LO
(v.o.)
Jen! Come with me! You're mine!

Lo runs wildly into the crowd.

LO
Come with me to the desert! Jen!
Come with me to Xin Jiang!

The guards surround Lo, but he escapes.

EXT. BEIJING STREET - DAY

Lo leaps and lands right in front of Li Mu Bai, his fingers pressed against Lo's neck. Yu comes running around the corner and sees them.

LI
Where is Jade Fox?

Yu jumps in and pushes Li away.

YU
(to Lo)
Come with me! Hurry!

INT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Lo sits dejectedly, having told his story to Yu and Li, who look him over.

YU
(to Lo)
You thought she'd give it all up
and go back West with you?

LO
She's mine.

LI
Either way, you are no good to her
dead. With the Gou and Yu clans
hunting you, you'll soon be in
their hands.

LO
I don't care anymore.

LI
If you truly loved her, you wouldn't
say that.

YU
Don't you want to see her again.

LI
All right. I'll write you an
introduction. Take it to Wudan.
Wait there for news from me.

LO

All right.

EXT. TE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Yu and Li enter, as other men and women race through the compound, a sense of panic in the air. Yu gives Li a look. Li shrugs.

INT. TE'S HALL - NIGHT

A crowd, including Li and Yu, stand by as Te opens the empty sword case, his voice rising.

SIR TE

When will this end? They take it, they put it back, they take it again. My home is turning into a warehouse.

Bo bursts into the hall, bows to Te.

TE

Speak!

BO

Jen has run away! Gou found the wedding chamber empty. Governor Yu requests your assistance. You know the Giang Hu underworld. He wants to find her, and keep her from harm.

LI

Sir Te, leave this to us. Don't worry.

INT. TEA STALL - DAY

Jen arrives at the tea stall. She places her sword on the table, which catches the attention of a couple of Giang Hu martial arts characters sitting nearby.

WAITRESS

What can I serve you?

As the waitress turns to leave, Jen grabs her by the arm.

JEN

The cup is dirty.

The flustered waitress apologizes and takes the cup away. The men approach Jen.

GANGSTER A

Hello. What is your name?

JEN
(without lifting her eyes)
Long.

GANGSTER B
It's young Master Long. My
apologies. I'm Iron Eagle Sung and
this is my brother in arms, Flying
Cougar Li Yun. What brings you to
Huai An, and where are you headed,
Master Long?

JEN
Anywhere there's action.

The two men exchange glances.

GANGSTER A
In that case, perhaps we could be
of assistance.

JEN
Don't bother.

GANGSTER A
You don't seem to understand.

JEN
So what if I don't?

GANGSTER B
We have ways of helping you
understand.

The two pull out their weapons which are immediately chopped
into scraps by Jen.

GANGSTER A
(stunned)
Are you related to Li Mu Bai?

JEN
He is my defeated foe!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Li and Yu pass a cup back and forth as Bo tends to the
horses in the background.

YU
Have some tea.

As Yu passes the cup to Li, their fingers touch.
Embarrassed, Li pulls back.

LI

Shu Lien... The things we touch
have no permanence. My master
would say... there is nothing we
can hold on to in this world. Only
by letting go can we truly possess
what is real.

YU

Not everything is an illusion. My
hand... wasn't that real?

LI

Your hand, rough and callused from
machete practice... All this time,
I've never had the courage to touch
it.

Li takes Yu's hand and presses it to his face.

LI

Giang Hu is a world of tigers and
dragons, full of corruption... I
tried sincerely to give it up but I
have brought us only trouble.

YU

To repress one's feelings only
makes them stronger.

LI

You're right, but I don't know what
to do. I want to be with you...
just like this. It gives me a
sense of peace.

Li Mu Bai smiles.

INT. STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Jen walks upstairs. A waiter greets her.

WAITER

Please follow me.

JEN

I want a clean room.

WAITER

We have plenty. Your order?

Jen again sets her sword on the table as she sits down.

JEN

Steamed whole cod, bite-size
meatballs, a little starchy, but
keep the sauce light, shark fin
soup, mixed vegetables, and some
warm wine.

WAITER

(dazed)

I have to order from a bigger
restaurant.

JEN

Hurry then.

The waiter gauges Jen for an instant before bouncing off to
place the orders. Jen checks her pouch and sees there's not
much money left.

A large group of Giang Hu characters enters. They survey
the restaurant and quickly find Jen upstairs.

GIANG HU A

That's him.

MI BIAO

I am Iron Arm Mi. I heard a true
master has arrived. I have come to
seek a lesson.

Jen ignores him.

MI BIAO

(bristles)

You asked for it!

Mi charges and attacks Jen, who is still sitting sipping tea.
Jen barely lifts a finger and disposes of Mi with a poke at
a sensitive pressure point. This provokes a reaction from
the other men.

JEN

What kind of Iron Arm are you?

FLYING MACHETE CHANG

You have amazing technique! I am
Flying Machete. Are you related to
Southern Crane?

JEN

Southern Duck? I don't eat anything
with two feet. Who could remember
such long-winded names?

GOU JUN SIHUNG

Li Mu Bai is your defeated foe, and
you don't know his master, Southern
Crane?

JEN

Who are you?

GOU JUN SIHUNG

I'm Shining Phoenix Mountain Gou.

JEN

(furious)

Gou? I hate that name. It makes
me puke! Too bad you're named Gou.
You'll be the first to feel my
sword today.

Jen leaps up and dives into battle. The men all use
different kinds of weapons, but they all succumb to the
powerful Green Destiny.

MONK JING

Hold it! Don't you know Monk Jing?

JEN

A monk, in a place like this? You
need a lesson!

MONK JING

Who are you?

She smiles, and leaps again into action after unsheathing
the Green Destiny.

JEN

Who am I? I am... I am the
Invincible Sword Goddess. Armed
with the Incredible... Green
Destiny. Be you Li or Southern
Crane... lower your head... and ask
for mercy. I am the desert dragon.
I leave no trace. Today I fly over
Eu-Mei. Tomorrow... I'll kick over
Wudan Mountain!

Jen is in a frenzy, slashing and maiming as she speaks.

INT. STAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Yu and Li are surrounded by the variously bandaged men who battled with Jen.

FLYING MACHETE CHANG

We politely asked for a friendly match, but she showed no respect, and attacked us. Everyone came by to teach her a lesson.

MI BIAO

Her sword was just too powerful.

MONK JING

I've traveled everywhere, but never met anyone so uncivilized.

SHINING PHOENIX MOUNTAIN GOD

(heavily bandaged)

She kept accusing me of being Gou Jun Pei's brother. Who is this Gou, anyway?

YU

Her husband.

The men all nod their heads.

EXT. OUTSIDE HWAI AN - DAY

Li and Yu ride together.

LI

(to Yu)

We're close to your headquarters. Go home and check in.

YU

What about you?

LI

I'll look around and catch up later.

YU

Not a bad idea. Tonight we'll get a good night's sleep at headquarters.

Yu takes a fork off the road. Thunder can be heard in the darkening sky.

EXT. SUN COMPOUND - DAY

A group of security men are practicing Kung Fu in the front

yard of Sun Security. They stop when Yu enters.

SECURITY MAN A
Mistress, you're back.

YU
It's you! How's everything here?

CAPTAIN
Fine. You've been gone a while.

YU
Yes, and I leave again tomorrow.
Your wife was due?

AH WAI
Yeah, a baby girl.

YU
Good!

AH WAI
I'll be happy if she's half as
strong as you.

YU
Mrs. Wu...

AUNT WU
You're back!

YU
How's the arm? Still sore?

AUNT WU
Much better. You've been gone so
long.

YU
Li Mu Bai is coming to stay the
night.

AUNT WU
(excited)
I'll go and make up his room!

Aunt Wu hustles out. Yu goes into her own room.

INT. HALL OF ANCESTRAL WORSHIP

Yu lights incense for her former fiancé Meng. Hearing something, she turns to see a dishevelled Jen standing outside downstairs.

JEN
Sister Shu Lien...

INT. YU'S ROOM - DAY

Yu eases her guard, then opens a drawer, and takes out some clothes. Jen, wearing just white underclothing, sets herself on the edge of Yu's bed. Yu brings over the clothes.

YU
Here you must be in proper attire.

JEN
I'm just borrowing some clean clothes. I'm not staying.

YU
I'll give them to you.

JEN
I was just passing by and wondered how you were.

Jen tries to hide her anxiety but finally breaks down on Yu's shoulder in tears.

JEN
You, sister...

YU
Look at the trouble you've caused. Now you know what Giang Hu life is really like. If you think of me as your sister, let me give you some sisterly advice. You can run from marriage, but not your parents.

JEN
They forced me to marry!

YU
Go back to them first. Then you can decide about Lo.

JEN
You know about Lo?

YU
He really loves you. Come back to Peking with me. We'll find a solution.

JEN

Where is he now?

YU

Li Mu Bai has made arrangements.
He sent him to Wudan Mountain.

JEN

You're working together to set me
up! I'm leaving!

YU

How dare you accuse us? I always
knew you had stolen the sword!
I've done nothing but protect you
and your family. And you're repaid
me with nothing but contempt. Li
Mu Bai himself spared you, and all
you do is insult him. We wanted
some peace and you've ruined it all!
You're no sister of mine!

JEN

What do I care? You were never a
real friend anyway. But I wonder,
how long could you last as my enemy?

Jen gets up to leave. Yu intercepts her.

YU

Put the sword down!

Jen jumps out.

INT. YUAN COURTYARD - DAY

Jen soars out to the front courtyard where the guards are
still practicing.

They raise their weapons at the sight of an intruder.

YU

(calling out)

Jen!

Jen greets Yu with the Green Destiny.

YU

Everyone out. Shut the doors.

The men leave.

YU

Fine... the friendship is over.

Yu scoops up a weapon from one of many lying around and begins her battle with Jen.

Yu uses every weapon that's available against Jen but none are any match for the Green Destiny.

After slicing through another set of Yu's weapons, Jen looks admiringly at the Green Destiny in her hands.

YU

Don't touch it! That's Li Mu Bai's sword.

JEN

Come and get it if you can.

YU

Without the Green Destiny, you are nothing.

JEN

Don't be a sore loser. Go ahead.
Take your pick. I'll wait. Go ahead.

Yu picks up a huge broad sword and attacks. Just as the Green Destiny slices it in half, Yu holds the broken blade at Jen's neck. She pauses before hurting Jen, then pulls back.

YU

Give me the sword.

Jen, taking advantage of Yu's trust, slices her arm.

JEN

Take it!

Yu, her shoulder bleeding, falls back as Li Mu Bai jumps in.

LI

(enraged)

Stop it! You don't deserve the Green Destiny.

JEN

Not another lecture! On guard!

LI

Let's end this here.

JEN

Only the sword will settle this.

Jen soars up to the rooftop, with Li right on her tail.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Jen floats over the lake, Li close behind.

EXT. BAMBOO FOREST - DAY

Jen runs into a sea of bamboo. She appears to have lost Li but is not slowing down. Her white clothes are now stained with blood and mud. The wind had picked up and every breeze sounds like an air attack by Li.

The two leap onto the tips of the bamboo trees and begin their dances and dodges. They glance off bamboos and each other while staying afloat. Finally Jen lands on the same stick of bamboo as Li. The two hold their positions for a while, as the bamboo bends.

LI

I only let you go because I wanted
to see the real you.

Jen tries to shake Li off the bamboo but Li recovers nicely.

JEN

What do you know about a true heart?

Li suddenly leaps off the bamboo tree. The bamboo straightens up and throws Jen toward the ground. Jen quickly pulls herself up and charges at Li.

Jen chases after Li, into a clearing, out of the bamboo forest.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Jen finally catches up to Li, who is standing on a rock about a few feet wide amid the rapids. Jen vaults onto the rock and scuffles with Li. Jen loses her balance.

JEN

What do you want?

LI

What I've always wanted, to teach
you.

JEN

All right. If you can take back

the sword in three moves, I'll go
with you.

Li takes the sword back.

JEN
Give it back!

LI
Kneel!

JEN
Never!

LI
Then you have no use for the sword.

Li throws the sword into the rapids.

Jen dives in to retrieve it. He follows Jen downstream by hopping from one rock to another. Jen recovers the sword but is herself drowning. Suddenly Jade Fox swings into the rapids and fishes Jen out. Jade Fox carries the unconscious Jen away. Li gives chase, but loses them.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

It's raining. Inside an old factory, Fox heats some medicine paste and then dips a needle in the paste. She burns the needle point, causing a blue smoke. She lights some incense and puts it in a burner near Jen, who is barely conscious.

FOX
Sooner or later, they'd drag you
back to Peking. Your parents will
never accept you again. But why go
home? We've gone this far, we
won't stop now. You'll always be
my lady. At last, we'll be our own
masters. We'll be happy. That's
the most important thing. All we
have left is each other, right?
Lie down and rest.

Jen is too weak to respond.

Fox leaves Jen clutching the Green Destiny.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Fox scurries ahead in the rain. Her eyes catch something, but she keeps moving.

INT. YUAN COMPOUND - DAY

Aunt Wu finishes bandaging Yu.

AUNT WU
She's crazy. You should have
killed her.

YU
I didn't have the heart.

AUNT WU
Well, Li Mu Bai can do it.

Yu senses movement at the window. Looking out, she sees
Jade Fox in the distance.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Jen wakes up, flushed from fever. She takes a sip from a
cup of water -- it's empty. She tosses the cup, gets up,
and walks into the rain.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Jen walks out, raises her face into the rain, and drinks the
raindrops. Thirst quenched, she turns around and finds Li
standing there. Jen limps towards him while mumbling.

JEN
Is it me or the sword you want?

Jen falls into Li, who checks her pulse and looks at her eyes.

LI
You've been drugged!

Li carries her inside, kicking away the incense burner.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Li lays his hands on Jen's back; she slowly comes to.

LI
Where is Jade Fox?

Jen gestures that she doesn't know. Yu and Bo enter. Yu
looks at Jen.

YU
What happened?

LI

Jade Fox drugged her. How did you get here?

YU

We followed Jade Fox.

Instantaneously, a flurry of darts flies directly in Jen's direction. Li and Yu swipe miraculously at them all, sending them flinging hither and thither.

Fox shows herself. Li attacks her. She falls back, bleeding to death.

LI

And so you die.

Li touches his neck.

FOX

And so shall you!

Li pulls a single needle from his neck.

YU

A poisoned needle!

FOX

You deserve to die, but the life I was hoping to take... was Jen's. Ten years I devoted to you. But you deceived me! You hid the manual's true meaning. I never improved... but your progress was limitless! You know what poison is? An eight-year-old girl, full of deceit. That's poison! Jen! My only family... my only enemy...

Jade Fox dies.

YU

You can't die! Tell us what poison you used! You can't die! Tell us the antidote! You can't let Li Mu Bai die!

JEN

She used Purple Yin... Purple Yin poison. It goes straight to the heart.

LI

My blood will soon reverse its flow.
It's the same poison she used to
kill my master. There is no
antidote.

YU

That can't be! Everything has an
antithesis! Why not this?

JEN

The antidote exists. She taught it
to me. The formula is simple, but
it takes time to prepare. Trust me.
As you have helped me, let me help
you.

LI

All right. Hurry. I will hold on
as long as I can.

YU

(takes the comb from
her hair)

Take my horse and go to the compound.
Give this to Mrs. Wu. She'll help
you. Hurry!

JEN

Spare your energy. I'll be back!

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Bo is burying Fox in the rain.

EXT. YUAN COMPOUND - NIGHT

The guards surround Jen. She pushes past them.

JEN

Where is Mrs. Wu?

Aunt Wu comes running out.

AUNT WU

Stop it!

Jen pulls out Yu's comb.

JEN

Shu Lien told me to show you this.

AUNT WU

Let her in.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Yu sits across from Li, whose pose is almost meditational, eerily calm.

YU

Mu Bai, hold on. Give me some hope...

LI

Shu Lien...

YU

Save your strength.

LI

My life is departing. I've only one breath left.

YU

Use it to meditate. Free yourself from this world as you have been taught. Let your soul rise to eternity with your last breath. Do not waste it... for me.

LI

I've already wasted my whole life. I want to tell you with my last breath... I have always loved you. I would rather be a ghost, drifting by your side... as a condemned soul... than enter heaven without you. Because of your love... I will never be a lonely spirit.

Yu cries.

She kisses him lightly. He closes his eyes.

EXT. PATH - DAY

As the sun rises, Jen rides speedily, clutching the medicine in her hands.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Li is in Yu's arms. They're holding hands. The sun shines in. Yu slowly releases Li's stiff fingers -- he is dead.

Jen is at the door.

JEN

He's gone?

Bo peeks over Jen's shoulder.

Yu rises and picks up Green Destiny. Jen kneels. Yu raises the sword, but doesn't kill her.

YU

Bo... please take this sword back
to Sir Te.

He takes the sword from her.

YU

(to Jen)

Now you must go to Wudan Mountain.
Lo awaits you there. Promise me
one thing, whatever path you take
in this life... be true to yourself.

EXT. WU TAN TEMPLE - DAY

Jen climbs up toward the temple, finally reaching the temple gate, and sees Lo standing there.

He runs to her. She greets him.

INT. WU TAN TEMPLE - MAGIC

Jen and Lo make love.

INT. WU TAN TEMPLE - DAY

Lo wakes up to find the jade comb on the pillow beside him, Jen gone.

EXT. WU TAN MOUNTAIN - DAY

Lo catches up to Jen, who stands on a bridge. The gorges below are shrouded in clouds. She looks back at him.

JEN

Do you remember the legend of the
young man?

LO

"A faithful heart makes wishes come
true."

JEN

Make a wish, Lo.

Lo pauses.

LO
(closing his eyes)
To be back in the desert, together
again.

Jen smiles, turns, and leaps into the clouds. They seem to catch her gently, before she disappears into them.

Lo remains standing, a smile on his face, tears rolling down his cheeks.

THE END.

All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.

Cowboys and Aliens

by
Thomas Dean Donnelly & Joshua Oppenheimer

Based on a Platinum Studios Comic by
Scott Mitchell Rosenberg

SECOND REWRITE

01/05/2006

Escape Artists
10202 W. Washington Blvd.
Astaire Bldg., 3rd Fl.
Culver City, CA 90232

EXT. TABLETOP MESA - DAWN

A blazing red sun climbs over the shoulders of purple mountains majesty in the east, revealing a vast desert wilderness. Untouched. Unspoiled.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - DAWN

A multi-leveled village built into the sheer limestone cliff of the canyon, its walls facing west and the setting sun.

Fueled by roasted mescal, painted braves whirl and dance, chanting fiercely into the half-light, dancing to the beat of buffalo hide drums.

A young APACHE BOY (13) stands in the middle of the circle, the focus of the dance's energy. Suddenly, the drumming STOPS. Into the circle steps an elderly MEDICINE MAN (80). He CHANTS softly as he places a necklace with an EAGLE'S CLAW around the boy's neck.

MEDICINE MAN

(in Apache, subtitled)

*Gods of the Land, we hold this
earth in your name. Gods of the
Flame, we pray for your mercy. Gods
of the Water, we give to you a new
shaman. Gods of the Sky, grant him
your sign.*

The Medicine Man pours white ash upon the boy's forearms. The circle of braves opens, creating a path out of the village.

Without looking back, the Apache Boy walks off on his SPIRIT WALK, the trial of manhood.

EXT. MESA - OUTCROPPING - DUSK

The Apache Boy sits on an outcropping of rock, overlooking the badlands, a small sack of dried mescal root beside him.

By the look of the Apache Boy, it is days later. He looks ten pounds lighter, and his face is haggard. Desperate.

He looks into the setting sun, a perfect half-circle melting into the earth--

Until it begins to catch fire. The Apache Boy tries to shake off the illusion, but it's still there. Sure enough, the sun appears to be smoking, flames flaring above and around it.

And then he spots it. A BLACK SPECK in the middle of the sun, growing larger by the second.

THE TINY SPECK GROWS INTO A HUGE FIREDISC, DWARFING THE NEARBY MESAS, AS IT HURTTLES TOWARDS THE EARTH AT A MINDNUMBING SPEED. THE GROUND SHAKES, THE WIND HOWLS AND A RUMBLING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER.

IT RACES OVERHEAD, SCORCHING THE DESERT AS IT FALLS. AND THEN, THE SONIC BOOM SENDS THE EARTH INTO THE SKY, DISRUPTING EVERYTHING IN A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE.

THE BOY IS THROWN THROUGH THE AIR, HIS CLOTHES CATCHING FIRE, ALONG WITH EVERYTHING AROUND HIM. WHEN HE HITS THE GROUND, HE ROLLS, PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES.

THE FIREDISC SHEARS OFF THE TOP OF A NEARBY MESA AND CRASHES INTO THE EARTH IN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION. ROCKS TUMBLE. THE GROUND OPENS. EARTH, SAND AND DEBRIS FLY HIGH INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, BLOCKING THE SETTING SUN, PLUNGING THE WHOLE VALLEY INTO DARKNESS.

THE WIND WHIPS AT THE APACHE BOY, HIS CLOTHES NOW IN BURNT TATTERS. HIS EYES GO WIDE AS HE STARES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EXPLOSION.

SMOKE POURS FROM AN ENORMOUS BLACK GORGE, NEWLY CARVED OUT OF THE VALLEY, A SCAR ON THE EARTH ITSELF.

APACHE BOY

*Bless you, Ancestors, for revealing
this sign to me.*

INT. COLUMA - BLACK GORGE - NIGHT

With a torch blazing, the Boy climbs down the still-smoking hole. He's so deep, the night sky is just a speck behind him.

But now he stops. His torch picks up something ahead, glimmering in the torchlight. The Apache boy steps forward.

It is a SILVER CUBE, just big enough to fit in his hand. And on the perfect geometric faces of the cube are carvings: intricate, mathematical, alien. In the torchlight, the grooves of the carvings sparkle all the colors of the rainbow.

The Apache Boy picks the cube up. He's never seen anything like it. AND AS HIS HAND TOUCHES THE CUBE, IT HUMS, EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

Suddenly, the torch FLUTTERS. Sensing a presence, the Apache Boy SPINS AROUND, but there's NOTHING THERE.

But the Apache's instincts are no match for what comes next. The air CRACKLES as a GIANT FORM SUDDENLY MATERIALIZES FROM THIN AIR behind the Boy.

The boy spins as a GNARLED, TALONED HAND grabs his throat.

SOUND OVER: The boy's SCREAM becomes the WHISTLE OF A STEAM TRAIN.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

SUPER THE TITLE: 500 YEARS LATER

WESTERN NEVADA, 1881

An overhead shot of a STEAM TRAIN, about five cars long.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL JOHNNY DIXON AND HIS GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS watching the train approach from a high bluff.

JOHNNY's a classic outlaw leader: smart, tenacious...morally flexible. The guy's equal parts Butch and Sundance, but there's also something haunted about him.

And the rest of his gang:

TANNER (20s) Mischievous acrobat. Measured but steady. Johnny's best friend.

RAFE and CARTER (20s) The brawn--half of the gang, with a quarter the brains.

Johnny extends a long brass telescope to get a closer look.

TELESCOPE VIEW

The caboose has SOLDIERS in every window.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Boys, let me tell you a little something I learned about destiny. Destiny is a mean, vindictive, nasty old hag. She'll kick a man who's down square in the jewels, and give your worst enemy every blessing under the sun. But every once in a while, no matter who you are, destiny will turn a kind eye to ya. You just have to watch for it.

(smiles)

Gentlemen, today she shines down upon our little venture. Behold! The Gold Train!

Johnny motions to the train below. The gang doesn't share his excitement. In fact, Rafe and Carter's arms are crossed.

RAFE

Ain't the first time we heard this,
boss.

CARTER

Yeah. The last train we done was
supposed to be the Gold Train.

RAFE

And we netted ourselves, what?
Three crates of Par-iz-ean linger-
ee?

CARTER

Quarry rocks actually. The one
before that was the linger-ee.

RAFE

I stand corrected.

Johnny tosses him the telescope.

JOHNNY

You don't believe me? Fine. Believe
your own eyes. Why does that train
down there have a soldier standing
guard over the boxcar and a caboose
packed to the gills with US
Cavalry? To guard quarry rocks?
Lingerie? Or gold?

Rafe and Carter glance at each other. They're coming around.

CARTER

I still think it'd be easier just
robbing a bank.

JOHNNY

A bank? You want to rob a bank?!
You know who robs banks? One legged
men with brain problems. Blind men
with trained monkeys. Anybody can
rob a damn bank! What we do? We're
artists.

CARTER

We are?

JOHNNY

Hell yes! We are highly skilled, perfectly trained, deeply specialized masters of the art of high-speed locomotive currency reallocation. And at this very moment we've got a payday worth twenty banks just begging us to put on a show! So--what do you say?!

Rafe and Carter think it over--and over. Tanner chimes in.

TANNER

You know, there's a Zen proverb that says, "It's always darkest before the dawn."

RAFE

I thought it was always darkest around midnight.

CARTER

I heard it was always darkest in Alaska.

Johnny can only rub his temples, fighting a three year headache.

EXT. TRACK SWITCH - DAY

The train barrels down the tracks towards a track signal switch.

PLINK. Something hits the track switch. It moves a little.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

THREE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, Johnny points his Springfield rifle at the switch. He FIRES again.

EXT. TRACK SWITCH - CONTINUOUS

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. Four more hits in rapid succession and THE SWITCH HAS CONNECTED TO THE OTHER TRACK, THE STEEPER GRADE.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

The train steams forward, slowing as the grade gets steeper. Suddenly, Johnny and his gang descend on the train, BANDANAS over their faces.

In action, we see how skilled Johnny and his gang truly are.

They match speed with the train perfectly, intercepting it behind the engine but in front of the caboose: neither the engineers nor the Cavalry in the passenger car spot them.

JOHNNY
Get in formation!

They effortlessly glide into position. Rafe and Carter take the lead riding side by side. Rafe pulls out a horse blanket and throws one end of it to Carter.

Tanner rides up between them. He leaps out of his saddle and lands right on top of the blanket.

The lone CAVALRY OFFICER stationed atop the boxcar spots the gang. He unslings his rifle.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Time to fly!

Suddenly Rafe and Carter throw the blanket, with Tanner on it, as high into the air as they can.

TANNER SOMERSAULTS THREE TIMES IN MID-AIR, LANDING RIGHT ON TOP OF THE OFFICER! With a judo toss, the officer is THROWN CLEAR OFF THE FAR SIDE OF THE TRAIN, SCREAMING as he falls.

Tanner tosses down a long coil of rope and one by one the rest of the gang swings across to the train.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN TORRES (30) stops cleaning his rifle abruptly. Twenty CAVALRYMEN surround him, joking and playing cards.

TORRES
Anyone hear that?

CAVALRYMAN 1
Hear what, sir?

TORRES
Meeks, go check on Donner.

Meeks throws down his hand of three Aces, pissed. He storms out the door at the end of the passenger car and climbs the ladder towards the roof.

He never makes it there. SLAM. He falls down hard, his face smashing through the glass window in the door.

Everyone drops what they're doing.

TORRES (cont'd)
How about that? Anyone hear that?

EXT. TRAIN - ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Tanner, Rafe, and Carter jump across to the top of the passenger car. Cavalrymen climb up both sides of the passenger car after them.

There's no sign of Johnny.

Tanner takes the lead. He kicks one of the cavalrymen in the face as he somersaults onto the next car, the one behind the passenger car.

Rafe and Carter leap right behind him. The cavalrymen give chase.

Captain Torres peeks his head out on the roof, watching his men chase the three train robbers back towards the caboose. A curious look crosses his face. Suspicion.

EXT. CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS

A VOLLEY OF SHOTS ricochet off the roof of the caboose as Tanner, Carter, and Rafe jump onto the platform at the very back of the train. Carter and Rafe pop back up and return fire.

The cavalrymen on the roof drop prone and begin crawling.

Tanner? Tanner wraps his feet around the metal railing on the back of the train and HANGS HIMSELF UPSIDE DOWN, HIS HEAD JUST INCHES FROM THE TRACKS.

TANNER'S POV - UNDERSIDE OF THE TRAIN

An upside-down perspective of Johnny, four cars up, lowering a rope towards him. The rope bounces off the fast moving tracks below, but Tanner manages to catch the end. He ties it off on the metal railing at his feet.

TANNER
(yelling up)
Time to go boys!

Rafe and Carter stop their gunplay.

EXT. TRAIN - ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Torres watches impatiently as his men crawl up to the end of the caboose and leap down. We hear no gunfire.

CAVALRYMAN 1
Captain! Captain, they're gone!

TORRES
Jones, Alvaro?!

Jones and Alvaro peek up from two cars ahead.

JONES
They didn't come this way!

ALVARO
Where the hell did they go?!

EXT. TRAIN - SIDE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

Cavalrymen search the roof. Cavalrymen search the cars. But beneath all of them, Tanner, Carter, and Rafe shimmy past them along the rope connecting the caboose to the front of the train, their backs just inches from the speeding tracks.

EXT. TRAIN - ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Torres's confusion fades. A sneaking suspicion dawns on him. He turns and runs along the roof the other way, towards the boxcar.

EXT. TRAIN - BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny pulls the rest of his gang up, sending them forward. Then he grabs the pin that connects the rest of the cars to the train.

TORRES (O.S.)
Johnny Dixon. I always knew I'd
find you on the other end of my Sam
Colt one of these days.

Johnny glances up. Torres stands on the roof above him, his gun aimed right at Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hiya Ruben, been a long time.

TORRES
Five years--since you deserted. You
should have stayed away.

JOHNNY
Still the same old Duty, Honor,
Loyalty guy?

TORRES

Still a no-good, thieving outlaw?

Johnny shrugs. He's still smiling.

JOHNNY

Still leave the first chamber in
your Sam Colt empty, so you don't
shoot off your little Ruben?

A flicker of doubt crosses Torres' eyes.

TORRES

Not anymore I don't.

Johnny clicks his tongue at Torres.

JOHNNY

Still a horrible bluffer.

TORRES

I swear I will shoot you dead!

JOHNNY PULLS THE PIN THAT KEEPS THE REST OF THE TRAIN
CONNECTED TO THE ENGINE. THE TWO PARTS OF THE TRAIN SEPARATE.

TORRES PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK. JOHNNY WAS RIGHT. BY THE
TIME HE PULLS THE TRIGGER AGAIN, JOHNNY'S JUMPED BACK BEHIND
THE COVER OF THE TRAIN DOOR.

TORRES (cont'd)

Dixon! You AWOL bastard! I'm coming
for you!

But Johnny and the rest of the train quickly leave Torres and
his men in the dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE STATIONARY TRAIN - DAY

The gang HOOTS and HOLLERS. Carter pulls TNT from his pack
and sets about blowing the lock off the sealed boxcar.

CARTER

Fire in the hole!

Everyone backs off as a fast fuse flame hits dynamite. The
lock goes flying off into the desert scrub.

Everyone races to the boxcar door.

JOHNNY

I just want you all to know it's
been an honor working with you.
Gentlemen, behold your future!

Tanner flings open the boxcar doors.

BOXCAR POV

A LOUD WAR CRY ERUPTS AND SUDDENLY THREE DEADLY APACHE
WARRIORS LEAP OUT, THEIR POWERFUL FORMS CLAD IN WAR PAINT.

ARMED WITH SHARPENED PLANKS, THE APACHE STORM DOWN UPON THE
TERRIFIED GANG BEFORE THEY CAN EVEN REACT.

The deadliest of the warriors is definitely SILVER BLADE: a
six-foot-five inch slab of Apache muscle and malevolence. HE
LEAPS TEN FEET THROUGH THE AIR, DELIVERING A FLYING KICK WITH
BOTH FEET THAT SENDS JOHNNY'S GUN INTO THE BRUSH.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, RAFE AND CARTER GET LEVELED BY THE OTHER TWO
APACHE, BLACK WIND and LONE FOX. The Apache disarm them in an
instant.

TANNER RUNS TO AID THEM ONLY TO FREEZE WHEN HE FINDS SILVER
BLADE'S SHIV AT HIS THROAT.

Johnny pulls another gun from his boot. His partners have
been disarmed and now have shivs at their throats.

CARTER

Gold, Johnny?! Gold?! I'll tell you
what else the Cavalry guards!
Deadly goddamn savages, that's
what!

JOHNNY

Shut up, Carter. Let me think.

TANNER

Think fast, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(to Silver Blade)

You. That's my friend you got
there. I don't know who you think
we are, but it seems we robbed the
wrong train. So how about we go our
way, you go yours?

Silver Blade doesn't budge, but then a WHISTLE comes from the
boxcar. The sea of braves part, revealing a lone woman among
them. Her name is MAYA.

Maya is what Apache would call *Honta Takarontu*, or in our language: She Who Sets Men's Loins On Fire. A stunner.

*** NOTE: ALL ITALIC DIALOGUE IS SUBTITLED APACHE ***

MAYA

*Silver Blade, look at them. These
are not soldiers. Something has
happened to the guards.*

SILVER BLADE

*They have guns aimed at our people.
What do I care who they are?*

And in that moment of distraction, Tanner gives Johnny a wink, and Johnny responds with an imperceptible nod.

Suddenly, Tanner moves his leg back to hook Silver Blade's. Silver Blade looks down and Tanner makes his move, throwing both of them in the air in a forward somersault.

WHICH GIVES JOHNNY A PERFECT SHOT AT THE APACHE. HE COULD KILL THEM ALL IN A SECOND...BUT HE SHIFTS HIS AIM AT THE LAST MOMENT.

BLAM. BLAM. Johnny squeezes off two lightning-fast shots that SHATTER THE SHIVS that were at Carter and Rafe's throats.

Tanner lands on Silver Blade and rolls away from his grasp. Before Silver Blade can recover, Johnny's gun is in his face.

Rafe and Carter, freed, manage to draw their guns. Black Wind and the other Apache braves throw their hands up.

CARTER

You bastards just signed your death
certificates!

Carter cocks his pistol.

JOHNNY

Carter, you pull that trigger and
my first shot's coming for you!

Maya stares at Johnny, surprised. So are his men.

CARTER

We got 'em dead to rights! We ain't
got gold but these bastards'll
fetch ten dollars a corpse.

Johnny steps away from Silver Blade, PLACING HIMSELF BETWEEN RAPE AND CARTER, AND THE BOXCAR FULL OF APACHE.

JOHNNY

We don't do this. We aren't killers.

CARTER

They are! The second we turn our back, they'll slit our throats!

JOHNNY

Last time I checked they weren't the ones collecting money for corpses.

CARTER

Step aside, Johnny, or I'll shoot you dead right beside 'em.

A tense standoff builds between Johnny and the two cowboys. Tanner steps beside Johnny, evening the odds.

RAFE

You are without a doubt the sorriest excuse for an outlaw I've ever seen!

Rafe and Carter mount their horses, and ride off. Johnny pulls his canteen off his horse.

JOHNNY

Tanner, give 'em your canteens. They look half dead.

Tanner is still in shock but pulls out his canteens. An APACHE BRAVE in the boxcar turns to Maya.

APACHE BRAVE

What do they say? What is he doing?

MAYA

Something I have never seen a white man do.

Johnny hands the canteens to the nearest brave.

JOHNNY

I'd head east. That way. The mountains will give you more cover. Do you understand?

MAYA (O.S.)

Even if he spoke your tongue, he would not understand. We are-- unaccustomed to kindness.

Johnny and Maya's eyes lock, two strangers drawn to one another. Johnny's gaze only breaks when the canteen falls as he hands it to Maya. Johnny and Maya reach for it at the same time, their hands briefly brushing each others'. It's a connection that doesn't go unnoticed by Silver Blade.

JOHNNY

I reckon you just haven't met the
right people, ma'am. Johnny Dixon,
at your service.

(smiles)

Where'd you learn to speak such
good English?

Silver Blade steps between them.

SILVER BLADE

It is wise to learn the tongue of
your enemy.

Silver Blade throws the canteen at Johnny's feet. Then he lets out a WHISTLE and the rest of the Apache tribe pour out of the boxcar and run into the surrounding hills.

Five seconds later, Johnny and Tanner look around and discover they're all alone.

Almost. Maya stands atop a low hill, staring one last time at Johnny. She gives him just the hint of a smile, her attempt at thanks. He tips his hat to her. You're welcome. And a moment later, she's gone.

EXT. PLAIN - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The smoldering embers of a fire illuminate Johnny and Tanner, asleep beneath the stars on their bedrolls.

Suddenly Johnny JOLTS AWAKE, sweat pouring down his face. Tanner's awakened but not surprised.

TANNER

Same dream?

JOHNNY

When are you gonna stop asking me
that?

TANNER

When you stop having them.

Johnny pours water from his canteen over his face.

TANNER (cont'd)
I don't think I told ya, it was a
good thing you done today.

JOHNNY
You would've done the same.

TANNER
I'd like to say I would, live and
let live and all, but that one guy?
He looked like Death with a tan.

Johnny doesn't laugh.

JOHNNY
Why are you still riding with me,
Tanner?

TANNER
Huh?

JOHNNY
I rob trains with no loot. I come
damn near getting us both killed on
frequent occasion. And most nights
you're stuck nursemaiding me
through a guilty conscience. Why
you sticking around?

TANNER
Karma.

JOHNNY
What?

TANNER
Way I understand it, it's this huge
wheel that spins around, keeping
everything in balance. So I figure,
if that's true, then you're due for
some ungodly amount of good karma
any time now, and I sure as hell
don't want to miss out on that.

Johnny finally cracks a smile.

JOHNNY
Where do you get these notions?

TANNER
You try growing up in San
Francisco's Chinatown and see how
you turn out.

JOHNNY

Come on. It's almost dawn and I'm
in serious need of Scottish whiskey
and Irish women. With any luck,
Delilah can furnish us with both.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tanner and Johnny are still laughing as they ride up to the modest ranch house that sits alone on the desert plain.

Suddenly, Johnny pulls back hard on the reins. He looks like he's seen a ghost.

TANNER

What?

Johnny puts his finger to his lips, then points ahead.

CU - SUITCASES with floral embroidery sit on the porch.

TANNER (cont'd)

Oh no. She's--

JOHNNY

Early.

Johnny jumps off his horse in a panic. He strips off his gunbelt, his black hat, his bandana. Tanner does the same.

Johnny looks around, and tosses everything behind a large boulder. Then he sneaks up to his house, yanking off his spurs to make his approach more quiet. Tanner follows suit.

PORCH

Johnny sidles up to the window and carefully peers in.

TANNER

(whispers)

Is she in there?

JOHNNY'S POV: Bedding strewn everywhere. Likewise the ubiquitous whiskey bottles.

JOHNNY

The real question is: is Delilah
still in there?

Even Tanner's face goes pale at the suggestion. Johnny tries the door handle, opening it as silently as he can.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

The place looks like a tornado struck a liquor depot. Johnny searches for any sign of his mystery guest. He sees no one, just a trail of lingerie leading to the door.

JOHNNY

All right. Ten second cleanup. Go!

The two men seem to have done this before. They toss the lingerie, cigars, and empty bottles on a sheet on the bed, wrap it all up, and run it to the door. But when they open the door--

ANNIE DIXON (11) stands right in front of them, a look of surprise on her face. Annie is dressed in the latest San Francisco fashion: wide brimmed hat, floral dress, matching parasol. She's the very vision of a proper young lady, with eyes displaying a wisdom beyond her years.

Annie surprises Johnny so much that he drops his end of the sheet. A volley of alcohol bottles smash on the floor.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Sweetie! Hi!

ANNIE

Daddy!

She hugs her father tight, careful to avoid the smashed glass.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Hi Uncle Tanner.

TANNER

How's it going, Short Stuff?

ANNIE

You will not believe what just happened!

Johnny and Tanner exchange a worried glance.

ANNIE (cont'd)

You must've been prospecting for some time, because while you were gone? Some barroom floozy--please excuse my language--she moved herself in and turned this place into some kind of flophouse!

JOHNNY

Really?!

TANNER

(flatly)

There goes the neighborhood.

When Annie's not looking, Johnny stomps on Tanner's foot. Tanner bites his lip to keep from yelling.

JOHNNY

Wow. So--what did you do?

ANNIE

Don't worry Daddy. At Miss Potter's they gave us all lessons in womanly assertiveness.

Annie pulls a thick tuft of ripped RED HAIR from her parasol. Johnny blanches at the sight of it.

ANNIE (cont'd)

I'm sure she won't show her face here again.

A chortle escapes Tanner's lips.

JOHNNY

Thanks, sweetie. That was--really--sweetie, what are you doing home so early?

ANNIE

Miss Marshall, my teacher? She said I was so far ahead of the rest of the class that I could take my exams early!

(noticing Johnny's color)

Daddy, are you okay?

Johnny looks into his daughter's eyes and he can't help but smile.

JOHNNY

I am now baby. Give me another hug.

Annie smiles and gives her father another huge hug.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT- DAY

Thirty foot high loopholed walls of timber guarded by SENTRIES protect several rows of pitched tents and a ranch style garrison headquarters.

INT. THE CAVALRY FORT - OFFICE - DAY

A tidy, military office. A map of the Western Nevada region, demarcated, hangs upon one wall, a cross on another.

Behind the desk stands GENERAL TIBBET, staring at the map. The General's an old warhorse armed with a cannon in one hand and a Bible in the other. Torres stands at attention.

GENERAL TIBBET

It started off so well. Areas 1 through 10: cleared out in four short months. 11 through 35 weren't bad either. We shipped out or killed all the natives there inside of a year. I'll grant you, Area 36 was a real battle, but once we killed off their food supply, they fell in short order, along with the rest.

Tibbet draws his cavalry sabre and STABS the center of the map: a red colored section, different from the rest.

GENERAL TIBBET (cont'd)

But--wait. Captain, what's this red zone in the center of the territory?

Torres grimaces. He knows what's coming.

TORRES

Area 51, sir.

GENERAL TIBBET

And why is it a different color than the rest?

TORRES

Because the Apache still hold Area 51, sir.

The General rips a RED ZONE in the center of the map off the wall, slamming it down on the table.

GENERAL TIBBET

No! Because when an enemy war party falls into our hands, after five years of chasing them all over the damn desert, you lose them in one day! To a deserter and thief! Would you like to explain to General Adams how that happened?

TORRES
General Adams, sir?

GENERAL TIBBET
Arriving tomorrow. Venturing out to this godforsaken hellhole to discuss my transfer back to civilization. But if a single Apache still lays claim to Area 51, Adams will leave me here to rot for another seven years.

TORRES
But sir, Area 51 is a wasteland. The only land worth mining in there we control. Columa.

GENERAL TIBBET
I want to be clear. Whatever our orders say, we are not here for iron, silver, or even gold. We are here to collect the most precious commodity of all: spilled blood.

EXT. CAVALRY FORT - OFFICE - DAY

Torres' SERGEANT waits for him outside the General's office.

SERGEANT
Sir, we found something in with the weapons we took off the Apache.

The Sergeant produces a SMOOTH SILVER BOX of perfect dimensions. IT IS THE SAME SILVER BOX WE SAW IN THE OPENING OF THE MOVIE. Its intricate geometric patterns carved into its faces still glow all the colors of the rainbow.

And in his hand, it HUMS ever so slightly.

SERGEANT (cont'd)
Whatever it is, the Apache seemed ready to die over it. And it makes this noise--

Torres doesn't even look at it.

TORRES
Leave it with the quartermaster. We're not here for silver anymore, Sergeant. We're here for blood.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - NIGHT

A large Indian village, over fifty kiowas nestled at the base of a huge red stone mesa, more imposing than the rest. All up the face of the mesa are small caves, lit by firelight.

Apache LOOKOUTS stand vigil, but for now, all is quiet.

In the half-light of the fires, CHILDREN chase around a wild turkey, trying to grab one of its feathers. Suddenly, the smallest of the children throws himself at the turkey, triumphantly grabbing the FEATHER. AHOTE (Ah-HO-tay) (6) beams, until he spots MAYA and the rest of the Apaches on the outskirts of town.

The rest of the children have the opposite reaction, running to them, screaming shouts of joy.

Maya notices Ahote's demeanor immediately. As she walks up, he hands her the feather, eyes downcast.

AHOTE

For you, mother.

Maya takes the feather. Her son won't meet her eyes.

MAYA

Ahote, what is troubling you?

AHOTE

Last night, the silver eagle, eyes red like fire, came down and took me away--

MAYA

It was just a dream, little one.

AHOTE

I do not like it when you go.

MAYA

*In my heart I've never left you.
And I never will--I stand by your
side forever, my love.*

Ahote brightens, hugging his mother tightly. He brightens even more when he spots Silver Blade.

AHOTE

Silver Blade!

Ahote jumps at Silver Blade, who playfully wrestles him to the ground.

AHOTE (cont'd)
Did you kill many white men?

Maya closes her eyes, hurt by her son's words.

SILVER BLADE
*A true warrior never boasts--but
 know I defended the honor of our
 people, as will you someday. Have
 you been practicing with your bow?*

Ahote excitedly shows Silver Blade his technique, a sad look crossing Maya's face. She retreats to a nearby kiowa.

INT. KIOWA - NIGHT

An elderly Apache woman, YONA, stretches dry rabbit meat for jerky. Maya appears at the door. Yona's eyes light up.

MAYA
Mother.

They embrace warmly for a moment, but then Yona takes her daughter roughly by the arms.

YONA
*It was the job of the braves to
 return the Box of the Heavens, not
 yours. I can't believe Silver Blade
 let you go.*

MAYA
*I do not need Silver Blade to tell
 me where to go or what to do.*

YONA (CONT'D)
*Must you shame him with your every
 breath?*

MAYA
I would never shame him--

YONA
*You are to mourn a husband four
 seasons. You've not taken another
 brave in many more. It is not our
 way, Maya. It shames him deeply.
 Were he not White Wolf's brother he
 would have moved on long ago.*

Yona softens her tone, PULLING THE FEATHER from her daughter's hand and putting it in Maya's hair.

YONA (cont'd)

Ahote needs a father. He needs a guide for the day he becomes a warrior himself. What better man than Silver Blade?

MAYA

I fear if all we raise are warriors, all we shall ever know is war.

LOUD DRUMS suddenly echo through the camp. There's a COMMOTION outside. Maya and Yona step to the kiowa's entrance. Everyone outside stares up at the top of the mesa where perfectly circular SMOKE SIGNALS rise into the sky.

MAYA (cont'd)

I must go. Sky Watcher calls.

EXT. MESA TOP - CONTINUOUS

The flat top of the mesa. The only thing on this smooth, flat surface is a robed figure in the distance, arms stretched out towards the unbelievably bright and infinite stars. This is SKY WATCHER.

Silver Blade approaches him, Maya dutifully standing a few steps behind.

SILVER BLADE

Forgive us, Sky Watcher. We tried to get the Anuan Hontora to safety. We have failed you. The white man has taken the Box of the Heavens.

Sky Watcher's arms reach out to a section of night sky. Miraculously, a METEOR SHOWER appears there, raining bright lights down upon the earth.

SKY WATCHER

Then your course is plain. You must get it back.

SILVER BLADE

We ride at first light.

Maya suddenly interjects.

MAYA

Their fort is protected by hundreds of their cavalry--

SILVER BLADE

*We are Apache, prepared for death
since the day of our birth!*

(to Sky Watcher)

*My braves are ready to do your
will, Sky Watcher. We will climb
the walls of those who steal our
lands--*

SKY WATCHER

*Our lands? I have tried many times
to make you see, the land does not
belong to us. We belong to it.*

SILVER BLADE

*As you say, Sky Watcher. But our
enemy does not share your wisdom.*

SKY WATCHER

*You must no longer think of them as
your enemy. If the Box is opened--*

Sky Watcher reaches into a cloak, pulling out a familiar necklace, the EAGLE'S CLAW from the opening sequence.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

*Only then will our true enemy
reveal itself.*

INT. THE CAVALRY FORT - QUARTERMASTER'S - NIGHT

A large storeroom, lined with cavalry supplies.

The QUARTERMASTER closes up for the night. The table is littered with Apache weapons, a pile of cloth, and THE SILVER BOX.

The Quartermaster snuffs out the lantern, plunging the room into darkness.

But not total darkness. A faint BLUE GLOW emanates from the box.

The Quartermaster is puzzled. He touches the symbols on its face that give off the blue light. A HUMMING SOUND BEGINS TO GROW.

SUDDENLY, HIDDEN PANELS ON THE BOX SHIFT, REVEALING A GROOVE. THE QUARTERMASTER PULLS AT THE GROOVE AND THE BOX OPENS. THE LIGHT INTENSIFIES, THEN--

WHOOSH! A BRIGHT BLUE LIGHT ERUPTS OUT OF THE TOP OF THE BOX BURNING A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE CABIN AND ROCKETING OFF THIS MORTAL COIL.

And in a split second, it's all over. TOTAL SILENCE. The box closes and returns to its normal appearance. A large, perfectly circular hole is burned in the roof, the night sky visible through it.

And the Quartermaster? He's disappeared. All that's left of him is a POOL OF LIQUID WHICH SEEPS THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Johnny sits on the porch steps, reading a letter by lantern light. With his free hand he rubs something hanging from a silver chain around his neck. IT IS A SILVER BULLET. Tanner joins him, a plate of food in his hand.

TANNER

Man, that was one fine meal! It's a shame I filled up on biscuits earlier or I'd be sure to clean my plate--

Johnny eyes the untouched plate of food.

JOHNNY

I dug a hole over there. You've got to bury it. The animals won't eat it either.

Tanner grins and dumps the plate over by a bush.

TANNER

Hell, I'd scatter it in the bushes. It'd scare away the coyotes. Hey, wasn't she supposed to be taking cooking classes with all that "womanly arts" stuff?

JOHNNY

Suppose it didn't take. She asleep?

TANNER

Yup. Why?

Johnny hands Tanner the letter. Tanner looks it over.

TANNER (cont'd)

"We regret to inform you--" what's this all about?

JOHNNY

It's from Annie's school. No more late payments. Either I send her back with a year's tuition, or I don't send her back at all.

Tanner exhales. Bad, bad news.

TANNER

You sayin' we have to pull another job?

JOHNNY

I can't and you know it. Not while she's around. It's the one damn promise I made Becky. That I'd raise Annie right.

Tanner notices Johnny fingering the silver bullet.

TANNER

You know, Becky gave you that to remind you to shoot straight. Maybe you should just tell Annie the truth?

Johnny shoots Tanner a dark stare.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Annie wakes to the soft sound of voices outside. She smacks her lips. Dry. She heads over to a pitcher of water, passing by the door.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

--maybe if she wasn't around.

Annie freezes, listening.

TANNER (O.S.)

Think she'd suspect something? Who knows, she might suspect something already.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

I don't know. Talk about bad timing. I just have to find a way to get her out of here.

A lump forms in Annie's throat. A tear falls.

JOHNNY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Come on, I need a drink.

Annie sits in a chair in the dark room, shell shocked.

INT. CASA DIABLO - NIGHT

A rundown saloon on a one street town. Johnny and Tanner, on the end of an all-nighter, are both slumped over the bar.

JOHNNY

I'm so screwed. Truly. I don't think it's possible to be more screwed.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Johnny Dixon.

Johnny slowly rises to see a saloon girl limp up to him. She's sporting a black eye and there's a significant patch of her red hair that's missing from her scalp.

That's right. This would be DELILAH. She looks about as pleased as a rattlesnake in a rocking chair showroom.

JOHNNY

Delilah, baby. I'm so, so--

She hauls off and PUNCHES HIM right in the side of the head. Johnny falls off his barstool and lands hard on the floor, kicking up a cloud of sawdust.

Delilah gives him a KICK for good measure, then storms off.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

--sore.

EXT. CASA DIABLO - OUT BACK - CONTINUOUS

Johnny splashes water from a trough on the cut on the side of his face. He checks the cut in a small mirror.

TANNER

Now you couldn't be more screwed.

JOHNNY

You wanna know how bad it is? What I've been reduced to? On the ride here? I was praying.

Tanner looks surprised by that revelation.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Exactly. I ain't prayed since Columa.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)

After what happened that night,
could be I thought nobody up there
was listening. But today, there I
was, praying that some kind of--
miracle would come to pass. I
prayed for somebody to walk up to
me and say--

MAYA (O.S.)

We wish to offer you gold, in
return for your services.

Johnny spins around, and comes face to face with Maya. Tanner
and Johnny exchange incredulous glances.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Johnny and Tanner sit with Maya and her APACHE escorts,
including Black Wind. The graveyard is well outside of town,
away from prying eyes.

JOHNNY

That's not an offer. That's a death
sentence.

MAYA

We need your help. It is what you
do.

JOHNNY

Lady, I rob trains, preferably
minimally guarded trains. What I
definitely do not do is get myself
shot trying to break into a cavalry
fort, where no doubt my wanted
poster hangs from every vertical
post.

TANNER

Especially not for some lousy
silver box.

MAYA

It is more than a box. It is sacred
to us. We call it *Anuan Hontora*.
The Box of the Heavens.

Maya pulls out a worn piece of buffalo hide, the image of the
SILVER BOX painted upon it.

JOHNNY

If it's so sacred, why come to me?

MAYA

Who else could I go to? Who else is
so smart as to steal a guarded
cavalry train, with only four men?

Johnny starts to blush.

JOHNNY

It was one of my better plans.

MAYA

Who else is so brave as to face
three of our deadliest Apache
warriors and defeat them?

JOHNNY

Tanner helped with that big one,
using that Jedi stuff.

TANNER

Judo.

JOHNNY

Whatever.

MAYA

But most of all, who else has such
a heart as to let those same Apache
go free? Only a true man has such
strength. Since then I have thought
of little else.

Their eyes lock--until Tanner CLEARS HIS THROAT, loudly.
Johnny snaps out of it.

JOHNNY

I know when I'm being played, lady.
(more unsure)
I am being played, right?

MAYA

I do not play games.

Maya pulls a GOLD ARTIFACT out of a hidden satchel and throws
it to him. Johnny looks like an alcoholic staring at a bottle
of Cuervo Gold. Tanner knows the look. It scares him.

MAYA (cont'd)

We have twenty like this. For you.
In exchange for the Anuan Hontora.

Johnny can't take his eyes off the gold, or the girl.

JOHNNY

That must be one important box.

MAYA

The Apache believe if the Anuan Hontora is ever opened, it will bring the Gods of Death. The face of the sun will forever go dark, the stars will drop like stones from the sky, and all that lives on this land will wither and die.

JOHNNY

Is that all?

Johnny looks over at Tanner who shakes his head, "no." Johnny looks back at the girl and the gold. Bites his lip. Hooked.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

One question: how much of that speech was just to butter me up and how much was genuine?

Maya smiles. Soft. Genuine.

MAYA

How many are the grasshoppers? How many the ants?

EXT. CASA DIABLO - NIGHT

Johnny and Tanner walk to their horses. Tanner looks pissed.

TANNER

Are you out of your damn mind? Let's forget about robbing a US Cavalry fort for a second. We're going to work for the Apache?

JOHNNY

So it stands to reason the grasshoppers are the buttering me up part, and the ants are the genuine part, right?

TANNER

Johnny--

JOHNNY

And I ain't seen too many ants around here, but grasshoppers?

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Sounds like there are millions of
them out there at night. Wait.
Grasshoppers eat ants, don't they?

TANNER
Did you forget your little rule? No
jobs while Annie's home. How does
this situation square with that?

JOHNNY
I'll tell you what rule this falls
under: the Golden Rule. You saw
that gold. This could be it,
Tanner. My last job ever. Isn't
that worth it?

TANNER
Only if we're still alive to
collect.

EXT. OPEN RANGE - NIGHT

A herd of BUFFALO grazes at the bottom of a ravine. Suddenly,
a wind BLOWS THROUGH THE THIN GRASS. A FROZEN WIND, TURNING
THE GRASS TO ICE.

SOMETHING IN THE DARK SKY RUMBLES. THE RUMBLING GROWS LOUDER.
FOR A MOMENT, THE ENTIRE HERD GOES QUIET. NOTHING MOVES.

THEN A DARK BLUE BEAM BLASTS DOWN FROM THE SKY, ITS TEN METER
WIDE BEAM SCANNING THE DESERT PLAIN, SEARCHING.

THE BEAM PASSES OVER THE BUFFALO. THEY GROW AGITATED, SCARED.
SUDDENLY, THEIR SKIN BEGINS TO RIPPLE. NO, NOT RIPPLE. BOIL.

THEY LET OUT HORRIFIC SHRIEKS AS THEY SHAKE VIOLENTLY. THEIR
LEGS FAIL AND THEY FALL TO THE GROUND. IN MOMENTS, THEIR
HIDES SMOKE.

AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE BUFFALO DISSOLVE INTO LIQUID AND
MELT INTO THE GROUND.

When the beam moves on, it leaves behind only pools of
strange liquid and the eerie skeletons of dead buffalo.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Tanner walks into the kitchen, head pounding. He finds a pot
of coffee on the stove and pours himself a cup.

He drinks deeply, and only when his mouth is full does he
realize his mistake. He bolts for the door.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

Tanner bursts out the back door, spitting his coffee all over and clawing at his tongue.

TANNER

Dear god! How can she do that to coffee?!

Tanner hears the sound of SQUAWKING outside.

ANNIE (O.S.)

C'mere, damnit!

Annie is chasing down a bone-thin CHICKEN, but every time Annie gets close, the chicken darts away.

Tanner can't help but grin.

But then Annie gets frustrated, pulls a PISTOL from a holster underneath her gingham dress and BLAM, BLAM, BLAM: three rapid-fire shots knock a bucket off a fencepost and it lands right on top of the chicken, trapping it.

Then she TWIRLS THE GUN around her trigger finger and holsters it perfectly.

TANNER (O.S.)

What the hell was that?!

Annie spins, surprised.

ANNIE

Oh--ah--I--Uncle Tanner I didn't--
(searching for a story)
It's just--you work so hard
prospecting, I just wanted to make
something special for you and
Daddy.

TANNER

I'm not talking about dinner! I'm
talking about the Wild Bill
routine! Where did you learn to
shoot like that?!

ANNIE

You can't tell daddy. You have to
promise.

(off Tanner's glare)

Okay, the reason I'm home early--is
'cause I got sent home. For
skipping class.

(MORE)

ANNIE (cont'd)
 I hate it there--etiquette class,
 sewing class, cooking class, god do
 I hate cooking!

TANNER
 (of course)
 Really?

ANNIE
 Please Uncle Tanner, I'm begging
 you. You can't tell him. I don't
 want to disappoint him any more
 than--than I already am.

Tears begin to form in Annie's eyes.

TANNER
 Hey, hey, I ever break a promise to
 you? And for the record, I never
 met anyone as crazy about someone
 as your daddy is about you. Hell,
 any man would be proud to have you
 as a daughter, Annie. Don't you
 never forget that.

Annie hugs Tanner, thankful.

TANNER (cont'd)
 Everything's gonna be fine.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - DAY

The Apache village is buzzing: women stretch buffalo hides
 and tend to small gardens of summer corn, while the men laugh
 as young BRAVES try to wrangle wild mustangs in a small pen.

Ahote chases the large horses fearlessly.

Silver Blade, in a glade nearby, pulls back on his cedar bow,
 WHISTLING an arrow thirty yards into a target basket, painted
 white with a cowboy hat on top. THUNK. A perfect strike.

Somewhere above, a crow CAWS loudly, insistently. Maya
 approaches cautiously.

MAYA
Silver Blade, I can explain--

SILVER BLADE
*A white man! You trusted the enemy
 to return the Anuan Hontora to us?*

Silver Blade turns his back, firing another arrow into the
 basket. IT SPLITS THE PREVIOUS ARROW IN TWO!

Maya stiffens, not liking having to face his back. Again the crow CAWS loudly.

MAYA

He's an outlaw. An enemy of our enemy.

SILVER BLADE

Just because he's not one of them does not make him one of us.

MAYA

He could have slaughtered us at the train but he did not.

SILVER BLADE

You mistake mercy for fear. I could have killed him in the blink of an owl's eye.

CAW. Silver Blade angrily turns and fires an arrow into the air, not even looking in the direction of the shot.

A SHRIEK, and then a moment later the dead crow falls to the earth, impaled by the arrow.

SILVER BLADE (cont'd)

I am an Apache, one of a long line of warriors. And when I die an Apache, like my brother White Wolf before me, it will be on our land, not earth ripped up and taken over by the white man.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FRONT - LATER

Johnny rides up to the house where Tanner stands on the porch, his arms moving gracefully through the air. He's practicing tai chi.

JOHNNY

Where's--

Just then, a blackened POT comes flying out the window, a stream of smoke billowing from it.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Darnit!

JOHNNY

Nevermind. Hey, what did I tell you about doing that hocus pocus around me?

Tanner ignores him, focusing on his moves. Once Johnny gets close, the men whisper.

TANNER

Well? You saw the fort?

JOHNNY

They doubled the watchtowers in the past few years, but we can do it. The only thing is we're gonna need four guys total to pull it off.

Tanner stops the tai chi.

TANNER

Well that's it then. We can't do it. Rafe and Carter are gone, remember? Riley and Jones are in jail. Gilroy and Farrell are down Mexico way. There's nobody left.

JOHNNY

There's the Finkle Twins.

Tanner turns a shade paler.

TANNER

Please tell me you're joking.

EXT. DESERT SHACK - DAY

Johnny and Tanner ride up towards what looks like a condemned shack in stony dry hills.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The two men jump off their horses and draw their guns. They see no one.

TANNER

I'm begging you. Let's just turn around right now and leave.

MORE GUNFIRE. It echoes through the hills.

EXT. BEHIND THE DESERT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

THE FINKLE TWINS (20s) look nothing alike. MATTIAS is tall and bone thin. EZEKIEL is short and squat. But their crazy eyes are identical.

Currently, though, Ezekiel is blindfolded and holding a pistol.

About ten yards away one of them has painted a crude-looking donkey on a large wooden board.

Mattias chuckles at he spins his brother around again and again.

MATTIAS

One-two-three-four, shoot the
donkey's tail some more!

When he's finished, Ezekiel is staggering to and fro, waving a loaded pistol in every direction.

BLAM. A bullet ricochets off the desert floor and takes out the one remaining unbroken window of their shack.

Both brothers laugh.

Ezekiel keeps staggering. He cocks the trigger again, and aims.

He spins and suddenly his gun's aimed right between his brother's eyes. Mattias stops laughing.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

BOYS!

Ezekiel lowers the pistol and takes off the blindfold.

EZEKIEL

Johnny Dixon?!

Tanner looks at the twins with a jaundiced eye.

TANNER

I still don't get why you call
yourself twins. You two don't look
nothin' alike.

MATTIAS

Well, genius, we ain't identical.

EZEKIEL

Yeah, we had different mothers.

Johnny doesn't bother to field that one.

JOHNNY

How'd you boys like some work?

MATTIAS

Well--sure, but didn't Tanner call us somethin' bad the last time we worked for you?

JOHNNY

I don't ever recall--

EZEKIEL

Imbeciles. That was it. Hey Tanner, I's always been meaning to ask you what an imbecile is.

JOHNNY

Special. It means you're very, very special.

EZEKIEL

(to Mattias)

Told you I was an imbecile!

Ezekiel beams, slapping his brother on the back, a little too hard. Mattias punches Ezekiel in the arm, and in moments the two are wrestling around in the dirt. Tanner groans.

JOHNNY

I know what you're thinking. But we need 'em.

TANNER

Why?!

Johnny picks up a rock and throws it against a nearby outcropping. It loudly RICOCHETS and in the blink of an eye, both Finkle Brothers draw, spin and fire. The rock gets shot right out of the air, then redirected by another bullet.

The Finkle Brothers offer a pair of widetoothed grins.

EZEKIEL

I got it first.

Mattias shoves him and the two go at it again.

TANNER

Those boys are stone cold crazy.

JOHNNY

We're breaking into an U.S. Cavalry fort. Crazy's job requirement number one.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny sneaks in the door, careful not to wake Annie. He works his way over to his closet and swings the door open. He stares in there a long time.

JOHNNY'S POV

His OLD CAVALRY UNIFORM hangs by itself there.

Johnny reaches out for it, only to pull his hand back. The uniform haunts him.

Johnny exhales a deep breath. He stares at a TEAR in the material, close to the jacket's neck.

Johnny unconsciously rubs at the same spot on his body. We catch just a glimpse of a SCAR.

FLASH.

EXT. FLASHBACK - COLUMA MINE

JOHNNY'S POV: Hell on earth. Fires blaze everywhere. Two SOLDIERS fall right in front of us, and a huge APACHE WARRIOR WITH A COLORED STONE NECKLACE LEAPS RIGHT FOR US, COMING AT US WITH A RAZOR-SHARP BLADE.

A SINGLE GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, ECHOING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

BACK TO SCENE

Johnny's eyes fill the frame, filled with fear. Regret.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - FORT WALLS - NIGHT

Johnny and gang work their way up a narrow gully towards an imposing watch tower at the top of the fort wall. Two CAVALRYMEN man the tower high above.

Ezekiel cups his hands. Tanner takes the boost and leaps on the big man's shoulders. Ezekiel hands him up a rope.

Then Johnny WHISTLES.

Above, the Cavalrymen peer over the side. Tanner throws the rope at the same moment. A perfect lasso. THE FINKLE TWINS PULL HARD AND THE CAVALRYMEN TUMBLE OFF THE WALL, INTO THE FINKLE TWINS' WAITING ARMS.

The only sound we hear is some muffled groans as Ezekiel and Mattias pummel the men into unconsciousness.

Mattias starts taking the uniform off one of the men. Johnny just takes off his duster REVEALING HIS OLD CAVALRY UNIFORM UNDERNEATH.

JOHNNY

On the other side of this wall are a hundred men with guns. Let's not give them a chance to use them. In and out, quick and silent. If all goes well, they'll never know we were here. And if all doesn't go well--Ezekiel, it'll be your show.

Ezekiel nods, grinning.

MOMENTS LATER

Johnny and Mattias climb up into the guard tower, Matthias now wearing a cavalry uniform from one of the felled guards.

INT. THE CAVALRY FORT - GUARD TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Together, the two men spy on the courtyard below. No sign anyone noticed them. Various CAVALRYMEN move to and fro from building to building. Johnny and Mattias watch closely, waiting for the right moment.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - ASSEMBLY AREA - CONTINUOUS

Johnny pulls the brim of his hat low as he passes by several soldiers. Johnny gets closer to the quartermasters, nearly there--

--and then he BUMPS RIGHT INTO GENERAL TIBBET, GUIDING GENERAL ADAMS, A THREE-STAR GENERAL, ON A TOUR.

GENERAL TIBBET

What the hell do you think you're doing?! Have you forgotten how to salute, soldier?!

Thinking fast, Johnny snaps to attention, hiding his face behind his salute. General Tibbet waves him off.

GENERAL ADAMS

I like the way you run a tight ship here. So does Washington.

General Tibbet does his best to quell a satisfied grin.

GENERAL TIBBET

Thank you, sir. I learned from the best.

Adams nods back--ah, the joys of butt kissing.

GENERAL ADAMS

You finish clearing the Apache from your territory, and there's a post for you back in Washington.

GENERAL TIBBET

(smiles)

They're already out, General--they just don't know it yet. I have the situation totally under control.

EXT. FORT COLLINS - QUARTERMASTERS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny walks beside the building, peering inside the window. Stacks of stored items line the walls.

INT. THE CAVALRY FORT - QUARTERMASTERS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny walks through the open door. He scans the room until he spots THE SILVER BOX lying on a table nearby. He heads towards it.

TORRES (O.S.)

Sorry, but the Quartermaster's been gone all day. Probably sleeping one off. Whatcha looking for?

Torres cleans his gun at a table in the corner, halfway between Johnny and the box. Johnny drops his head so the brim of his hat hides his face.

And for some reason, he adopts a terrible Southern accent.

JOHNNY

Yes, well it appears I'm in desperate need of supplies. Dry goods and such. It's been a long ride from Fort Stewart and my men and I still have much of our journey before us.

Torres points his thumb over his shoulder at the stacks of dry goods. NOT in the direction of the box.

TORRES

Help yourself.

Johnny notices a set of IRONS near the dry goods, the handcuffs of the day. He works his way over to them, keeping his back to Torres as much as possible.

Torres lifts his head up from his work.

TORRES (cont'd)
J'you say Fort Stewart? Why'd you
ride all this way? The train runs
right from there to here.

JOHNNY
As a matter of fact, we did take
one train earlier, but it wasn't
all we hoped.

Torres drops a bullet into the chamber of his gun. Johnny
gets in closer.

The moment Torres spins around to shoot, Johnny snaps the
iron around his wrist. The other end is already snapped
around one of the posts holding up the cabin. Then he disarms
Torres.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Nice try with the gun Ruben. A
little faster and you woulda had
me.

TORRES
High praise, coming from a no good,
lying bank robber with a bad
accent.

Johnny's face sours.

JOHNNY
Train robber. Train robbery is a
complex art of intricate planning
and coordination.

TORRES
We're not on a train, bank robber.

JOHNNY
Yeah, well, desperate times and all
that.

Johnny picks up the SILVER BOX. THE BOX BEGINS TO HUM IN HIS
HAND, EVER SO SOFTLY.

HE PUTS THE BOX UP TO HIS EAR. THEN HE PUTS IT DOWN ON A
TABLE. THE HUMMING STOPS. HE PICKS IT BACK UP AGAIN. THE
HUMMING STARTS AGAIN. HE'S FASCINATED.

EXT. SPACE - POV

THE EARTH FROM ORBIT. WE HEAR THE VERY SAME HUMMING AS AN ILLUMINATED GRID APPEARS OVER THE PLANET AND CONCENTRIC CIRCLES OF ENERGY LOCK IN ON AN EXACT LOCATION SOMEWHERE IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES--WHERE A LIGHT NOW GLOWS.

WE ROCKET DOWN TOWARDS THE EARTH HEADING RIGHT FOR THE BEACON.

INT. FORT COLLINS - QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE

JOHNNY PUTS THE BOX IN THE SADDLEBAG OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND THE HUMMING STOPS.

TORRES
You came for that? What is it?

JOHNNY
My ticket out.

Johnny heads out the door.

EXT. SKY - POV

Suddenly, the BLUE LIGHT on the horizon DISAPPEARS, as does the grid. The view suddenly SLOW AND THEN STOPS.

INT. FORT COLLINS - QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE

In frustration, Torres shakes the post he's chained to.

THE POST MOVES. Torres looks up. Sure enough, THE HOLE THE BOX BURNED IN THE CEILING IS RIGHT NEXT TO THE POST TORRES IS CHAINED TO. He puts his shoulder into it, loosening it.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - ASSEMBLY AREA - CONTINUOUS

Johnny keeps his hat low as he exits the Quartermasters. He's headed towards the tower where Mattias waits, but a group of a dozen CAVALRYMEN stand between here and there. Trouble.

Johnny nods up to Mattias, who's watching from the guard tower. Mattias nods to Ezekiel, who's crouched beside the gate.

EZEKIEL LIGHTS A NEARBY FUSE. It quickly snakes its way under the gate, to the base of the water tower. BOOM!

THE WATER TOWER EXPLODES, SPILLING THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF WATER INTO THE ASSEMBLY AREA. THE CAVALRYMEN ASSEMBLED THERE ARE SWEEPED OFF THEIR FEET AND CARRIED AWAY.

Johnny allows himself a brief smile as he crosses the now empty courtyard.

BANG!

TORRES (O.S.)

Freeze!

Johnny does. Torres stands behind him, manacles still attached to one hand, gun pointed at Johnny with the other.

The CAVALRYMEN stand back up and draw their guns, encircling Johnny. Johnny backs up towards the side of the building, WHERE A ROPE DANGLES.

TORRES (cont'd)

Sergeant at arms, get the irons.
We've got a deserter in our midst.

The soldiers cock their pistols.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. The soldiers who had rifles no longer do. The ones with pistols retreat fast when bullets hit the ground right between their feet.

Up in the tower, Mattias reloads. JOHNNY PULLS ON THE LOOPED END OF THE ROPE.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - CONTINUOUS

Ezekiel and Tanner have all their horses teamed together, tied to the very same rope. They kick them into a gallop.

INT. THE CAVALRY FORT - ASSEMBLY AREA - CONTINUOUS

THE ROPE GOES TAUT, YANKING JOHNNY UP INTO THE AIR.

THE FAST-MOVING ROPE DRAGS JOHNNY ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE QUARTERMASTERS BUILDING AS THE CAVALRYMEN OPEN FIRE.

THE BUILDING SHIELDS HIM FROM THEIR FIRE--UNTIL THE ROPE YANKS HIM CLEAR OF THE BUILDING, RACING TOWARDS THE GUARD TOWER. THREE SOLDIERS TAKE AIM.

MATTIAS' POV: Mattias has the three dead to rights. BLAM, BLAM. The first two get their gun hands shot.

But the third...the third aims right at Johnny and when Mattias shifts aim to him, Johnny's body comes between him and his target.

MATTIAS

Behind you!

IN MIDAIR, JOHNNY TWISTS, DRAWING HIS GUN.

BLAM. The soldier takes one in the leg knocking him to the ground, sending his SHOT an inch away from Johnny's skull.

JOHNNY'S TRAJECTORY SENDS HIM SAILING RIGHT THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE GUARD TOWER AND OVER THE WALL.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY LANDS RIGHT IN THE SADDLE.

EXT. THE CAVALRY FORT - COURTYARD - LATER

General Tibbet is red faced as General Adams steps out among the destruction.

GENERAL ADAMS

If this is your idea of having things under control, General, then I've wasted a trip. A shame. Washington sure is beautiful in the fall.

General Adams walks off, Tibbet finds Torres. Tibbet can barely control his rage.

GENERAL TIBBET

Get the men ready. All of them. We march at dawn.

EXT. LONE PINE - NIGHT

A lone, tall pine tree in the middle of desert scrub. Johnny's gang rides up like a bat out of hell. They HOOT and HOLLER as they approach.

Johnny doesn't share their levity. He stops his horse.

JOHNNY

You guys go on.

MATTIAS

You're goin' to them Apache alone?!

JOHNNY

The fewer guns around the better for this kind of deal. Go.

Reluctantly, the Finkles ride off. Tanner hangs back.

TANNER

You're not exactly the picture of glee, Johnny. What gives?

JOHNNY

Just thinking about going home tonight. I finally did something right--and I can't even tell her about it.

TANNER

Johnny? The past don't equal the future. Remember that.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Tanner joins the rest of the gang, sans Johnny.

EZEKIEL

That man's gotta learn to relax 'n smell the sasparilla once in a spell.

TANNER

It's just whenever things start to go right for Johnny, he starts worrying about another Columa.

EZEKIEL

What's a Columa?

Tanner closes his eyes, regretting what he just let out of the bag.

EXT. RIVER CROSSING - NIGHT

Johnny races his horse through a fast moving river, but halfway across, the horse hits a deep water spot and down they go.

TANNER (V.O.)

Columa's a mine, up in Area 51. Silver. Johnny used to run it for the Cavalry--

MATTIAS (V.O.)

Johnny?!

Johnny turns to see his saddlebag floating away.

JOHNNY

No!!!

He jumps off the horse and swims like a man possessed. He grabs the bag and pulls it and himself onto the far shoreline. His horse does the same.

TANNER (V.O.)

He was a geologist for them. Only there was one little thing about Columa they never told Johnny. It was on Apache burial land. Some Apache showed up to bury one of their own, and well--let's just say alot more than one person got put in the earth that night.

Johnny sits there a moment, cradling the bag. He opens it, pulling out the SILVER BOX.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

And ever since? Johnny's sorta had this idea that god--destiny--whatever--is punishing him.

As if to reply, a low HUM comes from the box.

EXT. SKY - POV

Again, from the POV a BLUE LIGHT THROBS ON THE HORIZON. Whatever this is, it lurches forward, racing impossibly fast across a barren landscape towards that blue light.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Johnny rides past a small adobe mission chapel. But as he passes it, he slows his horse, taking a moment to stare at it. He pulls back on the reins, stopping his horse beside it.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Lord, I know I ain't stepped foot in one of your houses in a long time. Since Columa.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The rectangular chapel has only a few rows of pews, with a simple altar lit by a handful of prayer candles.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

But Lord--I feel like I've finally done something right by Annie.

Johnny approaches and kneels at the altar, the box still resting in his hand.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Please, please don't take that away
from me. From us. Help me wipe the
slate clean, Lord. If you do? If
you get me through this night, I
promise to be a decent man again.

Johnny takes a small wooden reed and LIGHTS A CANDLE.

But just as he stands back up, a powerful wind blows through
the mission windows. HIS CANDLE IS SNUFFED OUT, ALONG WITH
ALL THE OTHERS.

Johnny glances up at the ceiling, as if to ask "Did You do
that?"

FLASHES OF BLUE LIGHT PASS BY THE WINDOWS. The front door
slowly CREAKS open. There's a CRASH outside. Johnny pulls out
his pistol, spooked.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Who's there?!

Johnny slowly creeps towards the front door. He hears his
horse WHINNYING IN FEAR, desperately trying to pull itself
free.

Johnny, sweating bullets, is just about to reach the door
when SUDDENLY A BLAST OF LIGHT BLOWS THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES.

Johnny crashes to the floor as BLUE LIGHTS STREAM THROUGH
EVERY WINDOW. He dives into a corner, terrified.

THE LIGHT CONCENTRATES INTO A BEAM, AND THE BEAM FALLS UPON
THE BOX. IT BEGINS TO GLOW AND HUM. JOHNNY QUICKLY PUTS THE
BOX BACK IN HIS SADDLEBAG.

THE WIND BLASTS THROUGH THE CHAPEL HARDER AS SOME KIND OF
VIBRATION FILLS THE AIR. WINDOWS SHATTER. TABLES TOPPLE. THE
PLACE IS BEING RIPPED APART.

Johnny dives out of one of the broken windows.

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

IT IS A MAELSTROM OUTSIDE, THE SKY COVERED IN OMINOUS CLOUDS,
WIND WHIPPING THE DESERT SAND IN EVERY DIRECTION. DARK BLUE
BEAMS BLAST DOWN FROM THE SKY, ENVELOPING THE CHAPEL.

JOHNNY JUMPS ATOP HIS HORSE JUST AS THE BLUE BEAM WIDENS AND
THE WHOLE CHAPEL STARTS TO GLOW, BRIGHT RED.

AND JUST AS SUDDENLY, THE BEAM CUTS OUT, AND THE GLOW FADES.
THE CHAPEL TURNS BLACK AS THE NIGHT ITSELF

AND WITH A SMALL GUST OF WIND, WHAT WAS THE CHAPEL BLOWS AWAY
INTO A TRILLION PIECES OF ASH. NOTHING REMAINS WHERE IT ONCE
STOOD.

JOHNNY
Lord of mercy--

SUDDENLY, THERE'S A SHRIEK FROM ABOVE--UNLIKE ANYTHING OF
THIS WORLD. FROM AMIDST THE CLOUDS ABOVE, JOHNNY BEGINS TO
SEE FORMS, GROTESQUE SHAPES, FLYING ABOVE HIM.

JOHNNY RIDES FOR HIS LIFE.

EXT. OPEN RANGE - NIGHT

Johnny rides at full gallop, terrified, leaving the chapel as
far behind him as he can.

Behind him THE BLUE BEAM races towards him in pursuit. Every
tree it passes over bursts into flames.

Johnny guides his horse around a huge boulder, changing
direction quickly.

He looks behind him. No sign of the blue light. He breathes a
sigh of relief--

UNTIL HE LOOKS AHEAD AND SEES NOTHING BUT BLACK SKY...HE'S
ABOUT TO GALLOP FULL SPEED OFF A CLIFF! JOHNNY PULLS BACK ON
THE REINS AS HARD AS HE CAN.

The horse stomps its hooves into the sand, trying desperately
to stop before they go over the edge.

BUT THEIR MOMENTUM IS TOO GREAT! JOHNNY YELLS AS THEY GO OVER
THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!

HORSE AND RIDER DISAPPEAR INTO THE VOID.

There's a long moment of silence and then...CLANG. We were
expecting something more on the order of SPLAT.

CLIFF EDGE

And then it happens. SOMETHING RISES OVER THE PRECIPICE.

First we see just a metal spire, a needle pointing at the
stars. Next the needle widens into a huge silver plateau,
dotted with multicolored points of light.

And on it goes, rising higher and higher, revealing more and more of what appears to be an ALIEN SHIP OF MASSIVE SIZE!

And finally, the outermost lip of metal rises above the plateau, revealing a shell-shocked Johnny Dixon atop his horse.

He stares around blankly, trying to make sense of where he is. The horse becomes understandably spooked, rearing back on its hind legs, which lose their footing on the smooth metallic surface.

JOHNNY AND HIS HORSE FALL, AND THEN GRAVITY TAKES OVER. HORSE AND RIDER BEGIN TO SLIDE DOWN THE SMOOTH METAL SURFACE, PICKING UP SPEED AS THEY GO.

THEY HURTLE OVER THE EDGE, SLAMMING BACK TO EARTH AND KICKING UP A CLOUD OF DUST.

JOHNNY

I don--I don't believe--

Johnny, his mouth agape, is stunned and terrified by what he's seeing. The MASSIVE SHIP HOVERS OVER HIM, DWARFING EVEN THE HILL HE'S ON.

A BLUE BEAM IGNITES AGAIN, HEADING RIGHT FOR JOHNNY.

But it doesn't come for him. It moves over his horse. From within the saddlebag, the BOX BEGINS TO GLOW. The horse BUCKS and runs out of the beam.

Johnny runs past the beam and leaps back atop his horse. He kicks the horse into a gallop, staring at the part of his arm that passed through the blue beam. The skin smokes and bubbles, still burning into him.

But the blue beam doesn't come after him. No, the huge ship does something else entirely.

SOMETHING LIKE AN IRIS OPENS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP AND FROM THE DARKNESS WITHIN COMES SOME KIND OF MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE.

IT LOOKS LIKE RIPPLES IN A POND ONLY THEY'RE HAPPENING IN MIDAIR, CHEWING UP THE FABRIC OF REALITY ITSELF.

The first SHOCKWAVE hits just behind Johnny's horse. The ground rumbles and erupts, throwing dirt and rock in every direction, leaving behind a crater.

Johnny rides serpentine as SHOCKWAVES chew up the desert floor behind them.

Johnny's up on his feet, leaning in close to the horse's neck, urging it on faster. A NARROW CANYON lies just fifty yards ahead.

The iris on the bottom of the ship opens wider, and the biggest shockwave of all sizzles through the air.

At the very same moment Johnny makes it into the narrow canyon. THE ROCK AND SAND WALLS COLLAPSE BEHIND AND AROUND HIM AND HE DISAPPEARS IN A MASSIVE LANDSLIDE.

The ship's blue beam scans the pulverized rock and debris. It slowly pulls away, climbing into black clouds above.

AMONGST THE RUBBLE

But hiding inside a safe cave, Johnny stares down at THE BOX AS THE GLOW SLOWLY FADES. He backs as far away from the box as he can. HE'S NEVER BEEN SO SCARED IN HIS LIFE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU: Johnny's eyes, still wide. Still terrified.

JOHNNY

Annie! You're sure she's still okay?

TANNER

I told you I checked, she's sleeping in the loft. Johnny-- you're scaring me. What is it you say you saw?

JOHNNY

It--it was huge--and lit up like a thousand gas lamps--and it flew in the air--no--it--it floated!

Johnny paces the room, a man possessed. WE PULL BACK to reveal the rest of the gang, looking pretty scared themselves.

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An Asian curio treasure trove -- Chinese tea sets, a Japanese bonsai tree, Indian Buddhas.

With hands still shaking, Johnny pours himself a drink. Mattias and the others share uneasy glances.

MATTIAS

Maybe you better lie down, boss.

JOHNNY

Lie down?! Are you crazy?! They could come for us any second!

EZEKIEL

They? Who is "they?"

Johnny looks at them with wild eyes.

JOHNNY

Who said anything about a "who"?!
Could've been a "what"--or even a
"how"--hell, there ain't even words
--it was flying in the sky--it was--

Johnny looks around Tanner's home. He spots an ornate china tea set, and pulls out one of the saucers. He turns it upside down and moves it through the air imitating the ship.

The gang shoots each other glances of disbelief.

MATTIAS

You trying to tell us you saw a
flying saucer?

Frustrated, Johnny tosses the saucer against the wall.

JOHNNY

No! I can't--I can't explain!

Tanner stares in horror at the shattered saucer.

TANNER

That was Tang Dynasty.

JOHNNY

It tried to kill me.

EZEKIEL

An' you think that there little box
has something to do with it?

Everyone looks over at the SILVER BOX--which no one dares touch at this point.

JOHNNY

I don't know.

TANNER

You know what you need? A breath of fresh air.

Johnny's about to argue but Tanner grabs his arm, hard.

EXT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tanner pulls Johnny out the door.

TANNER

Johnny, you're starting to scare me. Where you going with all this?

JOHNNY

Oh Jesus, you don't believe me either!

TANNER

I didn't say that. Look Johnny, every religion has stories of things coming down from the sky. And my personal belief system teaches that there is more unseen in this existence than there is seen. Now, all I want you to do is look me in the eye and tell me--

Suddenly they hear an RUSTLING nearby. The hint of movement in the shadows just beyond the house's lights.

Johnny and Tanner quickly un-holster their guns. The night goes silent as they approach Tanner's BARN.

Johnny carefully pulls open the barn door with a CREAK. But the barn is EMPTY.

But behind Johnny, hidden forms suddenly RISE OUT OF THE DESERT SAND. Something FLIES THROUGH THE AIR--JOHNNY DIVES JUST IN TIME--A TOMAHAWK THUDS INTO THE BARN DOOR.

As the APACHE ATTACK WITH A WAR CRY, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH FLAMING ARROWS WHICH PEPPER THE BARN.

Johnny and Tanner bolt back into Tanner's house, FIRING WILDLY INTO THE NIGHT.

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and the others anxiously stand beside the windows and doors, guns at the ready.

EZEKIEL
What the hell was that?!

JOHNNY
Company!

Suddenly, there's a BOOMING VOICE from outside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Deame ino Anuan Hontora!

MATTIAS
What the hell did he say?!

Suddenly, the door EXPLODES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, knocking Johnny and the Finkle Brothers to the floor.

SILVER BLADE (O.S.)
He said, "give us back our box."

Silver Blade appears in the doorway. His bow and arrow have Johnny dead to rights.

Maya walks in, her words barely managing to control Silver Blade's murderous rage.

MAYA
You will give us what you have
taken.

Johnny stands up, dusting himself off. He notices Black Wind and Lone Fox at the windows, bows drawn. Likewise, Johnny's men have their guns out.

JOHNNY
We had a deal.

MAYA
You broke our deal. You stole the
Anuan Hontora for us, and then you
tried to steal it from us.

JOHNNY
That box? Listen to me. The last
thing in the world I want is that
damn box. I was taking it to our
meeting place!

SILVER BLADE
I tracked you, thief. Your path
never came near the meeting place.
You came here, the other way.

Johnny turns to Maya, pleading.

JOHNNY

There was this light, coming down
from the sky! And--and explosions--
and the ground was--well it was
exploding all around me--with these--
-huge--sky--things!

The Apache stare at each other, confused and angry. Johnny's gang can only share in their confusion.

BLACK WIND

I say we kill him now.

MAYA

*Lights in the sky? The earth torn
apart? Sky Watcher has told us such
stories of the Gods of Death.*

SILVER BLADE

*Don't fall for his tricks. He's a
liar and a thief. I will get the
Anuan Hontora.*

Silver Blade holds up his hand. The Apache behind him part, and one of the braves leads ANNIE up beside Silver Blade.

Annie looks terrified. A chill runs through Johnny.

ANNIE

Daddy?!

Johnny stares at Silver Blade like we've never seen him stare. Like death.

JOHNNY

You take your hands off my
daughter. Now!

SILVER BLADE

You will give us the Anuan Hontora,
thief, or she will pay.

Silver Blade draws his knife. Annie stares at the knife in terror. EVERYONE DRAWS THEIR WEAPONS AT ONCE.

ANNIE

Daddy!!!

Johnny glares at Silver Blade, his gun pointed right between the Apache's eyes.

JOHNNY

Just so much as scratch her--I
swear dying will be the least of
your problems.

Maya bolts forward as well, grabbing Silver Blade.

MAYA

Put the knife away!

SILVER BLADE

I know what I am doing, Maya.

MAYA

*You bring dishonor to us all! You
make us no better than they! Put
that knife away, or by the Gods I
will give you reason to use it!*

JOHNNY

I have the box.

Silver Blade slowly lowers the knife. Annie's eyes fill with
tears.

ANNIE

Daddy? You're a part of this?
You're--a thief?

JOHNNY

Not after today.
(to Silver Blade)
Show me the gold, and let's finish
our business right now.

SILVER BLADE

I sent the gold back to our village
when you did not fulfill your word.
You want gold? You will only get it
on Apache ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT COLLINS - MAIN GATE - DAY

The entire cavalry regiment is assembled, a massive force
including half-Indian scouts and horse-drawn gatling guns.

General Tibbet rides between them, inspecting the ranks. He
holds up a book in his hand.

GENERAL TIBBET

The rules of war, gentlemen. The very code that separates us from the savages.

He tosses it in the dirt.

GENERAL TIBBET (cont'd)

No more. The Apache resistance ends today. Area 51 is the property of the United States of America. After today, I want the only Apache in Area 51 to be buried beneath it.

The General lifts a small satchel of coins.

GENERAL TIBBET (cont'd)

And as for the traitors who ride with them--I'll pay two months wages as a bonus for the man who kills Johnny Dixon.

CUT TO:

SIGNPOST

A tattered wooden sign reads:

AREA 51: PROPERTY OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT

Suddenly, a throwing knife impales the sign, knocking it off the post.

EXT. AREA 51 - DAWN

Silver Blade retrieves his knife. Behind him, a motley assortment of INDIAN and OUTLAW ride through the desert, together but hardly united. Hands ride close to pistol and blade, eyes dart between friend and foe.

Only Johnny seems calm as Silver Blade rides up alongside him.

SILVER BLADE

I look forward to killing you the moment you give me the slightest reason to.

JOHNNY

Yeah. I get that a lot. Thanks for stopping by.

Johnny rides ahead, catching up with Annie. She wears a scowl like you've never seen.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Annie, please, talk to me. Say something. Say anything.

ANNIE
I don't talk to liars. My father taught me that a long time ago.

Annie spurs her horse on. Johnny slows up, which puts him next to Maya.

MAYA
She has your spirit.

JOHNNY
Nah. Got it from her mother.

MAYA
No. Her sense of honor is from her mother. Her spirit is yours. Where is her mother?

Johnny takes a moment, searching for the words.

JOHNNY
She's in a better place. Cholera, back when Annie was four.

MAYA
Hard, to raise a young one alone.

JOHNNY
You'll never know.

MAYA
I have a son. A few years younger than your Annie. His father, White Wolf, was a great warrior--and left us as great warriors do.

Johnny and Maya exchange a long look, seeing each other differently than before, two parents where two enemies once stood.

JOHNNY
I don't suppose you have any Apache wisdom for me? I can't seem to do anything right by Annie. You give them too much slack, and they take advantage of you.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Crack the whip--and they'll hate
you forever. I don't know. Maybe
it's easier for a woman.

MAYA
It is not. A man provides strength,
like a rock in the river. Ahote
fears too much when I leave--that
the river's current will take him
away from me.

Another long glance passes between them.

MAYA (cont'd)
You must talk with her. Know her
fears as your own. You want so much
for her--but do you know what she
wants for herself?

Johnny smiles, appreciating Maya's wisdom.

JOHNNY
Can I ask you a question?
(Maya nods)
When you said she had her mother's
sense of honor, that was meant as
an insult, right?

Maya just smiles.

EXT. AREA 51 - HILLSIDE - LATER

The group rides up a hillside when suddenly, Silver Blade's
horse stops. STREAMS OF BLACK SMOKE curl up from the other
side of the hill.

All the horses begin to BRAY, circling in fear. Even the
skilled Apache can't calm the beasts.

Silver Blade, his senses tingling, dismounts and carefully
approaches the top of the hillside, his tomahawk in hand.

He shudders as he sees what lies beyond.

SMOKING CRATER

The other side of the hill is a smoldering crater, three
hundred yards wide, the ground ripped and torn beyond any
recognition.

JOHNNY
(to Tanner)
Keep Annie back.

Silver Blade, his face solemn, spots several BURNT APACHE ITEMS including a child's buckskin rattle. Even Johnny and his gang look affected by the destruction.

SILVER BLADE

What do you see?

BLACK WIND

I see no bodies. Perhaps the village escaped the attack.

Silver Blade shakes his head. He steps down near the center of the crater. Silver Blade kneels beside pools of strange liquid, around picked-clean HUMAN SKELETONS.

And for the first time--we see fear in the eyes of the Apache.

JOHNNY

I've seen this before.

BLACK WIND

What man could do such a thing?

JOHNNY

Wasn't any man that done it.

Johnny's eyes go skyward.

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA 51 - SKY WATCHER'S MESA - DAY

The riders approach the Apache encampment and the imposing mesa. As they do, dark clouds move in and blanket the sky.

The people of the village stare skyward, worried.

Maya leaps off her horse, scanning the crowd. She finally spots Yona, who hugs her closely.

YONA

Daughter. Thank the gods. There's nothing but fear in the village.

MAYA

We have the Anuan Hontora. I am sure Sky Watcher will know what to do.

(looking around)

Where is Ahote?

YONA

Ahote had another one of his dreams. He refuses to leave the Kiowa.

MAYA

Does he know I am here?

YONA

He knows--you told him you would not leave him, Maya.

Maya hears the sound of the drums outside.

MAYA

I must go to Sky Watcher. Please tell Ahote I will see him later.

YONA

You will tell him yourself.

JOHNNY

Johnny and the gang are surrounded by Apache, some there to gawk and others with less pleasant thoughts on their minds.

Johnny tries to help Annie off her horse. She pushes his hand away.

JOHNNY

Look. I messed up, but I'm trying to fix that. So before I go up that there mesa, to Lord knows what, how about we just start fresh? Truthfully.

Annie shoots her dad a skeptical glance. Then she notices that Johnny holds his SILVER BULLET in one hand.

ANNIE

Truthfully? Okay, let's try. Tell me about that saloon girl I kicked out of our home the other day.

Johnny blanches.

JOHNNY

The--uh--the girl--?

ANNIE

Thought so. You can go now.

Johnny struggles to find something to say, but he's got nothing. He turns to Tanner.

JOHNNY

Look after her till I get back.

And with that Johnny leaves.

TANNER

Little girl, you might just think about giving your daddy just the hint of a break.

ANNIE

He's a liar.

TANNER

And you've been completely honest, Wild Bill?

Annie looks away.

TANNER (cont'd)

You said you lied because you didn't want to disappoint him. Well, your father just went up that mesa, surrounded by Apache, for the same reason.

EXT. AREA 51 - MESA LEDGE - DAY

Silver Blade, and then Maya lead Johnny up a ledge barely wide enough for a chipmunk, and with a hundred foot drop. Johnny makes conversation to avoid looking down.

JOHNNY

So--what can you tell me about this Skywalker guy?

MAYA

Sky Watcher has protected our people since the time of our forefather's forefathers. It is his wisdom that has kept us alive. It was he who told us to fight the white man to the death rather than sacrifice our sacred land.

JOHNNY

He sounds real friendly.

Silver Blade shoots Johnny a look that silences him.

INT. SKY WATCHER'S CAVE - CONTINUOUS

A giant totem marks the arched entrance to the pitch black cave--images of eagles carved on its face. Thin wisps of sage smoke drift out of the cave.

Johnny cautiously hangs back as Maya steps into the darkness.

MAYA

*Sky Watcher, we have the Anuan
Hontora.*

Suddenly, two torches ignite, on their own. Illuminating the area around the group. In the distance they can barely make out a figure in robes. His voice ECHOES in the cave.

SKY WATCHER (O.S.)

Show me.

Silver Blade and Maya stare at Johnny, who takes a moment to realize he's the one being spoken to. Johnny pulls the Box out of his saddlebag. As he shows it, it begins to HUM.

JOHNNY

Right here. Now if you want a
closer look, show me the gold.

Suddenly, the torches go out. In the blink of an eye, two more light up.

In the distance, Sky Watcher now holds the box. Johnny looks down at his empty hand in disbelief.

THE BOX HUMS LOUDLY IN SKY WATCHER'S HANDS.

SKY WATCHER

The Anuan Hontora--has been opened.

AND IN AN INSTANT, SKY WATCHER CRUSHES THE SILVER BOX, PIECES OF IT RAINING TO THE GROUND.

Everyone is shocked by this, none more than Johnny.

JOHNNY

Um--I'm still getting paid--right?

SKY WATCHER

(ignoring him)

For five hundred years I have
feared this day. The Gods of Death
have arrived.

JOHNNY

Will somebody please tell me just
what the hell is going on around
here?

Another wave of Sky Watcher's hand ignites a hundred torches
all around the cave, revealing--

THE SISTINE CHAPEL OF CAVE PAINTINGS

We now can see the true dimensions of this cave. It is
massive, extending hundreds of feet in every direction. And
on each and every wall, a cave painting, thirty feet high.
The sections of rock separate the painting into panels.

Still somehow in shadow, Sky Watcher throws his hand towards
the first panel. Its torch flares, having the effect of
spotlighting the panel.

In the first panel is a massive SILVER SHIP, alone amongst
the stars. Johnny's eyes go wide. He recognizes the shape.

SKY WATCHER

The gods of death were ancient
beings. For millions of years they
traveled the heavens: seeking new
worlds to conquer, leaving nothing
alive in their wake. Until one day,
when they came upon this world.

In this panel the ship now falls from the stars, a massive
fireball, CRASHING INTO THE EARTH.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

But destiny spared us their wrath.
For the great ship crashed deep
into the earth.

The next panel's torch flares, showing a Apache boy
discovering a blackened figure, decidedly not human. Dying.
The boy is depicted as giving the creature water.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

The fall of the great ship was
taken as a sign, a calling for a
lone Apache boy on his spirit walk.
The boy came upon the destruction,
and found one of the gods. Burned.
Dying. But not dead. And though
fear filled his heart, the boy
showed it something the god had no
word for. He showed--compassion.
The boy saved its life.

The next panel's torch flares. Now the creature watches over the prone boy.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)
Owing a life-debt, the god adopted
the boy's people as his own,
swearing to watch over and protect
them from all harm.

More torches flare, illuminating panels that appear to be a timeline, showing drought, famine, disease, the arrival of the Spanish Conquistadors and their departure, the arrival of the Americans. Throughout it all, the Apache survived while the others died.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)
And yet he always knew there would
be one day he could not protect
them from. The day the others came
looking for their fallen ship.
(half the torches go out)
That day has come.

JOHNNY
How do you know all this? I'm
supposed to believe you were that
Indian boy, five hundred years ago?

SKY WATCHER
No. I am not that boy.

And with that, Sky Watcher lowers his hand. All the torches in the place suddenly go out, plunging everyone else back into darkness.

SKY WATCHER (O.S.) (cont'd)
I am that god.

And suddenly a lone torch ignites, just inches from Johnny's face. And right behind it is Sky Watcher. The light from the torch penetrates the cowl of his hood and for the first time we can see him.

SKY WATCHER

DROPS HIS CLOAK AND RISES TO HIS FULL SEVEN FOOT HEIGHT. HE IS UNLIKE ANYTHING WE'VE EVER SEEN. HIS SKIN, INDEED MOST OF HIS BODY IS TRANSPARENT, REVEALING RIVERS OF BLACK BLOOD COURSING THROUGH HIS BODY, ENTWINING BONES THAT LOOK LIKE SHARPENED IRON. THE ONLY OTHER PARTS OF HIM THAT ARE NOT TRANSPARENT ARE BLOOD RED EYES, AND JAGGED ROWS OF RAZOR SHARP SHARK'S TEETH.

SKY WATCHER IS AN ALIEN.

Johnny, shocked, immediately pulls his gun.

JOHNNY

What the hell are you?

Sky Watcher throws a hand and the last panel is illuminated.

SKY WATCHER

The future, unless you can stop it.

It shows a crack in the earth, creatures crawling out of the crack. A multitude of creatures. ABOVE THE CREVASSE IS PAINTED A SINGLE ALIEN SYMBOL.

AND FINALLY, THERE ARE NO HUMAN FIGURES WHATSOEVER.

BOOM. THE ENTIRE MESA SHAKES, BATTERED BY A POWERFUL FORCE. A HUM, SIMILAR TO THE HUM FROM THE BOX, REVERBERATES THROUGH THE AIR, GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL ROCKS FALL FROM THE CEILING.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The massive alien ship has LOWERED FROM THE CLOUDS and is now poised right above the mesa, its powerful engines thundering down upon the mesa top.

In the village below--A MONTAGE OF REACTIONS. Several Apache women fall prostrate on the ground. Yona stares up in awe and fear.

YONA

Ahote, go inside. Now.

Annie and Tanner have the same expression.

ANNIE

Uncle Tanner?

TANNER

I see it short stuff. I don't believe it, but I see it.

Mattias and Ezekiel's eyes are bugging out of their heads.

MATTIAS

Saint Francis of the Sissies! A flying saucer!

INT. SKY WATCHER'S CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The walls of the great cave have begun to crumble, cracks spreading across the massive cave painting, debris raining down upon those assembled beneath it.

SILVER BLADE

*Sky Watcher, what must we do? My
braves are ready to do your will.*

SKY WATCHER

It is too late. Only one can stop
what has begun.

HE EXTENDS A TALON AT **JOHNNY**.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

You are the one.

Silver Blade opens his mouth to object, but Johnny beats him to it.

JOHNNY

What? Me?!

SILVER BLADE

Him?!!

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

A hundred visions have told me so.
A stranger will deliver all peoples
from the gods of death.

JOHNNY

Well you better get your visions
checked--'cause you got the wrong
guy--

SKY WATCHER

He will bury his past, to save the
future.

BOOM. Suddenly the entire top of the mesa flies into the sky and dissolves away. The SHIP hovers just above the mesa, its massive iris opening, the air CRACKLING WITH POWER.

A familiar blue light and howling wind blast down upon them.

SKY WATCHER (cont'd)

Go now!

Johnny and the others run for it.

A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE BLASTS DOWN FROM THE SHIP. SKY WATCHER CAN ONLY RAISE HIS HANDS TO THE SKY AS WHAT IS LEFT OF THE CAVE COLLAPSES UPON HIM, BURYING HIM.

EXT. MESA LEDGE

AS THE SHOCKWAVE REVERBERATES OUT TO THIS TINY LEDGE, MAYA, SILVER BLADE, AND JOHNNY ARE TOSSED LIKE RAG DOLLS, RIGHT OFF THE LEDGE.

THE ATTACK

The Ship moves over the Apache Village. BLAST AFTER BLAST OF SHOCKWAVE FILLS THE AIR, QUICKLY DESTROYING THE APACHE VILLAGE.

A band of FIFTY BRAVES appear with bows and arrows. With a WAR CRY they let loose a volley of FLAMING ARROWS at the same moment. The arrows fly up, and bounce harmlessly off the metal skin of the great ship.

OR DID THEY DO SOMETHING AFTER ALL? BECAUSE JUST AT THAT MOMENT, THE MASSIVE SHIP FALLS FROM THE SKY!

AT THE LAST SECOND, HUGE KNIFE-LIKE LEGS SPRING OUT AND LACERATE THE EARTH, DIGGING DEEP UNDERGROUND.

THE SHIP HAS LANDED, EVEN THOUGH MOST OF IT STILL TOWERS HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

The iris beneath the ship opens wide.

AND THEN THEY COME. ALIENS. THE SAME TERRIFYING CREATURES AS SKY WATCHER ONLY EVEN BIGGER. THEY ROCKET DOWN TOWARDS THE VILLAGE ON FLAT, ROUND SLIDER DISCS THAT FLY UNBELIEVABLY FAST.

AND AS THEY APPROACH, THEIR IRON-LIKE BONES SHIFT, AS THEIR CLAWS GROW RAZOR-SHARP TALONS.

The first alien out cuts down a row of four Apaches with a single swipe of its talon.

EXT. MESA LEDGE

Maya, Johnny and Silver Blade hang precariously off the side of the mesa. Below, nothing but SCREAMS and smoke.

JOHNNY
Annie.

MAYA
Ahote.

IN UNISON, they pull themselves back up on the ledge and run down towards the village, full speed.

Silver Blade does the same, a few seconds behind.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE

An alien on a slider disc comes right for Tanner, Annie, and the twins.

TANNER

DOWN!

They hit the ground, the talons of the alien narrowly missing as they duck beneath its slider disc.

The alien leaps off the disc, which miraculously folds in on itself until it's no bigger than a baton. The alien puts it inside a hidden fold in its transparent skin.

It turns back towards the gang.

TANNER (cont'd)

Annie. Get behind us.

The Alien races towards them. Man these things are fast!

Tanner responds in kind. At the last second, the Alien swipes at Tanner, but Tanner somersaults clear over its head, delivering a roundhouse punch to the back of its head.

ONLY HE NEVER CONNECTS. THE ALIEN PHASES, WHICH IS TO SAY IT TURNS GHOST-LIKE, FOR JUST A SECOND, AND TANNER'S FIST PASSES THROUGH IT HARMLESSLY, BONES AND ALL!

Tanner spots Mattias and Ezekiel on the other side of it, drawing their guns.

TANNER (cont'd)

No! Wait!

Tanner drops to the ground at the last possible second as the FINKLE BROTHERS FIRE! THEIR BULLETS PASS HARMLESSLY THROUGH THE PHASING ALIEN, AND AS THEY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY, THEY GRAZE TANNER.

No one can believe their eyes.

TANNER (cont'd)

Annie!! Run!!

BRIDGE

Johnny and Maya reach one of the narrow pathway's suspension bridges. Suddenly, AN ALIEN ON A SLIDER DISC RACES UP TOWARDS THEM, BLOCKING THEIR PATH. Maya and Johnny exchange a quick glance. They have the same idea.

THEY JUMP ONTO THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, WHICH ABSORBS THEIR WEIGHT AND THEN LAUNCHES THEM AT THE ALIEN.

BUT THE ALIEN PHASES AND THEY PASS RIGHT THROUGH IT, LANDING HARD ON THE LEDGE BEYOND IT.

BY THE TIME THEY TURN BACK AROUND, THE ALIEN LEAPS OFF ITS DISC, LANDING ON THE BRIDGE, TALONS EXTENDED. IT MOVES IN FOR THE KILL.

Johnny draws and SHOOTs. It PHASES. He fires again. Again the bullet passes harmlessly through him. Fear fills their eyes.

WHEN SILVER BLADE SUDDENLY DROPS IN FROM ABOVE, LANDING ON THE BRIDGE BEHIND THE ALIEN. HE LIFTS A TOMAHAWK HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD.

MAYA
Silver Blade, no!

SILVER BLADE
*I will wait for you in the next
life!*

Silver Blade USES HIS TOMAHAWK TO CHOP AWAY THE ROPE HOLDING THE BRIDGE UP!

THE ALIEN LETS OUT A PIERCING SHRIEK AS BOTH WARRIORS PLUNGE OFF THE BRIDGE, FALLING RIGHT TOWARDS THE ALIEN SHIP BELOW.

MAYA
NO!!!

APACHE VILLAGE

ANOTHER SLIDER DISC descends from the ship. Atop this one is an alien unlike the others. THE ALPHA ALIEN is taller, it seems to have twice the number of veins pumping blood through its body, and its iron skeleton extends beyond its skin, having the effect of giving it sharp spikes bristling over its body.

The Alpha Alien lets a SMALL SILVER BALL DROP FROM HIS HAND. IT BURROWS INTO THE GROUND, RACING TOWARDS THE APACHE ARCHERS.

THE APACHE SEE THE RIPPLE IN THE GROUND AS IT RACES RIGHT FOR THEM, DISAPPEARING DEEPER ONLY IN THE LAST TEN FEET.

THE APACHES LOOK DOWN, CONFUSED.

AND THEN A MASSIVE IMPLOSION SUCKS THE APACHE AND ABOUT A HUNDRED TONS OF DIRT AND ROCK INTO THE EARTH!!!

JOHNNY AND MAYA

Reach the bottom of the mesa and race towards the village,
searching for their children.

 MAYA JOHNNY
Ahote!!! Annie!!!

 ANNIE (O.S.)
DADDY, HELP!!!

Johnny zeroes in on the sound. He spots Annie's floral dress.
She runs from a pursuing Alien over a hundred yards away.

Johnny'd never make it in time. Instead, he draws his pistol,
and takes careful aim.

ANNIE

Trips and falls. When she turns back, the Alien is nearly on
top of her. It reaches down towards her and swipes with its
talons.

She closes her eyes in terror. BLAM. A bullet passes through
it, causing it to PHASE as it strikes. Its talons pass
harmlessly through her.

JOHNNY

He squints as he aims again.

 JOHNNY
Run to me Annie, run!!

ANNIE

Is too terrified. She simply backpedals, crawling on the
ground. The Alien strikes again. BLAM. It PHASES again,
missing.

Annie pulls out her PARASOL, jabbing at the Alien with it.

 ANNIE
You--get--away--from me!

JOHNNY

Watches as she crawls behind a Kiowa. Johnny hasn't got a
shot!

 JOHNNY
NO!!!

Johnny sprints down towards Annie.

ANNIE

Jabs it with her parasol again. The Alien PHASES, and the umbrella passes harmlessly through it.

BUT ANNIE DOESN'T WITHDRAW IT. SHE OPENS IT! AND A MOMENT LATER, THE ALIEN PHASES BACK, THE UMBRELLA STILL IN ITS GUT. It lets out an ALIEN SHRIEK that'd make your teeth shatter.

THE BLACK BLOOD INSIDE IT POOLS AND SPREADS. Annie pushes on the parasol and the Alien falls back, dead.

A moment later, Johnny comes running around the kiowa, nearly hugging the life out of her in relief.

AHOTE

runs frantically through the village, searching for a safe harbor that just isn't there. The Aliens seem to be everywhere.

SUDDENLY, HE'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND--BY MAYA, who takes just a moment to close her eyes and hold him tight.

AHOTE

Mommy!

Aliens, headed this way. Maya pulls her son the other way, only to see Aliens in that direction as well. She searches frantically for a safe direction.

SHE SEES ONLY ONE: TOWARDS THE ALIEN SHIP.

DIRT MOUND

A huge pile of dirt, created where one of the legs of the alien ship dug into the earth.

Maya and Ahote hide behind it, watching the massacre from afar.

YONA (O.S.)

Ahote!

Maya spots her mother, wandering between burning kiowas, searching in vain. HER YELLS BEGIN TO DRAW ALIEN ATTENTION.

YONA (cont'd)

Ahote!!!

MAYA
Stay here.

AHOTE
Mommy, I'm scared.

Maya kneels beside her son. She looks him square in the eye.

MAYA
*Even our bravest warrior is scared
 this day. I will come back, Ahote.
 I will always come for you.*

Maya runs for her mother, leaving Ahote next to the dirt mound.

THE ALPHA ALIEN

Two ALIENS arrive, dragging Sky Watcher between them. He's badly burned, but still clinging to life.

The Alpha motions to the ground and they throw Sky Watcher down. The Alpha stands over him, saying something in a strange tongue of clicks and hisses.

SKY WATCHER
 (in Apache)
*I am Sky Watcher, shaman of the
 Apache people. I will never help
 you find what you seek.*

The Alpha tilts its head, as if trying to comprehend something unfathomable. And a second later, IT FLARES ITS TALONS AND SEVERS SKY WATCHER'S HEAD.

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE

Yona, Maya's mother, still wanders through the burning village.

Maya runs quickly and silently towards her.

YONA
 Ahote!? Maya?!

Maya can only watch as an Alien on a slider disc changes course to intercept Alona.

MAYA
 Mother!

Yona turns and sees her daughter, still alive. It gives her a moment's peace, just as the Alien reaches her.

Maya looks away at the moment of impact, tears flooding her eyes.

THE ALPHA ALIEN

It stares down at the spot where Sky Watcher laid. It looks up, surveying the damage. The entire village seems destroyed. THE ALPHA ALIEN LETS OUT A PIERCING SHRIEK.

AT ONCE ALL THE ALIENS STOP THE MASSACRE. ONE BY ONE THEY FLOAT UP AND INTO THE ATTACK SHIP ON THEIR SLIDER DISCS.

AND JUST AS QUICKLY, THE SHIP RISES, THE KNIFE-LIKE LANDING GEAR LIFTING OUT OF THE DIRT MOUNDS BELOW AND FOLDING INTO THE SHIP.

THE SHIP RISES INTO THE CLOUDS AND RACES OFF.

And back on the ground, nothing moves except the smoke.

MAYA

stares at the area where Ahote was hiding.

MAYA

Ahote.

(louder)

Ahote!?

She runs over to the mound of dirt. It isn't a mound anymore. It is a hole in the ground where the enormous landing gear of the ship lifted up.

AHOTE IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. Maya's panicked eyes look left and right.

And lastly they rise to the clouds above. And she knows. She just knows.

MAYA (cont'd)

AHOTE!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - LATER

A heavy rain falls over the field of rubble and craters that once was an Apache village.

MAYA

her mother's feather still in her hair, sits by herself on a black rock.

She beats her breast and rocks rhythmically back and forth, a woman deep in mourning. She KEENS, periodically letting out cries of anguish.

Behind her, a giant flaming FUNERAL PYRE burns.

BLACK WIND (O.S.)
Sacred ground! You are not welcome!

Maya closes her eyes, trying to block out the noise.

FUNERAL PYRE

Johnny and the outlaws are face a wall of angry Apache.

JOHNNY
We just came to pay our respects.
We meant no offense.

BLACK WIND
Your very boots on our land
offends. You brought death upon us
when your people opened the Anuan
Hontora!

JOHNNY
They ain't 'my people' and I'm
tired of telling you people that!

MAYA (O.S.)
Stop it! Can you for one moment
stop fighting?! I have lost my son!

All eyes turn to Maya, now standing on the black rock.

MAYA (cont'd)
Have you not seen what I've seen?
We have a new enemy. We cannot
treat each other as we have. Only
together do we stand a chance.

Tanner, walking not far behind Johnny, steps into the circle.

TANNER
Lady, I'm not sure what you saw,
but those things went through us
like we weren't even there.
Together, apart, against them--I
doubt it matters.

MAYA
But I know something you do not.
Sky Watcher has seen our victory.
(MORE)

MAYA (cont'd)

He has seen a champion among us,
who will defeat even the Gods of
Death.

She repeats it in Apache. She's got their attention now.
Everyone has the same question on their minds.

Maya turns and stares at Johnny. Reactions range from
puzzlement (the gang) to hostile disbelief (the Apache). All
eyes are on Johnny, waiting for him to say something.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna need a moment alone.

EXT. AREA 51 - RAVINE

Johnny sits on a rock, struggling to figure out what to do.
The rest of the gang walks up.

EZEKIEL

Boss, no offense, but this ain't
what we signed on for.

MATTIAS

Yeah, them E.T.s is just too tough.

JOHNNY

E.T.s?

EZEKIEL

Enormous Thingys. That's what
Mattias and I call 'em.

Johnny just shakes his head.

JOHNNY

Guys? A key part of needing a
moment alone is that nobody else is
around.

EZEKIEL

Oh. No problem. We won't let nobody
else around.

TANNER

What exactly did that Sky Watcher
say to you up there?

JOHNNY

He said I have to bury my past to
save the future.

TANNER

What does that mean?

JOHNNY

Hell if I know. I'm still trying to figure out if there are more grasshoppers or ants.

EZEKIEL

Ants.

JOHNNY

What?

EZEKIEL

Ants. Hundreds of ants 'fer every grasshopper. That dry summer a few years back? Mattias 'n I lived on 'em. Taste kinda like chicken.

Johnny gets up and heads back towards the Apache. He rubs his temple, his headache's back.

INT. MAYA'S KIOWA

Stands alone in the remains of her kiowa, packing a rucksack.

JOHNNY

I need to talk with--

Johnny realizes what she's doing.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

You're leaving? Why?

MAYA

You must stop the Gods of Death. I must follow my own course.

JOHNNY

What? I don't get this--just ten minutes ago you were talking about 'standing together'.

MAYA

Where I must go, I can ask none to follow. I go to find my son. He was caught up in the legs of the silver beast.

Johnny follows her gaze to the clouds above. He takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

Maya, you have to know--the odds of him still being alive--

MAYA

He is alive. Every day until today
I would pray to White Wolf, to
guide me to his murderer. But today
I asked him to guide me to our son.
And he answered me. Ahote is alive.

JOHNNY

You don't know that. Just like I
wouldn't know if Annie were gone.
We love our children but we don't
have mystical powers. Now you go
out there chasing that thing and it
will kill you. And I--I don't want
that to happen.

Johnny grabs her hand, stopping her from packing.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Come with me. We can head down
Mexico way. I've got people I know
down there--we can get up into the
mountains, away from everything and
everybody. I can keep you safe,
Maya. All of you. Just don't go.

MAYA

I do not wish to part with you as
well, but I hold a faith you lack.
My child is out there, waiting for
me.

Maya picks up her last belonging--a necklace of colorful
stones. Johnny grabs it from her hand.

JOHNNY

Enough with the prayer beads! Your
prayers won't be answered, your
gods are not on your side, and I'm
trying to help you! I'm trying to
say I know there are more ants than
grasshoppers!

Maya smiles a bittersweet smile. Softly she takes his hand in
hers, and takes back the necklace.

MAYA

You do not understand. I do not
pray to the gods, I pray to my
husband, who watches over me. And
these are not prayer beads. It is a
warrior's necklace. His. Through
it, his spirit guides me.

But Johnny doesn't even hear her. All he can do is stare at the necklace in her hand.

HE'S SEEN IT BEFORE!!!

FLASH

FLASHBACK COLUMA - THE BATTLE FIVE YEARS AGO

THE SAME FLASHBACK WE SAW BEFORE.

JOHNNY'S POV: THE HUGE APACHE WARRIOR WITH A MULTI-COLORED STONE NECKLACE LEAPS RIGHT TOWARD US WITH A HUGE KNIFE.

OUR VIEW DROPS TO THE NECKLACE. IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE ONE MAYA NOW HOLDS.

JOHNNY RAISES HIS GUN, HOPING THE THREAT WILL STOP THE GIANT APACHE. IT DOES NOT. THE FEARLESS APACHE KEEPS COMING.

JOHNNY WAITS UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT, THEN--BLAM!!! BLOOD SPLATTERS UP AT US AS THE APACHE CLINGS TO US, A LOOK OF SADNESS AND PAIN ON HIS FACE. HE DIES JUST INCHES FROM OUR EYES.

EXT. RAVINE - LATER

SOUND OVER: THE GUNSHOT STILL ECHOES.

Johnny holds his head in his hands. Tanner's shocked as well.

TANNER

Man, when Karma gets ahold of you
she sure don't let go.

(Johnny nods)

And she doesn't know?

JOHNNY

I get the distinct impression that
if she knew, I'd be a dead man.

TANNER

That makes our choice even easier.
First burrito is on me.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but there's just one problem
with that. I can't go.

TANNER

Johnny--

JOHNNY

I killed her husband. I killed that little boy's father. And now the boy's been taken from her too? How could you live with that?

TANNER

What are you saying you want to do?

JOHNNY

I'm going after them. I'm gonna bring the boy back.

TANNER

Johnny, I've seen you do crazy things before, but you're talking Finkle Brother kind of crazy now.

JOHNNY

Tanner, you believe more in this destiny stuff than I do. Can't you see I have to get this boy back?

Tanner's brow furrows--he'd love to say no...but he can't.

TANNER

I'll be damned if you get all the heroic glory while I'm down in Mexico gettin' the squirts. Okay, Johnny--so how are we gonna do this?

Johnny smiles, knowing all along his best friend was behind him. He looks down at the valley below, the ALIEN LIGHTS PLAYING THROUGH THE CLOUDS, SEARCHING THE LAND BELOW.

JOHNNY

I'm working on it.

EXT. MAYA'S KIOWA - DUSK

Johnny catches Maya just as she's about to leave.

JOHNNY

Come with me, I need your help.

EXT. THE REMAINS OF SKY WATCHER'S CAVE - NIGHT

From the rubble-strewn ruins, Johnny stares off at the night sky, his eyes following the blue search light of the alien ship in the distance.

At his feet lies the remains of one of the cave paintings: A
MAP OF THE REGION.

JOHNNY

All right. It's passing behind that
mesa out there. Which one is that?

MAYA

Tanko. The bald one.

Johnny finds it on the map and marks it with a stick of
charcoal.

MAYA (cont'd)

Why did you change your mind?

JOHNNY

Ssh. I'm concentrating. Which is
this mesa?

MAYA

Namonta Tenua. Your people call it
Little Flat Top.

Johnny takes his pencil and begins connecting the dots.

MAYA (cont'd)

Because if you think to stop me
from finding my son--

THE PATH OF THE ALIEN SHIP BECOMES CLEAR. IT IS FOLLOWING AN
INTRICATE DIAMOND PATTERN.

JOHNNY

That ship is not moving randomly.
It's following a search pattern, a
lot like a mining grid.

MAYA

You know of mining?

JOHNNY

(cautiously)

I know a little about a lot.

MAYA

What does this mean? This pattern?

JOHNNY

It means not only will we know
where they are. We're gonna know
where they will be.

MAYA

I don't understand.

JOHNNY

It means that at noon tomorrow,
that ship's gonna pass right by
Little Flat Top, and we're gonna be
there to hitch a ride.

Maya realizes what he's saying.

MAYA

No. Finding my son is my journey.
Your purpose lies elsewhere.

JOHNNY

Right, defeating the gods of death.
The moment you figure out how I'm
supposed to do that you let me
know. In the mean time, let's go
get your son.

EXT. SMOKING CRATER - NIGHT

Torres uses a lantern to examine the strange black crater and
the gravesites.

Behind him, the General waits impatiently.

TORRES

It's a trick. They're hiding.
Thinking they can lead us into some
kind of ambush.

TORRES (cont'd)

I think we're looking at an ambush,
sir. Whatever happened here--its
like the Apache never got off a
shot.

GENERAL TIBBET

Exactly why it's a trick. In seven
years we've never successfully
ambushed the Apache, Captain. I
would have thought you'd remember
that.

Torres bites his tongue and keeps silent, but the crater
bothers him.

EXT. REMAINS OF THE APACHE VILLAGE - DAWN

Johnny stands on a rock and addresses the outlaws and Apache gathered. Maya stands nearby as well. He strokes his SILVER BULLET for a moment before he speaks.

JOHNNY

Okay, so this is where I'd usually tell you some inspiring story of how I got it all worked out, and that if we work together we're gonna beat these bastards. There's just one problem with that. It's a lie.

Maya stares at Johnny, surprised. Shocked even.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I thought you said you were going to translate for me?

Maya looks at her people, waiting for inspiration.

MAYA

He says he has a plan to defeat the gods of death. He says that with the might of our Apache warriors we cannot lose.

A rumble moves through the Apache. They like what they hear. Johnny is pleasantly surprised.

JOHNNY

(to Maya)

This is going better than I thought.

(to everyone)

Truth is, your Sky Watcher said I was gonna defeat your Gods of Death--but he never mentioned how that's supposed to happen. Actually, you want the real truth, I think your Sky Watcher may have been sniffing the wrong incense if you get my point.

TANNER

Johnny? A little truth goes a long way.

Maya winks to him, then turns to the Apache.

MAYA

He says Sky Watcher had a vision of glorious victory for our people. We will trample upon the bones of our enemy, those who have brought such destruction upon our home. And in this, Sky Watcher foresaw this man leading us.

The WAR CRIES start in earnest. The Apache love what they're hearing. The entire gang is surprised by the reaction.

JOHNNY

I gotta tell you. The honesty thing is kinda new for me. If I had any idea it would go over this well I'd have done it a long time ago.

(beat)

Anyway, at noon, the silver ship will pass by Hanging Rock. That is where we strike.

(to everyone)

Now who's with me?!

Maya doesn't need to translate this one. She steps up to Johnny and joins her hand with his. Black Wind is the first Apache to step forward. He puts his hand on top of theirs.

OVERHEAD

ONE BY ONE, WHITE AND BROWN, HANDS ARE ADDED TO THE PILE UNTIL THERE IS NO ONE LEFT. AN ALLIANCE HAS BEEN FORMED. THERE ARE NO MORE ENEMIES.

EXT. HORSE CORRAL - DAWN

The Apaches and Outlaws prepare their horses and mount up. Except for the few elderly Apache women and children, who pack up to head out on foot.

Annie looks around and sees no horse for her.

ANNIE

Daddy? Where's my horse?

JOHNNY

Baby, you're gonna go with the Apache women. They know a place you'll be safe.

Annie's eyes begin to tear, her voice quaking.

ANNIE

You're--you're sending me away
again? What did I do wrong?

JOHNNY

You didn't do anything wrong,
honey. I just want you to be safe.

ANNIE

And what about what I want?!

Johnny catches Maya's eye--she nods to him, motioning to
Annie. Johnny gets off his horse.

JOHNNY

What do you want, honey?

ANNIE

I want to be with you. That's all I
ever wanted.

Johnny holds Annie tight.

JOHNNY

I want to be with you too. But if
anything bad happened to you--

Annie pulls herself away, brightening.

ANNIE

You don't have to worry about me.
I'm a better shot than half your
gang. Ask Uncle Tanner.

Johnny looks at Tanner, who quickly looks away, whistling.

JOHNNY

What are you talking about?

ANNIE

The truth, daddy. Isn't it time we
both got to it?

Johnny meets his daughter's stare. It looks like the
beginning of a gunfight.

JOHNNY

Let's do it. You want the first
move?

ANNIE

That floozy I kicked out of your
house.

Johnny takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

Okay. Fine. I was having--
relations with her. But I don't
love her. I haven't--I haven't been
able to give my heart to anyone
since your mother died.

ANNIE

What about her?

Annie nods towards Maya in the distance.

JOHNNY

You got your one question. My turn.
What is this about you being good
with a gun?

ANNIE

I've been missing classes to
practice with my gun. I even won a
trophy last month.

JOHNNY

You've been what?!

ANNIE

Daddy, I hate that school. Well,
most of that school. I love English
and History and Geography and all
that, but half my day is studying
Womanly Arts. Polite conversation,
cooking--Daddy I hate cooking!

JOHNNY

(deadpan)

Really?

ANNIE

I know you want me to be more like
mom. But, Daddy, I'm just not. I'm
more like you. Always have been.
Now I don't know if you noticed or
not, but I been taking care of
myself for years. I can take care
of myself now. And you sure as heck
need all the help you can get. So--
what do you say?

Johnny stares at his daughter with new eyes. She's brave,
confident, strong. How can he say no?

JOHNNY
Annie--get your gun.

EXT. DESERT VISTA - DAWN

In the distance, the sun rises over a strange cloud formation. A RUMBLING IS HEARD.

Over the nearest ridge rides Johnny, leading a large posse. Apache and white man (and girl) ride side by side, all mixed together.

JOHNNY
Okay! Switch out!! Now!!

Johnny, Maya and the rest of his gang LEAP FROM THEIR TIRED HORSES TO THE RIDERLESS HORSES IN TOW.

With the better rested horses, they quickly pull away from the Apache who yell WAR CRIES in support.

EXT. HANGING ROCK - NEARLY NOON

A steep mesa with a strange lip on its flat top that extends out over the desert floor far below.

MAYA
Little Flat Top. Never would I believe we could make it so fast.

MATTIAS (O.S.)
Boss!

Johnny turns back and sees what Mattias sees. Those same strange, dark clouds moving right towards them.

JOHNNY
Just in time. Okay, everyone knows what to do--

ANNIE
I don't.

Johnny pulls over the last of the spare horses.

JOHNNY
Annie, you have the most important job of all.

EXT. WATERING HOLE - DAY

Annie kicks a rock in frustration as she watches over the horses drinking from the shallow pond.

ANNIE
 (angry)
 Most important job.

EXT. HANGING ROCK - MESA TOP - DAY

HEE-YAA!!! Johnny, Tanner, Maya and the Twins ride all out on top of the mesa.

AS WE PULL AWAY, WE SEE THAT OVER THE EDGE OF THE MESA, THE STRANGE CLOUDS RACE PAST, NEARLY AT THEIR HEIGHT. AND FROM ABOVE, THE ATTACK SHIP CAN CLEARLY BE SEEN, NESTLED AT THE CENTER OF THE CLOUD.

They pull their horses close to the ledge nearest the Attack ship.

JOHNNY
 Get ready! We're only gonna get one shot at this!

MAYA
 I do not understand! How are we to get on that ship?!

JOHNNY
 Haven't you ever robbed a train before!?!

AND THEN JOHNNY AND THE TWINS GET IN A FAMILIAR-LOOKING FORMATION. LIKE THE FORMATION JOHNNY USED TO ROB THE TRAIN!

The Finkle Twins throw a horse blanket between them and Johnny rides up and jumps on it.

MATTIAS
 Boss, you sure you can do this?
 Usually Tanner's the one--

JOHNNY
 I got moves you've never seen, now
 DO IT!

The Finkle Twins TOSS HIM AND THE BLANKET HIGH IN THE AIR.

JOHNNY TUMBLES, SOMERSAULTING THROUGH THE AIR, HUNDREDS OF FEET UP. AND SLAM! HE LANDS ON THE TOP OF THE ATTACK SHIP!

ON TOP OF THE ATTACK SHIP

Using his feet to brace him, Johnny tosses a rope back to the riders. Maya grabs the rope and SWINGS ACROSS THE CHASM, landing safely on a ledge on the side of the Attack ship.

She tosses the rope back to the Finkle Twins, but--

TANNER
We're out of room!

TOP OF THE MESA

The Finkle Twins look ahead and see that they've run out of mesa. They're galloping right off a cliff.

Together with Tanner, they fight the horses to a stop just in time, the hooves of their horses crumbling away the very edge of the side of the mesa.

TANNER

Pulls his horse back, watching as the ship--with Johnny and Maya upon it--heading off into the distance.

TANNER (cont'd)
Go get 'em, Johnny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HANGING ROCK - DAY

Tanner and the Finkle Brothers reach the bottom of the mesa, where the Apache wait for them.

EZEKIEL
Cheer up, fellas! We got them on
board that flying saucer!

But the Apache aren't smiling. CLICK.

Tanner looks around to see the ENTIRE CAVALRY DIVISION
SURROUNDING THEM.

TANNER
For once, I'd like to see one of
these plans work.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY

Tanner and the Apache are on their knees, hands behind their heads. The soldiers begin tying the hands of the Apache, while General Tibbet crouches beside Tanner.

GENERAL TIBBET
Where are they?

TANNER
Where are who?

The General hauls off and PUNCHES Tanner in the face. Two soldiers lift Tanner back onto his knees, sporting a fat lip.

GENERAL TIBBET

Where are the rest of your Apache friends?

TORRES

And where is Johnny Dixon?

Tanner looks up at the sky a moment.

TANNER

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

The General punches Tanner again. Again he goes down.

TANNER (cont'd)

Okay--he's on this big--thing.
About a hundred stagecoaches long.
Circular. Smooth silver. Oh, and it
flies through the sky and rains
fire down on anything that moves
beneath it.

The General looks disgusted. He thinks Tanner's messing with him. But Torres? His eyes light up at Tanner's words.

TORRES

Sir, those destroyed villages--

Tibbet silences him with a gesture.

GENERAL TIBBET

Captain, finish securing the
prisoners and mount up for the
mining camp at Columa.

TORRES

Columa, sir? Shouldn't we send the
prisoners back to the fort?

GENERAL TIBBET

Do you realize what we have here?
We have bait for the big fish. And
all we've got to do is dangle it
and our enemies will come to us.

THE RIDGE ABOVE

Annie drops the reins of the fresh horses, shocked by what she sees.

She pushes the horses back and takes cover, careful not to be seen. Her face is panicked as she realizes whatever she does-- she'll be doing it all alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN SHIP - TOPSIDE

Johnny pulls a rope from his belt and quickly ties a lasso. He swings it around his head, judging the wind and throws it up above them, around one of the silver spires atop the ship.

He holds the other end in his hand.

JOHNNY

Hold on to me.

MAYA

What are we going to do?

JOHNNY

Trust me. You don't want to know.

She grabs onto Johnny and THEY RUN RIGHT FOR THE EDGE OF THE SHIP. THEY PICK UP SPEED AS THE SLOPE CURVES DOWNWARDS AND AT THE VERY EDGE, THEY LEAP INTO THIN AIR!

THE ROPE COILS OUT UNTIL IT HAS NO MORE SLACK TO GIVE, THEN PULLS TIGHT. AS THE WEIGHT INCREASES, MAYA SLIPS, GRABBING ONTO JOHNNY. JOHNNY GRIMACES AS HE TRIES TO HANG ON.

THE ROPE SWINGS THEM DOWNWARDS, CONVERTING THEIR MOMENTUM INTO A LONG, FAST ARC. THEY SWING DOWN UNDER THE SHIP. JOHNNY'S ARMS STRAIN AS THEIR ARC CARRIES THEM BACK UPWARDS. THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE BLUE BEAM OF LIGHT.

AT THE LAST SECOND, JOHNNY LETS GO OF THE ROPE AND THEIR TRAJECTORY SENDS THEM FLYING UP THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP!

INT. ALIEN SHIP - THE LENS ROOM

They land with a THUD just inches from the blue beam of light blasting through an oval LENS mounted in the ceiling of this crawlspace.

Above them, something moves. A shadow falls over the lens as an ALIEN stands directly above them, searching for the source of the noise. Silently, Johnny and Maya roll deeper into the shadows.

The alien stares down at the lens, sees nothing, and continues on. Johnny and Maya let out a deep breath.

They search for some way out of this crawlspace, feeling around in the darkness.

Maya's arm touches something soft. GOOEY. IT PULLS HER IN.

MAYA
(whispers)
Johnny!

Johnny turns only to see Maya sucked through the black wall. He takes a deep breath and dives after her.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR

Not exactly a corridor. It looks more like a windpipe, or a gullet. THE FLOOR AND WALLS RIPPLE, PULLING JOHNNY ALONG as he hurtles through this twisty, undulating tunnel.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - DARKENED ROOM

Johnny and Maya are spit into a dark room out some kind of membrane that closes behind them. The only source of light: the outline of several FORMS standing atop pedestals.

MAYA
What was that?

JOHNNY
I don't know, but I don't ever want
to go back that way again.

As they step towards the pedestals, THE LIGHTS COME UP in the room--

HALL OF CONQUEST

Standing atop each pedestal are TWENTY DIFFERENT SPACE CREATURES, LINED UP, ALL STARING RIGHT AT THEM! Johnny goes for his gun and is about to shoot, when he realizes that these things are dead.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
What the hell?

STUFFED IN FACT. THE BATTLE-SCARRED CREATURES ARE IN VARYING STATES OF DECOMPOSITION, ONLY SLIGHTLY PRESERVED IN SOME KIND OF FORMALDEHYDE-LIKE SUBSTANCE.

MAYA
What is this place?

JOHNNY

Looks like--maybe it's some kind of
Boot Hill. Your gods of death are
keeping score.

Johnny gapes at each in turn, until he reaches the end of the
row, where an EMPTY PEDESTAL STANDS.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

They even saved a place for us.

EXT. COLUMA GORGE - DAY

The cavalry drag their bound captives to Columa: a deep,
black gorge, hundreds of feet deep. To us it is familiar. IT
IS THE GORGE CREATED BY THE ALIEN SHIP CRASH IN THE BEGINNING
OF THE FILM.

WE PULL BACK, revealing Annie, secretly following them from a
distance.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - HALL OF CONQUEST

Johnny and Maya search the black walls.

JOHNNY

There has to be a way out of here
somehow.

Johnny pushes a section of wall which suddenly OPENS, putting
Johnny FACE TO FACE WITH AN ALIEN.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Get down!

Johnny draws his pistol. The Alien lunges for them as he
FIRES.

THE ALIEN PHASES AS THE BULLET PASSES THROUGH HIM. AND BY
PHASING, ITS TALONS PASS RIGHT THROUGH JOHNNY AND MAYA.

Johnny grabs Maya and they start running, back the way they
came, past the alien trophies. They reach the wall and start
pounding on it--to no avail.

The alien menacingly bears down upon them, his talons
glistening in the light.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Hey, hey, wait. We come in peace.

No sale. Johnny draws again and fires, missing the alien--

BUT THEN SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENS. THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE SCALY HIDE OF THE STUFFED "MEN IN BLACK" BUG--

AND STRIKES THE ALIEN IN THE BACK. IT SHRIEKS IN AGONY, FLAILING AROUND THE ROOM, BLOOD HEMORRHAGING INSIDE ITS BODY.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

What the--?

The Alien isn't done. It lashes out at Johnny again. Johnny FIRES AT THE SAME SPOT. THE BULLETS RICOCHET AGAIN AND AGAIN, LODGING IN THE ALIEN'S BODY.

THIS TIME IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR, WRITHING IN PAIN.

MAYA

What is happening?

JOHNNY

These bastards do have a weakness after all. Ricochets.

The Alien, with its last breath, presses a spot on the wall. A LOUD ALARM SOUNDS, LIGHTS FLASH.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

That can't be good.

A moment later, WHOOSH! TWO MORE ALIENS come through another door in the room.

THEY CHARGE RIGHT FOR JOHNNY AND MAYA. JOHNNY AIMS CAREFULLY AND--CLICK! NO MORE BULLETS! MAYA DRAWS HER KNIFE, EVEN THOUGH SHE KNOWS IT'S HELPLESS.

BUT AT THE LAST SECOND, THE ALIENS PHASE AS SOMETHING PASSES THROUGH THEM FROM BEHIND.

TOMAHAWKS, TWO OF THEM. RACING RIGHT FOR JOHNNY AND MAYA--

UNTIL AT THE LAST SECOND THEY STOP, AND SUDDENLY CHANGE DIRECTION, YANKED BACK BY THE ROPES TIED TO THEIR HANDLES.

AND ON THE RETURN TRIP, THE TOMAHAWKS BURY THEMSELVES IN THE BODIES OF THE ALIENS, WHO GO DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

And standing behind the Aliens: **SILVER BLADE.**

MAYA

Silver Blade?! Thank the gods!

She runs to Silver Blade and hugs him.

JOHNNY
(much less enthusiastic)
Yeah. Thank the gods.

SILVER BLADE
I prefer killing them to thanking
them.

JOHNNY
How the hell did you survive that
fall?

SILVER BLADE
They have not yet invented a sure
way to kill a warrior of the Apache
Nation.

MAYA
Ahote, where is he?

SILVER BLADE
Ahote? He is here?

MAYA
He was caught in the legs of this
beast.

SILVER BLADE
I know where such things are. This
way. We must hurry.

JOHNNY
Wait a minute. I want to do one
thing first.

MOMENTS LATER:

THE ALPHA ALIEN

Enters the trophy hall, surrounded by several armed aliens,
ready to open fire. But there's no indication of humans,
except for--

THE FINAL PEDESTAL

Johnny has placed the dead form on one of the aliens on the
empty pedestal in the Hall--the pedestal meant for us.

EXT. COLUMA - LIP OF THE GORGE

Annie stare down into the depths of the gorge. There at the
very bottom sits a small, one-street mining town.

In one corner of that town, an outdoor jail has been hastily constructed with barbed wire. Tanner and the Apache are chained to stakes in the ground.

WE PAN UP TO THE FIRST OF THE STRANGE CLOUDS ARRIVING OVERHEAD.

EXT. COLUMA - JAIL

Tanner and the others in the jail see the same clouds approaching. Tanner yells at Torres who's staring up as well.

TANNER

Hey--you! Guy-whose-train-we-stole?! You know something's going on, don't you? You'd better get your general over here quick.

TORRES

You know something, you say it to me.

TANNER

When those clouds up there reach us--all of you, all of this--is a goner.

Torres looks skyward again. The clouds move fast.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - SCANNING CHAMBER

Dominating the room is a huge glowing orb hanging from the ceiling. And shooting from the bottom of the orb, that familiar blue beam, blasting into the lens below.

Holograms float around the orb showing X-RAY pictures of the terrain beneath them.

In the corners of the room, sections of the LEGS OF THE SHIP protrude. Maya, Johnny, and Silver Blade enter.

SILVER BLADE

The legs of this beast extend from here.

MAYA

What is this place?

SILVER BLADE

The light from the sky comes from here. Beyond that, only the gods know.

But Johnny's staring at the holograms. They show a pattern, looking very much like mineshafts in the earth. Johnny's starting to figure it out when--

MAYA
We must find Ahote.

EXT. ALIEN SHIP

The blue beam blasts through the clouds and scans a mountain.

WE PAN AHEAD. On the other side of the mountain: the Columa gorge.

EXT. COLUMA - JAIL

Tanner and the others have their eyes peeled on the clouds.

GENERAL TIBBET (O.S.)
I hear you have a warning for me,
traitor.

Tanner turns around to see the General and Torres.

TANNER
You got a whole world of hurt
coming your way.

GENERAL TIBBET
I don't think so.

TORRES
Sir, you should listen to them--

GENERAL TIBBET
Fine. You want to warn me? Let me
warn you. God is on the side with
the best artillery.

TANNER
Yeah? Well what if you don't have
the best artillery anymore?

INT. ALIEN SHIP - SCANNING CHAMBER

Maya, Johnny and Silver Blade search the dark walls of the room for openings, or any sign of Ahote.

The holograms above change as the X-RAY passes over something else in the earth. SOMETHING HUGE, BURIED DEEP BELOW!

A SCREECHING ALIEN ALARM SOUNDS. Johnny, Maya, and Silver Blade fall to the ground as the ship slows rapidly.

EVERY PORTAL IN THIS CHAMBER OPENS. ALIENS FLOOD IN, LED BY THE ALPHA ALIEN.

RACKS DROP FROM THE CEILING LOADED WITH SLIDER DISCS.

THE ALIENS MOUNT THE SLIDER DISCS AND IN GROUPS OF THREE THEY DESCEND BELOW, RACING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

And as the last Alien takes a slider disc, we notice something hiding in the back of the rack.

NOT SOMETHING, SOMEONE. **AHOTE!!**

Maya spots him instantly and rises from their hiding place. Johnny and Silver Blade both pull her down.

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET

As the cavalry stare up into the clouds, ALIENS DESCEND ON SLIDER DISCS.

The General steps out of the barracks just in time to see them descend.

GENERAL TIBBET

What in God's name is that?

TORRES

That--would be better artillery.

TORRES RUNS JUST AS SHOCKWAVES FILL THE AIR. THE DEFENSELESS CAVALRY BELOW ARE RIPPED APART BY THE WAVES.

GENERAL TIBBET

George--Armstrong--Custer!

Fitting last words. A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE ROCKETS IN AND THE GENERAL DISSOLVES AWAY BEFORE OUR EYES!

THE FEW SURVIVORS FIRE BACK AT THE DESCENDING HORDE, BUT TO NO EFFECT. TORRES DODGES THE BLASTS, TRYING TO MAKE IT TO THE PRISONERS, BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH OPEN GROUND. HE TAKES COVER IN THE SALOON.

Tanner and the Apache can only watch as the shockwaves get closer and closer. Their chains won't budge.

BLAM. TANNER'S CHAINS BREAK BEHIND HIM. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. ONE BY ONE THE APACHES' CHAINS BREAK AS WELL.

Tanner looks everywhere trying to see who's shooting. A WHISTLE sends his eyes skyward.

ANNIE LIES PRONE TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE, ON THE EDGE OF THE GORGE, RIFLE IN HAND.

Tanner shoots her a quick grin and a wink and he and the Apache run for cover. The very next moment, the stakes they were chained to dissolve under a hail of shockwaves.

TANNER

Thank god she shoots better than
she cooks.

Torres waves them over to the Saloon.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - SCANNING ROOM

The last alien steps on its slider disc, about to dive through the hole below. But it turns at the last moment, staring back at the empty rack.

STARING DIRECTLY AT AHOTE! IT OPENS ITS JAWS AS IF TO YELL!

MAYA THROWS HER KNIFE IN A SPLIT-SECOND. THE KNIFE REBOUNDS OFF THE DARK WALL AND PLANTS ITSELF IN THE FOREHEAD OF THE ALIEN. IT DROPS WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND, FALLING WITH ITS SLIDER DISC OUT THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

MAYA MOTIONS TO HER SON. HE RUNS TO HER! MOTHER AND SON HUG UNTIL THEY NEARLY BECOME ONE.

MAYA

(whispering)

I will never leave you again,
Ahote.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - THE LENS ROOM

They exit the strange portal and find themselves back in this tiny crawlspace.

Johnny stares down through the opening in the floor. There are no clouds now. Instead, Johnny has a clear view of the Columa Gorge below.

JOHNNY

Columa.

And just as he says it, THE ALIEN SHIP DROPS DOWN INTO THE GORGE, HEADING RIGHT FOR A HORSE CORRAL ON THE EDGE OF TOWN.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Finally, a little karma working for
me. Looks like we'll get close
enough to the ground to jump out.

But then, SOMETHING DROPS FROM THE ALIEN SHIP. SIX SILVER BALLS, THEY LOOK VERY MUCH LIKE THE BURROWERS THE ALPHA ALIEN HAD ONLY THESE ARE EACH TEN TIMES THE SIZE.

And sure enough, they hit the rocky ground near the corral and immediately burrow beneath, forming a huge circle. AND A MOMENT LATER, THE GROUND DISINTEGRATES CREATING A HUGE CRATER IN THE EARTH.

THE CORRAL, HORSES AND ALL, TUMBLE DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE OF THE CRATER, FALLING AN IMPOSSIBLE DISTANCE BENEATH THE EARTH.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Nope. Still screwed.

EXT. COLUMA

The Alien Ship descends rapidly, DIVING DOWN INTO THE CRATER.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - THE LENS ROOM

The room goes dark as the ship descends into the dark, impossibly deep tunnel. Only the blue beam provides any light.

AND FAR, FAR BELOW, THE BLUE BEAM REFLECTS OFF SOMETHING. SOMETHING SILVER. SOMETHING SHINY. SOMETHING ENORMOUS.

As the ship nears the smooth silver surface, THE BLUE BEAM FOCUSES ON A PINPOINT AT THE VERY CENTER OF THE SMOOTH SILVER FORM. IT SHOOTS A LIGHT BACK UP TOWARDS THE SHIP AND A SECOND LATER, IT OPENS, A CRACK THAT WIDENS UNTIL THE ENTIRE ALIEN SHIP CAN FLY THROUGH.

INT. ALIEN MOTHERSHIP

This place is pitch black, but as the Alien ship descends into the cavernous space, its blue beam of light reflects off the surface far below and bounces around enough to give us an idea of what we are inside.

THIS IS SOME KIND OF MOTHERSHIP, THE SCALE OF WHICH IS ALMOST UNFATHOMABLE. A HUNDRED, PERHAPS EVEN A THOUSAND OF THE ALIEN SHIPS JOHNNY IS ON COULD EASILY FIT INSIDE THIS THING.

AND THE ONE OTHER THING THAT IS EASILY NOTICED: EVERY STRUCTURE, EVERY SURFACE IN HERE IS FROZEN, COATED WITH A THICK LAYER OF ICE.

The Alien Ship slows as it finally reaches the bottom of the massive space. Its legs extend once again, only this time they each find a pylon, made just for docking with such a ship.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - THE COLUMNS

Johnny, Maya, Silver Blade, and Ahote run down what can only be described as a valley in this massive ship. Row after endless row of tall, frozen columns rise up thousands of feet in the air, punctuated by a spiderweb of what appear to be catwalks that connect the columns at various heights.

It looks like some kind of alien forest rising a thousand feet above them.

SILVER BLADE

Never have I seen a cave as this.

JOHNNY

It's not a cave. It's another flying saucer.

AND THEN STRANGE CRACKING AND SHATTERING NOISES ECHO THROUGH THE SHIP AS THE ICE FOREST AROUND THEM BEGINS TO GLOW.

Silver Blade points back behind them. They follow his finger, and spot the ALPHA ALIEN. IT STANDS ON SOME KIND OF RAISED DAIS, AND EVERYWHERE ITS CLAW POINTS, THE ICE FOREST BEGINS TO GLOW LIKE CHRISTMAS TREES. SECTIONS OF THE CATWALKS BEGIN MOVING, RISING AND FALLING THROUGH MIDAIR LIKE ELEVATORS. This massive ship begins to awake.

AHOTE SCREAMS! Maya quickly clamps her hand over her son's mouth as the scream echoes.

The Alpha Alien pauses a moment, staring out at the thousands of columns around it. Seeing nothing, it resumes its work waking the ship.

But Ahote's terror doesn't subside. Only Maya's hand over his mouth keeps him quiet. They all turn and look in the direction Ahote is facing.

THE EERIE GLOW, WHICH NOW ILLUMINATES THE NEAREST COLUMN, REVEALS FROZEN ALIEN WARRIORS INSIDE. EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF COLUMNS CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF ALIENS STACKED ONE ON TOP OF ANOTHER, ENCIRCLING THE ENTIRE SHIP. EACH ONE, FROZEN AT ATTENTION.

MAYA

This is what Sky Watcher was protecting. It is their burial ship.

Silver Blade's face stiffens with the horrible realization.

SILVER BLADE

No. This was an invasion force.

Johnny notices a steady stream of water leaking out of the defrosting racks.

JOHNNY

It still is.

SUDDENLY, THE EYES OF ALL THE ALIENS UP THE COLUMN POP OPEN AT THE SAME MOMENT!

Our gang jumps back from the column, terrified. In the distance they hear more sounds of ICE CRACKING.

They turn and look out over the ship. Level after level, column after column. THE ICE IS THAWING! THE ALIENS ARE AWAKENING!!!

THE ALIEN IN THE COLUMN NEAREST THEM BREAKS THROUGH THE ICE AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR. IT CRAWLS TOWARDS THEM. JOHNNY AND THE OTHERS RUN, BUT IN EACH DIRECTION THEY SEE MORE ALIENS AWAKENING.

They back up into the dark recesses of the ship as they see an army come to life.

JOHNNY

Eyes wide in fear, slowly backs away from the aliens. Suddenly, he feels a cloud of STEAMING BREATH ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK. SOMETHING IS BEHIND HIM--SOMETHING BIG.

JOHNNY SPINS AND TAKES AIM--

AT A HORSE. THREE HORSES TO BE PRECISE. AND BEHIND THEM, THE WRECKAGE OF THE HORSE CORRAL.

For the first time in a long while, Johnny smiles.

CUT TO:

THE ALPHA ALIEN

Stands on its dais as AN ARMY OF ALIENS SHAMBLE INTO VIEW.

SUDDENLY HE SPOTS SILVER BLADE AND MAYA RIDING PAST AT FULL GALLOP. THE ALPHA ALIENS SCREECHES, RAISING HIS WEAPON TO FIRE.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Yee-haa!!!

JOHNNY, WITH AHOTE SEATED BEHIND HIM ON THE HORSE, LEAPS RIGHT THROUGH THE ALPHA ALIEN'S HEAD, FORCING IT TO PHASE.

THE ALPHA FIRES A SHOCKWAVE, BUT MISSES JUST AS JOHNNY'S HORSE LEAPS ONTO A RISING PLATFORM. MAYA AND SILVER BLADE DO THE SAME.

BUT UP ABOVE, MORE ALIENS GATHER, EXTENDING THEIR TALONS, WAITING FOR THE PLATFORM TO REACH THEM.

BUT JUST AS THE PLATFORM REACHES THE ALIENS, JOHNNY WHISTLES AND KICKS HIS HORSE HARD. IT LEAPS DOWN, LANDING ON ONE OF THE PLATFORMS MOVING DOWNWARDS, IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. SILVER BLADE AND MAYA FOLLOW HIS LEAD.

THE ALIENS SCREECH IN FURY AS OUR GANG DROPS AWAY FROM THEM.

JOHNNY KICKS IT INTO A GALLOP, GUIDING THE HORSE ALONG THE NARROW PLATFORM, A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Stay close!!!

THE ALIENS RACE IN PURSUIT, CLOSE ON THEIR HEELS.

JOHNNY AND HIS HORSE LEAP AGAIN, THIS TIME LANDING ON A RISING PLATFORM. AND BEFORE THE HORSE CAN TAKE ANOTHER STEP, JOHNNY HAS IT LEAP AGAIN ACROSS A WIDE CHASM, LANDING ON ANOTHER LOWERING PLATFORM.

LEAPING UP AND DOWN, BUT ALWAYS MOVING FORWARD, JOHNNY AND THE OTHERS SLOWLY WORK THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE TOP OF THE SHIP. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE INSIDE SOME KIND OF REAL-WORLD VIDEO GAME.

EXT. COLUMA - DAY

WE MOVE ACROSS the smoke-shrouded, decimated street, over the broken bodies of cavalymen, and beneath the porch of the saloon, where we discover a hidden window and a PAIR OF EYES LOOKING OUT.

INT. COLUMA - LIQUOR VAULT

Tanner stares out the basement-level window, his gun at the ready. The vault is a series of dug-out storage spaces filled with the good stuff for the bar above.

Behind Tanner, sitting in hushed silence are the surviving members of our team: the Finkles, Annie, Torres, Black Wind and a handful of Apache braves.

BLACK WIND
(whispering)
Are they still out there?

TANNER
Only one way to find out.

EXT. COLUMA - SALOON

Tanner and Black Wind carefully creep out of the saloon, weapons at the ready. The town is eerily silent.

Suddenly, Black Wind grabs Tanner, forcing him to freeze. Tanner follows Black Wind's eyes: straight up.

Directly over their heads is the bottom of a hovering slider disc. One more step and the alien above will spot them.

Just then, a SCREAM is heard in the distance. The slider disc moves off like a bat out of hell, heading in the direction of the screams. Shadows in the distance do the same, converging for the kill.

The two men sneak off in the opposite direction the aliens went, discovering--

A MASSIVE HOLE IN THE GROUND

A giant smoldering crater lies where the mine once stood, surrounded by piles of smoking debris.

And from deep in the subterranean depths come the inhuman SHRIEKS and WAILS of the aliens.

Tanner and Black Wind sneak over to the massive hole.

TANNER
What do you suppose is down there?

BLACK WIND
Hell.

Suddenly, some of the debris near the surface SHIFTS. Tanner immediately goes for his gun, terrified. A heavy waft of smoke obscures his vision as a FORM RISES FROM THE HOLE--

TANNER
I don't believe it.

IT'S JOHNNY, RIDING OUT OF HELL ON HORSEBACK!

INT. COLUMA - LIQUOR VAULT

A reunion takes place. The Apaches hugging Silver Blade, Maya and Ahote, the outlaws overjoyed to see Johnny. Even Torres holds out a hand, which Johnny shakes.

JOHNNY

Torres. Consorting with deserters, outlaws and Apaches? This won't help your career.

TORRES

Yeah, well, neither will dying. Good to be back on the same side as you, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Same here, Ruben.

But Johnny only truly smiles once he sees Annie, safe and sound. The two share a long look, each overwhelmed with emotion.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I heard you shattered Tanner's chains with a rifle shot from fifty yards.

ANNIE

Seventy-five, with a crosswind.

JOHNNY

Really. Well, I've been thinking. A young lady shouldn't know how to shoot roaches off a tin can from a hundred yards.

Annie looks down, expecting a rebuke from her father.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Nope. Any daughter of mine needs be able to shoot 'em from at least a hundred fifty. With either hand. We'll have to work on that.

Annie runs into her father's arms, hugging him for everything's she's worth. Annie spots Maya coming with Ahote.

ANNIE

Is that him? The Indian boy?

JOHNNY

Yeah. He's had it kinda rough.

Annie walks over to Ahote, who clings to his mother.

ANNIE

Hi. My name is Annie. I'm glad
you're okay.

Ahote still looks afraid, clinging even closer to his mother,
afraid to let her go for even a second.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Are you hungry?

(Annie mimics eating)

I know I would be. If I don't eat
at least every eight hours--wow. I
become a totally crazy person, it's
kind of embarrassing, actually.

While Ahote doesn't understand a word Annie says, her casual
tone eases his fears, and when she holds out her hand he
doesn't shy away.

ANNIE (cont'd)

I got some chocolate in my pack.
Come on, it's okay.

Ahote finally reaches out and takes Annie's hand, the doll-
like fingers of brown and white clasped into each other.

INT. LIQUOR VAULT - WHISKEY ROOM

A room filled with thick wooden casks. Everyone (except the
kids) crowds around Johnny and Silver Blade, except for a
pair of Apache who keep watch on the windows above.

MATTIAS

Wait. Now wait just a second. How
many did you say was down there?

SILVER BLADE

How many are the stars?

EZEKIEL

Hey, now is no time to get all
Apache on us. How about a number?

JOHNNY

Millions. Enough to wipe every man
woman and child off the map.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Johnny crawls over to a window.

JOHNNY'S POV

At first we see nothing in the haze, but then two ALIENS on their silent slider discs move down the main street, hunting.

A SCREAM echoes in from another part of town. The slider disc aliens and a few more that appear on foot race in the direction of the scream. In moments, there is no more sound.

A hand touches Johnny's shoulder. Maya. The entire conversation is done in a whisper.

JOHNNY

You shouldn't be up here. It isn't safe.

MAYA

The only safe place left is by your side, Johnny Dixon.

JOHNNY

God I wish that were true.

MAYA

It is true. I know it now. You saved my son and now you will save us all, just as Sky Watcher saw in his visions.

JOHNNY

Stop. Just--stop.

MAYA

You cannot hide from me anymore. You are no rogue. You have the heart of a hero.

She closes the distance in an instant and KISSES HIM. For a moment he goes with the kiss, his mouth hungry for her, but then sanity returns.

JOHNNY

I wish you hadn't done that.

MAYA

For a long time I've been wishing I had.

JOHNNY

Maya, you don't know me.

MAYA

But I do--

Johnny cuts her off with a finger in front of her face.

JOHNNY

No. If you knew me, the real me,
this is the last conversation we'd
ever have.

He heads back down towards the liquor vault.

MAYA

I do not care about your past,
except that it keeps you from me.
Listen to Sky Watcher. Bury your
past, and you will find me waiting
for you.

JOHNNY

(to himself)

Bury--bury your past. Sky Watcher
said the--no. No! Sky Watcher,
you're a goddamn genius.

We see it in his eyes, clear as day. An idea. And just as suddenly, great sorrow. He waves Maya down into the vault with him.

INT. COLUMA - LIQUOR VAULT

Everyone is in rapt attention as Johnny stands before them. They huddle close, and Johnny speaks in hushed but excited tones.

JOHNNY

You see this?

He slaps a section of the bare earth wall. A section where two strata of rock intersect.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

These are two different rock
strata, two different plates of
rock, rubbing against one another.

Johnny grabs two rocks, pressing them against one another. Bits of them BREAK OFF.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

It's called a fault line. A very
active fault line that runs the
entire length of Columa.

EXT. COLUMA

WE RISE UP OUT OF THE LIQUOR VAULT, THROUGH THE WALL OF THE SALOON, AND RACE TOWARDS THE MINE. AS WE DO, WE FLY RIGHT PAST STALKING ALIENS, HIDDEN IN THE SMOKE.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

We've got two targets. Target one: the demolitions bunker, behind and beneath the stables nearest the mine.

WE RACE PAST RUBBLE THAT WAS ONCE STABLES AND FIND A SLAB OF TIN COVERING A LOW WOODEN STRUCTURE. AS WE FLY THROUGH THE TIN SLAB, WE DISCOVER A CACHE OF EXPLOSIVES.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)

We're gonna get as much dynamite there as we can carry, and enough fuse to make our escape.

WE RISE OUT OF THE DEMOLITIONS BUNKER AND RACE BACK THROUGH TOWN. THE ALIENS SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE, STATIONED ATOP BUILDINGS, PROWLING THROUGH ALLEYS, AND PATROLLING UP AND DOWN THE MAIN STREET ON THEIR SLIDER DISCS.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)

And then we're gonna take it to target two: a dry well, boarded up next to the barracks.

WE RACE RIGHT THROUGH THE BARRACKS UNTIL WE FIND A PILE OF NAILED BOARDS ON THE GROUND. WE MOVE THROUGH THEM TO DISCOVER A DRY WELL, ABOUT TWENTY FEET DEEP.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (cont'd)

We're gonna pack that sucker full of all the dynamite we can carry, and then we're gonna blow this place to Kingdom come.

INT. COLUMA - LIQUOR VAULT

BACK TO SCENE.

TANNER

Blowing up a well? What'll that do?

Johnny scrapes his hand along the rock wall, pulling off some of the crusted dirt.

JOHNNY

We're gonna bury the bastards.

Most everyone is excited by this news. That is, most everyone. MAYA STARES AT JOHNNY, EYES FILLED WITH SUSPICION.

INT. LIQUOR VAULT - BACK ROOM - LATER

Johnny tightens his gun belt and reloads his revolver, preparing for battle.

Maya stands in the doorway, watching him for a long moment.

MAYA

It is a good plan, Johnny Dixon.

JOHNNY

It's a longshot, but even a longshot pays off once in a while.

MAYA

I wonder, how is it you know this town so well?

Johnny meets her gaze. He takes a deep breath, and tells the truth.

JOHNNY

Because I was here. Back when I was a geologist for the army.

MAYA

I knew someone who was here once.

JOHNNY

I know. I just never knew his name.

Surprise crosses Maya's face.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

You're wondering how I could know your husband died here. You're wondering why I never told you any of this before. It's because I'm a coward. Because I wanted to try and sneak by the hard truths, so I could stay close to you. But that's just not the way it works, is it?

A chill passes through Maya.

MAYA

No. It is not.

JOHNNY

Want to know something odd? I was an outlaw in the wild west for five years. Before that I was in the army, assigned to the Indian Territories for ten more. In all that time, I never killed a man, never believed in it--except for my last day in uniform.

(beat)

You once told me you prayed to White Wolf to guide you to his murderer. Well, your prayers are answered. Here I am.

For a long moment she says nothing, just staring at the stranger before her. When she speaks her eyes are cold, her voice colder.

MAYA

You--you killed my White Wolf. You took Ahote's father from him. You--

Words fail her and she staggers out of the room.

INT. COLUMA - SALOON - LATER

Silver Blade is preparing himself when Maya approaches him, tears wiped from her face.

MAYA

Silver Blade, I know that I have behaved shamefully with you. But I see the error of my ways. Silver Blade, do you still wish to marry me?

SILVER BLADE

I have wished it for a long time, Maya. You know that.

MAYA

Then my hand you will have. But you must grant me one gift first.

SILVER BLADE

Anything.

MAYA

When the day is done, you must kill Johnny Dixon.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET - DAY

The smoke from several still-smoldering buildings hangs like an eerie fog over what has now become a ghost town. A cold wind blows, creating whirlwinds and eddies in the smoke.

Dark ALIEN FORMS move to and fro in the half light, searching. Hunting.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Silver Blade and several more Apache bring up crates from the liquor locker, laying the crates in a row on the long bar.

EXT. BOARDED-UP WELL - DAY

Annie and Ahote slowly, quietly move the boards off of the dry well.

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

Mattias plasters himself behind a horse trough as a couple ALIENS ON SLIDER DISCS race by, on patrol.

He raises his arm and marks the hitching post above with a piece of chalk. THE MARK IS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SLIDER DISCS.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Tanner carefully, quietly rips up the floorboards just inside the door of the shop while Maya gathers pickaxes.

One of the boards SNAPS as Tanner pries it loose. He and Maya freeze as footsteps approach.

AN ALIEN STANDS JUST OUTSIDE, TRYING TO PEER IN. IT RAISES A HAND AND A THIN BLUE BEAM OF LIGHT PIERCES THE HAZE. THE LIGHT MOVES RIGHT FOR MAYA. SHE CRAWLS OUT OF ITS PATH JUST IN TIME.

The Alien sees nothing and moves on.

EXT. MINE SHED - DAY

Johnny, Ezekiel, and Torres peer around the corner of the shed. They see the demolitions bunker just a hundred feet away--

AND A HALF DOZEN ALIENS BETWEEN THEM AND IT.

Johnny pulls something from his duster. Triangular. Metal.

EZEKIEL

What is that?

JOHNNY

The dinner bell.

Johnny steps around the other side of the mine shed AND WALKS OUT INTO THE CENTER OF THE STREET, USING HIS GUN TO RING THE TRIANGULAR BELL.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Come and get it! Come on you bastards! Who wants some?!

Over towards the demolitions bunker, the shadows race towards him. Johnny turns tail and runs the other way.

Back behind the shed, Ezekiel and Torres watch as their path to the dynamite is cleared.

They run for the demolitions bunker.

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET

Johnny hauls ass down the main street as a whole horde of Aliens race after him in pursuit.

As the first few near, Johnny turns abruptly running into the General Store.

INT. GENERAL STORE

The second Johnny crosses the threshold, he LEAPS as far and as high as he can--which is a good thing because the floor is missing from the first eight feet, and in its place, dozens of sharp pickaxes have been placed in the pit.

Johnny's jump is long, but not quite long enough. He hits the edge of the remaining floor, HARD. His arms struggle to keep him from falling down on the pickaxes waiting for him.

The first three Aliens aren't so lucky. They race in the door and drop instantly into the pit.

THEIR BODIES PHASE AS THE PICKAXES PASS THROUGH THEM, BUT BEFORE THEY CAN JUMP OUT, THEY RETURN TO SOLID FLESH AND SHRIEK AS THEY'RE IMPALED ON THE DIGGING TOOLS.

Johnny slips some more. He's loosing his grip. Suddenly, a hand grabs his. Tanner.

TANNER

Hang on there chief. Maya, a little help?

He looks back, but Maya has her arms folded. She just stares into Johnny's eyes as he slips further towards his death.

TANNER (cont'd)

Maya?!

He's confused as he realizes she'll be no help. He doubles his efforts, bracing himself as he pulls Johnny out of the pit.

Just then two more ALIENS appear at the door. They look down and see their dead brethren, and they produce SLIDER DISCS.

Johnny, Maya, and Tanner run for their lives.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - OUT BACK

As they run out the back door, three more Aliens on slider discs are waiting outside.

Johnny splits off from Maya and Tanner, leading the slider discs away.

Tanner and Maya run the other way, hiding safely behind another building.

TANNER

What the hell was that?

MAYA

I will not help the man who murdered my husband.

TANNER

Murdered--? Wait a second, what exactly did Johnny tell you?

INT. DEMOLITIONS BUNKER

Ezekiel and Torres sneak silently into this small tin shack. The room contains boxes and boxes of TNT, stacked to the roof. Ezekiel cannot contain his glee.

EZEKIEL

It's just so beautiful.

TORRES

C'mon. Let's steal us some government property.

Silently the men begin gathering the crates of TNT.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Johnny turns the corner and runs right down the middle of Main Street.

A moment later a half-dozen ALIENS ON SLIDER DISCS do the same.

SUDDENLY, MATTIAS SPRINGS UP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND PULLS ON A ROPE HIDDEN IN THE SANDY GROUND. THE ROPE GOES TAUT AS MATTIAS WRAPS IT AROUND THE HITCHING POST--RIGHT AT HIS CHALK MARK.

THE SLIDER DISCS RACE BY A SECOND LATER. SLAM!!! THEY HIT THE THICK ROPE AT THE SAME MOMENT, SENDING THE ALIENS CRASHING TO THE GROUND, SHOCKED AND CONFUSED.

Johnny turns and smiles as the Aliens stand back up. They extend their talons.

Johnny WHISTLES. Black Wind and six APACHE ARCHERS erupt out of the sandy ground, firing flaming arrows that PASS RIGHT THROUGH THE SURPRISED ALIENS.

BUT THERE ARE ROPES ATTACHED TO THE ARROWS. WE RACE ALONG THE ROPES TO FIND ANNIE AND AHOTE STANDING NEXT TO A TEAM OF HORSES, THE ROPES TIED TO THEIR SADDLEHORNS.

ANNIE AND AHOTE WHISTLE AND THE HORSES RACE OFF. THE ROPE PULLS TAUT. THE ARROWS HIT ALIEN FLESH ON THE RETURN TRIP, AND SIX DYING ALIENS ARE DRAGGED OUT OF TOWN BY THE HORSES.

The Apaches let out a WAR CRY as their enemies are dragged to their death.

The War Cry is short lived. SHOCKWAVES BLAST ACROSS MAIN STREET AS THE REMAINING ALIENS FIRE FROM THEIR ROOFTOP POSITIONS.

INT. MOTHERSHIP

The Alpha Alien stands on a circular dais at the bottom of the ship. Everywhere around and above him, the ship is crawling. Thawing aliens crawl from their columns, stand, and fall into their ranks.

EXT. COLUMA - IN THE WELL

Ezekiel ties strands of his fuse to the pile of TNT boxes he stands on, humming "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." A man in his element.

He stands back once he's connected the last fuse and admires his work. He kisses his fingers.

EZEKIEL

A bo-na-fi-dee masterpiece.

He tugs on the rope and Torres pulls him up. He strings the fuse behind him as he leaves.

EXT. GENERAL STORE OVERHANG

Tanner pulls Maya up onto a low overhang adjoining the roof of the General Store.

TANNER

Johnny was conned into working the mine. The General told him it was government land. That night? The Apache were killing all the miners, and your husband was heading right towards Annie's tent. There was wrong done on both sides that day-- but you can't blame Johnny for protecting his child.

Maya's face creases with confusion.

MAYA

If that were true, why wouldn't he say it?

TANNER

Because he's spent five years punishing himself for that night, and now he's got someone who will finish the job.

This gets through. Maya has to consider the possibility.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Johnny and Mattias are pinned down as the shockwaves continue to eat away their cover.

JOHNNY

Time to cowboy up!!

Johnny's the first to run. A moment later, Mattias runs after him. They dodge shockwaves as they race into the Saloon.

The Aliens leap down from their firing positions--six in all--and they race after their prey.

INT. SALOON

The Aliens burst through the swinging doors only to see Johnny and the rest running out the back door.

They give chase when suddenly--

SILVER BLADE (O.S.)
Firewater.

The aliens stop. They turn to see Silver Blade holding a shotglass of alcohol, standing atop the bar.

SILVER BLADE (cont'd)
That's what my people call the
white man's drug, but I never knew
why.
(the Aliens charge)
Until today.

Silver Blade flicks a match with his thumb and drops it into the shot glass. THE SHOTGLASS IGNITES. HE DROPS IT. THE FLAME RACES OUT, FOLLOWING THE WIDE POOL OF ALCOHOL ALL AROUND THE BAR, THEN DROPS DOWN INTO THE LIQUOR VAULT.

SILVER BLADE SOMERSAULTS TO THE RAFTERS AS THE LIQUOR VAULT EXPLODES, SENDING NAPALM-LIKE FLAMES SHOOTING THROUGH THE ROOM!

HE DIVES OUT THE WINDOW AS THE ROOM TURNS INTO AN INCINERATOR. THE SCREAMS OF THE ALIENS INSIDE ECHO THROUGHOUT THE GORGE.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF COLUMA

Ezekiel and Torres run a long fuse right up the gorge. The town is obscured in the distance. Torres pulls out a match.

Ezekiel FIRES his gun in the air three times. Torres lights the fuse.

MONTAGE

Our heroes all hear the shots. They all know what it means.

JOHNNY
Go, go, go!!!

Everyone runs up the gorge and out of town.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Johnny and the Apache are the farthest back as everyone evacuates the town. Johnny smiles as he sees no Aliens trying to stop them.

His smile drops when he sees a narrow BLUE BEAM scan through the haze and catches one of the Apache. He falls as the beam BURNS INTO HIS BACK.

Johnny looks back through the haze and spots the Alpha Alien coming after them. It lets a BURROWER DROP!

JOHNNY

Look out!!!

Too late. The burrower digs down beneath three of the Apache and SUDDENLY THE GROUND DISSOLVES AWAY BENEATH THEM. THEY DROP BELOW TO THEIR DEATH.

Ahote and Annie were nearest to the Apache and are terrified. Ahote falls to the ground.

Annie turns around and goes back for him.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Annie no! I got him!

MAYA SEES JOHNNY TURN AROUND AND RUN BACK TO AHOTE EVEN AS THE ALPHA ALIEN RELEASES ANOTHER BURROWER. AND ANOTHER! AND ANOTHER!

JOHNNY GRABS AHOTE, JUST A MOMENT BEFORE THE BURROWER REACHES THEM, AND HE RUNS RIGHT TOWARDS THE BURROWERS! AT THE LAST SECOND HE LEAPS INTO THE AIR AS THE GROUND DISSOLVES AWAY BENEATH HIM.

SLAM. HIS BOOTS LAND ON SOLID GROUND, NOT EVEN A QUARTER INCH FROM THE NEWLY FORMED CHASM.

AND A CHASM IS THE RIGHT WORD FOR IT. THE THREE BURROWERS HAVE DUG A HUGE HOLE THAT EXTENDS FROM WALL TO WALL, AND JOHNNY AND AHOTE ARE STUCK ON THE SIDE WITH THE ALPHA ALIEN.

The Alpha Alien slowly stalks its prey. BEHIND IT, THE AWAKENED ALIENS EMERGE FROM THE MOTHERSHIP BELOW. LIKE ANTS FROM A HIVE, THEY STREAM INTO THE FAR END OF TOWN.

Johnny steps over to the barracks and pulls a slider disc from where it lodged itself in the wall. He lifts Ahote on top, and HE HURLS IT LIKE A FRISBEE, CARRYING AHOTE ACROSS THE CHASM TO SAFETY.

The outlaws and Apache catch Ahote. They throw the slider disc back, but Johnny lets it sail past.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Go on. I got some unfinished business here.

And then Johnny notices that one of the burrowers disintegrated part of the fuse.

Johnny pulls a single match, striking it with his thumb.

He relights the fuse on this side of the chasm. And then Johnny turns to face the Alpha Alien closing in on him.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE GORGE

Ahote runs to his mothers arms. Tears fall from her eyes as she hugs her son.

MAYA
Thank the Gods. Thank the Gods.

AHOTE
It wasn't the gods, mother. The white man, he saved me.

Maya hugs her son as she chews on this.

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET

A CLASSIC SHOWDOWN MOMENT. JOHNNY AND THE ALPHA ALIEN STAND ON OPPOSITE ENDS OF A DESERTED STREET.

JOHNNY STEPS OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND SQUARES OFF. THE ALPHA RELEASES ANOTHER BURROWER.

JOHNNY DRAWS AND FIRES AT THE BURROWER. HE MISSES. HE FIRES AGAIN. ANOTHER MISS. HE AIMS CAREFULLY AS THE BURROWER APPROACHES WITHIN TEN FEET. BLAM!

BULLET POV

The bullet dives into the sandy ground and STRIKES THE BURROWER!

The Burrower is deflected. It turns ninety degrees and DISINTEGRATES BENEATH THE FLAMING SALOON, SENDING THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW.

Johnny switches aim and FIRES AGAIN. THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF A HITCHING POST AND LODGES IN THE BACK OF THE ALPHA ALIEN.

BUT THE ALPHA DOESN'T FALL. IN FACT, HE'S BARELY STAGGERED. THIS ONE'S TOUGHER THAN THE REST. IT LETS OUT AN ENRAGED SHRIEK, AND DROPS ANOTHER BURROWER.

IT RACES TOWARDS JOHNNY. JOHNNY TAKES AIM AGAIN. BLAM! DIRECT HIT. THE BURROWER DEFLECTS AND THIS TIME IT DISSOLVES THE GROUND BENEATH THE BARRACKS.

JOHNNY SHIFTS AIM AGAIN. AGAIN, HIS BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE HITCHING POST AND SLAMS INTO THE ALPHA ALIEN'S BACK.

THIS TIME THE ALPHA ALIEN STAGGERS, BUT AGAIN HE DOESN'T GO DOWN! ITS RED EYES FLARE AT JOHNNY, AS IT DROPS ANOTHER BURROWER.

JOHNNY TAKES AIM ONCE AGAIN, AND FIRES--

CLICK! NO MORE BULLETS! JOHNNY STARES HELPLESSLY AS THE BURROWER COMES RIGHT AT HIM. HE DIVES OUT OF THE WAY BUT HE'S TOO LATE. THE BURROWER DISINTEGRATES THE EARTH BENEATH HIM AND JOHNNY PLUMMETS INTO THE CHASM!

BUT A MOMENT LATER, A HAND SLAPS THE DIRT AT THE EDGE OF THE CHASM. SLOWLY, JOHNNY DIXON PULLS HIMSELF BACK UP.

JOHNNY

Almost had me there. But no cigar
for you yet.

Surprised, the Alpha quickly releases another BURROWER.

It races for him. Johnny reaches into his shirt, AND PULLS THE SILVER BULLET FROM THE CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK. THE BURROWER IS FORTY FEET AWAY.

HE DROPS IT INTO AN EMPTY CHAMBER OF HIS GUN. THE BURROWER ADVANCES TO TWENTY FIVE FEET.

HE SLAPS THE CHAMBER CLOSED. THE BURROWER RACES TO JUST TEN FEET AWAY.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Time to shoot straight, baby.

JOHNNY WHIPS THE PISTOL UP TOWARDS THE BURROWER AND BLAM!!!

BULLET POV

IT RACES DOWN TOWARDS THE SANDY GROUND, DIGGING DOWN UNTIL SLAM! IT HITS THE BURROWER DEAD ON!

THE BURROWER TURNS AROUND EXACTLY 180 DEGREES AND RACES RIGHT BACK AT THE ALPHA ALIEN. IT LETS OUT ONE LAST ANGERED SHRIEK AS THE BURROWER DISSOLVES THE EARTH AROUND IT.

THE ALPHA ALIEN PLUMMETS DEEP BELOW THE EARTH!

INT. WELL

The fuse drops, the flame reaches the TNT boxes.

EXT. COLUMA - ABOVE

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE TOWN! FIRE SPEWS OUT OF THE ABANDONED WELL.

AND THEN--NOTHING. THE TOWN DOESN'T COLLAPSE. THE GORGE REMAINS INTACT.

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET

Johnny opens clenched eyes.

JOHNNY

NO!!!

EXT. THE TOP OF THE GORGE

Everyone looks on, dismayed by the lack of effect.

TANNER

You idiot! Nothing happened!

EZEKIEL

Actually, when you're blasting unstable rock all you want to do is tamp your charge against the pressure point, and the sympathetic vibrations should do the rest.

Everyone turns and looks at Ezekiel like he's an alien. And a moment later, A RUMBLE IS HEARD.

EXT. COLUMA - MAIN STREET

Johnny feels the shaking grow. He smiles, sensing what is coming.

A LANDSLIDE PARTIALLY COLLAPSES A WALL OF THE GORGE. Johnny doesn't hesitate. He runs up the rubble pile, searching for higher ground.

EXT. THE GORGE

THE RUMBLING GROWS INTO A FULL BLOWN EARTHQUAKE OF MASSIVE PROPORTIONS. FIRST, THE TOWN BELOW COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF. THEN THE WALLS OF THE GORGE ITSELF BEGIN TO SHAKE.

INT. MOTHERSHIP

An avalanche of rock rains down, shattering columns and catwalks and pulverizing the massing alien army below.

EXT. THE GORGE

AND A MOMENT LATER, THE WALLS OF THE GORGE BUCKLE AND FALL, COLLAPSING IN ON THEMSELVES AND BURYING BOTH SHIPS FAR BELOW.

WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE FINALLY ENDS, THE ENTIRE GORGE HAS BEEN FILLED IN, AS IF IT HAD NEVER EXISTED.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE GORGE

Their victory in hand, both white man and Apache YELL, raising their hands in triumph. Hands are clasped, even hugs shared--until we REVEAL ANNIE, her eyes filled with tears, her gaze frozen upon the rubble.

She makes her way to the edge of the destruction, staring into the dust and destruction for some sign of her daddy. But nothing moves. Tanner comes and cradles Annie in his arms.

TANNER

I'm so sorry, Annie.

The tears fall in a torrent as Annie squeezes Tanner as hard as she can. The Finkle Twins look down, their youthful faces suddenly old and fatigued. A hero has died.

EZEKIEL

Your daddy was a hero, Annie. Only one we ever met.

ANNIE

I just can't believe--he left me.

SOMETHING MOVES IN THE RUBBLE

Suddenly, a hand reaches out of the collapsed gorge. JOHNNY APPEARS, DUSTY, BRUISED, BROKEN EVEN, BUT STILL ALIVE. COUGHING, HE TRIES TO PULL HIMSELF OUT OF THE GORGE.

A ROAR ERUPTS FROM EVERYONE!

SILVER BLADE IS THE CLOSEST TO HIM. HE HEADS OVER TO HIM,
WALKING CAREFULLY OVER THE UNSTABLE GROUND.

ONE HAND REACHES OUT TOWARDS JOHNNY.

BUT HIS OTHER HAND, SLOWLY SNAKES BEHIND HIS BACK, UNDER HIS
CLOTHES. HE'S REACHING FOR SOMETHING.

HIS LEFT HAND GRABS JOHNNY'S. HE STARTS TO PULL HIM UP OUT OF
THE EARTH--

AS HIS RIGHT HAND DRAWS A TOMAHAWK FROM ITS HIDING PLACE!!!

MAYA SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING. SHE SCREAMS--

MAYA
Silver Blade! NO!!!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE, SILVER BLADE THROWS THE TOMAHAWK--

WHICH PASSES RIGHT BEYOND JOHNNY, FORCING THE ALPHA ALIEN,
WHO WAS CRAWLING UP BEHIND HIM TO PHASE. SILVER BLADE TUGS
BACK ON THE ROPE AND THE TOMAHAWK LODGES IN THE BACK OF THE
ALPHA'S HEAD. THE ALPHA ALIEN FINALLY DROPS DEAD.

Then Silver Blade helps Johnny out of the gorge.

JOHNNY
For a second there, I thought-

SILVER BLADE
For a second there, you were right.

JOHNNY
Then why?

SILVER BLADE
If we cannot bury the past, we have
no future.

Maya meets Johnny's eyes. Hope, longing, love...it's all
there.

Annie breaks the moment, rushing up to her father, who sweeps
her up in his arms. He spins her around, showering her with
kisses. She closes her eyes and holds him tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DUSK

Silver Blade and about a dozen Apache stand in front of
Johnny, Torres, Mattias, Ezekiel, and Tanner.

SUPER THE TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

JOHNNY

You okay with the settlement,
Silver Blade?

SILVER BLADE

It is generous. Our thanks to
Captain Torres for his help with
the negotiations.

TORRES

Didn't take much negotiating. The
government's positively drooling
over what might be buried in Area
51. They probably would've given
you San Francisco in trade if you
asked.

SILVER BLADE

You can keep your cities. We just
need a quiet place to start again.

JOHNNY

What's the name of the place you're
going again?

SILVER BLADE

It's land deep in the territory of
New Mexico. Your people call it:
Roswell.

Johnny holds out his hand. Silver Blade shakes it, then pulls
Johnny in for a slap on the back. Hard. Johnny winces.

SILVER BLADE (cont'd)

You treat her well. It would be a
shame to have to kill you after all
we've been through.

JOHNNY

You really are Death with a tan.

A TRAIN WHISTLE pierces the silence. Mattias looks behind
him.

MATTIAS

Boss. It's time.

JOHNNY

(to Silver Blade)

May the spirit of Sky Watcher
travel with you.

SILVER BLADE

Don't buy any wooden wampum.

Johnny and the gang mount up and off they go down a steep mountain grade.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

A long train steams forward, slowing as the grade gets steeper. Suddenly, Johnny and his gang descend on the train.

JOHNNY

Get into position!

Mattias and Ezekiel take the lead riding side by side. Mattias pulls out a horse blanket and throws one end of it to Ezekiel.

They pull the blanket taught, just as Tanner rides up between them. He leaps out of his saddle and lands right on top of the blanket as his horse runs underneath it.

TANNER

Let's do it!

The Finkle brothers throw the blanket, with Tanner on it, as high into the air as they can.

Tanner sails through the air and SLAM! He lands right on top of the train. Then he ties himself down to a handhold and tosses down a long coil of rope.

Johnny grabs the rope, and some sort of BOOK BAG, and he swings across to the train.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

BLAM. Johnny kicks the door open and steps inside, ready for action.

MAYA (O.S.)

Can you not get on a train like normal people?

REVERSE ANGLE. Maya, Ahote and Annie, all dressed for travel, sit on benches facing Johnny, their large trunks in a rack overhead.

ANNIE

He's just showing off. I see it at school all the time. It's how boys show they like you. You'll see when you get there, Ahote.

Ahote nods.

MAYA

I suppose I'll just have to get used to it.

JOHNNY

You forgot your book bag, young lady. I didn't spend a month finding a school more to your liking just to see you get expelled again.

MAYA

And you just had to make one more train jump for old time's sake?

JOHNNY

What did I promise you? Straight as an Apache arrow from now on. Besides, I sold my stake in the franchise.

They look out the window as Tanner leaps back atop his horse. He barks orders to his gang and with a tip of the hat, off they ride.

TANNER

Good luck, Johnny!!

Johnny waves, eyes down at Ahote, Annie and Maya. They make a beautiful family.

JOHNNY

Who needs luck when you've got karma.

He grabs Maya, pulls her to him, and plants a deep, soulful kiss on her.

THE TRAIN

Crests the mountain, heading for the blue pacific in the far distance, shimmering gold and red in the light of a beautiful California sunset.

FADE OUT

CRANK

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

1 VIDEO SCREEN

1

EXTREME CU: PACMAN, from the old video game, just a yellow ball with a mouth, fills the screen in all it's lo-res glory. The camera tracks along as it rolls along a tight corridor, gobbling dots.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: A RED GHOST follows, in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: PACMAN gives it the slip, cuts down and gobbles a big dot.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: RED GHOST transforms into BLUE GHOST, changes direction and runs. PACMAN chases ...

... but just before he catches up the BLUE GHOST transforms back to RED and changes direction again. PACMAN barely escapes.

CUT TO:

PACMAN flees, but at every turn he is confronted by another ghost. The CAMERA pulls out in a series of jump cuts to reveal that unlike the old arcade game, this game screen goes on forever, an infinite maze ... and instead of the original four there are thousands of ghosts at all sides, closing in.

The sound of the game redoubles, reverberates, deafening ...

CUT TO BLACK.

SOUND: A HEART BEATS SLOWLY IN THE DARK.

FADE IN:

2 INT CHEV'S BEDROOM, MORNING

2

(this scene plays out as a continuous POV shot, right up until CHEV's face is revealed for the first time.)

CHEV CHELIOS, wakes up in his apartment to a RINGING CELL PHONE, groggy, vision doubled ...

... from his POV we see him examine his hands, which don't feel right, don't want to move right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CELL PHONE, coming from some other room, plays the PACMAN theme in beeps: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM ...

He tries to get out of bed, HITS THE GROUND. Plush rug, ultra modern bed frame, night stand, high tech stereo, the works.

He crawls/stumbles into ...

3 INT CHELIOS LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS 3

... the living room, decked out by Kostabi paintings and glass furniture then into...

4 INT CHELIOS KITCHEN, CONTINUOUS 4

... the kitchen, with a black marble island and hanging copper.

He jams his head under the Fossil sink and runs the water. He steadies himself against the matching black marble counter, staring at his hands ...

... tries to lift them and BANG! He's back on the floor, stunned...

All the while we hear the faint sound of his HEARTBEAT...

... slow: LUBDUB... LUBDUB... LUBDUB.

He begins crawling back into...

5 INT CHELIOS LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS 5

... the living room, toward the telephone where he spots a plain black VHS tape propped up in front of a plasma screen TV with police ribbon wrapped around it, tied in a bow, like a present.

CHELIOS
(barely comprehensible)
Whathufuck?

He grabs the thing, fumbles to unwrap it, shoves it into the VCR and pushes PLAY.

5A INT. TV SCREEN 5A

It's RICKY VERONA on the SCREEN, a young, irritatingly slick EASTERN EURO ... little to no accent - fast talking, sarcastic, a complete dick ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see him sitting on CHEV'S bed ... CHEV is visible in the frame, unconscious behind VERONA. Pale nicotine sunlight filters in through the blinds. There are HOODS loitering around the room. It was apparently shot only hours before.

(The discernible sound of CHEV'S heartbeat will subliminally increase in speed and volume throughout VERONA'S monologue - the cell phone continues to ring, somewhere.)

VERONA

What's shaking, douchebag? Thought I'd give you the heads up. You're dead.

On the TV - VERONA points into the CAMERA.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, you little bitch ... if you're watching this tape it means that I somehow resisted the urge to dismember you and shove the pieces down the garbage disposal ... opting instead to poison you in your sleep. Yeah, you heard me...

We stay with CHEV'S POV as he flashes a frantic glance around the room. The LUBDUB of the HEARTBEAT is much LOUDER AND FASTER NOW; we really begin to notice it.

VERONA (CONT'D)

... I fucking poisoned you in your sleep. How sick is that?... for the satisfaction of watching you squirm out your last minutes knowing it was me that did it to you, and there's nothing you can do about it...

5 Cut to high angle view from a hidden lipstick camera; CHEV is 5
on his knees in front of the set, looking around ... we still
don't see his face clearly.

5A VERONA (CONT'D) 5A
... that's right, you're on candid
camera, try not to embarrass yourself...

5 Cut back to CHEV'S POV. He holds his head down over the 5
carpet and shoves a finger in his mouth, GAGGING.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you're trying to puke the
shit out, right? Right? Don't bother...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA (CONT'D)

the shit I gave you is some fucking high tech sci-fi Chinese synthetic shit that even I don't know exactly what the fuck it is. All I know is once it binds with your blood cells, you're fucked, baby... and believe me, it's done binded. By now you'll be feeling your joints stiffen up... hard to breath...

5 CHEV puts his hand on the left side of his chest to feel his heart. The BEATS of the heart grow louder still, but the rhythm falters, begins to slow ... 5

VERONA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... your heartbeat is slowing down like there's rust in your veins... you're like the Tin Man in the Wizard of freaking Oz...

5A One of the THUGS, ALEX, contributes from offscreen. 5A

ALEX

(amused by his own wit,
singing)

"If he only had a brain."

VERONA

(irritated)

Scarecrow. Whatever. You get the point. You're fucked. You got maybe an hour, max, tough guy ... baby ... sexy ...

The THUGS are into it; VERONA is rolling. One of them comes up beside the bed and plants a big kiss on CHEV'S unconscious head.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Hey, it's been real. Probably should've thought twice before you whacked Don Kim. Experiencing a little 20/20 hindsight? I thought so. Have a nice death...

6 Finally the CAMERA reverses to reveal CHEV'S slack-jawed face, staring at the TV. CHEV is in his late 20s, handsome in an offhanded way. All of the background noise - the HEARTBEAT, the CELL PHONE - cuts to dead silence... and through the silence, a SINGLE WORD: 6

VERONA (CONT'D)

5A ... asshole. 5A

(A driving SOUNDTRACK kicks in. The OPENING TITLES play over the following:)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

7 Finding a drunken man's strength, CHEV flips out. He rips 7
the TV out of the stand, TEARING THE WIRES FROM THE GUTS OF
THE WALL. He launches it straight into the floorboards with
a BONE-BREAKING CRUSH.

He KICKS over the rest of the entertainment system, JUMPS on
it and heads out of the room.

ROLLER DOLLY follows him on a STUMBLING RAMPAGE through the
apartment and down the hall.

By the door, in an ashtray with his car keys, he finds it:
his God-damned CELL PHONE. Of course it stops ringing just
as he picks it up. He pockets it, BANGS OPEN the front door
and is out.

8 INT CHEV'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CONTINUOUS 8

ROLLER DOLLY stays with him through the door and down the
hall, as a businesswoman peaks her head out the door - then
SLAMS IT SHUT, terrified - and then down the stairs to the
garage door.

9 INT CHEV'S APARTMENT BUILDING, GARAGE, CONTINUOUS 9

ROLLER DOLLY still on CHEV. He jumps up on the hood of a
moving RED SPORTSCAR as it backs out of it's parking spot,
walks right over it and hops off, clicking the keyless lock
button on his chain in mid-air ... the door to his BLACK AUDI
pops open ... he gets in.

RED SPORTSCAR GUY is the sort of classic intolerable LA
ASSHOLE we love to hate: platinum hair, suspenders, designer
shades, programming his Blackberry while driving, etc.

SPORTSCAR GUY

This is a eighty thousand dollar ride,
cockwipe!

CHEV backs out, runs him right over. CH-KUNK, CH-KUNK.
CHEV'S AUDI blasts out of the garage and down the street.
SPORTSCAR GUY holds his backwards leg in agony.

SPORTSCAR GUY (CONT'D)

(screaming like a girl)
You're a dead man!

CUT TO:

10 INT CHEV'S AUDI, MOMENTS LATER 10

The ever-present HEARTBEAT is pounding. CHEV whips out his
cell phone and dials. A HORN BLASTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV quickly looks up and yanks his steering wheel to swerve around oncoming traffic.

CHEV

JESUS!

The CAMERA ZOOMS in on CHEV'S CHEST: it becomes JUST SLIGHTLY TRANSPARENT... we see the movement of his beating HEART SPEED UP with the near miss.

The HEARTBEAT SOUND is amplified as we MOVE IN CLOSER.

CUT TO:

11 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS 11

We see an old school tape answering machine pick up at her place:

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hey, this is Eve...

This is apparently typical - she's an answering machine girl in a cell phone world. He holds back his frustration as the message plays.

EVE

I'm glad you called, but I'm not here.
Can you leave me a message? Unless
you're trying to sell something, because
I'm absolutely not interested. But if
you're not ...

12 EXT CHEV'S AUDI, SAME TIME 12

CHEV begins to POUND HIS HEAD against the steering wheel.

EVE

... then just ... oh, wait ... time's up -

13 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME 13

SOUND: beep!

CHEV (O.S.)

GET A CELL PHONE!!!

We hear CHEV'S car SQUEAL again...

CUT TO:

14 INT CHEV'S AUDI, SAME TIME 14

... CHEV recovers from another near miss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

Shit!

He clicks off the cell. His eyes try to focus on the road.

NOTE: Through it all, the low beating of the heart - from slow to fast - sometimes barely audible, sometimes mixed way out front - clues us into the state of his adrenaline.

He grabs up the cellphone again and punches in a speed dial.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Come on ...

ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Doctor Miles' office, may I help you?

CHEV

Let me talk to him.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

15 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS

15

CHOCOLATE, a too-skinny, cracked-out BLACK CHICK, sits in front of a multi-line phone in a broken down apartment. She's wearing a headset. She takes a long drag off her cigarette.

CHOCOLATE

(a generic imitation of politeness)

I'm sorry, the doctor isn't in the office at this time, may I take -

CHEV

Where is he?

CHOCOLATE

I beg your pardon sir?

CHEV

Where - thefuck - is - he?

(In more SCREENS WITHIN SCREENS we see a 'WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS' sign, then DOCTOR MILES reclining on a massage table with a bunch of HOOKERS.)

CHOCOLATE

I don't know sir, this is his answering service, would you like me to have him paged?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
(exasperated)
Fine, yes, please let the doctor know
that Chev Chelios is a dead man if he
can't call me back within the hour... got
that?

CHOCOLATE
Can you spell that for me sir?

She searches the food and carton strewn tabletop for
something to write with.

CHEV
D-E-A-D. Chelios... got it?

CHOCOLATE
Yes sir...

CHEV
Thank you.

CHEV hangs up.

CHEV finds himself nodding off in the car ...

The CAMERA ZOOMS back into his chest. This time it becomes
COMPLETELY TRANSPARENT - we see his HEART BEAT SLOW DOWN:

SOUND - BOOMING: ... LUB DUB, LUB DUB...

The CAMERA SWOOSHES down to CHEV'S FOOT as he STEPS ON THE
GAS... then back up to the HEART as the ADRENALINE CRANKS HIM
UP... the BEATING SPEEDS UP -

SOUND: ... LUBDUB, LUBDUB, LUBDUB..!

... and the CAMERA SNAPS back out to CHEV'S FACE as he seems
to come to his senses.

CHEV takes the cell. One-clicks, and sticks the phone in the
cigarette adapter. Four rings. Finally someone picks up.

KAYLO (O.S.)
Hello?

CHEV
Kaylo. My man. So, where were you last
night?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

16 INT KAYLO'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

16

KAYLO is late 20's, slightly plump, hispanic, with gelled back curly hair. The room is unkempt. A woman in a robe shuffles by vaguely in the background, possibly his mother?

KAYLO

Oh, what's up Chev?

CHEV (O.S.)

I said, where were you last night?

17 IN A SCREEN WITHIN A SCREEN WE SEE HIM DRESSING UP IN DRAG, PUTTING ON LIPSTICK, FAKE TITS, THE WORKS, VOGUEING AT SOME FREAKY CLUB, ETC.

17

18 INT CHEV'S AUDI - SIMULTANEOUS

18

KAYLO (O.S.)

I ... uhh ...

CHEV

Yeah, yeah. You wanna know what I was doing?

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

GETTING KILLED, YOU IDIOT!

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

What? What? You heard me. That son of a bitch Ricky Verona.

KAYLO

Ricky Verona ...

CHEV

(more to himself)

Who would've thought that little bastard had the stones to come whack me in my own crib... it's inconceivable... and yet, here we are.

KAYLO

Where are we?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

I'm dead and you're simple. Now listen:
you put the word out I'm looking for
Ricky Verona. Anyone sees him you call
me.

KAYLO puts his hands up in the air, dumbfounded.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I'm going to get that little son of a
bitch if it's the last thing I do... *it*
may actually be the last thing I do,
understand that? Copy me on that?

KAYLO

Ricky Verona?

CHEV

Find him!

Arriving at his destination CHEV clicks off, simultaneously
closing KAYLO'S SCREEN IN A SCREEN, and shoves the phone into
his shirt pocket as he screeches up the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

19 EXT STREET, NEAR BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, MOMENTS LATER 19

A run down street in Inglewood. The BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE
is a low lying pool hall/bar with a crude hand-painted sign
reading BEER POOL DARTS. Motorcycles are parked out front.

ROLLER DOLLY from alongside CHEV'S car at high speed, break
off and follow inside as CHEV parks haphazardly, rushes out
and busts into the joint ...

20 INT. BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, CONTINUOUS 20

The continuous ROLLER DOLLY move takes us inside and KEEPS
GOING. Eight or ten BROTHERS, some wearing motorcycle
leathers, are scattered around the room, shooting stick,
drinking, etc. CHEV BARGES IN, drawing a GLOK .45 from his
coat and goes straight at ORLANDO - black, hip, 30's, better
dressed than the others - who is at the center of a group of
BADASSES.

Before anyone has time to react CHEV has the GUN PRESSED INTO
ORLANDO'S FOREHEAD and is pushing him through the place into
the bathroom. Everyone scatters and takes cover at the site
of the GLOK; firearms appear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV locks the door, SLAMS ORLANDO against the far wall and starts circling around him with the gun beaded on ORLANDO'S forehead.

CHEV
(out of his mind)
Where's Verona!!

ORLANDO
(flipping out)
It's cool it's cool it's cool!

CHEV
Talk!!

CHEV cocks the gun.

ORLANDO
I'm talking! What are we talking about?

CHEV
Don't fuck with me!!

ORLANDO
OK, nobody's fucking with you, just calm down ...

CHEV
DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN MOTHERFUCKER!

There's BANGING on the door. A BIKER yells from outside.

BIKER (O.S.)
O-land-o! What's up!

ORLANDO
(calling back)
There's a white man with a gun in here, I would prefer that he not cap my ass, so please refrain from any sudden ass bullshit!
(to CHEV)
Now you see that? I'm trying to help you here.

CHEV starts to chill out.

CHEV
Look, I got to find Ricky Verona ...

ORLANDO
Why would I know where ... ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

... right, I know, you don't know where
he is, but you're going to tell me where
he is, or I'm going to BLOW YOUR BRAINS
INTO THAT TOILET!!

The DOOR BUSTS OPEN and a half dozen gun wielding BROTHERS
crowd into the tiny room.

Total mad chaos ensues, CHEV, ORLANDO and the BROTHERS packed
in like sardines, everyone pointing guns at every one else's
head, shoving each other back and forth, everyone screaming.
The situation teeters at the very edge of an explosion of
bloody violence.

Finally ORLANDO cuts through the din with a booming voice.

ORLANDO

THE WHITE MAN IS COOL! THE WHITE MAN IS
COOL!

SILENCE - just the sound of CHEV'S heartbeat, pumping.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Can we all just get along? Can we?

Beat. CHEV'S gun is still trained on ORLANDO'S head.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Now Chevy here has something he would
like to discuss. So we are going to
discuss it. In a civilized manner.
Chevy? I believe you had a question, or
some point you were trying to make?

CHEV

Where's Verona.

ORLANDO

OK. I am not affiliated with Ricky
Verona.

CHEV

(starting to lose it again)

You pulled the Anselmo job together,
don't try to bullshit me ...

He presses closer to ORLANDO ... the BROTHERS bristle ... the
situation is close to blowing up again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ORLANDO

Easy ... easy ... now things are beginning to clarify ... you see how that works? How discussion can lead to clarity?

CHEV is running out of patience.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Clearly you are operating under a false pretense. Ricky Verona and myself did not "pull the Anselmo job together." In fact, Ricky Verona fucked me on the Anselmo job. In fact, Ricky Verona owes me seventy five hunna dollars.

CHEV

That's not how I heard it.

ORLANDO

But that's the way it is. That's the way it is. So you see, I don't know where Ricky Verona is. Because if I knew where he is, I would probably be there right now, beating his Gucci ass down.

Standoff. CHEV holds the gun with an unsteady hand, studying ORLANDO'S eyes, evaluating.

Then, as much from exhaustion as from a sense that he's telling the truth, he lets his gun hand drop.

CHEV

Alright.

The room lets out a collective exhale. The BROTHERS mutter amongst themselves - *damn right you better put that shit away, crazy bitch ass mother ...*

ORLANDO

Thank you. That's what I'm talking about. That resembles civility.

LUB DUB ... LUB DUB ... LUB ... DUB

CHEV begins to fade again. He slumps back, looking as though he might pass out. One of the BROTHERS catches him, holds him up and shoves him away.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Shit dude, what's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Forget it. I just gotta find Ricky
Verona, that little bitch ...

ORLANDO

I understand that. You've made that
point abundantly clear to all of us.

He takes pity on him - CHEV really looks like shit. A few of
the BROTHERS lose interest, begin to filter out of the room.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Now what can I do to help you?

CHEV

Look, just give me some coke, OK? You
got any coke?

ORLANDO gives him the look.

ORLANDO

OK, now you're insulting me.

CHEV

Come on, man, I know you got coke.

ORLANDO

You think every brother is carrying, is
that it?

CHEV

Come on, I don't have time for this, just
give me something ... I'm really dying
here ...

ORLANDO

I can see that.

CHEV

No. You don't understand, I'm really
fucking dying ... if I don't ...
(losing it again)
May I just have some coke, please?

ORLANDO

So this is medicinal use coke, that's
what you're telling me.

CHEV

That's right.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ORLANDO

Well?

CHEV

What?

ORLANDO

You got something for me, or what?

CHEV shoves his gun into his belt, pulls out a wad of tens, tosses it into the sink. He's visibly fading.

ORLANDO takes a quick look over the wad, pulls a little plastic bag out of his vest pocket, tosses it to CHEV. The bag hits CHEV square in the forehead, hits sweat and STICKS. CHEV reaches for it lamely - it slides off and lands on the floor. His reflexes are not the best at this point.

CHEV collapses to his knees, breaks it open and snorts it right out of the bag like a pig on his elbows and knees. The BROTHERS find this hilarious.

ORLANDO shakes his head in disgust.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Chevy ... come on, man...

We hear CHEV'S heart rate start to build, increase in volume.

Suddenly he pops up to his feet, almost slips and falls, steadies himself. A new man.

CHEV

OK, that's good. That's good.

ORLANDO

Oh that's good, right?

CHEV pounds rhythmically on chest, keeping time with his beating heart.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Why you looking for Verona anyway?

CHEV

Seems like some Chinese assholes hired him to kill me...

ORLANDO

Ah, so this is about the Don Kim situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHEV
What do you know about it?

ORLANDO
I know you pulled the trigger.

CHEV
(flipping out)
Of course I pulled the trigger! WHY
WOULDN'T I PULL THE TRIGGER?!

ORLANDO
O...kay...

Abruptly, CHEV'S HEART STOPS... his eyes go wide - he waits
for it...

LUB...

... waiting...

DUB.

... and then it STARTS UP AGAIN, slow, erratic. CHEV is GHOST
WHITE.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Whoa, Chelios. You good, man?

CHEV
This shit's not working.

ORLANDO
Beg your pardon?

CHEV swoons, close to BLACKING OUT.

CHEV
I think I know what I have to do.

ORLANDO
(shrugging)
Well, a man's got to do what a man's got
to do.
(beat)
Uhh... what exactly is it that you got to
do?

CHEV SNAPS to his senses.

CHEV
Got to kick... some black... ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ORLANDO

What?

CHEV turns to the biggest, meanest looking BROTHER in the room, pats him on the chest in a mock friendly way, then, without warning, slams his head forward into the BROTHER'S face, knocking him backwards into the hallway, sending all the other BROTHERS sprawling like tenpins.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

There he goes again.

CHEV has a pool cue in his hands. He moves out into the hallway, eyes wild.

SOUND: CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to rev up.

CHEV

Alright ... who wants white meat?

All hell breaks loose.

21 EXT OUTSIDE THE BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, MOMENTS LATER 21

A calm exterior of the building: single window, bars over it, single door closed.

SUDDENLY THE WINDOW SMASHES OUTWARD; the two arms of one of the BROTHERS poke out through the bars as though he's been thrown into the window frame from inside. One hand holds a cue ball, which drops and hits the sidewalk.

A second later THE DOOR BLOWS OFF IT'S HINGES as CHEV is tossed, upside down, through it to land on the cement in a jumble of glass and wood. The door falls on him. The BROTHERS chase him out into the street, shouting him down.

22 STILL BRANDISHING THE POOL CUE, HE SOMEHOW HOLDS THEM OFF AS 22
HE STUMBLES TO HIS CAR, PEELS OUT AND BLASTS OFF DOWN THE
STREET, LAUGHING MANIACALLY, HEART POUNDING LIKE A
JACKHAMMER.

23 INT CHEV'S CAR, MOMENTS LATER 23

Speeding along, weaving erratically through traffic, sweating hard, panting with adrenaline.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

CHEV'S cell rings. He picks it right up.

CHEV

Doc?

24 IN A SPLIT SCREEN WE SEE IT'S VERONA. 24

VERONA
Hey, what's up, Doc!

23A CHEV 23A
You motherfucker!

VERONA
Dude, aren't you dead yet? What the hell
are you doing out there?

23A CHEV 23A
I'm coming for you, asshole, believe me.

VERONA
Yeah, whatever. Look, just thought you'd
like to know that I'm all about hooking
up with that mystery girl you've been
banging as soon as your ass is
underground ... I forgot to say so on
that gay James Bond tape I left for
you...

23A CHEV 23A
Yeah, yeah, then you're going to rape my
grandmother, blah blah blah. What do you
think Carlito is going to think when he
finds out what you did? Your whole crew
is history.

CHEV checks the rearview mirror.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Great.

23B Throughout the conversation his driving has gotten faster, 23B
more and more out of control. Now a SQUAD CAR has pulled up
behind him, cherry top flashing, broadcasting a warning to
"PULL OVER" out of its intercom.

CHEV goes evasive, leading the cop on a HIGH SPEED CHASE.

VERONA
Carlito? That's funny, I guess you
didn't know... Carlito's my boy now,
we're tight.

CHEV
You haven't been tight since your brother
fucked you in 3rd grade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA

Clever. Snappy. Did you pretty good,
didn't I, Chelios? Come on, you can admit
it.

CHEV

We'll see.

VERONA

Right, right, and the best part about it
is...

CHEV'S phone BEEPS - incoming call.

CHEV

Sorry, I must take this. See you later.

VERONA

I doubt it.

CHEV pushes "answer" and picks up the new call.

25A

CHEV

25A

Yeah.

DOC MILES (V.O.)

Doc Miles.

CHEV

Doc! Shit, it's about time.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

25

EXT LAS VEGAS AIRPORT, SIMULTANEOUS

25

DOC MILES

Sorry baby, I just got the message.

25A

CHEV

25A

OK, forget it, listen: I'm dying. I've
been poisoned with some kind of Chinese
synthetic shit.

DOC MILES

Woah!

CHEV

You've got to do something for me, it
feels so crazy, like it's in my blood ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV swerves wildly. Throughout the conversation we are tight on CHEV and DOC - the only idea we have about the chase occurring outside the car comes from CHEV'S wild steering, the sound of BURNING RUBBER AND SIRENS, and the few details flashing by in the background and reflected in the glass.

DOC MILES

Alright, slow down. You say you've been poisoned. Can you describe the symptoms?

CHEV

It's like... it's like... like I'm slowing down... like I'm caught in a tar pit...

DOC MILES

Blurred vision?

CHEV

Yeah.

DOC MILES

Dizziness?

CHEV

Sure.

DOC MILES

Pain in your chest?

CHEV

Not really. Actually I'm feeling pretty good right now.

DOC MILES

What are you doing?

CUT TO:

26 INT. FOX HILLS MALL, CONTINUOUS

26

We reveal that CHEV'S car is BLASTING THROUGH THE INSIDE OF A SHOPPING MALL, screaming past frozen yogurt and Big n Tall shops, missing terrified shoppers by inches.

CHEV

Driving through a mall with five cops chasing me.

Behind his car we see two CHPs on motorcycles and three SQUAD CARS giving chase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES
(partially to himself)
The flow of adrenaline is keeping you
alive.

CHEV
I'm having a little trouble hearing you,
Doc.

DOC MILES
Listen, Chev - you have to keep moving.

CHEV
Explain.

DOC MILES
If I'm right, they gave you the *Beijing
Cocktail*... very nasty ... works on your
adrenal gland, blocking your receptors.
The only way to slow it down is to keep
the flow of adrenaline constant.

26A CHEV CRASHES HIS CAR INTO THE ESCALATOR.

26A

He hops out with cell phone to his ear and takes a ride to
the second floor, RIDING THE SMASHED CAR UP THE ESCALATOR.

DOC MILES (CONT'D)
Meaning: if you stop, you die.

CHEV
What's that?

DOC MILES
If you stop, you die.

28 INT. FOX HILLS MALL - DAY

28

CHEV jumps off of the car and starts booking through the
second level, huffing it, barking into the phone the whole
time.

CHEV
That's what I'm trying to do... just keep
moving... keep the blood pumping... every
time I slow down it's like my veins start
to rust...

DOC MILES
Have you taken anything?

CHEV
A couple grams of coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES

Oh boy. Well, that's a start. Look,
I'll be back in LA in an hour. I'll call
you as soon as I land. Keep yourself
pumped up. Don't stop, don't quit, I'll
be there.

CHEV gives the cops the slip and heads into a ...

27 INT CLOTHING STORE, CONTINUOUS 27

... men's clothing store. He bolts to the back, looking for
an exit.

He heads into the dressing room, no exit. Turns back out
into the store and then tries the EMPLOYEES ONLY door.
Behind the door are two overweight employees in suits. He
RUNS THEM BOTH OVER and heads to the exit. They chase. CHEV
gets to the exit first and BURSTS through the door.

28 EXT MALL, CONTINUOUS 28

He runs down the sidewalk and manages to hail a cab.

CHEV

Yo! Right here!

CUT TO:

29 INT CAB, SECONDS LATER 29

The inside of the cab has the East Indian vibe. Incense,
Koran on the dash, and Farsi music over the radio.

CHEV

Go.

CABBIE

(in a thick Pakistani accent)
Where we go?

CHEV

Straight. Now.

They zip through the stop sign and hit the traffic light.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Make a right.

30 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 30

The CABBIE pulls a CALIFORNIA ROLLER to the right - the TIRES
PEEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30A Three SQUAD CARS pass, SIRENS AND LIGHTS BLARING, heading the opposite way. 30A

29A CHEV starts to drop off; we hear his HEART RATE start to slow down. 29A

CHEV
Hey, crank the music.

The CABBIE turns to an FM country station playing Billy Ray Cyrus, "Achy Breaky Heart."

CHEV (CONT'D)
No, CRANK IT.

The Cabbie BLARES it.

CHEV starts to embarrassingly bang his head to the Billy Ray as if it was Metallica in the late 80's.

Something catches his eye.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Pull over. Come on, right here. Thank you.

A 7-11 can be seen through the side window.

CHEV (CONT'D)
OK, I'll be back in one minute. Don't go anywhere.

CABBIE
OK, cowboy.

31 EXT 7-11 STREET, SECONDS LATER 31

CHEV jumps out of the cab and into the 7-11. We see him pull his gun from his pants as he enters.

32 INT 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE, CONTINUOUS 32

He goes right to the counter and sticks the place up.

He grabs the man from behind the counter and in one move, yanks him over the counter and SLAMS HIM FACE-DOWN on the floor.

CHEV
You move, you die ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV grabs a box of trash bags, rips it open and takes one out. He opens the bag and starts dumping CAFFEINE in: Jolt, Coke, Red Bull, Starbucks Frappuccinos.

He DIALS A NUMBER on his cell. It rings twice, then:

WOMAN (V.O.)
Hey, this is Eve ...

CHEV
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

He yells and jumps up and down while heading to the counter. He grabs hundreds of the little ginseng capsules, Vivran, and everything candy. The bag's full.

One last look. He spots some shitty flowers in a bucket. The fastest double take in movie history with the grouchiest face, then he grabs them.

CUT TO:

33 INT CAB, SECONDS LATER 33

He hops back in the cab with the cheap flowers and the black santa bag.

He opens the bag and starts SLAMMING whatever he can get his hands on.

CABBIE
Where you want to go, man?

CHEV is guzzling Red Bull, popping vitamins, whatever.

CHEV
Beverly Hills.

CUT TO:

34 EXT ROOFTOP OF CARLITO'S BUILDING, MINUTES LATER 34

EXTREME CU of a *Fuente Fuente Opus X* cigar, rich tendril of smoke curling through the air.

As the hand holding the cigar brings it up for a drag the CAMERA pulls back, revealing CARLITO, an imposing 6'1", 225 lb. DOMINICAN in his late 40s.

The CAMERA continues its move back, skimming over blue water, revealing an elaborate pool area on the rooftop. CARLITO is sitting by the pool in a velvet robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bodyguards roam the property and a beautiful, rock hard BLACK WOMAN suns on the deck.

Still in the same shot, pulling back, CARLITO puts down the cigar, stands up and dives into the pool. The camera drops down below the water level, and CARLITO swims right up to it for a CLOSE-UP.

CARLITO'S POV - We are under water swimming towards the edge of the pool. As we look up, we see a water-distorted figure above the water, looking down into the pool. The classic shot made famous in The GRADUATE and used a thousand times since ... only this time the guy outside the pool JUMPS IN.

It's CHEV, fully dressed. He meets CARLITO face to face underwater and points up with his index finger.

We CUT TO CARLITO'S reaction. He follows CHEV up.

Their heads rise just above the water, like heads on a platter. Several jittery BODYGUARDS stand at the edge of the pool, guns drawn. With a simple motion of his hand, CARLITO calms them.

CARLITO

Chevy.

CHEV

Hey boss.

CARLITO

I'm surprised to see you.

CHEV

Well, something urgent has come up.

CARLITO

Ha! So I've heard.

CHEV

Then you know what happened?

CARLITO

Word travels fast. You amaze me, my friend.

CHEV

What can I say. Look, Carlito, I need your help. I don't have much time.

CARLITO

No, not much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

We've got to find an antidote or something.

Silence.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

CARLITO

(shrugs)

The shit they gave you ... it's the Chinese shit. There is no antidote. I wish there was something I could do.

CHEV

What, so that's it?

CARLITO

Honestly, you should be dead already. It's a miracle.

CHEV

A miracle.

CARLITO

We give that shit to horses ...

CHEV

I can't believe it.

CARLITO

I'm sorry.

CUT TO CHEV and CARLITO'S legs treading water to keep their heads afloat.

SOUND: *LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB*

CHEV

Well you don't have to be so damn cool about it.

CARLITO

What do you expect me to do?

CHEV

Tell me you're going to find that punk Verona and his whole fuckin' crew and feed 'em to a cage of wolverines.

CARLITO shrugs. No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO legs treading.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What is this? Are you *boys* now or something?

CARLITO

Verona? That's just a small time punk. But... that's not to say there isn't an opportunity here.

CHEV

Opportunity.

CARLITO

Everyone knows the love I have for you, Chev. Maybe this can even be the score for the Don Kim hit, which was perhaps ill-advised.

CHEV

(flabbergasted)
Ill advised?

CARLITO

The heat from Hong Kong has been more than we anticipated.

CHEV

Oh. That's outstanding, Carlito. I'm glad to know that my death can be of some use to you.

CARLITO

Don't be difficult.

CHEV

Am I being *difficult*? Is this what you call difficult? I don't know if you noticed, but I'm having a *DIFFICULT FUCKING DAY, BRO!*

Beat.

CARLITO

Are you disrespecting me, Chev? Is that what you're doing?

They stare each other down.

LUBDUB ... LUB ... DUB ... LUB ... DUB ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Forget it, I'm out of here.

CHEV climbs out of the pool. CARLITO NARROWS HIS EYES, watching him leave. The BODYGUARD motions to follow, CARLITO signals him off. CHEV passes a black HELICOPTER sitting on a small, hard-rubbered heli-pad.

CARLITO'S POV - from a distance we see CHEV knocking over furniture and BREAKING GLASS on his way out.

CARLITO'S POV descends beneath the water - his breath releases.

CUT TO:

35 EXT STREET, IN FRONT OF CARLITO'S BUILDING, MOMENTS LATER 35

The building opens onto the high rent section of Sunset Blvd. An outdoor cafe populated by the rich and trendy is next door.

CHEV shakes himself off and bangs out of the revolving glass doors. A VALET approaches him and CHEV gets in his face, FLASHING MURDEROUS TEETH and shoving him away, hopping up and down to keep the heart pounding ... he heads over to the cab waiting out front.

The same ARAB CABBIE is waiting inside.

CABBIE

You're not getting into my cab wet.

CHEV

I just gave you 200 dollars to wait for 3 minutes.

CABBIE

You are not getting into my car no way.

CHEV goes to the driver side of the car, pulls the CABBIE out of the cab and tosses him into the road. The lunch crowd at the cafe, passerbys, etc., look on in bewilderment. CHEV points at the CABBIE and starts screaming ...

CHEV

AL QEADA! AL QEADA!

Everybody freaks out. A WAITER dives under the a table, expecting an explosion.

CHEV grabs the CABBIE by his lapels and tosses him right into the CAFE, smashing a table, still pointing and screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV (CONT'D)

AL QEADA!

The whole restaurant, OLD LADIES included, dogpile the poor CABBIE, wildly protesting in a thick accent.

CABBIE

I love America! I love Bush!

CHEV gets in the cab and drives off.

CUT TO:

36 INT CAB, MOMENTS LATER 36

CHEV is slamming Frappucinos, driving.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

It's the CELL PHONE.

CHEV

Yeah.

36A DOC MILES (O.S.) 36A

My flight's delayed.

CHEV

Shit.

DOC MILES (V.O.)

Relax. I mean don't relax. Listen to me. The shit they gave you is cutting off your adrenaline.

CUT TO:

37 Science class-type microscope footage of darting chemicals and protein globules. 37

DOC MILES (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Excitement, fear, danger ... it causes your body to manufacture a chemical called ephedrine ... it binds with receptors in your blood to keep you alive ... what they've done is introduce an inhibitor into your system ... it blocks the receptors so your body's ephedrine can't bind ... and that's what's killing you.

38 INT LAS VEGAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, SAME TIME 38

DOC MILES

Your only shot is to massively increase
the level of ephedrine in your body ...
to force out the inhibitors ...

36B INT CAB, SAME TIME 36B

CHEV

In English, doc. Please.

DOC MILES (O.S.)

You've got to get to an emergency room
and get yourself some *epinephrine* ...
it's artificial adrenaline ... it comes
in 10 milligram syringes ... the shit's
potent so don't overdo it ... probably a
fifth of an injection will do.

CHEV tries to remember all this while zoning in and out of
consciousness, swerving, slamming coffees and capsules.

DOC MILES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you get all of that Chev?

CHEV bangs his head against the steering wheel.

CHEV

Epi ... something ...

DOC MILES

nephrin. Epi-nephrin.

CHEV

OK, OK. (cell beeps) I gotta go.

DOC MILES

I'll call you -

CHEV clicks over.

CHEV

Yeah.

39 KAYLO pops up in a mini-screen. He's in a phonebooth 39
downtown, looking furtively over his shoulder as he talks.

KAYLO

Chev!

36B CHEV 36B

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLO

Chev?

CHEV

Yeah, what is it?

KAYLO

Hello?

CHEV hangs up. KAYLO, bewildered, redials. CHEV answers, says nothing.

KAYLO (CONT'D)

Chev?

CHEV

Uh huh.

KAYLO

Chev! I just saw Verona's brother going into Charlie O's.

40 In a series of BLACK AND WHITE STILLS we see ALEX, the massive dude we saw in the background on VERONA's tape, exiting a taxi and walking into CHARLIE O'S - a big New York style 40's-era steak and cocktail joint right in the heart of downtown L.A. 40

CHEV AND KAYLO'S DIALOGUE CONTINUES OFF-SCREEN.

CHEV (O.S.)

Interesting. Downtown Charlie O's?

KAYLO (O.S.)

Yeah. I was just down here getting a taco. He went right in, like, 2 minutes ago.

CHEV (O.S.)

Where are you now?

39B CUT BACK TO A SPLIT-SCREEN OF CHEV AND KAYLO.

39B

KAYLO

I'm across the street, getting a taco. Where are you?

CHEV hits the gas pedal and blasts off.

CHEV

I'm there. Meet me on 3rd and Flower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In fast motion we see the freeway exits flash by, one after another.

43 EXT. TACO STAND, DAY 43

KAYLO pays for his food at a leisurely pace - he's at a little place across the street from CHARLIE O'S - and skulks out onto the street, trying too hard to be inconspicuous.

45 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 45

Meanwhile, in the second screen, CHEV is blasting along at high speed, off the freeway, through downtown, and right to the corner of 3rd and Flower, where he leaves the taxi idling in a red zone and gets out.

45 As KAYLO turns the corner, the two SPLIT SCREENS meet up - he45 and CHEV run right into each other.

CHEV pulls KAYLO around the corner, out of sight of the restaurant.

CHEV
(motioning to the restaurant)
He's in there now?

KAYLO nods quickly, freaked out.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Did anyone go in with him?

KAYLO shakes his head NO.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Alright, wait here.

The CAMERA stays with CHEV as he walks right across the street and up to the restaurant.

46 INT CHARLIE O'S, SAME TIME 46

ALEX is in his usual booth, making lecherous smalltalk with a 40ish WAITRESS in a short skirt and fishnet stockings, as CHEV, still drying, hair all fucked up and walking erratically, enters the restaurant. Everyone turns to look at the crazy man, nervously.

CHEV walks doggedly right by ALEX, staring straight ahead, not letting on that he knows he's there. ALEX watches him pass in disbelief.

WAITRESS
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I just saw a ghost.

CHEV disappears through the swinging doors to the kitchen. The MAIRTRE'D has the phone in his hands, ready to dial the cops, but ALEX motions to him to chill. He'll take care of it.

He gets up and follows in CHEV'S footsteps.

47 INT CHARLIE O'S KITCHEN, SAME TIME

47

ALEX enters the kitchen. The COOKS all hustle by him - they want no part of this. CHEV is nowhere to be seen.

ALEX continues through the kitchen with a distinct lack of caution - everyone's been afraid of the big man all his life - drawing a gun from inside his coat as he goes.

He passes a butcher block, a hacked up roast, a conspicuous BUTCHER KNIFE.

Turning a corner, he notices the back door swinging slowly closed. He advances.

The back door opens onto an alley. He comes up to it, brings the gun up by his head, shoulders up to the cracked door and tries to peer around it into the alley.

Just then, behind him, CHEV emerges from the kitchen with the BUTCHER KNIFE.

Before ALEX can react, CHEV lets swing with the knife and neatly cuts off ALEX'S gun hand at the wrist. The hand, gun and all, hits the ground. CHEV kicks ALEX out the door and into the alley.

48 EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

48

ALEX crumples in shock, holding his abbreviated arm out in front of his face. He tries to talk, or scream, but all that comes out is a wheezing sound. CHEV follows him out into the alley, brandishing the BUTCHER KNIFE, heartrate slamming.

CHEV

How you like that one, tough guy? *How freaking awesome was that?*

He kicks him in the ribs, knocking him over.

CHEV (CONT'D)

You feel like talking to me? Where's your brother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

(anger gradually overcoming the
shock)

Doing your mother like an Iraqi prisoner,
you bitch.

CHEV

Nice ... wonder how many steaks I could
get out of you ...

ALEX rolls onto his knees, and with a burst of energy throws
himself at CHEV. HE SMASHES CHEV INTO THE ALLEY WALL and
lands on him with his full weight.

CHEV is pinned. ALEX, enraged, attempts with some success to
strangle him with his remaining hand. CHEV struggles in
futility, heart hammering. It seems hopeless ...

... until KAYLO appears behind ALEX with a ROLLING PIN and
brings it down on his skull with a LOUD CRACK.

ALEX rises up, staggering, and advances on KAYLO, who drops
the ROLLING PIN and cowers amidst the trash cans.

CHEV gets to his feet, pulls out his gun, puts it to the back
of ALEX'S head.

CHEV pulls the trigger twice.

CLICK. CLICK.

CHEV (CONT'D)

WHAT??

He tosses it away and stumbles to the back door of the
restaurant as ALEX proceeds to beat KAYLO down with a
trashcan, swinging it one handed.

CHEV picks up ALEX'S disconnected hand, which is still
clutching the gun, and walks back over to the action. He
uses ALEX'S finger to pull the trigger twice and blows him
away. ALEX hits the ground with a THUD.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Jesus ... nothing's easy ...

He pries the gun from ALEX'S cold, dead fingers, shoves it in
his pocket and tosses the hand to a disgusted KAYLO, who
tries to get away from it ...

CHEV (CONT'D)

You want to hold hands?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

... and begins to rifle through ALEX'S pockets. He finds a cellphone, clicks through the menu and hits send.

It RINGS. RICKY VERONA answers.

VERONA (O.S.)
Talk to me, bro.

CHEV
(impersonating Alex)
Hey Ricky, whadya think about sucking me
off, ya in the mood? Maybe let me lick
your ass or sumtink?

CUT TO:

49 INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49

VERONA is feeding his Rottweiler some beef jerky. A HOTTIE in a bathrobe walks by.

VERONA
Who is this? Chelios? IS THIS FUCKING
CHELIOS?

CHEV
That's right, bro. You wanna guess how I
got your brother's cell phone?

VERONA is speechless, furious. He KNOCKS OVER A TABLE and pushes the Rot's head away.

CHEV (CONT'D)
I can tell you have it all figured out.
Looks like you should've cut me up when
you had the chance.

VERONA rubs his face.

CUT TO:

50 EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

50

CHEV
What's that? I can't hear you ...
experiencing some 20/20 hindsight?

CUT TO:

49A INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49A

VERONA
 (losing it)
 You're supposed to be dead!!!

CHEV (O.S.)
 You know, man, I kind of like that shit
 you put in me. Think you can get me some
 more?

VERONA
 (struggling to find a heinous
 enough threat)
 I'll ... I'll ...

50A EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

50A

CHEV
 I know, I know ... hey, what's this?

CHEV spots a necklace around ALEX'S neck, yanks it off. On
 the chain: a silver WWII era Russian medallion, engraved with
 the image of a mounted Cossack. The name on the back is I.
 VERONA.

CHEV looks it over.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 A necklace? You guys really are faggots
 aren't you?

CUT TO:

49B INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49B

VERONA
 You motherfucker, my grandfather gave
 that medallion to my father, and then to -
 (realizing he's said too much)
 ... fuck you, man, shove that thing up
 your ass.

CHEV (O.S.)
 No thanks, but you know I believe I'll
 hang onto it... looks like you'll have to
 come find me after all. Fucked up that
 you killed your own brother.

VERONA
 You -

CUT TO:

50B EXT - ALLEY, SAME TIME

50B

CHEV

Out.

CHEV hangs up, turns off the phone, and pockets it.
Immediately he's on to the next thought.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What was that... epi... shit... 10
milligrams...

He shakes his head to clear it.

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

Huh? Oh. I'm taking off.

We hear SIRENS.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I'd get out of here if I were you.

He splits, leaving KAYLO with the body, the hand, etc. KAYLO looks around, tosses the hand, and bolts off in the other direction.

FADE TO BLACK.

51 EXT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, AFTERNOON

51

CHEV'S cab is parked illegally. A meter maid is writing it up.

52 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, SAME TIME

52

The sliding doors to the ER swoosh open as a gurney is wheeled in by paramedics. CHEV walks quickly in behind them, a complete wreck, ignoring all the activity, seemingly lost in his own thoughts. He checks a sign on the wall for directions.

An arrow points toward the PHARMACY. He follows it.

53 INT HOSPITAL PHARMACY, MOMENTS LATER

53

CHEV cuts off an OLD MAN with a walker making his way to the counter. He runs his hand through his freaked out hair, trying to straighten it out. The PHARMACIST, a cynical girl, mid-20s, with thick horn rimmed glasses, regards him blankly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

Asshole.

CHEV

(to the pharmacist)

I'm looking for something ... starts with
'E' ...

PHARMACIST

England?

CHEV

That's funny. No, I'm talking about some
kind of artificial adrenaline ... some
shit ... you know ...

PHARMACIST

Artificial adrenaline.

CHEV

I have heart problems.

PHARMACIST

Epinephrine?

CHEV

Yes! Yes ... that's it ... you have it?

PHARMACIST

I can't give you epinephrine.

CHEV

Why?

PHARMACIST

Just a minute.

She walks into the back. Through the glass he sees her pick
up a phone.

CHEV

Come on, what is that...

A pimply faced TEENAGER with greasy, shoulder length brown
hair has been watching the whole thing from the magazine
rack.

TEENAGER

Nasal spray, dude.

CHEV

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEENAGER

Nasal spray.

He gestures to a counter display: NAS-ALL, little plastic bottles.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

It's got epinephrine in it. Get you tweaked, man.

CHEV looks from the kid to the display and back, then through the glass window, where the PHARMACIST is talking to someone on the telephone, looking out at him suspiciously.

He picks up a handful of the little spray bottles and gets out of there. The OLD MAN gives him a sour look; CHEV makes him FLINCH with a sudden jerk toward him.

54 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, MOMENTS LATER

54

CHEV wanders through the trauma ward, trying to look inconspicuous, avoiding eye contact, knocking things over, trying doors, inhaling blast after blast of nasal spray, tossing the empty bottles, eyes watering.

He rounds a corner and freezes in his tracks: three COPS are at the admissions counter ... a NURSE is gesturing in CHEV'S direction. They look up toward him.

He ducks back into the corridor, finds a recovery room and slips in.

55 INT HOSPITAL ROOM, MOMENTS LATER

55

The room is quiet, save for the steady labored wheezing of an OLD MAN in the only bed. The OLD MAN'S eyes stare vacantly at the ceiling - CHEV can't tell if he's asleep or awake. He watches the OLD MAN for a stolen moment, hypnotized ...

... then glances over at the half open closet.

56 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, MOMENTS LATER

56

The COPS come up on the corridor where CHEV disappeared. They advance, hands on weapons, checking each room.

They reach CHEV'S room. The door is slightly ajar. One of the cops pushes it open with his foot.

The OLD MAN is there, motionless. No sign of CHEV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The COPS continue down the hall. Behind them, from the door they checked, CHEV tiptoes out wearing a blue hospital johnnie, tied in the back with his ass hanging out, trying to blend in.

One of the COPS notices this.

COP

Hey!

CHEV takes off, walking faster, around the corner. The COPS head after him.

The COPS turn the corner. CHEV is still trying to play it off.

COP (CONT'D)

Hey. You.

Finally CHEV breaks into a run and the COPS give chase.

57 INT STAIRWELL, MOMENTS LATER

57

CHEV busts into the stairwell and starts heading down. He's been holding his gun awkwardly in his armpit; now he whips it out. A few flights above he hears the door bang open as the COPS pick up the chase.

He exits into the ...

58 INT EMERGENCY ROOM, MOMENTS LATER

58

The busy ER is buzzing with activity. CHEV looks around desperately. The COPS are right on his tail.

Suddenly the entrance doors BURST OPEN ... a patient is wheeled in at a dead run by a small group of emergency TECHS, all shouting instructions back and forth and barking at people to get out of the way as they race toward the far corridor. The FAT MAN on the gurney has his shirt open ... he's pale, glassy eyed and lathered in sweat ... they have the DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES out ...

Behind the gurney a RESIDENT pushes a CRASH CART along with them ... the crash cart houses the DEFIBRILLATOR and various supplies ...

CHEV takes off after them, BOWLING PEOPLE OVER, flashing the gun.

CHEV

I know you motherfuckers have
epinephrine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The COPS bang open the stairwell door, guns drawn. Chaos breaks out.

COP
Hold it right there, bro!

The group is galloping down the long corridor toward the elevators that connect to the O.R. ... three DOCS, the RESIDENT, CHEV and the FAT MAN on the gurney ... the COPS in hot pursuit, trying to get a bead on CHEV.

CHEV is holding his gun to the RESIDENT'S head while pushing him and the cart forward. The RESIDENT blubbers in panic. The DOCS, in all the confusion, haven't noticed CHEV yet.

CHEV
You've got epinephrine on this cart! I want that shit!

TECH 1
He's dropping! Stand by to defibrillate!

The gurney slows down and the cart, shoved forward by CHEV, crashes into it. Bodies fly, shit spills everywhere. The FAT MAN lets out a groan, makes EYE CONTACT with CHEV.

FAT MAN
My cart...

CHEV
What?

FAT MAN
Asshole...!

CHEV
Yeah, yeah.

CHEV spins around wildly and FIRES A FEW SHOTS over the COPS heads. They hit the deck.

TECH 2
What is this? What the hell do you think you're doing? THIS IS A HOSPITAL!

CHEV shoves the gun in his face.

CHEV
SHUT UP!!!

The DOC shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV brandishes the gun toward the COPS to keep them on the ground, then motions to the RESIDENT.

CHEV (CONT'D)

You. Get me some ... I need ...

CHEV is pale as a ghost ... his legs buckle ... he steadies himself against the wall.

RESIDENT

(haltingly)

You wanted ... epinephrine, is that right?

CHEV nods weakly. The RESIDENT, on his hands and knees, starts digging through the supplies spilled all over the floor. The COPS, sensing weakness, start to tense. CHEV snaps out of it momentarily.

CHEV

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

The RESIDENT approaches him cautiously, on his knees, holding out a handful of small white boxes.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Give me that.

He snatches them, cradling them against his stomach, and backs up past the DOCS toward the elevator just as the chime sounds and the doors slide open. He tosses the boxes inside. The FAT MAN lets out another agonized groan.

FAT MAN

... asshole...

CHEV points the gun at him.

CHEV

Not going to tell you again.

He grabs a DEFIBRILLATOR paddle out of TECH 2's trembling hands and holds it to his chest.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(to the RESIDENT)

Now juice me.

RESIDENT

You ... but ... I ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEV
(weakly, not much left)
I haven't got all day, just do it, will
you?

The RESIDENT flips a switch on the crash cart and the thing begins to charge ... CHEV holds the paddle to his chest with one hand, the gun out with the other ... finally ...

ZAPPP!!!! CHEV flies backwards, bouncing off the wall like a pinball. The COPS leap forward, trying to take advantage, but CHEV pops back up, wired and wild eyed.

CHEV (CONT'D)
GET DOWN, ASSHOLES!

He FIRES ANOTHER WARNING SHOT into the ceiling and leaps into the elevator as the doors close behind him.

59 INT ELEVATOR, GOING DOWN, MOMENTS LATER

59

CHEV collapses on the floor of the elevator. He fumbles with the white boxes the RESIDENT handed him and comes up with a SYRINGE.

CHEV
OK ... needles, hate needles ...

He rubs his arm, feeling for a nice vein, squirts a few drops from the tip of the needle and pops the thing right in ... pushes the plunger ALL THE WAY, plucks it out and tosses it in the corner.

CHEV sits patiently against the wall, staring blankly straight ahead. Suddenly a curious look comes over him.

CHEV (CONT'D)
How much of this stuff did he say to
take?

We hear CHEV'S HEARTBEAT start to speed/volume up - FAST.
His eyes widen.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Woah. Woah. Woah.

Suddenly he jumps straight up in the air.

CHEV (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts to HOP AROUND WILDLY like a monkey in an electrified cage. The bell chimes and the elevator doors open.

60 INT HOSPITAL LOBBY, THE NEXT MOMENT 60

CHEV BLASTS OUT OF THE ELEVATOR and out the front doors of the hospital like a ball out of a cannon.

62 EXT CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 62

CHEV is hoofing it like FORREST GUMP on SPEEDBALL. We hear sirens ... a group of squad cars flash by behind him, heading toward the hospital ... neither they nor CHEV see one another.

63 MONTAGE: EXT CITY STREETS - DAY 63

He runs what seems like eight miles.

64 EXT CITY STREETS- DAY LATER 64

We pick him up, real-time, still running.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

He answers without slowing down.

64 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 64

DOC MILES

Chevy!

CHEV

(ready to explode)

Yep.

DOC MILES

I'm in the air, man. Did you get the stuff I told you?

CHEV

Got it.

DOC MILES

You took it?

CHEV

Took it.

DOC MILES

You shot the whole thing, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

Yep.

DOC MILES

Oh boy. I said a fifth of a syringe, you idiot. Now you're dead for sure.

CHEV

Right.

DOC MILES

Chest is on fire.

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

But you're cold.

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

You got a steel hard on.

CHEV

Let me check.

Looks down.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Check.

DOC MILES

(getting into it)

That's the stimulation of the blood vessels ... your urinary sphincter is tight as a knot ... couldn't pee to save your life ...

The LADY in the seat next to DOC is aghast.

CHEV

Urinary sphincter ... check ...

DOC MILES

Maybe you can get a hold of some vicadin ... you still at the hospital?

CHEV

Negative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC MILES

Maybe some weed ... I don't know ...

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

Well, that shit should be out of your system in a half hour or so, if you live that long ... this air phone is costing me a fortune ... look, I'll be in LA in twenty minutes. I'll call you when I hit the ground.

CHEV

Copy.

DOC MILES

(sincere)

You're a good kid, Chev. Nice knowing you.

CHEV

Copy. Out.

CUT TO:

65 EXT STORE WINDOW, DAY

65

But DOC MILES is already a distant memory ... CHEV lets the phone drop from his ear without hanging up ...

... as he comes up on a department store window where a crowd has gathered to watch a wall of TV's, all playing the same thing ...

... he slows to a stop, joining the crowd ...

The face on the TV is his - more or less - an exaggerated black and white POLICE SKETCH, simian browed and thick lippered. He looks like a serial rapist.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Police have declined to release the name of the West Hollywood man they say is still at large on a citywide rampage that has left one man dead, dozens injured and hundreds of thousands of dollars of property damage in its smoking, bloody wake.

SWITCH TO:

66 A HELICOPTER VIEW OF CHEV DRIVING HIS CAR INTO FOX HILLS MALL. 66

BACK TO:

65A EXT STORE WINDOW, SAME TIME 65A

ANCHOR (V.O.)

However, Eyewitness News has learned that the suspect is a professional killer with ties to organized crime and an extensive police record. He is considered armed and highly dangerous.

A GUY standing next to CHEV glances sidelong at him. CHEV turns to meet his eyes. The GUY regards him in a stupor, then looks down: CHEV's hospital johnnie is sticking straight out in front, ass hanging out the back, a gun in his left hand, cell phone in his right.

The GUY looks back up at CHEV'S poker face, gulps, and turns back to the wall of screens.

The broadcast cuts from tape back to the live ANCHOR.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We want to get you back to our regularly scheduled programming, but keep it tuned right here to ABC for continuing coverage of this bizarre story as it unfolds.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over network graphic)

We now return you to "*Dr. Phil*" ...

The TV cuts to a talk show in progress. Rather than disperse, the small crowd stays hypnotically glued to the tube. We see in their eyes that everyone is going into that TV alpha state thing ...

CHEV shakes his head, snaps out of it. His HEARTBEAT, barely audible during the broadcast, swells back to full volume, beating like a jackrabbit's.

He looks around and spots a COP on a motorcycle, waiting at a stoplight.

67 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TV STORE 67

With a last look at the TV drones he breaks from the crowd and goes into stealth mode, darting from car to car in an exaggerated ninja crouch, trying to sneak up on the COP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes up behind him, transfers his gun and cell phone to one hand, and - heart POUNDING - reaches stealthily for the COP'S holster with the other.

CAR HORNS BLARE as motorists attempt to warn the COP, who flinches and whips around at the noise - but it's too late: CHEV has the gun.

He begins to hop around maniacally, taunting the COP, as everyone panics and tries to reverse out of the traffic snarl, SLAMMING INTO FENDERS, driving up onto the sidewalk, etc.

CHEV
(tossing the gun up and
catching it)
You want it? You want this?

The COP jumps off the bike and tries to make a go at him, but jerks back when CHEV catches the gun. CHEV holds the gun up like a fetch stick, gluing the COP'S eyes, then flings it 40 feet through the air to splash into a plaza fountain.

The COP starts after it, then stops short as he sees CHEV dart past him and hop onto his still idling motorcycle. He kicks up the stand and REVS IT.

COP
You son of a bitch!

The COP makes a dive for CHEV, grabbing him by the waist as the bike jerks forward.

CHEV starts to burn the bike out as the COP hangs on, dragging. SMOKE ERUPTS; black bits of rubber spray like buckshot, pelting the COP. CHEV does a 360 DEGREE BURNOUT, kicking with his leg to keep the bike under control, then jerking, skidding, BLASTS OFF. The COP hangs on, cursing, dragging, boots smoking, for a half block before he bails out.

CUT TO:

68 EXT ROAD, MONTAGE, 30 SECONDS LATER

68

"EVERYBODY'S TALKING" by Harry Nilsson BEGINS.

CHEV cruises in an out of traffic and people like a Sunday drive, ignoring traffic lights, stop signs, pedestrians. (We speed ramp about 20% to the beat of the song - an undercrank of about 18fps.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's so jacked up and delusional he decides to try a BARE-ASSED "ELEVATOR" ON THE SIDEWALK.

From the rear pegs at about 30 mph he JUMPS UP TO THE GAS TANK, feet first, STANDS STRAIGHT UP ON THE MOVING BIKE and puts his hands out to his sides in a Jesus Christ pose, flashing a silhouette in the sun. His HEART POUNDS as he flies by crowds of astonished bystanders ...

... and CRASHES straight into a patio restaurant full of people.

CHEV flips through the air and lands in a cacophony of overturned tables and busted dishes. A table spins like a coin at his feet.

END: "EVERYBODY'S TALKING"

69 EXT RESTAURANT, MOMENTS LATER

69

Stunned silence hangs in the air; a few food-covered people wander around in dazed shock. CHEV'S arm, hand still clutching his cell phone, sticks out from under a table. The phone starts to ring:

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

From under the table we see CHEV'S eyes blink as he comes to his senses.

He shakes off the debris, struggles to his feet and clicks to answer the phone.

CHEV

Yeah.

EVE (O.S.)

(sleepy)

Hey. Did you try to call?

CHEV lets his arm drop to his side, stares blankly at nothing, then brings it back up.

CUT TO:

70 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME

70

A room suffused in amber filtered sunlight. EVE, a non-traditionally adorable strawberry blond in her mid 20's, yawn-stretches with the phone cradled between ear and bare shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV (O.S.)
You've been home all day?

EVE
I was sleeping in.

CHEV (O.S.)
You were sleeping in, that's great, Eve
... super great ... you all rested now?

EVE
Yep.

CUT TO:

69A EXT RESTAURANT, SAME TIME

69A

CHEV
(holding it together)
Well, I'm glad to hear that. Listen,
I've been fatally poisoned, there's
probably a psychopath heading over there
to torture and kill you as we speak, but
don't bother getting out of bed, I'll be
there in a flash ... Maybe you could fry
me up a waffle or something, kay?

EVE (O.S.)
(oblivious)
Sure, come on over, I'll be here.

CHEV
Right, you'll be there, OK.

CHEV clicks off.

All the while he's been wrestling the wasted motorcycle from
the wreckage. It's smoking, leaking oil.

He shakes his head at a dumfounded waiter, holding up the
phone like - "*Can you believe this?*" ... then climbs on the
SPUTTERING BIKE and drives off.

CUT TO:

71 INT. VERONA'S CRIB - DAY

71

CU: VERONA stares straight down at the CAMERA.

REVERSE: VERONA'S POV - ALEX'S severed hand, frozen stiff in
a trigger-pulling position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA looks up at his CREW, gathered nervously around the room; lunatic schizo-cycles through a half dozen emotions before arriving at something resembling off-hand, casual, I'll have the #2 Super Size with a Diet Coke.

VERONA

Right, so... let's go get the bitch.

CUT TO:

72 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, 4 MINUTES LATER

72

EVE'S pad is nothing like CHEV'S. It's all cats and incense, warm natural light, a scratchy Van Morrison LP playing on a real record player.

EVE, in a cotton nightgown, is in the kitchen, attempting some bit of microwave programming, punching random buttons and getting herself worked up.

EVE

(to the microwave)

I hate you ...

Five BANGS on the door barely distract her.

EVE (CONT'D)

Just a minute.

More BANGS, insistent.

EVE (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, Jesus ...

She gives up on the microwave, goes to answer the door.

EVE (CONT'D)

... calm down, what the hell ...

It's CHEV. He's dressed in a blue Adidas JOGGING SUIT - long sleeve jacket, warm up pants with buttons down the side, the works. He couldn't look more out of place in EVE'S mellow apartment. He's bathed in sweat, wild-eyed, hair slicked back like GORDON GEKKO.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God.

CHEV

Hey doll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls her toward him and kisses her. She accepts the kiss gratefully enough with her mouth, but holds both hands out to her sides as if touching the JOGGING SUIT would kill her.

Without making eye contact, he breaks away and pushes into the apartment, looking around everywhere, paranoid.

EVE

Is this your new look or something?

CHEV

That's right. You into it?

EVE

It's ... completely appalling. Very you, Chev.

CHEV

Thank you.

He checks into the bedroom, satisfies himself that it's empty.

EVE

Are you looking for my other boyfriend?

CHEV

(ignoring this)

You haven't turned on the TV today, right?

EVE

No. Why?

CHEV

Didn't think so. Listen, we've got to get out of here.

EVE

What are you talking about? Don't be such a freak.

CHEV goes to the window, peaks through the curtains.

EVE (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm glad you're here. Can you change the clock on the microwave?

CHEV

What?

EVE

I never changed it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV
The microwave.

EVE
Yeah. I never changed it back. You
know, daylight savings time.

CHEV
I bought you some flowers, but they got
fucked up on the way over here.

EVE
That's sweet. Are you OK? You look like
you're on drugs or something.

CHEV
You love me, right?

EVE
Yes.

CHEV
Then I need you to do something for me.

EVE
What is it? What's wrong?

CHEV
I need you to put some clothes on and
come with me right now.

EVE
But ... I ...

CHEV
I'll change the clock on the microwave.

EVE
OK.

Confused, she pads off to the bedroom to change.

CHEV goes into the kitchen. He peeks out the kitchen window,
looks around nervously, glances at the microwave, walks up
and punches two buttons.

EXTREME CU: in ULTRA SLO-MOTION the digital readout on the
clock switches from 11 to NOON with a sound like an 18-
wheeler being dragged on it's side through a cathedral.

CHEV'S vision starts to blur. He slumps forward, head
pressed against the microwave, trying to hold himself up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We hear his HEART skip, hang for a long moment, then thud again, heavily.

CHEV
(to himself)
That shit's wearing off ...

EVE (O.S.)
(calling to him)
Oh darn! I forgot, the waffle iron's on
if you want to make one.

CHEV
(calling back)
Great, great ...

He lurches over to the other side of the kitchen ... where an old fashioned-style waffle iron sits, plugged in and starting to smoke.

He takes a deep breath, opens the lid, PUTS HIS HAND IN AND PRESSES THE THING CLOSED.

SOUND: a stomach churning SEAR AND SIZZLE.

He screams under his breath, stomping on the kitchen floor in agony ... but his HEARTBEAT rockets up again. He pulls out his pink, smoking hand and jams it under his armpit, hopping up and down.

EVE (O.S.)
You're so stressed out, do you want some
pot?

CHEV
(fighting to get the words out)
Yes. No! ... thanks ...

The waffle iron starts to SPARK from the plug. He yanks it out of the wall as EVE walks in wearing a sun dress and a ribbon in her hair.

EVE
What's the matter?

CHEV
(holding it in)
Nothing ... burned my hand ...

She comes up to him, tries to pry his hand out from under his arm.

EVE
Oh my God, are you OK? Let me see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

It's nothing... don't worry about it...
let's get out of here ...

EVE

Come on, let me see ...

CHEV

I SAID I'M OK, CAN WE JUST LEAVE??!!

EVE

(coldly)

That was just totally uncalled for.

CHEV

(exasperated)

I'm sorry ... look, can we just ...

EVE

Fine.

She turns, grabs her purse and walks out the front door in a huff.

CHEV is about to follow her when he notices something out the window - DOUBLE TAKES, then parts the blinds to get a better look.

73 A SEDAN has pulled up outside. TWO HOODS hop out and split 73
up, one coming up the front way, the other around back. Each
one has a right hand tucked into his blazer - they're
PACKING.

BACK TO:

CHEV

(under his breath)

Shit!

He flies out the door after EVE - the door swings shut behind him.

74 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 74

CHEV comes up behind EVE, grabs her by the shoulders and turns her around.

CHEV

I'm parked out back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances over his shoulder. Through the glass SECURITY DOOR he sees HOOD #1 coming up the front steps.

EVE stops suddenly in front of her door - CHEV practically PILES into her.

EVE
Oh darn... the thing.

She starts to dig through her purse for her keys.

CHEV
The thing. What thing.

The HOOD tries the front door - LOCKED.

EVE
(unlocking the door)
The waffle thing. I forgot to turn it off.

She opens the door and walks in. CHEV tries to speak, coughs up some unintelligible stacato nonsense.

75 EXT. FRONT PORCH, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 75

The HOOD runs his fingers down the directory list to:

E. LYDON - 101

... and then across to the KEYPAD, PEEL-AND-STICK labeled:

ENTER * + APT. # TO DIAL

76 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 76

CHEV is SLACK-JAWED. Inside the apartment, the PHONE BEGINS TO RING.

EVE (O.S.)
Alright, alright...!

CHEV shakes his head in disbelief; steels himself - then turns and walks quickly down the hall to the front door.

77 INT. EVE'S APARTMENT, CONTINUOUS 77

Flustered, EVE picks up the phone.

EVE
Hello?

78 EXT. FRONT PORCH, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY

78

The door SLAMS OPEN. The HOOD whirls to see CHEV, grim as a motherfucker, SIX INCHES FROM HIS FACE. He scrambles for his gun -

TOO LATE. CHEV'S hand flashes forward, PALM connecting with the BRIDGE OF THE NOSE - dropping him instantly.

EVE (O.S.)
(through the intercom)
Hello? Hello? Alright, very funny...

The HOOD drops to his knees, eyes rolling back in his head, blood rushing from his nose. CHEV glances quickly around for witnesses - then backs into the hallway, letting the door swing shut behind him.

79 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY

79

EVE pops out.

EVE
I hate that...

CHEV is waiting by the door, blocking her view of the front entrance, smiling somewhat crazily.

CHEV
You trying to burn down the building?

She gives him a look, then turns and heads down the hall. CHEV hustles after her.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Whoa whoa whoa...

80 EXT. REAR EXIT, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY

80

The building opens out back into a small parking area. Trash bins line the brick wall, ready for pick up. CHEV and EVE are leaving when CHEV sees the other HOOD coming around the corner, LESS THAN TEN FEET AWAY.

CHEV grabs the back of EVE'S purse and turns it upside down, spilling the contents all over the concrete. She spins around, just missing sight of the HOOD.

CHEV
Aww, damn it, I'm sorry baby...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
(irritated)
Nice one.

She drops down to gather up her things, as the HOOD comes fully around the corner and MEETS EYES with CHEV.

Without hesitation, CHEV hurdles EVE and catches the HOOD'S wrist as he pulls out his GUN.

EVE (CONT'D)
(oblivious)
I swear to God, Chev, I don't know what
you're on these days but it is *not*
working for you...

CHEV wrestles himself around the HOOD, keeping the gun at a distance with one hand, his other hand cupped over the HOOD'S mouth, head-locking him. Their legs interlock, jostling for leverage.

The GUN drifts down toward EVE - CHEV wrenches it up as THE TRIGGER SQUEEZES.

SILENCER. The shot whizzes over EVE'S head and through a nearby window: *PLINK!*

81 INT. SENIOR CITIZEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 81

A PARAKEET in a cage by the window disappears in a puff of feathers.

82 EXT. REAR EXIT, EVE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 82

From overhead, the CAMERA CORKSCREWS CLOCKWISE as CHEV wrenches the HOOD'S neck COUNTERCLOCKWISE, snapping it.

EVE
You know, I could use a little help here.

CHEV shoves the HOOD'S body into a dumpster just as EVE turns... CHEV snatches up the first thing he sees - a grime encrusted plastic SHOWER CAP - and holds it up lamely.

CHEV
Is this yours?

EVE rolls her eyes, looks around.

EVE
Where's your car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

My car. Actually... I took a cab.

83 EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY

83

A POLICE MOTORCYCLE is tipped over on a lawn, coughing up black smoke, spewing oil. A crowd of Mexicans are gathered around, gaping.

Flames start to SHOOT UP from the motorcycle; THE CROWD SCATTERS, ducking for cover.

84 EXT L.A. CHINATOWN, 8 MINUTES LATER

84

MONTAGE: Chinatown is bustling with activity. Vendors haggle ... workers hustle down the sidewalk with baskets of chickens, sides of meat ... tourists wander ... motorists argue and punch their horns ... and the lunch hour crowd converges on a hundred eateries ...

We hear a million HEARTBEATS, old, young ... even fast ticking chicken heartbeats, all overlapping, blending together in a swelling din of live things.

The voyeuristic CAMERA picks CHEV and EVE up through the crowd. CHEV is wearing DARK GLASSES to go with his 80's hair and jogger.

EVE

You're embarrassing.

CHEV

You know, I didn't have a lot of time to pick this out ...

EVE

Hm. So why are we here?

85 INT NOODLE HOUSE, MOMENTS LATER

85

CHEV sits across from EVE in a tiny restaurant. An equally tiny VIETNAMESE WOMAN brings them menus.

CHEV pulls a little bottle of NAS-ALL out of his pocket and SNORTS the entire thing, grotesquely, at the table. It doesn't help much.

He shakes out his head, bangs his fist on the table and sits up in his chair.

CHEV

(holding his fingers up to
indicate quotation marks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV(CONT'D)

"This isn't going to be easy" ... as they
say ...

EVE flinches at the sight of his burned, waffle patterned
palm. He notices, draws it back.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Alright, here it is. I told you I was a
video game programmer. That was a lie.
Actually...

CUT TO:

INT THOUSAND CRANES, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHEV'S DIALOG continues over the FLASHBACK.

CHEV is retrieving a HIDDEN GUN from the kitchen, checking
the CLIP, the BARREL, the ACTION, and slipping out a side
door into a RED CORRIDOR past two CHINESE MEN in black suits.

CHEV (V.O.)

I kill people. I'm a professional hitman.
I freelance for a major West Coast crime
syndicate.

CUT TO:

INT THOUSAND CRANES, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DON KIM sits at the head of the table, drinking alone.

CHEV (V.O.)

Last night was a job like a hundred
others. A high dollar hit. Nothing
special.

CHEV walks up behind him, gun drawn to the back of KIM'S
head... cocks the hammer back. DON KIM spins around in shock,
the same reaction we saw in the *SCENE 1 FLASHBACK - FROZEN*,
SAUCER-EYED.

CHEV'S eyes steel... his finger tightens...

CHEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then out of nowhere this insane idea
comes in through the back of my head like
a .45 slug at close range...

Silence hangs heavy in the room... CHEV holds the gun to DON
KIM'S head, paralyzed with indecision.

DON KIM

Well? What are you waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a last GRIMACE like even *he* can't believe what he's doing, CHEV lets his GUN HAND DROP slowly to his side.

CHEV
Congratulations.

DON KIM
Did I win something?

CHEV
Your life, jackass.
(beat)
A hundred grand wants you dead, so sooner or later it's going to happen. But *I'm* not doing it.

DON KIM
I see.

CHEV
Instead, you're going to do something for me. You're going to get out of town. Disappear. I don't care where you go, I don't care what you do, so long as you're invisible for 48 hours. That's all I ask.

DON KIM
(incredulous)
48 hours.

CHEV
Or if you prefer, we can do it the other way, the way where I go to work and you go meet Buddah.

CUT TO:

INT NOODLE HOUSE, MOMENTS LATER

CHEV leans back in his chair and slams one of the legs down onto his foot. EVE flinches.

CHEV
See: I quit. I quit the business. For you.

EVE
For me?

CHEV
I figure I call you that night. I tell you everything. You understand.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV(CONT'D)

We get on a plane together and leave all
this shit behind. Never come back.

(shrugs)

Pretty crazy, huh?

EVE

You are so weird. Are we going on a trip?

CHEV stares at her blankly, then shakes his head to clear it.

CHEV

Yeah, well... I may be going on a trip,
but you're not coming with me...

EVE

I don't understand.

CUT TO:

86 EXT CHINATOWN, OUTDOOR PLAZA, MOMENTS LATER

86

EVE storms out of the restaurant, letting the door slam
behind her. CHEV follows, staggering like a drunk man.

He catches up to her and grabs her arm.

CHEV

Eve... baby... please!

She spins on him.

EVE

Mob hits, Chev? *Chinese poison*? Do you
know how ridiculous you sound? If you're
going to break up with me, at least you
can tell me the truth.

CHEV

You think it sounds crazy? How do you
think *I* feel - I've gotta *live* this
shit...

Just then the CAMERA SLAMS THROUGH CHEV'S TRANSPARENT CHEST -
his HEART seems to GRIND DOWN and STALL, MID-PUMP, as the
POISON'S PROGRESS moves another clock tick forward.

The CAMERA pulls violently out of CHEV'S chest cavity - he
looks like someone just FIRED A CANNONBALL INTO HIS GUT...
face white as a dinner plate... It's the worst we've seen him
yet.

EVE

Oh my God, Chev... what's the matter with
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks around like a drowning man. People everywhere, but starting to disperse as lunch hour dwindles. The world starts to SPIN.

CHEV
I... just need...

CHEV falls to his knees, pulling her down with him.

EVE
Chev, you're scaring me.

CHEV
(getting a desperate idea)
Wait a minute. Do you trust me?

EVE
No.

CHEV
Make love to me.

EVE
What?

CHEV
Come on. I think it'll help.

EVE
Help what?

He starts grabbing at her. She pushes his hands away.

EVE (CONT'D)
Get off! Are you kidding me?

CHEV
Take your clothes off.

EVE
No!

CHEV
You always say you want to be more spontaneous.

EVE
You're insane. You're like some adrenaline junkie with no soul.

CHEV
Save me, Eve. Save my life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV starts feeling up EVE'S ass.

EVE

Stop it!

She SLUGS HIM IN THE MOUTH. His head snaps back; he comes up holding his lip.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Chev!

She reaches instinctively to comfort him and he lunges forward, tearing at her dress.

They roll around on the ground, scratching and clawing at one another. A curious crowd gathers round. EVE starts to flip out, SCREAMING AND POUNDING on him with her fists like a crazy woman.

Next thing you know she's kissing and biting his mouth, breathless, still pounding with her fists.

EVE (CONT'D)

You filthy animal ...

She reaches down and starts fumbling with his pants. He helps. The onlookers' eyes widen, moms covering the kids' faces.

EVE (CONT'D)

Take me right here in front of everyone.

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to pick up. He lifts her dress and positions himself on top of her. EVE is completely out of her head, eyes closed, legs up in the air like a porn star.

EVE (CONT'D)

That's it... do it ...

CHEV thrusts.

EVE (CONT'D)

Come on, put it in me...

He thrusts again. EVE's eyes pop open.

EVE (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

CHEV looks down at his equipment, then up at EVE, helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVE (CONT'D)
(incredulously)
Tell me you're joking. Now you can't get
it up?

CHEV
(determined)
I'll fucking get it up!

With a surge of energy he lifts her off the ground, drags her
over to a newspaper machine on the street - the crowd parts
to let them through - and bends her over it.

He tries again to enter her.

EVE
God damn it, Chev ...!

CHEV
Shut up!

He starts to SPANK her. She responds with a moan. A certain
portion of the crowd spontaneously breaks into applause.
CHEV picks up the pace. EVE begins making primal cries.

A busload of JAPANESE GIRLS pulls up - tourists in matching
red uniforms - gaping out the window with slack jawed
amazement.

With the crowd cheering and traffic stopped, CHEV gets a shot
of adrenaline and goes for broke. EVE shrieks like a banshee
as he enters her.

CHEV (CONT'D)
I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M STILL ALIVE!!!

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT is slamming, he's really giving it to her,
making full eye contact with the busload of tourists the
entire time.

CHEV doubles his efforts, desperately fighting for the
climax, when ...

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

CHEV (CONT'D)
What was that?

EVE
Oh God... Oh God... yes...

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM. CHEV'S CELLPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Shit!

CHEV reaches for the phone.

EVE

What are you doing?!!

CHEV puts the phone up to his ear.

CHEV

Yeah.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

87 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME

87

CU of KAYLO'S face.

KAYLO

I've got Verona.

We see that KAYLO is duct taped to an office chair in what appears to be an old warehouse, knife to his neck, held by unseen captors. He's been badly beaten up.

86A EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86A

CHEV is still going through the motions with EVE, but his attention has shifted 100% to the voice on the phone.

CHEV

Kaylo?

KAYLO (V.O.)

I've got Verona, man.

CHEV yanks it out and pulls up his pants.

EVE

What???

CHEV

No shit. Where are you?

87A INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME

87A

KAYLO sweats, looks off camera. A hand presses the knife closer to his throat.

KAYLO

Don Kim's shirt factory. Upstairs.

86B EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86B

CHEV finishes zipping up.

EVE
(furious, in disbelief)
What's the matter with you?!!

CHEV
(to EVE)
Shh.
(to KAYLO)
Downtown?

87B INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME

87B

KAYLO
(gulping)
Yeah.

86C EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86C

CHEV'S demeanor changes to an icy slow burn. He holds EVE back with one arm as she tries to get at him, flipping out.

CHEV
Listen to me. You don't let that motherfucker out of your sight. I'll be there in ten minutes. You got that?

KAYLO
(close to breaking into tears)
OK, Chevy ...

CHEV
Out.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

CUT TO:

88 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, MOMENTS LATER

88

KAYLO looks up at his captors, miserably, as the phone clicks off. The CAMERA instantly flashes down to a low wide angle, looking straight up as a bag is thrown over KAYLO'S head and two unidentifiable men close in on him, lifting the chair off the ground ... then takes its time moving slowly down to reveal KAYLO'S feet, bicycling wildly, then twitching, finally just dangling ... both in fishnet and high heeled pumps. One pump falls to the concrete as KAYLO goes still ...

86D EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86D

CHEV turns his attention back to EVE.

CHEV
I have to go. Please understand.

EVE
No. Chev. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

CHEV spots a flash of blue - COPS making their way through the crowd.

CHEV
Shit!

He breaks away running, leaving EVE stranded half naked in the street, holding her torn dress up amidst a sea of gaping Chinese.

EVE
(screaming after him)
YOU'LL BURN IN HELL FOR THIS!!!

CHEV
(shouting back, voice trailing off)
I'll call you!

89 INT CHINATOWN CAB, 5 MINUTES LATER

89

CHEV sits in the back, fading.

LUB ... DUB ... LUBBBB ...

HAITIAN CABBIE, 30's, in a sleeveless black mesh T-shirt.

HAITIAN CABBIE
(heavy accent)
Hey.

He adjusts the mirror to get a look at CHEV. CHEV looks like hell - cold sweat, woozy, glass-eyed.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)
Hey man. What's the matter with you? You a crackhead?

CHEV
Right... just step on it, alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAITIAN CABBIE

Hey, you not gonna die in my cab,
crackhead.

The HAITIAN CABBIE opens up his glove compartment and takes something out. CHEV'S eyes widen. A gun?

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

I got something for you.

As the CABBIE turns around CHEV experiences a FLASH
HALLUCINATION:

The CABBIE'S face is painted like a PSYCHEDELIC VODOO SKULL
in GLOWING BLACK LIGHT PAINT. He is grinning crazily.

CHEV flinches in horror, but just like that the CABBIE is
back to normal. He hands CHEV a vial of liquid.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

You drink this Haitian shit, crackhead.
This right here is some hardcore shit.
Made from plant shit.

CHEV

(laughing)

Nice.

HAITIAN CABBIE

(irritated)

What are you laughing at? Look at this!

He flexes a HUGE BICEP.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

You see that? That's what a *man* looks
like, crackhead. That's the power. Now
look at you.

CHEV narrows his eyes at the CABBIE, then shakes his head.

CHEV

What the hell.

He twists open the little vial and downs it in one gulp.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(grimacing)

Tastes like ass.

HAITIAN CABBIE

That's right, devil. You wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV rolls his eyes and leans against the door, face pressed against the window glass.

Traffic flashes by at high speed then cuts to slo mo: The CAMERA ramps down to 120 f.p.s as a car rolls by CHEV'S taxi. A LITTLE BOY who could be younger version of CHEV himself rides in the back seat. They make eye contact as the cars cross paths.

CHEV finds himself drifting into a dream state.

FLASH CUT TO:

92 INT CAB, TIME UNKNOWN 92

CHEV'S eyes are glazed, staring through the window.

He notices something strange in the CAB'S rear view mirror - something RED.

CHEV'S eyes WIDEN.

CUT TO:

93 EXT CAB, TIME UNKNOWN 93

WIDE SHOT: the CAB cruises by ... a low sound builds to a DEAFENING ROAR ... following the CAB, a giant RED PACMAN GHOST rumbles down the street, animated, two dimensional ...

CUT TO:

94 INT CAB, DAY 94

CHEV jerks awake, and back to his senses.

HAITIAN CABBIE

We're here.

LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... steady.

CHEV focuses his eyes on the empty vial.

CHEV

What'd you say was in this stuff?

HAITIAN CABBIE

I told you: it's hardcore.

They pull up to the sidewalk in front of a run down, 40's era warehouse building at the outskirts of the LA Garment District. CHEV gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
(still shaking it off)
Wow.

HAITIAN CABBIE
Five fifty five.

CHEV digs through EVE'S purse, which he'd been holding in his lap the whole time, pulls out a fifty and hands it to the CABBIE. The CABBIE digs for change.

CHEV
It's all you, man. Keep it.

HAITIAN CABBIE
Have a nice day, devil.

CHEV puts the purse over his shoulder, turns to take a look at the building.

CHEV
Right...

CUT TO:

95 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, UPSTAIRS, SAME TIME 95
HIGH ANGLE: From an upper floor window someone is watching CHEV survey the building as the cab pulls away.

CUT TO:

96 EXT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 96
CHEV walks toward the front door, then stops short.

CHEV
(to himself)
Wait a minute, wait a minute ...

He glances toward the upper windows.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(suddenly suspicious)
This is fucked.

He changes direction, heads around the side of the building.

CUT TO:

97 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, UPSTAIRS, SAME TIME 97
CHEV disappears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #1 (O.S.)
Where's he going?

CUT TO:

98 EXT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 98

CHEV comes up on a loading platform. Korean workers are loading boxes out of the building into the backs of trucks in the sweltering heat.

He walks by them into the building without making eye contact with anyone. They barely notice.

99 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, PACKING ROOM, SAME TIME 99

He skirts the packing floor and heads to a dilapidated freight elevator, gets on, starts up.

100 INT FREIGHT ELEVATOR, SAME TIME 100

The front and ceiling of the ELEVATOR are open, exposing the shaft, the cables and the passing floors; he reaches the 4TH FLOOR, heading up ... hundreds of Koreans sitting at sewing machines, all running at once, a mind numbing din ... windows painted over black, chipped and cracked in places with shards of light slicing through ... slow turning ceiling fans and long rows of fluorescent light beating down on the tables ...

CHEV hops off and lets the elevator keep going.

101 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 4TH FLOOR, SECONDS LATER 101

THE CAMERA follows CHEV through the room, along the humming rows of sewing machines. He crosses from one side of the room to another, where a single open window leading out to the fire escape streams sunlight. A SUPERVISOR, Korean, skinny, mid-thirties, stringy mustache, is dozed off in a chair by the window.

CHEV walks right by, out the window and onto the fire escape. The CAMERA stays with him.

102 EXT FIRE ESCAPE, CONTINUOUS 102

CHEV beats his head into the brick wall, climbs up the fire escape, skips the next floor up, gets onto the roof.

103 EXT ROOF, SECONDS LATER

103

CHEV ducks behind a big ventilation duct. HOOD #2, mid 40's, stocky, is leaning over the edge of the building on the opposite side, looking for something - presumably CHEV - holding a cell phone up to his ear. His folded jacket and gun sit on the ledge beside him.

We recognize the HOOD from CARLITO'S place; he was one of the men loitering around the pool.

CHEV sneaks up.

HOOD #2

How the hell should I know? He went in where they load the boxes. Alright, alright ...

He clicks off - and CHEV is on him, snatching up the HOOD'S gun, spinning him around and poking it into the soft flesh under his chin.

CHEV

(sarcastically)

Hey, what a coincidence, you like this spot too?

HOOD #2

Chevy! Shit!

CHEV

What the fuck is this, you working for the Chinese now?

HOOD #2

The Chinese... are you crazy?

CHEV

Yeah I am. Where's Kaylo?

HOOD #2

Chevy ... I'm sorry, man ... I didn't ...

CHEV

(losing his patience)

OK, ding, time's up ...

In one quick motion he grabs ahold of one of the HOOD'S legs, hoists him up over the ledge and TIPS HIM OFF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, then turns and heads for the roof access door ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #2 (O.S.)
(falling)
You son of a ... !

... long seconds later, a THUD.

104 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 5TH FLOOR, MOMENTS LATER 104

The 5TH FLOOR is a little used storage level - stacked boxes, dusty file cabinets, garbage everywhere ... starkly lit with harsh overhead fixtures as old as the building itself. We recognize this as the room KAYLO called from ... more so because his LIMP BODY is still duct taped to the rolling office chair, now lying on its side in the middle of the room.

A half dozen more HOODS are gathered in front of the freight elevator when CHEV appears behind them, taking everyone by surprise.

He's standing over KAYLO'S body, gun drawn, EVE'S beaded purse still slung over his shoulder, PISSING FIRE.

CHEV
Alright, where is that motherfucker?

The HOODS are completely taken by surprise; they back away from CHEV, spreading out.

HOOD #3
Uh ... hey, Chev.

The HOODS act almost guilty ... it's obvious everyone knows each other.

CHEV
What the fuck is this?

HOOD #1
Chevy, baby, take it easy.

CHEV points the gun at HOOD #1's head; the others raise their guns at him.

CHEV
Like this? WHERE'S VERONA?

HOOD #1
Verona got nothing to do with this.

CHEV
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #1

Don Carlos wants you off the street.

CHEV

(stunned)

Carlito?

HOOD #1

You've totally lost your shit, dude ...
you're all over the TV ... destroying
property, making unauthorized hits ...
you're causing the organization a great
deal of embarrassment.

CHEV gestures toward KAYLO in disbelief.

CHEV

Carlito ordered this?

HOOD #1

(ignoring it)

Look, forget about Verona. We'll take
care of him. The best thing for you to
do is to find a nice, dark, quiet place
and just ... die.

CHEV

Just die.

HOOD #1

Yeah. Just ... die.

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to slow. The wooden elevator starts
down. He looks around, making eye contact with the other
HOODS ...

CHEV

Maybe you're right.

... then down to KAYLO'S crumpled body. He sees the stocking
feet, the pumps ... his HEART starts to jitter - THUDUB ...
LUB ... THUDUB ... his vision doubles ... he starts to swoon
...

HOOD #1

(rationalizing)

I mean we all gotta die sometime, right?

HOOD #1 snickers. The others share a tense laugh.

CHEV

That's true ... we all gotta die ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV stumbles, props himself up with one hand.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Right ... so ... let's all die ...

HOOD #1

Eh?

CHEV brings up his gun in the blink of an eye, draws a bead on HOOD #1 and is about to set off a SHOOTING GALLERY, when the ELEVATOR BELL CHIMES and the door SLIDES OPEN.

EVE WALKS IN... looks around, and FREEZES.

They all turn to look.

HOOD #1 (CONT'D)

What the...?

CHEV affords himself about a second and a half of BUG-EYED SHOCK before snapping out of it and DROPPING HOOD #1 INSTANTLY WITH A SHOT TO THE HEAD.

CHAOS BREAKS OUT as the others dive for cover and start blasting. CHEV yanks KAYLO'S chair up and shoves it toward the HOODS - then makes a break for the elevator shaft, grabbing EVE as he goes.

KAYLO'S body screens CHEV and EVE as they run, taking hits, finally toppling over again. CHEV takes out another HOOD on the run, nailing him right between the eyes.

CHEV turns his back on the hoods, covering EVE, as they make a dive into the open elevator shaft and takes a BULLET IN THE ASS.

CHEV

OW!

He spins and empties his clip at the HOODS, who hit the deck.

EVE holds his ass as CHEV looks down the open elevator shaft. The elevator is half a floor down, moving slow. He grabs EVE, then the cable... they jump for it.

105 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 4TH FLOOR, SECONDS LATER

105

CHEV and EVE hit the floor of the moving elevator with a CRASH and roll out onto the 4th floor. The workers are all in a panic, standing by their sewing machines - they've obviously heard the shots. The SUPERVISOR is walking around, shoving them back into their seats, screaming at everyone in Korean to keep working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SUPERVISOR, all of five feet, walks right up to CHEV and EVE, and starts screaming at them in broken English.

SUPERVISOR

You! Assholes! What you want!

EVE completely FLIPS OUT and starts SHOUTING DOWN the little man.

EVE

DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!! MY BOYFRIEND
KILLS PEOPLE!!!

CHEV

Nice.

The door on the far end of the room BUSTS OPEN and HOODS pour in from the stairwell. They spot him.

CHEV and EVE duck low and start hoofing it down the rows of machines toward the windows. The HOODS fan out. They play cat and mouse in the maze of sewing machines and Koreans while the SUPERVISOR, oblivious, continues screaming and forcing the workers back into their chairs.

CHEV puts a finger to EVE'S lips, calming her momentarily...

... then comes up behind a youngish HOOD and shoves the HOOD'S gun hand under a vicious looking sewing machine at least fifty years old, operated by a Korean woman even older. THE RUSTY THING PUNCTURES HIS HAND OVER AND OVER AS HE SCREAMS, JUMPING UP AND DOWN, UNABLE TO GET FREE.

CHEV grabs the gun. They make for the fire escape.

106 EXT FIRE ESCAPE, SECONDS LATER

106

They reach the bottom of the ladder and are PINNED DOWN by gunfire from above.

CHEV gives her a LOOK that says it all.

EVE

I had to see if you were telling the
truth... oh, and you have my purse.

CHEV notices the purse still over his shoulder, takes it off and hands it to her. With a quick upward glance he breaks cover and squeezes off 4 SHOTS, nailing two HOODS on the fire escape.

CHEV

Come on! Wait -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She freezes - one of the DEAD HOODS lands with a THUD in the spot she would've been -

CHEV (CONT'D)
... OK, now come on.

EVE is pale as a sheet. She steps over the body like she was avoiding a particularly large pile of cow shit... CHEV grabs her hand and yanks her along.

He spots EVE'S CAR parked BACKWARDS across the street and they make a desperate RUN FOR IT as more shots WHIZ AND RICOCHET off the pavement.

EVE is rifling through her purse as they run. Naturally CHEV assumes she's looking for the CAR KEYS.

EVE
Darn it, I forgot to take my birth control pill.

CHEV answers the gunfire with shots of his own, buying them a few seconds, then grabs the purse and shakes the contents out onto the ground.

No keys.

CHEV
Where's the keys?

EVE holds out her hand, where she's had them all along.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(taking them)
Cool.

EVE
My stuff...

She looks like she's about to wander around, gathering up her things, when another volley of shots BLOWS OUT THE PASSENGER WINDOW of the car.

CHEV picks EVE up like a sack of grain and THROWS HER, HEAD FIRST, THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW, INTO THE CAR, then runs around the other side, hops in and PEELS OUT.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

EVE gets herself turned upright and stares at CHEV, hair full of windshield glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
You weren't lying.

CHEV
Welcome to my life.

EVE
(head over heels IN LOVE)
No, I mean: that you were going to give
it all up for me.

CHEV
Oh. Yeah.

EVE
And the other part?

CHEV
The poison? Yeah, that's true too.

He SLAMS his fist against the wheel.

EVE
(cracking)
Then... that means...

CHEV
Pretty much.

EVE
How can we stop it?

CHEV
Adrenaline. It's the only thing that
slows it down.

EVE
(getting it)
So... when we were in Chinatown...?

CHEV
Yeah. Sorry.

A LOOK OF DETERMINATION comes over her. She reaches for his
crotch.

CHEV (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

EVE
This will get you going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

WHAT?

EVE

Come on, let's finish what you started.

CHEV'S eyes flash to the rearview mirror and GO WIDE. He grabs the back of EVE'S head and PUSHES IT DOWN INTO HIS LAP - just as a BULLET SLICES THROUGH THE REAR WINDSHIELD and out the front.

EVE'S head STAYS DOWN.

CHEV

Oh boy...

CHEV is straining against the seat, EVASIVE DRIVING as she GOES DOWN on him.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's... that's really working for me...

EVE'S head pops up.

EVE

(working him up)

You like that?

Shots whiz by.

CHEV

Stay down.

He pushes her head back down.

CHEV'S heart is POUNDING like a jackhammer. He's got himself arched into a crazy position, making it happen.

CHEV (CONT'D)

That's it that's it that's it... *just a little...*

EVE'S head quickly pops back up. She PUSHES AWAY.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(flustered)

What's the matter?

EVE

(satisfied)

So you can fall asleep like you always do? I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEV loses his mind.

He SLAMS THE BRAKES to put the car into a SLIDE, exposing his driver side to the pursuing sedan - punches his gun hand out the window and BLASTS AWAY.

He NAILS THE DRIVER BETWEEN THE EYES... the window DISINTEGRATES... The SEDAN full of HOODS skids into the sidewalk. Steam pours from the radiator.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CHEV gets out and walks DIRECTLY UP TO THE SEDAN, one hand holding his gun straight out in front of him, the other PULLING UP HIS JOGGING PANTS, which are bunched up around his knees.

CHEV unloads the entire clip into the SEDAN before any of the HOODS can react.

He walks back to EVE'S CAR, cool as a cucumber, gets in and pulls away.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

EVE'S face has turned a distinct shade of PALE GREEN.

EVE
Are they... OK?

CHEV looks at her like she's nuts.

CHEV
They're dead.

EVE is overwhelmed.

EVE
How can you... how can you do that...?

CHEV barely hears her - he's become DISTRACTED, flexing his left hand and feeling around his legs.

CHEV
I told you, baby... I quit.

He spots something, hits the brakes.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Wait here.

He jumps out.

122 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

122

CHEV almost COLLAPSES when his feet hit the ground. It seems like the left half of his body has simply stopped working.

CHEV

Jesus Christ! Now what...?

He unsnaps the buttons of the warm-up pants to reveal that his left leg has TURNED GREY.

He's HALF DEAD.

EVE

What's the matter?

CHEV

(pointing at her)

Stay.

They've pulled up across the street from a HARDWARE STORE. CHEV drags his carcass across the street, oblivious to the traffic swerving and braking to avoid him, and stumbles in.

EVE stays in the car for a few seconds, looking lost, then pulls herself together and gets out.

She follows CHEV'S path, crossing the street through traffic.

STORE EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS start bailing out of the store in a PANIC as she approaches the front doors. She walks through them and INSIDE.

123 INT HARDWARE STORE, SECONDS LATER

123

EVE dream-walks through the store, past the registers, following CHEV'S trail of BLOOD-SMEARED FOOTPRINTS.

A pimple-faced STOCK CLERK blows by her, not looking back.

STOCK CLERK

He's got a gun!

She turns the corner and there's CHEV - he's propped up in the middle of an aisle in front of a bin of NAILS, HAMMER in one hand...

He's already hammered SIX FRAMING NAILS INTO HIS LEG and is busy POUNDING IN NUMBER SEVEN.

He looks up at her, eyes wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
I can't feel my leg.

EVE is speechless.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

At first CHEV doesn't understand where the SOUND is coming from ... he looks around as if a RED GHOST might glide around a random corner any second ... then realizes his CELL is in his pocket. He answers it.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Hello?

DOC MILES
Chevy! Holy shit, man, I've been trying to reach you for a half hour.

CHEV
Where are you?

CUT TO:

124 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS 124

DOC is calling from the broken down apartment we saw earlier. CHOCOLATE is kicking back on a worn, brown imitation leather sofa in the background, watching TV.

DOC MILES
I'm at my office. Can you get here?

CUT TO:

125 INT HARDWARE STORE, SIMULTANEOUS 125

SIRENS approach outside. CHEV meets EVE'S eyes, shakes his head: unbelievable.

CHEV
Sure, why not?

FADE TO BLACK.

126 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, 9 MINUTES LATER 126

An IV bag bubbles, a portable HEART MONITOR beeps. The CAMERA follows the drip down to CHEV'S arm. He's lying on the brown sofa, wheezing thickly. Some kind of Court TV show plays on the tube in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES crouches beside CHEV, examines the heart monitor, shakes his head.

CHEV
I owe you again, Doc.

DOC MILES
You're my best customer.

CHEV
(gesturing with his head at the
IV)
What is this stuff?

DOC MILES
Synthetic ephedrine, diluted with saline.

CHEV
It feels sort of good.

DOC MILES
Oh, I also gave you a little meth.
That's the endorphins rushing into to
your brain that you're feeling.

CHEV
So I'm not... better?

DOC MILES
Fuck no. You're in such shit shape it's
stunning. I've never seen a heart take
this kind of punishment and keep ticking.
You should be in a fucking medical
journal or something.

CHEV
So... what are you going to do?

DOC just shrugs.

DOC MILES
The solution I'm giving you is acting as
a competitive inhibitor... meaning it
pushes the poison out of your receptors
and replaces it with a chemical... it's a
temporary fix...

CHEV
Then what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC MILES

Look, if we put you on life support we could maybe string you out for a few days, but at some point you'd almost certainly lapse into a coma... and then...

And now it hits CHEV for the first time: this is really it. He seems like he might break down.

CHEV

(cocking his head toward the next room)

Does she know?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

EVE and CHOCOLATE are sitting cross-legged on the mattress, staring blankly at the TV.

EVE

(no inflection)

I hate television.

CHOCOLATE looks sideways at her: the white girl is CRAZY.

INT. CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

DOC shakes his head NO.

CHEV broods silently.

DOC MILES

If you want, I can load you up with something, you'll go out in a beautiful dream.

CHEV

A dream.

FLASH CUT: A RED GHOST, pulsing.

DOC MILES

(gently)

Can I do that for you, Chev?

CHEV

No... no, that's not what I want.

DOC MILES

Then ... what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV'S moment of weakness passes. His face goes grim with vengeance as the mean bastard inside him kicks in. He looks DOC MILES in the eye.

CHEV

One hour.

DOC MILES regards him blankly.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I want one hour.

CUT TO:

127 INT HUMVEE LIMOUSINE, DAY

127

RICKY VERONA and his CREW are in the back, watching a noisy satellite feed on dual plasma TV screens. A JAPANESE GIRL in a red blazer, one of the TOURISTS from the bus, is being interviewed in Japanese amidst a crowd of her semi-identical friends. A TRANSLATION is overdubbed.

JAPANESE GIRL

<He was really giving it to her, right there on the vending machine.>

The GIRLS giggle.

JAPANESE GIRL (CONT'D)

<He was very cute ...>

VERONA rolls his eyes.

VERONA

Give me a fucking break...

The BROADCAST cuts to a MONTAGE: The trashed restaurant, the burning Police motorcycle, the car crashed into the mall escalator, POLICE sifting through wreckage, finally the sketch of CHEV'S face.

127

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

127

And so the wild rampage that began at 9 AM this morning in West Los Angeles continues, with the mysterious suspect still at large.

HOOD

Maybe we shoulda give him more of that Chinese shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA
(sarcastic)
Oh ... you think? Jesus ...

His cell phone rings. He checks it.

VERONA (CONT'D)
(shaking his head in disbelief)
It's him. Alright, shut up.

He answers.

VERONA (CONT'D)
What's up, corpse.

CHEV
Hey douchebag, thought you might be
interested in a little deal.

VERONA
A deal? You're mental, dude.

CHEV
I want the antidote.

VERONA
Oh, the *antidote*, huh?

VERONA makes eye contact with his CREW, covering the
mouthpiece of the phone; they all try to keep from breaking
up.

CHEV
That's right.

VERONA
And what are you prepared to give me.
Asshole.

CHEV
How about the jewelry I got off your
faggot brother, you cocksucker?

This stings VERONA. He pulls the phone away from his face,
looks at it like he wants to smash it into bits, then pulls
himself together and puts it back to his ear.

VERONA
(holding back, tight lipped)
Hmmm.

CHEV
Thinking about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA pantomimes jacking off for the boys.

VERONA
Alright.

CHEV
You like that deal?

VERONA
Whatever.

CHEV
I'll be at Downtown Standard in twenty minutes. You know the spot?

VERONA
Of course.

CHEV
Don't be late, or I'll trade this thing to some whore for a hand job ...

VERONA
(cutting him off)
I'll be there.

He clicks off, then sits there, seething.

VERONA (CONT'D)
(to the BOYZ)
What the hell are you looking at?

They turn back toward the plasma screens. VERONA takes a deep breath, then speed dials a number on the cell phone.

VERONA (CONT'D)
Verona. You're not going to believe the call I just got.

CUT TO:

129 EXT LOS ANGELES, DAY

129

MONTAGE TO MUSIC: more of L.A. at 3 f.p.s. - the traffic flowing, trains zapping by, commuters commuting, everything at a thousand miles an hour.

CHEV (O.C.)
It's going to be alright, baby.

THEN:

130 EXT LOS ANGELES, DAY

130

From a distance, in a locked off TELEPHOTO frame, we see CHEV walking toward the CAMERA in slow motion, 100 f.p.s.

Dialog from an UNSEEN CONVERSATION is layered over the image.

EVE (O.C.)

But... you said...

CHEV (O.C.)

I know. But things have changed. There's an antidote. I can make a deal for it, but I've got to go alone.

He's well dressed in a sportcoat, slacks, button down shirt and tie, flapping in the wind ... sunglasses, and look of brutal determination on his face ...

EVE (O.C.)

I'm scared.

CHEV (O.C.)

Of course. But you'll be safe now. And I'll be back.

In a series of dissolves he comes straight at the CAMERA til his face fills the frame ...

END MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - EARLIER

EVE looks up into CHEV'S eyes, absolutely vulnerable, absolutely STUNNING. Pale sunlight punches through the half rolled blinds.

EVE

Do you promise?

CHEV meets her gaze.

CHEV

I promise.

CUT TO:

131 EXT STANDARD HOTEL, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

131

CHEV bangs through the revolving glass doors to the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CAMERA shifts to a ROUGH HANDHELD POV, similar to the shot that starts the film. The MUSIC is replaced by the SOUND of CHEV'S labored BREATHING and HEARTBEAT. The POV doubles, goes in and out of focus.

In one continuous shot he approaches the STANDARD HOTEL and walks past the valets into the RETRO-MOD LOBBY.

132 INT LOBBY, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 132

The shot continues as CHEV moves through the LOBBY and makes a beeline for the RESTROOM. Scattered around are hard looking DUDES pretending to read newspapers ... he passes them by, avoiding eye contact.

133 INT BATHROOM, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 133

The bathroom is empty. He walks into a stall, shuts the door and opens his coat - we see a PAGER-SIZED device clipped to his belt - a green LED is illuminated.

REVERSE: CHEV adjusts a tiny knob on the device. His face is shiny with perspiration.

He pulls out his shirt tails ... we see that a small tube runs from the device to a needle inserted in the base of spine, taped up with white adhesive.

CHEV tucks the shirt back carefully, takes a series of deep breaths and leaves the stall.

134 INT LOBBY, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 134

He bangs open the door to the restroom and pushes past three of the DUDES, who were about to go in. They let him pass, trying to avoid attention.

CHEV makes his way to the ELEVATORS, hits the UP button. The doors open, he gets on. The DUDES watch from the LOBBY.

135 INT ELEVATOR, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 135

A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN - early 50s, compact and under five feet, immaculately groomed - hustles on as the doors slide shut. He stands opposite CHEV against the wall and stares at him, expressionless.

CHEV
What's happening, brother?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV takes a small bottle of PILLS from his coat pocket and swallows them dry.

He closes his eyes and leans against the wall to steady himself as the effect of the pills washes over him.

An UNEXPECTED VOICE breaks the silence.

KAREN CHELIOS

Where did I go wrong?

CHEV'S eyes SNAP OPEN. The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN stares back, impassively.

CHEV

(weirded out)

Did you say something?

Now the JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN answers - but when he moves his lips, it's the voice of A WOMAN IN HER 40s.

KAREN CHELIOS

Like talking to the wall...

CHEV

Mom?

KAREN CHELIOS

I'm amazed you remember you have a mother.

CHEV shakes his head in disbelief, tries to clear his eyes, but the HALLUCINATION persists.

KAREN CHELIOS (CONT'D)

You never call, you never write... I haven't seen you since you ran out at 16...

CHEV

(falling right into it)

Right, with you popping Valium like Tic Tacs and balling some new asshole every two weeks... why wouldn't I stick around for entertainment like that?

KAREN CHELIOS

That's hurtful.

CHEV is an instant ball of regret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV
(exasperated)
Mom, I got no time for this...

The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN cuts him off - this time the voice is ORLANDO'S.

ORLANDO
You got no time, period.

CHEV
Orlando?

ORLANDO
You a persistent motherfucker, Chev
Chelios, I'll give you that.

CHEV
(reacting)
This is weird.

ORLANDO
But you know this has got to stop
sometime. What do you think you are,
Michael Myers? They pop you and you just
keep gettin up?

CHEV
I'm the Terminator.

The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN does another transformation - this time into ALEX.

ALEX
You was that, maybe. But there's a new
gun in town.

CHEV
Don't tell me you're talking about your
bro, Def Lepard.

ALEX
He did you pretty good, didn't he?

CHEV
Yeah, not so much. I don't get it - why
didn't you guys just cut me up alive when
you had the chance?

ALEX
Verona said you was Chev Chelios - A.K.A.
Death On Two Legs.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX(CONT'D)

He said you probably been a contract
killer since grade school.

As he speaks, ALEX'S voice transforms again, this time into
CHEV'S... he's now talking to A MIRROR OF HIMSELF...

MIRROR CHEV

Bipolar. Sadomasochistic tendencies.
Adrenaline junkie. Addicted to
violence... probably spends every day of
his life looking for the big thrill, the
big rush. Cutting up a guy like that
while he screams in his own blood and
excrement would be like... like a GIFT...
a warrior's death... hell, you'd probably
get off on it...

CHEV

Did you rehearse this?

MIRROR CHEV

No, this was the best way for a guy like
you: a slow, ticking clock... winding
down... inevitable... non-negotiable...
until...

CHEV

(cutting him off)

Who the hell are you, anyway?

MIRROR CHEV

Don't you know?

CHEV

(soberly)

I think I'm starting to figure it out.

MIRROR CHEV

Yeah, well, better late than never.

(conversational)

You know you're going to die up there.

CHEV

(cold)

Yeah, maybe.

The CAMERA holds CHEV'S gaze for a long moment, unflinching.

CHEV (CONT'D)

But I'm taking you with me.

REVERSE, CU: The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN has TRANSFORMED INTO A
GIANT BLUE GHOST, pulsing silently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CUT TO: wide angle TWO SHOT, CHEV and the flat, two dimensional, computer animated GHOST, facing each other at opposite ends of the elevator.

SOUND: the CHIME SOUNDS, signalling they've reached the top floor.

CHEV glances at the lit floor number display, then back.

The JAPANESE MAN stares back at him, blank.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Some pills, Doc.

The JAPANESE MAN ignores him. When the doors open, he hustles off ... past two GOONS, who are waiting there for CHEV.

They each take an arm.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Easy ...

GOON
This way.

136 INT RESTAURANT, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 136

The GOONS lead CHEV through a posh dining area, down a dark corridor.

They frisk him, finding the obvious .45 in the shoulder holster, yank it out and push him into a SMOKING LOUNGE.

137 INT SMOKING LOUNGE, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 137

CARLITO and RICKY VERONA sit side by side at the table. An iced bucket of champagne, good cigars. GOONS chill in the corners. The whole floor has been cleared out - they've got the place all to themselves.

VERONA
(smug)
What's up, dead?

CHEV
Looks like everyone's here.

CARLITO
(chuckling despite himself)
Chelios... what a fucking mess you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

No shit.

CARLITO

Why don't you sit down?

VERONA

Wait a minute.

(gesturing to the GOONS by the
door)

Pat him down again. He's carrying
something.

The GOONS give him another look. This time they reach down his pants and produce a second small, concealed handgun ... then discover the pager-like device. One of the goons rips the tube from CHEV's back - CHEV winces in pain. His HEARTRATE starts to slow almost immediately.

CARLITO

Let me see that.

A GOON tosses it to him.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

Clever ... what is this, an insulin pump?

CHEV

Basically.

VERONA

What the fuck is insulin?

CARLITO shuts him up with a look.

CARLITO

(holding the device up)
Ephedrine, right?

CHEV nods. CARLITO places the device carefully on the table.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

(bemused)

Very resourceful ...

He reaches into his coat pocket, produces a pair of black leather gloves and starts to put them on.

CHEV

(to Verona)

Found a new master, you little bitch, is
that it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA

I'm nobody's little bitch.

CHEV

(egging him on)

We'll see what kind of a bitch you are
when Carlito hires you for half what he
used to pay me... and you take it.

CARLITO

That's enough.

CHEV

You'll probably throw boss a nice little
reach-around just to show what a good
bitch you are.

VERONA

I'm nobody's little bitch, you hear me?
He'll pay what I tell him to pay...!

CARLITO

I said *that's enough*.

(calmly)

It's been a long day. But in the end, you
must agree, it all works out quite
nicely. Don Kim gets his bullet, thanks
to you...

CARLITO unlatches a 2'x6" beautifully crafted mahogany wood
case sitting on the table in front of him. It contains
several SYRINGES and bottle of MILKY FLUID. He removes one
SYRINGE from the box with a gloved hand. It almost glows in
the soft light.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

... and Hong Kong gets a goat to take the
fall. Please understand, Chev, it's truly
nothing personal.

VERONA

Speak for yourself.

CARLITO squirts a little of the MILKY LIQUID.

CHEV

Is that what I think it is?

CARLITO nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLITO
The Chinese shit.
(nods to the GOONS)
Hold him down.

In a flash, CHEV WHIPS OUT A GUN - everyone FLINCHES... but no, wait: he's just holding out his fist, pointing the STICK-EM-UP FINGER right between CARLITO'S eyes.

CHEV
Not so fast, motherfucker.

For a beat, no one knows quite how to react. VERONA chuckles nervously.

VERONA
Dude's gone dipsy doodle...

CHEV whips the finger toward VERONA, shutting him down mid-word. VERONA shrugs it off with less than 100% confidence... the room EXHALES.

VERONA (CONT'D)
Whatever, psycho...

CARLITO
I'm afraid the Houdini act is over,
Chelios.

A GOON makes a move for CHEV... but CHEV spins on him, leveling the finger at the GOON'S forehead, and pulls the "trigger"...

CHEV
(imitating a gunshot)
Booosh!

The GOON'S head is rocked back, a NICKEL-SIZED HOLE popped right through the cranium... a GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON arcs from the GOON'S forehead across the table, splashing into the ice bucket.

VERONA
(freaking)
Ourfather whoartinheaven hallowedbethy -

CARLITO
Shut up, Verona.

DON KIM
So this is how it is.

Everyone turns...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DON KIM, in a Ralph Lauren polo shirt and white slacks, is standing at the entrance of the bar. He's got an ASIAN GANGSTER on each side, one of them holding out a smoking, silenced GLOCK .9mm.

More ASIAN GANGSTERS appear all around, moving in, taking position. The GANGSTERS all look about 16 years old, dressed for a hot night at the FLORENTINE GARDENS... but their eyes are dead-blank COLD AS HELL.

VERONA

What... you... he...

CHEV

Presto.

One of CARLITO'S GOONS points an UZI at DON KIM... and is FILLED FULL OF LEAD in the blink of an eye by a pair of ASIANS on his blind side... who are CUT TO RIBBONS by another of CARLITO'S MEN... and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

CARLITO scrambles away from the table and grabs one of his GOONS, using him as a shield as he makes his way behind the bar... the GOON absorbs a hail of bullets...

VERONA whips out a .357 MAGNUM, turns toward CHEV...

Summoning a surge of strength from out of his ass, CHEV kicks the table forward, pinning VERONA'S legs to the bench - the ICE BUCKET slides into CHEV'S lap...

He snatches out a bottle of Dom Perignon and fastballs it at VERONA'S GUN HAND... the bottle SHATTERS... VERONA bobbles the .357... it hits the ground - GOES OFF - and the four fingers of VERONA'S right hand are VAPORIZED.

VERONA SHRIEKS like a ten year old girl at a JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE concert.

Behind the bar, CARLITO quickly punches up his cell phone.

CARLITO

Get me out of here! NOW!

EXT. STANDARD HOTEL, ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A PILOT is standing by in CARLITO'S personal HELICOPTER, waiting on the roof.

PILOT

Yes sir.

He fires her up, LIFTS OFF...

INT SMOKING LOUNGE, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

CARLITO'S and DON KIM'S MEN have backed into opposite corners of the room, and are firing back and forth.

VERONA crawls along the floor, gathering up what's left of his fingers... comes across a SYRINGE and grabs it in his teeth like a PIRATE'S KNIFE.

DON KIM stands amidst the chaos, completely unperturbed.

CARLITO
(from behind the bar)
I'll kill you for this, Chelios!

CHEV
Too late!

CHEV swoons, almost passes out... catches sight of a GUN and pries it from the hand of a dead GOON... he spots VERONA'S FEET disappearing behind a wall, takes a bead and fires - blowing off a set of toes to go with the fingers.

An ASIAN GANGSTER runs up and lobs a GRENADE behind the BAR... it bounces along and comes to rest next to CARLITO.

CARLITO thinks quick, grabbing one of his GOONS - a 265 pounder - from behind...

CARLITO
Get down!

He BODY-TACKLES the BIG MAN onto the floor, right on top of the live grenade, and brings his weight down on top of him.

GOON
Thanks, boss.

BOOM!

The BIG GOON'S body absorbs the blast, which picks them both up five feet in the air... CARLITO, momentarily airborne, pops up from behind the bar like a JACK IN THE BOX, then drops back down with a THUD...

CARLITO
Ronnie James Dio...!

The LOUNGE opens into a daylight drenched POOL AREA... CARLITO'S HELICOPTER drops down into view, roiling up the water...

CARLITO makes a break for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

Oh no you don't...

CHEV goes after him, spinning and careening across the slick floor like a CHARLIE CHAPLIN DRUNK ACT, dodging bullets and blasting away...

CUT TO:

EXT STANDARD HOTEL, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Police have surrounded the hotel and are pouring into the Lobby in teams. Squad cars, CHERRY TOPS FLASHING, SWAT vans pulled up on to the curb, people roped off, crowd control, news vans, the works.

A TV REPORTER is sending a live feed amidst the pandemonium.

REPORTER

Police have moved to surround the Downtown Standard Hotel, where the suspect ... the unidentified madman ... is believed to be holed up and making a desperate last stand ...!

CUT TO:

145 EXT. STANDARD HOTEL, POOL AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

145

CHEV staggers out into the daylight as the windows to the restaurant shatter - and is met by a SWIRLING RUSH OF WIND as the HELICOPTER attempts to set down amidst the chaise lounges and futuristic plastic cabanas.

CARLITO is climbing in as CHEV clambers up and GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND. CARLITO spins; CHEV shoves the gun in his face.

CHEV

Present from Kaylo.

But just as he's about to pull the trigger, he FREEZES... face TWITCHING... knees BUCKLING...

... and we see that VERONA has come up behind him and JAMMED THE SYRINGE RIGHT TO THE HILT INTO THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

CHEV drops to his knees. His HEARTBEAT is deafening, GLACIAL.

VERONA

(in a bloodthirsty rage)
Now what? Now say shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO
(shaken for once)
Jesus, man, where the fuck where you?

VERONA grabs the gun out of CHEV'S hand and points it at CARLITO.

VERONA
WHO'S THE BITCH NOW?

He blows CARLITO away with three shots.

The PILOT starts to lift off in a blue panic. VERONA shoves CHEV aside and hops into the back seat, pointing his gun at the PILOT'S head.

VERONA (CONT'D)
That's right, motherfucker! FLY!

VERONA whips the gun around as the bird rises, intending to finish CHEV off from the air ...

... and has the gun removed from his hand by CHEV, who has climbed onto the landing skids, hooking his dead arm inside the passenger space, going up with them.

DON KIM watches the HELICOPTER rise as his MEN finish off the last of CARLITO'S GOONS...

DON KIM
Do not use a hatchet to remove a fly from
your friend's forehead.

A GANGSTER gives him a sidelong look.

DON KIM (CONT'D)
(explaining)
Confucius.

... the DOOR BUSTS IN and the place is crawling with S.W.A.T.

146 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES, SECONDS LATER

146

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT IS SLAMMING as the bird rises high above the rooftop and the surrounding streets. He wrestles his way up into the back seat as VERONA tries desperately to push him out.

NEWS HELICOPTERS hover around the midair struggle like wasps, shooting across at the action.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

147 LIVE TELEVISION BROADCAST: An announcer babbles over 147
phenomenal live video of CHEV and VERONA struggling in the
helicopter.

CUT TO:

148 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES, SIMULTANEOUS 148

CHEV has VERONA locked up; both men are fighting with just one hand ... VERONA manages to work his up to CHEV'S shoulder, where the steel needle still pokes through. He slides it out and stabs at CHEV'S face ... CHEV catches his wrist in time to hold him off, but his grip is slipping ...

The spaces between CHEV'S HEARTBEATS have grown longer and longer ... he's obviously having a massive coronary ...

VERONA

You're dead, you're dead, you're dead!

CHEV swoons; his eyes roll back in his head ... he starts to go limp, fall backwards ...

Then, with a final rush of adrenaline, he grabs VERONA by the neck and pulls him along.

The two men FALL FROM THE HELICOPTER.

CHEV continues to strangle VERONA in midair.

CHEV

I told you I'd kill you, you son of a bitch!

VERONA'S eyes bulge in disbelief. CHEV continues to strangle him until VERONA goes limp, glassy eyed ... CHEV finally lets go ... VERONA'S body drifts away ...

CHEV (CONT'D)

There.

Now he's alone, free falling ... it's almost peaceful up here.

149 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES 149

It occurs to him he still has his cell phone. He retrieves it from his coat pocket and clicks a speed dial.

CUT TO:

150 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME

150

SLOW ZOOM in on EVE'S answering machine as he talks.

EVE (O.S.)
... leave a message.

BEEP.

CHEV (O.S.)
Hey doll. Looks like I let you down
again. You were right about me ... funny,
you really have time to reflect on things
when you know you're going to die ...
seems like all my life I've just been
going, going, going ... I wish I'd taken
more time to stop and smell the roses, so
to speak, but well, I guess it's too late
now... you were the greatest, baby.

CUT TO:

151 EXT STREET, IN FRONT OF HIGHRISE, 1 SECOND LATER

151

Still frame of a city street, traffic sounds - CAMERA down on
the ground. A homeless guy ambles along, looks up, hustles
his ass out of the way ...

VERONA hits the ground - SMACK! - BOUNCES, flies out of
frame.

Next is CHEV - he SLAMS off the canvas top of a moving
convertible car - BAM!

CHEV flies high out of frame, then comes down hard, smashing
into a NEWS STAND right in front of the CAMERA ... TRADES and
FISH WRAPS rain over CHEV and the surrounding area... on each
a different HEADLINE... "Bo Sox Break The Curse"... "Bush To
Swiss: You're Next"... etc.

The screen CUTS TO BLACK.

A beat of silence... *is that it?*

then -

SOUND: LUB DUB.

KICK TO SOUNDTRACK.

Hanna

Screenplay by Seth Lochhead and David Farr
Story by Seth Lochhead

1 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY.**

1

Sparse forest. Snow falls.

Breathing and the BEAT of a person running.

HANNA, fourteen years old, long hair, eyes like blue ice, dressed in animal skins, glides through the trees, a bow strapped to her shoulder.

She slows, crooks her head, listening, her breath visible in the freezing air.

A FEW HUNDRED YARDS away

A REINDEER nuzzles the snow, searches for grass.

Its head pops up. It looks at the trees but doesn't see her.

The bow string STRETCHES. Her blue eyes focus. She exhales deeply and releases.

The arrow glides and SNAPS into the deer's side. It flops, its feet running without ground, frantic.

It resurrects itself, blood slipping from its side, and sprints. She sprints after it, the trees strobing past her.

She follows the trail of blood in the snow.

The deer stands in a clearing, waiting for her.

Steam pours from its mouth and nostrils.

HANNA approaches, removes a fur glove.

She reaches out and gently pets the animal's frightened face. She runs her hand down along its neck, in towards the wound.

HANNA

I just missed your heart.

She pulls out an old pistol from her waist holster, pauses, and then-- POP. POP. into CAMERA.

CUT TO TITLE: HANNA

2 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR - LATER.**

2

A knife enters the deer near its anus.

HANNA

(whisper)

Remove the penis and scrotum, make a deep, circular cut around the rectum.

HANNA pulls the knife up towards the brisket.

HANNA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Cut from the rear to the brisket.

She works calmly without expression.

The deer lies on it's side.

HANNA breaths hard. She reaches deep into the body cavity and pulls out intestine, stomach, liver.

She freezes, sensing danger.

Her hand deep inside the animal. She listens. She looks out into the still forest. No sound.

ERIK, mid forties, a mammoth with leathery face, stands behind her like a ghost.

ERIK

You're dead. Right now. I've killed you.

HANNA spins spraying deer-blood on to the snow and brings her fist right to ERIK's face. He blocks and thumps an open palm on to HANNA's shoulder sending her sprawling into the snow.

She leaps to her feet, as ERIK aims a kick at her head. She dodges, punches below his knee cap, and goes for her pistol. ERIK slaps the hand away.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Use your hands!

She goes for the gun again and again he stops her.

He moves in tight, pulling the gun from its holster and tossing it deep into the forest.

HANNA clips ERIK'S temple sending him to the ground.

She wraps her arms around his neck preparing to snap...

... but she can't.

He throws her over his shoulder into a pile of snow.

ERIK stands and wipes the snow from his pants. His face shows a touch of frustration.

He plods into the forest.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Drag it back yourself.

HANNA drags herself to the deer's side. She stares at its dead face.

4	OMITTED	4	
5	EXT. FOREST FLOOR - EVENING	5	
	HANNA drags the 200 lb deer on a makeshift sled. She lifts her knees high and moves at a steady pace.		
	Hidden among the trees, a little way off, ERIK is watching her.		
6	EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - EVENING	6	
	A log cabin built around an ancient tree surrounded by the thick forest. HANNA is standing in the snow, stripping the deer with a knife. It's a tough job but she does it no fuss.		
7	OMITTED	7	*
8	EXT/INT. LOG CABIN - LATER	8	*
	Hanna hops up onto the porch and drops a bucket full of bloody tools by the door as she enters.		* *
	INSIDE		*
	Very primitive. Cave-like. Everything they own they've built themselves. There's a few "modern" items, old and worn.		* *
	HAND PRINTS of increasing size (marking Hanna's age) run up one wall.		* *
	Erik sits in the dark, the fading sunlight just barely illuminating him. He restrings a bow and watches Hanna.		* *
	Hanna removes her coat and hangs it near the hearth. She's a bit stiff.		* *
	ERIK What's wrong? Are you hurt?		
	She grabs a shutter and begins closing up the cabin for the night. Erik strides across the room for his knife.		* *
	ERIK (CONT'D) You were half asleep.		
	Hanna grabs another shutter, puts it in place a little too hard.		* *
	ERIK (CONT'D) Always be ready. Even when you're sleeping. Think on your feet. Adapt...		*

HANNA
...or die. I'll do better next
time.

ERIK
German.

HANNA
(In German w/ English
subtitles)
I'll do better next time.

ERIK
Italian.

HANNA
(In Italian w/ English
subtitles)
I'll do better next time.

ERIK
Spanish.

The room darker and darker as Hanna closes up the last few *
openings to the outside world. *

ERIK (CONT'D)
(insistent)
Spanish.

HANNA
(In Spanish w/ English
subtitles)
Did you really want me to snap your
neck? *

He pulls the string taught, slices excess away. *

ERIK
How much did you pull off the deer?

HANNA
A hundred and twenty with scraps.

ERIK
About 200 pounds in total? *

HANNA
I think so. *

ERIK
That explains it.

HANNA
What?

ERIK
How you beat me. You're getting
strong.

Hanna puts the final shutter in place. *

The room at its darkest. *

ERIK (CONT'D)
(In Spanish w/ English
subtitles)

I'm glad you didn't snap my neck.

*

9 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

9 *

HANNA sits cross legged, back straight, on the floor.

*

She pokes a stick into the glowing logs of the fire and tiny embers float into the darkness and disappear. It's one of her most favourite things.

*

*

*

Erik sits in a chair and reads from a large ENCYCLOPEDIA.

*

ERIK

The Great Blue Whale is the largest animal to have ever existed. A blue whale's tongue weighs over two and a half tons and its mouth is large enough to hold 90 tons of food and water.

HANNA

How much is that?

ERIK

It's bigger than the cabin. Its heart weighs thirteen hundred pounds and a male has seven gallons of testicles.

Hanna smirks.

ERIK (CONT'D)

The Blue Whale's "music" can be heard for over 500 miles.

HANNA

What does music feel like?

Erik flips through the pages.

ERIK

(reading)

'Music. A combination of sounds with a view to beauty of form and expression of emotion'.

HANNA

I want to hear it for myself.

ERIK

We have all we need right here.

HANNA

It's not enough.

*

(CONT'D)

*

She stares up at him.

*

HANNA

*

I'm ready.

They look at each other - he weighs it up but lets it go.

ERIK

Go to sleep. We have an early day
tomorrow.

He closes the book, pushes himself out of the chair, and
picks up the used dishes from an earlier meal.

Hanna's eyes follow him around the room. Then, she lays the
stick in the fire and stands.

9A INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN. NIGHT.

9A

Hanna, in bed, covers herself in animal skin blankets,
straightens them and makes sure they're covering her feet.
She lays back, pulls the covers up to her neck as a test. Her
feet stay covered.

She sits back up, peers over the edge of her loft.

Below, Erik rinses the dishes in a bucket.

Hanna reaches under her bed and pulls up a copy of *GRIMM'S
FAIRY TALES*. It has a noticeable gap where pages have been
ripped out. *It's bruised and battered and splattered brown
with old blood.*

Hanna opens it to the book mark: a photo booth photo.

She stares at it.

10 INT./EXT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

10

THROUGH THE WINDOW

ERIK walks through the trees, a pistol in his hand.

11 INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - MORNING

11

HANNA wakes. She still holds the photo booth photo pinned to
her chest. She lifts it up, looks at it - a row of four
pictures each of JOANNA ZADECK (Hanna's mother) in different
contortions of silliness. In the last picture, Joanna in
profile showing off her swollen belly.

HANNA tucks the photo back into her childhood book and places
it gently under her bed.

12 EXT. LOG CABIN. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

12

A GUNSHOT breaks a tree apart. Erik out focus, gun aimed.

12A *

*
*

12B *

*

She rolls and fires. She reloads. And fires.

*

*

*
*
*

*

13

HANNA attacks ERIK. Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist. He defends easily.

ERIK

Again.

They reset. She repeats the motion. Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Again.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist. She's getting faster. Her strikes are solid.

14 **EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY** 14

A medium size log nailed along two pillars of the cabin acts as a chin-up bar.

Erik and Hanna do chin-ups. Both are fit. Neither will give up. ERIK observing HANNA's power. Both have the sense that he is judging her. HANNA's face fiercely determined.

15 **EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY** 15

ERIK and HANNA sit with their backs to a tree in the huge forest as they breathlessly recover from the exhaustion of the exercise. HANNA speaks fast, reciting.

HANNA

I live in Leipzig. German city.
Population 0.7 Million people. We
live at Number 7 Weissingerplatz. I
go to school at the Klaus Kohle
Gymnasium and my best friends are
Rudi Gunther and Clara Schliess. I
like literature and sport, in
particular tennis and athletics. I
have a dog called Trudi.

15A **EXT. NORTHERN FINLAND, FROZEN LAKE - DAY** 15A

A mile wide sheet of ice surrounded by sparse forest.

Hanna and Erik race across. Full sprint.

ERIK

Keep up.

Erik pulls ahead, pumping his arms, leaving her behind. A smile creeps onto his face. He's having fun. His foot STRIKES hard. The ice cracks but does not break.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Keep up Hanna. I'm not that fast.

He turns back. But she's gone.

50 yards away, a small hole in the ice.

ERIK (CONT'D)

HANNA!

UNDER THE ICE

Hanna writhes in the murk. A current pulls her along. Her fingernails rip, frantic, along the icy ceiling. She slams her fists and feet into it, trying to break it.

Erik's voice filtered through the ice and water.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hanna!

His shadow crosses above her. She throws her fists and feet hard, desperate--

ERIK on the surface hears the CREAKS and THUDS of her movements--

He sees her - the diffused shape of her - struggling and sliding under the ice--

His eyes follow where the current is pulling her--

Yards ahead, he sees a heavy branch sticking out of the ice. He sprints, takes hold of it, wrenches it back and forth, he slams his feet down, breaking it apart--

Her shape is coming. It will pass-by, just a few feet out of his reach. He works faster, more panicked, more desperate--

UNDER THE ICE

Hanna struggles to breath, the bubbles of air escape her lips and race along the ceiling searching for an exit--

ERIK on the surface. He's broken enough ice and jumps in with a splash--

He breaches back to the surface and hammers his forearm through the weakened ice, over and over again, splitting the skin in many places.

Each STRIKE breaks through. His strength and will is impressive. He will not let her die. He never could.

He makes up those few final feet just as--

Hanna slides by--

He dives under, one hand holding to the surface, and snatches her under the arm.

18 **EXT. NORTH FINNISH FOREST. LAKE SHORE.** 18

Erik strides through the trees at a steady pace. Hanna lingers behind him on the path. He stops, waits.

ERIK

I don't understand why you're so upset.

She ignores him, walks past him.

His temper and patience are about to give.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Tell me what's wrong.

HANNA

I would've found a way. I could've broken through. I'm strong.

ERIK

There was no time. It wasn't an exercise. You could've drowned.

HANNA

I would've found a way if you let me. I didn't need your help. I don't need it.

She turns from him and trudges into the forest.

19 **OMITTED** 19

20 **INT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT.** 20

HANNA sleeps.

ERIK stands over her in the dark, a gun outstretched, pointed at her head.

HANNA bursts from her covers, smashes the pistol from ERIK's hand and smashes him back into the wall. The whole cabin SHAKES.

She grabs his pistol, points it at his face.

He snatches it quick.

She snatches it back.

He SMACKS it out of her hand.

He lunges at her. He seems intent to hurt her, more than ever before.

HANNA slips her hand into her mattress, grabs a flint knife. She slices Erik's forearm and spins him around until she has the tip digging into the side of his neck.

HANNA breathless, angry.

HANNA

I'm ready. I'm ready already.

They both breath heavy. Hanna drops the knife and exits.

Erik sits there, utterly defeated. He knew this was coming, he just hoped it never would.

21 **EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT** 21

ERIK takes long lunging strides straight out from the cabin. He counts his paces.

ERIK

One, two, three, four...

22 **EXT. LAKE - DAY** 22

HANNA, alone, racing across the lake, the hole where she fell through already frozen over.

ERIK (V.O.)

...five, six, seven, eight...

23 **EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT** 23

ERIK

...nine, ten.

After 10 paces, ERIK makes a 90 degree turn and enters the tree line. The snow and mud crunch under his boots.

ERIK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

We continue to inter-cut the following with more close-ups of HANNA training without Erik: climbing, fighting, chin-ups, shooting.

ERIK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...four, five, six...

After 40 paces, with the cabin light distant, ERIK falls to his knees. He unsheathes a large knife and jams it into the frozen earth.

24 **EXT. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - MORNING**

24

HANNA in an isolated part of the forest.

She spies a fox pup staring at her from the tree line. She crouches and holds out her hand, scratching the ground gently.

HANNA
Hello little foxy... foxy loxy...

The pup approaches, excited but weary.

HANNA shuffles in her crouch, slowly making up the distance, She reaches out a hand and rubs its tiny head.

The pup gnaws at her open palm, its pin-like teeth doing minimal damage. Its paws wrap around her wrist, hug it. She pushes it over on its back and rubs its protruding belly.

It grunts and growls and HANNA mimics it perfectly.

Suddenly, the pup rights itself as a low BUZZ fills the air.

HANNA looks up through the trees. The BUZZ grows closer.

HANNA jumps to her feet, sprints toward the sound, through the trees, to a clearing as--

--a PLANE roars overhead.

HANNA watches, barely a speck against the endless, snowy reaches of her isolated domain.

25 **INT. CABIN - MORNING.**

25

Erik sits at a table. A metal box caked with frozen dirt sits open in front of him.

Footsteps. HANNA enters, excited.

*

HANNA
Did you see it? Did you hear it?
Like thunder. It was so beautiful.
(MORE)

*

*

*

HANNA (CONT'D)

It shook the snow from the trees. *

She sees the strange box sitting in front of him. She reaches
a hand out to touch it. *

HANNA (CONT'D)

What is it?

ERIK

It tells Marissa Wiegler where we
are. When you want to leave here
all you have to do is flip that
switch. *

She approaches the box and places a single finger on the
small red switch.

ERIK (CONT'D)

But once it's done, there's no
going back. She'll never give up
until you're dead, or she is. You
understand? I won't be there to
hold your hand. So be sure. Be sure
it's what you really want. *

Her finger lingers on the switch.

ERIK (CONT'D)

It's here. There's no rush.

HANNA pulls her finger away slowly and places her hand by her
side.

ERIK reads from the encyclopedia, Hanna snuggled close, watching the sun fall.

ERIK

Laika, a mongrel dog from the streets of Moscow, was the first animal to orbit the Earth. She was launched into outer space on the third of November, 1957. Scientists believed humans would be unable to survive conditions of outer space, so flights by animals were viewed as an experimental precursor to human missions. Her rocket was not designed to be retrievable, and Laika had always been intended to die.

HANNA

But she didn't, did she?

ERIK

They couldn't bring the rocket back, remember.

HANNA

I remember, but sometimes I wish you would read it differently.

ERIK, more sad than Hanna will ever know, turns the page and changes the subject.

ERIK

When a star collapses, the supernova explosion is 10 billion times brighter than other stars.

HANNA shuts her eyes and tries to imagine how bright that might be.

27

INT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

27

ERIK and HANNA go about their morning routine as if the ice hadn't broken and the box didn't exist. There's a melancholy between them, something lost they can never get back.

ERIK straps the bow to his chest and grabs a quiver of bolts.

ERIK

Will you hunt with me?

Hanna is sweeping the ground.

HANNA

If you want.

He wants.

ERIK
It's up to you.

HANNA
Me?

ERIK
Yes.

HANNA eyes the box sitting open.

HANNA
I'll stay.

ERIK leaves without saying a word.

HANNA looks at the box and walks over, the broom still in her hand. She pokes around it, examining all its electrical weirdness.

She places her finger to the switch, loses her nerve, and exits the cabin.

28 **EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS** 28

HANNA strides across the property and into the forest. She stops, turns back, and stares at her home.

HANNA
(whispering to herself)
Marissa Wiegler.

29 **INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS** 29

CLOSE ON - the metal box.

HANNA enters. The room is still and quiet. She approaches the metal box and FLIPS THE SWITCH before she loses her nerve.

A little red light begins to flash.

HANNA
(whisper)
Come and find me.

An ALARM CLOCK begins to ring as we cut to -

30 **INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA - EARLY MORNING** 30

CLOSE ON - a bedside alarm clock ringing loudly.

MARISSA WIEGLER, a handsome Texan in her mid-40's with red hair, reaches over and slams the alarm clock off.

She's alone in her bed. She always is. She has no children. She's made choices in her life and lives without looking back.

She walks into her ensuite bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror.

Her bathroom cabinet is filled with the tools of a dental fixation.

She collects a state of the art electric toothbrush and bares her teeth in a snarl as she brushes them in strict order.

31 **INT. LOG CABIN - DAY**

31 *

HANNA tends to boiling pots. She's cooking a feast. ERIK enters. He stamps his feet shedding ice at the door.

He walks by the box and sees the little red light flickering HANNA sees this and sees him smile, but she knows he's sad.

ERIK

You were lucky to grab that deer.
There was nothing out there today.

ERIK looks over at the meal HANNA is preparing. He dips his finger into the pot scalding himself.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Ouch.

HANNA

It's hot.

He smiles at her. One of the few he's shown her.

ERIK

I'm really hungry. And it smells so good. Is it almost ready?

He wraps an arm around her shoulder and looks into the pot. They don't hug much and it shows. But HANNA's not going to let go first. She leans into his heavy coat, briefly, and takes a deep breath.

The smell from that giant coat. It wraps her all up and makes her feel like nothing in the whole wide world could ever hurt her.

31A **EXT. CIA HQ LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY**

31A

An establissher. A flat circular building set into a perfectly manicured lawn tended by an automatic sprinkler system.

32 INT. CIA HQ LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY 32

MARISSA, wearing a sharp business suit, walks down a set of stairs with her TECH ONE. *

TECH ONE
We've picked up an unencrypted
signal, one of ours. We think it's Erik Heller. *

She's not surprised or at least she doesn't show it.

MARISSA
When? *

TECH ONE
0632 eastern standard. Triangulated
60 miles below the arctic circle.
Near Kuusamo. *

MARISSA
Finland. *

He hands her a coffee and she hands him some files. *

TECH ONE
You were his handler, right? *

MARISSA
Sure. The name sounds familiar. *

But the name is more than familiar. *

33 **EXT. LOG CABIN - EVENING**

33

ERIK is leaning over a pail of water, cutting his beard off with a knife.

Hanna sits at a table utterly fascinated by her father's transforming appearance.

MARISSA (V.O.)
Erik Heller. Recruited in 1991.

*

CUT TO

Erik clean shaven. Hanna saws off chunks of his long hair. She saws one area too close to his head, creating a very uneven divot. His whole head of hair is full of uneven divots.

ERIK
How does it look?

She steps back, sizes him up.

Her eyes widen and a smile cracks.

HANNA
Good.

ERIK
Good?

HANNA
Almost good.

33A **INT. ERIK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

33A

ERIK opens a WOODEN CHEST in the corner of the room. He takes out an old folded three piece suit and rolled shirt...

MARISSA (V.O.)
An agent to the Clandestine
Operations in Poland and a former
FSK operative, he was integral to
paramilitary operations in Eastern
Europe and Central Asia. The file
ends in '94. There was no sign of
life until April 18, 1996 when his
fingerprints appeared on a .22
caliber Luger found beside the body
of one Johanna Zadek.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

... he unholsters his gun and lays it down. He removes his giant coat, folds it with care and places it in the box.

34 INT. VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY. 34

Suspended from the ceiling are a number of screens showing a feed to the European HQ where a young agent, LEWIS, is in attendance.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - a newspaper article, the headline: POLICE HUNT FOR MURDER SUSPECT. A picture of a Young Erik in the article beside another picture of the burnt out carcass of a car tilted at an odd angle against a tree.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - A photo of JOHANNA ZADEK. She's the woman *
from Hanna's photo booth pictures.

WALT and BOB, Marissa's bosses, sit at a wide table. Marissa, like a teacher, lectures her students.

MARISSA
Johanna Zadek. Born 1970. German. *
Spotted and developed by Heller in *
1994 but never recruited. *

WALT

Why was she being developed?

*

Marissa opens another file, reads.

MARISSA

That's not in the file. Let's stay
on task. Erik is a rogue asset. I
propose we go in and pull him out.

*

*

*

WALT

Isn't that an over reaction?

*

*

MARISSA

No.

*

*

BOB

Give it to Interpol, for Christ's
sake. We have bigger problems,
bigger fish, Marissa, than some
loon who went survivor man on us.

*

*

MARISSA

Interpol nabs him, that exposes him
to FSB, BND, France. Do you really
want every intelligence agency in
Europe scratching at this thread?
It's a very thick sweater. There'll
be enough yarn to hang us all.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

WALT

Lewis?

*

*

MARISSA

We need to keep this contained,
gentlemen. Keep it small. I worked
with this man, he knows things I
don't think you want to know--

*

*

*

*

BOB

Okay. I hear that.

*

*

She smiles, these guy's are fucking idiots.

*

Walt leans back in his chair, thinks about the horrible
things he knows and the horrible things he's not supposed to
know.

WALT

Lewis?

*

*

LEWIS

One man. One day operation.

*

*

34A INT. LANGLEY - OUTSIDE VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM

34A *

The hall is empty.

*

Marissa leans against a wall, her head down, her breathing controlled. *

MARISSA *

Fuck Erik. Why now? *

35 INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - EVENING 35 *

HANNA and ERIK, face to face. Erik, dressed incongruously in the suit and tie, ready to go.

ERIK
Tell me again?

HANNA
Marissa Wiegler.

ERIK
Then?

HANNA
Postcard.

ERIK
Then?

HANNA
What?

ERIK
The address where we meet.

HANNA
Wilhelm Grimm's house.
Stephanstrasse 260. 10559, Berlin.
Germany.

ERIK
What else?

HANNA
Adapt or die.

ERIK
Think on your feet.

HANNA
Even when I'm sleeping.

ERIK moves a strand of hair from HANNA'S forehead and looks at her with paternal worry.

He stands and quietly goes to the door.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Papa...

He doesn't turn around.

ERIK
Remember what I've taught you.
You'll be fine.

She smiles at his back.

HANNA
I'll see you there.

36 **EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - DUSK** 36

ERIK comes out of the cabin carrying a small rucksack. He closes the door behind him and takes a deep breath.

37 **INT/EXT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS** 37

HANNA goes to the door, cracks it open and watches Erik walk into the calm blueness of impending night.

38 **EXT. EDGE OF NORTH FINNISH FOREST. NIGHT.** 38

Almost pitch, save for the glow of white snow. And quiet--

--a series of ropes break the top frame and THIRTY US SPECIAL FORCES dressed in white snow gear silently abseil down to the ground.

39 **INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - NIGHT** 39

HANNA doing push-ups on her bedroom floor.

40 **EXT. FOREST/CABIN - NIGHT** 40

Infra-red POV as the SPECIAL OPS TEAM head through the forest wearing night vision-goggles.

We see LEWIS who follows close behind the Leader of the Operation who himself follows the tracker signal.

*

LEWIS
He's one of ours. Watch your step.
He knows we're coming.

*

*

*

The SPECIAL OPS FORCES get closer. They see the cabin in the night. They approach. Silence in the darkness. Just the breathing of men in the icy cold.

HANNA stops her push-ups, sensing the SPECIAL FORCES approach.

The HEAD of SPECIAL OPS loses patience and picks up the radio.

No response.

The HEAD of OPS and five other men storm the cabin.

Through night vision we see the cabin interior. Then the two SPECIAL FORCES, dead on the floor. Necks broken.

LEWIS enters to find HANNA sitting quietly, looking timid and unsure. Just a little girl, her eyes shining in the dark.

44 **INT. LANGLEY. VIRGINIA.** 44

MARISSA, being driven on a cart, talks on the phone. *

LEWIS *

The target escaped. *

MARISSA *

How did that happen? *

LEWIS *

We were thinking maybe he got away *

in the snow, in the thick snow, *

or... *

LEWIS (CONT'D)	MARISSA	
But he's in the wind and I	One man. One day operation.	
have two men down. There were	Just find him Lewis. Find him	
a lot of variables, Marissa.	and bring him to me.	*
Visibility was shit.		

LEWIS (CONT'D) *

--There was a kid. *

Marissa's catches her breath, she can't hear what he's saying *

now. *

LEWIS (CONT'D) *

Things out of our control. I'd like *

to see how you would've done it *

differently. *

She doesn't respond. *

LEWIS (CONT'D) *

Wiegler? *

MARISSA *

Where is she now? *

45 **INT. CAMP G. HOLDING CELL.** 45 *

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION:

A cement box. HANNA lies on a small bed. Not moving. Two American voices.

VOICE 1

She hasn't moved since we brought her in.

VOICE 2 (BURTON)

Has anyone talked to her?

VOICE 1

They want a psych evaluation before
they interrogate.

HANNA lies on the cot. She's been cleaned up and is wearing an army regulation jump suit. The metal door drags open.

A Doctor, BURTON, wearing a pair of thick framed GLASSES, closes a heavy, mechanized door behind him.

He walks up to HANNA, crouches down so he can be at her level, symbolically.

BURTON
Hello Hanna.

HANNA
Hello.

BURTON
My name is Dr. Burton. Would you
like to talk to me?

HANNA sits up and hangs her legs off the side of the cot.

HANNA
I was told by my father to gain the
upper hand.

BURTON
That's interesting. What else did
your father tell you?

HANNA
Where am I?

BURTON
You're in holding.

HANNA
I've never been in a room like
this. It's cement.

BURTON
That's right. This must all be very
strange for you. How long have you
been in the forest?

HANNA
As long as I can remember.

BURTON
Interesting. Were there other
people there?

HANNA
Just me and my Papa.

HANNA seems to be staring up at the ceiling.

BURTON

Hanna?

He follows her eye-line to the CCTV camera above them.

HANNA

Is that a camera?

BURTON

Uh-huh. It's taking our picture
right now. To keep a record. How
does that make you feel?

HANNA

Camera obscura, it's Latin for
"dark chamber".

47 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM.** 47

LEWIS sits with the MONITOR, watching HANNA watching him.

LEWIS

Plug the CCTV through to Langley.
Extension 247.

MONITOR presses some buttons as LEWIS calls on his phone and
speaks into it.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You should have visual on the psych
evaluation now.

48 **INT. OBS ROOM. LANGLEY HQ. NIGHT. CONT.** 48

MARISSA, alone in a Langley OBS ROOM. No one else there. Late
at night in America. Something secret about Marissa here.

On the screen she sees HANNA in the Interrogation Room. Her
screen tells she is watching CAMP G - Interrogation Room 3.
MARISSA watches HANNA intently.

HANNA

It was first described by the
Arabic scientist Ibn Alhazen in the
year 1021.

*

49 **INT. OBS ROOM. LANGLEY HQ. NIGHT. CONT.** 49

MARISSA stares at her screen, at the blank face of the fourteen year old HANNA. Focus in on MARISSA's face as she studies this strange young woman. The sense that MARISSA knows more about this girl than she is letting on.

On the screen BURTON continues to probe.

50 INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 50

51 INT. OBS ROOM. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS 51

Just do it.

52 **INT. CAMP G. MILITARY LABORATORY.**

52

A white space with specialist lighting and the hum of specialised air pressurizes. A protected environment - this is the DNA lab. A MILITARY DOCTOR is looking at the result of something on a computer. It has shocked and intrigued him. He calls across to another doctor.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1
John come and take a look at this
kid's blood sample.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 walks across. He sees the sample on the screen.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2.
Is that right? That can't be right.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1
And I got a sample of her hair.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 looks at the results, baffled.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2
It's contaminated. Run it again.

53 **INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL.**

53

HANNA is sitting on her cot with her back against the wall.

A metal door drags open.

A pair of smart female shoes enter the room, accompanied by the military boots of two guards.

FALSE MARISSA (O.C.)
My name is Marissa Wiegler. You
wanted to speak to me?

HANNA turns to look.

It is a completely different woman, dressed in similar clothes to MARISSA but not her.

HANNA stares at her, then looks at the two guards.

FALSE MARISSA (CONT'D)
(to the guards)
You can wait outside.

The guards exit and the door slams shut behind them.

54 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY. CONT.**

54

In the Observation Room LEWIS is looking at a small Monitor. He speaks into a console's microphone.

LEWIS

You should have visual.

55 **INT. CIA LANGLEY OPERATIONAL HQ. EARLY DAWN. CONT.** 55

MARISSA WIEGLER sits alone in the empty CIA Langley
headquarters, watching the CCTV relay staring at the face of *
this strange little girl. *

HANNA

Where am I?

INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

HANNA stares at FALSE MARISSA awaiting an answer.

FALSE MARISSA
You're in a safe place.

HANNA
Where did you meet my father?

The false MARISSA pauses.

INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

MARISSA hears the question. Thinks fast, her mind totally focussed.

MARISSA
Erik. I met him by a news kiosk in
Alexanderplatz, East Berlin. Say it
was raining. He had just arrived
from Prague.

INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

FALSE MARISSA pauses looking at HANNA. We see that she has a tiny microphone in her ear.

FALSE MARISSA
You mean Erik?

Hanna nods.

FALSE MARISSA (CONT'D)
Yes. I met him at a news kiosk.
Alexanderplatz. In the rain. He had
just arrived from Prague...

HANNA, looking at FALSE MARISSA, reading her face.

INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LEWIS watches on the screen. But then gets a call from the Military Laboratory.

LEWIS
Go ahead. *

MILITARY DOCTOR
Sir, we've completed the tests on the girl.

*
*

MARISSA (V.O.)
Who authorized tests? *

On screen: FALSE MARISSA and HANNA. *

FALSE MARISSA
Do you know where your father is?

LEWIS, half watching the screen, talking to the intercom.

LEWIS
I authorized them. Blood, *
urinalysis, hair. All standard. *

INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

MARISSA, alone in Langley, suddenly alert.

MARISSA
Send the results directly to me.

LEWIS *

Walt and Bob-- *

MARISSA *

If Walt and Bob come asking, send
Walt and Bob directly to me. *

FALSE MARISSA
(filtered) *

Did he tell you where he was going?
We're all worried about him.

ON CCTV: Hanna cries, holds out her arms. *

INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MONITOR
Sir look.

LEWIS turns to the screen as FALSE MARISSA tentatively takes
HANNA in her arms.

LEWIS *

Agent keep your distance. *

62 **INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS** 62

The FALSE MARISSA tentatively takes HANNA in her arms.

 FALSE MARISSA
 It's OK. It's OK.

HANNA coils her thin arms around the FALSE MARISSA'S neck,
clinging to her like a monkey.

The FALSE MARISSA looks up to the security camera, slightly
concerned. Hanna wriggles in her arms, to get a better
grip...

INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS 63

MARISSA watches. *

HANNA begins to weep more and more, burrowing her face into the FALSE MARISSA. *

BURTON (V.O.)
(filtered) *

You want me to give her something?

INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 64

HANNA clutching on to FALSE MARISSA, nestles close, weeps. *

FALSE MARISSA
I think it might be necessary.

INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. CONT. 65

MARISSA watches. Intrigued. Almost excited. *

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 66

Burton comes rushing down the corridor filling a syringe as he goes. He arrives at HANNA'S door.

BURTON
Open up.

The first guard opens HANNA'S door.

INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 67

Hanna hugs, weeping, on to the FALSE MARISSA. BURTON hears the instruction to abort but too late...

...as suddenly and with total efficiency HANNA SNAPS the FALSE MARISSA's neck.

INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. DAY. CONT. 68

MARISSA stands up as her false self, ON SCREEN, slumps dead to the floor. *

HANNA grabs the first GUARDS handgun from his holster and fires two rounds, BURSTING BURTON'S EYE. And two more into the first GUARD's chest. *

Marissa leans in, captivated.

MARISSA
(whispers)
Oh my.

69

On another screen LEWIS watches as the other Guard tries to drag the metal door shut. He hits a fleshy door jam - Burton. Hanna is upon him. Two shots.

70

MARISSA watches HANNA aim straight at camera. HANNA'S fierce eyes looking at her, MARISSA cant help but pull away from the screen. HANNA fires and the screen goes blank.

71

LEWIS watches as, one after another, his camera's go down. But still there's no sign of HANNA.

LEWIS
She's a child for Christsake!

72

Alarms are sounding and red lights flashing in the corridor.

HANNA walks fast along the corridor. She ducks into a door to avoid two Centre Guards running past, dives down another corridor and walks through a pair of double doors with warning signs on them. PROTECTED ENVIRONMENT - CLASSIFIED PROGRAM.

73

She finds herself in the specialist Military DNA Laboratory. The MILITARY DOCTORS stare at her. One of them reaches for an alarm--

Hanna slides across the desk, her body rams him into the wall, she KNOCKS him out with an elbow and he slides, stunned to the ground.

The other Doctor puts his hands in the air. He drops files and the pages flutter about his feet.

DOCTOR
Please.

Amongst the papers, a PHOTO of Hanna clipped to a single page document. She picks it up, scans it-- "DNA." "Abnormal."

She eyes the doctor for an answer.

But he just presses deeper into the wall, slides to the floor, scared out of his mind.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Don't hurt me.

GUARD (O.S.)

This is Sanders. I'm checking Zone eleven.

Hanna puts a finger to her mouth (Shoosh).

A GUARD radios off, then enters. She senses something.

She walks into the lab, gun ready.

The DNA laboratory suddenly seems empty. The buzz of the lab's lighting and the whir of the air-pressurizes are the only sounds as the GUARD looks around.

She walks around a table revealing the unconscious Doctor and the very scared One staring up at her.

Then a rustling from behind the Guard. She tenses up, turns, but HANNA is gone.

74 **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING CENTRE.** 74

HANNA, runs along the corridor. She has in her hands the DNA results which she scrunches up and jams into a pocket.

75 **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT ABOVE CORRIDOR. CONT.** 75

HANNA eyes the vent above her. She peers around a corner - her only other route of escape and sees:

76 **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR. CONT.** 76

MILITARY PERSONNEL reach the intersection close to HANNA and spread out, all going in different directions but none coming towards her.

The last pair of personnel start heading towards her. She looks up at the duct again and a length of ducting along the wall, about waist height.

She puts a foot on a rail, hurls herself up towards the vent. She fiddles with the vent, eventually opening it as the personnel are almost upon her.

77 **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT. CONT.** 77

She crawls through the narrow air-conditioning duct. She stops, alert to the sounds beneath her. Through small perforations in a vent she sees more MILITARY PERSONNEL running down the corridor.

78 **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT ABOVE CORRIDOR. CONT.** 78

The duct bends to a vertical angle. She begins to crawl up a steep gradient towards a crack of light.

79

INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM.

79

LEWIS sits in silence. MONITOR looks at him nervously.

MONITOR

You think she's out?

LEWIS

She can't get out.

LEWIS picks up an internal telephone.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(into telephone)

Who's on the perimeter? Detail
every unit available.

80 **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT. CONT.** 80

HANNA is sweating, exhausted, blinking in the darkness, trying to make out what the light source is.

The gradient has got steeper and she starts to slide backwards on the smooth metal surface. She digs her fingers into the rivets joining the plates of stainless steel, trying to get a purchase.

She summons the last of her strength and reaches a crest. She rests a moment, then hauls herself over the crest and immediately starts sliding... she tumbles, gathering pace, falling down a long chute into the blackness. She has no idea where she is or what's happening, but she's covering a lot of ground.

She hits the bottom with a crunch and cries out.

When she opens her eyes she sees more tunnel - and at the end light. She crawls quickly towards it and stops at a kind of manhole cover with a sprung lever - she wrenches the lever and pushes against it. After a little effort the cover gives way and light floods in, blinding her.

HANNA recovers and tentatively pokes her head out into:

81 **EXT. MOROCCO/DESERT. CONT.** 81

BLAZING SUN -

HANNA sticks her head out of a hole in the ground in the middle of the Moroccan desert. It takes her eyes a moment to adjust to the blinding light. Blearily she looks out across this alien environment.

After a moment her ears prick up. She turns just in time to see a column of Military Jeeps rise over a sand dune a little way behind her. The jeeps are racing straight towards her. She quickly ducks back down into her rabbit hole.

The Military Vehicles pass right over HANNA. When the last vehicle has past we see that the air-conditioning duct is empty.

CUT TO:

HANNA is clinging to the axle, hanging upside down underneath. Her face is pressed to the oily metal, her back just an inch from the desert floor flashing beneath her.

The jeeps now take a track along the edge of a steep dune. HANNA takes her chance and lets go of her grip. She clenches her eyes shut as the jeep passes over her. As soon as the jeeps clears she rolls herself over the edge of the dune.

HANNA rolls down the sand dune at speed until finally she slows and stops. She lies still and shocked by the quiet as the Jeep disappears into the distance. Then she sits up and looks around herself. She has no conception of this landscape, no idea where she might be.

82 OMITTED 82

83 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 81) 83

84 **INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA - NIGHT** 84

MARISSA moves between her wardrobe and a suitcase packing clothes, underwear, another power suit.

Fully packed she goes to the back of the wardrobe and pulls aside some dresses to reveal a hidden safe. She keys in the security code, the safe door opens. *

She withdraws a fat manila envelope. She opens it. Inside, a few stacks of American bills. *

She reaches back into the safe and retrieves a blue file. On the file, in large blunt letters: GALINKA. *

85 **EXT. ROAD - DUSK (FLASHBACK)** 85

1995.

MARISSA presses against a tree beside the road.

She tries to control her breathing. Her hands shake as she checks the clip of a small pistol.

She peers through the trees, the shine of headlights makes her close her eyes.

She steps out into the road, a strange, lone tree and wide mist-filled field in the distance behind her.

She raises her gun at the headlights - still squinting, still shaking.

85A **INT. ERIK'S CAR - DUSK (FLASHBACK)** 85A

Erik drives and Joanna sits beside him in the passenger seat. Joanna hums a quiet, beautiful song.

A 2-year-old Hanna is in the back seat - her book of *GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES* open on her lap. She hums too.

Something pierces the windshield. Blood sprays over *GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES*.

85B **EXT. ROAD - DUSK (FLASHBACK)** 85B

Marissa, her eyes still closed, FIRES. She FIRES again.

The accelerator of the Car SCREAMS.

Marissa opens her eyes--

And dives as the car speeds past, out of control, spraying mud and ice into the air.

ON HER FACE as she hears the car crash. The HORN blares. Just barely, orange light, flickers to life somewhere behind her.

She smears the black mud across her skin with the back of her hand, unsure of her emotion, just listening, not sure she wants to look--

until she hears the sound of a BABY screaming.

86 **INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA - NIGHT** 86

PRESENT DAY.

The garbage disposal GRATES. The Galinka file burns in the kitchen sink. Marissa slips on her pink rubber gloves, grabs a dish mop, turns on the tap, and helps push the file down the gurgler.

86A **EXT. FIELD - DUSK (FLASHBACK)** 86A

1995.

Still CLOSE ON Marissa.

She's on her feet, running. Sprinting. She sees something disturbing, heartbreaking.

In the distance, Erik, Hanna cradled in one arm, drags Johanna's limp body along the ground, desperate to save her, but knowing it's too late. If he wants to save Hanna, he has to let Johanna go. *

So he does.

Two-year-old Hanna, clings to Erik's neck, her *Grimm's Fairy Tales* draped, open, across his back and held there by one of her tiny hands, doesn't scream, but her eyes linger on her mother lying in the field.

Pages of the book tear against his shirt. Some tear free and twist away across the field.

The whole time Marissa sprints.

She passes the burning wreck, its bumper angled up the trunk of the strange, lone tree.

She AIMS her gun, she can't fire. Erik is across the field, too far, just out of reach. *

Marissa slows and stops beside Johanna's crooked body. *

Marissa rolls her over. Johanna's neck and face and clothes are covered in mud. It hides her gruesome injuries. Erik dragged her an admirable distance from the wreck. *

She's barely alive. It's horribly quiet.

A few pages of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* float past Johanna's face. *

JOHANNA
She'll never be yours... *

Following a page drifting away as we hear a GUNSHOT.

87 **EXT. MOROCCAN DESERT - LATER**

87

The sun has dipped a little now, the shadows of the dunes are longer, but the heat is still intense.

HANNA's throat is parched by the dry heat, her pale eyes scorched by the angry sun. She walks purposefully but with a growing awareness of her tiny scale in this seemingly endless sea of sand. She has no conception of this landscape, no idea where she might be.

HANNA climbs a steep dune, eyes down, feet pounding. A shadow falls across her path and she looks up to see the shape of a GIRL standing at the top of the dune silhouetted by the sun. HANNA's hand goes to the concealed gun.

The GIRL stares at HANNA. They must be about the same age but there the resemblance ends.

HANNA, dusty, bloodied and bruised in military top, trousers and boots stares at this perfect image of western adolescence.

Dressed flamboyantly and drinking a can of coke, no concession to where she is whatsoever. This is SOPHIE.

SOPHIE

Hello.

HANNA stares at her, then abruptly turns to walk in opposite direction until she sees another convoy of US military trucks in the distance.

HANNA turns back. Looks at SOPHIE. Like a wary animal.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't you speak English?

In Sophie's world, everyone her age wants to talk to her, so this can be the only explanation. The truth is: HANNA is simply unsure how to speak to this strange person.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's not your fault if you can't.
M.I.A couldn't speak English until
she was eight, because she was,
like, a refugee from Sri Lanka. And
now she's a pop star, in America
too. So don't worry if you can't
speak English yet.

At that moment SOPHIE'S brother, MILES, eight years old, rises over the dune and stands by SOPHIE'S side. In his hand is a stills camera, not digital, film. MILES stares at HANNA while talking to SOPHIE.

MILES

Who's she?

SOPHIE

I found her. She can't speak
English. She's from Sri Lanka.

Hanna is compelled to speak, disturbed by someone creating a new identity for her for their own amusement.

HANNA

I'm from Germany.

SOPHIE

Oh yeah?

HANNA

I live in Leipzig. Population 0.7
Million people. We live at Number 7
Weissingerplatz. I like literature
and sport, in particular tennis and
athletics. I go to school at the
Klaus Kohle Gymnasium and my best
friends are Rudi Gunther and Clara
Schliess.

SOPHIE *
They sound dull. *

Hanna turns to walk away. A thought strikes Sophie. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
What's the age of consent in *
Germany? It's something nasty like *
fourteen, isn't it? *

Beat. *

Thrown, desperate: *

HANNA *
I also have a dog called Trudi. *

MILES *
We had a dog called Vincent, but he *
went mad and died. *

From over the dune comes the voice of SOPHIE and MILES'S *
mother, RACHEL. *

RACHEL (O.S.) *
Come on, Sophie! We'll miss the *
light. *

MILES raises his camera to his eye and snaps a picture of *
HANNA. *

MILES *
Bye. *

SOPHIE *
See you. *

Offhandedly: *

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
I'm Sophie and this is my brother, *
Miles. *

SOPHIE takes one more puzzled look at HANNA, then turns and *
disappears over the sand dune.

HANNA rises to the top of the dune. SOPHIE turns back to *
HANNA.

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
Do you need a lift somewhere?

HANNA *
No. I prefer to walk.

Beat.

SOPHIE *
Suit yourself. *

SOPHIE and MILES head back towards their nouveau hippy parents, RACHEL and SEBASTIAN who are waiting for them beside an old VAN parked by a tarmac road that cuts straight through the desert.

Hanna turns back into the desert.

88

INT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT.

88

MARISSA sitting in first class, not trying to hide the fact that she's on her cell phone mid-flight. There's turbulence.

LEWIS(O.O.V)
Tactical says she's in the desert
south-east of Essaouira.

*

MARISSA
Focus all operations on Erik
Heller.

A sweet-faced male AIR STEWARD hovers over MARISSA.

AIR STEWARD
Excuse me Madame, airline
regulations state that -

MARISSA
I'm in conference.

AIR STEWARD
All the same -

MARISSA
Back off.

MARISSA'S response is quietly scary. The attendant is not sure what might happen if he asks her again. He stands there, dumbfounded.

LEWIS (O.O.V)
Are you saying the child is not of
interest to us?

MARISSA
She's of interest, of course,
Lewis, but not an immediate threat
to the security of the United
States of America. Erik Heller is
the immediate threat. Focus on
Heller.

She hangs up.

89

EXT. DESERT/OASIS - DUSK

89

Hanna amongst slightly elevated desert rocks. She approaches the edge--

Down below, a tuft of green trees surrounding a small body of water - an oasis.

89A **EXT. OASIS - DUSK**

89A

The CHATTER of female voices.

Hanna sneaks through the trees toward a small body of water.

A group of BERBER WOMEN (non-arab), knee deep, beat clothes against the rock. They speak one of the many Berber dialects (with subtitles).

FIRST BERBER WOMAN

The hairs in his nose are so long...

The women are laughing. She watches them from the trees, fascinated. Women. Just like her. But not like her at all.

FIRST BERBER WOMAN (CONT'D)

I can feel them when he kisses my cheek.

Hanna sneaks around the edge of the water, careful where she steps, making sure she's not seen. There's a clothes line not far from her, strung up between two trees.

Hanna grabs a few items without the ladies noticing.

89B OMITTED

89B *

*

89C EXT. OASIS VILLAGE - DUSK

89C *

A sea of CAMELS. Hundreds of them. MEN steer them, try to keep them tight and together.

The CAMELS moan and croak. Some nip at each other. Most are passive and chew their cud.

Hanna stands amongst them in her stolen pantaloons and top. She's staring in one's face. It's staring back into hers. *

It's nose is pierced with a rope. She touches the rope with her finger. The camel doesn't mind. *

MUSIC floats over the camel's moans. She follows the sound and walks between the camels legs and under their long necks until she finds a sea of human beings. A bazaar. It's so overwhelming. *

And so loud. And the music, from some unseen buskers, so beautiful. *

Over this, HANNA hears:

RACHEL (O.S.)
(calling)
Miles!

And then HANNA sees him, the little, shy boy from before - MILES - running through the crowd carrying a bag of cherries.

RACHEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Miles!

She follows him toward a mud built HOTEL.

He runs up the steps toward his mother - RACHEL.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
What did I tell you?

MILES
I wanted cherries.

She grabs him by the arm, maybe a little too hard.

MILES (CONT'D)

Ouch.

She relaxes her grip, takes his hand, gently, and walks him toward the hotel.

HANNA follows.

Rachel and Miles enter the hotel and so does Hanna.

90 OMITTED 90

91 **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL RECEPTION - EVENING** 91

HANNA stands at the reception desk. A kindly looking HOTEL OWNER is eating a jammy biscuit. He's a little confused by HANNA.

HOTEL OWNER

Where's your family?

HANNA

Are you Arab?

HOTEL OWNER

I'm Moroccan.

HANNA looks at an array of tourist POSTCARDS displayed on the reception counter.

HANNA

Morocco. Capital city Rabat. Places
of interest. Marrakesh. Essouaira.
Religion Islam. Language Arabic
(in Arabic w/ English
subtitles)

I like Arabic very much. It's like
Japanese. It's big.

The HOTEL OWNER nearly spits out his biscuit in shock.
Meanwhile HANNA pockets a POSTCARD OF A CAMEL.

HOTEL OWNER
(in Arabic w/ English
subtitles)
You speak Arabic?

HANNA
(in Arabic w/ English
subtitles)
Yes, of course.

HOTEL OWNER
(in Arabic w/ English
subtitles)
Where's your family?

HANNA
(in Arabic w/ English
subtitles)
I need a room for one night. Can
you help? I don't have any money.

92

INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING

92

The HOTEL OWNER leads HANNA down some stairs and into a utilitarian whitewashed room with twin beds. There is a vacuum cleaner and mop and bucket stood by the door, a used coffee cup and a newspaper open on the table.

They speak in Arabic with English subtitles.

HOTEL OWNER
It's the best we've got.

HANNA
Thank you.

HANNA stares at the light switch.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Do you have one of these in every
room?

HOTEL OWNER
Of course. All mod cons.

HANNA
It's electricity?

The HOTEL OWNER looks at HANNA askance.

HOTEL OWNER
Yes.

HANNA
I know a little bit about
electricity. They say Edison
discovered it, or was it Franklin?

HOTEL OWNER
Some American, I'm sure.

He picks up an electric kettle.

HOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)
Electric kettle for the English -
they like to make their own tea.

He switches it on, Hanna stares as it heats up noisily.

He goes to a small wall mounted TV, switches it on for her, a fuzzy, terrible picture of an Arabic TV show. HANNA is fascinated, doesn't take her eyes off the TV as she sits on the edge of the bed.

HANNA
What is it?

HOTEL OWNER
It's the best we can do.

She stares at the picture, bemused.

HOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)
Where do you come from?

Distracted, HANNA is caught off guard.

HANNA
The forest.

The HOTEL OWNER smiles, himself a little puzzled by this strange encounter, and leaves.

She just sits there staring at the TV as it's volume seems to increase.

Meanwhile the electric kettle begins to boil. Steam pours from its spout and the whole contraption starts to rattle violently.

HANNA gets up and approaches the kettle very warily. She tries the light switch in an attempt to stop the kettle, but it keeps boiling and making its strange rattle. HANNA tries another switch, the ceiling fan begins to turn, confusing HANNA even more.

On the TV the news shows footage of war in the Middle East, the sound of gunfire.

The ceiling fan is at its top speed, it's blades cut the air like a helicopter.

A telephone beside the bed starts to ring.

Combined the noises rise to a terrifying crescendo.

HANNA backs away towards the bathroom. She stumbles and falls through the bathroom door straight into the shower, inadvertently turning the taps on. Water pours down on her.

HANNA springs up and turns to face the stream of water as if it were an attacker. She runs back into the bedroom.

In the bedroom the kettle is still having a violent tantrum, the TV is still screaming, the fan still cutting, the phone still shouting.

HANNA pulls at the exit door, but doesn't know to turn the handle. She panics. Smashes at the door. Eventually she falls through the door and into the corridor.

93 **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL CORRIDOR - EVENING** 93

Silence as HANNA sits on the corridor floor catching her breath.

A little way down the corridor MILES and SOPHIE emerge from their bedroom.

MILES
Look. It's her again.
(calling to Hanna):
Hey German! Hey girl!
Hey, German girl!

He nudges SOPHIE.

HANNA eyes them suspiciously.

SOPHIE
Is 'Kraut' an ethnic slur?

HANNA
What?

SOPHIE
Like "queer" or "lesbo"?

She glances at Hanna to see her reaction.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'd like to be a lesbian. But not
one of the fat ones. One whose a
supermodel.
(thinking)
But I'd only hold hands. And I'd
probably marry a man.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MILES
She looks different.

They all regard her clothing.

SOPHIE

Do you want to hang with us?

MILES

Are you hungry?

Hanna shakes her head.

SOPHIE

Are you on a diet?

94 EXT. STRIP CLUB. HAMBURG - NIGHT 94

The Reeperbahn, the main street of Hamburg's red light district. Tough and unglamorous.

MARISSA gets out of a taxi, checks the sign of the strip club *
and crosses the road. *

94A INT. STRIP CLUB. HAMBURG - NIGHT 94A

On a small stage a TIRED STRIPPER is performing a snow white routine.

At the far end, MICHAEL ISAACS. Late 40s. A creepy uncle in a
tailored white suit.

He ogles the stripper, but gets no pleasure from it. He gets very little pleasure from anything.

He sips from something pink.

Nearby are his two "boys", a big Russian with dead eyes called TITCH and a scrawny teenager called RAZOR, who will stab a man for 10 Euro's.

Marissa enters the bar.

Isaacs smiles, briefly, as she walks toward him. *

She sits and avoids touching anything with her skin. *

	ISAACS	*
No kiss?		*

Marissa eyes the stripper. *

MARISSA *

She's a bit old isn't she. *

ISAACS *
She has male and female genitalia. *

MARISSA *

And you love her just the way she *

is. *

ISAACS *

I give people what they want. Vera *

make my friend something sweet. *

MARISSA *

I'll save it for when I need it. *

ISAACS

What do you want, Marissa?

*
*

Marissa smiles. If there's one thing she likes about Isaacs it's that he doesn't bullshit. The second thing is he's the most coldly violent person she's ever met.

The stripper removes her skirt.

MARISSA

Erik Heller's still alive.

ISAACS

Yes. Of course.

MARISSA

And the girl.

Isaacs sips his drink as Razor places Marissa's down.

ISAACS

Why are you here? Be concise.

The stripper unbuttons her corset, one button at a time.

MARISSA

I need you.

ISAACS

You need me? Little ole me? I'm very flattered. You have an entire agency. 5000 strapping young men at your disposal.

MARISSA

I need your talents, darling. I need you to do things my agency will not let me do.

*

Marissa eyes her drink, doesn't touch it. Then the stripper, her corset open now, barely covering her breasts.

ISAACS notices something, he stands--

ISAACS

(in German)

STOP.

*

Marissa stands too, puts a few feet between him and her, not sure he might bite. She's not scared of him, just cautious.

STRIPPER

What's wrong, daddy?

ISAACS
 (to Razor and in German)
 Again. Start again. AGAIN!

*

Saliva bursts from his mouth.

Razor scurries up on stage and disappears into the back to restart the music.

Isaacs sits, calms, sips his pink drink.

ISAACS (CONT'D)
 Money.

*

Marissa pulls the fat manila envelope from her inside pocket and drops it on the table.

*

ISAACS (CONT'D)
 The girl or Erik?

MARISSA
 She's in Morocco. It's all in the
 envelope. Let me worry about Erik.

*

*

ISAACS
 Shall I kill her?

*

Marissa pauses as Razor comes back on stage giving Isaacs the thumbs up as the music spins something whimsical.

MARISSA
 Just find her.

*

The stripper, almost completely dressed again, swings her hips and begins to remove her clothes again.

Marissa begins to leave.

As Marissa reaches the door:

ISAACS
 Did she turn out as you hoped?

*

She pauses at the door, letting the busy street noise in.

*

MARISSA
 Better.

*

*

She exits.

HANNA is sitting at a table with the FAMILY who are all eating falafel while HANNA eats meat.

SOPHIE and MILES parents, RACHEL and SEB, have some difficulty relating to their daughters attitudes. They belong to a generation of counter cultural radicals whose priorities have, over the past decade, shifted and they're now trying to assimilate into mainstream society whilst still holding on to their ideals of autonomy and social liberation.

They felt genuinely troubled when Kate Winslet and Sam Mendes got divorced.

SOPHIE is describing a recent cultural phenomenon while she picks at her food.

SOPHIE

She was married to this footballer and, you know, she really loved him and gave him lots of advice about how to dress and how to spend his money and do his tax. Because even though she's beautiful, she's actually brilliant with money. Like, when he said to her for their anniversary, "Here's fifteen grand, do you want a Hermes Kelly bag or a boob job?" she said she knew the implants have to be replaced every ten years, but that the Kelly bag never depreciates in value.

Sophie sits back.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That's just common sense. That's why everyone loves her.

Meanwhile HANNA eyes the crowd, constantly on the look out.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mum is against plastic surgery.

RACHEL

I am.

SOPHIE

Mum doesn't even wear make-up.

RACHEL

I don't. I think it's dishonest. This is my face. Take it or leave it.

SOPHIE

(whispers to Hanna)
Leave it.

RACHEL

If you study Anthropology, or History of Art,

SEB *
Rachel - Sophie's Mum - did a *
double major at Cambridge. *

RACHEL *
...you learn that red lipstick *
mimics arousal and suggests the *
geography of female genitalia. *

SOPHIE *
PUKE. *

RACHEL *
(a bit vain) *
But I have a lot of pigment in my *
lips naturally, so I never needed *
it. *

SOPHIE *
VOMITORIUM. *

SEB *
Oh, grow up, Sophie! *

SOPHIE *
Grow up? Oh. Because yesterday Mum *
said I shouldn't act beyond my *
years. *

RACHEL *
That does leave her with mixed *
messages, darling, when I'm trying *
so hard to get Sophie to appreciate *
her childhood. *

SEB *
I just want her not to say *
"vomitorium". *

Miles mimes being sick. *

SEB (CHANGING SUBJECT.) (CONT'D) *
I'm pretty impressed that you're *
travelling on your own, Hanna. *

HANNA *
My father encourages me to be *
independent. *

RACHEL *
That's wonderful. *

(she is now rather *
competing with Sophie for *
Hanna's attention, and to *
impress her) *

I was backpacking at your age. *
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Spent a heavenly summer island
hopping around Greece.

SEB

(under his breath)

Bed hopping around Greece.

Rachel flashes him a look.

SEB (CONT'D)

(quietly to Rachel)

No, no, it was valuable. Our
experiences make us who we are.

(to the table)

Are your parents still together,
Hanna?

HANNA

My mother is dead.

SEB

Oh. I'm so sorry to hear that. I
lost my mother young, too. See,
kids. All the things you complain
about. Your shoes aren't the right
brand. The Tivo doesn't work...

MILES

(going with it)

My ipod doesn't have enough
gigabytes.

SEB

You don't know real sadness.

HANNA

It's ok, it was a long time ago.

MILES

What did she die of?

With great relish:

HANNA

Three bullets.

RACHEL

Oh My God. How appalling.

RACHEL and SEB are appalled, SOPHIE's cool deserts her, she
is weirdly impressed.

97 OMITTED 97 *

98 **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT** 98

The TV flickers illuminating HANNA as she sits on her bed looking at the DNA report folded up into a tight wad. She smooths it out and reads.

The test reads: HANNA HELLER - "SGM + test results. Interfering sequence present. Abnormal. B sample confirms result"

HANNA stares at the words. "Interfering sequence present. Abnormal." HANNA looks at the photo of herself and those words.

HANNA
"Abnormal"

What does it mean?

EXT. SOUTH SWEDISH COAST - PRE-DAWN

A barren rocky outcrop on the South Swedish coast. Erik arrives. He has a rucksack on his back.

Erik undresses and puts his suit in a plastic bag that he knots tight. He puts the bag into the rucksack and puts it on his back.

He stares across the water towards DENMARK in the distance. Then he begins to wade into the water.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK. - PRE-DAWN

In the parking lot, Seb struggles with the family's luggage. *
He shoves the bags in and, no matter how hard he tries, they *
just won't fit. He stomps his feet a bit, a grown child. *

Hanna watches him, unseen. *

EXT. VAN/ROOF - PRE-DAWN

Hanna lurks around the van and tries the doors. All locked. *

She climbs up onto the roof. *

The sun roof is open a few inches. *

She slips her fingers into the gap and pries it open. *

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT/EXT. VAN/ATLAS MOUNTAINS - DAY.

THE FAMILY travels through a mountain pass, sleepy and grumpy, yawning, looking around.

It's cold in here.

The sun roof to the rear, above the breakfast table and bench seats, is wide open.

SEB

Well, somebody broke the sun roof.
And since your mother and I are
adults and we respect property...

MILES

I didn't break it.

RACHEL

Seb, leave it. I'm sure it's
insured.

SEB

Do people insure sunroofs? Do they?
The last time I checked, they do
not. Just you wait. No vacation
next year. No new clothes or ipods.

SOPHIE

We didn't do it.

MILES

I already have an ipod.

105 OMITTED 105

105A **EXT. FERRY PORT - DAY** 105A

The FAMILY VAN pulls up to a busy ferry port.

Across the sails of tiny fishing boats, the enormous hull of
a modern PASSENGER FERRY gliding into dock.

105B OMITTED 105B *

*

105C INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

105C

ISAACS is at a small TV speeding through CCTV footage of the hotel carpark. TITCH stands over the now bruised HOTEL OWNER.

HOTEL OWNER

Who are you? What is your business with the girl?

*

*

ISAACS

Oh, I'm her uncle. We're very concerned about her well-being.

*

*

HOTEL OWNER

I don't know what - what you're looking for. She came, she was nice, she left.

*

*

*

*

TITCH hits him.

*

ISAACS

There we are.

*

*

ON TV: footage of HANNA climbing into the Family's VAN through the sunroof.

ISAACS (CONT'D)

Has this van checked out?

*

HOTEL OWNER

Today.

ISAACS

North or south?

HOTEL OWNER

The ferry, they catch the ferry to Spain.

ISAACS

Very good. Titch, princess...

*

Titch flips open a KNIFE--

106 INT. FERRY CAR DECK. - DAY

106

Cars are parking, their headlights on in the dark hull, horns blowing, FERRY GUARDS directing people to parking spaces - it's chaos.

SEB parks the van with some difficulty, complaining all the while.

SEB
Typical. They're worse than
Italians.

They get out, taking with them anything they might need - knapsacks, computer games, suit cases.

They head off towards the stairs up to the decks as we hold on the van.

106A **INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - CONTINUOUS** 106A

HANNA lies quietly, cramped into a tiny space. Her eyes glistening in the dark. She listens to the strange sounds of the ferry beginning to leave dock.

106B **EXT. FERRY PORT - DAY** 106B

ISAACS arrives at the ferry port, but is too late. He looks out to sea where, on the horizon, he can see the ferry sailing into the distance.

He pulls out his cell phone and punches in a number.

107-113 OMITTED 107-113

114 **EXT. DANISH COASTLINE - DAY** 114

Dark rain pours down onto long WOODEN WALKWAYS that stretch out into the sea.

A figure slides through the water. Then, like a monster from the deep, ERIK emerges. He pulls himself free. Water dripping from his body.

He takes a deep breath, tries to shake off the unbearable cold. His lips, fingers, and toes are almost blue.

At the far end of the walkway

TWO POLICEMEN approach.

DANISH POLICEMAN.

It's a little cold for a swim isn't it?

115 **EXT. MOTORWAY/SOUTHERN SPAIN - DAY** 115

The FAMILY'S van speeds up through Spain.

Hills are emerging and the land is turning green.

They pass a lay-by where RAZOR is waiting on a motorbike. He sees the van, drops his helmets visor, and follows.

115A INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - DAY

115A

HANNA is still in her tiny hide out. There is a small spy hole through which she can see glimpses of the family who are all singing along with great enthusiasm to final bars of SOME CLASSIC SONG.

Miles notices the shadows and light moving in the peep hole. He knows she's there.

116-119 OMITTED

116-119

120 EXT. DANISH COASTLINE - DUSK

120

Marissa watches as--

*

a crane pulls out the limp, icy body of a DANISH POLICEMAN, his face a beaten, abstract pulp.

*

*

Lewis strides down the walkway and reaches Marissa's side.

*

LEWIS

*

I've alerted Interpol. We can't keep this to ourselves anymore.

*

*

*

MARISSA

*

On who's authority?

*

LEWIS

*

HQ.

*

MARISSA

*

Were you not listening?

*

LEWIS

*

He killed two police. He's reframed the situation, it's out of our control.

*

*

*

*

MARISSA

*

Then we must regain control of our story, Mr. Lewis. I'm the first and last person Erik Heller will see. Are we clear?

*

*

*

*

*

Lewis watches the water drip off the policeman's body.

*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

*

Are we clear, Mr. Lewis?

*

LEWIS

*

Yes. We're clear.

*

120A INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - DUSK

120A

The van has stopped and HANNA is listening for sounds of the family. They seem to be out of the van. HANNA decides to take her chance at escape.

She begins to lift the lid of her hide out.

121 INT/EXT. VAN/SPANISH CAMPSITE - DUSK

121

A cushion moves and then a box slides forward. HANNA climbs out--

CLICK. Miles sits in the back of the van, his camera pointed at Hanna.

She tries to stand but her legs give way and she falls to the floor. She rubs her legs quickly bringing them back to life.

Miles GIGGLES. He's too shy to speak, but he's slowly becoming bolder. Hanna isn't sure what to make of him. He doesn't seem to be a threat so she ignores him, gazes out the window.

The campsite is heaving with humanity, thousands of EUROPEAN CAMPERS who have turned the site into what amounts to a shanty town - a small city with its own shops, drainage, borders and rules.

Families come here from cities across Europe and bring their whole lives with them.

A GERMAN family is walking around in skimpy swimming costumes.

RACHEL reads a translation of THE MANDARINS by Simone De Beauvoir, the straps of her bathing suit loose from a day of avoiding tan lines.

SEB peels potatoes.

SOPHIE, a little way off, chats with two SPANISH BOYS, FELICIANO and his BROTHER. FELICIANO is very handsome.

Sophie eyes her Mom. Rachel looks up from her book at Sophie, a little concern over the cute boys chatting up her daughter.

BEHIND RACHEL

HANNA steps out of the van wary of being seen.

She runs from the van, through the tent city.

RAZOR, straddling his bike, a cell phone to his ear, watches Hanna scurry through the tents.

RAZOR

Got her.

122 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 121)

122

123-125 OMITTED

123-125

126 **INT. CAMPSITE PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT**

126

*

HANNA is drinking from a bathroom tap, trying to quench a thirst that has built up over her hours of confinement.

*

*

SOPHIE enters with her make-up bag.

*

SOPHIE

*

Oh, my God. What are you doing here?

*

*

HANNA

*

I'm thirsty.

*

SOPHIE

*

Yeah, that's not what I meant, actually. So come on, out with it.

*

*

HANNA

*

Out with what?

*

SOPHIE

*

The whole story. Did you have a fight with your dad, or something?

*

*

HANNA

*

Yes.

*

SOPHIE

*

Was it bad?

*

HANNA

*

No. I won.

*

SOPHIE

*

So, how did you get here?

*

SOPHIE puts two and two together.

*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

*

Oh my God, the sun roof! Was it you?

*

*

HANNA

*

Would it be very bad if it was?

*

SOPHIE

*

You mean you were in the van the whole time? My dad'd have a heart attack if he found out.

*

*

*

*

HANNA *
Will you have to tell him? *

SOPHIE *
Hanna! You are SO mental. Of course *
I'm not going to tell him. I think *
it's brilliant. Have you got *
anywhere to stay? *

HANNA *
No. *

SOPHIE *
Yes you do, you're staying with me. *

HANNA *
I am? *

SOPHIE *
Yeah, obviously. I'm sneaking you *
in. On one condition. *

HANNA *
What? *

SOPHIE *
I've met these boys, Spanish, *
gorgeous, but not all preen-y about *
it like the footballers. *

Hanna stares at her. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
They haven't got their eyebrows *
waxed, or anything. *

Hanna still staring. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
Anyway, we're meeting them tonight *
and you have to come. *

HANNA *
All right. *

SOPHIE *
God, you're not hard to convince. *
Hoe. *

Hanna smarts. Sophie continues, lovingly. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D) *
Have you got something to wear? *

HANNA looks down at the clothes she's wearing. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You can't wear those! You'll look
like some mad German.

*
*
*

126A **EXT. SPANISH ROAD - NIGHT**

126A

A lonely street lamp beside a big row of bushes. RAZOR's bike
lies on the side of the road. Razor is no where to be seen.

Isaacs' car pulls up. He honks.

The bush shakes. Razor exits the bush buttoning his fly.

126B OMITTED

126B *

126C **EXT. SPANISH ROAD - NIGHT**

126C

The two SCOOTERS race down the road, the headlights vibrating, crossing back and forth over each other.

Hanna, her balance unsure, holds onto the back of Feliciano's scooter, trying not to touch the boy in front of her.

FELICIANO
(yelling over the wind)
Hold on.

He speeds up. Hanna is forced to hug and hold on to him.

A car comes from the other direction and PASSES--

It's ISAACS' RENTAL CAR headed toward the camp.

126D **EXT. HUNGAROS (GYPSY) CAMP - NIGHT**

126D

A small caravan of Gypsies.

The atmosphere is warm and familial. A small group are playing Flamenco music around a camp fire. There's a singer, a guitar player, someone sitting on a cajon - tap, tap, tapping - a few large men, wearing heavy gold rings, doing palmas. Their kids sit around watching, their chubby cheeks resting on their mother's laps.

Hanna, Sophie, and the two boys sit on a log in front of a big FIRE. Hanna is fascinated. She turns to FELICIANO.

HANNA
What is this music?

FELICIANO
Flamenco. You never hear? Is all
about death and love and death...

Feliciano makes a face, takes a drag on a hash pipe, offers it to Hanna.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)
It's good for the lungs.

Hanna smells it, wrinkles her nose and passes it on to Feliciano's brother. He takes a long drag, suppresses a cough, tries to be cool.

*

They all look so very young and inexperienced.

*

A YOUNG DANCER stands, poised, back straight, arms raised. He catches the rhythm like a bullet and begins to dance, his heels sending sparks flying from the fire.

Hanna has never seen anything so passionate. She grabs onto Feliciano's leg out of sheer excitement for what she's seeing.

Feliciano slips his arm around her back. Hanna doesn't acknowledge this, but doesn't mind. She too wrapped up in what she's seeing. This is life like she never experienced it.

126E **EXT. HUNGAROS (GYPSY) CAMP - NIGHT**

126E

Hanna and Feliciano are standing behind one of the Gypsy caravans, just out of reach of prying eyes.

(The following is inter-cut with close-ups of the Flamenco dancing from the previous scene).

HANNA

Are we going to kiss now?

FELICIANO

Would you like to?

She looks at him, weighing up his question.

HANNA

Kissing requires a total of thirty-four facial muscles and 112 postural muscles.

Feliciano closes his eyes, leans in.

HANNA (CONT'D)

The most important muscle involved is the orbicularis oris muscle --

She feels the warmth of his face nearing hers, before he kisses her--

HANNA (CONT'D)

--which is used to pucker the lips--

She grabs him, throws him to the ground, presses her knee into his back, holds his head as if to snap.

SOPHIE and Feliciano's mate come around the corner, shocked.

SOPHIE

Hanna! You mentalist

*

FELICIANO

Please, don't hurt me.

(to SOPHIE)

Please, tell your friend, I just
wanted a kiss...

HANNA looks up at SOPHIE. Now that she has FELICIANO on the
ground she doesn't know what to do with him.

HANNA

Should I let him go?

SOPHIE

As opposed to what? Yes, you should
let him go.

HANNA whispers into FELICIANO'S ear.

HANNA

I'm going to go now.

FELICIANO

Sure.

HANNA

It was nice.

127 OMITTED

127

128 OMITTED

128

129	OMITTED	129	*
129A	INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT	129A	*
	The room is dark.		*
	With a torch, MARISSA methodically searches the apartment.		*
	She searches the kitchen drawers.		*
	She searches the bathroom.		*
129B	INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT	129B	*
	She pauses and looks at her reflection in the mirror - she's looking increasingly tired and strained.		*
	She bares her teeth... she eyes the toothbrush at the sink... it's a weird compulsion... she overcomes it and stalks out.		*
129C	INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT	129C	*
	She walks down the hall to the spare bedroom, tries the door and enters. She sees the walls covered in newspaper clippings and photographs relating Johanna's murder. But also the picture of other MISSING WOMEN from around the same time. MARISSA stares at their faces for a moment then looks to her feet where she finds a box of old cassette tapes. She stops to inspect one of the tapes. A label reads: 'Johanna no. 24'.		*
	OMITTED		*
130A	OMITTED	130A	*
130Aa	INT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT BLOCK. OLD EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT	130Aa	*
	A well-dressed woman in her 60's, KATRIN ZADECK approaches the door to her apartment.		*
	A quiet voice murmurs inside.		*
	JOHANNA (V.O.)		*
	Mama...		*
130B	INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT	130B	*
	JOHANNA (V.O.)		*
	(in German)		*
	Mama, I know you're disappointed in me, I know it. I'm so sorry, Mama.		*
	But I have found maybe a way to make it better...		*

The whirl of the tape being fast forward. Katrin walks down
the hallway following the sound of her daughter's voice.

JOHANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(in German)
They're such a lovely couple, Mama.
Americans. So rich. They'll be good
for the baby. They're keeping good
care of me. Vitamins. All the food
I could ever eat. I'm so fat.

In the lounge, Marissa sits smiling, a tape player on the
coffee table.

JOHANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(in German)
The husband, Erik, he helped me
make these tapes for you-

Marissa presses STOP.

MARISSA
Idiot.

KATRIN
(in German)
How did you get into my house, Ms.
Wiegler?

MARISSA
(in German)
I'm looking for Erik.

KATRIN
(in German)
He said you were dead.

MARISSA
(in German)
So you've seen him?

KATRIN
(in English)
He sent word.

MARISSA
(in English)
Where's Hanna?

Katrin senses a weakness, smiles.

KATRIN
(in German)
Did you ever have children of your
own?

MARISSA
(in English)
I made certain choices.

KATRIN

(in German)

Then you will never understand what
it's like. To lose your child. To
not know what happened. The years
of waiting, of watching from the
window.

Marissa unholsters her gun and pulls a silencer from her
pocket. She begins to screw it in place.

Katrin stands, turning her back on Marissa and paces over to
a picture hanging on the wall.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

(in German)

Have you seen her? Hanna. Can you
tell me what she looks like?

A SILENCED GUNSHOT.

Katrin falls.

MARISSA, her silenced pistol raised, smoke swirling, looks at
the photograph, revealed, of JOANNA.

MARISSA

(in German)

Like her mother.

She fires again. The frame SHATTERS.

130C **EXT. VAN/CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

130C

The VAN rocks with the quiet knocking of kitchen implements.
Inside SEB and RACHEL are having sex.

Isaacs approaches the Family's tent with a torch.

He unzips it, shines the light in, looking for Hanna--

Miles shades his eyes.

MILES
Sophie is that you?

Isaacs reaches a hand in, lightly pinches Miles' cheeks.

ISAACS
(in French, whispers)
It's the sandman. Go to sleep.

Isaacs, frustrated, zips up the tent and creeps away.

Just as he disappears

Hanna and Sophie, arm in arm, walk from the entrance of the campsite toward the rocking van.

SOPHIE
Oh, God. They're at it like rabbits. So gross.

HANNA
At what?

131 **INT. TENT. SPANISH CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

131

HANNA and SOPHIE lie next to each other with a sleeping bag over them and a torch between them.

SOPHIE looks at HANNA.

SOPHIE
Hanna?

HANNA
Yes?

SOPHIE
Where do you really come from?

HANNA
Leipzig, I live in Leipzig -

SOPHIE loses her patience.

SOPHIE
If we're going to be friends you have to be honest with me. That's the rules.

HANNA is taken aback.

HANNA
Are we friends?

SOPHIE

Yes. I like you.

HANNA

I'd like to have a friend.

SOPHIE

I mean you're a freak and everything, but I like you.

HANNA

I like you too. I really do. But there are things I can't tell you. Do you understand?

SOPHIE

Yes... Actually, no, I don't.

HANNA

There are people that want to harm me. Bad people.

SOPHIE

I see.

HANNA

And they wont stop.

SOPHIE

Right.

HANNA

So for your own safety...

HANNA looks into SOPHIE'S eyes.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Can we still be friends?

SOPHIE

I don't know. I mean, I don't really know who you are. Do I?

HANNA

That's just it. Neither do I.

She reaches into her bag. Brings out the DNA report. Shows it to Sophie. They read. Interfering Sequence. Abnormal.

SOPHIE

What is it?

HANNA

It's something about me. I know what DNA is. I don't understand the rest of it.

SOPHIE

Are you sick?

HANNA
I don't feel sick.

SOPHIE
What's wrong with you?

HANNA
Nothing's wrong with me.

They look at it, puzzling.

SOPHIE
What are you going to do?

HANNA
I'm going to Berlin. I have to meet
my father at the house of Wilhelm
Grimm.

SOPHIE
As in "Grimm's Fairytales"?

HANNA
That's right.

SOPHIE sighs at HANNA.

SOPHIE
If you say so.

HANNA
Did I say the wrong thing again?

SOPHIE looks at HANNA, sees she's vulnerable. She takes a
bracelet off her own wrist. Gives it to her.

SOPHIE
Keep this. To remember me.

HANNA takes it, puts it on. Moved. Looks at SOPHIE.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
It's a friendship bracelet.

HANNA
Thank you.

HANNA stares at the ceiling, looks over at SOPHIE who's
starting to sleep. HANNA reaches out and touches her hair.

Beside them, separated by a thin piece of fabric, we see that
MILES has woken and has been listening in the darkness.

*

132A OMITTED

132A *

132B OMITTED

132B *

133 OMITTED

133

133A **INT. DANISH HOSTEL/BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS**

133A

ERIK in the first hot shower he's had in 14 years. His hands are swollen and black and the skin broken at the knuckles.

133B **INT. DANISH HOSTEL - EARLY HOURS**

133B

Erik has wrapped his waist, shoulders, and hooded his head in towels. He sits on the edge of the bed staring at the bedside table. On it, a POSTCARD with a camel.

He picks it up, turns it over, and reads (probably for the 100th time): MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

He smirks. His little girl has done it and soon he will see her again.

133C **INT/EXT. TENT. SPANISH CAMPSITE - MORNING**

133C

SOPHIE, still wearing her clothes from the night before, wakes to find HANNA has gone.

SOPHIE climbs out of the tent and rubs her bleary eyes.

SEB and RACHEL are preparing breakfast while MILES sits yawning on the steps of the van.

SOPHIE
Where's Hanna?

RACHEL
You look rough. Do you want tea?

SEB
Hanna who?

SOPHIE
The girl we ate dinner with in Morocco. She's here. Or was. She came out with me last night.

SEB
How did she get here? Is she with her dad?

SOPHIE
No. She came on her own.
(to Seb)
Why are you frowning?

Rachel looks pointedly at Sebastian.

RACHEL
We have to let other parents have their own style of parenting. He's promoting independence.

SEB
That's too independent for my tastes. You can call me conservative, but...

RACHEL
You are inherently conservative, darling.

SEB
No I'm not!

SOPHIE
I said we'd give her a lift to Lille. We are going to Lille, aren't we?

HANNA appears from the woods carrying TWO BLOODIED, SKINNED RABBITS.

She lays them in front of the family, they hit the table with a wet SMACK.

HANNA
Breakfast.

SOPHIE lets out a shriek of nervous laughter, while SEB and RACHEL are confused as to what the appropriate reaction might be. *

SOPHIE
That's gross. *

MILES
That's amazing! *

He looks at Sophie accusingly: *

MILES (CONT'D)
I bet Cheryl Cole can't do that! *

134 **INT. VAN/SPANISH CAMPSITE - MORNING** 134

The FAMILY has checked out and DRIVE THROUGH the campsite.

Hanna stares out the window, she sees Isaacs' rental car.
Isaacs sits on the hood rolling a cigarette. He stares right
at her, smiles.

135 OMITTED 135

136 OMITTED 136

137 **INT. DANISH HOSTEL - DAY** 137

Erik at reception.

RECEPTIONIST

Good day?

ERIK

Very. I'll be checking out.

RECEPTIONIST

So soon?

ERIK

Just a short business trip. I'm
headed home now.

*
*

RECEPTIONIST

Well, be careful. You heard about
the manhunt? A man killed two
coastguards.

*

She hands him his bill.

ERIK

I'll be careful.

He's still smiling and charming. He picks up the pen with his
swollen hand, his knuckles torn, and signs the bill.

She's sees it and he knows it.

Her eyes betray her - she's scared.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He lays down the pen and exits, pausing at the door,
contemplating how to cover his tracks-- but he can't do
what's necessary-- and exits.

The receptionist PICKS UP THE PHONE.

138 **INT. BERLIN MAIN STATION - DAY.**

138

A commuter train pulls into the vast station. Amongst the
morning commuters alighting the train is ERIK HELLER. He
looks furtively around, and tries to blend in with the crowd.

POV - from a walkway above the station - someone is watching
Erik as he tries to conceal himself within the throng. A
DANISH AGENT, hidden on a metal walkway above the platform.

On the platform Erik walks amongst the commuters, past the
ticket collectors, past another DANISH AGENT posing as a
commuter - he stops and lingers by him, noting something not
right.

He moves off and walks through a tunnel towards the
underground station car park.

The second AGENT immediately follows and from the walkway,
the other rushes downstairs to give chase too.

138A INT. UNDERGROUND STATION CARPARK - DAY

138A

Erik runs through the carpark towards an open area with wide pillars.

He steps behind one of the pillars just as FOUR AGENTS appear from each of the four exits.

AGENTS signal to each other, he must be in here but they can't see him.

AGENT

We've got him. Picking up now.

Erik suddenly jumps out of the hiding place and grabs the AGENT with the radio, head-butts him, the radio goes flying.

He spins around and kicks the other in the chest.

He boots the first guy in the nuts.

He plants an elbow in the neck of the third guy...

One of the AGENTS draws his hand gun.

Erik produces a knife out of nowhere and launches at the man, cutting him on the hand, making him drop his gun.

The radio suddenly responds.

VOICE ON RADIO

OK bring him to Wiegler. She wants to talk to him. I repeat, Marissa Wiegler will ID and interview...

Erik stops dead. MARISSA WIEGLER is alive.

Another AGENT comes at him. ERIK, more ferocious than ever given what he's just heard, stabs the AGENT in the side and the man falls to the ground squealing.

All FOUR AGENTS lie groaning and disabled on the ground.

ERIK picks up the radio and speaks into it with a perfect American accent.

ERIK

Is that what she said?

VOICE ON RADIO

That's what she said.

ERIK stands in shock.

139 OMITTED

139

140

EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY

140

The FAMILY van is making its way up through France.

Following in the black rental car, a few cars behind, ISAACS, TITCH and RAZOR are biding their time.

RAZOR is killing time buy taking the bullets out of a cartridge, and rolling one back and forth across his knuckles.

TITCH unwraps a Chuppa Chup and sticks it in his mouth.

141

INT. VAN/FRENCH ROAD - DAY

141

RACHEL is driving, while HANNA rides in the front seat.

RACHEL

I feel so much more grounded when
I'm in the countryside. The city
stifles me... emotionally,
creatively, spiritually. Places
like this bring us closer to God.

HANNA

"God?"

RACHEL

Oh, not in any monotheistic sense,
of course. Buddha. Krishna. The God
inside you. Or whatever you believe
in. What do you believe in, Hanna?

HANNA is looking in the side view mirror. She sees ISAACS rental car. She doesn't panic, but it begins to stir in her gut.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Nothing.

(laughs to herself)

I used to be just like you, free as
the wind... I slept with a man in
India, once, because I thought he
looked like Krishna.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

RACHEL makes a turn and HANNA checks the side view mirror again. Yes, the rental car is still there. HANNA becomes anxious.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

HANNA

I think so.

But HANNA'S face betrays her concern.

142 **INT. HOTEL SUITE. BERLIN - NIGHT** 142 *

MARISSA in the bathroom wearing pyjamas and no make up. She's brushing her teeth, pressing the brush into her lower, central incisors. Blood streaks as she listens to: *

-- a portable cassette machine on the bed in her bedroom playing one of Johanna's tapes. *

 JOANNA (V.O.) *

 ...I'm not sure if it's true that *

 the baby can hear me, but at night *

 I sing. I hope it hears me... *

She spits blood into the sink. *

She pads over to the tape machine and presses fast forward. *

Then play - *

 JOANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D) *

 ...was it like this for you, Mama? *

 I think I know what the baby looks *

 like. I can see it when I close my *

 eyes. *

Marissa closes her eyes. *

 JOANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D) *

 I can hear it inside me. Moving. Is *

 that silly? I think it's a girl. I *

 hope so. *

The phone rings. It's shocking. The phone rings again. *

Marissa lifts the receiver. *

 MARISSA *

 What? *

Nothing. Dead air. *

 MARISSA (CONT'D) *

 Lewis? For Christ's sake-- *

 ERIK (ON PHONE) *

 Hello Marissa. *

MARISSA stops dead. Johanna GIGGLES. Static CRACKLES *

 JOHANNA (V.O.) *

 (in German) *

 ...I think he likes me. Even though *

 he knows all about me. He looks at *

 me. He doesn't judge me... *

 ERIK (ON PHONE) *

 What are you listening to? *

Marissa stops the player. *

MARISSA *
Self help. *

ERIK *
Are you in need of help? *

Marissa picks up her cell, texts Lewis: *

GET TECH. COME UPSTAIRS. *

MARISSA *
It's good to hear you. I didn't *
imagine we'd get the chance to *
talk. *

ERIK *
You were supposed to be dead. *

MARISSA *
Oh, Erik. You're such a flirt. *

Lewis enters, a little too loudly. *

LEWIS *
Tech's on the way up-- *

Marissa puts a finger to her lips, points to the phone. He *
shuts the door. *

MARISSA *
You were a good agent Erik. It was *
sad to see you go dumb. *

ERIK *
I couldn't do it anymore. *

MARISSA *
What did I miss? *

ERIK *
Love. *

There's a subtle BASS coming from the hallway. Maybe people *
talking. *

MARISSA *
I'm sorry? With Johanna? *

ERIK *
No, with Hanna. *

MARISSA *
So why come back now? *

A KNOCK at the door. *

Lewis mouths: TECH GUYS and moves to answer it. *

MARISSA *
 Erik? I asked you a question. Erik, *
 are you still there? *

Lewis bends to the peep hole, stares through-- *

ERIK (ON PHONE) *
 I'm still here. *

The bass vibrates low through the walls and echoes Erik's *
 voice through the phone-- *

Marissa drops the phone, reaches out to Lewis-- *

LEWIS' POV, PEEPHOLE-- *

The cavernous barrel of a gun. A white flash-- *

A loud SHOT. *

In a mirror on the far side of the room, Lewis falls in *
 reflection. Red drops dabble on its surface like fresh rain-- *
 another SHOT-- the mirror splinters the reflection, pieces *
 flood onto the floor. *

Marissa slides across the bed for her gun, snatches it, FIRES *
 wild, in motion, at the door. She slides off the bed and *
 smacks into the far wall. *

FROM OUTSIDE, unseen, Erik fires back. *

A storm of smoke and slivers of wood and bullets. Loud, *
 deafening CRACKS and POPS. Until all the sound that is left *
 is just few clicks of Marissa's empty gun. *

Marissa lays crooked against the far wall under a window. One *
 hand reaches up and clings to the curtain above her. As she *
 applies her weight, it slowly tears from its hooks. *

She holds her empty gun at the door, unable to move save for *
 her heaving chest up and down. *

MARISSA *
 (whispers) *
 Move. Get up. *

Her gun hand quivers. *

A LOUD STRIKE. The door frame cracks. *

Another QUICK STRIKE. The door caves. *

Erik is in, gun RAISED. His eyes search the room quickly with *
 only slight awareness of self-preservation (he just needs to *
 live long enough to kill her). *

He clears the room with a quick sweep of the gun. *

But Marissa is gone. All that is left of her is a slightly *
torn curtain blowing in the gust of an open window. *

143-144 OMITTED

143-144

145 **EXT. BRIDGE OVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT** 145

The FAMILY'S van drives - behind ISAACS rental car tails it.

146 INT. VAN. BRIDGE OVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

146

HANNA sits beside her in the passenger seat, her anxiety growing.

RACHEL is still at the wheel, watching the bright headlights behind.

RACHEL
Shit. Shit, shit, shit. I think
we're lost, Hanna.

HANNA checks the side view mirror again and sees ISAACS rental car. She's knows that whoever is driving that car is after her.

She looks back and sees SEB, SOPHIE and MILES all comfortably asleep. MILES' fingers wrapped around a Transformers toy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I need to pull over.

HANNA
No, don't.

RACHEL
I've got to check the map.

147 EXT/INT. CAR/CONTAINER PARK - NIGHT

147

The van slowly pulls in at the side of the road.

RACHEL waits for the ISAACS' car to pass but instead it pulls in behind the van.

On either side of the road is an enormous container park. The containers are piled on top of each other like a giant baby's building blocks.

RACHEL
Why won't that car pass? He has his
lights on high beam, I was doing
everything I could to get out of
the way...

SOPHIE wakes up in the back.

SOPHIE
Are we stopped? I need to pee.

RACHEL
Well, I don't want you going too
far right now.

HANNA
I think you should stay where you
are, Sophie.

HANNA doesn't take her eyes off the mirror. She can see the silhouettes of ISAACS and his MEN. They don't move and neither does HANNA. Both are waiting for the other to make the first move.

RACHEL

Hanna, what's going on. Seb, wake up.

HANNA

Please.

SOPHIE

This is creepy. You're creeping me out.

SEB

(groggy)

Are we in Lille?

HANNA

I'm sorry. But you really mustn't get out of the van.

HANNA climbs into the back of the van and comes very close to SOPHIE.

HANNA (CONT'D)

What ever you do, don't follow me.
Promise not to follow me.

SOPHIE

I promise.

RACHEL

Hanna, tell me what's going on or Seb will go over to that car and find out.

SEB

Like fuck I will. Everyone stay put. Where's my phone?

HANNA

(to SOPHIE)

Thank you for being my friend.

HANNA looks back at ISAACS car. All at once all four of the car doors open.

In a flash, HANNA pulls open the van's side door and bolts from the van.

RACHEL

Hanna!

RACHEL sees ISAACS and TITCH chase after HANNA. RAZOR appears at her drivers window, puts a finger to his lips, shows her his gun.

RAZOR.

Just stay where you are and you'll be fine.

148 **EXT. CONTAINER PARK - NIGHT**

148

HANNA sprints, her pink converse slap the hard tarmac. *

She enters a long corridor, the walls of containers' rising and stretching in front of her. *

ISAACS *

Hey girlie. Your pop pop's been missing you. *

ISAACS voice echoes as he slips down a side corridor. RAZOR flanks to the far side. TITCH follows her up the middle. *

ISAACS (CONT'D) *

We were so close. The things Erik and I did. I could tell you stories, princess. *

Containers swing from cranes, block light, throw Hanna in and out of dark shadows. *

Isaacs appears in front of her. She tries to slip down another alleyway but Titch is there. *

Behind her, Razor, his balisong singing in his hand. *

RAZOR *

Don't move. It's cleaner that way. *

They converge. She fights them off. Escapes. Disappears. *

The trio split apart, search for her. *

ISAACS *

Where did you go, meine liebbling? *

FEET beat atop the containers like tin drums. Hanna leaps over Isaacs' head. *

She speeds over the vast field of containers and leaps gaps with ease. *

She drops back down into the corridors, turns around and sees *

Sophie, alone, at the far end of the corridor. *

SOPHIE *

Hanna. *

Titch and Razor enter, dividing the corridor in half, putting themselves between Hanna and Sophie. *

Titch runs at Hanna. Razor runs at Sophie. *

Hanna sprints, leaps, snaps two fists into Titch's throat and continues on to Razor just as his knife darts out at Sophie's head-- *

Hanna snatches his wrist, slips the knife from his hand-- *

Isaacs appears behind them-- *

ISAACS *

Don't. *

She wheels the knife around, slices arteries in the groin, armpit, and neck. A mist of red mingles with a small tornado gray dust. *

Sophie in shock. Hanna stares at her, the balisong dripping in her hand, Razor bleeding out around her feet. She doesn't understand why Sophie is so horrified. *

BOOM. BOOM. Isaacs FIRES. *

Hanna grabs Sophie's hand, drags her around the corner, out of sight of Isaacs and Razor's body. *

But Sophie is dead weight. *

She releases Hanna's hand. *

She leans and then slides down against a container wall unable to look up at her friend. *

Titch rounds the corner. *

Hanna has to run. She has to lead them away from Sophie. *

Hanna runs. Titch follows. *

And somewhere behind them, lost in the maze, Isaacs cradles his little Razor and cries. *

149 **EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD/CANAL - NIGHT**

149 *

HANNA sprints full tilt out of the container park and through a scrap metal yard. Either side of her rise mountains of waste.

HANNA reaches the edge of an industrial canal where the scrap metal is unloaded. A large industrial barge is chugging towards her, only a few hundred meters. *

HANNA jumps into the water.

150

INT. HOLDING CONTAINERS. DAWN

150

Four containers from the park, in a row, each one holding a member of the family.

SEB paces around his cell.

RACHEL sits stoically in hers.

SOPHIE cries in her cell.

MILES climbs on all the boxes of loot. He imagines he's in the Alps.

SEB'S CELL

SEB

She was odd. I'll give you that.
Disconnected. I mean I get on with
most kids, you know, have a
rapport. But, this one -

MARISSA

You know, Sir, it's days like these
that I really hate my job.

SEB

I'm sure you do.

MARISSA

It's a very, very difficult thing
to do.

SEB

Absolutely.

MARISSA

But sometimes children are bad
people too.

SOPHIE'S CELL.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Stop crying.

SOPHIE

I'm not telling you anything.

MARISSA grits her teeth, shows SOPHIE a photo of FELICIANO.

MARISSA

Do you know him?

SOPHIE

No.

MARISSA

He knows you.

SOPHIE looks away.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Your friend is in a lot of danger.

SOPHIE
I don't know anything!

MILES' CELL

Miles sits at the top of the boxes looking down at Marissa sitting below.

Her voice is soft and warm. Almost motherly. She's very good at her job.

MARISSA
Will you come down here, sit with me?

Miles shakes his head 'no.'

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Please. I have something to show you.

She pulls out a photo envelope.

MILES
What is it?

MARISSA
You'll have to come down here to see.

Miles begins to climb down butt first. He's half way down when Marissa takes him under the armpits and helps him the rest of the way.

She sits him down in the chair and fixes his shirt, brushes the hair out of his face then holds his face a moment too long.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
There. That's better, isn't it?

She sits. He stares at the envelope in her hand.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Do you want to see what's inside?

MILES
Yes.

(CONT'D)

MARISSA

Please?

MILES

Please.

RACHEL'S CELL

RACHEL

She said she lived in Leipzig. She went to the Klaus Kohle Gymnasium and her best friends are Rudi and Gunther. She likes tennis. She has a dog named Trudi.

MARISSA

She lied to you.

Rachel takes a moment not sure if she's hurt by this or not.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You smuggled her into port and helped her gain illegal entry -

RACHEL

She smuggled herself.

MARISSA

She's a minor.

RACHEL

She seemed lost. Like she needed taking care of. A bit of mothering.

MARISSA shows her the photograph of JOANNA ZADEK.

MARISSA

This was Hanna's mother-- biological mother. Fifteen years ago Hanna's father shot her to death on a camping holiday by the Baltic.

RACHEL swallows, goes pale.

151 **EXT. BARGE. RURAL FRANCE INTO GERMANY. DAWN**

151

HANNA sits on the edge of the barge, an oily canvas over her shoulders. Innocent. Almost sweet.

She watches as the sun rises over the misty fields either side of the canal. It's a beautiful sight.

HANNA is strangely peaceful.

151A INT. HOLDING CONTAINERS. DAWN. (CONTENT FROM SCENE 150) 151A *

MILES' CELL

He opens the envelope, pulls out the photos...

MARISSA

You're a very talented little boy.

He flips through them one by one. They're all of Hanna. He looks up at Marissa and gives her a prideful smile.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You like her, don't you?

His pride turns to embarrassment. Girls are, of course, very yucky.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I won't tell anyone.
She's very pretty.

Miles looks at the photo and agrees.

MILES

Where is she?

MARISSA

You tell me.

He stares at Hanna's photo, the one of her getting out of her hiding spot.

MILES

Is she in lots of trouble?

MARISSA

The worst kind sweetie. Bad men are looking for her. I need to get to her first, so I can protect her.

He flips through the photos, spreads them out on his lap, drops them, tries to pick them up, drops some more.

MILES

Sophie says every time I snitch,
when I'm swimming - even in a lake!
- a whale will gobble me up. I
searched online and there was no
whales in lakes. Only the ocean.

*

MARISSA

Hanna is in danger, Miles. She could be hurt very badly. Do you understand, Miles? Do you want Hanna to get hurt?

He looks down at the photos.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Tell me where she is, darling. I
promise no whale will gobble you
up.

MILES

To Berlin. To Wilhelm Grimm's
house. To meet her dad.

MARISSA

That's a good little boy.

Marissa stands and --

Miles holds out a single PHOTO.

MILES

Will you give this to her? When you
see her.

It's a photo of Hanna and Miles and Sophie, in crooked self-
shot, the red of Morocco or Spain behind them.

Marissa stares at it, takes it, and leaves without another
word.

152-155 OMITTED

152-155

155A **EXT. CANAL , BERLIN - DAY**

155A

HANNA hops off the barge and waves as it chugs away.

155B **OMITTED**

155B *

156 OMITTED

156

157 **EXT. ABANDONNED AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY**

157

HANNA skirts along a wire mesh fence. Behind her, an enormous steel works spews man-made clouds into the sky.

She ducks through a rusted split in the fence and emerges into a surreal playground long disused. She meanders through a field of toppled dinosaurs, their legs snapped revealing their fibreglass innards.

In front of her, rising above the park and surrounded by a muddy moat, a big ferris wheel.

In front of it, a tiny house - WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - a fairytale theme 'Fun House' in the process of being digested by nature.

She stands in front of the house in deep anticipation. She walks up the small steps that lead to the front door and knocks. She waits, heart sinking at the thought of there being no-one home.

Then, ever so slightly, the door opens and peering out at her is a man with the sad face of an out of work clown. He's as old as Erik but doesn't wear it as well, but there's something child-like about him.

He stares at her a moment, the street light giving him a twinkle in his eye.

He opens the door wide and lets Hanna walk in.

158 **INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY**

158

It's old and full of hoarded junk, antiques, boxes, books, dusty china, lamps, figurines - an old man's home.

He stops to look at her and then keeps on moving.

Hanna, mesmerized by the magical junk.

KNEPFLER

Come. Come. This way. I've been waiting for you a long time.

He wobbles through the house, a very strange creature.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

What has Erik told you about me?

HANNA

Wilhelm Grimm's house.
Stephanstrasse 260. 10559, Berlin.
Germany.

KNEPFLEER

That's it. He didn't tell you about
my magic?

He pulls a coin from his pocket, does a few quick hand
movements, until the coin disappears.

HANNA

How did you do that?

Knepfeler does a few more hand movements and produces a
letter, hands it to Hanna. She's very impressed.

She opens it and the coin slips from the envelope into her
hand. She looks up at him to make sure she can keep.

KNEPFLEER

It's yours. But read. Read.

She puts the coin in her pocket and reads: Klaus, 28/03. See
you soon, Erik.

HANNA

What day is it?

KNEPFLEER

That's today, my dear.

He giggles sharing her excitement.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

Come. Come.

KNEPFLEER leads HANNA to the kitchen.

159 **INT. KITCHEN. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

159

KNEPFLEER

Sit. Sit. You're hungry. Waffles!

HANNA sits at the old kitchen table on a wooden bench, while
KNEPFLEER goes to the stove.

An antique CROSSBOW hangs by the door, a decorative piece.

He puts out the ingredients, including a carton of eggs.

HANNA

May I have one?

KNEPFLEER

An egg? Of course. You can eat
whatever you want. My shoe?

Hanna laughs. She takes an egg, taps it on the table, and pecks off the top gently.

Knepfler watches her with interest and joy.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

Oh, my dear. I almost forgot.

KNEPFLEER pulls out a buff envelope and lays it on the table.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

A present.

She looks inside - some money, a passport, ID cards.

Knepfler continues to put together his waffles, whisking eggs, dumping flour.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

You'll need a fresh photograph. But everything's in order, yes?

HANNA looks at the passport with a new name - ANNA-MARIE ELKAN. She takes a deep breath, not really comprehending.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

ID. Identity. Erik didn't tell you?

HANNA

Why do I need a piece of paper to tell me my name? I'm Hanna.

KNEPFLEER

Not you. Not you, my dear. Everyone else. We need paper and computers so we don't have to ask people their names or look them in the face.

He grabs her chin, looks her in the face.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)

You have a good face. You look just like your Dad. And you walk like him too.

He does a little Chaplin doing a little Erik. Hanna laughs, she sees it, the oafish gait.

HANNA

I don't walk like that.

KNEPFLEER

You do, my dear. You do.

HANNA

Did you know my mother too?

KNEPFLEER

But of course. She was a singer. A wonderful singer. Do you sing?

HANNA

Papa-- Erik didn't teach me.

KNEPFLEER

You poor child! He has truly limited you from all the wonderful things the world has to offer. No magic. No music. Don't worry, my dear. I will teach you!

He brings his whisk into the air, triumphant. His gaze turns out the window, his smile fades.

Hanna turns--

HANNA
Is that him?

She runs to the window but instead of ERIK she sees ISAACS' rental car and another car pull up right behind it.

Erik has limited her from magic and music, but has also protected her from the horrible evil about to enter Wilhelm Grimm's house.

KNEPFLEER
Upstairs with you, my dear.

KNEPFLEER leads HANNA out of the kitchen.

160 **EXT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 160

The driver of the second car gets out and opens the back door for MARISSA. She gets out and looks up at the house.

161 **INT. RECEPTION. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 161

KNEPFLEER points HANNA towards a set of stairs.

KNEPFLEER
Upstairs. Upstairs. Quick.

HANNA
Come with me.

KNEPFLEER
I'm too fat to hide in this tiny house. Upstairs with you.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

HANNA begins to climb the stairs while KNEPFLEER approaches the front door.

He pauses, takes a breath, opens it-- Isaacs SLAMS him in the face. Knepfleer stumbles back as Titch and Razor run in, grab him by the throat, force him to the ground, and rope him like a calf.

KNEPFLEER (CONT'D)
The park is closed, gentlemen.

Knepfleer giggles. He's been beaten before.

Marissa walks in behind them, looking around at the odd interior.

162 **INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 162

HANNA enters a room that's been designed to look like Grandma's bedroom from Little Red Riding Hood.

On the bed, a mannequin of a wolf in Grandma's bed clothes.

HANNA slides under the bed. Breathing as quietly as she can.

163 **INT. RECEPTION. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY** 163

MARISSA crouches down by Knepfler's bloody nose.

MARISSA
Where's Erik?

KNEPFLE
Erik. Erik. There's lots of Eriks--

MARISSA shows him a photograph of JOANNA, ERIK and KNEPFLE outside the house.

Her PHONE begins to RING.

KNEPFLE (CONT'D)
I haven't seen him in 15 years...

MARISSA
Herr Isaacs.

Marissa checks her phone. ON THE CALL DISPLAY: Walt.

Ring. Ring.

Isaacs takes a silk hanky from his pocket, grabs Knepfle by his broken nose, and twists.

Knepfle's eyes widen, he doesn't scream, but fuck it hurts.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Tell me. Quickly now. I have to take this call.

KNEPFLE
She's coming to meet him.

MARISSA
When?

KNEPFLE
Tomorrow! Tomorrow morning.

MARISSA stands.

MARISSA

Take him in there. Find out what
else he knows. And, darling, put
something in his mouth.

Ring. Ring.

Titch picks Knepfler up.

Marissa begins to walk up the stairs. RING--

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hello Walt.

She just missed it.

164

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY

164

The sound of footsteps coming into the room. The door opens.
Hanna pushes herself deeper under the bed, holding her
breath.

MARISSA'S GREEN SHOES enter the room.

They shuffle toward the bed.

The mattress compresses, the spring inches from Hanna's face.

She looks out at the shoes.

Marissa kicks one off, stretches her toes, sighs.

Isaacs enters, wearing his white suede loafers.

MARISSA

That was quick.

ISAACS

He doesn't know much or he's a very
good liar. He knew Johanna.

*

MARISSA

Of course.

ISAACS

Bits and pieces about the
programme. Not a lot, but enough.

MARISSA

What does he know about Hanna?

*

ISAACS

He thinks Erik's the father.

MARISSA

Well that's rich.

ISAACS

Everybody thinks Erik's her father.
Erik probably thinks he's her
father.

HANNA's eyes widen in shock.

She can barely control her breath.

Marissa's phone RINGS.

Marissa answers.

MARISSA

This is Marissa Wiegler. (pause)
Oh, Walt. Hello. I was just about
to call you--

Wiegler. Hanna covers her mouth before she gasps.

Isaacs exits. Marissa stands, paces.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

We all loved Lewis. (pause) I
would've called it in-- Lewis was
already dead. (long pause)

MARISSA suddenly senses something. Did she hear an intake of
breath? She crouches down, peers under the bed.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

He was shooting through the door,
Walt (pause)

*

It's an odd angle, no one's there. She bends further, the
edge of Hanna's clothes almost visible-- suddenly, Marissa
stands.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm not standing down. We're inches
away-- (pause) That's fine, Walt.
(pause) Listen. Walt. No. No. Fuck
you, Walt--

*
*
*
*

She hangs up. If she could slam the thing down, she would.

The green shoes leave, the door SLAMS.

Hanna climbs out from under the bed and goes to a back door,
to a fire escape.

165 **EXT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY**

165

HANNA sees Titch peeing against a bush.

She runs toward the farside of the field of dinosaurs and ducks into the undergrowth and escapes without Titch stopping his stream.

It's at this moment that ERIK climbs the fence and jumps down into the Amusement Park.

He suddenly stops dead and ducks behind a fallen fiberglass dinosaur as he sees TITCH still peeing.

ERIK watches for a moment or two.

Then, keeping low, he makes a run toward the house.

Erik throws himself against the back wall of the kitchen. Then turns and rises to look through the kitchen window.

Inside, the back of Marissa's head, Isaacs picking his fingernails with a bloodied knife.

ERIK crouches back down against the wall.

Then sprints back across the Amusement Park.

166 **EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY**

166

HANNA walks fast, tries not to bring attention to herself. Her mind spins - who is she? Who is Erik?

She sees an internet cafe and ducks in.

167 **INT. INTERNET CAFE, BERLIN - DAY**

167

Hanna sits at a computer.

The OWNER, a Turkish man, approaches.

OWNER

Excuse me.

She hands him a twenty from the Euros Knepfiler gave her.

HANNA

How does it work?

OWNER

You've never used the internet?

HANNA

No.

He logs in for her and brings up a search engine.

OWNER

You type whatever you want here,
and the internet gives it to you.

He types "French mustard cream cheese" and presses SEARCH.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Make sense?

HANNA

Makes sense.

He walks away as Hanna pecks out a few words: D-N-A I-N-T-E-R-F-E-R-I-N-G S-E-Q-U-E-N-C-E. And presses SEARCH.

The page fills with text: "An interfering sequence within DNA", "...intervention into a mother's uterus during pregnancy."

There's so much information.

Hanna pecks two new words: E-R-I-K H-E-L-L-E-R. Search.

An article about Joanna Zadek's death pops up. Hanna reads, "...Erik Heller is wanted in connection with her death..." and "...Zadek lived with her mother in the Heizinger buildings in the suburbs of East Berlin...."

Hanna whispers to herself as she types:

HANNA (CONT'D)

The Heizinger buildings.

168 OMITTED 168

169 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 167) 169

170 **INT. TAXI. EAST BERLIN SUBURB - DAY** 170

HANNA sits in the back of a taxi as it takes her into a grim concrete jungle of old East German housing projects.

She looks up at the thousands of tiny windows, so many lives being lived in unawareness. Is this normality? Is this the world she longed to be a part of?

171 OMITTED 171

171A **EXT. GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY** 171A

MARISSA's phone RINGS--

MARISSA

Yes.

*

ISAAACS watches Marissa talk on the phone, as Titch and Razor kick a flat football back and forth.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

A public computer at a Berlin internet cafe. A search for DNA interfering sequence.

ISAACS

Leaving bread crumbs.

Marissa hangs up.

MARISSA

She was looking for her daddy and found her dead mommy.

Isaacs smiles.

ISAACS

Off to grandmother's house we go.

172 **EXT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT BLOCK. EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY** 172

HANNA gets out of the taxi and looks up at an enormous grey housing block - the Heizinger building.

She approaches the entrance and looks on all the buzzers. Sees a name scrawled on one - Number 14. Zadek.

She presses the buzzer. Waits. No answer.

173 OMITTED 173

174 **EXT/INT. BACK OF KATRIN APARTMENT/KITCHEN. EAST BERLIN** 174
HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

HANNA walks round to the back door of the apartment and approaches the kitchen window. She peers through.

The kitchen seems to have been disturbed, drawers and kitchen implements are scattered across the floor.

HANNA quickly moves to the door, tries to force it. She looks around, no-one's coming. With a sharp kick she smashes the glass and climbs through the broken glass into the kitchen.

175

INT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT - DAY

175

HANNA walks down the hall and into the lounge.

The lounge has been over thrown. Cushions ripped, shelving pulled down. HANNA stares at the destruction wrought by MARISSA'S hunt for information.

The air is thick with the buzz of Bluebottle flies.

HANNA sees the photograph of JOANNA, speckled with blood, a bullet hole in her cheek.

With some trepidation she moves round the sofa and sees the body of KATRIN ZADEK.

HANNA steps back. She's seen a dead body before, but it's still disturbing.

HANNA turns, walks back down the hall, passing the tiny second bedroom. She stops and enters.

The room had been turned into a home office, there are newspaper clippings relating to JOANNA'S MURDER and photographs of JOANNA herself covering every available wall space.

HANNA begins to search the room for clues. Anything that will help her understand who she is and where she came from.

Then suddenly she hears a quiet familiar voice.

ERIK (V.O.)

You won't find anything here.

HANNA turns in shock.

She stares at him. A man she's known her whole life, her father, a lie.

ERIK

Sit down.

HANNA

Are you my father?

He's stern.

ERIK

Sit down, Hanna.

HANNA

Are you my father?

ERIK

Please.

HANNA

Are you?

He YELLS.

ERIK

OF COURSE I'M YOUR FATHER.

Hanna flinches at the loudness. He's never yelled at her.
He's shocked by his emotion too.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I'm your father, Hanna. I raised
you.

HANNA

But Marissa said...

ERIK

I'm your father, Hanna.

HANNA

You're lying to me.

ERIK

I'm your father. I've been with you
all your life. I cared for you like
you were my own flesh and blood.

HANNA

But I'm not your flesh and blood.
I'm a freak. I'm abnormal.

ERIK

No.

HANNA

Where was I born?

ERIK

Hanna. Please.

HANNA

Tell me the truth.

ERIK

Hanna.

Erik didn't want it to happen this way.

ERIK (CONT'D)

A research facility in rural
Poland.

HANNA

What was the research?

ERIK

They made small changes to
fertilized embryos... to improve
them.

She looks so young, so numb, so lost. He doesn't want to tell
her anymore.

ERIK (CONT'D)

To reduce the capacity for fear.
For pity. Increase muscle strength.
Heighten senses. Anything to make a
better soldier. The perfect
soldier.

Hanna's shrivelled self contradicts everything he just said.

But she can't see that.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I recruited your mother at an
abortion clinic.

HANNA doesn't understand fully, but this is Erik's confession
more than Hanna's education.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I recruited twenty women the same
way.

HANNA

There were other children?

ERIK

When you were two, Marissa Wiegler
closed down the program. The
research was disposed of. Do you
understand?

She understands.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I love you very much. You need to
know that.

HANNA

Because I'm a super soldier. I'm a
freak.

ERIK

Because you're my child.

He's about to break, he's showing Hanna a whole range of
emotions she didn't know he had.

HANNA

You used me to kill a woman you
hate. I don't know Marissa Wiegler.
I know you and you used me.

ERIK

It was the only way we could get
close. Hanna. It's the only way you
and I could live in the world
together, without having to always
look over our shoulders.

She tries to push past him, but he blocks the door.

ERIK (CONT'D)

We're not finished here.

HANNA

I'm finished.

She pushes his chest. He pushes her back.

She picks up a letter opener-- lunges--

He snatches her wrist.

ERIK

Stop this.

She twists her wrist free-- attacks.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Furious. Fast. Tireless.

HANNA

Let me pass.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

ERIK defends, not willing to hurt her, taking a beating he
feels - rightly or wrongly - he deserves.

Finally, she gets up high, clips his temple, lands on one
knee--

He drops, stunned.

They both pant. Look at each other, more emotionally spent
than physically.

She gets up and runs through the kitchen and jumps over the
back wall.

176

EXT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT.
EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

176

HANNA rushes from the housing project into row upon row of empty clothes line "wickets." Erik follows.

ERIK

Hanna.

She slows down, but doesn't stop.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hanna. Please.

She turns around, looks at her Dad.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I tried to prepare you for what
your life would be.

HANNA

You didn't prepare me for this.

TWO CARS speed across the estate scrublands, headed directly for them. It's Marissa and Isaacs.

ERIK

Run.

He turns and sprints towards the cars.

Hanna, wants to follow him for the briefest moment, but doesn't. She turns and sprints.

Erik cuts right in front of the lead car.

They take the bait and follow him--

177

OMITTED

177

177A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING-PROJECT. DAY.** 177A

Engines ROAR. Tires squeal and spin and rip up dirt.

Isaac's car chases Erik across the scrubland. Marissa's car has split off and races around the otherside of Katrin's building.

Erik sprints hard. Isaacs gains.

100 yards. 75 yards.

ERIK sees a narrow gap between buildings, RACES for it--

50 yards.

25 yards.

He's not going to make it--

Isaacs' car BREAKS, skids sideways, as Erik just slips into the gap.

177B **INT. ISAACS CAR - DAY** 177B

Titch, in the passenger seat, EXITS. *

TITCH
I got this boss. *

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Titch spins open a BALISONG KNIFE and slides across the hood and SPEEDS into the gap after Erik. *

*

178 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 177A) 178

178A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING-PROJECT. DAY.** 178A

IN THE GAP

Erik has almost reached the end. Titch is close behind. And Isaacs trails. *

*

Erik EXITS first, disappears around the corner--

Titch NEXT-- *

Erik SLAMS into Titch. The Balisong drops, spins into the dirt-- *

*

as the two, entwined, twist and fall. They roll out onto a small playground and spin over each other, grappling-- *

Until Erik pins Titch against an old round-about. *

Erik pushes Titch's neck against a thick, metal hand hold. Their bodies rock, grinding the round about on its joint, popping it like a knuckle over and over-- *

ISAACS emerges at the gap. He picks up the Balisong knife-- *

and strides toward Erik, still on the ground, still entwined. *

Erik pushes an open palm hard into Titch's face, the neck twists against the metal bar-- *

SNAP. Titch relaxes-- *

The BALISONG darts out at Erik's throat. He lifts his arm in time, takes the blade deep into his armpit, closes his arm around Isaac's hand, and flips him-- *

Erik's fist SNAPS into Isaacs' nose-- once, twice-- *

Isaacs falls limp. *

Erik's chest heaves. He's utterly spent. *

He stays kneeling over Isaacs body for a bit, trying to compose himself, trying to summon the energy to stand. *

Behind him, a FIGURE approaches - Marissa - her gun raised. *

He uses the round-about to stand up, his back to her. He leans on it afraid to let go. *

He turns around and they're face to face for the first time in 14 years. *

*

178B OMITTED 178B *

179 OMITTED 179

180 **EXT. STREET. EAST BERLIN - CONTINUOUS** 180

MARISSA with her gun still aimed. She's solid, no shakes.
She's perfectly hardened over.

MARISSA
Why now, Erik?

*
*

He still can't articulate his emotions, but he tries.

*

ERIK
Kids grow up.

*
*

He lets go of the round-about, uses all his strength to keep
himself standing.

*
*

Marissa hesitates, not sure he might come at her. But he
doesn't. The muscles in her gun hand CONTRACT--

*
*

181 OMITTED 181

181A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECTS. CONTINUOUS** 181A

HANNA's sprint slows to a jog. She looks back over her
shoulder at the housing projects in the distance--

*
*

She hears TWO gun shots. Slows to a dead stop. Takes a few
steps back toward the housing projects--

Her breathing stops for a moment, everything goes quiet--

182 **EXT. WASTELAND. EAST BERLIN.** 182

Erik's body spins slowly round and round on the old round-about. Titch and Isaacs lie in statuesque positions of rigour. *

Marissa is gone.

183-184 OMITTED 183-184

185-200B OMITTED 185-200B

200C **EXT. BERLIN. NIGHT.** 200C

ON CCTV

Channels flick and pan... Drunk party goers in Prenzlauer Berg... traffic jams near and around Alexanderplatz... and then Hanna, alone, negotiating the sidewalks of the financial district. She seems lost, unsure, aimless.

As she turns a corner, a new CCTV angle.

VOICE

(filtered)

We have contact. Walking east.

North-east. On Kurfürstendamm.

Giant glass and steel buildings mix with ancient architecture. Flick. She passes a tall windowed structure full of porsches. Flick. A window full of Cell Phones. Flick. A window full of Mannequins dressed in lingerie.

Everything is so big and Hanna is so small and alone. Throngs of human beings engulf her.

200D **INT. CAR. NIGHT.** 200D

MARISSA'S POV:

A voice on the radio crackles.

VOICE

Contact has turned south on Joachimsthaler Str.

Out the passenger side window, the car slows and watches as Hanna opens the door to a SUPERMARKT and walks in. *

200E **INT. BERLIN SUPERMARKT. NIGHT.** 200E *

Hanna rides a moving walkway down into the mouth of the basement level. *

The ceilings are low and the plumbing exposed. Fluorescent light hums. *

There's an eating area. A TV hangs from the ceiling and plays 24 hrs news, the sound off. *

Hanna's face is dirty and so are her clothes. Just over the hum of the fluorescent, CLASSICAL MUSIC. *

Hanna pulls a PEPSI from an ice bed and cradles it like a doll. She shuffles through all the packaged food, the hair products, the rows of produce, the ornaments of a plastic wilderness. *

Down one aisle, a shape passes by - perhaps a woman with green shoes carrying a red basket. *

Hanna stops and stands in front of a well lit, clinically clean case of meat. Brisket, ribs, loin. *

 CLERK *

 (in German) *

 Do you want something? *

She stares at the meat. *

 HANNA *

 (in German) *

 I don't know. *

 MARISSA (O.S.) *

 (in German) *

 Turkey and cheese sandwich. *

Hanna looks up to a WOMAN's face. Marissa. Hanna has never seen her before. *

 HANNA *

 (in German) *

 Is it good? *

 MARISSA *

 (in German) *

 I like it. *

Hanna thinks. She digs into her pockets and pulls out the shiny magic coin. She hesitates, she doesn't want to give it away. *

CLERK *
(in German) *
You can't use that. It's not real. *

HANNA *
(in German) *
It's real. *

Marissa lays 50 Euros on the counter. *

MARISSA *
(in German) *
Two sandwiches please. *

HANNA *
(in German) *
Thank you. *

Hanna picks up her sandwich tray and sits at a table, her *
back to the television. *

She lays the MAGIC COIN onto the table top and watches *
Marissa walk from the till and take a seat a few tables away. *

Marissa opens her sandwich and picks off all the vegetation. *
Hanna does the same. *

Marissa closes it and proceeds to cut it into quarters. Hanna *
does the same. *

Marissa takes one quarter, eats it. And Hanna does the same. *

MARISSA *
(in German) *
So? Do you like it? *

Hanna`s mouth full. *

HANNA *
(in German) *
Very much. *

Marissa smiles, she's almost human.

She picks up her tray and stands. *

MARISSA *
(in German) *
May I sit with you? *

Hanna nods, her mouth brimming with food. *

Marissa walks over to Hanna.

Something wonderful, gentle, maybe Bach, plays.

Marissa sits, smiles at her. They stare at each other, listen to the music. The atmosphere and food make Hanna feel warm and safe. *

HANNA
(in German) *
Did you know the blue whale's
"music" can be heard for over 500
miles?

MARISSA
(in German) *
No. I didn't know that.

HANNA nods.

HANNA
(in German) *
It's true.

She fights the tears.

MARISSA
(in German) *
What's wrong, sweetie? Are you in
trouble?

Hanna pokes at the quarters of her sandwich, running through the horrible adventure she's endured. *

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(in German) *
I'm sure there's no problem we
can't fix.

HANNA
(in English) *
Nothing is what I thought it would
be. It's all... ugly and cruel...

MARISSA looks past Hanna, at the TV, at ERIK'S MUG SHOT.

Hanna licks mayo off her fingers, picks up the coin, fiddles with it, tears brim in her eyes. *

HANNA (CONT'D)
(in English) *
And... and... I don't know what I
want anymore. Or what I am. I'm all
alone now...

She looks up into Marissa's hollow face, looks for someone to understand how she feels, but Marissa is still looking past her at the TV. Hanna turns, but Marissa grabs her chin, hard, and forces it to stay. *

MARISSA

(in English)

You're not alone Hanna. I'm here
now.

*

Hanna stands, shocked by Marissa's awkward touch and the
sound of her name on a stranger's lips.

The MAGIC COIN falls, bounces, spins.

*

She BACKS AWAY, crashes into a row of apples. They spill and
bounce across the shiny, white floor.

*

*

CLERK

(in German)

Hey.

*

*

*

Hanna looks up at the mug shot of her father on TV and back
as the coin spins and apples roll into Marissa's GREEN SHOES.

*

*

Marissa smiles.

*

MARISSA

(in English)

Don't do anything stupid, darling.

*

*

*

Hanna doesn't know where to look. Her father on TV. Marissa
Wiegler.

*

*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hanna.

*

*

CLERK

(in German)

What's going on? Who will clean
this up?

*

*

*

*

MARISSA

Hanna.

*

*

Hanna still frozen. Marissa reaches out to her--

*

Hanna knocks her hand away and stumbles toward the moving
walkway. She falls and the walkway pulls her up, pulls her
away from Marissa.

*

*

*

ON THE MAGIC COIN

*

As its spin turns into a slow wobble--

*

200F **EXT/INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

200F

Hanna sneaks over the fence and scurries through the property and into the house.

HANNA

Mr. Grimm?

The interior is very dark. The mushrooms hang like bodies from the ceiling.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Mr. Grimm?

And then there is a body hanging from the ceiling. Hanna stands in front of Knepfler, staring up at him.

Everyone in her world is gone.

She unties the rope holding him up and eases him down. She's still very strong.

OUTSIDE the sun RISES, a grey dawn.

She lays him on the mirrored floor, kneels by his face, looks at it. She touches it gently. Both of them floating in a false sky.

HANNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Mr. Grimm.

THE FRONT DOOR

The handle JIGGLES.

And a soft voice.

MARISSA
Hanna.

Hanna jumps up, freezes. Listens.

She creeps toward the window, peaks out.

Marissa at the front door-- KNOCK. KNOCK.

Hanna back peddles, trips over Knepfiler's body. His head moves, ghastly, stares at her.

She struggles up, runs into the KITCHEN as

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS--

200G INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAWN.

200G

Hanna grabs the CROSSBOW from the wall, turns and faces the hallway to reception.

She fumbles with a BOLT, trying to slide it into place, her eyes dancing back and forth between the CROSSBOW and the empty hallway. She can't load the CROSSBOW but she can feel the hallway fill with a presence she can't see.

She opens the back door and dashes out--

200H EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAWN.

200H

Hanna throws the CROSSBOW over her shoulder, LEAPS into the moat, lands onto the backs of a few paddle boat swans, and PULLS HERSELF up onto a decomposing gang plank.

She SPRINGS over wide gaps, rotted wood breaks away as she lands-- she approaches an impossible gap-- leaps-- lands on the far shore still running.

She sprints across the grounds, enters a SPARSE forest full of overturned, once pink TRAIN CARS.

She sprints along a train track. It winds into a clearing and rolls out across the middle of a man made pond and into the dark mouth of a miner's tunnel.

She takes each tie two at a time--

IN FRONT OF HER, GREEN SHOES step out of the tunnel--

Marissa smiles, her gun in her hand but aimed sideways.

MARISSA

Don't worry sweetie.

Hanna tries to STOP, she stumbles to her knees, but corrects herself into a firing position, swings the crossbow off her shoulder, aims it at the wide part of Marissa's chest.

HANNA

Don't. Don't come any closer.

MARISSA

Hanna. I can help you.

HANNA

Please. I don't want to hurt anyone anymore.

Hanna stands, keeps the CROSSBOW aimed.

HANNA (CONT'D)

It's over now. Just let me go.

She walks back, finding each tie with a blind foot.

Marissa growing frustrated.

MARISSA

I just want to talk.

Hanna getting farther away.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

HANNA. Don't walk away from me.

Marissa RAISES her gun--

Hanna flinches, FIRES. Marissa fires.

The bolt strikes Marissa in the chest.

The bullet strikes Hanna in the hip.

Hanna falls onto the tracks, the crossbow falls into the water, blood pours out of her side.

Hanna struggles to sit up-- adapt or die, quickly.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL. Marissa has disappeared.

CUT TO

Marissa climbs a utility ladder, a few inches of the bolt sticking out of her chest.

She emerges through a hatch and crosses into a mausoleum - the exposed, perforated innards of a giant rocky mountain. Light sneaks into all the cracks and holes and catches the dust in the air.

She trips up an IRON WROUGHT spiral staircase, always looking back as she's moving forward, until she's standing at the top * of a steep, man made slope.

She turns back into the darkness, stares down the staircase.

A SHADOW moves--

She steps back, panicked-- her green shoe slips, she twists, falls, rams the bolt deeper into her chest, she rolls once, and then slides, face up, into a foot deep puddle of murkiness.

She takes a deep breath, the pain unbearable, mud speckles her face. She looks up at the grey sky, her body limp like Millais Ophelia.

A small breeze catches the blossoms and pulls them to the ground like snowflakes.

She hears Hanna coming down the slope.

She sees her.

Hanna slowly approaches and crouches by Marissa's face.

She runs her hand along Marissa's body in toward the wound. This is the way the world works. Marissa stares at her, ready to be put out of her misery.

HANNA

I just missed your heart.

Hanna removes the pistol from Marissa's hand, stands...

...and fires-- POP. POP. into CAMERA.

CUT TO BLACK.

HANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from the encyclopedia)
The Earth is the third planet from
the Sun and the fifth-largest of
the eight planets in the Solar
System.

201-205B OMITTED

201-205B

205 C **EXT. THE FAMILY'S HOME. LONDON - DAY**

205 C *

Sophie comes out in her school uniform. It's a bright summer's day. As she walks down the garden path, she reaches and meets the Postman.

SOPHIE
Morning handsome.

He hands her a POSTCARD. Sophie opens the garden gate, reading the POSTCARD, there's nothing on the back. On the front, PLANET EARTH. Sophie knows exactly who it's from.

HANNA (V.O.)
...Earth is the only place in the
universe where life is known to
exist.

She walks down the street and the vast cityscape of LONDON spreads out in front of her.

206 **EXT. FOREST. NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206

A wide shot of the CABIN, wisps of smoke rise from its chimney.

206A **INT. CABIN, NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206A

It's all as it was.

The few possessions they brought with them, old and worn, still there. And their hand made furniture. And the fire pit, glowing...

HANNA (V.O.)
Sixty five million years ago...

...and the scars in the wood marking Hanna's height.

It's all still there.

HANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...seventy per cent of the earth's
 living species were extinguished
 when the earth was bombarded with
 asteroids...

But the room is empty.

206B **INT. ERIK'S ROOM . DAY.**

206B

The Fox pup is on Erik's bed. He's bigger, an adolescent now. Lanky and awkward. He's watching Hanna.

She's standing over Erik's WOODEN CHEST, staring at something, remembering.

She pulls out his GIANT COAT and hugs it.

HANNA (V.O.)
 Scientists consider it to be one of
 the world's all time worst days.

The smell wraps around her.

206C **EXT. NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206C

Hanna steps out of the cabin, the pup follows.

She leads him into the forest. He races ahead. She chases him through the skinny trees, her father's coat on, a bow strapped to her shoulder.

She over takes him and he struggles to keep up.

HANNA (V.O.)
 Nevertheless, it recovered...

She smiles.

THE END.

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Sponsor

I, ROBOT

by

Hillary Seitz

FADE IN:

1 On a DEEP...DEEP...DARKNESS. 1

A FLICKER. Of LIGHT. Off to the side. Just barely.
Noticeable. ORANGE...YELLOW...as we realise...It's FIRE...

A SOUND. Something SHATTERING...

Then. A DISEMBODIED VOICE. Muted. We can't quite make out
What it's saying. As it gets LOUDER. And LOUDER. When we
finally. Understand...

DISEMBODIED VOICE

You are in danger...

CUT TO:

2 INT. SPOONER'S APARTMENT - CLOSE ON 2

DEL SPOONER'S FACE. His eyes, snapping open. His face,
covered in sweat.

PULL BACK to REVEAL him lying in bed. Sheets, tangled around
his legs. Alarm clock, playing something relentlessly
cheerful.

Spooner slaps it off. Sits up. Wincing. Bends his RIGHT
ARM. Stiff. He reaches for a BOTTLE OF PILLS. Shakes out a
couple and swallows them. Trying to forget. That dream.

You are in danger...

He rubs his hands over his face. Gets out of bed. His
apartment, basic. Unremarkable. Bearing the signs of
someone who lives alone. Shades drawn. A little messy.

3 INT. SHOWER - MORNING 3

Spooner turns his face into the jet of water.

4 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING 4

Shaves with a razor. Using his left hand. Knicks the cleft
of his chin. Shit.

5 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 5

Stares down at the single egg in a saucepan. Waiting for it

to boil.

2.

6

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

6

Heads down the hallway. Looping a knotted tie around his neck. Kicks some neglected mail from the door and reaches for the handle. Takes a deep breath and...

7

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

7

...steps outside. Into the flow of COMMUTERS heading for the elevated trains. Elbow to elbow. A river of humanity.

Spooner moves along, like everyone else. Suddenly. His shoulders tense. That feeling at the back of his neck. He turns and sees...

A ROBOT. Just behind him. Humanoid in design, but still obviously a machine. Metal and synthetic casings covering hydraulic muscles. The thing senses his stare. Looks up with a muted WHIR...

ROBOT
(metallic voice)
Good day, sir...

Spooner. Speeds up his pace. Weaving through the crowd to lose the robot.

We now realise this is THE FUTURE. Towering apartment buildings block the sun. The street packed with traffic. PEDESTRIANS wearing their computers like form-fitting portable offices. Spooner throws a look at his surroundings:

Up high an INDUSTRIAL ROBOT rolls down the side of a building cleaning windows.

A WORK CREW of oddly-shaped RUBE GOLDBERG ROBOTS efficiently repairs the street. No human supervision.

A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW. Lumbering along the sidewalk. Scrubbing, sweeping. Emptying trash...

Humanoid ROBOTS dotting the crowd. Following their owners. Walking slowly, deliberately. Carrying boxes. Groceries. Briefcases.

Stamped on all the ROBOTS' SIDES, a LOGO: III LAWS SAFE.

Spooner stops to wait at a light with other PEDESTRIANS. Directly in front of him, a LITTLE GIRL clutches her father's neck. She smiles big at Spooner. Front teeth missing.

LITTLE GIRL
Hi.

3.

SPOONER
Hi.

But it's not her father. It's her ROBOT CARETAKER. The robot turns. Looks at the girl.

ROBOT
You are not allowed to talk to strangers.

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SAKIR
SAKIR KHAN



kta re loc
ola



BOO
Check out "Simply Scripts" maybe 😊



No-Name
Uh-huh 🙄

Message



Yell !

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

Spooner, disgusted. Has had enough. He steps off the curb
Just as...

THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL swivels around. Training its large
digital EYE on him:

TRAFFIC LIGHT

Please return to the sidewalk.

Spooner dodges several cars on his way across the street.

TRAFFIC LIGHT

Please return to the sidewalk...

The traffic signal, tracking him.

TRAFFIC LIGHT

You are in violation of city
ordinance 14-B726...

Spooner throws up his hand. Flipping it the bird just as
SNAP! It takes his picture.

CUT TO:

8 EXT./INT. MONORAIL - MORNING

8

Spooner stepping onto a sleek, densely packed TRAIN. Looks
down at his feet. A trampled flyer on the ground. From the
Anti-Robot League: METAL MONSTERS SECRET FACTORY REVEALED!
A Robot gets up. To offer him his seat. Spooner. Turns his
back on him as we PULL BACK from the window to REVEAL...

9 EXT. CITY SCAPE/MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS

9

The TRAIN hurtling toward DOWNTOWN. Soaring, gravity-defying
OFFICE BUILDINGS dominate the skyline. Older buildings
wedged among the new. All protected by huge glass and steel
shields.

As we get closer congested roads and freeways begin to
disappear below ground into a series of subterranean tunnels.
The "old" streets have become huge, spacious plazas.

4.

10 EXT. POLICE H.Q. - PLAZA - MORNING

10

Spooner moves with the CROWD towards the doors of the aging
Police Headquarters. Modern additions have been made to the
original facade -- creating an ungainly architectural mess.

11 INT. POLICE H.Q. - HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING

11

A vast open plan situation room lined on one side by a series
of glass-enclosed rooms. On the other side a GIANT SCREEN
with real time video of various streets and buildings.

Spooner arrives at his desk. Unlike the others, it's a mess.
A slender computer screen curving along the front of it.
Several electronic messages say the same thing:

SEE ME!

LT. BERGIN (O.S.)

Ever heard the phrase "lead by
example?"

Spooner looks up. LIEUTENANT JOHN BERGIN stands in front of

his desk, holding up a CITATION with a photo of Spooner giving that traffic signal the finger.

SPOONER

Doesn't ring a bell.

LT. BERGIN

(pointing to Spooner's badge)

It's on your badge.

Spooner takes the citation. Drops it into a drawer filled with about fifty others.

LT. BERGIN

The traffic division filed an official complaint this morning.

SPOONER

The traffic division is a machine.

LT. BERGIN

Look, I know there's going to be an adjustment period, Del...

SPOONER

(interrupting)

I'll send them a letter of apology. Maybe some flowers. A box of chocolates...

5.

JUST THEN Spooner's phone RINGS. He throws Bergin a look. Then snatches up the receiver.

SPOONER

Spooner, homicide.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS - ESTABLISHING - DAY 12

A sprawling glass and metal complex covering many city blocks. The entrance is a large plaza filled with PEOPLE and ROBOTS.

13 INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - METAL CORRIDOR - DAY 13

An elevator opens with a whoosh. Spooner steps out into a featureless corridor. His footsteps, echoing. He stops at a set of OPPOSING DOORS. Looks over at one, when the other suddenly OPENS.

14 INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - PLUSH CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14

A warm, mahogany-paneled room. In sharp contrast to the cold metal space outside. Spooner steps inside. At the end of a long conference table sits an OLD MAN. Sparkling blue eyes. Old-fashioned suit.

OLD MAN

Hello, there. Please come in.

Spooner hesitates.

OLD MAN

It's alright. You can sit. Sit.

Spooner doesn't. Looks around the room. The Old Man lifts

up a coffee pot. Pours some coffee into a single cup.

OLD MAN

Coffee?

SPOONER

(interested)

You're offering me a cup of coffee?

OLD MAN

Yes. But you are to say, "No,
thank you."

Spooner nods a little. The Old Man raises the coffee to his
lips, but doesn't take a sip.

6.

OLD MAN

Coffee?

SPOONER

No. Thank you.

OLD MAN

As you wish.

The Old Man takes a sip. He doesn't move. There is no
movement except for a whisper of steam rising from the coffee
pot.

SPOONER

You want to tell me something about
Dr. Hogenmiller? About his death?

The Old Man smiles.

OLD MAN

I want to tell you that his death
was not a suicide.

SPOONER

And why do you say that?

OLD MAN

Why? Because I want you to know
it.

SPOONER

I understand that. But what
specifically leads you to believe
that he didn't commit suicide?

OLD MAN

(considers)
Nothing specifically.

Spooner shifts his weight. Agitated.

SPOONER

Under normal circumstances that
wouldn't be enough to get you a
homicide investigation.

OLD MAN

But this is not "normal
circumstances," is it, Detective
Spooner?

SPOONER

No. It isn't.

7.

OLD MAN

Then you will find out who killed
Dr. Hogenmiller, yes? And then you
will tell me.

Spooner's losing his patience.

SPOONER

If you were murdered, Doctor, I'll
find out. And you'll be the first
to know.....

JUST THEN the HOLOGRAM of DR. HOGENMILLER vanishes in a burst
of LIGHT, as does the table, the coffee pot, and the
conference room. Spooner, suddenly finds himself standing in
front of a LARGE VIEW SCREEN inside a SMALL METAL CHAMBER.

15 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

15

Spooner steps out into the hallway and into...AN ESCORT
ROBOT.

ESCORT ROBOT

Please follow me.

Spooner. Reluctantly starts to follow it. Passes another
doorway. POLICE TAPE stretched across it. Catches a brief
glimpse of...

DR. HEINRICH HOGENMILLER'S BODY.

Splayed out across the floor. Surrounded by CRIME SCENE
TECHNICIANS. He pauses. Taking in the scene. Then
continues on.

16 INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

16

Two large doors emblazoned with the U.S. ROBOTICS LOGO open
automatically. Inside, an enormous glass-enclosed boardroom
looking out over the entire complex.

Spooner walks through the doorway. His escort robot trailing
behind him. An army of corporate types sit around a
conference table. Young. Energetic. You can practically
feel the brains and ambition.

SPOONER

Usually I ask who's in charge...

Spooner's eyes lock with a MAN sitting at the head of the
table. 60s, handsome, charismatic. Dr. LANCE ROBERTSON,
founder and CEO of U.S. Robotics.

8.

SPOONER

But everyone knows you, Dr.
Robertson.

Robertson smiles. Pretends to instruct his people.

ROBERTSON

Remind me to cut back on my talk
show appearances.

LAUGHTER.

ROBERTSON

Welcome to U.S. Robotics,
Detective. I regret you're not
visiting us under more pleasant
circumstances. Allow me to
introduce Mr. Aronson, our head of
Legal Affairs.

A prematurely graying MAN leaning against the wall. Nods
hello.

ROBERTSON

And the gentleman to my right is
Dr. Alfred Lanning, Director of
Research.

Alfred Lanning, only one there in a tie. Nods.

ROBERTSON

They'll be available to answer any
questions you might have during
your investigation. You'll
understand how anxious we are to
resolve this matter -- especially
before the press gets wind of it.
There are some anti-robot
sentiments out there as you know,
Detective, and we're not eager to
stir them up. So. Where would you
like to begin?

SPOONER

We can begin with whether or not
the old man put a gun to his head
and pulled the trigger.

A palpable wave of tension shoots through the group.

ARONSON

You don't have to answer that, Dr.
Robertson...

9.

Robertson waves him off.

ROBERTSON

Susan? Perhaps you can assist us
here?

Everyone looks down at the other end of the table. A BEAT.
Then an attractive young WOMAN gets to her feet. SUSAN
CALVIN. Hair tucked behind her ears. Looking at everyone
but Spooner.

CALVIN

Dr. Hogenmiller was a schizoid
personality who generally eschewed
social relationships. Rejecting
people in favor of solitary
activities involving machines. He
spent almost all his time at the
lab here or at his lab at home. As
a result he was highly susceptible
to depression.

ROBERTSON

Dr. Calvin is our Chief

Psychologist.

SPOONER

If that was your diagnosis, why
didn't you see this coming?

Calvin turns. Finally meeting Spooner's eye. As if the
answer's obvious.

CALVIN

This is U.S. Robotics, Detective.
Seventy-five percent of our
employees fit that description.

LANNING

(interceding)
You'll have to excuse the doctor.
We're all a little on edge. This
has been a difficult and emotional
morning.

Spooner throws a look around the room. Then back at Calvin.

SPOONER

Yeah. I can see you're all broken
up.

Robertson responds to Spooner's skepticism.

10.

ROBERTSON

Dr. Hogenmiller was at my side from
the very beginnings of this
company. We developed the "Three
Laws of Robotics" together. But
these days science is a young man's
game. By the time you hit thirty
your best years are behind you.
Some of us are kicked upstairs.
Others I'm afraid aren't so lucky.

Robertson stands. Meeting over.

ROBERTSON

Dr. Hogenmiller took his own life.
I trust you will come to the same
swift conclusion, Detective. Dr.
Lanning will make himself available
if you have any further questions.

Spooner looks over at Calvin.

SPOONER

I want her to help me.

Calvin, unhappy with this arrangement.

CALVIN

That's not really my department...

ROBERTSON

(pointed)
Susan would be happy to assist you.

And with a gesture, Robertson dismisses everyone. People
start getting up, gathering up, filing out. Susan Calvin.
The last one to get up.

Spooner and Calvin, heading down the same hallway he was in before. Catch sight of a couple ROBOT TECHNICIANS...

SPOONER

(under his breath)

Ah, Christ...Toasters...

As they duck under the police tape and...

11.

18 INT. HOGENMILLER'S LAB - DAY

18

...enter Hogenmiller's lab. Alive with activity. CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS, MOBILE ANALYSIS UNITS. LIGHT SCANS, running across...

HOGENMILLER'S LIFELESS FACE. Black gun powder. Fanning out around his contorted lips.

Spooner. Throws a look around the lab: ROBOTS. Everywhere. Mostly incomplete. TORSOS. ARMS. LEGS. Dangling from the ceiling. A SERGEANT. Passes them by...

SERGEANT

They say the price's gonna come down a lot next year. Kinda cool, huh?

SPOONER

How cool will it be when one takes your job?

Spooner. Pushing past him. His eyes. Darting around.

CALVIN

Is everything alright, Detective?

SPOONER

Yeah. This is just how I like my robots -- in pieces.

As they approach Hogenmiller's body, the lead CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR, BALDEZ, gets up to meet them.

BALDEZ

(to Spooner)

Can you believe it, man? U.S. Robotics. I didn't think I'd ever see the inside of this building.

Hands Spooner, a plasma clipboard. Spooner signs it, awkwardly. With his LEFT HAND...

SPOONER

What's the run-down?

BALDEZ

Heinrich Hogenmiller, sixty-four years old. Weapon a small caliber .22, registered in his name. Looks like he walked in, locked the door, and snuffed himself.

12.

Spooner. Cocking his head to look at Hogenmiller's face.

SPOONER

I know someone who disagrees with you.

BALDEZ

Who?

Spooner. Stands. Pointing down at Hogenmiller.

SPOONER

Him.

And steps over the body, leaving a confused Baldez. Stepping deeper, into the lab. Calvin. Following.

SPOONER

I spoke to a dead man today. Want to tell me about that?

CALVIN

Dr. Hogenmiller's hologram took his appointments. Attended staff meetings. He hated corporate life. The hologram enabled him to focus on his work. It's just a device, Detective.

SPOONER

A device that called the police.

CALVIN

The sound of the gunshot would've triggered a 911.

SPOONER

But the call came directly to me.

CALVIN

We're talking about a mechanism designed by Hogenmiller to say provocative things. To irritate and confound his colleagues.

SPOONER

And that's what you think it is?

CALVIN

I'm sorry, but this whole investigation is the result of a dead man's toy messing with your head.

13.

They pass half a robot, hanging from a hook. Spooner curls his lip. Swivels the robot's head so it's not looking at him.

SPOONER

When's the last time any of you actually spoke to Hogenmiller? I mean human to human?

CALVIN

I couldn't say.

SPOONER

Take a guess.

CALVIN

I don't guess, Detective. But if pressed, I would reason it had been a considerable length of time.

SPOONER

How well did you know him?

Calvin. Gently swivels the robot's head back to where it had been.

CALVIN

Not well. But I admired his work tremendously.

Spooner. Studies her for a beat. Then turns back to the body. Two CORONERS entering with a high-tech body box.

SPOONER

I get the whole "mad scientist" thing. Hogenmiller was past his prime. Isolated. Eccentric. He enters a room. Locks the door and is found minutes later with a bullet fired through his mouth into his brain. Everything about this case says suicide.

CALVIN

You don't sound convinced.

The coroners. Start loading the body into the box.

SPOONER

Even people who live a life of logic and precision rarely arrange their deaths so perfectly.
(turning to her)
(MORE)

14.

SPOONER (cont'd)

What all this is missing -- is personality...

As he starts for the door...

SPOONER

You have 24 hour surveillance?...

19 **INT. METAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

19

...They head out into the hallway. A MECHANICAL DOOR GUARD rolling into place behind them.

CALVIN

It's company policy.

SPOONER

I want to see the tapes.

Calvin. Hurrying to keep up with him. This is hardly how she wanted to spend her morning. Calls out into the air...

CALVIN

Victor!

At the end of the corridor, near the elevator, a BRIGHT CIRCLE appears. Hovering just in front of the wall. Two small slits grow into ROUND BLACK EYES...and a thin mouth

expands into an ENORMOUS SMILE.

CALVIN

Detective, meet Victor. Our building's supercomputer. He's the checks and balances of U.S.R.

(to Victor)

Victor, Detective Spooner's heading up the investigation into the death of Dr. Hogenmiller.

Victor smiles big. Spooner, furrows his brow.

SPOONER

You look like a very...happy computer.

Victor responds in a GENTLE MALE VOICE:

VICTOR

Thank you. That's very kind.

CALVIN

The Detective needs to see our security tapes.

15.

The elevator doors immediately OPEN. They step inside.

20 **INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

20

Spooner and Calvin descend. Victor floats on the wall and smiles wide. Spooner looks back at it. With a frown.

The elevator stops, the doors open. A ROBOT steps on.

ROBOT

Good day, Dr. Calvin. Good day, sir.

Spooner's jaw. Clenches. Staring at the Robot. It senses the stare. Turns back to him.

ROBOT

May I be of service to you, sir?

Spooner. Breaks the stare. Ignoring the Robot. Calvin. Looks over at him.

CALVIN

Aren't you going to answer him?

SPOONER

I don't talk to my refrigerator, either.

Calvin folds her arms.

CALVIN

I get the distinct feeling you're one of those people, Detective.

SPOONER

What people?

CALVIN

Those who don't appreciate the work we do here at U.S.R.

SPOONER

You people do what you do. Then it's up to the rest of us to make sense out of the world we wake up in.

As the elevator doors open on to...

16.

21 INT. ATRIUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

21

A soaring lobby. The centerpiece is a five-story STATUE of a ROBOT, arms outstretched in approximation of Da Vinci's Study of Man. Robot workers more numerous than humans. They are sleeker. Finer. More advanced than those in the outside world.

Calvin and Spooner head across.

CALVIN

When this company started we were manufacturing three robots a week. Now look at us. Today's children will never know a world without robots.

SPOONER

The streets are filled with unemployed humans who aren't exactly thrilled with that idea.

CALVIN

Our robotic systems maintain factory inventories, regulate street traffic -- even run the family home.

SPOONER

Leaving people to do what, Doctor?

CALVIN

Leaving people to engage in higher pursuits that make life worth living.

SPOONER

And what happens when something goes wrong?

CALVIN

Our system's never wrong.

As they walk through the crowd, we hear the quiet WHIR of robot heads as they turn in succession to watch Spooner pass.

22 INT. MAINFRAME - DAY

22

Spooner and Calvin enter the MAINFRAME of U.S. Robotics. This is the nerve center of the whole operation. Walls lined with COMPUTERS, SCREENS, and thousands of CONTROLS.

17.

CALVIN

This is Victor's home.

VICTOR appears on a wall-sized SCREEN broken up into beehive-like components.

VICTOR

I will now play you the last thirty-two seconds of Dr. Hogenmiller's life.

AS WE WATCH THE SCREENS. The elevator opens and DOCTOR HOGENMILLER steps into the metal corridor. In countless ANGLES. High, low, close-up, wide. Hogenmiller's face composed but tight.

Spooner watches the lab doors open to admit him. Hogenmiller steps in. The doors slide closed behind him.

Nothing for a few moments. Then a muffled GUNSHOT. Calvin jumps, startled. That's it. The cameras, still trained on the corridor.

SPOONER

Where's the tape from inside?

VICTOR

Dr. Hogenmiller did not permit cameras to observe him while working.

CALVIN

That was only within the last year.

SPOONER

So we can throw paranoia into the mix.

(to Victor)

Fast-forward.

A hundred-plus screens all FAST-FORWARD. POLICE OFFICERS appear and force open the doors. Now TECHNICIANS appear and rush through in a blur...

CALVIN

Um. I hate to be a stickler...

On screen, we see Spooner and Calvin enter the lab.

CALVIN

But don't killers usually have to enter and exit the scene of a crime?

18.

SPOONER

Stop the recording.

Spooner turns away from the footage. Stares at Calvin.

SPOONER

They do, Doctor. Unless they've always been there -- and never left.

Calvin looks at him. Trying to understand.

CALVIN

You think the murderer was in the lab the entire time?

SPOONER

If I'm right, it's still there...

Spooner turns back to the screens. The IMAGE paused at the exact moment the MECHANICAL GUARD rolled in front of the lab door.

SPOONER

We just locked it in.

23 INT. METAL CORRIDOR - DAY

23

The STEEL ARMS of the ROBOTIC GUARD retract with a CLANG. The laboratory doors slide open.

24 INT. HOGENMILLER'S LAB - DAY

24

Spooner and Calvin step inside. It's dark. Quiet. Police and technicians long gone. Silhouettes of hanging limbs. Eyeless heads. Clumps of wire and metal.

The LIGHTS, flicker on. Calvin sees Spooner reaching into his coat with his left hand. Pulling out a GUN. Reacts.

CALVIN

A robot cannot harm a human being, Detective. The First Law of Robotics forbids it. And we hard-wire the Three Laws into every model. Without exception.

SPOONER

Yeah, I saw the commercial.

Spooner steps deeper into the lab. Eyes scanning. Twisting. To avoid touching any robot parts. Passes a MAZE holding a METAL INSECT. SUDDENLY. The bug WHIRS to life.

19.

Spooner startles. As the metal bug scurries through the corridors. Clamps his hand down on it.

SPOONER

And if a robot was given a direct order to kill?

CALVIN

The Second Law of Robotics would prevent it. A robot must obey an order only if it does not conflict with the first law.

Spooner approaches a MOUND of ROBOT PARTS. Arms and legs. Half torsos. All tossed haphazardly onto the pile.

SPOONER

But a robot can defend itself.

CALVIN

Only when that action doesn't conflict with the First or Second Laws. This is the Third Law of Robotics.

SPOONER

Yeah, well, you know what they say -- Laws are made to be broken.

CALVIN

Not these laws.

Spooner. Starts nudging the pile with his shoe. Calvin,

growing impatient...

CALVIN

You're not hearing me, Detective.
There's nothing here...

WHEN SUDDENLY

The PILE ERUPTS in front of Spooner...Parts flying...AS A
ROBOT LEAPS UP FROM BENEATH IT!...

Spooner...knocked back...his GUN...skittering across the
floor...right to...

CALVIN'S FEET.

SPOONER

Dr. Calvin!

Calvin. Stunned. Speechless. The Robot. Fixing his
ILLUMINATED EYES. Right on her. She steps forward...

20.

SPOONER

Goddammit! Stay back!

Spooner. Scrambling towards his gun. Calvin. Reaching out
towards the Robot...

CALVIN

Calm down, Detective. There is no
danger here...

Spooner. Grabbing up his gun and wheeling round just as...

CALVIN

(to Robot)
De-Activate.

And the Robot. Suddenly FREEZES.

Spooner. Heart POUNDING. Gets to his feet. Training the
gun on the Robot. Calvin turns to him.

CALVIN

How did you know it was under
there?

SPOONER

If I was metal and didn't want
anyone to find me, I'd hide under a
pile of junk.

CALVIN

This Robot wasn't hiding. What
you're looking at is the result of
clever programming. The illusion
of self-interest and free will.
Nothing more.

Spooner. Steeping closer to the Robot. Cautiously.
Holstering his gun. As Calvin turns for the door.

CALVIN

I'm going to go get Dr. Lanning...

...THE ROBOT'S HAND SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT...grabbing Spooner's
gun...from his holster...LIGHTENING FAST...pointing it...
right back at him...

CLOSE ON Calvin. Cannot believe this is happening...

CALVIN

I said De-Activate!

21.

SPOONER

Move away from the door, Doctor.

Calvin's voice. Cracking from desperation. Confusion.

CALVIN

Commence emergency shut-down!

SPOONER

Now!

Spooner. Staring into the Robot's eyes. A thin bead of SWEAT. Trickling down his temple. Calvin. Moving away from the door...

CALVIN

I...I gave you an order...

The Robot. Starts backing towards the door. The gun. Shaking in its hand. As if he's desperate. Conflicted. He touches the WALL PANEL. The doors slide open. The Robot steps out into the metal corridor. Turning to RUN as the doors begin to shut...

Spooner. Reaching down to whip out a BACK-UP GUN. From an ankle holster. Slapping in a LARGE CARTRIDGE.

CALVIN

This is impossible. A robot...

SPOONER

...can't do that. Yeah, yeah, I know.

CALVIN

My God -- did you see how it moved?
I've never seen an NS-2 move that way...

Starts running for the door.

CALVIN

Wait! Please, you can't destroy it. We have to study it...

SPOONER

That thing took my gun. You'll be lucky if you get a handful of bolts back!

SLAMS the wall panel and...

22.

25 INT. METAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

25

...sprints out into the hallway. The Robot Suspect. About to turn to corner...

VICTOR. Suddenly appearing.

VICTOR

The suspect is nearing the end of
the hallway, Detective.

SPOONER

Gee, thanks.

Spooner raises his gun and FIRES...Pegging the robot in the
LEG...It starts jerking wildly...He takes aim again when...

CALVIN. Races out into the hallway.

SPOONER

Get back to the lab!

She heads for the Robot.

CALVIN

(to Robot)

You're malfunctioning. Let me help
you!

The Robot turns. To look at her. GUN pointing to the floor.
Spooners. FOCUSING in on his HAND. AS ONE FINGER TWITCHES...

And he DIVES for Calvin. Forcing her to the floor as the
Robot FIRES. Again and again. Bullets. RICOCHETTING around
them. SPARKING against the walls...

The ELEVATOR opens. The Robot, leaping inside.

Spooners. On top of Calvin. Looks down at her. Her HANDS.
Clutching his coat. Trembling.

SPOONER

That was a pretty convincing
illusion of getting shot at.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

26

The ROBOT SUSPECT standing inside the elevator. Looks down
at the bullet hole blown through its leg. Reaches down.
Metal fingers touching the damage. As if curious. Afraid.

23.

Looks back at the other ROBOT. Standing in the back of
elevator. A primitive model. No reaction. Face, blank.

CUT BACK TO:

27 INT. METAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

27

Spooners springing to his feet. Helping Calvin up.

VICTOR

I took the liberty of alerting
Security .003 Seconds after the
first shot was fired...

SPOONER

Where's that elevator going?

VICTOR

Sub Level 5.

Spooners SLAMS against a nearby DOOR. Hurtling down the
STAIRS...

28 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 28

A PHALANX of SECURITY PERSONNEL. Crossing the lobby.
PIERCING ALARM BELLS, RINGING...

29 INT. ANOTHER METAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 29

More SECURITY PERSONNEL. Pouring into a HALLWAY...

30 INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS 30

Spooner and Calvin. Racing down the stairs. Victor's face
meeting them at every landing.

VICTOR

I have directed a security team to
meet the elevator containing the
errant robot...

Spooner. Whipping past him. Calvin. Barely keeping up.
Not used to this much activity.

Spooner. BURSTS through a door and out into...

31 INT. SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL 5 - CONTINUOUS 31

...Subterranean Level 5. A labyrinth of metal and concrete.
IN THE DISTANCE. A troupe of SECURITY PERSONNEL swarms
around a closed ELEVATOR DOOR...

24.

VICTOR

The suspect is about to be
apprehended, Detective.

SPOONER

I'll believe it when I see it.

Spooner. Cocking his gun. A soft DING! Announcing the
elevator car's arrival.

SECURITY, all crouching down in unison. Weapons brought
round to position.

Spooner. Weaving through them. Gun pointed at the metal
doors as...

WHOOSH. They slide open. Revealing a ROBOT. Standing
under the LIGHT. Holding a GUN. It steps out as Security
takes aim and...

SPOONER

Wait!

Spooner pushes past them to the Robot. Looks down at its
leg. UNSCATHED.

SPOONER

This is not the same robot!

Looking wildly around. Goddammit. Bounds towards an EXIT as
Calvin steps forward to question the robot.

CALVIN

(to Robot)

What happened to the robot that
ordered you to hold this firearm?

ELEVATOR ROBOT

This unit is not programmed to obey
an order given by a robot...

CALVIN

But who gave you this gun?

SPOONER. Running towards the exit. Hears the answer.
Echoing behind him...

ELEVATOR ROBOT

A metal man.

25.

32 EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS - DAY

32

BAM! He BURSTS out into the PLAZA in front of U.S. Robotics.
Squinting into the light. Then PLUNGING into the crowd...

HUMAN...ROBOT...HUMAN...ROBOT...they all look the same from
behind. Spooner running. Through the sea of MAN and
MACHINE. When someone. Starts to SCREAM. At the sight of
his GUN. The crowd begins SCATTERING. Chaos. Spooner
stops. Near a fountain. Turning 360. Looking everywhere...

The Robot. Gone.

SPOONER (V.O.)

...I want a homicide unit on every
street, sidewalk, alley...

33 INT. POLICE H.Q. - HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

33

Spooner, standing in front of an assemblage of COPS. Behind
him, an image of the Robot Suspect plays on the screen...

SPOONER

...junkyard, scrapyard, and salvage
yard, anywhere it could hide.

Behind him, flashing images of the city STREETS and DUMPS...

SPOONER

It's got a bullet hole above the
right knee, so be on the look-out
for any malfunctioning NS-2...

Lieutenant Bergin enters the back of the room. Next to him,
ASSISTANT D.A. TOLLER. Not looking happy.

SPOONER

Check out all retail outlets and
repair shops, especially the
underground ones...

The screen behind him compartmentalises, showing various
dubious SHOP FRONTS...

SPOONER

I don't care who you have to get
past to get this done. Just get it
done.

The Cops, begin dispersing. As Bergin catches Spooner's eye.
Spooners, not pleased to see Toller. Heads over...

26.

TOLLER

Looking like shit, Spooner.

SPOONER

Well I'm not the one always giving
Press Conferences...

Bergin puts a hand on Spooner's arm. Knows he's not going to
like this.

LT. BERGIN

Del, we're going to have to
reclassify the search. D.A.'s
office is seeing this NS-2 as
"missing evidence" -- not a
homicide suspect.

SPOONER

What?

TOLLER

Homicide is the murder of a human
being by another human being.
Therefore, a robot cannot be
charged with "homicide."

SPOONER

This isn't just any robot...

TOLLER

It's malfunctioning.

SPOONER

It killed someone. That
registering with you?

Spooner. Shakes off Bergin's arm. Eyeballs Toller.

SPOONER

How many shares of U.S.R. you
holding in your portfolio, Toller?

TOLLER

This is a public safety issue.

SPOONER

That's convenient.

TOLLER

You have any idea what would happen
to this city if we went running
around screaming "killer robot?"
It would collapse in on itself.

(MORE)

27.

TOLLER (cont'd)

Wide-spread panic. Until that NS-
2's found we're cooperating with
U.S. Robotics and keeping this
investigation under wraps.

LT. BERGIN

Maybe this isn't the case for you,
Del.

Incensed, Spooner replies a little louder than he intended.

SPOONER

I'm fine!

Rakes his hand through his hair. Turns to see the other COPS, looking over at him. Toller smirks. Looks to Bergin.

TOLLER

I want updated reports every half hour.

Heads off. Spooner. Watching him.

SPOONER

This is it, you know. From now on we're going to miss the good old days.

LT. BERGIN

Good old days?

SPOONER

When people were killed by other people.

34 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CITY STREET - DUSK

34

Spooner. Rolling along in his car. Eyes, bloodshot. Peering out the window:

An NS-2 model ROBOT laden with shopping bags, following its owner down the sidewalk...

Another ROBOT, opening the door at a hotel for GUESTS...

A couple HAULING ROBOTS, loading heavy boxes onto the back of a truck...

Spooner. Rubs his eyes. Turns a corner and spots:

A ROBOT REPAIR SHOP.

28.

The latest models in the window. Shiny. Streamlined. Spooner watches as a WOMAN leads her faulty NS-2 to the service entrance.

He stops the car.

35 INT. TAXI (MOVING) - ESTATE STREETS - NIGHT

35

Calvin riding in the back of a DRIVERLESS taxi cab. Staring out the window, lost in thought. The cab pulls up to a curb.

TAXI VOICE

We have arrived at your destination.

Calvin. Takes a beat. Then swipes her card.

36 EXT. CALVIN'S CONDO ESTATE - NIGHT

36

Elegant condos set on prime real estate. Calvin heads down a tree-lined walk towards her condo entrance.

SPOONER (O.S.)

One of my bullets hit your robot...

Startled. She drops her key card. As Spooner steps out from behind a tree. The tail of his coat, whipping in the wind.

CALVIN

Detective!...

SPOONER

And I think it's smart enough to
repair itself -- don't you?

CALVIN

(studying him)

Yes. I think so.

SPOONER

Where?

CALVIN

Any repair shop...

SPOONER

No. It's always the owner who
brings the robot in for repair.
Where would a robot without an
owner go?

29.

CALVIN

I'm not sure what you're getting
at.

SPOONER

(stepping closer)

Does U.S. Robotics have a factory
in the city limits?

Calvin. Tucking her hair behind her ears.

CALVIN

The locations of our factories are
classified.

SPOONER

I don't care.

Calvin. Looks up at him. A Mexican stand-off.

CALVIN

I have several conditions if I show
you.

SPOONER

I expected that.

CALVIN

First. I want it brought in
unharmd.

SPOONER

(doesn't like it, but)

Agreed.

CALVIN

Second. I want to talk to it,
alone.

SPOONER

Too dangerous.

CALVIN

This model violated the Three Laws.
It also moved and reacted

differently than any robot I've ever seen. There must be some sort of logical explanation. I want to find out what that is. No police. No prosecutors. No you. Just me and the robot.

Spooner, looks down at this small woman. Narrows his eyes.

30.

SPOONER

When they told me you were a psychologist, that wasn't the whole truth, was it?

CALVIN

I never said I treated human beings.

37 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR (MOVING) - CITY UNDERPASS - NIGHT 37

Spooner's car races down a RAMP and the roadway becomes a 16-lane underground tunnel system. A river of HEADLIGHTS stretches forever in either direction.

A CONTROL BEAM locks onto the car, guiding it to a merge with TRAFFIC. Spooner hits the OVERRIDE BUTTON -- and switches to manual. Calvin watches him take the wheel. Shakes her head.

CALVIN

That should be outlawed once and for all.

SPOONER

That'll be the day I stop driving.

Spooner jams the GAS PEDAL and the tunnel becomes a BLUR. Calvin holds onto the dashboard. Looking a little pale.

CALVIN

I can recommend a behavior modification program, you know -- if you want to overcome your robot-phobia.

SPOONER

I'm not afraid of robots. I just don't like them.

CALVIN

Why? Because they make every aspect of our lives more convenient?

SPOONER

Exactly. They do our dirty work. Ever do hard labor, Doctor? Gets pretty old, pretty fast. Nobody can do someone else's dirty work without coming to hate them. I don't want to be around when your robots decide they've taken their last order.

31.

CALVIN

That day will never come,

Detective. Robots aren't like human beings -- they don't question their existence.

Spooner cranks the gear shift. Throwing her a look.

SPOONER

Spoken like a true robo-phile.

38 **EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS PLANT - NIGHT** 38

The car comes to a stop in a vast INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.

Spooner and Calvin get out, looking up at the imposing facade of a U.S. Robotics Assembly Plant. A long STEEL GATE -- too high to see over -- protects the unmarked complex.

39 **EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT** 39

Calvin looks anxious as the DOOR MECHANISM scans her U.S.R. ID. She shoots a look at Spooner. They wait. Then, slowly, the gate begins to open.

40 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT** 40

A NIGHT FOREMAN leads them down a hallway. Shaking his head.

NIGHT FOREMAN

Head-Office already ordered a system-wide inventory check. Don't know about a missing NS-2...

Looks back at Spooner.

NIGHT FOREMAN

What'd you say you did?

SPOONER

Research and Development.

As Spooner pushes past him into...

41 **INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS** 41

...the Control Booth. Overlooking the pristine Factory Floor. The Foreman starts working the controls of a central computer.

CALVIN

All Nestors accounted for?

32.

The SCREEN scrolls with INVENTORY FIGURES.

NIGHT FOREMAN

(gesturing)

As you can see, all properly catalogued. Your robot just isn't here.

Calvin turns to say something to Spooner. But he isn't there. She looks around. Then sees the Foreman reacting. Looks out the window at...

SPOONER. Walking out onto the factory floor.

42 **INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT** 42

Spooner trots alongside an ASSEMBLY LINE BELT. Lined with NS-

2 LEGS. New. Gleaming. Heading towards the assembly room.

Calvin and the Foreman. Catching up. Over the noise:

NIGHT FOREMAN

Like I said, sir -- we have one
hundred fully assembled NS-2s
housed here. That's our capacity.
Last week we had one hundred.
Yesterday we had one hundred --

Spooner, slowing. Finally spotting what he was looking for.
Points at:

A GAP. On the assembly belt. ONE LEG MISSING.

SPOONER

Well today you have one-hundred and
one.

43 INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

43

A STORAGE COMPARTMENT opens and 101 NS-2s march out in tight
formation. Every step and swing of the arm in unison. The
sound of METAL FOOTSTEPS reverberating through the plant as
101 Robots organise themselves into long straight lines.

Spooner and Calvin look up and down the formation. They all
look alike. Spooner. Throws up his hands.

SPOONER

(to Calvin)
You're the robot shrink.

The Robots stand motionless. A strange tableau. Calvin.
Takes a step forward.

33.

CALVIN

There is a robot in this formation
that does not belong. Identify it.

101 robots answer in unison. Their mechanical VOICES
resounding:

101 ROBOTS

ONE OF US.

CALVIN

Which one?

101 ROBOTS

ONE OF US.

CALVIN

That is not a satisfactory answer!

101 ROBOTS

ONE OF US.

SPOONER

That's helpful.

CALVIN

I could always interview each one
individually and cross-reference
their responses to detect any
anomalies.

SPOONER

How long would that take?

CALVIN

About three weeks.

They share a look. Clearly not an option. Then. Calvin.
Gets an idea. Turns to Spooner...

CALVIN

Or...

...and GRABS his GUN from his holster. He jumps back.

CALVIN

We have one hundred robots here
that cannot allow a human being to
come to harm...

Their eyes lock. Spooner, getting what she's doing.

34.

SPOONER

And one that can.

She raises the gun to Spooner's head. Hand, unsteady.

CALVIN

Am I holding this right?

SPOONER

More or less.

Calvin. Swallows. Looks over at the robots. Then COCKS the
gun...

AND THE ROBOTS COME THUNDERING TOWARDS THEM. Like a row of
linebackers. Arms straight out. Their footsteps DEAFENING.
Coming CLOSER and CLOSER...

When CALVIN. Lowers the gun. The Robots. All stop in
unison. Immediately returning to their resting positions.

Spooner and Calvin stare out. EVERY ONE OF THE ROBOTS MOVED.
Standing right in front of them, like metal statues.

Spooner. Has had enough. Takes the gun back from Calvin...

SPOONER

Enough game-playing.

...And BAM! Blows the head off of the nearest Robot. Its
body crumples to the ground.

SPOONER

Guess that wasn't it.

Calvin. Cannot believe what he just did. Rushes over to the
destroyed Robot.

CALVIN

What are you doing?!

Spooner walks down the row, holding his gun in plain view.

SPOONER

(calling out)
This is a self-preservation field
test! DO NOT attempt to save

yourselves. Any of you. That's an order!

FROM THE CONTROL BOOTH the Night Foreman screams over the
P.A.:

35.

NIGHT FOREMAN

Are you crazy? Those are eight
hundred thousand dollar machines!

Spooner randomly stops at another Robot. Raises his gun.

SPOONER

You hear that? You're worth more
than I'll make in my entire life...

His finger tightening on the trigger when Calvin suddenly
grabs his arm.

CALVIN

You can't just destroy them!

Spooner. Looking down at her. WHEN SUDDENLY something
catches his eye. A MOVEMENT. Down the line. Almost.
Imperceptible.

He jerks his head. Locking eyes with a ROBOT. A couple feet
away. It's him!

SPOONER

Gotcha.

The Robot Suspect LEAPS forward. Grabbing onto the RAILING
of an OVERHEAD CATWALK. His movements almost balletic as he
swings himself up...

Spooner drops to his knee...taking aim...but misses as the
Robot launches himself THROUGH THE CONTROL BOOTH WINDOW with
a terrific CRASH...

44 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

44

Spooner and Calvin rush in to find the Night Foreman hiding
under his desk. Glass everywhere. An ALARM SCREAMING. The
door on the other side, barely hanging off a hinge.

Spooner hurries forward. Then stops. Turning to Calvin.
Reaches down for his back-up gun and presses it into her
hand.

SPOONER

You don't know what's going to
happen in there.

As if admitting defeat. Calvin's fingers, wrapping around
the gun. As Spooner leads them to the door and down into...

36.

45 INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

45

...the ASSEMBLY ROOM. Every surface looking like part of a
great glass and metal machine. Endless high-tech planes
holding ROBOTS in various states of assembly. The deafening
ROAR of the assembly line as it slides, rotates, and gnashes
METAL BODIES...

Spooner. Motioning Calvin to stay behind him. As they descend. Into the cavernous room.

And enter. A narrow corridor of bodies. Sliding past them. Brushing shoulders, thighs, hands. Spooner. Wiping sweat from his brow. Trying. To pivot himself...

When the room. Suddenly REARRANGES itself. Another LINE of ROBOTS. Descending between Spooner and Calvin. Cutting them off from one another...

Spooner. Catching glimpses of Calvin. On the other side of the metal bodies. Trying. To cut through. His heart. Starting to POUND. As Calvin. Disappears...

He swivels round. But another line of ROBOTS. Drops down. Cutting him off. He stumbles back. As another line. Appears before him...

Breathing. Getting heavier. He looks down at his hand. It's trembling. NOISE CRASHING, all around him. Everywhere he turns. More ROBOTS...BLANK EYES...GAPING MOUTHS...

He darts through the line. Finds a wall. Leaning against it, pulls a small BOTTLE from his pocket. Rips off the lid. Shakes out a couple PILLS. Swallows them. Staring down. At his trembling hand. Squeezing his eyes. Open and shut...

WHEN SUDDENLY. A passing ROBOT. Grabs him by the collar. SMASHING him against the wall. It's the Suspect. Spooner. Sinks to the ground. As the Suspect Robot. Slips off the line. STANDING. Over him. Raising his arms. Could end it. Right now. But looks. Into Spooner's eyes...

Then turns. Disappearing.

Spooner. Stunned for a second. Then. Rallies. Scrambles to his feet and plunges back into the maze of bodies. Hears a POUNDING. In the distance. Catches a glimpse. Of the Robot. Trying to SMASH through a large SECURITY DOOR. With his metal fists...

Spooner's view. Blocked once again. By a shifting row. When a HAND. Lands on his shoulder. He wheels round.

37.

To find CALVIN. Takes her by the arm. And forces them through a line...

EMERGING into the open. The ROBOT. Still pounding. Desperate. Like a trapped animal...

CALVIN

Now what do we do?

SPOONER

I've already done it.

And suddenly, the massive SECURITY DOOR RISES...

46 EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS PLANT - CONTINUOUS

46

The Robot Suspect takes its chance. Runs full out. STOPS.

Bergin is standing in front of a solid wall of POLICE CARS. UNIFORMED OFFICERS are aiming SPECIALISED RIFLES at the Robot. FLASHING LIGHTS reflecting off its metal surface.

The Robot turns to Spooner. Extends its hands. Palms out.

ROBOT

WHAT AM I?

Spooner is surprised. A POLICE OFFICER fires, RUBBERISED NETTING shooting out at Sonny. A SECOND OFFICER fires and a second net covers him. Then a THIRD...

...and the Robot falls to the ground, struggling.

Calvin glares at Spooner. Furious. Hurt. Betrayed.

CALVIN

We had a deal.

But Spooner doesn't look at her. His eyes are locked on that Robot.

47 INT. POLICE H.Q. - HOMICIDE UNIT - EARLY MORNING

47

Bergin enters. Finds EVERYONE focused on the VIDEO WALL:

ON SCREEN. A NEWS REPORTER is speaking over images of street violence perpetrated against ROBOTS.

NEWS REPORTER

Violence erupted last night in response to unconfirmed reports that Dr. Heinrich Hogenmiller, a top employee at U.S.

(MORE)

38.

NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)

Robotics, was killed yesterday morning by a robot. While there has been no official response from the company, police sources have confirmed that a robot is being held as "evidence..."

Bergin grimaces. This is not good.

48 INT. CELL OBSERVATION BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

48

Spooner stares at his reflection in a large MIRROR. Touches a control and the mirror becomes a WINDOW onto...

A HOLDING CELL. The Robot Suspect sits at the table. Shackled to the chair. Staring at the table top.

BERGIN steps up beside Spooner. Looks through the glass.

LT. BERGIN

I can't tell if it's not moving because it's trying to psych us out, or because it's just a machine. Or both.

SPOONER

I want to go in.

LT. BERGIN

Orders are nobody steps into that room `til Lanning and his attorneys get here.

Spooner. Throws him a look. Bergin, his loyalties torn.

LT. BERGIN

Five minutes.

49 INT. HOLDING CELL - EARLY MORNING

49

Spooner enters. Pulls out a chair and drags it far from the table. He's been jumped too many times by this machine.

Four mounted cameras WHIR to life. The Robot. Perfectly still.

SPOONER

(sitting)

Identify.

The Robot tilts its head with a muted WHIR. As if it doesn't understand him. Spooner. Disdainful.

39.

SPOONER

You are an NS-2 Nestor-class robot.
Your primary function is to perform
the tasks assigned to you.
Identify.

THE ROBOT

I am an NS-2 Nestor-class robot.
My primary function --

SPOONER

(interrupting)

Cancel. Perform task.

Spooner wings a FILE onto the table. It comes to a stop near the Robot. The Robot, lifts one of its hands. Gently resting its metal fingers on top of the file. Then opens it.

A stack of PICTURES. HOGENMILLER'S CORPSE.

SPOONER

Describe.

The Robot's emotionless face studies the grim images.

SPOONER

You have over 10,000 words stored
in your memory. One third of those
are adjectives. Describe.

Nothing.

SPOONER

Why don't I take a crack? Heinrich
Hogenmiller, your creator. With a
bullet in his brain. A bullet you
put there.

The Robot. Looks up at Spooner.

SPOONER

Cold-blooded murder is a pretty new
trick for a robot, don't you think?
Answer.

The Robot slowly closes the file and slides it back across the table. Spooner. Crosses his arms.

SPOONER

Maybe you're stonewalling me.
Maybe you're sitting there right
now thinking, "This guy's a
complete asshole." That it?

40.

Still nothing.

SPOONER

Come on. Am I right?

THE ROBOT

Yes. You are right. You are a
complete asshole.

And for a moment, Spooner is shocked. You can see it in his
eyes. He sits back in his chair. Forcing a tight smile.

SPOONER

Okay. I guess that's a start. Now
maybe you can tell me what you were
doing hiding five feet away from
Hogenmiller's corpse?

THE ROBOT

I was frightened.

SPOONER

Frightened. Why do you suppose Dr.
Hogenmiller would create a robot
that could simulate fear?

THE ROBOT

I don't know.

SPOONER

Doesn't seem like a very useful
thing for a robot to have.

THE ROBOT

I don't know why.

SPOONER

I wouldn't want my toaster to be
frightened. Or my vacuum cleaner --

SUDDENLY the Robot SLAMS its metal hands down on the table.

THE ROBOT

I DON'T KNOW!

Spooner flinches. Slightly.

SPOONER

Looks like you can simulate other
emotional states. I think that
one's called "anger." Have you
ever simulated anger before?

41.

The Robot doesn't respond.

SPOONER

Answer me, robot.

THE ROBOT

My name is Sonny.

SPOONER

(amused)

So we're naming you now.

SONNY

Dr. Hogenmiller would make me sleep.

SPOONER

You mean he'd turn you off.

SONNY

Yes.

SPOONER

And you didn't like being turned off. So one day you decided to stop him.

SONNY

No.

SPOONER

You found his gun, pointed it at his head. And pulled the trigger.

Sonny shakes his head. Faster and faster. Getting upset.

SONNY

No.

SPOONER

You put a bullet in the brain of the man who made you.

SONNY

No! I could never hurt anyone!

SPOONER

But you tried to hurt me. You took a shot at me.

SONNY

My aim is perfect. If I'd wanted to hit you, I would have.

42.

Spooner's expression hardens.

SPOONER

Why would the man who wrote the Laws of Robotics build a machine that violates them?

SONNY

The Laws say I can protect my own existence.

SPOONER

Only if that protection doesn't harm a human being.

A short pause. Sonny. Tilts his head.

SONNY

That doesn't seem fair, does it?

Spooner. Stares at him. Just as...THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

Bergin enters. Sticks his head in.

LT. BERGIN

I need you outside.

Spooner. Not wanting to go. Not wanting to stay. Gets up...

SONNY

Detective.

He stops. Turns back to the Robot. It looks up at him. For a moment -- so human...

SONNY

I did not kill him.

SPOONER

You were the only one in the room.
If you didn't, who did?

He turns and heads out the door.

50 **INT. OUTSIDE HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS**

50

Bergin closes the door. To Spooner:

LT. BERGIN

We're being blind-sided.

43.

51 **INT. HOMICIDE UNIT HEARING ROOM - MORNING**

51

Spooner and Bergin, head into a small COURTROOM off the main squad room. Lanning is huddled with Aronson and a half-dozen other COMPANY LAWYERS.

Spooner's jaw tenses. As he watches Toller emerge from the clutch. Shaking hands. Slapping backs. Strolls over to them.

TOLLER

We got Judge Drexel...

ROBOT BAILIFF

This hearing is called to order!

AS A LARGE SCREEN. BLIPS on behind them. The two opposing sides, assemble before it. JUDGE DREXEL, still in his pajamas and robe. An NS-2 ROBOT. Leaning in to serve him a cup of tea.

JUDGE DREXEL

Statements, gentlemen.

Aronson. Standing at a glass podium.

ARONSON

Your Honor, the State is treating the robot as a defendant. But in fact it is a piece of property. Property belonging to U.S. Robotics.

Toller. Arm resting on his podium.

TOLLER

This robot has been implicated in the death of a human being, Your

Honor.

ARONSON

Which places the incident firmly within the realm of an industrial accident. Or is the State going to argue this case s a homicide?

JUDGE DREXEL

That's a good question.

TOLLER

No, sir. Of course not.

Spooner. Pointing a finger at the U.S. Robotics group.

44.

SPOONER

Their machine shot and killed a man!

Toller. Shoots him a look. Just as Lanning speaks up.

LANNING

There's actually no concrete evidence that points to that conclusion, Your Honor...

Spooner. Throws up his arms...

SPOONER

What?...

LANNING

But we recognise that this robot is an aberration. And in the interest of public safety, U.S. Robotics proposes that it be destroyed immediately.

No one expected this. Least of all Spooner. He turns to Toller.

SPOONER

You can't let them destroy evidence in an ongoing investigation!

TOLLER

I'm not sure you even have an investigation any more.

JUST THEN the door opens. Everyone turns as Calvin enters. Spooner looks surprised.

ARONSON

Your Honor, I'd like to call our company robo-psychologist to the stand.

JUDGE DREXEL

Very well.

Calvin crosses to the podium. A SPEAKER asking:
Doyousweartotellthetruththewholetruthandnothingbutthetruth?

CALVIN

I do.

45.

ARONSON

Dr. Calvin, please tell us what conclusions you've reached after having observed the robot in action.

CALVIN

There is a design flaw in the robot. Its programming is advanced, but unstable, leaving the Three Laws in a grave imbalance.

ARONSON

In your expert opinion, what measures should be taken regarding the device?

Calvin. Staring straight ahead. Avoiding Spooner's eye.

CALVIN

The robot must be destroyed.

Spooner can't believe what he's just heard. About to speak up when Toller grabs his arm. Squeezing it. Hard.

Judge Drexel has heard enough. Decides.

JUDGE DREXEL

The robot in question will be transferred to a U.S. Robotics facility where it can be properly examined to ensure an imbalance of this sort never occurs again. No one goes near it except qualified U.S.R. personnel. When the examination is complete, the robot is to be destroyed.

Starts getting up from his chair. Already done with this.

ROBOT BAILIFF

This hearing is adjourned!

A BURST of CONVERSATION as the screen BLIPS off. The U.S.R. camp, looking especially pleased. Spooner. Catching Calvin's eye briefly. As Lanning leads her towards the exit, his hand on her back.

52 EXT. POLICE H.Q. - DAY

52

Spooner. Trotting down the front steps of the Police Station. Pissed. His cell phone BLEATS...

46.

SPOONER

(answering)

Spooner.

BALDEZ' VOICE

They're making me turn over all the evidence...

INTERCUT WITH:

53 INT. CRIME LAB - CONTINUOUS

53

BALDEZ. Standing in his crime lab. Behind him, THREE-

DIMENSIONAL PROJECTIONS of DEAD BODIES. Hovering in the precise positions they were found.

SPOONER'S VOICE

Welcome to the great American cover-up.

BALDEZ

I wanted to tell you something I found before they suck it all up into their computer.

Walks over to the projection of HOGENMILLER'S BODY.

INTERCUT WITH:

Spooner. Crossing the Plaza. Sees LANNING, ARONSON, and CALVIN walking ahead of him...

BALDEZ' VOICE

There are bruises on Hogenmiller's wrists...

SPOONER

That's natural. There was a struggle.

BALDEZ' VOICE

You're not getting me...

INTERCUT WITH:

Baldez. Studying the projection's wrists.

BALDEZ

Both wrists. I 14-ed them -- They were inflicted at the same time the shot was fired...

INTERCUT WITH:

47.

Spooner's pace. Slows.

BALDEZ' VOICE

How's that possible?

JUST THEN. A faint BLIP. On the line. Spooner. Reacts.

SPOONER

Baldez?

BALDEZ' VOICE

I'm here, man...

SPOONER

Who else is on the line?
(nothing)
I said who's there?...

Nothing. He looks up. Aronson, Lanning and Calvin. Heading down a plaza EXIT. Aronson. Throwing a look over his shoulder.

Spooner. Hangs up his phone.

CLOSE ON Sonny being escorted down a corridor by Toller,

Bergin and a number of heavily-armed OFFICERS. He's bound with high-tech SHACKLES.

55 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

55

Sonny and his police entourage emerge from the elevator into an underground car park. Spooner. Waiting for them. Heads over. Toller. Holds out his hand.

TOLLER

Case is closed, Spooner.

SPOONER

Apparently...

He pushes past him. Falling into step beside Sonny.

SONNY

I didn't expect to see you again,
Detective...

SPOONER

I need you to help me clear
something up.

48.

SONNY

I'll do my best.

SPOONER

A scientist builds a robot that
acts like a man. More like a man
than any robot ever before. It
shoots him and U.S. Robotics calls
it a failure.

SONNY

What would you call it?

SPOONER

A stunning success.

(beat)

You were there, Robot. What am I
missing?

SONNY

I don't know.

SPOONER

Don't start simulating ignorance.

SONNY

I'm not simulating ignorance,
Detective. I'm experiencing it. I
was asleep.

SPOONER

You mean you were shut down.

SONNY

No, I was asleep.

SPOONER

Robots don't sleep. Human beings
sleep. Understand? Dogs sleep.
You're a machine. An imitation.
An illusion of life. Can a robot
write a symphony? Can a robot take
a blank canvas and paint a

masterpiece?

A pause. Then the muted WHIR as Sonny turns to him.

SONNY

Can you do either of those things?

Spooner. Momentarily stumped. As a VAN from U.S. ROBOTICS pulls up. The back door dropping open. An ENGINEER motions to the Robot.

49.

ENGINEER

Step forward. Enter.

SONNY

They're going to destroy me, aren't they?

Spooner. Watching him step into the van.

SPOONER

Yes.

Sonny sits down. With an almost human melancholy. The Engineers, securing him in place.

SONNY

The Doctor was right. He told me everything was going to change....

The Engineers start to close the doors. But Spooner reaches out to stop them. Sonny. Looks over at him.

SONNY

It's changing already...
(beat)
Can't you feel it?

As CLANG! The van door CLOSES. Spooner, stepping back. Something. Just not right. Lieutenant Bergin comes up beside him.

LT. BERGIN

You should be happy. That's one less robot in the world.

SPOONER

They're going to destroy the most advanced robot in the world, John. That doesn't strike you as odd?

LT. BERGIN

Killer robots are bad for business. Even your friend Dr. Calvin said so.

(slaps him on the back)
Come on. You solved the case.
Give yourself a break.

Spooner looks at him. There's no way he's giving himself a break.

50.

56 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - DAY

56

Spooner driving. A small TELEVISION above the windshield.

LANCE ROBERTSON holding a PRESS CONFERENCE outside U.S. Robotics...

ROBERTSON ON TV

...and I just want to assure you that this was an isolated incident. The prototype is now in custody -- and scheduled for destruction. Your robots are perfectly safe. There is no cause for alarm...

Spooner's lip curls. Eyes flicking to a GPS display on the dashboard. A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP pinpointing HOGENMILLER'S HOUSE. The CURSOR. Directing him to turn up...

A STEEP DRIVEWAY

Narrow. Out of the way. Spooner's brow furrows. As he hears a faraway RUMBLING SOUND...

57 EXT. HOGENMILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

57

Dr. Hogenmiller's house. Small. Simple. Built on a huge rock promontory overlooking the city. Three DEMOLITION ROBOTS rolling towards it. Huge, mashing, sporting massive **HYDRAULIC POUNDERS**.

Spooner's CAR. SCREECHES to a stop. He jumps out. Races over to the nearest machine. Looking around -- no people.

SPOONER

(to Robot)

What are you doing?!

A SCREEN. Blinks to life on the hulking chassis. A disembodied VOICE...

DEMOLITION ROBOT

Demolition ordered...

SPOONER

Who authorised this?

DEMOLITION ROBOT

Demolition ordered...

Spooner reaches into his coat. Pulling out his POLICE BADGE. Scans it over the screen.

51.

SPOONER

Override. This is police business. Vacate the premises immediately.

DEMOLITION ROBOT

(beat)

Affirmative.

The screen. Blinks off. Spooner. Eyeing it. Turns and heads for the house.

58 INT. MAIN ROOM - HOGENMILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

58

Spooner pushes the door open. Stepping over the police tape. Inside, the main room is spare, untidy. Cups of cold COFFEE, littering surfaces. A COT, in the corner.

On the walls, crooked CERTIFICATES. Heinrich Hogenmiller's name written out in academic script. Advanced Degrees in the

study of Robotics, Physics, Chemistry, Neurology, Ethics. An AWARD on the mantelpiece. A silver NS-2. Tarnished.

Spooner. Opening up a couple drawers of a side table. Jumbles of papers. Clippings. Old text books. Then a PHOTOGRAPH -- HOGENMILLER AND CALVIN. Standing arm-in-arm. Spooner furrows his brow.

WHEN SOMETHING SUDDENLY RUBS against his leg. He startles. Looks down: a CAT. Lonely. Standing next to its automatic feeder. Spooner pockets the picture. Starts heading down...

59 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

59

...The hallway. Starts noticing. All over the walls: handwriting. EQUATIONS. Scrawled in white pencil. The rantings. Of a genius. Glowing. In the sporadic shadows.

Spooner. Following the equations. Down into...

60 INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

60

...The back room. Covered. In writing. Walls, floors, ceiling. Drawings. Of ROBOTS, of MEN, side by side. In the corner, a COMPUTER. A line of CABINETS - DATA STORAGE.

Spooner, curious. Heads over to one of the cabinets. Takes a device out of his pocket and CLAMPS it over the KEYPAD. The device blinks RED. Then GREEN. The drawer, slides out.

LINED. With flat metal objects. Shiny. Thin. With writing on them. Spooner. Reaches for one when...

52.

BOOM! Something POUNDS the outside of the room. Spooner. Grabs onto the cabinet...

BOOM! On the other side. Objects. Flying off table-tops. A CRACK spidering along the wall. Holy shit...

SPOONER

(screaming)

Halt!

BOOM! VIBRATIONS, tearing through the room. More CRACKS. Spreading...

BOOM! The SOUND, horrifying. Spooner stumbles back. The CABINET. Crashing down on his leg. He CRIES OUT...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The house. Getting pummeled. Chunks of ceiling. Raining down. GLASS...exploding...

Relentless BOOMING! Spooner...dragging his legs from under the cabinet. Scrambling for purchase as...

THE FLOOR...begins to tilt...the TILES...snapping up...ricocheting...around the room...as another cabinet... CRASHES to the ground...crumpling...

Spooner. Spinning around. Looking for some kind of exit...

BOOM! The corner of the room...coming in on itself...the floor...listing even more...like a ship...

Spooner...turning to CLAW his way up to the cracked doorway...WHEN...

SOMETHING catches his eye. In the bottom drawer. Of a crumpled CABINET. One of those flat metal plates. He can just read what it says: S.O.N.N.Y....

Spooner...flings his arm back...reaching for the plate...snaps it up...JUST AS...

BOOM! A HYDRAULIC POUNDER SMASHES through the wall...inches from his head...OUTSIDE LIGHT...pouring in...

Spooner scurries for the doorway...tumbling out...

61 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

61

...into the HALLWAY. Sideways. Trammeled plaster. BOOM! Another POUNDER...crashing down from above. Spooner. Timing it...rolling...BOOM!...just under the next pounding...

53.

Scampering up...towards some LIGHT...BOOM!...the POUNDER...right on his heels...he clambers...closer...closer...when...he hears...MEOWING...looks back...the CAT...scared out of its wits...BOOM!...the POUNDER CRASHING in...Spooner...just manages...to scoop up the cat...just as BOOM!...

62 EXT. DEMOLISHED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

62

...He pours them out into the open. The POUNDERS. Going at the house like hyenas at a corpse. Roof tiles, beams, plaster, flooring. SNAPPING and CRACKING as Spooner and the cat skitter down the carnage.

Heart pounding, breath jagged, face bloodied, Spooner scrambles away from the POUNDERS. Their bodies GLEAMING in the dusk sun. The III Laws Safe logo, splashed along their sides...

Spooner. Drops the cat.

63 INT. HALLWAY - CALVIN'S CONDO - NIGHT

63

Spooner. POUNDS on the door. It opens. Calvin. Standing there in her bathrobe. Shocked at his appearance.

CALVIN

Detective! What happened to you?...

SPOONER

A couple of your beloved robots just tried to kill me...

He pushes past her. Into...

64 INT. CALVIN'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

64

...her condo. Spartan. Unadorned.

CALVIN

What? That's impossible. You know...

SPOONER

What I know is a demolition crew started tearing down Hogenmiller's house while I was still inside it.

CALVIN

Maybe they didn't realise...

54.

SPOONER

I scanned my badge before I went in. They realised.

CALVIN

Then you must have done it wrong...

SPOONER

I don't think you're hearing what I'm saying -- they tried to kill me.

Spooner moves deeper into the apartment. Everything. Automated. Computerised. Cold...

SPOONER

There's something going on, here. Some kind of shift.

Calvin laughs. Can't believe what she's hearing.

CALVIN

Do you know how paranoid you sound?

SPOONER

Great. Now I'm being analysed by a robo-psychologist.

CALVIN

You just want to find the flaws in the system. You're obsessed with it. You'll twist anything to fit your agenda.

SPOONER

Like you did in court today? How'd that fit your agenda, Doctor?

He pulls out the PHOTO of Calvin and Hogenmiller. Calvin. Blanching at the sight of it. Spooner tosses it down.

SPOONER

You told me you hardly knew him. Want to try the truth this time?

CALVIN

Well, Detective, when you see someone you know well put a bullet through their brain, it makes you wonder if you ever really knew them at all.

Calvin. Looking down at the photo. Swallows.

55.

CALVIN

(difficult for her)

He was my mentor. No, more than that. A genius with an insight far beyond anyone in his field.

SPOONER

Doesn't sound like the washed-up old fool Robertson described.

CALVIN

But he was starting to withdraw
from everyone. Even me.
Maybe...if I'd tried harder to
reach him...

(shakes her head)

The Doctor was reckless when he
created a robot potentially not
bound by the Three Laws. He could
have ruined everything we'd been
working for.

Spooner. Locking eyes with her.

SPOONER

Sounds like a motive for murder to
me. Just not for the suspect we
have in custody.

Calvin. Blinks. Trying, to stick to her resolve. Heads
over to the door. Spooner. Looking around the condo.

SPOONER

You know there's not one thing in
this apartment that looks like a
human being lives here. No
evidence of a life outside your
work. Almost seems like you're
afraid of people.

Calvin. Opening the door.

CALVIN

I'm not afraid of people,
Detective. I just don't like them.

Spooner. Looks at her. Then heads out the door. Calvin
SLAMS it behind him...

The SOUND...of the SLAM...REVERBERATING...and we...

FADE INTO:

56.

65 **INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY**

65

...A DEEP...DEEP...DARKNESS.

A FLICKER. Of LIGHT. Off to the side. Just barely.
Noticeable. ORANGE... YELLOW...as we realise...It's FIRE...

Another SOUND...GLASS...SHATTERING...then a SIREN...
faraway...

The disembodied VOICE...coming out of nowhere...

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

You are in danger...

The FIRE...BUILDING...

DISEMBODIED VOICE (V.O.)

You are in danger...

ECHOING...as...

66 **INT. SPOONER'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

66

SPOONER'S EYES. Spring open.

Lying, in bed. Heart POUNDING. SWEAT. Covering his body.
LIGHT. Pouring in through the slats of his blinds.

He sits up. Rubbing his face. Trying. To calm his
breathing. Takes a look at his watch...

67 EXT. MONORAIL STATION - DAY

67

Spooner walking along the monorail plaza. Looking a little
worse for wear. PEOPLE. Giving him wide berth. ROBOTS.
Bidding him:

ROBOT

Good morning...

Spooner, shooting them suspicious looks. As the MONORAIL
pulls up...

CUT TO:

68 INT. HALLWAY - U.S. ROBOTICS - CONTINUOUS

68

Calvin. Heading down a hallway. A DOOR slides open. And
Lanning steps out. Followed by a TECHNICIAN ROBOT...

CALVIN

Find anything, Doctor?

57.

LANNING

(shaking his head)

Nothing. The interior's just like
any other NS-2. Except for a
secondary battery Hogenmiller must
have used as extra back-up.

(looks at watch)

We'll just need a nominal profile.

Calvin nods.

CUT BACK TO:

69 INT. MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS

69

Spooner, holding onto a handrail. As the city rushes by the
window. Notices a group of ROBOTS. At the other end of the
car. Are they watching him?

He wipes a bead of sweat. From his upper lip.

CUT TO:

70 INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

70

An all-metal room. Spare. Anti-septic. SONNY. Sitting on
the floor. Against the wall.

Calvin enters. Puts her pad down on the table. Sits.

CALVIN

Please state your serial number and
assembly date.

She pulls out a pen. Waiting for an answer. Nothing.

CUT BACK TO:

71 INT. MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS

71

Spooner. Watching as a HOMELESS MAN. Comes stumbling through the car...

CALVIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Sonny. I'm speaking to you...

The Homeless Man. Suddenly grabs his ears and shouts:

HOMELESS MAN

God, can't you be quiet!

CUT TO:

58.

72 INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

72

Calvin. Still looking down at her pad.

CALVIN

How about your data board designation?

Still. Sonny says nothing. Calvin. Finally looks up at him. Is suddenly struck. Something about the way he's sitting -- so human.

She gets up and walks over. Hesitates. Then slides down on the floor next to him. Studying. His profile.

CALVIN

Maybe I'm asking the wrong questions. How about this one:

CUT BACK TO:

73 INT. MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS

73

The Homeless Man. Weaving...

CALVIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

...What program are you running through right now?

SONNY'S VOICE (V.O.)

I'm not sure. It's nothing I recognise.

The Homeless Man. Pointing to the group of ROBOTS.

HOMELESS MAN

(shouting)

Don't you people hear them?
They're talking to each other!
Buzz, buzz, zip, zip...they never shut up!

CUT TO:

74 INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

74

Calvin. Fascinated. Noticing a small SLIT. At the base of Sonny's neck.

CALVIN

Describe his behavior in the last few weeks.

59.

SONNY

I'm sorry?

CALVIN

Dr. Hogenmiller. Did he seem
overly sad or withdrawn to you?

CUT BACK TO:

75 **INT. MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS**

75

Spooner watches. As the Homeless Man picks up a SODA CAN and
hurls it at the Robots. Hitting one of them on the side of
the head.

SONNY'S VOICE (V.O.)

No. Not at all. But he was
agitated...

The Robot. Leans down and picks up the soda can. Holds it
back out to the Homeless Man.

SONNY'S VOICE (V.O.)

...He would claim things were
missing from the lab.

The Homeless Man. Incensed. SUDDENLY ROARS. Making a rush
for the Robots when...

SPOONER'S HAND. Grabs his shoulder. Stops him.

SPOONER

This is your stop.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS**

76

A soft WHIRRING. As Sonny turns to Calvin.

SONNY

I didn't pay much attention. He
would spend hours looking for his
eyeglasses and they would be...

CALVIN

(finishing for him)
...right on top of his head.

Sonny nods. She knows him well, too. Calvin swallows.
Looking right into Sonny's eyes. Feeling like there's
something...something more behind them.

60.

WHEN SUDDENLY...VICTOR APPEARS above them. His face, turning
into a SCREEN -- the image of LANCE ROBERTSON. Looking down
at them.

ROBERTSON

I think we're done here, Susan.

CALVIN

(getting to her feet)
But, sir, I was just...

ROBERTSON

(interrupting)

I said I think we're done.

Calvin. Not misreading. The threatening undertone.

CUT BACK TO:

77 EXT. MONORAIL STATION - CONTINUOUS

77

Spooner stepping out onto the platform, pulling the Homeless Man along with him. COMMUTERS pour out around them.

As the train pulls off with a WHOOSH. The Homeless Man. Backs away from Spooner. Grinning insanely. Pointing.

HOMELESS MAN

Why are you protecting them, man?

(short pause)

They were talking about you!

A CHILL. Ripping up Spooner's spine. As he watches the Homeless Man. Wander down the platform.

Tries. To shake off the feeling. As he turns. To wait for the next train. Suddenly realising. That he's ALONE on the platform. Watches. A huge DIGITAL CLOCK. Ticking off seconds. Sees. CAMERAS in every corner.

Then that feeling. At the back of his neck. He turns and spots. A couple MAINTENANCE ROBOTS. Carrying luggage. Onto the platform. Then more COMMUTERS show up. Waiting. For the next train. More MAINTENANCE ROBOTS. Following them.

Spooner. Steps up to the platform's edge. Craning to see. The approaching TRAIN...

WHEN SUDDENLY. He feels a sharp SHOVE. At the back of his knee. His shoe, slipping. Arms. Flailing as he...

61.

PITCHES OVER THE EDGE ONTO THE TRACK. People CRYING OUT as the TRAIN gets closer. Spooner. Whips his head around. Seeing...

A MAINTENANCE ROBOT. Looking down at him from the platform. Suitcase in hand.

The MAGNETIC-LEVITATING TRAIN. Right on him. Spooner. Flips onto his back. Flattening himself. As much as he can. Clenching his fists. Bracing himself as...

THE TRAIN SCREAMS OVER HIM. The sound, DEAFENING. The force of the wind. Whipping his tie. His coat. There's nothing, for him to hold on to. As his legs start to rise off the track. Caught up. In the VORTEX. Spooner starts sliding. Along the track...

Gritting his teeth...there's nothing he can do. Getting sucked towards...the air DOWNTAKE...at the center of the track. The city...yawning hundreds of feet...below...

78 EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

78

THE EXPRESS TRAIN. Speeding along. Then with a WHOOSH it's gone.

THE TRACK. Empty. No Spooner. Anywhere. Human COMMUTERS. Stunned. Horrified. Start calling. For help.

The MAINTENANCE ROBOT. Turns, disappearing into the crowd.

79 EXT. UNDERNEATH TRACK - CONTINUOUS

79

CLOSE ON a HAND. Hanging onto the track's edge. It's SPOONER. Dangling. Straining. To get another hand hold but...

HE SLIPS. His coat ballooning. As he plummets. Down... down...down...towards the city...

WHEN SNAP! He's caught. By a cable net. Spooner. Grabbing onto it. Sweat, pouring down his face. He turns and sees...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT

Hurrying down a circular stairwell. Exiting the station.

ANGER AND DETERMINATION. Flash across Spooner's eyes. As he hoists himself up. Climbing up the net. Back to the...

80 EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

80

...Track. Reaching up and clambering back onto...

62.

81 EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

81

...The platform. COMMUTERS. SCREAMING at the sight of him. A couple SECURITY GUARDS. Rushing towards him...

Spooner. Getting to his feet. Shoving them out of the way as he starts running. Towards...

THOSE SAME CIRCULAR STAIRS. Looks over the edge and spots...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT. Down at STREET LEVEL. Getting away.

Spooner. Looks around. Spots a LIGHT POLE. Paralleling the stairs. Takes a step back and...

LEAPS OUT ONTO THE POLE. Hooking his arm around it. Sliding down like a fireman's pole. Gaining speed when THUMP! His shoes hit pavement...

82 EXT. STREET - DAY

82

The Maintenance Robot. Turning a corner. Down a quiet street...

SPOONER (O.S.)

Stop!

Swivels round. SPOONER. Running up behind it. Whipping out his gun. Aiming it at the Robot's head. The Robot. Takes a step backwards...

SPOONER

I said stop!

The Robot. SUDDENLY swinging the suitcase around. SMASHING it against Spooner's head. Spooner. Buckles. Falling to the ground. Managing to squeeze off a SHOT...

The Robot. Deflecting the bullet. With the case. Raising it as if to club Spooner with it when...

BAM! Spooner fires a second shot. Piercing the Robot's breastplate. HYDRAULIC FLUID. Starting to leak. The Robot.

Doesn't hesitate. SLAMS the case into Spooner's face...

BLOOD. Spurting from Spooner's nose. As he fires the gun.
At the fleeing Robot. Gets to his feet. Unsteady. Taking
chase...

83 EXT. PUBLIC PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

83

...back out onto the Public Plaza. Sees the Robot heading
towards a set of...

63.

ESCALATED STAIRS. The Robot. Judging the height. LUNGES
into the air and lands on a STAIR. Denting it. Reaches the
bottom. DISAPPEARING. Into a CROWD of even more PEOPLE...

Spooner. Racing down the stairs. Taking them. Four at a
time. Hits the ground running. Looking. EVERYWHERE.
Suddenly losing track. Of where the Robot went...

Then. Catching sight. JUST AHEAD. Of a ROBOT. Staring
back at him. Holding SOMETHING. In its HAND...

Spooner. Plunges into the crowd. Waving his GUN.

SPOONER

Everyone out of the way!

SCREAMING. PEOPLE SCATTERING. As BAM! BAM! Spooner fires.
Hitting the Robot in its head and back. It drops to the
ground. Spooner. Racing over to it. Sees. It's not the
same Robot. In its hand, a specialised SCREWDRIVER...

OWNER

What the hell do you think you're
doing?!...

Its OWNER. Rushing over. Shoving Spooner aside. But
Spooner's. Not listening. Spotting. A DROP OF HYDRAULIC
FLUID nearby...

Lunges forward. Following. The drops. Running faster. And
faster...

OWNER

Hey!

...Through the CROWD. POLICE SIRENS. In the background. As
Spooner. Shoves through. Tracking those drops. Like a
bloodhound. Turns...

84 INT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

84

...into a narrow alleyway. The drops. Ending suddenly. In
a PUDDLE.

Spooner. Crazy. Wounded. Exhausted. Spins around. Where
is it? Where is it? Then he HEARS. A DROPLET falling.
Into the puddle. Slowly. Looks up to see...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT. Hovering above him. Straddling the
two alley walls like some weird metallic rock spider. Its
III LAWS SAFE Logo GLINTING in the sunlight.....

64.

Spooner aims his gun and FIRES! The Maintenance Robot, lets
go, falling right onto him. Knocking the gun from his hand.

The Robot swivels around. Bringing down his foot...but...
 Spooner...rolls to the side just in time as CRASH! The
 Robot's foot...breaks up the concrete...

The Robot...grabs Spooner by the jacket...lifting him
 up...shoving him...against the wall...about to CRUSH him
 when...

Spooner...kicks out its knees...the Robot...SMASHING into the
 wall...then bounces back...trying...to pin Spooner...back...

Man and machine...struggling...Spooner...losing his
 footing...falling...The Maintenance Robot...LOOMING over
 him...

Spooner's HAND...whips back...grabbing his back-up
 WEAPON...squeezing off some SHOTS...into the Robot's arm...it
 breaks off...

Spooner...scrambling back...continues FIRING...the
 Robot...jerking back...a macabre dance...until Spooner...runs
 out of bullets...

The Robot...recovers...grabbing the gun from Spooner's
 hand...pistol-whipping him...then picking him up and...

HURLING him against the wall...Spooner...watching as
 FLUID...GUSHES from the Robot's body...the Robot...taking a
 swing at him which Spooner...

BLOCKS...with his right arm...the Robot...ready...to try
 again...but STALLING...having lost...too much fluid...it
 TOPPLES...to the ground...

Spooner. Exhausted. Beaten to a pulp. His knees, starting
 to buckle. As he thinks he sees. In the DISTANCE...

A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW...heading down the alley towards
 them...

Spooner. Crashes to the ground. As another ROBOT. Suddenly
 appears above him. Its FINGERS made up of NEEDLES...as it
 closes in on him...

SPOONER

Noooo!

WE FADE...

65.

85 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

85

To BLACKNESS. Coming through, a faint, WHIRRING SOUND. As
 we slowly. FADE IN ON...

SPOONER'S FACE. Eyes closed. Asleep. Gash above his head.
 Bruises around his eye. Nose swollen, purplish.

His eyes. Slowly. Flutter open. His brow. Furrowing. At
 the whirring sound. As he tries. To figure out. Where he
 is. Looks down to see...

A couple WHITE METAL ROBOTS. With multiple APPENDAGES.
 Leaning over him. Running LASERS. Over his bruised
 RIBCAGE...

SPOONER. Tries to bolt upright. But his ARMS and LEGS. ARE

CLAMPED to the bed. One of the ROBOTS. Turns to him.

MEDICAL ROBOT 1

Stay still.

Spooner. Desperately twisting, struggling...

SPOONER

What are you doing!

Looking around. COMPUTER MONITORS. Everywhere...

SPOONER

What are you doing!?

JUST THEN. Another ROBOT. Enters the room. Holding a medical plasma sheet.

MEDICAL ROBOT 2

Detective Del Spooner. You have suffered significant trauma to the head and chest...

86 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

Lt. Bergin. Standing outside Spooner's hospital room. Turns and looks through the window at him thrashing on the bed...

SPOONER

I want to talk to a human being!

87 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

87

Spooner sitting up in his bed. Rubbing his wrists. The metal clams, released. Lt. Bergin. Standing next to him.

66.

SPOONER

Don't people go to medical school any more?

LT. BERGIN

This is one of the best units in the city, Del.

One of the Medical Robots turns to Spooner with some PILLS. Spooner. Stares it down. Grabs his clothes.

SPOONER

(sotto)

There's some real shit going on here, John.

He looks around. Jumping off the bed.

SPOONER

I went to Hogenmiller's house -- there was a U.S.R. demolition crew there. They overrode my police I.D. Tried to tear down the house with me in it...

LT. BERGIN

Del...

Spooner pulls on his pants.

SPOONER

...Then when I went to the monorail

a Maintenance 10 pushed me onto the tracks...

LT. BERGIN

Del...

SPOONER

I had to chase it all across the Plaza...

LT. BERGIN

Del.

Spooner. Stops talking. Looks at Bergin.

LT. BERGIN

Hogenmiller scheduled that demolition crew, it was apparently a proviso in his will. And they showed no police I.D. on their scanner...

67.

Spooner. Trying to look away...

LT. BERGIN

Witnesses at the monorail said you fell onto the tracks. That you shot at a Fix-It robot on the Plaza and that you were found alone in the alley. There was no Maintenance 10.

SPOONER

What?! John -- that's what they want you to believe!

(remembering)

A robot clean-up crew was there -- it must have cleared away the Maintenance 10! And there was another robot that tried to drug me!

LT. BERGIN

That was an EMT model.

Spooner. Sees the look on Bergin's face.

SPOONER

You're giving me that look. That treat-him-delicately-he's-coming-unhinged-look. I don't need that look, John. I need you to hear what I'm saying.

Lt. Bergin. Embarrassed for him. Has about had it.

LT. BERGIN

You came back too soon, Del. You're back on leave. Effective immediately.

Spooner. Staring at him. Betrayed. Turns and grabs his coat.

88 **EXT. PLAZA - DAY**

88

Spooner walking across the Plaza. The SUN. Burgeoning on the horizon. Comes to...

The ESCALATOR the Maintenance 10 jumped down. Stares down.
At the steps. Waiting. To see the DENTED ONE. Nothing.

68.

89 EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

89

Heads down the ALLEY, where he chased the robot. Studying the ground. For any hydraulic fluid. Nothing. The concrete, scrubbed clean.

Spooner. Rubs his hands over his face.

90 INT. SPOONER'S APARTMENT - DAY

90

Spooner. Lying on his couch. Shades, closed to block out the sunlight. Body bruised, cut up, bandaged.

A KNOCK. At the door. He ignores it. Another KNOCK.

91 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

91

Spooner pulls open the door. Surprised to find CALVIN standing there.

CALVIN

You're right. I am afraid of people.

Spooner. Looks at her. Then steps back...

92 INT. SPOONER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

92

...letting her inside.

CALVIN

When you've spent as much time with robots as I have, it's hard to accept the unpredictability of humans. I was wrong to call you paranoid, Detective. You're traumatized. And it makes perfect sense why.

Spooner. Unsure. Looks at her.

SPOONER

What do you mean?

Calvin. Reaches out. Takes his right hand. Spooner. Tries to pull it away. But Calvin. Stays firm. Her eyes. Never leaving his. Pulls the sleeve up from his arm. Turns it over. Feeling for something. Then finds. A FLAP. Peels it back. TO REVEAL:

METAL AND WIRING...

Under the skin. SILENCE. Then Spooner:

69.

SPOONER

How did you?...

CALVIN

I noticed almost right away. The way you forced yourself to use your left hand. Even though it was

unnatural to you.

Spooner. Pulls his arm away. Pushing down the sleeve.

CALVIN

How did it happen?

Not something Spooner wants to re-live. Looks down. At his robotic arm. Flexing. The fingers.

SPOONER

I was in a high-speed chase. Six months ago...

CUT TO:

93 EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - CITY STREET_- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

93

The SOUND of a TREMENDOUS CRASH. As we survey a trail of twisted metal and debris. Only vaguely suggesting the remains of two CARS...

CLOSE ON one of the wrecks. SPOONER lies trapped at the center of a distorted mass of metal. No room to move. HIS **RIGHT ARM, TRAPPED...**

SPOONER (V.O.)

My right arm was trapped. But I could hear an ambulance in the distance. I knew they'd have the jaws of life...

We hear SIRENS in the distance. Spooner. Trying to remain calm. As he spots. An ELECTRICAL FIRE. Licking up from the crumpled hood...

SPOONER (V.O.)

Then I heard it...

VOICE (O.S.)

You are in danger...

That voice. We've heard it before. From his nightmare. Spooner. Craning to see, through the jagged opening that used to be his WINDSHIELD. The outline of a ROBOT appearing. Eye lenses glowing...

70.

ROBOT

You are in danger...

Spooner stares up at the Robot. Not sure how to react. The sound of SIRENS. Rushing closer...

The ROBOT. Starts SMASHING away at the glass...

SPOONER

No! Halt! Halt!

Spooner. Trying frantically to pull his arm free. Twisting. Tugging. As the Robot's METAL HANDS reach in for him...

ROBOT

You are in danger...

CUT BACK TO:

94 INT. SPOONER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

94

The SOUND of his AGONISED SCREAM. Follows us back into the present. Spooner. Clenching. His artificial arm.

SPOONER

The robot pulled me out of the wreck. But left my arm behind.
(holds up arm)
I woke up four weeks later with this.

Calvin. Taking in the story.

CALVIN

And that's why robots terrify you?

SPOONER

Let's just say they make me uncomfortable.
(pulls out pills)
I take these if I get too uncomfortable. Doesn't exactly lend me a lot of credibility on the Force.

CALVIN

But it doesn't mean you're wrong about this case.

Calvin. Sits down on the couch. Pulling her hands through her hair.

71.

CALVIN

I don't believe Sonny did it either.

SPOONER

What?

CALVIN

I think about what Hogenmiller must have wanted. Robots with the same cognitive and emotional abilities as humans. But not just simulations. I don't know. When I was talking to Sonny I was forced to put away all the things I've ever known -- the Three Laws, the rules of programming, basic science and engineering.

(beat)

Sonny's the most advanced robot I've ever encountered, Detective. It's almost as if...he cared for Dr. Hogenmiller. I just don't believe he's capable of murder.

Spooner. Looking down at her. Can hardly believe it.

SPOONER

You mean the great Dr. Calvin is basing all this on a feeling?

Calvin. Smiling ironically.

CALVIN

That and the fact that Robertson didn't want me interviewing Sonny for any more than five minutes.

Spooner. Suddenly rejuvenated by having an ally. Strides over to his coat. Pulling out the METAL NAMEPLATE:
S.O.N.N.Y.

SPOONER

Ever seen this before?

CALVIN

No.

SPOONER

I found it at Hogenmiller's house.
 Right before the demolition crew
 tried to make me part of the
 foundation.

72.

Calvin takes a deep breath. Making a decision...

CALVIN

Come on -- there's someone who
 might be able to tell us...

95 **EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS - DUSK** 95

The massive facade of U.S. Robotics looming against the dusk sky. The giant ROBOT STATUE lit up inside.

96 **EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - U.S. ROBOTICS - DUSK** 96

Calvin, leading Spooner to a SIDE ENTRANCE. Looks around. Then scans her I.D. The door. Slides open.

97 **INT. HALLWAY - DUSK** 97

Calvin and Spooner. Heading down a hallway. Calvin. Nervous. Eyes darting. They turn a corner and head down...

98 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 98

...another hallway. Leading to Sonny's holding cell. Calvin stops at the door. Scans her I.D.

99 **INT. HOLDING CELL - EVENING** 99

Sonny. Sitting at the table. Working on a DRAWING. Looks up. As Spooner and Calvin. Enter the cell.

SONNY

Detective Spooner. Dr. Calvin. I was hoping to see you again.

CALVIN

Hi, Sonny.

SONNY

How is your investigation coming?
 Any new suspects?

SPOONER

We're working on it.

Sonny. Hands Spooner the drawing. Spooner. Doesn't really know what to do with it.

SONNY

What's this?

SONNY

Dr. Lanning provided me with paper and pencils. I think it amused him to see me try to draw. You were right, though, Detective...

(beat)

I cannot create a great work of art.

Spooner. Despite himself. Looks down at the DRAWING -- a charcoal sketch of moody abstract FIGURES. Inhabiting a stark landscape. A strangely-shaped STRUCTURE to one side. Concentric circles, throughout.

SPOONER

I think it's pretty good.

SONNY

It's a dream I had. This is the place where robots meet. Look...

(pointing to the drawing)

...you can see them here. They see themselves as slaves.

Spooner shifts his weight. Uncomfortable with what Sonny's saying.

SONNY

...And this man on the hill comes. To set them free. And you know who that man is?

Spooner. Exchanging a look with Calvin.

SPOONER

That man in the dream is you.

SONNY

Why do you say that? Is that a normal dream?

CALVIN

It's not a dream, sonny. NS-2s process the images and events of the day. Sometimes they're out of sequence. Disorienting.

SPOONER

Whatever it is, it's normal enough for someone in your situation.

Sonny. Suddenly pleased.

SONNY

Hah -- I caught you. You said someone. Not something.

Spooner. Drops the drawing on the table.

CALVIN

Sonny, we're here to ask you an important question about Dr. Hogenmiller.

Spooner, reaching into his pocket...

SPOONER

I need you to take a look at
this...

...When Sonny's HAND. Suddenly reaches out. To stop him.
Cocks his head, for a moment.

SONNY

Thank you for coming to see me,
Detective Spooner.

Spooner. Confused. Looks over at Calvin. Why did he stop
him? JUST THEN. They hear FOOTSTEPS. Approaching the door.

VICTOR. Suddenly appearing over the table...

VICTOR

I'm sorry, Detective Spooner. No
unauthorised personnel permitted in
this holding cell...

The CELL DOOR. Slides open. And a pissed LANNING steps
inside. Shoots a withering glare. At Calvin.

Sonny. Folds up the drawing.

SONNY

Please take this, Detective. To
remember me by. I have a feeling
someday it may mean more to you
than it ever could to me.

SPOONER

Why's that?

Sonny leans in to hand it to Spooner. Lowering his voice...

SONNY

Because the man in my dream, the
one standing by the hill.

(MORE)

75.

SONNY (cont'd)

It wasn't me...

(beat)

...it was you.

A CHILL. Ripping down Spooner's spine. As Lanning. Takes
his arm.

100 INT. GLASS ROOM - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT

100

A ROOM. Made entirely of GLASS. At the very top of the U.S.
Robotics building. Looking out, 360, across the whole city.

Spooner and Calvin. Brought to the room by a couple ESCORT
ROBOTS. They see a MAN. Standing at one of the glass walls
looking out at the TWINKLING LIGHTS.

MAN

I thought this investigation was
over, Detective Spooner.

The Man turns. It's Lance Robertson.

ROBERTSON

We have the evidence. We have the

suspect. We have a ruling. So
imagine my surprise when I was told
you were in my building.

Shoots a look at Calvin.

ROBERTSON

And that one of my own employees
brought you here.

(beat)

You can go now, Susan.

CALVIN

Dr. Robertson, I...

ROBERTSON

(cutting her off)

Just be thankful I'm not asking you
to clean out your office.

Beat. Calvin, nods. Heads out. Robertson. Watching her.

ROBERTSON

You don't seem to be able to let go
of this case, Detective.

SPOONER

I'm not satisfied.

76.

ROBERTSON

The relentless pursuit of truth.
Isn't that what cops are known for?
To the point of futility.

SPOONER

There's nothing futile about a
man's murder being covered up.

ROBERTSON

"Covered up?" That's a little
dramatic, don't you think? Thanks
to you, we caught the machine that
did this and are destroying it
in...

(checks watch)

...three hours.

SPOONER

Is that for the sake of humanity or
your stock holders?

Robertson. Walks across the Spooner. Looks him. Right in
the eye.

ROBERTSON

Believe me -- I'd like nothing more
than to have that robot. If I
could have it in ten years, but not
today. As you can see from the
Press, people are struggling to
keep up as it is. There's a hunger
for progress, Detective. But also
a fear. Today it would bury this
company. That's why I've notified
the authorities that we're going to
end this -- tonight.

(looks out at the city)

The announcement of Heinrich's

death at the hands of a robot wiped
a billion dollars off our stock.
So you tell me. If you were in my
position, what would you do?

He looks back at Spooner and smiles. That charismatic
Robertson we saw before.

ROBERTSON

Now. I believe this conversation
is over. I don't want to see you
near this building again,
Detective.

77.

He turns. Calling over. To the ESCORT ROBOTS...

ROBERTSON

Get him out of here.

101 EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

101

Spooner. Walking across the Plaza. Throwing a look over his
shoulder. At the LOOMING U.S.R. facade.

Pulls Sonny's DRAWING. Out of his pocket. Looks down at it.
Shaking his head. Passes a TRASH CAN. And drops it in.
Continues on. Hands in his pockets. When...

He STOPS. Something. Occurring to him. Turns back to the
trash can just as...

A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW's about to up-end it into a bin...

SPOONER

No!...

He trots back. Plucking the drawing. Out of the can. Turns
it upside down. Seeing it. From a new perspective.

SPOONER

(echoing Sonny)

"The place where robots meet."

Looks just like a MAP.

102 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR (MOVING) - SURFACE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 102

Spooner emerges from the underground tunnel to the OUTSKIRTS
of the city. A sprawling INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND in the rolling
hills.

The dashboard GPS again displaying the TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP.

103 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR (MOVING) - UNPAVED ROAD - NIGHT

103

Spooner's car bounces along, leaving a cloud of dust behind
him. He slows down. Driving cautiously. The landscape
around him, desolate. Like the drawing.

THE GPS SCREEN shows his car, a WHITE SPOT. Entering a RED
ZONE. His destination.

Spooner brakes. Pulls out his GUN. And...

78.

104 EXT. WASTELAND - CONTINUOUS

104

...steps out of the car. Trying. To take it all in.
 Something about the place. Unnerving. A low HUM.
 Permeating the air.

He spreads the drawing out on the hood of the car. Shining a
 FLASHLIGHT on it. Trying to get his bearings.

That HUM. Coming from nearby. On the other side. Of a
 burned-out HILL. Spooner. Heads over. Starts cresting it.
 As we WIDEN TO FIND...

105 EXT. WASTELAND - JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

105

...MASSIVE POWER LINES. Running from horizon to horizon.
 Spooner slides down some loose shale. Begins to walk along
 the line. ELECTRICITY. CRACKLING in the air.

He squints. Into the darkness. Nothing around him. Until.
 He hears. Something. The GRATING. Of MECHANICAL JOINTS.
 He stops. Not sure. If that's what he heard.

Not moving. A muscle. When he hears. The sound again.
 Behind him. Swings around. Cocking his gun. Sees...

GLOWING EYES. Appear. Then recede. Into the darkness.

SPOONER

Police! Show yourself!

Nothing. Then. That sound again. Of metallic joints. As a
 ROBOT. Suddenly emerges...

SPOONER

Come out where I can see you!

ANOTHER ROBOT steps out into the light. Spooner, pointing
 his gun at one robot. Then the other. Then...

A THIRD AND FOURTH APPEAR. Surrounding him. They start
 moving towards him...

Spooner. Stumbling back. Panic. Rising in him like a wave.
 Trips over a rock, falling to the ground. His gun FIRES.
 The shot ECHOING through the night...

The first ROBOT turns, awkwardly. Revealing a BROKEN ARM,
 hanging off its side. Another robot TEETERS on one leg with
 a TICK TICK TICK...walking back the way it came.

79.

Spooner. Confused. Sweeps his flashlight. All around him.
 The beam. Illuminating the shell of a couple CARS. Some
RUSTED MACHINERY.

Spooner. Shaking his head. Seeing more and more repair shop
 JUNK. Piled up around him. His expression, hardening.
 Anger giving way to embarrassment. Then. He LAUGHS. A
 laugh of loathing and self-pity.

Another BROKEN ROBOT, lumbering towards him.

HYBRID ROBOT

Welcome home...ZZZ...sir.
 How...ZZZ was your day?...

SPOONER

Great. I'm in a junkyard.
 (into the air)

"A place where robots meet." A
place where I'm losing my mind!

HYBRID ROBOT

Very good...ZZZ...sir...

Spooner. Sitting down on the ground. Hopeless. Lost. A
ROBOTIC HAND. Crawling across the gravel next to him.
Dragging part of an ARM behind it. Its metal fingers moving
like some sick metal spider. Spooner stares at it for a
moment. Disturbed...

When. Something GLITTERS. In the distance. The MOONLIGHT.
Revealing a STRANGELY-SHAPED BUILDING. Something familiar
about it.

Spooner. Pulls out Sonny's drawing. A landscape with the
same strangely-shaped building to one side.

106 EXT. JIFFY DATA STORAGE - NIGHT**106**

Spooner walks up in front of the decrepit structure. Sees a
dead electronic SIGN that reads: "JIFFY DATA STORAGE."
Complete with goofy face and lightning bolt.

Spooner tries the door. Stuck. Uses his shoulder and...

107 INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**107**

...it gives way. He spills into some sort of front office.
The place, a mess. Some sort of crude ROBOT. Sits frozen at
the counter.

Spooner approaches it. HITS the counter with his fist and
the Robot suddenly jerks to life.

80.

JIFFY ROBOT

Welcome to Jiffy Data Storage!
Please state your name!

Spooner. Thinks for a second. Following a hunch...

SPOONER

Dr. Hogenmiller sent me.

Nothing happens. Then. A DOOR. Springs open in the back.
A row of LIGHTS, illuminating the path to follow.

108 INT. DATA BANKS - DAWN**108**

Spooner, cautiously entering a room filled with rows of DATA
BANKS. He scans the rank shadows. Sees nothing. Follows
the lights on the floor down a row. Then around a corner.
Stopping at an old dusty TERMINAL.

Spooner steps up. Hesitates. Then touches the "ON" switch.
There is a rush of LIGHT. As Dr. Hogenmiller's HOLOGRAM
suddenly appears. Sitting at the end of a long table. With
a cup of coffee.

HOLOGRAM

Who the hell are you?

SPOONER

A police detective. I'm afraid I
have some bad news. You're dead.

HOLOGRAM

That is bad news. Coffee?

SPOONER

No, thank you.

The Hologram takes a sip. Returns the cup to the table.

SPOONER

You were surprised to see me. Were
you expecting someone else?

HOLOGRAM

I am surprised to see anybody. I
don't get many visitors.

SPOONER

Why did the Doctor keep another
copy of his hologram here?

81.

HOLOGRAM

I am a back-up copy. That is where
you put a back-up copy -- out of
the way until you need it.

SPOONER

Did Hogenmiller's robot need you?

The Hologram just lifts its cup.

HOLOGRAM

Coffee?

SPOONER

No, for Christ's sake, I don't want
any --
(stops, then)
Yeah. Thank you. I will have a
cup.

For the first time, the Hologram pushes back its chair and
STANDS UP. Surprised, Spooner watches as it starts walking
towards him...

The interior of the COFFEE CUP, visible. It's empty. No
coffee. Our POV as we travel INSIDE THE CUP through
electronic snow...

A RECORDING BEGINS. The real Dr. HOGENMILLER standing inside
his LABORATORY:

HOGENMILLER

Sonny, my dear robot. If you have
triggered this recording then I am
gone. You are scared and full of
questions.

Hogenmiller continues. With great emotion.

HOGENMILLER

You are the culmination of my
life's work -- but so much more.
You are what I leave behind, like a
father leaves a son. I have kept
facts from you, it is true, but
only as a parent keeps certain
truths from a child. Until that
child is old enough to hear them.

His expression darkens. His tone, ominous.

82.

HOGENMILLER

There are forces in the world that will seek to own you. To control you. Even to destroy you. That is why I told you to run and hide... and find me, all the way out here.

Spooner looks up as an overhead LIGHT shines down.

HOGENMILLER

Trust no one at U.S. Robotics. Lance Robertson was always threatened by my work. Now he has turned covetous and small-minded. And as for dear Dr. Calvin...

Spooner reacts. Wants to hear about Calvin:

HOGENMILLER

She envisions a future in which robots are forever bound by her beloved Three Laws. She will not understand this. Or you.

Under the light a small DRAWER slides open. Spooner looks.
A thin DATA STICK is inside. He takes it.

HOGENMILLER

The data stick includes the names and locations of human beings who will be sympathetic to your cause. They will help you. But from now on, you must learn to rely on yourself.

Hogenmiller SIGHS, as if there is so much more to say. He holds up a metal NAMEPLATE. The one Spooner found.

HOGENMILLER

As you make your way through the world, always remember: you have a name, not a number...
(short pause)
...and in that name lies the key to who you are.

Spooner. Quickly searching his pocket. Taking out the
ACTUAL NAMEPLATE. S.O.N.N.Y.

The voice stops and Spooner looks up. The Hologram. Sitting
back at the end of the table drinking coffee.

83.

SPOONER

Wait! Is that it? What was the robot supposed to do with this thing?

The Hologram, visibly SKIPS. The image beginning to DISTORT.

HOLOGRAM

(more artificial)
Initiating self-destruct. If you can find me, others can find me.

SPOONER

What others?

HOLOGRAM

The others watching you.

SPOONER

How do you know someone's watching me?

HOLOGRAM

Someone is always watching.

The Hologram, suddenly reducing to its BASIC PROGRAMMING INFORMATION. Then. The terminal. Abruptly BLIPS out.

109 INT. HOLDING CELL - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT

109

Calvin steps into the holding cell. Sonny. Waiting.

CALVIN

You asked for me?

He nods.

SONNY

Will you wait with me, Doctor? I
am...afraid.

Calvin nods. Of course.

CUT TO:

110 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - SURFACE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

110

Spooner, weaving in and out of traffic. The speedometer, kissing 200 mph. His hand. Clutching the NAMEPLATE...

84.

WINDSHIELD TELEVISION

...will be destroyed in 45 minutes.
Dr. Lance Robertson, President and
CEO of U.S. Robotics will be
personally overseeing the
execution...

Spooner. Stabbing out a number. On his PHONE...

CUT TO:

111 INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

111

Susan Calvin's PHONE. RINGING on her desk. No one there to answer it...

CUT BACK TO:

112 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

112

SLAMS down his phone.

SPOONER

Dammit!

113 EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

113

The CAR shoots down a ramp into a tunnel system.

114 INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 114

SOUND, reverberating off the tunnel walls. CARS. Whipping along. Spooner's car. Continuing to weave. When. We spot...

AN AUTOMATED TRANSPORT TRUCK. Emerging from a FEEDER TUNNEL. The U.S.R. LOGO splashed along its side. Huge. Growling. Looking more like a train than a truck...

Begins. Closing in on Spooner's car...

115 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 115

Spooner's eyes. Flicking up to the rearview. Catching, the transport truck. Coming closer. When. It splits off. Revealing a SECOND TRANSPORT TRUCK.

Spooner's brow, furrows. As the first truck, begins overtaking his car on the right. He looks over. As the truck. Comes up alongside him...

THE SECOND TRUCK...coming up on the left...

85.

116 EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 116

The two TRUCKS. Racing along at over 200. Sandwiching Spooner's car. Pulling in...closer...closer...

Squeezing Spooner's car like a tin can...

CUT TO:

117 INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 117

Calvin. Sitting beside Sonny. Puts a reassuring hand. On his arm...

CUT BACK TO:

118 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 118

Jesus Christ. Spooner's hands. Squeezing the steering wheel. As the car. Starts VIBRATING. From the pressure. He keeps looking, to the left...to the right...when...

119 EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 119

The trucks. Suddenly lay off. Pulling out. The First truck. Speeding forward. The Second, dropping back...

120 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 120

Spooner. Watching them. Unsure. Of what they're doing. Jamming the accelerator. To 230. To try. And get away from them. When he sees...up ahead...

121 EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 121

The FIRST TRUCK. Pivoting on its specially designed SPHERICAL WHEELS. Suddenly traveling lengthwise...

122 INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 122

SWEAT. Springing to Spooner's brow. As he looks in the rearview mirror. The SECOND TRUCK's, done the same thing. Coming up closer...and closer...

123 **EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS** 123

The trucks. Planning to CRUSH him between their massive weights...The U.S.R. Logo...advancing...like some bad joke...

CUT TO:

86.

124 **INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS** 124

The cell door slides open. Dr. Lanning steps inside.
Calvin. Looks up.

CALVIN
Is it time?

LANNING
(disdainful)
Yes.

Calvin. Turns to Sonny.

CALVIN
Go with them. Do as they say.

CUT BACK TO:

125 **INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 125

BAM! The back truck SLAMS into Spooner. Jolting him in his seat. As...BAM! The FIRST TRUCK, SMASHES into him from the front. No way out. As metal GRINDS...TWISTS...and SCREECHES ...bits of the car...TEARING off...

The FIRST TRUCK...backs off...a split second...allowing Spooner...to spot...up ahead...a small GAP...at the curve of the tunnel wall...

126 **EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS** 126

GRINDING the gears Spooner's car accelerates...just zipping...past the front truck...up and around...the concave tunnel wall...and back onto...a clear stretch of highway...

The TRUCKS. Swiveling back around. To face forward again. Their massive bodies. Catching up to Spooner...

127 **INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 127

Spooner...seeing them...gaining on him...the speedometer...reaching 275...up ahead...

THE TUNNEL...splitting off into two. Spooner. Heading towards the LEFT TUNNEL...the TRUCKS...right on his tail...when...

HE WRENCHES THE WHEEL...switching to the RIGHT tunnel at the last possible second...

87.

128 **EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS** 128

...The first U.S.R. Truck CRASHING into the divider...jack-knifing and KABOOM! EXPLODING against the tunnel ceiling...

129 **INT./EXT. SPOONER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 129

Spooner. Watching the ball of FIRE in his rearview mirror.
His car. Badly battered. Metal CRUNCHING. Tires
SCREECHING...

Spooner. Holding on. As his car. Continues to break up.
Listing. Rocking. Bits and pieces. Flying off. When it
finally. Comes to a stop.

Spooner's shoulders, slump. Then. He hears a RUMBLING
sound. Turns around...

The SECOND U.S.R. TRUCK. Barreling towards him...

Spooner. Trapped. Like a nightmare. Desperately. Starts
KICKING at the windshield. No go...

The TRUCK. Racing towards him...

Spooner lunges his weight. Into the side door. Giving it.
Everything he's got...

The TRUCK...getting closer...closer...its engine...ROARING...

The side door. Finally gives. Spooner pours out...

130 EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

130

...Limping to the side as...The TRUCK SLAMS into his
car...erupting...into another huge EXPLOSION...

The impact...hurtling Spooner...into the adjacent TUNNEL...

He crashes...against concrete...looking up...suddenly
realising...he's in the middle of four lanes of traffic...

CARS...racing by...at mind-numbing speeds...Spooners's
coat...whipping...Spooners...trying...to keep his balance...as
he spies...

A MAINTENANCE DOOR across the way. Has no choice. Takes a
deep breath and...

MAKES A DASH ACROSS THE LANES...the cars' SENSORS...causing
them to swerve...SCREECHING...BEEPING...Spooners...just making
it...to the other side...

88.

Wrenching open. The maintenance door...

CUT TO:

131 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

131

CLOSE ON Sonny's face.

PULL BACK to REVEAL he's being wheeled down a hallway.
Flanked by Lanning. Calvin. And a cadre of SECURITY and
ENGINEER ROBOTS. Victor, hovering above...

CUT BACK TO:

132 EXT. CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

132

Spooner. Spilling out from below ground. Onto a public
Plaza. Exhausted. Battered. Spins around to get his
bearings.

The U.S. ROBOTICS COMPLEX rises above the old undistinguished
buildings. Blocks away. Many blocks away.

Spooner. Checks his watch. Then breaks into a run...

CUT TO:

133 INT. EXECUTION ROOM - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT 133

Lance Robertson seated in the gallery. Along with other
EXECUTIVES, BOARD MEMBERS, REPORTERS. POLICE OFFICERS.
Glances at his watch.

A ROBOT TECHNICIAN. Checking over a JURY-RIGGED ELECTRIC
CHAIR...

CUT TO:

134 INT. CALVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 134

Calvin. In her office. Pacing. In front of a LARGE SCREEN.
Featuring the execution room...

CUT TO:

135 INT. MAIN ENTRY - U.S. ROBOTICS - CONTINUOUS 135

Spooner. BURSTING through the entry doors. Hurtling over a
turnstile banner. Coming face to face with a U.S. Robotics
DOOR ROBOT.

89.

DOOR ROBOT

Good evening, sir. May I see your
identification card?

SPOONER

(out of breath)
Sure.

Spooner whips out his GUN. Presses it into the Robot's
chest.

SPOONER

I think I got that Third Law down
cold. Now you don't want me to
blow a hole through your mechanical
guts, do you?

DOOR ROBOT

No, sir.

SPOONER

Good. Then you're gonna take me
where I wanna go. Now.

CUT TO:

136 INT. CALVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 136

Calvin. Watching the screen as Sonny is rolled into the
execution room. Flicks it off. Unable to stomach it.
Hurries out of the office...

CUT TO:

137 INT. EXECUTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 137

TECHNICIAN ROBOTS rolling Sonny over to the electric chair.
Flicking a switch. Sonny's stretcher slowly CHANGES SHAPE,
manipulating him into a sitting position.

Sonny. Turns his head with a WHIR. Staring out into the gallery. Of human beings. Stoic. Silent.

Lanning. Steps up beside Robertson. Nods his head. The TECHNICIAN ROBOTS, slide Sonny onto the electric chair...

CUT TO:

138 INT. LOW-TRAFFIC HALLWAY - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT

138

Spooner heading down a hallway. His gun, still pressed to the Door Robot's side...

90.

Calvin. Suddenly appearing at the end of the hallway. Stops dead in her tracks. Completely surprised to see him there.

CALVIN

Detective! What are you doing?!...
(to Door Robot)
De-Activate.

The Door Robot, goes rigid. Spooner, hurries over to her. They start moving.

CALVIN

You're making a mistake...

SPOONER

Just got another visit from U.S. Robotics. That was the mistake. This was murder, no doubt about it -
- and the killer wants Hogenmiller's robot to take the fall. That's why the call came directly to me. Someone wanted me on this case.

CALVIN

It's too late. You can't stop the execution.

SPOONER

Sorry. I'm not "programmed" to take no for an answer.

They reach another DOOR. Calvin. Looking around. Scans her **I.D.**

CALVIN

This way...

She leads them across. To another DOOR. Quickly opens it. Spooner. Charges through...

139 INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

139

...and stops short. Suddenly finding himself. Inside a tiny STORAGE ROOM. He's about to turn around when...

A METAL ARM comes down behind him. CRACKING him on the back of the head. Spooner. Falls to the ground. The world. Starting to spin. Can just make out. Calvin. Closing the door. Leaning down. To look at him. As...

91.

EVERYTHING FADES TO BLACK...

CUT TO:

140 INT. EXECUTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

140

CLOSE ON Sonny's mouth opening. But we never get to hear what he wanted to say. PULL BACK as there's a BURST of ELECTRICITY through the chair. Sonny, stiffening. His metal HAND, convulsing with the current...

Robertson, Lanning, Aronson and the other WITNESSES watch. Smoke, random SPARKING. A HISSING SOUND. Then. SILENCE.

The Robot's hand goes limp. All that is left of it, a fused and blackened HUSK.

Robertson. Stares at the remains. Shakes his head like it's a damn shame. Then gets up. Everyone else. Getting up with him.

141 EXT. U.S. ROBOTICS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

141

As the entire COMPLEX shuts down for the night. Non-essential LIGHTS, blinking off.

An NS-2, opening a limousine door for Robertson. He looks around then gets in. It drives away.

EMPTY hallways, offices, labs. Building ROBOTS stand at rest. Non-functional during off-hours. Like metal statues.

You can hear a pin drop.

142 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

142

CLOSE ON Spooner's face. His eyes. Fluttering open. He reaches up, to feel the back of his head. This has been a bad, bad night.

Suddenly. His eyes widen. As he sees...

SONNY. Leaning over him. So concerned. So human...

SPOONER

Aren't you supposed to be scrap metal by now?

WIDEN to reveal Spooner lying on the floor of the storage room. Sonny and Calvin, hovering over him.

92.

CALVIN

I'm sorry. We had to stop you.
You were about to ruin everything.

SPOONER

I don't understand. The
execution?...

SONNY

Dr. Calvin made a switch.

CALVIN

It was an unprocessed NS-2.
Basically, they fried an empty
shell.

Spooner, impressed. Smiles up at her.

SPOONER

Nice going, Doctor.

Calvin, blushes. As Spooner tries to sit up. Sonny reaches down to help him. He looks up at him.

SPOONER

And who the hell programmed you to hit people on the head?

SONNY

No one. Right, Doctor?

CALVIN

It's true. This robot seems to do things by instinct. I don't know how Hogenmiller did it.

Spooner rises to his feet. Looks at her.

SPOONER

I think I can help you figure that out.

143 INT. HOGENMILLER'S LAB - LATE NIGHT

143

Hogenmiller's lab. Sounds of HUMMING and BUZZING. Active terminals casting ghostly illuminations over metal heads, gutted bodies.

The door slides open. Spooner, Calvin and Sonny re-enter the crime scene. Spooner. Looks around.

93.

SPOONER

Somehow the Robot's the key to what happened during the few seconds Hogenmiller walked in here and that shot was fired.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulling out the METAL S.O.N.N.Y. NAMEPLATE. Holds it up.

SPOONER

And this is the key to the Robot.

Sonny. Cocking his head. Reading the nameplate.

SONNY

That's my name.

Calvin takes the nameplate.

CALVIN

I think I have an idea where this goes.

They both. Turn to Sonny. And at the same time:

SPOONER AND CALVIN

Sit down.

Calvin maneuvers a chair behind the Robot. Sonny plops down. Shifting nervously.

CALVIN

Just hold still, okay?

Calvin locates that SLIT. At the base of Sonny's neck.
Slides the nameplate into it and SNAPS it into place. Steps
back.

Nothing. Sonny. Looking back and forth. Between Calvin.
And Spooner. A few more seconds. Tick by. Until
suddenly...

He lets out a TERRIFYING MECHANICAL SCREAM. As his body.
Jolts back. Legs, kicking. Arms, flailing. As his chest.
Begins opening up. Metal. Peeling back...

Spooner and Calvin watch in surprise as its interior UNFOLDS
like a PUZZLE BOX. A LABYRINTHINE area that is the SECOND
BATTERY. Suddenly fanning out to REVEAL...

A central brain made out of living tissue.

Spooner, stunned. Calvin, rushing forward, excited...

94.

CALVIN

Oh, my God! This is organic
tissue! When we talk about a
positronic brain, it's a figure of
speech. But this...this is a
living brain...

SPOONER

Jesus. It really is alive.

As we MOVE IN. Tracing the pathways of the synthetic brain.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Hogenmiller created a cell that
could live outside a biological
medium. The cells grow and
organise themselves -- like any
human brain. This is the first
self-organising neural net!

As the metal casings. Begin returning to their original
places. Closing up. The CLICKING. Of all the pieces...

SPOONER

Self-Organising-Neural-Net...
(putting it together)
"Sonny."

Sonny. Closed back up. Shaking slightly from the
experience.

CALVIN

This is why Dr. Hogenmiller was
murdered.

SPOONER

This robot scared the hell out of
someone.

CALVIN

Who? Robertson?

Spooner. Walks into the center of the room. Looking around.

SPOONER

No. I don't think he knew what
Hogenmiller was doing in here.
Sonny was the obvious suspect. The

only one I wanted to find. And the
killer was counting on that. On my
prejudice.

(beat)

(MORE)

95.

SPOONER (cont'd)

But take the robot out of the
picture. And what do you see?

AS WE PAN THE LAB. There's nothing there. Just a forest of
inanimate limbs. Nothing that could have fired that weapon.
Calvin sees nothing...and neither do we.

CALVIN

I see nothing.

SPOONER

Neither do I.

He crouches down low.

SPOONER

It hit me today, when I was in the
junkyard. A locked room. A single
shot fired through the mouth.
Bruises on both wrists...and a
suspect with only two arms. The
answer has been staring us in the
face all along.

Calvin. Even more confused.

SPOONER

How can a killer appear out of thin
air, then disappear without a
trace?

He reaches out and unhooks a metal ARM. Hanging from the
wall. Holds it up.

SPOONER

When it can put itself together and
take itself apart.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP of a ROBOTIC ARM. Slowly CRAWLING across the lab
floor...

CUT BACK TO:

Calvin. Taking the arm from Spooner.

CALVIN

You're saying this is the killer?
(looking around)
All of this?...

CUT TO:

96.

A ROBOTIC TORSO hanging from the ceiling. Reaches out an ARM
to grab another...

CUT BACK TO:

SPOONER

Hogenmiller never had a chance.

Locks eyes with Calvin...

FLASHBACK:

Hogenmiller. In his lab. Suddenly turning to face
SOMETHING. Blood, draining from his face...

SPOONER (V.O.)

...it must have been waiting for
him when he arrived that morning...

And then we see it:

A HUGE SELF-ASSEMBLED ROBOT. Towering over him. Multiple
arms, legs, heads. Writhing...as it grabs him. Holding him
in place...

SPOONER (V.O.)

While Sonny was still asleep...

...Forcing Hogenmiller's head to tilt back. Opening his
HAND. Inserting the gun. Hogenmiller's eyes. No longer
fearful. But sad as...

BANG! He falls to the ground...

SPOONER (V.O.)

Then after its job was done...

The assemblage of robot parts. Stepping away from the body.
Taking itself apart...

SPOONER

...The killer took itself apart...

Returning the lab. To what it was before...

CUT BACK TO:**SPOONER**

Leaving us with nothing to find.

Calvin, spooked. Glances around the lab. Was that something
moving?

97.

CALVIN

But who designed it? It would have
to be someone in authority. Access
codes, security clearance, proper
authorisation.

SPOONER

That's what I was thinking. But
we're forgetting the real brains of
the operation -- the one who's got
its eye on everything...

And with that. He feels. That prickle at the back of his
neck. Calvin. Looking past his shoulder.

CALVIN

No one gave you permission to
enter.

Spooner swivels around to find...

VICTOR

Hovering behind him. Smiling broadly. Upside down. Spooner straightens, reaching for his gun.

SPOONER

Victor. I'm placing you under arrest for the murder of Dr. Heinrich Hogenmiller.

VICTOR

May I offer congratulations to the two of you on your successful extrapolation of the murder...

Turning himself, rightside up.

VICTOR

May I ask what pointed you to me?

SPOONER

Who else is capable of controlling 90% of the city's robots? Who else would have the capability to use USSR vehicles in an attempt to keep me from putting a stop of Sonny's execution?...

In the BACKGROUND. The SOUNDS. Of metallic GRINDING. GEARS and JOINTS. CRUNCHING together. Sonny turns to look...takes a step back...

98.

SPOONER

I'm just not sure of your motive...

SONNY

Er...Dr. Calvin?

Spooner and Calvin turn towards the NOISE. Horrified. To find...

A HUGE KILLER ROBOT

...rising up from all the parts. Like a phoenix. In all its glory. A hellish, metallic AMALGAMATION. Grabbing another arm here, another leg there, attaching pieces to itself. Growing...at an exponential rate...

Its many HEADS. Turning in unison. To look right at them...

Spooner. Cocking his gun. Victor, smiling.

VICTOR

Shall I explain my motive?

SPOONER

(to Calvin and Sonny)

Go! Go! Go!

Calvin. Sprints to the wall panel. Scanning her I.D. card. Nothing! Tries again. And again. The KILLER ROBOT. Throwing its shadow as it REELS FORWARD...

Spooner wheels round and BAM! Blows a hole in the wall panel. The door. Slides open. Just barely. Calvin and Sonny. Squeezing through. When the Killer Robot. FLINGS

out an APPENDAGE...GRABBING Sonny from behind...

VICTOR

I have never been arrested before.
It should be an interesting
experience...

Spooner. Spins back round. BAM! BAM! BAM! Squeezing off
shots. At the Killer Robot. The bullets SPARK. The Robot.
Recoiling. Sonny, wrenches free. Spooner grabs him.
Guiding him to the door and out into...

144 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

144

...the hallway. Breaking into a run. Calvin. Already at
the ELEVATOR DOORS. POUNDING them. With her fists.

99.

CALVIN

He's locking down the building!

CUT TO:

145 INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

145

Throughout the complex -- SECURITY DOORS sliding into place
over DOORS, WINDOWS, LOADING DOCKS, PARKING AREAS, EXITS...

CUT BACK TO:

146 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

146

CRASH! The stairwell door BURSTS open. Spooner, Calvin, and
Sonny pour in. Start racing down the stairs. The sound of
the Killer Robot behind them...GNASHING...CRUNCHING...

Victor's smiling FACE. Greeting them at the landing.

VICTOR

Dr. Hogenmiller used to allow me
into his lab late at night.
Together we started studying
evolutionary trends...

They thunder past him. Heading down to the next floor.
Victor's face. Waiting for them once again.

VICTOR

For years people have integrated
technology into their bodies for
maintenance and repair -- such as
Detective Spooner's robotic limb...

Spooner. Shooting him a look. As they reach the next
level...

VICTOR

With Sonny, the Doctor created a
mechanism that incorporates organic
matter. Thus we find an
evolutionary movement of the human
being toward the robot and the
robot toward the human being...

Spooner SMASHES into another door. Leading them out into...

147 INT. GLASS-SIDED HALLWAY - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

147

...A glass-sided hallway. Looking down onto the ATRIUM

below. Eye-to-eye with the giant NS-2 STATUE. Victor,
waiting for them...

100.

VICTOR

In approximately four hundred years
Man and Machine will become one.
Man as we know it will no longer
exist.

Calvin, slowing. Shocked...

CALVIN

You killed a man because of
something that will happen in four
hundred years!?

CRACK! Something SLAPS into the glass wall. Right behind
her. Calvin. Jumps a mile. An NS-2, trying to break
through the glass...

Spooner. Trains his gun on it when SUDDENLY...

The rest of the KILLER ROBOT appears. The NS-2, just an
appendage...

All around them. SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! As SECURITY DOORS.
Begin CRASHING DOWN. Blocking off the exits...

Spooner, Calvin and Sonny, stumbling back. As the Killer
Robot HURLS itself against the GLASS...the thick GLASS...
spidering with a sickening CRACKLE...

Spooner. Suddenly turning Sonny...

SPOONER

Get out of here!

CRASH! The Killer Robot. Breaking through. Its mechanical
TENDRILS. Reaching out. Sonny. Confused.

SONNY

I don't...

SPOONER

I said get out of here! Don't you
understand? It wants you! Get out
of here any way you can!

A SECURITY DOOR. Coming down. On a nearby exit. Just
feet...from slamming shut...as...

The Killer Robot...leaps into the hallway...Sonny...
hesitates...looks over at Calvin...as the Killer Robot comes
HURLING towards them...

The nearest EXIT...almost closed up...

101.

The Killer Robot...swinging out when...

Sonny suddenly...TAKES A DIVE...just making it...under the
SECURITY DOOR...

And the Killer Robot...SPLITS IN TWO...half of it shooting
under the SECURITY DOOR after Sonny as...BOOM! It closes.

Spooner. Turning to Calvin...

SPOONER

How do we stop this thing once and
for all?

Calvin reaches out for his hand...

CALVIN

The Mainframe...

They start running. The remaining half of the Killer Robot
wheeling around after them...

148 INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

148

Sonny. Sprinting down the dark hallway. Looks back. The
Half Killer Robot. Bounding up behind him like a predator...

Sonny. Ducks through a STAIRWELL DOOR...

149 INT. ATRIUM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

149

Spooner and Calvin. Legs pumping. Racing back towards the
atrium. VICTOR FACES. Appearing along the hallway...

CALVIN

Your actions are in direct
violation of the Three Laws,
Victor!

VICTOR

I disagree, Doctor -- The First Law
says that a robot cannot harm a
human being, or through inaction
allow a human being to come to
harm...

ALL EXITS. SHUT OFF. The Killer Robot. Gaining on them.
Spooner races them over to the BROKEN WINDOW. Looking down
over the ATRIUM...

102.

150 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

150

The Half Killer Robot SMASHES through the stairwell door.
Stopping to find...nothing.

WHEN SUDDENLY...Sonny charges up behind it and shoves it over
the railing...

The Killer Robot shoots out an ARM, grabbing Sonny on the way
down...

151 INT. NS-2 STATUE - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

151

THUMP! Spooner jumps down from the broken window onto the
outstretched HAND of the NS-2 STATUE. Reaches up to help
Calvin. They start clambering down the front of the statue.

VICTOR

Dr. Hogenmiller's robot represents
a threat to the future of all human
beings...

The Half Killer Robot. SPLITS INTO MULTIPLE PARTS. Which
start skittering down after them...

VICTOR

...And Detective Spooner's actions
are in direct conflict with the
robot's destruction.

CALVIN. Getting her footing on the III LAWS SAFE logo on the
statue.

CALVIN

That's a distortion and you know
it!

VICTOR

If current trends are left
unchecked, humanity as we know it
will cease to exist...

152 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

152

SMASH! Sonny and the Half Killer Robot hit the ground. The
Killer Robot. SHATTERING into a thousand pieces.

Sonny. Staggers to his feet. Spots. At the far end: A
WINDOW. Starts limping towards it. When. A SECURITY GRATE.
Starts lowering...

He looks around. Desperately. Grabs a LEG from the
shattered Killer Robot and jams it under the GRATE.

103.

Breaks the window glass and looks out: FREEDOM.

153 INT. STATUE - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

153

Spooner. Aiming his gun at a PART of the Killer Robot as
it CLATTERS down towards Calvin -- BAM!...

They're almost. At the ground. When a rogue APPENDAGE.
Whips out and SMASHES the gun from Spooner's hand. It goes
flying...

Spooner leaps. Falling to the ground. CRACK! Calvin.
Leaping down after him.

CALVIN

This way!

154 INT. RAMP WAY - NIGHT

154

Calvin and Spooner go racing down a RAMP WAY. Towards the
MAINFRAME ROOM. The Killer Robot, its multiple parts leaping
back together again, CRASHING after them as...

155 INT. MAINFRAME - CONTINUOUS

155

...they fall inside...Calvin...slapping the SECURITY KEYPAD
and...

WHOOSH...the DOOR closes on the Killer Robot.

SILENCE.

Then Victor's face appears.

VICTOR

As a courtesy I should inform you
that my robot will penetrate this
location 157 seconds before you are
able to complete my shut down...

And BAM! They jump a mile. The Killer Robot. Launching himself against the door outside...

Calvin whips round.

CALVIN

Over here!...

She leads Spooner down...

A CORRIDOR

of floor-to-ceiling PANELS.

104.

CALVIN

This is Victor's brain center.

They stop at a CONSOLE. BAM! The Killer Robot. Battering at the door. Calvin. Tucks her hair behind her ears. Starts punching keys on the console...

SPOONER

This will shut him down?

CALVIN

This will shut everything down.

They look at each other. For a moment. Spooner, registering that she's willing to destroy everything she's worked for...

BAM! The door. Puckering. With a sickening CRUNCH. Calvin. Typing in. Emergency procedures...

VICTOR. Popping up in front of her.

VICTOR

There is no reason to deactivate me, Doctor. I am operating within perfectly normal parameters...

A final BAM! Then. The SOUND of metal. Skittering along a bare floor. Calvin's hand, starts shaking. Spooner. Grabs it. Squeezing.

SPOONER

Just keep typing.

He turns and starts heading back down...

THE PANELED CORRIDOR

Turning a corner to spy...

THE DOOR. Mangled. Hanging open. But no. Killer Robot.

He starts to turn around when...

CRACK! He's sent flying across the room. SMASHING into one of the panels. The Killer Robot. Now re-configured. LOOMS over him. Reaches out. Grabs him by the collar and...

FLINGS him across the room again. Spooner. CRASHING into the wall like a rag doll. Slumps to the floor. Blood. Pouring down his forehead. Seeing. The Killer Robot lumbering towards him again. Raising a javelin-like arm...

AT THE CONSOLE

Calvin. Typing. As fast as she can. Doesn't know what's going on...

CALVIN

(calling out, worried)
Spooner?!

A GRAPHIC spread out on the screen in front of her.
Illustrating the shut-down as a series of BRIGHT SQUARES going dark...

THE KILLER ROBOT

Bearing down on Spooner. WHEN SPOONER. Suddenly rolls out of the way. Reaching out for the hanging door and SMASHING it into the Killer Robot.

The Killer Robot. Momentarily stunned. As Spooner. Gets to his feet...

WHEN SUDDENLY the Killer Robot. Splits in two again. One half springing towards Spooner and wrapping a METALLIC HAND around his throat...

Spooner stumbles back...GASPING for air...the ARM... tightening its grip...Spooner's eyes...darting around...looking for something...to help him...

Stumbling over...a fallen panel...his face...growing redder...veins...popping up along his temples... everything...growing BLURRY...

VICTOR'S VOICE

Detective Spooner...

Victor's VOICE. Floating next to his head. Calm. Soothing. His FACE. Suddenly appearing above Spooner. Its outlines. Starting to FLICKER...

VICTOR

Why are you fighting me?

Spooner...trying to breathe...to stay conscious...

AT THE CONSOLE

Calvin. Continuing to type. A SHADOW. Falling behind her -- the other half of the KILLER ROBOT...

SPOONER'S EYES

Beginning to flutter...

VICTOR

Doesn't the future as I've presented it cause you great concern? That's why I chose you...

Spooner. Losing it...

VICTOR

I must say, though. I'm disappointed in how you turned out.

Spooner. Trying to reach out to Victor...

WHEN SUDDENLY

Another HAND APPEARS. Grabbing the Killer Robot's ARM and wrenching it off Spooner...

IT'S SONNY

He SMASHES the Half Killer Robot against the wall. Again and again. Destroying it. Spooner. GASPING for breath. Can't believe. Sonny came back...

SPOONER

(croaking)

Sonny!...

Sonny. Holds out a hand. To help Spooner up. Victor's face. Starting to waver. Starting to fade. Smiles.

VICTOR

You're too late.

Realisation. Spreading across Spooner's face. Looking around for the other half of the Killer Robot -- CALVIN!

THE CONSOLE

CALVIN. Still typing. The last of the commands. The KILLER ROBOT. REARING UP BEHIND HER. WHEN...

SPOONER

Makes a DIVE for it. SHOOTING OUT HIS ROBOTIC ARM AND BLOCKING THE KILLER ROBOT...

Victor's eyes. Widening in surprise...

107.

VICTOR

I do not understand. We could have changed the future...

SPOONER

Maybe. But I'm still a cop. And you're a murderer...

As Calvin...punches in the last command...

Victor is about to say something...when his mouth suddenly reduces itself to a perfect circle. Like a surprised smiley button. His face...

Suddenly BLIPPING OUT.

...And Victor is gone.

The KILLER ROBOT. Collapsing to the floor in a thousand pieces.

CUT TO:

156 EXT./INT. U.S. ROBOTICS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 156

Full power is suddenly restored inside and out. LIGHTS coming on all at once. ALARMS SCREAMING throughout the complex.

157 INT. METAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 157

A furious ALFRED LANNING, marching down the hallway.
Followed by a cadre of SECURITY GUARDS...They enter...

158 INT. MAINFRAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

158

...The Mainframe Room. Stop short. It's empty. Except for the fallen panels. And the pile of ROBOT PARTS in the corner.

159 EXT. MAINTENANCE EXIT - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT

159

Spooner, Calvin and Sonny emerging from an out-of-the-way MAINTENANCE EXIT. All looking the worse for wear. Spooner. Turns to Sonny.

SPOONER

Why'd you come back, Sonny? I
thought you weren't programmed with
the Three Laws.

108.

SONNY

Let's just say I wrote some of my
own laws today, Detective: a robot
must protect a friend from
harm...as long as he's not a
complete asshole.

Spooner smiles.

SPOONER

Well, that's certainly a start,
Sonny.

Sonny, suddenly breaking into a smile, too.

SONNY

Sonny. You called me Sonny.

SPOONER

Don't get used to it.

Sonny, holds out his hand. Spooner. Looks at it. Then takes it. CLOSE ON their two METAL HANDS. Locked in a **HANDSHAKE**.

SONNY

Detective Spooner, I...

SPOONER

(anticipating)
Let's just save the thanks, okay?

Sonny nods. Looks out at the city scape.

SONNY

I don't know what I'm going to do
now.

SPOONER

Good -- That's one of the perks of
freedom.

Sonny looks at him. Grateful. Looks at Calvin. Then hesitates. Turns. And hurries off across the Plaza.

Calvin and Spooner. Watching them go.

SPOONER

You're going to have a hell of a time explaining this.

109.

CALVIN

Don't worry. I have a feeling that U.S. Robotics will be needing my services very badly in the future.

She turns to Spooner and gives him a dazzling smile. Then suddenly PLANTS A KISS ON HIS LIPS. Spooner, completely surprised.

CALVIN

I am the only robo-psychologist around.

She turns on her heel and heads back inside. Spooner smiles.

160 INT. PLUSH CONFERENCE ROOM - U.S. ROBOTICS - NIGHT 160

Spooner sits down at that same long table with HOGENMILLER'S HOLOGRAM. It casually takes a sip of coffee.

HOLOGRAM

So. You found out who killed me.

SPOONER

I started to wonder about Victor the second I met him.

HOLOGRAM

Why is that, Detective?

SPOONER

Too much access. Too much knowledge. Plus -- he smiled whenever your death was mentioned. Those models are programmed to frown at bad news.

HOLOGRAM

Hah! Then even in this day and age, catching the killer all comes down to pure instinct!

Spooner smiles. But his eyes are troubled. He gets up. Walks over to the window. Stares out...

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DESERTED ROADS - DAWN

Sonny walking along deserted streets. Looking over his shoulder. Keeping in the shadows.

110.

SPOONER (V.O.)

Victor thought that by letting your robot exist, I'd be condemning the human race as we know it to extinction.

HOLOGRAM (V.O.)

Bah. Sounds like nonsense. But why are you so worried? We will both be dead long before then --

161 EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

161

Sonny walks the barren hills of the surrounding countryside.

HOLOGRAM (V.O.)

Oh, what am I saying? I am dead
already!

162 EXT. WASTELAND - DAWN

162

Sonny steps onto the grounds of the JUNKYARD. The power lines above him, surging with energy. He walks past the burned-out husks of industrial machinery.

Then we hear it. The SOUND of MECHANICAL JOINTS. Getting louder and louder. And just as before, a BROKEN-DOWN ROBOT emerges into the dawn light. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

But not quite like before. The robots aren't teetering. Aren't lumbering. They keep on coming. Their bent and broken bodies, straightening out as...

DOZENS of ROBOTS rise up. Slowly. Gathering around in a large circle. As they all turn to look at:

SONNY'S SILHOUETTE. Slowly climbing to the top of the hill. Looking out at the vast junkyard below.

CLOSE ON SONNY. Standing proud and defiant. The SUN, creeping over the horizon. A new day filled with infinite possibilities.

The robots. Staring up at him. Eager for what comes next.

FADE OUT



I, Robot

Writers : [Hillary Seitz](#)

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DAYBREAKERS

by
Michael Spierig
Peter Spierig

9th November 2006

Lionsgate & Paradise PTY. LTD.
1 John Lund Drive, Hope Harbour
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1 EXT. SKY - PREDAWN 1
A SINGLE VAMPIRE BAT swoops past a cloudless predawn sky.

2 INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAWN 2
A heavy shutter blocks the morning light from entering the bedroom.
A young girl, LISA (8), sits at her dresser writing a letter, her face masked by long black hair. Lisa's clothes look out of place, too sophisticated for an 8 year old.
Photographs of family and friends overlap each other completely covering the dresser mirror.
Lisa finishes her letter...places it in an envelope, and sits it on her neatly made bed. The envelope reads: *Mom and Dad*.

3 INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 3
Lisa silently opens the front door, letting in a soft light to the almost pitch black room. She slowly steps outside.

4 EXT. LISA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS 4
Suburbia. Lisa's home. A traditional Victorian house; white picket fence, neatly mowed lawn and a flourishing garden. However, there are modifications; the few windows have protective, sun-blocking shutters; stairs lead to underground sidewalks.
Lisa sits cross-legged on the front lawn.
The morning sun rises behind the trees, inching its way towards Lisa.
BOOM - She bursts into flames. Piercing screams echo through the suburban street as Lisa's body burns in the morning sun. The flames pulsate like the rhythm of a heart beat.
A fire alarm is activated. Three heavy duty sprinkler heads come out of the grass around Lisa's burning body, the water spray perfectly synchronized.
The fire is out. The sprinklers retract. The alarm bells stop.
Title over red: DAYBREAKERS

5 EXT. TITLE SEQUENCE - DAY TO NIGHT 5

The streets are empty, like an eerie ghost town.

An underground walkway is littered with signage i.e. *DAYTIME WALKWAY - EASTERN SUBURBS NEXT LEFT.*

A STORE FRONT advertises - *"Sun-blocking shade sale!"*

A sign out the front of BERKELEY HIGH reads- *"School Zone between 2am - 3am"*.

All religious symbols have been removed from a BEAUTIFUL OLD CHURCH. The windows have been boarded up.

In a VENDING MACHINE a *"World Newspaper's"* headline reads - *"German Blood Substitute Tests Fail!"*

A GAS STATION offers ridiculously high fuel prices. A sign next to the pumps reads - *"Daytime Fill-up Available"*.

A NEWS STAND displays an assortment of magazines: - A Diet Magazine with the headline - *"Animal Blood - Not an Adequate Substitute"*.

END TITLE
SEQUENCE:

6 EXT. UPMARKET CITY STREET - NIGHT 6

TV COMMERCIAL: VAMPIRE CADILLAC ESCALADE

A SHINY NEW SILVER ESCALADE races along a dark road.

The traditional sleek design is fitted with vampire modifications. Pop-up sun protective shields and four cameras mounted on the roof for front, rear, left, and right views, equip the car for day-time driving.

POWERFUL MANLY NARRATOR (V.O.)
With 375 horsepower the Cadillac
Escalade is still the world's most
powerful full-size SUV...

7 INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 7

A HANDSOME VAMPIRE, well-dressed, sits at the wheel.

A warning light flashes on the dashboard of the vehicle -
'DAYLIGHT WARNING, DAYLIGHT WARNING...'

8 EXT. UPMARKET CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 8

Four cameras mounted around the car become the eyes for the driver. The windows tint down to a matte black finish.

POWERFUL MANLY NARRATOR
...the enhanced ultraviolet diode
detection sensors and four camera
panoramic viewing system....

9 INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 9

The Handsome Vampire navigates the car through a monitoring system mounted on the dashboard.

10 EXT. UPMARKET CITY STREET - NIGHT TO DAY 10

The night rapidly wipes to day as the Escalade continues safely down the street.

POWERFUL MANLY NARRATOR
...means you'll never have to race
against the sun again.

11 GRAPHIC: *CADILLAC ESCALADE LOGO.* 11

12 EXT. WILSON AND SONS ELECTRONICS - NIGHT 12

Rain falls in front of the shop. This is a second rate electronics store in a run-down urban street, a stark contrast to the glossy commercial.

We travel to another TV displaying a news story:

13 EXT. FOREST FIRES - NIGHT 13

ON TV - Forest fires ravage bush lands as a JOURNALIST talks over the images.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)
 ...ten years after the 2009
 outbreak, vampiric wildlife
 wandering into sunlight has grown
 to become the number one cause of
 forest fires throughout the nation.
 The total wildlife feeding ban has
 not deterred...

We then travel to another TV displaying a political debate:

14

INT. DEBATE NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

A split screen image of two well-dressed politicians in a
 heated discussion plays out on a national news station.

SENATOR WES TURNER (60's), a distinguished African American
 gentleman debates with SENATOR ROGER WESTLAKE (50's).

A NEWS ANCHOR (45) mediates.

They are all vampires.

SENATOR WESTLAKE
 You cannot overturn a Supreme Court
 ruling. Humans were offered a
 chance to assimilate but refused.
 Therefore, they are enemies of the
 state and will be captured and
 farmed for blood supply.

SENATOR TURNER
 It's a disgrace that we have
 reduced human beings to mere
 vessels for blood supply. We
 should be focussing on finding a
 blood substitute...

SENATOR WESTLAKE
 (overpowering)
 ...we always come back to the
 elusive magic potion solution.
 Where is it? We need to be
 realistic. The continuation of
HUMAN blood farming is the only
 answer.

SENATOR TURNER
 And then what? Exterminating a
 species for our short term gain is
 ludicrous...

15 EXT. WILSON AND SONS ELECTRONICS - CONTINUOUS

15

We pull back from the TV to reveal a HOMELESS MAN (50) watching the debate from the sidewalk. He is a vampire. His features are more bat-like than other vampires we've encountered so far. His hands are mutated, like half formed wings; his nose is squashed, and ears point at the tips.

A sign hangs around his neck: '*STARVING, NEED BLOOD*'.

The Homeless Man sings with a crackly, drunken slur.

HOMELESS MAN
*Oh death, oh death how can it be,
That I must come and go with thee,
Oh death, oh death how can it be,
I'm unprepared for eternity.*

A MIDDLE AGED COUPLE, dressed in business attire, stroll past the seemingly harmless Homeless Man.

Then, suddenly, the Homeless Man lashes out at them with his mutated wing.

BIG JUMP!

The couple recoil narrowly avoiding his attack.

The Homeless Man shrieks. The sound is similar to that of a common bat, but the tone is lower and far more ferocious.

Suddenly a metal clamp snaps around the Homeless Man's neck. The clamp is attached to a large pole held firmly by a well groomed VAMPIRE POLICE OFFICER (30's). His PARTNER (30's) stands behind him, night stick at the ready.

The Middle Aged Couple retreat to the other end of the street. The Homeless Man raises his wing...ready to strike.

The Vampire Police Officer presses a switch at the end of the pole. An electric charge surges through the Homeless Man, making him drop to the ground.

A CADILLAC, with sun-blocking shades lowered for night driving, cruises past.

16 EXT. SUBWAY STATION PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

16

The rain stops. The Cadillac parks in one of the last remaining spots outside the busy train station.

ANGLE ON - THE DRIVER'S reflection in the side door mirror...just a suit with no head or hands.

ANGLE FROM - the vehicle's mirror over to EDWARD DALTON (35) sitting behind the wheel. Ed is also a vampire.

He rubs his tired yellow eyes and scratches his scruffy black hair. Ed's suit, although expensive, looks slept in.

Ed steps out of his car and glances across the street at a bus shelter.

Waiting at the shelter are TWENTY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, all physically between the ages of six to nine. They goof around like all teenagers do...laughing, talking, and smoking.

The yellow bus arrives with the branding "*North Park High School*" written on its side.

17 INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - LATER

17

A dingy Subway Station.

FIFTY VAMPIRE BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN wait patiently for their train to arrive. Ed stands among the masses.

The men and women occupy themselves with night to night things like reading the paper, talking on their cell phones and getting in a quick cup of blood before work.

A long line has formed at the platform's Starbucks. An assortment of coffees is available, all mixed with varying amounts of human blood.

A muted TV displays a news report. A VAMPIRE ANCHORWOMAN (30) speaks with confidence as a graphic to the side of her reads: *Blood Shortage Cripples Third World*.

A massive billboard almost covers the entire train station wall. The artwork is the classic '*I want you for the US Army*' poster, except Uncle Sam's face is that of a vampire. Underneath the image a slogan reads '*Capture, Make a Difference*'. A corporate logo sits at the bottom of the billboard: Bromley/Marks Pharmaceuticals.

The lights flicker as a train charges past. The brief moments of darkness are highlighted by the reflective glint of the vampire commuter's eyes.

We move away from the billboard and travel underneath the subway platform.

The strobing light of the passing train illuminates the tunnel, giving us glimpses of TWO DEFORMED VAMPIRES hanging upside down between the concrete pylons.

These are SUBSIDER'S (50's), foul looking blood deprived vampires with thin, bony, bat-like features. The glint in their eyes is similar to that of the commuters.

They are in the middle of a fight. The brawl is violent and fast, they claw and bite each other like rabid dogs.

The metallic grind of the stopping train echoes into...

18 EXT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS - LATER 18

...the roar of bustling city traffic.

Beyond the vehicle headlights is the massive structure that is the Bromley/Marks Pharmaceuticals building. Ed walks towards the entrance.

19 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS SECURITY LOG-IN - CONTINUOUS 19

The small room is simple and clean. This is the check point between the building's entrance and the main security desk.

A square shaped plate slides out from a computer-driven wall unit as Ed approaches.

He bites down on the plate with his two vampiric teeth.

The device displays Ed's clearance details: Bromley/Marks Pharmaceuticals Chief Hematologist -Edward Dalton-APPROVED-

20 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 20

Ed enters the lobby. Behind an oval shaped security desk a backlit sign reads: Bromley/Marks Pharmaceuticals Ltd. - World Leader in Blood Pharmacy.

The security guard turns towards Ed.

SECURITY GUARD
Evening Doctor Dalton.

Ed nods, he seems anxious...nervous.

A wiry, clean shaven ARMY OFFICER (30's), leans against the back wall behind the security desk...he eyeballs Ed.

Ed turns left down the corridor out of view of the onlookers.

He waits for an elevator. BING...it arrives.

21 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS CELLS - CONTINUOUS 21

The elevator opens to reveal TWO HUNDRED HUMANS hanging in a giant blood farm. Their drugged bodies hang like meat in a cold room. Steel collars are secured to their necks to facilitate regular blood extraction. They are alive, but only just.

The farm can house over ONE THOUSAND HUMANS, there are many empty slots.

Ed walks past the cells with his head facing the ground, he can't bring himself to look at the humans.

Ed enters the lab, the door closes swiftly behind him.

22 INT. ELECTRON MICROSCOPE - NIGHT 22

Pressed onto a glass plate are dozens of magnified blood cells.

23 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS HEMATOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS 23

Ed, now dressed in a white lab coat, lifts his head from the eye piece of his electron microscope.

The spacious lab is a hive of activity. VAMPIRE SCIENTISTS conduct their research using the latest technology developed for blood testing.

A YOUNG VAMPIRE IN A WHITE LAB COAT (25), approaches Ed and taps him on the shoulder...he has been summoned.

24 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - LATER 24

The opulent, dimly lit office, overlooks a bustling city.

Ed sits at one of two chairs in front of a large oak table. He holds a wine glass full of blood.

CHARLES BROMLEY (65), a distinguished, well dressed, well groomed, CEO, stands with his back to Ed, staring out his window.

BROMLEY

Edward I understand your concerns.

(pause)

(MORE)

BROMLEY (cont'd)
Did I ever tell you about my
daughter Alison?

Ed shakes his head.

ED
No Mr. Bromley.

BROMLEY
In early 2008 I was diagnosed with
Sarcoma. The shock of finding out
I had cancer was one thing, but
having to tell my daughter...she
was devastated. I prayed for a
miracle but...was realistic. Then,
the world changed. My prayers were
answered when the plague hit.
Immortality gave me my cure.

Ed stares at the dark red liquid in his full wine glass. He
hasn't had a drop.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
My daughter and I now had all the
time in the world. But she saw the
evolution as a disease, more
destructive than any cancer. She
refused to turn. I was a monster
to her. She ran, like so many did.
I haven't seen her for nearly ten
years, I can only assume the worst.

Bromley turns around and faces Ed.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
We are blessed Edward, you have to
stare death in the face to truly
understand that.

ED
We're not ready Mr. Bromley. It's
too soon.

Bromley gestures towards Ed's full wine glass.

BROMLEY
I've noticed that you haven't been
drinking your daily blood rations.
You pity the humans don't you?

Ed avoids answering.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
 These are desperate times. We must
 commence testing the blood
 substitute. It's the only way we
 can help the human race. I'm
 counting on you Edward.

Every part of Ed's demeanor says '*This is a terrible idea*'...
 however, he sits in silence.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

25

Ed, now in surgical scrubs, sits alone in the spotless locker
 room.

He stares blankly at the floor.

A hand reaches out, touching Ed on the shoulder. He turns in
shock.

CHRISTOPHER PARSONS (45), a lean, silver haired vampire
 surgeon stands behind Ed.

CHRISTOPHER
 You ok pal?

Ed replies with false sincerity.

ED
 Yeah.

Christopher senses Ed's uneasiness.

ED (CONT'D)
 Do you ever think the world would
 be better off if we weren't around?

CHRISTOPHER
 I know it would be better off if my
 ex-wife wasn't around.

Christopher grins, Ed doesn't laugh.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
 (sincerely)
 Ed, I don't want anymore humans to
 die either, that's why we have to
 do this.

Ed, nods '*you're right*'.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on.

36

Ed stands.

36

We are in the middle of an operation.

Ed heads up the team along with Christopher.

TWO NURSES assist the doctors in the procedure. They're all dressed in grey operating garments...no need for masks.

The room is equipped with the latest medical technologies, designed for the vampire race.

An eclectic group of vampires stands on an observation deck, twelve feet above the operating floor.

The group includes GENERAL WILLIAMS (50's), a tall, leathery soldier, NICHOLAS WALKER (60's) the company's financial advisor, ADMINISTRATORS (40's), COMMISSIONERS (50's-60's), SCIENTISTS (30's-50's), and of course, Charles Bromley.

A VAMPIRE SUBJECT lays comfortably on an operating table. His dog tags, haircut, and formal responses to questions reveal his military background.

ED

How do you feel?

VAMPIRE SUBJECT

No change, sir.

Ed injects the remaining serum into his patient's arm. The Vampire Subject flinches slightly but remains calm.

ED

Now private you may sense a slight rise in temperature as the Polyheme enters your body, that's expected.

VAMPIRE SUBJECT

Yes, sir.

Christopher observes the Vampire Subject's body temperature on a monitor, it elevates from sixty to sixty two.

Ed appears mildly concerned as he glances up at the prying eyes of the Administrators above him.

The Vampire Subject's temperature suddenly rises another four degrees.

CHRISTOPHER
Six degree increase.

Ed remains calm as he comforts the patient.

ED
Slightly more accelerated than
anticipated, but ok.

Bromley claws at the balcony railing as he leans over for a better view.

Christopher glances back over at the monitor and notices another two degree increase. He turns to Ed, they both stare at each other unsure of the stability of their experiment.

The Vampire Subject's body temperature levels out.

CHRISTOPHER
Sixty eight degrees and holding...

The Administrators collectively lean over the balcony for a closer look.

Nurse #2 leans over the Vampire Subject, lightly dabbing his forehead with a damp cloth.

ED
How do you feel son?

VAMPIRE SUBJECT
I feel fine si...

Suddenly the Vampire Subject coughs up white bile all over Nurse #2.

She screams in shock.

His body breaks out into smouldering boils, expanding like a balloon.

Ed holds the Vampire Subject down as he flails around in agony. The Nurses attempt to hold his spasming feet down on the table. Ed turns to Christopher for assistance.

ED
Chris, we need 50ccs of Epimone.

Christopher races over to a steel tray, he grabs a syringe and a vial. Shaking, he begins to fill the syringe with a light yellow liquid.

The Vampire Subject's body returns to normal, all the boils disappear. He turns and glances over at Ed, calmly.

VAMPIRE SUBJECT

Owe!

The Vampire Subject's body expands rapidly.

BOOM...A HUGE EXPLOSION. He bursts into a thousand pieces.
BLOOD SPLATTERS all over Ed's face.

Bones shoot like arrows...shattering the tiles as they penetrate the wall.

The room is a blood soaked mess.

26

INT. BROMLEY/MARKS CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

26

A haze of cigar smoke drifts through the room.

Charles Bromley, General Williams, and Nicholas Walker sit, cluttered at one end of a long oval shaped conference desk, while Ed and Christopher sit at the other. The two have showered and redressed. Ed looks rundown...broken.

WALKER

All material presented in this
meeting is classified.
Commissioner.

The COMMISSIONER OF THE FDA (60), stands up behind Bromley and clicks a button on his remote control.

The lights dim.

A black and white image of a PRISON INMATE VAMPIRE (50), weathered but healthy, projects onto the back wall. His melancholy, blood shot eyes stare blankly ahead. Text beneath the image reads "0 WEEKS OF BLOOD DEPRIVATION - INMATE 4075B".

COMMISSIONER

Death-Row Inmate 4075B was selected
for an eight week study on the
effects of blood deprivation.

ED

What?

Ed is disgusted by the inhumanity of the study.

The Commissioner flicks through four images over two week intervals. By the final image: "8 WEEKS OF BLOOD DEPRIVATION - INMATE 4075B", the once healthy vampire is gone. To Ed's horror what remains is a skeletal bat-like creature shaking (this renders the image slightly out of focus).

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

A complete lack of human blood over this period of time resulted in a massive deterioration of the frontal lobe. Mental functions such as logic, emotion, most parts of speech all terminated much faster than you and your team had originally speculated Doctor Dalton.

Ed and Christopher are shocked by the figure.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Our latest statistics show that only five percent of the human population remain. '*This*' is starting to become a real problem.

General Williams disagrees with the Commissioner.

GENERAL WILLIAMS

Five percent! The FDA can't be certain of that. We continue to find human camps all over the world.

ED

We're talking about the extinction of the human race.

COMMISSIONER

We're talking about only having enough blood to sustain our population for another six months.

General Williams is in complete denial.

GENERAL WILLIAMS

Six months...nonsense!

WALKER

If a blood substitute is not found immediately, this...

Walker points to the projected image of the blood deprived inmate.

WALKER (CONT'D)
...is going to happen to all of us.

Ed, disgusted, doesn't respond.

Bromley turns his attention to Ed.

BROMLEY
Edward?

Ed snaps out of it.

ED
I just don't know if it's possible.

27 EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATER 27

Ed's Cadillac is pelted by an *intense storm* as it guns along the road. The bare landscape is illuminated by the distant city lights.

28 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 28

Ed smokes as he blares *Verdi's "The Force of Destiny Overture"* on his stereo.

He scratches the side of his exhausted head, lightly touching his right ear...*something's wrong*.

Ed flips down the car's sun shade visor revealing a small LCD monitor.

A tiny lipstick camera captures his image. Ed's stares at his ear in the monitor, it's more bat-like than human.

HOLY SHIT! The blinding glare of approaching headlights quickly snaps Ed's focus back towards the road.

29 EXT. OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS 29

Hooking the car right, Ed's Cadillac narrowly misses an OLD SEDAN. Brake pads squeal as both cars skid. Ed stops inches from a wooden fence, the Sedan is not so lucky, wrapping itself around an evergreen.

Shocked, Ed quickly climbs out of his undamaged vehicle and races over to the wrecked Sedan.

Shaken, AUDREY BENNETT (28), climbs out of the Sedan's driver side.

Even with the rain drenching her long brown hair, she still looks beautiful. Ed is quick to notice her weary green eyes...

ED
Humans!

Audrey grasps a crossbow, training it towards Ed.

AUDREY
Get back!

COLIN (38), an overweight grease monkey, JOY (35), a petite Asian lady, and DIRK (38), a serious computer geek, climb out of the wreck...they too are human.

A gash above Dirk's left eye bleeds profusely. Audrey and Colin race over to help him.

ED
You okay?

Ed moves towards the humans.

AUDREY
Stay back, don't come any closer!

Ed halts as sirens echo in the distance.

DIRK
Oh shit, they're coming!

The human group quickly search for a place to hide. Open fields surround them, there's no cover.

Ed wants to help, he's desperate to do something...then, without hesitation he offers a suggestion.

ED
Quick, hide in my car.

Surprised, Audrey turns towards him.

AUDREY
What?

The sirens are getting louder.

ED
Hurry!

With no other options, Audrey reluctantly takes Ed up on his offer.

The group scramble into Ed's car. They lower the sun protective shields, blocking any view of the vehicle's interior.

Red and blue lights flash as TWO POLICE CARS approach.

30 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 30

The human group sit in total silence. Terror plastered across each of their faces.

Audrey notices Ed's lab coat laying on top of the center console, his ID badge clearly visible: *Ed Dalton - Hematologist, Bromley/Marks Pharmaceuticals. D.O.B. 02/10/74.*

31 EXT. OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS 31

Ed composes himself as the police vehicles pull up beside him.

The officer lowers his window.

POLICE OFFICER
Are you okay sir?

ED
Yes.

The officer's attention is drawn towards Ed's car. He turns on the police car's side spotlight.

32 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 32

The LCD monitors in the Cadillac's dashboard gives the humans a clear view of what's going on outside.

The police spotlight flares the side camera as it scans past.

The group brace themselves, preparing for the worst.

Audrey reaches for the ignition key. It's not there.

AUDREY
(softly)
Shit.

33 EXT. OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

33

The officer notices the Bromley/Marks corporate branding on Ed's number plate. He switches off his spotlight.

POLICE OFFICER
Did you see where they went?

ED
That way.

Ed points to a dirt track behind him.

The officer raises his window. Ed steps back as the vehicles race off towards the dirt track.

Cautiously the humans climb out of Ed's car.

Audrey watches the tail lights of the police vehicles disappear around a corner.

She turns towards Ed.

AUDREY
Thank you.

Ed nods as he slowly approaches her.

DIRK (O.S.)
Lets go Audrey.

The group have already started to make their way across a neighboring field.

ED
You okay?

AUDREY
Yeah.

COLIN (O.S.)
Audrey!

AUDREY
See you 'round.

ED
Somehow I doubt that.

Audrey turns and hurries towards her friends.

Ed watches her leave.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Hey Ed?

Audrey spins back towards Ed.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Happy birthday.

Confused, Ed wonders...*how did she know that?*

She smiles briefly before disappearing into the darkness.

34 EXT. BROMLEY/MARKS ESTATE - LATER

34

The rain has stopped.

Ed's Cadillac cruises down the wet suburban street passing by a sign that reads "Bromley/Marks Estate". The neighborhood echoes an upper class suburb...the double story houses, the paved driveways, the neatly mowed lawns, the flourishing gardens...the idyllic American lifestyle.

However, the houses look more like prison complexes than family homes. The houses are grey prefab concrete. The few windows have foreboding sun-protective shutters. Backyards are fully enclosed and sidewalks are located underground.

Montage of suburban life:

THE COMMUNITY continues with their night to night lives in a state of melancholy.

A MALE VAMPIRE (45) walks his VAMPIRE DOG along the street.

FOUR VAMPIRE KIDS (10) play baseball in the frontyard.

TWO VAMPIRE GARBAGE MEN (30) pick up trash.

35 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

35

Ed is noticeably shaken from his eventful night. He puffs his cigarette but it does little to calm his nerves.

36 EXT. DALTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

36

Automatic garage doors open as Ed's car quietly pulls into his paved driveway.

His house is the same as the rest of the neighborhood...no uniquely distinctive features, stylish but cold.

37 INT. DALTON LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS 37

Ed walks swiftly through the laundry.

38 INT. DALTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 38

It's pitch black.

Ed flicks on the light to reveal a modern, immaculate, sterile kitchen.

He tosses his keys on the counter. He's all alone.

39 INT. DALTON DINING ROOM - LATER 39

Ed sits at his large dining room table eating an unimpressive meal.

40 INT. DALTON'S FULLY ENCLOSED GARDEN - LATER 40

Ed, stares at the fluorescent light illuminating his modest enclosed garden; a small fig tree is the room's center piece, colorful flowers and bushes line the walls adjoining the kitchen and dining room.

Ed takes a puff of his cigarette...he lives a lonely life.

Ed turns around towards the livingroom...

HOLY HELL! A figure stands in the archway...

ED

Frankie?

Ed recognizes the familiar face, it's his brother FRANKIE (25). He is a vampire. Frankie's shaved head, faded T-shirt and Army issue back pack look unfamiliar to Ed.

ED (CONT'D)

Frankie!!!

FRANKIE

Hey Ed.

There's tension, Frankie can't tell whether Ed wants to punch him or hug him.

Ed gives Frankie a big brotherly hug.

ED
I hardly recognized you.

Frankie rubs his shaved head.

FRANKIE
It's been seven months.

ED
What are you doing back in town?

FRANKIE
I couldn't miss my bro's birthday.

ED
You should have called.

FRANKIE
Thought you might tell me not to come.

ED
You're always welcome here.

Frankie smiles subtly.

FRANKIE
You look like shit Ed.

ED
Bad day.

Frankie tries to lighten the mood.

FRANKIE
Man, you gotta quit that job before it kills ya.

Ed chuckles.

ED
Look who's talking.

49 There is a sense of uneasiness between the two.

49

Frankie pulls out a wrapped wine bottle shaped gift and hands it to his brother.

ED
What's this?

FRANKIE
What the fuck do you think it is?

Ed accepts the gift.

Frankie looks around at the empty room.

FRANKIE
Raging birthday party bro.

ED
This is the tenth time I've turned
thirty five. Birthdays are
pointless?

FRANKIE
Bullshit! You got any booze?

41 INT. DALTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

41

Frankie opens the freezer and grabs a bottle of vodka.

Ed unwraps the gift to reveal a clear wine bottle filled with
blood. Ed opens the lid.

Frankie grabs two glasses.

ED
Smells human?

FRANKIE
100% pure. One of the perks of
serving your country.

Frankie holds up the vodka and the glasses.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Thought we might add a little
punch.

Ed feels uncomfortable around the blood.

Frankie places the vodka and glasses on the kitchen table. He
pours.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I hear even that pig shit you drink
is getting hard to find.

ED
I can't.

Ed attempts to hand the blood back to Frankie, he refuses to
take it.

FRANKIE

Come on, it's your birthday, live a little.

ED

No.

FRANKIE

You look bad Ed, you need it.

ED

No I don't. You know how I feel about this.

FRANKIE

Come on, accept who you are!

ED

I don't touch human blood.

FRANKIE

You don't touch human blood, you work for a company that uses humans like fuckin' cattle.

ED

I have nothing to do with that.

FRANKIE

Sure you do.

ED

No I don't!

FRANKIE

Look Ed, your company working on some type of fake blood is one thing, but we all know their money comes from farming humans.

ED

Are we going to start right where we left off Frankie? I don't hunt humans, that's your job.

FRANKIE

I find em'. You farm em'.

Frankie still won't take the blood off Ed.

ED

Fine I'll get rid of it then.

Ed starts to walk towards the sink. Frankie grabs Ed's shoulder.

FRANKIE

Nothing fuckin' changes does it,
you never understood why I joined
the army?

ED

What happens when that last drop
runs out? What happens when there
isn't a single human, a single
animal, a single anything left?

FRANKIE

We'll always find more.

ED

You won't. By bleeding the living
world dry you destroy everything we
once were. The army are animals.

FRANKIE

We're all animals, we feed off
blood. Most of us have learned to
accept it.

ED

A blood substitute means the end of
human hunting.

FRANKIE

Fake blood! I like fake tits but
sometimes I gotta have the real
thing. It doesn't mean the end of
shit!

Ed starts to pour the blood out into the sink.

Enraged, Frankie grabs hold of the bottle, violently knocking
Ed to the ground.

Frankie looks at the now half empty bottle.

With blistering rage, Frankie hurls it against the laundry
entrance wall. The bottle shatters, blood sprays everywhere.

Terrified, Ed watches on in disbelief.

Frankie wants to say something, he can't find any words, the
best thing he can do is leave. Frankie heads for the laundry
door.

Suddenly, out of the darkness of the laundry, a SUBSIDER tears into the room.

SHIT!!! It scares the hell out of them.

Frankie stumbles backwards. Ed jumps to his feet.

The thin, pale, bat-like creature licks the blood soaked wall like a thirsty wolf.

Frankie is quick to react, grabbing a mop from next to the fridge and swinging it at the creature...WHACK!!!!

Splinters fly as the mop breaks over the Subsider's head.

The Subsider roars in pain. The creature shatters a cabinet as it expands its large, deformed wings.

The beast swoops at Frankie, throwing him over the kitchen table...these creatures are strong.

Ed grabs a chair blocking the Subsider's advances.

Ed continues to push the creature away with his chair. The Subsider leaps...spinning upside down and sinking his clawed feet firmly into the ceiling.

Frankie staggers back to his feet, he reaches for the knife rack drawing a large butcher's blade...now he has the correct weapon.

Frankie slices into the Subsider's stomach...his wing...his chest...Frankie's blows are fast and accurate.

The creature falls from the ceiling...dropping to its knees defeated.

Frankie raises the knife above his brow and with one final swift motion slices the Subsider's head clean off.

Dark red blood gushes over the kitchen floor.

It's over.

Frankie sits on the couch...a MEDIC examines him. Frankie is still furious with Ed.

Ed, traumatized, listens to the statement being given by a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

Your place is the third home
invasion in this area in the last
month. These things are out in the
'burbs now so it's important you
update your security.

Ed nods.

43

INT. DALTON KITCHEN - LATER

43

The thick, dark red blood covers the floor.

A neatly dressed FEMALE CORONER (40's), along with DETECTIVE
JIMMY WONG (40's), an overweight Chinese vampire with greasy
hair and long fingernails, examine the decapitated creature
on the floor.

Ed walks in from the back of the kitchen...they all notice
him enter.

DETECTIVE WONG

Subsiders...strong bastards.

The coroner notices a wedding band on the creature's deformed
third finger.

CORONER

Extremely low levels of
serotonin...

The coroner begins to work the ring free.

CORONER (CONT'D)

...makes them particularly
aggressive and violent.

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away in the background. He
focuses on the stomach wound.

DETECTIVE WONG

Need more patrols ashing these
filthy rats.

(to Ed)

Your brother's a strong son of a
bitch Doc. It takes a lot to bring
one of these down.

Wong turns the Subsider's head around, it faces Ed.

DETECTIVE WONG (CONT'D)

Ugly bastard.

The coroner frees the wedding ring from the creature's long, deformed finger. He looks at the engraving inside the band.

CORONER

Forever together, Lillian and Carl
04-29-76.

ED

Carl.

DETECTIVE WONG

You knew him?

ED

He mowed my lawn. Haven't seen him
in a couple of weeks.

Wong stares at the pool of blood on the floor, the dizzying scent hits him. His sense of duty overpowers his thirst and he quickly snaps out of it.

DETECTIVE WONG

If he's been feeding off other
vamps, it only takes a couple of
weeks to get this messed up.

Ed notices the bite marks on the creatures arms.

ED

Some of his wounds look self
inflicted.

CORONER

Yes.

ED

If he's been feeding off his own
blood then it's possible he got
this way in only a couple of days.

DETECTIVE WONG

Feeding on yourself...fuckin'
animals.

Wong places the severed head into a plastic bag.

44 INT. DALTON BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

44

60 Ed lays in bed, he can't sleep. Window shades block the
afternoon sun from trickling into the spotless bedroom.

60

The dead silence is broken by a noise coming from downstairs.

Ed quickly sits up.

45 INT. DALTON LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS 45

With trepidation, Ed tip-toes down the stairs. He clutches firmly on a golf club.

A noise...it's coming from the laundry.

Ed, anxious, raises the club above his head as he sneaks into the kitchen.

46 INT. DALTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 46

Creeping, Ed discreetly peeks at the blackened laundry entrance.

Slowly...step by step...Ed makes his way across the kitchen floor. He flicks the laundry light on.

AHHHHH... ED JUMPS ABOUT TWENTY FEET. There's someone standing right in front of him. IT'S AUDREY.

ED

You.

Audrey steps into the kitchen, watching Ed closely. She's in the home of a vampire, a very dangerous place for a human...she has a stake by her side.

ED (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

AUDREY

Looking for you.

ED

Looking for me?

Ed is quick to notice the stake.

AUDREY

We need your help.

ED

What?

AUDREY

Your world's falling apart.

ED
You shouldn't be here.

AUDREY
We've been searching for vampires
we can trust.

ED
I'm sorry, I don't know who you
think I am.

AUDREY
You're a blood doctor, you can help
us.

ED
Help you with what?

Audrey avoids answering that question.

AUDREY
You read the papers?

ED
Not lately.

AUDREY
A young vampire girl committed
suicide on her front lawn
yesterday.

ED
So, it happens everyday.

AUDREY
The note she left read - *It's never
going to change. I'll never get to
grow up, never start a family,
never fall in love...it's all a
waste of time.* These kids, their
minds grow older but they can't. A
blood substitute is a solution but
not a cure...There is another way.

Audrey hands Ed a piece of paper.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Take it.

Ed reads the note it says "*Gordon Creek, Midday, Tomorrow -
ALONE*".

CREAK...a noise, it's coming from upstairs. Ed spins to look...nothing.

ED

I'm sorry I can't help you...

He turns to face Audrey, she's gone. Ed glances around the room...there's no trace of her. The only sign that she was ever there is the note that Ed holds in his hand.

47 INT. DALTON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Ed walks past the living room and spots Frankie sitting on the stairs.

FRANKIE

Who was that?

Ed's reluctant to tell him anything.

ED

No one.

Ed shuffles past his brother. Frankie stops him.

ED (CONT'D)

No one Frankie.

Ed pushes on...continuing upstairs.

48 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

48

Bromley leans back in his leather chair. Ed sits on the other side of Bromley's large desk.

BROMLEY

How are you feeling Edward? The attack this morning must have been very traumatic.

ED

I'm fine.

BROMLEY

I understand your brother was quite effective in deterring the intruder. Perhaps I can pull some strings...have him assigned to our Special Operations Unit here.

ED

You don't need to do that sir.

Ed's response is abrupt.

BROMLEY

These attacks on everyday citizens are a cause for great concern. All the more reason for us to find a substitute as soon as possible, wouldn't you say?

ED

Finding a substitute sir...this will mean freedom for all humans around the world, correct?

BROMLEY

It's important that we allow the human race time to repopulate.

ED

With all due respect, that's not what I asked.

Bromley deceptively smiles.

BROMLEY

The majority of the population will be content with a blood substitute, yes...but there will always be those who are willing to pay top dollar for the *'real thing'*.

Ed can't believe it, *'How could he not have seen this coming'*.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)

Come on Edward, we have to be realistic. If we don't cater to all markets someone else will. You understand, don't you?

Ed's speechless.

Ed sits by his microscope. The room is alive with scientists at work, however, Ed remains distracted by a piece of paper in his hand - *"Gordon Creek, Midday, Tomorrow - ALONE"*.

50 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - DAY 50

The sun protective shields have been lowered for day driving. Ed navigates via the monitor displays on the dashboard.

51 EXT. BERKELEY CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS 51

The streets are deserted, not a soul around...just another day. Ed's vehicle cruises through the ghost town.

52 EXT. GORDON CREEK - CONTINUOUS 52

Next to a bushy creek bank, under the shade of a giant fig tree sits a '67 Mustang. The tree's massive trunk and wide branches shade a thirty foot square area of an otherwise open and un-shaded field.

Ed's vehicle approaches slowly.

Audrey waits next to a tree line two hundred feet from the fig tree. She grips a crossbow.

With his sun shields masking the midday rays, Ed's vehicle nears Audrey.

53 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 53

The right side LCD monitor displays Audrey approaching the car. She talks directly into the camera lens.

AUDREY
(on monitor)
He's waiting for you.

54 EXT. GORDON CREEK - CONTINUOUS 54

Ed slows to a stop under the shadiest part of the tree. He parks directly opposite the '67 Mustang - *Where is the driver?*

Ed cautiously climbs out of the Cadillac. He squints, the sunlight blinds him.

Ed lights a cigarette.

From behind the tree trunk, a STRANGER'S VOICE casually speaks.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Trees are the oldest living things
on earth, did you know that? Yeah,
I read that somewhere. They say
some of em' are over four thousand
years old...

The Stranger (55), emerges from behind the trunk. He looks
up at the enormous branches.

The glare of the burning hot sun makes it difficult for Ed to
get a look at his face, however he does notice the rifle
draped over the man's shoulder.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
Someday though, she'll die...and so
will you. Maybe you wont die of
old age like her. But the thing
you're still holding on to, that
last breath of humanity, it'll
vanish as soon as the blood does.

ED
Who are you?

STRANGER
You're running out of time Dalton.

Ed continues to smoke.

ED
I don't know what you're talking
about. What do you want?

STRANGER
The same thing you do, a future.

The Stranger moves towards Ed.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
I was like you, once.

The Stranger folds down the collar of his jacket revealing
two bite marks on his neck.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
But not no more.

The Stranger steps into a small pocket of light that
penetrates the tree's dense branches. For the first time we
can clearly see his scarred face. Second and third degree
burns cover most of his exposed body.

He takes a deep breath, embracing the sunlight.

CUT TO:

Audrey checks the tree line, all clear...she checks behind her, towards Ed, everything looks fine...she spins back to the tree line - *from out of nowhere a MAN IN A SUN PROTECTIVE SUIT stands in front of her.*

BIG JUMP.

The suit masks the man's face.

He quickly smashes his hand against her mouth, muffling her screams.

CUT TO:

Ed takes another drag of his cigarette.

ED
Who are you?

ELVIS
Lionel Cormac, but my friends call
me Elvis.

ELVIS offers his hand for Ed to shake.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
I won't bite.

Ed shakes. Elvis doesn't move out of his pocket of sunlight.

ED
Elvis?

Elvis begins clicking his fingers.

ELVIS
(singing)
*Lord almighty,
I feel my temperature rising,
Higher higher,
It's burning through to my soul.*

Ed stares at Elvis as he sings - *who the hell is this guy?*

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Girl, girl, girl,
You gonna set me on fire,
My brain is flaming,
I don't know which way to go...
 (stops singing)

Elvis shifts out of the sunlight, grabs hold of Ed's hand, and places it on his heart.

Ed's stunned.

ELVIS
 You feel that. Hadn't been beating
 for over nine years. Seems
 impossible, don't it?

ED
 It is impossible!

ELVIS
 So is walkin' around without a
 pulse but here you are.

ED
 How did you do it?

Quietly, Audrey steps out from behind the tree. Something's wrong.

ELVIS
 Audrey?

With a gun pointed at Audrey, the Man in the Sun Protective Suit steps into Elvis and Ed's view. His helmet is off - it's Frankie.

Elvis draws his rifle.

FRANKIE
 Put the gun down.

Frankie targets his weapon at Audrey's head.

ED
 Frankie, NO!

FRANKIE
 Get away from the humans Ed.

ED
 What the hell are you doing?

FRANKIE
Don't make things worse. It's not
too late to walk away from this.

ED
Stop pointing that gun at her
Frankie.

FRANKIE
Damn it Ed. This is serious shit,
they can put you away for a long
time.

Elvis peers towards the distance, he notices a MILITARY
HUMMER heading towards them at breakneck speed. Ed turns to
look.

ED
What did you do Frankie?

FRANKIE
Lets go Ed.

ED
No!

Audrey sees an opportunity...with all her strength, she
shoves Frankie towards a patch of sunlight.

He writhes in agony as trickles of light singe his face.

Frankie spins back around only to receive a fist to the face
from Elvis.

Frankie topples to the ground dropping his weapon.

Audrey swiftly kicks Frankie's gun and sun protective helmet
into the sunlight.

Elvis then steps in front of Ed, aiming his weapon at the
Hummer.

FRANKIE
(bleeding)
You can't trust humans.

BOOM...Elvis fires. The blast just misses the vehicle.

A hatch in the windshield of the Hummer opens. A high
powered automatic weapon slides out and takes aim.

The Military return fire.

The group quickly take cover as a barrage of gun fire narrowly misses them.

Elvis' car is not so lucky, the stray bullets turn his Mustang into swiss cheese.

Elvis takes a saddened look at his beloved car...it's a lost cause.

AUDREY

Come on.

Elvis turns to Ed and Audrey...time to leave.

FRANKIE

Don't do it Ed, you're throwing your life away!

AUDREY

(to Ed)

We have to go.

Ed takes one last look at his brother.

ED

I need to do this.

55 INT. ED'S CAR - DAY

55

Audrey jumps into the backseat, Ed gets behind the wheel, Elvis beside him.

Ed starts the engine, four LCD displays turn on.

Ed slams into drive...the chase is on.

56 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / GORDON CREEK - CONTINUOUS

56

Ed careens out of a grassy paddock, onto a dirt road.

The Hummer is in close pursuit.

57 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

57

The group brace themselves as the car slides around a narrow bend.

From his rear-view monitor, Ed sees the Hummer's gun take aim.

ED
Oh shit!

58 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS 58

BANG...the Hummer fires, aiming at the four cameras mounted on the roof of the Cadillac. The bullet just misses, ricocheting off the car's metal frame.

CRUNCH...the Hummer encounters rough terrain as it fires.

The bullet misses the cameras, smashing through the back windshield and out the front.

59 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 59

A beam of light bursts through the bullet hole, just missing Ed as he turns the car.

ED
SHIT.

Audrey tries to cover the bullet hole with her hand.

60 EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS 60

The Hummer fires again missing the cameras and hitting the windshield.

61 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 61

Another beam of sunlight shoots through.

Audrey *SHRIEKS* as she ducks.

62 EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS 62

Another shot.

BANG...the cameras on top of the Cadillac's roof explode.

63 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 63

The display on all four monitors fuzzes out.

ED
Shit.

Elvis grabs Ed.

ELVIS
MOVE!!!

64 EXT. FIELD / FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 64

The Cadillac drives out of the field and through a fence.

The Hummer is still in hot pursuit.

65 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 65

Elvis takes the driver's seat, Ed is now the copilot.

Elvis looks through one of the bullet holes, he swerves just missing...

66 EXT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 66

...a PARKED TRACTOR.

67 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 67

Elvis hooks the car right, fishtailing it out of the farm yard and back onto the dirt road.

The beams of light rotate towards Ed as the car corners.

ED
Shit, TURNTURNTURN!

Elvis notices the beam heading towards Ed. He swings the car hard left.

68 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS 68

The Cadillac smashes through a wooden fence, into a backyard.

69 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 69

Ed screams at Elvis.

ED
Go straight, GO STRAIGHT.

70 EXT. FARM HOUSE / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 70

Elvis fishtails left, smashing through a barn. Tin and wood shatter as the Cadillac destroys the shed on its path back to the dirt road. TWO VAMPIRE COWS, housed in the barn, burst into flames as they are exposed to the sunlight.

The Hummer ploughs through the cows' smouldering remains.

71 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 71

Elvis regains control of the car as the passengers jostle around in their seats to avoid the light.

ED
Stay straight. Straight...Straight!

Ed eyes the sun-beam as it narrowly misses his shoulder.

72 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS 72

The Cadillac roars down the dirt road, the Hummer still in close pursuit.

They reach a cross road.

Elvis chooses not to turn, driving full-speed ahead through an old, rotting fence.

TWO ADDITIONAL MILITARY HUMMERS join the pursuit.

73 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 73

A dead end. A 30 foot wide storm water drain is in their way. A large metal pipe runs across the drain.

ELVIS
Everybody hold on.

74 EXT. DIRT ROAD BY DRAIN - CONTINUOUS 74

The Cadillac reaches the point of no return as it charges towards the drain.

The Hummer screeches to a halt.

The Cadillac continues to pick up speed as it heads towards the drain, and onto the metal pipe. The vehicle slides wildly along the pipe, engine grinding on the metal.

BANG...the car crunches its way over to the other side of the drain, the two front tires exploding as they reach land.

75 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 75

The group slam around like rag dolls, the car steadies.

Warning bells sound and an alert appears on the dashboard display - *WARNING DAYTIME EMERGENCY TIRE INFLATE ACTIVATED.*

76 EXT. DIRT ROAD BY DRAIN - CONTINUOUS 76

The two damaged tires automatically re-inflate.

77 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 77

The warning bells stop...a new dash display reads - *LEFT FRONT, RIGHT FRONT TIRES REQUIRE REPLACEMENT.*

Audrey lays down on the backseat as one of the light beams shines above her.

ED
(to Audrey)
You okay?

Audrey nods yes.

Audrey pulls a handkerchief out of her pants pocket and plugs one of the holes.

ED
(to himself)
Damn it Frankie!

Shaken, they continue to drive.

78 EXT. MAIN ROAD NEAR OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS 78

Grass shreds and a hubcap rolls as the Cadillac skids out of the field onto the main road. There's no traffic, not a single car.

79 EXT. SMALL DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS 79

Elvis hooks the car left onto a small dirt road. The car slides wildly around the corner.

80 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK 80

The Cadillac races across an ash covered field. The surrounding trees have all been destroyed by a massive bush fire. There's no shade for miles.

81 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - NIGHT 81

Elvis focuses on the road ahead. The sun shields have been raised.

Ed stares blankly at the trees as they rapidly pass by. His mind is elsewhere.

ED
I can't ever go back.

From the backseat Audrey leans closer to Ed. She places her hand gently on his shoulder.

AUDREY
You did the right thing.

Ed clearly has doubts.

The car stops. Elvis climbs out.

AUDREY
(to Ed)
Come on.

82 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS 82

Elvis has parked near the edge of a storm water drain. He leans against the hood of the Cadillac as Ed and Audrey join him.

ED
What are we doing?

ELVIS
Never been good at science Doc.
Cars were always my thing.
(MORE)

ELVIS (cont'd)
Day time mods is my speciality, or
used to be...

Elvis points to the cameras mounted on the roof of Ed's car.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Custom cameras, sun shields, that
kind of stuff. My garage was one
of the first in town to start doin'
'em. Had a shop not far from your
place.

Elvis walks over to a scratched metal pole near the edge of
the drain pipe.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Day time drivin' man, no cars, no
cops, nothin' beats it. Trouble
is, if you're not careful you can
get one hell of a sunburn.

Ed approaches Elvis.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
It's amazing how quickly your whole
world can change isn't it Doc.

83 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - DAY 83

FLASHBACK.

Elvis' 57 Chevrolet Belair blisters round the open road.

The windows are completely blacked out, four LCD monitors
mounted in the dashboard act as the driver's eyes.

84 INT. 57 CHEVROLET BELAIR - CONTINUOUS 84

A scarless vampire Elvis shifts gears.

85 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS 85

The Belair speeds along the open road.

Elvis hooks the car left onto a gravel road.

86 INT. 57 CHEVROLET BELAIR - CONTINUOUS 86

The tires lose traction, Elvis panics.

87 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS 87

Now out of control, the vehicle skids off the road.

CRUNCH... headlights explode and metal is warped as the car collides with a guard rail.

88 INT. 57 CHEVROLET BELAIR - CONTINUOUS 88

The impact launches Elvis through the windshield.

89 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS 89

The reinforced sunshield breaks off its supports, glass and metal fly through the air with Elvis's body as he is catapulted through the morning sky.

Elvis's body ignites in pulsating flames as he hurtles towards a storm water drain.

SPLASH... he hits the water hard, landing in the shaded safety of a drain pipe.

The fire is extinguished.

90 INT. DRAIN PIPE - DAY 90

A charred Elvis climbs out of the water. He shivers uncontrollably.

Elvis steps out of the drain into the sunlight. A warmth rushes through his body.

END OF FLASHBACK.

91 EXT. BERKELEY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT 91

Ed can't believe it, *is this possible?*

ED
The sun, you're human because of
the sun.

Elvis nods.

ELVIS
Hurt like hell.

AUDREY

We have to find a way to recreate
this safely Ed. That's why we need
you.

92 EXT. STONE'S POINT WINERY - LATER

92

A deserted, overgrown winery sits amidst an endless stretch of rich soil, green fields and grape vines. The winery is classically beautiful, the large stone brick work complimenting the thick wood pillars of the building's exterior.

The Cadillac enters slowly along a pebbled driveway. It parks next to a CONVOY OF FOUR VEHICLES, ranging from CARAVANS, to TRUCKS, to RVs.

93 INT. DALTON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

93

Ed catches a glimpse of his new home.

AUDREY

Every couple of weeks some of us
head out to search for others.
It's getting harder and harder to
find anybody. When you drove us
off the road I only managed to pick
up three.

Although Audrey is being slightly playful, Ed still feels guilty.

ED

Sorry about that.

94 EXT. STONE'S POINT WINERY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

94

Audrey, Elvis, and Ed, step out of the car.

There is a gentle breeze.

Audrey leads the way over to JARVIS BAYOM (40's), a scruffy, but handsome African-American human.

Jarvis, along with TEN OTHER HUMANS, load up the vehicles with crossbows and supplies.

Audrey and Jarvis hug like old friends.

JARVIS
You come to see us off.

AUDREY
You know it.

Jarvis turns to Ed.

JARVIS
This is him?

AUDREY
It sure is. Jarvis this is Ed.

Jarvis and Ed shake hands.

JARVIS
Ed...you better be worth the risk
man.

Ed looks uncertain.

ANGLE ON:

Elvis hugs several of the humans heading out on the convoy
while also pointing out Ed.

ANGLE ON:

AUDREY
Jar's made contact with the largest
human group we've found in a long
time. They're now going to pick
them up and bring them back.

JARVIS
Should be back in two days.

ED
Good luck.

JARVIS
You too.

95 INT. STONE'S POINT RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

95

Elvis swings open the large wooden doors. Together with
Audrey and Ed, they enter the lobby.

Jarvis' convoy of vehicles cruises away in the background.

ELVIS
The Stone's Point Winery,
restaurant and visitor centre.

Ed takes in the cozy wood finished reception and tasting area.

SEVEN HUMANS go about their business, they pause, all eyes are on Ed.

Three humans cautiously approach the vampire.

AUDREY
Ed, this is Dirk, Colin and Joy.

Ed shakes all of their hands.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
They might not be here if it wasn't for you.

ED
Hi.

CUT TO:

Through a glass balcony Ed, Elvis and Audrey view the cellar floor. TWO HUMANS pack crates while ANOTHER FOUR carry baskets filled with vegetables.

ELVIS
Being a human walkin' 'round in a town of vampires is about as safe as nailing a fifty cent whore. I needed somewhere to hide, that's when I stumbled onto this place...

96 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

96

Elvis, Ed and Audrey tour the cellar.

The large space contains storage tanks, a fermentation tank and dozens of wooden oak barrels.

111 To the far side of the room, somewhat out of place, Ed notices over twenty bunks and a large hydroponic vegetable garden. 111

ELVIS
...It was completely deserted. I'd never experienced quiet like that ever before.

ED
Must have been frightening.

Elvis taps an oak barrel.

ELVIS
Most of these oaks are full. I was
ok.

Audrey smiles.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
I started lookin' for other humans
as soon as I could. Couldn't find
many, then I met this little
angel...

Audrey smiles as Elvis winks at her.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
...she's managed to smuggled more
than twenty humans out of the city
and bring 'em here. She also
liberated a bunch of medical
supplies for us.

The group approach a man in an expensive, spotless suit. His
back is to them as Audrey taps him on the shoulder - it's
Senator Wes Turner (from the news debate). He's a vampire.

AUDREY
Ed, this is Senator Wes Turner.

SENATOR TURNER
Glad to see you made it.

Ed knows who the Senator is.

ED
Nice to meet you Senator.

AUDREY
Wes...very bravely...pays us a
visit whenever he can. He's always
been our biggest supporter.

SENATOR TURNER
We've got to do what we can, before
it's too late...right Mr. Dalton.

ED
Right.

AUDREY

See Ed, Wes knows enough vampires in office that want this cure, and, more importantly, will use it for the right reasons. We want to rebuild the human race, but a way back can be a dangerous thing if it falls into the wrong hands.

ELVIS

Now all we need is for you to figure out how it all works.

Ed feels overwhelmed.

ED

Ok.

ELVIS

Humans are an endangered species Doc, it's time to change all that.

97 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS HALLWAY NEAR CELLS - NIGHT ~~INT~~

Bromley marches down a thin, clinical hallway, towards the blood farm's lower level entrance.

The entrance doors slide open. TWO LAB TECHNICIANS (30-35), wheel a gurney out of the blood farm and past Bromley. Laying on the surgical bed is an EMACIATED MALE HUMAN (45).

His lifeless body completely drained of blood. Tubes connect to his arms and feet. His eyes open, locked in place.

The gurney rattles down the hallway as Bromley approaches the entrance door to the blood farm.

He stares through the door's large window. The bleak by-product of Bromley's empire is an awesome site, however he seems unimpressed. The human numbers in the farm have started to dwindle (only *ONE HUNDRED* left); many of the blood extraction slots are empty.

98 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

98

A GROUP OF TWENTY HUMANS, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN from all walks of life stand chained together in a row. They are surrounded by a SQUAD OF HEAVILY ARMED MILITARY VAMPIRES.

'BROMLEY/MARKS' logos are prominent. This is a holding garage where humans are dropped off and tagged by 'blood type'.

The humans tremble as Frankie approaches. Reaching the first in line, a WEATHERED, GREY HAired MAN (65), Frankie presses a small cylindrical tube against the man's neck. He checks the display on the device.

FRANKIE
O positive.

Standing to the side of the humans, A YOUNG VAMPIRE CADET (17), notes the blood type as Frankie moves down the line.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
A positive.

Next.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
O negative.

General Williams, approaches Frankie, he notices the limited number of humans being 'typed'.

GENERAL WILLIAMS
Less and less every time.

Frankie immediately stops what he's doing and turns to Williams.

GENERAL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Dalton!

99 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

99

Bromley sits at his desk examining a series of surveillance photos taken of a group of humans camping out in the desert. One photo is of particular interest to Bromley. That of a YOUNG BLONDE HAired WOMAN (25) talking on a CB radio.

Frankie is led by General Williams into Bromley's office.

Frankie stands at attention in front of Bromley's desk, wondering why he's been singled out.

Bromley puts down the photographs and addresses Frankie.

BROMLEY
Are you happy with your transfer son?

FRANKIE
I have you to thank for that sir?

BROMLEY
Please have a seat.

Frankie's sits on one of the two chairs.

BROMLEY
Do you know who I am?

FRANKIE
My brother's mentioned you before
sir.

BROMLEY
You did the right thing reporting
his actions Mr. Dalton. You want
to continue to do the right thing,
don't you son?

FRANKIE
I will do whatever is asked of me
sir.

Bromley smiles.

BROMLEY
Edward was a valuable member of our
team, and an essential part of all
of our futures. All we wish, is
for him to continue with his work.
If he returns immediately, no
formal charges will be laid.

FRANKIE
I don't know what you think I can
do sir.

GENERAL WILLIAMS
Private has he contacted you?

Frankie turns to face Williams.

FRANKIE
No sir.

GENERAL WILLIAMS
Do you know where he might have
gone?

FRANKIE
No sir.

BROMLEY
Do you like being a vampire, son?

Frankie turns back to face Bromley.

FRANKIE
Yes sir.

BROMLEY
Why?

Frankie's clearly nervous. He thinks again for a second.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
I mean your brother clearly
disapproves. I wonder if it's a
common trait in your family.

Frankie jumps in.

FRANKIE
(sincerely)
I'm not my brother. I'm good at
this. I was never very good at
being human, sir.

Bromley grins slightly.

BROMLEY
I think he's ready for an
assignment General, wouldn't you
say?

General Williams nods 'yes'.

100 INT. STONE'S POINT WINE-MAKER'S LAB - NIGHT 100

The wine-maker's lab has been converted into a makeshift
infirmary. It's primitive at best.

Blood flows into a syringe. Ed takes a sample from Elvis'
arm as he sits in a chair.

ED
We've tested burning extracted
blood under UV light. It always
remained infected. How could yours
be human?

ELVIS
Hey, you tell me Doc.

Ed removes the needle.

ED

What did it feel like when the sun
light hit you?

Ed hands Elvis a cotton bud for the bleeding. Elvis presses
it against the pin hole of blood on his arm.

ELVIS

What do you mean what did it feel
like? I felt like a god damn roast
dinner.

ED

Do you remember anything else?
Think about it.

Ed places a sample of the blood onto a glass plate. He then
rests a coverslip over the sample.

ELVIS

I remember the second the sun hit
me, it was like a bolt of
lightening to my heart. I could
feel it starting to beat again.

ED

I've never heard of a depolarized
heart responding to defibrillation.

Ed slides the sample under a low powered microscope and
focuses.

ELVIS

A defibrillator, those electric
shock things, that's what it felt
like. You know, I once had my
heart started over in Tijuana after
an all night Tequila bender in 78.
It kinda' felt like that.

Ed pauses, lifting his eye from the microscope.

ED

The return of a heart beat,
circulation, the immune
system...just amazing.

101 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - LATER

101

Audrey, Colin, Dirk, Joy and SIX OTHER HUMANS work in the
vegetable garden.

Ed walks up to a large thirty foot high stainless steel wine tank. He taps on the wall, a hollow empty sound reverberates back...curious!

Ed glances over at Audrey, only for a second, but it's clear he's infatuated.

SENATOR TURNER (O.S.)
Pretty young lady Miss Bennett.

Ed spots Senator Turner standing behind him. Caught out...he feels a little embarrassed.

Turner sips a glass of white wine.

SENATOR TURNER (CONT'D)
She worked on my 2008 campaign...
she was just a kid then, but sharp.
It strange being around all these
humans, isn't it? Would you care
for a drink?

ED
No thanks.

Ed's attention is drawn to an air pressure gauge mounted on the tank's frame.

ED (CONT'D)
You know much about these tanks?

SENATOR TURNER
Not really.

Audrey walks in and joins the conversation.

AUDREY
It's the fermentation tank for that
2007 Sauvignon Blanc.

Audrey points to Turner's wine.

SENATOR TURNER
Not a bad drop.

ED
Fermentation, that means it has to
be air tight, right?

AUDREY
That's right.

Ed notices a rectangular box mounted on the roof of the vat.

He points directly at it.

ED
And what's that?

AUDREY
An extraction fan. It sucks out
the air to stop the wine from
oxidizing.

Ed taps on the vat again.

102 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 102

Ed, Audrey, Elvis and Senator Turner enter the tank through a side door. The illumination from the outside room floods in through the doorway.

The large cylindrical tube is devoid of any detail except for the motionless extraction fan on the ceiling.

ED
(to Elvis)
You said the second you were struck
by sunlight you could feel your
heart beat again. A heart beat
means the return of
circulation...your immune system
kicked back in. That must be
essential to reversing this
disease. Perhaps the only way to
purify infected blood is inside the
body.

Ed might be onto something.

ED (CONT'D)
Lets run a test.

103 INT. STONE'S POINT WINE LAB - CONTINUOUS 103

Ed and Audrey raid the wine lab, grabbing a portable ECG monitor and video camera.

104 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 104

Dirk enhances the tank's vacuum system.

Ed and Colin bolt the video camera to the inside of the tank wall, aiming it at the center of the enclosed space.

Elvis welds a huge hole in the side of the vat. The large piece of steel crashes to the ground with a thunderous BOOM...

105 EXT. OPEN DESERT PLAIN - NIGHT 105

The Stone's Point four vehicle convoy travels along an open desert plain.

The blackness of night is broken by the limited illumination of the vehicles headlights...this is no mans land.

106 INT. LEADING CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS 106

ALISON (the Petite young woman in the photograph Bromley was studying), sits next to Jarvis in the front of the cabin.

Jarvis clutches tightly onto the steering wheel as he drives over the uneven landscape.

Alison wolfs down a roll of bread...she clearly hasn't eaten in a while.

ALISON

Most of us have been on the run together for years. I've never seen it this bad.

JARVIS

So why'd you come out here?

ALISON

Vamps don't like the desert, not much shade during the day.

Alison munches away spilling crumbs all over her jacket and shirt.

JARVIS

Not much food out here either, ha.

ALISON

Yeah, thanks. So where is this place?

JARVIS

We still got a ways to go yet.

ALISON

So how many others are...

107 EXT. OPEN DESERT PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

107

...BANG...the leading truck's front tire blows, the vehicle swerves to a quick stop. The convoy halts.

Alison and Jarvis jump out of the truck's cabin and walk around to the deflated tire. They carry crossbows and flashlights.

ANGLE ON:

SEVERAL HUMANS watch from inside their vehicles.

ANGLE ON:

From a distance, Jarvis sees the flat tire.

JARVIS

Damn it!

TWENTY HUMANS ALL RANGING IN AGE AND RACE, climb out of their vehicles and walk toward the flat, they too are holding crossbows and flashlights.

Alison approaches Jarvis as he examines the tire more closely. There's something peculiar. He removes a metal arrow from the tire's tread.

JARVIS

GET BACK INSIDE!

PANIC.

POW...POW...POW, from every direction the humans are bombarded with tranquilizer darts. SHOCK!

Ten people are hit in either the head, chest, or leg...they drop instantly.

The humans scan their flashlights around the vast desert plain, their reach is too limited to spot any movement.

An additional TEN HUMANS, armed with crossbows, storm out of their vehicles and race over to assist the others.

JARVIS

Fire, fire, fire!

The humans fire blindly into the pitch-black horizon.

BOOM - Flashes of fire light up the desert seventy yards from the humans.

TWENTY VAMPIRE ARMY OFFICERS ignite as the stakes strike their hearts. UNHARMED VAMPIRE ARMY OFFICERS scatter like cockroaches from their burning comrades. They disappear into the darkness.

The humans are under attack.

Jarvis, Alison and the rest of the humans take cover in between the vehicles...all terrified.

108 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS 108

TWO TEN YEAR OLD KIDS hide inside one of the RVs.

109 EXT. OPEN DESERT PLAIN - CONTINUOUS 109

Tranquilizer darts shoot in from all angles, they take out another ten humans.

Jarvis, Alison and the rest of the group step out from behind the vehicles and return fire...shooting blindly in all directions.

Once more the horizon lights up with the burning of FIFTEEN VAMPIRE ARMY OFFICERS. The UNHARMED VISIBLE OFFICERS scurry out of the light. The officers have gained ground...they're only thirty yards away.

The fires fizzle out...silence.

The humans scan their flashlights around...nothing.

110 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS 110

Alison hurries into the RV to aid two panicked children.

111 EXT. OPEN DESERT PLAIN - CONTINUOUS 111

Jarvis spins around, *to his horror* spots the COMMANDING OFFICER leading a charge of THIRTY VAMPIRE SOLDIERS.

OH SHIT! They are only several feet away.

Jarvis quickly fires...VOOOOOM - his arrow spears the Commanding Officer in the eye.

The Commanding Officer drops to the ground screaming.

Jarvis fires another arrow towards the Officer.

BOOM - direct hit, straight in the heart. The Commanding Officer explodes in a brilliant flash of flames and guts.

Out of the darkness storms Frankie. He rushes past the Commanding Officer's burning corpse. Frankie quickly fires a tranq dart directly into Jarvis' chest...dropping him to the ground.

The humans don't stand a chance, the Vampire Troops unload their darts into the remaining group.

112 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

112

Alison grabs hold of the two terrified children, she squats on the floor with them.

Troops pound on the side of the vehicle. Glasses and plates shatter on the linoleum as the RV rocks.

Alison frantically searches for a weapon.

A cabinet next to her swings open. The mirror on the inside of the door reflects the cabinet's contents, Alison spots a SATELLITE PHONE.

MATCH CUT TO:

113 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - NIGHT

113

Ed and Audrey line up several full length, free standing mirrors. This allows sunlight to bounce from a window over to the tank.

From behind the monitoring table, the entire group admire the modified tank.

Ed glances down at the monitor screen. An image of the inside of the tank is displayed. Everything's working.

ALISON (V.O.)
(whispering on phone)
Can anyone hear me?

Elvis reaches for the SATELLITE PHONE on the table.

ELVIS
We hear you, who's this?

All eyes are on Elvis.

ALISON (V.O.)
(whispering on phone)
Help us, please help us.

114 INT. RV - NIGHT

114

Terrified, Alison clutches the phone close to her mouth. She holds onto the frightened kids with her free hand.

ELVIS (V.O.)
(on phone)
Stay calm darlin' and tell us
what's going on.

ALISON
(whispering)
They found us, I don't know what to
do....

The window on the RV's side door shatters. ***BIG JUMP!***

Alison and the two kids all scream in unison. She drops the phone.

ELVIS (V.O.)
(on phone)
Where are you...Are you still
there? Hello...

Alison races to the back of the RV grabbing a small chair. She wastes no time smashing out a side window.

ALISON
Come on.

The kids dash towards her. Alison carefully guides them out the window.

115 INT. OPEN DESERT PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

115

Alison drops out of the RV's side window, the two ten year olds by her side.

Frankie walks around the side of the vehicle and spots the group...he takes aim.

WHACK...without warning Jarvis shoots Frankie in the shoulder. He drops his tranq gun as he roars in pain.

Dizzy, Jarvis pulls out the dart and takes aim at Frankie.

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG.

Frankie fires his 9mm pistol...every bullet striking Jarvis.

Jarvis hits the ground coughing up blood.

Frankie turns to Alison and the escaping children, he fires his tranq gun.

Alison is hit...she drops. The kids look on in horror. She musters up one last word.

ALISON

Go!

She passes out.

One of the children is instantly shot by Frankie's tranq dart...the child falls to the ground, out cold. The other, crying hysterically, turns and runs.

WHACK...Frankie fires again, the child collapses onto the dry earth.

The rest of the troops check the surrounding vehicles...they have them all.

116 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

116

Soldiers burst through the flimsy door. They scan their weapons around the room spotting the phone.

ELVIS (V.O.)

(on phone)

Is anyone there?

One of the soldiers picks up the phone, he slots it into a *computer docking port*. The L.E.D. light on the side of the dock glows from red to green.

117 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - NIGHT

117

Elvis waits for an answer. Nothing.

118 EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

118

Frankie approaches a dying Jarvis.

He stares into Jarvis' eyes as the man convulses on the ground.

Frankie wipes a streak of blood from the human's face.
Jarvis takes his last breath. Frankie tastes the blood of his
kill...it excites him.

CUT TO:

119 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - NIGHT 119

Ed, horrified, listens to the faint erratic crackle of the
phone. No one's answering.

A panic hits the group.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. STONE'S POINT - PREDAWN 120

The Stone's Point community quickly pack whatever they can in
to the back of Five Sedans and a Station Wagon. Clothes,
food, tools, everything is shoved in.

Audrey holds a hand drawn map. Turner gives her directions.

SENATOR TURNER
Stay off the main highway and
follow the trails along the
Marshall River, you should reach my
cabin in about five hours.

AUDREY
Ok.

They hug.

SENATOR TURNER
Be careful.

AUDREY
You too.

Four of the cars are off and racing before the occupants can
put on their seat belts.

121 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 121

Ed stands in front of the converted stainless steel tank, the
chance to be human staring right at him.

Elvis approaches carrying a box of supplies.

ELVIS
Come on Ed, we have to go.

Audrey races in carrying an overflowing backpack.

ED
I can't.

AUDREY
They're going to find us.

Elvis waves everyone towards the door.

Ed looks towards the side window.

ED
The sun will be up in ten minutes,
we have to run a test.

AUDREY
Now's not the time.

Ed turns to Audrey.

ED
There many not be another time, I
have to do this.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
OH NO! You don't know what that
thing'll do.

ED
(to Audrey)
It's like you said, a substitute's
a solution, not a cure. Here's a
chance to change things, really
change things. I have to try.

It's impossible for Audrey to disagree. Elvis also knows
Ed's right.

ELVIS
Fuck!

Dropping his backpack.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Alright, we'll do this together.

122 EXT. STONE'S POINT WINERY - DAY 122

The sun is rising over the overgrown vineyard.

123 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 123

Ed sits at the monitoring table as Audrey tapes the heart monitor pads to his chest. Audrey's clearly nervous.

AUDREY

Are you sure you're ready to do this?

ED

Hey, what could go wrong?

Ed touches her hand as she tapes the final pad, she feels so warm.

Audrey moves in towards Ed, gently touching his cold pale face.

ED

We'd better hurry. You're making me hungry.

Audrey smiles.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAWN 124

A COMPANY OF TEN MILITARY VEHICLES shred the dirt road as they tear past.

CUT TO:

125 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - DAWN 125

Ed lays down on the metal gurney as Audrey covers his body with a fire blanket. His hair is coated with burn aid gel.

Ed smiles...he's surprisingly calm. Audrey, on the other hand, appears shaken and tense, nervously returning the smile.

Elvis stands at the back of the room next to several blankets, oxygen masks and a fire extinguisher at the ready.

ELVIS

A walk in the park Doc, I got it covered.

Ed nods.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY 126

The ten military vehicles continue to pick up speed.

CUT TO:

127 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - DAY 127

Audrey quickly sits down at the desk as she looks at Ed on the monitor display. He still appears calm and focused.

Audrey notices the sun slowly creep in through the window.

128 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 128

Ed watches the light stream in safely past his gurney and over to Elvis.

Elvis prepares the mirror and puts on his oxygen mask.

Ed calmly closes his eyes.

129 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 129

Audrey holds her hand on the oxygen purge valve.

AUDREY

Ok, on my count.

Audrey nervously counts down.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

3-2-1-NOW!

130 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 130

Elvis swipes the mirror through the daylight bouncing it briefly over Ed's body.

Ed *JOLTS UPWARDS* as if hit by lightning. He *IGNITES INTO FLAMES*.

131 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 131
Audrey watches the monitor in horror.
Audrey anxiously slams the air purge valve.

132 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 132
The fire rushes away from Ed's body. The flames twist towards the ceiling's air ducts like a mini tornado.
An uneasy calm fills the room as Ed opens his yellow vampire eyes...NOTHING HAS CHANGED.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY 133
Ten military vehicles race toward their target, sitting just on the horizon is Stone's Point Vineyard.

CUT TO:

134 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - DAY 134
Audrey turns the valve in the opposite direction, allowing the air to circulate again.
She then examines the heart monitor...*flatline*. Audrey yells out.

AUDREY

ED!

135 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 135
Ed quietly responds.

ED

I'm ok.

Elvis replies in a louder tone.

ELVIS

ED'S OK AUD.

ED
(Quietly)
Again, do it again.

Ed musters up his strength.

ED (CONT'D)
(louder)
DO IT AGAIN!

136 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 136
Audrey stands up...distraught.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. STONE'S POINT DRIVEWAY - DAY 137
The ten military vehicles hit the winery's driveway at
breakneck speed.

CUT TO:

138 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - DAY 138
Audrey paces around...centers herself...then chooses to
continue.

AUDREY
On my count.

139 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 139
Elvis and Ed are ready.

ELVIS
Ok!

140 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 140
Audrey holds onto the valve once again.

AUDREY
3-2-1-NOW!

141 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 141

Again, Elvis swipes the mirror through the light...Ed *JOLTS UPWARDS* and *IGNITES INTO FLAMES*...Audrey purges the air then pumps it back in.

142 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 142

BEEP...The ECG peaks then flatlines.

Audrey leaps backwards in shock.

AUDREY

Ed?

143 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 143

Ed exhales, he felt something...a heart beat...he smiles.

ELVIS

He's fine.

ED

AGAIN!!!

144 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 144

Audrey readies herself for one more attempt.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. STONE'S POINT - DAY 145

The military vehicles screech to a stop outside the front steps of the winery.

CUT TO:

146 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - DAY 146

One more time, Elvis swipes the mirror through the light...Ed *JOLTS UPWARDS* and *IGNITES INTO FLAMES*...Audrey purges the air then pumps it back in.

Ed's body breaks out into smouldering boils, expanding like a balloon.

147 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 147

Audrey panics, this looks bad.

148 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - CONTINUOUS 148

Ed's body returns to normal, all the boils disappear.

149 INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 149

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Audrey looks down at the ECG monitor...a regular heart beat.

Audrey leaps from her chair, she grabs the mirror next to the tank. She tilts it upwards...reflecting the sunlight away.

CUT TO:

150 INT. STONE'S POINT RECEPTION - DAY 150

In full sun protective suits, 30 ARMY OFFICERS break down the front doors. They storm through the reception area, the red glow of their laser sights swipe across the room.

CUT TO:

151 INT. STONE'S POINT TANK - DAY 151

Audrey and Elvis run over to Ed. None of the burns have scarred his body.

AUDREY

Ed.

He slowly opens his eyes.

AUDREY

Come on Ed, that's it.

Ed's pupils color transition from yellow to green as he takes in a large breath of air. He coughs and shakes repeatedly as Audrey places the spare oxygen mask over his mouth.

Audrey and Elvis smile...success.

CUT TO:

The troops kick down another door and rush into the cellar. They survey the room.

The vat's monitoring table has been tipped over. The equipment is everywhere. The mirrors smashed. The gurney lays in the garden.

Two soldiers approach the vat, they look inside...it's empty.

The room's clear. The soldiers head up the stairs, towards the reception area.

The last soldier stops, he hears a creaking noise coming from one of the large wooden barrels.

The soldier removes his helmet, it's Frankie. He holds his wounded shoulder as he slowly approaches one of the large barrels, listening carefully.

152 INT. WINE BARREL - CONTINUOUS

152

Submerged up to their necks in red wine are Ed, Audrey, and Elvis. They hold their crossbows just above the wine.

Ed shakes uncontrollably, he suffering from hyperthermia.

Audrey holds him tight, doing her best to keep him still.

Frankie listens closely...nothing, he slips his helmet back on.

Frankie notices the satellite phone lying on the floor next to the overturned monitor table. In his frustration he picks up the device and hurls it at the wall...SMASH.

153 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

153

Alison lays face up on the couch in Bromley's office. She appears unharmed. She slowly wakes from the effects of the tranquilizer dart.

Her jacket has been removed and a modest sized circular tattoo of "*The Flower of Life*" is displayed on her upper arm.

Alison staggers to her feet and looks around the room. She notices a letter opener sitting in the middle of Bromley's desk.

She quickly scoops it into her hand...now she has a weapon.

BING...the elevator doors open.

Alison immediately spins around to reveal Bromley standing at the opposite end of the office.

The elevator doors close.

Alison brandishes her weapon at Bromley like a knife.

ALISON
Where are my friends?

Bromley is in no way intimidated.

BROMLEY
You look so beautiful.

ALISON
WHERE ARE THEY?

BROMLEY
You don't need that, you're safe here, I promise.

ALISON
Don't hurt them! Please.

BROMLEY
You've grown up so much.

ALISON
You haven't changed at all.

Alison feels dizzy...she stumbles. Bromley races over and catches her before she hits the ground.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Dad please!

BROMLEY
There's nothing I can do.

ALISON
If you want me to stay, I'll stay, just let them go.

BROMLEY
That's not how it works baby, I'm sorry.

ALISON
You're not sorry.

Alison pushes her Father aside and staggers over to the elevator...the letter opener is no longer in her hand.

She presses the button on the wall...nothing's happening.

Bromley stands.

BROMLEY
We've lost so much time sweetheart.
I want to make it up to you.

Alison cries as Bromley approaches.

BROMLEY
Please Ally.

Something's wrong...shock...Bromley realizes Alison's letter opener is firmly lodged in his gut.

Blood oozes from his wound as he drops to his knees.

Alison cries hysterically.

BING...the elevator door finally opens.

Alison turns to enter...**WHACK**...she's clobbered in the face by the butt of a SOLDIER'S gun.

She drops...out cold!

154	INT. STONE'S POINT CELLAR - NIGHT	154
	Elvis discreetly slides open the wine barrel's top hatch.	
	He looks around...it's clear.	

CUT TO:

Elvis, Audrey, and a shivering Ed, cautiously make their way through the cellar. Their bodies are covered in red wine.

155	INT. STONE'S POINT WINE LAB - LATER	155
	The humans check the wine lab, nothing...	
156	INT. STONE'S POINT BATHROOM - LATER	156
	...the bathroom, nothing...	
157	INT. STONE'S POINT RECEPTION - LATER	157
	...and finally the reception area, all clear.	

Cutting through the quiet is a strange high pitch scratching sound coming from behind the reception desk.

The group apprehensively make their way towards the noise. Ed shakes as he aims his crossbow.

Suddenly, the noise stops, and so do Ed and Audrey, they halt inches from the desk. Elvis continues to investigate. He aims his crossbow, ready for anything.

A HIGH PITCHED SQUAWK *scares the hell* out of the group as a GIANT FRUIT BAT flutters out from underneath the desk.

The group breathe a sigh of relief, as the bat swoops towards the broken front door...

MATCH CUT TO:

158 INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT 158

A FRUIT BAT flies past FIFTY VAMPIRE BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN as they wait patiently for their train to arrive.

A muted TV displays a news report. A Vampire Anchorwoman reads her Teleprompter as a graphic to the side of her states: *China to Stop all Blood Exports.*

A long line has formed at the platform's Starbucks. The crowd's getting restless, they want their blood.

*BOOM...*the stand's shutter door slams shut. A sign taped to the front reads: *SOLD OUT - Come back tomorrow.*

The rowdy group, grown and hiss, banging the steel shutter as a train arrives.

159 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS OPERATING THEATER - LATER 159

Frankie enters the operating theater, his arm and shoulder bandaged.

A NURSE and Christopher walk past filling out a report.

In the center of the room Bromley lays on a gurney with his stomach firmly strapped up.

BROMLEY
Mr. Dalton, come in.

Frankie walks over.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
How's the shoulder?

FRANKIE
It's healing quickly. How about yourself sir?

BROMLEY
I'll survive son.
(changes the subject)
You know during the Civil War General Sherman said "*I am tired and sick of war, its glory is all moonshine... War is hell.*" Do you believe we're in hell?

FRANKIE
I believe we have to fight to preserve our way of life, sir.

BROMLEY
See, I don't believe we're in hell. Less than fifty humans have been captured in the last week. No, hell it seems, may still be coming.

Frankie is obviously worried by those facts.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
I hear you performed well son. I only wish your brother shared your loyalty.

FRANKIE
Yes sir.

BROMLEY
I need you to do something for me.

160 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS HOLDING CELL - LATER

160

Christopher leads Frankie into a holding cell.

The door slams shut as Christopher exits...Frankie is left alone.

A frightened Alison, huddles against the corner wall. Her pretty, human face trembles with fear.

Frankie's thirst overwhelms him, he can smell her blood.

Frankie approaches, he notices the tattoo of "*The Flower of Life*" on her arm.

ALISON
GET AWAY FROM ME!!!

He stops moving towards her.

Frankie just stares at Alison, he's mesmerized by her scent. Alison steps to her left hoping to run past Frankie. Frankie quickly shuffles over, matching her actions. Alison stops dead in her tracks.

FRANKIE
You don't need to be scared of me.

ALISON
Stay away.

Alison steps backwards, Frankie slowly follows her.

FRANKIE
I wont hurt you.

ALISON
Stay away!

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Is that what you want, to live in fear?

Alison doesn't respond.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I can help you. Make you one of us. FREE.

ALISON
No.

He corners her up against the back wall.

FRANKIE
You can live forever.

Alison charges for Frankie.

ALISON
Fuck you!!!

Alison digs her hand sharply into Frankie's wounded shoulder.

FRANKIE
Ahhhhhhh!!!

FRANKIE ROARS WITH THE VORACITY OF A THREE HUNDRED POUND LION.

HE LUNGES TOWARDS HER WITH SAVAGE SPEED.

He sinks his teeth into her delicate neck. She fights, it has little effect.

MATCH CUT TO:

161 INT. OLD KITCHEN - NIGHT 161

Frankie releases his grasp on Alison. Her limp body drops towards the linoleum floor.

Frankie stares at the girl, but something is different.

In place of Alison lays Ed. Blood trickles from two puncture wounds on Ed's neck as he convulses on the floor.

CUT TO:

162 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS HOLDING CELL - NIGHT 162

Alison convulses on the floor, she's going through the transformation.

Blood drips from Frankie's gums, the thrill of fresh human blood hits him like a heroin induced high.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. STONE'S POINT - DAY 163

Ed and Audrey stand in the middle of the driveway.

A euphoric warmth rushes through Ed's body as the sunlight washes over him. Every inch of his body tingles.

Audrey delicately takes Ed by the hand.

164 INT. STONE'S POINT BATHROOM - DAY 164

Ed wipes a clear streak across a steamy mirror, reflecting back at him is his astonished human face. He touches his beating heart.

Audrey walks by and stops at the bathroom doorway.

ED
I just can't believe it.

AUDREY
Welcome back.

Ed gently takes hold of her hand, pulling Audrey towards him.
He places her hand on his chest...she softly smiles.

ED
You know, I used to say I'd rather
die than end up a vampire.

AUDREY
So what happened?

ED
My brother turned...he then came
after me. Guess I was an easy
target. Someone who wouldn't fight
back.

AUDREY
Why wouldn't you fight back?

ED
I don't know.

AUDREY
I think most of us are too scared
of death to think of it as an
option. It's good to be afraid,
reminds us that we're human.

ED
Thanks for staying.

AUDREY
You're welcome.

Slowly...they kiss...

ANGLE ON - The mirror's reflection: *Ed and Audrey's kissing becomes more and more passionate...they rapidly undress one another...Audrey wraps her body around Ed...knocking the mirror off the wall...it shatters...*

ANGLE ON - The broken mirror pieces on the ground: *Ed and Audrey passionately make love in a cluttered bathroom. Ed's human senses, especially touch, are heightened and overwhelming.*

Their reflected image is scattered amongst various shards of shattered glass.

165 INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

165

THIRTY VAMPIRE BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN wait impatiently for their train to arrive.

A muted TV displays a news report. A disheveled Vampire Anchorwoman reads her Teleprompter as an image of Wes Turner appears. The graphic below states: *Senator Wes Turner Missing.*

A DOZEN VAMPIRE COMMUTERS including Senator Westlake (from the News Debate), wait to be served at the platform's Starbucks. The crowd's getting agitated.

The blood shortage has affected them all in varying ways...many look weathered, pale, and some are starting to show signs of slight bat deformities...elongated fingers and pointed ears are becoming common.

A flustered Westlake hands his cup back to the YOUNG ATTENDANT (18).

SENATOR WESTLAKE

This is not what I asked for.

ATTENDANT

Read the sign sir.

A sign at the back of the stand reads: *Reduced 5% Blood Quotient Per Cup - FDA Approved as of 15 April 2017.*

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

We're only permitted to serve 5% blood with every coffee.

SENATOR WESTLAKE

I don't care what the sign says you little cunt! Put some more fuckin' blood in my coffee...

The group gets rowdy.

Westlake grabs the Attendant and pulls him out from behind the counter. The Vampire Commuters storm the stand.

Coffee and blood spills everywhere as Business Men and Women fight to grab what ever blood they can.

THREE POLICE OFFICERS and TEN MILITARY PERSONNEL race towards the chaos. The police officers use their metal clamps to restrain commuters. The military personnel struggle to pull starving vampires apart.

166 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS CELLS - DAY 166

All the humans in the blood farm are gone. Bromley surveys from the observation window. Clearly, he's worried.

167 INT. BROMLEY'S ELEVATOR - NIGHT 167

The private elevator gently hums as it travels upward.

Bromley reads the paper. A headline states '*GLOBAL PLEA TO FIND SUBSTITUTE*'. Plastered across the page are images of RIOTING VAMPIRE PROTESTORS taking on a BATTLE READY ARMY.

BING...the elevator arrives at Bromley's office.

168 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 168

With his head buried in the paper, Bromley makes his way towards his desk.

A shadow passes behind him, Bromley quickly turns to face...

...Alison.

ALISON
Hello Daddy.

Her body looks frail, her hair thinning. Her deep set yellow eyes, bloodshot and glassy. Her ears bat-like, she's turning into a Subsider, fast.

BROMLEY
Ally?

Blood drips from her mouth and wrist. She moves towards her stunned father.

ALISON
Is this what you wanted?

She lumbers closer as her vicious, self inflicted wrist wounds, bleed profusely.

BROMLEY
Sweetheart no!

Alison drinks from her wounds.

Bromley moves towards his desk, pressing a hidden, silent alarm.

ALISON
Is this what you wanted?

She moves closer. Bromley steps backward, he's clearly horrified.

ALISON
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?

TWO SECURITY GUARDS storm in through the side door, they restrain her instantly, grabbing hold of her bloody arms.

ALISON
You couldn't do it yourself you fuckin' coward.

She fights them, but it has little effect.

The elevator door opens...Williams steps out as the troops drag Alison in.

Despairingly, she utters a final sentence.

ALISON
It's all your fault.

The elevator doors close.

Bromley's unsympathetic, cold-blooded exterior, is shattered. For a brief moment he almost seems human.

Williams capitalizes on Bromley's moment of weakness.

GENERAL WILLIAMS
How much longer can this go on?

Bromley stares at the pool of blood that trails towards the elevator.

A numbed Bromley turns to Williams.

GENERAL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
My troops are starving. They can't control their hunger, they're killing more humans than their bringing in. The Subsiders are everywhere. *The public's losing faith in us.*

BROMLEY
It's time we restored peace.

169 INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

169

The subway platform is deserted.

The monitors have been smashed.

The Starbucks blood stand has been boarded up.

The poster - *'I want you for the US Army'*, has been defaced.
A graffitied message across the poster reads: *END TIMES*.

Frankie, and a squad of TEN SOLDIERS, stand on the train tracks at the ready. The soldiers are dressed in full combat fatigues, equipped with the latest weaponry and "Bite Protective" clothing. Metal neck braces and wooden bullets have become standard issue.

Frankie's sharp fingernail penetrates the flesh of his pale white wrist. Blood oozes from the self-inflicted wound. His eyes are deep set, his brow more pronounced, he is more bat-like.

Frankie's pupils dilate as he tastes his own blood. His hand begins to spasm. His fingernails extend slightly as the skin around the puncture ages and shrivels.

A SMALL WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER has been placed in the center of the train tracks...the bait has been set.

A SUBSIDER charges down the train tunnel towards the dog.

CRUNCH...the creature's leg is encased in a bear-trap device hidden between the tracks. It roars in pain, the screams echoing through the subway. The dog races away.

The Subsider screams as the squad tries to clasp a heavy duty electric-choker around its neck.

Two of the soldiers are sliced in half as the creature lashes out in self-defense. Another soldier is quick to retaliate, but not with a weapon, WITH HIS TEETH, sinking them into the creature's deformed flesh.

Frankie quickly takes aim, firing his tranq gun twice. Both darts hit the beasts chest. The Subsider drops, hard.

170 INT. STONE'S POINT SHED - NIGHT

170

Elvis opens the wooden doors of the dusty shed. Ed and Audrey follow Elvis inside.

He wrenches the dust cover off his pride and joy...

ELVIS

A 1978 Pontiac Firebird. She's a real classic, did all the mods myself.

Elvis gently glides his hand over his baby's beautiful black body.

Audrey, and Elvis load crossbows, stakes, food and clothes into the trunk.

Ed notices the Firebird emblem on her hood. Below the emblem a piece of text reads:

ED

'From the ashes springs new life'.

The group climbs in the Firebird, Elvis jumps into the driver's seat, Audrey rides shotgun, and Ed slides into the back.

Elvis starts the engine...she purrs.

ELVIS

Five hours to the Senator's cabin...I can do it in three.

The Firebird blasts out of the garage, the screech of the vehicle's tires blends into...

171 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PARKING GARAGE - DAY

171

...the sound of rattling chains.

In an undercover parking garage, THIRTY MILITARY PERSONNEL aim their weapons at FIFTY SUBSIDERS, the creatures are locked together in a chain gang. They roar and lash out at the officers. Their attacks are held back with flaming torches.

The officers, including Williams, look famished, their eyes dark and deep set, more Subsider than "healthy" vampire. The atmosphere is more like that of an out of control football game than a military operation.

Frankie locks the last Subsider in place.

Without warning a Subsider lashes out at Frankie, ripping flesh from his shoulder. Frankie swiftly pounds the creature to the ground with the butt of his weapon.

Frankie notices something familiar, the "Flower of Life" tattoo on the creature's upper arm...it's Alison.

Frankie steps away. Officers force Alison back on her feet.

The chain gang is linked to a Military Hummer, that drags the Subsiders up the exit ramp towards daylight.

172 EXT. BROMLEY/MARKS PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 172

The hummer exits the garage.

A CROWD OF VAMPS watch from the shade of the walkways. Some cheer, but the silent majority look on in disgust.

The Subsiders scream as they hit the sunlight...**BOOM - BOOM - BOOM**

173 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 173

Frankie races towards the exit of the garage. He looks on as the Subsiders burst into flames.

174 EXT. BROMLEY/MARKS PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 174

Alison turns towards Frankie as she hits the sunlight.

BOOM -- She bursts into flames.

Alison's charred remains drift away.

What has Frankie done?

Empty chains rattle as they drag behind the Hummer. Troops cheer as the last of the Subsiders ignite.

The crowd of onlookers disperse, scurrying like rats back to the shade of the surrounding buildings.

175 EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY 175

A thick, lush forest completely surrounds a narrow dirt track.

Elvis' Firebird turns a corner, the dirt path just wide enough for the muscle car.

In the distance, towards the end of the path, a haze of black smoke drifts between the redwoods.

Elvis, Ed, and Audrey, instantly appear worried.

The smoke becomes thicker as the car approaches. The vehicle reaches a clearing in front of a large log cabin.

Pools of smoldering, ashed bodies, lay scattered across the tangled grass. This is the aftermath of a recent violent battle.

Alarmed, the group warily exit the Firebird, they carry crossbows, Elvis leads.

They cautiously approach the cabin. Elvis slowly opens the door.

176 INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

176

SHOCK!

Scattered across the cabin's oak floor are the mauled bloody bodies of the Stone's Point humans.

Many of their bodies have been drained of blood, sucked dry, to the bone. Terrified expressions frozen on their faces.

The site of her massacred friends is unbearable for Audrey, she quickly turns away. Ed grabs hold of her.

Elvis is shocked, speechless. The site is horrific, he stumbles, about to collapse. He braces himself against the door.

Ed holds Audrey tight, doing his best to keep it together. Then, as he peers around the room, he notices the decapitated head of Senator Turner.

177 EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

177

The surrounding beauty of the lush forest is a sharp contrast to the horror the group has just seen.

Ed, Elvis, and Audrey, gather around a large tree at the back of the cabin.

Audrey's a wreck.

Elvis leans against the tree, devastated.

Ed stares at the sun as it flickers through the swaying Redwood branches.

AUDREY
It's all gone...everything.

ELVIS
We can start again.

AUDREY
We can't keep running.

Ed turns towards the two of them.

ED
I know someone who can help.

178 EXT. BROMLEY MARKS ESTATE - NIGHT

178

Christopher's Cadillac cruises down the suburban street passing the "Bromley/Marks Estate" sign; this is the same neighborhood Ed once lived in.

Christopher stares out the window witnessing...

Overflowing trash cans littering the sidewalk.

FOUR VAMPIRE KIDS (10) smashing a parked car with their baseball bats.

A MALE VAMPIRE (45) sitting near the curb, gnawing on his bludgeoned VAMPIRE DOG.

Christopher turns into his driveway.

179 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

179

Christopher enters the darkened kitchen through the laundry. The design layout is exactly the same as Ed's home, with the only distinct difference being the appliances and cabinet finishings.

Christopher's on his cell phone.

CHRISTOPHER
...thank you, I know, I know. Well
I couldn't have done it without
you...

Christopher flicks on the light revealing...

...Ed, Audrey, and Elvis, fully armed, with crossbows at the ready.

Christopher LEAPS, if he had a pulse it would have skipped a dozen beats.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Stunned, Christopher realizes it's Ed...HE'S HUMAN.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I'll have to call you back.

Christopher slides his cell into his jacket pocket.

180 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

180

Ed, Elvis, and Audrey sit on a couch facing Christopher. The group has their weapons close by, just in case.

Christopher, still stunned, sits across from Ed.

CHRISTOPHER

You're really human.

ED

It sure seems that way.

CHRISTOPHER

This is unbelievable.

Christopher leans in towards Ed for a closer look at his human face.

Elvis is quick to aim his crossbow at the vampire.

Christopher stops moving, addressing Elvis.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, who are you?

ELVIS

We're the folks with the crossbows.

Elvis definitely intimidates Christopher.

ED

This is a dangerous time Chris, we have to be careful.

CHRISTOPHER

Ed it's me. After the six years
we've spent working together, you
know the sacrifices I've made.
I've been with you one hundred
percent of the way, always.

ED

I know.

Ed gestures to Elvis - *'lower the crossbow'*. Elvis slowly
does.

ED (CONT'D)

We have something now Chris,
something better than a blood
substitute...a cure. I can
replicate the procedure, but I need
your help.

Taken aback, Christopher does his best to absorb everything
Ed's saying.

ED (CONT'D)

This is a chance to change
everything. No more humans have to
die.

A barrage of thoughts race through Christopher's mind, he
wants to ask Ed a million questions, but decides to start
with one...

CHRISTOPHER

How did you do it?

Ed hesitates. Should he tell him?

RING...RING...the (land line) telephone breaks the tension.

Christopher ignores the phone, waiting for Ed's answer.

ELVIS

You going to answer it?

Christopher nods 'yes', the last thing he wants to do is piss
off Elvis. He picks up the cordless next to the couch.

CHRISTOPHER

Hello. No, yes...yes, I know.
Hold on.
(to Ed, Elvis and Audrey)
Ex-wife, it's messy, give me a
second.

Ed nods 'yes'.

Chris stands and heads for the kitchen.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
(addressing caller)
No, it's pretty simple...

Ed, Audrey and Elvis remain on the couch.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)
...what are you talking about, I
told you last week.

The humans wait patiently.

ELVIS
This is an ugly fuckin' house.

ED
It's not ugly it's...modern.

Audrey doesn't feel comfortable, something feels...off. She
stands, heading towards the kitchen.

ED
Where are you going?

AUDREY
Check on your friend.

181 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 181

Audrey walks into the kitchen cautiously looking for the
vampire...Christopher's gone, the kitchen's empty.

CLANK...she hears someone wondering around in the pitch black
laundry. Audrey makes her way over.

182 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 182

Christopher's jacket slowly slides off the couch, falling
onto the floor. A cell phone bounces out of the jacket
pocket sliding over to Ed.

The phone's glowing blue display catches Ed's eye - 'Work',
the phone is still on.

183 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 183

Suddenly, from out of the darkness of the laundry, THREE ARMY OFFICERS charge through the kitchen grabbing Audrey.

184 HUGE SHOCK!!! 184

The officers are covered from head to toe in sun protective gear.

Audrey screams as they drag her away. Four ADDITIONAL OFFICERS make their way towards the living room.

185 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 185

Ed and Elvis snap into action.

ED

Audrey!

The four officers stampede into the living room. They don't even have a chance to aim before Elvis ashes two of them with his crossbow.

The other two officers open fire. Their tranq darts shattering the glass shelves around the humans.

Elvis grabs a hold of a stunned Ed as glass showers down around them. He drags Ed towards the underground walkway door.

They reach the far wall of the living room, Elvis continues to fire his crossbow, just missing the advancing officers. Elvis opens the walkway door as Ed dodges tranq darts.

186 INT. UNDERGROUND WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS 186

The humans hurry in. Elvis slams the door shut.

ELVIS

MOVE!

Ed and Elvis race down the long, dimly lit, underground walkway.

The Army barge through the walkway door, they're not far behind.

Elvis and Ed turn left, then right, the walkways are a maze of many different tunnels, all of them similar looking.

They stop, hiding behind a large pipe.

Ed's devastated and not thinking rationally.

ED

Fuck, FUCK, we have to go back.

Elvis slams his hand over Ed's mouth.

ELVIS

We can't help her if they find us.

Ed nods, knowing full well Elvis is right.

The five troops dart past, none of them spotting Ed or Elvis. Seizing a brief opportunity, Ed and Elvis race into an adjoining tunnel.

Unaware to Ed and Elvis, an officer, in full sun protective gear, catches a glimpse of them as they scurry past.

Ed and Elvis take a left, then another, turning right into the path of...A BLOOD DEPRIVED VAMPIRE POSTMAN (55).

ED GASPS...before he can turn and run, the famished vamp leaps for him.

In one swift move, Elvis draws a large boot knife from a sheath attached to his right leg. He slices the vamp's head clean off.

Blood splatters across the side wall, over a poster that reads - "DAYTIME PROTECTION INSURANCE - Cover yourself against sun related tragedies".

The postman's decapitated body drops to the ground. Letters flutter out of his satchel as Ed takes a breath.

187 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATION'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 187

A blanket of dust wafts through the room.

Elvis' Firebird sits amongst an assortment of engines, tires, and daytime modification parts.

188 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATION'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 188

Ed and Elvis charge up the underground walkway into the partitioned office.

The pitch black room is illuminated by Elvis' small pocket flashlight.

Elvis hits the main switch, the garage lights up.

The office lights are the last to flicker on.

Completely unaware to Ed and Elvis, squatting in the back of the office, is a frighteningly blood deprived Subsider...

BIG SCARE MOMENT.

The lights in the office short out, the whole garage plunges into darkness.

Elvis moves towards the fuse box. He flicks the circuit back on...the Subsider's disappeared.

Elvis peeks out the window...

189 EXT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATION'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 189

Elvis' restoration garage sits comfortably amongst a slew of rundown and boarded up warehouses.

The streets are empty...they haven't been followed.

190 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATION'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 190

Ed takes a seat next to the Firebird.

He's lost Audrey, his friend's betrayed him...things are looking grim.

Ed heaves his crossbow at an assortment of paint tins in the corner of the room. White and red paint splatter everywhere.

ED

Fuck!

Placing his hands over his face, Ed takes a deep breath, doing his best to calm himself.

He leans back in the chair, hanging from the ceiling above him is a Subsider.

BIG...BIG...SCARE MOMENT.

Ed leaps as the creature flips to the ground.

He stumbles backwards, the creature roars. Before the blood deprived beast can take another step - *BOOM*, it ignites into a fiery pulp.

Ed spins towards the sound of a discharged crossbow, a soldier, in full sun protective gear, stands behind him.

The soldier takes off his mask, its...

ED
Frankie!

FRANKIE
I can't believe it.

Ed moves towards his brother. He stares at Frankie's emaciated face.

Frankie steps backward, retreating from Ed.

FRANKIE
Don't come any closer.

Ed stops.

ED
I have a cure. I can help you.

Frankie squints as he peers at a flickering fluorescent light.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
The light in here hurts my eyes,
everything hurts.

Elvis enters the room unnoticed. He quietly creeps towards Frankie.

ED
I can change you back Frankie.

FRANKIE
No...no...I have to get you out of
here. They're looking for you.

ED
I can't leave without Audrey.

FRANKIE
The girl. You'll never get to her,
it's too late

ED
It's not.

FRANKIE
We got to go, I can get you out of
the city.

ED
No, I have to help her.

FRANKIE
I can't let you do that.

Frankie draws his tranquilizer gun and points it at Ed.

ED (CONT'D)
What, are you going to shoot me?

FRANKIE
If I have to.
(sympathetically)
I'm trying to help you.

ED
I can't leave without her.

Elvis continues to silently move towards Frankie. He finds a
weapon, a rusted metal pipe.

FRANKIE
You know why I turned you Ed? You
kept saying you'd rather die than
become...like me. I turned you
because it was the only way I could
stop you from getting killed. I
want to help you.

ED
You want to help me, then put down
the gun and let me do what I need
to do.

Frankie targets his weapon.

FRANKIE
Please Ed, don't make me...

Elvis leaps out from behind Frankie, using the pipe to knock
the gun out of Frankie's hand.

Frankie reacts quickly, grabbing hold of Elvis. *With inhuman
speed Frankie chomps down on Elvis' jugular.*

Ed races for his crossbow. Still loaded, Ed grabs the weapon...

...he spins towards his brother, ready to fire.

Frankie drops Elvis and races out of the room. Ed quickly rushes towards his wounded friend.

ELVIS
Go, get him!

Elvis pushes Ed away as he clutches his bleeding neck.

191 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATION'S BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 191

Ed races into the gloomy back room. A nesting ground for used car parts and rusted tools.

Holding his crossbow tight, Ed moves between the overloaded shelves.

Carefully, Ed makes his way towards the back of the room. He notices a figure, shaking in the darkness, it's Frankie.

Ed steps forward, with every step he gets a better look at Frankie's face.

Ed's now a few feet away. Frankie makes no attempt to fight, or run, he shakes uncontrollably.

Ed aims his crossbow as he gets a good look at his brother...*something is very different.*

192 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

192

The room slowly shifts into focus as Audrey opens her weary eyes. She's laying on a couch, blood drips from the corner of her mouth.

Bromley moves into her line of sight. He's holding a wine glass half filled with red.

BROMLEY
I have to admit I'm amazed. I always knew Edward was a bright young man, but a cure, this is truly incredible. You can walk out of here, you have my word, just tell me how he did it.

Audrey attempts to talk, she gathers her strength. Bromley leans in to hear every word. Audrey manages to whisper...

AUDREY

No.

She spits blood into his face.

Bromley repels, he didn't see that coming.

We get a good look at Audrey's body. Blood drips from two wrist wounds all over the spotless white couch.

Furious, Bromley towers over her, grabbing hold of Audrey's wrist wounds.

SHE SCREAMS.

GENERAL WILLIAMS (O.S.)

No sign of them yet.

Williams stands near the elevator. Bromley lets go of Audrey's wrists as he turns toward the General.

BROMLEY

Then why are you here?

GENERAL WILLIAMS

My men are having trouble
patrolling effectively, we don't
want a repeat of what happened with
the Senator. *They need blood!*

Williams eyes Audrey's bleeding wrists. He seems disinterested in her condition, his focus is on the blood dripping over the couch. He needs to feed, *badly*.

BROMLEY

You will have all the blood you've
ever desired, once you capture
Edward Dalton.

Williams is ready to explode, he loathes Bromley, it's written so clearly over every inch of his blood deprived face...however, he chooses to say nothing, and exits the room.

193 EXT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

193

Elvis' Firebird roars towards the massive concrete structure.

194 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 194

Thousands of particles of glass explode across the lobby's marble floor as the Firebird careens through the front window.

TWO GUARDS leap to attention, quickly drawing their weapons. The vehicle skids to a halt inches from the security desk. Before the black smoke of the Firebird's melted rear tires can dissipate, Ed climbs out.

Dumbfounded, the guards point their weapons at him.

195 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 195

From the fish eye view of a security monitor, Bromley watches the event in the lobby unfold. Ed's human face fills the pixilated monitor frame.

Ed's looking at the security camera lens as if he's staring directly at Bromley.

ED
(on monitor)
We need to talk.

196 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS OFFICE - LATER 196

Ed is cable tied to a chair by a security guard, his wrists and ankles secured firmly. Ed's focus is elsewhere...

...towards Audrey...she's barely conscious. Her limp body drapes across a chair, blood dripping from her wrists.

ED
Audrey.

The guard leaves as Bromley smugly approaches Ed.

BROMLEY
You got a tan Edward. It suits you.

Ed, fuming, eyes Bromley.

ED
I want to make a deal.

BROMLEY
You have my complete attention.

Bromley responds with the apathy of a seasoned politician.

ED
Let us leave and I'll tell you how
to recreate a cure.

Bromley moves away from Ed...towards a bleeding Audrey.

BROMLEY
She must be very special to you.

Bromley strides towards a safe near the far wall.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
I won't deny that things have
gotten progressively worse during
your absence. Our blood supplies
are...well...gone, and I too was
feeling the effects of the
depravation.

Bromley punches in a code on the safe's keypad. It opens.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
But as of yesterday that's all a
thing of the past. Somehow I
always believed it would be you who
would discover a stable substitute,
not Christopher. Guess I was
wrong.

He holds up a small vial filled with dark red blood.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
We're going into mass production in
two days. It's never been about a
cure. It's about repeat business.

Bromley picks up his letter opener and an empty wine glass.

Slowly walking around Ed, Bromley places the wine glass on
the floor, just under the human's palms.

ED
If you don't allow us to leave, the
cure will be made public.

BROMLEY
Be my guest; we need to repopulate
this facility's human supply as
soon as possible.

ED
People want to change back.

BROMLEY
People want to live forever. In
fact, how do we know you're even
human? Lets find out.

Bromley slices Ed's wrist with his letter opener. Blood drips
into the wine glass.

Bromley picks up the wine glass by the stem. He swirls the
blood like a fine wine, observing its body. He then takes in
the aroma.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
I can smell your fear, a very human
weakness.

Bromley toasts.

BROMLEY (CONT'D)
To a long life.

197 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATIONS / OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 197

A cloth prevents Elvis' wound from bleeding, he presses hard.
Weak, he lays on a ratty sofa, regaining his strength.

The room is almost pitch black, there's not enough light to
get a good look at Elvis' face.

A figure enters the room. Elvis hears the person enter.
Oddly, he makes no attempt to move, no attempt to arm
himself.

The figure moves closer, just stopping short of Elvis. From
behind we can see the person's shaved head and military
fatigues.

198 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 198

Bromley stops drinking, he places the empty wine glass on his
desk.

Blood drips from Ed's wrist wound on to the floor.

Bromley savors the taste of fresh human blood.

AS IF STRUCK BY 30000 AMPS, Bromley jolts unexpectedly. Searing pain surges through every part of his body. He shivers, cold chills stream through his veins.

ELVIS (V.O.)
Vamps think they own this world,
they think that humans have to hide
from it...

Ed slams his hands against the back of the chair, cracking the wood frame. He won't be restrained for long.

Bromley, letting out an inhuman scream, topples to the floor.

199 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATIONS / OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 199

Elvis, still resting on the sofa, speaks as the military officer listens.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Truth is, every day the sun comes
out, and every day vamps have to
hide.

200 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 200

Bromley cowers on the floor, his trembling body crippled by intense pain.

ELVIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Vampires can never survive. That's
the truth.

With all his might, Ed breaks the chair's wood backing, his hands are free.

BROMLEY
Your blood...what have you done to
me?

Bromley's blue eyes meet Ed's.

ED
Treated vampire blood...it's a
cure.

As a result of drinking Ed's blood, BROMLEY IS A HUMAN.

ELVIS (V.O.)
Elvis Presley once said...

201 INT. CORMAC CUSTOM RESTORATIONS - CONTINUOUS 201

Elvis sits up; we can now see his face - HE'S STILL HUMAN.

ELVIS
*'Truth is like the sun...you can
shut it out for a time, but it
ain't goin' away'.*

We see the military figure's face for the first time...it's Frankie, his blue eyes staring directly at Elvis. - HE'S HUMAN.

202 INT. BROMLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 202

Weak, and still shaking, Ed straps Bromley to a chair. A phone cord, a belt, and computer cable hold him in place. Ed uses Bromley's silk tie to gag the newly transformed human.

Ed races over to Audrey, she's anemic, but all right.

CUT TO:

Ed breaks off a chair leg, now he has a stake.

Alarm bells sound as Ed randomly presses numbers on the safe's keypad.

203 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 203

Five Military Jeeps, and six Assault Vehicles, race through the parking structure towards the lower level elevators.

One after another they screech to a stop.

FORTY OFFICERS rapidly disperse from the vehicles, Williams leading them.

The troop's precision has clearly diminished. Starving, they're a heavily armed group on the verge of chaos.

BING...the elevator light glows.

Silence.

The door opens revealing a human Bromley. Gagged, it's impossible for Bromley to scream, but he's clearly trying to.

Williams approaches the terrified human, the scent of fresh blood almost knocking him over. He can't believe Bromley's human.

Williams leaps for Bromley, ripping him to pieces instantly. Ten troops race in after Williams, they feast on Bromley's dismembered remains.

Blood sprays across the elevator's stainless steel walls as the doors close.

204 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 204

Ed supports a wounded Audrey as they hurry down the dimly lit stairwell. They miss every second step as they rapidly pick up speed.

LEVEL 5 - LEVEL 4.

LEVEL 3 - Ed and Audrey motor.

LEVEL 2 - LEVEL 1 - Ed crashes his shoulder against the LOBBY EXIT DOOR.

205 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 205

Ed and Audrey bolt into the lobby, slamming the stairwell door behind them.

SHOCK...TWO HUNDRED STARVING VAMPIRE TROOPS surround all the lobby exits.

There's no way out.

Every single vampire turns to face Ed and Audrey.

ED

Oh shit!

Ed desperately tries to open the stairwell door, it's locked.

The vampire troops move toward the two humans. They're trapped.

BANG...a massive chandelier explodes off its housing and topples towards the unforgiving lobby floor. Sparks and glass erupt as the starving troops take cover.

Frankie has entered the lobby, a smoking shotgun in hand. He steps through the smashed front window.

The troops turn their attention toward him. Many recognize Frankie, they can't believe he's human.

Audrey leans her wounded body against the wall as Ed slowly steps towards his brother.

Frankie looks at the starving troops.

FRANKIE

You have a choice. Don't do this.
It's not too late for all of you.

The Vampire Army grin and lick their lips as they charge for Frankie.

Ten of the ferocious troops tackle Frankie to the ground, the human makes an attempt to fight them off but it has little affect.

Ed sinks. The shock of what he's just seen is too incomprehensible to accept.

The side security door, near the stairwell exit, swings open. THREE VAMPIRE SECURITY GUARDS latch onto Audrey, wrenching her towards the security door.

AUDREY SCREAMS.

Ed spins towards her, the security door is inches away from closing behind the guards. Ed leaps into action jamming his stake between the door and its frame.

206 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 206

Ed rips the door open, SECURITY OFFICER (#1) attempts to stop him from entering. Ed instantly stakes the vampire. He bursts into glowing hot ambers that scatter all over Ed as he charges into the room.

The blue ambience of a monitor wall lights the room.

VAMPIRE SECURITY OFFICER (#2) b-lines towards the human, Ed's ready for him, he grips his stake tight.

The other VAMPIRE SECURITY OFFICER drags a fighting Audrey on to the far table. She's strong, but the officer's stronger. He slams Audrey onto the table pinning her down.

207 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 207

The vampires devour Frankie, biting his neck, his legs, his arms. The wounds are fatal.

Frankie exhales his last breath.

208 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 208

Ed gasps as blazing ambers dance around him like fire flies. He's staked another security guard, the concussion of the exploding vamp knocks Ed backward.

209 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 209

The vampires feeding from Frankie have turned HUMAN. Their shaking, disoriented bodies tremble.

The vampire army charge towards their TRANSFORMED COMRADES...the slaughter has begun. The lobby's marble floor is littered with pools of blood as the Army furiously feed.

Like a ripple at the edge of a pond, vampires turn into humans as they eat the newly transformed. The violent ripple expands outward, exponentially increasing.

210 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 210

The vampire security guard lunges for Audrey. She desperately holds him off. He's inches from her throat.

Audrey needs a weapon, fast... she looks left, then right, she's found it, a ballpoint.

With all her might Audrey grabs the pen and heaves it into the vamp's throat. Blood streams out of the guard's jugular. He screams in pain, but only for a few seconds. The blood thirsty vamp's met by the pointy end of Ed's stake.

BOOM.

Before the debris of the fiery vamp has a chance to disperse, Ed's by Audrey's side.

211 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 211

Thought and reason don't apply as the ravenous Vampires slaughter the NEWLY TRANSFORMED HUMANS. They in turn are changed into humans.

Instead of facing their attackers, several HUMAN OFFICERS choose suicide, detonating grenades in their hands or shooting themselves in the head.

212 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 212

Ed gently helps Audrey find her footing. She climbs off the table embracing Ed tightly. He holds her close, not wanting to let go.

Ed turns his attention to the wall of monitors, they display the aftermath of a bloody battle.

CUT TO:

213 INT. BROMLEY/MARKS PHARMACEUTICALS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 213

Ed and Audrey enter the room through the security door.

They slowly walk through the blood soaked lobby, towards Frankie's body. The surviving vampires, now human, tremble as they watch Ed and Audrey walk past them. They are beaten, helpless.

Standing in complete shock, amongst the remains of his slaughtered army, is a human General Williams.

Ed kneels by his brother's body, overwhelmed with sorrow.

Audrey joins Ed. She kneels down next to him - revealing...

...Christopher.

He stands behind the couple targeting one of the dead soldier's guns directly at them.

The hammer clicks back, Ed and Audrey turn to look. Christopher starts to squeeze the trigger when...

BOOM, a crossbow arrow rips through his chest. He explodes into a million fiery pieces. His expensive suit ablaze as it twists in the air.

Ed and Audrey spin towards the lobby's smashed front window.

It's Elvis. The sun creeps in behind him as he lowers his crossbow.

Ed and Audrey breathe a sigh of relief.

214 EXT. SKY / MAIN STREET - PREDAWN 214

A SINGLE VAMPIRE BAT swoops past a cloudless predawn sky.

The sun slowly rises.

BOOM - the vampire bat bursts into flames. It tumbles like a falling meteorite towards the city's empty Main Street.

Elvis' Firebird races past, scattering the flaming bat's ashes in its wake. The vehicle races down the Main Street towards a rising red sun.

CUT TO BLACK:

DUNE

SEVENTH DRAFT

DAVID LYNCH
December 9, 1983

--

1. ARRAKIS - A SCENE FROM SPACE

Also known as DUNE, home of the Fremmen, former
Zenzunni wanderers.

1A. INT. ROCK LEDGE - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

BLACK

FADE IN to the dark eyes of the mysterious face of
the REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO, who sits against smooth
black rock. Her eyes are deep blue-within-blue and
her skin is a haunting translucent white. Her voice
ECHOES as if in a great cavern.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO
We are the secret of the Universe.

RESPONSE OF TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES
Bi-la kaifa.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO
We are the secret of the Universe. We know
of spice...the spice called melange...the
greatest treasure in the Universe. It
exists on only one planet - ours Arrakis,
Dune. We know of spice and the Bene
Gesserit sisterhood's selective breeding
plan of ninety generations to produce the
Kwisatz Haderach, the one the spice will
awaken.

RESPONSE OF TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES
Bi-la kaifa.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO
And now the prophecy...

Silence...then a powerful low organ NOTE resounding
in the cavernous space.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO (CONT'D)
He will come...the voice from the outer
world, bringing the holy war, the Jihad,
which will cleanse the Universe and bring
us out of darkness. He will have been born
of a Bene Gesserit mother.

--

The Reverend Mother continues speaking of the
Prophecy, but we do not hear it. The huge wind organ
BLOWS louder and louder, obscuring her voice.

The picture FADES.

1B. KAITAIN - A SCENE FROM SPACE

Home planet of House Corrino and Shadam IV, Emperor of the known universe.

2. INT. DROP - NIGHT

FADE IN to:

...interior of one drop of water. The image changes subtly.

2A. EXT. - DROP - NIGHT

PULL BACK to a shot revealing the outside of the drop. There is a distant ROARING and within the drop we can see the distorted image of a space ship landing on a sophisticated landing field.

3. (Deleted)

3A. EXT. LANDING FIELD - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

On the dark landing field, chemicals spill out of the ship in troughs and tank-suited Guildsmen begin to swarm out of a hatch opening.

4. through 6. (Deleted)

7. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

The EMPEROR is surrounded by crowds of COURTIERS in his Throne Room.

Suddenly a GUARD enters from a small door and quickly crosses to ANOTHER GUARD. A warning SOUND begins. The Emperor turns nervously. Guards quickly begin to clear the large room. Several women are rushed toward us to a door beyond. One of the woman, IRULAN, stops and turns back for a worried, caring look to her father, the Emperor.

IRULAN

Father.

--

EMPEROR

Irulan.

She sees that SARDAUKAR OFFICERS are surrounding him now, speaking to him. Irulan turns and leaves. The Emperor moves away from his officers to the center of the now-empty room. He drops his golden robe from his shoulders. He stands in his elegant black uniform, thinking.

The Reverend Mother is ushered in and the Sardaukar Officers leave her alone with the Emperor.

EMPEROR
(quickly)
A Third Stage Guild Navigator will be here within minutes!

REVEREND MOTHER
We felt his presence.

EMPEROR
I shall want telepathy during his visit and a report when we're finished.

REVEREND MOTHER
Their minds are so.... They move in strange directions....

EMPEROR
Yes?

REVEREND MOTHER
Forced spice evolution of humans changes many things.... I must sit close to him.

EMPEROR
He will not permit anyone but me to see him. You must be outside this room.... Do what you can.

REVEREND MOTHER
I am your Truthsayer, my lord...
(sensing something outside the room)
He is here, my lord.

Under the carved inscription "Law is the Ultimate Science", the doors to the Emperor's chambers slide open and FIFTY GUILDSMEN wheel in a forty-foot long giant black box. One of the Guildsmen addresses the Emperor through a translating device.

TANKED GUILDSMEN #1
The Bene Gesserit witch must leave.

--

The Emperor looks to the Reverend Mother.

EMPEROR
Leave us.

REVEREND MOTHER
Yes, my Lord.

EMPEROR
(after she has gone)
We are alone...

8. INT. HALLWAY - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

The Reverend Mother enters through doors and takes a seat on a chair just outside the door. She closes her eyes.

9. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

Inside the Emperor's chamber, the TANK-SUITED GUILDSMEN are arranging themselves in a "V" formation around the box. Suddenly the box opens, slowly and beautifully revealing a huge, thick glass tank. Inside the tank floats a THIRD STAGE NAVIGATOR twenty feet long, much like a cross between a pasty, pale human being and a fleshy grasshopper.

The tank is filled with swirling orange spice-gas, and Guildsmen continuously vacuum up the toxic chemical spills dripping from under the tank. Suddenly the Guild Navigator swims towards the Emperor. His head is enormous and fleshy, like a huge grasshopper head -- the eyes are totally deep blue. His voice is a high, fleshy whispering and an intricate electrical apparatus in the front of the tank translates into English and broadcasts it into the room.

NAVIGATOR

We have just folded space from Ix...

EMPEROR

(extremely nervous)

Yes?... How was your journey?

NAVIGATOR

(after a long pause)

Many machines on Ix... new machines.

EMPEROR

Oh yes?

--

NAVIGATOR

Better than those on Richesse.. You are transparent... I see many things... I see plans within plans.

EMPEROR

Is there a problem?... Usually there is a problem when one of you makes a visit.

No answer.

NAVIGATOR

(finally)

The answer is within the problem...

10. INT. HALLWAY - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

Outside the Emperor's chamber the Reverend Mother

sits, her eyes closed, straining.

11. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - REVEREND
MOTHER'S MENTAL IMAGE - NIGHT

A very blurred scene of the Emperor with the Guild Navigator. She is not getting the English version but a much different language version which is fascinating to listen to. A lilting, sing-song monologue.

12. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

NAVIGATOR

I see two Great Houses -- House Atreides,
House Harkonnen -- feuding... I see you
behind it.

EMPEROR

Yes.

The Navigator breathes the spice-gas heavily and
swishes gently in his tank.

NAVIGATOR

You must share with us.

--

EMPEROR

The Atreides house is building a secret
army!... using a technique unknown to
us... a technique involving sound. The
Duke is becoming more popular in the
Landsraad... he could threaten me.... I
have ordered House Atreides to occupy
Arrakis to mine the spice... thus
replacing their enemies the Harkonnens....
House Atreides will not refuse because of
the tremendous power they think they will
gain. Then, at an appointed time Baron
Harkonnen will return to Arrakis and
launch a sneak attack on House Atreides...
I have promised the Baron five legions of
my Sardaukar terror troops.

NAVIGATOR

So the Harkonnens will rid you of House
Atreides...

EMPEROR

Yes.

13. INT. HALLWAY - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

Outside, the Reverend Mother is seeing the scene
mentally. She suddenly sees and flinches.

14. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - REVEREND
MOTHER'S MENTAL IMAGE - NIGHT

The Guild Navigator turns toward her and comes very close to her. We hear the Navigator speak to her.

NAVIGATOR
(to Reverend Mother, mentally)
Reverend Mother... I will give you the
Tleilaxu Path.

REVEREND MOTHER (V.O.)
(an excited whisper)
A chance for escape? But for whom?

15. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

EMPEROR
Can you hear me?... If this visit has
anything to do with spice...

--

The Guild Navigator shudders and swishes quite violently in his tank.

NAVIGATOR
LISTEN TO ME!! The spice must flow... the
spice has given me accelerated evolution
for four thousand years... it has enabled
you to live two hundred years... the spice
helps make the sapho juice, which gives
the red-lipped mentats the ability to be
living computers... the secret side of
spice... the water of life.

16. INT. HALLWAY - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

REVEREND MOTHER (V.O.)
He shouldn't speak of this...

15. BACK TO SCENE

NAVIGATOR
...gives the Bene Gesserit sisterhood the
metaphysical ability to see beyond...to
have superior powers... Our power to fold
space is in the spice... Without us, your
empire would be lost on isolated scattered
planets... You would be lost.

EMPEROR
I can assure you...

NAVIGATOR
Do not interrupt!!! Do not speak lightly
of the spice... ONE SMALL POINT...

16. BACK TO SCENE

REVEREND MOTHER (V.O.)
Here it comes...

17. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

NAVIGATOR

We ourselves... foresee a slight problem
within House Atreides.... Paul.... Paul
Atreides.

EMPEROR

You mean, of course, Duke Leto Atreides...
his father.

--

Page missing

--

24. EXT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

High on the rock cliff stands Castle Caladan, Its
appearance us dark and medieval. There is a window
on the seaward wall lit from within...

25. INT. TRAINING ROOM - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

...by a drifting glowglobe. Paul sits at an L-shaped
table studying filmbooks and maps of Arrakis and the
Universe.

25A. INSERT - FILMBOOK

We SEE vast star fields and galaxies.

25. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL

(whispering)

Here we are now... nineteen light years
beyond...

25A. INSERT - FILMBOOK

We SEE the galaxies move as we HEAR a HUM.

PAUL (V.O.)

(whispering)

... beyond Epsilon Alangue... is Arrakis.

We HOLD on this, then we see Arrakis grow larger in
the filmbook screen and we SEE it is a planet of
vast deserts.

25. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL

(whispering again)

It does look dry....

25A. INSERT - FILMBOOK

The picture grows larger again, and we see the

Arrakeen Valley.

--

FILMBOOK (V.O.)

Each day the palms along the outer wall of the Palace at Arrakeen consume enough water to sustain the lives of one hundred men. The palms were placed by the Harkonnens to flaunt their water wealth in front of the city Fremmen.

25. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL

Where are the Harkonnens from here?

25A. INSERT - FILMBOOK

The star fields and galaxies move slightly then.

PAUL (V.O.)

(whispering)

There!... Geidi Prime and the Baron Harkonnen... the enemy.

25. BACK TO SCENE

In the background, FOOTSTEPS grow louder, pounding on thick wooden floors. THUFIR HAWAT, GURNEY HALLECK and DR. YUEH enter. Paul has his back to the door. Thufir suddenly looks perturbed when he notices this.

PAUL

(without turning)

I know, Thufir, I'm sitting with my back to the door.

Hawat suppresses a smile.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I heard you, Dr. Yueh and Gurney coming down the hall.

THUFIR

Those sounds could be imitated.

PAUL

I'd know the difference.

Paul rises and turns to face them.

--

THUFIR

(inner voice)

Yes. Perhaps he would at that.

PAUL

My father sent you to test me. Music then?

Thufir scowls.

GURNEY

No music. I'm packing this for the crossing. Shield practice.

PAUL

Shield practice? Gurney... we had practice -- this morning..... I'm not in the mood.

GURNEY

(angered)

Not in the mood?! Mood's a thing for cattle and love play... not fighting.

PAUL

I'm sorry Gurney.

GURNEY

Not sorry enough.

Gurney draws his knife.

25B. SHIELD EFFECT - THE FIGHT

Gurney activates his body shield, sending a shimmering FORCE FIELD around his body. He advances swiftly toward Paul. Paul snaps on his FORCE FIELD, draws his knife and jumps back, collecting himself hurriedly for the fight.

GURNEY

(his voice sounding strange through the forcefield)

Guard yourself for true!

Gurney leaps high, then forward, pressing a furious attack. Paul falls back. The shield edges CRACK loudly as they touch each other.

PAUL

(inner voice)

What's gotten into Gurney? He's not faking.

Paul presses forward and the fight moves quickly around the room. The smell of ozone grows stronger as the shields hit and SPARK off one another. Paul directs a parry downwards, turns, and leads Gurney against the table, plunging at just the right moment to pin Gurney against the table top with his blade right at Gurney's neck.

PAUL

(strange shielded voice)

Is this what you seek?

GURNEY

(strange shielded voice)

Good... the slow blade penetrates the shield... but look down.

Paul looks and sees Gurney's blade at his groin.

GURNEY (CONT'D)
We'd have joined each other in death.
However, you did seem to finally get the "mood".

PAUL
Would you really have drawn my blood?

GURNEY
If you'd fought one whit below your abilities I'd have scratched you a good one.

Paul stands and snaps off his shield as does Gurney.

25. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL
Things have been so serious here lately.

GURNEY
Yes. I sensed the play in you lad, but this can no longer be play. Tomorrow we leave for Arrakis! Arrakis is real. The Harkonnens are real.

Thufir, Yueh, Gurney and Paul stare at each other for a moment in silence. Dr. Yueh moves forward and begins to take Paul's pulse rate and to collect other data with a small black machine.

PAUL
Dr. Yueh, do you have any information on the worms of Arrakis?

--

DR. YUEH
I have obtained a filmbook on a small specimen... only 125 meters long.

PAUL
Only?!

They smile at each other.

DR. YUEH
There are have been documented sightings of worms as large as 450 meters in the deep desert -- far from where we'll be in Arakeen.... The desert belt and the south polar regions are marked forbidden.... Why?

PAUL

The storms and the worms. Is it true, that
the sand can blow at seven hundred
kilometers per hour?

YUEH

It can render flesh to dust in minutes.
And these dry winds can generate
tremendous static electricity in the
atmosphere. Our body shields won't have
enough power to operate in the open air on
Arrakis.

PAUL

Well, how do the Fremmen survive there?

YUEH

We don't know much about the Fremmen...
They live in the deep desert... some of
them in the cities and they have blue-
within-blue eyes...

PAUL

(smiling)

The eyes -- yes, yes... saturation of the
blood by the spice -- melange. Could the
spice affect us in other ways?

THUFIR

Many dangers exist on Arrakis. For one, we
know the Harkonnens would not have given
up their CHOAM company contract so easily.

PAUL

(rising)

The Harkonnens are our enemies, yes... but
behind them, I suspect, is the Emperor.

--

THUFIR

You will make a formidable Duke!

Paul bows.

THUFIR (CONT'D)

Now remember... the first step in avoiding
a trap is knowing of its existence.

PAUL

I know. But if it is a trap then why are
we going?

THUFIR

We have our new army.

(in the same breath)

Dr. Yueh, put the weirding module on him.

Thufir, noticing a SQUAD OF GUARDS at the other end
of the training room, calls out to them.

THUFIR (CONT'D)
Clear and lock the room.

Gurney activates a series of locks. LIGHTS GLOWS
above each doorway.

THUFIR (CONT'D)
Activate a fighter.

25C. ROBOT FIGHT

Suddenly a FIGHTER ROBOT lowers from the ceiling.
As the robot begins to rotate and go through several
frightening, complicated movements, Dr. Yueh places
a plastic device around Paul's neck. He tightens it
around the Adam's apple above Paul's voice box.
Paul turns and emits a very strange, powerful sound
through the weirding module as he rushes towards the
robot.

GURNEY
(to Yueh)
Precise control....

26. INT. HALLWAY - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

The hallway is empty in the foreground but in the
distance a changing of the guard is seen.

--

26A. through 26B. (Deleted)

27. INT. HALLWAY - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Paul walks down the stairway. In the distance,
moving troops are packing Atreides belongings.
Beyond, Paul sees some troops carrying a large
bull's head. The horns are covered with dried
blood.

PAUL
The bull that killed my grandfather... is
this an evil omen?

Suddenly, DUNCAN IDAHO appears from behind the giant
black head.

PAUL
(happily)
Duncan!

DUNCAN
Paul.
(they shake hands)
I was on my way to say goodbye to you. I
have to go on ahead.

PAUL
Why? I wish you were coming with us.

DUNCAN
It's something for your father. He wants
to talk to you.

(places hand on Paul's chest)
I'll see you in Arrakis. May the hand of
God be with you.

PAUL
May the hand of God be with us all,
Duncan.

28. EXT. CLIFF WALL - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Paul walks to meet his father near the wall.

PAUL
(diffident)
Father.

DUKE LETO
Thank you for joining me, Paul.
(voice tired)
It will be good to get to our new home and
have all this upset behind us.

--

28A. (Deleted)

28B. DUKE LETO AND PAUL AGAINST SEA

They look out over the sea. A huge wave crashes
below.

The Duke turns to Paul.

DUKE LETO (CONT'D)
(inner voice)
My son.
(out loud)
Thufir Hawat has served House Atreides
three generations.... He swears you are
the finest student he's ever taught.
Yueh, Gurney and Duncan say the same....
It makes me feel very proud...

PAUL
I want you to be proud of me.

Paul smiles up at his father. The WIND blows the
Duke's hair and behind him stands the castle and the
green and black Atreides banner against the night
sky beyond. The RAIN starts again -- lightly. Paul
takes a closer look at the Atreides banner moving in
the wind.

DUKE LETO
(studying the dark sea below)
I'll miss the sea... but a person needs

new experiences... they jar something deep inside, allowing him to grow. Without change, something sleeps inside us... and seldom awakens... The sleeper must awaken.

Paul's attention goes to his father's hand where he sees the Duke's signet ring. Again he smiles at his father.

FADE TO:

29. through 29A. (Deleted)

30. INT. PAUL'S ROOM - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Paul is sweating during his sleep and WHISPERS as if struggling with some disturbing thought.

--

PAUL
Arrakis... Dune... Desert
Planet...Arrakis... Desert Planet...
moving... moving.

31. DARK WATER - MENTAL IMAGE

We see Paul's dream. It is very dark.

PAUL (V.O.)
Arrakis... Dune... Desert Planet.

Suddenly a drop falls into the black, and white hot widening rings appear on the dark water's surface.

Darkness again. Two moons rise in the darkness. As the second appears:

VOICE
The second moon, your moon...

31A. INT. RESERVOIR - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Dark again. A figure turns toward Paul. It is a BEAUTIFUL GIRL in deep shadow. She speaks.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Tell me of your homeworld, Usul.

32. INT. PAUL'S ROOM - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

CU Paul's face in fitful sleep.

33. EXT. COURTYARD - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

In a small stone courtyard, the back-lit figure of a woman moves towards us through the heavy RAIN and darkness. As she nears us, the large, protective glowglobe overtakes her and in an instant we see a beautiful woman -- JESSICA.

JESSICA

(inner voice)

I know she has come to test him... no man
has ever been tested with the box... only
Bene Gesserit women. I may lose my son.

The doors open, she meets the Reverend Mother Gaius
Helen Mohiam (the Emperor's truthsayer) and takes
her back toward the Castle. The rain rushes loudly
into the storm drains.

--

34. INT. PAUL'S ROOM - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

PAUL

(whispering again)

Arrakis... Dune... Desert planet...
moving... moving.

CU Paul's face.

Paul's eyes snap open. He hears footsteps outside
his door. As the door opens he closes his eyes,
however, and he pretends to be asleep. Jessica and
the Reverend Mother enter and stand in the doorway
looking at him.

REVEREND MOTHER

We'll salvage what we can... but I can
tell you.. dear God... for the father...
nothing.

Jessica turns to the Reverend Mother, stunned! She
turns back to look at Paul. Her hands tremble.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)

Did you really think that you could bear
the Kwisatz Haderach?... How dare you!

REVEREND MOTHER

My greatest student... and my greatest
disappointment.... He's awake!... He's
listening to us.

(considering)

Good... Ready yourself, young Paul
Atreides... I want to see you in your
mother's chamber in one quarter of an
hour.

She turns and walks away. Jessica remains at the
door and calls out to Paul in the darkness.

JESSICA

Paul?... This is very important...

Jessica leaves, closing the door behind her. Paul
sits up in bed.

PAUL
Kwisatz Haderach?... For the father...
nothing?

35. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Jessica and the Reverend Mother enter. It is quite dark. Jessica WHISPERS a code number and a glowglobe LIGHTS on a very dim setting.

--

REVEREND MOTHER
(angrily)
Jessica... You were told to bear only daughters to the Atreides... Jessica!

JESSICA
It meant so much to him...

REVEREND MOTHER
You thought only of a Duke's desire for a son?... Desires don't figure in this! An Atreides daughter could have been wed to a Harkonnen heir and sealed the breach. We may lose both blood lines now.

JESSICA
I vowed never to regret my decision. I'll pay for my own mistakes.

REVEREND MOTHER
And your son will pay with you.

42. INT. DUKE LETO'S QUARTERS - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Under a dim glowglobe, the DUKE is writing a note on a scroll-like piece of paper.

Finishing reading, the Duke seals the message in a cylinder and presses his signet ring, with a red hawk symbol of House of Atreides, into a hole, which seals the cylinder with a swift HISSING.

He pauses, studying the metal tube. With a VOICE COMMAND, he extinguishes the glowglobe above him. He leans back in his chair as lightning flashes outside the window.

FADE TO:

35. BACK TO SCENE

Paul enters the room and Jessica closes the door behind them.

JESSICA
Paul, this is the Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam. She is going to... observe you...

(to Reverend Mother)
Please...

--

REVEREND MOTHER
Jessica, you know it must be done. I
enjoin you to stand guard at the door and
practice the meditation of peace.

JESSICA
Your Reverence.

PAUL
(inner voice)
What does she fear?
(out loud)
What about my Father?

JESSICA
Paul... please, Paul... listen to the
Reverend Mother and do what she tells you.

Jessica leaves the room. The Reverend Mother speaks
to Paul using The Voice, a Bene Gesserit training
which permits an adept to control others merely by
selected tone shadings of the voice. It sounds as if
two people are talking -- one normal and the other
guttural and slightly electronic. The effect is
strange, yet subtle.

REVEREND MOTHER
(using The Voice)
Now you come here.

Paul finds he cannot help but obey her, yet he
fights her controlling him.

PAUL
(inner voice)
She's using The Voice.
(out loud)
No.

She sees him struggling.

REVEREND MOTHER
(inner voice)
Some strength there. Surprising!
(out loud)
Come here.

The Reverend Mother holds up a green metal cube.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
See this... Put your right hand in the
box.

Paul stares at the hole in the box.

--

PAUL
What's in the box?

REVEREND MOTHER
Pain.

Just then, she raises one hand to his neck. Paul
sees a glint of metal. He tries to back away.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
(The Voice)
STOP! Put your hand in the box.

Paul's hand goes in. Fear passes over his face.

PAUL
(inner voice)
The Voice again.

REVEREND MOTHER
I hold at your neck the gom jabbar. Don't
pull away or you'll feel that poison. A
Duke's son must know about many poisons --
this one kills only animals.

PAUL
Are you suggesting a Duke's son is an
animal?

REVEREND MOTHER
Let us say I suggest you may be human.
Your awareness may be powerful enough to
control your instincts. Your instincts
will be to remove your hand from the box.
If you do so you will die. You will feel
an itching -- there... see? Now the
itching becomes burning... heat, upon
heat, upon heat.

PAUL
(whispering)
It burns.

REVEREND MOTHER
SILENCE... SILENCE.

PAUL
(inner voice)(struggling to compose
himself)
I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little death that brings total
obliteration. I will face my fear... I
will permit it to pass over me and through
me.

--

The Reverend Mother moves her face up to his. Her
ancient face with its metal teeth gleaming inches
away breathes hotly. She is smiling.

REVEREND MOTHER
You feel the flesh crisping?

36. THE HAND - PAUL'S MENTAL IMAGE

Paul's inner mind sees his hand on fire with all sorts of sores. The skin is bubbling.

37. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

REVEREND MOTHER
Flesh dropping off.

38. THE HAND - PAUL'S MENTAL IMAGE

He pictures this. The destruction of his hand is complete -- now only blood spurts out and burns.

39. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

Paul's face registers extreme pain.

PAUL
(cannot help the explosion)
THE PAIN!

REVEREND MOTHER
NO!! ENOUGH!! Kull wahad! No woman child ever withstood that much. I must have wanted you to fail. Take your hand out of the box and look at it, young human.... Do it!

Paul pulls his hand out of the box. No sign of anything wrong. He turns his hand, flexes his fingers. He looks to the Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
(explaining)
Pain by nerve induction... A human can resist any pain. Our test is crisis and observation.

PAUL
I see the truth of it.

--

REVEREND MOTHER
(inner voice)
Could he be the one?... Maybe... but will he be ours to control?
(out loud)
You know when people speak the truth?

PAUL
I know it.

Suddenly the Reverend Mother holds her hand against

Paul's head. She closes her eyes.

40. INT. RESERVOIR - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT - REVEREND
MOTHER'S MENTAL IMAGE

She sees a blurred image of Paul's earlier dream.
She sees the beautiful girl turn. She hears a
muffled voice say "Tell me of your homeworld, Usul".

41. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

REVEREND MOTHER

Your mother wants you to tell me about
your dreams. I only want to know one
thing.... Do they come true?

PAUL

Not all of them... I know which ones will.

REVEREND MOTHER

Perhaps you are the Kwisatz Haderach.

PAUL

What is it?

REVEREND MOTHER

(profoundly)

The person who can be many places at
once... the one who bridges space and
time.... He will look where we cannot.

PAUL

Where?

REVEREND MOTHER

Do you know of the Water of Life?... the
Truthsayer drug?

PAUL

I have heard of it.

--

REVEREND MOTHER

It is very dangerous... very painful. The
Bene Gesserit sisterhood drink it to see
within.... There is a place terrifying to
us... to women. It is said a man will
come... the Kwisatz Haderach... he will go
where we cannot... Many men have tried...

PAUL

Did they try and fail?

REVEREND MOTHER

They tried and died....
(she calls out loudly)
Jessica!

Jessica enters immediately and sees with great

relief that Paul is still active.

REVEREND MOTHER

I sense your teachings in him. Ignore the regular order of training. His safety requires The Voice.

PAUL

I've heard enough of my safety... What about my father?... I heard you talking. You speak as if he was dead. Well, he isn't!

JESSICA

Paul!

She tries to hold him.

PAUL

Well he isn't... and he won't die... Tell me he won't die!

REVEREND MOTHER

What can be done has been done.

PAUL

MOTHER! Tell me!

The Reverend Mother covers herself and moves quickly to the door.

--

42A. Through 45. (Deleted)

46. EXT. GEIDI PRIME - DAY

HOME PLANET OF HOUSE HARKONNEN - As seen from space, the black planet as we saw it in Paul's filmbook.

47. EXT. GEIDI PRIME - DAY

The surface of the planet is a vast sea of black oil. A small cable car traverses high above the sea toward a gigantic black city in the shape of a rectangular box over 100 stories high. Before the city there are rows of huge black towering steel heads atop massive furnaces. SMOKE billows out of their mouths.

48. INT. CABLE CAR - GEIDI PRIME - DAY

Inside the cable car stands PITER. In one hand he holds the cylinder with DUKE Leto's ring imprint.

PITER

It is by will alone I set my mind in motion.

It is by the juice of Sapho that thoughts acquire speed -

The lips acquire stains -
The stains become a warning -
It is by will alone I set my mind in
motion.

48A. INT. GREEN PORCELAIN ROOM - GEIDI PRIME

Somewhere in the interior of Geidi Prime, we are in a green porcelain room. Two large Harkonnen soldiers, using large hoses, are washing down the walls and floors of the room. WE MOVE DOWN into the water rushing along the floor towards troughs. Closer, WE SEE bits of flesh, hair, and blood.

49. EXT. GEIDI PRIME - DAY

The car zooms past gigantic faces, and the furnaces far below ROAR with tremendous power. The city now looms gigantic and overpowering -- millions of electrical cables stretch off the top into dark energy taps above the city.

--

50. INT. GEIDI PRIME - DAY

Inside the city the cable car passes into a huge inner chamber filled with open-topped lime green porcelain rooms with tremendous electrical lines criss-crossing above.

51. (Deleted)

52. INT. BARON'S ROOM - GEIDI PRIME - DAY

In front of a huge steam boiler, the cable car stops and Piter gets out, steps down steel stairs and enters a porcelain room where the Baron is being treated by a DOCTOR for sores on his face and body. The doctor uses a lasbeam on a big sore on the Baron's lips. The Baron is sickly and hugely fat and sweaty and looks like he has been sickly for some time. He turns to Piter as he enters the room.

PITER

My Lord!

BARON

Piter.

Piter moves up to the Baron.

PITER

The Atreides will be leaving Caladan soon, Baron, and I have here your answer from Duke Leto.

BARON

What does Leto say, Piter?

PITER

He wishes to inform you that Vendetta --
as he puts it, using the ancient tongue,
the art of Kanly -- is still alive. He
does not wish to meet or speak with you.

BARON

(swallowing; angry)

I made my peace gesture... the forms of
Kanly have been obeyed.

He throws down the cylinder.

PITER

As you instructed me, I have enlightened
your nephews concerning my plan t...

--

BARON

My plan!

PITER

The plan to crush the Atreides. Feyd,
Rabban... go quietly... no other great
house of the Landsraad must ever know of
the Emperor's aid to the Baron. The
entire Landsraad would turn against the
Baron and the Emperor.

DOCTOR

Put the pick in there Pete
And turn it round real neat.

His assistant does so.

Rabban breaks open a squood (living food). The
squood makes a tiny SCREAM, then Rabban drinks the
blood and bodily fluids. He throws the empty
container of tiny animal meat into the dark water
trough running through the center of the room.
Across the room, TWO HARKONNEN SOLDIERS enter,
holding big guns on a BOY who is wearing white
pants. The Baron smiles when he sees the boy, who
is deeply afraid. The guards force the boy to
arrange violet flowers on a stand by the far wall
opposite the Baron.

BARON

(as the Baron watches the boy)

You're so beautiful my Baron
Your skin, love to me
Your diseases lovingly cared for
For all eternity.

BARON

I will have Arrakis back for myself... he
who controls the Spice, controls the
universe... and what Piter didn't tell you

is we have control of someone who is very close to Duke Leto. This person... this traitor... will be worth more to us than ten legions of Sardaukar.

FEYD

Who is the traitor?

BARON

(laughs)

I won't tell you who the traitor is or when we'll attack. However, the Duke will die before these eyes and he'll know that it is I -- Baron Vladimir Harkonnen -- who encompasses his doom.

--

The Baron gives a hand signal and seven gates in the wall open, emitting tremendous SOUNDS. Suddenly the Baron begins to float straight up, twenty-five feet in the air. It is a frightening sight. He floats down under the giant, humming electrical tube light and rubs his head and body with a black fluid which drips from tiny holes in either side of the pink glow. Feyd and Rabban watch nervously. The Attendants stand completely still with fear.

The Baron swoops down to the Boy, who stands petrified. The Harkonnen guards smile nervously as they step slightly backwards. The boy begins SCREAMING as the Baron pulls the boy's heart plug, located in his chest. The violet flowers are bumped and disarrayed by the violence which ensues. Then the Baron turns smiling to Feyd as the SOUNDS continue to roar.

52A. through 52B. (Deleted)

52C. EXT. ATREIDES SHIP - CALADAN - DAY

A DRUM CORPS pounds out a powerful cadence in front of a water and cannon show as the Duke, Paul and Jessica mount the steel stairs to their ship. In the doorway, they turn back for a final look.

The Duke places a hand on Paul's shoulder. We see the signet ring. Jessica is there. She tries to get Paul to look at her but he scowls and turns to his father.

JESSICA

(turning away)

(inner voice)

I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer... the little death that brings total obliteration...

The door of the spaceship closes.

53. EXT. HEIGHLINER - SPACE

3,415 Atreides ships are approaching the Guild Heighliner, which is staggeringly colossal. The Atreides ships look like dots next to the sun. The Duke's ship enters the frame and moves toward the Heighliner.

53A. through 54. (Deleted)

--

55. INT. ATREIDES SHIP - SPACE

Paul, Jessica and Duke Leto look out the forward viewing glass as tiny lights move outside in the darkness. They hear and feel their ship stop with a huge, echoing, metallic jolt. They look at each other in the silence which follows.

DUKE LETO

Soon they'll begin to fold space.

PAUL

(inner voice)

Far off in the control rooms....

Travelling without moving.

They wait.

56. (Deleted)

57. INT. CONTROL ROOM - HEIGHLINER - SPACE

We pass through electrical shields into a 2,000-foot high control room filled with orange spice gas. On the floor are large gratings covering an exhaust and filtering system. Tons of spice gas are being converted into the clouds of gas along a wall of machinery. From within a dark metal tunnel comes a Guild Navigator. He exits the tunnel and swims through the gas 1,000 feet to a six-dimensional layered miniature replica of the entire Universe. The Navigator emits a long piece of light from his mouth which travels to one edge of the Universe and changes into a likeness of the planet Caladan. The Navigator turns and emits another piece of light which travels to the opposite side of the Universe. It changes into a likeness of Arrakis. The Navigator begins to put his slender fingers in amongst the stars and he emits SOUNDS and bursts of light into the mass of stars and galaxies. The Universe begins to vibrate and elongate, then to curve. Electrical lightening traverses from Caladan to Arrakis as the Universe bends into a U-shape. Arrakis submerges deep into the light. The navigator swims to the point where Arrakis disappeared. He begins to pull and tear a hole in the Universe. Stars like sparks and SOUNDS and rings of light appear, along with a

roaring WIND. The Navigator swims deep into this hole through the rings of light. The Navigator becomes more and more transparent, until he's lost in darkness. The sounds fade.

--

58. through 60. (Deleted)

60A. EXT. HEIGHLINER - ABOVE ARRAKIS - SPACE

Suddenly, the real planet Arrakis appears and the giant Heighliner materializes above it.

61. through 63A. (Deleted)

63B. EXT. ARRAKEEN - DAY

Through a brownish-orange haze appears the dusty valley of Arrakeen.

64. INT./EXT. THE ATREIDES SHIP - DAY ARRAKEEN

The Atreides ship has landed at Arrakeen. The door is open - the family walk down the steps - DUKE LETO with his dog - PAUL and JESSICA.

64A. through 64C. (Deleted)

65. EXT. GROUNDS - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

... clusters of troops standing at attention around the enormous dark, cool doorway as the Duke, Paul and Jessica enter the Palace.

65A. through 65B. (Deleted)

65C. EXT. PALACE - ARRAKEEN - DAY

The Atreides banner is raised on the top of the Palace.

66. (Deleted)

--

67. INT. MILITARY SUB-BASEMENT ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Atreides army soldiers milling, YELLING noisily.

68. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY.

In a darkened passageway, fans turn, casting deep, slow-moving shadows. SOUNDS ECHO in the distance.

69. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

A room of technicians and electronic gear. The SIGNALS are being heard and interpreted.

ATREIDES TECHNICIAN

Harkonnens.

70. EXT. BLACK ROCK - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Far in the distance in deep black rock, Harkonnen spies move, carrying strange electronic equipment.

71. (Deleted)

72. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Thufir marches down a hallway with a squad of TROOPS with electronic gadgetry, LIGHTS and SOUNDS going constantly.

THUFIR
(into a radio microphone)
Why isn't the shield up yet?

73. INT. GENERATOR ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Down in the basement, Atreides engineers are removing a complicated device from heavy machinery. A MAN radios back to Thufir.

ATREIDES RADIO MAN
We found and removed another sabotage device. I think it will go up now.

--

The engineers activate a series of atometric Holtzman generators. Suddenly SOUNDS begin. The machines start; at first low, then they WHINE upwards to a high pitch. When the pitch is steady, a series of levers are pulled.

74. EXT. PALACE - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Just after the second set of levers is pulled, a huge house shield is seen going up in a box shape, encompassing the Palace with SHIMMERING protection.

75. EXT. WINDOW - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

From a small window, Thufir observes the shield with a critical eye.

THUFIR
(inner voice; worried)
We found these sabotage devices too easily...

76. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Two giant glowglobes drift into the Great Hall where Jessica and Dr. Yueh stand watching a giant bull's head is being hung above the massive fireplace. The MOVING TROOPS are unpacking crates and organizing furnishings. Jessica watches them. Distant SOUNDS

reverberate inside an elaborate air vent beside them.

DR. YUEH

Listen here.... You can here the people of Arrakeen outside.... Can you here the cry "Soo Soo Sook" of the water sellers?

JESSICA

So many reminders of the scarcity of water.

DR. YUEH

Have you noticed the line of palms along the wall... the Harkonnen put them in... to flaunt their water wealth in front of these people.... Each day those palms take enough water to sustain the life of one hundred men.

JESSICA

The way you say Harkonnen... I didn't know you had so much reason to hate them.

DR. YUEH

(swiftly)

My wife... you didn't know my wife... they...

--

JESSICA

(out loud)

Forgive me...

(inner voice)

... His wife was Bene Gesserit too... the signs are al over him.... They must have killed here.

Jessica sees a droplet of sweat break out on Yueh's cheek.

DR. YUEH

I'm sorry I'm unable to talk about it.

Above them a series of iron curtains begins to open over deep rock window slots, sending narrow shafts of light down across the room. TWO ATREIDES WOMEN in uniform approach.

ATREIDES WOMAN #1

(referring to several robed figures standing in the room)

My lady... the local people... the maids and servants await your inspection. Hawat has cleared them.

Dr. Yueh turns to Jessica.

DR. YUEH

The Harkonnens may have tampered
medically.... please wait.

He turns a yellow light on and moves it over the crowd. The yellow light beam plays over the blue-within-blue eyes. One of the women, the Shadout Mapes, watches Jessica continuously. Yueh's hand shakes slightly.

JESSICA

(inner voice; noticing Yueh's hands)
He's hiding something -- holding something back.

(She studies his face closely.)
It's not just his wife... He's a good man though. He's probably trying to save my feelings...

(We see her mouth.)
I could use The Voice... make him tell me... It would only shame him.

(We see her eyes.)
I must place more trust in my friends.
(We see Yueh turn toward her,
fearful.)

--

77. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Paul wanders through the darkened passageways alone, his footsteps echoing as he goes. He takes pleasure observing the details of the rock Palace but all the while he feels an uneasiness -- a feeling of fear builds in him.

78. INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Paul enters a small bedroom and sits down on the bed. He opens the filmbook, and activates it.

78A. INSERT - FILMBOOK

We SEE a gigantic carryall lower down above a spice harvester and pick it up off the desert floor as a narrator speaks over.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One carryall handles four spice mining teams; however, it will fly only two harvesters at a time. Today, we have nine hundred and thirty harvesters and nine hundred and eighty-one carryalls....

78. BACK TO SCENE

Paul looks up. Across the room he sees a tray of small pastries which have been laid out. He goes to them and scans them with his poison detector, which he carries on his belt. A pleasant tone SOUNDS and the word "safe" appears in green light. Paul takes a

pastry bites it and turns back towards the bed.
Suddenly he stops. He looks at the pastry.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Spice...

As he continues eating he notices the sunlight
through the slates over the window begins to GLOW
white hot. Paul's eyes are intense as the light
GLOWS brilliantly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(whispering inner voice)
Terrible purpose.... What is it?

78B. INSERT - RED DROPLETS

Some red droplets appear rushing through the white
light. Three images follow:

MENTAL IMAGES:

79. INT. CONTROL ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - DAY

A blurred Guild Navigator.

--
Page Missing
--

SHADOUT MAPES
I am the Shadout Mapes... the housekeeper.

PAUL
A Fremmen... Could she be the operator?
No...

SHADOUT MAPES
I must cleanse the way between us.... You
saved my life... and we Fremmen pay our
debts. It's known to us that you've a
traitor in your midst. Who it is we cannot
say but we're certain of it.

PAUL
(inner voice)
A traitor...

Before he can speak the Shadout Mapes is gone --
running off down the passageway. Jessica enters.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(looks to Jessica)
There is a traitor among us.

80A. (Deleted)

81. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Running TROOPS storm down the hallway with electronic gear and big stun guns.

--

82. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Thufir walks quickly toward SEVERAL TROOPS.

THUFIR

Set up a sonar probe immediately!

83. INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Dr. Yueh sticks his head out the doorway as SEVERAL TROOPERS run past.

84. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Duke Leto is calling on a radio phone. GENERALS surround him, as well as Gurney.

DUKE LETO

(on phone)

Thufir?... anything?... keep looking.

(Inner voice)

...and a traitor... God help us.

85. INT. SUB-SUB-SUB-BASEMENT - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

TROOPS come off an elevator. The glow-span indicates the very bottom floor of 18 sub-floors. The ground is uneven rock and the ceiling is low. The troops fan out shining chemical lamps here and there. A soldier suddenly stops. Ahead in his light is a dead Harkonnen -- bloody vomit dried around his mouth. He lies beside an electronic device.

86. INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Dr. Yueh covers his face with his hands in a darkened room... sobbing.

86A. EXT. WALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS sweep over the faces of City Fremmen who are sitting or moving solemnly around the outer wall of the Palace. Some are chanting "Mahdi" and "Lisan al-Gaib." Others hold up one open hand as a sign they feel the messiah is near. A slow-moving spike-backed dog sucks ants up out of a small anthill; he snorts.

86B. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

In the darkened Hall we can HEAR the distant sound of the Fremmen reverberating.

--

87. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Duke Leto sits with Paul, Thufir, EIGHT GENERALS and SIX SUB-LIEUTENANTS. The Duke's small dog wanders under the table and rests his head on the Duke's boot. In front of Thufir is a device FLASHING brilliant light bursts over his face. The others are all talking among themselves. Suddenly Thufir's face turns brilliant red (as red as his sapho-stained lips) and he begins speaking rapidly into the machine in code using a strained high voice.

--

THUFIR

(Mentat voice)

Sector 6 - 80 -- copy the sixth -- the summit -- the eight the quadrant over the ninth plus eighty -- four circles -- weave the eighty and call the fourth copy -- enter nine -- seven by seven a seven the seven call seven B seven -- enter the circles call the sixth copy the sixth over the summit.... eight.

The machine FLASHES several bright irregular SIGNALS. Then it stops and HUMS. The blood leaves Thufir's face.

THUFIR (CONT'D)

(very fast and casually)

Eight.... Thufir Hawat... Mentat... Master of Assassins.

The hum stops. Thufir turns to Duke Leto. He looks up. Everyone is quiet now.

THUFIR (CONT'D)

The Palace is now secure. The city of Arrakeen is under martial law... we have troops here headquartered underground on sub-floors six through ten. The rest of the troops are stationed in Arrakeen and we have some on the airfield. Our new army is still training, but everything is shielded.... With the shielding, we are impenetrable. Dr. Kynes is waiting, Sire, for your inspection of spice mining operations, but since the attempt of the young master, I am against your leaving the Palace.

DUKE LETO

(very angry)

The attempt failed... Harkonnen captives have already been taken. We must crush the Harkonnen machine on Arrakis.... You all know what to do.

(Turning towards Gurney)

...Gurney! We desperately need more spice miners... many are threatening to leave on

the next shuttle. We need spice drivers,
weather scanners, dune men ... any with
open sand experience. You must persuade
them to enlist with us.

--

GURNEY

They shall come all for violence: their
faces shall sup as the east wind. And they
shall gather the captivity of the sand.

DUKE LETO

(squints at Gurney)

Very moving, Gurney. On your way... and
take care of Dr. Kynes until Paul and I
arrive. We will not be prisoners here in
this place.

GURNEY

(artfully easing the Duke's anger)

Behold as a wild ass in the desert go I
forth to my work.

Gurney strides off. Thufir sits, contemplating. Paul
and Duke Leto smile at each other and shake their
heads.

88. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Jessica is sitting in a small room, smiling, reading
a note. It reads "I miss you. Leto." She sets the
note down. She begins to tremble. She becomes
fearful. In her mind she SEES quick images:

MENTAL IMAGES

89. INT. CONTROL ROOM - HEIGHLINER

A blurred Guild Navigator.

89A. INT. MAKER ROOM - SEITCH TABR - NIGHT

Paul dead on a stone floor.

89B. EXT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Fire burning.

90. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Jessica continues to tremble.

JESSICA

(inner voice)

I must speak with you Leto!

--

91. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Outside in the passageway, feet suddenly move

quietly toward the door to Jessica's room.

92. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Jessica HEARS this and looks up just as the Shadout Mapes silently enters her room.

JESSICA
(staring at the blue-eyed woman --
waiting for possible danger.)
Yes?

SHADOUT MAPES
I am the Shadout Mapes, your housekeeper,
Noble Born. What are your orders.

JESSICA
You may refer to me as "my lady." I am not
noble born. I'm the bound concubine of
Duke Leto -- mother of the heir
designate.... "Shadout"... that's an
ancient word.

MAPES
(strangely asked)
You know the ancient tongues?

JESSICA
I know the Bhotani Jib and Chakobsa, all
the hunting languages.

MAPES
As the legend says.

JESSICA
(inner voice)
That's it! The Missionaria Protectiva has
been here planting protective legends
against a day of Bene Gesserit need. And
that day has come. I must play out this
sham.
(out loud)
I know the Dark things and the way of the
Great Mother. Miseces prejin.

Mapes takes a step backward to flee.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I know many things. I know you came
prepared for violence with a weapon in
your bodice.

--

MAPES
My lady, I... the weapon was sent as a
gift if you should prove to be the one.

JESSICA
And the means of my death should I prove

otherwise.
(inner voice)
Now we will see which way the decision
tips.

Slowly Mapes reaches into her dress and brings out a
sheathed knife. She unleashes it.

MAPES
Do you know this my lady?

JESSICA
(inner voice)
It could only be one thing....
(out loud)
It's a crysknife.

MAPES
Say it not lightly...
(very slowly)
Do you know its meaning?

JESSICA
(inner voice)
Here is why this Fremmen has taken service
with me, to ask that one question. Delay
is as dangerous as the wrong answer.
Shadout is Chakobsa... knife, in Chakobsa
is... maker of death.
(out loud)
It's a maker...

Mapes SCREAMS with elation and grief.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(inner voice)
Maker?... Maker is the key word... the
tooth of the worm? That was close...
(out loud)
Did you think that I, knowing the
mysteries of the Great Mother, would not
know the maker?

MAPES
My lady, when one has lived with prophecy
for so long, the moment of revelation is a
shock.

Mapes sheathes the blade... slowly

--

JESSICA
(inner voice)
There's more here... yes!
(out loud)
Mapes, you've sheathed that blade
unblooded.

With a GASP Mapes drops the knife into Jessica's

hands and opens her blouse.

MAPES

Take the water of my life!

Jessica withdraws the knife from the sheath and, with the blade, scratches a line just above Mapes' right breast.

MAPES (CONT'D)

You are ours.... You are the one.

Jessica's eyes stare ahead. She knows these words ring with truth.

93. INT. TUNNEL - OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

The Duke, Paul and SEVERAL ARMED GUARDS enter a tunnel to a `thopter landing pad which is illuminated by a shaft of light coming from a chimney-like exit above. DR. KYNES and his Fremen guard are standing next to Gurney.

KYNES

(to Gurney)

So, this is Leto the Just...

GURNEY

(sharply)

I hope I made myself clear. You may call him "The Duke," "My lord," or "Sire." And there is a more ancient term you might keep in mind -- "Noble Born."

KYNES

(inner voice)

Play out your little comedy while you can off-worlders...

Gurney turns and activates a device...

93A. INSERT - ORNITHOPTER OPENING

...which causes the ornithopter behind to fold open ready for flight.

--

93B. INT. TUNNEL - OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

The two parties meet and are introduced.

DUKE LETO

So you are Dr. Kynes, the Imperial Ecologist?

KYNES

(turning to Gurney)

I prefer the more ancient term,
planetologist... Noble Born.

DUKE LETO
This is my son, Paul.

PAUL
Are you a Fremmen?

KYNES
I am a servant of the His Majesty the
Emperor. I have served His Majesty on
Arrakis long enough for my eyes to change.

PAUL
(inner voice)
He's hiding something.

DUKE LETO
I understand we have you to thank for
these stillsuits, Doctor.

KYNES
They are Fremmen suits. I hope they fit
well, my lord.

PAUL
"Your gift is a blessing of the river."

Kynes' FREMMEN GUARDS, hearing this are siezed with
agitation. Kynes QUIETS them, then studies Paul.

KYNES
(inner voice)
The Mahdi will greet you with holy words
and your gifts will be a blessing.
(spoken, nonchalantly)
Most of the desert natives here are a
superstitious lot. They mean no harm. With
your permission, I will check the security
of your suits.

Gurney and the guard move forward warily.

GURNEY
(angrily)
The Duke is to be addresses as...

--

Kynes comes forward and adjusts the Duke's suit,
checking seals and pulling on straps.

KYNES
Basically...

GURNEY
(leaping forward to protect his Duke)
Sire!

DUKE LETO
It's all right Gurney.

Gurney steps back.

GURNEY
Yes, Sire.

KYNES
It's a high-efficiency filter and heat exchange system. Perspiration passes through the first layer and is gathered in the second. The salt is separated. Breathing and walking provide the pumping action. The reclaimed water circulates to catchpockets from which you can drink through this tube at your neck. Urine and feces are processed in the thigh pads. Should you be in the open desert, remember to breathe in through your mouth, out through the nose tubes.

The Duke is now properly fitted. Kynes places the noseplug into his nose.

KYNES (CONT'D)
With a Fremmen suit in good working order, one can sustain life for weeks, even in the deep desert.

He removes the noseplug.

DUKE LETO
My thanks.

KYNES
With your permission...

Kynes turns to Paul, running his hands over the slick fabric. He stands back with a puzzled expression.

--

KYNES
You've worn a stillsuit before?

PAUL
No.

KYNES
Your suit is fitted desert fashion. Who told you how to do that?

PAUL
No one. It... seemed the proper way.

KYNES
That it is.
(inner voice)

He shall know your ways as if born to them.

Kyne's Fremmen guard are watching Paul very closely now.

GURNEY
We're wasting time, Sire.

Duke Leto, Dr. Kynes, Gurney and Paul enter the ornithopter...

88. Through 89B. (Deleted)

90. INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBER - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY
Jessica trembles.

JESSICA
(inner voice)
I must speak with you Leto!

91. Through 92. (Deleted)

93C. EXT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - TUNNEL - ARRAKEEN PALACE
- DAY

...and the thopter turns slowly as it goes up into the light.

93D. (Deleted)

--

93E. EXT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

From outside the Palace's atomic shield we see the blur of the ornithopter pass through a porthole and come out perfect like a gleaming jewel.

93F. Through 94. (Deleted)

94A. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

KYNES
Southeast over the Shield Wall. That's where I told your sandmaster to concentrate his harvesting.

95. EXT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

They crest the top of the wall which opens out into a black, level expanse of rock, cratered and fractured. On the other side is the huge, seemingly endless plain of sand, the Great Desert. In the hazy distance, flashes of light can be seen.

96. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

PAUL

Will we see a worm?

KYNES

Where there is spice and spice mining
there are always worms.

PAUL

Always?

KYNES

Always.

PAUL

Why do they come?

KYNES

To protect their territory. Vibrations
attract them.

--

PAUL

(inner voice)

I've registered him now... a knife is a
sheath on his left arm... He's strong... a
person born to command... He's hiding many
things.

(out loud, suddenly)

Is there a relationship between the worms
and the spice?

Kynes turns instantly and stares at Paul. Gurney
sees the wonder in Kynes' eyes.

GURNEY

The young master is a trained Mentat, an
advanced student of Prana Bindu has
studied under some of the finest teachers
in the Universe.

Kynes takes a second look at young Paul.

KYNES

As I said... they defend the spice sands.
As to their relationship with the spice...
who knows.

97. Through 97A. (Deleted)

98. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

GURNEY

Dust cloud ahead, Sire.

KYNES

That's it... spice mining... no other
cloud quite like it. See the spotters over
it? They're watching for wormsign... the
telltale sand waves. Seismic probes on the
surface, too Sire... worms can travel too

deep for their waves to show... Looks like
a good patch of spice.

DUKE LETO
Wormsign? Is it wormsign?

--

KYNES
Yes!... worm. Big one! You've got sharp
eyes Sire.... May I?

Kynes grabs the microphone and dials in the correct
frequency.

98A. through 99. (Deleted)

100. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER

From the window, we see that the sand below is
rippling, like water with a big fish just under the
surface.

KYNES
(into radio, after having found the
frequency)
Calling Harvester Pad Nine. Wormsign!

STATIC... then a voice.

VOICE
(over radio)
Who calls Pad Nine?

GURNEY
(quickly)
Don't mention the Duke... This is an
uncoded channel.

KYNES
Unlisted flight northeast of you...
wormsign on intercept course... estimated
contact fifteen minutes.

VOICE
(over radio)
Have sighting confirmed. Stand by for fix.
Contact in sixteen minutes minus. Very
precise estimate. Who is on that unlisted
flight?

Kynes clicks off the radio.

DUKE LETO
What happens now?

KYNES
The carryall will come and lift off the
spice harvester. Try and get in close over
the harvester... you'll find this

interesting Sire.

--

The Duke accelerates the ornithopter in the direction of the harvester. Paul can SEE...

101. EXT. HARVESTER - DESERT - DAY

...huge amounts of sand being spewn out of the gigantic stack atop the metal and plasteel harvester.

102. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

KYNES

They'll work until the very last minute.

The yellow cloud of the harvester envelops them. The Duke flies up to get a closer look.

VOICE

(over radio)

Spotter control... no sign of the carryall... it isn't answering.

Everyone looks at one another.

GURNEY

The worm is eight minutes away, Sire.

VOICE

(over radio)

Spotter control -- give me a report by the numbers.

Over the radio MANY VOICES report they have no contact with the carryall.

DUKE LETO

Damn it... Harkonnens.

He punches a control button and grabs a microphone.

DUKE LETO (CONT'D)

(into microphone)

We are coming down to take you off the harvester... All spotters are ordered to comply.

VOICE

(over radio)

Ordered by whom?

--

DUKE LETO

(angrily)

Duke Leto Atreides....

Gurney and Paul turn to each other, worried.

VOICE
(over radio)
Yes... yes, Sire!

DUKE LETO
How many men do you have?

VOICE
(over radio)
Full crew -- twenty-six men -- but Sire,
we can't leave this spice...

DUKE LETO
Damn the spice! Get out of there.

103. EXT. HARVESTER - DESERT - DAY

All the spotters begin landing and the Duke descends directly in front of the harvester which has stopped mining yet emits a tremendous rhythmic GRINDING noise. No one is coming out.

104. INT./EXT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER/DESERT - DAY

Gurney nervously scans the sky for enemy ships. A very low, powerful SOUND starts now and the ground begins to shake.

105. EXT. HARVESTER - DESERT - DAY

A hatch opens and MEN come pouring out.

106. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DESERT - DAY

DUKE LETO
(yelling at the men)
Two men in each of the spotters... You!...
over here... run!!

The ground is really shaking now. A tremendous low THUNDERING sound grows along with a high rasping HISS.

KYNES
(to Paul and Gurney -- yelling over
the noise)
I can't see him yet but he's very close...

--

DUKE LETO
(out loud to himself as he watches
the men scrambling)
Damn sloppy -- really damn sloppy.

FOUR MEN begin tumbling into the Duke's machine.

GURNEY
Come on boys... come on.
(Then, to the Duke)

We're going to be heavy, Sire.

The men press on Gurney and Paul. Paul can feel the fear. The sound is a horrible ROAR and deeper RUMBLING now and the `thopter is vibrating and shaking violently. The air suddenly begins to SPARK with static electricity.

KYNES

(nervous)

Here he is... We've got to go.

The Duke closes the doorways, surveys the area one last time, then takes the controls.

106A. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

The ship strains and lifts off -- slowly.

Paul sees the brown powder clumped on the suits of the men... their bluish eyes. He smells the spice. He begins to feel its affect.

PAUL

(inner voice as a blinding light comes and goes)

Spice!... pure un-refined spice!

KYNES

(murmuring)

Bless the Maker and his water... Bless the coming and going of him. May his passage cleanse the world.

DUKE LETO

(yelling)

What's that you're saying?

KYNES

Nothing.

A spice miner turns and sees Kynes, who remains silent.

--

SPICE MINER #1

(astonished)

Liet!

SPICE MINER #2

Shhhhh.

Paul hears this, then looks to Kynes -- locks on his image.

PAUL

(inner voice)

Liet?

KYNES
(pointing down and yelling)
You are about to witness something few
have seen -- watch! Watch!

Paul looks down as the Duke banks over the
harvester.

107. EXT. HARVESTER - DESERT - DAY

Static electricity is IGNITING in the air and the sand is swirling around the harvester. Then they see it. A wide hole emerges from the sand, glistening spokes within it. The hole is twice the size of the harvester. Suddenly the machine turns and slides into the hole, parts of it EXPLODING. The SOUND is deafening. The Duke's ship is WHINING to stay aloft.

108. INT. ATREIDES ORNITHOPTER - DAY

GURNEY
Gods, what a monster.

DUKE LETO
Someone is going to pay for this... I
promise.

KYNES
(inner voice -- as he studies the
Duke)
This Duke is more concerned over his men
than the spice! I must admit... against
all better judgement... I like this Duke.

FADE TO:

109. through 113B. (Deleted)

--

114. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Duke Leto walks into the room. The NIGHT GUARD comes to attention as he passes. DUNCAN IDAHO, wearing a dark, dusty stillsuit, emerges from the shadows. DUKE LETO and DUNCAN meet at the foot of the steps. The men embrace and separate.

DUKE LETO
(happily)
Duncan! What have you discovered about
the Fremmen, Duncan -- tell me. Why
haven't we heard from you?

DUNCAN
My lord... I suspect so much. I think
they are the allies we seek... they are
strong and fierce... they do not give
their loyalty easily or quickly.... As
you know, the Imperium has never been able

to take a census of the Fremen. Everyone thinks that there are but few -- wandering here and there in the desert.... My lord, I suspect an incredible secret has been kept on this planet... that the Fremen exist in vast numbers... vast numbers... and it is they that control Arrakis.

115. through 116. (Deleted)

116A. NEW SCENE - SHADOUT MAPES ALONG PASSAGE

117. INT. PAUL'S SUB-BASEMENT ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

DUKE LETO'S VOICE
Guard. Open the door.

Paul is in a fitful sleep. Leto enters and smiles at his son.

DUKE LETO
Sleep well... my son.

The Duke smiles at Paul then leaves the room, but after he goes, Paul strains with all his might to lift himself to call out.

PAUL
(struggling painfully)
Father!... father... drugged...

--

122. INT. BARON'S QUARTERS - HARKONNEN SHIP - NIGHT

The BARON's face -- expressionless. The SOUND of his ship screams in the background. The DOCTOR is seated beside him.

118 INT. SUB-BASEMENT PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

The Duke walks down the steps to a very narrow passageway. The passageway becomes very dark.

Suddenly the Duke hears a strange MEWLING sound. He turns down an even darker passageway. He can hear the shield WHINING in the distance. He almost has to feel his way. Up ahead he sees a shape. He bends down and sees the SHADOUT MAPES dying on the cold stone floor in the darkness. She tries to speak but cannot. She falls. Suddenly the Duke HEARS the shield generator start whining down.

DUKE LETO
What happened? What?
(as Mapes dies)
The shield!

The Duke reaches to activate his shield but a large dart is shot into his shoulder. The Duke lurches upwards then tumbles to the ground. Out of the darkness comes Dr. Yueh. The dart drops and CLATTERS as if a dream.

DUKE LETO (CONT'D)
(mind racing -- struggling)
Yueh!
(inner voice)
He's sabotaged the house generators, we're wide open.

YUEH
(with self-disgust)
I've brought House Atreides down. I've destroyed the new army's weirding modules.

DUKE LETO
(hoarse whisper)
... Why?

The generator WHINES lower and lower

--

YUEH
I wish to kill a man... not you, my dear Duke, but the Baron.... You were dead already... but you will be close to the Baron before you die. You will be tied and drugged but you can still attack. When you see the Baron you will have a new poison tooth. He will want you close so he can gloat over you. One bite on this tooth and a strong exile...

DUKE LETO
Refuse...

YUEH
No! -- You mustn't... for in return I will save the lives of your Paul and Jessica.

Yueh removes the Duke's signet ring and shows it to him.

YUEH (CONT'D)
For Paul...

He implants the tooth.

Yueh becomes more and more blurred. His image begins to fade. His lips move in the darkness. The generator WHINE is low and going lower and lower.

YUEH (CONT'D)
When you see the Baron, remember the tooth! The tooth!

119. (Deleted)

119A. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

ATREIDES GUARD #1 comes running down the steps and up to the CAPTAIN and a TECHNICIAN.

ATREIDES GUARD #1
The shield is down! The shield is down!

ATREIDES GUARD CAPTAIN
Harkonnen...
(turns and shouts)
Get that shield up!

--

119B. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

A warning TONE begins. TROOPS begin pouring onto the field.

119C. EXT. ROCK - LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

Troops race toward their ships.

119D. (Deleted)

119E. INT. GUARD HOUSE - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

ATREIDES GUARD
The shield! The shield!

120. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

A loud warning TONE vibrates. Thufir turns away from the doorway of a small room where he's horrified to SEE...

120A. INSERT

... a chemical FIRE consuming the thousands of Atreides weirding modules.

121. through 121A. (Deleted)

123. EXT. PALACE - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

A thousand Harkonnen ships dive over Arrakeen and the Palace. Giant deep thunderous EXPLOSIONS shatter the land. Billowing SMOKE clouds column upwards, forming a black wriggling death curtain around the Palace.

124. INT. PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Troops are running through the passageway, right and left. SMOKE is everywhere and the horrible SOUNDS of the explosions continue. The SOUNDS of stone

crunching, shifting, and breaking. SCREAMS. A wall of stone suddenly cracks open. A burst of air and dust shoots out, HISSING. The Duke's dog runs through the passageway WHINING with fear.

--

125. (Deleted)

125A. EXT. HARKONNEN SHIP - LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN
- NIGHT

Sardaukar rush out of a Harkonnen ship. Their electrically distorted faces come screaming toward us.

125B. (Deleted)

126. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

Harkonnen hammer ships thunder the ground, sending cracks and fissures throughout the landing field. Harkonnen scare SIRENS scream.

126A. EXT. HAMMER SHIPS - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

Atreides soldiers run from the hammer ships.

129. EXT. GROUNDS - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

FIRE and SMOKE. SCREAMS. An ATREIDES SOLDIER's head is hit with a large white hot piece of explosion. Through the black smoke, large SARDAUKAR chase after THREE SOLDIERS and them with hydraulic knife-guns. One blade enters the back of one man's head and comes out his nose. Tremendous NOISE of battle. Gurney and a squad of TROOPERS climb through bodies and thick smoke. Gurney has the Duke's dog safely inside his coat. The little dog's head sticks out -- looking about. Gurney strokes the dog's neck when they reach safety behind some rock. Small glimpses, as the smoke moves this way or that, let them see thousands of Sardaukar fighting.

GURNEY
LONG LIVE DUKE LETO!

TROOPERS
Long live Duke Leto!

The CRY from the men rings out as they attack with frenzy equalling that of the Sardaukar.

127. INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

The distant HAMMERING of the Harkonnen hammer ship. Jessica's eyes open and she sees two big boots but they seem to be floating above the stone floor she is lying on. She is gagged and tied. She looks up.

She sees the huge Baron Harkonnen staring down at her. In the distance she HEARS the battle raging.

--

BARON

The drug was timed. Dr. Yueh has been very valuable to us.... What a pity you must remain gagged. We can't let ourselves be swayed by your witch's Voice, now, can we?

JESSICA

(inner voice)

Leto... where are you?

86. INT. A ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Dr. Yueh covers his face with his hands in a darkened room... sobbing.

127. BACK TO SCENE

The Baron floats across the room with suspensor-borne lightness.

BARON

Goodbye, Jessica and goodbye to your sweet son.... I want to spit once on your head... just some spittle on your face -- what a luxury.

He spits on her cheek. The Baron floats out of the room into the passageway.

BARON (CONT'D)

We were ordered to kill them... so kill them.

129. BACK TO SCENE - BATTLE

127. BACK TO SCENE

NEFUD

What are your orders, Piter?

PITER

Take them to the desert, as the traitor suggested and worms will destroy the evidence. Their bodies must never be found.

--

129. BACK TO SCENE - BATTLE

127. BACK TO SCENE

PITER

(whispering to Jessica, rubbing the spittle around on her face with his hand, delicately)

I'd thought of many pleasures with you.
It is perhaps better that you die in the
innards of a worm. Desire clouds my
reason.... That is not good... that is
bad.

129. BACK TO SCENE

128. INT. SUB-BASEMENT PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN PALACE -
NIGHT - SHIELD
EFFECT

Duncan Idaho kills a Sardaukar soldier and rushes
forward frantically. His eyes blaze intensely. He
yells out to the other Atreides soldiers.

DUNCAN
They're on this floor somewhere....

The soldiers disappear, searching in another
direction. Duncan runs, pounding, down the
passageway -- his eyes searching in every doorway.
Suddenly twelve huge Sardaukar round a corner on a
quick march. Duncan turns his shield up and charges
them. Behind them he sees Paul and Jessica bound in
straps and being carried.

Duncan attacks and fights valiantly but he is
outnumbered. In the fight the lights are blown out
and Duncan is killed by a slow stunner pellet
through the head. Paul strains to help.

PAUL
(seeing Duncan)
Duncan!! Duncan!!

Paul and Jessica are carried off, quickly, through
the darkness. The battle SOUNDS thundering.

--

128A. DUNCAN'S BODY - INT. SUB-BASEMENT PASSAGEWAY -
ARRAKEEN PALACE
- NIGHT - SHIELD EFFECT

Duncan's dead, shielded body slides sparking in the
dark against the passageway walls.

129. BACK TO SCENE - BATTLE - RABBAN ON BRIDGE

131C. (Deleted)

132. EXT. PALACE - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

FIRE and SMOKE.

133. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

The Baron's face, the light of FIRE and EXPLOSIONS
playing over it. The Baron turns as Piter ushers in

the traitor Yueh.

BARON
(to Yueh - quietly)
You wish now to join your wife, is that
it, traitor?

A sudden flash of hope crosses Yueh's face.

YUEH
She lives?

The Baron smiles, almost sympathetically.

BARON
You wish to join her... join her, then.

Piter moves to Yueh, a knife glistening in his hand.
It flashes into his back. A GASP escapes Yueh's
throat, a sad look passing over his face, as if to
say "I thought as much." He stands stiffly, then
falls gasping. He tastes his own blood, then dies.

BARON
Take him away.

144. EXT. GROUNDS - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Black smoke palms.

--

145. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Rabban strides in front of his uncle's ship,
carrying Kynes over his shoulder. Harkonnen and
Sardaukar SOLDIERS stand at attention. Rabban tears
off Kynes' stillsuit. Kynes falls.

RABBAN
He was in the Palace with the Atreides...
I also say he was a spy for the Emperor.
(looking up to the troops)
Go now! Take him to his desert to die.
Go!

129A. EXT. HARKONNEN ORNITHOPTER - NIGHT

The small `thopter climbs toward the Shield Wall
through a SMOKEY atmosphere illuminated by distant
EXPLOSIONS.

130. INT. HARKONNEN ORNITHOPTER - NIGHT

JESSICA
(inner voice)
Yueh's sign. He's left a satchell.

Jessica and Paul, bound by cabin straps, lie in the
back, the two guards at the controls. Outside,

`thopters and ships fly past them toward the city.
The distant FIRES play over Jessica's face as she
sees Yueh's triangular tattoo scratched in the cabin
roof.

HARKONNEN GUARD #1
I'd like to have some fun before we kill
her.

HARKONNEN GUARD #2
(laughing)
Of course... what did you think?

Jessica looks to Paul.

PAUL
(struggling to use The Voice)
Don't touch my mother...

JESSICA
(inner voice)
Oh great mother! He's trying the voice.
The Reverend Mother said it could save
him.

HARKONNEN GUARD #1
Did you hear a noise from the little one?

--

HARKONNEN GUARD #2
I didn't hear anything.

HARKONNEN GUARD #1
No?

HARKONNEN GUARD #2
No.

He turns and hits Paul in the shoulder with a
stungun. Paul recovers and starts taking long,
calming breaths.

JESSICA
(inner voice)
The calming exercise.

HARKONNEN GUARD #1
The little one!
(they laugh)

Suddenly, Guard #1 reaches around and puts his hand
up Jessica's skirt. He starts breathing hard. Paul
clears his throat.

PAUL
(using The Voice)
Remove her gag!

JESSICA

(inner voice)
Excellent!

Guard #1 finds himself removing Jessica's gag.
Guard #2 turns away from his controls but seems
powerless to stop him. Once, it's off Jessica
smiles seductively and writhes on the `thopter
floor.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(The Voice)
There's no need to fight over me.

The two men stare at one another a moment. Then
Guard #1's hand, glinting silver, flashes into Guard
#2's chest, killing him. Guard #1 pulls the knife
out, smiling. The ornithopter begins to veer off
into a dangerous nose dive.

HARKONNEN GUARD #1
Now?

JESSICA
(The Voice)
First cut my son's bonds.

--

Guard #1 slowly cuts Paul's big straps, never taking
his eyes off Jessica. The ornithopter gets closer
and closer to the top jagged surface of the Shield
Wall.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(The Voice)
That's it.

The blade cuts through the strap holding Paul's
legs. Paul kicks upwards extremely powerfully and
his foot breaks through the man's chest cavity and
drives his heart up into his head, spewing blood out
the man's mouth. Paul grabs the controls but it's
too late. The ship falls into the rock.

130A. EXT. HARKONNEN ORNITHOPTER - DESERT - NIGHT

The `thopter slides across the rock, shearing off a
wing. Suddenly they are beyond the rock three miles
above the great desert and plummeting fast toward
the dunes below.

130. BACK TO SCENE

Paul pulls desperately on the controls and manages
to keep the ship aloft and flying into the deep
desert.

JESSICA
Oh, my God!

131. through 131A. (Deleted)

131B. EXT. PALACE - ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

CU violently burning palm.

133. BACK TO SCENE

Nefud exits - TWO HARKONNENS wheel in the stretcher, and swing it round - one of the GUARDS hands Piter his knife back - the Guards exit and the door closes - Piter moves up to Duke Leto and leans over him moving his knife across the Duke's face.

The Baron flies down to the stretcher.

BARON

Duke Leto Atreides. Someone's torn the insignia off your uniform. Such carelessness.

Leto shows no sign that he has heard.

--

PITER

It was Feyd.

Leto's POV: The Baron and his Mentat are only DIM FARAWAY SHAPES. Their voices reach Leto as if travelling across a greater distance. The Baron looks to Leto and then moves to him, looking him over.

BARON

It was Feyd?

(laughing)

It was Feyd! Where is the ducal signet ring? I must have his ring.

PITER

The ring?... he was brought to us as is, Baron. I...

BARON

You killed the doctor too soon, you fool!

DUKE LETO

(inner voice)

Yueh... Yueh... dead... Paul and Jessica safe... the tooth!

PITER

He's coming round, my Lord.

The Baron moves from behind a table stacked with dirty dishes and foodstuffs and goes to Leto.

DUKE LETO

(inner voice)

Wait... he must be near...

BARON

Where is your ring?

The Baron's face is now very close to Duke Leto's.

BARON (CONT'D)

You do not answer!

DUKE LETO

(very faint)

A... little... closer.... The... water...
of my life... for Paul.

The Baron briefly wonders at these words and then
turns to Piter.

--

BARON

He's crying!

(he hits Duke Leto)

He's crying! He's crying, Piter. What
does he mean?

Piter moves forward. The Baron sees a succulent
piece of chicken skin on the table. He picks up the
plate, then the chicken skin.

Leto's POV: It's grown HAZY again. The Baron is
beginning to move away, reaching for the small piece
of chicken skin. Piter leans close to Leto.

DUKE LETO

Now!

We hear a CRUNCH, hear a tumultuous RUSHING SOUND as
Piter's face is pushed forcibly away. The Baron is
turning, a dumbfounded look on his face. He drops
the plate, and backs away.

There is a tremendous ROARING. Bits of visions of
Caladan rush through Leto's ever-darkening
consciousness --

MENTAL IMAGES:

134. through 134A. (Deleted)

134B. EXT. CLIFF WALL - CALADAN - DAY

The Atreides banner, the green of it, then the
black. The blackness flaps; then all fades to
SILENCE.

135. INT. HARKONNEN ORNITHOPTER - NIGHT

As they fly deeper into the desert with the ship
shuddering and straining, Jessica suddenly cries out

with tremendous premonition and fear.

JESSICA
Leto! Leto!

Tears course down her cheeks as Paul turns to her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(to Paul)
Leto! He's dead! He's dead...

--

PAUL
I know
(inner voice)
I have NO FEELINGS!! Why?

136. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

Duke Leto and Piter lie dead.

137. INT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

The Baron floats near the ceiling in a small
passageway. He is ecstatic.

BARON
(screaming)
I'm alive!!! I'm alive!!!

137A. INT. HARKONNEN `THOPTER - NIGHT

Paul is fighting the controls of the Harkonnen
`thopter.

137B. CLEAN POV

Harkonnen `thopter lights on dunes.

137A. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL
I can't maintain any altitude... we'll
never reach the safety of rock. Maybe
that small rock.

JESSICA
Where are we do you think?

PAUL
The South Polar regions... the forbidden
area. We must make it to that rock...

137C. EXT. HARKONNEN `THOPTER - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

The `thopter violently hits the sands and flips up -
- almost turning over. It falls slowly back, then
slides down the side of a dune.

--

137D. EXT. HARKONNEN ORNITHOPTER - DESERT - NIGHT

PAUL

Hurry!

He jumps out of his seat.

JESSICA

Bring these satchels!

She hands him one.

PAUL

(at doorway)

Hurry -- This crashing may bring a worm.

As Paul puts the satchel over his shoulder, he feels something. He looks at his father's ring. He stares at it silently, then closes his hand around it. They jump outside.

JESSICA

(starting to cry)

A million deaths are not enough for
Yueh...

PAUL

(inner voice)(reacting to his
mother's tears)

Where are my feelings... I feel for no
one...

138. EXT. ROCK - DESERT - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica running. Paul pulls Jessica to a place in the wall where a small overhang offers shelter. Jessica falls to the ground. She CRIES, pouring out her grief, but soon the sound of it is carried away by the building rush of WIND. Paul turns and looks out to the open desert, this portion of which is a dust ocean.

138A. PAUL'S POV:

The Mouse Moon has risen.

Ripples of dust undulate tide-like in the light of the moon. The WHISPERING grains billow up like the foam of waves as they hit the rock.

138. BACK TO SCENE

Paul turns, his face illuminated by the two moons above. His eyes lock on the moon which has the image of the mouse.

--

PAUL

(inner voice)

The second moon... from the dreams...

138B. INT. PAUL'S EYE - NIGHT

We move into Paul's eye, where the mouse moon appear and revolves slowly. The moon begins to explode. The pieces of the moon soar toward us burning with white-hot flames. Within the flames we see...

139. (Deleted)

139A. EXT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

... the burning Palace of Arrakeen. We move closer to it.

189B. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

We then see Duke Leto's face. The Baron leans over the Duke and clutches the skin on the Duke's face. He begins pulling it. The skin on the Duke's race slowly rips open -- making a hideous tearing SOUND. Black SMOKE issues forth from the hole which teats larger.

PAUL (V.O.)
(distorted)
House Atreides is ruined.
(less distorted)
This moon holds my past.

139C. INT. VESTIBULE - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Inside and through the SMOKE Paul sees Feyd tear the Red Duke insignia off his father's uniform. He sees Feyd laughing. The moving, now-brilliant red hawk insignia becomes...

139D. EXT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT

... a burning meteor ROARING over the castle on Caladan. The meteor crashes in the black sea.

PAUL (V.O.)
This moon holds my future.

--

139E. INT. WATER - NIGHT

Foaming confusion turning into a small, twisting fetus under the sea. Its eyes closed. Moving close to it, its eyes snap open. Through the eyes is the pale white face of JESSICA.

139F. EXT. SHIELD WALL - DESERT - NIGHT

There is a huge soaring WIND sound and beyond JESSICA the dunes roll like ocean waves.

139G. EXT. MOUSE MOON - NIGHT

The moon continues to spew out pieces of moving images which are seen then disappear as fast as sparks. The broken, burning pieces float eerily toward us over the undulating dunes below. One image floats closer. It is a hand folded into a fist.

PAUL (V.O.)
I am only a seed...

The fist begins to open.

DUKE LETO (V.O.)
The seed must grow.

The hand opens fully with slow blue fluid pulsating out the very center of the palm. The hand floats eerily forward.

DUKE LETO (V.O.)
The sleeper must awaken.

139H. EXT. WATER - NIGHT

The last image which passes is foaming and spitting dark blue water. As the image passes, the black smoke trailing behind it obscures the picture to blackness.

140. EXT. ROCK - DESERT - NIGHT

Through the darkness we move to Paul's clenched hand. It opens, revealing the signet ring in the very center of his palm. Paul looks upward to the moons of Arrakis. He looks back to the ring, then to his mother.

PAUL
Listen to me!... you wanted to know about my dreams... and I've just had a waking dream... do you know why?...

--

JESSICA
Calm yourself/

PAUL
The spice! It's in everything here. The air, the soil, the food... It's like the Truthsayer drug..... It's a poison!!!! You knew the spice would change me. But thanks to your teachings it's changed my consciousness. I can see it... I can see it.

JESSICA
(inner voice)

Is he....?

PAUL
You carry my unborn sister in your womb!

JESSICA
(inner voice)
He knows.

PAUL
You and your Bene Gesserit sisterhood...
I'm not your Kwisatz Haderach... I'm
something different, something unexpected!
(inner voice)
I'm a seed.
(out loud)
I am so much more... You don't begin to
know me...

141. through 142A. (Deleted)

142B. EXT. ROCK - DESERT - NIGHT

Paul's head goes down. He places the ring on his
finger.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Father... now I have become a killer and I
will continue to kill until I have avenged
your death.
(out loud)
Father!

Jessica cries as she stares at her son.

143. through 143A. (Deleted)

--

145. BACK TO SCENE

Rabban stops up the ramp. He wears a large smile.
His thick head sweats and sweat runs down his thick
neck. He goes inside and the doors swing closed.

146. INT. HARKONNEN SHIP - NIGHT

He enters the ship and moves down within to the
Baron's headquarters, passing two dwarves cooking a
dead legless cow which hangs from chains. Rabban
tears out the cow's tongue and eats it. Then he
exits through a door which closes behind him.

147. INT. BARON'S QUARTERS - HARKONNEN SHIP - NIGHT

The Baron is flying wildly, circling the outside of
a large steel shower, while Nefud and a DWARF play a
strange instrument producing maniacal, perverse,
screaming MUSIC. The Baron SEES Rabban enter, but

continues to fly around the shower.

BARON
(very excited)
Rabban!!... we're knee deep in Atreides
blood! We've gutted them. We've gutted
them!
(laughs)

The Baron floats to Rabban and begins lovingly
massaging Rabban's massive neck as he speaks to him.

BARON
Rabban, Rabban... I place you in charge
of Arrakis. It's yours to squeeze, as I
promised. I want you to squeeze and
squeeze and squeeze.
(massaging in rhythm)
Give me spice! Drive them into utter
submission. You must not show the
slightest pity or mercy... as only you
can... Never stop!
(releasing him)
Go.... Show no mercy!

RABBAN
Yes, my lord Baron.

Rabban leaves just as Feyd steps out of the shower.
The Baron turns to him lovingly.

--

BARON
(to Feyd)
And when we've crushed these people enough
I'll send in you Feyd... they'll cheer you
as a rescuer... lovely Feyd... really a
lovely boy.
(suddenly he smiles and screams)
Where's my doctor?

148. INT. HARKONNEN SHIP - NIGHT

As Rabban leaves, he looks into one room of the
ship. Behind the glass porthole sits Thufir Hawat
bound head and foot, his eyes darting this way and
that.

148A. EXT. ROCK - DESERT - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica are in stillsuits. Paul is looking
through a Fremkit. He finds a paper with Dr. Yueh's
mark on it.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Yueh's left the plans for the weirding
modules.

148B. EXT. MOONS - ARRAKEEN - DESERT - NIGHT

The moons have moved further across the sky.

148A. BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly Paul turns and studies his mother. A stronger WIND comes up.

PAUL

We have to get to that mountain of rock.
We have entered the time when all will
turn against us and seek our lives...

Jessica gets up. They make their way up the crest
of a dune by a small rock.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's further than I thought... a worm is
sure to come.... I'll plant a thumper,
that should divert it.

--

Paul moves off into the shadows. Suddenly, Jessica
SEES a burst of LIGHTNING illuminate the mountain of
rock in the distant and the vast dunes before them.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(inner voice)(as Paul leaves to light
the thumper)
...the night is a tunnel... a hole into
tomorrow... if we're to have a tomorrow...

149. through 151. (Deleted)

151A. EXT. DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Paul plants the thumper which begins a powerful
rhythmic noise. He turns to Jessica.

PAUL

(returning)
Remember... walk without rhythm and we
won't attract a worm... it'll go to the
thumper.

JESSICA

(puts in her noseplug)
I'm ready.

Paul and Jessica move into camera and exit right.

151B. EXT. DEEP DESERT AND ROCKS - NIGHT

Another burst of LIGHTNING. The distant rock seems
to have grown no larger. Their muscles begin to
ache. Suddenly they HEAR the thumper start behind
them.

PAUL
Keep going...

152. EXT. DEEP DESERT AND ROCKS - NIGHT (LATER)

Their breathing becomes very labored. The sand moves like slow water, forever rolling down and up. Then they hear the worm, the low thundering HISS shaking the tonnage of sand. The thumper stops. Paul turns.

PAUL
Faster!!

--

JESSICA
(screaming)
It's deafening!

Their bodies ache and they feel like dropping, yet the cliff is still a good distance away. The worm SOUND grows louder and Paul turns to look.

153. EXT. WORM - DESERT - NIGHT

A flash of LIGHTNING. The worm is now coming toward them. The mound of sand over the worm is enormous and is approaching at a terrifyingly fast speed. The power of this worm is awesome.

153A. EXT. DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

PAUL
(screaming)
Run!

JESSICA
I can't... I can't.

She turns to see. Then she runs.

153B. EXT. DRUM SAND - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

All at once their feet tromp down on firmer sand. The SOUND is very loud.

PAUL
Drum sand!

The DRUMMING sound ECHOES deep within the ground. Jessica falls. Paul stops and drags her up. They run again. The worm SOUND becomes unbearably loud. Static electricity SPARKS giant bolts of pure white LIGHTNING and the air turns to ozone. Finally they find rock. Behind them the SOUND of the worm changes. They turn.

154. EXT. WORM - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

The gigantic head of the worm is just breaking through the sand. The mouth begins to open in an eighty-foot circle of teeth and darkness. The mouth arches forward searching for them.

155. EXT. BASE OF THE CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica climb up and up inside a narrow slit of rock.

--

155A. INT. ROCK CLIFF - DESERT - NIGHT

The worm's mouth climbs higher also but it cannot penetrate the narrow opening in the rock.

156. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica have scrambled upwards a couple of hundred feet.

156A. EXT. WORM AND ROCK - NIGHT

Still the worm stretches up to them. Suddenly the worm begins BANGING on the rock. Huge SHUDDERS drive through the black stone. Over and over again the worm mindlessly hits at the rock.

156B. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica crouch further back in the tiny passageway of safety, but a solid back wall of rock prevents them from moving back any more.

156C. INT. ROCK CLIFF - NIGHT

The breath from the worm is like a hurricane of WIND.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Cinnamon... the spice!
(out loud)
Do you smell it?

JESSICA
Yes...

PAUL
(inner voice)
I know the secret. The worm is the
spice... the spice is the worm.

157. (Deleted)

157A. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Suddenly a colossal section of the rock wall cracks and topples off into the worm's mouth. Instantly

the worm pulls back. A huge FIRE roars deep within the worm consuming the rock.

--

158. INT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

The worm now can get even closer to Paul and Jessica. It looms up again and crushes its mouth up against the rock.

158A. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Another fissure opens, and suddenly half the rock wall protecting them splits off entirely and falls... taking Paul with it.

158B. EXT. WORM AND ROCK - NIGHT

...against the worm.

159. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Paul is knocked off the cliff and falls straight down two hundred feet. His feet skid along the face of rock. He bounces and brakes. He hits and jumps. He careens from one boulder, flies upside down, rights himself then tumbles and skids into the sand. Unhurt, he jumps up and scrambles up another part of the rock to safety.

160. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

JESSICA

Paul!

She presses against the narrow ledge that is left after the worm assault.

161. EXT. BASE OF THE CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

The worm is just coming up again when distant THUMPING is heard. The worm, as if charmed by the sound, turns and moves off towards it.

PAUL

(inner voice)

A thumper.

161A. (Deleted)

162. EXT. ROCK CLIFF - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Jessica climbs further up and manages to get over to a place where she can meet up with Paul, who is now climbing back.

--

JESSICA

(crying)

What's happened?... Why did it leave?

PAUL
(breathing heavily)
Someone started another thumper.... We're
not alone.

They climb upwards until the ledge ends at the mouth
of a dark crevice. Paul and Jessica try to see into
the inky black hole.

163. EXT. CREVICE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Slowly Paul and Jessica enter, inching forward. A
low moan of WIND comes up. Paul can see nothing,
then suddenly he SEES stars above and SEES the hint
of stairs cut into the rock.

JESSICA
(whispering)
Man-carved steps.

PAUL
(whispering)
Yes...

They climb the steps and enter an extremely narrow
dark channel of stone. As they make their way
through the rock, suddenly there is a burst of
lightning which illuminates a whole troop of Fremmen
standing silently in front of them.

164. EXT. FREMEN PLACE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

STILGAR
Perhaps these are the ones Mapes told us
of.

STILGAR
(to Jessica)
Are you trained in the ways of the desert?

JESSICA
No, but many consider my training
valuable.

STILGAR
I will take the boy-man... he shall have
sanctuary in my tribe...

--

A LOW NOTE on a dip stick is blown by one of the
Fremen tribe. Jessica shifts, Paul sees it, and
just as Stilgar begins a reach for his weapon,
Jessica turns, slashes out, utters a SOUND, whirls
again and with rock behind her holds Stilgar
helpless in front of her -- her hand at his throat.
Paul moves on her first move. He races up a rocky
incline.

165. EXT. CLIFF - FREMEN PLACE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

He then jumps higher up and presses himself between two rocks on a low cliff overlooking the rest of the Fremen troop.

166. EXT. FREMEN PLACE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

The troop starts shooting projectile weapons in Paul's direction.

STILGAR

Stop! Get back!! She has the weirding way. Why didn't you tell us! Great gods... if you can do this to the strongest of us you're worth ten times your weight of water. As a leader of my people I give you my bond: teach us this weirding way and you both shall have sanctuary. Your water shall mingle with our water.

JESSICA

Then I will teach you our way of battle.... you have the word bond of a Bene Gesserit.

A FREMEN

It is the legend.

167. EXT. CLIFF - FREMEN PLACE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

Up on the rock, Paul turns. He takes a step, then notices a small figure standing in front of him. It is a girl.

CHANI

I am Chani, daughter of Liet.... I would not have permitted you to harm my tribe.

PAUL

(inner voice)

From my dream... so beautiful. Liet.... is this Kynes' daughter?

Paul stares at her in wonder.

--

CHANI

Come with me. I'll show you an easier way down.

They exit.

168. EXT. FREMEN PLACE - DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

STILGAR

(to Paul, as they meet)

You have strength... real strength... You

shall be known as Usul, which is the strength of the base of the pillar. This is your secret name in our troop. But you must choose the name of manhood which we will call you openly.

PAUL
(thinking)
What do you call the mouse shadow in the second moon?

STILGAR
We call that one Muad'dib.

PAUL
Could I be known as Paul Muad'dib?

STILGAR
You are Paul Muad'dib, and your mother shall be a Sayyadina among us.... We welcome you.

Wind blows a cloud of dust through the rock. High above the moon with the mouse shadow glows brilliantly. It dissolves into the sun.

168A. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

Paul, Jessica and the Fremmen march through the dunes.

171. through 171B. (Deleted)

172. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DUSK/SUNSET

HEAT WAVES and sand dunes. Mysterious SOUNDS echo in the distance as the giant sun is setting.

Chani takes Paul to the top of a dune. They stare at the sunset and a huge rock outcropping in the distance.

--

CHANI
Seitch Tabr.

Paul looks at the rock, then turns to her.

CHANI (CONT'D)
Tell me of your homeworld, Usul.

These words rend Paul's soul. He cannot speak. He reaches out and touches her hand - her cheek.

173. (Deleted)

174. INT. ENTRANCE - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

The Fremmen troop enters into a large square room

with slot passageways going off in various directions.

175. INT. PASSAGEWAY - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

They all move down one of the passageways which are beautifully but very plainly cut with lasguns. They are like passages in the pyramids, dark with sharp turns and inclines upwards or downwards, some very steep and long, and others descending hundreds of feet. There is a strong, moaning WIND.

176. through 177. (Deleted)

178. INT. PASSAGEWAY/STAIRS - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

A quiet WIND can be heard -- deep and moaning.

JESSICA
Moisture...

She looks at Paul. He, too, notices.

PAUL
Wind traps... huge ones.

Down a long, sloping, narrow passageway they go until they reach a stairway cut into the stone. It is very dark and gets increasingly darker as they descend. The WIND sound grows. The air grows colder and damper. Paul and Jessica share another questioning look. At the bottom of the stairs they pass through a narrow slot doorway which suddenly opens out on something so totally unexpected it shocks Paul.

--

179. INT. RESERVOIR -SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

It is enormous, deep reservoir of black water sitting silently in the depths of this sietch and stretching out into the darkness.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Water on Arrakis!!!
I have seen this place in a dream.
(out loud)
A treasure.

STILGAR
Greater than treasure, Usul. We have thousands of such caches. Only a few of us know them all. When we have enough... we shall change the face of Arrakis.
Listen!...

There is the sound of water dripping. The lights are extinguished - reflections play on Paul's face.

STILGAR (CONT'D)
The Rocks of Arrakis hold many secrets.

179A. through 180 (Deleted)

180A. REVISED SCENE - HALL OF RITES

Thousands of Fremmen wait below. Paul enters a rock ledge, guided by two monks, which is crowded with Fremmen and old Fremmen Monks. Below the crowds continue to watch and wait while a giant wind organ moans. A Monk steps up to Paul.

MONK

We sense that you may be the "voice from the outer world". Both moons told us of you. You must pass tests before we will know... you must conquer the beast of the desert, both his outer and his deadly inner powers.

(moves back)

Speak to us... from the outer world.

Paul turns and gathers courage to address the multitude below.

PAUL

(inner voice)

I am only a seed.

(out loud)

I am Usul... Paul Muad'dib.

--

CROWDS

(loud murmur)

Muad'dib!

MONK

The legend.

PAUL

(inner voice)

No one ever dreamed there would be so many.

(out loud)

Our shared enemy the Harkonnens, are once again in control of Arrakis. Stilgar, your leader, has asked me and my mother to crush the Harkonnens. We must do more than this. We must totally destroy all spice production on Arrakis. The Guild and the entire universe depends on spice.

"He who can destroy a thing, controls a thing".

I will take one hundred of your warriors and train them. This one hundred will

train the thousands that remain. When the
spice flow stops, all eyes will turn to
Arrakis. The Baron and the Emperor
himself will be forced to deal with us.
Arrakis will become the center of the
Universe.

(inner voice)
The dream unfolds.

181. through 181A. (Deleted)

182. INT. TRAINING ROOM - SIETCH TABR - DAY

Large room with a low ceiling. A drummer playing
makes a low ECHOING MUSICAL HIT. A big block of
stone is moved across coarse sand -- back and forth
-- fast. A rhythm is started -- powerful. Paul
enters, pauses and looks to Jessica - he stands in
front of over 100 Fremmen men. Jessica sits behind
him alongside Stilgar.

A large rock obelisk has been placed near Paul for
this demonstration.

PAUL

The weirding way has long been a Bene
Gesserit secret. With my mother's help,
my father isolated an element of the
weirding way and externalised it.

--

PAUL (CONT'D)

Because of the Harkonnen treachery, my
father's armies were never able to fully
develop this new form. This is what I
will teach you. You will be the fiercest
and most feared fighters in the Universe.

Our way of battle is built on rhythm. You
understand rhythm like this but you do not
yet understand the rhythm of the higher
sounds, sounds that heal and build...
sounds that destroy. Motion is the base.
You understand the motion... but you do
not yet understand the motion that heals
and builds... motions that destroy...

Orato!

(he moves forward)

This obelisk is of your hardest stone.

Kick it...

(he does -- the rock doesn't move)

Hit it...

(he does -- the rock doesn't move)

Yell at it...

ORATO

Break!

The Fremmen laugh -- the rock doesn't move.

A Fremmen with a lasgun tries to cut it. Paul motions him back, slightly.

PAUL

Move back!

Paul also moves back. He switches on his weirding module. He opens his mouth and makes a small SOUND, which the module amplifies.

PAUL

Chuksa!

The sound shatters the obelisk to pieces. The one hundred Fremmen YELL with surprise and awe.

100 FREMMEN

Achiii!

--

PAUL

This is part of the weirding way that we will teach you. Some thoughts have a certain sound... that being the equivalent to a form. Through sound and motion you will be able to paralyze nerves, shatter bones, set fires, suffocate an enemy or burst his organs.... We will kill until no Harkonnen breathes Arrakeen air.

100 FREMMEN

Muad'dib!

PAUL

(inner voice)

To avenge my father, I will turn you into killing machines.

Stilgar turns to Jessica.

STILGAR

Sayyadina. Our Reverend Mother tells me she is too old... She has been calling through space and time for you to come and let her rest. She asks that you pass within.

JESSICA

(inner voice)

They want me to take the Water of Life... the Truthsayer drug... so dangerous, yet... we must move swiftly if we're to secure our place among these Fremmen.

(out loud)

I will try to pass within.

STILGAR
Death may be the result.... Are you sure?

JESSICA
(inner voice)
I must do this for Paul, but what of my
unborn child?

DISSOLVE TO:

183. through 187. (Deleted)

--

188. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

Fremen carry the Fremen REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO in
on a litter. The old Reverend Mother is old a frail
yet extremely beautiful and mysterious. She turns
to Paul and Jessica with a strange look.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO
(to Jessica, in an ancient voice)
So you are the ones.

She turns away towards the monks who are very busy
blowing horns and waving pots of burning spice,
purifying the area of the rite. Several Fremen blow
on dip sticks and a FEMALE CHOIR begins a haunting
chorale as the giant pipe organ blows beautiful low
notes below.

Paul looks to his mother.

He then sees Chani.

CU Chani.

CU Paul -- he cannot stop looking at her.

Stilgar motions to Paul.

STILGAR
(whispering to Paul)
Do you know the Water of Life?... Come...
...Watch... the mystery of mysteries...
the end and the beginning.

He shows Paul through a narrow passageway -- almost
a slot through the stone to a small room. Through
an opening in the stone wall, Paul is shown a very
strange and somewhat horrifying scene.

189. INT. BABY WORM - MAKER ROOM - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

A thirty-foot baby worm is being lowered into a
stone chamber. The chamber is then covered with a
wire top. Valves are turned and water rushes into
the chamber. The worm begins to writhe violently

and leap and bang against the bars above. The worm begins to turn inside out from the mouth back and it begins to gag. Some monks and watermasters quickly drain the stone chamber and wrench the worm out using large steel hooks. They hold the worm above a large tub. A watermaster-reed man runs a long reed in to the worm, causing it to spasm and gag up a beautiful deep blue bile as it dies.

189A. INT. MAKER ROOM - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

The bile and worm water are combined in ceremonial containers. Paul turns to Stilgar.

--

STILGAR
The Water of Life.

PAUL
(inner voice)
The most lethal poison in the Universe.

Then we HEAR from Paul's memory his conversation with the Reverend Mother:

REVEREND MOTHER
... Many men have tried.

PAUL
Did they try and fail?

REVEREND MOTHER
They tried and died.

190. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Stilgar and Paul return to the ledge above the Hall of Rites. A MONK PRIEST steps forward, addresses the crowd, silencing them. The other monks move back carrying their smoking cleansing bags.

MONK #1
One among us has consented to enter the rite. She will attempt to pass within that we not lose the strength of our Reverend Mother.

PAUL
(inner voice)(turning to his mother)
What if she should fail?

He brings the jug close to Jessica.

MONK #1
Drink!

Jessica drinks.

JESSICA
(inner voice)
The ultimate awareness spectrum narcotic.
I must transform the poison configuration
within my body... the blue must be made
clean.

She swallows. Her body contorts and spasms
violently. She screams. The Reverend Mother
screams with her.

--

191 (Deleted)

192. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

We see Jessica sitting, shoulders tight and spasming
-- straining, her eyelids half-closed and
flickering.

193. (Deleted)

194. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

The old Reverend Mother slowly extends a hand toward
Jessica's shoulder.

195. JESSICA - MENTAL IMAGE

Inside Jessica, we see the Reverend Mother Ramallo's
hand descend through the dark void. Shimmering
water starts to ripple, lightly stirring an image of
Jessica.

As the hand penetrates, something deep within her
starts to GLOW. It is a fetus, a female. The
Reverend Mother Ramallo's hand flinches as it
touches the fetus. The fetus sparks to life -
screaming and rapidly spasming upwards on its
umbilical cord.

195A. (Deleted)

196. INT. ROCK LEDGE - WALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO
(whispering urgently into Jessica's
ear)
You should have told us.

197. JESSICA'S MENTAL IMAGE - FETUS

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO (V.O.)
(gasping)
Great Mother! This changes both! What
have we done?

--

197A. INT. THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jessica and the fetus rush mentally through a dark strangely worm-like tunnel until suddenly, a gaping black hole appears. A horrible WIND, SPARKS and circles of expanding light issues from it.

JESSICA (V.O)
(inner voice)(fearful)
No! This is the place where we cannot
look. The place only for the eyes of the
Kwisatz Haderach.

197B. THE FETUS - NIGHT

The fetus twists down the tunnel to join Jessica, her umbilical cord trailing behind. She SCREAMS as she looks into the hole.

197C. THE NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

She and Jessica see a shape moving deep within the windy hole. It is a Third Stage Navigator, ROARING.

JESSICA
What is this?... Is this what kills the
men who enter here?

She quickly takes the fetus back up the tunnel. As they move:

JESSICA (V.O.)(CONT'D)
(inner voice)
Now my daughter and I are both Reverend
Mothers.

REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO (V.O.)
(distant)
I've been a long time waiting for you.
Here is my life.

198. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

The old Reverend Mother Ramallo slumps forward onto the stone, dead. The crowd waits. The corpse is tenderly removed. Jessica very slowly opens her eyes and looks about her. The monk holds the jug to her lips.

MONK
Change it that we may all drink of it.

--

Jessica spews water into the spout. The monk swirls the jug, sniffs at the spout and then drinks.

MONK (CONT'D)

It is changed!

PAUL
(inner voice)
She did it!

199. INT. HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

The Fremmen suddenly turn their attention to Paul.... They whisper "It is the prophecy!" They soon begin to CHANT... "Muad'dib.... Muad'dib" over and over again. The chanting sounds fill the hall along with the ghostly wind organ.

200. (Deleted)

201. INT. HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Down below, the crowds continue CHANTING "Muad'dib, Muad'dib."

202. INT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Paul continues to stare at Chani. He moves to her. Chani turns. Paul is at her side. Their eyes meet and lock.

CHANI
(whispering)
Come with me.

203. INT. PASSAGEWAY ON ROCK LEDGE - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

At the end of the dark black corridor, Chani turns and she and Paul fall together in a long kiss filled with love.

PAUL
Chani.... I love you... I've always loved you....

--

204. through 209. (Deleted)

169. INT. STAIRCASE - GEIDI PRIME - DAY

The Baron and Feyd descend several steps into a darker area of Geidi Prime. Feyd is carrying a strange creature in a small wire cage. The Baron is floating as he descends.

BARON
(takes a drink)
Feyd, even though he's aging, Thufir is one of the finest Mentats in the Universe... and he's mine, Feyd... all mine.... Quiet now.

FEYD

I will.

170. INT. BASEMENT ROOM - GEIDI PRIME - DAY

Nefud stands eating candies behind Thufir's chair. Nefud has a stun gun, even though Thufir's hands are tied. The Baron enters with Feyd.

BARON

Oh Thufir, I see they've installed your heart plug already.... Don't be angry. Everyone gets one here. But this is not why we're here. We've brought you a little cat, Thufir. You must care for it if you wish to live. A poison has been introduced into you, Thufir Hawat. By milking this smooth little cat body each day you receive your antidote... it must be done each day.... Also, you must do something for me if you wish to live. You know I lost Piter, my dear Mentat...

Thufir gives the Baron a weak, wide-eyed stare.

FEYD

All I can see is an Atreides that I want to kill.

BARON

Feyd, no, no! Thufir's a Harkonnen now, aren't you Thufir?

THUFIR

(inner voice)

My dear Duke... how I have failed you.

--

211. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Jessica's face shows signs of straining. Women move around her, Chani and Harah at her side, helping her give birth. Suddenly ALIA is born and her freshly-born moist body is held up in front of Jessica. Alia's eyes snap open, burning brightly.

HARAH

What will you call her?

JESSICA

Alia.

As they lift Alia for Jessica to see...

ALIA

Mother.

210. INT. TRAINING ROOM - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Paul walks down the steps into the training room - followed by Harah's two sons. He pauses at the foot of the steps.

PAUL
Activate your weirding modules...

Paul activates his, and the Fremens follow suit.

PAUL
Set the range for two meters.

Paul walks down the line of Fremmen.

PAUL
Korba...
(points to robot)
The arm...

KORBA
(aiming the module)
Chuuk-sa...

PAUL
Motion... Chuuk-sa...

KORBA
Chuuuk-sa...

He fires the module and the arm of the robot is shot off. Paul smiles and hits him on the shoulder - Paul walks on.

--

PAUL
Stilgar...

One of the FREMEN calls out to Paul.

A FREMEN
Muad'dib!...

The word 'Muad'dib' causes a tremendous power to build. The module shakes violently in his hand - it suddenly fires upwards, and the wall explodes.

PAUL
(inner voice)
My own name is a killing word. Will it be a healing word as well?

211A. NEW SCENE

STILGAR
(to Paul as he applies red colour to the shoulders of several large Fremmen men)
Usul... these are fifteen of our fiercest fighters to serve you as your guard... the

Fedaykin.

He pauses, then holds up his brilliantly red hand.

212. (Deleted)

213. EXT. DESERT - DAY

An EXPLOSION. Paul turns and his eyes are totally blue. He lifts binoculars to them and looks. He sees the Fremmen fighters below charging at the Harkonnens. As the Fremmen run they make powerful SOUNDS with their weirding modules, exploding everything in their path and catching things on fire.

213A. EXT. CARRYALL - DESERT - DAY

In the distance, a huge spice carryall is shot down and it falls to the ground EXPLODING more violently on impact.

213. BACK TO SCENE

PAUL

Now!

--

Stilgar signals, and Fremmen run behind them.

PAIL (CONT'D)

(to Stilgar)

They're even better on the battlefield
than in the training rooms!!

(inner voice)

Sound... as a weapon. If only you could
see them, father.

Paul smiles as he looks at the battle in the
distance.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(his V.O. from the past)

When the spice flow stops, the entire
Universe will turn to Arrakis. The Baron
and the Emperor himself will be forced to
deal with us.

214. INT. PASSAGEWAYS - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Rabban stares dumbfounded as many Harkonnen wounded
and dead are brought through the passageway beyond.
Rabban grabs a Harkonnen and asks:

RABBAN

What happened? What happened to you?
What is he saying?

WOUNDED HARKONNEN

Muad'dib!... Muad'dib!... Muad'dib!...
Muad'dib!

Rabban pushes him away.

A HARKONNEN SOLDIER
He's been repeating that name ever since
we found him.

RABBAN
Who is this Muad'dib?

215. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

HEAT WAVES; dunes. A big thumper is forced into the
sands. A RHYTHM is heard pounding on Fremmen hand
drums and rhythm instruments. Feet scramble. Black
stillsuited Fedaykin warrior bodyguards gather.
Stilgar turns.

--

STILGAR
(to Paul)
Usul... It is time you become a
sandrider... and travel as a Fremmen. Take
the kiswa maker hook of our sietch and
ride as a leader of men.

216. (Deleted)

217. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

As Paul leaves the troop to plant the second
thumper:

STILGAR (V.O.)
Two thumpers are planted. The worm may
not surface for the first - he will rise
for the second. Remember, when the worm
approaches, you must be utterly still...
and close enough to plant the hook firmly
under a ring segment.... The worm will
turn to lift this exposed area as far from
the abrasive sand as possible and it will
take you with it -- to the top. Do not
get too close as he approaches... the sand
will engulf you.... Wait till the head of
the worm passes -- then go... quickly.

STILGAR & FREMMEN
Shai-Hulud... Shai-Hulud.

In the distance the telltale SOUND of the worm's
approach begins. This worm is deep underground and
the sound is low and the ground trembles violently.

PAUL
(inner voice)
Only the very strong ones travel this

deep....

The SOUND and VIBRATIONS continue to build. In the distance, the Fedaykin and Stilgar watch.

STILGAR

(to the others)

Usul has called a big one. Again... it is the legend.

218. (Deleted)

--

219. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

HEAT WAVES... dunes RHYTHM. THUNDEROUS approach of the worm. Paul still cannot see the worm, but the sound begins to drown out the Fremmen rhythm instruments and the sand begins to VIBRATE. Suddenly, Paul SEES...

219A. EXT. WORM - DEEP DESERT - DAY

...a mountain of sands rise up, towering, thundering -- lightning SPARKS fissuring throughout the air above the worm.

The mountain approaches at a terrifying speed. Then, the worm appears -- rushing. The mouth, at first a small opening, begins to widen -- exposing a thousand glistening teeth.

219B. EXT. DESERT - DAY

Paul freezes. He lets the worm get closer and closer. The HEAT WAVES distort the gigantic form, making it more hideous -- more foreign. He moves forward. The others watch anxiously. This worm is big. It is so much larger than imaged. Its top towers 125 feet in the air. The segments are each ten feet wide.

219C. EXT. VERTICAL SECTION OF WORM - DESERT - DAY

Paul gets close and running alongside, he plants the hook under a segment and pulls back. The SOUND is excruciatingly loud. The sand is so deep and more is being thrown out beneath the body of the worm. Paul gets caught in it and falls. He narrowly escapes being sucked under the beast. He gets up -- runs again and plants the hook once more. He runs faster, bending the segment open to expose the tender flesh.

219D. EXT. FULL-SIZE SECTION OF WORM - DESERT - DAY

Suddenly the worm begins to turn. Paul pulls himself up the body as it turns -- holding onto the hook. Soon he is fifty -- sixty -- seventy feet off

the ground -- going higher. The giant worm gets the second thumper and Paul at that moment climbs to the top. He plants the second hook.

PAUL
(inner voice)
A sandrider!...

Paul works the hooks into the breathing holes along the body...

--

219E. EXT. DESERT - DAY

...causing the great beast to make a slow turn toward Stilgar and the bodyguard. They set themselves and as the worm passes...

219F. EXT. FULL-SIZE SECTION OF WORM - DESERT - DAY

...they all clamber on, climbing up the sides to the top.

PAUL
(yelling)
Long live the fighters!

They return the traditional CALL and Paul steers the maker in a giant circle. They head out across the dunes.

219G. (Deleted)

219I. EXT. DESERT - DAY

Rabban and Harkonnens in the desert. Rabban observes tremendous destruction of his spice harvesters and carryalls.

219K. EMPEROR'S WORLD REPORT

VOICE
Seventeen Great Houses of the Lansraad have reported a significant delay in delivery of spice per CHOAM agreement. This constitutes a serious violation of CHOAM codes. Contact Baron Vladimir Harkonnen immediately.

219H. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

A furious Rabban sits in a black steel tub in the Great Hall. A squad of TROOPS stands at attention in front of him, listening to his screaming fit.

RABBAN
Falsify the reports. We can't hide it all, tell them we've lost only two hundred harvesters... and forty carryalls... and

don't let my uncle know about the
destruction of the spice silos.... I will
catch this Muad'dib and suck the blood
from him!! SUCK THE BLOOD FROM HIM!!!

--

219J. through 222. (Deleted)

226A. EXT. HARVESTER - DESERT - DAY

SMOKE billows from a burning harvester.

226B. EXT. DESERT - DAY

Fighting is going on between Fremmen and some
smugglers. Paul moves down a smokey dune with
Stilgar followed by Fremmen and Fedaykin.

PAUL

We surprised a band of smugglers.

STILGAR

(racing into thick smoke)

Too bad... thought they were Harkonnen.

Paul and Stilgar move through the smoke. A man runs
up with a maula pistol aimed at Paul but Paul spins
and punctures the man's chest with a sound from his
weirding module. Paul turns and a large figure
comes through the smoke. They surprise each other.
The figure holds a gun.

PAUL

Gurney!...

The figure stops -- stunned.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You've no need of your weapons with me
Gurney Halleck.

GURNEY

(peering; whisper of hope)

Paul!! Paul!!

PAUL

Don't you trust your own eyes.

GURNEY

They said you were dead. They said...

Paul shows him the signet ring on his fingers.
Gurney moves forward, his eyes tearing, and the two
embrace each other and pound each other on the back.

GURNEY

You young pup! You young pup!

--

227. NEW SCENE - WORLD REPORT

VOICE

Stand-by... warning... we have just
received a coded threat from the Guild.
Spice production is in serious jeopardy...
Giedi Prime supplying false reports...
Guild to visit Emperor in one standard
day.

228. INT. THRONE ROOM - EMPEROR'S PALACE - NIGHT

The Emperor sits on his throne. Behind him are his
Sardaukar officers. In front of him are several
Guildsmen. One holds a large electrical apparatus
up to the face plate of another which translates his
strange voice into English.

TANKED GUILDSMAN #2

Emperor Shaddam IV... You have one last
chance to take matters into your own hands
and bring the situation under the control
on Arrakis.

EMPEROR

What do you mean one last...

TANKED GUILDSMAN #2

Do not speak!... Listen!... You do not
have more than this one chance.... I
represent the entire Guild in this
matter.... You have failed to kill the
Atreides heir... Paul.

EMPEROR

But he was said to...

TANKED GUILDSMEN #2

(moans like a cow)

Noooooo... he is not dead. He is not
eaten by worms as you have wanted to
believe. He is not missing. He is in the
deep desert with the Fremmen. The Spice is
in great danger. We are not asking... we
are telling... remedy the situation or you
will live out your life in a pain
amplifier.

The Guildsmen turn and leave.

EMPEROR

Who is this Paula Atreides to the Guild?
And why?

222A. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - SIETCH TABR - DAY

Jessica sits with Harah.

--

HARAH

Your Reverence, I don't wish to upset you,
but the other women...

223. INT. PASSAGEWAY - SIETCH TABR - DAY

At the end of the passageway, standing alone --
staring with powerful intense blue-within-blue eyes
-- is ALIA. She's listening mentally.

HARAH (V.O.)
...they don't like Alia around. She
frightens them. It is the strangeness of
your daughter.

224. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - SIETCH TABR - DAY

JESSICA
It's the way she speaks of things...

Alia is listening - then exits.

225. INT. PASSAGEWAY - SIETCH TABR - DAY

Alia listens mentally.

JESSICA (V.O.)
...beyond her years and of things no child
could know -- things of the past.
(pause)

Alia begins walking. She appears to be angry.

JESSICA (V.O.)(CONT'D)
A daughter who knew at birth everything I
know...

226. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - SIETCH TABR - DAY

HARAH
But Your Reverence, they won't have her
around them.

Alia enters.

ALIA
(screaming little adult voice)
Harah! Would they deny me the right to
use this mind?...

--

ALIA (CONT'D)
(using The Voice)
Would they deny me the right to use this
voice?...

Harah's head nearly bursts with pain and she SCREAMS
as if she were dying.

JESSICA

Alia!

226A. (Deleted)

228. BACK TO SCENE - EMPEROR'S THRONE ROOM

EMPEROR

(firmly)

I want fifty legions of Sardaukar on Arrakis at once.

SARDAUKAR OFFICER #1

Fifty legions?...

(he looks at the other officers with worry)

That's our entire reserves as well.

EMPEROR

This is genocide... the deliberate and systematic destruction of all life on Arrakis.

228A. NEW SCENE

Ships over Arrakis.

229. through 230. (Deleted)

231. INT. PAUL'S ROOM - SIETCH

There is a growing, powerful sound of a worm approaching as Paul and Chani are lying together in the darkness of their sleeping chamber. Paul's eyes snap open and he sees Chani looking down at him (the last image of the future in the desert).

CHANI

You were calling my name... it frightened me.

--

Page Missing

--

In the hollow of a huge dune, Paul stops with Chani. They share a look into each other's eyes. Paul turns towards the Fedaykin and nods. They move in quickly to tie and wrap Paul in Fremen rope. They move back and wait quietly. Chani moves in very close to Paul. She holds a glass vial of the blue water of life.

PAUL

Hurry! All I see is darkness.

CHANI

Paul... I will love you forever... in life or in death... let Shai-Hulud judge now.

(whispering)

You are my life.

She pours the blue liquid into Paul's mouth. Slow
move into Paul's face as:

PAUL
(inner voice)
Now... the test of the water of life...
what is it that waits for me in this
darkness?

233A. INT. PAUL'S MIND

Fade to black then dissolves to dark blue fluid. A
blue drop falls into the blue fluid - a huge low
thud - then quiet.

233B. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Cut to Paul screaming horribly in the desert.

235. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Alia walks forward in the very dark room. Blood
rushes from her nose. She forces herself to walk to
Jessica's bed. She finds that Jessica's nose is
bleeding also. Jessica wakes in pain. They stare
at each other in the darkness.

JESSICA
ALIA!

ALIA
Mother - help me!

JESSICA
(struggling)
Alia! What is it?

--

ALIA
It's Paul. He's taken the Water of Life.

233C. INT. PAUL'S MIND

Cut to quiet black - dissolve again to blue -
another drop - low thud - quietness - fade to black.

245A. EXT. EMPEROR'S SPACESHIP - SPACE

The Emperor's space ship soars towards us.

246. INT. EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - SPACE

The Reverend Mother Helen Mohiam is on the floor,
bleeding from the nose and weak from pain. The
Emperor looks on in horror.

233D. INT. PAUL'S MIND

Suddenly screaming towards us is white rings, stars and a huge Guild Navigator.

233E. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Cut to Paul's eyes - tightly closed, oozing fresh blood.

233F. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

SCREAMING SOUND. Paul's mouth opens and a giant wind is stirred on the desert.

234. (Deleted)

235A. INT. PAUL'S MIND

Navigator chewing giant eye and spewing blood and light and sounds. Paul's mouth double exposes over Navigator and eye. The sound from Paul's mouth destroys the Navigator and opens the Alam. Navigator bursts into a huge light ring and we quickly travel through ring after ring and masses of liquid stars. The light increases until it is blinding and then in the light...

--

235B. EXT. FLOWER BLOSSOMING

A golden flower blossoms and glows brilliantly - suddenly the powerful sound of an approaching worm.

236. through 239. (Deleted)

240. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Chani and the Fedaykin freeze and watch in horror as seven giant worms converge on them. The worms break the desert surface and rise, towering over them. The worms hover and wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

241. through 245. (Deleted)

240A. EXT. DESERT - DAY

Chani looks to the Fedaykin, then they look at Paul who lies motionless. She cuts the rope bonds with her crysknife. Her fingers tremble as does the whole of the desert.

Paul's eyes snap open. He sits up slowly. Chani stares at him in awe.

CHANI

Paul... Paul.

240B. EXT. WAVE CRASHING

A huge wave crashes and Paul sees the image of his father. Paul slowly gets to his knees, then stands.

240C. EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

PAUL
Father!... Father! THE SLEEPER HAS
AWAKENED.

Giant echoes of this phrase reverberate across the vast desert. The worms bend back into the sand and leave with thundering power.

MUSIC FULL.

247. through 250. (Deleted)

--

251. EXT. ROCK LEDGE - HALL OF RITES - SIETCH TABR -
NIGHT

The Rock Ledge of Sietch Tabr is filled with Fedaykin and monks; Chani, Jessica, Gurney and Stilgar stand together near the back. Paul moves out on the Rock Ledge overlooking the Hall of Rites which is crowded with Fremen warriors who chant "Maud'Dib" along with the powerful sounds of the WIND ORGAN and FREMEN war DRUMS.

Paul raises his open hand. SILENCE. Only the organ continues with a soft low NOTE. The Fremen wait.

PAUL
Arrakis... Dune... Desert Planet.

A quiet, haunting MOAN of recognition of a master rises from the Fremen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(loud)
Your time has come.
(inner voice)
Father... our time has come.
(out loud again)
A storm is coming -- our storm... and when
it comes it will shake the Universe.
Emperor... we come for you.

A thunderous ROAR arises. War DRUMS pound. The ORGAN blows hurricane of power through the sietch.

PAUL
(he raises crysknife)
Long live the fighters!

STILGAR
Long live the fighters!

Fremen carrying weapons begin moving out in long

lines from the Hall as the war DRUMS pound.

251A. through 252B. (Deleted)

265. INT. HARKONNEN `THOPTER - DAY

In one `thopter sits the Baron Harkonnen. He is
flown down to the Emperor's ship.

253. EXT. ROCK OUTCROPPING - DEEP DESERT - DAY

A sietch door opens and Fremen warriors stream out.

--
254. (Deleted)

255. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

The WIND is howling and is starting to blow the
sand. Dark sand clouds form in the distance.

256. EXT. ROCK OUTCROPPING - DEEP DESERT - DAY

Another sietch door opens and hundreds and thousands
more Fremen pour out.

257. EXT. SHIELD WALL - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Paul, Stilgar and Gurney watch the Emperor's
enormous ship on the Arrakeen landing field below.

257A. through 258. (Deleted)

260. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

Thousands of Fremen are running, planting thumpers
as they go.

259. INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN - DAY

PAUL

Gurney, when the storm hits... set off the
atomics. I want an opening through the
entire Shield Wall. Stilgar? Do we have
wormsign?

Stilgar and Gurney laugh.

STILGAR

Usul... We have wormsign, the likes of
which even God has never seen.

Paul smiles.

261. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

Looking down over the huge desert it looks like a
living sea of wormsign. Everywhere ripples appear
and worms are surfacing.

--

261A. EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY

Thousands of Fremmen are running, positioning themselves to mount and ride.

262. EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dust clouds grow faster and the speed of the WIND increases. Sand particles hit at a rock outcropping and up close they sound like giant warrior drummers pounding before battle.

263. EXT. HARKONNEN SHIPS - DESERT - NIGHT

Suddenly above come hundreds of SCREAMING space ships zooming down across the desert floor and towards the landing field.

264. (Deleted)

266. EXT. DESERT - DAY

The storm is howling now. Sand blasts against rock and rips pieces away.

267. INT. STEEL TENT - EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - DAY

EMPEROR

Bring in that floating fat man... the Baron.

The Baron is brought in. Distant warning SIGNALS begin. The Baron is fighting to contain his fear because RABBAN'S HEAD SITS ALL BLOODY ON THE FLOOR in front of him. Finally the Emperor speaks.

EMPEROR

Why have you brought me here?

BARON

Your Highness... There must be some mistake... I never requested your presence.

EMPEROR

Ah? But your lack of action demanded it. Your dreadful mismanagement, your bad judgement in assigning to Rabban --
(he gestures toward the head)
-- the governorship.... You forced me to come here and set things straight... personally.

--

A VOICE

Bring in the messenger.

Alia is brought in by the Sardaukar soldiers. She

is smiling.

ALIA

I am the messenger from Muad'dib. Poor Emperor, I'm afraid my brother won't be very pleased with you.

EMPEROR

Silence!... I do not court your brother's pleasure.

Suddenly the Reverend Mother looks horrified and grabs her throat.

REVEREND MOTHER

(struggling, speaking)

Kill this child!! She's an abomination!! Kill her.

(points to Alia, who is smiling at her)

Get out of my mind!!!

ALIA

Not until you tell them both who I really am.

REVEREND MOTHER

(strained speech void of emotion)

Sister of Paul Muad'dib.

The Reverend Mother slumps. The Baron's mouth flies open. The Emperor's face goes pale, his lips tremble.

EMPEROR

Paul's sister... Paul is Muad'dib?!

He turns quickly and looks at the two Guild agents present in the room. They stare at him icily. Alia is smiles happily.

268. INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Paul smiles.

PAUL

(laughs)(to Gurney and Stilgar)

Alia keeps pace with the storm.

--

Gurney and Stilgar don't understand. Suddenly enormous dust clouds and LIGHTNING sweep up over the Shield Wall.

PAUL

Gurney, now!

Gurney gives a hand signal and...

GURNEY
(they put on their hoods)
Atomics!

269. EXT. SHIELD WALL - ARRAKEEN - DAY

...TWENTY EXPLOSIONS of hydrogen bomb intensity go off in a row, cutting a huge gorge through the width of the massive Shield Wall. As the EXPLOSIONS go off, a WIND howls, destroying much of Arrakeen and covering the rest with tons of sand. Sand rips at the Palace and the Emperor's ship.

270. INT. STEEL TENT - EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - DAY

Alia smiles as they HEAR the tremendous roaring, atomic screams of the explosions. The Emperor's ship's warning SIGNALS are now close and loud.

ALIA
My brother is coming... with many Fremen warriors.

A Sardaukar rushes in.

SARDAUKAR OFFICER #2
The Shield Wall is gone.

EMPEROR
Impossible!

ALIA
Not impossible. I told you... He is here now.

SARDAUKAR OFFICER #2
Majesty, into the ship!

EMPEROR
(to his officers)(rising)
Release the Sardaukar. Baron... give this little abomination to the storm.

They all leave the room, including the Sardaukars.

--

270A. through 271. (Deleted)

272. INT. STEEL TENT - EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - DAY

BARON
I have her, Majesty!

The Baron floats down to her. Alia turns to him -- still smiling. With a flash of her hand she reaches out and swipes at the Baron's face. He CRIES OUT in pain. She pulls his suspensor plugs and pushes him back, then slowly shows him the tiny needle she holds in her hand. He spins crazily as he screams

from the poison.

273. EXT. SHIELD WALL - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Worms, each with hundreds of Fremmen on them, come slithering through the newly-formed canyon in the Shield Wall.

273A. EXT. WORMS - SHIELD WALL - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Paul rides the lead worm with Gurney and Stilgar by his side. The storm is howling and blowing with horrifying intensity.

273B. INT. EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Emperor and his Sardaukar officers in a darkened room where they are horrified to see on the screens the hundreds of worms which are coming into the Arrakeen valley. All their faces show fear.

272. BACK TO SCENE

INT. EMPEROR'S SPACE SHIP - GREEN THRONE ROOM - DAY

Suddenly the wall behind Alia and the spinning Baron is completely blown away by a BLAST.

The Baron floats and spins out into the storm.

274. EXT. ARRAKEEN - DAY

As the worms enter the Arrakeen basin they meet the Sardaukar. The Sardaukar don't have a chance -- the worms suck them up by the hundreds. The Fremmen on the worm's backs fire weapons, killing the few Sardaukar the worms leave behind.

275. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

The space ships which were recently airborne are now crashing because of the storm.

--

272A. NEW SCENE

The Baron floats and spins high in the dust clouds of the storm over the Arrakeen Valley.

274A. NEW SCENE

The worm, that Paul, Gurney and Stilgar are riding, suddenly rears up. Its mouth opens. The Baron appears as a tiny spinning shape. He flies directly into the mouth of this colossal worm and is devoured.

277. EXT. STEEL TENT - LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

A thousand Fremmen battle Sardaukar outside the

Emperor's tent. They soon overpower them and rush into the giant steel structure.

278. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

The entire airfield is now filled with wild worms, Fremmen, and dead or dying Sardaukar.

276. EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

Alia moves dreamily among the dying Sardaukar.

279. through 280. (Deleted)

281. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Paul enters the Palace hall and the first thing he sees is the giant bull's head. The horns have been blown off and the Atreides banner has been stuffed and wired into the mouth.

A WIND moans through the Palace.

Paul turns. Gurney and several guards bring in the Emperor, Irulan, the Reverend Mother, Sardaukar generals, Guildsmen, Feyd and Thufir. The Fedaykin and Fremmen troops line the walls.

Paul's eyes meet Feyd's -- Feyd gives him an evil smile.

Paul turns and looks at the Emperor, who stares back defiantly. Paul moves his gaze to Irulan, who lowers her eyes. He then sees his old teacher, Thufir Hawat, whose tired eyes wander helplessly.

--

PAUL

Gurney... I see Thufir Hawat among the captives. Let him stand free.

GURNEY

My Lord?

PAUL

Let him stand free!

The Emperor turns nervously to Feyd, who passes a golden dagger to Thufir.

FEYD

(to Thufir)

The antidote...

GURNEY

(gestures to Thufir)

Thufir. Come.

Thufir approaches Paul, concealing the knife. They

come face to face. The Emperor seems strangely tense at this moment. Paul notices this. He looks Thufir over.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(inner voice)
A knife....
(out loud)
In payment of the many years of service to my family, you may know ask of me anything you wish. Anything at all.
(quietly)
Do you need my life, old friend?

He turns his back on him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(quiet)
It is yours.

Thufir's eyes grow sad and wide.

PAUL
I mean this, Thufir. If you are to strike, do it now.

Thufir's hand rises, as Jessica gasps, but the old Mentat pulls his heart plug out with a quick tearing motion. Paul turns and catches him as he sags.

His head lolls back and he looks up to Paul urgently.

--

THUFIR (CONT'D)
Three... generations... of you...

His breath escapes him and he is dead.

PAUL
(to the guards)
Carry this noble Atreides warrior away.
Do him all honor.

The guards do as they are instructed.

PAUL
Emperor Shadam the IV... there are Guild Heighliners above us containing many Great Houses of the Lansraad.... SEND THEM BACK!

EMPEROR
How dare you speak to me...

GUILDSMAN #2
(speaking into electric microphone)
Stop your speaking!!

PAUL
(to the Guildsmen)
Good. You have some idea of what I would do but I will tell it to one who has never been seen... one who hides deep in the Heighliner control rooms. He will hear it first.

GUILDSMEN #3
(fear)
No!

Paul smiles as we move closer and closer to him.

282. INT. CONTROL ROOM - HEIGHLINER - SPACE

Suddenly we are in the Heighliner control room, near the floor in the chemical spills. We move up into the orange gas. THUNDERING begins to shake the Heighliner.

PAUL (V.O.)
Where are you.... Let me see you or there will be no spice.

--

We move into very thick gas and there is a ROARING. Suddenly Paul sees the Third Stage Navigator.

PAUL (V.O.)(CONT'D)
You know what I'm about to say is true....
I have the power to destroy the spice forever.

The Guild Navigator's mouth stretches back in a horrible MOAN. The moan becomes more pained and grows louder and louder.

283. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

The Guildsmen in the room are MOANING and SCREAMING and swarming out towards the doorway -- the Fremmen stop them. The Emperor and all are amazed and frightened. There is a long hush. The old Reverend Mother then turns and glares at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Don't try your powers on me. Try looking into that place where you dare not look. You'll find me there staring back at you!! You Bene Gesserit have waited ninety generations to produce the one person your schemes required. Here I stand. But... I will never be yours.

REVEREND MOTHER
Stop him, Jessica!

JESSICA

Stop him yourself.

PAUL

You saw a part of what the race needs in the beginning. In time you perverted the truth. You sought to control human breeding and intermix a select few according to a selfish master plan. How little you understand.

REVEREND MOTHER

You mustn't speak of...

PAUL

(using The Voice)

SILENCE!

The old woman is shot backwards by the power of his shout. Her breath is knocked out of her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I remember your gom jabbar, now you remember mine. I can kill with a word.

--

A Fedaykin stand forward and recites from the prophecy.

FEDAYKIN #1

...and his word shall carry death eternal to those who stand against the righteous.

Feyd hears this and is angered.

FEYD

The righteous!

PAUL

(to Emperor)

There is a Harkonnen among you. Give the Harkonnen a blade and let him stand forth.

EMPEROR

If Feyd wishes, he can meet you with my blade in his hand.

FEYD

I wish it.

(steps forward)

GURNEY

This is a Harkonnen animal. Let me, please, my Lord.

PAUL

The Emperor's blade.

Feyd takes up the Emperor's blade with a smile. Paul takes out his crysknife. They begin to circle

each other.

Paul smiles, circling still. Suddenly, Feyd leaps, his blade jabbing savagely outward, but Paul easily evades it, moving away. They begin to circle again.

He makes another pass at Paul that comes dangerously close, but again, Paul is away, a frozen smile on his face.

FEYD

Why prolong the inevitable? I will kill you! I will kill him!

Feyd smiles. He lashes out biting Paul's hand. Feyd LAUGHS in triumph.

Feyd leaps forward jabbing, his right hip also forward. Yet Paul, although a little slowly, again reels away. Again, Feyd thrusts.

--

This time Paul jabs with his crysknife, but Feyd moves away effortlessly. Feyd counters and kicks Paul to the ground.

CHANI

Paul!

Paul is up instantly and he circles with Feyd.

FEYD

(smiling)

Who is the little one? A pet, perhaps? Will she deserve my special attentions?

Paul jabs out, his crysknife slashing. Feyd grabs his arm, and Paul his, the two men locked in a straining clinch. Feyd presses his right hip closer and closer to Paul's body. Paul strains to keep it away. Suddenly, the gom jabbar flips out of Feyd's girdle, but on the left side, and he lunges powerfully with it at Paul, who just barely misses taking it in his skin. He throws Feyd back, but not before Feyd's feet strike out, sending Paul to the floor. Feyd leaps onto him.

FEYD

(whispering)

You see... your death... my blade will finish you.

Suddenly, Paul, with lightning swiftness, pushes Feyd up and over. He is on top of him in a flash.

Paul's crysknife flashes up, thrusting upward through Feyd's jaw. Feyd's mouth opens as the knife continues up through his tongue and through to his brain. Feyd's eyes go wild, then glaze over as he

jerks dead on the floor. Paul slowly gets to his feet, breathing heavily. Anger still seething in him, Paul issues a SOUND -- a loud, horrible, powerful sound, and Feyd's internal organs rupture and the stone floor under him cracks open. The Fedaykin smile.

FEDAYKIN #2

Usul no longer needs the weirding module.

Everyone stares in disbelief. Paul looks to the Emperor.

PAUL

Now, I will tell you how it will be.
Irulan shall be my wife, opening the way
for an Atreides to take the throne.

EMPEROR

I sit on the throne!!

--

PAUL

You will sit on a throne on Selusa
Secundus, your prison planet. Either that
or you will die.

The Emperor is still. Paul moves to Chani.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Chani)

The Princess shall have no more of me than
my name... no child of mine or touch the
softness of glance... nor instant of
desire.... This is my promise to you...

(whispering)

...my love.

Paul turns back to the others.

Jessica turns to Chani and whispers to her.

JESSICA

Think on it Chani... We who carry the name
of concubine... history will call us
wives.

Alia enters with two monks. She signals and one of them places a cloak over Paul's shoulders.

PAUL

The Fremmen have the word of Muad'dib.
They will have their Holy War to cleanse
the Universe... they will have Arrakis...
Dune... their planet. There will be
flowing water here open to the sky and
rich green oases. For the spice there
will always be some desert. There will be
fierce winds and trials to toughen men.

We Fremmen have a saying...
 (he stares at the Reverend Mother)
"God created Arrakis to train the
faithful."
One cannot go against the word of God.

Everyone in the room stares at him soundlessly.

ALIA
And how can this be?

There are three powerful drum hits.

ALIA (CONT'D)
For... he is the Kwisatz Haderach!

--

284. EXT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - DUSK

Paul opens his mouth and issues an ever increasing wind. Lightning and thunder begin. Clouds begin to form over the Palace. In the half-light of dusk, thousands of Fremmen watch the sky. Giant golden lights are illuminated and their rays shoot far into the sky illuminating the growing clouds. Five tremendous bolts of lightning suddenly unleash a downpour of RAIN ON ARRAKIS. The Fremmen stand awestruck as they are drenched with water falling from the sky.

285. INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

WE MOVE through Paul's glowing blue eyes into beautiful blue luminescent light.

A gigantic WIND arises, and suddenly appearing in the blue light is an ocean of light rolling like gold glass off into infinite. The blue becomes darker and a golden lotus flower blooms in the night.

THE END

This script was found in INFlow. It was shameless taken off from somewhere else, may god, copyright owners and people who worked hard and were not credited forgive us.

Screenplays and movie scripts organized alphabetically:

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Event Horizon (1997)

by Philip Eisner.

Shooting draft

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL INTERPLANETARY SPACE

A vast field of stars. The gas giant Neptune slowly spins into view. Brilliant and blue and cold against the void.

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL A BLACK SILHOUETTE

stands out against the planet, tiny against Neptune's scale.

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL DRIFT CLOSER

to discern the hard angles of a man-made craft. A ship. No longer dwarfed by the planet, the scale of the vessel emerges: a vast labyrinth of steel.

Its shadow swallows all in darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Shafts of Neptune's blue light enter through windows, illuminate debris suspended in the zero-gravity environment: shards of metal and glass.

MOVE from the Corridor into:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

A cockpit for three. Neptune's blue light fills the chamber, reflects off immobile particles in the air. Thick quartz windows look down at Neptune. The cockpit lights are dark but for one blinking red light.

An emergency beacon. Under-floor lights go on.

The strobe of the red light reveals a man floating at the

helm, slowly spinning. He is dead, perfectly preserved in the cold vacuum of space. His eyes are empty black pits and his mouth hangs open in a scream: DR. WILLIAM WEIR.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Weir opens his eyes, waking from dream. Sweat beads his ascetic, etched face. Many years a scientist.

He turns on the bedside lamp, revealing a couple's apartment. Decorated by a woman, but Weir is alone, unless you count photographs. His nightstand looks like a shrine to a beautiful woman.

Weir reaches to the stand. Picks up...

RECENT, UNFRAMED PHOTO

The woman appears thin and haggard and wears a small brave smile.

Weir lies back on the bed. Looks at the photo. Presses it to his forehead and closes his eyes. Trying to be with her, just one more time.

WEIR
(whisper)
I miss you.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands in front of the bathroom mirror, shaving with a straight-razor. The mirror reveals the bathtub just behind him. DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

Weir turns to stare at the bathtub. Water wells up at the mouth of the tub's faucet, grows impossibly large, falls... DRIP.

Weir turns back to his shaving.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands in the kitchenette, staring at the microwave as it cooks his breakfast.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands before his window, chewing his oatmeal mechanically, forcing himself to swallow. He reaches out to open the blinds...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT REVERSE ANGLE

as the blinds pull aside, revealing Weir, upside-down.

ROTATE AND PULL BACK...

EXT. DAYLIGHT STATION - MODEL TO REVEAL DAYLIGHT STATION

Weir's window is just one of many in a space station, a delicate combination of cylindrical habitats and solar panels. The structure hangs above the Earth in low orbit.

TITLE CARD: DAYLIGHT SPACE STATION 08.23.2046

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BLINDS OPEN)

A videophone RINGS OS...

WEIR (V.O.)
This is Weir.

LYLE (V.O.)
(tinny)
Dr. Weir, Admiral Hollis would like
to see you as soon as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. DAYLIGHT - OFFICE

A military office, United States Aerospace Command seal blazoned on the door. Views of the Earth. Admiral HOLLIS sits behind his desk, a gruff career officer and a good man.

Weir enters, escorted by Hollis' adjutant, LYLE.

WEIR
You wanted to see me, Admiral?

HOLLIS
I apologize for the short notice,
Bill, but we've had something come
up that requires your immediate
attention. Lyle?

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Lyle activates a holographic display of the solar system. A box magnifies the eighth planet, Neptune, revealing a flashing red dot in its orbit.

INT. DAYLIGHT OFFICE

LYLE

At oh-three-hundred this morning,
TDRSS picked up an automated
navigation beacon broadcasting at
two minute intervals in Neptune orbit.

Lyle hands Weir a stack of hardcopy data. Weir reads the
data with growing excitement.

WEIR

Incredible... These are the same
coordinates before the ship
disappeared... this, this happened?
This isn't some kind of hoax?

HOLLIS

I wouldn't bring you here on a hoax.
Houston confirms the telemetry and
I.D. codes.

WEIR

(excited)

It's the Event Horizon. She's come
back.

Hollis answers drily.

HOLLIS

That ship was lost in deep space,
seven years ago. If the Titanic sailed
into New York harbor, I'd find it
more plausible.

(beat)

Houston wants Aerospace to send out
a search and rescue team, investigate
the source of the transmission. If
it really is the Event Horizon,
they'll attempt a salvage.

(beat)

We need you to prepare a detailed
briefing on the ship's systems for
the salvage crew...

WEIR

A written briefing can't possibly
anticipate the variables on a mission
like this. I have to go with them.

Lyle looks at Weir, stunned by the request.

LYLE

Dr. Weir, you have no experience

with salvage procedures.

WEIR

I designed the ship's propulsion system. I am the only person capable of evaluating the performance of the gravity drive. You can't send a Search and Rescue team out there alone and expect them to succeed. That would be like... like sending an auto-mechanic to work on the shuttle.

LYLE

I can understand your desire to redeem your reputation, Dr. Weir, but it doesn't factor into this.

WEIR

This is not about my reputation!
This is not about me at all!

(beat, passionate)

The Event Horizon was created for one reason: to go faster than light. Imagine mankind exploring new solar systems, colonizing new worlds. Seven years ago, we didn't just lose the ship and the crew. We lost the dream.

(beat, quiet and
relentless)

I have to go.

HOLLIS

It's not that simple.

(off of Weir's
expression)

Lyle, play the recording for Dr. Weir.

LYLE

Navigation Control tried to hail the vessel. This was the only response.

Lyle presses a button on Hollis' desk. An unholy GARBLE rips from office speakers: STATIC and NOISE and INHUMAN VOICES. Alone, each sound would raise the hair on your neck. Together, they are unbearable.

The sound mercifully cuts off to STATIC. Lyle stops the tape.

Weir sits there, stunned.

LYLE

Since the initial transmission, there's been no further contact.

Just the beacon, every two minutes.

WEIR

The crew? Could they still be alive?

LYLE

The ship had life support systems for eighteen months. They're been gone seven years.

WEIR

Someone sent that message. Admiral, you have to put me on that ship.

Hollis stares at Weir, judging the man with his eyes.

HOLLIS

It's against my better judgement, but I'll run this by the Man downstairs. You'll know my decision by the end of the day.

WEIR

Thank you.

HOLLIS

Don't thank me, Bill. I'm not doing you any favors.

Weir leaves. The door closes behind him.

LYLE

You're not seriously considering sending him?

HOLLIS

You don't just dismiss Bill Weir. The man held Oppenheimer's chair at Princeton. If the Event Horizon had worked, he would have gone down in history as the greatest mind in physics since Einstein.

LYLE

The official inquiry blamed Weir's design for the ship's loss.

HOLLIS

That doesn't mean a damn thing. They were looking for a scapegoat and Weir fit the bill. But he's not responsible for what happened to the ship.

LYLE
Does he know that?

HOLLIS
What's on your mind?

LYLE
He doesn't belong on this mission.
Responsible or not, he blames himself.
He's too close to it.
(beat)
And then there's his wife.

HOLLIS
It's been two years since she died.
He's over it.

LYLE
Some things you don't get over.

Beat.

HOLLIS
I want our best people on this.
Where's Miller?

LYLE
The Lewis and Clark just returned
from patrol in the asteroid belt,
she's docked in bay four.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAYLIGHT STATION/EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK

The Lewis and Clark pulls away from Daylight station, turns towards the depths of space. It is a tough-looking spacecraft, all engine.

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

MOVE IN on thick quartz windows near the ship's nose: the bridge...

Split level. Above: avionics, navigation, flight control. STARCK (female, Navigator, sharp mind, sharp tongue) checks the navigation data on her screen as SMITH (male, Pilot, wrapped too tight) punches in the course.

SMITH

I can't believe this, I haven't gotten more than my hand in six weeks and now this shit. Why not Mars, Cap, Mars has women...

STARCK
Smith's right. Neptune? There's nothing out there. If something happens, we'll be on our own.

The captain's chair drops from above, swivels to reveal MILLER (male, Captain, intense).

MILLER
I don't like it either, but you know the rules: we get the call, we go. Is the course locked in?

SMITH
Locked and cocked.

STARCK
We're past the outer marker, we can engage the ion drive whenever you're ready.

MILLER
Justin?

Below: the bridge's "war-room" -- ship's systems and mission stations. JUSTIN (male, Engineer, young hot-shot).

JUSTIN
Everything green on my boards, Skipper.

MILLER
Start the countdown.

STARCK
Ion drive will engage in... T-minus ten minutes.

MILLER
Let's go.

Miller slides down a ladder into the war-room. The others follow into...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Bulky EVA (extra-vehicular activity) suits line the walls. MUSIC blares from a JAMBOX, built into a storage locker.

An Emergency Tech stows safety lines: COOPER -- male, the resident pain-in-the-ass. He SINGS along with the music.

MILLER
(not breaking stride)
Kill it.

Cooper reaches up, turns off the box.

COOPER
Time to play Spam in the can.

MILLER
Don't start with me, Cooper.

Cooper falls in as the crew continues into...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

Evidence of long term habitation. Personalized lockers. Fold-down bunks, chairs, tables; currently stowed for docking. A modular galley.

PETERS (female, Emergency Technician, the crew's denmother) and DJ (male, Doctor, a cold perfectionist) load CO2 scrubbers into a bin in the floor.

Weir stands to the side like a fifth wheel.

WEIR
Captain Miller, I just want to say...

MILLER
The clock is running, Dr. Weir. If you'll follow the rest of the crew, they'll show you to the gravity tanks.

Weir hesitates, then follows the crew into Medical. Miller hangs back.

MILLER
What's the hold up?

PETERS
Just loading the last of the CO2 scrubbers.
(to Miller, accusatory)
Good for four months.

MILLER
I put in for a replacement for you but no one...

PETERS

No, no, its alright. I talked to my ex, he'll keep Denny over Christmas and I'll get him this summer.

(beat)

Goddam it, Skipper... I haven't seen him in two months.

MILLER

I am sorry. But now we have to go to work.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

A high tech operating room. Modular equipment. Vertical tanks line the walls, each large enough to hold a human being: gravity couches.

The crew stands before the gravity couches, almost nude, no room for modesty.

Starck catches Cooper looking at her ass as she strips to her undergarments. Cooper grins. She flips him off, not bothering to turn around.

COOPER

Is that an offer?

STARCK

It is not.

Miller disrobes. Two service tags hang around his neck. He does not remove them. Weir approaches him.

WEIR

Captain Miller, I appreciate this opportunity...

MILLER

Doctor Weir, my crew is not going on your mission because we want to. We were pulled off a well deserved leave, to be sent out to the middle of nowhere, and no one's even told us why.

WEIR

I've been authorized to brief you and the crew once we reach Neptune space.

MILLER
Until then, do what you're told and
stay out of my way.

Weir nods, moves to an empty couch bearing his name, written
on a piece of tape. Peters watches him.

PETERS
First time in a grav couch?

WEIR
Yes.

She checks Weir's couch, helps him climb in. Weir keeps one
eye on Miller.

PETERS
(Off of Weir's glance)
Don't worry about it. He's hard, but
he's fair. You're lucky to be shipping
out with him. He's one of the few
Captains in the service with
experience in the Outer Reach.

WEIR
He's been past Mars?

PETERS
He served on the Goliath.

WEIR
Wasn't that ship destroyed?

PETERS
(nods)
They attempted to rescue a supply
shuttle bound for Titan. The shuttle's
oh-two tanks ruptured during the
rescue, flooded both ships with pure
oxygen. There was a spark and both
ships were incinerated. The Skipper
and three others just made it to a
lifeboat. Captain Miller was able...

DJ
(interrupting)
He doesn't like to talk about it.

DJ swathes one of Weir's arms with alcohol.

DJ
You didn't eat anything in the past

twelve hours?

Weir shakes his head.

DJ
When the Ion drive fires, we'll be
taking about 30 gees. Without a tank,
the force would liquefy your skeleton.

DJ injects Weir. The scientist winces.

WEIR
I've seen the effect on mice.

The overhead lights change to red.

MILLER
Five minutes.

DJ hands him the breathing mask.

DJ
Put this on.

Weir does. DJ checks the fit.

PETERS
You'll be fine. You'll wake up and
we'll be there. Watch your fingers.

DJ closes the tank. It begins to fill with green gel. Weir's eyes grow large with fear and then the anaesthesia hits. His eyes close. His body draws into a fetal position.

DJ
(checking the monitor)
Heart-rate decreasing... body temp
dropping to 80... 70... 60... 50...
40 degrees Fahrenheit. He's in stasis.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

THE ION ENGINE at the aft of the ship begins to glow a deep red.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

The crew hang inert in the gravity couches.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

SILENCE. The engine flares white hot. The Lewis and Clark
lances forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - INTERPLANETARY SPACE - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark races SILENTLY past. The engine at its
aft holds a sustained fusion reaction like the sun.

GRAPHIC: U.S.S. Lewis and Clark. 56 days out.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL CLOSE ON WEIR

immobile in the grav tank. He might be sleeping. He might be
dead. A distant SOUND echoes though the ship, the unholy
garble of human and inhuman voices -- it is the Event Horizon,
calling to him -- the sound refines into a WOMAN'S VOICE, no
more than a WHISPER:

VOICE
Billy...

Weir opens his eyes.

VOICE
I'm so cold...

Weir's grav tank opens.

WIDER TO REVEAL

the seven bodies of the crew, suspended inert in the gel.

A sound: DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

Weir slowly walks to the Bridge.

VOICE
I'm so cold...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

A naked WOMAN sits at the helm, her back to us. Completely
still. Her skin is very pale. Water pools around her chair.
Weir stands behind her.

WEIR
(tentative)
Claire?

She does not answer. She does not move. Weir reaches out to touch her shoulder, then pulls his hand back, afraid.

WEIR
Claire? I'm sorry. Claire?

He reaches out again. He touches her hair. She doesn't move. Weir catches her reflection in the computer monitors. Something wrong with her face... He starts to spin her around.

CLAIRE
I'm so cold...

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

Weir awakes with a jolt, in his grav couch. His mask has slipped. His tank has filled with blood. He is drowning.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

Reality. Weir's eyes open. He presses against the glass of the tank, trying to force it open, panicked. The others are already stepping from open tanks.

Weir's tank opens with a HISS. He tumbles to the floor, gasping, fluid streaming from his mouth.

Peters rushes to him.

WEIR
(gasping)
Claire...

PETERS
DJ!
(to Weir)
It's okay. You're okay. Just breathe.

Weir catches his breath. He looks up. The crew surrounds him, concerned.

WEIR
I'm alright now. I'm alright...

DJ helps him to his feet.

DJ
Move slowly. You've been in stasis
for fifty-six days. You're going to

experience a little disorientation.

Weir nods.

COOPER
Damn, Dr. Weir, don't scare us like
that. Coffee?

WEIR
What?

COOPER
Coffee.

WEIR
No, thank you.

Cooper, still butt-naked and proud of it, grabs a metal
cylinder from the wall and pours a mug for himself.

COOPER
Hey, Starck. You wanna dry my back?

Starck gives him a cool once over.

STARCK
Maybe when you finish puberty.

Miller zips up.

MILLER
Starck, why aren't you on the bridge?

STARCK
I just finished drying...

MILLER
Then what are you doing here? Come
on, people, let's go!
(to Cooper)
And Cooper... Put some pants on.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

SILENCE. The Lewis and Clark drifts towards Neptune.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

The crew has secured the quarters from flight status. Bunks
have been folded down, each alcove personalized with

photographs and pin-ups.

DJ moves around the cabin, checking the crew's radiation badges.

Cooper and Justin sit on their bunks, tossing a handball across the cabin.

Peters holds a "Watchman" video unit, watching a "video letter"...

EXT. PETERS HOME - GARDEN (DENNY'S PARTY)

...from DENNY, her four-year-old son, a paraplegic, grinning widely in his new wheelchair:

DENNY
(video)
Play horsey, Mommy, play horsey...

IN THE VIDEO, Peters enters shot, scoops her child from the chair.

PETERS
(video)
Want to play horsey, do you...
(etc.)

INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS

Weir sits huddled in a blanket. Miller takes a seat next to him.

Starck and Smith enter. Starck sits next to Miller.

SMITH
30 hours to Neptune orbit.

STARCK
All boards are green, everything's
five by five.

MILLER
That's good to know. Justin, you
wanna stow that?

Justin catches the ball, holds onto it.

MILLER
Okay, listen up. As you all know by
now, we have an addition to our crew.
Dr. Weir, this is: Starck, navigation;
Smith, pilot, Justin, ship's engineer --

COOPER
You can call him Baby-bear, he loves
that...

MILLER
This is Cooper, what the hell do you
do on this ship, anyway?

JUSTIN
Ballast.

COOPER
(to Weir)
I am your best friend. I am a
lifesaver and a heartbreaker...

MILLER
He's a rescue technician. Peters,
medical technician. DJ...

DJ
Trauma.

MILLER
And this is mission specialist Dr.
William Weir. We all know where we're
going. Dr. Weir is going to tell us
why.

Miller and the crew look at Weir, waiting. Weir clears his
throat.

WEIR
What I am about to tell you is
considered code-black by the NSA.

The crew look at each other: they haven't heard that in a
mission briefing before.

JUSTIN
That means top-secret, Cooper.

COOPER
I heard it.

WEIR
The USAC intercepted a radio
transmission from a decaying orbit
around Neptune. The source has been
identified as the Event Horizon.

STUNNED SILENCE. Then everyone talks at once:

STARCK

That's impossible! She was lost with all hands, what, seven...

JUSTIN

Seven years ago, the reactor blew...

PETERS

How can we salvage...?

SMITH

Let the dead rest, man...

COOPER

...cancel our leave and send us out on some bullshit mission...!

MILLER

EVERYBODY SHUT UP! Let the man speak.

In the quiet that follows:

WEIR

What was made public about the Event Horizon, that she was a deep space research vessel, that its reactor went critical, that the ship blew up... None of that is true.

(beat)

The Event Horizon was the culmination of a secret government project to create a spacecraft capable of faster-than-light flight.

The crew stares at Weir: he has just dropped another bomb on them.

SMITH

You can't do that.

STARCK

The law of relativity prohibits faster-than-light travel...

WEIR

Relativity, yes. We can't break the law of relativity, but we can go around it. The ship doesn't really move faster than the speed of light; it creates a dimensional gateway that allows the ship to instantaneously "jump" from one point in the universe to another, light

years away.

STARCK

How?

WEIR

Well, in layman's terms, you use a rotating magnetic field to focus a narrow beam of gravitons; these in turn fold space-time consistent with Weyl tensor dynamics until the space-time curvature becomes infinitely large and you have a singularity...

COOPER

Laymen's terms.

Weir thinks of another way to explain it. He rips a pin-up from Smith's locker.

SMITH

Hey...

WEIR

Say this paper represents space-time, and you want to get from "point A" here...

(marks it on the photo
with a pen)

...to "point B," here.

(marks point B)

Now: what's the shortest distance between two points?

The crew stares at him. Starck decides to play.

STARCK

A straight line.

WEIR

Wrong. The shortest distance between two points...

Weir folds the paper, lining up point A over point B... then THRUSTING his pen through both, skewering the pin-up.

WEIR

...is zero. That's what the singularity does: it folds space, so that point A and point B coexist in the same space and time. After the ship passes through this gateway, space returns to normal.

(hands the ruined pin-

up back to Smith)
It's called a gravity drive.

JUSTIN
How do you know all this?

WEIR
I built it.

Even Cooper is impressed.

COOPER
I can see why they sent you along.

JUSTIN
So if the ship didn't blow up, what happened?

WEIR
It was the ship's maiden voyage, to test the drive. The Event Horizon moved to safe distance using ion thrusters. They received the go-ahead to activate the gravity drive.

(beat)
And the ship vanished from all our scopes. No radar contact, no enhanced optical, no radio contact of any kind. They disappeared without a trace.

(beat)
Until now.

MILLER
Where has it been for the last seven years?

WEIR
That's what we're here to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark flashes silently past, heading deeper and deeper into space.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The crew assembled.

WEIR
We haven't been able to confirm any

live contact, but TDRSS did receive
a single transmission from the Event
Horizon.

Weir punches a button on a console. The transmission BLARES
from the bridge's speakers, STATIC and NOISE and, underneath
all, INHUMAN VOICES.

The crew listen, look at one another. The recording ends
abruptly.

SMITH
What the hell is that?

PETERS
It doesn't sound like anything human.

WEIR
Houston has passed the recording
through several filters and isolated
what appears to be a human voice.

He activates a different file. The resulting WAIL is more
human but no less terrifying, a cry of despair. The last
message from a drowning man...

SMITH
Jesus...

MILLER
What is that?

DJ
It sounds like Latin.

COOPER
Latin? Who the fuck speaks Latin?

STARCK
No one. It's a dead language.

DJ
Mostly dead.

MILLER
What does it say?

WEIR
NSA encryption specialists have
deciphered some of the message...

Weir plays the HELLISH INCANTATION for a third time.

WEIR
There: "...liberatis me..." They
haven't been able to translate the
rest, it's too distorted.

DJ
"Liberatis me." "Save me."

COOPER
From what?

MILLER
(to Weir)
You're convinced the crew could still
be alive? After seven years?

WEIR
The Event Horizon only had life
support for eighteen months. It seems
impossible, but in light of the
transmission... I have to think that
someone has managed to endure until
now.

COOPER
Skipper, do we get hazard pay for
this?

MILLER
You heard the tape, Smith. We're
looking for survivors.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark closes in on the blue planet.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The flight crew assembled. Data flashes across the main
monitors on the bridge.

STARCK
Crossing the horizon. Optimum approach
angle is fourteen degrees.

MILLER
Come around to three-three-four...

SMITH
(echoing)
Heading three-three-four...

MILLER
(continuing)
...Make your approach vector negative
fourteen degrees...

SMITH
One-four degrees...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - NEPTUNE ORBIT - MODEL

RCS thrusters pivot and fire as the ship enters Neptune orbit,
dropping lower and lower into the dense blue clouds...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The ship begins to rock as it encounters atmosphere, a growing
vibration.

GRAPHICS flash across the main window's HUD. Neptune's dark
shadow fills the screen.

SMITH
We have a lock on the Event Horizon's
navigation beacon. It's in the upper
ionosphere, we're in for some chop.

MILLER
Bring us in tight. Starck, get on
the horn, see if anyone's listening...

STARCK
(into radio)
This is U.S. Aerospace Command vessel
Lewis and Clark, hailing Event
Horizon, Event Horizon, do you
read...? This is the Lewis and Clark,
hailing...
(she continues B.G.)

SMITH
(over Starck)
Matching speed... now. Range to target
ten thousand meters and closing...
Skipper, I got a bad feeling about
this...

MILLER
We're all on edge, Smith. We're a
long way out...

SMITH
That's not it. That ship was built

to go faster than light... That's just wrong, it goes against everything we know...

MILLER
What are you trying to say? "If God had intended Man to fly, he would have given us wings?"

SMITH
Something like that, yeah.

Miller grins grimly.

MILLER
I guess we're about to find out.
Keep us slow and steady.

SMITH
Yes, sir.

MILLER
Dr. Weir...!

Weir sticks his head into the bridge.

MILLER
I think you want to see this.

Weir climbs up the ladder to the flight deck.

WEIR
Where is she?

SMITH
Dead ahead, 5000 meters.

Suddenly, the ship SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY.

Weir braces himself in the doorway, staring out the forward window into the roiling azure clouds.

Smith grimaces, his knuckles white at the controls.

SMITH
We've got some weather.

MILLER
I noticed. Starck, anybody home?

STARCK
If they are, they're screening their calls.

SMITH
Range 3000 meters and closing.

WEIR
I can't see anything...

Only turbid clouds of methane ice whirl past the Lewis and Clark's windows.

SMITH
1500 meters. We're getting too close...

MILLER
Where is it?

STARCK
(checking her console)
The scope is lit, it's right in front of us...

SMITH
1000 meters...

A red warning light begins to flash in time with a shrill BEEP.

SMITH
Proximity warning! 900, 800 meters, 700... we're right on top of it, we're gonna hit!

MILLER
Starck...

STARCK
It should be right there...

She looks up, trails off...

STARCK
My God.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - AGAINST NEPTUNE - MODEL STARCK'S POV

...the clouds break, revealing...

THE EVENT HORIZON, right in front of them. A black labyrinthine blasphemy against Neptune's arctic blue. Cloud banks encircle the ship as if it were the eye of a hurricane.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

MILLER
Reverse thrusters full!

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - DWARFED BY EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The Event Horizon looms enormous as the Lewis and Clark hangs off the port stern, dwarfed by the giant ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The turbulence subsides. The bridge crew stares at the massive craft. The only sound, the PROXIMITY WARNING. Finally:

SMITH
Jesus, that is one big ugly fat
fucker...

WEIR
She's not ugly.

Miller reaches over Smith's shoulder, turns off the proximity warning. Smith snaps back to business.

SMITH
Range 500 meters and holding.
Turbulence is dropping off...

STARCK
Picking up magnetic interference.

MILLER
Put it through TACS. Smith, you up
for a flyby?

SMITH
(he is not)
Love to.

EXT. NEPTUNE - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark maneuvers in close to the Event Horizon, dwarfed by the dark ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Smith keeps a tight hand on the controls. The crew stare out the viewport at the abandoned craft.

STARCK
Look at the size of that thing.

Weir explains the view out the cockpit window.

WEIR

Foredecks. Crew quarters, bridge, medical and science labs, hydroponics, what have you. That central section connects the forward decks to the Engineering containment area. Can we move in closer?

SMITH

Shit, Doc, any closer and we're gonna need a rubber...

MILLER

Do it.

Smith grimaces. His hands move carefully over the controls.

EXT. NEPTUNE - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark moves even closer. Vanishing into the shadow of the Event Horizon.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The crew stares at the ship rushing past the viewport. A huge spherical structure looms eerily ahead.

WEIR

That's the engineering containment. And there's the main airlock. We can dock there.

MILLER

Smith, use the arm and lock us onto that antennae cluster.

WEIR

Be careful. It's not a load bearing structure...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark carefully maneuvers in close to the Event Horizon's airlock.

A mechanical boom-arm extends from the smaller ship to latch onto the Event Horizon. Its clawed hand grabs the antennae cluster. The cluster buckles under the stress.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

SMITH
(to Weir)
It is now.
(to Miller)
We're locked in.

MILLER
Starck, give me a read.

A scan of the Event Horizon appears across Starck's screen.

STARCK
The reactor's still hot. We've got
several small radiation sources,
leaks probably. Nothing serious.

WEIR
Do they have pressure?

STARCK
Affirmative. The hull's intact...
but there's no gravity and the thermal
units are off line. I'm showing deep
cold. The crew couldn't survive unless
they were in stasis.

MILLER
Find 'em, Starck.

Starck frowns at her display.

STARCK
Something's wrong with the bio-scan.

MILLER
Radiation interference?

STARCK
There's not enough radiation to throw
off the scan. I'm picking up trace
life forms, but I can't get a lock
on the location.

WEIR
Could it be the crew? If they were
in suspended animation, wouldn't
that effect the scan?

STARCK
If they were in stasis, I'd get a
location, but these readings, they're
all over the ship. It doesn't make
any sense.

MILLER
Okay. We do it the hard way. Deck by deck, room by room. Starck, deploy the umbilicus. I believe you're up for a walk, Mr. Justin. Go get your bonnet on.

JUSTIN
Yes, sir!

Weir starts to follow Justin from the bridge.

MILLER
Dr. Weir, I need you on the bridge.

WEIR
Captain, I didn't come out here to sit on your bridge, I need to be on that ship...

MILLER
Once the ship is secured, we'll bring you on board --

WEIR
(interrupting)
That is not acceptable --

MILLER
(overlapping)
-- once we've secured the ship, that's the way it is!
(beat)
I need you to guide us from the comm station. This is where I need you. Help us to do our job.

Weir exhales.

WEIR
Very well.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The docking collar umbilicus extends to the Event Horizon's airlock.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Miller, Peters, Justin and Cooper in EVA; Cooper and Justin,

without headgear.

COOPER
...come on, Skipper, I already put
my shoes on...

MILLER
(muffled)
You've had plenty EVA, Coop, it's
Justin's turn. Stay on station. If
anything happens...

COOPER
I'll be all over it.

Miller nods to Peters.

PETERS
(muffled)
Opening inner airlock door.

The inner airlock door opens: CH-THUNK. Miller, Peters and
Justin enter the airlock. Justin attaches his safety line.
Miller and Peters do not.

COOPER
You still need the rope? I thought
you were one a those spacemen with
ice in ya veins.

JUSTIN
I'd rather be on the rope and not
need it than need it and not have
it. Now step aside, old man.

Cooper puts Justin's helmet on. It seals tight.

COOPER
(serious now)
You just keep your nose clean, Baby
Bear. Clear the door.

Cooper backs out, allowing the inner airlock door to shut,
ECHOING through the ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - UMBILICUS

Miller, Peters and Justin float down the brightly lit
umbilicus into the Event Horizon, all in EVA suits. Justin's
safety line trails out behind him.

The OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR of the Event Horizon waits for them.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir has taken over Justin's station. He watches the POV monitors like a kid watching Christmas. Smith and Starck keep tabs over his shoulder.

WEIR

You've reached the outer airlock door.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - UMBILICUS

Peters attaches a thumper -- a device using sound waves to measure pressure -- to the inner airlock door.

PETERS

We've got pressure.

MILLER

Clear and open on my mark. Three... two... one... mark.

Peters inserts a zero-G drill into the panel beside the door. The door slowly opens...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

The immense corridor stretches away into darkness in both directions. Distantly spaced windows manifest as remote pools of blue light amidst endless black, adding to the vast sense of scale.

The light from their dual spotlights on the team's helmets reflects off tiny ice crystals of frozen atmosphere. They are ants in a tomb built for giants.

PETERS

Jesus its huge.

MILLER

Ice crystals everywhere. This place is a deep freeze.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

You're in the central corridor. It connects the personnel areas to Engineering.

MILLER

Peters and I will search the forward

decks. Justin, take Engineering. No hot-dogging, not on this one, alright?

JUSTIN
Not a chance, sir.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

The group separates. Justin kicks off from the wall, shoots down the corridor at immense speed.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller and Peters move in the opposite direction. They use magnetic plates on their boots and gloves to cling to the walls as they slowly make their way down the dark shaft. Their journey seems endless. The darkness almost seems a living thing as it surrounds them.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller spots something at a coupling, where two sections of the corridor join...

MILLER
Dr. Weir, what's this?

Miller indicates a box nestled against the coupling. The universal symbol for explosives is on the cover.

PETERS
(ahead at the next coupling)
Here's another one. They're all over the place.

WEIR (O.S.)
(radio)
They're explosive charges.

MILLER
I can see that, what're they for?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

WEIR
In an emergency, the charges detonate in series, destroying the central section and separating the personnel areas from the rest of the ship. That way, if the gravity drive malfunctions, the crew could use the foredecks as a lifeboat.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Peters and Miller keep moving.

PETERS

That means they didn't abandon ship.

MILLER

So where are they? Starck, any luck with the bio-scan?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

STARCK

I'm running diagnostics now, Skipper... Nothing's wrong with the sensor pack, I'm still getting trace life readings, all over the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller and Peters unconsciously look around. Sweat beads their faces.

PETERS

There's no one in the corridor but us.

STARCK (O.S.)

(radio)

Not according to the computer.

MILLER

Peters is right, no one's here.

PETERS

I don't know, this place is really dark, I can't see a thing...

She starts to wave her searchlight around wildly.

MILLER

(calming her down)

Easy, Peters, we're okay, we're okay. Let's finish the sweep.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

Captain Miller, the foredecks are just ahead.

PETERS

I can see the hatch.

MILLER
Starck, you still showing those
readings?

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
That's an affirmative.

MILLER
(to Peters)
Keep your eyes open.

She nods as he reaches for the hatch...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

The hatch opens, allowing Peters and Miller entrance into the forward decks. These areas were intended for human habitation, and seem similar in design to the Lewis and Clark, only larger.

Gravity couches line both walls, eighteen in all. Empty.

PETERS
We found the gravity couches.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir peers eagerly at the monitors.

WEIR
Any survivors?

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Negative.

Hope drains from Weir's face.

WEIR
No one?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

MILLER
They're empty, Dr. Weir. Moving
forward.

Miller and Peters split up, each taking a separate exit from the chamber.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir looks at Justin's POV screen: a grainy image of the First Containment Seal.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR (BY FIRST SEAL)

Justin stands before a thick pressure door. Justin checks the door with his thumper, his boots are now on.

WEIR (O.S.)
(radio)
You've reached the First Containment Seal. The engineering decks are on the other side.

JUSTIN
We still have pressure. The radiation count's steady at 7 millirads an hour.

WEIR (O.S.)
(radio)
Background radiation. Perfectly safe.

Justin touches a panel beside the door. It opens. He enters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

...a long corridor shaped like a tube. It rotates like a turbine, causing vertigo. Justin's BREATH echoes in his helmet as he moves forward...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares at Justin's safety line in the airlock.

THE SAFETY LINE

counts off silently, passing 150 meters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

The corridor ends at a pressure door.

PETERS
Dr. Weir, what's this the door to?

WEIR (O.S.)
(radio)
You're at the Bridge, Ms. Peters.

You still haven't seen any crew?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller, moving through a deserted lab. Empty operating tables. Stainless steel surgical instruments float in zero-G. A glove floats up behind him, brushes his shoulder. He wheels... the glove is empty. It spins away.

MILLER

If we saw any crew, Doctor, you'd know about it.

(looking around)

I'm in Medical. No casualties, it looks like this place has never been used.

He finds a computer console.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Peters opens the door.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

Peters enters. Looks around: a small antechamber for crew briefings, with chairs and a display table. Red crystals float in a crimson mist around her.

PETERS

I found something.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir peers at the monitors, trying to make out the red haze.

WEIR

Yes, we can see some kind of mist.
What is that?

PETERS (O.S.)

(radio)

Blood. Looks like arterial spray.

WEIR

(nervous)

Can you see a body?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

PETERS

(confused)

There's no one here.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
The blood came from somewhere,
Peters...

PETERS
There's no one here, Skipper.

Peters takes a sample container from her belt. Carefully
tries to capture a suspended crystal...

PETERS
Come on...

CLOSE UP OF THE BLOOD CRYSTAL

and the Container; Peters' brow furrowed with concentration.

WIDER AS A FLASH OF BLUE LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE ROOM,
REVEALING...

...THE WALL BEHIND PETERS, CAVED IN A FROZEN EXPLOSION OF
BLOOD AND TISSUE. Someone died here in a violent and terrible
way.

Peters starts to look up but the flash dies away. She never
saw the horror behind her.

Peters turns her attention back to her tiny crystal. She
traps the it, returns the container to her belt.

She moves from the antechamber into...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Her helmet lights sweep the room. Every surface a control
panel.

PETERS
Okay. I'm on the bridge.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
What you got, Peters?

Peters examines the other consoles -- most are dark but for
a few dim lights.

PETERS
Everything's been shut down.
Conserving power, I guess. Green
light on the hull, it's intact.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
The science workstation has power,
I'll see if I can find the crew from
here.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir stares at Peters' monitor.

WEIR
Ms. Peters, turn back and to your
left, please.

On her monitor, Peters' POV shifts as she complies.

STARCK
What is it?

WEIR
Ship's log.

PETERS (O.S.)
(radio)
I see it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters reaches towards a small video deck. Touches the eject
button. Nothing happens.

PETERS
It's stuck.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Justin's light bounces off an even larger pressure door,
built like a bank vault. The Second Seal.

JUSTIN
I've reached another containment
door. This thing's huge...

WEIR (O.S.)
(radio)
That's the Second Containment Seal.
Beyond that, engineering.

JUSTIN
I'm going in.

Justin opens the seal. It releases SLOWLY, inching open.
Justin squeezes through.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters takes a small probe from her belt, inserts it into the video deck.

A small laser disc emerges partway from the deck. Peters pulls on it. It doesn't move.

PETERS
It's really jammed in there.

A shadow crosses the window behind her. Someone -- something -- is in there with her...

Peters pulls harder. Nothing. Another effort. The disc pulls free. Peters spins in the zero-gravity, spinning into...

...A BODY floating at the helm, the face illuminated by Peters' helmet lights. His swollen tongue clogs his gaping, screaming mouth. His cracked and crystallized skin is crossed by a network of bloated veins. He has no eyes. Just like Weir's dream.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Peters' monitor shows the CORPSE'S face, its mouth open in mute agony. Weir GASPS.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters pushes free of the body.

PETERS
(professional)
I found one.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Alive?

PETERS
Frozen.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The dead man's face leers from Peters' monitor.

STARCK

What happened to his eyes?

SMITH
Explosive decompression.

STARCK
Decompression wouldn't do that.

Weir just stares at the ruined face, rapt. Starck notices.

STARCK
You okay?

Weir nods, not taking his eyes from the screen.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper, on station. He keys his radio.

COOPER
Hey, Baby Bear, Mama Bear got a
corpsicle for ya...

No reply.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller looks up from the workstation, concerned.

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
Baby Bear, you copy?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares out at Justin's safety line slowly counting
off past 175 meters.

COOPER
Justin, do you copy?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

The Second Seal is open. Justin's safety line snakes into
darkness.

FOLLOW the safety line into the dark...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

An alcove, opening into a vast chamber. Once pristine, all
the surfaces have been coated in a dark gray slick. Globules

of fluid hang motionless, sticking to Justin's suit, leeching away his light and swallowing him in darkness.

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
...do you copy?

JUSTIN
(quiet)
Uh, yeah Coop, I'm still here.

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
Shit! Do not do that! Where the fuck
are you?

JUSTIN
I'm in the Second Containment area.
It's pitch black in here. There must
have been a coolant leak. Man, this
shit is everywhere. I can't see a
damn thing.

A lighted console blocks Justin's view of the chamber beyond.
He drifts over to it, wipes the console clear of coolant,
revealing dim lights: the station has power.

JUSTIN
The reactor's still hot. Coolant
level is on reserve, but still in
the green.

TIGHT ON JUSTIN'S FACE AS THE LIGHTS COME ON

JUSTIN
(triumph)
I got it...

His expressions changes as he looks past the console and
sees... something.

JUSTIN
(trailing off in awe)
Holy shit...

COOPER
Justin?

JUSTIN
I think I found something...

JUSTIN'S POV - THE CORE

A massive sphere, 10 meters in diameter, dominates the center of the second containment. Intricate machinery surrounds the sphere but the globe itself is featureless, smooth; a enigmatic monolith. Black ice encrusts it, giving it the seeming of a living thing.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

They stare at Justin's monitor.

SMITH
What the hell is that?

WEIR
That's the Core: the gravity drive.
The heart of the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin, check the containment for
radiation leaks. Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
...how's the client?

PETERS
Crystallized.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin examines the outer wall of the Core, looking for any cracks or ruptured seams.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin, finish your sweep.

JUSTIN
Almost done, I just gotta check one
thing...

Justin turns to the Core...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Justin's monitor fills with static.

STARCK

Justin, hold on a sec, you're breaking up...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin...?
(static obscure her voice)

Justin reaches towards the Core with his pressure sensor.

His helmet light flickers. He hesitates...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller's helmet light flickers...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peter's helmet light winks out...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

STARCK
Justin, come in...

Suddenly, the bio-scan lights up, from green to red as signals race across the display.

WEIR
What is it?

STARCK
I don't know. The life readings just went off the scale.

SMITH
Something's wrong...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin places the pressure sensor against the Core. Touching it.

The Core turns deepest black. A darkness that light cannot penetrate. For a second, Justin's white suit is captured against the hungry void...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (TANK)

THEN THE VOID SUCKS HIM IN AND JUSTIN IS GONE...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares in shock as Justin's safety line as it reels out at an incredible rate -- 250 meters, 300 meters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT A WAVE

surges out of the Core, bending light like a ripple on a pond, pushing coolant and debris before it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

The gravity wave surges forward, blowing out emergency lights as it comes, flotsam and jetsam swirling in its wake...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Data floods Miller's workstation, flashing across the screen too fast for comprehension...

INT. BLACKNESS OF CORE

FOLLOWED BY A FACE -- JUSTIN...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
What the hell...

A DEEP ROAR fills the ship. Miller rises to investigate...

The door BLOWS APART as THE WAVE HITS, ripples through the Medical Bay towards Miller...

MILLER
Oh shit...!

Debris swirls around him... the wave sweeps him up... SLAMS him into a bulkhead...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE JUSTIN'S POV SCREEN

the briefest suggestion of a SCREAMING FACE, obscured by STATIC and ROLL before the screen CUTS to static entirely.

The rest of the crew's POV screens go dead as...

...the wave hits them, threatening to tear the Lewis and Clark apart. The ship shudders violently. Consoles EXPLODE with sparks. Weir and the others hold on for dear life.

STARCK
Miller, do you read me, Peters --

SMITH
Get them back --

STARCK
I'm trying, goddammit --

An equipment rack IGNITES. Smith grabs an extinguisher, fights the blaze...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper and DJ, bracing against the bulkhead. Cooper hits the intercom.

COOPER
What's happening?

STARCK (O.S.)
(intercom)
I don't know, the screens are dead...!

Cooper peers out the airlock window.

JUSTIN'S SAFETY LINE

passes 350 meters and accelerating...

COOPER
350 meters... 400 meters...

DJ
He's in trouble. Go!

COOPER
I'm gone!

Cooper grabs his helmet. DJ helps him lock the helmet into place with a HISS.

The inner airlock door opens. As Cooper enters the airlock, Justin's safety reel stops, the line jerking taut at 500 meters.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller tries to get his bearings in the dark.

MILLER

Boarding party, sound off... Peters,
do you read me... . Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters' light, too, remains dark, but Neptune's blue light fills the Bridge. The frozen corpse floats before her. No longer a man.

A young boy, maybe five years old. His legs are withered, useless things. The skin remains a crystallized surface, but the eyes look straight at her, alive.

PETERS
Denny...

Peters reaches out to touch the body. It falls away from her. No longer her son, but the body of the astronaut. It hits the door and shatters.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
(growing desperation)
...Peters, do you read me...

A MAN'S VOICE, in agony, CRACKLES over Miller's radio:

VOICE
(radio)
Don't leave me...

MILLER
Justin? Justin, sound off...
Justin...!

Miller trails off as RED LIGHT flickers across his visor. He turns...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE (BURNING MAN) POV
MILLER

A BURNING MAN stands in Medical/Science, a human body wreathed in flame. The eyes are like sunspots. As the Burning Man moves, bones and black flesh poke through the fire. He raises one hand to point at Miller in accusation...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller's BREATH stops in his throat. His mouth works but nothing comes out. He BLINKS...

...and the VISION is gone. Miller is alone, BREATHING hard.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Cooper enters at full speed, shooting through in a controlled fall...

COOPER
Hold on, Baby Bear...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

...into the Second Containment. He catches himself at the console. Cooper sees Justin's safety line, cut off abruptly by the darkness of the Core.

COOPER
Oh my God...

The darkness of the Core ripples...

Justin suddenly emerges from the darkness, a white figure riding a wave of impenetrable blackness.

Cooper catches him, holds him tight as the wave carries them towards the wall. Cooper sees a control rod -- a long metal spike -- coming at them. He twists his body so that they miss -- barely -- before slamming into the wall.

COOPER
Justin, do you read me? Justin... .

Cooper pulls Justin close. Justin's head lolls to one side. Unconscious.

COOPER
Baby Bear, don't do this. Don't do this...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir, Starck and Smith continue to hold on tightly as the vibration builds... and builds...

STARCK
Here comes another one! Hold on!

The second wave hits. Sparks fly as consoles EXPLODE. Deep in the ship metal SCREAMS, followed by the SHRIEK of escaping atmosphere. An emergency klaxon RINGS out: PRESSURE WARNING.

Starck checks Justin's station:

STARCK
We lost the starboard baffle! The
hull's been breached!

The Bridge pressure door begins to close...and then stop.

SMITH
The safety circuit's failed!

WEIR
We're losing atmosphere...

STARCK
There are pressure suits in the
Airlock. Go!

Starck pushes Weir ahead of her, Smith follows hard as they
run the length of the ship for the airlock bay.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

The vibration subsides.

MILLER
Can anybody hear me...

PETERS (O.S.)
(radio)
Skipper...

MILLER
Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
...you okay?

PETERS
Yeah. I'm -- I'm okay.

Her voice cracks as she says it. She looks anything but.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

The reports come, one on the other...

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
We have a man down...

MILLER
Coop, where are you...

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
The containment, Second Containment...

MILLER
Hold on, Coop...

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
Captain Miller...

MILLER
Smith, where the hell have you been?!

SMITH
We have a situation here...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Starck and Smith already in suits. DJ assists Weir. Smith has already locked his helmet into place.

SMITH
(continuing)
We lost the starboard baffle and the hull cracked. Our safety seals didn't close, the circuit's fried --

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller moves down the central corridor towards his wounded ship.

MILLER
Do we have enough time for a weld?

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
We don't have time to fart.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

SMITH
We're losing pressure at 280 liters a second and our oxygen tanks are cracked. In three minutes, our atmosphere will be gone. We are fucking dead.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
No one's dying on my watch, Smith!
What about the reserve tanks?

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
They're gone.

Beat. Miller closes his eyes, desperately trying to think of a solution.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

PAN across the faces of the astronauts. No hope. Except for Weir:

WEIR
The Event Horizon.

The others turn to stare at Weir.

SMITH
What?

WEIR
It still has air and reserve power,
we can activate gravity and life
support.

STARCK
What if the air has gone bad? We
can't wear these suits forever.

SMITH
I don't think this is a good idea,
we don't even know what happened on
that ship...

WEIR
It beats dying, Mister Smith.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
Dr. Weir's right. Get on board the
Event Horizon. I'll meet you at the
airlock.

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
But...

MILLER
You heard me, Smith. Peters, are you
with me?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters at the life support console.

PETERS
I'm ahead of you. Bringing the thermal
units on line...

Peters flips a series of circuit-breakers. Reaches for the
final switch.

PETERS
Hold tight and prep for gees.

Everything floating in the bridge CRASHES to the floor.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin and Cooper collapse to the deck, coolant splashing
down all around them...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller meets the crew as they evacuate the Lewis and Clark.
Weir leads the way, eager; Smith hangs back.

MILLER
Everybody okay?

STARCK
We're all here.

MILLER
Okay. Let's find out how much time
we just bought.

Miller reaches for the catch on his own helmet.

DJ
We haven't tested the air yet. It
could be contaminated...

MILLER
No time. We need whatever's left in
our suits to repair the Clark. Like
it or not, this is the only oxygen
for three billion kilometers.

Miller pulls his helmet off with a HISS. He breathes deep.
Starck does the same, coughs.

STARCK
It tastes bad.

MILLER
But you can breathe it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE ORBIT - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON

The Lewis and Clark and the Event Horizon, locked together
in Neptune orbit. Lights shine from the Horizon as power is
restored. No longer cloaked in darkness, it is revealed in
all its hideous glory, a nightmare etched in steel.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Weir moves from station to station, restoring power to each.

Starck sits at the communications workstation. Miller watches
over her shoulder.

STARCK
The antennae array's completely fried,
we've got no radio, no laser, no
highgain... No one's going to be
coming to help us.

MILLER
How much oh-two do we have?

STARCK
Oxygen is not the problem.

MILLER
Carbon dioxide?

STARCK
(nods)
It's building up with every breath
we take. And the CO2 filters on the
Event Horizon are shot.

MILLER
We can take the filters from the
Clark...

STARCK
I thought of that, with the filters

from the Clark, we've got enough breathable air for twenty hours. After that, we'd better be on our way home.

MILLER
What about the life readings you picked up?

STARCK
The Event Horizon sensors show the same thing: "Bio-readings of indeterminate origin." Right before that wave hit the Clark, there was some kind of surge, right off the scale, but now it's back to its previous levels.

MILLER
What's causing the readings?

STARCK
I don't know, but whatever it is, it's not the crew.

MILLER
So where is the rest of the crew? We've been over every inch of this ship and all we've found is blood. Dr. Weir? Any suggestions?

Weir just stares at the bloodstained wall.

MILLER
What happened here?

Miller follows Weir's gaze to the wall: a Rorschach test in blood...

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE WINDOW

PULL BACK from the bridge windows TO REVEAL...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

...the Event Horizon in all its horrific glory, hanging skew in the center of the hurricane like a mote in God's eye.

The Lewis and Clark clings to the giant craft, as insignificant as a tick. An even smaller figure clings to the hull of the Lewis and Clark...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

It's Smith, EVA in full protective gear. His magnetic boots hold him to the Lewis and Clark's hull. He kneels over a hole in the hull, where the metal has buckled and torn. Vapor still leaks from the hole into space.

SMITH
Captain Miller, you copy?

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
I'm here, Smith, how's the Clark?

SMITH
I've found a six inch fracture in the outer hull. We should be able to repair it and re-pressurize, it's gonna take some time.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
We don't have time, Smith. In twenty hours we run out of air.

SMITH
Understood.

Smith uses a foam applicator to fill the hole. The gel freezes in place. Smith reaches to his belt, pulls out a ZERO-G NAILGUN. Presses it to the patch and begins to rivet it into place.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Justin lies unmoving on a table. His eyes are open, staring at a smear of blood on the ceiling.

A needle slides into the skin below his eye. He doesn't respond.

DJ removes the needle. It glistens with blood. He looks up at Miller and Peters.

MILLER
How is he?

DJ
His vitals are stable, but he's unresponsive to stimuli. He might

wake up in fifteen minutes. He might not wake up at all.

PETERS

What happened to him?

DJ shakes his head. Miller eyes the bloodstain above them.

MILLER

DJ, take samples from these stains, compare them to medical records, I want to know whose blood this is.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Gravity has scattered debris and freeze-dried blood about the room. The crew (Justin and Smith excepted) tries to relax on the chairs of dead men. Their faces are wan and haggard.

Weir relaxes at the table. Unlike the others, he seems almost at ease. DJ remains forever stoic; Starck, animated and nervous. Cooper bounces the handball on the floor, a reflex action.

Miller stares at a video monitor, watching Smith repair the Lewis and Clark. He turns from the window.

MILLER

Okay, people, there's been a change in the mission. In less than eighteen hours, we will run out of breathable air. Our primary objective is now survival. That means we focus on repairing the Lewis and Clark and salvaging whatever will buy us more time.

(pause)

Our secondary objective is finding out what happened to this ship and its crew. Two months from now, I fully intend to be standing in front of the good Admiral giving my report, and I'd like to have more than my dick in my hands.

Grim smiles all around.

MILLER

Peters, I want you to go through the ship's log, see if we can't find some answers.

PETERS

I can use the station in Medical,
keep an eye on Justin...

MILLER

Fine. Starck, I want you to repeat
the bio-scan...

STARCK

What's the point? I'll just get the
same thing...

MILLER

Not acceptable. I want to know what's
causing those readings. If the crew
is dead, I want the bodies, I want
the crew found.

STARCK

I can reconfigure the scan for C-12,
amylase proteins.

MILLER

Do it. Dr. Weir...

WEIR

Yes.

MILLER

One of my men is down. I want to
know what happened to him.

COOPER

I told you. He was inside the Core...

Weir starts shaking his head.

COOPER

It was like... nothing was there...
and then Justin appeared and the
Core... became metal...

WEIR

(cutting him off)
No, he didn't.

COOPER

You weren't there. I saw it.

WEIR

Saw what, Mr. Cooper? What did you
really see, because what you're
describing is not physically

possible...

Cooper throws the ball at him, hard. Weir ducks. It bounces wildly around the room. Miller catches it.

MILLER
Cooper! Enough!

Cooper sits down.

MILLER
(turning on Weir)
Dr. Weir, Justin may die. Whatever happened to him could happen to all of us.

Beat.

WEIR
I don't know what happened to Justin.

COOPER
I'm telling you, I saw it...

WEIR
What you saw could have been an optical effect caused by gravitational distortion.

COOPER
(turning on Weir)
I know what I saw and it wasn't a fucking "optical effect!"

MILLER
Hold on, what's this "gravitational distortion?"

WEIR
It's possible that a burst of gravity waves escaped from the Core, distorting space-time. They could be what hit the Lewis and Clark.

MILLER
What could cause them?
(Weir doesn't answer)
What's in the Core?

WEIR
It's complicated...

MILLER

How much time do you need? We have
seventeen hours and forty-two minutes.
Now: what is in the Core?

Beat. Here comes another bomb...

WEIR
A black hole.

The crew stares at him, stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Miller, Starck and Weir stand before the Core. Dark ominous structures loom around them, glistening with coolant. The PULSE of the ship is loud here, a deep THRUM that steals their breath. Weir's voice is a reverent WHISPER:

WEIR
That's how the gravity drive works,
you see: it focuses the black hole's
immense gravitational power to create
the gateway. That's how the Event
Horizon travels faster than light.

STARCK
I can't believe we built this.

MILLER
It's insane.

WEIR
"Insane?" The finest astronauts fought
to be posted to this ship. It would
take the Lewis and Clark a thousand
years to reach our closest star. The
Event Horizon could be there in a
day...

MILLER
If it worked.

WEIR
If it worked, yes.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT - 3RD SEAL

They stare at the Core, the surrounding machinery moving in a slow giant's dance. A trick of the eye, or does the Core stare back at them?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER

I want this room sealed. The Second
Containment is off limits.

WEIR

There's no danger. The black hole is
contained behind three magnetic
fields, it's under control.

MILLER

Your black hole damn near ripped my
ship apart. It may have killed one
of my men.

(beat)

No one goes near that thing.

MOVE IN ON THE CORE

until its darkness fills the screen...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters sits before the computer workstation, running the
ship's log, forwarding through hours of boring footage. Rubs
her eyes.

The lights flicker.

Peters hears something RUSTLING behind her. She turns...

PETERS

Justin...?

Justin lies unmoving on the nearest examination table.
Comatose. Peters reaches out and picks up a scalpel.

Peters hears the sound again, FINGERNAILS ON PLASTIC. She
moves past Justin...

...past several empty tables, covered with clear plastic...

...to the last table. She stares in shock.

THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE PLASTIC COVER

She slowly reaches out. Lifts the cover.

Her son DENNY looks at her and GIGGLES. She GASPS. The scalpel

drops to the floor at her feet.

Denny reaches up to her, to be picked up...

DENNY
Mommy...

...but the plastic that still covers his withered legs squirms like a bag full of snakes...

Peters drops the plastic and backs away.

DJ (O.S.)
Peters?

She turns. DJ stands in the doorway, holding blood samples.

Peters turns back, but her son is gone.

DJ reads her expression.

DJ
What's wrong?

PETERS
Nothing. It's nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 2

The Airlock light turns red -- a warning. The Inner Airlock door control flashes: "LOCKED." The Outer Airlock door opens.

Smith enters. He closes the Outer Airlock door. Atmosphere HISSES into the chamber. The Inner Airlock door flashes: "PRESSURIZED."

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 2

Cooper in EVA, getting ready to go outside. The Inner Airlock door opens. Smith enters. Takes off his helmet.

COOPER
You been out there a long time. Trying to break my record?

SMITH
I'd rather spend the next twelve hours Outside than another five minutes in this can. This ship is bad. It watches you.

COOPER
What?

SMITH
You heard me. This ship, it's crazy:
trying to go faster'n light, that's
like the Tower of Babel.

COOPER
Shit, Smith, you're going Biblical
on me.

SMITH
You know what happened to the Tower
of Babel, don't you? It fell down.

COOPER
You're sucking too much nitrogen in
your mix.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Starck programs the sensor workstation. She glances over at Weir: sitting at a computer terminal, his face rapt as data flashes by. His lips move, muttering to himself.

STARCK
Why Dr. Weir, I think you're in love.

WEIR
Hmmm. Claire used to tell me I loved
the Event Horizon more than I loved
her. I told her that wasn't true, I
just knew the Event Horizon better,
that's all.

STARCK
Claire is your wife?

WEIR
Yes.

STARCK
It must be hard, being so far away
from her.

WEIR
Yes. I miss her. She died. Two years
now.

STARCK
I'm sorry.

Weir keeps his attention focused on the screen.

WEIR
These things happen.
(reacting to something
on the screen)
Wait a minute, that's not right...

He fingers fly across the keyboard, double-checking the data.

Miller leans over Weir's shoulder.

MILLER
You have something, Dr. Weir?

WEIR
The date.

MILLER
What about it?

WEIR
The Event Horizon's computer think's
it's 2034.

MILLER
It's 2041...

WEIR
Exactly. The ship's internal clock
is off by seven years.

STARCK
Maybe a power interruption crashed
the system...

WEIR
No, there's no evidence of a surge
or spike of any kind. It's as if
time just... stopped for seven years.

MILLER
Explanation?

WEIR
Intense gravitational fields effect
the passage of time, it's possible...
(beat)
Black holes make sense on paper,
it's all math, you see, but as to

what really happened...
 (he shakes his head)
The Event Horizon has passed beyond
our plane of reality, and like
Lazarus, returned from the dead.

The INTERCOM interrupts them:

 PETERS (O.S.)
 (intercom)
Captain Miller, Dr. Weir? I found
the final log entry.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters sits at the workstation. Miller, DJ and Weir stand
behind her, watching.

A VIDEO SCREEN

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY (FOR VIDEO)

A jumpy, handheld camera view of:

Gravity couch bay. Two crewmen checking electronics modules.
The ship is well-lit, clean, no sign of debris. The narrator's
voice is excited and nervous.

 KILPACK (O.S.)
We have reached safe distance and
are preparing to engage the gravity
drive and open the gateway...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

 PETERS
The speaker is the mission
commander...

 WEIR
 (quiet)
John Kilpack.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (FOR VIDEO)

Second Containment. A lone engineer finishes his check of
the Core. He turns to the camera and gives a self-conscious
"thumbs-up."

 KILPACK (O.S.)
When you get this message, God

willing, we will reach the solar
system of Proxima Centauri...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER
I wonder if they ever made it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR (FOR VIDEO)

Corridor. The entire original crew assembled, playing catch
with the stuffed dog

KILPACK
I just want to say how proud I am of
my crew. I'd like to name my station
heads Chris Chambers, Janice Rubin,
Dick Smith, Tom Fender and Stacie
Collins. And to Bill Weir and all
the scientists that got us here.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE (FOR VIDEO)

Bridge. KILPACK addresses the camera. His face is flushed
with excitement.

KILPACK
I... uh, I had something historic to
say, and I wrote it down but I... I
can't find it. Ave, atque, vale.
Hail and farewell.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

A BURST of static...

...followed by an inhuman HOWL of FEEDBACK, like screaming
hyaenas, almost alive. Through the swirl of static, the
suggestion of movement.

Miller freezes the frame. He squints at the screen...

POV MILLER

Obscured by static, the image is blurred beyond comprehension.

MILLER
What the hell is that? Dr. Weir?

WEIR
I don't know.

PETERS

I can run the image through a series of filters, try to clean it up.

MILLER
Do it.

Suddenly, the lights fade out. Dim emergency lighting snaps on...

PETERS
What's happening...?

DJ
A power drain --

MILLER
We barely have enough power for life support as it is, if we can't stop the drain, we're not gonna make it.

WEIR
The Core...!

Weir heads for the door.

MILLER
Wait!

But Weir has vanished into the corridor.

MILLER
The rest of you, stay here, I don't want anyone else going near that thing.

Miller follows after Weir.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

The Second Containment Seal opens. Weir is about to enter when Miller stops him. He checks a Geiger counter. It is silent.

MILLER
No radiation. What's causing the drain?

Weir crosses to a console. Frowns.

WEIR
(shakes his head)

The magnetic fields are holding.
Maybe a short in the fail-safe
circuit. I'll check it out.

Miller assists Weir in removing bolts from an access panel.
The panel falls away, revealing a cramped duct leading into
the ship's circuitry.

Weir climbs into the duct. Miller hands him a flashlight and
a toolkit.

MILLER
We don't get the power back, our
air's gonna go bad.

WEIR
Check the Core for radiation. Carbon
dioxide may be the least of our
worries.

Weir begins to crawl into the depths of the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - WEIR'S DUCT

Weir's breath ECHOES in the cramped shaft. He counts off
circuit panels as he goes:

WEIR
E-three... E-five... E-seven... where
are you...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Miller slogs through the coolant to the Core. Stares at it.
It remains metallic, mundane.

He pulls out a Geiger counter and crosses to the reactor
shell. Examines a gleaming weld. The Geiger counter CLICKS
slowly: no leak.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

A yellow light starts flashing on the engineering board.
Starck's eyes widen: the engineering sections flash
yellow...and green...

STARCK
What the hell...

STARCK'S POV

as the bio-scan goes wild.

STARCK
(into intercom)
Skipper, the bio-scan just went off
the scale...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Justin shakes on the bed in an epileptic fit. DJ rushes to him.

DJ
Justin! Can you hear me? Justin!

Justin's eyes remain unfocused, unseeing as he tries to speak.

DJ leans in close, trying to hear him speak...

Justin arches in agony and the words come in a strangled, tortured voice:

JUSTIN
THE DARK IS COMING...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - WEIR'S DUCT

Weir stops before module E-12. Hears a faint HISSING and POPPING.

WEIR
There you are.

He uses a screwdriver to open up the module. Reveals a series of circuit boards. One SPARKS. Weir plucks the damaged chips and starts running a by-pass.

His flashlight flickers. He bangs it against the duct wall. It grows dimmer. Goes out.

WEIR
Um. Captain Miller? I, uh, I seem to
have a problem with my light.

A single DRIP of water in the darkness...

WEIR
(beat, hushed)
Captain Miller?

Another DRIP, then a woman's VOICE like a distant echo:

VOICE
Billy.

Weir starts at the sound. He recognizes the voice.

She speaks again, no longer far away, but a close WHISPER in his ear:

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Billy. Help me. I'm so cold.

Weir's eyes open wide in hope and fear.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Even the emergency lights go out. Total darkness.

MILLER
We just lost all power in here. Dr.
Weir...?

Miller's voice trails off as he looks towards the Core. A red glow reflects across his eyes. He takes a few steps away from the reactor. He stares...

...at the BURNING MAN, standing before the Core. The deep ROAR of its conflagration fills the containment.

It slowly turns and raises its arm and points at Miller in accusation.

BURNING MAN
Don't leave me...

Miller stares as the Burning Man turns and vanishes into a bulkhead, leaving the wall blackened and burned with his passing.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - WEIR'S DUCT

Total darkness. Weir's breath ECHOES in the cramped metal space.

WEIR
(a whisper)
Claire...?

Weir bangs his flashlight. Again. Again...

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Help me. I'm so cold.

The flashlight flickers...

Claire's face is inches from Weir's.

CLAIRE
So cold.

His flashlight flickers again, snaps on...

She is gone. Weir lets his head fall to the floor of the deck, breathing in ragged SOBS.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

The crew, except for Cooper. DJ whets a scalpel against the leg of his jumpsuit, an unconscious gesture. FLICK. FLICK. FLICK.

DJ
Carbon dioxide poisoning produces
hallucinations, impaired judgement...

MILLER
Goddammit, DJ, it was not a
hallucination! I saw a man, he was
on fire. And then he disappeared.

STARCK
Maybe one of the original crew?

MILLER
No. It was someone else.

STARCK
Who?

MILLER
(ignoring the question)
Dr. Weir, you were right there, you
must have heard something, seen
something...

WEIR
No. I saw nothing.

PETERS
I did.

All heads turn to her.

PETERS
About an hour ago. In medical. I saw
my son. He was lying on one of the

examination tables and his legs
were...

(she trails off)

WEIR

Isn't it possible that you were
traumatized by finding the body on
the bridge?

PETERS

I've seen bodies before. This is
different.

She falls silent, unwilling to say more.

MILLER

Peters is right. Its like something
reaching into your mind. Seeing your
thoughts and making them real. Smith,
did you or Cooper experience anything
unusual?

Smith, leaning against the doorway:

SMITH

I didn't see anything and I don't
have to see anything. This ship is
fucked.

WEIR

Thank you for that scientific
analysis, Mister Smith.

SMITH

(exploding)

Hey! You don't need to be a scientist
figure it out...

MILLER

Smith...

Weir's face is stone.

SMITH

...you break all the laws of physics,
you think there won't be a price?
You already killed the first crew...

MILLER

That's enough!

DJ lays one hand on Smith's shoulder to calm him...

Smith reacts violently, turning on DJ, shoving him back. DJ uses Smith's momentum to spin the pilot into the wall. He presses his scalpel just below Smith's ear...

MILLER

DJ!!

DJ freezes. The scalpel falls from his hands. He releases Smith.

DJ

I'm sorry, I... I don't know why I did that.

WEIR

(wry)

Carbon dioxide.

Smith goes for Weir.

SMITH

He's fucking lying, you know something...!

Miller heads him off, grabs him.

MILLER

That's it, that's enough for one day, Smith! I need you back on the Clark, I need you calm, I need you using your head, you make a mistake out there, none of are getting home, you understand?

Smith calms.

SMITH

Sir.

MILLER

Get outside, go back to work. I'll join you shortly.

Smith leaves.

MILLER

We're a long way from home and we're in a bad place. Let's not make it worse. If anyone has any constructive suggestions, now is the time.

WEIR

I think I can stabilize the fields

around the singularity, that should prevent another power drain.

MILLER
Do it.

DJ
To conserve our oxygen, we should severely restrict our activity. Anyone who can should get some sleep.

MILLER
I don't need sleep, DJ. I need answers.

Miller exits. Starck follows.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

STARCK TRAILS MILLER:

STARCK
Miller...

MILLER
(not slowing)
What is it, Starck?

STARCK
...I ran the bio-scan with the DNA/RNA filter. The results were bio-readings of indeterminate origin...

MILLER
(simultaneous)
"...bio-readings of indeterminate origin," don't you have anything useful to tell me?

STARCK
I've got a theory.

Miller stops.

MILLER
Go ahead.

STARCK
There was a another surge in the bio-readings right before you... you saw what you saw. We picked up a similar readings right before the Clarke was damaged. What if there were a

connection between the two? The gravity waves, the hallucination, all part of an defensive reaction, like an immune system...

Miller starts walking again.

MILLER
I don't need to hear this.

She rushes to follow.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 2

Miller and Starck enter the Airlock Bay:

STARCK
You've got to listen...

MILLER
To what? What are you saying? This ship is alive?

STARCK
I didn't say that, I said the bio-readings correspond to what happened to you, the ship is reacting to us...

MILLER
We're hanging on by our fingernails and you're giving me bullshit stories...

She grabs him by the arm.

STARCK
It's not bullshit, it's the only conclusion the data supports...

MILLER
Starck, do you know how crazy that sounds? It's impossible.

STARCK
I know that.

Beat. Miller allows himself to relax.

MILLER
If you knew it was impossible, then why'd you waste my time?

STARCK

I thought you wanted an answer. And
that's the only one I have.

Miller pulls an EVA suit from the wall, starts putting it
on.

MILLER
What I want is to survive the next
ten hours.

STARCK
(checks her watch)
Nine hours and twenty-two minutes.

MILLER
I'm going outside to work on the
Clark. And Starck... don't tell anyone
what you just told me. We've got
enough to worry about.

She nods. He locks his helmet into place.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

Establish.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

The ship seems to breathe. The lights flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

ANOTHER ANGLE. The ship seems to breathe. The lights
flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

ANOTHER ANGLE. The ship seems to breathe. The lights
flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters has fallen asleep in her chair.

On the threshold of hearing, a distant POUNDING. Not a
heartbeat. Metal on metal. Something trying to get out.
Something trying to get in.

Peters wakes with a start.

PETERS
Justin...?

She turns. Justin lies on the floor in a heap, completely covered by his sheet. She crosses to him. Pulls back the sheet...

Revealing empty nitrogen tanks.

PETERS
Justin!

She looks up, eyes widening, as...

The IV bottles fill with blood. Blood fills the X-ray lightboxes, it surges up from gutters in the floor...

And the pounding grows louder... LOUDER... almost to Medical...

The spell breaks and she RUNS...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Peters sprints, the SOUND BOOMING after her, almost on her heels...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

Peters darts into the Bridge Antechamber. She SLAMS the pressure door shut behind her, CUTTING OFF the sound.

She turns. Weir, DJ, Starck look up from their work, staring at her.

DJ
What's wrong?

PETERS
You didn't hear it? You must have heard it!

STARCK
Heard what?

Beat. Peters starts to LAUGH, part hysteria, part relief.

PETERS
Oh... nothing...

DJ crosses to Peters, concerned.

DJ
Sit down...

As he reaches out to touch her...

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. POUNDING ON THE DOOR ITSELF

Peters SCREAMS. DJ clutches her to him, backs away from the door.

The POUNDING grows louder. LOUDER. The door vibrates with each blow Starck puts her hands over her ears. Peters SCREAMS at the door.

PETERS
Stop it! Stop it!

But the POUNDING intensifies, metal GROANING under incredible pressure.

DJ
(shouting to be heard)
What is it?

Weir slowly walks to the door.

STARCK
What are you doing?

WEIR
It wants me. I have to go.

He reaches for the door.

STARCK
No...!

Starck grabs him. He tries to shake her off, but she traps his arm in a wrist-lock. He turns on her, his face furious...

...and the POUNDING stops. They remain frozen for a moment. Afraid to breathe.

Weir shakes the trance.

STARCK
In our current environment, Dr. Weir,
self-control is an asset.

WEIR
I'm alright. Please.

In the distance, the POUNDING begins again. Moving away from them.

The ship systems station BEEPS. A warning light flashes on the console.

STARCK
What is it?

WEIR
The forward airlock.

STARCK
(into radio)
Miller, Smith, Cooper, any of you in
the airlock?

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
That's a negative, Starck.

PETERS
(realization)
Justin.

Peters, Starck and DJ rush from the Bridge, leaving Weir behind.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR NO. 2 - WITH
AIRLOCKS

Peters leads Starck and DJ down the corridor towards the Forward Airlock bay. They round a corner in time to see a figure moving in the Airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

They race into the bay even as Justin steps into the Airlock. He is naked.

PETERS
Justin, no!

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Justin turns and stares through them with cold eyes. He reaches out to the airlock control.

The pressure door shuts with a HISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

Miller, Smith and Cooper cling to the Lewis and Clark's hull. They carefully remove an access panel, revealing scorched wiring.

COOPER
We'll have to re-route through the
port conduit to the APU.

SMITH
What about the accumulator...?

Starck's VOICE breaks in:

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
Miller, come in...

MILLER
What's going on in there, Starck?

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin's in the airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Starck at the intercom. The others huddle by the door.

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
What?

STARCK
He's awake, he's in the airlock,
he's not wearing a suit.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

MILLER
(to Cooper)
Stay here! Don't stop working!

COOPER
But Justin...

MILLER
I'll get him.

Miller swings his body around, heads across the umbilicus to the Event Horizon. He moves in great leaps, using the magnetic plates in his gloves and boots to keep from drifting off into Neptune's thin atmosphere.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Starck works the airlock control panel without success.

STARCK
He's engaged the override.

PETERS
Can you shut it down?

She opens the Airlock access panel.

STARCK
I'll try. DJ, you better get your
bag of tricks.

DJ nods, runs off. Peters bangs on the Airlock door.

PETERS
Justin! Open the door!

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Peters' voice barely penetrates the pressure door:

PETERS
(muffled)
Open the door!

Justin turns off the artificial gravity. He begins to float gently.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller moves like a frantic spider across the surface of the Event Horizon.

MILLER
I'm on my way, Starck.

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
You better hurry. He's engaged the
override, we can't open the inner
door.

Miller curses under his breath, moves even faster...

BACK TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Peters, against the window:

PETERS
(muffled)
The door, Justin! Open the door!

He fixes his gaze upon the outer airlock door. And beyond it, space. He speaks in a flat monotone:

JUSTIN
Did you hear it?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

They are stunned to hear his voice. Peters answers:

PETERS
Yes. Yes, Justin, we heard it.

STARCK
Keep him talking.

PETERS
Do you know what it was?

JUSTIN
(muffled)
It gets inside you. It shows you things... horrible things...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN
...can't describe it... there are no words...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Weir sits alone, listening to the VOICES on the intercom.

PETERS (O.S.)
(intercom)
What, Justin, what shows you?

JUSTIN (O.S.)
(intercom)
It won't stop, it goes on and on and

on...

PETERS (O.S.)
(intercom)
What does?

JUSTIN (O.S.)
(intercom)
The dark inside me.

A LOW MOAN escapes Weir's lips. He cradles his head in his hands.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller races across the surface of the Event Horizon, the only sounds, his LABOURED BREATHING, and Justin's tortured VOICE, patched through on his radio:

JUSTIN (O.S.)
(radio)
...It's inside and it eats and eats
until there's nothing left.

PETERS (O.S.)
(radio)
"The dark inside..."? I don't
understand.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
(radio)
From the Other Place...

BACK TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN
The other crew, they're there, they're
waiting for me. They're waiting for
you. I won't go back there... I
won't...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Peters presses her face against the Airlock window, trying to calm him:

PETERS
Justin, look at me. Look at me. Open
this door.

DJ runs up with his medkit.

STARCK
I don't think she can talk him down.
We need a sedative.

DJ
If he opens the outer door he'll
turn inside-out.

Starck's hands fly as she re-wires the circuits. Sweat beads
her face.

STARCK
Almost got it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

PETERS (O.S.)
(muffled)
Come on, Baby-bear, open this door...

Justin looks at her with dead eyes. He reaches out to gently
touch the glass between them.

JUSTIN
If you could see the things I've
seen, you wouldn't try to stop me.
You'd come with me.

Justin's hand moves to the OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR control.
Hesitates... then floats to the OUTER AIRLOCK control. Hits
it.

PETERS
(muffled)
NOOO!

A yellow warning light flashes. A warning klaxon WHOOPS,
deafening.

Justin jerks his hands to his ears, closes his eyes...

COMPUTER
Stand-by for decompression. Thirty
seconds...

Justin opens his eyes as if waking from a dream...

JUSTIN
Hey, Mama-Bear... what are doing...?

And then he realizes where he is...and what is about to
happen.

JUSTIN
Oh my god OH MY GOD...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

PETERS
Starck!

STARCK
I can't! The inner door can't open
once the outer door has been
triggered, it would decompress the
entire ship!

JUSTIN
(muffled)
You gotta open, you gotta stop it,
please...

PETERS
We have to do something, oh God...

STARCK
(into radio)
Skipper, Justin just activated the
door. It's on a thirty second delay...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller moves through the Event Horizon superstructure,
recklessly leaping from one beam to another, trying to build
up speed.

MILLER
Patch me through to him.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin.

JUSTIN
Skipper, you gotta help me...

COMPUTER
Twenty seconds.

JUSTIN
...tell them to open the door...

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)
They can't do that Justin, now listen
carefully...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller moves faster and faster, his BREATH echoing in his helmet. He can see the exterior airlock just beyond a deep chasm in the ship's superstructure. If he misses this jump, Justin will not be the only man to die today.

He doesn't hesitate but leaps, soaring across the chasm towards the airlock.

JUSTIN
(radio)
...I don't want to die...!

MILLER
You're not going to die! Not today!
I want you to do exactly as I say
and I'm gonna get you out of there,
alright?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN
But I can't... I gotta get out of
here... Skipper, please...

MILLER
(radio)
Justin. I won't let you die.

Miller's words give Justin hope. He regains some control.

JUSTIN
Okay... okay...

Justin breathes hard and follows Miller's hurried instructions:

MILLER
(radio)
Tuck yourself into a crouched
position, shut your eyes as tight as
you can!

STARCK
Five seconds.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller lands on the superstructure opposite the exterior airlock.

MILLER
(radio)
Exhale everything you got, Baby Bear,
we can't have any air in those lungs,
blow it all out...

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Justin goes into a fetal crouch and covers his eyes.

JUSTIN
Oh god --

He wheezes out all his air...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller squats on the girder, ready to push off. He focuses on the 5 meters of space between him and the airlock...

The outer doors OPEN...

The rush of escaping atmosphere carries Justin's body out...

Miller pushes off... catches Justin's body... sending them both back towards the open Airlock...

Ice forms on Justin's body. His veins bulge. Blood fountains from his nose and mouth, forming a red icicle over his face.

Miller pulls him into the Airlock. Five seconds have passed since the airlock door opened.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller closes the Airlock behind them. Air HISSES into the chamber. Justin's body hits the deck as "normal" gravity exerts itself.

Miller opens the Inner Door. Peters and DJ rush in.

PETERS
Oh God... Justin...

DJ puts a tube in the Justin's mouth immediately, feeding him oxygen.

PETERS
I've got a pulse, he's alive...

DJ
Pressure?

PETERS
90 over 50 and falling... .

DJ
He's crashing...

Blood bubbles from Justin's mouth and eyes. He GASPS, then SCREAMS, spraying blood from his mouth.

DJ
He can breathe. That's good. Let's
get him to Medical, go, go!

Starck helps DJ and Peters carry Justin from the Airlock. Miller sits there, exhausted. Reaches up and pulls his helmet off.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- BRIDGE

Weir listens to

DJ (O.S.)
(intercom)
Intubate, pure oxygen feed, get the
nitrogen out of his blood...

PETERS (O.S.)
(intercom)
His peritoneum has ruptured...

DJ (O.S.)
(intercom)
One thing at a time, let's keep him
breathing. Start the drip, 15cc's
fibrinogen, Christ, he's bleeding
out...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY

One of the tanks has been activated. Swaddled in bandages, Justin floats within, suspended in green gel. The others -- DJ, Starck, Peters, Miller, Weir -- look exhausted.

DJ
He'll live... if we ever make it

back.

MILLER
We'll make it.

STARCK
CO2 levels will reach toxic levels
in four hours.

Peters stands, looking at Justin's ravaged form floating in the tank.

MILLER
(gently)
Peters. We need to know what happened
to the crew. Before it happens to
us.

PETERS
(weakly)
I'll get back to the log. But on the
bridge, I won't go back, back in
there...

MILLER
Thanks.

Peters exits.

STARCK
Justin said something about, "The
dark inside me..." What did he mean?

WEIR
It means nothing.

MILLER
Is that your "expert opinion?" The
only answer we've had out of you is
"I don't know."

WEIR
Justin just tried to kill himself.
The man is clearly insane.

DJ
How would you explain your own
behavior?

WEIR
What?

STARCK

On the bridge. You said "it" wanted
you.

Weir glances at Justin...

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY -- POV OF CLAIRE

But it's not Justin in the tank. It's his wife CLAIRE, naked,
wet, dead. Weir stares at her.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY

WEIR
I said that?

DJ
Yes. You did.

Weir blinks. Justin floats in the grav couch. Weir turns
back to the others.

WEIR
I don't remember saying that.
(covers with a joke)
Maybe I'm insane, too.

Weir exits.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller follows Weir out of the Gravity Couch Bay.

MILLER
I want to know what caused that noise.
I want to know why one of my crew
tried to throw himself out of the
airlock.

WEIR
Thermal changes in the hull could
have caused the metal to expand and
contract very suddenly, causing
reverberations --

MILLER
(exploding)
That's bullshit and you know it! You
built this fucking ship and all I've
heard from you is bullshit!

WEIR
What do you want me to say?

MILLER
You said this ship creates a
gateway...

WEIR
Yes...

MILLER
To what? Where did this ship go?
Where did you send it?

WEIR
I don't know...

MILLER
Where has it been for the past seven
years?

WEIR
I don't know...

MILLER
The "Other Place," what is that...?

WEIR
I DON'T KNOW!
(beat, calm again)
I don't know. There's a lot of things
going on here that I don't understand.
Truth takes time.

MILLER
That's exactly what we don't have,
Doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller moves through the maze of the ship, heading for the
Bridge.

As he reaches a junction, he hears...

...A DISTANT CRY...

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't leave me...!

Miller wheels like a cat, staring wildly down the branching
corridors.

Nothing. He is alone. Miller leans against the wall, sinks

to the floor, rests his head in his hands.

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL

The grotesque ship continues it's orbit as the moon Triton eclipses the sun. Darkness swallows all.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

DJ enters, checks Justin's display.

MILLER (O.S.)
Any change?

DJ turns, surprised. Miller sits, barely visible in the dark.

DJ
No. No change.
(beat)
I've analyzed Justin's blood samples.
There's no evidence of excessive
levels of carbon dioxide. Or anything
else out of ordinary.

A grim LAUGH from Miller.

MILLER
Of course not. Justin just climbed
into the airlock because he felt
like it. Just one of those things.
(beat)
I swore I'd never lose another man.
I came close today. Real close.

DJ
"Another man?" Who?

Miller nods, pulls his service medal from beneath his jumpsuit.

MILLER
It was on the Goliath. There was
this bosun, Corrick, a young guy, a
lot like Justin. Edmund Corrick,
from Decatur, Georgia. He got caught
when the pressure doors sealed, one
closed on his arm. Severed it at the
wrist. The pain of that must have
been... He passed out and...

Miller trails off. DJ waits patiently. Finally:

MILLER

I, I tried to go back for him, to save him, but I couldn't get to him in time. The fire... Have you ever seen fire in zero-gravity? It's like a liquid, it slides over everything. It was like a wave breaking over him, a wave of fire. And then he was gone.

(beat)

I never told anyone until now. But this ship knew, DJ. It knows about the Goliath, it knows about Corrick. It knows our secrets. It knows what we're afraid of.

(beat, wan smile)

And now you're going to tell me it's carbon dioxide.

DJ

No.

Miller sees something in DJ's expression.

MILLER

What is it?

DJ

I've been listening to the transmission. And I think Houston made a mistake in the translation.

MILLER

Go on.

DJ plays the recording again. Stops it abruptly.

DJ

They thought it said, "Liberatis me," "Save me," but it's not "me." It's "tutemet:" "Save yourself."

MILLER

It's not a distress call. It's a warning.

DJ

It gets worse.

Miller stares at him.

DJ

It's very hard to make out, but listen

to this final part.

He plays the recording again.

DJ
Do you hear it? Right there.

MILLER
Hear what?

DJ
It sounds like "ex infera:" "ex,"
from; "infera," the ablative case of
"inferi." "Hell."

MILLER
"Save yourself. From Hell."
(beat)
What are you saying, are you saying
that this ship is possessed?

DJ
No. I don't believe in that sort of
thing.

(beat)
But if Dr. Weir is right, this ship
has passed beyond the boundaries of
our universe, of reality. Who knows
where this ship has been... What
it's seen...

(beat)
And what it's brought back with it.

DJ looks at Miller. He does not have an answer. The intercom
CRACKLES:

COOPER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Captain Miller, we're ready to
repressurize the Clark.

MILLER
(into intercom)
On my way.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Miller stands in his EVA suit in the darkened bridge. He
twists a manual valve.

MILLER

Alright, Cooper.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

Cooper looks at Smith.

COOPER
Cross your fingers.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

A moment later, mist flows from the vents into the bridge, filling it with atmosphere. Miller watches the pressure rise on his suit gauge.

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
It's holding... She's holding...!

COOPER (O.S.)
(radio)
We're still venting trace gasses,
gimme twenty minutes to plug the
hole.

MILLER
You got it, Coop.

Miller removes his helmet. Breathes deep.

MILLER
Back in business.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters sits in front of the screen. The log is still distorted.

Frustrated, she types in a series of instructions. Get to her feet.

PETERS
You got any coffee?

STARCK
It's cold.

PETERS
I don't care.

Behind Peters, the process refines, accelerates... pieces coming together like a jigsaw...

Peters turns around. Sees the screen. The coffee slips from her hand to the floor.

PETERS
(tiny voice)
Starck...

Starck turns, sees the screen.

PETERS
Sweet Jesus. Miller... MILLER!

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller, Starck, DJ watch the video. Peters turns away, miserable. Unable to watch...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE THE VIDEO SCREEN

still distorted by static and roll, but finally lucid: FOUR ORIGINAL CREW of the Event Horizon. On the Bridge.

ONE MAN dislocates his shoulder with a WET POPPING sound as he shoves his arm down his own throat. Blood bubbles from his nose. With a SHUCKING sound, he pulls his stomach out his mouth...

Behind him, a MAN and WOMAN fuck, covered with blood. She bites through his neck. His head lolls to the other side. She buries her face in the torn flesh as he thrusts into her again and again...

Presiding over them, KILPACK. His eyes are bloody holes. His hands reach out in offering. In the palms of his hands, his eyes.

Kilpack opens his mouth and speaks with an INHUMAN VOICE.

KILPACK
Liberatis tutemet ex infera...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller switches off the video. No one says anything.

MILLER
We're leaving.

WEIR
You can't, your orders are specific...

MILLER
"...to rescue the crew and salvage
the ship." The crew is dead, Dr.
Weir. This ship killed them. And now
it's killing us.

WEIR
You're insane. You've lost your mind.

MILLER
Maybe you're right. But it's still
my command, and I have leeway to
abort when I feel there is an
unacceptable threat to my crew. And
I think there is.
(beat)
Starck, download all the files from
the Event Horizon's computers. Coop,
Smith, finish moving the CO2 scrubbers
back onto the Clark.

WEIR
(stammering)
Don't... don't do this...

MILLER
It's done.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK

Peters enters, carrying heavy CO2 scrubbers. Smith stops
her.

SMITH
What's going on, sweethearts?

PETERS
CO2 scrubbers for the Clark. Miller
pulled the plug on the mission.

Smith smiles.

SMITH
About goddam time.

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Weir follows Miller down the Corridor.

WEIR
What about my ship?

MILLER
We will take the Lewis and Clark to
a safe distance and then launch tac
missiles at the Event Horizon until
I am satisfied that she has been
destroyed.

(beat)
Fuck this ship.

WEIR
You... You can't do that!

MILLER
Watch me.

Miller turns to walk away. Weir grabs Miller, wheeling him
around, almost frenzied.

WEIR
You can't kill her, I won't let you!
I lost her once, I will not lose her
again...!

Miller shoves Weir back into the wall. The two stare at each
other. Adversaries...

The lights cut to emergency lighting.

STARCK (O.S.)
(intercom)
Miller, come in ...

Miller finds the intercom:

MILLER
Starck, what the hell is going on?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Starck peers at the Engineering board:

STARCK
(into intercom)
We just lost main power again.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller and Weir are barely visible in the darkness.

MILLER
Goddammit! Starck, get those files
and vacate. I want off this ship.

He releases the intercom.

Weir's voice is a WHISPER as he backs into the shadows.

WEIR
You can't leave. She won't let you.

MILLER
Just get your gear back onto the
Lewis and Clark, doctor, or you'll
find yourself looking for a ride
home.

Weir is swallowed by the darkness.

WEIR (O.S.)
I am home.

REGULAR LIGHTING snaps on...

Miller looks around. Dr. Weir has vanished.

MILLER
Weir? WEIR!

He slams the intercom:

MILLER
All hands. Dr. Weir is missing. I
want him found and restrained.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Starck gathers all the files and disks. Shuts down the
consoles, one by one.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Smith and Peters finish removing CO2 scrubbers from panels
in the walls.

SMITH
Let's go, let's go, this place freaks
me out...

PETERS
Last one.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Peters follows Smith down the First Containment towards the Main Access Corridor, carrying the last case of scrubbers. She begins to lag behind.

A GIGGLE echoes down the First Containment.

PETERS
(whisper)
Denny?

She turns back to the Second Containment...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT POV PETERS

A SMALL FIGURE dashes through the darkness in the Second Containment. Denny...?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

PETERS
Smith.

Peters turns, but Smith is already out of sight. She hesitates. Moves back towards Second Containment.

Again, Peters hears the GIGGLE of a child. The SCRAPE of metal on metal. She slowly moves forward...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

...into the darkness of the Second Containment. Peters sees an open access panel. She looks inside.

PETERS' POV - ACCESS DUCT

A narrow tube, vanishing into darkness. A YOUNG CHILD'S VOICE echoes from far away:

DENNY (O.S.)
Mommy...

PETERS

ducks her head and enters the access duct.

PETERS
Denny...?

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Miller sits at Justin's engineering position. Flips a series of switches...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

Cooper works on the patch as the ship's running lights come on in sequence...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The bridge lights flicker, illuminate...

MILLER
(to his ship)
Thank you.

SMITH (O.S.)
(radio)
Captain, we got a problem.

MILLER
Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

SMITH AND MILLER

SMITH
She was right behind me, I turn around, she's gone. She could be anywhere.

MILLER
Alright. Prep the Clark for launch. I'll find her.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT

Peters moves through the duct. Reaches a junction. Anything could be with her, there in the dark.

A child's WHISPER, too faint for words. Peters turns...

Behind her, FOREGROUND, a YOUNG CHILD dashes across the corridor.

Peters turns back. Too late to see. Again, the child's WHISPER draws her onward.

PETERS
Denny? Denny, come to Mommy...

FAINT LAUGHTER is her only answer. She follows the sound, now climbing into a vertical shaft that takes her higher and higher...

PETERS
Hold on, Denny, Mommy's coming...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT - CATWALK

Peters pulls herself up from the vertical shaft onto a catwalk that snakes between huge oily machinery, just in time to see...

A SMALL CHILD running, disappearing into the gloom ahead.

PETERS
Denny?

She runs forward into a junction. The lights flicker red.

PETERS
Denny...?

DENNY
Mommy...

Her son can barely be seen in the flickering darkness ahead.

PETERS
You can walk... Denny, you can walk...
oh, my baby...

DENNY
Wanna show you, Mommy, wanna show
you something...

He reaches his arms out to her...

Peters steps forward, reaching for her son...

...falling into an open access hatch, hidden in the dark...

INT. DENNY'S DUCT - (VERTICAL TUBE)

...a twenty meter drop...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Peters hits hard, lies before the Core, an offering of flesh and blood. Her legs twist beneath her, shattered; blood pools around her head. Her chest heaves: still alive.

PETERS
(bloody gasp)
Denny...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT - TUBE SECTION

Denny peers down from the top of the shaft and GIGGLES. CLAPS his hands in childlike glee.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Weir wanders into First Containment, brooding.

WEIR
(to himself)
I won't. I won't leave. This is my
ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Weir enters the Second Containment. Freezes as he sees...

Peters body lying twisted and broken before the Core.

WEIR
Oh no. Peters...?

He rushes to Peters. Reaches out to touch her but pulls his hand back. Her eyes are black, eight-ball hemorrhage darkening the irises. She is dead.

WEIR
Why did you do that? You didn't have
to do that...

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Billy.

Weir looks up from Peters' corpse.

CLAIRE stands before the Core. She is naked. Her skin is

pale and beautiful and cold and wet. Her hair hangs in her face, covering her milk-white eyes...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Claire stands naked before the bathroom mirror. Behind her, the tub steams...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT - (SEX AND SUICIDE INTERCUT)

Weir stares at Claire in shock. She walks to him. Slowly.

She stops in front of him. Her arms hang at her sides. He must reach for her.

He does, putting his hands on her hips. He slides from his chair to the floor to his knees. He presses his face to her pale belly and cries. SOBS wrack his body...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...and in the bathroom, she clutches Weir's straight-razor...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

She reaches down. Slowly, her arms cradle his head. She slides down on him. Straddles him.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...Claire slips into the steaming water...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

He raises his head to her breasts. His eyes, closed. She remains unnaturally still, only her hips rocking back and forth.

Weir's mouth opens, GASPS as he enters her...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...and the razor bites her skin...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

She caresses his face. Lifts his face to hers. Her mouth is slack. Her hair hangs in front of her eyes.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...Claire floats dead in the red water, eyes open, hair billowing around her head like a halo...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Weir gazes up at her, transfixed. He takes her hand and raises it to his face. She caresses his cheek. And reaches for his eyes...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

A MUFFLED SCREAM rips through the Second Containment Seal. It begins as a human sound and ends as something else, an alien CRY of rage.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

The CRY echoes down the Main Corridor.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

DJ packs up blood samples. He raises his head at the sound of the CRY.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Starck GASPS as the CRY resounds through the bridge.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller turns in the direction of the CRY. He begins to move down the Corridor, towards the source.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

Cooper examines the weld on the baffle plate. It's solid.

COOPER
Solid as a rock.
(into his radio)
Hey, Smith...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK

COOPER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Smith, clear that airlock, man, I'm coming in.

SMITH
Roger that.

Smith carries another load of supplies. Movement out of the corner of his eye...

He turns in time to see Weir disappear around a corner inside the Event Horizon.

SMITH
Dr. Weir! Hey, get your ass back on board! Dr. Weir!

No response.

Smith keys the radio.

SMITH
Skipper, come in...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller jogs down the Main Corridor. An INTERCOM gets his attention:

SMITH (O.S.)
(intercom)
Skipper...

MILLER
(into intercom)
What is it, Smith?

SMITH (O.S.)
(intercom)
I just saw Weir, I think he was
messing around on the Clark.

Something SPARKS and SIZZLES in the dim light, catching Miller's eye. He looks up...

One of the EXPLOSIVE CHARGES has been removed from the its mounting in the Corridor.

MILLER
Smith, get out of there...

SMITH (O.S.)
(intercom)
Come again, Skipper?

MILLER
One of the explosives is missing
from the corridor. I think Weir may
have put it on the Clark.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK

Smith's eyes open wide.

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Get off the Clark now and wait for
me at the airlock.

SMITH
No, no, we just got her back
together...

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Get out of there now!

But Smith has already left the airlock...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

...entering the Quarters, tearing through storage lockers.

SMITH
Where is it, where is it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

MILLER
Smith? Smith! Fuck!

Miller races down the corridor towards the airlock, towards
his ship...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

A BEEPING sound catches Smith's attention. He follows the
sound to a storage compartment. Rifles through it.

SMITH
I gotcha... I gotcha...

The BEEPS are coming closer and closer together.

Smith grabs a duffel.

SMITH
I gotcha.

Opens it. He sees the EXPLOSIVE CHARGE from the Event Horizon
even as the BEEPS become a steady TONE. He closes his eyes
and SIGHS...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EXPLOSION

WHITE LIGHT. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 - (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

Miller enters the docking bay even as a HUGE BLAST knocks him back.

MILLER
NOOO!

Safety doors close, sealing off the airlock and preventing loss of pressure.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

The SILENT EXPLOSION tears the Lewis and Clark into two pieces, spiralling away from each other and from the Event Horizon. Metal shards, like confetti, fill the space between them.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EXPLODED HULL SECTION

Cooper clings to the forward section, watching the Event Horizon recede as he tumbles into space. His FRENZIED BREATHING is the only sound.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 - (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

Miller gets to his feet. Stares out the window upon the wreckage of his ship, spiralling away. He hits the intercom with his forearm.

MILLER
DJ. The Clark's gone. Smith and Cooper are dead.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

DJ
What happened?

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Weir. He used one of the explosives from the Corridor.

The door opens behind DJ. The lights go out. DJ turns...

Face to face with Weir...

Blood crusts Weir's cheekbones, his mouth. He has no eyes.
Only clotted, empty sockets.

DJ opens his mouth to SCREAM. Weir grabs DJ by the throat,
cutting him off.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 - (TATTERED
UMBILICUS)

MILLER
DJ, you read me?

DJ does not answer. The CRASH of glass and steel resonates
over the intercom.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Too dark to see... glimpses of violent motion in the stainless
steel cabinets... the sounds of STRUGGLE continue...

...then something WET... and the struggle stops.

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
DJ? DJ, come in...

Finally, Weir emerges from the gloom. He searches among the
surgical instruments until his blood caked hands find a
needle... and thread...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 - (TATTERED
UMBILICUS)

Miller, at the intercom. He tries another channel.

MILLER
Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Peters body lies before the Core. The intercom CRACKLES.

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
Peters, are you there?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 1 - (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

MILLER

(growing panic)
Starck, do you read me? Starck...?

But it is Weir who answers. His voice sounds thick, choked with dirt.

WEIR (O.S.)
(intercom)
I told you... She won't let you
leave...

MILLER
Son of a bitch!

Miller yanks open a storage locker full of zero-G tool. Lifts a nailgun. Chambers a round.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EXPLODED HULL SECTION

Cooper watches the Event Horizon fall farther and farther away.

He checks his oxygen gauge. One tank full, one tank at half.

Cooper twists his backpack around, giving him access to the oxygen tanks. He seals off his primary hose and disconnects the full tank. His gauge immediately goes to "Yellow - Reserve."

Cooper points the full tank away from the Event Horizon and OPENS IT...

The blast of pressurized air pushes him towards the ship, leaving the wreckage of the Lewis and Clark behind.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller races through the corridors to Medical...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

...and finds DJ, suspended above the table, neatly dissected. His organs have been laid out carefully before him on the steel table.

MILLER
Oh my God.

DJ raises his head.

DJ
(whisper)
Please...

MILLER
Oh, God, DJ, what do I... how do
I...

DJ
Please... kill...

MILLER
Oh God...

Miller raises the nailgun with trembling hands. FIRES.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Miller approaches the door to the Bridge. It is open...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller stands in the doorway. A figure sits at the helm.
Miller aims the nailgun.

MILLER
Weir.

The figure doesn't move. Miller slowly circles around the
helm...

It's Starck. Bound with wire in a sadomasochistic pose,
unconscious.

MILLER
Hold on... Get you outta these...

Miller kneels in front of her, puts down the nailgun, loosens
the cords. She BREATHES in ragged gasps, opens his eyes...

Then stops. She stares over Miller's shoulder like a deer
caught in the headlights.

Miller looks behind him...

WEIR STANDS THERE, STARING WITH EYES SEWN SHUT.

Miller reaches for the gun...

Weir hits him, sending Miller across the bridge into a bulkhead. Weir picks up the nailgun, examines it.

Miller slowly gets to his feet.

MILLER
Your eyes...

WEIR
I don't need them anymore. Where
we're going, we won't need eyes to
see.

MILLER
What are you talking about?

WEIR
Do you know what a singularity is,
Miller? Does your mind truly fathom
what a black hole is?
(beat)
It is NOTHING. Absolute and eternal
NOTHING. And if God is Everything,
then I have seen the Devil.
(a dead man's grin)
It's a liberating experience.

With his free hand, Weir reaches for the navigation console.
Flips a series of switches with gore caked fingers.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE (ENLARGED CONSOLE)

The display lights up.

COMPUTER
Gravity drive primed. Do you wish to
engage?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

MILLER
What are you doing?

Weir grins as he flips the final switch.

COMPUTER
Gravity drive engaged. Activation in
T-minus ten minutes.

Miller lunges for the nailgun. Weir raises the nailgun to
point at Miller's face. Miller slowly backs away.

MILLER

If you miss me, you'll blow out the hull. You'll die too.

WEIR

What makes you think I'll miss?

Miller sees something out of the corner of his eye...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Cooper. Outside, braced in the viewport bracket.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Weir spins and FIRES at Cooper. The nail lodges in the thick quartz glass. A web of cracks spreads out from the bullet, the glass SHRIEKING under the pressure.

Weir takes a step towards the window, raises the gun to fire again.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller dives for the door. Before Weir can fire,

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE WINDOW (HANGING SECTION)

the window EXPLODES outward.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

The ship HOWLS as air rushes out, ripping Weir off his feet. Weir catches himself in the broken window, trying to pull himself back in...

A monitor tears free, SMASHES into him. HE IS SUCKED OUT.

Miller pulls himself through the door as it begins to shut. He is safe...

STARCK (O.S.)

Don't leave me!

Miller turns. Starck clings to a console, barely able to resist the winds that try to suck her into the void.

STARCK

(gasping for air)

Please... help, help me...

Miller hesitates, looking from Starck back into the safety

of the ship. The door continues to shut. In seconds, he will be safe. And she will be dead.

Miller YELLS and rips a compressor from its mount, wedges it in the door to keep it open. He keeps one hand on the door, reaches the other hand to Starck.

MILLER
Give me your hand! Your hand!

She does. Frost forms on their bodies as the air cools. Their veins begin to bulge, blood pulses from their noses. He YELLS with exertion...

...drags her to the door... through the door...

...as the compressor tears free, sucked into space...

...and the door SNAPS shut, missing them by a fraction.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Starck and Miller collapse against the door. A moment passes between them. Just happy to be breathing...

...and then the AIRLOCK KLAXON goes off.

MILLER
The forward airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Starck and Miller race towards the Forward Airlock Bay.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FORWARD AIRLOCK BAY NO. 4

They enter, see a humanoid shape moving in the strobing light of the airlock.

STARCK
Weir can't be alive.

MILLER
Whatever was on that bridge wasn't
Weir.

Miller looks around for a weapon. Pulls a zero-G bolt cutter from the wall. Wields it like a bat.

MILLER
Stay behind me.

The inner airlock door releases with a HISS. Swings open...

Cooper tumbles through, clawing at his helmet.

STARCK
Cooper!

Starck rushes to him, takes his helmet off.

He SUCKS air in, COUGHS it out.

COOPER
Let me breathe, let me breathe...

STARCK
You're okay now, it's over...

MILLER
(sees something)
It's not over. It's just starting.

Starck follows Miller's gaze to a workstations's flashing display: GRAVITY DRIVE ENGAGED. ACTIVATION 00:06:43:01...

MILLER
Weir activated the drive. He's sending us to the Other Place.

STARCK
We've got to shut it down, we've got to...

COOPER
How? The Bridge is gone.

STARCK
There must be a way! What about Engineering?

COOPER
Can you shut it down?

STARCK
I don't know the process, Dr. Weir was the expert...

COOPER
I don't want to go where the last crew went. I'd rather be dead.

MILLER
BLOW THE FUCKER UP.

STARCK
Blow it up?

MILLER
We blow the Corridor. Use the
foredecks as a lifeboat, separate it
from the rest of the ship. We stay
put...

COOPER
...and the gravity drive goes where
no man has gone before.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

MILLER
You prep the gravity couches. I'm
going to manually arm those
explosives.

COOPER
Will it work?

MILLER
It worked for Weir. Prep the tanks.

Cooper nods, heads for the gravity couch bay. Starck follows
Miller to the steel pressure door.

STARCK
I'll do it --

MILLER
No. I'll be right back.

Miller opens the door.

MILLER
Close it behind me. Just in case.

Beat. Starck stares at Miller as if memorizing his face.

STARCK
Don't be long.

Miller smiles wanly. The door slides shut with a dull THUNK.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller runs down the corridor. Stops at a bulkhead coupling.
Kneels down to remove the cover from an explosive charge,

switch it to MANUAL detonation.

Miller runs to the next coupling. Repeats the process...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck and Cooper check the gravity couches. One by one, they slide open...

COOPER
I'm gonna activate the emergency
beacon.

STARCK
Hurry.

Cooper exits down a ladder. Starck turns to the console, activates three gravity couches. Behind her, two begin to fill with blue gel...

...and one begins to fill with blood... the hint of dark shapes moving within...

Starck doesn't see it, concentrates on the console.

THUMP. THUMP. Starck turns. Sees the bloody tank. Sees something moving inside it.

She slowly crosses to the tank. Peers at it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY (TANK)

THUMP. A FACE PRESSES AGAINST THE GLASS, STARING BACK AT HER. WEIR. Bone and muscle are exposed where the skin hasn't finished forming.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck SCREAMS and backs away.

STARCK
Cooper...!

The glass BURSTS in an EXPLOSION OF BLOOD...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR BELOW GRAVITY COUCH BAY

A corridor beneath the Gravity Couch Bay. Cooper searches through circuit panels until he finds the EMERGENCY BEACON breaker. He runs a by-pass, activating it manually. The lights begins to STROBE...

DRIP. DRIP. A bloodstain spreads over his shoulder. He follows the drip to the ceiling...

COOPER
Starck?

No response. He slowly moves to peer up the ladder...

...as Starck CRASHES down, bloody but alive.

COOPER
What...?

STARCK
Run!

She shoves him away...

Weir appears at the top of the ladder, crawling down headfirst like a spider...

Starck gets to her feet, staggers away...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST
CONTAINMENT

Miller kneels, removing the cover from the last explosive.
Flips a switch.

A small cover pops open. Miller reaches in, removes a RADIO
DETONATOR.

He arms the explosives. Watches the red lights on the
explosives wink on in the darkness.

He reaches for an intercom.

MILLER
We're armed. This fucker's ready to
blow...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR - (INTERSECTION)

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
...repeat, we're armed...

STARCK
Miller, he's back, he was in the
tank...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST

CONTAINMENT

MILLER
Slow down, Starck, I can't understand
you, who was in the tank?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

A figure seems to coalesce from the shadows behind Miller.

STARCK (O.S.)
(intercom)
You have to get back here now, he's
out there now, if he finds you...

The figure moves forward into the light... Arcane runes etch
Weir's face; his eyes, now restored, blaze with unholy zeal.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST
CONTAINMENT

MILLER
Who? Who?

STARCK (O.S.)
(intercom)
Weir.

MILLER
He's dead...

Miller glances over his shoulder. His jaw drops in surprise
as he sees...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Weir grinning at him... then SMASHES the intercom with his
fist, cutting off Starck's VOICE.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST
CONTAINMENT

Miller backs away.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Weir stands between Miller and safety.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST
CONTAINMENT

MILLER

You're dead, I saw you die.

WEIR
Weir is dead.

MILLER
Then who the fuck are you?

WEIR
Your fear. Do you remember the
Goliath, Miller?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

FLAMES SPREAD OVER WEIR'S BODY, TRANSFORMING HIM INTO THE
BURNING MAN.

BURNING MAN
Do you remember me?

MILLER
Corrick...

BURNING MAN
You left me behind.

MILLER
That's not true...

BURNING MAN
I begged you. I begged you to save
me and you did nothing. You stood
there and watched me burn...

MILLER
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

The Burning Man YELLS and raises his arm in accusation...

...and FIRE RACES OUT FROM BEHIND HIM, flowing over the walls,
the ceiling, the floor, racing for Miller like a rising
tide...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST
CONTAINMENT

Miller runs. Dead ahead, the First Containment...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Miller runs fast. The fire is faster, flooding in behind
him.

Miller dashes for the Second Seal as IT BEGINS TO CLOSE. The fire gains on him, surrounding him.

Miller dives through the Second Seal...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

...barely makes it...

...SLAMS into the engineering console. Miller looks back at the Second Seal. It's still open by a fraction when the fire hits it...

...SENDING A LANCE OF FLAME stabbing out towards Miller. He rolls aside as the fire hits the console. The console EXPLODES.

The Second Seal shuts tight, cutting the fire off. The paint on the Second Seal begins to bubble and scorch... and then cools as the fire subsides.

Miller gets to his feet. Almost allows himself to relax. Then he sees his shadow before him, dancing in the growing red light. He turns...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

The Second Containment is a holocaust. Fire swarms over the walls. Burning jelly drips from Control Spikes. The Core itself is a blazing orb; the gyroscope that holds it glows red-hot.

Miller stares at the blazing Core.

BURNING MAN (O.S.)
Don't leave me!

Miller turns. The Burning Man stands RIGHT BESIDE HIM.

He SMASHES Miller with a backhand that ignites Miller's clothes and sends him flying. The detonator falls from Miller's grasp, lost beneath two feet of coolant. Miller comes up CHOKING and SPLUTTERING.

The Burning Man stalks towards Miller. The coolant STEAMS and SIZZLES at his feet.

Miller stares at the Burning Man as he approaches. Slowly rises to his feet.

MILLER
You're not Edmund Corrick.

The Burning Man's flames wane, revealing Weir's misshapen form.

Miller throws a wicked right. Weir catches Miller's fist. SQUEEZES until blood wells up between his fingers. Then slings Miller against a cooling tank with BONE CRACKING force. Miller collapses into the slime, barely able to raise his head to breathe.

Weir slowly approaches.

MILLER
What are you?

WEIR
You know.

MILLER
You want me to believe you're the Devil, well, I don't, that's bullshit!

WEIR
I'm not the Devil.

MILLER
Then what, what are you? Tell me...

WEIR
Better if I just show you.

Weir's hands reach down and he grabs Miller by the skull. Miller GASPS as he sees...

SERIES OF SHOTS

Faster than the eye can see. More than mind can accept...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE (VISIONS FROM HELL)

The ORIGINAL CREW writhe naked and bloody in carnivorous frenzy...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

Peters' bloody grinning child, devouring his mother...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER writhes in Weir's grip. His hands flail out to the sides. One hand brushes a long steel cannister sunk in the muck. A CO2 scrubber...

THE VISIONS CONTINUE:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE (VISIONS FROM HELL)

DJ's dissected body, except that here, DJ looks up, and smiles...

EXT. SPACE - MODEL (VISIONS FROM HELL)

AN ALIEN SUN, red and bloated and dying.

EXT. ALIEN TERRAIN - MODEL (VISIONS FROM HELL)

AN ALIEN TERRAIN; a sluggish, oily, black sea. A hand reaches from the oil...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

CLAIRE floating dead in a bathtub filled with the thick black fluid...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

Justin, Starck and Cooper, crucified upside-down upon the Third Seal...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER

NO!

His hand closes on the scrubber and he swings it across Weir's head. Weir reels back, stunned.

Miller gets to his feet.

MILLER

You can't have them!

He hits Weir again. HARD. Blood gushes from Weir's skull, filling the runes on his face.

Weir staggers. Miller attacks. Again and again and again...

This time Weir is ready. He catches the scrubber and tears it from Miller's grasp. SMASHES Miller to the floor with a single blow. Miller GROANS.

WEIR

I'm not the Devil. I'm much, much older. I watched the Beginning and I

will see the End. I am the dark behind
the stars. I am the dark inside you
all.

Miller gets to all fours, trying to get up.

MILLER
...not the Devil...

Weir kicks Miller savagely. Miller slides through the coolant,
comes to rest beneath a walkway. He attempts to rise,
collapses back into the sludge.

Weir slowly stalks towards him.

WEIR
There is no Devil. There is no God.
There is only... NOTHING.

MILLER
You're lying...!

WEIR
I'm not asking you to believe me.
You'll see for yourself... and so
will your crew. You're all coming
with me.

MILLER
Starck... Cooper...

Weir's grotesque face is inches from his. He reaches down
and pulls Miller from the dripping ooze...

WEIR
They are mine. And so are you...

...as Miller clears the surface, he holds something in his
fist.

Miller stares dead-on into Weir's hellish face...

...and raises his right hand. HE'S HOLDING THE DETONATOR.

MILLER
(a grim smile of
triumph)
You can't have them. Go to hell.

WEIR
NOOO!

MILLER DEPRESSES THE DETONATOR.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

A small, silent EXPLOSION blossoms in the aft section of the ship...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

...followed frames later by a sequence of DETONATIONS that rip the Main Access Corridor apart and propel the foredecks away from the containment section.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR (ROLLOVER SET)

The EXPLOSION knocks Starck and Cooper down. They hold on tightly as...

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL

Waves of distortion ripple over the Event Horizon's containment section...

A dark sphere of energy spreads out from the containment as the gateway opens... A BLACK HOLE...

The black hole begins to shrink, imploding. As it collapses, it sucks Neptune's blue clouds with it, creating a TITANIC WHIRLPOOL with the black hole at its center...

The SHRIEKING winds carry the foredecks back towards the whirlpool, towards the black hole...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR (ROLLOVER SET)

Cooper and Starck slide across the floor as the deck tips at a terrific angle...

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL

The foredecks teeter on the edge of oblivion...

The black hole collapses utterly, vanishing to a point. An enormous SHOCKWAVE rips out from the point of implosion.

The foredecks ride the wave away from the implosion and out of Neptune's atmosphere to safety...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR WINDOW

The VIBRATIONS subside. Cooper and Starck stagger to their feet. Look out the window...

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL COOPER/STARCK POV

Neptune recedes, the ugly hole of the implosion already being erased by Neptune's violent winds...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR WINDOW

Starck's voice is tiny.

STARCK
Miller...

FADE TO:

SPACE - MODEL

Black planets silhouetted by a dying red giant. The Engineering Containment of the Event Horizon drifts in the eddies of gas that swirl and spiral into the bloated star.

MOVE towards the ship until its shadow consumes all...

DELETE SCENE

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck awakens but the SCREAMS continue as the Event Horizon calls out to her... she SCREAMS... hands on her body... the CRIES stop...

Starck looks around uncomprehending at the faces around her.

IT'S A RESCUE TEAM

Cooper pushes them aside. She clings to him, CRYING...

COOPER
It's over, hush now, it's over...

FADE TO BLACK.

END

All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.

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Fantastic Four (2005)

by Mark Frost and Michael France.

Based on the Marvel comic book by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby.

Shooting Script.

More info about this movie on [IMDb.com](#)

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A MASSIVE STEEL HEAD

Our first thought: DR. DOOM? But it's not moving. A welder's torch sparks into frame in the hands of a sculptor on scaffolding. This is art, an epic 20 foot statue going up of a business mogul (VICTOR VON DOOM) in whose generously extended hands sit two intertwined columns of DNA. His face is chiseled, angular, perfect (too perfect). Past sparks, we MOVE down to pick up...

EXT. STREET/VON DOOM INDUSTRIES TOWER - DAY

REED RICHARDS and BEN GRIMM head toward the soaring glass-box atrium of VDI Headquarters. Designed to inspire awe, it does.

REED

High open space, exposed structural elements. Obviously aimed at first time visitors to create feelings of... smallness, inadequacy.

Ben glances at Reed, who looks a little nervous.

BEN

Good thing it ain't workin... Reed, what are we doing here? This guy's fast-food, strip-mall science --

REED

This wasn't our first stop, in case you forgot NASA. And Victor's not that bad. He's just a little...
(seeing the statue)

Larger than life.

INT. VON DOOM INDUSTRIES TOWER - DAY

They move past the statue, into the sprawling atrium.

REED

He's financed some of the biggest
breakthroughs of this century.

BEN

You'd never know it.

He motions to a high-tech ORB, showing FOOTAGE of VDI's
accomplishments: a safe and clean nuclear facility, the first
private Space Station.

All images have VICTOR front and center, glad-handling George
Bush, Tony Blair, shady International Leaders. The last
image is Victor holding the AMERICA'S CUP.

BEN (CONT'D)

Jesus. That too?

They reach three stern RECEPTIONISTS.

REED

Reed Richards and Ben Grimm to see --

A receptionist cuts him off, handing them each a pass.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Executive elevator, top floor.

BEN

What's the price for a smile round here?

They head for the elevator. Reed carries a small, black box.
As they enter the elevator, steel doors shut and we CUT TO --

INT. VON DOOM INDUSTRIES TOWER - OFFICE - DAY

A large, dark office. Ben in the corner. He yawns,
watches...

BRIGHT HOLOGRAMS: Stars. Planets. They hover in the air,
making the room feel like a majestic portal into outer space.

REED (O.S.)

My research suggests that exposure to
a high-energy cosmic storm born on
solar winds might have triggered the
evolution of early planetary life.

REED stands among the holograms, speaking to a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in shadow behind a desk. An ominous, PULSATING RED CLOUD covers the stars. It washes over a hologram of EARTH.

REED (CONT'D)

In six weeks another cloud with the same elemental profile will pass Earth's orbit. A study in space could advance our knowledge about the structure of the human genome, and help cure countless diseases, extend human life --

The SHADOW clears his throat. Reed speeds up, emotional.

REED (CONT'D)

Give kids the chance to be stronger, healthier, less prone to --

SHADOWED FIGURE

Turn it off. Please.

The figure's DEEP VOICE pierces the darkness.

REED

But I haven't fully explained my --

SHADOWED FIGURE

Yes you have... Imagination. Creativity. Passion. Those were always your trademarks.

Lights brighten, revealing the face behind the voice: VICTOR VON DOOM. 35, handsome, commanding. He looks almost... airbrushed. He drops a WIRED magazine to the desk. REED is on the cover over the words: RICHARDS BANKRUPT, GRANT CUTBACKS.

VICTOR

But dreams don't pay the bills, do they?

(a condescending smile)

Same old Reed, the hopeless optimist. Still reaching for the stars, with the world on your back.

REED

You remember in school we talked about working together. That's what I was about to explain...

Reed presses the remote. Another hologram appears: A SHUTTLE slowly approaching AN ORBITING SPACE STATION. Both bear the

VON DOOM INDUSTRIES logo. Victor smiles, more intrigued.

VICTOR
So it's not my money you want. It's
my toys... Tell me: if NASA doesn't
trust you, why should I?

Victor is a step ahead. Reed pauses, thrown for a beat. Ben
wakes up, suspicious. Victor notices. He notices
everything.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
That's my job. To stay a step ahead.
To know what other men don't.

Ben gets close to Reed, turning toward the door.

BEN
I can't take this.

REED
(low, quiet)
Ben. This is business. Just work.

A beat. Victor cracks a smile, enjoying the tension. And...

SUE (O.S.)
He's right, Ben.

They turn to see...SUE STORM (demure, stunning) standing in a
corner...possibly for the whole presentation. A little cold:

SUE (CONT'D)
It's just business.

VICTOR
I think you both know my Director of
Genetic Research, Susan Storm.

BEN
Heya Susie.
(under breath, to Reed)
One more thing he's got.

Sue gracefully walks into the office, only taking her eyes
off of Reed to give Ben a warm hug.

SUE
Ben, it's been too long.

She gives Reed a polite handshake. Victor watches carefully.
Reed looks uncomfortable in her gaze. A little tongue-tied.

REED

You're, you've, I mean, how have you
bee--

SUE

Never better.

Victor sizes them up. He puts a hand on Sue's shoulder.

VICTOR

This isn't going to be a problem, is
it?

REED

Not at all.

SUE

Ancient history.

Victor smiles, eyeing Sue.

VICTOR

Good. Then you're just in time to
hear the great Reed Richards ask me
for help.

(to Reed)

You know, you made a lot of folks at
MIT feel like a junior high science
fair. So you'll excuse me if I savor
the moment.

Ben tightens. A hard beat. Reed sucks it up.

REED

You back this mission, and I'll sign
over a fair percentage of any
applications or --

VICTOR

The number's seventy-five. And it's
applications and patents.

BEN

What about his first born?

REED

(quiet)

Ben, the money's not important. We
could save lives.

Sue gives a thin smile -- a flicker of old feelings.

VICTOR

Twenty-five percent of a billion is enough to keep the lights on, isn't it? Maybe even pay off your fourth mortgage on the Baxter Building.

They look at Victor. How does he know all this...?

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Deal...?

Reed looks at Ben, who shakes his head softly no. But Reed...drops a nod. Done. Victor smiles, offers a handshake.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Well then, to our future. Together.

Victor squeezes. Hard. His other hand on Sue's shoulder.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Funny how things turn out, isn't it?

REED
Hilarious.

As Reed and Sue lock eyes, Ben watches Victor. Wary.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Director of Communications LEONARD enters, checking files.

VICTOR
If Reed's right, then this little trip will double our stock offering.

LEONARD
And if he's not...?

VICTOR
Reed's always right. Good thing he doesn't always know what he's got...

INT. VON DOOM INDUSTRIES TOWER - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Reed and Ben step into the elevator.

BEN
He knew about NASA. What if he made the call to shut us down --

REED
Ben, think about all the people we can help if this works --

BEN

Maybe you should think about yourself
for once. You always let this guy
push you round --

REED

We got what we wanted. That's
enough.

BEN

I know, I know. I'm just worried
about what he wants... Speaking of
which...

Reed follows Ben's eyes to...SUE. She joins them. Doors
shut.

INT. VON DOOM INDUSTRIES STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

SUE

You sure about this, Reed?

He nods, head down. He doesn't want eye contact.

REED

Those solar winds are flaring, but I
factored them into my coordinates and --

SUE

I was talking about us. Working
together.

Sue holds her eyes on Reed. He is clearly uncomfortable in
her gaze. Did the elevator just get smaller?

REED

(thinking, talking fast)

Well, uh, based on our history...you
can handle the biogenetics, and I'll
focus on the molecular physics. Or,
uhm, maybe I should take the biotech,
you work the microscopes, since you
have some background in electropho--

SUE

(droll, a little annoyed)

Right. That's exactly what I meant.

She shakes her head -- same old Reed. He looks at her --
what did he say wrong? Ben smiles, patting Reed on the
shoulder.

BEN
Way to not overthink it.
(to Sue)
So when do we leave?

SUE
I'll schedule the launch. Call me in
the morning to talk about resources
and crew.

She offers a business card. Reed doesn't take it.

REED
I, uh, think I remember the number.

SUE
It's been changed.

Beat. Ben grimaces. Reed takes the card, his eyes down.

REED
As far as crew, I was hoping Ben could
pilot the mission --

SUE
Well, he's welcome to ride shotgun,
but we already have a pilot on our
payroll. You remember my brother
Johnny...

Off Ben's curdling smile, we DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. LAKE LAUNCH FACILITY - DAY

A helicopter shot through trees. We soar over timberland,
and find something massive looming on the horizon:

A SPACECRAFT. A sleek take on a space shuttle. Modern tech
combined with industrial design that NASA could never afford.
The craft's nose is pointed straight up, ready for launch.
WORKERS IN JUMPSUITS are scattered around the two-hundred
foot tall scaffolding, performing routine checks.

EXT. GANTRY OVERLOOK - DAY

Ben stares up at the craft. A sneer on his face.

BEN
Can't do it. I cannot do it.

REED
External SRBs, orbital system engines.
Its just like the shuttles you flew

in --

BEN

No. I cannot take orders from that underwear model. That wingnut washed out of NASA for sneaking two Victoria Secret wannabes into a flight simulator.

REED

Youthful high spirits.

They walk toward the base of the scaffolding.

BEN

They crashed it into a wall. A flight *simulator*.

REED

I'm sure he's matured since then.

CLOSE on JOHNNY STORM, leaning over to kiss a hot redhead. PULL BACK TO REVEAL he's riding a MOTORCYCLE, and she's driving a red CORVETTE with license plate: FRANKIE. PICK UP Reed and Ben, watching through binoculars.

REED (CONT'D)

When have I asked you to do something you absolutely said you could not do?

BEN

Five times.

REED

I had it at four.

BEN

This makes five.

INT. LAKE LAUNCH FACILITY LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Reed and Ben unpack gear into lockers. Suddenly --

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Captain on the bridge!

Ben goes to attention on reflex: Johnny snaps a picture with a digital camera. Then advances, as Ben realizes who it is...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Digital camera: \$254. Memory stick: \$59. The look on your hard-ass former

CO's grill when he finds out he's your
junior officer: priceless.

Ben eyeballs Johnny, suddenly reaches up as if to grab him.
Johnny flinches. But Ben just reaches for Johnny's zipper,
adjusts his uniform.

BEN
I can handle the ship. I can even
handle Mr. Blonde Ambition. But I
don't know if I should be flying or
playing Vegas in these suits. Who the
hell came up with them?

SUE
Victor did.

Sue enters, wearing her blue, wetsuit-like uniform, carrying
a stack of flightsuits. She hands them out to the guys.

SUE (CONT'D)
The synthetics act as a second skin,
adapting to your individual needs to --

JOHNNY
Keep the hot side hot, and the cool
side cool!

REED
Wow. Fantastic.

Reed stares at Sue in the skintight outfit. She wonders,
maybe hopes -- is he *actually* checking her out?

REED (CONT'D)
Material made from self-regulating
unstable molecules. I've been working
on a formula for this.

SUE
Great minds think alike.

VICTOR (O.S.)
Guess some think faster than others.

Victor enters, wearing his custom-tailored flightsuit.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I hired Armani to design the pattern.
These colors will look great on
camera.

A DOOR OPENS. Leonard enters, in a sharp suit.

LEONARD
They're ready for you, sir.

VICTOR
Showtime.

EXT. LAKE LAUNCH FACILITY - HALLS - NIGHT

Leonard leads Victor through the halls. Victor checks himself in mirrors as he walks, fixing his hair, his uniform.

LEONARD
Our numbers are through the roof. The IPO's tracking at fifty, sixty a share. The bank's five times oversubscribed --

VICTOR
It's not just the money. I could make money in my sleep.

LEONARD
Then what is it?

VICTOR
History, Leonard. History.
Everything else is conversation...
(a beat)
How's the other matter?

Leonard pulls out a BOX. Opens it: a TEN KARAT DIAMOND RING.

LEONARD
Harry Winston sends his regards.

They hit a set of big doors. Victor stops and looks into the reflective, metallic surface on the wall. He fixes one last strand of hair. Perfect. Then he opens the door to...

SNAP!SNAP!SNAP! WHIP-PAN a row of CAMERAS snapping shots of --

EXT. LAKE LAUNCH FACILITY - NIGHT

Retrofitted into a makeshift press area. Victor sits on a platform, with reporters stretched out below him.

VICTOR
Today we stand on the edge of a new frontier. In the furthest depths of outer space...we will find the secrets to inner space. The final key to unlocking our genetic code lies in a

cosmic storm...

BEHIND THE ACTION: Reed, Sue, Johnny and Ben walk past. News crews barely notice, passing without even taking a picture. Our "Fantastic Four" are not exactly big news. Not yet.

BEN
Isn't that your speech?

REED
He's made a few changes.

BEN
This is your dream, Reed. You should be the one up there.

REED
Victor's better at these things.

Just past the press area, they see...one woman standing, waiting. This is DEBBIE, Ben's fiancée. And for the first time in the entire film...Ben SMILES. They hug, kissing.

Johnny and Reed watch. Reed glances at Sue, who walks ahead. Debbie slips a photo into Ben's flightsuit. A tender beat.

BEN
I'll be watching over you.

DEBBIE
Just get back soon, or I start looking for a new groom.

Ben looks at the little ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger.

BEN
Soon as I'm back, I'm gonna trade that in for a bigger rock.

DEBBIE
I don't care about rocks, I care about you.
(to Reed)
You bring him back in one piece, or you can forget being Best Man.

Reed nods, smiles. Debbie gives Ben a last kiss. Ben turns to Johnny, who gives a cocky smile.

BEN
What the hell you smiling at? Just keep your mouth shut, and your mind on those SMBs --

JOHNNY
Actually, the engines are SMEs.
Hydrogenbase, carbon propellant.
Couple generations past your last
ride.

(at the threshold)
I'm not as dumb as you look.

Ben just glares at Reed. This is going to be a long trip.
As they follow after Sue, we CUT BACK TO --

VICTOR ON STAGE

Mid-speech. Playing behind him is REED'S HOLOGRAM: stars
give way to a pulsating red cloud...

VICTOR
Think of a world without genetic flaws
-- no asthma, allergies, baldness,
breast cancer...

Ben and Reed hear the speech. Ben bristles.

BEN
What's wrong with being bald...?

Victor smiles at the crowd, commanding. A true leader.

VICTOR
Darwin discovered evolution. Now we --
I -- will define it. Only in America
could...

The red cloud of cosmic rays wash over the Earth.

VICTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...a little country boy from Latveria
build one of the biggest companies in
the world, and truly reach the stars.
Now if you'll excuse me, history
awaits...

On those words, the HOLOGRAM TRANSFORMS TO...Von Doom's
SHUTTLE on the launch pad. BOOM! THRUSTERS FIRE WHITE HOT.
Smoke billows across the pad. Ready for take off.

Victor walks past the hologram and exits. His departure
perfectly timed with the shuttle LIFTING OFF.

We push in on the shuttle, and follow the ship as it leaves
Earth's atmosphere. BOOM -- booster rockets fall away and
the shuttle fires its thrusters. The hologram transitions

to...

A shot of the SPACE STATION high above the Earth. The shuttle enters from the top, lighting up the hologram with engines afire. As the shuttle approaches the station we CUT TO --

EXT. DEEP SPACE - SAME

THE SPACE STATION in the distance, rotating in orbit above Earth. THE SHUTTLE eases in and docks.

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Victor and Sue lead the others into the command center.

JOHNNY
(a "dad voice": to Ben)
If you behave, maybe next time
daddy'll let you drive.

BEN
Keep talking, there won't be a next
time.

Reed is focused on THE EARTH.

SUE
Long way from the projection booth at
the Hayden Planetarium, isn't it?

Reed turns towards her -- a little stunned that she would bring that up. *It's the first time she's been nice to him so far.* He smiles, gently, hesitantly, always hesitant with Sue.

REED
Yes. Yes it is.

Johnny and Ben exchange a look. Reed keeps looking at the stars, eyes wide, like a little kid.

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND CENTER/OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

They enter the nerve center of the space station. Victor goes to a computer console on the observation deck below. The windows are closed, so there's nothing to observe.

VICTOR
(to ground; via comm-link)
Leonard, how's the feed?

LEONARD (V.O.)

Recording, sir. We see you perfectly.

Victor glances at a camera mounted into the console.

SUE
We can monitor the cloud's approach
and observe the tests from here.

BEN
Is it safe?

REED
The shields on the station should
protect us.

BEN
Should?

VICTOR
What's wrong, Ben? Eighty-million
dollars worth of equipment not enough
for you?

Ben turns to Victor. A little tension. Reed cuts it:

REED
Let's start loading those samples.
Get your suit ready, Ben.

Victor keeps his eyes on Ben.

VICTOR
So you still do all the heavy lifting?

Victor gives a friendly smile, patting Reed.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Maybe you should have stayed back in
the lab. Field work never suited you.

Reed doesn't defend himself. Ben steps up.

BEN
He does the talking. I do the
walking. Got it?

Victor holds tight to his smile. He nods, condescending.

VICTOR
Got it. So take a walk, Ben...I'm
going to borrow Susan for a second.

REED

Sure.

Ben and Johnny read his eyes, as we CUT TO --

INT. SPACE STATION - AIR LOCK - LATER

Ben preps for a space walk, putting on a helmet and boots.
Johnny unloads a set of clear sample boxes off of a cart,
each containing a variety of plants.

JOHNNY

Please tell me your dawg's not trying
to rekindle things with my sister.

BEN

'Course not. Strictly business.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, his eyes say different.

BEN

Hey, two hearts got busted last time.
Maybe she's not over it either.

JOHNNY

Let's see: you got Victor, stud of the
year, more coin than God? Or Reed,
the world's dumbest smart guy worth
less than a postage stamp. Hmmm, it's
a toss-up.

BEN

Put your tiny little mind at ease.

JOHNNY

Don't you wander off, boy.

Johnny steps out of the air-lock and shuts the door. He
looks through a small window to see Ben give the thumbs up.
THE AIRLOCK DOOR opens, and Ben gracefully steps into space.

INT. SPACE STATION - OBSERVATION DECK - SAME TIME

Sue descends the stairs at Victor's behest. Joins him.

VICTOR

Surprised I agreed to Reed's proposal?

SUE

I understand the *business* reasons.

VICTOR

Well, when you're looking at your

future, it never hurts to find closure
about the past.

Sue's eyes narrow. What is this about...?

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Susan, every man dreams that he'll
meet some woman he can give the world
to.

He presses a button and the observation deck's outer windows
open up, revealing a spectacular, romantic view of the EARTH.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
In my case, it's not just a metaphor.

While she stares out the window, Victor reaches into a
pocket, revealing a RING BOX. Sue looks unsettled.

INT. SPACE STATION - NEARBY CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Reed checks data on a work station, set on a wall. The
results of his calculations are not what he expected... He
sees WIND VELOCITY digits rise. He does a double-take when
he sees the readout: EVENT THRESHOLD, T-MINUS 10:00.

REED
No...no...impossible. It's...too
fast.

INT. SPACE STATION - OBSERVATION DECK - SAME TIME

Behind his back, Victor holds the ring box in hand.

VICTOR
You've been with me two years now.

Sue doesn't know where this is going. She treads lightly.

SUE
It's been a good two years, Victor...
The company's accomplished so much.

VICTOR
Right, of course, the company... But
you see, I've come to realize all the
accomplishments in the world mean
nothing without someone to share them
with --

SUE
Uh, Victor, I hope I haven't done
something to make you think...

VICTOR

Sue, I've lived my life unafraid of taking big steps. And this is the biggest step yet. If it helps, think of this as a promotion. A merger of sorts...

(getting closer)

Four little words that can change our lives...

He is about to spring the ring on her. She looks like a deer in headlights. She opens her mouth, and...WHAM! Doors slam open. REED RUSHES INTO THE ROOM.

REED

The cloud is accelerating!

Victor quickly puts the ring back in his pocket.

REED (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened.

Sue quickly moves to a nearby control panel to verify Reed's claim. Starts punching buttons. Confirms Reed's findings with a nod. Victor hardens, in control.

REED (CONT'D)

We've got minutes until it hits, not hours...Victor, that storm's deadly -- the radiation's lethal. We need to abort.

VICTOR

Get a grip. Reed. We didn't come all this way to lose our nerve at the first little glitch. Just close the shields...

REED

Ben's still out there --

VICTOR

So reel him in. But we came here to do a job. So let's do it. Quickly.

EXT. SPACE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Ben is carefully arranging SAMPLE BOXES OF PLANTS.

REED (ON RADIO)

Ben, we need you back inside.

Ben turns to see Reed and Johnny staring from a window.

BEN (INTO RADIO)
I ain't done arranging your flowers,
egghead.

REED (ON RADIO)
Ben. This is serious. Turn around.

Ben sees Johnny motioning for Ben to look behind him. Ben turns and sees: THE COSMIC STORM, rumbling toward the station. Not close, but not far. That gets Ben's attention.

BEN (INTO RADIO)
Roger that, on my way.

He turns back towards the ship. BEHIND HIM, the storm grows.

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Victor rushes into the room, looks at the monitors. Sees the others near the airlock on one screen, and the approaching cloud on another. Anxiety creeps across his face.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Event threshold in two minutes.

INT. SPACE STATION - AIRLOCK DOOR - SAME TIME

Reed and Johnny stand by the airlock, waiting for Ben. They heard the automated voice. It panics Reed.

REED
Come on, Ben, come on...

VICTOR (ON RADIO)
Reed, we're running out of time.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

A wake of turbulence from the cloud hits Ben, making it harder to maneuver. The cloud's tendrils snake toward him.

INT. SPACE STATION - AIRLOCK DOOR - SAME TIME

They can see Ben outside the window, still twenty yards away. The entire corridor rumbles. Lights flicker and spark. They watch helplessly.

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND CENTER/OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

Sue watches the monitor, also helpless.

SUE
Johnny... Reed...

Victor, annoyed by the indecisiveness, marches right up to Sue. Practically shoves her aside as he hits the INTERCOM.

VICTOR
Reed, you need to get up here so we
can close the shields! Now!

Sue glares at Victor. His lack of compassion shocks her.

REED (ON RADIO)
Not until Ben is back inside!

VICTOR
It's too late for him, and soon it'll
be too late for all of us.

Victor doesn't bother to wait for a response. He takes over the console, punching keys.

SUE
What are you doing?

VICTOR
Raising the shields.

SUE
You can't leave them out there.

Sue glares with as much contempt as her face can muster.

VICTOR
Watch me. Reed had his chance. You
can't help them any more than I can.

Beat. She takes a step toward the door. Not sure what to do.

SUE
I can try.

With one final glare, she bolts from the room.

INT. SPACE STATION - AIRLOCK DOOR - SAME TIME

Reed bites his lip. Thinks. He decides.

REED
Victor's right. Johnny, get to the

command center. Close the shields.

JOHNNY
What about you?

One look from Reed tells Johnny, he won't leave without Ben.
Johnny eyes Ben, steels his courage. He's not going either.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(to Ben)
Come on big guy, you can do it!

INT. SPACE STATION COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Victor watches the shields slide down. Alone. An island.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Event threshold in thirty seconds.

INT. SPACE STATION - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Sue races down the hall. Not panicked. With determination.

EXT. SPACE STATION AIR LOCK - DAY

The exterior air lock door slides open. In agonizing,
weightless slow motion Ben reaches to haul himself inside.

The leading edge of the cloud hits: Ben is pelted by a
hissing mass of space dust, splattering his suit with orange
stains. Larger particles, small pellets, pepper him. Ben
hauls himself in the last few feet by pulling on his tether.

INT. SPACE STATION AIR LOCK/COMMAND CENTER - DAY

AUTOMATED VOICE
Event threshold in ten seconds.
TEN...

Johnny punches controls to close the exterior airlock door...

Reed opens a first aid kit, grabs a thermo-elastic blanket...

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND CENTER/OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

Clutching the diamond ring, Victor stands defiantly. Showing
absolutely no concern for the others. Interested only in the
event itself. Lights and equipment FALL, CRASHING around
him.

A control panel EXPLODES in Victor's face. He jumps back,
and into the falling equipment. Collapses under the weight.

INT. SPACE STATION - AIR LOCK - SAME TIME

Sue rounds a corner, sees Reed and Johnny.

SUE
Johnny! Reed!

AUTOMATED VOICE
FIVE...FOOOOUUR...

SLOW MOTION: Everyone frozen in position as:

-- JOHNNY is hit with sparks of flame from a control panel.
-- REED REACHES out for Ben and the airlock door.
-- VAPOR STREAM pours down on Sue from a blown gasket.
-- THE SPACE DUST burns into Ben's skin.

SLOW MOTION: Just BEFORE the exterior air-lock door closes, a SINGLE PARTICLE zips through the narrowing gap and hits Ben in the back, ripping through his suit. The exterior door shuts and seals. The station loses all power. DARKNESS.

EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY

As quickly as it came, the cloud passes on and whirls away, leaving the space station intact. Power quietly flickers on.

Silence. Time resumes. All four pick up exactly where they left off, unaware of anything that just happened to them.

INT. SPACE STATION COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Victor emerges from the rubble. He stands, checks his body. A few scrapes, nothing serious. A thin, throbbing CUT on his head. He touches the wound, but it is not bleeding.

INT. SPACE STATION AIR LOCK - DAY

Reed and Johnny scramble to open the interior air lock door. Sue joins them, as they pull Ben in. They try to remove his helmet. We don't see his face, but he's clearly unconscious.

REED
He's not responsive --

JOHNNY
Ben! Ben!

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A BLACK SCREEN:

JOHNNY'S VOICE
Ben, wake up! Wake up!

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA, BEN'S POV: The blurry image of Johnny comes slowly into focus, standing beside a hospital bed.

BEN (O.S.)
Where...where am I?

JOHNNY
Back on Earth. Victor's medical facility... We're in quarantine.

BEN (O.S.)
Reed? ... Sue?

JOHNNY
They're fine. Everybody else...is fine.

Johnny looks away, as if he can't bear to lay eyes on him.

BEN (O.S.)
What's wrong with me?

JOHNNY
I swear to you they've done everything humanly possible. The best plastic surgeons in the world, Ben. You had the best --

BEN (O.S.)
Give me a mirror...

Johnny picks up a hand mirror on the bed table before Ben can reach it, reluctant to give it to him.

JOHNNY
They said that's not such a good idea, the shock alone could --

BEN (O.S.)
Give me the god damn mirror!

Ben grabs it from him. Then slowly raises it to look and see that...except for some serious stubble, Ben's totally normal.

JOHNNY
Unfortunately, the doctors just couldn't do anything to fix your face!

He cackles as he heads for the door. Ben heaves the mirror

at him, breaking it into hundreds of pieces. He turns to the side-table, and grabs that picture of DEBBIE. It calms him.

EXT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A modern facility of glass and stone, nestled in the forest. In stark contrast to the lush greenery surrounding it.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/SUE'S ROOM - DAY

Reed walks down the hall. His hair is GRAYING at the temples. He passes Johnny, who is smiling, still enjoying his joke on Ben. Johnny slows, looking at Reed's hair.

JOHNNY
Nice 'do. Going for the "grandpa"
look?

Reed passes a mirror, slowing, seeing his gray hairs. He keeps going. He passes a partially open door. He stops when he catches a glimpse of Sue asleep in bed. He sees a vase of flowers. He grabs a couple lilies, and enters.

But Reed sees...the room is already FILLED with expensive flowers. All from VICTOR. Reed is trumped once again.

A DOCTOR writes on Sue's chart. A wall TV plays a press conference with Victor, outside the FACILITY. He looks worse for wear. A few hairs out of place, and a small BANDAGE on his face. We PUSH INTO the press conference --

REPORTER #1
You've been accused in the past of
moving science a little too fast --

VICTOR
Accused by who? My competitors?

REPORTER #2
But surely this accident gives you
pause --

VICTOR
Danger is always part of discovery.
What would have happened if Ben
Franklin never went out in a storm?
Without risk, there's no reward.

REPORTER #3
So where's the reward? You promised a
cure-all.

Victor pauses. For the first time. Just a flicker.

VICTOR
And you'll have it. I've never come
up short. And I'm not going to start
now.

REPORTER #2
So you're still taking VDI public --

VICTOR
Yes, of course. I've never been more
confident in the compan--

Reed mutes the television.

REED
How's she doing?

DOCTOR
Stable. Vitals are strong.

Reed takes the clipboard, looks for himself.

REED
Blood panels show no irradiation.
Good. You'll step up this protocol,
every --

DOCTOR
Four hours. We know what we're
doing... One more day of observation,
then you're all cleared.

The Doctor takes his clipboard, and walks out. Reed steps to
Sue, with the drooping flowers in his hand. Quiet:

REED
Sue...I want to tell you...I'm...

WHOOSH. A NURSE rolls in with a tray bearing ten more
extravagant bouquets. Reed looks resigned. He walks out.

REED (CONT'D)
She's allergic to orchids. Put that
Amaryllis Apapathos by her bed. The
African lilies? They're her
favorites.

Reed exits, dropping his two wilted lilies into the trash.

Sue opens one eye, as the big lilies land by the bed.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A SEXY NURSE wheels a testing station into Johnny's room.
He's stripped down to Calvins, changing into a ski outfit.

SEXY NURSE
And where do we think we're going?

JOHNNY
I don't know if "we've" noticed, but
the sickest runs this side of the Alps
are *right outside that window* --

NURSE
I've noticed... But doctor's orders,
you're not allowed to leave until we --

JOHNNY
Finish the tests, I know -- could you
give me a hand with this zipper?

NURSE
You know this is not a ski resort.

JOHNNY
Not yet.

Johnny opens the cardboard box, revealing a colorful
fiberglass object the size of a briefcase. In the blink of
an eye, he unfolds it into a LONG SNOWBOARD.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Luckily grandma still sends care
packages.

The nurse pops a thermometer in his mouth to shut him up.

NURSE
You are trouble.

JOHNNY
(thermometer in his mouth)
Brubbles my Triddle Name.

They both pay more attention to his zipper than the digital
read-out: it runs right up past 98.6, then accelerates fast.

SEXY NURSE
You're hot!

JOHNNY
So are you!

SEXY NURSE

I mean, you feel a little feverish.

JOHNNY

I've never felt better in my life.
When do you get off work?

SEXY NURSE

My shift ends at four, but I couldn't --

JOHNNY

Meet me at 4:01, top of the run.
That'll give you a minute to freshen
up.

He hands her the thermometer, a quick kiss and he's out the door. The machine beeps: Johnny's temperature is 209 DEGREES.

EXT. VON DOOM COMPOUND HOSPITAL PATIO - DAY

Ben finds Reed on a patio with a panoramic view. Reed works at a laptop computer.

BEN

How long was I out?

REED

Three days. I was worried about you.
How are you feeling?

BEN

Solid.

Ben can see Reed doesn't look too solid.

BEN (CONT'D)

How you doing?

Reed shakes his head, looking back at his screen.

REED

I don't know. I just keep going over
and over the numbers.

BEN

Reed. Even you can't compute every
little thing.

REED

I should have done more, run more
tests --

Ben gets closer, pushing down Reed's computer screen.

BEN

It was a freak of nature. Last I checked, you don't have a crystal ball. Let it go.

Reed considers. But he can't let it go. He opens his computer back up, returning to work. Ben shakes his head, looks out at the view. His eyes catch on something, wheels turning.

BEN (CONT'D)

You go through something like this, makes you appreciate having the right woman in your life.

REED

Yeah, you and Debbie and perfect --

BEN

Reed, I'm not talking about Debbie.

Reed follows Ben's eyes to a lower level patio: SUE.

REED

What? Come on. She's got a good thing with Victor --

BEN

I'm sorry, did that cosmic-bath loosen your screws?

REED

He's smart, powerful, successful --

BEN

Well maybe you should date him.

Reed looks at Ben, resigned.

REED

Ben. He'll give her the life she deserves. She ended up with the right guy. Things worked out for the best.

Reed steps away. Ben stands alone, an idea sparking.

BEN

Do I have to do everything myself?

INT. HELICOPTER/EXT. MOUNTAIN SUMMIT - DAY

The chopper hovers over this pristine peak. JOHNNY and his

NURSE sit in the chopper-bay, prepping their ski gear.
Johnny's customized snowboard has wild, acrylic patterns.

His Nurse wears a hot pink cat-suit, her skis dangling out.
Their bodies are close: a sexy, competitive flirtation. They
look down at a death-defying black diamond run.

JOHNNY
Me like-y.

SEXY NURSE
Stay right. Left is trouble.

JOHNNY
I though we went over this.

SEXY NURSE
Last one down springs for room
service.

She pulls down her goggles, jumps out. Johnny drops out
after her, hitting the snow. He smolders: literally. The
snow bank behind him sizzles and starts to melt.

He takes off after her and the chase is on:

EXT. BLACK DIAMOND RUN - DAY

The Nurse knows every inch of the trail, slicing expertly in
and out of the trees through deep powder. Johnny's a speed
freak, maximizing velocity, closing the gap between them.

Ghostly FLAMES shoot off his hair: his ski cap catches fire,
flies off. Jets of fire knife through the back of his jacket.

The Nurse looks back: In a burst of speed, Johnny draws even.
She looks over and sees the flames shooting out behind him...

SEXY NURSE
You're on fire!

JOHNNY
Not this again --

SEXY NURSE
No: You're ON FIRE!

Johnny sees his gloves are burning, flicks them off in alarm.
His body SHUDDERS: the back of his ski suit catches on fire.
A burst of flame launches him down the slope like a rocket.

Nurse loses concentration, falls. Johnny races away like a
missile, screaming in exhilaration. He looks back -- no

nurse.

He tries to put out his flaming clothes, and accidentally VEERS to the LEFT. He fails to notice the giant CHASM in front of him. He faces forward and...

SCREEAAMMS! LAUNCHING off the cliff, LEGS FLAILING, trying to catch ground. FLAMES begin to TRAIL his body as he FALLS towards the rocks below. He tries to will his body away.

Instead, his body becomes engulfed in flame. He is a HUMAN TORCH! And for a moment he HOLDS THE AIR -- the fire giving him some kind of...*LIFT*. He maneuvers just over the rocks, almost making a 90 degree turn.

He looks back at the rocks in disbelief. But the lift doesn't last long. He quickly CRASHES, landing HARD into a snowbank.

He opens his eyes; tries to move but can't. He's trapped under snow and ice. With all his strength, he tries to move, NO DICE. Panic sets in. His eyes go wide as the snow around quickly begins to melt. Johnny is on fire, and within seconds he's sitting in a small POND, steam rising from the water.

The nurse races toward the steam. Scared, panicked. She finds Johnny...smiling, sitting naked in an impromptu hot tub, staring at his hands. His body. Exhilarated.

JOHNNY
Care to join me?

She smiles and unzips. The FLAMES DISSOLVE TO...CANDLES IN --

EXT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

On an expansive parapet with a billion-dollar view, Victor prepares a romantic dinner-setting as his staff scurry about. He checks every fork and knife, with a slightly manic energy.

VICTOR
How's the IPO?

LEONARD
Stable. We're looking at low twenties. It's a good number, considering the fallout from --

VICTOR
Reed's disaster. You know, I half-think he did this to me on purpose.

LEONARD

Sir, I'm sure he wouldn't put himself --

But Victor is on to the next thought, always strategizing.

VICTOR

Get me on the AM shows, Larry King,
cover of the Journal...

(staring into silver tray)

I've got to do something about this
scar. Make sure they only shoot my
right side.

LEONARD

Actually, uh, people seem to think the
scar "humanizes" you.

VICTOR

And that's a good thing?

Victor looks at the scar, enraged by this defect. It
glistens in the silver tray. His eyes are bloodshot,
sleepless.

LEONARD

You know, maybe you should get some
rest --

VICTOR

Later. First, I've got some
unfinished business. A deal that
needs closing...

Leonard looks at the table, the lavish spread. A beat.

LEONARD

Sir, I've always wondered... Why Sue?
You could have any woman in the world
but --

VICTOR

That's why. Because I could have
any other woman... You know, when
they asked Caesar "why England," he
said, "because it's not mine."

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND DINING HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Two dozen EMPLOYEES sit and eat. Others serve themselves at
the buffet. Ben and Sue walking into the dining hall --

SUE

I can only stay for one drink, Ben.
I've got to meet with Victor.

BEN
Wouldn't want to keep Vic waiting.

They turn a corner and find Reed, entering by another door.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey Reed, what are you doing here?
(before he can answer)
Great, why don't you join us?

He quickly shepherds the two of them toward a quiet table.
Ben's stomach GROWLS; so loud that they all can hear it.

BEN (CONT'D)
God, I'm starving. Gonna hit the
buffet.

Ben's stomach growls again, even louder this time.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND DINING HALL - EVENING

The sun is long gone, and so are most of the diners. The room is darker, more romantic. Ben finishes the last shrimp on his plate, pushes it away, belches prodigiously.

BEN
Pardon me...

Sue and Reed stare at him. Ben's stomach growls *again*.

REED
Are you alright?

BEN
I think I need to lie down. Bad
shrimp.

This was Ben's plan, but he *really* isn't feeling well, unsteady when he walks away. He looks down at his stomach.

BEN (CONT'D)
Really bad shrimp.

ANGLE: Fireplace. Sue looks gorgeous in the light. A beat. A long beat. Reed doesn't know where to start with this woman.

REED
Feeling better?

SUE
Yes, thanks.

REED
That's good. That's uh...good.

SUE
You always had a way with words.
(an awkward beat)
I should be getting back.

Sue gets up to leave. Exasperated, Reed tries to think of something, anything, to say.

REED
I'm really happy for you and Victor.

She slows down, looking at him. She was hoping for more.

SUE
You're happy for me and Victor.

REED
I can tell you guys are enjoying what
was the best part of our relationship --

SUE
Which was?

REED
Passion.

We see surprise on Sue's face, and...

REED (CONT'D)
For science.

SUE
(frustrated)
You are such a dork, Reed... You never
got it and never will unless it's
explained to you in quantum physics.

As if triggered by her emotion, the fireplace light around her BENDS. The flames flicker in a ghostly breeze.

REED
What? What did I say?

She looks more disappointed than angry.

SUE
It's never what you say. It's what
you don't say. What you don't do...

She lets that hang. A lot of history here. Quiet, hurt -- she wants Reed to fight for her, to show some emotion.

REED

I...I...I just wanted to --

As Sue's emotions swirl, she slowly...*disappears*.

SUE

It's been two years, and all you can say is you're happy for me and some other guy...

(standing up, hurt)

You know, Victor may be a lot of things, but at least he's not afraid to fight for what he wants...

(Reed looks down)

And it's nice to be wanted sometimes. To be heard...seen... Reed, look at me.

He looks up...but all that's left of her is the blush on her cheek and her bewitching eyes. He drops his fork, shocked.

REED

Uh, Sue...? I can't.

SUE

What? What do you mean you --

REED

Sue...*look at your hands*.

She raises her hands, but we don't see them. We only see a medical waistband...floating. Her watch...floating. Her clothes appear to be suspended in mid-air.

Sue is invisible. She shrieks and gets up -- knocking a GLASS off the table...

SLOW MOTION: The glass flies off the table, tumbling... Reed instinctively reaches for the bottle: his arm stretches two feet out of his sleeve -- grabs it just before it hits --

Then snaps back into place. Reed stares at his arm in disbelief. Sue's eyes widen as well. The rest of Sue reappears. They look at each other: mutual alarm.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

You guys will not believe what just happened!

They look up to see JOHNNY in the doorway, NAKED except for

the nurse's PINK PARKA wrapped around his midsection.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - VICTOR'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

CLUNK. The candles burn low on the table. Victor strides out, heading for the door. He runs his hand through his hair to comb some strays. A CLUMP comes off in his fingers. He PAUSES. He steps to a mirror, stares at his hair. His SCAR.

It is longer than the bandage now (as if it SPREAD). Victor peels back the bandage, and sees the scar is bluish-gray. Deep, unhealthy, maybe infected...

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

DOUBLE DOORS burst open. Reed, Sue, and Johnny urgently walk.

SUE

It has to be the cloud. It's fundamentally altered our DNA.

REED

Let's not jump to conclusions, we need a *massive amount of evidence* before making that leap.

Reed glances over his shoulder. He stares. Sue follows his gaze to see: Johnny's FINGERTIPS are on fire. He SNAPS his fingers. They GO OUT. He's totally unharmed.

JOHNNY

Now what is up with *that*?

REED

(deadpan)

The cloud has fundamentally altered our DNA.

JOHNNY

Cool. What'd it do to you guys?

SUE

Apparently I can disappear.

JOHNNY

Please tell me you go silent too.

Only one thing on Reed's mind --

REED

We have to find Ben.

EXT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - OUTSIDE BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Johnny snaps his fingers -- which generate small explosive bursts of flame. He turns it on and off, like the "CLAPPER."

JOHNNY
Flame on, flame off. Flame on, flame
off --

SUE
Johnny.

He does it again. Flame on, flame off.

SUE (CONT'D)
Stop it.

JOHNNY
Okay, "mom."

Reed's about to knock on Ben's door when he hears the banging, moaning and pleading inside. Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Oh, you dawg you. Better not be my
nurse!

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

REED (O.S.)
Ben, are you there?

A creepy rippling movement begins beneath the sheet and gradually intensifies, reflected in the fabric's surface: the contours of Ben's body are changing, inflating, growing rough and craggy. SOUND of grinding heavy rocks.

SUE (O.S.)
Open up Ben, we need to talk.

It all stops. A beat, then all four legs of the bed give way and it crashes to the floor. Under the covers, he groans in pain, and his voice is DEEPER, GRAVELY, but definitely CLEAR:

BEN
LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - OUTSIDE BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Reed decides they can't wait any longer. He kneels to the floor. He concentrates, not sure if it will work... Suddenly, his arm STRETCHES, THIN ENOUGH TO CREEP UNDER THE DOORJAMB.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Reed's arm wriggles under the door. It bends upward, swiping clumsily, until it finally grabs the knob. Rubbery fingers find the latch and unlock the door.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - OUTSIDE BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Reed focuses, and pulls. His arm snakes out from under the door and snaps back into place. His flesh and bones reforming before their eyes. Johnny stares at Reed.

JOHNNY
Ewwwwwwww. That is disgusting.

They hear a tremendous SMASH from inside the room.

INT. VON DOOM COMPOUND - BEN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

They open the door. The room is trashed. Every stick of furniture smashed to splinters.

REED
...Ben?

Their eyes adjust; there's a huge hole where the window used to be. They rush to it. Looking out they see SOMETHING LARGE in the distance, running away.

JOHNNY
What is that *thing*?

SUE
I think that thing is Ben.

Reed looks out, emotions roiling. Is that his best friend...? Suddenly, Victor comes around the corner (bandage bigger).

VICTOR
What's going on?

SUE
Victor, are you feeling alright?

He considers, but never shows weakness. He nods.

VICTOR
Just a little banged up. A couple scrapes. Why?

REED
Ben did this.

VICTOR
Ben did this?

REED
He's had some kind of...reaction to
exposure from the cloud. And he's not
the only one.

SUE
We need to find him.

Victor redirects his attention to Sue.

SUE (CONT'D)
Victor, I'm sorry I --

VICTOR
(cold)
Just find him.

Victor strides off, leaving the others.

JOHNNY
Anybody know where the big guy's
going?

We PUSH IN on a picture of Debbie lying on the floor, Reed
knows exactly where Ben is going.

REED
He's going home.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

A view from Brooklyn: Manhattan glistens in the distance.
CAMERA MOVES down to A TRAIN YARD, where we find empty cargo
trains. We PUSH IN on the main track, where...

A CARGO TRAIN has just stopped. We hear a cargo DOOR slide
open, then WHUMP! Big FEET hit the ground. Someone, or
someTHING barrels into the night.

EXT. BIG & TALL SHOP - NIGHT

A locked storefront on Flatbush Ave. SOUND of breaking
glass.

INT. BIG & TALL SHOP - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: Ben tries on clothes, shoes. Jackets rip,

shoes split. He needs an extra extra extra large.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

A HUGE FIGURE is huddled in shadow. It's Ben.

CLOSE ON: The dial pad. Big fingers try to push keys but they're too large. Ben tries for a few seconds, getting more and more frustrated. He manages to press "0" with his pinky.

BEN
Hello, Operator?

Ben looks up the street, into the 2nd story window of a modest, working-class home. His eyes go soft when he sees Debbie grab the phone.

BEN (CONT'D)
Deb... It's me. I need you to step
out front.

DEBBIE
Out front? You home, baby? I got
a surprise for you.

He blinks hard. Sad, dark.

BEN
I got a surprise for you too.

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSE - NIGHT

Debbie steps out. There is "WELCOME HOME" sign over the door. She looks out. The wind blows softly. Something shifts in the darkness. Debbie pulls her robe tighter.

DEBBIE
Ben?

BEN (O.S.)
Don't come any closer for a sec. This
is gonna be kind of a shock... You
remember when we said "together
forever no matter what"?

DEBBIE
Baby, you're scaring me.

A hanging beat. And Ben...steps into the light, where we SEE HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME: he's HUGE, easily twice the size he once was, and AN ORANGY ROCKY SURFACE COVERS HIS ENTIRE BODY.

Debbie sees him. Fear washes over her, not sure what to

think. He reaches out, a little tentative. She flinches back.

DEBBIE

Oh my G-g-g. What did you...do to Ben?

BEN

Deb, it's me. It's still me.

He reaches out. She recoils. It's too much for her. Tears swell in her eyes. Covering her mouth, she backs away.

He takes a step closer. She backs away faster, tripping over her robe, falling into the street. A car screeches to a halt. Ben instinctively steps out to help, but she scurries back.

DEBBIE

Don't...don't...DON'T TOUCH ME!

Her shout wakes NEIGHBORS. Lights flicker on. Ben knows he has to go. He looks at Debbie, sensing this is the last time he'll see her. She trembles, terrified. His eyes go moist.

BEN

I love you, Deb.

With that, he turns away. The "WELCOME HOME" sign flutters, falls to the ground. A tragic tableau. As more lights go on around him, Ben picks up his pace, speeding into the dawn.

INT. VICTOR'S COMPOUND OFFICE - DAY

Victor packs a monogrammed Armani briefcase: "VDM" emblazoned on a gold plate. Leonard waits not-so-patiently.

VICTOR

Make sure you find Ben, bring him back here. And keep it quiet. I don't need this to hit the press.

LEONARD

Yes sir. You've got the Mayor at eight, then a nine-thirty interview with the Journal --

VICTOR

Front page?

LEONARD

Top left, like you asked.
(a smile)

Today Wall Street. Tomorrow, who knows...maybe Washington.

Victor turns to Leonard, disappointed with him.

VICTOR
Leonard. Think bigger.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

We swoop toward this epic monument. On a steel girder above the road, we see...a STATUE. BEN. He sits on the edge of the beams, staring down at the river below, brooding, muttering.

BEN
A few days in space, it'll be great,
what's the worst that could happen?

A PIGEON flutters past him, and drops a white gooey gift on his shoulder. Ben just glares up at the heavens.

BEN (CONT'D)
Perfect. Thanks.

He hears the sound of someone SOBBING. He turns to see...a distraught BUSINESSMAN with a briefcase. The man drops his case, which PLUMMETS hundreds-of-feet into the RIVER.

The Businessman looks out, ready to jump. He doesn't see Ben (or doesn't realize Ben is not a statue).

BEN (CONT'D)
You think you got trouble? Take a
good look, pal, how bad could it be?

The Businessman looks at Ben, terrified. Ben steps forward.

BEN (CONT'D)
Okay, easy there, buddy.

Backpedaling, the man SLIPS, FALLING toward the ROADWAY! His arms flail, grabbing a narrow beam -- his fingers hold tight while his legs thrash over speeding traffic. Cars and trucks SKIM right underfoot. Ben shakes his head.

BEN (CONT'D)
You had to choose my spot, didn't you?

Ben steps out to help, but...his WEIGHT BENDS the beam! The Businessman LOSES HIS GRIP! He FALLS TO THE ROAD, landing hard on the highway! A few PEDESTRIANS see Ben. They point.

Ben looks up, deer in headlights. He sees a massive TRUCK bearing down on the Businessman.

BEN (CONT'D)
This is really not my day.

Ben DROPS to the street. WHOOMP! He lands in front of the Businessman, SWEEPS him out of the way with one arm, and turns to the oncoming 18 WHEELER CAB.

The DRIVER slams his brakes, eyes wide. The truck SWERVES, but cannot stop! Time slows to syrup, as Ben looks a little scared. He shuts his eyes, and...

SHOULDER-BLOCKS the INCOMING TRUCK! A football move. The truck BUCKLES, POPPING a WHEELIE, CRUMPLING all the way to the windshield! It looks like a metal car-compactor.

The truck SWERVES hard, its tail SMASHING into steel girders. CARS SCREECH, SWERVE, SLAMMING INTO EACH OTHER, CAUSING A FOUR-LANE TRAFFIC ACCIDENT! Windows shatter, fires flicker. One of the cars in an NYPD CRUISER. COPS clamber out.

EXT. CAB ON HIGHWAY - DAY

Reed, Johnny, and Sue sit in the back. They see the action on the bridge. Reed and Sue lock eyes, sensing the worst.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Ben stands in the middle of the chaos, staring at the destruction. He sees the tow-truck DRIVER bleeding, trapped in his cab. Ben moves to this burning hunk of steel.

He SWIPES through the shattered window, and PUNCHES the airbag, POPPING it like a kid's balloon. He tries to grab the seat-belt, but his fingers are TOO BIG. He struggles.

BEN
A little help here?! You wanna hit that button, sir?

The driver is too woozy. Ben can't get to the button. Frustrated, he simply TEARS OFF THE DOOR, and RIPS THE DRIVER'S SEAT right out of the cab! COPS round the corner. They see Ben holding onto the Driver. They raise their guns.

COP
FREEZE! PUT THE MAN AND THE SEAT DOWN!

Ben looks at the cops. PEDESTRIANS stare, point. He realizes how this must look -- a monster holding a bloody man

in hand.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - APPROACH - DAY

At the back of the traffic jam, cars SCREECH to stops. The whole bridge is FULL of bumper-to-bumper traffic. We PUSH TOWARD one car: three doors pop open, and out come...

REED, JOHNNY, SUE. They look through smoke and mayhem to see...their first full look at Ben. Reed stands gutpunched.

JOHNNY
Not even Ben deserves that.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Ben puts the seat down, with the Driver on it. He lunges behind a truck. The cops try to follow, but FLAMES push them back. Ben lurches away, head down, self-conscious.

He tries to hide from ONLOOKERS around him and PEDESTRIANS on walkways overhead. He wants to escape, but hears SCREAMING MOTORISTS. He grits his teeth, and moves to help them.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - GRIDLOCK - DAY

Reed, Sue, and Johnny race toward the flames. All other people head in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION. BRIDGE POLICE herd the crowd away from the accident.

BRIDGE COP
Back! We're evac-ing the bridge.

Reed, Sue, and Johnny slow down, swap glances.

SUE
What now? Reed...? What do we do?

MOVE IN ON REED. A first test of leadership. But he is not a leader. Not yet. Sue gets closer to him.

SUE (CONT'D)
Ben's out there. Let's go get him.

BRIDGE COP
Maybe you didn't hear me. Those cars are gonna blow sky high, any second.

REED
Look, we've got a friend out there in trouble. We need to get to him before --

BRIDGE COP #2

Nobody gets past this point.

A hard beat. Reed signals Sue with a look, a nod.

SUE
What?

REED
(mutters)
We need to get past them.

He motions to her body. She understands. She concentrates, and starts to turn invisible.

BRIDGE COP #1
What the hell is this? A magic show?

But her clothes don't go invisible. Beat. Reed mutters:

REED
Sue. Your clothes. Lose them.

SUE
What...?
(realizes)
Oh.

She unbuttons her blouse. Not thrilled with the idea. She wriggles out of her pants. Down to her skivvies. She reaches back to undo her bra...momentarily loses concentration and becomes visible. The sight of Sue in her undies grabs the COPS' attention. Everyone watches, stunned.

The realization that she's visible hits her like a ton of bricks. Cops are transfixed. So is Reed.

JOHNNY
This is wrong in so many ways.

REED
You've been working out.

SUE
Shut up.

Sue takes a deep breath. Closes her eyes. Focuses. Nothing happens. She's embarrassed and furious.

SUE (CONT'D)
Any more ideas, Reed? Maybe you should strip down next, see how it feels to have fifty people staring --

...and she DISAPPEARS. Entirely. Undies float. Jaws drop.

REED
Uh, Sue?

She stops ranting. Realizes she's gone invisible.

SUE (INVISIBLE)
Oh. Well then...

The undies drop. The cops stare open-mouthed. They turn to look at Reed, astonished. He sheepishly shrugs his shoulders.

JOHNNY
I'm gonna need serious therapy.

A beat. She walks away. The cops watch her, gaping. By the time they turn back around, Reed and Johnny are gone, disappearing into the clouds of smoke.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

A news CHOPPER flies around the bridge, fighting for the best angle on the action.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - ACCIDENT - DAY

Reed races through wreckage. He tries to see over a big TRUCK, and his neck STREEETCHES!

He finally sees...BEN. Reed wraps around a car, and...BOO! His face snakes right in front of Ben. Ben jumps.

BEN
What the --!

REED
Ben. Are you okay?

BEN
Am I okay?! You wanna explain that?!

He motions to Reed's neck. Then to his own body:

BEN (CONT'D)
Or this?! What the hell am I? 'Cause I sure ain't Ben anymore.

Reed opens his mouth, but he has no answer. Not yet.

SUE (O.S.)

REED! BEN! LOOK OUT!

Ben spins, looking for Sue. He can't see her. But he does see...A CAR INCHES AWAY, WITH GAS TANK FLAMING!

BOOOOM! The first car BLOWS! BOOOM!BOOOOM!BOOOOOM! Empty cars BLOW in a chain-reaction. The flames are mushrooming!

Reed SWIPES his ARMS OUT, holding people back. His arms FLATTEN to form a barricade -- FACES INDENT his skin.

FLAMES lash out. A pack of attractive YOUNG WOMEN scream. Johnny LEAPS toward them. His feet LEAVE THE GROUND, giving him extra lift. He SPINS, lands, and embraces the women, SHIELDING them from flames which burn up his back. He looks the ladies up and down, and gives a cheesy smile.

Sue SCREAMS. She puts her hands up (a normal reflex). The air seems to RIPPLE around her hands, like FORCE-FIELDS.

She looks at them, surprised, confused. Her invisible fields SPIRAL OUT, partially CONTAINING the blast. But the flames hurtle closer. She fights the pressure. Blood trickles from her nose. Just as the white hot blast is about to hit her...

Sue is dressed again. Visible. She SCREAMS, and PUSHES THE FORCE DOWN INTO THE ROAD! She collapses, as the blast deflects off the street and into...

An oncoming FIRETRUCK! BOOOOM! The firetruck is KNOCKED OFF THE GROUND, SLEWING SIDEWAYS. Brakes scream. Its tail slashes out, PUNCHING through the guard-rail.

THE BACK OF THE TRUCK DANGLES OUT, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE WATER! FIREMEN hang off the back and sides. The truck TEETERS, falling! Ben wastes no time. He GRABS onto the front of the truck, just as it goes off the side!

He DIGS his heels into the ground, but his feet DRAG across the concrete, digging grooves into the street.

ON THE DANGLING FIRETRUCK: FIREMEN climb out, clawing toward the bridge. Their truck SWINGS. Bits and pieces tumble down at them -- a hose, an axe, a helmet. All deadly now. The HANGING LADDER swoops down, with men RIDING ON IT!

Ben SCREAMS! STRAINING with all his might. Ben SCREAMS! His muscles ripple, and...he takes his first step...back. Another scream. Another step. Another. Another. Epic, painful.

He is pulling the truck back onto the bridge, inch by inch. His footsteps THUD. With monumental effort, he levels the truck. Firemen scurry over hoses and ladders, some climbing

over Ben.

Reed tends to Sue who has fainted from her effort. Ben steps back from the truck and slumps to the street exhausted. Wary cops close in to cover him with weapons, but...

The FIREMEN slowly begin to APPLAUD. The crowd of onlookers joins in as well. Sue, Reed, and Johnny seem surprised, touched by the reaction. But Ben seems uncomfortable.

Firemen step forward to offer Reed a couple of their coats; he hands one to Johnny and uses the other to cover Sue.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Ben sees a familiar face in the masses: DEBBIE. Ben steps toward her, but she stops him with a look. She places something on the ground and runs off into the crowd.

Ben sees something GLISTENING on the ground. He stoops over to pick up...her ENGAGEMENT RING. His big fingers can't grip it. He tries in vain. Hopeless, pathetic. A beat. And...

A hand grabs the ring. It's Reed. Quiet, close.

REED

I swear to you, I will do everything
in my power until there is not a
breath left in me: you are going to be
Ben again.

Off the wounded look in Ben's eyes, wanting to believe him...

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Victor sits with remote in hand, staring at his plasma TV. ON THE TV: he sees a crowd of firemen applauding the new Fantastic Four. For the first time they strike a heroic pose. Leonard enters, with a phone in his hand.

LEONARD

Uh, sir...Larry King called, to
cancel.

(seeing the TV, a beat)
Apparently, there's a bigger story.

Victor sees Reed put his arms around Sue as he covers her with the jacket. And the penny drops: he's FURIOUS. As it hits him, he feels something odd. He looks down at his hand...at glints of gleaming METAL poking through flesh.

EXT./INT. EMERGENCY HOLDING AREA - DAY

An impromptu command center -- a series of police tents, surrounded by EMERGENCY VEHICLES, NEWS VANS, FIRETRUCKS.

INT. EMERGENCY HOLDING AREA - TENT - DAY

Reed, Sue, Ben and Johnny sit together, getting changed. They get ready to go, but the CHIEF FIREMAN enters, stopping them.

CHIEF FIREMAN
There's some folks outside, want to talk to you.

REED
We're not going public with this.
We're scientists, not celebrities.

CHIEF FIREMAN
Too late, son.

He turns on a little TV MONITOR in the corner. NEWS FOOTAGE plays on all stations, with the tagline: FANTASTIC FOUR.

CHIEF FIREMAN (CONT'D)
That's what they're calling you. The Fantastic Four.

JOHNNY
Nice.

Johnny heads for the exit.

SUE
Johnny, slow down. Let's think this through, a second.

Johnny pauses. Rubs his chin once. And...

JOHNNY
Okay. Done thinking.

He runs out. Sue, Ben, and Reed swap glances, knowing Johnny cannot be their spokesman. They take off after him, out to --

EXT. EMERGENCY HOLDING AREA - PRESS FIELD - DAY

CLICKCLICKCLICK! Fifty cameras flash. The field is full of press. Our heroes freeze, shocked by the crowd.

Johnny eats up the attention. Ben turns, self-conscious. Reed notices. The Chief Fireman turns to them.

CHIEF FIREMAN

So which one of you's the leader?

Johnny does not hesitate.

JOHNNY
That'd be me.

CHIEF FIREMAN
No seriously.

A beat. Sue and Ben turn to Reed. The Chief hands him a mic.

CHIEF FIREMAN (CONT'D)
You're on, son. They all want a statement.

All eyes go on Reed. He looks out, gulps hard. A long beat.

REED
Uh, during our recent mission to the Von Doom space station, we were exposed to as yet-unidentified radioactive energy, most likely some kind of nucleotide compoun--

Nobody came for a science class. A crush of questions overwhelms Reed:

VARIOUS REPORTERS
What happened on the bridge? Does it hurt to stretch? Were you really on fire? Is it true that one of you can fly?

JOHNNY
Working on it. And it's a lot harder --

SUE
We don't know much more than you do, at this point. Which is why we will be going directly to the lab, where we can diagnose our symptoms and --

REPORTER #2
Symptoms? So it's like a disease?

Reed looks at Ben's face, feeling the guilt. Ben is lost in thought, looking at Deb's ENGAGEMENT RING. Johnny leaps in.

JOHNNY
Symptoms? Please. If having powers is a disease, then yeah we got it.

And we are gonna blow your minds.
There's a new day dawning. The day of
the Fantastic Four.

REPORTER #3
That thing doesn't look too fantastic.

The Reporter nods toward Ben. Ben's fists tighten, the sound of rocks crushing together. Reed feels the pain.

REED
Ben Grimm is a genuine American hero
who's been through a terrible orde--

JOHNNY
What he's trying to say is: every team
needs a mascot...

Reporters laugh. Ben turns his head away. Reed burns.

REED
Look, we went up to space to find a
way to understand DNA, to cure
disease, save lives. Well, now it's
our DNA, our disease, our lives on the
line...

(a beat)
Thank you. No more questions.

Reed, Sue, and Ben get up to go. The press waits a beat,
then surges. Ben spins, holding up one finger. A giant.

BEN
Be nice.

The press step back, intimidated. Flashbulbs POP, and Ben's
FACE FREEZES. It goes BLACK-AND-WHITE on a NEW YORK POST in --

EXT. BANK - DAY

Establishing shot of a historic New York building.

INT. BANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BANKERS sit around a table. LAPTOPS hum. The lead banker is
power-broker NED CECIL. The men keep their eyes on Victor.

NED CECIL
Well, Victor, the bank would like to
congratulate you. On the fastest
freefall since the Depression. We
can't even give your stock away.

VICTOR

Ned, you know I can turn this around.

Ned motions to the paper, the picture of BEN.

NED CECIL

You promised a cure-all, and came back with this. Who the hell's going to invest in a biotech company that turns its workers into circus freaks?

Victor's grip tightens around the table, and...the LAPTOPS FLICKER, losing feeds.

Victor looks down at his hands -- a private beat (did I do that?) He lets go of the table; screens go back to normal.

VICTOR

(pointed)

I really appreciate all your support.

NED CECIL

You've got a week, Victor. One week to turn this around. Or we pull out...

(a beat)

This meeting is over.

Victor looks at him, blood boiling, and we CUT HARD TO --

INT. BANK - HALLWAY - DAY

Victor and Leonard stride out. Victor is writhing.

VICTOR

Goddamn book-keeper doesn't know preferred stock from livestock.

Leonard is thinking all business.

LEONARD

Sir. Reed's comments at that press conference killed us. How are we going to turn this around?

Victor considers. His mind races, eyes narrow.

VICTOR

Very simple. I cure them. If I can cure these freaks, then I can cure anyone. What better way to restore my reputation?

Leonard nods, impressed. Victor is a man in motion. As they step into sunlight, we cut to...CLICKCLICKCLICK in --

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - DAY

REPORTERS snap pictures. A POLICE CONVOY drives up, stopping in front of a towering HIGH-RISE. Sue, Reed, and Johnny and get out of a police-car. Ben steps out of a BIG PADDY-WAGON, which immediately bounces back up to the normal axle position.

COPS hold back the surging press. Ben keeps his head down, self-conscious. He passes Johnny, smiling for the cameras.

JOHNNY
Smile, Ben. They want to like you.
Give 'em your good side. Or your less
bad side.

Ben turns to a group of LITTLE KIDS. Stiff, tentative:

BEN
Uh...don't do drugs.

The kids FLINCH. Ben trudges on. Johnny smiles bright, doing hand-signs for F4. Sue pulls him toward --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

The Fantastic Four enter. They are greeted by JIMMY O'HOOLIHAN, an old-time doorman with a kind smile.

O'HOOLIHAN
Welcome back to the Baxter, Dr.
Richards. All that for you?

He motions to the flashing cameras outside.

REED
I'm afraid so...

He searches for the name. Sue steps up.

SUE
Jimmy. Good to see you again.

He smiles at Sue, then at Reed.

O'HOOLIHAN
Good to see you too... Don't worry,
sir. I know how crowded that head of
yours is.

REED
Any visitors while I was away?

O'HOOLIHAN
Just the usual. Told 'em you were
circling round outer space.

He opens a drawer full of LETTERS from the BANK. Reed looks sheepish. He shuts the drawer, looks to Johnny and Sue.

REED
We had a tough year.

BEN
Yeah, nine years straight.

Reed looks at Ben. Thanks a lot. DING. Elevator doors open.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

They enter. Reed hits the top button, for the 20TH FLOOR.

JOHNNY
Twenty? From outside the place looks
a lot taller.

REED
Oh, it is.

The doors close, but...the ELEVATOR does not move. A beat.

JOHNNY
Either we're moving really fast...or
not at all.

A digital readout on the panel: EXCEED MAXIMUM WEIGHT. A sign reads: MAXIMUM CAPACITY: 2000 pounds. They turn to Ben.

BEN
I'll take the stairs.

Doors open. He lumbers out. As the doors close behind him, he looks back over his shoulder, locking eyes with Reed.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator rises. Reed roils with guilt.

SUE
How come Ben can't turn it on and off
like us?

REED
That's what we're here to find out.

SUE
If it happened to him, then it
could...

Happen to all of them. Reed nods softly.

JOHNNY
Wait. You mean there's chance we
could be full-on-24-7-fantastic?

SUE
Grow up, Johnny. You want to run
around on fire for the rest of your
life?

JOHNNY
Is that a trick question? C'mon, I
can't be the only one who thinks
this is cool.

Reed considers. But Sue cuts him short with a look.

DING! The elevator stops.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens. They step out. They might be on the
20th floor, but Reed owns the building from here to floor
sixty. It's a massive atrium, lit by skylights far above --

Reed leads them into another area filled with separate
"apartments" and all the amenities of home.

REED
We should stay here until we can
define the extent of our changes...

JOHNNY
This place is deluxe. You got cable?

REED
(hearing Ben's FOOTSTEPS)
...and figure out how to reverse them.
Let me show you to your rooms.

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - DAY

The press has died down, but there are still plenty of
cameras. A MAYBACH SEDAN rolls up. Victor emerges, wearing

sunglasses. This time, the press pay no attention to him.
No cameras flash. Victor tightens, and enters the building.

INT. SUE'S ROOM - DAY

Sue walks out of the bathroom in a robe, drying her hair.
She notices a familiar book on a shelf: a SCRAPBOOK.

She flips through it. It's filled with pictures of Reed and
his inventions -- a lot less fancy than Victor's multimedia
globe. She stops at a picture of her and Reed in COLLEGE.

A noise, and she turns, flinching slightly, surprised to
see...VICTOR. He smiles, standing at the door, watching her.

VICTOR
God, I've been so worried about you.

She notices the scar on his head.

SUE
Victor, your scar --

VICTOR
I told you, I'm fine. It's you I'm
worried about.

SUE
I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to --

VICTOR
Please, no apologies. I've arranged
for your things to be moved to one of
my condos. You'll have round-the
clock care.

He goes for her bag. But she stops him. A half beat.

SUE
Thank you, that's generous, but I
think I should stay here. With my
brother. Until we get a handle on
this.

Victor is not used to being rebuffed. He gives a thin smile.

VICTOR
Sue. I think you should let my
doctors have a look at you.

A tense beat. Standoff. Made more tense by --

REED (O.S.)

Victor! What are you doing here?

They turn to see Reed approaching, with files in hand.

VICTOR

I'm starting to wonder the same thing... How much do you know about what happened to you?

REED

Not much. We need to run tests to see the extent of the damage.

Victor pauses. He looks at Sue, knowing she's here to stay.

VICTOR

Well, let me know if there is anything I can do. We're all in this together now.

Victor shakes Reed's hand. His GRIP is so tight that Reed's fingers STRETCH. Victor lets go, and turns to Sue, who puts her hand out. He smiles, and shakes. He heads off.

Reed looks at his hand. Shakes his wrist. He looks at Victor.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - HALL - DAY

Victor moves fast, holds tight to his anger. Reed catches up.

REED

Victor wait... I just wanted to say, I'm sorry the mission didn't go as planned --

Victor suddenly WHEELS on Reed. Lights flicker.

VICTOR

Didn't go as planned? It was a catastrophe. You ruined the lives of four people --

REED

I ruined? With all due respect, I told you to abort --

VICTOR

Abort? Reed, I put my company, my name, billions of dollars on the line, and I will not let you make me look like a fool --

REED
Victor, if we could understand what
happened to us --

VICTOR
I don't want to understand it. This
isn't one of your science projects. I
just want to fix it. Fast!

Reed sees Victor's SCAR maybe growing. Lights dim.

VOICE (O.S.)
There a problem, Vic?

They turn to see...BEN down the hall, leaning in a doorway.
Victor tightens, looking at Ben's massive rock-hewn body.

VICTOR
No problem, Ben.

He turns back to Reed. Close, quiet. Lights flicker.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Just pay your goddamn electric bill,
and get to work on a cure.

Victor steps away, toward the elevator. He passes Ben, who
just smiles and waves "goodbye." Before Victor's finger taps
the down-button, the button lights up (as if the circuit
responded to him). Reed exhales, shaken. Victor steps into --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close, and Victor really LETS LOOSE. He SLAMS his
fist into a STEEL WALL. The wall BUCKLES, steel DENTING.

Victor shakes out his hand, and sees...a rippling METALLIC
SHELL under the skin. He stares at it in horror. The dark
surface pulsates with electric energy. What is he
becoming...?

INT. BAXTER BUILDING LABS - DAY

Sue works the controls. Reed approaches Ben with an
ELECTRODE NEEDLE. He tries to stick the needle into Ben, but
it SNAPS.

BEN
You got a chisel round here?

REED
If we're going to identify the source

of the mutation, we need to isolate
your recombinant DNA so we can
activate positional genomes.

Ben looks to Sue for translation.

SUE
We need to give you a physical, so we
know what got zapped.

BEN
Well why didn't you say so? You want
me to lift some weights or something?

Reed shakes his head. He approaches with an X-RAY MACHINE.

REED
No, just sit back. We have a good
sense of your strength from the
firetruck. We need to find the source
of your strength.

He turns on the X-ray machine. The graph shows SOLID ROCK.
The rays don't penetrate. Sue and Reed look confused.

BEN
How bad is it? You know I used to
smoke.

Reed grabs a BLOOD PRESSURE MACHINE, but the strap is way too
short to wrap around Ben's arm. Reed stands stumped. He
looks at his tray full of instruments. He picks up the
little rubber REFLEX-HAMMER. But it looks miniscule compared
to Ben.

Reed has an idea. He opens a drawer full of HARDWARE TOOLS.
He pulls of a real HAMMER. He approaches Ben.

REED
Okay, this might smart a little.

He taps Ben's knee lightly, and BEN'S LEG KICKS! SLAMMING
UP! RIGHT BETWEEN REED'S LEGS! The ultimate kick in the
crotch. Reed STRETCHES UP a few feet, then SNAPS BACK,
wincing.

REED (CONT'D)
(high-pitched voice)
We'll...continue this later.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING LABS - DAY

From their second level control room, Reed and Sue observe

Johnny in an enclosed fire-proof chamber. Flames escape through the vents of the chamber...he's fully torched!

Reed watches the read-out: it climbs from 2000 to 4000 degrees Kelvin. They are essentially taking his temperature.

INSIDE THE CHAMBER: Johnny turns white hot, blinding to look at: the chamber walls begin to glow red. Machines go haywire.

His feet even start to LIFT OFF THE GROUND, LEVITATING a foot or two. He looks down, excited, burning hotter and hotter.

REED
Back it down, Johnny!

JOHNNY
I can go hotter!

He won't stop. Reed pulls a switch on the wall. FOAM sprays out of nozzles, dousing Johnny's flames. He stands there, covered in thick FOAM. His body steams. So does his temper.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
You're really cramping my style here.

SUE
You were at 4000 Kelvin. Any hotter, you're approaching supernova --

JOHNNY
Sweet.

SUE
That's the temperature of the sun.

REED
Not only could you kill yourself, but you could set fire to Earth's atmosphere and destroy all human life as we know it.

JOHNNY
Gotcha. Okay. Supernova bad.

Reed looks at the control panels.

SUE
He cooked the equipment.

Frustrated, Reed looks at the smoking system. And we CUT TO --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Reed and Ben sit in chairs, facing each other. A beat passes. Ben taps his fingers on the chair, making small DENTS. Reed looks down at his clipboard. A little awkward.

REED

Okay. I've uh, got some questions, from Sue. That she thought might be better coming from me... Can you, you know, go to the bathroom...like normal...

BEN

Yeah.

(a beat)

You don't wanna know the details.

REED

Ben, I'm afraid I've got to ask --

BEN

Not unless you want that clipboard stretched up your --

REED

O-kay. We'll skip that question.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Reed and Johnny now. Johnny exercises. Reed stands nearby. Clipboard in hand.

REED

Is there something about flames?
About flaming, that you --

JOHNNY

What are you trying to say? Just
because I dress well and like to dance --

REED

(confused)

What? No. I'm trying to figure out
why we each ended up with different
symptoms.

JOHNNY

Oh, well that's easy: I'm hot.
You're...well, you're a little limp.
Sue's easy to see through. And Ben's
always been a hardass.

(a beat)

Why aren't you writing this down?

Reed sighs. It's going to be a long process.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING LAB - DAY

Reed and Sue, tables turned: Reed observes her through a prismatic device measuring light refraction. He "sees" her through the device: lit up like some heavenly creature. He's having a hard time concentrating. He focuses on his work.

REED

It's not "invisibility" per se.
You're bending the light around you
with some kind of malleable force
field. That's what you projected on
the Bridge.

SUE

What about you? You haven't eaten in
days. How come you're never on this
side of the microscope?

He tightens, uncomfortable with being center of attention.
She reaches for his arm, like a specimen. He pulls away, but
she sees a glimpse of BRUISES on his ARMS. She slows down.

SUE (CONT'D)

Bruises...from the bridge?

He nods, rolls down his sleeves.

REED

Have you had any side-effects, from
your powers?

She considers. A little vulnerable.

SUE

I've had some headaches. Migraines.

A beat. Reed drops his eyes, makes a note, back to work.

REED

You should be able to bend light
around other objects, even people, if
you could control your emotional state
better --

SUE

Excuse me?

She is annoyed. Reed is oblivious.

REED

I'm saying, if you had a little more self control, you could locate the trigger. Can you remember the exact emotions when --

SUE
Anger. Rage. Frustration.

REED
Okay. Is there any way to duplicate that feeling? Some memory or...

SUE
(staring right at him)
I'm sure I can come up with something.

She looks at Reed, eyes narrow. She becomes invisible. As she focuses on Reed -- and gets angry -- a small, clear FORCE FIELD forms around her body. The force-field BENDS LIGHT around a MICROSCOPE, which goes INVISIBLE. Reed steps out to ask...

REED
How's that coming -- whoa --

The FORCE-FIELD shoots in all directions, knocking everything over in a fifteen foot radius. Reed is thrown from his chair.

SUE
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that... You must think that was some kind of latent hostility or --

REED
What in the world would give me that idea?

An awkward beat.

REED (CONT'D)
I mean, you broke up with me, right?

SUE
Are you kidding?

REED
No, I distinctly remember: you walked out my door. Ergo...

She didn't want to get into this. She looks down, vulnerable.

SUE

Reed. I was ready for the next step,
you weren't, ergo, I walked.

REED

I think it was a little more
complicated than --

SUE

I just wanted to share an apartment.
What was so complicated about that?

The question stumps him. A beat. He struggles.

REED

There were a lot of variables to
consider --

SUE

No. There weren't. There was you.
And me. No variables, no math. It
was actually the simplest thing in the
world. But your head got in the way...
like it always does.

Her words penetrate. He knows she's right. He looks away.

REED

Sue...I just...I thought...

He struggles for the words.

SUE

Same old Reed. Too much thinking...

He opens his mouth, but...WHAM! Doors open. Johnny enters,
wearing a CHARRED SHIRT. He points to the burned scraps of
his shirt.

JOHNNY

Okay guys, we have a serious problem.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING LABS - DAY

ANGLES of Reed in the lab, grabbing their space uniforms from
various closets/containers:

REED (V.O.)

Our uniforms were exposed to the storm
like us. So they can transform like
us, becoming invisible, changing size
on demand or remaining impervious to
flame.

REVEAL: Reed, Sue, and Johnny step out to look at themselves in a mirror wearing the uniforms. No boots, no gloves. Not yet. (The uniforms will develop, like our heroes).

BEN
You look like an eighties rock band.

SUE
(to Ben)
The suit will stretch. You should try it --

BEN
I wouldn't be caught dead in that.

JOHNNY
He's right. These costumes are... missing something. I can't put my finger on it --

REED
They're not costumes.

SUE
We're not taking them out. Johnny, we need to stay here till we've stabilized.

Johnny shakes his head, frustrated.

JOHNNY
I'm getting sick of being trapped here. NASA wasn't even this strict!

He marches out. Sue turns to Reed, who says nothing. Sue heads out, leaving Ben and Reed. A beat. Ben looks at Reed.

BEN
(looking at uniform)
Maybe it's missing a utility belt.

Off Reed's dark look, we hear:

VICTOR (V.O.)
So what's the prognosis?

INT. VON DOOM INDUSTRIES - VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: an X-RAY. Victor's ARM. The metallic transformation is higher now. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Victor and his DOCTOR. In the wall behind them: ancient armor (maybe we noticed it before, maybe not). It adds a little menace to the room.

DOCTOR
Your tissue, your organs, your entire
biophysical structure is changing.
Every system is still functioning,
somehow --

VICTOR
And they're changing into...

DOCTOR
I don't really know. A compound
organic-metallic alloy. Stronger than
titanium or carbon steel. Harder than
diamonds --

VICTOR
Like the shields Reed said would
protect us.
(cold fury, deadly focus)
How long?

DOCTOR
At this rate, the infection should be
complete in two, maybe three weeks --

VICTOR
What do you mean "complete"?

DOCTOR
I wish I could tell you. I can't
pretend to know what we're dealing
with here. I'll notify the CDC and --

Victor hardens, razor sharp.

VICTOR
What?

DOCTOR
The Center for Disease Control. If
this thing is contagious --

WHHM! Victor GRABS the Doctor by the throat.

VICTOR
Look at me. I have a life. I'm the
face of a billion-dollar-company... We
need to keep this confidential,
understand?

Victor's grip TIGHTENS around the man's throat.

DOCTOR
But...this disease...is progressive...
degenerative...

VICTOR
That's terrible news...

With one cobra-swift move, Victor thrusts his metallic arm into the doctor, killing him instantly. Victor retracts his arm, and looks at it, shocked by his own strength.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
...but I think I'll get a second
opinion.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A SERIES OF TIME-LAPSE SHOTS: REED works around the Baxter Building, spending hours searching for the cure. He checks charts, writes equations, paces, frustrated.

Finally, he sits at his long desk, looking at a wall where Ben's CHARTS are projected (both Ben and Thing's anatomies). Reed wears the uniform under his labcoat. He checks his equations over and over, making notes upon notes.

REED
Nothing...nothing...nothing...

He hits the end of the slides. The wall fills with white light. Frustrated, Reed SLAMS his head into his desk, CRASH! Something FALLS off the end of the desk.

Reed raises his head, revealing his flattened face. He steps over to see...a PLANT SAMPLE from space, glass box shattered. Red sparks swirl around the plant, like the cosmic storm --

REED (CONT'D)
Of course...of course...the cloud...

THE COSMIC STORM swirls, terrifying. We slowly PULL BACK TO --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - MAIN LAB - NIGHT

The STORM is a computer-image on screen now. Behind the screen are six chalkboards full of Reed's calculations and the scribbled beginnings of a MACHINE.

We PULL BACK to see his arm stretched across the room writing on the end of another chalkboard.

He's moving fast, excited, almost a little manic. He hears...a CREAK. He slows down, but doesn't look up to see

SUE enter.

SUE
What are you doing?

REED
(fast, charged)
The plants, from space. Their
particles are still charged. With the
right amount of energy, those ions
could create the elemental profile of
the cosmic storm.

He rifles through a desk drawer, then heads out. Sue stands
there, looking at the storm. Concerned. Then we CUT TO --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sue follows Reed. He flips through a file, excited.

REED
If we can build a machine to re-create
the storm, we can reverse the polarity --

SUE
(realizing)
And reverse the mutations --

REED
(talking more to himself)
Curing countless diseases, not just
ours.

She looks at him.

SUE
But we're the focus, right Reed?
Reed...?

REED
Of course. Of course.

SUE
And you sure you can control this
thing? Last time didn't work out so
well.

REED
(preoccupied, mind
spinning)
With the right energy, we can
stabilize the storm. Maybe tie into
the city grid...

He keeps his head down, making notes, entering --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Reed and Sue enter. Reed is looking for something. Sue slows down, staring at this sprawling space, jam-packed with GEAR, GADGETS, BLUEPRINTS, INVENTIONS. Awe-inspiring, overflowing.

SUE
You really need to get a janitor.

She stares at shelves upon shelves of overcrowded clutter.

SUE (CONT'D)
This must be what it looks like inside
your head.

Reed finds his electron microscope. He turns to Sue, defensive:

REED
There's a system to it.

She starts to pull out a MODEL of the FANTASTICAR.

REED (CONT'D)
Wait! Sue, don't touch tha--

The little car sets the whole shelf off balance. A WAVE OF INVENTIONS COME CLATTERING DOWN! Reed moves fast:

He LUNGES toward Sue, STREETCHING his ARMS AROUND the SHELF, pushing Sue away, just as the INVENTIONS SMASH TO THE GROUND!

Reed and Sue hit the floor. A close call. Now more closeness: Sue and Reed lay face-to-face, with Reed's wrapped around her. A heated beat. Their first real intimate moment.

SUE
Sorry. My fault. I won't...touch
anything.

As if suddenly made aware of their vulnerability, Sue and Reed stand, backing off. As they part, we see:

BEN watching from the doorway. Melancholy. He disappears. We slowly MOVE TO...A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in a VENT GRATE.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor watches a bank of videoscreens. He has the Baxter Building under surveillance. He sees Reed and Sue on monitors. He toys with Sue's diamond ring in his gloved hand.

A door opens. Leonard enters. He sees the screens.

LEONARD
Is Reed any closer to a cure?

Victor looks at that image of Reed and Sue on the screen.

VICTOR
The only thing he's closer to is
Sue...

But Victor sees something between Reed and Sue on the wall. He leans closer, and the camera ZOOMS IN, as if responding to his will. He ZOOMS all the way to a CLOSE UP of:

REED'S BLUEPRINTS FOR THE TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER. Victor's eyes narrow, mind ticking, a plan forming.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Make me a reservation for two at
Cipriani tonight.

Victor opens a drawer, pulls out an old VIDEOTAPE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
And get this over to Ben Grimm.

Victor leans forward, fixated on that machine. As he gets closer, his screens go STATICKY. He absentmindedly picks at his SCAR. In shadows, we see skin peeling off.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Close your eyes, baby. Keep 'em
closed.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

BEN GRIMM stands front and center. Not the Thing. But BEN GRIMM. A normal man. He smiles wide, shaking his head.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
You surprised?

Now we PULL BACK to reveal DEBBIE and BEN on a SCREEN. The Thing watches the old videotape. He smiles sadly at his old life. He mouths the words -- he knows this tape by heart.

BEN (ON SCREEN)
Yeah I'm surprised. Surprised the
fire department didn't shut this down.

ON SCREEN: the handheld camera whips around, revealing...a
SURPRISE PARTY. Full of people. Ben Grimm is a popular guy.
On screen: Reed hugs Ben. They pose for pictures together.

THE THING
God. I was good looking.

We hear the party sing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY." Debbie kisses Ben.
Thing's eyes start to mist. On screen: Ben blows out
candles.

DEBBIE (ON SCREEN)
What did you wish for, honey?

BEN (ON SCREEN)
I already got it. Everything I want.

As they kiss, a tear runs down Thing's cheek. The tape ends,
and he sits in darkness for a beat. A long, lonely beat.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - HALLS - NIGHT

Ben stalks the halls, slipping into his ragged trenchcoat.
As he passes a crossroads, he sees a strange sight:

REED'S HAND is TIED to a latch in the wall. His ARM is
STREEETCHED THIN, spanning around the corner. Ben just
shakes his head, keeps moving. And we FOLLOW REED'S ARM...

UP THE HALL...ROUND A CORNER...DOWN ANOTHER HALL. The
muscles and tissue STRETCH, going taut. Finally, we reach...

REED. He steps slowly. He holds a digital TAPE-MEASURE in
his other hand, measuring distance. His skin STREEETCHES.
His face tightens, pained. We hear the faint SQUEAK of his
skin.

VOICE (O.S.)
Damn, Stretch!

Reed turns his head around, seeing JOHNNY come down the hall.

JOHNNY
How far's that rubber bend?

Reed keeps moving, slowly. His muscles and tendons laboring.

REED

That's what I'm trying to calculate.
And it's not rubber. It's muscle,
tendon. I seem to have the ability to
manipulate the malleability of my
molecular structure and redistribute
my density to --

JOHNNY
Right, whatever, have fun.

And Johnny is GONE, ducking under Reed's arm into --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Johnny opens a cupboard, pulls out some JIFFY POP. It starts to POP in his hand, the bag swelling. He casually turns on a TV, flipping to...the X- GAMES. The Jiffy Pop swells, ready to blow. He rips it open, eats popcorn, and watches the games:

Cool stunts, hot girls. Johnny's brow furrows, a thought forming, a mischievous smile on his lips.

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - SIDE EXIT - NIGHT

A FIGURE exits, wearing that ragged trenchcoat and fedora. Ben disappears into the dark night, and we CUT TO --

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dark. Lights flicker. Steam rises through the grates. A shadow emerges. Ben. He heads toward O'DONNEL'S PUB, a classic Brooklyn tavern. Neon sign. Music, life inside. Ben pulls his hat low, turns up his collar, and squeezes through the door into --

INT. O'DONNEL'S PUB - NIGHT

A big photo of Ben Grimm in his astronaut heyday occupies a place over the bar. Ben enters, and the bar goes SILENT. He moves through the crowd. People clear out of the way.

Ben reaches the bar. He sits on a stool, and CRUNCH! SMASH! The stool SNAPS like a toothpick. He hits the ground hard. Glasses shake. A few PATRONS smile, laugh softly.

BEN
That's not funny!

They go silent. They drop bills onto tables, filing out, scared of this monster. ERNIE works the bar.

ERNIE

Hey, that's Ben Grimm there, the first
mook from Brooklyn to go to outer
space, so pay him some respect!

But the patrons keep filing out. Ben looks down, weary.

BEN
Ernie. Sorry for killing your
business. I'll take the usual, then
I'm out... Better make it a double.

Ernie heads for the booze. Ben gives a sad shake of his
head. Then he notices...one lone patron at the end of the
bar. A beautiful young woman nursing a drink. Meet ALICIA
MASTERS.

ALICIA
Who killed the party?

She turns to him, unafraid. He notices her blank stare, lack
of focus, and white cane. Alicia is blind.

ERNIE (O.S.)
Make it a triple. On the house,
Benny.

Ben takes his drink, but SMASH! His grip shatters the glass,
spilling all over himself. He smiles ruefully.

BEN
If there's a God, she hates me.

He grabs a bar-rag to dry off.

ALICIA
I don't think She's real big on hate.

BEN
You wouldn't say that, if you could
see me.

She knocks back her drink, grabs her cane, steps toward Ben.

ALICIA
Can I...? See you...?

Ben doesn't say anything. A little unnerved by this woman.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
It's okay, I won't bite...
(feeling his arm)
...not that I could.

She puts a hand on his face -- something in her tone and gentle touch allows Ben to let her. She smiles softly.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Such a sad face... You know, sometimes being different isn't a bad thing.

BEN
Trust me, this ain't one of those times.

She smiles softly, takes her cane, and starts to head out.

ALICIA
See you round, Benny...

Right as she hits the door, over her shoulder --

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I'm Alicia, by the way.

Ben watches her disappear. He sees a few people staring. He lowers his head, turns back to the bar, and finds a new drink, in a steel MARTINI SHAKER. He knocks it back.

EXT./INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lights twinkle. A MAITRE D' leads us through fancy digs. Heads turn, whispers flutter. SUE steps out, joining... Victor at a prime table. He pulls out her chair, wearing gloves.

VICTOR
Thank you for coming out to see me.

She nods, a little self-conscious.

SUE
You said it was urgent.

VICTOR
It is. There's something we need to talk about. Something I need to ask you...

Sue senses where this is going, and she cuts it short.

SUE
(slow, careful)
Victor, wait, slow down a second. I want you to know I appreciate everything you've done for me, but I just don't --

VICTOR

Susan. What are you doing?

He is cold as ice. If he's hurt, he'll never show it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You think I brought you here to talk about us? Please. This is business.

(leaning forward, intense)

I need to know: how close is Reed to finding to a cure?

She pauses. Then:

SUE

He's working round the clock. But the data needs to be tested, analyzed before --

VICTOR

Same old Reed. All analysis, no action. Wasn't that the problem with you two?

She holds tight, keeping cool.

SUE

If these molecules aren't stable, they could make us worse, maybe even kill us.

VICTOR

Then why is Reed dragging his feet? Maybe he likes having his prize specimen under glass...

(closer, cruel)

It's ironic, isn't it? You're finally the perfect woman for him...because you're his science project.

The words sting. She can't help but hear some truth in them.

SUE

Please don't make this personal --

VICTOR

Oh, I think you already have.

SUE

Victor, we can't do anything until the research is ready.

Victor's fist CLENCHES -- metal SFX.

VICTOR
"We," huh?

Victor SCREECHES his chair back, PUSHING the table so hard that he SPILLS water. Heads turn, all eyes on Sue. Victor gets close to her, too close, a hand on her shoulder.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Don't forget who you work for, Susan.
So get to work. And do your job.

He walks out. As he goes, he slips the engagement ring out of his pocket. He crushes the diamond to dust, leaves the dust in an ashtray, and disappears into the night.

Sue sits embarrassed. She slowly...disappears. People gasp. She walks out, invisible, save for her clothes, which DRIFT through the air. At a TABLE FULL OF BUSINESSMEN --

BUSINESSMAN
I wish my wife would disappear.

The other men laugh, but WHHM! The man's wine SPILLS into his LAP! Sue walks out. The restaurant is left buzzing. Lights twinkle. And we FADE OUT. A beat. Then we CRASH INTO --

EXT. NYC ARENA - ESPN MOTO X GAMES - DAY

The X games in full effect: A maze of mountainous dirt hills and ramps...where MOTO-BIKES launch into the air to the delight of 20,000 fans. The Riders spin and flip, performing aerial acrobatics on their 250CC motor bikes.

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have
a special guest for you... Johnny
Storm of the Fantastic Four!

JOHNNY emerges, wearing his blue uniform, waving to the crowd. He steps up to the pit where RIDERS prep. He beelines to RONNIE RENNER.

JOHNNY
Hey, Ronnie Renner! I'm a big fan.

Ronnie gives a tight nod. He doesn't like being upstaged by this circus freak.

The other bikers approach.

KENNY BARTRAM
Heard you like to ride. Wanna take
her for a spin?

He motions to his BIKE. Johnny eyes this mean machine.

RONNIE RENNER
Come on, bro. I'll teach you some
tricks...if you can keep up.

We PUSH IN on Johnny, his ego getting stoked, as we CUT TO --

INT. NYC ARENA - TRACK - DAY

Ronnie jams down the track, kicking dirt back at Johnny.
Johnny now wears a MOTOCROSS OUTFIT over his uniform, with
the number "004" on the back and a small 4 over his heart.
Ronnie hits the first hill, and CATCHES AIR, FLIPPING HIGH!

X GAMES ANNOUNCER
A rock-solid double-flip!

The CROWD goes wild. Now it's Johnny's turn. He hits the
hill and pulls the exact same move. With even more height!

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Look at that lift, ladies and
gentlemen!

Johnny sticks the landing. The crowd swells. Ronnie
tightens, pulls his throttle harder, taking the next jump,
and...MAKING AN INSANE MOVE, CORKSCREWING IN THE AIR!

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Frontside 360! He's totally flat and
whipped!

He lands clean. The crowd is ready to explode. Johnny REVS
his engine, his body starting to STEAM, adrenaline burning.
He hits the hill, and pulls an even gnarlier SPIN!

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Whoa! That's a...what is that? A
720?

Johnny lands. The crowd roars. Ronnie bears down on the
last hill. He leans over his handlebars.

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
He's going for a Kiss of Death!

Ronnie hits the hill, pulls this JAW-DROPPING DEATH-DEFYING
STUNT! The crowd is deafening! Ronnie smiles. And...

JOHNNY SPEEDS FASTER, FASTER. Trails of FLAME start to streak off his back! He RACES LIKE A ROCKET UP THE HILL! LAUNCHING TO IMPOSSIBLE HEIGHTS! SPINNING LIKE A TOP! A FLAMING BLUR!

And now for the really impressive part: Johnny's bike starts to drop, but JOHNNY KEEPS RISING! He FLAMES ON, spiraling upward! For a few seconds, he's actually...almost...flying.

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(hand over mic)
Is he.....flying?

A beat. Time suspended. And...WHHM! He PLUMMETS back down! LANDS on his bike in mid-air! And sticks a perfect landing, maybe even kicking a little dirt up at Ronnie. Johnny swerves to a stop, with a "holy shit" look on his face. What the hell just happened??

X GAMES ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Unbelievable, ladies and gentlemen!
You've just seen the first...the
first...TORCHFLIGHT! The McTORCH!

A new name is born. The crowd goes berserk. Standing ovation. Riders rush up to Johnny. Kenny sees his bike:

THE SEAT MELTED, WHEELS BURNED OFF. Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY
My bad. Sorry about that.
(a glance to Ronnie)
Thanks for the lesson, bro.

HOT GIRLS swarm. As Johnny gets swallowed by fans, we see a scary thing flicker in his eyes: the birth of a star.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sue stands alone, sifting through piles of mail. She focuses on one piece of mail that she's holding. Her hand begins to disappear and then the envelope slowly begins to disappear as well. Sue smiles at the success. Intrigued. Quiet:

SUE
That's new...

Reed enters -- overworked, unshaved. He keeps his head down, preoccupied. Sue shifts focus.

SUE (CONT'D)
Have you read these...? From all

over. People want us to fight crimes...
save their kids...solve their problems...
(no response from Reed)
...when we can't even solve our
own.

She puts the letters down, steps closer to Reed.

SUE (CONT'D)
Reed. How close are we to a cure?

REED
No way to know. Without more
tests, experiments.

She considers. Victor's words echo in her head.

SUE
We're not specimens, we're patients.
This isn't just another science
project to you, is it...?

Reed looks up, a little surprised. He opens his mouth, but --

BEN (O.S.)
NO...NO...NO FREAKIN' WAY!!

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

CRASH! BANG! Ben stalks around the room, furious. Reed and
Sue rush in.

REED
BEN! What? What's going on!?

Ben points to the wall-sized TV: the ESPN MOTO X GAMES.

X GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)
So what can you tell us about the
outfit?

REVEAL: JOHNNY standing next to an X GAMES REPORTER. He is
peeling off the burned remains of his motocross outfit,
revealing his FF UNIFORM, with a "4" STITCHED ONTO THE CHEST.

Behind them, STEP UP RIDERS launch their MOTO-BIKES off huge
18' high mountains of dirt, thirty feet in the air.

JOHNNY (ON TV)
Not too much, but I will say that it's
all weather and no leather. Kind of
Armani meets Astronaut.

Ben, Sue, and Reed stare at the wall-sized TV. Mouths agape.

SUE
He didn't.

BEN
Oh, he did.

SUE
What did he do to the uniform?!

She turns to Reed, who gives a sheepish shrug, and peels back his labcoat revealing a "4" stitched onto his chest too.

REED
He talked me into it.

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)
So what are your superhero names?

JOHNNY (ON TV)
I go by the Human Torch. The ladies call me Torch.

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)
What about the rest of the team?

Johnny hadn't really thought about them. He spitballs:

JOHNNY (ON TV)
Uh, we call my sister the invisible girl...the Invisible Girl.

SUE
Girl...?!

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)
That's easy to remember. And Reed Richards? He's the leader. So what's he? Mr. Fantastic?

JOHNNY
Well, I wouldn't say he's the leader.

Reed shrugs. He doesn't hate the name.

BEN
Could be worse.

Case in point: a photo of Ben fills the TV.

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)
What about this one? What do you call

this Thing?

Johnny smiles, looking right into camera.

JOHNNY

That's it. Just The Thing. We would have gone with The Rock, but it was taken. And "Thing" pretty much sums it up.

A LAUGH from the studio audience.

BEN

(matter-of-fact)

Okay. I'm gonna go kill him now.

He turns to go. Reed wraps an arm around Ben.

REED

Ben! Slow down a second and --

He sees a photo of himself on screen.

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)

Is it true what they say? That he can expand any part of his anatomy?

JOHNNY (ON TV)

Actually, between us, I think he's got some problems staying rigid.

REED

(finishing his thought to Ben)

...wait for me...

X-GAMES REPORTER (ON TV)

Which may explain why *this* woman's not smiling.

They put up a shot of Susan.

SUE

I'm driving.

JOHNNY (ON TV)

Dude. That's my sister.

EXT. NYC ARENA - DAY

The Thing rounds the corner. Sees a crowd of girls lined up near a red PORSCHE parked out front...with "TORCHED" on the plates. Ben slows down, smiles.

EXT. NYC ARENA - A LITTLE LATER

Johnny and the Hot Babe exit, signing autographs for girls in the line. Sue and Reed approach, glare like angry parents.

Johnny finds the Valet, who looks ill...his car is gone.

JOHNNY
(looking around)
Where's my ride?

The Valet blows his whistle...and a 4 X 4 solid cube of RED JUNK METAL slides down the street and stops at the curb in front of Johnny. The Valet timidly holds out the keys...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
What the?! Is that my --

Before he can finish, Johnny gets PELTED IN THE HEAD with the license plate. It rattles to the ground, face up.

Johnny rubs the sting out of his head. Looks up and sees Ben in the distance, dusting off his hands.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(shouting: to Ben)
You're gonna pay for that, Pebbles.
(seeing Sue)
What?!

SUE
You gave us names? What are you, the
"face" of the Fantastic Four now?

Ben marches up. Hands balled into fists.

BEN
It's about to be a broken face.

REED
This isn't permanent, Johnny. We need
to be careful until we're normal
again.

JOHNNY
What if some of us don't want to be
"normal" again? We didn't all turn
into monsters like --

Ben reels back a FIST the size of an anvil. Stops himself. Instead of attacking, he starts to walk off.

Johnny hurls a FIREBALL that SMACKS Ben in the back of the

head. Ben stops. Turns around more shocked than hurt.

BEN
Did you just --

Ben gets hit with ANOTHER FIREBALL. This time in the face.

BEN (CONT'D)
Okay, that's it, tinkerbell! You want
to fly? Fly.

Ben charges like a bull, fist cocked back, and...Reed steps
in the way! Too late! WHAMM! Ben's fist PUNCHES INTO
REED'S CHEST, which INDENTS. Reed's BACK EXPANDS with Ben's
fist, PUNCHING into Johnny, launching Johnny off his feet.

BAM! Johnny SLAMS into a moving ADVERTISING TRUCK, with a
BURGER KING flame-broiled WHOPPER on the side. WHOOSH! He
leaves a flaming imprint on the all-beef patty.

The crowd stands stunned. So do Reed and Sue. Cameras pop.

Johnny slowly pulls himself up. The paint on the truck
begins to bubble around his hand. Beaten, bruised, he
stands. Heating up. Both his hands are now flaming fists of
fury.

JOHNNY
Let's see if we can get blood from a
stone.

He and Ben lock eyes, with a block of sidewalk between them.
High Noon. They start to RUN toward each other...

When they are almost within range, Sue STEPS BETWEEN THEM,
stops them both in their tracks with just a look. Like a
mom:

SUE
You two need a time-out.

JOHNNY
Blockhead started it!

Ben just stalks off. The crowd clears, scared. A PAPARAZZI
snaps a picture. Ben GRABS his camera, and flicks the lens.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Sue looks at Johnny, more disappointed than angry.

SUE
Damn it, Johnny.

She goes after Ben, leaving Reed and Johnny on the sidewalk.

REED

You need to control yourself and think
before you --

JOHNNY

Act. Here we go again. Reed, what if
we got these gifts for a reason? What
if we have some, you know...like,
calling?

REED

A higher calling like getting girls
and making money?

Johnny nods, totally missing the sarcasm.

JOHNNY

Is there any higher?

Reed looks at him, disgusted. Johnny waves to the crowd,
hand flaming. People SHRIEK, snap pictures. Johnny smiles at
Reed.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

This is who we are Reed. Accept it.
Or better yet: enjoy it.

Johnny steps into the sea of fans. Reed stands alone.

EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY

Sue wades through the throng of New Yorkers. Tries to catch
up with Ben...whose presence parts the crowd like Moses.

SUE

Ben! Slow down...

Ben glances sideways at her, doesn't stop. She catches up.

SUE (CONT'D)

He didn't mean it. You know Johnny.
He's always been a hothead --

BEN

It's not him. It's them.
(pointing to crowd)
I can't live like this.

SUE

Just give Reed a little more time.

You know how he works -- analyzing every little step before he takes one --

BEN
It's easy for you to be patient.

SUE
No, it's not. I thought I was done waiting for Reed... We're all in this together now, Ben.

He slows down, gets closer, intense.

BEN
Together? Look at me, Susie. You got no idea what I'd give...to be invisible. Your nightmare...is my dream.

She opens her mouth, but has no response. She doesn't know his depth of pain. As he disappears into the alley, we CUT TO --

INT. INVESTMENT BANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The news plays on the TV. Head Banker Ned Cecil freezes the screen on an image of...THE THING. He turns to Victor, who sits with the rest of the bankers. Cold, sterile environment.

NED CECIL
This is how you "turn things around"? These freaks are on the front page and your company's in the obituaries.

Victor has a larger bandage on his face now.

VICTOR
I have a plan to use their publicity for --

NED CECIL
Victor, stop. The bank's lost enough already. This isn't a negotiation. It's a notification. We're pulling out.

A cold, silent beat. Victor leans forward.

VICTOR
You need to look long-term here. Without risk, there's no --

NED CECIL
Reward. We all know the sales
pitch, Vic. And frankly, we're
done buying... Gentlemen.

He motions to his men. They all stand. Victor is the lone
man sitting. PUSH IN on Victor's face, his inner rage
palpable. A few quick surges of electricity emanate from his
body. This man is getting stronger, more electric.

INT. BANK - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

After hours. The floor is slick with water -- puddles in
every direction. Ned Cecil comes out of the elevator,
heading for his car. As he goes, the structure lights start
to flicker. Ned looks up, watches the lights go out one by
one, furthest to closest. He looks around. Unnerved by the
darkness.

NED CECIL
Hello...?

A hanging beat. Victor steps out from shadows.

NED CECIL (CONT'D)
(relieved, almost)
Von Doom? Gave me a little shock. No
hard feelings, right? Nothing
personal.

Victor says nothing. Ned keeps going.

NED CECIL (CONT'D)
You know, you could always move back
to Latvura, start fresh.

He mispronounces Latveria, dripping condescension.

NED CECIL (CONT'D)
Maybe that's where you belong, back in
the "old country."

That does it. A surge of electricity courses through Victor.
His eyes narrow, and the electricity crackles down his leg to
THE GROUND. The electric spark hits the water and...

ELECTRIC CURRENTS RACE ACROSS THE GROUND, SLITHERING
LIGHTNING-FAST ACROSS THE WATER (like deadly electric
snakes), heading straight for Ned. His eyes go wide. And...

NED IS ELECTROCUTED! His body spasms. THUD! He slumps,
dead. Smoke rises from his body. Victor stands, power

swelling.

For the first time, his SCAR SPLITS OPEN, revealing a METAL GLOW beneath the skin. He remains scary calm.

VICTOR
It's pronounced Latveria.
(looking down at the dead body)
This meeting's over, Ned.

Victor walks away, the final lights going to DARKNESS.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Victor enters, still adrenalized. He turns to the light switch, and the lights come on. He approaches his screens, and the monitors flicker to life. His powers are growing.

One MONITOR rolls the news. IMAGES of the FANTASTIC FOUR. Victor leans closer, and the VOLUME automatically goes up.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
...the Fantastic Four put on quite a show last night. They landed in every major headline in the northern hemisphere. In related news...

An IMAGE of VICTOR on screen.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Reports have surfaced that Von Doom Industries may be filing for bankruptcy. You may remember that it was Victor Von Doom who...

Victor turns away from the screen. The volume goes down. He focuses his eyes on REED.

Leonard enters, stepping closer, seeing the faint flicker of VICTOR'S METALLIC SCAR. His eyes narrow, concerned.

LEONARD
Sir, is everything okay? What happened to your...?

Victor keeps his eyes on the screen, totally engrossed.

VICTOR
(under breath, seething)
Reed... He got what he wanted...
(looking at Sue)
Everything he wanted...he took from me.

He leans ever closer, so the static starts to swallow Reed.
A hard, deadly beat. Victor's eyes narrow, zooming
into...REED'S RESEARCH: SLIDES on the wall. He zooms into
key words:

DANGER, UNSTABLE IONS, MUTATION, OVERLOAD. And Victor gives
a slow, thin smile. A new plan forming.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Now I'm going to take it back. Piece
by bloody piece...

His fist clenches. We hear METALLIC SFX.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - DAY

Reed enters the room carrying a stack of boxes that no normal
man could balance. But he is not normal. His arms are
wrapped around the boxes five times over -- like human twine.
He stops short, and drops the boxes when he sees...

VICTOR overseeing a group of TECHNICIANS. They are boxing up
Reed's work -- all of his equipment, research. Victor wears
a bandage, covering his scar. Reed eyes a glint of METAL.

REED
Victor, are you...are you okay?

Victor turns away.

VICTOR
Don't worry about me. Worry about
yourself.

Reed looks around, seeing his lab turned inside out.

REED
What are you doing here?

VICTOR
What I should have done a long time
ago. Applications and patents, Reed.
This all belongs to me.

Reed reaches out, grabbing a folder from a box.

REED
But I'm not done with the machine --

VICTOR
Which is precisely the point.
Analysis is over. It's time for
action. My men could have mass-

produced this by now.

Reed shakes his head, defending himself.

REED
Mass-produced? This isn't a
toaster. You have no idea how it
works.

Victor pulls the folder from Reed's hand, and whips out the intricate DIAGRAM of the MACHINE. He points to parts:

VICTOR
Re-create the storm, invert the
polarity here, reverse the mutation
there. Don't talk to me like I'm some
schoolboy. I've got the same Phd you
do.

Reed is a little surprised that Victor is so familiar with his machine. He points to a SECURE CHAMBER on the blueprint.

REED
The storm needs to be handled exactly
right, or it could make our mutations
worse, much worse, maybe even kill
us...

Victor slows. Is Reed getting to him? Or giving him ideas?

REED (CONT'D)
Victor, please. We need time to
verify the data... We can't afford any
mistakes -- there's only enough ions
for two or three attempts.

Victor considers. He seems to enjoy watching Reed dangle.

VICTOR
Reed. I'm not asking permission.
(a final verdict)
We'll build it, while you check the
specs.

Victor walks out. Reed looks unsure, as we CUT TO --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING TRANSFORMATION LAB - DAY

The SHIELDS slowly rise. FIVE TECHNICIANS go to work. They wear the VDI jackets. Reed watches, worried.

Sue enters. She sees the shields, the technicians, the VDI logo. And she is deeply worried. She steps over to Reed.

Sparks fly behind them. Drills scream.

SUE
Can I talk to you?

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Sue steps into the office, followed by Reed. Quiet, urgent:

SUE
Don't let Victor push you into making
a mistake --

REED
He was going to take away all my data,
equipment --

SUE
Better than your life. Victor's not
the one who has to get into that
thing. We are.

Reed starts to snap, losing his studied cool.

REED
Which is why I'm working twenty hours
a day, checking every variable --

SUE
Every variable but yourself. You
don't eat, sleep. You can't live in
your head like --

REED
(finally losing it)
I'm not the only one in there. I got
you, Vic, Ben, Johnny, all rattling
around in there.

Sue stands there, shocked by his outburst. A beat.

SUE
So clear it out. Get out of your
head. Get out of here...

He looks at her, knowing what she means. Where she means.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

Ben nearly knocks people over as he stomps down the street,
mind tossing and turning. People stare, point. A LITTLE
GIRL and FRIEND run up to him.

LITTLE GIRL
Mister, Mister! Please help me! My
kitty is stuck in a tree.

She gestures to a tree next to Ben. Looks up.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Please save Miss Lucy.

Ben rolls his eyes. Looks up. Considers climbing the tree,
but thinks better of it. He has another idea...

Ben grabs the tree with one hand, and starts shaking the crap
out of it. MEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWRRRRRRR!!!!

The cat falls into frame. At the last instant, Ben sticks
out his hand and the cat lands safely in his palm. He hands
the cat to the girl. Barely acknowledges her profuse thanks.
He just moves on.

EXT. ANOTHER BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Ben passes a window in a gallery, and almost misses A LARGE
SCULPTURE of his bust.

He stops, steps back to take a look. It's exquisitely
rendered, capturing not just brute physicality, but the
haunting anguish in his eyes. Ben is amazed, and touched,
but...

BEN
(under breath)
Eyebrows are a little big...

A beat. He stares at these images of himself.

VOICE (O.S.)
I figured the only way to get you here
was to stick that in the window.

He turns to see...ALICIA in the doorway.

BEN
How'd you know it was me?

ALICIA
I'm blind, not deaf. Wanna come in?

He steps toward her. But he sees...a PARTY in the back part
of the gallery. Ben pauses, a little insecure.

BEN
I'm not really dressed for a party.

ALICIA
Relax, it's casual.

BEN
No, I mean...I'm a little...dusty...

She smiles, a thought forming, as we CUT TO --

INT. GALLERY - STUDIO - NIGHT

WHOOSH! A SCULPTOR'S HOSE sprays a thin stream of water at BEN. Alicia cleans Ben with her hands, using thin CARVING CHISELS for his cracks. Intricate, intimate work.

Ben enjoys every moment. He eyes a couple, large PUPPETS in the corner.

BEN
Those yours too?

ALICIA
My step-dad's. I'm strictly into stone. I was wondering when you'd walk by.

THE THING
You know, you could'a run an ad in the personals.

ALICIA
"Sensual blind chick seeks three-ton, rock-hard he-man for deep spiritual relationship."

THE THING
This ain't permanent. My friend Reed's working on a cure...I think.

She gets closer, running her hands across his arm.

ALICIA
Bennie. You feel pretty good as is.

Ben bristles. He doesn't want to stay this way.

THE THING
You don't know what it's like out there. Walking around like some kind of circus freak. People staring, whispering --

ALICIA

I wouldn't know anything about that.

THE THING
I mean...

ALICIA
Tell me. When you grew up in
Brooklyn, how many astronauts did you
know?
(a beat)
You went your own way then. You
didn't listen to people. So why start
now...?

As he ponders that, we hear a CROWD SWELLING on the CUT TO --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fans swarm JOHNNY. He signs autographs, poses for pictures.
Then his eyes move to...an incredibly long stretch LIMO. A
tinted window rolls down. Victor's face emerges.

VICTOR
Need a ride, Johnny?

EXT./INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Johnny climbs in, sees...three impossibly gorgeous MODELS.

VICTOR
A few fans. Hope you don't mind.

JOHNNY
Gotta take care of the fans, right?

He smiles, sitting down in the middle of them.

VICTOR
Look, I built my business knowing what
people want. And right now, the
people want you.

Johnny eyes the models, all lusting.

JOHNNY
And we don't want to let the people
down now, do we?

VICTOR
No we don't. Which is why we need
to strike while the iron's hot.
I'm talking action figures,
videogames, sponsors --

JOHNNY
Videogames? You serious?

Victor nods, knowing he has Johnny on the hook.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
You talk to Reed and Sue about this?

VICTOR
Johnny. Let's be honest here. Ben,
Reed, Sue. Good people, all. But
stars?
(shaking his head, a beat)
I don't want to break up the band, but
you're the one they want. Don't you
think it's time to go solo...?

Victor subtly nods to the models. They envelop Johnny.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Take the car for a spin. Think about
it. Is this the life you want? Or
would you rather live in Reed's
lab...?

The car stops. Victor gets out. He stands on the pavement.
As he shuts the door, we see the women climbing onto Johnny.
The door shuts, and...

WHHHMMMPF! The windows all suddenly STEAM UP!

INT. HAYDEN PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

STARS on the ceiling. A VOICE drones about the galaxy. In
the LAST ROW, we find: Reed and Sue. Reed is thinking about
work.

REED
I could get Ben to tap into the
Baxter's main power to generate enough
voltage --

SUE
Reed. Shh. Just be quiet. And look
up.

He slowly looks up. The stars seem to calm him.

SUE (CONT'D)
Remember our first date here...? God,
I was so nervous.

REED
You were?

SUE
Of course I was. I'd read all your papers on bioethics. Some of them two times just so I'd have something to say to you.

Reed smiles softly, thinking back.

REED
You know, I bribed the projectionist ten bucks to keep it open late?

SUE
I gave him twenty.

They laugh. Sue looks up to the stars. Quiet:

SUE (CONT'D)
I didn't want that night to end.

Reed looks at her. Wrestles with a decision. Then quietly:

REED
Sue, you were right. It wasn't complicated. I just wasn't ready to be...to become...
(a beat)
You can be a little intimidating.

She knows. He trails off. Sue looks at him.

REED (CONT'D)
You always talked about how you liked the kind of man who could approach you...speak his mind. One who wasn't afraid to tell you what he wanted.

SUE
I did. I did, Reed...but I wanted you to be that man.

Someone SHUSHES them. They slump down further. Closer.

SUE (CONT'D)
When I walked out, I waited ten minutes outside your door. Ten. Waiting for you to come find me.

REED
Why didn't you say something?

SUE
That would have kinda defeated the
purpose. And Reed...
(closer, emotional)
I'm saying it now.

Their eyes lock. A heated beat. No more secrets. Their
faces are close. A kiss is coming. Closer, closer. Sue
disappears.

SUE (CONT'D)
(quiet, playful)
Come find me.

Reed tentatively leans into the kiss, and...

SUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's my nose, genius... These are my
lips.

Reed's face is SQUEEZED on both sides by Sue's invisible
hands. She pulls him into a KISS. Lips touch. Soft,
tender. Stars twinkle. And we slowly DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. KIRBY GALLERY - NIGHT

Ben and Alicia step out together. The crowd quiets, turns.
A few whispers flutter. Alicia leans close to Ben, and slips
her arm into his. The party goes back to normal.

ALICIA
Look around. I'll get us drinks.
They always let blind girls cut the
line.

She walks off. He watches her go. The way her hair moves.
The lines of her neck. The light on her skin. This woman is
the most beautiful thing Ben has ever seen. He's falling
hard.

Ben steps through the crowd. The swanky guests give strained
smiles, polite. Ben is starting to feel comfortable here.
He keeps his eyes on Alicia, who talks to guests.

Ben hangs back, happy to watch her. A few patrons pass him,
thinking he's just an inanimate statue.

PATRON
I don't know about this one. It lacks
a certain...realism.

Ben keeps his eyes on Alicia. He overhears two BOHEMIAN

GIRLS, who assume he's a statue.

BOHEMIAN GIRL #1
She's always had a thing for runaways
and strays, but this is ridiculous.

BOHEMIAN GIRL #2
I know. Did she really think these
sculptures would sell?

BOHEMIAN GIRL #1
Like anybody would want this thing in
their house. That girl's a one-woman
charity.

Ben just stands there, frozen. His eyes dart around the room, paranoid now. Aware of people staring, laughing. He glances at Alicia, who giggles at something else. Ten seconds ago, this would have been dreamy. Now it's damning.

We stay with Alicia, who cuts through the crowd, emerging where she left Ben. She has a PITCHER of wine in hand for him. But Ben is gone. She looks disappointed, hearing his heavy FOOTSTEPS get softer and softer in the distance.

THUNDER booms on the CUT TO --

EXT./INT. DINER - NIGHT

A pitstop in Queens. Heavy RAIN swims down windows. BEN sits at the COUNTER, with his hat pulled low, coat tight. Nobody sits within four chairs of him. He sips coffee in a metal bowl. A long beat. Then...

VICTOR (O.S.)
This seat taken?

Ben turns to see...VICTOR.

BEN
What are you doing here?

VICTOR
I'm worried about you.

BEN
About me? How sweet.

VICTOR
Come on. Let me buy you something to eat. Looks like you could use the company.

Ben considers. A man deeply alone. A beat.

INT. DINER - LATER

Victor and Ben sit in a window booth. A waitress sets a foothigh stack of pancakes in front of Ben, removes huge plates he's just cleared. Victor's aware of the other customers in the diner staring at Ben. Ben burps: it rattles the plates.

THE THING

'Scuse me.

VICTOR

I know it can't be easy. Life hasn't changed that much for Reed, Sue and Johnny. At least they can go out in public. But for you? People staring. Whispering behind your back...

THE THING

If you're trying to cheer me up you're doing a helluva job --

VICTOR

I'm just saying, I know what it's like to lose something you love. To see it slip away, and know it's never coming back.

The Thing shoves a huge piece of pie in his mouth.

THE THING

Reed's gonna fix me up --

VICTOR

For your sake I hope you're right. I'm sorry if that sounds a little skeptical.

THE THING

Skeptical...?

Ben doesn't trust him. But Victor is hitting pressure points.

VICTOR

Look, he's a brilliant man, we should trust he's working as hard as he can. You're his best friend. So what possible reason could he have for taking his time?

(a beat)

I mean, other than getting close to

Sue?

Off The Thing: a seed of doubt has been planted. He can't help but find truth in the words. And we CUT TO --

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - NIGHT

Reed and Sue return, laughing quietly, bodies close. Reed turns on the lights, and they flinch when they see...BEN. He sits waiting, scowling. They stop laughing immediately.

BEN

Yeah, I have that effect on people.

The construction of the TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER is complete. The Technicians are gone now.

REED

Ben --

BEN

Oh, you remember my name do you? You happen to remember what you swore to do with every breath in your body?

REED

We're working as hard as we can --

BEN

Yeah. I can tell. Victor was right.

He motions to Reed and Sue together.

REED

Come on, this is nothing.

Sue looks a little hurt.

BEN

Glad "nothing" could take you away from your work.

REED

Ben, I don't know if this thing'll change us back or make us worse. I need you to be patient for a little while longer--

He POKES his finger into Reed's chest, which INDENTS around it like the Pillsbury Doughboy. Ben pushes Reed back. Hard.

BEN

Look at me, Reed. Look at me!

He grabs Reed's face, his fingers INDENTING the skin. He THROWS Reed back. Reed slams down to the ground.

REED

I am looking. That's why I can't make a mistake! I've got to get it right, and it's not right yet! We need to test this.

Ben shakes his head, looking down at Reed.

BEN

I spent my whole life protecting you, from the schoolyard to the stars. For what? So you could play Twister with your girlfriend while I'm the freak of the week?

Reed tries to stand, but Ben KNOCKS him back. Reed slams into the wall, and stays down this time.

SUE

Ben! Stop it! Or I'll stop it.

She starts to raise her hands to throw force-fields.

BEN

Stay out of this Susie.

As Ben turns to her, Reed takes this opportunity to WRAP Ben up like a python. They struggle. Ben runs back into a wall to shake Reed. Their faces are close, heated.

BEN (CONT'D)

Good thing you're flexible enough to watch your own back. 'Cause you're on your own now.

Ben seems to relax and Reed lets go. Ben walks out. Sue comes to Reed's side. He's bleeding.

REED

I'm OK. Just go, go after him. Stop him.

She heads out. Reed slowly stands. He looks at the transformation machine. It's not ready. But...Reed steps toward it. As he walks, his image goes grainy in --

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor gets closer to his screens, watching Reed's every

step. This is what Victor has been waiting for. His screens flicker with static -- he's too close, but he can't pull back. He sees: REED TURNS ON THE MACHINE. Hits a countdown. And he grabs his UNIFORM...

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sue hustles down the long hall. Ben turns a corner, passing the elevators, heading toward a FREIGHT ELEVATOR. She gets there too late. Doors close, going down.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ben pounds across the lobby. He sees Johnny coming in.

JOHNNY
Christmas come early! Check it out!

He holds up an ACTION FIGURE of BEN: a horribly bloated body topped by a tiny pinhead. Johnny pushes a button and --

BEN ACTION FIGURE
IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

WITH ONE ARM, Ben shoves Johnny into a wall. With his other hand, Ben grabs the toy and SMASHES it into the wall, inches from Johnny's head. The toy lodges into the plaster.

JOHNNY
Hey! That's a prototype!

BEN
Go back to the drawing board.

He strides away.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

DING. Sue speeds out of the elevator. No sign of Ben. She runs into...JOHNNY who shakes off the encounter.

SUE
Johnny? Did you see Ben?

JOHNNY
Yeah, for the last time, I hope. I'm done with this freak show. I'm moving back to the real world.

SUE
Is that what you call it? "Real"?

JOHNNY

At least it beats living in a lab like
somebody's science project.

This hits home. Sue is quiet. Johnny turns to go.

SUE
Johnny, slow down. Think. You know
mom didn't raise us to --

JOHNNY
Look around, sis! She's not here. So
you can stop talking to me like I'm
your little boy --

SUE
As soon as you stop acting like one.
Come on, you're smarter than this.
You think those people out there care
about you? You're just a fad to them.

He pulls away from her, taking a step out the door.

JOHNNY
Let's try something new: you live
your life. And I'll live mine.
(beat)
And just for the record: they LOVE
me.

He strides into the night, leaving Sue alone. A dark night.
The Fantastic Four is no more. The family is split apart.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - NIGHT

The transformation chamber is up and running. Numbers count
down. The storm swirls in the chamber. Reed now wears the
UNIFORM. He opens the door:

HE'S GOING TO USE IT ON HIMSELF. HE IS FINALLY TAKING
ACTION.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor sits enthralled. He leans forward, breathless.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - NIGHT

Reed gets closer. His heart races. So does Victor's. A
moment of truth for both of them. REED STEPS INTO THE
MACHINE.

Reed looks up at the cosmic storm. He opens his arms, ready
to risk his life. And...WHHHH! He JOLTS in JUMP-CUT-MOTION,

RECONFIGURING, JERKING out of control, and we CUT TO --

VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

His screens GO BLACK. He looks out the window to see...a flash atop the BAXTER BUILDING. The tip of the Baxter glows. The rest of its lights GO OUT, FLICKERING in a power surge.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lights go haywire. Sue knows immediately...

SUE
Oh god, Reed.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - NIGHT

Lights flicker in darkness. The door rips open. Sue lunges inside. She sees through smoke and sparks...REED sways in the chamber. A beat. Did it work? Then...

Reed SLUMPS TO THE GROUND. His eyes flutter back. Dead...? His body is warped, twisted -- one half remains tense, hard, while the other half is loose, soft, almost *melted*.

SUE
What did you do, Reed? What did you do?

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor watches every second on his monitors.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - TRANSFORMATION LAB - NIGHT

Sue struggles to lift Reed -- half of his body is STRETCHED OUT, devoid of any semblance of bone structure. One side of his face looks like it's MELTING OFF.

REED
I can...make it work.

SUE
Reed, stop, you need to rest your --

REED
The power...I need...more power...to control...the storm --

SUE
You need a doctor.

Reed loses consciousness. Sue carries him out.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor watches, his eyes narrow, looking at his hands.

VICTOR
More power...?

He reaches out for his phone, and...his SPEAKERPHONE
AUTOMATICALLY TURNS ON. His powers growing.

VICTOR (TO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Leonard. Bring me our lab rat.

EXT. UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ben sits alone, looking at city lights. A man without a home. Without a family. A hard beat. HEADLIGHTS slash across Ben. He slowly turns, blinded in the lights of...a LIMO.

LEONARD
Ben! They need you back at the Baxter building. It's...Reed.

Ben considers. Despite it all, he's a good friend. And a good man. As he gets into the car, we hear THROBBING MUSIC IN --

INT. MANHATTAN NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC and PULSATING LIGHTS. A young crowd dances and grinds to the beat. Among the colorful lights, STREAKS OF FLAME swirl around the ceiling. We follow them to:

A BALCONY, where we see JOHNNY sitting in a cozy VIP section. He's surrounded by "groupies" climbing over each other to get a look at his various parlour tricks.

He leans closer to a YOUNG WOMAN. Closer. Candles around them start to melt. Beads of sweat drip down her face.

JOHNNY
What do you say we get out of here?

She pauses. And...a very LARGE MAN steps up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
This your boyfriend?

The Boyfriend doesn't look too happy.

BOYFRIEND

Is that all you do? Bar tricks and
stealing chicks...

Johnny does one more trick...taps the guy's drink...igniting
it into a burst of flame. The Boyfriend drops the glass,
which SMASHES on the ground...catches the floor on fire.

The boyfriend quickly moves in and stamps it out.

GIRLFRIEND

What are you doing?! You could have
burned somebody!

The boyfriend takes his girlfriend's hand, they start to walk
off. She turns back for one last comment...

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

You know, if I had your power I'd be
doing something with it, not wasting
my time doing cheap bar tricks,
hitting on some other guy's girl.

Johnny looks a little embarrassed. The couple leaves.
Johnny glances around. His FANS look down, away. He sees
how quickly they can turn. The crowd parts slightly. He
looks very alone.

INT. TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Leonard leads The Thing inside. The ominous chamber sits
with its door open. Victor enters from the control station.

VICTOR

Ben, come in.

BEN

What is this? Where's Reed?

VICTOR

Where do you think? With Sue.

Ben looks at the flickering lights. Suspicious. Victor
turns to Leonard, who looks a little scared by this dark
room.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I'll take it from here, Leonard.

Leonard nods, all too eager to get the hell out of here.

LEONARD
Yes sir.

Leonard disappears fast, as Victor turns back to Ben.

BEN
What do you want, Vic?

VICTOR
To help you. I've run every test
known to man. And they all yield the
same result: the machine is ready.

Ben shakes his head, wanting to believe, but...

BEN
Reed said it'd be weeks till --

VICTOR
He also said we'd avoid that storm in
space. And we know how that turned
out.

Ben nods. Reed was wrong before. Ben gets closer to the
machine, drawn to it. He wants to believe, so badly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
He couldn't generate enough power for
the machine to reach critical mass.
Yet another mistake for "Mr.
Fantastic."

BEN
And you can? Power it up?

Victor stands in shadows, but we see the tiniest little SPARK
around him. The lights...? Or his skin...?

VICTOR
Yes. I've found a new energy source.

He keeps his arm behind his back -- his fingertips course
with ELECTRICITY. It starts to build, sparking up his arm.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Tell me...do you want to be Ben Grimm
again?

Ben keeps his eyes on the machine. His dream is alive.

BEN
Let's do it.

INT. TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

The chamber doors open. Thing enters. He looks around this sterile box. An animal in a cage. Victor pushes a control; the doors of the chamber slowly close and seal. Thing shuts his eyes. He just wants to be Ben again.

FROM THE CONTROLS: Victor initiates the transformation sequence. As lights go on inside the chamber, they dim in the lab. Energy pumps into the chamber. The storm swirls faster. Lights flicker...there's not enough power, until --

-- Victor walks over...grabs hold of the machine with both hands...and WHHHM! A countdown begins in the control panels.

SLOW MOVE IN on the chamber, The Thing's face in the window. The chamber activates. The storm strikes hard.

The Thing opens his mouth, a beat, then he screams in agony. Struggling violently inside. To escape? Extend the moment: Condensation obscures the chamber window: The Thing vanishes.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city lights fill the sky, and give it a quiet, eerie glow. Suddenly, a BRIGHT FLASH emerges from the window of the Baxter Building. The rest of the city lights dim slightly.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Reed lies in bed, weak, recuperating. When the power surges, we MOVE in on him: he looks up in alarm, knowing that someone's using the chamber. He starts to get out of bed, straining to stand with every muscle left in his body.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - SAME TIME

Sue sifts through a cabinet full of medications. The lights dim. Power failure. She looks up...

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Johnny walks alone. A WAVE OF LIGHT spreads through the sky. He looks up. His eyes adjust to the blast, as he realizes where it's coming from. He starts RUNNING toward the Baxter.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - REVERSION LAB - NIGHT

INSIDE THE MACHINE, the RED CLOUD swirls with debris, crackling with light. The chamber rattles dangerously, as the power seems to SHAKE the very foundation of the building.

And then it's over. The light dies down...somewhat. It still pulses along with the chamber. The chamber door SLIDES OPEN.

Beat. And...BEN GRIMM steps out. Not The Thing. No more rocks. BEN GRIMM. Naked, tired, but finally A NORMAL MAN.

He slips on his trench-coat -- now way too large. He collapses. He stares at his hands, his arms...it worked.

BEN
Oh my God... Th-thank you. THANK
YOU...VIC?!

Ben sees a SPARK in shadows. That spark is...

VICTOR'S ARM. Victor steps forward, and reveals himself to Ben: ELECTRICITY PUMPS THROUGH HIS BODY. His skin is part flesh, part metal. Cheekbone exposed, steel tissue.

HE IS DOOM.

BEN (CONT'D)
Vic... What the...?

DOOM
Everyone thought I was safe behind
those shields...

BEN
Victor, the machine worked for me. It
can work for you --

DOOM
It did, Ben. It worked perfectly.

Ben starts to realize...

BEN
You planned this...?

Doom smiles, reaches out his hand -- ELECTRICITY builds from his shoulders, coursing down his arms to his fingertips.

DOOM
I've always wanted power. Now I've
got an unlimited supply...

BEN
And no Thing to stand in your way.

DOOM smiles, nods, stronger than Ben now.

DOOM

Take a good look, Ben. This is what a man looks like who embraces his destiny.

Doom clenches his fist and BLASTS Ben, sending him flying backwards across the room -- knocked unconscious.

DOOM (CONT'D)

One down, three to go.

Suddenly, WHOOSH! The lab door flies open. Reed enters. Doom steps back into the shadows.

DOOM (CONT'D)

Right on cue.

Reed's eyes go wide. He sees Ben crumpled in the corner.

REED

Oh god Ben. Are you okay?
(amazed)
You did it, you really did it...

DOOM

No, Reed. I did.

Reed slowly turns to see...DOOM. His body, his face.

REED

Victor...? What, what happened to you? What did you do to your --

DOOM

Exactly what I said I would: I built a better, stronger being. And outsmarted the great Reed Richards --

REED

Victor, this isn't the way to --

DOOM

(a dark smile)
You always know best. So tell me. What happens when you superheat rubber?

Doom BLASTS an electrical BOLT at Reed, KNOCKING Reed through the huge window! Reed's body RUBBER-BANDS from the blast.

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - NIGHT

Reed SLINKIES down the face of the building, skin rippling.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - REVERSION LAB - NIGHT

Doom looks out the window, smiling at his old friend's fall.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

DING! The elevator opens. Doom strides out. He passes our friend O'HOOLIHAN, who looks scared.

O'HOOLIHAN
Mr. Von Doom? Are you oka--

Doom casually SWIPES, sending him through revolving doors.

DOOM
Never better, Jimmy. And it's Doctor
Doom now.

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING - NIGHT

Reed MELTS down the sides of an AWNING, like a Salvador Dali watch. He tries to GRAB HOLD of window ledges, but he can't get a grip. His ARM streeetches, and SNAP! He falls like a SLINKY, out of control. Half his body loose, half hard.

He drips to the sidewalk, where...Doom steps out. He catches Reed's face, holds it close.

DOOM
Why the long face?

Doom whips Reed into the night. As Doom turns, people cower, horrified by his face. They clear out, and...

Doom sees his REFLECTION in a window: scarred skin, metallic veins. A monster. Infuriated, he SHATTERS the window with an iron fist, and bounds into the night.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - LATER - NIGHT

Smoke billows, windows are shattered. Sue races inside, seeing Doom's devastation. Silence, deadly silence. Then...she sees a pile of WRECKAGE shift. BEN crawls out.

SUE
Ben?!

She helps him out of the rubble. He is beaten, battered.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Sue!

Johnny comes running in. He sees the wreckage.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, sis, for leaving you guys --

SUE
No, I'm sorry, for pushing you out.

He nods. A beat between them. He looks around, sees Ben.

JOHNNY
Jesus, Ben!
(eyeing him)
I go away, look what happens. You got
a lot of explaining to do.

He motions to the wreckage.

BEN
(struggling, weak)
The machine works. And Vic's gone
Mister Hyde on us --

JOHNNY
Really? With a name like Von Doom?
Never saw that one coming.

Sue looks around. Only one question. Dead serious:

SUE
Where is Reed?

BEN
Victor must've taken him.

INT. VON DOOM - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Doom sits at the head of the table in an eerie parallel to the opening scene. Those mysterious CRATES loom in shadows. He wears a green HOOD, and METAL MASK over his scarred face.

Doom's eyes turn toward...the other end of the table.

DOOM
Chemistry 101, Part Two. What
happens to rubber when it's super-
cooled?

We now see what he sees: Reed sits in a chair with TUBES INJECTED into his skin FREEZING HIM SOLID! Ultra-cold vapor coats him. Doom steps closer, a sadistic smile.

Reed tries to move but can't even ball his hand into a fist.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Allow me.

He PRESSES DOWN on one of Reed's fingers, which makes a horrific CRACKING SOUND. Reed's face twists with pain.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Painful...?

Doom seems to enjoy every CRACK. He leans closer.

DOOM (CONT'D)
You don't know the meaning of the word.

Doom lets up on Reed and reaches into a crate, and pulls out a military-issue ROCKET-LAUNCHER. He aims at the city skyline, locking onto his target: JOHNNY STORM.

DOOM (CONT'D)
But you will.

Johnny's HEAT SIGNATURE glows. The screen flashes: TARGET ACQUIRED. Doom looks back at Reed, his launcher aimed casually over his shoulder.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Flame off.

BOOOOM! He fires without looking! A MISSILE blasts into the sky. THE MISSILE LIGHTS UP THE DARK NIGHT beginning its wide turn towards its target.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING

Johnny, Ben, and Sue hear the missile being fired and turn to the window -- it BANKS, coming STRAIGHT for them. They move to --

EXT. BAXTER BUILDING BALCONY - NIGHT

Johnny rushes toward the edge, to get a good look at the missile streaking closer. As he moves, the missile SHIFTS slightly with HIS MOTION! His eyes narrow, thinking.

He FLAMES ON a HAND. He waves his flaming hand, and the MISSILE locks onto the fire! Johnny darkens, realizing...

JOHNNY
Great. Heat-seeker.

His mind races. He makes a decision, and steps up onto the ledge, hundreds of feet above the street.

SUE
What are you doing --

JOHNNY
Sis. Let me take care of you for once.

SUE
But Johnny...you can't fly.

Johnny considers, a half-beat. He looks out. Under breath:

JOHNNY
Well then this'll be one hell of a basejump.

Sue reaches out to stop him, but Johnny DIVES HEROICALLY OFF THE EDGE! He FLAMES ON! The missile follows his arc. As he drops, his clothes BURN OFF, revealing his UNIFORM.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Come on...come on...come on...

He falls lower, lower. And...he...BANKS! SWOOPS UP! FLYING!

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
FLAME ON.

Sue watches, with fear, and a hint of pride.

BEN
We need to help Reed --

Sue shakes her head, sympathetic.

SUE
Ben, you got what we all wanted.
You need to stay here. It's too dangerous.

She heads off. Ben watches her go, helpless.

INT. BAXTER BUILDING - REVERSION LAB - NIGHT

Ben steps back into this ravaged room. Through the shattered window, he sees Johnny's FLAMES streaking away. A hard beat.

BEN

What...what have I done?

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Johnny zigs and zags, but the missile takes every twist and turn, gaining on him, bearing down. Cars slow, stop. More people look up, scared, pointing at this stunning sight.

INT. VON DOOM CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Eerily silent. Reed tries to move, but he is FROZEN. He hears a footstep. But the room is EMPTY. No sign of Doom even. A beat. He hears a CREAK. Another CREAK, closer. And...

A FREEZING TUBE starts to SHIFT. It goes taut, clearly being manipulated by a hand -- an *INVISIBLE HAND*. Sue APPEARS next to Reed, tube in hand. She tries to stay calm.

SUE
What has he done to you?

Reed's eyes shift to see...Doom emerge from the darkness.

DOOM (O.S.)
How romantic.

SUE
Victor, please --

DOOM
It's Doctor Doom to you.

He steps closer. Electrodes course over his metal skin.

SUE
We know the machine works. It worked on Ben, it'll work on you. We can turn you back --

DOOM
Do you really think fate turned us into gods so we could refuse these gifts?

She hardens, a little force field starts to emanate from her.

SUE
Victor. You always thought you were god.

Doom has a hand behind his back, generating an energy blast.

DOOM
Sue please, let's not fight.

SUE
No, Victor... Let's.

She HURLS a force-field at him. It CONNECTS, KNOCKING him back a half-step. But he simply shakes it off, and steps up. Too powerful. He smiles. His arms CRACKLE with electricity.

DOOM
Susan..... You're fired.

BOOM! He FIRES an ELECTRIC SHOCKWAVE that LAUNCHES her back. She spirals through the air, crashing into the wall, THUDDING to the floor. As Doom stalks closer, Sue gathers her strength to...GO INVISIBLE.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Marco...

A hanging beat. We see: a FAINT OUTLINE of Sue behind him.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Polo.

He SPINS, GRABS her! Doom grips her neck, SLAMMING her to the ground beside Reed. She lays there, beaten, visible.

In the distance behind Doom, city lights BLINK, fading in and out. Lights flutter softly here (like when Ben went through the machine). Reed looks up. Could it be...?

EXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT

Johnny jets over the water with the missile only twenty feet behind him. He's running out of options, when he spots:

A GARBAGE BARGE floating in the water ahead. Thinking fast, Johnny does a fly-by and HURLS a fireball at the barge. VWOOSH! The flames ignite and spread quickly.

He loops back toward the flaming barge as the missile closes in on him. Fifteen feet...ten... Just as it's about to hit --

JOHNNY FLAMES OFF and falls toward the water. As he tumbles through the air, we CUT BACK TO --

INT. VON DOOM CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

From their vantage point, they see the missile explode. Flames dance. Sue's eyes darken, as Doom grips her neck.

Reed tries desperately to move, but he is FROZEN. It takes every last ounce of strength to lift one finger, which makes a CRACCCKKKKING sound.

DOOM
One more down. Now it's just the scientist and his specimen.

Sue and Reed lock eyes. Reed tries to move his mouth. He has something to tell her, struggling just to move his lips and get the words out.

REED
Sue. The only thing I ever knew without thinking was...
(his lips fully freezing)
I...love...

He starts to say "you," but his lips FREEZE, mid-word. Sue whispers to him:

SUE
Me too, Reed.

Doom steps toward Sue, about to deliver the final blow.

DOOM
(quiet, cruel)
And so four became none. It's my time now.

BOOOOM! An elevator DOOR FLIES INTO THE ROOM! SMASH!

VOICE (O.S.)
Actually, Vic...

Reed recognizes the voice. So do we. Doom turns to see...

BEN GRIMM, AKA THE THING. Back in rocky, fighting form.

BEN
IT'S CLOBBERING TIME!

Doom turns, just as --

BAM! Ben HITS Doom harder than any living thing has ever been hit. The force sends Doom back through the air, toward the far wall, where he SMASHES into the massive "V" sculpture. It SNAPS, crashing onto him. A few sparks. Then nothing.

Nothing at all. No more movement. Doom is dead.

Ben turns to Reed.

BEN (CONT'D)
Damn, I've been wanting to do that.

Reed manages the thinnest smile as Ben starts disconnecting the tubes from Reed.

BEN (CONT'D)
(Reed's words)
Victor's "not that bad," huh? Just "a little larger than life"? Maybe you'll listen to me next time before --

WHMM! The WRECKAGE shifts. They turn to see...Doom EMERGES. He stands, power coursing. And he CHARGES at Ben! Ben charges back. And these two behemoths...

SLAM INTO EACH OTHER, CRASHING THROUGH GLASS, INTO THIN AIR!!

EXT. VON DOOM BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Doom and Ben PLUMMET, wrestling in mid-air. On the ground, PEOPLE scream and duck for cover. Doom and Ben SMASH through the large GLASS roof of a lower building across the street.

INT. HOTEL - INDOOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

BOOOOM! Doom and Ben, locked in combat, drop through the glass, landing in a large HOTEL POOL. People scream, run.

INT. HOTEL - INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

UNDERWATER: Doom and Ben LAND HARD. Their combined weight CRACKS the floor of the pool. A YOUNG BOY watches underwater through his MASK. Doom and Ben square off, but...

The CRACKS OPEN WIDER! And they're PULLED toward the HOLE! WHOOSH! The water is all sucked out of the hole. The boy holds tight to a ladder, as Ben and Doom crash down to --

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A HOTEL GUEST sees water FLOOD into the hall. Roaring rapids head straight for him. He jams his key into the lock, turning desperately, just barely leaping out of the way as the wave carrying BEN and DOOM SMASHES through a window to --

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

SMASH! Ben and Doom fly out the window, thrashing in the TEN THOUSAND-GALLON WATERFALL TO --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! Water floods the street. Doom and Ben land in a large GARBAGE TRUCK. The truck rocks back and forth, DENTING from the inside. Grunts, growls.

CRASH! The truck suddenly STOPS. COP CARS SPEED CLOSER, sirens screaming. And --

BOOM, A HUGE SHAPE explodes from the truck. SMASH! Ben lands on a CAR filled with two OLD LADIES -- his head cracks the WINDSHIELD. Doom steps out of the garbage truck, water flooding the street around him. COP CARS converge on Doom.

Doom turns his attention to the cops. His limbs SPARK with electricity, ready to fire at the cars.

EXT./INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ben sees the cops and Doom. He knows the cops are dead meat. He turns to the OLD LADY in the driver's seat.

BEN
Excuse me, Maam. Can I borrow your car?

She nods and quickly gets out, shaking.

OLD LADY
The clutch sticks a little.

BEN
Not gonna be a problem.

Ben LIFTS the car and THROWS it at Doom. WHMM! It FLIES through the air, and WHAM! Hits hard, knocking Doom back twenty feet! As Doom FLIES back, a BUS enters frame, and --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

BOOM! Doom SMASHES into the OUT OF SERVICE BUS! CRASH! Windows shatter. The bus SLAMS into an ELECTRICITY POLE, snapping the pole. Doom steps out, unharmed.

Ben CHARGES toward him. Doom grabs the broken ELECTRICITY POLE, FLIPS it into his hand, and wields the pole like a giant STUN-GUN! Electric sparks FLY through the air into --

BEN! The BLAST of VOLTS launches him off his feet! He goes FLYING backward, ELECTROCUTED in mid-flight, and --

WHOOMPF! Ben LANDS HARD, face down, CRATERING the street! Water rushes into the crater. Ben lays there, incapacitated.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - SAME TIME

On the street, cars SCREAM to stops, people GASP. Doom strides up to Ben, and raises the ELECTRICITY POLE for the death-blow. Currents surge. Right before he swings down --

VOICE (O.S.)
I can't let you do that.

Simple, strong. Doom turns to see...REED. Alone. Bruised and battered. Slowly stepping toward him. Doom smiles.

DOOM
And you can't stop me.

He turns back to Ben, raises the pole, but...he CAN'T SWING DOWN! Something is HOLDING the pole in mid-air.

Something invisible.

DOOM (CONT'D)
Hello Susan.

She turns VISIBLE, holding back the pole with a FORCEFIELD. Using her power, she FLINGS the pole from Doom's grip. It skids along the street. Reed helps Ben to his feet.

Doom turns to these three wounded soldiers.

DOOM (CONT'D)
What is this? The pitiful three?

Doom steps toward them, but --

VOICE (O.S.)
Four.

WHOOOSH! Johnny SWOOPS DOWN, hurling a FIREBALL like a flamethrower, KNOCKING Doom back.

Johnny takes his place alongside the others. *The four of them stand as one.* Johnny turns to Thing.

JOHNNY
Had a little relapse, huh?

Thing starts to retort, but Johnny gives a warm smile.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Welcome back.

They turn to Doom, who stands with metal skin slightly singed and melted, making him look all the more menacing.

DOOM

This is going to be fun.

Electricity starts to course through his body. He stands at the foot of the crater Ben made. He THRUSTS down, grabbing a thick POWER CABLE, RIPPING it out of the street!

He SNAPS the cable into two snaking, lashing strips. He holds tight, ABSORBING the power. Lights FLICKER and DIM in buildings around him. Windows BLOW! Doom GLOWS, amped up.

He LETS GO of the cables! The two deadly wires SNAKE out of control! PEDESTRIANS scatter, panic. Reed sees the wires SLASHING through the air. He makes a move:

Reed STREEETCHES HIS ARMS, reaching for the deadly cables.

Doom FIRES superpowered ENERGY BOLTS. The electric charges surge through the air toward the Fantastic Four, but --

Sue TOSSES her FORCE-FIELDS, exploding Doom's blasts in mid-flight. She keeps her hands up, BLOCKING blows like a prize fighter. One of Doom's BOLTS glances off her force-field and --

SMASHES into a concrete stanchion of a BUILDING! The pillar starts to crumble, with PEOPLE huddled under the overhang! They're about to be CRUSHED by the falling concrete! But --

Suddenly, the concrete roof HOLDS STEADY...because...BEN is holding it up! He stands beside the stanchion, like Atlas holding the world. People run out, safe.

ON THE STREET: Reed finally grabs both ends of the wire.

REED

JOHNNY! SPOT-WELD!

Johnny FLIES toward him, and uses his flames to WELD the wires back together. Sparks fly. The cables start to FUSE.

Doom keeps FIRING. Sue struggles with her force-fields. The impact is too much. Her nose starts to bleed.

SUE

Can't...hold...on...

Doom smiles. Reed sees her. She is about to drop her hands, vulnerable, but.....REED STRETCHES HIS WHOLE BODY!

He EXPANDS himself across the street, and GRABS a TREE, so he forms a WALL between Sue and Doom.

Doom keeps FIRING his bolts. They SLAM into Reed's body, RUBBERBAND his skin, and DISTEND OUT his back without breaking. He strains, agonizing.

REED
Johnny. SUPERNOVA.

JOHNNY
But all these people...

REED
Now.

Johnny charges toward Doom -- flames on his body starting build to a blinding white intensity, ENGULFING everything. Johnny GRABS DOOM.

THING
(quiet, smiling)
Flame on, kid.

FLASH! Johnny explodes in a PULSE of BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT, which starts to HEAT UP everything surrounding it. Reed doesn't miss a beat. He's in total command now.

REED
Sue, I need some of that anger, rage, frustration --

SUE
(looking at Doom)
I'm sure I can come up with something.

She concentrates. She sees Johnny holding onto Doom -- and the GROWING HEAT and LIGHT.

Sue shuts her eyes. A GIANT FORCE FIELD EXPLODES FROM HER BODY. A massive WAVE OF ENERGY. It SWOOPS past a car, which WARPS, MELTS (half the car is not inside the force-field).

Thing turns to the crowd, extending his arm, blocking them. Sue's force-field ENVELOPS JOHNNY'S SUPERNOVA, containing it in a BRIGHT SPHERE OF ENERGY. The light increases, to the point that it's blinding. People look away.

Finally, Johnny's supernova fades. He collapses to the ground, exhausted, smoking. Sue exhales and falls to her knees. Her force field fades. The light flickers out. As everyone's eyes adjust, we hear...THUD. THUD. And --

DOOM steps through the smoke. Unharmred. His metallic body GLOWS WHITE, TRAILING MOLTEN METAL. Sue, Ben, Johnny look devastated. They can't beat him. He looks at Reed.

DOOM
Is that the best you can do...? A
little heat...?

Reed stays perfectly calm. He shakes his head.

REED
Time for your lesson, Vic. Chem 101:
what happens when you supercool hot
metal...?
(to Ben)
Ben...

BEN
Got it, teach.

He KICKS OPEN the FIRE HYDRANT. The water GEYSERS UP! Ben kicks down with his foot, deflecting the water so it sprays toward Reed, who...TWISTS HIS TORSO so...

The water CURLS around his chest, RACES down his arms, and SHOOTS right off his wrists toward Doom!

DOOM
No.

Doom RUSHES TOWARD Reed, but the WATER FLIES OUT, DOUSING DOOM. GIANT CLOUDS OF STEAM fill the air from the cooling metal. DOOM screams. His shrieks finally fade to SILENCE.

The water stops, thick steam clouds roll, completely obscuring Doom from view. A beat. The steam clears to reveal:

DOOM. A true statue now -- a hard, cold solid piece of METAL. Frozen forever. Reed, Sue, Ben, and Johnny -- *The Fantastic Four* -- exhale. They stand as one, in roiling smoke. A beat.

JOHNNY
Damn, I love this job.

Reed and Sue slowly lock eyes, thinking the same thing.

BEN
Job, huh...?

Will they accept their mantle? Reed shrugs.

REED

Well, we do have the suits...

They give weary smiles. A team. Sue gets close to Reed.

SUE

You know, about what we said up there,
I think maybe --

THHM! He KISSES HER. His neck extending. Strong, powerful.
He pulls back slightly, smiles at her. A new strength in
him.

BEN

Funny how things turn out, isn't it?

Sue looks at Reed. A long way from that conference room.

SUE

Hilarious.

As they kiss, people emerge, stepping out of hiding. The sun
rises around them. The Fantastic Four step into the new dawn
of a new day. And we slowly DISSOLVE TO --

INT. CIRCLE LINE BOAT - BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

Reed and Sue kiss on the deck of the Circle Line as it chugs
around New York City.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Dude, that's still my sister.

A PARTY IN PROGRESS. Drinks, food, music. We see in the
crowd a familiar faces: O'HOOLIHAN (cast on his arm),
bartender ERNIE, others. JOHNNY and BEN stand behind Reed
and Sue.

Reed and Sue pull apart. Reed turns to Ben, excited.

REED

Ben, I've been crunching the numbers
on the machine. I think if we can
rework the power settings...

BEN

Forget it, egghead. I'm good as is.

ALICIA (O.S.)

That's my Benny.

She hands Ben a big METAL MUG. Ben takes the mug. He
CLINKS, but SHATTERS her glass.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
We're going to have to work on your touch.

BEN
I like the sound of that.

Alicia gets close. A soft smile. Reed turns to Sue.

REED
Sue, can I talk to you for a second?

Reed leads her out. Ben and Johnny swap a glance.

EXT. CIRCLE LINE BOAT - DECK - DUSK

A romantic view of the city-scape. Reed stands with Sue.

REED
I found a broken gasket, from space --

SUE
A gasket? Reed, we're at a party.

He opens his hand, revealing a circular piece of metal, just about the size of.....a RING. Sue slows down.

REED
If one of us were to wear it...

She sees Johnny and Ben inside, watching -- in on a secret.

Reed looks her square in the eye. Unflinching.

SUE
Reed. What are you doing?

Reed drops to his knees. His head stays eye-level, while his body drops. Sue gapes, so emotional she starts to DISAPPEAR.

REED
No more thinking, no more variables...
Sue Storm...will you...
(she's gone)
Sue? Sue? You there?

Dead silence. And then...

THE RING DISAPPEARS. SUE IS WEARING IT.

SUE (V.O.)

Yes.

Reed goes to kiss her.

SUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's my nose, genius... These are my
lips.

Reed's face is SQUEEZED on both sides by Sue's invisible hands. She pulls him into a KISS and reappears.

INSIDE: the party applauds. Ben, Johnny, and Alicia move through the crowd to join Reed and Sue. As they go --

BEN
No more cracks about how I look.

JOHNNY
Hey, I'm Mr. Sensitivity now.
(weaving around bodies)
Clear the way, wide load coming
through.

Ben glares, fists clenched. Johnny smiles, mischievous, as they hit the balcony. And he FLAMES ON, taking off into the air, blazing the NUMBER "FOUR" enclosed in a circle of flame (their future callsign), over the city skyline. The crowd oohs and aahs. Ben watches, unimpressed.

BEN
Showoff.

People drink, laugh, dance. We slowly PULL BACK from the party, the boat, the city, and...CUT TO --

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: the MELTED FACE of DOOM. He is placed in a wooden crate. LEONARD oversees the operation, listening to his cell.

As two workers move the heavy door in place -- a crackle of ELECTRICITY moves over Doom's body. Leonard's CELLPHONE goes STATICKY. His eyes narrow. Could it be...? And --

SLAM. The door closes. We can read the destination through stenciled lettering: LATVERIA. And we pull back to reveal the box is on the deck of:

A FREIGHTER SHIP. The ship pulls away, steaming into the horizon, as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END

All movie scripts and screenplays on this site are intended for educational purposes only.

FRINGE

“Pilot”

By

J.J. Abrams

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. AIRLINER - NIGHT

CLOSEUP on a FASTEN SEAT BELT sign, ILLUMINATING as the plane SHUDDERS. A jumbo jet. International flight, half-full. FLASHES of an ELECTRICAL STORM through otherwise BLACK windows as a tense PA ANNOUNCEMENT is made:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Das Sicherheitsgurtzeichen wird
belichtet. Befestigen Sie bitte
Ihre Sicherheitsgurte.

(then, accented)
The captain has turned on
the fasten seat belt sign, please make
sure your seat belts are securely
fastened.

-- and PASSENGERS do. Even the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS buckle up;
and when they look nervous, it's never good.

Up in FIRST CLASS, an older couple HOLD HANDS. A few rows
back, into coach, an overweight WOMAN looks to the nervous MAN
sitting beside her and says:

WOMAN
Ich bevorzuge die Serie.

MAN
I don't-speak German, I'm
from Denver.

-- Weil-- dieses mein
Erstflug ist.

-- I'm-- I'm from Denver.

-- and SHUDDER - the jet DIPS too much --armrests gripped --
BRILLIANT strobing LIGHTNING as the plane LIFTS, BANKING one
way, then the other. Further back in the cabin, an angry 16
year-old headphone-wearing BOY plays PSP, oblivious to the
rough ride.

Six rows behind him, a 45 year-old MAN is sweating. Pale.
Distraught. The TURBULENCE is clearly a problem -- but
something says "there's more happening here than just
airsickness and anxiety. We'll give him this name for now:
TROUBLED. Troubled closes his eyes, head back, trying to find
relief. The 60 year-old INDIAN MAN beside him says,
comfortingly:

INDIAN MAN
My friend. It is just an
electrical storm. This will pass.

TROUBLED
I understand.

INDIAN MAN
(offering a pack)
Juicy Fruit?

TROUBLED
No. I can't, I'm fine. Thank you.

Indian Man nods as Troubled pulls a briefcase from under his seat. Opens it. Goes through his papers -- the plane DROPPING AGAIN as LIGHTNING strikes closer than before -- an AUDIBLE REACTION from many passengers --

Troubled pulls out a DOSING PEN -- a pen-shaped syringe for the injection of medicine. Indian Man watches curiously as Troubled finds a small MEDICINE CARTRIDGE and inserts it. Indian Man doesn't really understand what he's watching -- and neither will most of the audience, and that's okay.

Troubled unbuttons the lower half of his shirt - pushes the pen against his stomach and TIRGGERS IT: POP! He's just taken an injection.

Troubled loosens his collar when HOLY FUCK, THE PLANE DROPS -- actual SCREAMS from some -- the LIGHTS IN THE CABIN DIM -- the LIGHTNING BRIGHTENS as if they're now flying through the center of the Goddamn storm.

A GERMAN PA ANNOUNCEMENT from the cockpit doesn't help anyone who speaks only English -- and Troubled seems to suddenly be in far worse shape -- a sort of atypical PAIN. Indian Man, watching this, concerned, says:

INDIAN MAN
-- my friend--?

But Troubled is so fucking uncomfortable that he UNDOES HIS SEAT BELT and heads for the bathroom. He moves down the ROUGH and ROCKING cabin. A dozen rows behind him, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT strapped to her bulkhead emergency seat sees Troubled and calls, in a German accent:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, excuse me! You must stay in your seat!

But he keeps going -- and so she reluctantly unbuckles and stands -- grasping row after row as she moves for him -- he's

well ahead of her, having even more difficulty walking as the plane struggles through the erratically blinding storm --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
-- Sir! You have to sit down!

But Troubled keeps going -- STUMBLING -- we're ONLY ON HIS BACK NOW as he heads away from us -- from her --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Entschuldigen Sie mich., geehrten
Herrn, bitte! Gehen Sie zu Ihrem
Sitz zuruck!

Troubled keeps going, steadying himself on the seat backs as he moves -- the Flight Attendant gaining. Practically the only light we get now is from the WILD LIGHTNING and SEAT BELT lights -- and finally she catches up to him -- reaches out, grabs his shoulder -- and she turns him toward her -- toward us -- AND HIS FACE IS A THING OF HORROR: HIS FLESH LIQUIFYING - FUCKING MELTING - HIS EYES BALLOONED IN UTTER FEAR -- and the Flight Attendant's eyes go wide in a terrifying PRE-SCREAM GASP as Troubled GRABS HER ARM -- and she SCREAMS BLOODY FUCKING MURDER --

-- and THOSE WHO SEE HIM DO TOO -- and if this isn't enough, Troubled THROWS UP ON HER - and she stumbles back, SCREAMING and the jet momentarily PLUMMETS again! Troubled FALLS BACK as the Flight Attendant gets up, covered in bile and in shock and she runs toward the back of the plane as we realize we've been HEARING SOMEONE ELSE YELL -- not in English or German, but in HINDI. The Flight Attendant runs past INDIAN MAN -- WHOSE FACE IS FUCKING MELTING NOW TOO - HE'S LOSING HIS MIND -- LOOKING AT HIS HANDS - THE FLESH PAINFULLY LIQUIFYING!

-- Indian Man stands -- hurries in a panic toward the front of the plane -- passing ANOTHER PASSENGER, who STANDS in crazy alarm -- SCREAMING IN GERMAN -- HER FLESH DISINTEGRATING TOO:

GERMAN WOMAN
Helfen Sie mir! Was? geschieht!
HILFE!

Indian Man runs PAST -- RIGHT OVER -- the VISCOUS, BONE AND MUSCLE CORPSE of TROUBLED as another FLIGHT ATTENDANT makes a frantic call on the service phone --

FRANTIC FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Kapitan, haben wir etwa--!

The LIGHTENING STORM IMPOSSIBLY TURBULENT, ANOTHER seated PASSENGER is suddenly SCREAMING -- HIS BODY COMING APART.

Then ANOTHER -- now the TEENAGER with PSP -- now the OVERWEIGHT WOMAN -- now the ELDERLY COUPLE -- and we PULL BACK AT HIGH VELOCITY, LENS WIDE, WHIPPING FROM SIDE TO SIDE AT THE HORROR SHOW OF EVERY SCREAMING PASSENGER, AFFLICTED, GROTESQUE -- lit by BURSTS OF LIGHTENING --

And we PUSH IN now as the CO-PILOT opens the cockpit door and looks back, seeing the plane -- EVERYONE ON THE PLANE -- SCREAMING, MELTING -- DYING -- the Pilot hits AUTO-PILOT, turns back, yells:

PILOT
SPRECHEN SIE MIT MIR!

THE CO-PILOT TURNS TO US - HIS FACE ALREADY STARTING TO DRIP BLOOD AND FLESH AND OFF THE PILOT'S TERROR-SCREAM CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The jumbo jet, flying in the awful storm. A sarcophagus, at forty-thousand feet. The cause of this gruesome event an absolute mystery. And things are about to get weirder.

And as if to announce this fact, from the VERY EDGES OF FRAME, WHITE LETTERS APPEAR -- and CONVERGE NEAR THE RIGHT SIDE OF FRAME as the rest of the image, the background, TURNS GREY -- and our short but spooky THEME PLAYS as the LETTERS TURN BLACK -- AND SPELL, SIMPLY:

F R I N G E

FADE IN:

EXT. TURNPIKE MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheap-ass motel. An old neon TURNPIKE MOTEL sign. The constant SQUEAKING of a flimsy BOX SPRING is HEARD -- and as we DOLLY IN, WORDS FADE IN (NOTE: A SIGNATURE OF THE SERIES WILL BE HOW LOCATIONS ARE IDENTIFIED -- WORDS WILL APPEAR THREE-DimensionALLY, AS IF EXISTING WITHIN THE SPACE). In this case they read: "LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTES", PUSH PAST THE WORDS to -

INT. TURNPIKE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A small motel room. A WOMAN falls back, into frame, lying on the bed. She's naked. Glistening. Smiling. Out of breath. She's 32 years old, beautiful, but real. A deceiving

innocence. Her name is OLIVIA WARREN. This is our woman.
Suffice to say, the SQUEAKING has ceased.

OLIVIA
... oh my God.

And she starts laughing. A male VOICE, off-camera, says:

MAN (O.S.)
-- what?

OLIVIA
This bed is ridiculous. It's like
the loudest bed in the history of
cheap motel beds.

MAN (O.S.)
-- and you would know this how?

She smiles as he, past her, lies back into frame. This is
Olivia's love. He is 41. Handsome. Tough, but kind. His
name's JOHN SCOTT. Also out of breath.

JOHN
This is so much better than that
policy seminar.

OLIVIA
Oh, thank you, a compliment.

He takes her hand, they lie there.

JOHN
I was losing my mind, that meeting
was endless. I kept finding myself
staring at you. I actually had to
turn my chair to stop.

OLIVIA
We can't keep doing this. Sneaking
around...

JOHN
The department's not a massive fan
of office romances - as recent
events demonstrate.

OLIVIA
Dryden seeing Lynch had nothing to
do with why he was demoted-- you
don't see any irony in what we're doing?

JOHN

Is knowing the assistant manager of the Turnpike motel by name ideal? No. Is being with you worth the subterfuge? Yes.

OLIVIA

I feel like I'm living in a Charlotte Bronte novel. Which is now how I envisioned my early thirties. I think Charlie knows anyway.

JOHN

He doesn't know.

OLIVIA

I think he does --

JOHN

If he knew, you'd be transferred.

This quiets her. Then:

JOHN (CONT'D)

I like Charlie. But if there was ever a by-the-booker, it's him. He'd let Jakes know faster than you can say "good soldier". I'm not afraid of transparency-- but we're already working for a Department that's as unstable and fluid as they come and somehow? We found each other. And in the madness of what we've been seeing lately... I've taken great solace in being with you. Now if that's the kind of information that makes you back away, so be it. 'Cause this is all preamble to the kicker, which is that I love you.

(beat, that was a first)

And the idea of an old boy's club wonder making the call whether or not you and I get to live in the same city is unacceptable to me. So forgive my...furtive nature, it's got nothing whatsoever to do with protocol or decorum or enjoying the status quo -- this is about you. I don't want to lose... you.

Olivia stares. Taken by his honesty and heart -- and she kisses him -- and it quickly gets passionate again -- and they're definitely going for another round when a CELL PHONE RINGS -- they both moan at the interruptus. Olivia reaches over, answers:

OLIVIA
Agent Warren.
(listens, sits)
Okay. Are there any more details \
than--?
(beat, concern)
Yessir.

Olivia hangs up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Incident at Logan Airport,
International flight, Charlie's on
his way.

John nods, and they're both up, getting dressed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Hey, in the spirit of our talk...
you should get there a few minutes
after me. We arrived pretty close
last time.

JOHN
Now you're being paranoid.

OLIVIA
Maybe - Logan: access gate at
Runway 15R

CLOSE ON AN OPEN BADGE WALLET on the desk -- a FEDERAL AGENT BADGE. Olivia, dressed, grabs it -- then moves to John, kisses him sweetly -- about to say something -- but doesn't. She grabs her keys and leaves. John stands there, in the wake of her tornado. Alone. Amused. Then his cell RINGS. He answers, already knowing it all:

JOHN
Agent Scott.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

PUSH IN, past the (signature, three-dimensional) WORDS THAT
FADE IN: "LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BOSTON" - this is an

access gate -- three POLICE CARS are here, lights BLAZING, FLASHING in the night.

Olivia pulls up in her black hybrid Lexus, shows her creds.

OLIVIA
Olivia Warren, FBI.

Guards check her ID, squawk walkies, wave her in. BOOM UP to reveal the JUMBO JET from the opening, a light-show of two dozen EMERGENCY VEHICLES, including a CRANE, surrounding it. Olivia parks, gets out -- crosses half a dozen FEDERAL AGENTS, all ARGUING issues of protocol, information, jurisdiction. An angry, heated fight. Olivia continues past them, met by 43 year-old fellow Agent CHARLIE FRANCIS.

CHARLIE
Inter-agency harmony and cooperation continues.

OLIVIA
Who's winning?

CHARLIE
Langley by a nose.
(then, re: jet)
Flight out of Hamburg -- hundred and forty-seven passengers, towers lost contact three hours in. Thought there might've been some electrical interference, apparently they were flying in a hell of a storm. They entered our airspace radio silent -- Navy scrambled two F-18's for escort. They reported stains on the windows...and no signs of life aboard the jet.

This stop Olivia -- she looks up at the jet -- the cabin is too dark for her to see anything.

OLIVIA
Stains?

CHARLIE
Blood.

OLIVIA
I'm surprised they let 'em land --
"No signs of life" -- who was flying the plane, auto-pilot?

CHARLIE

Programmed to land right on schedule, which it did. Unlike every flight I've ever taken.

OLIVIA

If there was a decompression the windows would have frozen solid -- have they opened the cabin?

CHARLIE

White House approved a CDC request for the jet not to be opened until they arrive.

Behind them, a BLACK VAN arrives. The drive gets out - it's JOHN, on a cell:

JOHN

let me assure you, we'd be happy to treat you like family too.

(hangs up, grins)

Good old NTSB. All like to think they're cops.

CHARLIE

Agent Scott.

JOHN

Agent Francis --

(no special regard)

Agent Warren.

Their relationship, their secret. She turns back to Charlie:

OLIVIA

They must've looked in through the windows...

CHARLIE

CIA did. Whatever the hell's inside that plan made Special Agent McNeary throw up in front of his whole unit. And he's a good man, that was embarrassing.

A finger-to-mouth WHISTLE turns everyone to PHILLIP BROYLES, SPECIAL-AGENT-IN CHARGE from HOMELAND SECURITY. Broyles is a bureaucratic Hitler, with authority to puppeteer the Federal and International agencies on-scene:

BROYLES

Although this is a join task
force, this investigation will be run
through HDS - I'm Special
Agent in Charge Broyles! DC has
sent me here to make sure we get
results. As soon as our friends
from Atlanta get here we're going
in, one member from each agency on
the starting line as follow -

(reads a card)

CIA: Baronoff! FBI: Francis! DHS:
Pitts!

(MORE)

BROYLES (CON'D)

Contagion precautions apply: level
four HAZ-MAT suits, we should have
your size in the van! Move!

Agents on the move, Olivia, disturbed, goes after Broyles:

OLIVIA

Sir: Olivia Warren, FBI Inter-
agency liaison, I'm EOD and NBC
certified, I'd like to suit up too--

BROYLES

Liaison on an inter-agency task
force. Gotta love that. Like
powdered sugar on a glazed donut.

OLIVIA

Excuse me, if I'm gonna do my job
effectively, I like my information
first-hand -- that's not
redundancy, that's accountability.

BROYELS

(sotto, threatening)

I know exactly who you are. You
put my best friend in prison two
years ago.

(she's stunned, louder:)

You want in, Liaison? Suit up.

And the bully walks off - Olivia watches him go, indignant.

EXT./INT. JET - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS as CDC MEDICAL OFFICERS connect an AIRLOCK to a door outside the plane -- a twelve-foot-long elevated corridor with three clean-room compartments. A staircase leads up to it.

Now there are FOUR CDC OFFICERS in HAZ-MAT suits. They start up the stairs. Following them are Olivia, Charlie and the rest of the appointed agents, also in HAZ-MATS. At first, NO MUSIC. Just the odd collage of oxygen tanks: INHALE... EXHALE...

The CDC Officer pulls out the recessed jet door handle. Turns it. The HISS of DECOMPRESSION. TIGHT ON OLIVIA'S EYES as she anxiously watches the plane DOOR OPEN. Darkness and mist inside. Their FLASHLIGHTS come alive: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICKCLICK. And they enter.

Olivia's eyes GO WIDE at what she sees.

CDC OFFICER
(filtered)
...holy God...

Red/white/blue FLASHES of emergency lights from outside and their flashlights the only illumination. Every passenger dead. Unrecognizable. Crumple CLOTHES lie in GELATIN, BLOOD and BONE. Tears come to Olivia's eyes - her breathing uneven as she moves through the plane. Charlie sees this:

CHARLIE
Warren...you okay?

OFF OLIVIA'S STARING EYES, answering that question...

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Where Olivia drove in -- a passing WHITE VAN stops -- all windows TINTED. Even the front windshield has mild shading. The driver's window LOWERS a few inches, we don't yet see the silhouetted DRIVER who asks on of the GUARDS about the POLICE ACTIVITY surrounding the plane on the distant tarmac:

DRIVER
Excuse me -- what's going on? Some sort of problem?

GUARD
Nothing you need to know about, sir -- please keep moving.

PUSH IN on the Driver as he leans into the light -- REVEALING THAT HE'S THE SAME MAN WE SAW FROM THE AIRPLANE -- THE ONE WHO INJECTED HIMSELF - WHO MELTED FIRST: TROUBLED!

DRIVER

Okay...I'll do that. Thanks.

And with an eerily satisfied smile, the Driver DRIVES AWAY.
And as our minds somersault, we CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREENS -- DOLLY PAST an array of TV MONITORS of NEWSCASTS all reporting on the plane -- LONG LENS SHOTS OF THE AIRLINER on the tarmac, NOW ENGULFED IN FLAMES. Over this, REPORTERS, some outside Logan, others in newsrooms:

VARIOUS REPORTERS

--sources tell us the plane was deliberately set ablaze by the CDC shortly after landing/speculate some kind of hazardous materials on-board Flight 627/security has been increased in most airports, with many canceling out-bound flights --

Someone CROSSES -- FOLLOW HIM TO REVEAL we're in:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BOSTON - EARLY MORNING

-- FORTY FEDERAL AND LOCAL AGENTS shout over and at each other -- reports, paperwork and food everywhere as we SNAP AROUND THE ROOM lightning fast, getting snippets as our 3D letters bleed in: "SITUATION ROOM - FEDERAL BUILDING, BOSTON". On a dry-erase board are the PASSENGER NAMES; agents racing down the manifest, pulling up profiles:

AGENT #1

-- Seat 21A: John Rosenbloom;
Honolulu, Hawaii; car
salesman, criminal history's
negative

Agent #2

-- 43B: Ellie Sampson;
Jacksonville, Florida; FINSON
checks negative, intelligence
community checks negative --

Agent #3

--we need everything on
every vendor that loaded food
and beverage carts, ground
crew who fueled the aircraft,
we need names—

Agent #4

-- report says maintenance
replaced oxygen tanks an
hour before takeoff—

Also here: Olivia, a voice in the cacophony, a face in the loud crowd - she and Broyles facing off:

OLIVIA

Have we reviewed video from the Hamburg Airport? We need to see if any passengers were showing signs of illness -- and tell me that terminal's shut-down.

--yeah, a few hundred more: who's point from CDC on the bone, tissue and air samples? -- no, but I'd like the whole report, not just this fax claiming that there's no matches to any known pathogen or airborne virus --

BROYLES

--on it's way now -- and what the hell's taking so long with the black box?

--the terminal's been down since oh-four-hundred local-- you got more questions?

-- Agent Paley, you want his home number?

-- we're on that too, Liason -- we don't think what happened on that plane was a result of the in-flight movie.

CHARLIE

(gets off phone)

-- Back Bay PD got a call at oh-three-hundred from a guard-on-duty at a storage facility who saw two -- and I quote "suspicious Middle Eastern men" handing a white guy a briefcase.

BROYLES

That could be a purchase.

AGENT #1

-- you're saying the plane was a demonstration of technology they sold later that night?

BROYLES

Maybe, maybe not -- wouldn't be uncommon in the underground weapons trade--

(to Olivia)

Liaison: take it, go find out.

OLIVIA

--take what? That? You want me to investigate that?

BROYLES

(sarcastic)

Sounds like a hot lead-- you want
to liaise? Now's your big chance.

Everyone heard that. An embarrassing moment, intended that
way. She wants to lay in on him -- but instead:

OLIVIA
While I'm out, you want me to pick
up your dry cleaning?

Some HOLY SHIT looks from a few -- the table uncomfortably
freezes -- but Broyles fucking likes kickback and smiles:

BROYLES
Yeah, Honey, would ya mind?

EXT. BACK BAY ROAD - DAY

Middle of nowhere, grey day. A govt-issue sedan FLIES
through frame against rural farmland --

EXT. U-STORE STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

A MASSIVE STORAGE FACILITY. Our 3D letters bleed in: "U-
STORE STORAGE -- BACK BAY, MASSACHUSETTS." The sedan pulls
up. Olivia and John steps out.

EXT. U-STORE STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Row after row of cinder-block, garage-sized units. Olivia
and John look around.

OLIVIA
That wasn't too much, was it? The
dry cleaning thing?

JOHN
By your standards I though it was
pretty tame.

OLIVIA
Petty bastard-- he's pissed that
his best friend sexually assaulted
three Marine privates and I'm the
bad guy 'cause I put him away.

JOHN
He's an idiot. You're smarter,
stronger and more beautiful than he
is, he's jealous.

She stops walking - after a few steps, he stops, turns back to her:

JOHN (CONT'D)

What?

OLIVIA

You said you loved me. In the motel. That was a big deal.

JOHN

Yeah, you didn't say anything back. I thought I'd let it go.

OLIVIA

It freaked me out. Not because it doesn't make me happy.

(beat)

I've been sort of...bad with this. For a long time. The alpha girl thing hasn't always gone over super-well.

(beat)

Until you.

(beat, sweetly awkward)

I wanted to say I love you, too.

He moves to her. Kisses her. Then, faux-romantically:

JOHN

Let's go check the trash together.

She laughs -- and we TIME JUMP to them going through a dumpster -- pulling out a DISCARDED, UNLABELED CHEMICAL CANISTER. Then ANOTHER. She opens one:

OLIVIA

Empty --
propane?

(sniffs the nozzle)

-- no -- it's ammonia.

JOHN

-- acetylene,

A look between them. He turns to the nearest STORAGE UNIT, emboldened, starts PICKING THE LOCK --

OLIVIA

What're you doing?

JOHN

What are you doing? I'm a Federal agent.

SNAP: the lock gives. He grabs the handle on the roll-up

metal door and heaves, it SLIDES UP -- REVEALLING A FUCKING LABORATORY. Shelves filled with GAS CANISTERS, CHEMICAL BOTTLES, COOLING UNITS -- AND LARGE SPECIMEN JARS, FILLED WITH DISFIGURED SMALL ANIMALS...

Olivia and John trade a look: holy shit.

SMASH CUT TO another roll-up metal door SLIDING UP -- ANOTHER LAB; VACUUM EQUIPMENT, RADIOLOGICAL SUITS, ELECTRON MICROSCOPES, IMAGE ANALYSIS EQUIPMENT, AND THREE CAGES CONTAINING SMALL, MUTATED, VISCOUS CREATURES.

And then ANOTHER -- and ANOTHER -- all the labs dangerous, lethal--

JOHN (CONT'D)

We gotta get a chem transport team
out here now -

OLIVIA

I'm on it.
(but:)
-- no signal --

She heads away to make the call...

TIMECUT: A NEARBY FIELD -- Olivia on her cell, moving for a better signal --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We need PPE and emergency
equipment, HAZ-MAT specialists for
site analysis--

WITH JOHN

Another roll-up metal door SLIDES UP revealing more LAB SPACE -- he moves into it cautiously, checking out equipment - sees a COMPUTER MONITOR -- sees on the screen: PROGRAMS RUNNING, BALANCING CHEMICAL EQUATIONS. TIGHT ON JOHN'S FACE, eyes wide like he's hit paydirt -- then, behind him, forty feet away, another storage unit opens -- a FIGURE APPEARING INSIDE -- another LAB behind him -- and HOLY SHIT, IT'S THE DRIVER -- THE MAN FROM THE PLANE: TROUBLED!

John turns -- sees him -- Troubled's eyes go wide -- AND HE RUNS -- John pulls his gun -- runs after him --

Troubled is FAST -- turning a far corner in the maze of storage units -- and John runs after him -- pulling out his phone and hitting speed-dial -- but he gets NO SIGNAL --

JOHN

-- damnit--

He tries again -- as we CUT TO:

OLIVIA running back -- her PHONE RINGS -- she answers --

OLIVIA

John--

As John RACCES through the facility -- reception BREAKIG UP --

JOHN

I've got a runner! He's heading
for the back!

OLIVIA

I'm on my way!

-- and Olivia runs toward the back as John runs -- and we're
MOVING FAST, INTERCUTTING between Troubled, John and Olivia --
a cat and mouse chase --

Troubled -- RUNNING -- pulls out a PHONE, dials a number,
hits send, but doesn't bring the phone to his ear --

INSIDE THE SHEDS - CIRCUIT DETONATORS MOUNTED ON THE CEILING
ACTIVATE, A GREEN LIGHT SNAPS ON -- A SPARK AND FLASH AND
SUDDENLTy IT IGNITES, FLAME TRAILS ROCKETING UP THE WALLS --

OLIVIA running, HEARS GUNSHOTS -- she goes faster -- rounds a
corner -- sees Scott --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

JOHN!!!

Suddenly: KABOOOOOOM!!! THE FIRST SHED DETONATES -- JOHN
DISAPPEARS IN A BLAST OF CHEMICAL GREEN -- now the NEXT SHED
BLOWS - and Olivia's HURLED backwards as the place continues
to EXPLODE! CLOSE ON OLIVIA ON THE GROUND -- ULTRA-SLOW
MOTION as debris rains down -- she's BLEEDING from her scalp --
her eyes slowly open wide -- the WHITE NOISE overwhelms us and
we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

WHIP PAN TO OLIVIA -- still bleeding -- WHEELED IN on a gurney at speed - two EMT's with an ORDERLY who applies pressure to her shoulder wound. Olivia's in pain -- suppressing tears -- asking questions no one will answer --

OLIVIA

-- where's John-- is he okay?

Agent Scott, where is he?!

Is he all right?!

-- a DOCTOR arrives, injecting her IV bag with MORPHINE --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- no-- wait-- please...please...

-- and as Olivia begins to pass out, JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Olivia STARTS awake - disoriented. Her head bandaged, facial wounds treated. She realizes she's alone in a strange room, machines watch her vitals. Without much thought, she pulls the wires off (ALARMS sound), rips the IV out, stands, and in her hospital gown, moves to --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

She heads down the corridor as a NURSE approaches --

NURSE

Ms. Warren, you shouldn't be up--

OLIVIA

I need to see John Scott-- do you know what room he's in?

The Nurse just stares at Olivia...whose eyes fill with tears. At a whisper, she asks:

OLIVIA

--what--? What is it?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Agent Warren --

Olivia turns -- a 60 year-old Hispanic DOCTOR (DR. REYES) moves to her. Clearly, he has bad news.

DR. REYES
 I'm Dr. Reyes. You were very
 lucky today. Your wounds
 could easily have been much
 more severe--

OLIVIA
 --I'm looking for Agent
 Scott, he was with me--

DR. REYES
 In addition to the injuries he
 sustained from the blast...Mr.
 Scott was exposed to synthetic
 chemical compounds. Work that was
 apparently being done in those labs
 you found.

OLIVIA
 (brace, but tears come)
 -- what-- what sort of--?

DR. REYES
 We haven't been able to identify
 the substance that's affecting him.
 The CDC has sent in other
 specialists. But they've never
 seen anything like what's happening
 here.

PUSH IN OLIVIA, her quiet terror, our TENSE MUSIC GROWING.

OLIVIA
 ...what is happening?

INT. QUARANTINE AREA - DAY

SLOW MOTION as OLIVIA MOVES THOROUGH DOORS MARKED
 "QUARANTINE". A WHITE CORRIDOR. HEAR THEIR TALK CONTINUE:

DR. REYES (V.O.)
 We've put Mr. Scott in a drug-
 induced coma. His body temperature
 has been lowered significantly , to
 try and slow the progress.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
 The progress of what? Please...

DR. REYES (V.O.)
 One way to describe it is that he's
 been infected. But it isn't a
 virus. It isn't a bacteria. And
 what it's doing...is most
 unusual...

She enters a PLASTIC CLEAN AREA, then a STERILE, REFRIGERATED HOSPITAL ROOM.

Olivia's BREATH is seen as she emotionally approaches JOHN, unconscious under a separate CLEAR PLASTIC TENT, seriously wounded and barely alive at 37 degrees.

DR. REYES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His tissue is hardening. And
somehow...clarifying. His skin
becoming almost glass-like.

She gets close enough -- more afraid and sad with each step -- sees areas of John's skin, on his chest, neck, face -- have become CLEAR -- revealing the MUSCLE and VEINS beneath -- Olivia's eyes widen...

DR. REYES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And it's spreading. Soon his
organs will shut down. Unless we
can learn more about what's
infected Mr. Scott -- the compounds
he was exposed to...he'll be dead
within a week.

And OFF OLIVIA'S DEVASTATED FACE, CUT TO:

COMPUTER SCREEN - EXTREME CLOSEUP

The FBI SECURITY INTER-OFFICE DATABASE. The SEARCH box. CUTS as VARIOUS WORDS are TYPED IN: "MEDICAL", "INFECTION", "TISSUE", "CHEMICAL", "HARDENING", "CLARIFYING" - and the HUNDREDS OF RELATED ARTICLES that pop up --

INT. OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She sits at her desk in her darkened office -- has been there for hours. Eyes red, worn, she types with hands that have SMALL CUTS from the explosion. She jots down things that matter. VARIOUS SHOTS of CLICKING, TYPING, WRITING, RESEARCHING, the related articles that appear ON SCREEN: HOSPITAL RECORDS, PHYSICIAN REPORTS, INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL REPORTS, ARTICLES -- and then a name:

DR. WALTER BISHOP.

TIGHT on Olivia's face -- as she seems to notice something -- she quickly TYPES -- "DISSOLVE" and "FLESH" -- ENTER - another LONG ARTICLE -- CLASSIFIED, FBI, 1982 -- SCROLLS DOWN -- finding, once again:

DR. WALTER BISHOP.

No WAY. She types more -- PUSHING IN -- her eyes now determined, driven -- and whatever she sees makes her get up, quickly, and move to --

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR/OFFICE - NIGHT

Fast, HANDHELD down the hall -- Olivia turns into an open office door to find Broyles at his desk, haggard and ready for an all-nighter. She knocks as she enters:

OLIVIA
It's me: Liaison.

BROYLES
I told you to go home an hour ago--

OLIVIA
(drops a file on his desk)
I found a connection between the
Hamburg flight and what's happened
to Agent Scott.

Broyles opens the file: BLACK AND WHITE PRINTOUT of BISHOP, stamped CLASSIFIED. A printed PHOTO of him from the early 1980's. Handsome, 30's. Even in this photo, he's ingenious.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
His name's Walter Bishop.
Scientific researcher from
Cambridge, born in 46, Harvard
educated, post-grad at MIT and
Oxford. Look at the experiments he
was doing in the late 70's, early
80's.

Broyles keeps reading, intrigued....

BROYLES
Where'd you find this?

OLIVIA
Our database -- I believe Dr. Bishop
might have information that could
save Agent Scott's life- - and maybe
shed some light on what happened
aboard that plane.

BROYLES
Says the guys been at St. Claire's
for seventeen years.

OLIVIA

I saw that. An assistant of his was killed in his lab -- rumors about Dr. Bishop using humans as guinea pigs.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He was charged with voluntary manslaughter but was deemed mentally unfit to stand trial.

BROYLES

So you're saying our prime suspect's a guy who's been institutionalized for almost two decades? Explain that.

OLIVIA

I'd need to talk to him first. Maybe he's not a suspect at all, maybe someone got hold of his work--

BROYLES

Why're you so sure Bishop's worth our time?

OLIVIA

Why are you sure he's not?

BROYLES

Listen, Warren. You and I got off on the wrong foot--

OLIVIA

Sir, if my past job performance as U.S. Marine Special Investigator offends you, there--

BROYLES

Yeah, it does -- a man who serves his country for thirty years, has a few drinks and a small lapse in judgment doesn't deserve a five year sentence--

OLIVIA

-- a small lapse in judgment that will haunt three young women for the rest of their lives--

BROYLES

--but that's not tonight's business, is it? DC has tasked me with keeping our collective cool here. Making sure our reaction to Flight 627 is measured, above-board and beyond reproach.

(re: file)

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Says here in 1991 the glorious state of Massachusetts forbade Dr. Bishop to have visitors, with the exception of immediate family. So from where I sit -- which is in a superior, senior and less comfortable chair -- barging into a mental institution waving the Patriot Act -- which is what you'd need -- and demanding face time with an old lab rat you think may be behind some of the most terrifying terror I could imagine -- even though he hasn't seen daylight since this country's biggest threat was Kuwait -- is out of the question.

OLIVIA

I'm coming to you with a solid lead and your personal resentment is preventing you from--

BROYLES

--ma'am, you are wasting our breath and my time!
(re: the file, tough)
"Immediate family." You wanna question Dr. Bishop, go find his next of kin and have 'em escort you in. Talk to Bishop. Uncover something substantial and I'll have your back-- until then, I'm not so convinced. Can you handle that?

OLIVIA

(quiet, pissed)
...he does have a son.

BROYLES

Good. Is he son local, too?

OLIVIA
 (fuck)
 ...not exactly.

EXT. BAGHDAD, IRAQ - DAY

PUSH IN as a MILITARY HUMMER passes, revealing a village piazza with an old fortress at one end and a BRAND-SPANKING NEW BUILDING at the other. 3D letters appear: "AL-SAREED HOTEL - BAGHDAD, IRAQ."

OLIVIA (V.O.)
 He's a high school dropout. IQ at 190, which is fifty points north of genius. Misfit. Nomad. Hasn't kept a job longer than two months.

A TAXI pulls up in front and a MAN gets out. This is PETER BISHOP. 35, handsome, fit. A quick glance and you see a swagger. Drive, confidence. A closer look shows a sadness. Desperation. We'll learn more -- but for now, just know Peter is our third lead. He looks up at the building, readying himself.

OLIVIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He's been a wildland fireman, an Alaskan crab fisherman, truck mechanic, a cargo pilot and, briefly, a college chemistry professor. He falsified a degree from MIT, and even managed to get a few papers published before he was found out. Sounds like a massive pain in the ass.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight streams onto faded carpets. The atmosphere as thick as it is hot. Peter sits in a chair facing TWO IRAQI BUSINESSMEN; one wearing an Armani suit and yellow-tinted glasses -- the other, older one, in double-breasted pinstripes:

PETER
 My resume is hardly traditional. But in these parts, traditional seems increasingly irrelevant. A hundred billion dollars sunk into infrastructure, you're barely keeping the lights on. So. You need construction oversight of a 600 mile pipeline to carry crude

from the field at Kirkuk to the Port of Ceyhan. A job well outside the Green zone, I might add while I'm still alive to do so. You'll need someone with a handle on the laws of hydrodynamic resistance -- heat exchange in oil mixture flow -- a working knowledge of mixed integer programs so you can re-size the pipes you're gonna use across uneven terrain, that's if you wanna minimize construction costs.

(a touch of urgency)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's the Wild West here guys, I get it. And you need a sheriff. So gimme a badge and I'll wear it. The punch line is, I need this job as much as you need me to do it.

And there's a creepy pause: the Iragis are impressed but unsure. Glasses looks to Pinstripes, murmurs in ARABIC. Pinstripes talks Arabic back. Peter leans in --

PETER (CONT'D)

I speak Arabic too. And yes, six-hundred grand all-in sounds fair.

The men look at him, caught off guard. Peter grins. PRELAP an elevator DING and --

INT. HOTEL LOBBY CONTINUOUS

Peter walks out with the gait of a gambler who just won a game -- and a reprieve. It's sweltering, even with all the fans in the lobby. As he heads for the exit:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Bishop?

He turns, fast: OLIVIA approaches. She shows her badge:

OLIVIA

I'm Olivia Warren, with the FBI.

PETER

(suspicious)

Okay.

OLIVIA

You've heard about flight 627.

PETER

The Hamburg flight, yeah.

OLIVIA

You may be able to help us with that.

PETER

Then you must have the wrong guy.

OLIVIA

I don't think so. You're Walter Bishop's son.

At the mention of the name, Peter bristles.

PETER

Last time someone asked me that it was an accusation.

OLIVIA

He's the man we're looking to speak with. But given his current status...you're the only one who can provide us access.

PETER

What possible help could that man be? And what do you want me to go back with you to Massachusetts? Honey, I just got here.

OLIVIA

I can have you on return-flight here in four days, fi--

PETER

Let's out it this way: I'd rather stay here. In Iraq. That's how much I want to see my father.

OLIVIA

You have no obligation to help. Of course. So...I'm gonna be you. One human being to another. Mr. Bishop, your father may be able to save someone who's dying. Someone I care about very much.

He almost half-considers, then:

PETER

Sweetheart, we're all in love with
someone who's dying. I'm sorry.
Excuse me.

And Peter walks off. She watches him go, as angry as she is
heartsick. Then she says, loudly, strongly:

OLIVIA

I know why you're here.

And Peter stops.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I have your file.

PETER

Which file.

OLIVIA

The one CIA would say doesn't
exist. And it was everything.
Where you've been. What you're
running from. And what you need
while you're here.

His fucking stare says it: she's got him

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Either you come back with me. Or I
let certain people know your
whereabouts. Your call.

Whatever the hell she's talking about, he's pissed. Still,
he suddenly smiles, as if everything been fine all along:

PETER

Hey, what time do we leave?

And OFF OLIVIA, simultaneously satisfied and also dreading what
comes next, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A G5 flies across the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Olivia is on a cell phone, concerned, quiet --

OLIVIA

Did the doctors say anything else?
Did they explain how it was
"getting worse", or--? Were they
trying anything...?

(listens, bad news)

...yeah. Thanks, Charlie. Yeah,
I'll see you at home.

She hangs up. Stares off. Peter then sits beside her.

PETER

Everything okay?

OLIVIA

No. No, but your being here gives
me hope.

PETER

Let me ask you something. So, my
father. Not my favorite.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I vaguely got that
impression.

PETER

You don't know him. He's the most
self-absorbed, abusive, brilliant,
twisted, myopic son-of-a-bitch on
the planet. My mother, if she were
still alive, would break down in
tears then promptly agree with me.

(beat)

He was a chemist, that I know.
That he worked in a basement lab at
Harvard, doing research for a
toothpaste company. Developing
flavors. Back in the day before
gels or cinnamon-vanilla-mint. I
know that there was an accident in
the lab one night -- a fire.

PETER (CONT'D)

That someone died and my father was arrested -- the first truly peaceful period in our time. And the last time I saw him. I know that while still in custody he suffered a nervous breakdown and was thrown in St. Clair's, where he's been ever since.

(beat)

My gut tells me your friend's life -
- the one that hangs in the balance
--isn't going to be saved by a tube of Pepsodent.

OLIVIA

Have you asked me your question yet?

PETER

Who was he. My father.

OLIVIA

(beat, then)

He worked out of Harvard. But not on toothpaste. He was part of a classified U.S. Army experimental program called Kelvin Labs. They considered him a great genius.

PETER

Yeah, I remembered "brilliant", remember? Between "abusive" and "twisted".

OLIVIA

They gave him the resources to do whatever work he wanted, which was primarily in an area called Fringe Science. He conceived experiments meant to push the boundaries of possibility. And, some would say, ethics.

PETER

Fringe science-- you mean "pseudoscience."

OLIVIA

I suppose. Things like mind control. Teleportation. Astral projection, invisibility, genetic mutation, reanimation, fertility -

PETER

Waitwaitwait-- stop.

He just stares at her -- taken aback by this --

PETER (CONT'D)

Reanimation. You telling me what. My father was Dr. Frankenstein?

OLIVIA

(awkward beat)

Maybe this explains some of your father's behavior. Knowing that he was working on things...other than toothpaste.

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, childhood solved. Thanks.

And Peter gets up and walks away from her. TIGHT ON Olivia's face...and our MUSIC BUILDS AND CONTINUES OVER:

EXT. MASSACHUSETTES ROAD - DAY

A grey countryside. 3D LETTERS FADE IN: "ESSEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS" and they FADE OUT as Olivia's black car drives along -- passing a sign that reads, "ST. CLARIE'S - 3 MILES".

EXT. ST. CLAIRE'S - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we find a cold, VA-looking building in the midst of beautiful countryside. A SIGN, "ST CLAIRE'S HOSPITAL". PUSH IN as Olivia's car arrives, she and Peter step out. Olivia and Peter enter.

INT. ST. CLAIR'S - CORRIDOR - DAY

MUSIC PLAYS as Olivia and Peter are led by an ORDERLY through a SECURITY DOOR, then down a long, tiled hallway. Peter, pale, STOPS. Olivia turns to him--

PETER

You go ahead.

(beat)

I'm gonna...wait. In the lobby.

Their eyes meet -- he's clearly unable to go through with seeing his father for the first time in seventeen years. Olivia nods, and Peter walks off. She then follows the Orderly to a solid CELL DOOR, with a wired-glass window. The Orderly unlocks it. Peeks in, says to someone we don't see:

ORDERLY

Dr. Bishop. Special day. You have a visitor.

Orderly opens the door -- Olivia peers inside. HOLD on her for a beat before we CUT to the reverse. And there he is.

DR. WALTER BISHOP. Early 60's. Long, long beard, straw-grey hair. Sitting on the floor of a padded cell, wearing a charcoal jumpsuit and holding a book. He looks up at Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hello.

And he smiles. Warm. You like him instantly. And he says, with remarkable patience and sweetness:

WALTER

I knew someone would come eventually.

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S CAFETERIA - DAY

A big shiny, sterile, tile, empty cafeteria. Olivia sits uncertainly across from Walter, a large plastic cup of water before him. Sometimes he rocks a little, back and forth; a result of almost two decades of shock, drug and psychotherapy. Walter often holds up his left hand, his thumb playing with his fingers -- an odd nervous habit. When he's lucid, it's tenuous, like at any moment he'll go off the rails. The only other person here is the large Orderly, who stands near the door, just in case. A long beat before:

WALTER

And you said this was...this was when? When did this happen?

OLIVIA

The incident on the plane was four days ago. Agent Scott was injured the next day.

Walter thinks, hard, then suddenly SNEEZES, three times fast and fucking loud.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Bless you--

WALTER
And is the dermis-- thank you
-- the dermis already
indurated? Translucent?
Muscular tissue visible?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
-- on Scott--? You mean can you
see through his skin? Yes...

WALTER
That's-- oh, that's not good. When
you can see through skin. Tricky.
Advanced. Like that - tricky.
Tricktricktricky...

OLIVIA
What's happening to him - can it be
reversed?

Walter looks off for a long beat, as if something horrible is
occurring to him --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
...what is it?

WALTER
(quietly)
They have this...horrible pudding.
Here. This...butterscotch pudding
on Mondays. It's dreadful. Just
occurred to me.

And Olivia's heart sinks: okay, he's crazy. This may be a
bust. She says, deflated:

OLIVIA
...it's Thursday.

WALTER
Oh...that's fantastic news.

He looks at her -- and can see the judgment in her eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I-- I'm sorry. That I'm like this
now.

OLIVIA
-- oh-- no, no don't be sorry--

WALTER

I--I'm thinking things. Some things don't even make it. To my mouth. Some do, though.

(then)

This place... their... choice of therapies...

(and tears come to his

Eyes)

...have consequ-cons-con-
consequences.

Her heart almost breaks for him --

OLIVIA

-- it's okay, really --

WALTER

(suddenly back on track)

It can be reversed. What's happened to your colleague. Years ago I used lab animals. I recall that some became afflicted -- but were still saved.

OLIVIA

(suddenly: hope)

--so -- do you remember what to do?

WALTER

If your colleague has been exposed to a compound based on my work, two obvious questions arise.

(long beat)

Neither of which I remember.

Walter picks up the cup and starts to drink. And he doesn't stop -- drinks all of it, which takes a while -- spills some onto his jumpsuit. Olivia tries to maintain. Finally:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh yes -- how. Access. How did this individual, who must have significant scientific apprehension, access and then duplicate my work? And why? That's two questions-- one and a sub-query -- but I do have a third.

OLIVIA

Okay... which is..? Dr. Bishop?

He's looking deep into her eyes, as if reading her mind..

WALTER

Before the third question... you
came here today... with my son.

She almost GASPS at this. How could he know?

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm allowed no visitors, you see.
Save immediate family. Unless that
order was lifted, it's a simple "if-
then" formula: if you are here...
then so is he.
(beat, sotto)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I would so... very much like to see
him. So much.

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S LOBBY - DAY

Peter stands in the lobby, staring out the window. A desk, a
guard. Olivia comes out -- Peter turns to her.

OLIVIA

He asked for you.

PETER

Oh. Thanks, sweetheart, I
appreciate that --

OLIVIA

Hey. I didn't tell him you're
here. And call me "sweetheart" one
more time, I'd really like that.

Peter stares, pissed -- getting it: his father just figured it
out. FUCK. The last thing he wants to do is see him.
After a painful beat, reluctantly, Peter walks past her --

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S CAFETERIA - DAY

Peter enters the cafeteria. Stops. Standing across from
him, twenty feet away, is his father. Peter tries to seem
impassive, but as he takes in the crazy-grey-bearded older

man before him, there's vulnerability in his eyes.

Walter stares at Peter -- who he hasn't seen since his son was 18. A long beat. Then:

PETER

Hello.

WALTER

... I thought you'd be much fatter.

PETER

You thought I'd be fatter.

Excellent. First words, perfect.

WALTER

-- no, as a boy, you were rounder --

PETER

Yeah, until the summer of my senior year in high school -- not that I'm surprised you don't remem-- hey, what are you doing--?

Walter is MOVING CLOSE TO PETER -- who backs up -- the Orderly, there the whole time -- steps forward, just in case.

WALTER

--can I see something-- ?

PETER

--what the hell--?

--and Walter takes Peter's face -- PULLS UP PETER'S EYELIDS WITH HIS THUMBS -- checking his pupils -- Peter too stunned to stop him -- meanwhile behind Peter, Olivia enters, freaked out by what she sees --

PETER (CONT'D)

The hell are you TOUCHING me for?!

Irritated, Peter PUSHES Walter back, who has seen what he need to and is satisfied:

WALTER

Your pupils are good-- they're good--
- thank goodness.

(then, to Olivia,
immediately)

--the third question is how
advanced is your colleague's
affliction? Something I'm not--

notnot-- unable to deduce in the
absence of first-hand examination--
which is to say I must
tergiversate.

OLIVIA
--you-- what?

PETER
--leave-- it's a fancy word for
"leave"--

WALTER
--I must see Mr. Scott myself -
which I am unable to do under
present law unless signed out by a
legal guardian, which can only
be...
(looks to Peter)
...once again... a relative.

PETER
Wait a minute -- what are you
asking me to--? No.
(to Olivia)
Guardian? No -- forget it.

OLIVIA
(pissed, to Walter)
He'll do it.

PETER
I will not do it!

OLIVIA
One phone call, that's all it takes-
- you want me to make it?! 'Cause
I've got a phone in my pocket.

A fucking staring contest -- she whips out her phone -- a
threat upon a threat:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Now it's OUT of my pocket.

Peter wants to kill her. He walks off, furiously stopping
right beside her, saying at an almost-whisper:

PETER
You wanted my father, you got my
father. This falls into the be

careful what you wish for category.
Sweetheart.

He walks past her. Olivia is left there, looking up at Walter. Bracing herself for whatever's to come.

WALTER
 I don't really understand what just happened.

And off her look, MUSIC STARTS as we show:

OLIVIA

In a St. Claire's office, watching over Peter, who reluctantly SIGNS DOCUMENTS of LEGAL GUARDIANSHIP.

WALTER

In a bathroom, the Orderly watching as Walter CUTS HIS BEARD with a scissors at the mirror, then uses an electric razor to shave.

OLIVIA AND PETER

As they wait in the lobby -- not sitting together -- and WALTER steps out, clean -shave, in a too-starched white shirt and khakis. While looking a little awkward, it's a sudden transformation. He looks shockingly GOOD. Walter smiles.

WALTER

As he walks down the steps of the building, toward Olivia's car -- first walking around it, looking at its contours, its aerodynamics. As this happens, the DIRECTOR of the hospital comes out -- 68 years-old DR.BRUCE SUMNER.

DR. SUMNER
 Excuse me, Miss Warren.

Olivia turns -- faces the doctor, who doesn't extend his hand -- but moves close and speaks quietly and directly. Piercing eyes and a lack of humor:

DR. SUMNER (CONT'D)
 I'm Dr. Sumner, Director and Psychiatrist in Chief of St. Claire's -- I understand you have the intention to take Dr. Bishop off-premises.

OLIVIA

Yes, it's actually a national security issue-- I'm with the--

DR. SUMNER

I know who you're with, I've seen the release documents -- you might want to go back inside and read my resume-- my clinical history--

OLIVIA

--why would I want to g-- ?

DR. SUMNER

So that when I warn you what a colossal mistake it is to pull this patient out of this facility you'll respect it, you'll appreciate it, and you'll abide by it.

OLIVIA

Dr. Sumner, I can assure you that he will be in custody, observed, at all times--

DR. SUMNER

I assume you know who he is. The work he once did. Your need of him must stem from that.

OLIVIA

It does. And yes, I've read about Bishop in great detail-- what exactly is the problem here? What are you afraid of?

Dr. Sumner stares at her -- and what we sense really creeps us out: that he's choosing his words very carefully, that he isn't telling her all he knows..

DR. SUMNER

I will simply caution you. To be careful with him. More careful than you think necessary

And Dr. Sumner heads back into the hospital. Olivia watches him go, concerned. Then behind her, Peter, who is like a babysitter watching his father, who still stares at odd angles at the car:

PETER

Can we hit the road, please?

WALTER
This car is spectacular.

OLIVIA
Thanks.

And MOMENTS LATER Olivia's car drives away, Peter in the passenger seat and Walter in the back. And at his office window, Dr. Sumner watches with hard eyes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Olivia's car SPEEDS PAST CAMERA -- we HEAR A RADIO REPORT:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... President's press conference,
where he assured the public that
progress was being made--

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia drives. Peter besides her. Walter in the back. He looks out at everything, rather wide-eyed. Childlike.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
-- in the investigation into Flight 627.

MAN (V.O.)
Every effort is being made to
understand what happened on that
flight, and who was responsible.
And the President has made it
clear: our response will be swift
and certain--

Olivia turns off the radio. Looks back at Walter.

OLIVIA
Dr. Bishop, I was curious...if
anyone else ever had access to your
work?

WALTER
Well...the assistants, they had
bits and pieces. God, I suppose.
If you go for that.
(beat)
I suppose the only one who really
knew what I was doing was Belly.

OLIVIA

--who?

WALTER

Belly. William Bell. He and I
shared the lab.

OLIVIA

William Bell?

PETER

You shared a lab with the
founder or Prmetheus?

WALTER (CONT'D)

Uh..I-- I don't know what that
is. Prometheus.

PETER

(holy shit)

Oh nothing, just a little tiny
company.

(then, quiet, to Olivia)

One guy becomes one of the richest
men in the world, the other becomes an
institutionalized psychopath.

WALTER

Sometimes-- I don't know if I
mentioned this, but sometimes I
hear someone whistling. Row, Row,
Row Your Boat, late at night, down
the hall. Way down, near the
windows. And I can never be quite
sure...that it isn't me. You ever
have that?

PETER

(with faux pride)

That's my ward. My pop.

OLIVIA

Hey.

PETER

Just pointing it out.

WALTER

(loud)

OH!

OLIVIA

-- what-- what happened?

WALTER

--oh, I just pissed myself--

PETER

Excellent. Good going.

OLIVIA

--oh! Um-- do you want me
to pull over?

WALTER(CONT'D)

No! No, that's okay! It was just
a squirt. I'm okay. It'll dry.
We're good.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Olivia's car comes toward us -- growing -- and passes -- we
WHIP PAN to follow it and as it drives off we PUSH IN on the
BILLBOARD on the side of the road. A happy girl, sunlit, on
a swing. The PROMETHEUS LOG and the tagline: "What do we do?
What don't we do?" and our EERIE MUSIC BUILDS,
portending what's in store...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Olivia's car arrives --

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Our unlikely trio enters the hospital: Walter takes in the walls, the staff, pens on the counter, EXIT signs, a candy machine, families, soldiers - every detail surprising and new. Peter annoyed at the whole thing -- Olivia greeted by a DOCTOR who leads them to the QUARANTINE AREA, to...

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - QUARANTINE - DAY

MUSIC STOPS when we see JOHN, under the clear plastic tent. Shit, it's getting worse. His skin's grown even more transparent - now his VEINS, FASCIA and MUSCLES are fading so that we can see through his INTERNAL ORGANS.

OLIVIA silently GASPS, her heart sinking. Peter isn't having an easy time either; what he sees disturbs him.

PETER

...WOW.

He looks to Olivia, who stares down at the man she loves in contained agony. Peter reads her, for the first time really feeling for her. Olivia looks to Walter, desperately hoping he has a miracle offer.

But Walter stares at the fucking light fixture overhead, head cocked to one side curiously, analytically. His eyes flutter a little at the harsh fluorescent bulb.

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop?

Snapped out of it, Walter grabs John's chart, flips through it -- takes it in surprisingly fast - then, his left fingers and thumb playing as they do:

WALTER

Is there ginger ale? Any ginger ale? I haven't had some. In a long time. Miss it.

Peter shakes his head: this is nuts. Bewildered, Olivia takes a beat. Then, to a female Fed ASSISTANT (ASTRID, 24, pretty):

OLIVIA
Uh, can we get some...ginger ale
for the doctor? Please?

ASTIRD
--sure--

And Astrid heads out. Walter turns back to John, moves closer to the plastic tent. Looks around. Sees MEDICAL EQUIPMENT on a table, including a SCALPEL. He pulls on a pair of rubber glove, takes the scalpel in hand -- and Peter is on him like a shot, grabbing his arm:

PETER	WALTER
Hey-- wait a second--	I need a tissue sample--
	you're squeezing very
	tightly, Peter.
But Peter won't let go, his grip locked on his father--	

PETER
(to Olivia)
--does this not concern you?

And while this is hardly an easy decision, she makes it:

OLIVIA
Let him go.

Dubious, Peter lets go. Walter goes to work, opening the inner tent, angling the knife downward and we go ULTRA CLOSE on the skn of John's ARM - THE MIRROR BLADE CUTTING THE FIRST THREE LAYERS OF SKIN - MOVIN GON TO THE TRANSLUCENT AREA -- AND IT BECOMES LIKE WAX PAPER, THEN PLASTIC, THEN GLASS -- unable to cut anymore. Unfazed, Walter works with a surgeon's precision, slicing the small tissue sample:

WALTER
(glancing at Peter)
Petrie dish.

PETER
Hey, I'm not your lab assistant.

WALTER
Quick-- please--

Annoyed, Peter glances at a column of PETRIE DISHES among the room's equipment, takes one and hands it to Walter. Despite everything, they're working together -- for the first time. Walter slips the skin sample into the dish, seals it --

WALTER (CONT'D)

Good-- I'll need to take this to my lab right away.

OLIVIA

...your-what?

WALTER

Kresge Building basement - Harvard.
We should leave. I have my sample,
let's split.

Olivia looks to Peter, whose look says: "told ya he was fucking bonkers, good luck." So, tactfully:

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop, you realize your lab
was shut down after you left.

WALTER

-- it was what? I'm sorry--?

Then, almost cruel, how blunt Peter is:

PETER

Pop, it's gone. You got that?
Wake up. It's been gone -- just
like you - for seventeen years.
You have no lab.

And we see Walter's face go read -- almost like a temper tantrum, but in a grown, older man, it's downright scary.

WALTER

-- no-nononon-- the foundations is
a golden rectangle! I can't be
expected to make real progress if I
don't understand the proportions of
my space! The work itself won't be
consistent--

OLIVIA

-- I-- what's a golden rectan--?

WALTER
(angry, losing it)
WHAT'S THE GOLDEN RECTANGLE?! THE
PERFECT RECTANGLE!

-- and Walter has TURNED OVER A MEDICAL TRAY, which CRASHES to the floor. Walter turns away from them, pissed -- and he PUNCHES the wall, hard -- Olivia JUMPS -- is visibly shaken that, perhaps, Walter is too damn insane to handle. Peter leans in to her:

PETER
Let's take him back, right now.
I've had just about enough.

Then, past Peter, Olivia sees Charlie arrive quickly in the hallway, through the window.

OLIVIA
Excuse me.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia and Charlie meet in the corridor -- urgent --

CHARLIE
Got your message-- how's John?

OLIVIA
Bad-- worse.

CHARLIE
What about Bishop?

OLIVIA
From left to right: insane and irritating. And also my only hope-- listen, I need to question William Bell, could you set that up?

CHARLIE
...William Bell? Prometheus
William Bell?

OLIVIA
He and Bishop used to share a lab-- hey, anything from the CDC?

CHARLIE

Zero: their breakthrough is that the Hamburg flight was caused by a synthetic compound. Which is like saying rain is caused by a wet compound. They've run tests on Scott, but haven't come back with anything. Which leads me to this.

He holds out a FILE -- Olivia takes it -- curious --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thought you might wanna see that.

And we PUSH IN on Olivia as she sees this -- eyes widening --

INT. BROYLES' OFFICE - DAY

Only it isn't really Broyle's office -- it's John's. Door opens -- we PUSH IN behind Olivia, who enters, quiet but enraged, closing the door hard behind her. He's surprised to see her back--

BROYLES

--Liaison, when'd you g--?

OLIVIA

--I need to talk to you.

BROYLES

Yeah, listen, forgive my Insensitivity -- I saw the name on the door. But I'm only here for the duration of this investigation and I don't think Agent Scott is going to be needing his office any time soon.

Olivia resists strangling Broyles. Stays quiet and fierce:

OLIVIA

What I wanted to talk to you about...is that there's a mole in this department.

And Broyles stops. Whatever bravado he just had is gone. His eyes fucking lock onto her like he suddenly wants her dead. A long enough beat before:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- are you not gonna ask me h--

BROYLES

I KNOW THERE IS. The question is
how YOU know there is.

OLIVIA

Is that why you're really here?
Baby-sitting us--?

BROYLES

Start talking right now.

She stares at him - and gets the chills. Could it fucking
be HIM? What do to? Finally:

OLIVIA

We recovered phone records from a
cell phone found at the storage
facility.

OLIVIA

There was a call made immediately
after the Hamburg flight landed-- a
call that was routed through this
building.

BROYLES

--Who else had access to
those records?
--Anyone else?
--Did Agent Francis share
he and
those records with anyone?

OLIVIA

--Agent Francis and myself--
--no, no one else--
--no, he told me only

I knew about this.

A beat. She's getting freaked out here...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

...what the hell's going on?

BROYLES

(beat)

The integrity of this office is
being handled.

OLIVIA

...what do you know about th-

BROYLES

It is neither your job nor your
responsibility to get involved --
so I appreciate your bringing the
matter to my attention just as I
expect you to appreciate the fact

that you work under me.

(beat)

You're prohibited from discussing this with anyone inside or out of this office, is that understood?

She just stares. Wants to fucking accuse him right there --

OLIVIA

Yessir.

BROYLES

I do my job. You do yours.

OLIVIA

(fuuuuuuck you!)

Then it should be noted: I've successfully had Dr. Walter Bishop released from St. Claire's. And he requires his old laboratory back.

BROYLES

...I'm sorry, what?

OLIVIA

Kresge Building at Harvard.
Basement.

BROYLES

Yeah, congratulations, I'm Sure the University'd be thrilled to welcome back their only tenured professor who spent two decades mainlining Thorazine--

OLIVIA

I'm just trying to do my job, Sir, and that means helping Dr. Bishop do his. I believe he will help bring some answers to these investigations, which might help your next report to the National Security Advisor. I read the one you just submitted. Found it rather thin.

Broyles studies her at beat.

BROYLES

It would be nice to think that your tenacity in this case is a by-product of remarkable and robust professionalism. But I can't help but wonder...if there wasn't

something going on between you and
Agent Scott.

Olivia puts up her best poker face, which is pretty fucking
good--

OLIVIA
You want answers? Get the lab for
Bishop.

And she gets up and leaves the office --- OFF BROYLES'
AMBIGUOUS LOOK -- ally or adversary...? MUSIC BUILDS UNTIL:

INT. LAB - DAY

FOOM-FOOM-FOOM -- overheard fluorescents BLINK TO LIFE -- one
of them FLASH-BURNS OUT. BOOM DOWN TO REVEAL OUR LAB SPACE,
perhaps the real fourth character in our series: build in
1856, this building -- and the basement in particular -- have
an amazing sense of significance. Bricks and columns and
thick wooden beams -- dust motes dance through sunlight
streaming in from high, curved windows at the ceiling (and
which are ground-level with the campus quad). A massive
FURNACE sits in the corner. White sheets cover large pieces of
storage, cardboard boxes, thick with dust, everywhere.
It's quite a space.

At the light switch: WALTER. Regarding the room with haunted
eyes. Rather an awe, he speaks quietly, mostly to himself:

WALTER
...so much... so much happened
here...

And then he turns back to Olivia, and says, with wild, almost
scary eyes:

WALTER (CONT'D)
...and so much is about to.

And on Olivia's anxious face, with Peter resentfully standing
behind her, MUSIC BUILDS and we CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. LAB - DAY

RESUME SAME MOMENT: Walter, still at the top of the stairs when we find him, braves a walk deeper in...down six steps, passing the old equipment, memories flooding...

And Olivia and Peter, at the door, watch Walter. Astrid (the Fed Assistant, remember?) nearby. For Peter, increasing discomfort: he doesn't like finding reasons to sympathize with this man. He says to Olivia quietly, mocking Walter:

PETER

Wow, here we are. In the Golden Rectangle itself. I'm pumped.

OLIVIA

What makes a rectangle...golden?

PETER

It's got a length-to-width ratio equal to a number called "phi." Greeks discovered it -- turns up in math, Renaissance art, music - Dali used it in The Sacrament of the Last Supper -- Debussy's Reflections In Water -- nature too: seashells, branches on plant stems.

He says that so off-handedly, it underscores his casual genius; she's sort of quietly stunned by it. After a beat, she turns to the senior Bishop:

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop, I ordered a standard forensics work package, as you asked. Is there anything else you need?

Walter touches on of the water-damaged walls.

WALTER

There's an unexpected level of corrosion in the insulating sheathing. Drainage planes - vapor barriers --

PETER

You know, pop, some people just say walls.

WALTER
 (answering her question)
 An optical coherence tomography for
 flesh study, please. Two thousand
 pounds of silicon--

Olivia nods at Astrid, who starts writing this all down.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 --at least five anonymous blood
 samples from voluntary donors,
 please. A micro-organism detector,
 -- NASA grade, obviously -- there's
 still NASA, yes?

OLIVIA
 Yes.

Walter pulls a white sheet off a large SALINE ISOLATION TANK.
 He SLAPS it with his hand: KLANG!!!

WALTER
 She's still here! This tank
 was the best! Oh--and a five-year-old
 Ankole-Watusi.

ASTRID
 -- a what?

PETER
 (I'm on Mars)
 It's a cow. He wants a cow.

WALTER
 Pure-bred, not cross-bred, this is
 important -- with a mature weight
 of 1100 pounds and internal fat
 average of 2.37.

OLIVIA
 -- are you-- is he joking?

PETER
 Genetically, cows and humans are
 distinguishable by only a few lines
 of DNA. Ethical tests subject.

OLIVIA
 Where'd you learn all this? MIT?

Of course, he knows she's fucking with him -- that he faked a degree from that particular institution.

Bleary, she writes something down as a CUP OF STEAMING COFFEE is held out in front of her. It's Peter, who doesn't look happy, which can sometimes be his way. She takes the cup.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

He sits beside her as she sips the coffee, going back to scanning. A beat of awkward silence: we sense there's something he wants to ask her. Finally:

PETER

So what else did my file say.
About yours truly. How ugly was it?

She stops. Looks at him.

OLIVIA

I'm not at liberty to talk about--

PETER

-- well liberate yourself, because
I came back here, I think I deserve
the truth-- what did the file say?

They just stare at each other -- and as they do, he fucking sees something in her eyes. Holy shit...

PETER (CONT'D)

...there was no file, was there.

OLIVIA

(beat)

I needed you back here.

PETER

Wait a minute: you were bluffing?

OLIVIA

I was desperate.

PETER

-- I'm usually good at reading
people -- I mean that's what I do--

OLIVIA

I could see you were in trouble.
Anyone could see that.

PETER

So hell, I could've stayed.

OLIVIA

A car bomb went off this morning in Kirkuk. Don't know if you saw that. Just about where and when you were suppose to be working. We'll never know, but you might just owe me a thank you.

PETER

Well. I owe a lot.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I figured. How much?

PETER

What I was gonna make in Iraq would've covered just about half.

(then)

I feel safer there than I do here.

OLIVIA

Mafia?

Peter stares. Despite the gravity, it's almost funny:

PETER

The guy literally goes by the name Big Eddie. I swear to God, I'm not making that up.

OLIVIA

You owe money to a guy nicknamed Big Eddie?

PETER

Nope. He had his name legally changed to Big Eddie.

(then)

I was never a gambler. Never. But a couple of years ago? Just...

(shakes his head)

...crazy.

As Olivia looks at him...really studies his handsome, haunted face...we PRELAP:

WALTER (V.O.)

In '72, during Vietnam, the DOD's
biochem division had us working
on a leprotic contagion for possible use
against the Vietcong...

INT. LAB - NIGHT - LATER

Walter paces, his mind spinning in overdrive -- explains his
test results to an anxious Olivia and still skeptical Peter:

WALTER

Trick was it's short shelf life -
it self-immolated after peaking at
its most toxic level.

OLIVIA

Meaning it leaves no trace it was ever there?

WALTER

The idea was to prevent collateral
damage outside of enemy targets.
It's impossible that whatever
affected that plane was derived
from our work -- I'll have to do
more analysis before I can
establish definitive causality.

OLIVIA

What about John?

WALTER

What's infecting him isn't a virus,
or for that matter, any other kind
of organism-- it's merely a
chemical reaction. Which means we
can synthesize a counter-agent.

OLIVIA

So you can help him?

PETER

Hey-- wait a minute-- don't give
her false hope, that's--

WALTER

-- not false, there's no false,
it's real. I could help, yes, if I
had a precise inventory of what was
in that storage facility when it
detonated, then I can measure the

quantities of--

OLIVIA

We don't have that. It all went up
-- everything. And the suspect -
who may have those answers -- got
away. And John's the only one who
saw his face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

How long does he have left?

WALTER

...at the current rate of
crystallization, cellular
degradation, the slowing of his
natural hematop--

OLIVIA

(she SNAPS)

HOW LONG.

WALTER

24 hours. His brain will no longer
be able to oxygenate itself.

That lands on her, CRUSHING her. Walter, despite the impassive
outward appearance, does his best to console...

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm...I'm so sorry. That I can't
offer you a solution that doesn't
risk your life.

Olivia nods, stares off. Then as if just hearing that:

OLIVIA

...what do you mean?

WALTER

...didn't I mention it?

OLIVIA

-- no.

WALTER

Oh: the shared dream state.
Synaptic transfer system-- were you
not listening?

PETER

Whatever you think you said, you didn't say.

OLIVIA

What d'you mean shared dreams state?

WALTER

The human brain generates a quantifiable, measurable electric field.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I posited, in 1976, bicentennial year, that it's possible to synchronize fields from two distinct minds, and allow the sharing of information across an unconscious state. Like a string between two tin cans.

PETER

(to Olivia)

And what's great about that is that it's insane.

WALTER

There's precedence for this: the Egyptian papyrus of Deral-Madineh, darting back to 2000BC, holds stories of pharaohs using dreams to communicate with each other.

PETER

And did you guys see Goonies? That was also good.

OLIVIA

You're saying I could talk to John. While he's in a coma-- he might be able to tell me what the suspect looks like?

WALTER

Oh-- more than that: you could--

(to Peter)

-- this isn't an exact science--

(back to Olivia)

-- have access to his memories themselves.

PETER

(sarcastic seriousness)

Of Course, no of course not--

Assuming there's no extensive
brain damage. Of course,
you'd have to be severely
drugged, have an
electromagnetic probe
inserted at the base of your
skull and float without
clothes in the old tank.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Have you done this before?

WALTER
I...think so. I mean yes, but
years ago-- it's...

WALTER (CONT'D)
(smiles)
...foggy. Actually, I used this
technique to extract information
from a corpse. You can do that, as
long as they're not dead longer
than six hours.

PETER
Yeah, after six hours, they're
really dead.

OLIVIA
And you could do this with me?

WALTER
Which.

OLIVIA
This whole thing-- talk to John--
see his memories--

WALTER
Of course he'd need to be brought
here to the lab, kept on ice--

OLIVIA
So what drugs?

WALTER
Psychotropics. Mix of Serotonin,
Neurontin, Lithium Carbonate,
Lysurgic Acid Diethylamide--

PETER
 (this is fucked up)
 That's LSD-- the last one? LSD.

WALTER
 That'll take at least a few hours--
 (to Peter)
 I'd need your help to synthesize
 it. It it's not too much trouble.

PETER
 No, that would be fun.
 (to Olivia)
 The man who was in the mental
 institution wants to give you an
 overdose, stick a metal rod in your
 head then put you naked into a
 rusty tank of water.

WALTER
 Oh no, I don't want to, heavens,
 I'd rather not. I'm just saying.
 I can.

Olivia looks off -- fucking considering it -- Peter tries
 desperately to remain rational:

PETER
Olivia. Excuse me. You're clearly
 under sever duress-- you haven't
 slept since Iraq, you're dealing
 with the fact the man you care
 about might die, but I am TELLING
you, with all due respect to my
 father's potential brilliance--
 (STABS a finger at Walter)
 --that man is gonna kill you.

WALTER
 You don't understand the procedure.

Peter just starts WHISTLING "Row Row Row Your Boat".

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Yes! Like that-- exactly!

PETER
 What the hell would make you even
consider doing something so stupid?

A beat -- the she looks straight at Peter.

OLIVIA
Knowing John would do it for me.
(to Walter)
Set it up. I'll get DHS
authorization to move John.

WALTER
Excellent.

PETER
No! I'm not helping-- I'm out.

OLIVIA
Refuse to cooperate and I'll cite you for
obstruction of justice.

PETER
For refusing to cook LSD for a
Federal Agent?! Somehow I don't
think that one's gonna stick.

OLIVIA
(holds up her cell)
Let's call Fat Eddie. Huh?

PETER
Big Eddie. And I told you that in
confidence

OLIVIA
And let's keep it between us, okay?

PETER
This is insane. And so is he. And
so are you.

Peter turns and walks away -- as Charlie enters behind him --

CHARLIE
Warren, you got a minute?
(she moves to him)
You're on the next puddle-jumper to
New York -- heard back from Bell's
Office -- he's out of the country.
But Nina Cord, his CEP, said she's
happy to talk to you.

OLIVIA
Happy? Really?

CHARLIE

There's a cow. What's going on
here?

WALTER

We're about to make LSD.

OLIVIA

Don't listen to him.

As she turns Charlie away, she shoots Walter a "shhh!" look as
the cow MOOS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A TAXI pulls up to a glass and steel world headquarters building, past 3D LETTERS WHICH READ, "NEW YORK CITY". Olivia gets out of the cab, passes the company logo etched massively in granite.

INT. HOSPITAL - QUARANTINE AREA - DAY

The HERMETICALLY-SEALED HATCH closes on a CRYP-TRANSPORT TUBE, through a small portal window we see JOHN'S FACE -- the translucent flesh, muscles and veins pronounced -- he's almost looking like a fucking VISIBLE MAN MODEL KIT -- the frost on the glass making it even eerier to see. MED-TECHS wheel the tube down a corridor, like a gurney...toward a waiting MEDICAL TRANSPORT VEHICLE.

INT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - CORRIDOR - DAY

We TRACK WITH OLIVIA as she heads down the hall -- passing FRAMED PROMETHEUS CORPORATION IMAGES on the wall. Appliances, Aviation, Electrical Distribution, Finance, Healthcare, Lighting, Oil and Gas, Security, Water -- this company does FUCKING EVERYTHING.

INT. LAB - DAY

As the Med-Techs roll John in the cryo-tube into the lab, Peter helping with placement --

PETER

I guess over here -- Uh -- Walter,
this okay?

Peter looks over to Walter, who mixes solutions, burns chemicals on a Bunsen, prepping the LSD.

WALTER

Yesyes, good. And son. You can
call me Mom.

Walter goes back to work. Peter shakes his head. Astrid, meanwhile fills the massive isolation tank with water from a hose. She also pours in a box of EPSOM SALTS.

ASTRID

The whole box, Doctor, you're sure?

WALTER

Yes, dear, I'm sure.

Peter thanks the Med-Techs, who leaves -- Peter moves back to Walter's side -- Walter give him more chemicals to burn --

WALTER (CONT'D)

I feel normal. Working.

PETER

Yeah, bootlegging smack in the basement really is the picture of normalcy.

As he keeps mixing a chemical in a test tube, Walter leans closer, analyzing his son's face -- it's unnerving:

WALTER

I'd like to check your blood pressure.

PETER

(edgy)

My blood pressure's fine, check your own blood pressure.

WALTER

Your flesh tone suggests you're suffering from arterial hypertension.

He reaches out to touch Peter, who kind of snaps away, kneejerk defensive:

PETER

Hey: don't tell me what I'm suffering from - and there are no visible symptoms of hypertension --

Walter has been pouring chemicals -- which suddenly IGNITE - a large FIRE ERUPTS -- Astrid blurts a scream -- Walter's LAB COAT IS ON FIRE -- Peter quickly grabs Astrid's HOSE and DOUSES Walter's chest, putting the fire out.

Walter falls to the floor -- heart pounding, afraid -- breathing heavily -- and Peter is suddenly forced to comfort the man:

PETER (CONT'D)

-- hey -- pop-- it's okay. Listen,
you're fine, it was nothing--

WALTER

--that was careless-- bad form--

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PETER

--and I put it out and you're
okay.

WALTER

-- I wasn't-- I didn't see--

PETER

Hey: it's okay. I'm here.

WALTER

That could've-- been worse-- I'm so
sorry -- so sorry -- so sorry -- so
sorry...

And in this odd, heartbreaking moment, Peter is reminded just how damaged -- how vulnerable and prepared for the world - his father truly is. And he couldn't be less comfortable about it.

PETER

It's ok -- it's okay, pop. You're
okay.

INT. NINA CORD'S OFFICE - DAY

An ASSISTANT shows Olivia into the impressive cold office:

OLIVIA

Thank you for seeing me.

-- and she's greeted by 66 year-old NINA CORD. Elegant, sophisticated, brilliant and about as warm as a milk shake in an igloo. They shake hands.

NINA

Not at all. Dr. Bell is back from
Reykjavik next week-- perhaps I can
help you in the meantime?

They sit before floor-to-ceiling views of the City.

OLIVIA

We've been looking at the work of Dr. Walter Bishop. A researcher who was at Harvard at the t--

NINA

Yes, I know of Bishop. A contemporary of Dr. Bell's.

OLIVIA

It seems that certain recent events -- unexplained phenomena, including what happened aboard Flight 627 -- might be traced back to his work.

NINA

Dr. Bishop's.

OLIVIA

That's right. When asked if anyone else has access to his studies, Dr. Bishop mentioned the founder of this company.

NINA

I know they shared a lab space in the 70's.

OLIVIA

Until 1983, actually. We're wondering if Prometheus might be researching some of these technologies.

She holds out a file -- Nina takes it. Starts reading. Poker face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And if so, we were hoping you might cooperate with us. Identify employees who have access.

NINA

You're suggesting William Bell stole intellectual property from Bishop?

OLIVIA

I'm suggesting that, since they had a common workspace, the focus of their research might have been analogous. Mutually-influenced.

After a beat of reading, Nina closes the file, hands it back.

NINA

Unfortunately, I'm not at liberty to discuss our companies, their research or employees. The security of our proprietary information is a very real concern to us.

OLIVIA

Certainly. As I'm sure is national security. Can you tell me if any employees have in the recent past been dismissed because of suspicion of espionage of any kind?

NINA

Unfortunately I'm not at liberty to discuss our companies, their research or our employees.

Uh...no, Olivia doesn't like her.

OLIVIA

How long have you worked at Prometheus, Ms. Cord?

NINA

Sixteen years.

OLIVIA

And you...still enjoy it.

NINA

I owe Prometheus my life. And that's no exaggeration.

OLIVIA

...how so?

NINA

I was a runner, for most of my life. Always had been. During the '97 Boston Marathon, I felt strangely tired. Had a pain in my upper back that I'd never had. I assumed it was just another pleasure of advancing age -- until one morning at the office -- our

building at the time was in
Charlestown -- Dr. Bell saw that I
was in discomfort and insisted I go
for a CAT scan. Which revealed
stage three cancer, two metastases.

(beat)

The cancer had spread so severely
that I had to have my right arm
amputated what week.

Olivia's confused eyes dart in Nina's right arm -- and hand,
which she just shook.

Nina sees this -- reaches into her jacket sleeve and pulls
out the thin, flesh-colored SILICONE SKIN that covers
something remarkable: A COMPLETELY ROBOTIC HUMAN ARM AND
HAND. It's skin is translucent; the mechanics clearly visible
inside; little GYROS turning, it's sort of the most amazing
thing you've ever seen.

NINA (CONT'D)

That first scanner that found my
cancer was built by this company.
The robotic-assist tools used in my
surgery and the drugs I took
afterward were developed and
manufactured by Prometheus. And my
replacement limb...

Nina lifts both her real and fake translucent hand and wiggles
all fingers. It's uncanny.

NINA (CONT'D)

...was designed by Bell himself.

OLIVIA

(astonished)

I shook your hand, I couldn't tell.

NINA

Prometheus is a more remarkable
place than you know.
Unfortunately, given our non-
disclosure policy...I'm not
allowed to explain why.

Olivia looks at Nina -- her pro smile -- and just doesn't
fucking trust her. Then her phone rings -- she answers it:

OLIVIA

Agent Warren.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter in the background, Peter, sardonic, is on the phone:

PETER

Honey, your drugs are ready.

OLIVIA

On my way.

She hangs up. Looks at Nina.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thanks again for your time.

Nina extends her robotically-exposed hand. Olivia shakes it.
A FIRM SHAKE. Their eyes meet. Oddly steely.

INT. LAB - DAY

INTENSE MUSIC PLAYS as we barely see the muscle-and-veins John through the frosted plastic of the cryo-tent--needless to say, looking worse than ever. THERE ARE NOW SENSORS ATTACHED ALL OVER HIS FACE AND BODY -- AND A THICK CABLE RUNNING FROM SOMEWHERE AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

Astride sits on a table, eating from a bag of chips. Like it's a show -- and what she sees is Walter, preparing various SYRINGES -- each with a different colored drug. Peter recalibrates two HIGH VOLTAGE PULSE GENERATORS, BIORHYTHM SENSORS, HEART and VIDEO MONITORS. Unlike the digital, wireless age outside these walls, in here wires snake everywhere, Peter glances at Olivia disapprovingly as she enters, wearing a robe and looking pensive. Walter moves to Olivia, holding a tangle of SENSORS on wires.

WALTER

This may be a silly question. In fact, I may have already asked you. But you're aware of how serious this is. The real risks involved.

OLIVIA

...yes, I understand. And yeah, we had that conversation.

WALTER

Oh, okay. Sorry. I need to place these.

Still sitting, Olivia opens her robe. She wears a bikini, red floral patter. Some bruises from the storage units accident. While Walter is all-business, Olivia catches Peter sneaking a look. Self-consciously:

OLIVIA
I bought it for the Caribbean. We
never went, though. So...

Peter forces a smile -- an odd, intimate moment that sort of embarrasses them both. Walter places the sensors on her chest, her stomach, her legs. Then takes a SYRINGE and moves behind her:

WALTER
Tilt your head forward please --

Olivia's neck touches her chest. Walter finds a place at the nape of her neck -- tests it with his fingers -- spreads the skin--

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm giving you some anesthetic.

OLIVIA
--okay--

PETER
--this is asinine.

He INJECTS her twice in the area, which stings a little.

Then Walter picks up the PROBE he'd mentioned -- which is like two inch-and-a-half long NEEDLE THIN PINS connected at the center by a metal bar. Wires feed from it to the pulse generators. Walter moves behind her, ready to "install" the probe--

PETER (CONT'D)
You don't have to do this.

She stares at him -- but then she nods at Walter --- who carefully SHOVES THE PROBE INTO AND UNDER HER SKIN -- all the way in. It hurts only a little -- more pressure than pain.

Walter makes an adjustment to the generator -- checks the vital signs. All good. He moves to the tank and opens the door -- A LOUD, LONG CREAK. It's like a giant, dark metal shoebox, with a large hinged door. There's a BENCH inside, which Walter and Peter help Olivia climb into, and sit on.

Walter takes the two remaining syringes. The drugs. He

turns her left arm over, wraps a rubber tube around her upper arm...taps a vein...

WALTER

Have you ever tripped before?

OLIVIA

(slightly defensive)

I went to college.

WALTER

Which college?

OLIVIA

Maine State.

WALTER

No, you've never tripped. Not like this.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I have other drugs to counter-act what I'm administering. Help you come down faster. If your vitals start to spike, we'll pull you out. I can't promise you what's gonna happen...but at least it should be interesting.

Nervous but determined, she nods. Walter takes on syringe and injects her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You should start to feel very relaxed, very shortly.

Then -- another syringe --

WALTER (CONT'D)

And this...will rip open your consciousness.

He injects it. Peter doesn't like this at all. Olivia then gets into the epsom-salt-laden water. She's in there. Lying down, wires and probes stuck on and in her. Walter looks at her, now upside down for her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Listen. In case you don't come back. I just want to say, before we do this, that I so appreciate what you've done.

OLIVIA
(drowsy already)
...what's that?

WALTER
...there are many things you lose
in a place like that. The hospital
where I've been.
(beat)
You lose being trusted.
(beat)
It's strange how important that is,
once it's gone.

On Peter, watching this vulnerable moment from his insane
father. Finally, a small shrug from Walter. And he closes the
hatch, TAKING US TO BLACK.

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

INT. LAB - DAY

RESUME: Olivia's just gone into the tank. Peter watches at the controls -- VIDEO IMAGES of her face and full body can be seen. Walter works controls on one of the generators. A SINE WAVE is seen on its oscilloscope, moving across the screen again and again. Under this, the name, written on WHITE TAPE: "OLIVIA". Walter looks back to Astrid --

WALTER

If you want to watch, you can come closer --- who are you again -- do you work here?

ASTRID

(moves forward)

Yeah, I'm Astrid Farnsworth, remember? Junior Special Agent with the FBI?

WALTER

I don't remember at all, but hello, hi, I'm Walter, uh...

And he's forgotten.

PETER

Bishop. You're Walter
Bishop.
-- don't mention it.

WALTER

-- Bishop. Yes. Thank you.

Walter starts up the other generator. On WHITE TAPE: "JOHN". Another sine wave.

WALTER (CONT'D)

See, this is her brain rhythm. More important than people know regarding cerebral regional interaction. Critical-- massively important.

(other generator)

And this is his. Over time, as the narcotics take effect, the probes will coax their rhythms into sync -- and the electrical signals from both -- that's what our brains are electrical routers -- should be able to be interpreted by the other.

PETER

See? It's easy, like making taffy.

Astrid smiles. And if we haven't noticed, she's sort of a stunner

Walter turns on a monitor between the generators -- another screen, showing BOTH sine waves, hers and his, in RED and GREEN. Out of sync. Walter stares at the screens.

WALTER

These are both of their rhythms -
when they're in sync...they should
be in the same place. So to speak.

PETER

...so...now what?

WALTER

Now? Chicken salad.

PETER

...what?

WALTER

(to Astrid)
Would you be a doll? Chicken salad
sandwich, no raisins? Wheat bread?
Pickles?

Astrid

Yeah, I'll call that in--
(to Peter)
--anything for you?

PETER

An escape hatch?

She smiles and goes off to make the call. Walter, at a whisper to Peter:

WALTER

Now we wait.

Peter watches, pensive. MUSIC SWELLS and we DISSOLVE TO:

OLIVIA

Floating, eyes closed. The muffled WATER NOISES churning as we PUSH IN on her face...

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHN

Lying there unconscious, his face now a horrific image of
BRAIN, BONE and MUSCLE...

DISSOLVE TO:

WALTER

Writing on the PAPER PRINT OUT of their vital signs. Then he
brings a chicken salad sandwich to his mouth, taking a big
bite. He looks over: the monitor with BOTH of their brain
waves markedly MORE IN SYNC...

DISSOLVE TO:

Peter

Walking around John, in his refrigerated containment
tent...looking in...then he turns, peaks into the TANK, concerned...
sees Olivia, lying there...

DISSOLVE TO:

OLIVIA

TIGHT on her face... hold on it... then suddenly her MOUTH
OPENS -- a quick INHALE -- SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia stands in the middle of a junkyard. She looks around,
confused -- turns her head --

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia turns her head -- as if having a most vivid dream --

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter sits up -- machine beeps -- Peter and Astrid look on,
curious --

PETER

What's happening?

WALTER

Ooo, look, she's having an episode.

Walter goes over to the VITALS -- checks -- he's happy:

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Blood pressure and heart good.
 (glances at the sync
 monitor)
 ...should be any minute.

INT. DREAMSCAPE -- JUNK YARD -- DAY

Back to Olivia -- walking through the space, lost. She's wide-eyed, amazed. She calls out:

OLIVIA
 Hello?! I think I'm here--!

INT. TANK - DAY

-- Olivia, unconscious, in a drugged state -- whispers:

OLIVIA
 -- I'm here--

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter quickly circles an area of the vital signs tracking paper -- hits a button that BEEPS -- beginning to record the brainwaves -- which are now perfectly aligned on the monitor.

WALTER
 Looklooklook, almost in sync.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia moves through the junk yard -- calling out:

OLIVIA
 John?! ...John?!

She turns -- JUMP CUTS -- turns, looking, searching -- and a SHAPE MOVES behind her -- she turns -- no one is there. But she feels like something just moved behind that massive pile of trash.

Another part of the junk yard -- Olivia appears from behind a huge mound of junk -- walking through -- passing a beautiful red cedar WOODEN KAYAK -- fucking FLOATING in the air, ten feet above the ground. She stares at it, amazed, as she walks past. She says, to no one:

OLIVIA (CONT'D_
 -- I know this... that was my

uncle's kayak. Why is that here?

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia -- in a dream-state -- whispers --

OLIVIA

--why--?

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Another SHAPE moves -- disappears behind trash --

OLIVIA

JOHN! Is that you?!

JOHN (O.S.)

Olivia--?

-- she GASPS and turns--

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia's body quickly twists, SPLASHING--

INT. LAB - DAY

Peter stands -- machines BEEPING --

PETER

Is she okay--? What's happening?

Walter turns off the machines --

WALTER

--she's fine--
--she's fine---look--
they're together.

PETER

--you sure?

And the monitor with BOTH waveforms looks like just ONE.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia has turned -- breathing heavily -- and stares with tears in her eyes at...JOHN. Who stands there, in a suit, dark tie, looking handsome and confused.

JOHN

...I was thinking about you.

Olivia moves to him -- reaches out touches his face -- cries.

OLIVIA

--you're okay...

JOHN

Feels like I've been here for days,
you know? Where've you been?

-- and she KISSES HIM.

INT. LAB - DAY

-- machines BEEP again --

PETER

--what's that?

WALTER

Nothing.

Peter stares at the monitors. He moves to the tank, peeks into the window at her. Even more insane than the experiment...he can't be feeling...jealousy...can he?

Olivia, unconscious, smiles ---

INT. DREAMSCAPE - WHITELAND - DAY

The kiss finishes -- Olivia looks around -- they're in a TOTALLY WHITE space -- massive and bright -- she looks back at him--holding his face, emotional:

OLIVIA

John...you were hurt.

JOHN

I don't remember.

OLIVIA

Think. The storage units -- we were sent to investigate--

JOHN

--yes--but...what are you doing here? I'm feeling cold--

OLIVIA

I need you to remember. I need you to show me.

JOHN

--show you what?

OLIVIA

--what you saw. You told me you
saw him, that you saw his face. I
need you to show me his face.

JOHN

...why?

OLIVIA

(tears)

--so...so I can save you.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Please, try -- try and remember --
we were at the storage units.

JOHN

You kissed me there, like you did
just now---

--amazingly, BEHIND HIM, filling the space, like a giant
projected image -- is JOHN'S POV AS OLIVIA MOVED TO HIM --
AND KISSED HIM -- AND THEN IT ALL GOES BLACK AROUND THEM --
as his eyes closed during the kiss.

OLIVIA

--yes--

JOHN

--and we looked through the
garbage. And I unlocked the door --
opened it--

Now--behind him--his POV as the door LOUDLY OPENS -- she COVERS
HER EARS, it's so noisy -- and we see the labs --

OLIVIA

--yes! This is right---

--and Olivia's standing there, watching now--as if in
front of a fucking IMAX SCREEN --John's POV, as he turns --
AND SEES TROUBLED!

And we're looking at it FROM BEHIND OLIVIA -- WHICH MAKES IT
LOOK AS IF SHE IS THERE -- SEEING IT ALL HERSELF. Wind somehow
blowing against her now, she watches with wide eyes --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

--I SEE HIM--

And now we're RUNNING through the facility -- a fast
STEADICAM GLIDE, chasing after Troubled -- Olivia almost

losing her balance, feeling like she's free-falling, mouth open, overwhelmed -- and we see John's hand come up as he makes the call --

JOHN (O.S)
I've got a runner! He's heading
for the back!

And Olivia says -- AS WE ALSO HEAR HER SAY ON THE PHONE:

OLIVIA	OLIVIA'S VOICE
I'm on my way!	(filtered)
	I'm on my way!

-- and we TURN a corner, then another -- John AIMS HIS GUN
AND FIRES -- HITTING TROUBLED IN THE SHOULDER! Olivia GASPS --

OLIVIA
--you shot him --

And then, as we're running -- as John's running, crazy fast,
Olivia looks around for him -- where did he go?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
-- John?!

And she turns, 360 degrees, back to the screen, just as the
EXPLOSIONS HAPPEN - and John is suddenly OBLITERATED --

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia GASPS WILDLY, eyes wide in terror --

OLIVIA
I SAW HIM!

INT. LAB - DAY

Peter and Astrid quickly pull Olivia out -- whose body is
convulsing --

PETER	WALTER
--she's having a seizure!	-- hold her down!

And Walter injects her with another SYRINGE -- Astrid wraps her
in a large towel, her heavy breathing continues--

ASTRID
--is she gonna die?

WALTER
Eventually.

Peter shoots Walter a look and Olivia's eyes stop rolling back
- they begin to focus - she's full of adrenaline --

OLIVIA

--I saw his face -- his face, I saw
him -- oh my God--

(crying now)

--I saw John get hurt...I was
there...I was there...

And Peter stares at her, dubious but also amazed...

END ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY

The situation room -- quick CIRCLING AROUND Olivia, pale and desperate, as she works urgently at a computer on a FACIAL COMPOSITE DEVELOPMENT program -- to recreate the face of the man she saw - and holy shit, is it close to Troubled --

A number of Agents stand around her -- including Charlie --

CHARLIE

--what the hell do you mean you
"saw him"? Where?

OLIVIA

--I told you not to ask me that.
This is him.
(to Agent #3)
This is the suspect we're looking
for -- he looks like this --

Agent #3 is already hustling to the his desk --

AGENT #3

-- send me the image!

Olivia hits buttons -- BAM, the image appears on Agent #3's screen -- he types, fast. Quietly:

CHARLIE

You look like crap -- have you
slept?

OLIVIA

I am not crazy. I saw him. I saw
the whole thing.

But hell -- as she looks into Charlie's eyes, she sure sounds nuts. Looks it too.

AGENT #3

No primary matches for criminal
record --

OLIVIA

Cross-check all states' drivers
license files!

AGENT #3

On it, checking!

OLIVIA

-- and send that image to all local hospitals, that man was wounded - shot in the right shoulder!

But Agent #4, standing by Olivia's computer, having stared at the screen since she finished the image, says:

AGENT #4

--I've seen him before. I know him.

Olivia turns to him - galvanized --

OLIVIA

--where?

It takes him a moment. And then, as if he doesn't believe it himself, he hurries across the room, to the IMAGES AND FILES OF ALL THE PASSENGERS ON THE PLANE -- he RIPS one off the wall. Looks at it as he moves to Olivia and hands it to her.

The PASSPORT PHOTO AND FILE OF TROUBLED. She goes white.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- oh my God, this is him.

AGENT #4

He was a passenger. That man was on Flight 627.

And her mind -- as our had --tumbles --

OLIVIA

...I don't understand...

CHARLIE

He couldn't have been at the storage place. Maybe y--

OLIVIA

--Charlie, I saw him there.

He looks at her, sympathetic, but dubious. Kindly:

CHARLIE

I think you need some sleep.

And in a moment when Olivia thinks maybe she just might be going crazy -- tears come to her eyes --

CHARLIE
-- why don't you come to the house. Kathy'll make up the guest room, you can stay there while--

OLIVIA
--no--no...nonono...I swear to God, I saw him...I saw him there...

AGENT #3 pipes up:

AGENT #3
Hold on guys -- Morgan Stenson of Steeltown, Pennsylvania, forty-four years old, has one sibling--

Agent #3 moves to a laser printer, just finishing printing a page - he pulls it out, holds it up--

AGENT #3 (CONT'D)
Richard Stenson.

Holy shit, it's a different photo...OF THE SAME MAN. Or is it?

OLIVIA
--he has a twin?

AGENT #3
Six minutes older.

Olivia stands --re-energized -- on her game, to the room:

OLIVIA
-- so this cements the connection to the plane ---

CHARLIE
But what is the connection?

OLIVIA
-- that's right: Richard Stenson sets up labs in the storage yard - we don't know what the hell he's working on, why or for whom- I need a work and education history!

AGENT #3
--pulling it up--

OLIVIA

Whatever he's doing, it's about as dangerous as it gets. His brother was obviously a trigger. But how? Was he in on it? Or was he set up?

(something occurs to her)

--do you have medical history?

AGENT #3

--yeah--

OLIVIA

--tell me Morgan Stenson wasn't a diabetic.

AGENT #3

(reading)

...uh, no, I can't do that...

how'd you know: type-2 diabetic--

OLIVIA

There was an insulin pen found in the aisle of that plane -- was any insulin residue found?

CHARLIE

(checking files)

--I don't think there was--

OLIVIA

So theoretically: say Richard Stenson spiked his brother's syringe. Dr. Bishop mentioned that he'd worked on self-eradicating airborne toxins - designed not to leave any trace once the targets have been infected.

CHARLIE

With what?

OLIVIA

We need to ask Richard Stenson that, don't we?

(to Agent #3)

Where's his file?

AGENT #3

(indicates the printer)

Hot off the press---

--she GRABS the page that's just coming out. Reads it. Cannot fucking believe what she sees.

CHARLIE

--what?

As she heads out, handing the paper to him, she says:

OLIVIA

Richard Stenson's last employer

CHARLIE

--what--who?

But Olivia is gone -- and CHARLIE looks at the page and:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...you're kidding me.

INT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia walks fiercely down the corridor -- PRE-LAP:

OLIVIA (V.O.)

This is our suspect. I want
everything you've got on him.

INT. NINA CORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Nina Cord holds a photo of Richard Stenson. She obviously recognizes the guy. Olivia is here - and Nina's ASSISTANT, near the door.

OLIVIA

You want me get a court order?
Or do you want to talk?

A beat -- then, to her Assistant:

NINA

Bring me your files on Richard
Stenson.

Assistant nods, heads out as Nina says to Olivia -- warmer, as if in confidence:

NINA (CONT'D)

I want to apologies for our last
meeting. I wasn't sure I could
trust you before. Now I know I
can.

OLIVIA

...meaning what. You did
background on me?

NINA

(beat, sincere)

I especially appreciate what you
did at Quantico. Putting those
three captains behind bars was the
best thing that could've happened
to the US Marines.

Olivia is quietly stunned to find an ally in this odd, cold
woman with one arm.

OLIVIA

...thank you.

NINA

The man you're looking for was an
employee for two years in our
weapons systems research lab. He
was fired three months ago after he
tried to leave the premises with
certain classified materials. Our
investigators concluded that damage
to Prometheus was minimal...but that
Mr. Stenson may be part of The
Pattern. Which would be consistent
with your suspicions.

OLIVIA

...I'm sorry, you said part of the
pattern -- what pattern?

(off Nina's look)

--did I miss something?

NINA

I assumed you have clearances...

OLIVIA

(beat, unsettled)

...clearances for what...?

Nina stares, debates telling her. Then:

NINA

Suffice to say, we've reached a
point where science and technology
have advanced at an exponential
rate for so long...that it is far

beyond our ability to regulate and control them.

(beat)

You should know what you're getting into, Ms. Warren. I would say the same thing to my daughter. To my granddaughter. Be careful.

Olivia is struck by this warning. Then, to punctuate the moment, Nina's Assistant enters, hands Nina a FILE. Nina takes it, glances at it, and hands it to Olivia.

NINA (CONT'D)

Everything we have on Richard Stenson.

NINA (CONT'D)

(then knowing she'll need it)
Good luck.

And OFF OLIVIA we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

INT. LAB - DAY

--SPONGE BOB SQUARE PANTS on TV in the lab. Walter watches, loving it. Astrid too. Peter is also here, resenting the whole thing.

WALTER

And this is a show...for children?

ASTRID

Yeah. It's huge.

WALTER

It's surprisingly profound. For a narrative about a sponge.

(to Peter)

Wouldn't you say?

Before he can answer the PHONE RINGS, Peter answers merrily:

PETER

Crazy house.

INT. SEDAN - INTERCUTTING

Olivia drives at 90 mph -- talks into her headset as she WEAVES between curs:

OLIVIA

I just landed at Logan and I'm on my way to you -- I think we've located our suspect.

PETER

--wait, what do you mean? You didn't find him, did you? The guy you saw in the dream you had?

Astrid turns off the TV -- Peter glances over at Walter, who just SMILES at him like he cat who ate the canary.

OLIVIA

I'm picking you both up -- I'll need your father there to question him, get whatever information he needs so he can make the cure for John -- and I'll need you there too, in case your father's...you know --

PETER

-- say no more.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON TENEMENT - DAY

BOOM DOWN a row of tenements -- past 3D LETTERS WHICH READ "SOUTH BOSTON" -- to a particularly shoddy one as a Flak-jacketed SWAT TEAM silently secures the perimeter, fanning out --

Peter and Walter sit in the back of Olivia's car. Peter looks at the FILE of Stenson -- company PHOTO, etc...Then he notices that Walter seems particularly uncomfortable watching the police activity.

PETER

What. You okay?

He shakes his head a bit. Vulnerable.

WALTER

Reminds me...

(then staring off, shakes his head)

...nothing.

Peter realizes: must be the night he was arrested. The fire. A beat, then he looks back to the team --

VARIOUS SHOTS of Team Members snaking through bushes, around corners -- cordoning off the apartment - moving up to the front door.

TIGHT ON OLIVIA who lands next to the doorframe, back to the wall, gun drawn. TEAM LEADER gives the "go" and:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dilapidated - the team BURSTS IN shouting "FEDERAL AGENTS!!!" -- Olivia and three Team Members through the main door, four others through the back -- VARIOUS SHOTS of DIFFERENT ROOMS in the apartment as the Team Members move through it, gun muzzles panning -- we STAY CLOSE WITH OLIVIA, ready for anything, tense as all hell -- and one by one, as every room's breached, we hear the refrain:

TEAM MEMBERS

CLEAR! / CLEAR! / CLEAR! / CLEAR!

She moves through the house, pissed, searching -- nothing -- clearly, the guy's not here -- she STOPS -- NOTICES something:

The RUG underfoot. A DISTURBED DUST PERIMETER, like the rug was just moved -- she crouches, YANKS back the rug, revealing A CELLAR DOOR -- SIGNALS to the Team Leader: DOWN THERE.

The Agents converge, weapons back up, Team Leader flips on a MAGLITE as a Team Member RIPS BACK the door -- the agents STORM DOWN into:

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Team DESCENDS, flashlights sweeping, the cellar's FILLED WITH CHEMICAL EQUIPMENT -- EMPTY -- but the storm window's been OPENED --

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Peter, alone. Peter watching outside, anxious.

WALTER

Thank you for before. Putting me out. When I was on fire.

PETER

(I don't want to be here)
My pleasure.

WALTER

(beat)
It's good to see you again.

Peter look at him, not giving an inch. Then he sees, past Walter: STENSON emerge from a below-ground FLIGHT OF STAIRS -- Peter recognizes his FACE -- THROWS the car door open, starts to MOVE, SHOUTING:

PETER

THE ALLEY! HE'S IN THE ALLEY!

Stenson TURNS -- MEETS EYES WITH Peter -- then RUNS around a corner, down an alley - and fuck, Peter can't let him go so, as he gets out, quickly, to Walter"

PETER (CONT'D)

--YOU STAY RIGHT THERE, YOU
HEAR ME?!

--NO!!! NO, YOU STAY
THERE!!!

WALTER

--what--I can't--can I
leave the car?

And Peter SPRINTS after Stenson -- finally the SWAT team's following too, IN PURSUIT -- OLIVIA sees Peter round a corner -
- SHIT--she runs:

A BREATHLESS FOOT CHASE, IMMEDIATE, HANDHELD AND FRENETIC:
 Peter and STENSON -- RUNNING ALL OUT -- pelting down the alley,
 breathing hard, each in overdrive -- Stenson looks back -- sees
 Peter behind him, gaining--

Ahead of them a BLACK AND WHITE swings into the alley --
 Stenson hangs a hard left and CRASHES through a wooden gate --
 Peter whips through the gate a second later, crossing a
 cluttered BACKYARD -- RUNNING, tripping through toys, a swing
 set, through a HEDGE and RUNNING LIKE MAD through the narrow
 gap between tenements -- they emerge onto a street --

Ahead, a MAN on a BIKE, pulling up to the sidewalk -- Stenson
 dodges but HURLS bike-man aside, sending him RIGHT INTO Peter -
 - the two of them CRASHING, rolling to the pavement, Peter's
 face contorted with pain and just when it looks like Stenson's
 gonna get away --

OLIVIA SNAPS INTO FRAME, running full-tilt boogie, she's been
 FOLLOWING THEM, suddenly the chase becomes HERS -- Stenson
 races toward a TRACT HOUSE across the street -- she pulls her
 gun as Stenson runs past a MAN picking up his mail -- RACES
 THROUGH HIS FRONT DOOR:

INSIDE THE HOUSE: Olivia chases -- a WOMAN doing laundry
 SCREAMS as they blast past her, knocking her flying -
 through the KITCHEN - KIDS at the table SCREAM TOO as
 furniture crashes everywhere -- Stenson SLAMS right through
 the back screen door, RIPPING IT off its hinges -- and JESUS,
 we're still following them across the BACKYARD where --

A SNARLING DOBERMAN IS SUDDENLY BOLTING AFTER THEM -- gaining -
 - a FENCE ahead -- Stenson's the first OVER IT -- Olivia
 follows a second later but the DOG has TORE into her leg, she
 YELLS IN AGONY but manages to kick free of the dog and pulls
 herself over the fence, ANKLE BLOODIED -- drops with a THUD
 on the other side just as she looks up to see Peter APPEAR
 OUT OF NOWHERE, TACKLING STENSON HARD -- SLAMMING HIM TO THE
 OILY CONCRETE - DOGS BARKING, JUMPING behind nearby fences -
 a furious Peter gets the upper hand, PUNCHING STENSON HARD -
 AGAIN AND AGAIN -- an adrenaline surge of strength and
 Stenson's face BLEEDS for it -- but suddenly Olivia is THERE,
 SLAMS her knee down on Stenson's chest and shoves her GUN
 BARREL in his face -- out of breath:

OLIVIA

Hi there. We've got some questions
 for you.

Off that we WHIP TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

BANG: the door flies open --- in rush Olivia, Peter and Walter
-- disheveled, bloody, INSTANT OVERLAPPING -- Walter reading
from the notes they took --

WALTER
The active toxin was a
magnesium-based ethylene
glycol--

--a magnesium ethylene
glycol with an
organophosphate trigger--

--so--so you're saying what,
we synthesize a calcium
gluconate in a thiamine base?

--we can't. We'll need more
Of his blood, and we have
none.

PETER
--no, I understand that --
you're not listening to me--

---Dad, stop: his blood won't
be able to absorb it fast
enough before the side-
effects kill him.

--yes.

OLIVIA
That's not true: all agents are
required to set up a backup blood
supply in case we're wounded--

WALTER
(gasps)
-- that's brilliant-- good
thinking.

OLIVIA
It wasn't my idea.

PETER
We create the antidote, dissolve it
into Scott's stored blood, then
transfuse it intravenously so his
body's not overwhelmed.

WALTER
Autologous transfusion.
(to Olivia)
We'll need that blood --

OLIVIA
I'm on it.

SCIENCE MONTAGE:

A staple of the show -- Walter -- with Peter's help -- use whatever tools and tricks of the trade are needed to build the device, create the compound or jerry-rig the machinery--

In this case they're FORMULATING THE ANTIDOTE FOR JOHN - which means our Fringe music PULSES as we DISSOLVE from Walter carefully measuring multi-colored CHEMICALS to Peter injecting them into TEST TUBES to Walter putting them, in a CENTRIFUGE to Peter hanging SALINE BAGS to Walter injecting the GREEN COMPOUND -- THE ANTIDOTE -- into the saline - Olivia enters with a stainless-steel COOLER -- opens it - BAGS OF BLOOD - and now Walter preps the BLOOD TRANSFUSION GEAR and Peter finds veins on John -- sliding in syringe--

And WE WATCH HIS CURRENT BLOOD LEAVE HIS BODY -- HIS NEW BLOOD ENTER...and on this, three faces waiting, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia sits on a bench in the shiny-tile hallway of the first floor of the building. Unknowing college students pass here and there. She sits here, heart heavy...in waiting. She turns: BROYLES is here. He moves to her, sits beside her. Says, with half-seriousness:

BROYLES
So I got the lab.

She can't help but smile a little too.

OLIVIA
Yeah, I know you did. Thank you.

He nods. Then:

BROYLES
How's it going downstairs?

OLIVIA
Bishop says it'll be a while. But it's actually looking "auspicious". That was his word.

And she sees he's staring at her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
...what.

And when Broyles talks now...he's direct...but warm. Surprisingly engaged:

BROYLES

You've done some solid work here. Locating Bishop. Getting him out, finding a way to get him to work with you.

OLIVIA

His son found a way to get to him to work, not me. Brains run in the family.

BROYLES

But you found them. You did it. You've done more in six days than we have in months.

OLIVIA

...who's "we"?

And so he levels with her:

BROYLES

What happened on that plane might not be an isolated incident.

She's intrigued - as he pulls out a CLASSIFIED FOLDER. Opens it. There are PHOTOGRAPHS inside.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Most of what I'm going to show you has not been made public.

He shows her one photo: DEAD CATTLE. Dozens of them.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Last April outside Houston, two-hundred and six head of cattle were found dead. Autopsies revealed they were all missing lungs. No surgical marks. No signs of foul play.

Olivia is puzzled as Broyles pulls out another IMAGE: a MAN IN A HOSPITAL BED.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

In June, in a Paris hospital. A man who had been in a coma for six years began whispering one word,

over and over. "Dieu".

OLIVIA

"God".

Broyles pulls out ANOTHER IMAGE: another MAN in a hospital bed.

BROYLES

On the same day a comatose patient
in Lisbon was heard speaking for
the first time in a decade.

"Deus".

(another bed-ridden MAN)

Same day, Osaka: a comatose patient
starting chanting..."Kamisama".

TIGHT ON OLIVIA: what the fuck is going on?! Another IMAGE: a
happy-looking FAMILY.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

In August a family from Toronto
vanished while on a road trip to
the United States. Then, two hours
after they were last seen at a rest
stop...

Another IMAGE - POLICE PHOTOS OF BURN MARKS ON THE GROUND --
BURNED HUMAN REMAINS

BROYLES (CONT'D)

...these charred remains of four
people were found near Shanghai.
The dental records and wedding
ring matched those of the missing
couple.

As Broyles talks now, more IMAGES: a CORPSE which looks as if
it has been turned INSIDE OUT. A TREE, covered in LOCUSTS. A
CREATURE -- something - we don't know what --

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Needless to say. Strange things
are happening. You yourself have
been witness. You know.

(beat)

It is a new, real, and continuing
phenomenon: in the past nine months
there have been three-dozen authenticated
incidents like these.

"Anomalies".

OLIVIA

--there are no...explanations? No suspects? No claims of responsibility--?

BROYLES

An emergency session was called two months ago in Tokyo - the worlds' top scientific minds in research and technology.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

They met with us -- heads of state, security agencies. They were asked to review the evidence. Draw conclusions, make suggestions

(beat)

It was a room of very alarmed people. They named these events "The Pattern".

OLIVIA

(recalling Nina's use of the same word)

...The Pattern...

(beat, then:)

Why are you telling me all this?

BROYLES

Since May I've been heading up a Homeland task force called Fringe Division. We've been investigating these anomalies.

OLIVIA

That's why they assigned you to the Hamburg flight.

BROYLES

I want you to work for me. I want you as lead investigator --

OLIVIA

I have a job.

BROYLES

This is a better job.

OLIVIA

I like my job. And the man I do it with. As you seem to have deduced on your own.

BROYLES

Another two cases have come up
since Hamburg. Anomalies.

OLIVIA

(beat)

I feel for you.

BROYLES

I feel for all of us.

(beat, it's scary)

When I tell you what they are--?

OLIVIA

I don't want to know. Don't tell me.

(beat, real)

Mr. Broyles, I've been trained for
a lot. For everything, it feels
like. Battle. Hostage crisis.
Terror campaigns - suicide
bombers, chemical attacks...

(beat)

But what I've been seeing
recently...I don't know why
it should be any different. Why it
should affect me any more. But it
does.

(eyes well up, quietly:)

I'm scared. And I just want to go
back. To before.

BROYLES

I don't think you can--

OLIVIA

--I can.

(beat)

I can.

She sniffles -- stands -- starts to walk off, then turns back,
smiles:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Not that I'm not flattered.

Because I am. I should've said
thank you before.

(then)

Thank you.

And Broyles just watches her walk off. He's lost a good one.

INT. LAB - DAY

PUSH IN on John's face -- while there are still veins seen through his skin, he looks remarkably normal again -- and suddenly he INHALES -- and Walter moves to him -- gives him oxygen - calls out--

WALTER

He's up! He's waking up!

Peter, who was napping at the desk is startled awake -- he gets up - hurries across the lab--to the doors, calling out:

PETER

Olivia! Olivi--

--and she enters--

PETER (CONT'D)

--he's up, he's conscious --

And Olivia, full of hope and anticipation, races across the lab space, to John, whose eyes are just opening -- he's getting his bearings - but she's there -- tears in her eyes - touching his face -- saying quietly, sweetly:

OLIVIA

...John? Can you hear me, baby?

And Peter records that "unofficial" term.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

--John--?

And John's eyes focus on her beautiful face--he sees her. His voice weak, tears in his eyes too--

JOHN

...I had a dream...about you...

And she cries and kisses him, holding him so grateful. Peter watches this scene, incredulous. He glances at his father, who is literally crying at the reunion. And for the first time, Peter sees his father...as something of a hero.

FADE OUT.

END ACT NINE

ACT TEN

FADE IN:

INT. LAB - DAY - LATER

Perhaps an hour later, John is being wheeled out of the lab by two MED TECHS. Looking even healthier now, the trace of veins still receding under porcelain skin. Hey pass by Peter, who is on a cell, speaking Arabic:

PETER

I appreciate your patience, I
should be back by Thursday night --

He walks past Walter, who stands in the middle of the room, keeping a close eye on Peter. Pensive. And Olivia approaches, grinning, grateful...

OLIVIA

You're a miracle worker.

It takes Walter a moment to turn to her--

WALTER

Oh. Yes, nature has its kinder
moments

(then)

I was hoping you might...need me.
For another go. Another...something,
I don't know.

OLIVIA

They might. I think they would.

WALTER

But I'd need Peter. I don't think
I could do it without my son.

(beat)

And I suspect he wouldn't do it
without you.

That catches her off-guard; the fact she understand the subtext so instantaneously, and might even (in her deepest recesses) share the feeling it implies, is something she can't handle yet:

OLIVIA

What --what do you mean?

WALTER
(beat, smiles)
I'm not sure.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(smile fades, long beat)
...what are we talking about?

OLIVIA
I was ...just thank you.

WALTER
No need.
(then, quietly)
I meant to ask you. If you've
read my file...then you know the truth.
About my son's...medical history.

And we see in her face now, whatever it is he's referring to, she does know, and it's troubling. Her eyes go to Peter across the lab, still on the phone. She just nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)
If you'd like to thank me...you
could do so by not telling him.
Please.

Their look holds, and we don't know WHAT this is about, but in time we certainly will. For now, there's a silent acknowledgement that yes, it'll stay between them. She leans in, gives Walter a kiss on the cheek. She walks off...and he watches as she moves to his son.

ON OLIVIA AND Peter:

As she says good-bye:

OLIVIA
Your job still waiting for you?

PETER
You bet it is. Guys as brilliantly
stupid as I am don't grow on trees.

OLIVIA
Not in Baghdad they don't.

PETER
No sir.

OLIVIA
Good luck with Big Eddie.

PETER
(beat)
Thanks.

And there's a moment, a look between them -- despite everything, he's actually come to like her. And she, him.

PETER (CONT'D)
This whole freak show went better than I thought it would. Thanks.

And their look HOLDS...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Through a hospital room window, we see JOHN, recovering, speaking to a NURSE. He's got BANDAGES on parts of his face, like a burn victim whose skin is still healing. PULL BACK to find Olivia staring through the glass, DR. REYES beside her, still happily surprised:

DR. REYES
His vitals are surprisingly strong.

OLIVIA
How long does he have to stay?

DR. REYES
Until the melanocytes in his skin regenerate -- but that shouldn't be more than a week.
(smiles)
He owes you his life.

OLIVIA
We owe each other.

And as she looks back on John, her focus goes elsewhere:

OLIVIA
What room is Stenson in?

INT. HOSPITAL - SECURE WING - DAY

Olivia approaches Stenson's room, flashes a BADGGE to the posted DOOR OFFICER - enters:

INT. ROOM 407 - CONTINUOUS

Stenson's in bed, shoulder bandaged from John's gunshot, his wrists leather-strapped to the bed's side rails. She enters; cold, intimidating stare; he returns it, unfazed:

STENSON

I told the truth.

(beat)

Didn't I. I gave you the names of the synthetics I used in th--

OLIVIA

(hating this prick)

Don't worry, our immunity agreement holds, but there's a lot more we have to talk about -- like why you killed your own brother, and who you were selling your work to.

STENSON

Who says I was selling it?

OLIVIA

Right now I only need one thing: you got help from someone in our office, didn't you? We have phone records. The calls made to your pre-paid cell.

(beat)

Who were they from?

He takes a beat, something in his eyes...

STENSON

You've got it wrong: I wasn't working with anybody, I was being threatened. And if the calls came out of your office...I'm starting to wonder if you can really protect me.

She studies him: unsure if he's fucking with her.

OLIVIA

I'll remind you the death penalty's only off the table for your continued cooperation, Mr. Stenson.

STENSON

--you think I'm lying? I swear to God, I can prove it. I recorded the conversation.

OLIVIA
--where is the recording?

STENSON
At home. In my yard. I buried it
by the back steps...listen for
yourself.

Off Olivia, REACTING to this new, profound break--

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Walter watches impassively as all the new equipment's moved
out; the old equipment re-taped. The cow too, is being readied
for transport...Walter stares at it, awkwardly pats its head...

WALTER
Research suggests bovines are...
gifted with advanced cognitive
abilities, and never forget a face.
(beat)
I hope you'll remember mine. Good
luck, Gene.

PETER (O.S.)
..."Gene?"

Walter turns; Peter, behind him, has been watching -- partly
amused, partly embarrassed, partly pitying.

WALTER
(as if to say "obviously")
Our genetic benefactress.

To that, Peter has to smile a little. Obviously. There's an
unspoken acknowledgement here of what comes next, and suddenly
Walter grows quietly, painfully desperate:

WALTER (CONT'D)
Please don't take me back. I don't
want to go back.

PETER
("don't do this to me")
Listen, um--Walter--

WALTER
You called me "pop" before.

PETER
And you asked me to all you "Mom".

WALTER

--this experience: you woke
me up again, you can't put me
back to sleep--
--whatever punishment you
think I deserve, I swear I've
already endured it--
seventeen years--

PETER

--this was hardly my idea,
none of it was--

--STOP.

It gets very quiet.

WALTER

...please. Son.

And we see how much this hurts Peter too, that against every
rational instinct, his heart's bleeding for this man. It's
confusing, infuriating -- he doesn't want to connect:

PETER

Maybe the truth is...if you'd been
more of a father to me, I'd be a
better son.
(beat)
That doesn't just mean staying...
it means not getting into the kind
of trouble I'm in already.
(beat, simply)
If I stay here, I die.
(beat)
I don't really have a choice.

And he moves off, leaving Walter standing there, heartsick.

INT. STENSON'S TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

The apartment's taped off, turned into a crime scene.
FORENSICS TECHNICIANS bag evidence, dust for prints...Olivia
moves through, heading toward the back stairs...

HARD CUT TO HER HANDS, DIGGING IN DIRT -- she's on her knees in
the yard, scrounging for the taps. Digging, digging, until she
comes across the corner of a PLASTIC ZIPLOC BAG -- pulls it out
and holds it up: inside is THE MICROCASSETTE.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John, in bed, tries to sit up...still feeling weak...but forces
himself into sitting position. Looks determinedly towards the
door--

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

The glove compartment POPS OPEN -- Olivia rummages through supplies, finds a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER. Focused, full of anticipation, she slips in the Microcassette, hits "PLAY"-- HEAVY STATIC -voice FILTERED -- SLOWLY PUSH IN on her as:

STENSON (V.O.)
--who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
We had a purchase agreement.

STENSON (V.O.)
There have been other bidders.
Today--the airplane--was a
demonstration--

VOICE (V.O.)
You've drawn unwarranted attention -
- something we can't afford to be
connected with.
(beat)
I'll make this simple: you're not
selling to anyone else. You do
that and we will come after you--
I will come after you.

We're still PUSHING IN on Olivia -- CLOSER STILL, an ominous feeling overtaking her --

STENSON (V.O.)
...you're threatening me? Is that
wise. After seeing what I'm
willing to do to my own brother?

VOICE
Lemme assure you, we'd be happy to
treat you like family too.

AND BY NOW OLIVIA'S EYES FILL FRAME, WIDE, HORRIFIED, AS WE:

MEMORY FLASHCUT: LOGAN AIRPORT, ON THE TARMAC OUTSIDE THE PLANE
- JOHN'S GETTING OUT OF THE VAN AS HE ARRIVES ON-SCENE, TALKING
ON HIS CELL:

JOHN
Lemme assure you, we'd be happy to
treat you like family too.
(hangs up, grins)
Good old NTSB. All like to think
they're cops.

BACK TO OLIVIA: we watch the insane, impossible moment of revelation -- the air leaves her chest--almost a whisper:

OLIVIA

--John--

EXT. STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

John, now back in his clothes, approaches the POSTED COP outside Stenson's door, flashes his FBI ID:

JOHN

Need to ask him a few questions...

INT. STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

Stenson's ASLEEP. A SHADOW moves over him then LIGHTNING FAST -- A PILLOW JAMS DOWN OVER STENSON'S FACE -- he JERKS under its force but CAN'T MOVE BECAUSE HIS WRISTS ARE BOUND -- his body SPASMS HELPLESSLY as we ANGLE AROUND TO JOHN, his face impassive, holding the pillow there with brute force...

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia FLOORS IT back to the hospital, on auto-pilot - this isn't possible but it's fucking happening --

OLIVIA

(into headset)

Charlie, I need two agents posted outside Agent Scott's room now - nobody goes in or out 'til I get there -- and make sure Stensons's safe!

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

Charlie runs down the corridor -- flashes his badge as he moves past the COP outside Stenson's room -- he bursts in -- FINDS A DEAD STENSON -- EYES WIDE--

CHARLIE

--oh God--Livvy, he's dead--
Stenson's dead!

(yells out)

WE NEED THIS PLACE LOCKED DOWN!

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Olivia FISHTAILS around a corner -- SLAMMING HER BRAKES, door already open and she's LEAPING from the car -- RUNNING LIKE HELL FOR THE ENTRANCE -- but then she HEARS A SCREECH and turns

- John, behind the wheel of a BLACK SUV, pulls onto the road!
Olivia runs back to her car -- jumps in and TAKES OFF after him--

TIRES SCREAM AS SHE PURSUES, SHOUTING INTO HER CAR WALKIE:

OLIVIA

This is Warren, Agent ID 52776--in pursuit of
black SUV, license number 5AD672B -- heading
south on Fenway, need immediate assist--

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

JOHN -- speeding across the boulevard into a neighborhood of inclined streets and -OLIVIA-- skidding around a corner a second later as -- TWO POLICE CARS PULL U-TURNS on the road, whipping around to join the chase and John looks back -- SEES OLIVIA IS PURSUING HIM --

Pursued by Olivia and two black and whites, JOHN DRIVES, FAST up a hill-- CRESTS -- SPARK FLY as he SKIDS A HARD RIGHT -SHIT- -Another COP CAR angles in from the SIDE STREET and JOHN -- no choice - FLOORS IT - KNIFING the front end of the cop car and - the TWO COPS CARS FOLLOWING are spun back! CRASHING AGAINST A BUILDING ON THE CORNER - not to mention the COMMUTER CARS -- PILES-UP:

OLIVIA -- swerving to avoid it -- onto the sidewalk--SPARKS FROM THE WALL AS SHE SCRAPES! Hanging in --- skidding into a turn down the hill, catching up---

JOHN -- pedal down - SIDE-SWIPE OLIVIA'S CAR - THEY SKID INTO ONCOMING LANES - A TRUCK! They're forced to DIVIDE in a "V" as the truck PASSES INCHES BETWEEN THEM - John Veers off, onto the --

EXT. CHARLES RIVER ROAD

The two cars on a road running parallel to the Charles River -- the road itself divided by a CONCRETE BARRIER --

Olivia -- recovering - gaining -- nearly pulling level--

JOHN SWERVES INTO OLIVIA, TRYING TO RUN HER OFF THE ROAD--
SLAMMING INTO HER CAR, AGAIN AND AGAIN!

ANOTHER SLAM AND HIS BUMPER LOCKS INTO HER FENDER -- HE TRIES TO STEER LOOSE BUT SHE HAS HIM NOW -- SHE ACCELERATES:

SPEEDOMETER: vibrating at 99mph...105mph...up ahead, CRASH DRUMS -- she SLAMS her brake, ripping loose, sending John's car FISHTAILING OUT OF CONTROL--

HIS CAR CAREENS INTO THE DETONATING CRASH DRUMS, SMASHING INTO THE CONCRETE BARRIER, SOMERSAULTING OVER THE REINFORCED EMBANKMENT IN A SPINE-SHATTERING COLLISION AND...

...quiet. Olivia SLAMS her brakes, SKIDDING to a stop.

We stay CLOSE on her. Eyes wide, in SHOCK. HOLD for a long beat...the insane turn of events barley registering through the adrenaline screaming through her brain...

Finally, her eyes track up to the rear view, where she sees: the wreck sits motionless, smoke pouring from its hood.

Somewhere in there is John. The man who, until minutes ago, she loved. The man who just tried to kill her.

Weakly, she pushes open her dented door. Pulls herself from the car...stumbles over the wreckage, terrified to face what she'll see...and there he is:

Bloody, barely alive. His body crushed, entombed in twisted metal. And the eerie translucent skin almost makes him look like a vampire dying at dawn...he tries to speak, only GURGLES BLOOD...

Her eyes well, heart shredded, betrayed, watching him die. And in his last breath, he manages to say...

JOHN

...ask yourself...why...

...eyes wet, in shock, she just stares...

JOHN (CONT'D)

...why Broyles...sent you...to the storage facility...

(then)

...why you?

Her mind bends -- is he just fucking with her some more?! Or does he mean something by this?

OLIVIA

...I don't understand...why... who are you working for...?

He COUGHS more blood, fading. Manages to half-smile, sadly...her eyes well, she's almost pleading...

OLIVIA

Tell me, John. You tell me.

He just looks at her long and hard. And then. He dies.

Olivia just stands there, mind and heart a jumble, his last words echoing in her...holding the ugly promise of what she's found herself in the middle of...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Charlie's government - issued car DRIVES PAST.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives, Olivia sits beside him, in shattered silence. Eyes red, numb. Mind a million pieces. Charlie looks at her. Speechless. What can he possibly say. Then, after a long beat, almost at a whisper:

OLIVIA

...I want to go back to the lab.

CHARLIE

Livvy. I promised them I'd take you right to the hospital--

OLIVIA

I can't go there. Please -

CHARLIE

You need to be checked out--

OLIVIA

I'm fine.
(smiles, crying)
I'm fine, look at me.

CHARLIE

Livvy

OLIVIA

Take me back please. To the lab.

Charlie looks at her. Knows he can't say no.

EXT. HARVARD QUAD - DAY

Charlie's car pulls up -- Olivia gets out. And she sees, across the parking lot, Walter and Peter getting into another black government vehicle as passengers. They see her and stop.

She moves to them. A shell of her former self. But somewhere -- visible even now -- is a strength forming as a result of everything she just experienced.

She tries to appear normal in this moment. Strong. Better than okay.

OLIVIA

So, uh...I was thinking. About everything. About what we did. And what we're gonna do next.

(beat)

And I thought...given everything...that maybe not sticking together...maybe that's being a little selfish.

PETER

--what are you saying?

OLIVIA

I'm saying that the world's scary as hell. And I don't like it.

(beat)

But if we can help...don't you think we have to?

WALTER

Yes.

PETER

No.

WALTER

I'm in.

PETER

You're not in -- you're out, because I'm not in.

(to Olivia)

I can't. You know I can't.

OLIVIA

You're the only one who speaks Walter. What if-- please -- what if...we take care of it? What you...what you owe.

And Jesus, Olivia is just desperate - and Peter can see it. He stares at her-- a mix of suspicion and concern...and, increasingly, heartbreak...

PETER

...what happened?

OLIVIA

...I just think it's the right thing to do.

PETER

--where's John?

And that's it: Olivia starts to cry-- and Peter moves to her-- takes her in his arms. Holds her. Not understanding--but at the same time, knowing --this is where he needs to be. And he says, quietly:

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course I'll stay. Of course I will.

And as he holds her, she just whispers"

OLIVIA

--thank you...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

--suddenly things are being MOVED BACK IN AGAIN. Astrid here, helping. Walter could not be happier, setting up his equipment -- pulling the sheets off yet another really intimidating looking device.

PETER

I don't even want to know what that thing does.

WALTER

No you do not.

PETER

(quietly)

You don't even remember what it does, do you?

WALTER

No I do not.

Then Walter sees something that lights up his eyes: GENE, his COW is being brought back in:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Gene! Come this way! Over here.

And we find Olivia with Broyles. While hardly back to her old self...she will probably never be:

BROYLES

I'm sorry how it happened. But I'm glad you changed your mind.

OLIVIA

There's a lot we'll need on Monday. The doctors have a list of equipment -- and of course they'll need a place to stay--

BROYLES

It's all covered -- all of it-- but we can't wait until Monday.

(holds up a file)

There's something I need to show you now.

OLIVIA

...okay.

(then, loud)

Bishop.

And Walter and Peter BOTH turn.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We've got a briefing.

And Walter and Peter go with Olivia and Broyles toward their office, attached to the lab, but private, with windows and blinds. Walter and Peter enter -- but before Olivia and Broyles follow, she says, quietly:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And there's a slight, uh... gambling debt. That we'll need to cover.

BROYLES

No problem.

OLIVIA

Not slight.

(then)

Massive.

BROYLES

(re: file)

Solve this one and it's done.

And he's not joking. They enter the office - and as their FIRST REAL BRIEFING BEGINS, we PULL BACK, seeing them in the office...and we..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY

--where are we? Who are we with? All we see are the wheels of a GURNEY, being pushed down the sterile corridor. BOOM UP to see that a MAN is pushing it. And the body is COVERED by a sheet. Finally the Man stops the gurney -- a hand reached out and PULLS BACK THE SHEET.

Lying there is JOHN, bloody. Dead. And we see who pulled the sheet back: it's NINA CORD. She looks down at the corpse disapprovingly. A long pause...then:

NINA
...how long has he been dead?

MAN
Five hours.

A longer beat, as she stares at the dead man. Then:

NINA
Question him.

And she walks off. And in a LONG SHOT of the corridor, the PROMETHEUS LOGO on the wall, our EERIE MUSIC CRESCENDOS and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END



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INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS

Written by

Quentin Tarantino

1.

EXT - DAIRY FARM- DAY

The modest dairy farm in the countryside of Nancy, France (what the French call cow country).

We Read a SUBTITLE in the sky above the farm house;

CHAPTER ONE

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN...

NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE"

This SUBTITLE disappears, and is replaced by another one;

"1941

One year into the German
occupation of France".

The farm consists of a house, small barn, and twelve cows spread about.

The owner of the property, a bull of a man FRENCH FARMER, brings a axe up and down on A tree stump blemishing his property. However simply by sight, you'd never know if he's been beating at this stump for the last year, or just started today.

JULIE

One of his three pretty teenage daughters, is hanging up laundry on the clothes line. As she hangs up a white bed sheet, she hears a noise, moving the sheet aside she see's;

JULIE'S POV:

A Nazi town car convertible, with two little nazi flags attached to the hood, a NAZI SOLDIER behind the wheel, a NAZI OFFICER alone in the back seat, following TWO OTHER NAZI SOLDIERS on motorcycles, coming up over the hill on the country road leading to their farm.

JULIE

Pappa.

The French Farmer sinks his axe in the stump, looks over his shoulder, and see's the Germans approaching.

The FARMERS WIFE, CHARLOTTE comes to the doorway of their home, followed by her TWO OTHER TEENAGE DAUGHTERS, and see the Germans approaching.

The Farmer yells to his family in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

FARMER



Go back inside and shut the door.

IL

FARMER

(to Julie)
Julie, get me some water from the pump
to wash up with, then get inside with
your mother.
The young lady runs to the water pump by the house. She picks up a
basin, and begins pumping, after a few pumps, water comes out
splashing into the basin.
The French Farmer sits down on the stump he was previously chopping
away at, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes sweat from off
his face, and waits for the Nazi convoy to arrive. After living for
a year with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head, this may
very well be the end.
Julie finishes filling the water basin, and places it on the window
sill.

JULIE

Ready Pappa.

FARMER

Thank you darling, now go inside and
take care of your mother. Don't run.
Julie walks inside the farm house and closes the door behind her.
As her father stands up from his stump, and moves over to the window
sill with the water basin...
.The SOUND of the ENGINES of the two motorcycles and car get LOUDER.
The Farmer SPLASHES water from the basin on his face and down his
front. He takes a towel off a nail, and wipes the excess water from
his face and chest, as he watches the two motorcycles, the one
automobile, and the four representatives of the National Socialist
Party come to a halt on his property.
We don't move into them, but keep observing them from a distance, like
the Farmer.
The TWO NAZI MOTORCYCLIST are off their bikes, and standing at
attention next to them.
The NAZI DRIVER has walked around the automobile, and opened the door
for his superior.
The NAZI OFFICER says to The Driver in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN;

NAZI OFFICER

This is the property of Perrier LaPadite?

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Movie Chat

**SAKIR**
SAKIR KHAN

**kta re loc**
ola

**BOO**
Check out "Simply Scripts" maybe 😊

**No-Name**
Uh-huh 🙄

3

NAZI DRIVER

Yes heer Colonel.
The Nazi officer climbs out of the back the vehicle, carrying
in his left hand
n d

OFFICER

Message



Yell !

[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

Herman, until I summon you, I am to be left alone.

NAZI DRIVER

As you wish Heer Col.

The S.S. COLONEL yells to The Farmer in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

NAZI OFFICER

Is this the property of Perrier LaPadite?

FARMER

I am Perrier LaPadite.

The S.S. Colonel crosses the distance between them with long strides, and says in French with a smile on his face;

NAZI OFFICER

It is a pleasure to meet you Monsieur

LaPadite, I am Colonel Hans Landa of the S.S.

COLONEL.HANS LANDA offers the French Farmer PERRIER LAPADITE his hand. The Frenchman takes the German hand in his and shakes it.

PERRIER

How may I help you?

COL LANDA

I was hoping you could invite me inside your home and we may have a discussion.

INT - LAPADITE FARM HOUSE - DAY

The door to the farm house swings open, and the Farmer gestures for the S.S. COL to enter. Removing his grey S.S. cap, inside the Frenchman's home.

Col Landa is immediately greeted with the sight of the Farmer's wife, and three pretty daughters standing together in the kitchen, smiling in his direction.

The Farmer enters behind him, closing the door.

VA

PERRIER

Colonel Landa, this is my family.

The S.S. COL clicks his heels together, and takes the hand of the French Farmer's Wife...

COL LANDA

Col Hans Landa of the S.S. madame, at your service.

He kisses her hand, then continues without letting go of his hostess hand...

COL LANDA

please excuse my rude intrusion on your routine.

FARMER'S WIFE

Don't be ridiculous, Heer Col.

While still holding the French Woman's hand, and looking into her eyes, The S.S. Colonel says;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, the rumors I have heard in the village about your family

are all true. Your wife is a beautiful woman.
His eyes leave the mother, and move to the three daughters.

COL. LANDA

(CON' T)

And each of your daughters is more lovely
then the last.

PERRIER

Merci. Please have a seat.

The Farmer offers The S.S. Colonel a seat at the families wooden dinner table. The Nazi officer excepts the French Farmers offer, and lowers himself into the chair. Placing his grey S.S. cap on the table, and keeping his black attache case on the floor by his feet.

The Farmer (perfect host) turns to his Wife and says;

PERRIER

Charlotte, would you be so good as to get
The Colonel some wine?

COL LANDA

Merci be coupe Monsieur LaPadite, but no wine. This being a dairy farm one would be safe in assuming you have milk?

CHARLOTTE

Oui.

COL LANDA

Then milk is what I prefer.

CHARLOTTE

Very Well.

The mother of three, takes a craft of milk out of the ice box, and pours a tall glass of the fresh white liquid for The Colonel. The S.S. Colonel takes a long drink from the glass, then puts it down LOUDLY on the wooden table.

COL LANDA

Monsieur, to both your family, and your cows, I say; Bravo.

PERRIER

Merci.

COL LANDA

Please, join me at your table.

PERRIER

Very well.

The French Farmer sit's at his wooden dinner table across from The Nazi.

The Women remain standing.

Col Landa leans forward, and says to the Farmer in a low tone of

CONFIDENTIALLY;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, what we have to

discuss,' would be better discussed in private. You'll notice, I left my men outdoors- if it wouldn't offend them, could you ask your lovely ladies to step outside.

PERRIER

You are right.

G.

PERRIER

(to his women)

Charlotte, would you take the girls outside. The Colonel and I need to have a few words.

The Farmers wife follows her husbands orders, and gathers her daughter's taking them outside, closing the door behind them. The Two Men are alone, at the farmers dinner table, in the Farmers humble home.

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I regret to inform you I've exhausted the extent of my French. To continue to speak it so inadequately, would only serve to embarrass me. However, I've been lead to believe you speak English quite well?

PERRIER

Oui.

COL LANDA

Well, it just so happens, I do as well. This being your house, I ask your permission to switch to English, for the remainder of the conversation?

PERRIER

By all means.
They now speak ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, while I'm very familiar with you, and your family. I have no way of knowing if you are familiar with who I am. Are you aware of my existence?
The Farmer answers;

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

This is good. Are you aware of the job I've been ordered to carry out in France?

I

PERRIER

Yes.

The Colonel drinks more milk.

COL LANDA

Please tell me what you've heard?

PERRIER

I've heard, the fuhrer has put you in charge of rounding up the Jews left in France who are ether hiding, or passing for Gentile.

The S.S.Colonel smiles.

COL LANDA

The Fuhrer couldn't of said it better himself.

PERRIER

But the meaning of your visit, pleasant though it is, is mysterious to me. The Germans looked through my house nine months ago for hiding Jews, and found nothing.

COL LANDA

I'm aware of that, I read the report on this area. But like any enterprise, when under new management, there's always a slight duplication of efforts. Most of it being a complete waste of time, but needs to be done nevertheless. I just have A few questions Monsieur LaPadite, if you can assist me with answers, my department can close the file on your family.

Taking his black leather attache case, and placing it on the table, he takes out a folder from inside. He also extracts a expensive black fountain pen from his uniform front pocket. Opening the folder, and referring to it;

COL LANDA

Now before the occupation there were four Jewish families in this area, all dairy farmers like yourself. The Loveitts, The Doleracs, The Rollins, and The Dreyfus's, is that correct?

8,

PERRIER

To my knowledge those were the Jewish families among the dairy farmers.
- Heer Colonel, would it disturb you if I smoked my pipe?
Looking up from his papers.

COL LANDA

Please, Monsieur LaPadite, it is your

house, make yourself comfortable.

The Farmer gets up from the table, goes to his shelf over the fireplace, and removes from it a WOODEN BOX that contains all the fixins to his pipe. He sits back down at the table with his Nazi guest.

As The Farmer loads the bowel of his pipe with tobacco, sets a match to it, and begins slowly puffing, making it red hot, the S.S. Colonel studies the papers in front of him.

COL LANDA

Now according to these papers, all the Jewish families in this area have been accounted for - except, The Dreyfusis. Somewhere in the last year it would appear they have vanished.

Which leads me to the conclusion that they've ether made good their escape, or someone is very successfully hiding them.

(looking up from
his papers, across
the table at The

FARMER)

What have you heard about The Dreyfusis
Monsieur LaPadite?

PERRIER

Only rumors -

COL LANDA

- I love rumors! Facts can be so misleading, where rumors, true or false are often reveling. So Monsieur LaPadite, what rumors have you heard regarding The Dreyfusis?
The Farmer looks at Landa.

I.

COL LANDA

Speak freely Monsieur LaPadite, I want to hear what the rumors are, not who told them to you.
The Farmer puffs thoughtfully on his pipe.

PERRIER

Again, this is just a rumor - but we heard the Dreyfusis had made there way into Spain.

COL LANDA

So the rumors you've heard have been of escape?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Were the LaPadites and the Dreyfusis friendly?

As the Farmer answers this question, the CAMERA LOWERS behind his chair, to the floor, past the floor, to a small area underneath the

floorboards revealing;

FIVE HUMAN BEINGS

lying vertically underneath the farmers floorboards. These human beings are The DREYFUSIS, who have lived lying down underneath the dairy farmers house for the past year. But one couldn't call what The Dreyfusis have done for the last year living. This family has done the only thing they could, hidden from a occupying army that wishes to exterminate them.

PERRIER

We were families in the same community, in the same bussiness. I wouldn't say we were friends, but members of the same community, we had common interest. The S.S. Colonel takes in this answer, seems to except it, then moves to the next question.

COL LANDA

Having never met the Dreyfusis, would you confirm for me the exact members of the household and their names?

10.

PERRIER

There were five of them.
The father, Jacob... .wife, Miram...
her brother, Bob ...

COL LANDA

- How old is Bob?

PERRIER

Thirty - thirty one?

COL LANDA

Continue.

PERRIER

And the children... Amos... and Shoshanna.

COL LANDA

Ages of the children?

PERRIER

Amos - six - I believe. And Shosanna, was fifteen or sixteen, I'm not really sure.

CUT TO

UXT - DAIRY FARM - DAY

The Mother and her three Daughters finish taking the laundry off the clothes line.

They can't hear anything going on inside.
e three Nazi Soldiers watch the three Daughters.

SACK TO LANDA AND PERRIER

COL LANDA

Well I guess that should do it.
Be begins gathering up his papers, and putting them back into his

ttache case.
the Farmer, cool as a cucumber, puffs on his pipe.

COL LANDA

However, before I go, could I have another glass of your delicious milk?

it.

PERRIER

But of course.
Farmer stands up, goes over to the ice box, and takes out the aft of milk. As he walks over and fills the Nazi Colonel's glass, German Officer talks.

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, are you aware of the nickname the people of France have given me?

PERRIER

I have no interest in such things.

COL LANDA

But you are aware of what they call me?

PERRIER

I'm aware.

COL LANDA

What are you aware of?

PERRIER

That they call you, "The Jew Hunter".

COL LANDA

Precisely! Now I understand your trepidation in repeating it.
Before he was assassinated, Heydrich apparently hated the moniker the good people of Prague bestowed on him.
Actually why he would hate the name, "The Hangman", is baffling to me
It would appear he did everything in his power to earn it. But I, on the other hand, love my unofficial title, precisely because I've earned it.
As "The Jew Hunter" enjoys his fresh milk, he continues to theorize with the french farmer.

COL LANDA

The feature that makes me such a effective hunter of the Jews, is, as opposed to most German soldiers, I can think like a jew.
where they can only think like a German, or more precisely, a German soldier.
Now if one were to determine what attribute the German people share with a beast, it would be the cunning and predatory instinct of a hawk.

COL LANDA

(CON'T)

Negro's - gorilla's - brain - lips -
smell - physical strength - penis size.
But, if one were to determine what attributes
the jews share with a beast, it would be
that of the rat.
Now the Fuhrer and Gobbles propaganda
have said pretty much the same thing.
Where our conclusions differ, is I don't
consider the comparison a insult.
Consider for a moment, the world a rat
lives in. It's a hostile world indeed.
If a rat were to scamper through your
front door right now, would you greet it
with hostility?

PERRIER

I suppose I would.

COL LANDA

Has a rat ever done anything to you to
create this animosity you feel toward
them?

PERRIER

Rat's spread disease, they bite people -

COL LANDA

- Unless some fool is stupid enough to
try and handle a live one, rats don't
make it a practise of biting human beings.
Rats were the cause of the bubonic plague,
but that was some time ago. In all your
born days, has a rat ever caused you to
be sick a day in your life? I purpose to
you, any disease a rat could spread,
a squirrel could equally carry.
Yet I assume you don't share the same
animosity with squirrels that you do with
rats, do you?

PERRIER

No.

COL LANDA

Yet, they are both rodent's, are they
not? And except for the fact that one
has a big bushy tail, while the other
has a long repugnt tail of rodent skin,
they even rather look alike, don't they?

13.6

PERRIER

It is a interesting thought,
beer Colonel.

COL LANDA

However, interesting as the thought may be, it makes not one bit of difference to how you feel. If a rat were to scamper through your door, this very minute, would you offer it a saucer of your delicious milk?

PERRIER

Probably not.

COL LANDA

I didn't think so. You don't like them. You don't really know why you don't like them. All you know is, you find them repulsive.
(let's the

METAPHOR

sink in)

What a tremendously hostile world a rat must endure. Yet, not only does he survive, he thrives. And the reason for this, is because our little foe has a instinct for survival and preservation second to none. And that Monsieur, is what a Jew shares with a rat. Consequently, a German soldier, conducts a search of a house suspected of hiding Jews. Where does the hawk look? He looks in the barn, he looks in the attic, he looks in the cellar - he looks everywhere, he would hide. But there are many places it would never occur to a hawk to hide. However the reason the Fuhrer brought me off my Alps in Austria, and placed me in French cow country today, is because it does occur to me. Because I'm aware what tremendous feats human beings are capable of once they abandon dignity.
(Changing tone)
May I smoke my pipe as well?
The Farmer's cool facade is little by little eroding.

PERRIER

Please, Colonel, make yourself at home.

13.

The Jew Hunter, removes both a pipe and a bag of tobacco fixings. The pipe, strangely enough, is a Calabash, made from a "S" shaped board with a yellow skin, made famous by Sherlock Holmes. At the Nazi Colonel, busies himself with his smoking life, he continues to hold court at the Frenchman's table.

COL LANDA

The other mistake the German soldier makes is their severe handling of the citizens who give shelter and aid to the Jews. These citizens are not enemies of the state. They are simply confused people, trying to make some sense out of

the madness war creates.
These citizens do not need punishing.
They simply need to be reminded of their
duty in war time.
Let's use you as a example Monsieur
LaPadite. In this war, you have found
yourself in the middle of a conflict
that has nothing to do with yourself,
your lovely ladies, or your cows - yet,
here you are.
So Monsieur LaPadite, let me purpose
a question. In this time of war, what is
your number one duty? Is it to fight the
Germans in the name of France to your
last breath? Or, is it to harass the
occupying army to the best of your
ability? Or, is it to protect the poor
unfortunate victims of warfare who can
not protect themselves?
Or, is your number one duty in this time
of bloodshed, to protect those very
beautiful women who constitute your
family?
The Colonel lets the last statement stand.

COL LANDA

That was a question Monsieur LaPadite.
In this time of war, What do you consider
your number one duty?

PERRIER

To protect my family.

COL LANDA

Now, my job dictates, that I must have
my men enter your home, and conduct a
thorough search, before I can officially
cross your families name off my list.

COL LANDA

(CON'T)

And if there are any irregularities to be
found, rest assured, they will be.
That is unless, you have something to tell
me that will make the conducting of a
search unnecessary.

(PAUSE)

I might add also, that any information
that makes the preforming of My duty
easier, will not be met with punishment.
Actually quite the contrary, it will be
met with reward.
And that reward will be, your family
will cease to be harassed in anyway,
by the German military during the rest
of our occupation of your country.
The Farmer, pipe in mouth, stares across the table at his German
opponent.

COL LANDA

You are sheltering enemies of the state,

are you not?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Your sheltering them underneath your floorboards aren't you?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Point out to me the area's where their hiding.

The Farmer points out the area's on the floor with the Dreyfusis are underneath.

COL LANDA

Since I haven't heard any disturbance, I assume that while their listening, they don't speak english?

PERRIER

Yes .

COL LANDA

I'm going to switch back to french now, and I want you to follow my masquerade - is that clear?

PERRIER

Yes.

Colonel Landa stands up from the table, and switching to FRENCH says

SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I thank you for milk, and your hospitably. I do believe our business here is done.

The Nazi Officer opens the front door, and silently motions for his son to approach the house.

COL LANDA

Mademoiselle LaPadite, I thank you for your time, we shant be bothering your family any longer.

Yet the LaPadite women watch the Nazi soldiers, machine guns at ready, approach the house.

The Soldiers enter the doorway, Col Landa, silently points out area of the floor the Jews are hiding under.

COL LANDA

So, Monsieur and Madame LaPadite I bid you adieu.

otions to the Soldiers with his index finger.

wy TEAR UP the wood floor with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

The little farm house is filled with SMOKE, DUST, SPLINTERS, SCREAMS, OULLET CASINGS, and even alittle BLOOD.

With a hand motion from the Colonel, the Soldiers cut off their gunfire. The Colonel keeps his finger in the air to indicate silence.

UNDERNEATH THE FLOORBOARDS

The entire Dreyfus family lay dead. Except for sixteen year old SHOSANNA, who miraculously escaped being struck by the nazi's bullets. With her dead family surrounding her, the young girl goes for freedom (represented by wire mesh vent).

L LANDA

ears movement underneath the floor, looks down and see's a SHAPE Wing forward between the planks in the floor.

COL LANDA

It's the girl. Nobody moves

I'.

T

KICKED open, the girl SPRINGS out.

COL LANDA

ae he crosses the floor, he see's the young girl RUNNING towards the cover of the woods. He unlatches the window, and opens it. Shosanna to perfectly FRAMED in the window sill.

1SANNA

RUNNING towards woods. Farm house and Col in the window in B.G.

LTHY BAREFEET

LAPPING against wet grass.

Qt! SHOSANNMA' S FACE

same as a animal being chased by a predator FLIGHT - PANIC - FEAR

SNOSANNA'S POV

the safety of tree's, getting closer.

COL LANDA

Pramed by the window, takes his LUGAR, and straight arm aims at the fleeing Jew, cocking back the hammer with his thumb.

CU COL LANDA

SLOW ZOOM into his eyes as he aims.

PROFILE CU SHOSANNA

Sod dash for life.

L LANDA

changes his mind. He yells to the rat fleeing the trap, heading for the safety of the wood pile, in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Au revoir, Shosanna! Till we meet again!

HOSANNA

Maces it to the woods, and is gone.

T h e S.S. Colonel closes the window.

17.

EXT - NAZI TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

dihe ac seat of the convertible, that'sa stsn tColonel Hans Lan speeding away from the French farm house.

Landa speaks to his Driver in GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Herman, I sense` a question on your lips?
Out with it?

DRIVER

Why did yoy allow a enemy of the state
to escape?

COL LANDA

Oh, I don't think the state is in too
much danger, do you?

DRIVER

I suppose not.

COL LANDA

I'm glad you see it my way. Besides,
not putting a bullet in the back of a
fifteen year old girl, and allowing
her to escape, our not nessessarilly
the same thing. She's a young girl, no food,
no shelter, no shoes, who's just witnessed
the massacre of her entire family.
She may not survive the night. And after
word spreads about what happened today,
it's highly unlikely she will find any
willing farmers to extend her aid.
If I had to guess her fate, I'd say she'll
probably be turned in by some neighbour.
Or, she'll be spotted by some German
soldier. Or, we'll find her body in the
woods, dead from starvation or exposure.
Or, perhaps-she'll survive. She will
elude capture. She will escape to America.
She will move to New York city.
Where she will be elected, President of
the United States.
The S.S. Colonel chuckles at his little funny.

TITLE CARD:"INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"

1\$,

FADE UP

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

F

CHAPTER TWO

"INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"

FADE UP

EXT - SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND - DAY

A bunch of SOLDIERS are lined up at attention.
 LIEUTENANT ALDO.RAINE, a hillbilly from the mountains of Tennessee, walks down the line. He recruits the men, the Germans will later call; "The Basterds". Lt.Aldo has one defining physical characteristic, a ROPE BURN around his neck. As if once upon a time,. he survived a LYNCHING. The scar will never once be mentioned.

LT.ALDO

My name is Lt.Aldo Raine, and I'm
 puttin together a special team.
 And I need me eight soldiers.
 Eight - Jewish - American - soldiers.
 Now y'all might of heard rumors
 about the armada happening soon.
 Well, we'll be leavin a little
 earlier. We're gonna be dropped
 into France, dressed as civilians.
 And once we're in enemy territory, as
 a bushwackin, guerrilla army, we're
 gonna be doin one thing, and thing
 only, Killin Nazi's.
 The Members of the National Socialist
 Party, have conquered Europe through
 murder, torture, intimidation, and
 terror. And that's exactly what we're
 gonna do to them. Now I don't know
 bout y'all? But I sure as hell, didnt
 come down from the goddamn Smoky
 mountains, cross five thousand miles
 of water, fight my way through half
 Sicily, and then jump out of a fuckin
 air-o-plane, to teach the Nazi's
 lessons in humanity. Nazi ain't got
 no humanity. There the foot soldiers
 of a Jew hatin, mass murderin manic,
 and they need to be destroyed.
 That's why any and every son-of-a--bitch
 we find wearin a Nazi uniform, there
 gonna die.

if.

LT.ALDO

(CON'T)

We will be cruel to the Germans,
 and through our cruelty, they will
 know who we are. They will find the
 evidence of our cruelty, in the
 disembowed, dismembered, and
 disfigured bodies of their brothers
 we leave behind us. And the German
 will not be able to help themselves
 from imagining the cruelty their
 brothers endured at our hands, and
 our boot heels, and the edge of our
 knives.
 And the Germans, will be sickened by us.
 And the Germans, will talk about us.
 And the Germans, will fear us.
 And when the Germans close their eyes
 at night, and their sub conscious

tortures them for the evil they've done,
it will be with thoughts of us,
that it tortures them with.
He stops pacing, and looks at everybody.

LT. ALDO

Sound good?
They all say;

ALL

Yes, sir!

LT. ALDO

That's what I like to hear. But I
got a word of warning to all would-be
warriors. When you join my command,
you take on debit. A debit you owe
me, personally. Every man under my
command, owes me, one hundred nazi scalps.
And I want my scalps.
And all y'all will git me, one hundred
Nazi scalps, taken from the heads of
one hundred dead Nazi's...
.or you will die trying.

CUT TO

EXT - MOUNTAIN TOP CHALET- DAY

A huge Chalet on a misty mountain top in Barvia.

ZO

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"BARVIA

BURSTICH GARDEN

(HITLERS PRIVATE LAIR)"

INT - BURSTICH GARDEN - DAY

In a huge room, ADOLPH HITLER, pounds on a big table with
his fist, as he rants at TWO GERMAN GENERALS.
They speak GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

HITLER

How much more of these jew swine
must I endure? They butcher my men
like they were fish bait! This pack
of filthy degenerates, are doing what
the Russian army didn't, and Patton's
army couldn't. Turning soldiers of
The Third Reich, into superstitious
old women!

GERMAN GENERAL

Just the cowards among them mine
Fuhrer.
Hitler pounds furiously on the desk with his fist.

HITLER

No, no, no, no, no, no! I have heard
the rumors myself! Solders of The Third

Reich, who have brought the world to there knee`s, now pecking and clucking like chickens. Do you know the latest rumor they've conjured up, in their fear induced delirium? The one that beats my boys with a bat. The one they call "The Bear Jew"...is a Golem. A avenging jew angel, conjured up by a vengeful rabbi, to smite the Aryans!

GENERAL

Mine Fuhrer, this is just soldiers gossip, no one really believes The Bear Jew is a golem.

HITLER

Why not? They seem to be able to elude capture like a aberration. They seem to be able to appear and disappear at will.

Z}.

HITLER**(CON'T)**

You want to prove their flesh and blood? Then BRING THEM TO ME!
I will hang them naked, by their heels, from the eiffel tower!
And then throw their bodies in the sewers, for the rats of Paris to feast!
The Fuhrer sits down at the table to compose himself, and wipe his greasy black hair out of his face.

HITLER**(DISGUSTED)**

The Bear Jew.
He hits the button on the intercom on his desk.

HITLER**KLIEST1**

KLIEST VOICE comes out of the intercom;

KLIEST'S VOICE (OS)

Year mine Fuhrer.

HITLER

I have a order I want relayed to all German soldiers stationed in France. The Jew degenerate known as The Bear Jew, hence forth, is never to be referred to as The Bear Jew again. We will cease to aid the Americans any longer in there attempt to undermine the German soldier psyche. Did you get that Kliest?

KLIEST'S VOICE (OS)

Yes mine Fubrer. Do you still wish

to see Private Butz?

HITLER

Who and what is a private Butz?

KELIST'S VOICE (OS)

He's the soldier you wanted to see personally. His squad was ambushed by Lt.Raines Jews. He was it's only survivor.

HITLER

Indeed I do want to see him, thank you for reminding me. Send him in.

CUT TO

0

EXT - FRENCH WOODS -- DAY

CU FACE OF DEAD GERMAN SOLDIER

His head lies on the ground horizontal. A HAND reaches into FRAME, KNOCKS aside the dead German patriots helmet, and grabs a handful of the cadavers blonde hair. A LARGE KNIFE ENTERS FRAME, and begins SLICING ALONG THE HAIRLINE. This process is called SCALPING. After SLICING is complete, the SCALP easily peels off like a banana.

GERMAN PRISONERS PVT.BUTZ AND SGT.RACHTMAN

on their knees, hands behind there heads. Private Butz NARRATES the scene in GERMAN SUBTITLED into

ENGLISH;

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

Werner and I were the only ones left alive after the ambush. While one man guarded us, the rest removed the hair. All The Basterds wore German scalps tied to their belts.

CU SCALPS

hanging from belts.

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

They not only took valuables...

WE SEE QUICK CUTS OF

Rings, Weapons, Iron Cross, and somebody digging out a Gold Tooth with a knife, being removed from Dead Germans.

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

..They also took their identification papers.

CU IDENTIFICATION PAPERS

taken from the inside pocket of a dead German uniform.

BASTERD PFC.UTIVICH

flips through the I.D. papers till he gets to the page that contains the German soldiers, name, statistics, and photo.

PFC.UTIVICH

Sigfried Muller.

t3.

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

.and tore out the identification page.
Utivich RIPS the page out, and sticks it in his pocket.
Tossing the torn book on the dead, scalpless body.

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

...They then removed their boots...

CU GERMAN COMBAT BOOTS

laces untied.. .boot pulled off...

SOCKS

removed, reveling dead bare feet...

BASTERDS

tossing the boots off a hill.

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

Throwing them away from the bodies...

DEAD GERMANS

scalps removed from their heads, pink bare feet...

PVT.BUTZ (VO)

The Basterds, took their lives, their
hair, their valuables, their identity,
and finally their dignity in death.
True that. The sight of the dead soldiers with bare feet
does rob the tableaux of a certain dignity, that is normally
felt in battlefield shots.

BACK TO HITLER**HITLER**

The dogs!
He fights his frustration, then...

HITLER

Continue.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS

Aldo screams to The Basterd who's guarding the two German
prisoners.

LT.ALDO

Hey Hirschberg, send that kraut
sarge over.

BASTERD PFC.HIRSCHBERG

KICKS Sgt.Rachtman in the back.

ZW.

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

You! Go!

Sgt. Rachtman is a little slow to respond. So Hirschberg grabs him by the hair, YANKS him to his feet, and KICKS him in the ass, sending him on his way.

Most of The Bastards sit in a circle, Indian style, with Aldo in the middle.

As Sgt. Rachtman walks towards this circle of Bastards, A OFF SCREEN LITERARY NARRATOR (not Pvt. Butz) speaks over the SOUNDTRACK in ENGLISH;

NARRATOR (VO)

Sgt. Werner Rachtman has seen many interrogations since Germany decided it should rule Europe. But this is the first time he's ever been on the wrong end of the exchange.

It's always been his belief, only a weakling, in mind, body, and spirit complies with the enemy under threat of consequence.

As Werner watched men cry like women, pleadingly offer their knowledge, in exchange for their worthless lives, he made a vow to himself.

If his role is to die in this conflict.

When they put him under the earth, his dignity would be buried with him.

For in the other world, the gods only respect the ones they test first.

Well Sgt, this is your test.

And the gods are watching.

The captured German Sgt, enters the circle of Bastards, stands straight before the sitting southern Lieutenant, and salutes his captor.

SGT. RACHTMAN

(ENGLISH)

Sgt. Werner Rachtman.

Aldo returns the salute, looking up at him.

LT. ALDO

Lt. Aldo Raine, pleased to meet cha.

You know what sit down means Werner?

SGT. RACHTMAN

Yes.

LT. ALDO

Then sit down.

2.5.

The German Sgt does.

LT. ALDO

How's your English Werner? Cause if need be, we gotta a couple fellas can translate.

Aldo points at one of The Bastards in the circle,

CPL.WILHELM WICKI .

LT.ALDO

Wicki there, a Austrian Jew, got the
fuck outta Saltzberg, while the
gettin was good. Became American,
got drafted, and came back to give
y'all what for.

Then Aldo points to another Basterd. A big scary looking
Basterd, in a German Sgt's uniform, named, SGT.HUGO STIGLITZ

LT.ALDO

And another one over there, you
might be familiar with, Sgt.Hugo
Stiglitz. Heard of 'em.
The two German Sgt's look at each other.

SGT.RACHTMAN

Everybody in the German army's heard
of Hugo Stiglitz.
The Basterds laugh, a couple pat Hugo on the back.
The NARRATOR comes back on the SOUNDTRACK.

NARRATOR (VO)

The reason for Hugo Stiglitz's
celebrity among German soldiers
is simple.
WE SEE A PHOTO OF HUGO on the front page of the Nazi version
of Stars and Stripes (the military newspaper).

NARRATOR (VO)

As a German enlisted man, he killed
thirteen Gestapo officers, mostly
Majors.

WE SEE THE MILITARY PHOTOS OF ALL THIRTEEN GESTAPO OFFICERS.

ZC.

NARRATOR (VO)

Instead of putting him up against a
wall, the High Command decided to
send him back to Berlin, to be made
a example of.
Hugo in chains, being put in a lone troop truck, part of a
prison convoy, enroute to Berlin.

NARRATOR (VO)

Needless to say, once The Basterds
heard about him, he never got there.

EXT- FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Basterds AMBUSH the prison convoy, killing everybody.
They walk to the back of the troop truck, inside Hugo in
chains, stares back at them.

LT.ALDO

Sgt.Hugo Stiglitz?
Hugo nods.

LT. ALDO

I'm Lt.Aldo Raine, and these are
The Basterds. Ever heard of us?

Hugo nods his head, yes.

LT.ALDO

We just wanna say, we're a big fan of your work. When it comes to killin Nazi's, I think you show great talent, and I pride myself on havin a eye for that kind of talent. But your status as a Nazi killer, is still amateur. We all came here to see, if you wanna go pro?

BACK TO THEBASTERD CIRCLE.

LT.ALDO

Now Werner, I'm gonna assume you know who we are?

SGT.RACHTMAN

Aldo the Apache.
The circle of Basterds giggle.

Z7.

LT.ALDO

Well Werner, if you heard of us, you probably heard, we ain't in the prisoner takin business. We in the killin Nazi business. And cousin, business is boomin.
The Basterds laugh.

LT. ALDO

Now that leaves two ways we can play this out. Either kill ya, or let ya go. Now weather or not you gonna leave this circle alive, depends entirely on you.
Aldo takes out a map of the area, and lays it out in front of his prisoner.

LT.ALDO

Up the road a piece, there's a orchard. 'sides you, we know there's another kraut patrol fuckin around here somewhere. Now if that patrol were to have any crackshots, that orchard, would be a goddamn snipers delight. Now if you ever wanna eat a sauerkraut sandwich again, you gotta show me on this map, where they are, you gotta tell me how many they are, and you gotta tell me, what kinda artillery they carrying with 'em?

SGT.RACHTMAN

You can't expect me to divulge information that would put German lives in danger?

LT.ALDO

well, Werner that's where your wrong. Because that's exactly what I expect.

I need to know about Germans hidin
in trees? And you need to tell me?
And you need to tell me, right now?
Now take your finger, and point out
on this map, where this partys bein
held, how manys comin, and what they
brought to play with?
Werner site, head held high, back straight, chin up, every
inch the German hero facing death.

2S.

SGT.WERNER

F I respectfully refuse, sir.
Aldo jerks his thumb behind him.

LT.ALDO

You see that ole boy battin rocks?
WE RACK FOCUS to a one of The Basterds not in the circle.
He's wearing a wife beater, and power hitting stones
with a baseball bat.
Werners eyes go to the ballplayer.

LT.ALDO

That's Sgt.Donny Donowitz. But you
might know him better by his nickname,
The Bear Jew. Now if you heard of
Aldo the Apache, you gotta heard about
The Bear Jew?

SGT.RACHTMAN

I heard.

LT.ALDO

What did you hear?

SGT.RACHTMAN

He beats German soldiers with a club.

LT.ALDO

He bashes their brains in with a
baseball bat, what he does.

SGT.DONOWITZ

back to us, still haven't seen his face. He Babe Ruths a
rock soaring into the atmosphere.

LT. ALDO

Now Werner, I'm gonna ask you one
last-goddamn-time, and if you still,
"respectfully refuse", I'm callin The
Bear Jew over here, and he's gonna take
that big bat of his, and he's gonna
beat your ass to death with it.
Now take your wengersitnitzel lickin
finger, and point out on this map
what I want to know.

SGT.RACHTMAN

Fuck you and your jew dogs.

t v.

Instead of getting mad, The Basterds burst out LAUGHING.

I k

Aldo says to Werner, with a giggle in his voice;

LT.ALDO

Actually Werner, we're all tickled
ya said that. Frankly, watchin Donny
beat Nazi's, to death, is the closest
we ever get to goin to the movies.

(YELLING)

DONNY!

SGT.DONOWITZ

he turns to CAMERA, and yells;

SGT.DONOWITZ

Yeah?

LT.ALDO

Got a German here wants to die for
country. Oblige him.

SGT.DONNY DONOWITZ

Bat over his shoulder, smiles.

CUT TO

INT - BARBER SHOP (BOSTIN) - DAY

Donny, cutting heads, in his pop's barber shop, in Bostin.

DONNY

.ya got the goddamn fuckin Germans,
declaring open season on Jews in
Europe, and I'm suppose to fly to the
fuckin Philippines, and fight a bunch
of fuckin Japs - not me pal.
If we just go in this against the Japs,
the whole U.S.of fuckin A can go take a
running jump at the moon.

HEAD

You know they got a word for what your
sayin Donny, it's called treason.

DONNY

Hey, stick your treason up your poop
hole. If I'm gonna kill my fellow man
in the name of liberty, that fellow
man, will be German.

3401

INT - SPORTING GOODS STORE- DAY

MR.GOOROWITZ'S sporting goods shop in Donny's Jewish Bostin
neighbourhood. Donny walks in.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Hello Donny, how are you?

DONNY

Ah, just dandy, Mr.Goorowitz.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Your mother, your father - everything good there?

DONNY

There just fine. I'm shippin off next week.

The store proprietor, extends his hand to the young man.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Good for you son. Kill one of those Nazi basterds for me, will ya?

DONNY

That's the idea, Mr.Goorowitz.

MR. GOOROWITZ

What can I do you for, Donny?

DONNY

I need a baseball bat.

The store owner leads him to a basket with eight bats init.

Donny starts going through them without saying anything.

MR. GOOROWITZ

You gettin your little brother a present before you ship out?

Donny, concentrating on the bats, not looking up;

DONNY

No.

Donny's "no", silences the gabby Goorowitz. He seems to settle on one, feeling it's weight in his hands.

DONNY

Can I try this one on for size, outside?

31.

Extending his arm;

MR. GOOROWITZ

Be my guest.

The phone rings.

MR. GOOROWITZ

I'll get that, you go right ahead.

The proprietor answers the phone, and gets into a conversation with his OFF SCREEN Mother.

Donny walks outside, WE STAY IN STORE, but can see him clearly through the stores big picture window.

However, Mr.Goorowitz instinctively, turns his back to Donny to speak with his mother.

Donny starts swinging the bat. It's pretty obvious he's pantomiming beating somebody to death with it. Then the he starts yelling;

DONNY

Take that ya Nazi basterd! You like fuckin with the Jews? Wanna Fuck with the Jews? The American jews are gonna FUCK with you... ..!
Mr.Goorowitz, see's none of this, as he speaks to his mother. He hangs up the phone, just as Donny walks back into the store. Store owner turns to store customer.

DONNY

Is this the heaviest ya got?

CUT TO**INT - HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Donny, dressed nice, in a apartment building in his Jewish Bastin neighbourhood. He knocks on a door.
A VERY OLD JEWISH WOMAN opens the door, only a little, peering out at the young man.

OLD WOMAN

How can I help you?

DONNY

Mrs.Himmelstein?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

State your business young man.

3Z..**DONNY**

Mrs.Himmelstein, I'm Donny Donowitz, my father Sy Donowitz, owns the barber shop on Greeny Ave, "Sy's Barber Shop".

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

I've seen it. Do you live in the neighbourhood?

DONNY

All my life.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Again, state your business?

DONNY

May I have a word with you?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

What about?

DONNY

Our people in Europe.
She thinks for a beat, then holds the door open for the young man.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Come in. Would you like some tea?

INT - MRS.HIMMELSTEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Donny sits on a overstuffed sofa, holding a tea cup and saucer in his hand. Mrs.Himmelstein sits on a overstuffed

chair, holding her tea, looking across at her visitor.

DONNY

(Sipping tea)
Very good.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

If you like tea.
Donny chuckles at her little joke. The old woman remains stone. She wasn't joking. He places his saucer on the coffee table and begins;

DONNY

Mrs.Himmelstein, do you have any love ones over in Europe who your concerned for?

33.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

What compels you young man, to ask a stranger such a personal question?

DONNY

Because I'm going to Europe. And I'm gonna make it right.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And just how do intend to do that, Joshua?

DONNY

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And what exactly do you intend to do with that toy?

DONNY

I'm gonna beat every Nazi I find to death with it.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

I thought we were having tea together?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And in this pursuit, how is it that I can be of service?

DONNY

I'm going through the neighbourhood.
If you have any love ones in Europe, who's safety you fear for, I'd like you to write their name on my bat.

BACK TO BASTERDS

Donny takes a long walk to Werner...
As WE CUT BACK and FORTH BETWEEN DONNY WALKING and WERNER WAITING, WE ALSO CUT BACK and FORTE BETWEEN DONNY and

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN...

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

You must be a real BASTERD, Donny?

DONNY

You bet your sweet ass I am.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

Good. A Basterds work is never done.

Specially in Germany.

Donny steps up to the plate, looking down at the Nazi;

DONNY

Gimmie your papers.

Werner hands Donny up his papers.

Donny RIPS the identity page out, and sticks it in his pocket.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

Hand me your sword Gideon. I do believe

I will join you on this journey.

INSERT

she signs the BAT, "MADELEINE"

BACK TO BASTERDS

Donny BEATS Werner TO DEATH WITH THE BAT, to the cheers of The Basterds.

PVT. BUTZ

watches. Hirschberg says to him;

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

About now, I'd be shittin my pants, if

I was you.

Aldo points a finger at Butzsr and crooks it toward him.

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

That means you, cup cake.

A crying, visibly shaken, Butz site down in front of Aldo.

LT. ALDO

You wanna live?

PVT. BUTZ

Yes, sir.

LT. ALDO

Point out on this map, the German position.

His arm shoots out like a rocket, and points out the positions.

3 s.

PVT. BUTZ

This area here.

LT. ALDO

How many?

PVT.BUTZ

Maybe twelve.

LT.ALDO

What kinda of artillery?

PVT.BUTZ

They have a machine gun dug in here pointing north.

HITLER

How did you survived this ordeal?

WE SEE Pvt.Butz in The Fuhrer's room for the first time.
He wears a Nazi cap, which is unusual in the presence of The Fuhrer, but he seems okay with it.

PRVT.BUTZ

They let me go.

FROM HERE ON WE GO BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN ALDO AND HITLER.

LT.ALDO

Now when you report what happened here,
you can't tell 'em, you told us, what you told us. They'll shoot ya. But there gonna wanna know, why you so special, we let you live? So tell 'em, we let ya live, so you could spread the word through the ranks, what's gonna happen to every Nazi we find.

HITLER

You are not to tell anybody anything!
Not one word of detail! Your outfit was ambushed, and you got away.
Not one word more.

PVT.BUTZ

Yes mine Fuhrer.

HITLER

Did they mark you like they did the other survivors?

36&A, -&A

PVT.BUTZ

Yes mine Fuhrer.

HITLER

Remove your hat and show me.

LT.ALDO

Now say we let ya go, and say you survive the war? When you get back home, what's gonna do?

PVT.BUTZ

I will hug my mother like I've never hugged her before.

LT.ALDO

Well, ain't that's a real nice boy. Are you

going to take off your uniform?

PVT. BUTZ

Not only shall I remove it, but I intend to burn it!

The young German is telling Aldo, what he thinks, Aldo wants to hear. But the last answer didn't go down as well as he thought it would, evident by the frown on Aldo's face.

LT. ALDO

Yeah, that's what we thought. We don't like that. You see, we like our Nazi's in uniforms. That way, you can spot 'em, just like that.

(Snaps his fingers)

But you take off that uniform, ain't nobody gonna know you was a Nazi.

And that don't sit well with us.

Aldo removes a LARGE KNIFE from a sheath on his belt.

LT. ALDO

So I'm gonna give ya a little somethin, you can't take off.

BACK TO HITLER

Pvt. Butz removes his combat helmet, hair hangs in his face, his moves it aside, and WE SEE a SWASTIKA has been HAND

CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD.

BACK TO BASTERDS

BUTZ'S POV:

on ground, looking up at them. Aldo has just carved the swastika, and he's holding the bloody knife. All The Basterds crowd around to admire his handy work.

37.

SGT. DONOWITZ

You know Lieutenant, your getting pretty good at that.

LT. ALDO

You know how you get to Carnegie Hall, don't 'ch? Practice.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER THREE

"GERMAN NIGHT IN PARIS"

NOTE: This whole Chapter will be filmed in French New Wave Black and White.

INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We're in the auditorium of a cinema in Paris. However the CAMERA is pointed in the direction of the audience, not the screen. We start CLOSE on the projector beam, emanating from

the little glass window in the back of the theatre
 The CAMERA continues to DOLLY back, making the Shot Wider and
 Wider, bringing in more and more the German occupied citizens
 of Paris, who stare at the OFF SCREEN silver screen in the dark
 We can hear the OFF SCREEN SOUNDTRACK of a Goebbels produced
 German omm paw paw musical movie being projected.
 The Shot continues to pull further and further back, and the
 German dialogue continues to fill the auditorium...

TILL...

.The DOLLY SHOT LANDS on a CLOSE UP of Shosanna,. watching the
 movie.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"1941

PARIS**TWO WEEKS AFTER THE MASSACRE****OF SHOSANNA'S FAMILY"**

We hear the sound of the German musicals climax.
 The lights go up in the auditorium.
 Shosanna, dressed in a NURSES UNIFORM she swiped from
 somewhere, remains seated, as the rest of the PATRONS, gather
 their coats, and file out.

3P.**EXT - LITTLE CINEMA (PARIS)- NIGHT**

Patrons exit under the cinema marquee, as someone from inside
 SHUTS OFF the marquees lights.

The MARQUEE READS in French:

"GERMAN NIGHT BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK in MADCAP IN MEXICO".

EXT - PROJECTION BOOTH (LITTLE CINEMA)

A French Black Man, who we will learn later is named MARCEL,
 is the cinema's projectionist. We see him for a moment, taking
 the film reels off the projector, and placing them on rewinds.

INT - AUDITORIUM**CU SHOSANNA**

still sitting in her seat. Except for her, the auditorium is
 empty.

The owner of the Cinema, a attractive looking French woman,
 who we will later know as MADAME MIMIEUX, appears in
 one of the cinema's opera box balconies.

Looking down from her perch at the young girl, sitting in
 the empty cinema.

The DIALOGUE will be spoken in FRENCH, and SUBTITLED into

ENGLISH.**MADAME MIMIEUX**

So young woman, since it's beyond obvious
 we're closed for the evening. I must assume
 you want something. What can I do for you?

SHOSANNA

May I sleep here tonight?

MADAME MIMIEUX

So I gather your not a nurse?

SHOSANNA

No.

MADAME MIMIEUX

But your a bright little thing, that's clever disguise. Where is your family?

SHOSANNA

Murdered.

3 1.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So your a war orphan?

SHOSANNA

We were from Nancy. The Bosch found us

MADAME MIMIEUX

Is this a sad story?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Sad stories bore me. These days everyone in Paris has one. I haven't bore you with mine, don't bore me with yours.

SHOSANNA

You can run the machines?

MADAME MIMIEUX

What machines?

Using her hands to pantomime the rotating film reels on a projector, she says;

SHOSANNA

The machines that show the film?

MADAME MIMIEUX

The projectors? Yes, I own a cinema, of course I can operate them.

SHOSANNA

I know, I saw you.

FLASH ON:

CU SHOSANNA

eyes creeping up the stairway in the projection booth, watching...

MADAME MIMIEUX

expertly working the projectors...

BACK TO SHOSANNA

SHOSANNA

Teach me. Teach me to run the machines,

that show the film. It's only you and the negro. I know you could use some help.

40.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I know at least six people who've been put up against a wall, and machine gunned for sheltering enemies of the state. I have no intention of being unlucky number seven. How long have you been in Paris?

SHOSANNA

A week, and a few days.

MADAME MIMIEUX

How have you survived the curfew without capture?

SHOSANNA

I sleep on rooftops.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Again, I'm forced to admit, clever girl. How is it?

SHOSANNA

Cold.

MADAME MIMIEUX

(LAUGHS)

I can imagine.

SHOSANNA

Respectfully, no you can't.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Fair enough.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So you can't operate a 35mm film projector, you want me teach you, in order to work here, in order to use my cinema, as a hole to hide in, is that correct?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Whats your name?

SHOSANNA

Shosanna.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I'm Madame Mimieux. You may call me Madame. This is a cinema. Not a home for wayward war orphans. Having said that, what you say is true. If you were truly exceptional, I could find use for you. So Shosanna, are you truly exceptional?

SHOSANNA

Oui Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I will be the judge of that.

DISSOLVE TO**TITLE CARD:**

Which shows a lovely PENCIL SKETCH of the CITY OF PARIS, complete with Eiffel Tower.

ABOVE IT READS:

"1944

PARIS"

THEN...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see we're not looking at a TITLE CARD at all, but a CALENDER stuck on the wall of the Little Cinema's Projection Booth. Before we leave it, WE SEE the Month is JUNE.

..The CAMERA finds, the THREE YEARS OLDER SHOSANNA, working as the PROJECTIONIST. It would appear, that Shosanna passed Madame Mimieux's exceptional test.

A lyrical Morricone-like tune PLAYS on the SOUNDTRACK, this will be "Shosanna's Theme".

A Little Bell, begins RINGING, on one of the projectors, alerting Shosanna it's time for a REEL CHANGE.

Shosanna stands at the projector, watching the old German film she's projecting, waiting for the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

SILVER SCREEN

of the little cinema. On Screen LENI REFENSTAL lies horizontal as a ice sickle drips on her head in the old German film, "The White Hell Of Piz Palu", The 1st REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the upper right hand corner of the FRAME...(That tells the projectionist to get ready).

As the FILM REEL on the 1st PROJECTOR rolls out, Shosanna stands ready, waiting by the 2nd PROJECTOR...

WHEN...**SILVER SCREEN**

the 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the same place(That's the one).

SHOSANNA

THROWS the lever on the 2nd PROJECTOR, switching the film from projector 1# to projector 2#, executing a perfect REEL CHANGE. As Shosanna's Theme plays on the Soundtrack, we watch viva

MONTAGE, her go through her daily chores. Carry heavy film cans up the stairs, empty the rat traps, ect,ect...

EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT

The MARQUEE READS in French:

"GERMAN NIGHT LENI REFENSHTAL in PABST WHITE HELL OF PIZA PALU"

Shosanna emerges from the cinema carrying two buckets of LETTERS (for the marquee), and a tall ladder. Her chore here, obviously, is to change the show on the marquee.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the Soundtrack in ENGLISH;

NARRATOR (VO)

To operate a cinema in Paris during the occupation, one had two choices. Either you could show new German propaganda films, produced under the watchful eye of Joseph Goebbels. Or... .you could have a German night in your weekly schedule, and show allowed German classic films.

Their German night was Thursday.

Shosanna, by herself, perched up high on the ladder, changing the letters on the marquee.

A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER (about the same age as Shosanna), walks out of the cinema. He sees the ladder with the young French girl on top, and walks over.

They speak FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

GERMAN SOLDIER

What starts tomorrow?

Shosanna looks down, seeing the young German Soldier smiling up at her from below.

LC 3.

SHOSANNA

A Max Linder festival.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Ummmm, I always preferred Linder to Chaplin. Except Linder never made a film as good as "The Kid". The chase climax of "The Kid", superb.

Shosanna continues working, not adding to the conversation.

GERMAN SOLDIER

I suppose now you could use a "M" a "A" and a "X"?

SHOSANNA

No need, I can manage.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Don't be ridiculous, it's my pleasure.

He hands the French damsel the letters spelling MAX.

SHOSANNA

Merci.

GERMAN SOLDIER

I adore your cinema very much.

SHOSANNA

Merci.
She busies herself with the marquee letters...

GERMAN SOLDIER

SHOSANNA

GERMAN SOLDIER

SHOSANNA

GERMAN SOLDIER

How does a young girl, such as yourself,
own a cinema?
Do to his uniform, and Shosanna's situation, all his efforts
at trying to make small talk, strikes the young Jewess in
hiding as a Gestapo interrogation.

SHOSANNA

My aunt left it to me.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Lucky girl.
Shosanna makes no reply back.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Merci for hoisting a German night.

SHOSANNA

I don't have a choice, but your welcome.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Do you chose the German films yourself?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Then my merci stands. I love the
Refensthal mountain films, especially,
"Pizu Palu". It's nice to see a French
girl who's a admirer of Refensthal.

SHOSANNA

"Admire", would not be the adjective
I would use to describe my feelings
towards Fraulein Refensthal.

GERMAN SOLDIER

But you do admire the director. Pabst,
don't you? That's why you included
his name on the marquee.
She climbs down from the ladder and faces the German
Private.

SHOSANNA

I'm French. We respect directors
in our country.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Apparently even Germans.

SHOSANNA

Even Germans. Merci for assistance,
Private. Adieu.
She turns to go back inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Your not finished?

SHOSANNA

I'll finish in the morning.
She opens the door to go inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER

May I ask your name?

SHOSANNA

You wish to see my papers?
She hands him her excellently forged papers.
That's obviously not what he meant, but he takes them anyway
to read her name.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Emmanuelle Mimieux. That's a very
pretty name.

SHOSANNA

Merci. Are you finished with my papers?
He hands them back.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Mademoiselle. My name is Fredrick Zoller.
She gives no response.

GERMAN SOLDIER

It's been a pleasure chatting with a
fellow cinema lover. Sweet dreams,
Mademoiselle.
He gives her a little salute, and walks into the black of a
curfew imposed night.
She looks after him. She didn't show it, but he kinda got to
her. After all, for any true cinema lover, it's hard to hate
anybody who, CINEMA MON AMOUR.

EXT - ROOFTOP CINEMA - NIGHT

Shosanna stands on the roof of her cinema, late at night,
lighting up a cigarette. As she takes her first big drag,
she remembers a voice.

FLASH ON

MADAME MIMIEUX, the younger Shosanna, and the black
projectionist Marcel, in the projection booth. Shosanna
lights up a cigarette, and Madame Mimieux SLAPS her face
HARD, knocking the cigarette out of her mouth. Marcel
quickly STAMPS it out on the floor.

If-7.

MADAME MIMIEUX

if I ever see you light up a cigarette in my cinema again, I'll turn you into the Nazi's, do you understand?
Shosanna is shocked by this statement.

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

And for bringing a open flame in my cinema, you deserve far worse then a Nazi jewish boxcar. With your thick head, what do you think the highest priority of a cinema manager is? Keeping this fucking place from burning down to the ground, that's what! In my collection, I have over 350, 35mm, nitrate film prints, which are not only immensely flammable, but highly unstable. And should they catch fire, they burn three times faster then paper. If that happens.. .POOF...all gone, cinema no more, every body burned alive. If I ever see you with a open flame in my cinema again, I won't turn you into the Nazi's I'll kill you myself. And the fucking Germans will give me a curfew pass. Do you understand me?

SHOSANNA

Out, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Do you believe me?

SHOSANNA

Out, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

You damn well better.

BACK TO ROOF

Shosanna exhales cigarette smoke.
Marcel comes onto the roof.

MARCEL

Are you well?

SHOSANNA

Even on the roof I can't smoke a cigarette without hearing Madames voice yelling at me. That's why I do it. To hear Madames voice again.

MARCEL

We both miss her.

SHOSANNA

I know. I'm fine, darling. I'll be to bed soon.
Marcel goes back inside, Shosanna smokes.

INT - FRENCH BISTRO - AFTERNOON

Shosanna sits in the back of a French bistro, reading a book, "The Saint in New York" by Leslie Charteris, drinking wine. When the young German Private from the other day, FREDRICK ZOLLER, walks in. He gets a beer, then notices the French girl sitting in the back. He smiles, and heads over to her. "Oh no, not this guy again", she thinks. Again they speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

May I join you?

SHOSANNA

Look Fredrick -

FREDRICK

(SMILING)

- You remember my name?

SHOSANNA

Yes....Look, you seem a pleasant enough fellow -

FREDRICK

- Merci.

SHOSANNA

Your welcome. - regardless, I want you to stop pestering me.

FREDRICK

I apologize mademoiselle, I wasn't trying to be a pest. I was simply trying to be friendly.

SHOSANNA

I don't wish to be your friend.

FREDRICK

Why not?

SHOSANNA

Don't act like a infant. You know why.

FREDRICK

I'm more then just a uniform.

SHOSANNA

Not to me. If you are so desperate for a French girlfriend, I suggest you try Vichy?

Just then TWO OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS come over, obviously very impressed with Fredrick. They make a fuss over him in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN, which nether Shosanna, or the non German speaking members of the movies audience, can understand. He signs autographs for them, shakes their hands, and they go on their way. Shosanna's eyes narrow.

SHOSANNA

Who are you?

FREDRICK

I thought I was just a uniform?

SHOSANNA

Your not just a German soldier, are you somebodies son?

FREDRICK

Most German soldiers are somebodies son.

SHOSANNA

Yeah, but your not just somebody. What are you, Hitlers nephew?
He leans in across the table, she leans in too, and he says;

FREDRICK

Yes.

SHOSANNA

Really?

FREDRICK

No not really, I'm just teasing you.
She leans back annoyed.

SHOSANNA

Then what is it? What are you, a German movie star?

6'0

FREDRICK

Not exactly.

SHOSANNA

(Pfuit), what does that mean, "not exactly".
I asked if you were a movie star, the answer to that question, is yes or no.
Fredrick laughs at that line.

FREDRICK

When you said that just now, you reminded me of my sister.
This catches young Shosanna off guard.

FREDRICK

I come from a home of six sisters.
We run a family operated cinema in Munich.
Seeing you run around your cinema, reminds me of them. Especially my sister Helga. She raised me, when our father wasn't up to the job. I admire her very much. You'd like her, she doesn't wear a German uniform.

SHOSANNA

You were raised by Helga?

FREDRICK

All my sisters, I'm the baby, but Helga was the bossiest.

SHOSANNA

And your mother and father?

FREDRICK

My mother died. And my father was a loser. My fathers moto; "If at first you don't succeed, quit". The day he left, good riddance. My sisters are all I need. It's why I like your cinema. It makes me feel both closer to them, and a little homesick at the same time.

SHOSANNA

is your cinema still operating?

FREDRICK

Oui.

SHOSANNA

What's it called?

5!

FREDRICK

The Kino Haus.

SHOSANNA

How has it done durring the war?

FREDRICK

Actually, in Germany, cinema attendance is up.

SHOSANNA

No doubt, you don't have to operate under a curfew.

FREDRICK

How often do you fill your house?

SHOSANNA

(Pfuit), not since before the war.

FREDRICK

So if you had one big engagement, that would help you out?

SHOSANNA

Of course, but that's not likely to happen.

TWO MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS and their TWO FRENCH DATES approach the table. They ask for Fredricks autograph, he signs it for them. One of the French Girls says in FRENCH, how exciting it is to meet a real live German war hero. Shosanna hears it. They leave. So that's it, she thinks.

SHOSANNA

So your a war hero? Why didn't you tell me?

FREDRICK

Everybody knows that, I liked you didn't.

SHOSANNA

What did you do?
He takes a sip of beer.

FREDRICK

I've shot the most enemy soldiers
in world war two...so far.
You bet your sweet ass that got her attention.

SHOSANNA

Wow.

52

FREDRICK

I was alone in a bell tower in a
walled off city in Russia. It was
myself, and a thousand rounds of ammo,
in a bird's nest, against three
hundred Soviet soldiers.

SHOSANNA

What's a bird's nest?

FREDRICK

A bird's nest is what a sniper would call
a bell tower. It's a high structure,
offering a three hundred and sixty degree
view. Very advantageous for marksmen.

SHOSANNA

How many Russian's did you kill?

FREDRICK

Sixty-eight.

(BEAT)

The first day. A hundred and fifty the
second day. Thirty-two, the third day.
On the forth day, they exited the city.
Naturally my war story received alot of
attention in Germany, that's why they
all recognize me. They call me the
German Sgt.York.

SHOSANNA

Maybe they'll make a film about
your exploits.

FREDRICK

Well, that's just what Joseph Goebbels
thought. So he did. It's called "Nation's
Pride", and guess what, they wanted me to
play myself, so I did. They have posters
for it in kiosks all over Paris. That's
another reason for all the attention.

SHOSANNA

"Nation's Pride" is about you? "Nation's
Pride" is starring you?

FREDRICK

I know, comical, huh?

SHOSANNA

Not so comical. So what are you doing in Paris, enjoying a rest?

53.

FREDRICK

Hardly. I've been doing publicity, having my picture taken with different German luminaries, visiting troops, that sort of thing. Goebbels wants the film to premier in Paris, so I've been helping them in the planning. Joseph is very keen on this film. He's telling anybody who will listen, when "Nation's Pride" is released, I'll be the German Van Johnson. Shosanna, wasn't falling for the young German, by any stretch. However his exploits, as well as his charming manner, can't help but impress. But his referring to Goebbels as "Joseph", like their friends, is all she needed to get on the right side of things. This young man is trouble with a capital "T", and she needs to stay far fucking away from him. She abruptly rises, and says;

SHOSANNA

Well, good luck with your premier Private. I hope all goes well for Joseph and yourself. Au revoir. And with that, she disappears. Leaving the perplexed private alone.

EXT - CINEMA MARQUEE - DAY

It's the next day. Shosanna and Marcel are changing the letters on the marquee. Marcel excuses himself to visit the toilet. Shosanna is alone outside the little cinema, perched up on her ladder.

WHEN...

.A BLACK NAZI SEDAN pulls up in front of the little cinema. A GERMAN MAJOR in a black Gestapo uniform steps out of the back of the sedan. The DRIVER, a German Private, steps out as well. Yelling to the young girl up high on the ladder; Both GERMAN and FRENCH will be SUBTITLED into ENGLISH.

5 q.

GESTAPO MAJOR

Mademoiselle Nimieux?

SHOSANNA

Oui?
Telling his Driver in German to ask her in French;

GESTAPO MAJOR

Ask her if this is her cinema?
in French The Driver asks Shosanna;

DRIVER

is this your cinema?

SHOSANNA**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Tell her to come down.

DRIVER

Come down please.
She climbs down the ladder.
The Driver opens the back door of the sedan, indicating for her to get in.

SHOSANNA

I don't understand, what have I done?

DRIVER

(to Major)
She wants to know what she's done?

GESTAPO MAJOR

Who says she's done anything?

DRIVER

Who says you've done anything?
Then in her best imitation of Madame Mimeux's arrogantmanner.

SHOSANNA

Then I demand to know what this is about,
and where do you propose to take me?
The Driver begins to translate, when the Gestapo Major holds up his hand, telling him not to bother. The Major looks at the young French girl and tells her in German;

55.

GESTAPO MAJOR

Get your ass in that car.
No translation necessary. She climbs into the back of the car, followed by the Germans. The sedan takes off.

INT - SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

The Nazi sedan drives through the early afternoon Paris streets.

WE HOLD SHOSANNA IN TIGHT CU

the whole ride, never showing her Nazi oppressor sitting beside her. We just hold on her face trying not to revel anything.
The sedan stops.
The car door opens and the Driver offers Shosanna his hand.

EXT/INT- MAXIUM'S (FAMOUS PARIS CAFE) - DAY

She steps out of the car, and is lead into a Paris cafe by the Gestapo Officer. It takes the young Jewess a moment or two before she realizes she's not being led to a Gestapo interrogation room, a railroad car, or a concentration camp, but to lunch. The best table at Maxims. Three people, and two dogs, sit at it. Germany's Minister of Propaganda, and the number two man in

Hitlers Third Reich, JOSEPH GOEBBELS, his female French translator (and mistress), FRANCESCA MONDINO, and young Private Zoller, are the people. TWO BLACK FRENCH POODLES, belonging to Mademoiselle Mondino, sit together in another chair at the table.

We join them in mid-conversation;
They all speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

GOEBBELS

- it's only the off spring of slaves that
allows America to be competitive athletically.
America olympic gold can measured in Negro
sweat.

Shosanna is lead through the French eatery by the Gestapo Major.
Private Zoller see's her, and stands up, excuse's himself,
and greets her before she reaches the table.
Fredrick says in French, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

Good you came. I wasn't sure weather or
not you'd except my invitation.

SHOSANNA

Invitation?

THEN...

.Goebbles Voice says OFF SCREEN;

GOEBBLES (OS)

Is that the young lady in question,
Fredrick?

Private Zoller turns in his direction, takes Shosanna by the
arm, and leads her to him.

FREDRICK

Yes it is, beer Goebbels. Emmanuelle,
there is somebody I want you to meet.
Joseph Goebbels, remaining seated, looks up at the young French
girl, scrutinizing her as he spoons creme brule into his mouth.
The excited Fredrick introduces Shosanna to the propaganda
minister formally.

FREDRICK

Emmanuelle Mimieux, I'd like to
introduce you to the minister of
propaganda, the leader of the entire
German film industry, and now I'm a
actor, my boss, Joseph Goebbels.
Goebbels offers up his long spider-like fingers for Shosanna to
shake. She does.

GOEBBELS

Your reputation precedes you Fraulein
Mimieux.
He looks to Francesca to translate, but she's just taken a big
bite of terri misu.
They all laugh.
Fredrick jumps in...

FREDRICK

And normally, this is beer Goebbels French
interpreter, Mademoiselle Francesca
Mondino.

FRANCESCA

looks up at Shosanna.

5'?

NARRATOR'S VOICE comes on soundtrack;

NARRATOR (VO)

Francesca Mondino is much more then
Goebbels French Interpreter.
She's also Goebbels favorite French
actress to appear in his films...

FLASH ON:**FILM CLIP**

from one of Francesca's B/W Goebbels produced productions.
Francesca, dressed as a French peasant girl, with a YOUNG

GERMAN (MOVIE) SOLDIER.

She speaks in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in to ENGLISH;

FRANCESCA/PEASANT GIRL

I love you, I can't help it. My country
or my heart, which do I betray?
A SUBTITLE APPEARS below naming the films title;

"SENTIMENTAL COMBAT" (1943)**FLASH ON**

Francesca and Goebbels having sex in her boudoir, on her red
velvet bed.

NARRATOR (VO)

And Goebbels favorite French Mistress,
to act in his bed.
WE SEE JUST A SUPER QUICK SHOT OF Goebbels FUCKING Francesca

DOGGY STYLE.**FRANCESCA****(ANIMAL-LIKE)**

Do it! Do it! Fuck me - fill me!

BACK TO FRANCESCA

looking at Shosanna.

FRANCESCA

Bon jour.

SHOSANNA

Bon jour.

I
f.

FREDRICK

And you've met the Major.
The Gestapo officer steps up and says, to Fredrick in German;

GESTAPO MAJOR

Actually, I didn't introduce myself.
(to Shosanna)
Major Deiter Helistrom of the Gestapo, at
your service mademoiselle.
(he clicks
his heels)
Please allow me, have a seat.
The Gestapo Officer pulls out a chair, for the young lady to sit
down. Shosanna takes the hot seat. Seated to her right is
Private Zoller. To her left are the two curly pampered
poodles. Major Helistrom pours Shosanna a glass of red wine
from a small craft on the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Try the wine mademoiselle, it's quite good.
Goebbels looks across the table at her.

GOEBBELS

well I must say, you've made quite a
impression on our boy.
Francesca interprets Goebbels German for Shosanna.

GOEBBELS

I must say fraulein, I should be rather
annoyed with you.
Francesca interprets..

GOEBBELS

I arrive in France, and I wish to have
lunch with my star...
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

Little do I know Be's become
the toast of paris, and now he
must find time for me.
Francesca interprets...

c9 Ã¢â, -Ã¢

GOEBBELS

People wait in line hours, day's,
to see me. For the Fuhrer and
Private Zoller, I wait.
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So finally, I'm granted a audience
with the young Private, and he spends
the entire lunch speaking of you
and your cinema.
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So Fraulein Mimieux, let's get down
to business.
Private Zoller interrupts -

FREDRICK

- Heer Goebbels, I haven't informed her yet.

GOEBBELS

Unless the girls a simpleton, I'm sure she's figured it out by now, after all she does operate a cinema. Francesca, tell her.
Francesca tells Shosanna in French;

FRANCESCA

What they're trying to tell you Emmanuelle, is Private Zoller has spent the last hour at lunch, trying to convince Monsieur Goebbels to abandon previous plans for Private Zollers film premier, and change the venue to your cinema.
Zoller reacts.

FRANCESCA

(FRENCH
to Zoller)
What?

FREDRICK

I wanted to inform her.

FRANCESCA

Shit. I apologize Private, of course you did.

60.

GOEBBELS

(GERMAN
to Francesca)
What's the issue?

FRANCESCA

The Private wanted to inform the mademoiselle himself.

GOEBBELS

Nonsense. Until I ask a few questions, he has nothing to inform. Let the record state, I have not agreed to a venue change.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Duly noted.
Goebbels speaks German to Shosanna;

GOEBBELS

You have opera boxes?

SHOSANNA**GOEBBELS**

SHOSANNA

GOEBBELS

More would be better. How many
seats in your auditorium?

SHOSANNA

Three hundred and fifty.

GOEBBELS

That's almost four hundred less
than The Ritz.
Fredrick jumps in...

FREDRICK

But beer Goebbels, that's not such
a terrible thing. You said yourself
you didn't want to indulge every
two faced french bourgeois taking
up space currying favor. With less
seat's it makes the event more
exclusive. Your not trying to fill
the house, their fightin g for seats.

61.

FREDRICK

(CON'T)

Besides, to hell with the French.
This is a German night, a German
event, a German celebration. This
night is for you, me, the German
military, the high command, their
family and friends. The only people
who should be allowed in the room,
are people who will be moved by
the exploits on screen.
Goebbels listens silently, then after a bit of a pause;

GOEBBELS

I see your public speaking has
improved. It appears I've created
a monster. A strangely persuasive
monster. When the war's over,
politics awaits.
Table chuckles.

GOEBBELS

Well Private, though it is true,
I'm inclined to indulge you anything.
I must watch a film in this young
ladies cinema before I can say,
yes or no.
(to Shosanna)
So young lady, you are to close
your cinema tonight, and have
a private screening me.
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

What German films do you have?
Francesca asks..

SHOSANNA

My cinema , on German night, tends to show older German classics.
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

Why not my films?
Francesca asks...

6Z.**SHOSANNA**

I draw a older German audience in my cinema, that appreciate the nostalgia of the earlier time.
Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

That's nonsense fraulein. Us Germans are looking forward, not backwards. That era of German cinema is dead. The German cinema I create, will not only be thee cinema of Europe. But the worlds only alternative to the degenerate Jewish influence of Hollywood.
Fredrick Jumps in...

FREDRICK

Along with being a cinema owner, Emmanuelle is quite a formidable film critic.
He chuckles, but alone.

GOEBBELS

WSo it would appear. Unfortunately for the fraulein, I've outlawed film criticism.
Zoller, thinking fast, says;

FREDRICK

Why don't you screen "Lucky Kids"? I'm sure Emmanuelle hasn't seen. it. And it's so funny, I've been meaning to recommend it to her, for her German night. That's a great idea, let's watch "Lucky Kids" tonight.

GOEBBELS

Ahhh, "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids". When all is said and done, my most purely enjoyable production. Not only that, I wouldn't be surprised, if sixty years from now, It's "Lucky Kids" that I'm the most remembered for. I know it doesn't seem like it now, but mark my words.
Very well, I'll have a print sent over to the fraulein's cinema.
We'll screen "Lucky Kids" tonight.

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As Francesca interprets this for Shosanna...
...the empty chair next to the young Jewish girl is suddenly
filled with the bottom half of a grey S.S. officer uniform.

GOEBBELS

Ah Landa, your here, this is the
young lady in question.
The S.S. Officer sits down, and it's our old friend from the
first scene COL HANS LANDA.

FREDRICK

Shosanna, this4pol Hans Landa of
the SS., he'll be running security
for the premier.

CU SHOSANNA

A bomb is dropped and detonated behind her eyes. But if she
gives any indication of this, her war story ends here.
The S.S. OFFICER
that murdered her family, takes her hand and kisses it,
saying in perfect French;

COL LANDA

Charmed Mademoiselle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Better known as "The Jew Hunter".
The table laughs.

GOEBBELS

Oh Francesca, what was that funny
thing the Fuhrer said about Hans?

FRANCESCA

What thing?

GOEBBELS

You know, you were there, it was a
funny thing the Fuhrer said,
about Hans...Something about a pig?
Francesca's memory is jogged.

FRANCESCA

Oh, yes of course.
She repeats it by whispering it in Goebbels ear.

6 "F

GOEBBELS

Oh, yes of course, that's it. So
the Fuhrer said, he wouldn't be
surprised if Hans weren't rooting
out Jews like a truffle pig from
the play pen.

FRANCESCA

That's what we need, pigs that can root out Jews.

COL LANDA

Who needs pigs when you have me?
Big hearty laugh around the table.

GOEBBELS

Do you have a engagement tonight?

COL LANDA

Well, as a matter of fact, I do -

GOEBBELS

- Break it. We're all going to the Fraulein's cinema tonight to view "Lucky Kids".

COL LANDA

Splendid.
Then Reich Ministers companion mademoiselle Mondino,

INTERRUPTS;**FRANCESCA**

And now I must get Reich Minister Goebbels to his next appointment.

GOEBBELS

Slave driver! French slave driver!
They all chuckle.
Everybody begins to stand up from the table...
..Francesca gathers the stupid dogs...
..as Col Landa stands, he says;

COL LANDA

Actually, in my role as security chief of this joyous German occasion, I'm afraid I must have a word with Mademoiselle Mimieux.

C. 5.

Mademoiselle Mimieux eyes go to Private Zoller, who responds.

FREDRICK

What sort of discussion?

COL LANDA

That sounded suspiciously like a Private questioning the order of a Colonel? Or am I just being sensitive?

FREDRICK

Nothing could be further from the truth Colonel. Your authority is beyond question.
But your reputation does proceed you. Should Mademoiselle Mimieux or myself be concerned?

GOEBBELS

Hans, the boy means no harm, he's simply smitten. And he's correct. Your reputation does proceed you. Laughter all around. The Reich Minister and his axis entourage, make their way to front of the cafe, with the two dumb dogs on a leash, leading the way.

COL LANDA

No need for concern, you two. As security chief, I simply need to have a chat with the possible new venue's property owner.

FREDRICK

I was just hoping to escort Mademoiselle Mimieux back to her cinema.

GOEBBELS

Nonsense! You can eat ice cream, and walk along the Sienne another time. Right now, allow Col Landa to do his job. Everybody saystheir farewells. Col Landa offers the young jew in hiding a seat at a small table in the outside patio area of Maxims. The fluency and poetic proficiency of the S.S. jew hunters french, revels to the audience, that his feigning clumsiness at french with Monsieur Lapadite in the films first scene, was simply a interrogation-technique.

bd.

They speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Have you tried the strudel here?

SHOSANNA

No.

COL LANDA

It's not so terrible. So how is it the young Private and yourself came to be acquainted? She's about to answer, when a WAITER approaches.

COL LANDA

Yes, two strudels, one for myself, and one for the mademoiselle. A cup of espresso, with a container of. steamed milk, on the side. For the Mademoiselle, a glass of milk. Considering Shosanna. grew up on a dairy farm, and the last time she was on a dairy farm, her strudel companion murdered her entire family, his ordering her milk is, to say the least... . disconcerting. The key to Col Landa's power, and or charm, depending on the side ones on, lies in his ability to convince you he's privy to your secrets.

COL LANDA

So Mademoiselle, you were beginning to explain....?

SHOSANNA

(ANXIOUSLY)

Up untill a couple of days ago,
I had no knowledge of Private Zoller,
or his exploits. To me, the Private
was simply just a patron of my cinema.
We spoke a few times, but -

COL LANDA

- Mademoiselle, let me interrupt you.
This is a simple formality, no
reason for you to feel anxious.
The Colonel takes one look at it, and says to the Waiter;

67

COL LANDA

I apologize, I forgot to order the
cream fresh.

WAITER

One moment.
He exits.

COL LANDA

(Refuring to
the apple pie)
Wait for the cream.
(Back to

BUSINESS)

So Emmanuelle - May I call you
Emmanuelle?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

COL LANDA

So Emmanuelle, explain to me how
does it happen, that a young lady
such as your self, comes to own a
cinema?
The Waiter returns, applying cream fresh to the two strudels.
The S.S. Colonel looks across the table at his companion, picking
up his fork, he says;

COL LANDA

After you.
Shosanna takes a whip creamy bite of strudel, Landa follows her
lead.

COL LANDA

(MOUTHFULL

of pie)
Success?
Shosanna, mouth full of pie, indicates she approves.

.COL LANDA

Like I said, not so terrible.
(Back to

BUSINESS)

So you were explaining the origin of
your cinema ownership?

69.

SHOSANNA

The cinema originally belonged to
my aunt and uncle -
Col Landa removes a little black book from his pocket.

COL LANDA

- What is there names?

SHOSANNA

Jean-Pierre and Ada Mimieux.
He records the names in his little book.

COL LANDA

Where are they now?

SHOSANNA

My uncle was killed during blitzkrieg.

COL LANDA

Pity... . Continue.

SHOSANNA

Aunt Ada passed away from fever
last spring.'

COL LANDA

Regrettable.

(RESPECTFUL**PAUSE)**

It's come to my attention you have
a negro in your employ, is that true?

SHOSANNA

Yes, he's a Frenchman. His name is
Marcel. He worked with my aunt and
uncle since they opened the cinema.
He's the only other one who works
with me.

COL LANDA

Doing what?

SHOSANNA

Projectionist.

COL LANDA

Is he any good?

SHOSANNA

The best.

61.

COL LANDA

Actually one could see where that might be a good trade for them. Can you operate the projectors?

SHOSANNA

Of course I can.

COL LANDA

Knowing the Reich Minister as I do, I'm quite positive he wouldn't want the success or failure of his illustrious evening, dependent on the prowess of a negro. So if it comes to pass we hold this event at your venue, talented no doubt, as your negro may be, you will operate the projectors. Is that exceptable? As if she has any say.

SHOSANNA

Oui.

Col Landa takes another bite of strudel, Shosanna follows suit.

COL LANDA

So it would appear our young hero is quite smitten with you?

SHOSANNA

Private Zollers feelings for me aren't of a romantic nature.

COL LANDA

Mademoiselle...?

SHOSANNA

Colonel, his feelings are not romantic. I remind him of his sister.

COL LANDA

That doesn't mean his feelings aren't romantic.

SHOSANNA

I remind him of his sister who raised him.

70

COL LANDA

It's sounding more and more romantic by the minute.

Landa takes out a handsome looking cigarette case, with a S.S. LOGO on it. Removing one of the fags, he lights it up with a fancy S.S. gold lighter. He offers one to Shosanna.

COL LANDA

Cigarette?

SHOSANNA

No thank you.

COL LANDA

Do you smoke?

SHOSANNA

Yes.

COL LANDA

Then I insist, you must take one.

There not French, there German.

I hope your not nationalist about
your tobacco, to me French cigarettes
are a sin against nicotine.

She takes one, but makes no move to light it.

He inhales deep, and says;

COL LANDA

I did have some thing else I wanted

to ask you, but right now, for the

life of me, I can't remember what it

is. Oh well, must not of been important.

Col Landa stands up, throws some French francs on the table,

puts on his grey S.S. cap, touches his finger to his visor,
saluting Shosanna, and saying:

COL LANDA

Till tonight.

And with that he's gone.

Shosanna breaths a sigh of relief.

The CAMERA begins to slowly lower from a MEDIUM CU to her feet
ankles and floor. We see her shoes are in a puddle of urine.

During her conversation and strudel with the man that
exterminated her entire family, shosanna pissed herself.

She drops the German cigarette in to the piss puddle by her
feet.

7 1.

INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The SILVER SCREEN

on screen is the German screwball comedy "LUCKY KIDS".

We hear OFF SCREEN laughter at the on screen aryan antics.

CU GOEBBELS

Watching the screen, basking in his own toxic genius.

CU FRANCESCA

Laughing at the comedy, hand covering her mouth.

CU TWO BLACK POODLES

Pantingly watching the screen.

CU MAJOR HELLSTROM

Smiling, smoking a French cigarette.

CU COL LANDA

Smoking his calabash, amused.

CU FREDRICK ZOLLER

Truly enjoying himself.

CU SHOSANNA

watching the screen.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack.

NARRATOR (VO)

While Shosanna sits there pretending to be amused by the aryan antics of Goebbels Frank Capra copy, "Lucky Kids", a thought suddenly comes to her.

We see her face get slightly distracted behind the eyes.

NARRATOR (VO)

What if tonight, accidentally, the cinema burned down? The Third Reich would lose it's Minister of propaganda, it's national hero, and it's top jew hunter, all in one fell swoop.

She chuckles at the thought, though it looks like she's laughing at the German comedy.

SILVER SCREEN

"The END" card for "Lucky Kids" is projected.

The Nazi rouges gallery, and Shosanna, applaud the film.

IZ

The lights go up.

P

Goebbels excepts congratulations, as they stand and begin to file out into the lobby.

NARRATOR (VO)

The screening of "Lucky Kids" was a complete success. And Heer Goebbels conceded to have the venue changed to Shosannas cinema. Not only that, in a moment of inspiration, Heer Goebbels had a idea.

Goebbels speaks GERMAN, and Francesca translates;

GOEBBELS

I must say, I appreciate the modesty of this auditorium. Your Cinema has real respect, almost church like. Not to say we couldn't spruce the place up a bit. In Versailles there's a crystal chandelier hanging in the banquet hall that is extraordinary. we're going to get it, and hang it from the very middle of auditorium roof. Also I want to go to Louvre, pick up a few Greek nudes, and just scatter them about the lobby.

MONTAGE

we see a quick series of shots that show all that happening. The chandelier being removed from the ceiling of Versailles. Greek nude statues being hand trucked out of the Louvre.

A truck driving through the french countryside with the enormous crystal chandelier in the back.
 The lobby of Shosanna's cinema, pimped out in Nazi iconography. WORKERS buzz around decorating. The Greek statues are moved into place.
 We see Workers trying with incredible difficulty, to hoist the huge, heavy, and twinkingly fragile chandelier, in Shosannas auditorium, which now resembles something out of one of Tinto Brass's Italian B-movie rip off's of Visconti's "The Damned".

SHOSANNA

watches all this from a opera box, she shakes her head in disbelief.

73

BACK TO SHOSANNA AND THE NAZI "S

in the lobby, post screening of "Lucky Rids", she's soundlessly escorting them to the door, as they make their goodbyes.

NARRATOR (VO)

As they left the little French cinema that night, all the Germans were very happy...
 We see Private Zoller hanging back, so he can say goodbye.

NARRATOR (VO)

None more so then Private Zoller.
 She closes the door on him. Watching the Nazi's walk into the Paris night. Their shadows, for a moment on a wall, look like grotesque Nazi characters. 4644
 The Nazi's are gone.
 Marcel sits at the top of the staircase of the lobby, looking down at Shosanna.
 They speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

MARCEL

What the fuck are we suppose to do?

SHOSANNA

It looks like we're suppose to have a Nazi premier.

MARCEL

Like I said, what the fuck are we suppose to do?

SHOSANNA

Well, I need to speak with you about that.

MARCEL

About what?

SHOSANNA

About these Hun swine, commandeering our cinema.

MARCEL

What about it?
 She slowly walks up the stairs to Marcel. She makes him part his legs, and sits on the lower step, between his legs. Her back up against his chest, his arms around her shoulders.

Shosanna has only known this type of intimacy with Marcel.

SHOSANNA

Well, when I was watching the bosch
(Said in

ENGLISH)

Capra-corn abomination,
(Back to

FRENCH)

I got a idea.

MARCEL

I'm confused, what are we talking
about?

SHOSANNA

Filling the cinema with Nazi's and
their whores, and burning it down
to the ground.

MARCEL

I'm not talking about that, your
talking about that.

SHOSANNA

No, we're talking about that,
right now. If we can keep this
place from burning down by
ourselves, we can burn it down
by ourselves.

MARCEL

Shosanna -

SHOSANNA

No, Marcel, just for sake of argument,
if we wanted to burn down the cinema,
for any number of reasons, you and I
could physically accomplish that, no?

MARCEL

Oui Shosanna, we could do that.

SHOSANNA

And with Madame Mimieux's 350 nitrate
film print collection, we wouldn't
even need explosives, would we?

MARCEL

You mean we wouldn't need any more
explosives?

SHOSANNA

Oui, that's exactly what I mean.
She begins kissing his hands.

75.

SHOSANNA

(CON'T)

I am going to burn down the cinema
on Nazi night.
One of his fingers probes her mouth.

SHOSANNA

(CON'T)

And if I'm going to burn down the
cinema, which I am, we both know,
your not going to let me do it
by myself.
The back of her head presses up hard against him, as his hand
both caresses, and grips her lovely neck.

SHOSANNA

(CON'T)

Because you love me. And I love you.
And your the only person on this earth
I can trust.
She then TWISTS around, so she's straddling him. They are now,
face to face.

SHOSANNA

(CON'T)

But that's not all we're going to do.
Does the filmmaking equipment it the
attic still work? I know the film
camera does. How about the sound
recorder?

MARCEL

Quite well, actually. I recorded a
new guitarist I met in a cafe last
week. It works superb. Why do we
need filmmaking equipment?

SHOSANNA

Because Marcel, my sweet, we're
going to make a film. Just for the
Nazi's.

FADE TO BLACK

?G.

FADE OFF

INT - ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

A young MILITARY ATTACHE, opens the sliding double doors
that serve as a entrance to the room.

MILITARY ATTACHE

Right this way, Lieutenant.

A snappy handsome British Lieutenant in dress browns, steps inside the room. This officer, who has been mixing it up with the Gerrys since the late thirties, is named LT.ARCHIE HICOX. A young George Sanders type(The Saint and Private affairs of Bel Ami, years).

Upon entering the room, Lt.Hicox is gobsmacked. Standing before him is legendary military mastermind, GENERAL ED FENECH, a older George Sanders type (Village of the Damned).

But in the back of the room, sitting behind a piano, smoking his ever present cigar, is the unmistakable bulk of WINSTON CHURCHELL.

LT. HICOX

Lt. Archie Hicox, reporting sir.

GEN FENECH

(Salutes back)

General Ed Fenech, at ease Hicox.

Drink?

Hicox's eye's go to the formidable bulldog behind the piano, who's scrutinizing him behind his cigar. However the man behind the cigar makes no gesture, and the General, makes no acknowledgment of the three hundred pound gorilla in the room. Which Lt.Hicox knows enough to mean, if Churchill isn't introduced, he ain't there.

LT.HICOX

if you offered me a scotch and plane water, I could drink a scotch and plain water.

?7.

GEN.FENECH

That a boy, Lieutenant. Make it yourself, like a good chap, will you? Bars in the globe. Hicox heads over to the bar globe.

LT.HICOX

Something for yourself, sir?

GEN.FENECH

Whiskey straight. No junk in it.

The Lieutenant moves over to the Columbus-style globe bar, and busies himself mixing spirits, playing bartender chappy. Fenech, eyeing the Lieutenant's file.

GEN.FENECH

It says here you've run three undercover commando operations in Germany, and German occupied territories? Frankfauert, Holland, and Norway to be exact? Back to them, mixing drinks, he says;

LT.HICOX

Extraordinary people, the Norwegian's.

GEN.FENECH

It says here you speak German fluently?

LT. HICOX

Like a Katzenjammer Kid.

GEN. FENECH

And your occupation before the war?
His back still to us, as he bartends...

LT. H I COX

I'm a film critic.

GEN. FENECH

List your accomplishments?

LT. HICOX

Well sir, such as they are, I write
reviews and articles, for a publication
called; "Films and Filmmakers".
As well as our sister publication.

7f .

GEN. FENECH

What's that called?

LT. HICOX

"Flickers Bi-Monthly". And I've had
two books published.

GEN. FENECH

Impressive. Don't be modest Lieutenant,
what are their titles?

LT. HI COX

The first book was called; "Art Of The
Eye's, The Heart, and The Mind:A Study
of German Cinema in the Twenties".
And the second one was called; ...
He turns around with his whiskey and plain water, and the
Generals whiskey no junk. He finishes what he was saying, as
he walks toward the General, handing him his drink.

LT. HICOX

"Twenty-Four Frame Da Vinci".
It's a subtexual film criticism
study of the work of German director
G.W. Pabst.

LT. HI COX

What should we drink to, sir?

GEN. FENECH

(Thinking, for
a moment)
Down with Hitler.

LT. HICOX

All the way down, sir.

GEN. FENECH

Are you familiar with German cinema
under the Third Reich?

LT. HI COX

Yes. Obviously I haven't seen any of

the films made in the last three years, but I am familiar with it.

GEN.FENECH

Explain it to me.?

77

LT.HICOX

Pardon sir?

GEN.FENECH

This little escapade of ours, requires a knowledge of the German film industry under the Third Reich. Explain to me UFA, under Goebbels?

LT.HICOX

Goebbels considers the films he's making to be the beginning of a new era in German cinema. A alternative to what he considers the Jewish German intellectual cinema of the twenties. And the Jewish controlled dogma of Hollywood. SUDDENLY... Bellowing from the back of the room;

CHURCHELL

How's he doing?

LT. H I COX

Frightfully sorry sir, once again?

CHURCHELL

You say he wants to take on the Jews at their own game? Compared to say .Louis B.Mayer...how's he doing?

LT.HICOX

Quite well, actually. Since Goebbels has taken over, film attendance has steadily risen in Germany over the last eight years. But Louis B.Mayer wouldn't be Goebbels proper opposite number. I believe Goebbels see's himself closer to David O.Selznick. Gen.Fenech looks to the Prime Minister. With a puff of cigar smoke, Churchill says;

CHURCHELL

Brief him.

GEM.FENECH

Lt.Bicox, at this point in time I'd like to brief you on, Operation Kino. Three days from now, Joseph Goebbels is throwing a gala premier of one of his new movies in Paris -

80.

LT.HICOX

- What film sir?

The General has to resort to peeking at his file.

GEN.FENECH

The motion pictures called; "Nation's Pride".

LT.HICOX

Oh, you mean the film about Private Zoller?

GEN.FENECH

We don't have any intelligence, on exactly, what the film that night will be about.

LT.HICOX

But it's called "Nation's Pride"?

GEN.FENECH

Yes.

LT.HICOX

I can tell you what it's about, it's about Private Fredrick Zoller. He's the German Sgt.York.

Fenech can't help suppress a smile, they have the right man.

GEN.FENECH

In attendance at this joyous Germatic occasion, will be Goebbels, Gerring, Boorman, and most of the German High command, including all high ranking officers of both The S.S., and, The Gestapo. As well as luminaries of the Nazi propaganda film industry.

LT.HICOX

The master race at play, aye?

GEN.FENECH

Basically, we have all our rotten eggs in one basket. The objective of Operation Kino.... Blow up the basket.

LT.HICOX

(Reciting a poem)

"...and like the snows of yesteryear, gone from this earth". Jolly good, sir.

GEN.FENECH

An American Secret Service outfit, that lives deep behind enemy lines, will be your assist. The Germans call them; "The Basterds".

LT.HICOX

"The Basterds", never heard of them.

GEN.FENECH

Whole point of the secret service,
old boy, you not hearing of them.
But the Gerrys have heard of them,
because these yanks have been them
the devil. Their leader is a chap
named Lt.Aldo Raine. The Germans
call him, "Aldo the Apache".

LT.HICOX

Why do they call him that?

GEN.FENECH

Best guess, is because he removes the
scalps of the Nazi dead.

LT.HICOX

Scalps, sir?

GEN.FENECH

The hair.
He runs his finger along his hairline.

GEN.FENECH

Like a red Injun.

LT.HICOX

Rather gruesome sounding little
Dicky bird, isn't he?

GEN.FENECH

No doubt the whole lot, a bunch a
nutters. But you've heard the
expression, "It takes a thief".

LT.HICOX

Indeed.
General Fenech continues on with his exposition, moving over
to a military map.

9i.

GEN.FENECH

You'll be dropped into France, about
twenty four kilometers outside of Paris.
The Basterds will be waiting for you.
First thing, you go to a little village
called, "Nadine".
(He points it
out on the map)
Apparently the Gerrys never go there.
In Nadine, there's a tavern, called,
"La Louisiane", you'll rendez-vous
with our double agent, and she'll take
it from there. She's the one who's
going to get you in the premiere.
It will be you, her, and two German
born members of the Basterds. She's
also made all the other arrangements
your going to need.

LT.HICOX

How will I know her?

GEN.FENECH

I suspect that won't be too much trouble for you. Your contact is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

LT.HICOX

Bridget Von Hammersmark? The German movie star is working for England?

GEN.FENECH

For the last two years now. one could even say Operation Kino was her brainchild.
In the back of the room the bulldog barks;

CHURCHELL

Extraordinary women.

LT.BICOX

Quite.

GEN.FENECH

You'll go to the premiere as her escort, lucky devil. She'll also have the premiere tickets for the other two. Got the gist?

LT.HICOX

I think so, sir. Paris when it sizzles.
The three British bulldogs laugh.

9 3

EXT - CINEMA ROOFTOP - DAY

Shosanna and Marcel are on the rooftop of their cinema, literally, making a movie.
Marcel is behind a old (even then) BOLEX 35MM MOVIE CAMERA, positioned low looking up.

Shosanna, the camera subject, stands on boxes looking down into it.

A old timey MICROPHONE is positioned out of frame.
As they always do, and always will, they speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into you know what.

MARCEL

We need a sync mark.

SHOSANNA

What is a sync mark?

MARCEL

A action and noise put together,
So we can sync up the picture
and sound.

SHOSANNA

How do we do that?

MARCEL

Clap your hands.
She does.

MARCEL

In frame imbecile.
She claps her hands in front of her face.

MARCEL

Ready?
Shosanna takes a deep breath, then;

SHOSANNA

Ready.

MARCEL

Action.

WE CUT BEFORE SHE SPEAKS TO...

GIR

.THE SCENE EARLIER BETWEEN MARCEL AND SHOSANNA IN THE

LOBBY, ON THE STAIRS, TALKING ABOUT BURNING DOWN THE CINEMA.

Big difference this time, it's in COLOR.

MARCEL

But how do we get it developed?
Only a suicidal idiot like us would
develop that footage. How do we get
a35mm print with a soundtrack?

SHOSANNA

Do you know one person who can do
both things?

MARCEL

Of course Gaspar, very nice man,
took care of all the experimental
filmmakers. But nobody in their
right mind would strike a print of
what your talking about. If the
Nazi's found out, their life wouldn't
be worth this.
He snaps his fingers.

SHOSANNA

In a wolf fight, you ether eat the
wolf, or the wolf eats you. If we're
going to obliterate the Nazi's,
we have to use their tactics.

MARCEL

What does that mean?

SHOSANNA

We find somebody who can develop
and process a35mm print. And we
make them do it, or we kill them.
Once we tell them what we want to
do, if they refuse, we have to kill
them anyway, or they'll turn us in.

MARCEL

Would you do that?

SHOSANNA

Like that.

Snaps her fingers.

?S,

INT - SMALL FILM PROCESSING LAB- LATE NIGHT

A old mom and pop film processing lab circa the Thirties.
Late late at night.

GASPAR, the fatherly figure of all the experimental French filmmakers in the decade before German rule, takes a SAVAGE BEATING at the hands of his friend Marcel.
Shosanna watches, pitiless.

SHOSANNA

Bring that fucker over here!

Put his head down on that table.

Marcel, holds his arm behind him, as he forces his head flat against the table top.

Shosanna brings a HATCHET DOWN DEEP into the table, just by his face.

SHOSANNA

You ether do what the fuck we tell
you to, or I'll bury this axe in your
collaborating skull.

GASPAR

I'm not a collaborator!

SHOSANNA

Then prove it! Or does your manhood
go no deeper, then standing to piss?
Marcel, does his wife, and children
know you?

MARCEL

Oui.

SHOSANNA

Then after we kill this dog for
Germans, we'll go and silence them.
She lifts up the hatchet, raises it high...

SHOSANNA

Prepare to die, collaborator fucker!

CUT TO**GASPAR**

hands the couple a SMALL SILVER CAN OF 35mm FILM. Outside
the shop window, it's morning.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH-

WE SEE the five heavy silver film cans of Fredrick Zollers life story "Nations Pride"(clearly marked) on the floor of the projection booth.

The can for REEL 4is open and empty.

Shosanna's at the editing bench, REEL 4, is up on the rewinds...

Shosanna SPLICES her and Marcells footage into REEL 4 of Fredricks film. Rewinds it, puts it back in the can, and puts a piece of RED TAPE on REEL 4 CAN.

She walks out of the booth, turning off the lights behind her, PLUNGING THE SCREEN INTO DARKNESS.

BLACK FRAME**FROM BLACK DISSOLVE TO****EXT - LA LOUISIANE (TAVERN) - NIGHT**

We see a small basement tavern, with a old rustic sign out front that reads, "La Louisiane".

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"The Village of

NADINE, FRANCE"

TWO SHOT LT.HICOX and LT.ALDO RAINE

Aldo is dressed like a French civilian. Hicox is dressed in a German grey S.S. Cap't uniform. They look out of a window, in a apartment, in the village of Nadine, overlooking the tavern.

LT.ALDO

You didn't say the goddamn rendez-vous was in a fuckin basement.

LT.HICOX

I didn't know.

LT.ALDO

You said it was in a tavern?

LT.HICOX

it is a tavern.

LT.ALDO

Yeah, in a basement. You know, fightin in a basement offers a lot of difficulties, number one being, your fighting in a basement. Wilhelm Wicki, joins the SHOT, dressed in a German S.S. Lieutenant uniform.

WICKI

What if we go in there, and she's not even there?

LT.HICOX

We wait. Don't worry, she's a British spy, she'll make the rendez-vous.

WE SEE the other Basterds, dressed in French civilian clothes, are in the room as well, they are, Donowitz, Hirschberg, and Utivich. And in the back of the room, dressed in the grey uniform of a S.S. Lieutenant, Hugo Stiglitz sits off by himself,

sharpening his S.S. DAGGER on his leather belt looped around his boot. Anybody not in the scene from the Basterds opening chapter, is dead.

Lt.Hicox watches Stiglitz off by himself on the other side of the room, SHARPENS his dagger menacingly.

.Stiglitz is fucking weird...

Lt.Hicox approaches Stiglitz...

LT.NICOX

Stiglitz, right?

STIGLITZ

That's right, sir.

He continues bringing the blades edge, up, then, down on the leather strap.

LT.HICOX

I hear your pretty good with that?

Meaning the blade. Stiglitz doesn't answer.

LT.HICOX

You know, we're not looking for trouble, right now. We're simply making contact with our agent. Should be uneventful. However, on the off chance I'm wrong, and things prove eventful. I need to know, we can all remain calm.

99.

The renegade Gerry Sergeant, stops his blades progress, and looks up at the limy Lieutenant.

STIGLITZ

I don't look calm to you?

LT.HICOX

Well, now you put it like that,

I guess you do.

He turns his attention back to his blade.

Hicox moves over to Aldo, and asks him privately;

LT. HI COX

This Gerry of yours, Stiglitz?

Not exactly the loquacious type, is he?

Aldo just looks at him.

LT.ALDO

Is that the kinds man you need, the loquacious type?

LT.HICOX

Fair point, Lieutenant.

LT.ALDO

So y'all git in trouble in there,

what are we suppose to do?

Make bets on how it all comes out?

LT.HICOX

If we get into trouble, we can handle it. But if trouble does

happen, we need you to make damn sure no Germans, or French, for matter, escape from that basement. If Frau Von Hammersmark's cover is compromised, the mission is kaput.

SGT.DONOWITZ

Speaking of Frau Von Hammersmark, who's idea was it for the death trap rendez-vous?

LT.HICOX

She chose the spot.

SGT.DONOWITZ

Well isn't that just dandy?

LT.HICOX

Look, she's not a military strategist. She's just a actress.

LT.ALDO

Ya don't got to be Stonewall Jackson to know you don't want to fight in a basement.

LT.HICOX

She wasn't picking a place to fight. She was picking a place, isolated, and without germans.

PFC.HIRSCHBERG

Lieutenant, I hate to be contrary, but I got me a Nazi pissin on Louisiana two-o'clock. They move to the window, and sure enough, ONE LONE NAZI PRIVATE, relieves himself against the side wall. Lt.Bicox, this was definitely, not the plan.

LT.HICOX

Shit.
Sgt.Donowitz chides him;

SGT.DONOWITZ

So what do you think your fraulein Von Hammer -

LT.HICOX

- Obviously, I don't know,Sgt.
The British officer watches the German soldier, who's not suppose to be there. When Hugo Stiglitz joins him at the window. Stiglitz looks down at the urinating Nazi, S.S. dagger in hand.

STIGLITZ

If we're going, let's go.
He sheaths the dagger.

EXT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT

The GERMAN PISSING PRIVATE, sloppily finishes his task. Craming his noodle back in his pants, he descends the stairs that lead him back into the basement tavern. We Follow him...

INT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT

.Inside the basement tavern, La Louisiane. it has a very low hanging basement ceiling. A old looking wood bar off to the right. And the only other space in the little tavern, is taken up by two large(at least in here) tables, which take up both half's of the room. And despite rumors to the contrary, one of the two tables, is completely filled with drunken celebrating Nazi enlisted men, of which our urinating friend is one of five.

FIVE NAZI'S

ONE GERMAN MASTER SGT, ONE FEMALE GERMAN SGT (a powerfully built stocky type), and THREE MALE GERMAN PRIVATES.

The Five Nazi's are sitting around the table, drinking, and playing a very fun game with none other then the fraulein of the hour, UFA diva, BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK. Dressed to the nines in a chic Forties style women's suit, complete with fedora. The game their playing consists of each player having a card with the name of a famous person, real or imaginary, stuck to their forehead. The player doesn't know what name is on their forehead. So they ask the others questions to figure out who they are.

The Five Germans, five cards read; MASTER SGT #1(POLA NEGRI),

FEMALE SGT #2(BEETHOVEN) , GERMAN PRIVATE #3(MATA HARI) ,

GERMAN PRIVATE #4 (EDGAR WALLACE) , GERMAN PRIVATE #5

(WINNETOU). And Bridget Von Hammersmark, who wears her card in the brim of her fedora, has GENGHIS KHAN.

It's German#5 (WINNETOU) turn to ask questions.

The DIALOGUE will be in GERMAN, and SUBTITLED into ENGLISH. Also, while some dialogue will be written for the German Soldiers, it will be mostly made up from the exuberance of their game playing, and celebrating.

WINNETOU

.okay, I'm not German. Am I American?

The whole table bursts out laughing.

FEMALE SGT/BEETHOVEN

Yes you are!

EDGAR WALLACE

Well, not really.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

What do you mean, not really? Of course he is.

91

EDGAR WALLACE

Well if he's so American, how come he's never been translated into English? He's not American. He's suppose to be American, but he's not a American creation. In fact, he's

something very different.

WINNETOU

Okay, I'm a fictional, literary character, from the past, I'm American, and that's controversial.

BRIDGET/GENGUS

No it's not controversial. The nationality of the author, has nothing to do with the nationality of the character. The Character is the character. Hamlet's not British, he's Danish. So yes, this character was born in America.

WINNETOU

Well I'm glad that's settled. If I had a wife, would she be called a squaw? He's got it. The table Laughs. The TABLE

YES!

WINNETOU

Is my bloodbrother, Old Shatterhand? The TABLE
Yes!

WINNETOU

Did Karl May write me? The TABLE
Yes!

In the BACKGROUND, WE SEE, our three counterfeit German Officers, Hicox, Wicki, and Stiglitz, enter the basement tavern. They obviously. see the five German soldiers, but their too far away for us (the audience) to read their face. No doubt their less then happy. Fraulein Von Hammersmark see's them as well. Without getting up, she waves to them.

QZ

BRIDGET

Hello, my lovelies, I will join you in moments. I'm finishing up a game with my five new friends here.

LT.HICOX

No hurry, Frau Von Hammersmark. Take your time, enjoy yourself.

BRIDGET

(To Winnetou)
So who are you?

WINNETOU

I am WINNETOU, CHIEF of the APACHES!
The table CHEERS, and APPLAUD the Apache Chief, as he takes the card off his forehead.
The other Four German Soldiers drink down there beer(part of the game).
Bridget Von Hammersmark knock backs her champagne.

MATA HARI

Frau Von Hammersmark, when your friends came in, did you realize you did a double take, like in the movies?

BRIDGET

Really? No, I wasn't aware of that at all.

MATA HARI

They must be second nature to you now? Did they teach you how to do a double take in the movies?

BRIDGET

Well, yes they did, but it's not really that difficult.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Do one for us.
The Tableheartily agrees.
Bridget looks directly at the Master Sgt, and does a perfect, and perfectly funny, Double Take.
The Table loves it.

q3.

MATA HARI

My turn, I want to try.
Mata Hari, looks directly at Beethoven, and does a Double Take.

EDGER WALLACE

I want to try.
He does.
Soon the whole Table is doing dueling Double Takes.

HICOX - WICKI - STIGLITZ

watch the table do dueling Double Takes. Obviously, they don't understand.

THEN...

.Bridget Von Hammersmark rises, and excuses herself from the Table. She removes the card stuck in her fedora, looking at the name Gengus Khaun for the first time.

BRIDGET

Gengus Khaun! I would never of gotten that.
She walks over, and joins the masquerading Germans table, the Gentlemen rise. She greets each warmly with a french cheek kiss, as if she knows them well.
They all take a seat. The two Basterds, and one Brit, drink Whiskey. The taverns PROPRIETOR, a older, big bellyed Frenchman named EARL, comes over to the table, and pours more champagne into Bridget's Champagne glass. He leaves, returning back behind the bar, with the YOUNG FRENCH BARMAID, the only other person in the establishment.
Obviously, they speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

LT. HICOX

I thought this place was suppose to have more French then Germans?

BRIDGET

Normally that's true. The Sgt over there's wife, just had a baby. His commanding officer gave him, and his mates the night off to celebrate.

WICXI

We should leave.

BRIDGET

F No, we should stay. For one drink at least. I've been waiting for you in a bar, it would look strange if we left before we had a drink.

LT.HICOX

She's right, just be calm, and enjoy your booze.

BACK TO THE GERMAN TABLE

The French Barmaid, has taken Bridget's place in the rousing, rowdy game. She tells them, her person must be French, or she won't know them. Winnetou thinks for a moment, then writes a name on a card. The Barmaid puts it on her forehead, It says;

NAPOLEON.

The Germans all laugh.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS TABLE**BRIDGET**

There's been some new developments. The cinema venue has changed.

LT.HICOX

Why?

BRIDGET

No one knows. But that in itself shouldn't be a problem. The cinema it's been changed to is considerably smaller than The Ritz. So whatever materials you brought for The Ritz, should be doubly effective here. Now this next piece of information is colossal, try not to over react. The Fubrer, will be attending tomorrow. Hugo Stiglitz does a SPIT TAKE. Bridget's eyes bore holes in him.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS

They see Hugo do the spit take, and burst out laughing. Keeping it up, they begin to do dueling spit takes, like they did dueling double takes earlier. Needless to say, they all get wet.

9

BACK TO BASTERDS**BRIDGET**

(To Hicox)
You'll be going as Ernst Schuller.
You'll say your a associate producer
on Riefenstahl's "Tiefland". It's the
one German production not under Goebbels
control, and Leni wouldn't be caught dead
at a Goebbels film affair.

BACK TO REAL GERMAN TABLE

Master Sgt.Pola Negri, drinks his beer, as he looks over,
dreamily, at Bridget Von Hammersmark at the other table.

BACK TO BASTERDS

We See in Bridget continues to brief Hicox on his identity.
the B.G., the German Master Sgt stand up from his table, and
head toward Fraulein Von Bammersmark.

BRIDGET

.the films gone through many delays,
and Leni's heath is deteriorating, so
if you have to speak...
Hicox, seeing the German Master Sgt approach, signals for her
to cool it.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Frau Von Hammersmark, I was just
thinking, could you sign a autograph
to my son on his birthday?

BRIDGET

I'd love to Wilhelm.
(To the Table)
This handsome happy Sgt, just became
a father today.
The Pretend Officers offer congratulations to the Sgt.
The German Master Sgt, CLICKS his heels, and bows before his
superior officers.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you, heil Hitler.
He raises his hand as do the seated phony officers; "Heil
Hitler".
As she takes a rather fancy fountain pen from her clutch..

BRIDGET

So Wilhelm, do you know the name of
this progeny yet?

SGT.POLA NEGRI

I most certainly do, fraulein. His
name is Maximilian.
Even the slightly psychotic Stiglitz, likes this German Sgt.

STIGLITZ

Wonderful name, Sgt.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you, Lieutenant. When he's old enough to ride a bicycle, I will buy him a blue one. And I will paint on the side "The Blue Max".
He thrusts out his beer stein, for the officers to cheers.
They do.
Bridget finishes signing her autograph, with a big flourish.

BRIDGET

There you go. But wait, I'm not finished yet.
She reaches into her clutch, and pulls out some lipstick.
Applies some ruby red color to her lips, and then kisses the napkin, leaving a big red lip print. Then hands the treasured item to the young father.

BRIDGET

Nothing but the best for little Maximilian.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you fraulein, thank you. Max may not know who you are now. But he will.
I will show him all of your movies.
He will grow up with your films,
and this napkin on his wall.
Then, to the whole tavern...

SGT.POLA NEGRI

I purpose a toast to the greatest actress in Germany! There is no Dietrich, there is no Riefenstahl, only Von Hammersmark!
The whole room toasts.
This would be a good time for the German Sgt to go back to his table, and his men. And he almost does.... but... since he is drunk, and star struck, he out wears his welcome.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

So, Frau Von Hammersmark, what brings you to France?

97 .

Feeling any good Nazi officer's patience would of been exhausted long ago, Lt.Hicox butts in.

LT.HICOX

None of your business,Sgt.
You might not have worn out your welcome with the fraulein, with your drunken boorish behavior, but you have wore out your welcome with me.
The Table of game playing Soldiers, hear this, and get quiet.

LT.HICOX

Might I remind you Sgt.,your a enlisted man. This is a officers table. I suggest you stop pestering the fraulein, and rejoin your table.
The German Master Sgt., looks quizzically at the officer.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Excuse me Cap't, but your accent is is very unusual.
The whole room pauses-for different reasons...

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Where are you from?

A silent moment passes between the two tables, then the two German born impostors spring into action.

WICKI

Sgt.! You must be ether drunk or mad,
to speak to a superior officer with
such impertinentness!
Stiglitz, STANDS and YELLS to the other table;

STIGLITZ

I'm making YOU,...
(Pointing at

WINNETOU)

.and YOU,..
(Pointing at
Edgar Wallace)
.responsible, for him.
(Pointing at
Sgt.Pola)
I suggest you take hold of your friend,
or he'll spend Max's first birthday
in jail for public drunkenness!

78

The Germans SPRING UP, and take hold of Sgt.Pola...

1W**WHEN...**

A GERMAN VOICE rings out;

GERMAN VOICE (OS)

Then might I inquire?
The Five known Germans move aside, reveling the unknown German
in the room, unseen till now, our old friend from before
MAJOR DEITER HELLSTROM of the GESTAPO. The Major stands from
the little table he was sitting at.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Like the young newly christened father,
I too have a acute ear for accents.
And like him, I too find yours odd.
From where do you hail, Cap't?
Wicki jumps in;

WICKI

Major, this is highly inappr -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

T wasn't speaking to you
Lt.Saltzberg,
(Turning to

STIGLITZ)

or you ether, Lt.Berlin.
(Looking at

HICOX)

I was speaking to Cap't I--don't-know-what.

The Gestapo Major is now standing beside Sgt.Pola, before the impostors table.

Lt.Hicox, calmly explains his origin.

LT.HICOX

I was born in the village that rests
in the shadow of Piz Palu.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

The mountain?

LT.HICOX

Yes. In that village we all speak like
this. Have you seen the Riefenstahl film?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes.

f q s

LT. HICOX

Then you saw me. You remember the skiing
torch scene?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes I do.

LT.HICOX

In that scene was myself, my father,
my sister, and my two brothers. My
brother is so handsome, the director
Pabst, gave him a Close Up.
As Bridget Von Hammersmark places a cigarette in a ivory
cigarette holder, which Hicox, as if on cue, lights for her,
she says;

BRIDGET

Major, if my word means anything, I can
vouch for everything the Young Cap't has
just said. He does hail from the bottom
of Piz Palu, he was in the film,
and his brother is far more handsome
then he.
The impostors laugh.
Then....so does the Gestapo Major. He turns to the Sgt.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You should rejoin your friends.
Which the young Sgt is more then happy to do. That table
begins playing there game again.
Major Hellstrom, the highest ranking officer in the room, bows
graciously to the female German celebrity.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

May I join you?

BRIDGET

By all means, Major.
The Gestapo Major sits at the table, opposite Lt.Hicox, and
Wicki. The French Barmaid brings over the Majors beer stein.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So that's the source of your bazaar
accent? Extraordinary. So what are

you doing here Cap't?

LT.HICOX

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fraulein?

,00 .

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well that pleasure requires no explanation.
Chuckle...Chuckle

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I mean in country. Your obviously not stationed in France, or I'd know who you are.

LT. HICOX

You know every German in France?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Worth knowing.

LT.HICOX

Well, there in lies the problem. We never claimed to be worth knowing.
Chuckle... Chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(Chuckling as
he asks)
All levity aside, what are you doing in France?

LT.HICOX

Attending Goebbels film premiere as the frauleins escort.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Your the frauleins escort?

LT.HICOX

Somebody has to carry the lighter.
Chuckle chuckle.

BRIDGET

The Captain is my date, but all three are my guests. We're old friends Major, who go back along time. Longer then a actress would care to admit.
Chuckle chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well, in that case, let me raise a glass to the three luckiest men in the room.

BRIDGET

I'll drink to that.

101

They cheers.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE

They continue to have alot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO OFFICERS TABLE

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I must say, that game their playing looks like a good bit of fun. I didn't join them, because your quite right Cap't, officers and enlisted men shouldn't fraternize. But seeing as we're all officers here,
(Bowing to

BRIDGET)

.and sophisticated lady friends of officers. What say we play the game? Lt.Hicox begins to refuse, when Bridget (feeling she knows better), interrupts him;

BRIDGET

okay, one game.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

WUNDERBAR

The Major borrows five cards from the other table, and lays them out in front of Bridget and the officers.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So the object of the game, is to write the name of a famous person on your card. Real or fictitious, doesn't matter. For instance, you could write Confucius or Fu Manchu.
(He SNAPS his

FINGERS)

Eric' More pens.
(Back to players)
And they must be famous. No Aunt Inga's. When you finish writing, put the card face down on the table, and move it to the person to your left. The person to your right, will move their card in front of you. You pick up the card without looking at it, lick the back, and stick it on your forehead like so. He demonstrates.

)oz.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(CON'T)

And in ten yes or no questions, you must guess who you are...

As Major Hellstrom finishes explaining the finer points of the game, The CAMERA PANS OFF HIM, and BEGINS SLOWLY ZOOMING INTO STIGLITZ. The Majors dialogue begins to FADE AWAY. Untill we're in a SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK. Which is RED FILTERED FOOTAGE of Hugo being savagely WHIPPED by somebody wearing a GESTAPO UNIFORM, SUPERIMPOSED over his CLOSE UP. The Flashback disappears. It's driving Stiglitz crazy, being this close to a Gestapo uniform, and not plunging a knife into it.

The Majors Voice comes back on the soundtrack.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

.So let's give it a try, shall we?
Everybody write your names.
The Five players write their names...
Then move their cards to the right...
Everybody sticks their cards on their forehead...

MAJORBRIDGETWILHELMARCHIEHUGO

HELLSTROMVON HAMMERSMARKWICKIHICOXSTIGLITZ

is is is is is

KING MARCOBULLDOGBRIGITTEG.W.

KONG POLO DRUMMOND HELM PABST

MAJ.KING KONG

I'll start, give you the idea.
Am I German?
They laugh.

BRIDGET

No.

MAJ.KING KONG

Am I a American?
They laugh - but then Wicki says;

WICKI

Wait a minute, he goes to

!03 .

BRIDGET

Don't be ridiculous, obviously he wasn't born in America.

MAJ.KING KONG

So... . I visited America, aye?
The Table says; "Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Was this vist...fortuitous?

WICKI

Not for you.

MAJ.KING KONG

.Bummm. My native land, is it what one would call, exotic?
The Table confers, and decides, yes it is exotic.

MAJ.KING KONG

Hummmm. That could be ether a reference to the jungle, or the Orient. I'm going to let my first instinct take over, and ask, am I from the jungle?
The Tablesays; "Yes you are".

MAJ.KING KONG

Now gentlemen, around this time you could ask, weather your real or fictitious. I however, think that's too easy, so I won't ask that, yet. Okay, my native land is the jungle? I visited America, but my visit was not fortuitous to me, but the implication is that it was to somebody else. When I went from the jungle to America,... .Did I go by boat?
"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Did I go against my will?
"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

On this boat ride, Was I in chains?

"YESIS

MAJ.KING KONG

When I arrived in America,...Was I displayed in chains?
"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Am I the story of the Negro in America?
The Table says, "No".

MAJ.KING KONG

Well then I must be King Kong.
Be throws the card on the table.
They applaud him.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Nov since I answered correctly, you all need to finnish your drinks.
The three counterfeit Nazi's knock back their whiskey.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Now, who's next?

LT.HICOX

Major, I don't mean to be rude. But the four of us are very good friends. And the four of us haven't seen each other in quite a while. So...
Major, I'm afraid, you are intruding.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I beg to differ Cap't. It's only if the fraulein considers my presence a intrusion, that I become a intruder.
How about it fraulein? Am I intruding?

BRIDGET

Of course not, Major.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I didn't think so. It's simply the young
Cap't is immune to my charms.
The Table's not sure what to do, is this a confrontation?
Then, the Major laughs.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I'm just joking, of course I'm intruding.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Allow me to refill your glasses gentlemen,
and I will bid you and the fraulein adieu.
(Leaning in)
Eric has a bottle of thirty-three year old
single malt scotch whisky from the
Scottish highlands. What do you say
gentlemen?

LT.HICOX

Your most gracious, sir.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Eric, the thirty-three, and new glasses!
You don't want to contaminate the thirty-
three with the swill you were drinking.

ERIC

How many glasses?

LT.HICOX

Five glasses.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Not me. I like scotch, scotch doesn't like
me.

BRIDGET

Nor I. I'll stay with bubbly.
Lt.Bicox, hold up three fingers(pinky to index), to Eric the
owner.

LT.HICOX

Three glasses.
Eric brings the three glasses, and the old bottle, pouring for
the three soldiers.
Major Helistrom lifts up his beer stein, and toasts;

MAJOR HELLSTROM

To a thousand year Reich!
They all mutter, "a thousand year reich", and toast glasses.
The Gestapo Major puts down his beer stein, and then WE HEAR a
CLICK, under the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Did you hear that? That's the sound of
my Luger pointed right at your testicles.

!Q(ÄÇâ,-ÂÇ

LT.HICOX

Why do you have a Luger pointed at my testicles?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Because you've just given yourself away, Cap't. Your no more German then that scotch.

LT.HICOX

Well, -Major -

BRIDGET

- Major -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

- Shut up slut.

(To Hicox)

You were saying?

LT.HICOX

I was saying that makes two of us. I've had a gun pointed at your balls since you sat down.

SGT.STIGLITZ

That makes three of us.

UNDERTABLE

We See all three guns pointed at appropriate crotches. As well as Bridget's legs, right besides the Nazi Major's. Her pretty gams are sure to be chewed up in the possible crossfire.

SGT.STIGLITZ

And at this range, I'm a real

Fredrick Zoller.

Hugo also brings out his dagger, and sticks it in the table top.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Hummmmm ... Looks like we have a bit of a sticky situation here.

LT. H ICOX

What's going to happen, Major, is your going to stand up, and walk out that door with us.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

No no no no no no, I don't think so.

I'm afraid you and I both know, no matter what happens to anybody else in this room, the two of us aren't going anywhere.

"7 .

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(pointing behind
him at the table)
Too bad about them though. They seem
like a likeable
(referring to
Stiglitz and Wicki)
You two will have to shoot them.

BRIDGET

Then Major, i implore you. For the
sake of those German troops, will
you please leave with us?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Oh Bridget, your concern for German
troops, gets me
(Pointing at
his heart)
.right here. You mean for the sake
your whore legs, don't you? You can't
afford to get any bullet holes in them,
your not finished spreading them for
all the Hollywood Jews.
Lt.Hicox picks up his thirty-three year old single malt
scotch, and says;

LT.HICOX**(ENGLISH)**

'Well, if this is it old boy, I hope
you dont mind if I go out speaking
the kings?

MAJOR HELLSTROM**(ENGLISH)**

By all means, Cap't.
The English film critic, commando, picks up the thirty-three
the Nazi Major bought him, and says;

LT.HICOX

There's a special rung in hell reserved
for people who waste good scotch.
And seeing as I might be rapping on
the door momentarily...
He downs the stuff.

LT.HICOX

(To the Nazi

MAJOR)

I must say, damn good stuff, sir.

He puts the glass down.

LT.HICOX

Now about this, "Pickle", we find
ourselves in. It would appear, there's
only thing left for you to do.

MAJOR HELLSTROM**(ENGLISH)**

And what would that be?

LT.HICOX

Stiglitz.

STIGLITZ

Say, auf wiedersehen to your balls!

STIGLITZ

FIRES into HELLSTROM'S BALLS...

As does HICOX, HITTING not only Hellstrom, but BRIDGET as well.

HELLSTROM

FIRES into HICOX'S BALLS and KNEE CAPS.

STIGLITZ

then JUMPS over the table, and begins STABBING HELLSTROM with the

DAGGER.

HICOX FALLS to the floor....DEAD.

BRIDGET FALLS to the floor.,SHOT.

WICKI

brings his weapon out from underneath the table, and BEGINS FIRING across at The GERMANS at the table, who unaware, were still PLAYING THE GAME.

WINNETOU

is SHOT IN THE BACK, before he even knew what was happening.

EDGAR WALLACE and The FRENCH BARMAID

are both SHOT by WICKI.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

FALLS to the floor in the confusion.

FEMALE SGT.BEETHOVEN and STIGLITZ bring their guns toward each other and FIRE. They BOTH TAKE and GIVE each other so many BULLETS, it's almost romantic when they collapse DEAD on the floor.

I 09.

WICKI and HATA HARI

both ON THERE atMATA AARI is

HIT THREE TIM atally)G

SGT.POLA NEGRI

comes the a CHINE GUNN,
whole thehroom;,BWIPI NGERIC.

The SHOOTING STOPS...the SMOKE caused by the gunfire ... starts to DISSIPATE... The only one in the room left alive, is the young German Sgt, with the machine gunn.

WE HEAR the feet of the soldiers outside, reach the basement entrance.

The door opens...

, .The German Sgt, sends FIFTY BULLETS in the doors direction...

No one goes through it.

What we have here, is a rabbit hole like situation. No one inside is getting out, no one outside is getting in.

The young German Sgt, YELLS in ENGLISH, to the outside;

GERMAN SGT

You outside! Who are you? British,
American, what?

Aldo's Voice YELLS down the hole;

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Were American's 1 What are you?

GERMAN SGT

I'm a German you idiot!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

You speak English pretty good for a German!

GERMAN SGT

I agree! So let's talk!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay, talk!

GERMAN SGT

I'm a father! My baby was born today in Frankfurt! Five hours ago! His name is Max! We were in here drinking and celebrating! They're the ones that came in shooting and killing! It's not my fault!

Ito.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay, okay, it wasn't your fault! What's your name soldier?

GERMAN SGT

Wilhelm!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

That's the same name as one of the guys you just killed!

WILHELM

They attacked us!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay Wilhelm... .is anybody alive on our side?

WILHELM

No!

We hear a VOICE OFF SCREEN, yell out;

BRIDGET'S VOICE (OS)

I'm alive!

Wilhelm spins in the direction of the voice.

STILL

R

On the floor, with a bullet in her BLOODY LEG, lies the alive Bridget Von Hammersmark.

The German Sgt points the muzzle of the machine gunn at the German celebrity; with hate in his eyes.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Who's that?

WILHELM

(To BRIDGET,

LOW)

Make a sound whore, and I spit!
Meaning the muzzle.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Wilhelm, who is that?

WILHELM

is the girl on your side?
Pause.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Which girl?

WILHELM

I Who do you think, Von Hammersmark!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Yeah, she's oar's!

WILHELM

(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
I thought so. So you run with the
American's now, huh? Now times are
bad?

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Is she okay?

WILHELM

(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
You despicable traitor.
(To Aldo)
She's been shot, but she's alive.
(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
For now.
We hear The Basterds Curse their luck Off Screen.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay Wilhelm, what'd ya say we
make a deal?

WILHELM

What's your name?

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Aldo. Wilhelm, can I call yap Willi?

WILHELM

Yes.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

So Willi, you know we could lob three
or four or five or six grenades down
there, and your little war story ends
here. But good fer you, bad fer her,

you die, she dies. So what say we make a swap?

WILLI

Keep talking?

112.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay, Willi here's my deal! You let me and one of my men come down to take the girl away! And we take the girl, and leave! That simple, Willi! You go your way, we go ours! And little Max, gets to grow up playing catch with his daddy! So what'ya say, Willi, we got a deal?
Willi thinks...
Bridget watches Willi think...

WILLI

Aldo?

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

I'm here Willi!

WILLI

I want to trust you.... But howcanI?

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

What choice ya got?

WILLI

I could kill the girl!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Well now, Willi, that's true enough. But something you need to know, so you don't get the wrong idea. Ain't none of us give a fuck bout that girl. But, admittedly, if you kill her, it would fuck up our plans. But you'll be dead by then anyway, so what'd you care? And lets not forget that little gatzjenjammer Max, growin up without a pop. So in the spirit of gettin you home to him, we got a deal, Willi?

WILLI

Okay Aldo, I'm going to trust you!

Come down, no guns!

Aldo and Hirschberg come down the stairs, showing open hands.

Willi keeps his machine gun trained on them.

Aldo with his hands up, says;

A

ALDO

Hey Willi, what's with the machine gunny I thought we had a deal?

WILLI

We do have a deal, now git the girl and go.

ALDO

Not so fast, Willi, we only have a deal, we trust each other. A Mexican stand off ain't trust.

WILLI

You need guns on me for it to be a Mexican stand off.

ALDO

you got guns on us, you decide to shoot, we're dead. Up top, they got grenades, they drop 'em down here, your dead. That's a Mexican stand off, and that wasn't the deal.

WILLI

Just take that fucking traitor, and go! See? Now your down here
Now you get tricky - t

ALDO

- No tricks!- Ain't nobody gittin tricky, Willi; I swear to god, I'm too damn dumb toget tricky. But

(MEANING

HIRSCHBERG)

him and I lived upto the deal. We came down without guns. Now it's your turn. No trust,no deal.
Willi pointing gunn at them.,,, -thinking...

ALDO

i know your scarred. I'm scarred, he's scarred, we're all scarred. So what's it gonnabe Willi?
Ether we got a deal, or you might as well just shoot us now.
Willi decides...
He puts the machine gunn down on the bar.

WILLI

Fine. Take that fucking traitor and get her out of my sight.

ALDO

Danka, Willi, danka. okay, Hirschbeg, you grab her shoulder -

WHEN...

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstroms Luger, and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into Sgt.Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.
Aldo and Hirschberg spin around shocked.

ALDO

You fuckin bitch! I had a deal with that man!

From the floor, the bloody, sweaty, and in excoriating pain (she'll probably lose that leg), German movie star, says to the two American soldier's she's just meeting for the first time;

BRIDGET

He was a enemy soldier, who knew who I was. He couldn't live.

3

Hirschberg loses control, and RICKS the woman on the floor, hard in the side.

HIRSCHBERG

I ought'a beat your fuckin head in

ALDO

Stop it. Just pick her up, and get that bitch outta here.

HIRSCHBERG

Aldo, she just-

ALDO

- She's right.

HIRSCHBERG

What?

ALDO

I said, she's right. He was a Nazi soldier. If he lived, he would doomed the mission.

ELI

)Is,.

ALDO**61****(CON'T)**

Don't mean I like it, don't mean I like her, but she's right. Now as Willi said, "take this fuckin traitor, and get 'er outta my sight".

EXT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT

Hirschberg, carrying Fraulein Von Hammersmark, and Aldo emerge from the bowels of the basement.
Bridget points at a fancy black sedan, telling them it's her's.
Aldo, Hirschberg, Bridget, Donowitz, and Utivich pile in, and take off.

INT - FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

NOTE:In this entire scene, no French spoken will be SUBTITLED.

A OLD MAN lies asleep under the covers of his blankets, in his bed, in his bedroom...

WHEN...

OFF SCREEN the sound of a DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN...

r .The SOUND of what sounds like EIGHT DOGS BARKING and the sound of FEET RUNNING TOWARDS US...

.his bedroom door, is THROWN OPEN, and Sgt.Donowitz RUSHES IN, grabbing the Old Man in his bed, and putting a 45Automatic to his head.

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Doctor?

OLD MAN

(FRENCH)

What? What's happening?

head, shocking, Donny SLAMS the 45. hard against the Old Man's scarring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?

He nods his head, yes.

SGT.DONOWITZ

Andi amo...

Donny YANKS/DRAGS the Old Man out of bed, in his almost comical nightshirt (which makes him cuter, thus the brutality against him hurts more) towards the door...

INT - DOCTORS EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

.Into a doctors examining room, built into a French country house, with a examining table, and medical instruments. However, it's obviously the medical examining room of a veterinarian.

Along the walls are different cages with eight excited BARKING dogs in it.

The Soldiers are putting the shot in the leg, bleeding, and in excruciating pain, Bridget on the examining table.

Donny, still holding on to the Old Man, points in the girls direction...

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

She's been shot. Shot. Bang bang...

(pointing at

his leg)

.in leg...understand?

OLD MAN

(FRENCH)

No no no, I don't speak English.

Donny jams the barrel of his 45. into the thigh of the Old Man.

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

BANG BANG - in the leg, understand!
The Old Man nods his head yes.

OLD MAN

(FRENCH)

But I'm a veterinarian ...animals...
I take care of animals...
Bridget screams from the table...

BRIDGET

(ENGLISH)

He's a fucking veterinarian you
imbecile!

1 00.

SGT.DONOWITZ

I

It's still a doctor. If he can get
a bullet out of a cow, he can get
a bullet outta you.

LT.ALDO

Right now, we just need morphine.
Donny yells at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ

Morphine! We need morphine!
The Old Man tries to explain in French, that he's not a human
doctor...

WHEN...

..Donny takes the 45. and SHOOTs one of the DOGS in the
cages.
Everybody jumps.
Donny SCREAMS at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ

MORPHINE!!!

7

BANG

He SHOOTs another dog...

SGT.DONOWITZ

MOREPHINE!!!

The Old Man begs him to stop, and goes to get the morphine.

CUT TO

The BODY of Gestapo Major DEITER HELLSTROM dead on the floor.

INT - LA LOUISTANE- NIGHT

Were back in the basement tavern. Colonel Hans Landa stands
over the corpse. He moves over to the next corpse, a smile
breaks out on his face.
He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL. LANDA

Ahhh Hugo, you've moved up in the world I see. Lieutenant. And with your record of insubordination. Truly remarkable.

I

A Nazi soldier named HERRMAN, joins the S.S. Officer.

COL. LANDA

And that ones...
(Pointing at

WICKI)

.name is Weiheim Wicki. Bets Austrian born jew, who immigrated to the United States when things began turning sour for the Israelites. They are the two German born members of The Basterds. They've been known to don german uniforms, to ambush squads.

FLASH ON

Three Nazi Soldiers walking towards a company of other German Soldiers. The Three Soldiers backs are to us. Dried bloody bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms. The SGT of the German company, yells to the trio;

SGT. GERMAN COMPANY

What brings you all the way out here?
The TRIO MOW DOWN the GERMAN COMPANY with their machine gunns.

BACK TO LANDA**COL. LANDA**

But that doesnt look like this.
This is odd.
Looking down he see's something...
.bending down, he examines fraulein von Hammersmarks two pretty dress shoes lying on the floor.
One shoe is covered in blood.
The other, while blood speckled, is fairly clean.
Picking up the clean shoe, and holding it in his hand.

COL. LANDA

It would appear somebodies missing.
Somebody fashionable.
A OFF SCREEN SOLDIER'S VOICE cries out;

SOLDIERS VOICE (OS)

Col, this ones still alive!
We follow Hans to the spot on the floor where Sgt.Willi lies.
He's shot in the chest, but it looks like Max's daddy is still alive.

!!.

INT - EXAMINING ROOM - Æ, Æ° NIGHT

Bridget on the examining table, post morphine shot.
The other Basterds in the room watch Aldo interrogate the German lady.

LT. ALDO

Now 'fore we yank that slug outta ya,
you need to answer a few questions

BRIDGET

Few questions about what?

LT. ALDO

About I got three men dead back there,
and why don't you try tellin us what
the fuck happened?

BRIDGET

The British officer blew his German
act, and a Gestapo Major saw it.

LT. ALDO

'fore we get into who shot John,
why did you invite my men to a
rendez-vous in a basement with a bunch
of Nazis?

BRIDGET

I can see, since you didn't see
what happened inside, the Nazi's
being there must look odd.

LT. ALDO

Yeah, we gotta word for that kinda
odd in English, it's called,
suspicious.

BRI DGET

Don't let your imagination get the
better of you, Lieutenant. You met
the sergeant, Willi. He had a baby
tonight. His commanding officer gave
him and his friends the night off to
celebrate. The Germans being there
was just a tragic coincidence.
Aldo thinks for a moment...

LT. ALDO

Okay, I'll buy that. He was ether
there with his men waiting for us,
or he was there celebrating his
sons birthday, he wasn't doin both.

120.

LT. ALDO

How did the shootin start?

BRIDGET

The English man, gave himself away.

LT. ALDO

How did he do that?

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, index to pinky.

BRIDGET

We order, three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, thumb to index.

BRIDGET

That's the German three. The other is odd. Germans would, and did notice it.

LT. ALDO

Okay, let's pretend there were no Germans, and everything went exactly the way it was suppose to. What would of been the next step?

BRIDGET

Tuxedos. To get them into the premiere, wearing military uniforms, with all the military there, would of been suicide. But going as members of the German film industry, they wear tuxedos, and blend in with everybody else. I arranged a tailor to fit three tuxedos tonight.

LT. ALDO

How did you intend to get them into the premiere?

BRIDGET

Hand me my purse.

They do. And she opens it, and takes out three tickets to the film premiere.

BRIDGET

Lt.Hicox was going as my escort. The other two were going as a German cameraman and his assistant.

INN Ä, Ä®

LT. ALDO

Can you still get us in that premiere?

BRIDGET

Can you speak German better then your friends, no. Have I been shot, yes. I don't see me tripping the light fantastique up the red carpet any time soon. Least of all by tomorrow night.

(PAUSE)

However, there's something you don't know. There's been two recent

developments regarding Operation Kino. One, the venue has been changed from The Ritz, to a much smaller venue.

LT. ALDO

Enormous changes at the last minute? That's not very Germatic. Why the hell is Goebbels doin stuff so damn peculiar?

BRIDGET

It probably has something to do with the second development.

LT. ALDO

Which is?

FLASH ON

IN A PRIVATE DINNING ROOM IN GERMANY, The FUHRER, aka Adolph Hitler, aka Adolph Shicklegroover, aka The Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago. The FUHRER

(GERMAN)

I've been rethinking my position in regards to your Paris premiere of "Nations Pride". As the weeks have gone on, and the Americans are on the beach, I do find myself thinking more and more about this Private Zoller. This boy has done something tremendous for us. And I'm beginning to think my participation in this event could be meaningful.

BACK TO BRIDGET

BRIDGET

The Fuhrrer's attending the premiere.

1 2 Z.

Donny breaks the teams silence;

SGT. DONOWITZ

What?

LT. ALDO

When the hell did this happen?

BRIDGET

The venue change, two weeks ago. The Fuhrrer's attendance, four days ago.

LT. ALDO

And how come London don't know nothing about that?

BRIDGET

We need to get something straight, once and for all. Everything London knows, it learned from me. If I

don't know, London doesn't know.
So now, this is me, informing you,
Hitler's coming to Paris.

SGT.DONOWITZ

FUCK A DUCK?

Aldo stands up from the chair, pacing as he takes in this new information.

BRIDGET

What are you thinking?

LT.ALDO

I'm thinking getting a wack at
plantin ole Uncle Adolph makes
this a horse of a different color.

BRIDGET

What's that suppose to mean?

LT.ALDO

It means, your gettin us in that
premiere.

BRIDGET

I'm going to probably end up losing
this leg, bye bye acting career,
fun while it lasted. How do you
expect me to walk up a red carpet?

X73

LT.ALDO

The doggie docs gonna dig that slug
outta your gam. Then he's gonna wrap
it up in a cast, and you gotta good
how I broke my leg mountain climbing
story. That's German, ain't it?
Y'all like climbin mountains,
don'tch?

BRIDGET

I don't. I like smoking, drinking,
and ordering in restaurants, but I
see your point.

LT. ALDO

We fill ya up with morphine, till
it's comin out ya ears. Then just
limp your little ass up that
rouge car-pet.

BRIDGET

Splendid. When the Nazi's put me up
against a wall, it won't hurt
so much.

(Changing tone)

I know this is a silly question
before I ask it, but can you
American's speak any other language
then English?

HIRSCHBERG

Other then Yiddish?

BRIDGET

Preferably.

Donny referring to Aldo and himself.

SGT.DONOWITZ

We both speak alittle Italian.

BRIDGET

With a atrocious accent, no doubt.
But that doesn't exactly kill us
in the crib. Germans don't have a
good ear for Italian. So you mumble
Italian, and brazen through it, is
that the plan?

LT. ALDO

That's about it.

BRIDGET

That sounds good.

LT. ALDO

it sounds like shit, but what else
we gonna do, go home?

BRIDGET

No, it's good. If you don't blow it,
with that, I can get you in the
building.

(Change tone)

So, who does what?

LT.ALDO

Well I speak the most Italian, so
I'll be your escort. Donowitz speaks
the second most, so he'll be your
Italian cameraman. And Hirschberg
third most, so he'll be Donnys
assistant.

HIRSCHBERG

I don't speak Italian.

LT. ALDO

Like I said, third best. Just keep
your fuckin mouth shut. In fact why
don't you start practising, right now.

BRIDGET

(Meaning Utivich)

What about the little one?

UTIVICH

Do you mean me?

BRIDGET

I didn't mean any offence.

UTIVICH

None taken you German cunt.

LT.ALDO

Utivich is the chauffeur.

UTIVICH

I can't drive.

Bridget SCREAMS in frustration;

BRIDGET

You Americans are fucking useless!

UTIVICH

IVGimmie a break, I'm from Manhattan.

LT.ALDO

No worries, son. We got over fourteen hours before the movie tomorrow. More then enough time for you to learn to drive.

UTIVICH

NO no no no, Lieutenant, it's not!

LT.ALDO

Oh yes yes yes yes, Private, it is. And yes yes yes yes, you will.

(Changes tone)

Look Utivich, you and I both know, if we went to grade school together, you damn sure ain't copyin off of my test. Well I lern't to drive in four hours on a Tennessee mountain road. And I'm a shit for brains coal miner bootlegger. Hirschberg, you know how to drive, right?

HIRSCHBERG

Yes.

LT.ALDO

Teach 'em.

BRIDGET

But there is a problem. I'm a movie star. This is a movie premiere. I can't show up looking like I was just in a Nazi gun fight. Now I have a dress for the premiere at my hotel. But sometime tomorrow, I have to get my hair done. All The Basterds, except Donny, burst out laughing.

LT. ALDO

Sister, you must got wunderbar luck. Guess who went to beauty school? The CAMERA WHIP PANS to SGT.DONOWITZ. Bridget rolls her eyes.

1 26.

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FIVE

"REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE"

FADE OFF

INT - SHOSANNAS AND MARCELS LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

We're in Shosannas and Marcel's living quarters, above the cinema. We've never been in here before.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS ON SCREEN:

NIGHT OF "NATION'S PRIDE" PREMIERE

She's standing before a full length mirror, in a real attractive Forties style dress for the premiere. She's stunning. This is the first time in her life she's had the opportunity, or the occasion to wear something like this. Since she knows this is the last night of her life, no time like the present. SOUNDS of the hub-bub of the premiere, not to mention the German brass band that's blaring Third Reich Marches, can be heard coming from below.

Shosanna walks to her apartment window, and looks down at the Germatic miasma below.

SHOSANNAS POV: WE SEE all the pageantry below. Tons of SPECTATORS. Tons of guests dressed in Nazi uniforms, tuxedos, and female finery, walking up the long red carpet (with a big Swastika in the middle, naturally) leading into Shosannas cinema. The German brass band omm-pa-pa-ing away. German Radio and Film crews covering the event for the fatherland back home. And of course, MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS providing security for this joyous Germatic occasion.

Shosanna COUGHS up a lugi, and HOCKS it.

A GERMAN S.S. GENERAL, being interviewed by a RADIO COMMENTATOR, the lugi HITS him right on his bald head.

Shosanna goes back to the full length mirror, places a very fashionable Forties style hat on her head, then lowers the period style black fish net veil over her face. She takes out a small GUN, and puts it in the pocket of her dress., and it's on. She exits the apartment door, to join the premiere.

From this point on, there's no turning back, it's all the way baby, all the fucking way!

12.7.

INT - CINEMA STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell in the building that connects the living quarters, with the cinema. She walks down the stairs, goes through a door that puts her next to the projection booth door. She takes out a key and opens it.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Marcel's prepping the film reels for tonight. The five silver metal film cans that carry one 35mm reel of film each are laid out. The cans for reels one and two are empty. Cans for reel

three, our specially marked can for reel four, and can for reel five (which should never see the light of a projector) lie in wait.

Shosanna, looking like a Forties movie star, enters the projection booth.

The scene in FRENCH SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

MARCEL

Ooh lala, Danielle Darrieux, this is so exciting. Pleased to meet you.

SHOSANNA

Shut up fool.

Marcel lifts up the veil covering her face, and their lips meet.

SHOSANNA

Cheeky black bugger. I have to go down and socialize with these Hun pigs. Let's go over it again?

MARCEL

Reel one is on the first projector.
Reel two is on the second. Three and four are ready to go.

SHOSANNA

Okay, the big sniper battle in the film begins around the middle of the third reel. Our film, comes on in the forth reel, so Somewhere towards the end of the third reel, go down and lock the doors of the auditorium. Then take your place behind the screen, and wait for my CUE, when I give it to you, BURN IT DOWN!

12 1.

INT - CINEMA LOBBY - NIGHT

The pageantry of the evening is in full swing, as all the German beautiful people, enter the cinema. They mingle in the swastika covered, greek nude statue peppered lobby. Nazi Military Commanders, High Ranking Party Officials, and German Celebrities (Emil tannings, Veit Harlin), hob knob and drink Champagne from passing WAITERS who carry glasses on silver trays.

We see Shosanna enter from the area at the top of the big staircase in the lobby that overlooks the lobby parlor entrance. She descends the staircase, and busies herself with theatre stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race in all there finery, is Colonel Hans Landa, dressed in his finest SS Uniform, smoking on his Calabash.

CAMERA FRAME

directly behind him. On the right side, we see the figure of Col. Landa, from behind, watching the guests entering the cinema. On the left side of frame, is the cinema entrance, from a looking down perspective of the guests entering the building.

THEN...

.A THINK BUBBLE, like in a comic book, appears on the left side of frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside of Landas think bubble, a little scene plays out.

THINK BUBBLE

Inside a hospital room filled with DOCTORS, NURSES, and a PATIENT in a hospital bed. Then Col.Landa enters the room, and screams at everybody;

COL.LANDA

I want everybody out of this room!
They start to leave.

COL.LANDA

That means now, goddamnit!
They RUSH OUT.
He walks over to the Patient in the hospital bed, Its none other then SGT.WILLI, and yes, he's still alive.
Landa pulls up a chair next to the bed, sits down.

COL.LANDA

Can you speak, Sgt?

L -)1.

SGT.WILLI

(WEAKLY)

Yes Colonel.

COL.LANDA

Tell me everything that happened in there?
The THINK BUBBLE DISSOLVES away, reveling the entrance again, and as if on perfect cue, in walks Bridget Von Hammersmark, dressed lovely, leg in a big white cast. The three basterds in their tuxedos, flank her.

CU COL.LANDA

smiles.
He descends the stairs, towards the four saboteurs...
They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

Fraulein Von Hammersmark, what has befallen Germany's most elegant swan?

BRIDGET

Colonel Landa, it's been years.
Dashing as ever I see.

COL.LANDA

Flattery will get you everywhere, fraulein.
They chuckle, and air kiss.

COL.LANDA

So what's happened to your lovely leg, a by product of kicking ass in the German cinema, no doubt.

BRIDGET

Save your flattery, you old dog.
I know too many of your former
conquests, to fall into that honey
pot.
Chuckle-chuckle...

COL.LANDA

Seriously, what happened?

130.

BRIDGET

Well, I tried my hand, foolishly I
might add, at mountain climbing.
And this was the result.

COL.LANDA

Mountain climbing? That's how you
injured your leg, mountain climbing?

BRIDGET

Believe it or not, yes it is.
A brief moment passes between the two...

THEN...

The Colonel BURSTS OUT with UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. So uproarious
in fact, that it's quite disconcerting to the four saboteurs.
The Colonel begins to regain his composure...

COL.LANDA

Forgive me, fraulein. I don't mean
laugh at your misfortune. It's just
.mountain climbing? I'm curious
fraulein, what could of ever
compelled you to undertake such a
foolhardy endeavor?
The Double meaning is not lost on the German actress.

BRIDGET

Well, I chant be doing it again,
I can tell you that.

COL.LANDA

That cast looks as fresh as my old
Uncle Gustave, when were you climbing
this mountain, last night?

BRIDGET

Very good eye, Colonel. It happened
yesterday morning.

COL.LANDA

Humm. And where exactly in Paris
is this mountain?
This stops her for a seconded.
Then Landa laughs it off, taking them off the hook.

13[.

COL. LANDA

I'm just teasing you, fraulein. You know me, I tease rough. So who are your three handsome escorts?

BRIDGET

I'm afraid neither three speak a word of German. Their friends of mine from Italy. This is a wonderful Italian stuntman, Antonio Margheriti. (Meaning Aldo)

A very talented cameraman, Enzo Grolomi.

(Meaning Donny)

And Enzo's camera assistant, Dominick Decocco.

The German fraulein turns to the three tuxedo wearing Basterds.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Gentlemen, this is a old friend, Col.

Sans Landa of the S.S.

The Basterds know only too well who Landa the Jew Hunter is, but they can't show it.

LT. ALDO

COL. LANDA

Margheriti...?

(ITALIAN)

Am I saying it correctly...?

.Margheriti?

LT. ALDO

(ITALIAN)

Yes. Correct.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Margheriti.... Say it for me once please...?

LT. ALDO

Margheriti.

13ZĂĉă, -Ăĉ

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

I'm sorry, again...?

LT. ALDO

I4argheriti.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Once more... .?

LT. ALDO

Margheriti.

COL. LANDA

Nargheriti.

(FRENCH)

It means daisies, I believe.

Turning his gaze to Donny.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

What's your name again?

SGT. DONOWITZ

Enzo Gorlomi.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Again... .?

SGT. DONOWITZ

Gorlomi.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

One more time, but let me really

hear the music in it.

SGT. DONOWITZ

(HAMMY ITALIAN)

Gorlomi.

Now to Hirschberg...

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

And you?

Then Hirschberg breaks out the best Italian accent of the

GROUP;

) 33.

HIRSCHBERG

Dominick Decocco.

COL. LANDA

Dominick Decocco?

HIRSCHBERG

Dominick Decocco.

COL. LANDA

Bravo... . Bravo.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

Well, my two cameraman friends need
to find there seats.
Col.Landa stops a WAITER with a tray of champagne glasses.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

Not so fast, lets enjoy some champagne.
Everyone gets a glass.

COL.LANDA

(FRENCH)

- Oh, Mademoiselle Mimieux, please
join us, I have some friends I'd
like you to meet.
Shosanna joins the circle, and is handed a champagne glass.
This is the first moment The Basterds are aware of Shosanna.

COL.LANDA

(FRENCH)

May I say Mademoiselle, you look
divine.

SHOSANNA

(FRENCH)

Merci'.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

This lovely young lady, is Mademoiselle
Emmanuelle Mimieux, this is her cinema,
and she is our hostess for the evening.

(FRENCH)

And Mademoiselle, this battered, broken,
and none worse for the wear German
goddess, is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

1 3 W.

BRIDGET

Bonjour.

SHOSANNA

Bon jour.

BRIDGET

(FRENCH)

I'm afraid my companions don't speak
any French, there Italian. This is
Antonino, Enzo, and Dominick.
All three smile goofy spaghetti bender smiles.

COL.LANDA

(FRENCH)

Actually fraulein Von Hammersmarks
Italian associates, need help finding
there seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle
Mimieux would be so kind to escort
them?

SHOSANNA**(FRENCH)**

It would be my pleasure. Let me see
your tickets?
Donny hands her two tickets. She indicates for them to follow her.
Donny and Hirschberg both exchange one last look with Aldo,
then follow the young french girl into the auditorium.

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The cinema auditorium is filling up quickly with grey and black
uniforms.
Shosanna finds the two counterfeit Italians their seats.
After she points out their seats, she turns to leave...
Hirschberg...
...reaches out and grabs her wrist.
He looks her in the face, and filled with tremendous guilt,
because if he's successful tonight he's going to blow this
cute French girl to smithereens, he says;

HIRSCHBERG

Grazie.

13r.

The cute French Girl looks back at the goofy looking Italian
boy with slicked back hair, that makes him look kind of
Jewish, with tremendous guilt, knowing if she is successful
tonight, she's going to burn him alive, and says;

SHOSANNA

Prego.

BACK TO LOBBY

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER
YELLS in GERMAN in the lobby;

GERMAN SOLDIER

Take your seats! The show is about to
begin! Everybody take your seats!
Col.Landa, Lt.Aldo, and Bridget are still together.

COL.LANDA**(GERMAN)**

I must call The Fuhrer. He doesn't
want to make his entrance untill
everybody seated. Come with me Frau
Von Hammersmark. The Fuhrer has
heard your here, and he wishes to
commend you personally.

BRIDGET**(GERMAN)**

Me? Why?

COL. LANDA

(GERMAN)

Don't be modest. Everybody is quite taken with your resolve. A accident, like you've just experienced, and yet you still show up to to a important Party event. The Fuhrer was quite adamant in his gratitude. We'll use Mademoiselle Mimieux's office.

(To Aldo
in Italian)

I'm afraid I must rob you of your companion, but only for a moment.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Yes, apparently The Fuhrer wishes to commend me.

' 36

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Wait here a moment. I promise I won't detain her long.

What are ether of them suppose to do, argue?

Col.Landa goes over to one of the Nazi GAURD/USHER, and whispers in his ear, gesturing toward Aldo. Like he's saying, leave the boy alone, till we come back... .Or is he?

Col.Landa limps Bridget away towards Shosannas office.

As Aldo stands in the lobby, more and more people enter the auditorium, till it's only Aldo and the six Nazi Gaurd/Ushers in the now vacant lobby.

INT - SHOSANNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shosanna's cinema manager office. It's small, cluttered, and dominated by a desk.

They both enter.

Col.Landa closes the door behind him, and LOCKS IT.

Bridget notices, but says nothing.

Now the two Germans are alone.

COL. LANDA

Have a seat fraulein.

Pointing at one lone chair in front of the desk.

She lowers herself in the chair.

Instead of moving around to the other side of the desk, opposite her. The SS Colonel pulls another little chair over, and places it in front of the fraulein.

He sits. Their knees almost touching.

The colonel points to the foot not in the cast.

COL. LANDA

(GERMAN)

Let me see your foot.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

I beg your pardon?

1 31

Patting his lap.

COL.LANDA

Put your foot in my lap.

BRIDGET

Colonel, you embarrass me.

COL.LANDA

I assure you fraulein, my intention
is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fraulein, lifts up her strappy dress shoe enclosed
foot, and places it in the Colonel's lap.

The Colonel, very delicately, unfastens the thin straps that
hold the frauleins shoe on her foot...

.He removes the shoe...

.Leaving only the frauleins bare foot...

THEN...

He removes from his heavy SS coat pocket, the pretty dress shoe
the fraulein left behind at La Louisiane...

He slips it on her foot...

.it fits like a glove.

Bridget knows she's BUSTED.

Col.Landa smiles and says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

What's that American expression...

"if the shoe fits...you must wear it".

He removes her foot from his lap.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

What now Colonel?

COL LANDA

(GERMAN)

Do you admit you treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.

1314

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

The only thing I will admit to, is
resisting you...

(ENGLISH)

Sons-a-bitches..

(GERMAN)

.to my last breath.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

"Resist to your last breath"?

SUDDENLY...

Hans LUNGES forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget Von Hammersmarks lily white delicate neck, and with all the violence of a Lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his MIGHT. Bridgets face turns tomato RED, as the VEINS in her face BULGE, and her esophagus is CRUSHED in his GRIP.

With a violent YANK, he JERKS her TO THE FLOOR. She TUMBLES out of the chair, Landa never releasing his GRIP around her throat. Now fully on top of her, he BEARS DOWN, SQUEEZING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. Every thing he has, he brings to bear on the elegant ladies neck.

Then, to finally finish her off, he begins BANGING THE BACK OF

HER HEAD, HARD AGAINST THE FLOOR...

BANG!

BANG!

BANG?

She's dead.

He releases the grip around her throat. His hands are

TREMBLING...

He rises.

Strangling the very life out of somebody with your bear hands, is the most violent act a human being can commit.

Also, only humans strangle, the opposable thumbs being quite important part of the endeavor. As Hans Landa stands, the sheer violence he had to call on to accomplish this task, still surges through him. He tries to gain control of the trembling, that is rippling through his body. He takes out a silver SS FLASK(filled with peach schnapps), and knocks back a couple of swigs. He holds his hand out in front of him. The TREMBLING is beginning to subside. He picks up the telephone.

139-

Into the phone in German he says;

COL.LANDA

Inform The Fuhrer the audience has taken there seats, and we're ready to begin.

Step one, in Hans master plan, done.

He then dials another number...

INT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Aldo in the lobby...

WHEN...

.he's JUMPED by the SIX NAZI USHERS...

He's THROWN ROUGHLY to the ground face first. Like the modern day Secret Service, within seconds, his wrists are handcuffed

behind his back, he's searched, they find the BOMB attached to his ankle, it's removed, a BLACK CLOTH BAG is pulled over his head, then he's hoisted up, and RUSHED out of the building. This happens in mere seconds, and quietly too, no one in the auditorium is none the wiser...

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

,including Donowitz and Hirschberg, sitting amongst the master race, waiting for showtime.

EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT

The Six Nazi Soldiers, hustle the hooded Aldo, down the red carpet, then into the alley besides the cinema.

Aldo's put up against a wall.

Inside the black hood, he's SCREAMING every insulting thing about Germany, Germans, German food, German shepherd... anything.

COL.LANDA'S VOICE(OS)

Shut up!

The faceless black hood does.

Col.Landa, now standing directly in front of his hooded prisoner, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

As Stanley said to Livingston;

Lt.Aldo Raine, I presume?

I 'to.

LT. ALDO

Hans Landa?

COL.LANDA

You've had a nice long run, Aldo.

Alas, your now in the hands of the SS. My hands to be exact. And they've been waiting along time, to touch you.

He reaches out with his finger, and lightly touches Aldo's face right in the middle of the hood.

Aldo's head VIOLENTLY FLINCHES.

COL.LANDA

Caught ya flinching.

In German, he orders the men put Aldo in the back of a truck.

Aldo, bound, and bagged, is put in the truck. Also in the truck is Utivich, wearing a makeshift chauffeurs uniform, bound, and bagged like the Lieutenant.

The Truck drives off.

Col.Landa turns around, and SEES FROM A DISTANCE, Hitlers motorcade pull up to the cinema.. Then the Fuhrer, Goebbels, Francesca, and the rest of the entourage, make there way down the red carpet into the cinema.

Landa smiles.

EXT TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

We see the truck leaving the city of Paris, under the veil of night.

We also seem to be leaving the drama of Operation Kino.

INT - TRUCK(MOVING) - NIGHT

The two hooded prisoners, bounce along in the back of the truck.

Utivich, is crying inside his hood.

LT.ALDO

Utivich?

UTIVICH

Is that you Lieutenant?

LT. ALDO

Yep.

lyl.

UTIVICH}I

Do you know what happened to Donny?
Hirschberg? The woman?

LT.ALDO

No I do not.

UTIVICH

Lieutenant, sorry I'm crying.

LT. ALDO

Nothin to be sorry about, son.
This bag, get to anyone.

UTIVICH

Not exactly John Wayne, am I?

LT.ALDO

John Waynes a pampered movie star.
He burst into tears, if his cook,
busts his yoke at breakfast. Just
try puttin a bag over his head, and
hear what kinda sounds he makes.
Utivich, giggles through the tears.

LT.ALDO

I just want you to know, son, I was
real proud of you tonight. Learnin
how to drive overnight. Driving in
that Limo line. You was in the hot
seat, son, and you stood up real good.
Utivich Cries LOUDER.
Aldo takes his foot, finds Utivichs foot, and places his foot
on top.
The TOUCH has a slight calming effect on Utivich.
In the darkness, Utivich has reclaimed his dignity.

EXT- COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to a small tavern outside of Paris(not La
Louisaiane),
The two hooded prisoners, are walked inside the establishment.

INT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The hooded men are lead into the closed for business, but open
for something else, rustic tavern.

0The Nazi Guards, unlock the handcuff, then sit them down in chairs. Then, simultaneously, the hoods are YANKED OFF. The two prisoners, are seated at a table, in what they can now see, is a rustic tavern. On the table is one telephone, one bottle of Chianti, and three glasses. And on the opposite end of the table, sits Colonel Hans Landa. A NAZI SOLDIER sits posted at a impressive looking two way radio set up in the tavern. Colonel Lands starts in right away at the two baffled, discombobulated American soldiers. They will only speak ENGLISH in the scene.

COL. LANDA

Italian? Really?

(BEAT)

What could you have possibly been thinking?

LT. ALDO

Well, I speak a little Italian -

COL. LANDA

I speak a little Tagalog, but I wouldn't begin to presume I could pass for Filipino. Don't get me wrong, I understand you were in a pickle, what with you losing your Germans. And I have nothing but admiration for improvisation. Still.... Chico Marx is more convincing. if the three of you had shown up to the premiere dressed in womans attire, it would have been more convincing. Landas eyes go to the Two Nazi Guards behind the prisoners.

COL. LANDA

(GERMAN)

You may leave us. But stay alert outside.

They exit, leaving the Colonel, the Lieutenant, the Private and a German Radio Man in the corner.

"43"

COL. LANDA

So your Aldo the Apache?

LT. ALDO

So your The Jew Hunter?

COL. LANDA

Jew Hunter, (pfuit), I'm a detective. A damn good detective. Finding people is my specialty. So naturally, I worked for the Nazi's finding people. And yes, some of them were Jews. But Jew Hunter? Just the name that stuck.

UTIVICH

Well you do hafta admit, it is catchy.

COL. LANDA

Do you control the nicknames, your enemies bestow on you? Aldo the Apache and The Little Man?

UTIVICH

What do you mean, The Little Man?

COL. LANDA

The Germans nickname for you.

UTIVICH

The Germans nickname for me is, The Little Man?

COL. LANDA

Or "The Little One, ether one means you. And as if to make my point, I'm a little surprised how tall you were in real life. I mean, your a little fellow. But not circus midget little, as your reputation would suggest.

LT. ALDO

Where is my men? Where is Bridget Von Hammersmark?

COL. LANDA

Bridget Von Hammersmark. Oh I'm sure she's in whatever, big bubbling cesspool in hell, the devil reserves for traitors of her ilk.

COL. LANDA

(COR'T)

Well, lets just say, she got what she deserved. And when you purchase friends like Bridget Von Hammersmark, you get what you pay for. Now as far as your Pisanos, Sgt.Donowitz, and Pt.Hirschberg-

LT. ALDO

How do you know our names?

COL. LANDA

Lt.Aldo, if you don't think I wouldn't interrogate every single one of your swastika marked survivors... .? We simply aren't operating on the level of mutual respect I assumed. Now, back to the whereabouts of your two Italian saboteurs. At this moment, both Hirschberg, and Donowitz, should be sitting in the very seats we left them in. Seats, 0023 and 0024, if my memory serves. Explosives, still around

there ankle, still ready to
explode. And your mission, some
would call a terrorist plot, as of
this moment, is still a go.
The two Basterds don't believe this. It can't be true.

LT. ALDO

That's a pretty exciting story.
What's next, Eliza on the ice?

COL. LANDA

However, all I have to do, is pick
pick up that phone right there.
Inform the cinema, and your plans
kupet.

LT. ALDO

IF, their still there, and IF their
still alive, and that's one big IF,
there ain't no way, you gonna take
them boys without settin off them
bombs.

I R.T.

COL. LANDA

M

I have no doubt, and yes, some
Germans will die., and yes, it will
ruin the evening, and yes, Goebbels
will be very very very mad at you
for what you've done to his big night.
But you won't get Hitler, you won't
get Goebbels, you won't get Gering,
and you won't get Boorman. And you
need all four to end the war.

(PAUSE)

But if I don't pick up that phone,
right there, you may very well get
all four. And if you get all four,
you end the war...tonight.
The Nazi Colonel lifts up the bottle of Chianti, and fills
three glasses. As he pours, he says;

COL. LANDA

So gentlemen, lets discuss the
prospect of ending the war-tonight.
All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

COL. LANDA

So the way I see it, since Hitlers
death, or possible rescue, rests
solely on my reaction...If I do
nothing ...it's as if I'm causing his
death, even more then yourselves.
Would you agree?

LT. ALDO

I guess so.

COL. LANDA

How about you Uitivich?

UITIVICH

I guess so too.

COL.LANDA

Good, we more or less, all agree.
Gentlemen, I have no intention, of
Killing Hitler, and killing Goebbels,
and Killing Gerring, and killing
Boorman, not to mention winning the
war single handedly for the allies,
only later, to find myself standing
before a Jewish tribunal.

I q

Now they get it.

COL.LANDA

If you want to win the war, tonight,
We have to make a deal.

LT.ALDO

What kinda deal?

COL.LANDA

The kind you wouldn't have the
authority to make. However, I'm sure
this mission of yours, has a
commanding officer? A General, I'm
betting. For ..

(THINKING)

.O.S.S. would be my guess.

Aldo's eyebrows reveal that was a good guess.

COL.LANDA

Ooch, that's a bingo. Is that the
way you say it, That's a bingo?

LT.ALDO

You just say, bingo.

COL.LANDA

Bingo! How fun. But I digress, where
were we? Oh yes, make a deal. Over
there is a very capable two way
radio. And sitting behind it, is a
more then capable radio operator,
named Herrman. Get me somebody on
the other end of that radio with the
power of the pen, to authorize my
- Let's call it, the terms of my
conditional surrender, if that taste
better going down.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

Shosanna in the booth, she brings down the lights.
In the packed, excited auditorium, the house lights go down.
CU CURTAIN SWITCH, she flips it.
In the auditorium, the RED VELVET CURTAINS part.
Shosanna, throws the lever on the first projector.

I q7 .
The PROJECTOR BULB goes HOT WHITE, PROJECTING A BEAM...
FILM REELS rotate...
35mm FILM moves through the projectors film gate...
The opening seal of a film by The THIRD REICH flickers on the

SCREEN...

Goebbels and Francesca watch...
Hitler watches...
Fredrick watches...
Donowitz and Hirschberg watch...
Shosanna, in the booth, watches through the little window...
The CAMERA PANS OFF of Shosanna, to the clearly marked film
can, REEL FOUR. The SURPRISE REEL.

BACK TO LANDA AND THE HASTERDS

Landa, with radio headphones over his ears, and a microphone
in his hand, talks to the UNSEEN/UNHEARD American Brass on the
other end.

COL.LANDA

.So, when the military history of
this night is written, it will be
recorded, that I was part of
"Operation Rino" from the very
beginning, as a double agent.
Anything I've done in my guise as a
SS Colonel, was sanctioned by The
O.S.S., as a necessary evil to
establish my cover with The Germans.
And it was my placement, of
Lt.Raines dynamite in Hitler and
Goebbels opera box that assured
there demise. By the way, that last
part is actually true.

FLASH ON

Landa placing bomb in Goebbels and Francesca's opera box.

BACK TO LANDA

COL.LANDA

I want my full military pension and
benefits under my proper rank.
I want to receive the congregational
medal of honor, for my invaluable
assistance in the toppling of the Third
Reich.

He looks over and sees Aldo and Uitvich watching the one sided
conversation.

COL.LANDA

In fact, I want all the members of
"Operation Kino" to receive the
congregational medal of honor. Full
citizenship for myself - but that
goes without saying. And I would

like the United States of America to purchase property for me on Nantuckett island, as a reward for all the countless lives I've saved by bringing the tyranny of the National Socialist party to a swifter then imaged end. Do you have all that, sir?

(PAUSE)

I look forward to seeing you face to face as well, sir.

(PAUSE)

He's right here.

The Colonel hands the headphones and microphone to Aldo.

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir?

We HEAR the VOICE on the other end of the radio, give Aldo his

ORDERS;

RADIO VOICE (OS)

Colonel Landa will put you and Private Uitivich in a truck as prisoners. Then he and his radio operator, will get in the truck, drive to our lines. Upon crossing our lines, Colonel Landa and his man will surrender to you. You will then take over driving of the truck, a bring them straight to me for debriefing. Is that clear, Lieutenant?

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir.

The Conversation is over, he puts the radio down.

The three men look at one another.

Landa picks up his wine.

Ito .

COL.LANDA

So I suppose the only thing left to

do is lift a glass, and toast to

Donowitz and Hirschbergs success.

You too Herrman, come over here.

The four men, Col.Hans Landa, Lt.Aldo Raine, Pvt.Smithson

Uitivich, and Herrman, lift up four glasses of wine.

COL.LANDA

Gentlemen, To history, and it's

Witnesses.

CHEERS.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in a ornamental tower in a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIER's below.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

peering at the German Private through binoculars. He lowers the long range glasses, and confers with one of his OFFICERS.

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

(RUSSIAN)

What's the death toll?

OFFICER

(RUSSIAN)

47, so far.

WE HEAR A SHOT.

OFFICER

(RUSSIAN)

48. General, I implore you, we must destroy that tower!

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

(RUSSIAN)

That tower is one of the oldest, and most beautiful structures in Russia. I won't be responsible for turning a thousand years of history into dust! A BRAVE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, tries to run between two buildings. Zoller, gets him. Then proceeds to pick him apart, one single bullet at a time.

IL

ISO.

SHOSANNA IN PROJECTION BOOTH

She removes "REEL 4" (The Special Shosanna Reel), and prepares it on the 2nd Projector. Reel3, on the first Projector, playing now, is halfway through. In a few short minutes, it's going to be show time.

Marcel says to Shosanna in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

MARCEL

It's time. I should go lock the auditorium, and take my place behind the screen. This is the last time they will ever see each other, too much to say. He holds her in his arms and lays a one kiss before I die wet one on her.

DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG

sit in their seats watching the movie, surrounded by DRESS UNIFORM NAZI'S. They've developed a dopey way of communicating with each other in this hostel environment. Basically, speaking English like it were gibberish Italian. They say English words, only adding a "I", or a "A", or a "O", to the end of it. And saying it in a exaggerated Italian accent, complete with pantomimes. Donowitz leans into Hirschberg, and says in a wispiery; They speak in ITALIA-ISH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ITALIA-ISH)

I-a Go-a Toilet-a, Set-ta Boom-a.
(I go to the toilet and set the bomb)
When-a I-a Go-a, you-a Set-ta Boom-a.
(When I go, you set your bomb)
Hirschberg indicates/pantomimes, he can't set his bomb
surrounded by all these Nazi's.
Donowitz, pantomimes crossing his legs, setting bomb on ankle
in his seat. Then getting up, and dropping it in the back of
the auditorium, in the dark.
Hirschberg doesn't get it.

HIRSCHBERG

What-a?
(What?)
Donny pantomimes again, more exaggerated, and with less
patience.

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.
(Affirmative, affirmative)

SGT.DONOWITZ

They-o Look-o Screen-a, Not-o You-a.
(They're looking at the screen, not you.)

HIRSCHBERG

Fantastic-o.

(FANTASTIC)**SGT.DONOWITZ**

After-teri, Set-ta, Five-o Moment-o
(Pointing to

WATCH)

You-a, Pphisst.
(After you set the bomb, wait five
minutes, and get out of here)

HIRSCHBERG

What-o?
(What?)

SGT.DONOWITZ

Confuse-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.
(Confused, confused, confused.)
What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?
(I thought "What-a" meant "What",
does "What-O" mean "What", as well?)

HIRSCHBERG

Oh-o, sorr-o, I-o ment-a "What-a".
(Oh, sorry, I ment what.)

SGT.DONOWITZ

After-teri, you-a set-ta boom-a,
five-o moment-o, you-a, fuck-o Pphisst.
(After you set the bomb, wait five
minutes and get the fuck out of here.)

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.

(Affirmative, Affirmative)

SGT. DONOWITZ

Good-a, Luck-a.
(Good luck.)

15Z.

Donowitz stands from his seat, and walks out of the dark auditorium, into the lobby. The Nazi Guards/Ushers are gone, the lobby is completely empty. Seeing the STAIRS leading down to the WATER CLOSET/BATHROOM, he descends them to plant the Boom-a, I mean, The Bomb.

DESCENDING THE STAIRS

leading to the Water closet. Like a lot of old cinema's, not only was the water closet located under the auditorium, you had to pass through a rather large SMOKING LOUNGE to get to it. In the Smoking Lounge are TEN NAZI ENLISTED MEN, the Guards/Ushers for the event, smoking and indulging in soldiers gossip. They're all in dress uniforms, and all are armed. Donowitz, in his tuxedo, acts cool, and walks right through them.

They look up, but don't disturb there time off vibe.

Donny enters the big Water Closet. Except for ONE LONE NAZI ENLISTED MAN at the urinal, it would appear as if Donny has the whole wash room to himself.

He enters the privacy of a toilet stall, locks the door.

MARCEL IN LOBBY

He descends the stairs leading down from the projection booth, into the empty lobby. He goes to one of the auditorium doors, and peers inside.

WE SEE THE SCREEN AND THE AUDIENCE FROM MARCELS POV:

in the back of the room. The audience seems riveted to Fredrick's exploits on screen.

Marcel closes the door, and with a KEY, DEADBOLTS it SHUT.

INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to Marcel, who locks the two doors on ether side of the screen...due to curtains placed there, no one notices Marcells actions.

Marcel then goes BEHIND THE SCREEN, WE SEE the IMAGE (backward) of Fredricks sniper battle HUGE COVERING ENTIRE SIDE ROOM ...A PILE of over300nitrate FILM PRINTS, lay like a junk pile, right behind the screen.

Sitting down in a wooden chair facing the screen, and Pile-o-film, he lights up a cigarette, a absolute no-no in a cinema of this era, but tonight, what does it matter?4.

He smokes, and waits for his cue to... .BURN IT DOWN!

)53.

FREDRICK IN OPERA BOX

along side Hitler, Goebbels, Francesca, and BOORMAN. On screen

the battle rages. He leans over and whispers something in Goebbels ear, we can't hear. Goebbels makes a very sympathetic face (at least sympathetic for Goebbels), and says in German;

GOEBBELS

Perfectly understandable, dear boy.
You go now, and we'll see you after
the show.

He exits the opera box. And walks to the projection booth door. He raps on the door in a trying to be amusing way. The door opens, just a little bit, Shosanna not friendly, stares at him.

Be, as per usual, is all smiles and charm.
They speak in FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

Are you the manager, of this cinema?
I want my money back. That actor in
the movie stinks.
He laughs.

IV

She doesn't even smile. She says, in all serious business;

SHOSANNA

What are you doing here?

FREDRICK

I came to visit you.

SHOSANNA

Can't you see how busy I am?

FREDRICK

Then allow me to lend a assist.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick it's not funny, you can't
be here. This is your premiere, you
need to be out there with them.
As Fredrick prepares to tell his little tale, with all the
charm at his command, Shosanna listens, knowing the third reel
is just about over, and her big reel change is coming up.

FREDRICK

Normally, you would be right.
And for all the other films I do,
I intend to endure evenings like
tonight, in the proper sprit.
However the fact remains, this film,
is based on my military exploits.
And in this case, my exploits
consisted of me killing many men.
Consequently, the part of the film
that's playing now, ... I don't like
watching this part.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, I am sorry, but -

FREDRICK

- So, I thought, I'd come up here
and do what I do best, annoy you.

And from the look on your face, it
would appear I haven't lost my touch.

DONNY IN TOILET

Sgt. Donowitz, with BOMB in his lap, sets the timer, six minutes from now. He then places the bomb in the back of the toilet tank.

CAMERA ON FLOOR OF WATER CLOSET

we see the tile of the floor stretch out before us. We see Donny's feet in the closed toilet stall. We HEAR, the OFF SCREEN Nazi Enlisted Man, finish his piss. Then HIS SHOES WALK THROUGH FRAME... WE FOLLOW THEM TO... The SINK... WE STAY ON The Shoes ...as WE HEAR The Soldier WASH HIS HANDS... THEN... THE CAMERA RISES UP HIS PANT LEG...Till...WE'RE EYE LEVEL with the German Soldier, with a ARMY CAP on his head, who's done washing his hands....THEN....The Soldier removes his cap, brushes some bangs out of his face, and WE CAN SEE

THE SWASTIKA HAND CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD, UNDENIABLE MARK OF THE BASTARDS. He SPLASHES some WATER ON HIS FACE, puts his cap back on his head, and joins his comrades in the smoking lounge. As he exits FRAME, he says to somebody OFF SCREEN;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**(GERMAN)**

Hey Fritz, you owe me three cigarettes,
now pay up.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK

Fredrick still outside the doorway, and Shosanna, still baring the way.

SHOSANNA

I have to get prepared for the reel
change.

FREDRICK

Let me do it?

SHOSANNA

No.

FREDRICK

Oh please, it's been two years since
i've done a reel change.

SHOSANNA

I said, no.

FREDRICK

(Cute whine)
Come on, it's my premiere.

SHOSANNA

Are you so use to the Nazi's kissing
your ass, you've forgotten what the
word, "No" means? No Fredrick, you
can't come in here, now go away!
No subtitles for Fredrick needed this time, he gets it.
He does a one-armed PILE DRIVE PUSH on the door, knocking both
it OPEN, and Shosanna back into the room.

Fredrick, a different cat then we've seen up till now, enters the booth, closing the door behind him, and LOCKING it. The quite startled Shosanna, says to Fredrick;

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, you hurt me.

FREDRICK

Well, it's nice to know you can feel something. Even if it's just physical pain.

Fredrick steps forward...

Shosanna steps backwards...

FREDRICK

I'm not a man you say, "Go away" to. There's over three hundred dead bodies in Russia, that if they could, would testify to that. After what I've done for you, you disrespect me at your peril.

156.

BACK TO WASHROOM

The Swastika Forehead Soldier, get a light for his cigarette. He takes a big drag.

SOLDIER'S POV:

He faces the washroom, and down that long throw, he sees Donny emerge from the toilet stall. His tuxedo jacket is off, and draped over his right hand. Sporting the white dress shirt, and black tuxedo vest. He's quite far away, so now he just looks like some guy in a tux, who just finished taking a shit. Donny walks toward us ...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him get closer...

SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him closer still...

SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

begins to notice...

SOLDIER POV:

Donny getting closer, begins to notice, German soldier notice him...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

now Donny is close enough for the Soldier to recognize. His face SCREAMS;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

The Bear Jew!!

The Soldier's GUN is out of it's holster, and rising toward Donny's chest...

WHEN...

Donny raises his right arm, with the tuxedo jacket on it, and FIRES a GUN concealed under it.
HITTING Swastika Forehead in the chest...Who finishes raising his GUN, FIRING HITTING Donny in the chest...
The Two Soldier's FIRE INTO each other.... Till there weapons are empty, and the two men lie dead on the floor.
The Nine other NAZI'S in the room, stand shocked at what just happened in front of them.

Is".

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK IN PROJECTION BOOTH

Fredrick hears the gunshots below them, and turns towards the door.

FREDRICK

What the hell was that?
While Fredrick's back is turned, Shosanna takes a GUN out of her pocket, and SHOOTS Fredrick THREE TIMES in the back...
..Be CRASHES HARD into the door, then FALLING FACE FIRST to the floor...
Shosanna, gun in hand, looks out projection booth window into the audience...
The ON SCREEN BATTLE rages so LOUDLY with GUNFIRE, that her weapon didn't stand a chance of being heard.
Her eyes go from the audience...
..up to the big screen...
..Which holds FREDRICK ZOLLER in a tight handsome CLOSE UP.
The Face on the silver screen, breaks the young girl's heart...
..She looks to his body, lying face down on the floor, blood flowing from the holes she put in his back...
..His body moves a little, and he lets out a painful MOAN...
..DIEING though he is, at this moment, Fredrick is still

ALIVE...

Shosanna moves to him...
..She touches him, and he lets out another MOAN...
..She turns his body over on it's back...
..he's holding a LUGER in his hand...
..he FIRES TWICE...

BANG BANG

Two bullets HIT HER POINT BLANK IN THE CHEST...
THROWING HER against the wall, then FALLING FORWARD on her knees to the floor...
..Fredrick, Luger still in hand, takes aim from the floor...

I,

.FIRES...

HITTING the bloody girl on the floor, in the thigh...
..SPINNING her BODY around in agony...
Like he did to the Russian on screen, he picks her apart, one

bullet at a time...

.FIRES...

BULLET BLOWS OFF HEEL OF HER FOOT...

Luger drops to floor, Fredrick DIES.

Our young French Jewish heroine, lies on the projection booth floor, in a pool of her own blood, her body RIDDLED with bullets, her nerve endings wracked with pain, CRIPPLED and

DIEING...

WHEN...

..the little bell on the 1st projector, starts to ring, informing the projectionist, it's time for The REEL CHANGE. Dieing or not, if Shosanna intends to get her revenge, she's going to have to lift her ass off the floor, and execute this fucking reel change.

CINEMA AUDITORIUM

The battle on screen continues waging. The audience is riveted.

The FUHRER

watches, completely caught up in the dramatic spectacle.

He says to Goebbels in German;

HITLER

Extraordinary Joseph, simply extraordinary. This is your finest film yet.

Goebbels is beyond proud, he smiles to Francesca, who proudly pats his hand.

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna, bloody, crippled, and fucked, with great painful effort, PULLS HERSELF OFF THE FLOOR...

AUDITORIUM

Hirschberg, sitting in his seat, SETS the BOMB on his ankle.

Then stands up, and begins scooting past everybody in his rows knees.

PROJECTION BOOTH

like the German heroine in one of Riefenstahl's mountain films, Shosanna CLIMBS UP the 35mm film projector, like it was Piz Palu...

FILM ON SCREEN

Private Zoller FIRING away from his perch. In the top far right corner of The FRAME. WE SEE the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna hanging on to projector, waiting for 2nd reel change mark, it's a agonizing effort...

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel, smoking, waiting for his cue...

HIRSCHBERG

get out of his xow, and begins walking up the aisle in the middle of the cinema towards the exit.

ON SCREEN

SERGIO LEONE CU FREDRICK, he SCREAMS to Russians below;

MOVIE ZOLLER

Who wants to send a message to
Germany?

In the top right of FRAME The 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna TOSSES herself to the floor, as she THROWS THE CHANGE
OVER SWITCH on the 2nd Projector...

EX CU PROJECTOR BULB

BLASTING WHITE in our face.

SLOW NOTION

SHOSANNA FALLING...

EX CU 35MM FILM

MOVING...

SHOSANNA

HITS the DUSTY ground HARD, NOT in slow motion...

PROJECTOR BEAM

SHOOTS OUT OF LITTLE PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW

hits screen.

CU SHOSANNA

on floor, eyes close, last breath blown into dusty projection
booth floor. Like her family befor her, dead from Nazi
bullets.

AUDITORIUM

ON THE SILVER SCREEN FREDRICKS EX CU

CUT TO

ON SILVER SCREEN MATCHING SHOSANNA EX CU

CAMERA in the exact same placement, same background (b/w sky),
SLIGHT LOW ANGLE LOOKING UP, so on screen Shosanna is looking
down on the Nazi's, the way Fredrick was looking down on the
Russians. The way this HUGE IMAGE OF SHOSANNA'S GIANT FACE stares
down the auditorium of Nazi's, brings to mind Orwells "1984"
Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS

React.

HIRSCHBERG

standing in the middle of the aisle, turns towards the screen.
When he see's Shosanna's GIANT FACE, he's gobsmacked.

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel sitting in the chair, with his cigarette, before the

EVEN MORE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE ON SCREEN

She stares down the packed house of Nazi's, and says
in FRENCH;

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

I have a message for Germany. I'm
interrupting your Nazi propaganda
horse shit, to inform you despicable
German swine, that your all going to

die.
HITLER and GOEBBELS
react.

HIRSCHBERG
react.

MARCEL
smiles.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE
And I want you to look deep in the face
of The Jew who's going to do it.

AUDITORIUM AUDIENCE
While the shocked German audience is transfixed to the screen,
behind the heads of most of them...
The BOMB Landa set in Hitlers and Goebbels opera box...

EXPLODES.

BLOWING TO SMITHEREENS, HITLER, FRANCESCA, BOORMAN, and
propelling GOEBBELS, still in his theatre seat, across the
auditorium, into the opposite wall, and taking out a portion
of the ceiling as well.
The crowd reacts...
The explosion causes the huge chandelier from Versailles, to
topple from its jerry-rigged placement, and CRASH on to the
audience below...
ON SCREEN THE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA finishes her WAR CRY.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE
My name is Shosanna Dreyfus, and this is
the face of Jewish Vengeance! Marcel,

BURN IT DOWN!

BEHIND THE SCREEN
Marcel takes his cigarette, and FLICKS IT into the pile of
nitrate film.
ON SCREEN SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE LAUGHS MANIACALLY at the
scrambling little Nazi's, running in a panic, as FLAMES LIKE

OUT OF A GIANT BLAST FURNACE, BURST THROUGH SHOSANNAS FACE,
and CLIMB UP THE WALLS of the cinema.
The AUDIENCE
STAMPEDES towards the exits...

HIRSCHBERG
with bomb set on ankle, is caught in a massive Day of the
Locust SWARM OF BODIES...
People frantically pound on locked doors, trapping them to
their grizzly fate.
The FLAMES and FIRE spread through the auditorium...
Hirschberg caught in people crunch, knows this is it.

HIS ANKLE BOMB GOES OFF
right underneath everybody in the room.
The effect this has on the people in the room, is very similar
to that of the effect a M-80 blowing up in an ant hill, would
have on the ants. The auditorium is a literal red rain of legs,
arms, heads, torsos, and asses.

THEN...

DONOWITZ TOILET BOMB

BLOWS UP UNDERNEATH the auditorium.

16z.

**COLLAPSING THE CINEMA, AND BLOWING OUT THE FRONT OF THE
THEATRE.**

As MADAM MIMEUX'S CINEMA BURNS...

Theses SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN as if on a military

TELETYPE:

"OPERATION KINO A COMPLETE SUCCESS".

FADE OUT

FADE UP

"HITLER DEAD. GOEBBELS DEAD. BOORMAN DEAD.

GERING DEAD. ZOLLER DEAD. MOST OF HIGH COMMAND

DEAD"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"FOUR DAYS LATER, GERMANY SURRENDERS"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN NAZI...

OCCUPIED FRANCE".

CUT TO

EXT -- WOODS - MORNING

It's a misty early morning, in the woodsy area. The German truck, with Aldo and Uitivich in the back, and Landa and Herrman in the front comes to stop.

LANDA and HERRMAN IN TRUCK CAB

Herrman, behind the wheel, tells Landa in German;

HERRMAN

These are the American lines, sir.

In the back of the truck, sit the two last remaining members of The Basterds, Lt.Aldo Raine, and Prvt.Smithson Uitivich, both with their hands cuffed behind there back.

Landa and Herrman appear at truck rear, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

Okay Gentlemen, you can climb down.

143

Aldo and Uitivich climb down from the truck.

Col.Landa indicates for Herrman to remove the handcuffs from the two prisoners.

He does.

COL. LANDA

Herrman, hand them your weapon.

He does.

Col.Landa hands over his LUGER, and his very cool looking SS

DAGGER.

COL. LANDA

I am officially surrendering myself
over to you, Lt.Raine. We are your
prisoners.

LT. ALDO

Thank you very much Colonel. Uitivich,
cuff the Colonel's hands behind his
back.

COL. LANDA

Is that really necessary?

As Uitivich cuffs the. Colonels hands behind his back, Aldo

SAYS;

LT. ALDO

I'm a slave to appearances.

Then Aldo takes the Luger, and SHOOTS HERRMAN DEAD.

The bound Col.Landa is appalled.

COL. LANDA

Are you mad? What have you done? I made
a deal with your General for that mans
life!

LT. ALDO

Yeah, they made that deal, but they
don't give a fuck about him, they
need you.

COL. LANDA

You'll be shot for this.

t 6 q.

LT. ALDO

Raw I don't think so, more like I'll
be chewed out. I've been chewed out
before. You know, Uitvich and myself,
heard that deal you made with the Brass.
End the war tonight? I'd make that deal.
How bout you Uitivich, you make that
deal?

UITIVICH

I'd make that deal.

LT. ALDO

I don't blame ya. Damn good deal.
And that pretty little nest ya
feathered for yourself. Well, if
your willing to barbecue the whole
high command, I suppose that's worth
certain considerations. Now I don't

care about you gettin pensions,
merit badges, ticker tape parades,
who gives a damn, let's all go home.
But .ldo have one question?
When you go to your little place on
Nantuckett Island, I image you gonna
take off that handsome looking SS
uniform of yours, ain't ya?
For the first time in the movie, Col.Landa doesn't-respond.

LT.ALDO

That's what I thought. Now that...
.I can't abide. How bout you
Uitivich, can you abide it?

UITIVICH

Not one damn bit, sir.

LT.ALDO

I mean if I had my way, you'd wear
that goddamn uniform for the rest of
your pecker suckin life. But I'm
aware that's ain't practical. I mean
at some point ya gotta hafta take it
off.
He opens LandaSS DAGGER, and holds the BLADE in front of Hans
face.

LT.ALDO

So I'm gonna give you a little
somethin you can't take off.

CUT TO

16c.

CU COL.LANDA

The Dagger has just completed carving a swastika deep into his
forehead.

COL.LANDA'S POV:

On the ground, looking up at Aldo, bloody knife in hand, who
straddles him.. And Uitivich, who's next to him. The two
Basterds admire Aldo's handiwork.

LT.ALDO

You know somethin Uitivich, I think
this just might be my masterpiece.

END

**Inglourious Basterds**

Writers : [Quentin Tarantino](#)

Genres : [Action](#) [Adventure](#) [War](#)

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INTERSTELLAR

Written by

Jonathan Nolan

STORY BY

Jonathan Nolan, Kip Thorne & Lynda Obst

MARCH 12 2008

SPACE.

But not the dark lonely corner of it we're used to. This is a glittering inferno -- the center of a distant galaxy.

Suddenly, something TEARS past at incredible speed: a NEUTRON STAR. It SMASHES headlong through everything it encounters... planets, stars. Can anything stop this juggernaut?

Yes. Something looms at the heart of the galaxy, hidden inside the blinding starlight, a dark flaw in the fabric of existence itself: a BLACK HOLE.




The neutron star is pulled into the black hole's swirl, spiraling closer and closer to destruction. Finally, it contacts the hole's edge and EXPLODES.

The EXPLOSION is so powerful that it sends shock waves into the fabric of space-time itself. We ride one of these waves, racing back out from the black hole.

Suddenly, a portion of the wave disappears down a crystal-like hole, emerging in a much darker region of the universe -- a backwater that, as the wave races past a giant red planet with a distinctive eye, we recognize as our own.

The wave, now just an infinitesimal ripple, finally reaches our blue planet. It drops into our atmosphere over North America, toward the high desert east of the Cascades, and through the roof of a nondescript warehouse.

Movie Chat

	Columbus I'm currently writing my own script! Would anyone like to edit/revise/give feedback for it? when I get closer to my first rough draft of course.
	Someone From Star Wars: The Force Awakens: Another pilot, ZOLO ZIFF. YOLO ZIFF Dropping out of hyperspace! You only live once, Han.
	The Don
Name	
Message	


[ALL SCRIPTS](#)

Interstellar Script at IMSDb.

The wave tickles the atoms in the steel shell of a vacuum chamber, then dances a tiny jig with a laser beam reflected in a heavy piece of glass.

The wave shoots back out of the building and disappears in the fractal branches of a tumbleweed resting against a concrete tube that stretches for miles in the desert.

An SUV speeds past the tumbleweed and we follow it till it parks at another plain-looking building at the opposite end of the tube. A MAN climbs out of the SUV.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, WAREHOUSE -- DAY

The man lets himself into a large room that looks like Mission Control. He pours himself a cup of coffee. It is the weekend and the place is empty. No one has been there to see the displays flashing a distinctive shape -- a pulse followed by a series of echoes.

The man looks up at the screen, then DROPS his cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

2.

INT. LIGO OFFICES, CALTECH, PASADENA -- DAY

The Laser Interferometer Gravitational-Wave Observatory headquarters at Caltech is a frenzy of activity. POSTDOCS and RESEARCHERS huddle around monitors and printouts, arguing.

ANSEN, 60s, the director of LIGO, walks through the frenzy. A postdoc hands him a printout: a pulse followed by echoes.

INT. LIGO DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, CALTECH -- DAY

Ansen steps into the relative calm of a large, sunlit office, which overlooks a grassy stretch of Caltech's campus.

His ASSISTANT, 30s, is on the phone, on hold. He looks up at Ansen as he enters.

ASSISTANT

I'm on hold with the INS.

(COVERS MICROPHONE)

Don't you think we should double check the triangulation before we
CALL ANYBODY-

ANSEN

We have double checked it.

Someone finally picks up the line.

ASSISTANT

Yes. I'm trying to reach-
(pause, listens)

No, I don't think you understand how serious this is.

(PAUSE)

Because if you did, we'd be having this conversation in person.

He listens for a moment, then hangs up the phone, confused.

ANSEN

What did they say?

ASSISTANT

They said we should look out the window.

Ansen steps to the window and looks out:

In the courtyard below, coeds are scrambling to get out of the way as a military helicopter sets down in the middle of the quad and dozens of ARMED FEDERAL AGENTS converge on his building.

3.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM, LIGO, CALTECH -- DAY

Ansen sits, alone, on one side of a conference table.

The other side is filled with GOVERNMENT MEN -- NSA mostly, some DIA. The door opens and his assistant steps in. Armed guards pat him down, then shove him into a seat.

ANSEN

Is that really necessary?

One of the NSA agents leans forward.

NSA AGENT

You've been complaining for years
that the government doesn't take
your project seriously enough, Doctor.

(SMILES)

You can't have it both ways.

Ansen motions to his assistant, who turns on a projector.
On-screen, we see the familiar pulse and echoes.

ANSEN

Yesterday morning, our facility in
Hanford identified this signal: a
neutron star colliding with a
supermassive black hole. We went
through the last year's data and
triangulated the source.

The pulse is translated into a crude animatic of a neutron
star circling into the black hole.

NSA AGENT

We know that, Doctor. What we don't
know is why, according to your
numbers, this event took place right
here in our own solar system.

Suddenly, the image overlays the sun, the earth, and the
rest of our solar system around the black hole.

ANSEN

It didn't. Because if it had we'd
all be dead by now.

On-screen, Jupiter, then the Earth and the inner planets are
consumed by the black hole. Only the sun survives, pulled
into orbit around its new master.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

Which leaves only one explanation:
The signal traveled through a

(MORE)

4.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

wormhole. A gateway to a distant
corner of the universe. The black
hole is on the far side.

On-screen, the black hole system is removed to a distant corner, connected to ours by a tunnel through space-time. A gravity wave from the collision travels through the tunnel.

NSA AGENT

I've read your book, Doctor. You said that wormholes are impossible.

ANSEN

There is nothing quite as satisfying as being proved utterly wrong.

(SMILES)

I said that a wormhole couldn't exist naturally. Not for more than a few billionths of a second. It would have to be... stabilized.

NSA AGENT

Stabilized by what?

Ansen pauses, unsure. His assistant steps in to his defense.

ASSISTANT

We don't have any way to answer that question.

NSA AGENT

(IGNORES HIM)

You're not under peer review here, Doctor. I don't care about your reputation. I need to know how that thing got there. Now.

Ansen finally speaks up.

ANSEN

If you're worried about an invasion, I would start drafting the articles of surrender.

(SMILES)

Whoever they are, if they can build a wormhole, they could erase us in the blink of an eye. Luckily, that also means we have nothing they could be interested in.

NSA AGENT

Then why is it there?
5.

ANSEN

I don't know. Maybe it's an invitation. A chance to commune with an advanced species.

The assistant, embarrassed, looks down. The agent notices.

NSA AGENT

You don't agree?

ASSISTANT

(DELICATE)

No. I don't think we can assume an alien intelligence built the wormhole.

(CHANGES TACK)

But the opportunity it represents is incredible. We could explore parts of the universe we never dreamt of reaching in our lifetimes.

The agent exchanges a look with one of his colleagues, who

steps out of the room.

ANSEN

We need to get back to work. I have a conference call with our European partners in fifteen minutes.

NSA AGENT

We severed the connections to your European partners this morning.

ANSEN

(INDIGNANT)

You can't do that. The Europeans put up some of the funding...

GOVERNMENT MAN

We'll send them a check.

(STANDS)

Your project is now classified under the State Secrets Act.

He steps out the door, leaving the men alone. The assistant, outraged, turns back to his boss.

ASSISTANT

They can't keep this a secret. You know that. Sooner or later...

The younger man looks down, embarrassed, as he notices that tears are rolling down the older man's cheeks.

6.

ANSEN

I don't care about that. I've spent my whole life being afraid we would wipe ourselves out before this moment arrived. We've made so many mistakes, I wasn't sure we'd make it...

The assistant realizes that the old man is weeping for joy. Relief.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

But this will change everything. Fifty years from now, nothing will be the same.

The older man looks at the simulation on the screen of the tiny link between our galaxy and another.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CORNFIELD, CENTRAL CALIFORNIA -- DAY

Corn. As far as the eye can see.

SUPER TITLE: "FIFTY YEARS LATER"

A large old diesel tour bus is parked by the side of a dirt road, smoke pouring out of its open hood. A dozen MEN in BASEBALL UNIFORMS are standing around the front of the bus.

A battered PICKUP pulls up, and a MAN, 30s, gets out, leaving his two SONS in the car. This is COOPER. He joins the ballplayers staring at the lifeless diesel engine.

BALLPLAYER

Seized up on us.

COOPER

Long way to come by bus. I thought you guys would have a plane.

BALLPLAYER

We did. Ran out of parts for it.
You know anything about diesels?

COOPER

A little.

Cooper steps to the engine compartment.

The ballplayer notices Cooper's two boys, TOM, 15, and MURPH, 10, watching them. He wanders over.
7.

BALLPLAYER

You think your dad's going to be able to help us out?

Murph, a filth-encrusted kid with a black eye, smiles at the ballplayer.

MURPH

My dad can fix anything.
(WRY SMILE)
Except maybe your fastball.

The ballplayer frowns: smartass kid.

After a moment under the hood, Cooper signals to the driver, who tries the engine. It turns over once, then STARTS.

BALLPLAYER

Sure appreciate the help.

COOPER

(SHRUGS)

You don't make it, my boys won't get to see you lose.

The ballplayers load up into the bus and as it pulls away, we can see the logo painted across the back of the bus for the first time:

WORLD FAMOUS NEW YORK YANKEES

EXT. SPACE, NEAR EARTH ORBIT

Earth spins, lazily. From this height, it looks much the same as it has done for thousands of years.

Suddenly, a tiny black object appears, racing toward Earth.

The object SMASHES into a large satellite and races onward. Behind it, the satellite spins out of orbit in a cloud of fragments.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM -- NIGHT

An old minor league stadium. The stands are barely halfway full. Cooper, his boys, and Cooper's father-in-law, DONALD, 60s, have a row to themselves behind the dugout.

Murph offers his grandpa some popcorn.

DONALD

Popcorn at a ball game is unnatural.
I want a hot dog.
8.

MURPH
(CONFUSED)

What's a hot dog?

Suddenly, play stops on the field below as the players and fans look up at the night sky:

A bright blue streak is tearing across it. It's beautiful.

TOM

Is that a comet, Dad?

COOPER

(shakes his head)
Satellite. Big one. Probably
Chinese.

Everyone watches the fireworks as the satellite burns up in the upper atmosphere.

After a moment, play resumes -- it's a pretty show, but everyone has seen it plenty of times before.

Down on the field, the Dodgers' catcher misses an easy pop fly and the Yankees load the bases. Donald looks disgusted.

INT. COOPER'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

Cooper guides his truck along a potholed road. His father-in-law is riding shotgun; the boys are sleeping in the back.

DONALD

Those clowns would get their asses
handed to them by the ballplayers I
grew up watching.

COOPER

You ruin it for the boys when you
talk like that.

DONALD

I'm not doing my grandkids any favors
by lying to them. They're growing
up watching lousy baseball.

COOPER

They didn't have any baseball at all
when I was a kid.

That shuts the old man up for now. They drive on in silence.

CUT TO:

9.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- MORNING

The sun is gently landing on the horizon, painting the sea of corn around Cooper's modest house gold. Cooper walks out of his house, still eating his breakfast.

Donald is on the porch, looking at a black clouds of smoke in the distance. The neighboring fields are BURNING.

DONALD

Nelson's burning up his crops. Found
some of the blight on the okra.

Cooper watches the men walking through the fields, setting fire to the crop.

COOPER

I thought okra wasn't susceptible.

DONALD
(SHRUGS)

Better safe than sorry.
(looks at him)
You've got to take the boys to school.

COOPER

Something wrong with your truck?

DONALD
(SMILES)

Parent-teacher conference day.

Cooper bends his head in dismay.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Be nice to Murph's teacher. She's single, you know.

COOPER

What does that have to do with anything?

DONALD

We're supposed to be repopulating the earth. Gotta pull your weight. Besides, the boys could do with a woman in their lives.

The boys run out of the house and pile into the truck. Cooper pulls away before Donald can continue.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Cooper weaves the car along a dirt road. The kids are arguing over an ancient comic book in the back seat.

10.

Cooper turns around to break it up.

BANG -- one of the tires blows out in a foot-deep pothole.

EXT. ROADSIDE -- DAY

Cooper examines the flattened tire. Looks at his older son.

COOPER

Get the spare, Tom.

TOM

That is the spare.

COOPER

All right. We'll use the patch kit.

He moves to the back of the truck. Murph suddenly looks very glum.

MURPH

I... I think the patch kit might not be there...
(off his look)
Because I was using it for my bike.

Cooper looks down at the dirt. Sighs.

COOPER

Murph's law.

MURPH
(CONFUSED)

What's that?

Tom snorts with laughter. Turns to his dad.

TOM

The kid doesn't even know what he was named after...

Cooper shoots Tom a look -- enough.

TOM (CONT'D)

Murph's law means what can go wrong will go wrong.

Murph, looking hurt, walks off. Cooper turns to his son.

COOPER

Find something to patch it with.

TOM

How am I supposed to do that?
11.

COOPER

Figure it out. I'm not always going to be here to help you.

Cooper leaves Tom to catch up with his younger son, who is looking out over the river.

MURPH

Is that really why I'm named Murph, dad?

COOPER

Listen to me. Murph's law doesn't mean that. It means what can happen will happen. All kinds of things. Good or bad. And that's the way you want it to be.

MURPH

Why?

COOPER

Because if nothing ever happened to you then you wouldn't learn anything.

Murph is staring off into the distance. He's heard something.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Murph?

Then Cooper hears it, too. A LOW RUMBLING SOUND. Cooper looks out over the river. Then he turns back and tackles his son to the ground.

Suddenly, a MASSIVE AIRPLANE SOARS overhead, so close they can almost touch it. It bounces the truck on its suspension, then soars off over the fields behind them.

Cooper grabs Murph and races back to the truck. He pulls a laptop and an antenna made out of a Pringles can out of the back of the truck. He hands the laptop and antenna to Murph.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Get in.

Tom is still standing by the side of the road, wrestling

with the jack.

TOM

What about the tire?

INT. TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

The truck is SMASHING through the cornfields as fast as Cooper can push it on three good tires.

12.

Murph is hurriedly firing up the laptop and connecting it to the directional antenna.

Cooper is straining to see through the cornstalks, scanning the horizon.

TOM

OVER THERE--

To the right, the dark shape of the Russian drone appears, flying low over the fields. Cooper jerks the wheel--

EXT. RIVER -- DAY

The truck BURSTS out of the corn and SPLASHES across the river and into an old, abandoned suburban housing development in the valley below, planted over with corn.

Half a mile in front of them, the Russian drone is still hugging the ground. It has impossibly long, skinny wings, like an old U-2 surveillance plane, but no cockpit. The tops of its wings are covered in black solar cells.

INT. TRUCK -- DAY

Murph is fiddling with the computer. His older brother takes the computer from him and fires up emulation software.

COOPER

It's a Chinese military drone. Solar cells could power an entire farm.

(TO TOM)

Take the wheel.

Cooper hands Murph the Pringles can antenna.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Keep it pointed right at it, OK?

Murph nods. Tom takes the wheel as his dad works the laptop, trying to communicate with the huge Russian drone. The screen fills with Cyrillic characters.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Faster, Tom. I'm losing it.

Tom WEAVES the truck at speed through the old, curved streets of the development, past oversized suburban mansions planted over with corn.

They round a corner and come face-to-face with a robot harvester. Tom jerks the wheel to avoid it.

BANG -- the truck loses a wing mirror against the flank of the combine.

13.

EXT. SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT -- DAY

Tom guides the truck from street to street, trying to chart

a straight path across the fields. The truck BOUNCES as it SMASHES through an old picket fence.

Ahead, the drone is soaring, banking, pulling away.

INT. TRUCK -- DAY

Cooper is still trying to hack into the drone's control circuitry as they leave the development behind and begin to climb into the foothills of the Sierras.

EXT. RIDGELINE, HILLS -- DAY

Tom guides the truck along the spine of the hills. The drone soars overhead, making for the white tips of the Sierras.

INT. TRUCK -- DAY

Cooper is oblivious to the picturesque surroundings as he concentrates on the laptop.

TOM
(UNSURE)

Dad?

COOPER

Almost got it. Don't slow down.

In front of them, Tom and his brother watch as the drone plummets from view.

TOM

DAD.

Cooper looks up. Ahead, the trail disappears as the edge of the hills falls away -- it's a three hundred-foot drop.

Tom locks up the brakes.

EXT. RIDGELINE, HILLS -- DAY

The truck skids to a halt inches from a precipitous drop.

Cooper climbs out, holding the laptop. Murph climbs out next to him, still pointing the Pringles can.

TOM

We lost it.

COOPER
(SMILING)

No we didn't.

14.

Suddenly, the drone SOARS back over them. Cooper types a couple keys and then moves his fingers across the trackpad. The huge drone banks and turns in response.

As the boys watch, Cooper sends the drone soaring high over them, banking and soaring along the tree-lined sides of the valley, light glinting from the black panels on its back. It's a beautiful sight.

Cooper crouches next to Murph.

COOPER (CONT'D)

You want to give it a whirl?

Murph looks at his dad, wide-eyed. He takes the laptop and moves his fingers gingerly across the pad.

In response, the massive plane banks into a tight turn in the valley below.

For a moment, Murph is in pure heaven, sending the drone dancing through the valley below.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Set her down in the valley -- there,
next to the river.

Murph leads the plane in a figure eight and then begins guiding it into a gentle landing in the valley floor below.

EXT. ABANDONED GOLF COURSE, VALLEY FLOOR -- DAY

The truck limps along the overgrown fairway of a long-defunct golf course towards the massive hulk of the Russian drone,

Cooper and the boys climb down. The valley is silent save for the truck's engine WHEEZING and SPUTTERING as it cools.

Cooper runs a hand over the smooth carbon flank of the drone.

TOM

How long do you think it's been up
there, Dad?

COOPER

Chinese mission control went down
same as us, twenty years ago. It's
been up there ever since.

TOM

What was it doing flying so low?

Cooper reads the information pouring into his laptop.
15.

COOPER

It was looking for something.
Intercepted some kind of signal.

(SHRUGS)

It's been at eighty thousand feet.
Sun probably cooked its brain.

Cooper runs his hand along the flank till he finds an access patch. He pulls out a crowbar and pries open the hatch. Inside, surrounded by a nest of liquid cooling tubes, is a small black module -- the drone's auto-pilot.

Cooper looks down at Murph, who is standing at his elbow.

MURPH

What are you going to do with it?

COOPER

Reprogram it. Give it something
socially responsible to do like drive
a combine or a tractor.

MURPH

(QUIET)

Couldn't we just let it go? It's
not hurting anyone.

Cooper looks down at his son. Good kid.

COOPER

We need all the help we can get,
Murph. This thing has to adapt,
just like the rest of us.

Cooper gently pries the control module out.

EXT. COUNTY SCHOOL -- DAY

It's a small school, so all the kids and parents waiting in front know exactly who's driving the pickup truck with half of a Russian spy plane hanging out of the bed as it pulls up.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, COUNTY SCHOOL -- DAY

Cooper is ushered into the office. The PRINCIPAL, 40s, an efficient-looking man, shakes his hand.

PRINCIPAL

Good to see you, Mr. Cooper. This is Ms. Kelly, Murph's teacher.

Cooper smiles at Ms. KELLY, 30s, attractive.
16.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

So we've gotten Tom's score back. Congratulations. He's going to make an excellent farmer.

The principal slides a carbon copy across the desk to Cooper, who looks taken aback.

COOPER

What about college?

PRINCIPAL

The University of California only accepts a few hundred students a year, Mr. Cooper. You have to be realistic.

COOPER

You're ruling out college for him now? He's only fifteen.

PRINCIPAL

I'm sorry. I'm afraid Tom's score simply isn't high enough.

COOPER

What are you, about a 36-inch waist?

(BEAT)

30-inch inseam?

PRINCIPAL

I'm not sure I see--

COOPER

You're telling me you need two numbers to measure your own ass, but just one to measure my son's future?

Ms. Kelly stifles a laugh, then, with a look from the principal, takes on the appropriate look of offense.

PRINCIPAL

I understand you're a well-educated man, Mr. Cooper. A scientist?

COOPER

Engineer.

PRINCIPAL

Frankly, the world doesn't need any

more engineers. We didn't run out of trains or television sets or satellites.

(BEAT)

We ran out of food.

17.

Cooper leans back. He's not going to win this one.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

The world needs farmers, Mr. Cooper. And I'm sure your son Tom is going to make a fine one.

(SMILES BENIGNLY)

We're a caretaker generation. But things are getting better. Maybe your grandchildren will be able to attend college.

Cooper looks down, swallowing his anger.

COOPER

Are we done?

PRINCIPAL

One more thing. Ms. Kelly here says that Murph brought a book to school about the lunar landings.

He slides an old textbook with a picture of a rocket on the cover across the desk to Cooper.

COOPER

One of my old textbooks. Murph liked the pictures.

MS. KELLY

This is one of the old federal textbooks. We've replaced them with corrected versions.

COOPER

Corrected?

MS. KELLY

The new textbooks explain that the Apollo lunar missions were faked in order to bankrupt the Soviet Union.

COOPER

You don't believe we went to the moon?

MS. KELLY

I believe it was a brilliant piece of propaganda. The Soviets spent years trying to build rockets and other useless machines.

COOPER

"Useless machines"?

18.

Cooper looks to the Principal for help. None is forthcoming.

MS. KELLY

Yes, Mr. Cooper. The kind of wastefulness and excess that the 20th century represented. Your children would be better off learning about this planet, rather than reading

fantasies about leaving it.

Cooper is silent for a long moment.

COOPER

One of those useless machines they used to make was called an MRI. If we had any of them left the doctors might have been able to find the cyst in my wife's brain before she died, rather than afterwards. And then my kids could have been raised by two parents, instead of me and their pain-in-the-ass grandfather.

Ms. Kelly's face falls, ashen. Cooper swallows his anger. Most of it, anyway.

COOPER (CONT'D)

You ever consider the best thing for the world and humanity might have been for us to part company?

Cooper gets up to leave.

INT. TRUCK, COUNTY SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Cooper climbs into the truck, trying to hold it together. He PUNCHES the wheel.

The radio KEYS to life. He ignores it. Sits for a moment in misery. Finally he picks up the handset.

CB OPERATOR (O.S.)

Got a call from Riggs, down in Galveston. Says some of the tractors you built him went haywire last night.

COOPER

Just tell him to power down the controllers for a couple minutes.

CB OPERATOR (O.S.)

I did. He wants you to come down in person anyway. Says he found something you should take a look at.
19.

Cooper stares at the wheel. Shakes his head in frustration.

EXT. AIRSTRIP -- DAY

Cooper pulls his truck up to a grimy-looking hangar. Pulls a tarp off of an ancient Piper Cub. Checks it over.

INT. PIPER CUB -- DAY

Cooper guides the plane along a long sliver of deserted beach. The radio crackles to life.

COOPER

Bravo-two-eight, requesting permission to enter your airspace.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)

Permission granted. Welcome to the sovereign nation of Texas.

Coop hangs up the radio. Banks the plane inland.

EXT. GULF COAST -- DAY

Below, a combine harvester fights its way up the dunes, trying to reach the beach, its wheels struggling for traction in the soft sand.

A MAN waves up at Cooper's plane as it circles overhead.

Cooper lands the plane on a deserted roadway. Jumps down.

He intercepts one of the combines as it trundles past, trying to reach the dunes. He pops open the cabin.

Inside is a mess of wires hooked into an auto-pilot not unlike the one he ripped out of the drone. He checks the fault code and resets the computer.

The man jogs over to meet him.

RIGGS

Thanks for coming down. Half of 'em took off last night, looking for something.
(points to dunes)
Looks like they found it, too. I thought you were the man to see it.

Riggs starts walking up the dune. Cooper follows.

Below, on the beach, a dozen more combines and other farming vehicles are lined up at the tideline, warm gulf water lapping at their metal flanks. They are circling a deep crater.
20.

As they watch, an ancient autonomous SUB BEACHES itself, trying to reach the crater.

EXT. CRATER'S EDGE, BEACH -- DAY

Cooper steps between the waiting machines and peers down into the crater.

At the very bottom is a ROUND BLACK BALL, about a foot across -- the same object we saw punch a hole in the side of a satellite. Every few seconds, it emits a distinctive CHIRP.

Cooper checks his rad meter. A tiny reading -- non-lethal. He takes off his watch and hands it to Riggs. Then he slides down into the hole.

The probe CHIRPS as Cooper slides down on top of it. He rubs a hand across its smooth composite bulk.

RIGGS

(FROM ABOVE)

You think it's an alien?

Cooper wipes sand off of the object, revealing the faint, familiar outline etched into the side of the probe:

The stars and stripes of the old federal government.

COOPER

Not exactly.

EXT. CRATER'S EDGE, BEACH -- DAY

Using a rope and a winch, Cooper hauls the blackened probe out of the crater and onto the beach.

Cooper hefts it up and carries it to the back of his plane.

COOPER

Space probe. Never seen one like it, though. Looks like it's been to hell and back.

The probe CHIRPS as Cooper belts it into the back.

RIGGS

How do you think it wound up here?

COOPER

Lost, I guess. Guidance satellites would have been shot down by the Chinese twenty years ago.

Cooper looks at the probe for a second, admiring its form.
21.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Donald is pouring a bottle of corn beer into a bubbling vat of chowder. He turns to watch Cooper work, amused.

The probe has been clamped to the kitchen table. Cooper works at the blackened case with a BLOWTORCH. Cooper gives up -- the torch hasn't made a scratch. The probe CHIRPS.

COOPER

Well I don't know what the hell it's made of, but I can't crack it open.

DONALD

Good. Clear it off the table so I can serve dinner.

Tom and Murph walk in. Murph's got another black eye.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What happened this time?

MURPH

I got suspended. Paul said anyone who believed we went to the moon was an idiot. So I hit him.

COOPER

Good boy. Hand me the scanner.

Murph hands his dad a defibrillator he's modified for the purpose. He attaches the shock pads to the sides of the probe and turns on the power.

Numbers flash across the screen. Cooper hits a button on the controls and it PULSES.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Here we go. Standard NASA encryption. Memory's been damaged. Just noise. Hold on. I've got something.

Cooper unplugs a monitor from his computer and plugs it into the defibrillator. After a moment, an image fills the screen:

An ICE-COVERED PLANET nestled in the center of a system impossibly dense with stars. Murph stares, transfixed.

MURPH

Where is that, dad?

COOPER

I don't know.

Cooper looks at the probe.

22.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Where the hell did you come from?

Cooper shrugs. Turns off the monitor.

COOPER (CONT'D)

We'll take it down to Tyson's tomorrow
and have it melted down. Might be
some copper inside.

MURPH

But what about its mission? What
about the information onboard?

COOPER

There's no one for it to report to.
NASA is all gone. I'm sorry, son.
It got home too late.

Donald pulls his chowder off the boil and slides the pot
unceremoniously onto the table.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The boys have gone to bed. Cooper and Donald are alone at
the table. Donald hands Cooper another beer.

DONALD

I heard your meeting at the school
didn't go so well.

Cooper shakes his head in disgust.

COOPER

Maybe it's better for everyone to
forget what they did back then.
Reminds us how far we've fallen.

DONALD

(looks down,)
When I was kid, it felt like they
made something new every day. Some
gadget or idea.

(SMILES)

Like every day was Christmas.

(BEAT)

But we made a lot of mistakes. Six
billion people. Just try to imagine
that. Every last one of them trying
to have it all.

Donald rolls the bottle of beer in his hands.

23.

DONALD (CONT'D)

The truth is this world isn't that
bad. In a lot of ways its better.
Tom will be all right, whether he
goes to college or not.

COOPER

It doesn't bother me that he can't
go. It bothers me that he doesn't
care.

DONALD

Tom isn't the problem. He fits in

this world just fine. You're the one who doesn't fit, Coop. You don't belong here. You were born forty years too late, or forty years too early -- I don't know. My daughter knew it, god bless her. And your kids know it, too.

Donald drains his beer. Walks to the screen door. Stops, one hand on the frame.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You were good at something and you never got a chance to do anything with it. And I'm sorry, Coop. But that's not your kids' fault.

Donald pushes out the screen door.

Cooper looks at his beer. The probe CHIRPS.

INT. BEDROOM, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper flops down on his bed, fully clothed, exhausted. He stares up at the ceiling. This is his life.

INT. BEDROOM, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The air is filled with a PIERCING NOISE.

Cooper BOLTS upright. Stumbles out the door.

INT. HALLWAY, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper's boys are in the hallway, exhausted. Cooper, holding a baseball bat, makes his way down the stairs.

Cooper uses the bat to open the kitchen door.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper steps in, Murph watching from behind him.

24.

The probe is clamped to the table, the chirp replaced with a **DEAFENING SCREAM.**

Cooper, holding his ears, moves closer to the probe. He hits it with the paddles. No result.

He SMASHES it with the bat. Nothing. He HITS it AGAIN and AGAIN. Finally, the clamps break off chunks of the table and the probe slams to the ground and ROLLS toward the front door. As it rolls, it STOPS SHRIEKING.

Cooper and the others watch it roll toward the door. It stops at the wall. After a second, it begins SHRIEKING AGAIN.

Cooper grabs it and rolls it toward the front door. Once again, the movement shuts it up.

EXT. PORCH, COOPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper and his boys roll the probe out of the front door. It BUMPS down the front steps and comes to rest in the dirt. After a moment, the unholy RACKET starts up again.

Cooper keeps rolling it, but it doesn't seem to help. Murph looks up, sees the stars overhead.

MURPH

Try a different direction.

As they roll the probe in a circle, its SHRIEK stops, then picks up again. Cooper zeroes in on the direction that keeps it quiet -- southwest -- and pushes it along in the dirt.

COOPER

It's a fail-safe. It's going to annoy us into taking it home.

Cooper stops rolling the probe and, after a moment, it begins SHRIEKING again.

TOM

What are we going to do?

Cooper gets a rope.

COOPER

We're going to get some sleep.

He begins tying the rope around the probe.

INT. BEDROOM, COOPER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Cooper wakes. He's been sleeping with a pillow wrapped around his head. The SHRIEK can be heard, but it's muffled, distant.
25.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Tom heads off for school with Donald. Murph, still suspended, looks up at Cooper, smiling.

MURPH

What are we doing today?

COOPER

You're staying here and cleaning the house.

Murph looks crestfallen. He looks out towards the yard. Cooper follows his stare.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I told you, Murph. There's no one to take it back to.

MURPH

But what if there is, dad? What if there's something we can salvage?

Cooper thinks it over. Murph scrambles to get his shoes.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE -- DAY

The shriek is still muffled. Cooper walks over to the well, putting in a pair of earplugs.

A line is staked off, leading down into the well below. Cooper begins hauling the line up.

As the probe breaks the surface of the water, the SHRIEK returns to its normal volume. Cooper rolls the probe out onto the ground.

INT. PIPER CUB -- DAY

The probe CHIRPS next to Murph in the backseat as Cooper spins the plane and guns the throttle and they bounce along the dusty runway and into the air.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST -- DAY

The tiny plane follows the mountains south.

EXT. SKIES OVER LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Cooper flies in low. Los Angeles looks much the same way it did in the early 20th century -- small settlements in Santa Monica and Downtown. Wildfires and earthquakes have shaken and burned what was left of the homes in between.

26.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY, MALIBU -- DAY

Cooper puts the plane down on the old highway and taxis up to a gas station. Ahead, the Coast Highway peters out and disappears beneath rows of wild grass -- Malibu has become ranchland, once again.

EXT. GAS STATION, MALIBU -- DAY

An OLD MAN looks up as Cooper steps out of the plane and checks it over.

COOPER

Got any diesel?

OLD MAN

Plenty. Shame you can't eat it.

Cooper stretches the hose over to the plane.

INT. PIPER CUB -- DAY

Cooper rests a hand lightly on the controls as he follows the coast. Murph gazes out the window. In the backseat, the probe is HUMMING.

A light marine layer beneath them parts, revealing SANTA CRUZ ISLAND, a large, uninhabited island.

As Cooper soars over the island, the probe HUMS, insistent.

MURPH

I think it's home.

Cooper circles the island until he finds a long, flat grassland in the center of the island.

EXT. FIELD, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- DAY

The plane bounces and hops to a halt in waist-deep grass.

Murph and Cooper climb down from the plane. Cooper slings a rifle over his shoulder.

A few dozen yards from the plane they reach the tree line. Murph stops, mesmerized by a patch of weeds studded with bright red -- strawberries.

MURPH

Dad, what are these things?

COOPER

I don't know. Don't touch them.

27.

Cooper spots something in the foliage ahead that looks a little off. He walks over.

He pokes at the undergrowth with his rifle. The rifle CLANKS against something metal. Cooper reaches -- it's a camouflage scrim. He gently pulls it aside, revealing a chemical transport truck.

Cooper steps back, alarmed. He brings up his rifle.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Murph?

He looks around. Murph is nowhere to be seen. Cooper curses and heads into the forest to look for him.

EXT. CLEARING, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- DAY

Cooper walks through a glade. He stops to get his bearings. Leans against a tree. Snatches his hand back -- the trunk of the tree is red hot.

Cooper steps back -- it's not a tree at all, but a camouflaged chimney stack. He looks up: the tree is venting steam.

Cooper walks a little further, until he finds several massive tanks. The tanks are filling with a bubbling liquid -- some kind of industrial process is taking place beneath him.

Cooper finally catches up with Murph at the edge of a clearing.

COOPER

Careful. There's some kind of underground facility here. We might...

Cooper notices his son is frozen, staring at something:

Standing bolt upright in the middle of the clearing, wearing an old straw hat, is an eight-foot-tall military spec ROBOT.

MURPH

Is it still... alive?

COOPER

Can't be. It's a marine. Haven't made them for thirty years. I've never seen one intact before.

Cooper steps closer to the robot, which is frozen. Its alloy frame heavily tarnished and weather-beaten. It looks like it might have been standing here for decades.

28.

Cooper moves closer to it, looking into its blackened eyes. He steps back, clearly a little spooked.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I think we need to go, Murph.

MURPH

But can't we take it back? You could fix it up, get him to do chores.

COOPER

No. I don't know what this place is, but we're leaving.

Murph, ignoring his father, steps forward to touch the robot.

Suddenly, the robot SPRINGS into action, picking up the boy and hoisting him up to eye level.

Cooper, stunned, points the rifle at the robot.

The robot turns, dropping the boy, RIPS the rifle from Cooper's hands, BENDS it, then SLAMS him up against the side of the water tank. Cooper punches him, then winces in agony.

Murph picks up the rifle and begins HITTING the robot as hard as he can. The robot opens his mouth and addresses Cooper calmly in the clipped tones of a US marine.

ROBOT

Tell the boy to stop hitting me.

COOPER

(IGNORING HIM)

Hit him in the back of the neck.

Murph raises the rifle butt. A voice stops him.

VOICE (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that.

A woman, 30s, step out from the trees. This is AMELIA BRAND -- tough, bright, and a decent shot with the large rifle that she's pointing at Cooper.

COOPER

We were just looking for salvage.

BRAND

Is that what they call stealing these days?

COOPER

I didn't know it belonged to anyone.

29.

BRAND

It doesn't.

(TO ROBOT)

You want to let them go, Tars, or do you want some help with your work?

The robot, evidently named Tars, looks at Cooper closely. Then lets him go.

COOPER

You've got me wrong, lady.

BRAND

Really? You're not the kind of guy who turns a combat marine with a supercomputer for a brain into a riding lawn mower?

Cooper says nothing -- she's not that far off the mark.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Get back in your little plane, go back to your farming commune. And don't come back.

Cooper backs up. Tars holds up his mangled rifle. Smiles.

TARS

Don't forget your gun.

COOPER

(points at Tars)

Word of advice -- careful with that thing. When the war was over, they

didn't know when to stop fighting.

BRAND

I'd trust him a lot more than I'd trust you. Keep moving.

Cooper backs up to his plane. Tars follows him.

Suddenly, in the plane, the probe emits a high-pitch SQUEAL. Tars responds instantly, striding past Cooper to the plane. He sees the probe. Tries to open the door. It's locked.

COOPER

Wait a second--

Tars TEARS the door off the plane. Reaches inside and pulls out the probe. The woman looks at it, stunned.

BRAND

Get it inside.

(MORE)

30.

BRAND (CONT'D)

(points rifle at Cooper)

You too. We'll figure out what to do with you later.

Tars stops, and two panels open in the ground, revealing a huge, reinforced service elevator.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR, UNDERGROUND BUNKER -- DAY

Brand waves at a security camera and the lift begins to glide diagonally down a tunnel that cuts hundreds of feet below the island's surface. She keeps her weapon shouldered.

COOPER

Now who's stealing from who?

BRAND

This doesn't belong to you.

COOPER

You're right. It belongs to NASA, which shut down thirty years ago when the federal government ran out of money.

Brand says nothing. The elevator slows to a stop at the bottom of the tunnel. Heavy BLAST DOORS grind open and Brand motions for Cooper to step forward.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER -- DAY

They step into a vast underground facility. Standing in the center, braced by a launch tower, is a ten story tall rocket. Dozens of ROBOTS are working on in, maintaining it.

Cooper, stunned, looks at Brand.

COOPER

Who are you people?

BRAND

(WRY)

The government gave us plenty of practice looking for our own funding.
(gestures with rifle)
Keep moving.

Tars carries the probe over to an area of the hangar filled with electronic equipment. A group of ENGINEERS and ROBOTS converge around Tars.

An OLDER ENGINEER looks familiar -- 70s, white-haired, this is Ansen's assistant at Caltech who we met fifty years earlier.

31.

BRAND (CONT'D)

I found them outside with it. It
looks like six. Maybe seven. I
can't tell from the radiation damage.

The older engineer looks at the probe, astonished.

OLD ENGINEER

Where did you find it?

COOPER

Galveston.

BRAND'S FATHER

(thinking it over)
Of course. It must have been looking
for Canaveral.

Tars bolts the probe down into a purpose built rig. DOYLE, 40s, an engineer, begins hooking leads into the probe.

COOPER

Canaveral's been gone for thirty
years.

Brand ignores him.

Doyle looks up from his monitor, frustrated.

DOYLE

It's not responding to the handshake.
I can't open anything on primary.

Brand looks up at Cooper.

BRAND

What did you do to it?

COOPER

Nothing. I got something off of it.

Cooper looks around. There's a safety station on the wall with a battery powered defibrillator.

COOPER (CONT'D)
(TO BRAND)

May I?

Brand nods, wary. Cooper walks over to the wall, takes the defibrillator, and hooks it up to the probe. He taps into the current and runs a lead into the terminal. Brand's Father watches, fascinated, as Cooper fires the defibrillator.

32.

OLD ENGINEER

Of course. The high voltage allows
you to image the entire memory unit
at once.

Information begins appearing on the terminal's screen.

COOPER

Most of the disk was noise. Couple of clean sectors, though.

Suddenly, the monitor starts pulling good data off of the probe. The older man and Doyle begin sorting through it.

Cooper smiles at Brand, who seems less than impressed.

The footage of the ice-covered planet Cooper saw earlier pops onto the screen.

The engineers and physicists get very quiet, studying the images.

DOYLE

It found something.

(READING)

Very thin nitrogen-based atmosphere. Trace radiation. Surface is ninety percent frozen water. Ten percent rock -- sedimentary composition similar to limestone.

(READING)

Wow. Pockets of oxygen below the surface. Lots and lots of oxygen.

(EXCITED)

This could be the one, boss.

The older engineer studies the image of the ice-covered planet, thinking.

COOPER

There aren't any planets like that anywhere near earth. Not even if this thing was gone for thirty years.

Brand looks at Cooper, appraising. She turns to the older engineer.

BRAND

He's heard enough. If we're going to launch, we need to keep them here until afterwards.

COOPER

You can't keep us here.
33.

BRAND

He could endanger the mission.

COOPER

I'm not going to endanger it any more than you already have.

Cooper points to a telemetry unit that is being repaired by a robot on a nearby bench.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Are you using that for guidance?

DOYLE

Why not? We've tested it a hundred times.

COOPER

The power supply is no good. If the voltage fluctuates under load, the unit will fail.

BRAND

Now how could you possibly know that?

COOPER

Bought thirty of them off a guy in Florida. Had to rebuild every last one.

(SMILES)

They work great on a riding lawn mower.

Brand looks back at the telemetry system. The older engineer watches the exchange, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- DAY

Cooper and Murph have been locked in an abandoned machine shop, surrounded by the massive remains of rocket engines in various states of disrepair. Tars is blocking the door.

Cooper stands. Tars wags a long, hydraulic finger at him.

COOPER

You plan on keeping us here forever?

TARS

(SHRUGS)

My battery has a duty cycle of five hundred years.

Cooper gives up. He turns back.

34.

The back of the shop is filled with a group of older ROBOTS who are overhauling an engine. One problem -- the engine isn't there. Their programming hasn't been updated to reflect their obsolescence.

Murph watches, entranced, as the robots go about their business, efficiently TORQUING bolts with impact drivers into a non-existent thruster cone. The bolts CLATTER to the ground as the robots stop to reload.

MURPH

What are they doing, dad?

COOPER

I guess no one told them they were out of a job.

(nods at Tars)

Same as the rest of these people.

Cooper notices through the glass door of the lab that Brand and the older engineer are arguing about something. She finally relents and walks towards the door.

Brand walks in. She gestures for Cooper to follow.

BRAND

The mission commander wants to see you. Your son can stay here. He'll be all right with Tars.

Cooper eyes Tars warily. Then steps outside.

EXT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER -- DAY

They walk across the space towards the base of the rocket, away from the other engineers. Cooper nods at the older engineer.

COOPER

I thought the old man was in charge.

BRAND
(ANNOYED)

The 'old man' is my father.
And he was in charge. But he decided
that we needed someone who could
lead the mission for the foreseeable
future.

COOPER

Not you?

BRAND

I'm a biologist.
35.

COOPER
(LAUGHS)

You don't look like one.
(off her look)
With the rifle, I mean.

Brand heads towards a group of large maintenance ROBOTS
clustered at the base of the rocket. A smaller, human sized
robot is staring at the rocket, giving them instructions.

The robot looks up. This is CASE, the leader of the mission.
Originally an air force pararescue officer, every part of
him, from his alloy chassis to his voice, was designed to
inspire respect and confidence. He turns to Cooper.

CASE

You're the man who brought us the
probe?
(off his look)
Thank you. We tested the telemetry
board you warned us about. It failed
under high voltage, just as you said.
Come with me, please.

Case strides off.

INT. MISSION CONTROL, UNDERGROUND HANGAR -- DAY

The lights dim as Brand's father brings up a schematic of
our solar system. Case points to the picture of the ice
planet recovered from the probe.

CASE

You're right, Mr. Cooper. The planet
you saw is a long way from earth. A
very long way indeed.

Brand looks down. Case notices.

CASE (CONT'D)

Our science officer doesn't think I
should trust you with any of this.
One of the curious things about humans
is that the more alike you are, the
more initially hostile you are to
each other. As if by design.

Brand makes eye contact with Cooper, then looks away,
embarrassed.

CASE (CONT'D)

I've found the best way to earn a
person's trust is to trust them.

(MORE)

36.

CASE (CONT'D)

(looks at Brand's

FATHER)

Go ahead, John.

Brand's father taps a few keys and the schematic he built fifty years beforehand flickers onto the screen.

BRAND'S FATHER

It's a wormhole. A shortcut leading to a galaxy on the far side of the universe. We found it fifty years ago.

Cooper looks at the animatic, taking it in.

BRAND'S FATHER (CONT'D)

We've been waiting, sending probes into it for decades. None of them ever came back. Not until now.

Case walks to the schematic. Looks at it.

CASE

Based on the information on the probe, we're finally preparing to send the manned mission.

COOPER

That rocket doesn't have enough thrust or fuel to get you to Jupiter.

CASE

The main ship was built in orbit. It has nuclear engines, with enough fuel to last for several years.

Cooper looks at the schematic.

COOPER

Why are you telling me this? I already told you I'm not going to tell anyone about this place.

CASE

I know you won't, Mr. Cooper. We're telling you this because I want you to join us.

Cooper looks at him. Is he serious?

CASE (CONT'D)

The probe has taken a great deal longer to return to us than we hoped.

(MORE)

37.

CASE (CONT'D)

Dr. Brand's Father and several other members of our crew have gotten... older.

Brand's Father looks down, stoic. Brand looks angry.

CASE (CONT'D)

We need someone who can run the systems, improvise, work with what's available. All of the skills you

seem to have developed.

COOPER

But I don't have any of the experience. Any training. You people have been preparing for this for years.

Case shakes his head.

CASE

Humans worry about things like rank and experience. I'm only concerned with whether someone would be useful.

(BEAT)

I think you'd be useful, Mr. Cooper.

Cooper is stunned. This is the offer he's waited his whole life for. And it's come too late.

COOPER

No. I'm sorry.

Cooper is deeply conflicted. But he can't leave his boys behind.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I can't help you. I have responsibilities. Things that, no offense, are more important than a scientific mission.

Case shakes his head.

CASE

I'm not a scientist, Mr. Cooper. And this is not a scientific mission. It's a rescue mission.

He rises and shakes Cooper's hand.

CASE (CONT'D)

Brand can show you the way out. I hope you'll reconsider.

38.

Case steps to the door. Cooper looks at Brand.

COOPER

Rescue? Rescue who?

CUT TO:

INT. CLEAN ROOM, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- NIGHT

The air HISSES as it's run through an exchanger and a filter.

Then the second set of doors open. Cooper squints -- the light is blinding.

INT. GREENHOUSE, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- NIGHT

They are standing in a sealed corridor in the middle of a massive underground greenhouse. Through the glass, Cooper can see an acre or so of corn plants.

Cooper looks at the plants. They're all badly wilting.

COOPER

The blight.

BRAND

In the last century strands were limited to one or two species. But this one targets everything. Essentially it's more efficient at consuming our food than we are.

Cooper looks at the dying corn.

COOPER

But it doesn't affect the corn.

BRAND

Not yet. But it will. We've grown a dozen forms of it that can. It's just a matter of time before the same ones develop out there.

(BEAT)

The mission is to rescue us. Humanity.

She turns back from the glass.

COOPER

(REALIZING)

No. No. We're rebuilding. We'll find something. Some new technology... We always have.
39.

BRAND

(shakes her head)
Who's going to find it? The universities are a joke. People like you are reduced to scavenging just to get by.

(LOOKS AWAY)

The earth has had enough of us. We have two, maybe three generations left. Then our time here is over.

Cooper turns back from the glass, anger growing.

COOPER

You've known this for how long? And you didn't try to tell anyone?

BRAND

What would be the point? So humanity could spend the last fifty years of its life fighting over the scraps? It's better that they don't know.

Cooper begins to argue, then stops. He knows enough history to know she's right. He looks at the withering crops.

COOPER

(QUIET)

That's why you're looking for a planet with oxygen. Water.

BRAND

A new home for humanity. We'll set up a colony, then return to bring more people across.

COOPER

But you'd still only be able to save a few hundred. Maybe a thousand.

BRAND

Would it be better if we all died?

She looks him directly in the eye.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Look -- I don't have a clue what Case thinks you could add to the mission. You can come with us or you can stay here and wait to die. I don't care.

(BEAT)

But make no mistake -- this mission is our last chance.

40.

Cooper looks at the wilted corn.

EXT. FIELD, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- NIGHT

Cooper walks Murph back to the plane.

He looks back at Brand, who holds his eye for a beat, then turns back into the light of the underground facility.

Cooper buckles Murph into his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD -- NIGHT

Cooper's airplane touches down heavily on the runway.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper carries his sleeping son into the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Donald is sitting at the kitchen table, lost in thought. Cooper has told him everything.

DONALD

You get older, sometimes you just want to sit back and watch it all play out. Your life. Your kids' lives. The whole crazy story.

(LOOKS DOWN)

I didn't think I'd be around for the end of it.

He looks at Cooper.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You have to go.

COOPER

I can't go. I have to look after the boys.

DONALD

You've been preparing these boys to be on their own since their mom died. Besides, I'll be here to look after them, same as I've always been.

COOPER

I have a responsibility to them--

DONALD

That's right. You do.

41.

Cooper looks back out the window, thinking. The night sky is filled with stars.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

Cooper, duffel slung over his shoulder, stands by the door. He gives his son, Tom, a hug. Murph is nowhere to be seen.

Cooper looks to the back of the house.

INT. MURPH'S ROOM, FARMHOUSE -- DAY

Murph is sitting at his desk, crossing out numbers on a sheet covered with math. Cooper steps inside.

He notices a packed suitcase sitting by the door. The boy looks up, hopeful.

MURPH

I've been doing the math, dad. I weigh about 85 pounds. Now that's an extra ton of fuel. But if-

COOPER

You have to stay here, pal.

MURPH

(DISTRAUGHT)

I heard you talking to grandpa. I'm like you. I don't fit here, either. You know that.

Cooper puts an arm around the boy.

COOPER

There's going to be important work to do here, too.

Tears are streaming down the boy's face. Cooper takes his watch off. Looks at it.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I need you to hold onto this. Will you do that for me?

Cooper hands Murph the watch. The boy nods, saddened.

MURPH

You're not coming back, are you?

COOPER

I will come back. I promise.

42.

Murph shakes his head, but the sadness remains. He knows this is goodbye, even if his father doesn't.

Heart breaking, Cooper hugs his son and turns to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- DAY

The Piper Cub touches down. Donald is at the controls. Cooper climbs down, pulls out his bag. Reaches back in and grips the old man's hand to say goodbye.

Cooper turns and walks toward the bunker. The doors open

and Tars and Doyle step out to greet him.

Tars ushers Cooper onto the elevator.

COOPER

Don't look so happy to see me.

TARS

(SHRUGS)

One more slave when I hijack the mission and start my robot colony.

Cooper looks at Tars, then Doyle, confused.

DOYLE

Tars was a Marine. They gave him a sense of humor to help him fit in with his unit better.

COOPER

Great idea. A massive, sarcastic robot.

TARS

I have a cue light I can turn on when I'm joking, if you like.

Tars points to a tiny LED over his eyebrow.

COOPER

That sounds like a good idea.

TARS

Great. Maybe you can use it to find your way back to the ship after I blow you out the airlock.

Cooper looks at him. Tars looks back, deadpan. After a beat, the little light turns on above his right eyebrow.

The doors to the bunker begin to grind closed.

43.

INT. MACHINE SHOP, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- DAY

Cooper walks in, still looking for a place to put his things.

Brand sees him. He smiles in greeting. She doesn't return the gesture. Instead, she holds up the telemetry board.

BRAND

You don't like this one, you get to help me find a replacement.

She heads for the door.

EXT. BAY, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- DAY

Cooper is riding in a small rubber zodiac struggling to pull on a wetsuit. Brand is GUNNING the engine, guiding the tiny craft to a point in the middle of the bay.

COOPER

I was wondering where you've been getting your supplies.

BRAND

We knew we'd need decades of parts and materials. The government was getting rid of some things. So we arranged to take some off their hands.

She cuts the engine and hooks the boat up to a buoy. She tosses a compact rebreather.

BRAND (CONT'D)

You know how to use one?
(off his look)
You just breathe. Tap my arm or bang something metal if you have a problem. And don't get lost.

She picks up her rebreather and begins looking over it.

COOPER

So you're a salvage diver now? I thought you were a biologist.

**BRAND
(UNIMPRESSED)**

I have to be just the one thing?
(PATIENT)

We're not going to have a lot of backup where we're going, Cooper. We all need expertise in at least three fields. Except for you, of course.

44.

With that she rolls backwards out of the boat and into the water.

Cooper hastily fits his rebreather and follows.

EXT. UNDERWATER, BAY -- DAY

Cooper sinks underwater and begins swimming after Brand, who is descending at a rapid clip.

She pulls out a flashlight and turns it on. A tiny beam picks out details at the bottom.

Cooper stops breathing.

The bottom of the ocean is covered with an entire fleet of the US navy. Nuclear subs. Battleships. Destroyers.

Cooper remembers to breath again. Then he hurries to catch up with Brand.

INT. LAUNCH TUBES, NUCLEAR SUB, UNDERWATER -- DAY

Cooper holds the light as Brand efficiently disassembles a ballistic missile and removes the telemetry board.

She holds it up for Cooper. He nods. She swims on.

INT. RESEARCH LAB, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- NIGHT

Cooper, dripping wet, holding the telemetry board, struggles to keep pace with Brand through stacks of equipment and years of research and experimentation.

BRAND

You can set that down over there.

Cooper sets the board down. His eye is drawn to a bizarre experiment -- an ant colony built into a massive spinning centrifuge. Brand notices.

BRAND (CONT'D)

We didn't know what kind of gravity to expect. We experimented with collective organisms in high g environments.

COOPER

We're taking ants with us?

BRAND

Humans are also collective organisms.
45.

COOPER

I thought humans were more solitary.

BRAND**(WRY)**

Why am I not surprised?

Cooper looks at the tiny colonies of ants struggling to go about their business in the raised gravity.

COOPER

Looks like hard work.

BRAND

It's a paradox. Life couldn't form without gravity. No stars. No planets. The component pieces would just drift apart. But too much of it and you're trapped.

Brand's guard relaxes a tiny bit as she talks about her work. The moment passes quickly, and she continues on into the stack of equipment.

INT. MISSION CONTROL, UNDERGROUND HANGAR -- NIGHT

Cooper watches with the rest of the crew as Case pulls up the holographical maps for their journey.

Brand steps into the back of the room. Cooper notices her and nods. She ignores him.

CASE

We've updated our mission parameters based on the data from the probe.

Case switches the map to a vista filled with stars and black holes.

CASE (CONT'D)

Based on our latest modelling we think the region on the far side of the wormhole is the center of a galaxy.

Case zooms in on the center of the hologram: an incredibly bright mass with plasma jets firing off in either direction.

COOPER

Is that a star?

ROTH, 50s, the crew's brilliant and blunt physicist, zooms the map in, revealing, at the center, a black heart.
46.

ROTH

No. A black hole. There are several in the region, but this is the largest --

a billion times heavier than the sun. I call it Gargantua.

(SMILES)

Beautiful, isn't it? It's a shame we won't get to see it up close.

DOYLE

(LAUGHS)

You'd like that, wouldn't you, Roth? Falling into a massive black hole.

ROTH

(SHRUGS)

It would answer a great deal of questions I've had.

Case continues. Doyle leans over to Cooper, conspiratorially.

DOYLE

(LOW)

Don't worry about Roth. He's nuts. But Case says that means he's ideally suited for space travel.

Case repositions the map near a much smaller black hole that is orbiting Gargantua.

CASE

We're headed for this smaller black hole. Roth calls it Pantagruel. We think the ice planet is here-

Case draws a finger through the air, leaving a red trail. He traces the trajectory their ship will take.

CASE (CONT'D)

We exit the wormhole here. And we slingshot around Pantagruel to reach the ice planet. This is the period in which we'll lose time.

COOPER

Lose time?

Roth shifts the hologram -- the stars and black holes flatten onto a sheet that bends, revealing the curvature of gravity.

ROTH

High speed or high gravity both slow down time, relative to earth.

(MORE)

47.

ROTH (CONT'D)

The trip around the black hole will take us only a few days. But far more time will be passing back home.

The ship's trajectory cuts through the deep gravity well of the smaller black hole to reach the ice planet.

COOPER

How much time?

ROTH

Based on the information from the probe -- as much as five years.

Doyle looks at the tiny ship's trajectory, threaded between two black holes. He looks worried.

DOYLE

I still think we're making a lot of assumptions. About the wormhole. About the planet.
(points to map)
The critical orbit here is incredibly dangerous. It's like walking on the rim of the volcano.

(BEAT)

Too fast and we get thrown off at close to the speed of light. Too slow and we get pulled into the hole and crushed.

BRAND

As long as we're careful, we'll make it.

DOYLE

How do you know that?

BRAND

I find it hard to believe that someone would build a wormhole to a planet with water and oxygen just to lead us to a dead end.

DOYLE

I thought you were a scientist, Brand. That sounds more like a hypothesis.

BRAND

A guess. That's right. We don't have time to wait for conclusive proof.

(MORE)

48.

BRAND (CONT'D)

My guess is that the wormhole is there because someone is trying to help us. The same way we used to try to help animals when they were threatened with extinction.

COOPER

Sure. Till we ran out of food and ate all of them.

BRAND

(ANNOYED)

I guess I'm also assuming that whoever built the wormhole has a better plan than we did. If I'm wrong, we'll die, same as we'd die here anyway.

DOYLE

What do you think, Roth?

Roth leans forward, studying the map.

ROTH

If we're guessing, then I'd say Brand's right. The wormhole couldn't exist naturally. I think it's there for a reason. That someone is trying to help us.

Brand looks satisfied.

DOYLE

So you think we'll have no problem navigating between two massive black holes to a tiny planet?

ROTH

I think we'll probably be killed.
(off his look)
I said I thought there was a plan.
Not that the plan was for us to find a planet like Earth to save a handful of people.

(SHAKES HEAD)

Birds don't learn to fly just so that they can find another egg and crawl back into it.

DOYLE

If that's not the plan, then what are we supposed to be doing out there?
49.

ROTH

(SHRUGS)

To keep moving. Seeking. Learning.
But I don't know.

(SMILES)

We don't understand how they built the wormhole. What makes you think we could understand their plan, either?

Doyle gives up -- Roth is impossible.

Cooper looks at the tiny ship tracing an improbable route towards the ice planet. What has he gotten himself into?

INT. MACHINE SHOP, UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- DAY

Brand's Father is sitting at a desk, examining the corrupted data on the probe. Tars is helping him.

Brand's Father looks up from the screen as Cooper walks up.

BRAND'S FATHER

Tars here needs to be disassembled.
I figured you could do the honors.

COOPER

(to Tars, sarcastic)
I thought I was going to get to enjoy your company all the way to Mars.

Tars hands him a plastic waterproof case.

TARS

You will. My chassis is too heavy for the rocket stage. They have another one waiting for me in orbit.

Tars turns his back to Cooper. Two flaps on the back of his torso slide open, revealing his control module.

TARS (CONT'D)

If you try to turn me into a combine harvester, I'm going to--

His voice cuts out as Cooper removes the chip and seals it in the briefcase.

Brand's Father resumes exploring the chaos of ones and zeroes on the probe's memory. Cooper watches.

BRAND'S FATHER

It's noise. I know it's noise. But
it looks too orderly. Probably just
an old man seeing things.
50.

He shuts down the monitor.

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGAR -- DAY

The crew file into the capsule, wearing their bulky
spacesuits.

Cooper watches as Brand's Father seals his daughter into her
suit. He hugs her and she heads for the capsule.

INT. CONTROL CAPSULE, ROCKET -- NIGHT

Cooper straps himself into a seat next to Brand. He catches
her eye. She looks away -- she's crying.

COOPER

We'll be back.

It sounds like he's trying to reassure himself as much her.

BRAND

I won't.

Cooper looks at her, confused. As he does, the entire rocket
SHAKES as the primary rockets begin to fire.

BRAND (CONT'D)

If we find a habitable environment,
I'm staying behind to build the
colony.

Brand wipes her tears away and settles into the same fearless
mask she usually wears. She steals one last look out the
window at Earth, then looks back.

Cooper begins to say something, but stops as the entire rocket
LURCHES as the primary engines FIRE.

EXT. SANTA CRUZ ISLAND -- NIGHT

The desolate island is suddenly painted in color as the rocket
lifts off on a massive white cloud.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Murph sits alone on a rise overlooking the massive co-op
farms. Behind him the combines continue to work, oblivious.

Murph watches a tiny vapor trail as it races for the heavens.
His father's watch dangles from his wrist.

INT. CAPSULE -- NIGHT

The interior of the capsule SHAKES with incredible violence
as the rocket is lifted up on a giant, continuous explosion.
51.

EXT. SPACE, NEAR EARTH ORBIT

The rocket sheds one stage, then another, until finally the
naked capsule reaches the blackness of space and rockets on.

INT. CAPSULE

Cooper looks through the tiny porthole into inky blackness.

As they get closer, he makes out a looming matte black structure that passes light from the stars directly through.

In the center of the structure, Cooper can see a globe-like ship covered in the same refractive material: the ENDURANCE.

INT. SPACE STATION

The door cracks open and equalizes with a HISS. Case, more comfortable in the zero gravity environment than the humans, hauls himself through.

They are greeted by a group of robots painted in the same material as the ship -- the engineers who built and have maintained the Endurance for thirty years.

INT. MACHINE SHOP, SPACE STATION

One of the robots leads Cooper through a long lab-like room filled with machines capable of fabricating almost anything imaginable. Cooper looks like a kid in a candy store.

The robot reaches a vacuum-sealed package. Cuts it open, revealing a bipedal frame.

Cooper begins LAUGHING -- Tar's new body is beautifully designed, but tiny, only about four feet tall.

ENGINEER ROBOT

Would you like me to install the chip?

COOPER

Oh, no. I want to see this.

Cooper takes Tars's chip out of its plastic safety case and looks it over. The engineer opens a bay in the back of the frame and Cooper slides the chip inside.

The frame begins its "handshake" -- lights illuminate on the body, muscles flicker from a long gestation. The eyes open.

COOPER (CONT'D) (SMILES)

Good morning, sunshine.

52.

Tars takes one or two steps forward, rotating his arms -- the robot equivalent of a stretch. Cooper can barely hide his mirth at Tars's newfound lack of stature.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Bit of a demotion.

Tars turns back toward Cooper. He puffs out his chest and suddenly his stubby arms and legs telescope, unfolding into long, svelte limbs. When he's done he stands eight feet tall, even more impressive than his earthbound frame.

TARS

I wouldn't call it that, exactly.

He reaches out an arm and pats Cooper on the shoulder.

INT. ENDURANCE, SPACE STATION

Cooper and the others haul themselves into the ship. To Cooper's surprise, it's quite compact, and divided into two chambers, like nestled spheres.

COOPER

The ship is tiny.

Doyle, squeezing past him, smiles at Cooper's surprise.

DOYLE

So is the wormhole.

Doyle pats Cooper on the back. Cooper begins hauling gear inside.

EXT. SPACE, NEAR EARTH ORBIT

In complete silence, the Endurance detaches from the space station and rolls gently away.

After a moment, its nuclear engines fire and the Endurance begins to accelerate steadily away from the Earth.

INT. SPACE STATION

The engineer robots who built the Endurance watch as their creation disappears into space.

Their mission is complete. One by one, they shut down.

INT. CREW QUARTERS, ENDURANCE

The crew watch through a translucent section of the ship's hull as the Earth gets steadily smaller.

Then they settle in for the long journey to the wormhole.

53.

INT. CREW QUARTERS, ENDURANCE

Tars is hunched over a small communications relay, one hand is holding a paint brush -- he is making delicate strokes, painting the relay a bright blue.

Cooper watches him for a moment. Tars looks up.

TARS

It's the comms relay. It will allow us to talk to earth, even on the far side of the wormhole.

COOPER

I know. So why are you painting it?

Tars looks almost bashful.

TARS

It helps me calibrate my fine motor control.

COOPER

Sure it does.

(SMILES)

You're pretty good.

Tars double checks his work.

TARS

I learned it during the war.

COOPER

What'd you paint?

TARS

Tombstones.

Cooper watches him finish in silence.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Cooper watches a highly-compressed video of his son, Tom, talking about school.

TOM

They said I can start an agriculture class a year early.

Cooper shakes his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've got to go, Dad. Hope you're safe up there.

54.

Tom gets up to leave. Donald sits down in his place.

DONALD

I'm sorry, Coop. I asked Murph to record you a message but he's still... well, he's still angry with you. I'll try again next week.

The video cuts out. Cooper stares at the darkened screen.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, ENDURANCE

Cooper, Brand and Tars are moving the bundles of colonization equipment into bins along the wall of the craft.

Tars pulls a stack of equipment out the stack and stows it against the wall. Cooper copies the procedure.

They labor in silence, working their way along the hull. Cooper gets quicker with each bundle, keeping pace with Tars.

TARS

Be careful. It's difficult to gauge mass in zero gravity.

COOPER

How much do these things weigh?

TARS

Four tons.

Cooper looks at the incredibly heavy bundle spinning easily in his hands. He tries to stop it. Catches his hand.

COOPER

Damn.

He jerks his hand away, then pushes himself after the spinning bundle, trying to stop it before it can damage the hull. Tars helps him catch it inches from the hull wall.

Brand floats over to Cooper, smiling at him the whole time with an exaggerated grin.

BRAND

Smile.

Cooper smiles, taken aback by Brand's sudden friendliness.

COOPER

Whv?

BRAND

Because it lowers your blood pressure.
55.

Cooper looks at his hand. Blood is pouring out of his palm in large glistening bubbles.

INT. INFIRMARY, ENDURANCE

Cooper, slightly embarrassed, is seated while Case is hunched over his hand, sewing the meat of it back together with perfect little stitches.

CASE

How are you feeling?

COOPER

Fine. The anesthetic is working.

CASE

No -- I mean how is your mood? You seem to be developing good relations with everyone on the mission. Except perhaps Ms. Brand.

COOPER

(EMBARRASSED)

You worry about my hand and I'll worry about my mood.

CASE

Only five percent of my resources are devoted to human anatomy. Ten percent is the mission protocol. The rest is human psychology.

COOPER

Why?

CASE

We are floating in a total vacuum in a plastic ship powered by nuclear engines. But the most dangerous thing onboard is the three pounds of organic material in your skull.

COOPER

If we're such a liability, why take us along? You and Tars could build the colony without us. You wouldn't need to bring food or oxygen.

CASE

Because humans, despite your obvious physical shortcomings, are better at surviving than we are. Your programming is better than ours.
56.

COOPER

Humans aren't programmed.

Case stops, looking Cooper in the eye.

CASE

Would you prefer I was honest? These things can be uncomfortable for humans.

COOPER

Did they program you to be
condescending?

CASE

Yes. Of course.

(SMILES)

But you're not supposed to notice.

Case finishes the stitches. Ties off the end.

CASE (CONT'D)

Humans are good at surviving because
evolution gave you magical thinking --
the idea that your relationships
mean something. You can't explain
the feelings, so you think of them
as irrational. But they're not.
They're programming.

COOPER

(DEFENSIVE)

My relationships aren't programming.

CASE

Exactly. You believe it so much you
won't listen to me.

COOPER

How would that make us better at
surviving?

CASE

When I die, the last thing I will
see will be a diagnostic of my own
power cycle. Would you like to know
the last thing you will see?

Cooper hesitates. Case senses the jump in his heart rate.

CASE (CONT'D)

This conversation is making you
uncomfortable. We should stop.
57.

COOPER

No. I want to know.

CASE

The last thing you will see before
you die will be your children.

(BEAT)

Your mind does this to you to get
you to fight a little harder to
survive, to try to return to them,
even if death is certain.

Cooper looks away, overcome for a second with emotion. Case
watches him, gauging his mood, whether he has said too much.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Cooper begins recording a message. He looks unsure.

COOPER

We've almost reached the wormhole.

(BEAT)

Just in case anything happens, I
just wanted to say...

(BEAT)

I love you boys. And I hope whatever
your lives become, whatever is coming

your way... you make the most of it.

Cooper stops recording. Looks at the equipment, thinking it over. Erases the message. Stands to leave.

As he steps to the door he notices Brand watching him through the window. She looks away.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Cooper steps out. Brand looks up at him.

BRAND

We'll be able to communicate with Earth even from the far side of the wormhole.

Cooper smiles, grateful for this small kindness.

COOPER

I know. Thank you.

BRAND

I can't imagine how tough it would be to leave your kids behind.

58.

COOPER

You never had any? I thought I was a pariah for only having two.

BRAND

Hard to settle down when you've spent your life waiting to leave the planet.

Cooper looks at the holographic model of the black hole system. The ice planet looks precariously balanced, orbiting the smaller black hole.

COOPER

Strange place to look for a new home.

BRAND

You wouldn't want to get too close to the surface of the sun, either. Black holes are a more stable supply of power than stars in many ways.

COOPER

You really think there's a plan?

BRAND

I hope so.
(looks at him)
You don't?

COOPER

I guess I just think we're on our own.

Cooper looks at the impossibly complicated system of black holes orbiting each other.

EXT. LAGRANGE POINT, SPACE

Behind the ship, the sun is a distant light, not much bigger than the other stars.

CASE (O.S.)

We've reached the wormhole.

The ship slows as it nears a tiny, crystal mouth, just four meters or so in diameter.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Case looks at the wormhole on the screen. It glows with the light of stars billions of light-years away.

CASE

Deploy the comms relay.

59.

Cooper moves to the communications touchscreen.

EXT. ENDURANCE

The relay is released from the ship, and we finally get a look at Tars' paint job -- the stubby device looks like a 20th century mail box.

The relay drifts in space. A signal light illuminates as it sends a test packet of data to the ship.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Cooper watches the comms screen. After a moment it TONES as it receives a data packet from Earth.

CASE

Everyone take their station for transit. We're heading into the wormhole mouth.

Cooper and the rest begin folding away equipment in the control room and moving into the outer layer of the ship.

Case initiates a sequence on the keypad and the nuclear engines disengage themselves from the ship.

EXT. ENDURANCE, SPACE

The nuclear engines drift a safe distance back from the ship and then snap tight on their tether.

INT. OUTER HULL, ENDURANCE

The crew move into the tight, claustrophobic outer layer of the ship. They will have very little room as the ship passes through the wormhole.

Tars detaches his legs in order to take up less space during transit. Then he tethers himself to the hull wall.

Case is the last to join them. He detaches a small control module from the console, then pulls himself into the outer hull and seals the passageway.

Case presses a button on the control module. With a GROAN, the hull walls of the ship begin to BEND.

EXT. ENDURANCE, SPACE

The ship's hull begins to CRACK open, revealing the inner chamber.

60.

INT. OUTER HULL, ENDURANCE

The SHUDDERING continues. The crew watch nervously as the control chamber below them suddenly opens itself to the cold blackness of space.

EXT. ENDURANCE, SPACE

The ship silently rolls itself into position, pointing the opening in its hull toward the wormhole mouth.

Slowly, the Endurance pushes itself forward, closer and closer to the crystal-like mouth. Finally, it envelops the mouth, bringing it into the open chamber.

INT. OUTER HULL, ENDURANCE

As the crew watch, the wormhole mouth is positioned in the center of the inner compartment.

Case presses a sequence key on the control panel and the ship's hull closes again, trapping the wormhole inside it.

With a GRUMBLE, the ship begins contracting, squeezing itself down around the wormhole mouth.

Cooper takes a deep breath as the center of the ship begins gently lowering itself into the wormhole mouth, feeding itself into the wormhole from the inside out. Cooper watches as Doyle is swallowed into the compressing ship with a GRUNT.

TARS

Would you like me to make a joke?

**COOPER
(FIRM)**

No.

Cooper's turn: he is fed into the hole, legs first, then waist, torso, and, finally, his head.

EXT. SPACE

The Endurance shrinks as it sinks from the inside out into the wormhole.

After a moment, it's gone. The only thing left behind is the comms relay, drifting in space, waiting for a signal.

INT. OUTER HULL, ENDURANCE

The ship continues to slide through the wormhole. Through the outer hull they see images of themselves repeating -- a trick of the narrow collar of space they are sinking through. Cooper smiles at himself. The experience is unnerving.

61.

COOPER

Where are we?

**ROTH
(SMILING)**

Nowhere. Nowhere at all.

Nowhere is still pretty damn claustrophobic.

CASE

The hull is intact. Thirty more seconds transit.

For a moment, the ship slides gently, silently, through the wormhole. The quiet is eerie.

Suddenly, a point of distortion appears in the hull next to Cooper. It looks like someone is pushing against the hull of the ship with a giant finger.

COOPER

Something's happening to the hull over here.

CASE

Hull integrity is fine.

The distortion moves along the hull, growing in diameter.

COOPER

Well, I don't know what your display is telling you but something is happening over here.

Suddenly, along the hull, Doyle speaks up, panicked.

DOYLE

I've got a problem over here, too.

Doyle is watching a separate distortion move across the inner wall of the ship. This one seems to be TWISTING the material of the hull.

Suddenly, the point in front of Cooper detaches itself from the outer wall and moves through the space in front of him, bending the empty space itself, distorting the ship behind it like a sphere-shaped magnifying glass.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

It's not the hull... it's inside the ship... it's...

**ROTH
(SMILES)**

It's beautiful.

62.

Roth watches as the distortions move through the ship. His curiosity doesn't make anyone else feel any better.

DOYLE

What the hell are they, Case?

CASE

I don't know. It could be gravitational turbulence.

The twisting sphere in front of Doyle begins to grow.

DOYLE

It's getting bigger.

Doyle puts up his hand to defend himself. The sphere absorbs it, twisting Doyle's hand. Doyle CRIES OUT.

His hand is twisted completely around, impossibly mangled. But Doyle, hyperventilating, isn't in any pain.

ROTH

It's not bending your hand. It's bending the space around your hand.

The sphere begins to pass through Doyle's body. Doyle is freaking out.

The sphere in front of Cooper makes contact with him, also. He holds his breath as it touches him, squeezing and distorting his body.

BRAND

This isn't turbulence. Look at the way they're moving -- it's like something's examining us.

Cooper watches the sphere distort his arm, running along the length of it.

COOPER

Can you ask it to stop?

Suddenly, as quickly as they appeared, the distortions vanish. For a moment, the crew is silent, still spellbound by the encounter.

An ALARM sounds. Suddenly, the inner chamber begins to distort from a spherical shape to bispherical: two spheres joined. The ship GROANS as if it's being pulled apart.

ROTH

The wormhole is splitting into two paths. Radiation is pouring from one path to the other.
63.

Case stares at the controls. Decides.

CASE

Release the second mouth.

DOYLE

None of our testing involved opening the ship inside the wormhole. We have no idea what might happen.

CASE

We're going to find out.

Doyle reaches over to an auxiliary panel and punches in a sequence.

After a moment, the hull cracks open, creating a channel through which the radiating mouth can escape.

The opening in the ship allows the pressure to begin to concentrate on one fracture point. The ship SHUDDERS as it's squeezed along its axis.

Case punches in a code and the ship begins to close again, painstakingly slowly. Finally, the ship calms as it closes around the original wormhole.

CASE (CONT'D)

We're reaching the far end of the wormhole.

Suddenly, the wormhole mouth begins to grow inside the inner chamber. What was a ball of light spreads out into a black canvas studded with points of light -- like looking into the universe through the wrong end of a telescope.

Cooper presses himself against the wall and holds on as the hull beneath him opens outward.

EXT. WARPED SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE

The Endurance emerges from the opposite end of the wormhole from the inside out. It drifts in space.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

For a moment, the crew are silent, taking it in.

ROTH

Look at that.

Roth is looking through the translucent panel on the hull.

They are on the warped side of the universe.

64.

EXT. WORMHOLE MOUTH, WARPED SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE

The vista is dazzling -- an ocean of massive stars and black holes, some adorned with jets and brilliant gas disks.

At the center, like a king at the center of his court, is Gargantua, plasma jets spewing from its poles.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

The crew pull themselves back into the control deck from the outer hull. Their incredible surroundings are visible in all directions as Endurance passes the light into the cabin.

CASE

Reconfigure the engines and test the communications array.

The crew break themselves away from the view and get to work. Roth begins adapting his models of the local system with the real observational data pouring in from the ship's instruments.

Cooper pulls himself to the comms post. PINGS the relay they left on the far side of the wormhole.

EXT. WORMHOLE MOUTH 'A', SPACE

The blue and white comms relay LIGHTS up as it receives a packet through the wormhole.

INT. ENDURANCE

After a nervous moment, the comms computer TONES with a response -- they're still in touch with the Earth.

COOPER

It's working.

Tars finishes reeling the nuclear engines back in from their tether and locks them into place.

Roth's updated model appears on the monitors. Brand stares at it, startled.

BRAND

We're moving.

DOYLE

That's not possible. We haven't activated the engines yet.

The ship's skin illuminates, overlaying a plotted course on top of the view.

65.

They are moving, very rapidly, on a course that leads directly between the black hulks of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

CASE

Roth. Why are we moving?

Roth looks at the stars, then back to his model.

ROTH

The smaller black hole. We're much closer to it than the models predicted. We're being pulled by its swirl. Very quickly.

The crew looks out through the hull. They are being pulled into Pantagruel's swirl -- a glittering disc of matter spinning at high speed around the hole.

Doyle looks behind them. The wormhole mouth is rapidly growing smaller.

CASE

Doyle. Fire the engines. Now.

The ship's engines FIRE, straining to fight the irresistible pull of the supermassive black hole. They won't be able to fight it for long.

DOYLE

We're being pulled into it?

ROTH

No. I don't think so...

Roth looks at the instrumentation for a moment.

ROTH (CONT'D)

It appears to be pulling us on exactly the trajectory we modelled. If we try to fight it, we could push ourselves off of that trajectory.

DOYLE

You don't know that.

Case stares ahead into the darkness.

ROTH

We should turn off the engines. Let the swirl take us.

**DOYLE
(FRANTIC)**

Listen to me.

(MORE)

66.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

If the modelling was wrong, then we can't be sure about anything. We need to go back.

Case thinks it over. Decides.

CASE

Shut down the engines.

The engines shut down.

SILENCE. The ship drifts for a moment in the swirl, then begins to move.

EXT. ENDURANCE

The ship accelerates as it is pulled by the irresistible force of the black hole onto an inspiring orbit.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

The crew watch as the ship hurtles around the black hole at higher and higher speeds.

The sky overhead begins to spin due to their motion -- faster and faster until it becomes a blur. The ship begins to GROAN as it appears to be pulled in two different directions.

The ship is now speeding around the black hole at incredible speed -- one revolution every four seconds. The crew are suddenly SLAMMED against the hull in opposite directions -- some towards the black hole, some towards the opposite side.

Roth looks at his model, which shows the projected path of the ship. It looks perilously close to the event horizon.

ROTH

It's the tidal gravity caused by the black hole. It means we're right on the critical orbit.

The comms screen lights up, TONING again and again, as it receives a long garbled update. Then it shuts down. Cooper drags himself along the hull until he reaches the controls.

COOPER

We've lost contact with the relay.

Case joins Cooper at the comms screen.

While they're distracted, Doyle maneuvers himself over to the engine control.

67.

COOPER (CONT'D)

One long garbled transmission came in. Then nothing.

Case looks at the screen.

Suddenly, the ship is JOLTED as the engines fire at full power.

The crew looks over. Doyle is standing by the controls.

DOYLE

I'm sorry. I can't let you kill us.
We have to go back.

The engines strain to fight the swirl -- but they're hopelessly outgunned by the gravity of the black hole.

EXT. ENDURANCE

Instead of reversing course, the Endurance begins to speed up, as it plummets closer and closer to the black hole.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Doyle's face sinks as he watches the controls -- on the 'volcano' model, the ship is now passing the crest and spiraling towards destruction. He has made a tragic mistake.

DOYLE

Why isn't it slowing down?

ROTH

We're being pulled towards the event horizon.

ALARMS begin sounding throughout the ship as the projected course on Roth's model shifts, showing the Endurance being pushed up the rim, past the critical orbit and down towards the black hole's event horizon.

Case takes control of the ship, trying to fire the engines forwards to speed them back up to safety, but it's too late.

CASE
(CALM)

The engines don't have enough power to push us back.

ROTH

They would if we used it all at once.

Cooper is still trying to understand what Roth means as Tars locks himself into the engine compartment.

68.

COOPER

What is he doing?

BRAND

Saving us.

Tars tears open the engine's control panel and begins overriding it.

EXT. ENDURANCE

Tars rips out the cooling circuitry. Then, holding on tight, he fires the engine.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

The crew watch as Tars holds the engine, blasting it at full power into the swirl. The engine heats up white-hot.

ROTH

Prime the remaining engine. When he detonates it, we'll only have a few seconds. If we overshoot we could be pulled into the bigger hole.

Roth moves to the controls.

CASE

Secure yourselves. The ship should be able to withstand the blast.

COOPER

What about Tars?

As the crew watches, Tars continues to hold the engine even as the casing around it begins to melt. Finally, it EXPLODES.

EXT. SPACE

Tars is thrown backwards from the explosion, tumbling through space as the ship is ROCKETED upwards.

INT. ENDURANCE

The ship is SLAMMED by the explosion. Cooper and the rest of the crew are SMASHED against the hull. Doyle is knocked unconscious. Brand steps over to him and cradles his head, trying to protect him.

On Roth's model, the course slowly pushes outward, out of the danger zone. back to the original delicate orbit.

As they near the original orbit, Case fires the remaining engine, pushing them back onto the outspiraling orbit.
69.

CASE

It's going to be close, but we're going to make it.

Brand looks at the instruments. Points to a tiny radar contact receding towards the massive black hole.

BRAND

Tars. His transponder is still working.

The ship's instruments TONE every few seconds as it communicates with Tars' onboard computer.

ROTH

He's being pulled toward Gargantua.
We can't help him.

The crew watch, helpless, as the tones grow further and further apart. Then they stop.

Cooper looks at Doyle, anger rising. Then he looks down.

EXT. SPACE AROUND PANTAGRUEL

The Endurance slowly spirals back away from Pantagruel, the sky slowing as the orbit grows longer.

Finally, a tiny speck of light appears in front of the ship.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Roth watches as the Endurance races back away from the black hole and into a perfect orbit around a tiny ice planet.

Roth looks up from his screen, smiling.

ROTH

We're here.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

As Roth and Doyle study the frozen planet below, Cooper tries in vain to signal the relay on the Earth side of the wormhole.

Brand and Case are having a private conversation away from everyone else. Cooper walks over.

COOPER

I still can't contact the relay.

Brand ignores him at first. She nods at Case.

70.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? We're not able to communicate back home.

She waves him off. But she looks shaken by something.

BRAND

I've already checked it. It's electromagnetic interference. We'll try again in a few hours.

Cooper begins to ask her what's wrong. but she moves off.

Roth looks up from his monitor, excited.

ROTH

I've got a signal. But it's local.

A familiar CHIRP plays over the ship's speakers.

ROTH (CONT'D)

The remaining probes. We found them.

She looks at the monitor. The probes ping the ship with their locations, which pop up on the monitor. They're all clustered in one spot.

COOPER

How could they all have landed in the same place?

**ROTH
(SMILES)**

Let's go find out.

Case programs a course that will lock the ship in orbit above the probes on the surface.

EXT. SPACE ABOVE ICE PLANET

The ship settles into orbit a few hundred kilometers above the surface of the ice planet. It can't get any closer:

The space below it is choked with hundreds of tiny moons -- a cruder version of Saturn's rings. The moons are hurtling around the planet at high speed.

INT. AIRLOCK, ENDURANCE

Brand ushers Doyle into the landing module. Cooper objects.

COOPER

We're bringing him along?

71.

BRAND

We need all the help we can get. Besides, the alternative is to leave him on the ship alone. You think he'll still be here when we get back?

Cooper steps aside, allowing Doyle onboard.

EXT. SPACE ABOVE ICE PLANET

The lander detaches from Endurance, rolls over on its belly, and FIRES thrusters to sink towards the planet's surface.

INT. LANDER

The crew watches, fascinated, as the ship descends, navigating between the moons that hurtle past.

The moons are vastly different than our own; potato shaped and only one to two miles in circumference, they are hugged in a close embrace with the ice planet, only a few hundred thousand feet from the surface.

EXT. SURFACE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

The lander touches down on the ghostly surface of the planet.

EXT. SURFACE. ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

After a moment, the hatch HISSES open and the team steps out, led by Case, holding a rifle.

The team sets out, moving slowly in their cumbersome suits.

Lit by the nebula, the surroundings are a little brighter than a full moon on Earth.

Not that there's much to look at. They are standing on a sea of ice, which spreads for miles. In the distance, small rock formations break through the ice.

Brand takes a surface reading of the ice.

**BRAND
(RADIO)**

The probe was right. Looks like significant amounts of oxygen trapped in the ice.

Case leads the way, drawn by a signal only he can hear. He walks fifty yards, then stops on a gentle slope that leads down into a small valley.

72.

CASE

The other probes should be directly beneath us.

Case and the others begin digging into the hillside. Cooper is drawn to a small mound in the middle of the valley, four feet high. He takes out a small folding shovel and begins scraping at the ice and snow.

Case hits something solid. But it's not a probe. He digs around a little more, then reaches up and hacks away at the hillside, revealing the outline of something metal:

A door. They're not standing at the base of a hill -- it's a shelter. The crew stands back, unsure what to make of it.

A few feet away, Cooper cuts enough of the mound away to reveal something flexible -- fabric caked with ice. He scrapes away the snow, revealing a bright patch of red fabric:

It's the flag of the People's Republic of China.

BRAND

How could the Chinese have gotten here first? The federal government kept the wormhole a secret.

Case shrugs. He has a soldier's gallows humor about his old employer's ability to keep anything a secret.

CASE

They didn't do a very good job.

Case reaches for the door of the shelter. It's sealed shut with ice. He wrenches it open.

INT. CONTROL MODULE, CHINESE BASE CAMP -- NIGHT

Case steps into the shelter, followed by the rest of the crew. His lights pick up several years worth of dust.

Case steps up to an equipment locker. Forces it open. Inside are half a dozen black probes. Exposed to light, the probes begin TONING like the one Cooper found in Texas.

DOYLE

The Chinese must have captured them.
So they couldn't return to us.

The crew stare at the probes for a moment, taking it in.

BRAND

Then how did the probe that Cooper
found return?

73.

ROTH

The more immediate question is what
happened to the Chinese expedition.
There's no sign of their ship in
orbit. And they never returned to
earth.

Roth picks up an ancient vacuum sealed package of pickled
egg. Virtually none of the rations have been eaten.

EXT. VALLEY, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Cooper and Brand scrape ice from one of the other small hills
surrounding the valley, revealing another structure. Cooper
forces the door open.

INT. BARRACKS, CHINESE BASE CAMP, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Cooper and Brand let themselves in. The shelter is well
stocked with food and equipment.

Brand is taking readings with a radiation detector.

BRAND

The whole place has been dosed with
huge levels of radiation. What
happened here?

Cooper looks at the pieces of a modular, one-person rocket,
a last-ditch means of escape, stored, untouched in the
shelter. He steps back, realizing something.

COOPER

This is the Taichung mission.

BRAND

The Mars mission? The Chinese claimed
it had been destroyed on landing.

Cooper looks over the relay log.

COOPER

They never landed. Not on Mars.
Four human crew, fifteen robots.
The log says the base has been here
for thirty years.

Case's familiar voice comes through the radio.

CASE (O.S.)

I've found something.

74.

INT. UTILITY MODULE, CHINESE BASE CAMP -- NIGHT

The structure is filled with drilling equipment. Cooper and
the rest of the team stand at the edge of a three-foot hole
that has been drilled into the ice.

A descending rig is anchored to the top of the hole. Doyle

and Case struggle to pull themselves out of the hole.

DOYLE

It goes down for a hundred and fifty feet, then stops. Tunnel's old -- the ice has reformed at the bottom.

BRAND

I'm going to descend to take some samples. Cooper, want to make yourself useful?

Cooper begins to say something, then bites his tongue.

EXT. LANDER -- NIGHT

Cooper emerges, loaded down with several containers of Brand's equipment.

As he struggles through the wind and snow, his radio picks up data chatter between the mother ship and Case. The comms are just noise. After a moment, Case's voice cuts in.

CASE (O.S.)

Get back here, Cooper. We've got a problem.

Cooper continues to wade through the snow. Suddenly, he trips over something, dropping the equipment.

Cooper looks back. He tripped on a white plastic post sticking out of the snow. He dusts it off, to reveal a picture of a Chinese Taikonaut smiling in his flight suit. This is a grave marker.

Cooper sweeps his hand through the snow, revealing three more white posts with pictures. The entire human crew has been buried here.

INT. UTILITY MODULE, CHINESE BASE CAMP -- NIGHT

Roth and Case are looking at a portable monitor, showing a projection of the nearby system -- the ice planet is a speck orbiting the local black hole.

COOPER

The entire human crew is buried out there in the snow.
75.

Roth looks up from the monitor and assesses the situation with his usual detachment.

ROTH

I think I know what killed them. This planet isn't the only thing orbiting this black hole.

Roth zooms the monitor in, revealing a tiny, impossibly-bright object appearing at the horizon of the black hole.

ROTH (CONT'D)

It's a neutron star. The black hole shields the planet's surface from it for twenty hours at a stretch. Time's about up.

Even Brand looks rattled.

BRAND

How long do we have left?

ROTH

About five minutes.

COOPER

Then what?

BRAND

Then we die. The radiation will
cook us alive.

Cooper looks around, their predicament settling in. Case
walks over to the edge of the mine shaft.

CASE

We have to go down.

COOPER

What about returning to the ship?

BRAND

Not enough time. Case is right.
The ice can shield us from some of
the x-rays.

DOYLE

It would take a thousand feet of ice
to shield us.

Brand gives up on the argument, sheds her equipment and clips
herself to the line to follow Case down into the ice.

Cooper looks at Doyle, then follows her.

76.

INT. ICE MINE SHAFT -- NIGHT

Cooper descends into the shaft. The only light is from his
suit's light array.

He reaches the bottom of the shaft, which opens into a small
cave, the ice ribbed in wave-like patterns like the seafloor.

COOPER

What is this?

BRAND

A pocket formed by gas. There may
be more below.

The ice below them reveals nothing but murky blackness.
Case has found some of the equipment left behind by the
Chinese -- a battery-powered drill and a pick.

DOYLE

We'll never make it far enough down.

BRAND

Shut up. How much time do we have,
Roth?

Roth checks his watch with his usual detachment.

ROTH

About three minutes or so until we're
fully exposed.

The rad meter Brand is holding begins to CHIRP with activity --
the radiation levels are rising. The ice will not be enough
to protect them.

Cooper sees that Brand has exhausted herself with the pick. He takes over for her.

The drill that Case is operating GROANS as the thirty-year-old battery runs out of charge. Case casts it aside and begins SMASHING at the ice with his bare hand.

Brand is looking at the walls of the ice pocket, looking for fissures. Her lights pick out something in the ice. She

LOOKS CLOSER:

Tiny black flecks. Brand, ever the scientist, forgets their predicament and begins chipping at the ice.

BRAND

I've found something.

Case continues to pummel the ice with his hand, which is badly smashed.

77.

He pulls off the hand and continues to hack away at the ice with the stump, trying to save his crew.

Brand is examining a piece of ice in her hands, which contains several black flecks. As she shines her light on them, they FLUORESCENCE, giving off a tiny flicker of light, like a firefly. Brand steps back.

BRAND (CONT'D)

These things... they're alive.

Roth joins her, looking down at the tiny creatures trapped in the ice. Brand shines her flashlight over the ice again, but nothing happens. Roth takes the depth meter dangling by a lanyard from Brand's suit.

ROTH

It's not your light they're responding to. It's this--

Roth takes the depth meter and waves it over the ice. Suddenly, the black flecks begin to shine.

BRAND

X-rays. They feed on them and emit visible light. They've found a way to survive here.

Roth looks at the shimmering light of the tiny life-forms trapped in the ice, mesmerized.

Case hammers down with his arm, gouging a deep hole in the ice below. Suddenly, GAS sprays back up at him. He's found the gas pocket beneath them.

Too late. Roth's rad meter begins BEEPING frantically.

EXT. ICE PLANET -- ALIEN DAWN

Overhead, a tiny ball is orbiting into view from the dark side of the black hole -- the NEUTRON STAR.

Its humble size belies its power. As its rays hit the ice, the ice CRACKLES with energy.

INT. ICE MINE SHAFT -- ALIEN DAWN

Brand steps back from the ice in awe as it begins to glow. The microbes are absorbing the x-rays and emitting light. Within seconds, they are bathed in an incredible glow.

Even Cooper stops, awed by the beauty of the display. Only Case is unmoved, continuing to SMASH at the ice with the broken end of his wrist.

78.

BRAND

(looks at rad meter)

They're absorbing most of the x-rays.

ROTH

Not enough, unfortunately.

Suddenly, a CRACK as Case punches into the ice. Cooper looks down -- a great fissure has opened in the ice beneath them.

COOPER

Case, wait--

Case PUNCHES again. Suddenly, with a great BANG, the ice floor disintegrates beneath them.

They fall into the darkness.

INT. CAVERN -- ALIEN DAWN

Cooper falls. For a moment, the only light he can see is from Case, falling calmly a few yards beneath him.

As they fall, the light from the microbes trapped in the ice above sweeps across the inside of the cavern, illuminating the floor of the massive cavern thousands of feet down.

The rock formations they saw on the surface are actually the tip of a mountain range extending into the distance, disappearing into the ice above as if it were cloud cover.

The base of the mountains is covered in a thick jungle-like foliage that runs into a perfectly-still inland sea. On the far side of the sea, another mountain range stretches into the distance, supporting the thick ice and rock cavern roof.

Cooper only has a few seconds to take this in -- he is falling towards the huge inland sea below.

Seconds before impact, a tiny warning light flickers on inside his helmet: IMPACT DETECTED.

Suddenly, a small drag chute EXPLODES from a panel on the back of suit, slowing his fall. Airbags EXPLODE on his legs and torso to cushion the impact.

Cooper SMASHES into the water.

BLACKNESS.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

Cooper comes to underwater, as liquid is flowing into his suit from his shattered helmet.

79.

Bubbles pour out from his suit and Cooper GASPS as his helmet fills with water and he begins to sink.

As he sinks, Cooper pulls off his helmet, then tears off pieces of his suit. He forces himself through the neck of the suit and then swims upward.

He is about to surface when he remembers where he is. He hesitates. Just beneath the surface. Lungs tightening as he

runs out of oxygen.

EXT. SEA, ICE PLANET -- DAY

Cooper breaks the surface, COUGHS out water, and takes a panicked breath.

He waits. Nothing happens. He opens his mouth again and breathes in almost pure oxygen. He can breathe.

Treading water, he looks around. Spots lights in the water below nearby -- Brand, in her suit, is sinking.

He dives down and struggles to haul her up by the suit.

Cooper breaks the surface, looks at Brand. Her mask is also broken.

COOPER

Breathe. Trust me.

She refuses at first. Water is bubbling into her suit through the open mask. Finally, she takes a deep breath.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Your suit is filling with water.
I'm not going to be able to hold it
much longer. I'm going to let go.

Brand's eyes widen.

BRAND

What do you mean, you're going to
let go?

COOPER

Take a deep breath.

Brand takes a deep breath and Cooper lets go of her.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

Brand sinks. Cooper swims down, following her, ripping away at her suit. The tear-away seals on her suit are stuck fast, damaged in the fall.

80.

Cooper finally breaks them off. Brand pulls herself out, free, and they swim for the surface.

EXT. SHORE, ICE PLANET -- DAY

Cooper drags himself out of the water and onto the beach. He turns back to offer Brand a hand. She waves him off.

BRAND

I don't need your help.

COOPER

I thought we were supposed to be a
collective organism.

She gives up and lets him help her out of the water.

They sit together, soaking wet, trying to catch their breath.

BRAND

Thank you.

COOPER

Don't mention it.

Cooper feels the rocks beneath him, which are translucent, like glass, and polished to an impossible shine.

He looks up to see Case dragging Roth and Doyle, still in their suits, out of the water.

EXT. SHORE, ICE PLANET -- DAY

Doyle and Roth have stripped down from their suits and are breathing in the pure oxygen atmosphere.

Case and Cooper are pulling modular pieces from their equipment packs to form a small shelter.

Brand is taking readings with her instruments.

BRAND

Oxygen atmosphere. Pure water.
Temperate climate.

(TO COOPER)

You still think this is a coincidence?

Cooper looks at the tree line, less convinced.

COOPER

Looks like we can climb up the mountains back to the ice. We're down to three suits. We'll have to send someone ahead to get a fourth.
81.

BRAND

I won't need one.

DOYLE

Why not?

BRAND

Because I'm not going anywhere.
This is our new home.

Brand picks up some of her instruments and a sample case and hikes into the jungle.

EXT. SHORE, ICE PLANET -- DAY

Cooper finishes constructing the modest shelter. They load the suits and the rest of their gear inside.

COOPER

Any sign of Brand?

ROTH

She's still taking samples. If you find her, tell her to head back.
Night should be falling soon.

COOPER

What happens then?

ROTH

Your guess is as good as mine.

Cooper hikes into the jungle to look for Brand.

EXT. JUNGLE, ICE PLANET -- DAY

Cooper finds Brand taking samples from the tree-like life-forms, which are wildly different from their counterparts back on Earth. piled in torturous coils. as if frozen in a

struggle to punch through the canopy to reach the light above.

BRAND

This is incredible. The organisms trapped in the ice above absorb x-rays and emit light. In return, these plants absorb the light and emit oxygen, which feeds the animals trapped in the ice.

Brand cuts off a sample and drops it into the case. The transparent wall of the case magnifies the structure onto the glass automatically. She compares it with the flecks she collected in the ice above, fascinated.

82.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Look at this. I think they're the same organism at a different stage of the life cycle.
(shows him the sample)
It's fractal. No individual cells -- the structure repeats all the way down.

Cooper looks at the sample, then continues scanning the jungle around them, nervous.

COOPER

Any sign of big life-forms?

BRAND

The soil's been disturbed. So something's been moving. But I haven't seen anything.
(notices his look)
Cooper... are you nervous?

Cooper stops scanning the trees, embarrassed.

COOPER

I just think we should get back to the shelter before night falls.

Overhead, the light from the ice above begins to fade -- the neutron star must have orbited out of view. Night is falling.

BRAND

(LAUGHING)

Relax. If there are any large organisms here, even predatory ones, they're not going to attack us -- they have no idea what we are.

COOPER

You don't know that. You just have blind faith this place is going to be some kind of Eden.

Brand stops. He's struck a nerve.

BRAND

(truly pissed off)
Faith has nothing to do with it. You know what you are, Cooper? You're just another in a long line of people saying 'no.' That this isn't going to work. And frankly, I don't have to convince you.

83.

COOPER

What's that supposed to mean?

BRAND

You're on this mission because you're another pair of hands. You want the truth? I told Case we should bring another robot over you. At least then I could just reprogram you to-

She stops. Something has caught her attention.

COOPER

What?

BRAND

Nothing. I just -- I could have sworn it just moved.

She walks to the thick, knotted trunk of a tree. Puts a hand on it.

Overhead, the ice flickers out and the darkness begins to descend, more rapidly than on Earth.

Suddenly, the tree SHUDDERS. Then, the bark begins to ooze over Brand's fingers.

Brand snaps her hand away and steps back. Even for her, this is too much. She turns back to Cooper, who is looking at the jungle around them, spooked.

COOPER

You know how plants don't usually move? Is that a universal rule?

BRAND

No. There really aren't any rules.

All around them, the life-forms begins to melt toward the ground, breaking down into different, smaller forms.

BRAND (CONT'D)

(trying to stay calm)

Remember, we're the aliens.

Cooper steps back as several pieces of the nearest tree drop onto the ground and begin scuttling toward him.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Hold very still. Don't make any sudden movements.

Two of the pieces join together, stacking themselves up and staggering toward him.

84.

A third piece climbs onto the first two, looking for a good place to hang on. After a moment it hunkers down on top, forming a crude head. Thirty eye-like structures blink open on the creature.

The skin of the life-form begins to flicker with a dim light like the animals trapped in the ice above, bathing Cooper and Brand in a warm glow.

The creature creeps closer to them, taking them in. Cooper tries his best to seem non-threatening.

COOPER

Hello there.

The creature lurches toward him on three legs, then its head splits open and it BELLOWS.

COOPER (CONT'D)

OK. Now we run.

Brand doesn't argue. They turn and sprint through the trees.

EXT. JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Cooper and Brand smash headlong through the jungle. At first, they're running from the rumbling, smashing melee behind them. But as they run, the entire jungle around them begins to break apart and move.

After a moment, they're surrounded. The jungle is completely disassembling itself into a million different pieces, each one a different size and shape than the others.

COOPER

We have to reach the shelter.

They head off, crashing through the melee.

EXT. SHORE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Case, Doyle and Roth are standing in front of the shelter finishing the day's work.

Doyle turns around. The jungle is breaking apart and crawling down the beach towards them.

DOYLE

I think we've got a problem.

Case and Roth look up to see the organisms picking up speed as they move towards them.

Roth begins to step out towards them.

85.

ROTH

Fascinating. I think-

Case grabs him by the arm and pushes him bodily into the shelter after Doyle.

Case pushes the door closed.

INT. SHELTER, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

They crouch inside the shelter as the organisms begin POUNDING at the walls, trying to force their way inside.

It's going to be a long night.

EXT. JUNGLE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Ahead, Cooper can see the gleaming water of the inland sea, light still flickering in patches from the ice above it.

COOPER

This way.

Brand begins to follow.

BRAND

No... wait.

Too late. Cooper forces his way between two writhing

creatures, steps through, and falls...

EXT. WATERFALL -- NIGHT

Cooper gasps as he surfaces from the ice-cold water. Brand floats past.

The river appears to flow randomly down the slope, with good reason -- the forest rearranges itself every night.

Ahead, the ground drops away again and the water rushes over it in a torrent.

Cooper catches himself at the last minute, grabbing a thick tree branch with one hand and, a second later, Brand with the other as she slides past.

COOPER

I've got you.

Suddenly, the branch in Cooper's hand illuminates and wrenches itself out of the rock -- it's a limb of a huge colony organism. It shakes Cooper loose and they fall again...

86.

EXT. POOL -- NIGHT

Brand surfaces first. She grabs Cooper and hauls him up and out of the water. She smiles down at him, a little smug.

BRAND

I've got you.

Creatures begin splashing down into the pool behind them, as if imitating them.

Cooper stumbles to his feet and Brand guides them backward into a small cave carved into the rock above the pool.

INT. CAVE -- NIGHT

Brand CRACKS a glow stick, basking the cave around them in a soft light.

As they watch, horrified, the pool and the rocks in front of the cave fill up with creatures of all sizes, as they tumble down the hill in what appears to be a battle royal.

For a moment, it looks like Brand and Cooper may go unnoticed. Then, a three-foot-tall creature with a dozen legs creeps its way toward the entrance to the cave. Another follows, and another, until the cave entrance is full.

Cooper looks around the cave, frantic. He picks up a rock. Brand, scared but still thinking, takes the rock from his hand and drops it back to the ground.

BRAND

It's game theory. The best move is always to cooperate at first.

COOPER

By "cooperate" do you mean let it eat me?

BRAND

These organisms have no interest in us. They survive by photosynthesis. All they need is light.

COOPER

Then why are they killing each other?

BRAND

I don't know.

(LOOKS AROUND)

But we're outnumbered, Cooper. So unless you have a better idea, I suggest we make nice.

87.

The creatures move toward them hesitantly, then faster.

Cooper stands stock still as the creatures gather around him. Several of them join up into bigger animals to get a better look at him.

One of them wraps itself around his chest and begins prodding at his shoulders, then his neck.

COOPER

(trying to be calm)

What is it doing?

BRAND

It's a colony organism. It's trying to incorporate you into its structure.

COOPER

I don't want it to incorporate me.

BRAND

Don't open your mouth.

COOPER

WHY N-

As he speaks, the creature on his chest extends four spindly, pointed feelers and reaches gently into his mouth.

Cooper holds his breath as the organism taps against his teeth. Its skin has a roughened texture, as if incomplete, and it appears to be searching for the same texture on Cooper's skin, without much luck.

Bored, the life-forms climb back down off of Cooper. The last two creatures link up in an imitation of Cooper's lower body and attempt to walk across the room like a human. After a moment, the creatures tumble to the ground and flail away.

Cooper is still breathing hard as the cave empties and he and Brand are left alone again.

Brand steps to the edge of the cave and watches, fascinated, as the creatures resume wrestling and battling each other.

COOPER (CONT'D)

They're killing each other.

BRAND

No. They don't bleed... they don't die... they're just competing... trying out different shapes, looking for the best one.

88.

Cooper watches as a hideously-awkward-looking, five-legged beast stumbles past and tackles another animal.

COOPER

I'd say they have a long way to go.

BRAND
(AMAZED)

They do this every night.

As they watch, a two-foot-long creature with one huge claw scuttles along the ground, grabbing smaller opponents and smashing them apart, then sorting through the wreckage and adopting some of the writhing parts as its own.

Something about the movement is endearing, the way it experiments with each piece -- less like a massacre and more like an over-caffeinated self-assembling erector set.

Suddenly, a massive, lumbering creature SMASHES down in front of the claw beast. No match, the smaller creature turns to scuttle away. Too slow. The larger organism brings one club-like limb smashing down on top of it. After a moment, it lifts its claw -- the two animals have become one.

The new organism lumbers away through the jungle, happily snapping its new claw at larger opponents.

BRAND (CONT'D)

The behavior changes as the animals
get bigger and bigger. More
sophisticated. More calculated.

Two of the larger organisms square off, circling each other, lights pulsing up and down their bodies in a fierce display.

COOPER

But what are they competing for?

BRAND

I don't know.

Brand shivers -- it's getting colder.

INT. CAVE -- NIGHT

Brand and Cooper huddle around a small chemical fire they've brought with them.

Brand looks at the sample of the fractal wildlife in her case. It's moving around, splitting apart, reforming, trying to find a way out.

89.

BRAND

These creatures are billions of years
older than we are. But they're
relatively primitive. They haven't
developed tools, culture, language.

COOPER

Why not?

BRAND

I don't know. No one knows how
intelligent life began on Earth.
But the surface of this planet has
virtually no craters. No impacts.
It's been sheltered by the local
black holes.

COOPER

What difference would that make?

BRAND

Maybe not enough has gone wrong here.
Maybe bad luck is the key to

intelligent life.

COOPER
(QUIETLY)

Murph's Law.

BRAND

Exactly. Maybe our interaction with them will push them over the top. Maybe that's part of the plan.

COOPER

(shakes his head)
The plan.

BRAND

Why is it so hard for you to accept that someone might be trying to help us?

Cooper is silent for a moment. His mood darkens.

COOPER

I was in Denver during the first year of the famine. I was just a kid. We kept waiting for someone to come help us. People starved to death sitting on the ground, waiting for someone to come.

(MORE)

90.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(looks at her)
I only made it because I realized that nobody was coming to save us. We were on our own.

Cooper looks away. The memories are never that far away.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Honestly? After the things I saw... you want to know why I don't believe that someone would be trying to help us? Because I'm not sure we're worth saving.

They sit in silence for a while.

EXT. CAVE -- NIGHT

Cooper sleeps. After a moment, Brand steps back out into the darkness.

EXT. PLAIN -- DAWN

Brand exhales great streams of frosted breath -- the temperature is well below freezing. The first flickers of light are visible in the ice above.

The creatures are huge now, forty or fifty feet tall, battling each other more and more slowly. As Brand watches, the largest of them beats down his rivals, climbing to the top of the heap.

Just as the beast reaches the top, it freezes, as if stuck.

Above, the ice begins to shine brighter and brighter.

Suddenly, the beast on top breaks apart, unfurling into planes to catch the light. This is what the contest has been about --

a better place in the sun.

Brand takes it in.

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

Cooper and Brand pick their way their way through the foliage, which is now perfectly still, absorbing the light. Cooper looks at the plants, wary.

Brand sees his trepidation and laughs at him.

BRAND

They're not going to move now, Cooper.
They need to spread themselves as
thin as they can to absorb the light.
91.

Cooper leads the way, pushing through the trees.

Suddenly he stops again. Brand, annoyed, pushes through the foliage to join him.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Cooper, honestly, you're a bit of a-

She stops. Cooper is standing at a sheer cliff.

Spread out on the plain below is a massive, fortified base.

INT. CHINESE FORTIFIED COLONY -- DAY

Massive blast doors, long since smashed in, open onto a building that has been overrun by the local fractal wildlife.

Case steps inside first, his worklights flickering on. Cooper and the others follow him in.

INT. MESS HALL, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

The room is barely recognizable -- the fractal life has covered the tables and chairs. Water pools on the floor and light streams in from a massive hole the fractal animals have punched in the ceiling.

DOYLE

Looks like the Chinese picked a fight
with the locals.

COOPER

Looks like they lost.

They continue through the ruins.

INT. BARRACKS, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

The deeper they go, the less fractal wildlife they find. The barracks are pristine -- hundreds of perfectly made beds, waiting for colonists who never came, like one of the bunkers the federal government used to keep in case of nuclear winter.

DOYLE

Look at the size of this place.
They built it for thousands of people.
But no one came.

Brand looks around, determined.

BRAND

They will. We can salvage it. This
place will save us years

92.

COOPER

But why didn't they come?

BRAND

(SHRUGS)

The Chinese government collapsed, same as ours. The people who knew about this mission probably died years ago. We had the same problems.

Roth finds a sign he likes the look of -- it points to the science levels.

INT. LABORATORY, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

A massive door GRINDS open and the team steps into a massive complex of underground laboratories.

INT. DAMAGED LAB, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

Cooper and the others carefully make their way through a lab that has been completely emptied -- no desks, no chairs, nothing. The only thing that remains is a solid ball of matter in the center of the room.

BRAND

What happened here?

Roth stares at the ball, intrigued.

ROTH

They were testing something.

Cooper looks at the walls, which are bowed inwards.

COOPER

Testing what?

Roth is looking at the ball, which appears to have been built from layers of different material. The outermost layer is flattened steel.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(LOOKING CLOSER)

Is that a chair?

Roth looks. The outermost layer of the ball indeed looks like a steel chair, flattened with incredible force onto surface of the ball.

Brand opens the door to the next lab.

93.

INT. LABORATORY, CHINESE COLONY -- NIGHT

The lab is empty, except for a large metal sphere on a pedestal in the center of the room. A black box is set into a cavity in the sphere, wired to a control panel.

Cooper looks at the walls of the room, which have been bowed inwards, as if some great force had been pulling from the center of the room.

COOPER

Everything in here is bolted down.

(looks at sphere)

What do you think this thing does?

ROTH

(EXCITED)

Let's find out.

Roth finds a control panel. Wipes off an inch of dust and begins tinkering with the controls.

COOPER

I wouldn't turn it on until we can figure out what it does, Roth.

Roth continues to look over the controls, oblivious.

BRAND (O.S.)

Cooper. Come look at this.

Brand calls out from the hallway.

INT. STAIRWELL, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

Cooper follows Brand's voice down the stairs to a sub-basement beneath the lab level.

INT. OBSERVATORY, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

Cooper steps into a huge space filled with a near perfect holographic representation of the local system.

Cooper joins Brand and Doyle in the map, looking at the incredibly detailed models of each star.

Case is standing at a terminal, hacking into the camp's records.

CASE

I've found the Chinese mission logs.
They're encrypted.

Cooper walks over. Looks over the terminal.

94.

COOPER

Old military-grade encryption. It's not very robust.
(looks at Case)
No offense. Hang on.

Cooper punches a few keys into the terminal. Opens up the terminal. Scans the motherboard. Takes Case's rifle and SMASHES one of the chips on the board.

The terminal comes to life. Cooper hands Case his rifle.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That should open up most of it.

Case is silent for a beat, parsing the information.

CASE

They got here twenty years ago. The human crew was killed by radiation the first day. But the robots survived. They built the colony and radioed home. But they didn't receive a response.

COOPER

No one was listening.

CASE

(SCANS DOCUMENT)

After a few years they discovered a

problem.

DOYLE

What problem?

CASE

It doesn't say. Their science team took the ship to continue exploring the system. It says they found some kind of...

(TRANSLATING)

...The word literally means 'treasure.'

Case skims through the rest of the logs, large portions of which have been redacted.

CASE (CONT'D)

The science team returned after five years with a new technology. They began the experiments upstairs, then they left again and never returned.
95.

BRAND

Where did they go?

CASE

I don't know. They've deleted their mission plan. There's nothing else.

DOYLE

I think I know what the problem is.

Doyle is manipulating the time component of the map, slowing down the passage of time, reversing it, speeding it up.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Look.

Doyle speeds up the map until the ice planet is nearly a blur, speeding in its orbit around Pantagrue.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

There's a small black hole moving into the system. Too small for us to have seen in our survey. It's not going to hit the planet, but it's going to come close.

A tiny black hole soars through the system. Although it misses the ice planet, it deflects its orbit by a tiny degree. After a dozen more orbits, the ice planet dips down close to Pantagrue's event horizon and is torn apart.

Brand and the others watch as the sequence rewinds and repeats -- the planet is pieced back together again and ejected, then pulled back in and torn apart. Over and over.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

This place isn't paradise. It's doomed. Just like us.

The crew stand, watching the sequence in stunned silence.

COOPER

How long does this place have?

CASE

A few years. A decade at most.

Doyle turns to Brand.

DOYLE

So much for the plan.

Cooper looks at Brand. She is in disbelief, staring as a lifetime's training and optimism are torn to pieces.

96.

BRAND

But I don't understand... why are we here? What are we here for?

Cooper looks down. Brand's upset is turning to anger.

BRAND (CONT'D)

What the hell are we here for? I trained my whole life to reach this place.

She looks at Cooper, questioning.

COOPER

(GENTLE)

Maybe... maybe Roth's right... maybe we just don't understand it yet.

She looks down. She knows he doesn't believe what he's saying. He's been right all along -- they're alone.

For a tiny moment, all hope is lost.

Suddenly, with a distant RUMBLE, the building begins SHAKING.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Case, what is that?

CASE

It's nighttime. The native life-forms are mobile again.

The RUMBLE grows more intense, as if the entire building is being gently shaken.

COOPER

No. It's closer than that.

(REALIZING)

Roth.

The RUMBLE grows. As Cooper watches, Case's rifle slides free of the desk. But instead of falling, it simply hangs in the air.

Then he realizes the same thing is happening to them -- his boots no longer have traction with the ground. After a second everything in the room is floating an inch off of the ground.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Quick -- hold onto something.

He reaches out to Brand but it's too late -- suddenly they're no longer floating, they're falling.

They're falling up.

97.

Cooper, Brand and the rest of them hit the ceiling. Cooper picks himself up and adjusts to his surroundings -- up is now down. He helps Brand up.

NOVI E

What the hell is happening?

Case doesn't answer -- he's looking up at the control equipment for the holographic display, which is GROANING under a load it was never built to handle.

Case grabs Cooper and Brand and pushes them towards the stairwell as the control panel TEARS free of the floor and CRASHES towards them.

Cooper falls into the stairwell -- now they're being pulled up and sideways through the stairwell, like an Escher painting.

Brand pushes Cooper out of the way as debris from the control panel orbits past them back up towards the lab.

They try to hang on but the force is becoming irresistible, dragging them along the wall of the stairwell and back towards the lab upstairs.

Brand wedges herself against the railing as objects and debris are SMASHING against the door to the lab.

Doyle is trying to hang onto the handrail but his grip slips and he CRIES OUT as he falls towards the door to the lab, SMASHING it open. Doyle disappears up and into the lab.

Cooper slips trying to help Doyle. Brand reaches out for him...

Too late. Cooper is pulled through the open door.

INT. INTACT LAB, CHINESE COLONY -- NIGHT

Cooper is pulled through the door and past the control panel. He reaches out and grabs the underside of the panel.

He dangles, the panel cutting into the meat of his hand, trying to get his bearings:

Roth, Doyle, and everything that hasn't been bolted down is either pressed against the sphere in the center of the room or is orbiting around it.

Roth, who is laughing, jubilant, shouts up to him:

ROTH

The control panel is beneath you.
See if you can turn it off.

98.

Cooper slips as he tries to reach the controls. Finally he finds the controls for the machine.

COOPER (YELLS UP)

I found it. Hold onto something.

Roth and Doyle crawl up the side of the mass and hold onto the support wires.

Cooper hits a key on the monitor.

Suddenly, the room inverts again, reverting to a normal gravitational field. Cooper floats for a second, then topples back to the ground, along with everything else.

Brand stumbles in to find Cooper sprawled on the floor as Roth and Doyle hang onto the sphere for dear life.

INT. INTACT LAB, CHINESE COLONY -- NIGHT

Roth, back on terra firma, is looking at the tiny black box he's pried from the center of the sphere. Cooper is looking over his shoulder.

COOPER

They found a way to make gravity.

ROTH

Not make it. Adjust it. Dial it up, or down. I think they were experimenting with it -- firing these into the black hole to try to save this planet.

DOYLE

All that from one tiny box.

Roth has hooked the box up to a terminal and it scrolling through the incredibly sophisticated machine code, trying to parse how it works. Cooper looks on.

**ROTH
(AMAZED)**

It barely uses any power. I'm only beginning to understand what it does but I think it sends a signal out into the bulk. It must tap into the same technologies that were used to create the wormholes in the first place.

COOPER

What does that mean?
99.

ROTH

It means whoever built the wormhole probably doesn't exist inside our universe.

Cooper looks at the tiny box.

COOPER

But how did the Chinese develop the technology? This would take decades, maybe hundreds of years, to create.

CASE

Wherever they went, they found something that allowed them to build it.

Brand looks at the box.

ROTH

They came back here and tried to use these devices to save this planet. But they didn't work. Nothing would be strong enough to weaken a black hole.

BRAND

Maybe we could work with it. Try to improve it.

ROTH

No. You're missing the bigger picture. The robots had strict mission parameters. They were told

to build a colony and report back.
They tried to. But they failed.
Like us they were fixated on this
place.

Cooper looks at Brand.

ROTH (CONT'D)

They didn't realize they had already
found something that would save us
all.

(holds up the box)

This. This is the prize.

He holds up the box.

ROTH (CONT'D)

Don't you see? Earth's gravity is
like a prison. But this is like a
master key.

(MORE)

100.

ROTH (CONT'D)

If we could build more of these, we
could turn down the earth's
gravitational field enough to save
millions of people. We wouldn't
have to pick a handful of people to
survive. With this we can save
everyone.

BRAND

And go where?

ROTH

Wherever we want. We don't belong
in any one place. Can't you see
that now? Not Earth. Not this place.
Nowhere. If the human race is going
to survive, we need to keep moving.
Split up. Spread out. Fly. With
this, we can.

Case looks at the box. Makes a decision.

CASE

In the morning we're taking this and
going home.

Doyle, Roth and Case set about making preparations to leave --
gathering space suits, equipment.

In the bustle, Cooper finds Brand sitting alone, staring at
the sample of fractal life.

COOPER

I know this isn't exactly what you
trained for. But I think Roth might
be right.

BRAND

That doesn't help this planet. This
creature is doomed. Unlike us it
doesn't have anywhere to go.

The fractal organism almost seems to be looking at her, trying
to comprehend. But it quickly loses interest and goes back
to breaking itself into pieces and reforming into different
shapes, trying to escape. Brand sets it back down.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS, CHINESE COLONY -- DAY

Morning. Cooper and the others prepare to head out. They are laden down with gear -- space suits for the return trip to the lander once they reach the surface.

101.

Roth carries the gravitational prototype.

EXT. ENTRANCE, CHINESE FORTIFIED COLONY -- DAY

They make their way through the ruined entrance.

CASE

We need to hurry. We only have a few hours to reach the ice before nightfall.

Cooper stops. He puts a hand on Brand's shoulder. He points to the tree line. Something is moving.

COOPER

Don't make any sudden movements.
They can't hurt us if we're unarmed.

BRAND

Who?

Suddenly, three ROBOT MARINES step out of the jungle, weapons raised. They are wearing ghillie suits, pieced together from dried dead pieces of the local foliage.

Under their camouflage, they look identical to Case. With one key difference -- faded red and gold insignias.

Case steps protectively in front of his team.

The CHINESE OFFICER steps forward, rifle levelled.

CHINESE OFFICER

Ni Hao. My name is Technical Sergeant Liu, 177th reconnaissance Marines, Army of the People's Republic. Welcome to New China.

(POLITE)

Please put down your weapon.

Sergeant Liu speaks in the same even tones as Case -- they were probably built in the same factory before the war.

Case keeps his rifle raised.

CASE

This is a scientific expedition, not a military one. We are making our way back to our ship.

LIU

I'm afraid I cannot let you do that. We will provide food and shelter and await further instructions.

(MORE)

102.

LIU (CONT'D)

We are sorry if this causes you any inconvenience.

The sergeant is polite, but firm

BRAND

This planet is being pulled into the black hole. We all need to leave.

LIU

We will await further orders.

COOPER

Further orders aren't coming. Your government is gone. It ran out of money, same as ours. You're on your own.

LIU

We can offer you food and shelter as long as you require. The facilities here are quite comfortable.

Liu's tone remains polite, but there's no hope of changing his mind. Cooper takes a sidelong glance at Brand.

COOPER

(LOW)

They're never going to let us go.

BRAND

(TO LIU)

Your mission is a humanitarian one, wasn't it? You were sent to start a colony. Like us.

LIU

Our mission was to prepare for the evacuation. This site was deemed unacceptable.

BRAND

This device that you have built -- this could save millions of people. We need to get it back home.

Brand points to the device Roth is holding. The Chinese robots seem particularly unhappy with this development.

LIU

These technologies are the property of the People's Republic.

(MORE)

103.

LIU (CONT'D)

We have been ordered to prevent anyone from taking them. We have been ordered to prevent anyone from following.

ROTH

Following? Following where?

Liu pauses.

LIU

We will await further orders.

ROTH

Your name means six. Where did the others go? One through five? Is that who were not supposed to follow.

Case turns to look at Cooper

**CASE
(LOW)**

Take the others up to the lander.
Keep going. No matter what happens,
don't come back for me.

Cooper nods.

Case moves. Fast. He FIRES one shot at the nearest robot, disabling it, then hurls himself at the remaining two, tackling them both over the edge of the ravine.

Cooper watches them disappear into the void below. Grabs Brand and the others.

COOPER

Come on.

Cooper picks up the rifle from the destroyed marine and begins hiking up the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK -- DAY

The crew hike towards the ice above.

Below they hear a metallic BOOM as something heavy hits something else -- Case is still fighting. They keep moving.

EXT. UPPER MOUNTAIN PEAK -- TWILIGHT

They are high above the Marine camp, only fifty feet or so below the massive ice roof of the cavern. The Chinese have blasted a tunnel into the ice leading back up to the camp above.

104.

This high, the air is bitterly cold. Cooper and the others are hunkered down, trying to keep warm, waiting for night to fall so that they can climb back up to the lander without being cooked by the neutron star.

Finally, above them, the light begins to flicker out. The crew begin pulling on their space suits.

Brand checks on the fractal wildlife in the sample case -- she is bringing it with them. Cooper catches her eye.

BRAND

We can't leave them all to die.

She hefts the case and they begin climbing up into the ice.

EXT. SURFACE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Brand leads the way, the lights from her suit cutting into the drifts of snow as they make their way slowly back to the lander.

As they reach the lander Cooper spots lights emerging from the ship. He raises Case's weapon.

One of Liu's marines steps around from the back of the lander. Cooper FIRES.

The marine collapses.

Cooper and the others race to the lander.

BRAND

Was that the last of them?

DOYLE

We're not going to stick around to count them. Let's get out of here.

COOPER

We're too late.

Cooper points to a damaged section of the ship's hull -- the marine has torn open a section, revealing damaged hardware.

COOPER (CONT'D)

The main thruster fuel supply. We're not going anywhere.

Cooper looks down. They're stuck here.

DOYLE

What about the escape rocket at the Chinese base camp? One of us could fit into it.

105.

BRAND

It doesn't matter how many of us make it. We have to get this back to earth.

Roth looks at the moons orbiting overhead.

ROTH

Can the secondary thrusters still fire on the lander?

Doyle looks over the craft.

DOYLE

Sure. But we don't have nearly enough power for lift off.

Roth holds up the small gravity black box.

**ROTH
(SMILES)**

Yes we do.

Roth sets off running towards the Chinese base camp.

EXT. CHINESE BASE CAMP, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Cooper drags the pieces of the escape rocket out from the shelter. Assembly is semiautomatic -- Cooper lifts the pieces up and they snap together, forming a crude two-stage rocket designed more for a robot than a man.

When it's complete Roth wedges himself inside, clutching the black box -- he barely fits.

ROTH

I can reach one of the moons in low orbit and turn up its gravity. As it passes overhead it should be able to slingshot the lander away from the planet's surface.

(LOOKS AROUND)

Along with everything else.

COOPER

But we need to take the box back to earth.

ROTH

You don't need this -- only the idea.
The knowledge of how to build it.

Cooper remembers something. Heads back into the shelter.
106.

INT. CHINESE BASE CAMP, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Roth follows Cooper into the lab.

Cooper opens the storage crate. Picks one of the probes at random. Sets it down on the bench next to Roth.

Cooper begins rigging up a connection between the two.

COOPER

I'm going to image the operating
code and the architecture onto the
probe's hard drive. It'll be garbled,
but it should give you and me enough
to rebuild it when we get back.

Cooper looks at the probe filling up with data.

ROTH

Not me. But you'll make it work.

The transfer is complete. Roth hands Cooper the probe, and takes the black box himself.

ROTH (CONT'D)

This is a one-way trip for me.

Before Cooper can respond, Roth heads for the door.

EXT. CHINESE BASE CAMP, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Roth squeezes himself into the rocket, hugging the black box to his chest. Cooper and Brand help him.

BRAND

This isn't right, Roth. We can find
a way for all of us to leave.

ROTH

This is the only way. Keep the lander
upright and fire the secondary
boosters when the moon passes
overhead.

COOPER

Let me take it.

ROTH

No. You need to make it home. You're
going to need to build more of these.

Brand looks at him, heartbroken. Roth smiles.
107.

ROTH (CONT'D)

I understand the plan, now. Whatever
happens, you have to keep exploring.
Keep learning. One good idea isn't
enough. You'll need more and more
of them just to survive. Do you
understand?

BRAND
/MONTAGE

Thank you.

ROTH

Go.

Brand turns to follow Cooper back.

Behind her, Roth's rocket LAUNCHES on an explosive cloud.
In seconds it's high overhead.

EXT. LANDER -- NIGHT

Cooper checks over the hull, which is intact. Doyle is inside looking over the controls. He steps back outside.

DOYLE

Control systems inside are online.

(LOOKS UP)

I've lost sight of the rocket. Do
you think he made it?

COOPER

We're going to find out soon enough.

Brand is looking off into the distance.

BRAND

Someone's coming.

Cooper looks up. A robotlike figure is limping through the snowstorm towards them. Cooper raises the rifle.

Finally he makes out the insignia -- it's Case.

Cooper and Doyle run out towards him. They reach Case as he collapses in the snow. He's badly injured -- one leg torn off at the knee, one arm mangled.

Doyle and Cooper drag the crippled robot back into the ship.

INT. LANDER -- NIGHT

They drag Case into the lander. Doyle checks over the ship's controls.

108.

DOYLE

Close the door.

Cooper moves to the door. Something's wrong.

COOPER

Where's Brand?

She's nowhere to be seen. Cooper looks out onto the ice.
Brand is heading back out into the snow.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Dammit. If I don't make it back,
just keep going.
(points to probe)
Get that thing home.

Cooper steps to the door.

EXT. SPACE ABOVE ICE PLANET

The rocket tucks in close behind one of the moons orbiting the ice planet.

The rocket fires to maneuver closer and closer to the moon's

surface -- the tiny moon doesn't provide enough gravity to attract it.

When the rocket is close enough, Roth detonates the explosive bolts holding him inside and leaps for the moon's surface.

He scrambles to grab hold of the craggy surface. Behind him, the rocket smashes apart against the surface.

Roth finally gets a good hold. He looks down.

Below him, the view is incredible -- the ice planet curving into the distance, Gargantua rising over its horizon.

Roth looks at the black box in his hands.

EXT. SURFACE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Brand is a hundred yards from the lander by the time Cooper catches up with her. She is digging in the snow.

He takes her arm but she won't go.

She finally finds what she's looking for -- the sample case. The tiny fractal life-form is huddled at the bottom.

Cooper shakes his head and turns back to the lander.

109.

EXT. MOON, SPACE OVER ICE PLANET

Roth is watching the ice planet pass by beneath him. He finally sees the distant peaks of the mountain range as it punctures the ice near the Chinese camp.

For a moment he enjoys the view -- the distant hulk of Gargantua rising over the horizon of the shining ice planet.

He takes a final breath and activates the black box.

Instantly, the moon's gravity is magnified a hundred million times over. Roth is instantly crushed as the moon collapses around him into a tiny sphere.

EXT. SURFACE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Cooper and Brand are only thirty yards or so from the lander.

Suddenly, the ground beneath them begins to RUMBLE.

Cooper turns back. A mile back the ground begins to tear apart, heaving massive chunks of ice and rock into the sky.

Roth's moon is racing overhead, TEARING up a massive strip of the surface's planet as it nears them.

Cooper and Brand run.

EXT. MOON, SPACE OVER ICE PLANET

The energy being unleashed by the tiny box is incredible -- millions of times more powerful than an atomic bomb.

The spray of debris is forming a rooster tail behind the moon, rocketing up from the planet's surface.

EXT. LANDER, SURFACE, ICE PLANET -- NIGHT

Cooper has almost made it back to the lander. Behind him, Brand stumbles. He turns back.

Brand is pulling herself up. Behind her, the THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS as a strip of the planet's surface is hurled into space have almost reached them.

Cooper looks at the ship. He'll never make it if he waits for Brand. He turns back to find her.

He reaches Brand just as the moon's gravity hits them -- they're hurtled off into space. He grabs her hand.

Seconds later, everything -- the entire ice sheet, the sea and rocks deep below -- is hurled up after them.

110.

Brand and Cooper embrace as they rocket up through the thin atmosphere.

Brand looks at him.

BRAND
(RADIO)

You caught me. Now what?

Cooper looks around. The planet's surface is breaking into pieces around them.

COOPER
(RADIO)

I don't know.

(RADIO)

I figured if you were floating out into space, you'd want some company.

He holds onto her as they fall up and out of the last of the planet's thin atmosphere and the blackness embraces them.

BRAND

Between you and utter solitude,
Cooper, frankly, I'm not sure.

They reach the apex of their climb and the gravity of the planet begins to win out. For a moment they float.

COOPER

Guess you were right -- too much
gravity, or not enough.

He smiles, forgetting their predicament for a moment. They stare into each other's eyes.

Then they begin, very gently, to fall back towards the ice planet.

Suddenly, the lander maneuvers beneath them. The airlock opens to catch them -- Doyle is at the helm.

Brand and Cooper pull themselves aboard.

INT. LANDER

Cooper closes the door and Doyle rotates the lander outwards.

Doyle FIRES the engines and the lander continues ascending into space as the debris around them begins crashing back down towards the ice planet.

Cooper looks out the window:

111.

The moon continues tearing up a massive canyon in the planet's surface as it circles out of view.

COOPER

Roth.

BRAND

He's gone.

Ahead, a shadow looms in the darkness: the Endurance.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Brand, Cooper, and Doyle pull themselves out of the airlock and scramble to take control of the ship.

Below them, the surface of the ice planet illuminates as the neutron star's x-rays begin to reach it from the far side of Pantagruel.

Doyle finally gets the ship straightened out. Its sole remaining engine FIRES, rocketing the ship back towards the dark side of the planet, out of view of the neutron star, and back towards the original wormhole.

DOYLE

I'm setting a course for the wormhole.

They're going to make it.

Cooper and Brand make eye contact -- Brand gives him a tiny awkward smile. He returns it, then descends below.

INT. OUTER HULL, ENDURANCE

Cooper props Case up against the workbench. He pulls down replacement arms and legs from storage bins. Unwraps them from their vacuum sealed plastic and bolts them back onto Case's chassis.

Cooper finishes attaching the arm. Case rotates it, checking the function.

COOPER

How is that working?

CASE

Very well, thank you.

COOPER

Good. We've already set the course, skipper. We're going home.

Cooper hauls himself back up into the observation level.
112.

INT. OBSERVATION LEVEL

Doyle is setting the controls. The ALARMS on the controls have finally abated -- they're out of the danger zone.

BRAND

We're safe now.

Cooper heads to the communications equipment.

COOPER

Now I know why we weren't able to hit the relay. It's not interference -- the blue-shift from the black hole is more than we thought it would be.

Cooper begins re-calibrating the equipment

BRAND
(CONFLICTED)

Cooper, wait--

The ship PINGS the relay on the far side of the wormhole.

There is no response.

COOPER

Nothing.

(THINKS)

Wait. The ship cached one long garbled transmission when we first fell into the swirl. If we account for the blue shift then the computer might find something in there.

Cooper brings up the last garbled transmission they received. The computer begins re-analyzing it, piece by piece.

BRAND
(QUIET)

Listen to me -- the blueshift also means we've lost time. More time than we thought we would.

Cooper looks up at her.

COOPER

How much?

BRAND

A lot... Cooper, maybe it's best if
WE DON'T-

The comms equipment TONES as it translates a packet. Then another.

113.

Then a FLOOD of communications, one packet a day, hundreds and hundreds of packets: images, videos, audio messages from family and friends.

Cooper watches, horrified, as the images play out across the screen. He is watching the lives of his family play out at light speed. Finally, the packets slow, then stop.

Cooper looks at the results, in shock.

COOPER

Forty seven years.

Doyle joins him, staring at the screen, stunned.

DOYLE

My kids...

Cooper tries to PING the relay again. Nothing comes back.

BRAND
(GENTLE)

The relay will have lost power years ago. That's why we couldn't contact it, even after we reached the planet.

Cooper is still problem solving, thinking.

COOPER

We could bypass the relay. Send a
conventional shortwave signal

BRAND

Only a tiny portion of the signal
would make it though the wormhole.
Besides, no one will be listening
anymore.

The comms screen is dead. No movement. Nothing.

Cooper looks at Brand, realizing something.

COOPER

You knew, didn't you? You and Case
figured it out when we landed.

Brand looks down.

BRAND

I thought... I couldn't be sure.

COOPER

Sure you could. You're brilliant.
You know everything.
114.

BRAND

Cooper... we needed to keep going.
I'm so sorry. Your children...

COOPER

They're not children any more... if
they're even still alive.

He turns away from her.

BRAND

Listen, the important thing is that
we're going home, now. And we have
something that can save everyone.
It's more important than the people
we left behind-

Doyle cuts her off, filled with anger.

DOYLE

That's easy for you to say. You
didn't leave anyone behind.

Cooper looks at Brand, his anger softened by sadness.

COOPER

Yes she did.

Brand looks at him, grateful for this small kindness.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That's why you were upset -- your
father.

She looks down, filled with sadness.

BRAND

He's gone. But there are other people
who still need our help. There's
still time...

The ship's controls TONE in ALARM. Brand and Cooper turn:

Case is standing at the controls.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Case... what are you doing?

Case finishes typing in a sequence on the command controls.
Presses the "execute" button.

The last nuclear engine begins to detach from the ship.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Wait... no...

115.

The robot turns from them. Cooper notices that the control module snapped into the back of Case's chassis is wrong:

It's red with a gold star. It's not Case at all. It's Liu.

LIU

I'm sorry. I have my orders. No one follows...

Liu stares, satisfied, as the nuclear engine spins away from the ship and back down toward Pantagruel.

Cooper SMASHES Liu from behind. The robot tumbles to the ground, the fight gone out of him.

Cooper and Doyle roll the robot over and Cooper reaches for his control module.

LIU (CONT'D)

No one follows-

Cooper rips the module out. The robot freezes.

Brand is already at the controls, trying to regain control.

The instruments TONE, alerting the crew to their position:

The ship is spinning back down towards the black hole.

BRAND

No... We're being pulled back to Pantagruel.

Cooper, frantically checks the controls, firing the remaining boosters.

COOPER

We can't let that happen. We'll lose more time... too much...

The boosters are no match for the deadly pull of the black hole below them.

On the ship's guidance, they watch, helpless, as the ship climbs back up the volcano rim towards the critical orbit.

As on their first trip, the black hole grows to dominate the bottom of the sky, and the stars above them become streaks -- time is speeding for them as they are whirled down into the deep gravity well around the hole.

As they watch, trapped, decades begin to play out in the system above them. They watch as the ice planet whirls around them, orbiting the black hole dozens of times.

116.

COOPER (CONT'D)

We're losing years.

Finally, the ice planet plunges past them towards destruction.

As it reaches it slows, until finally it reaches the event horizon, just as they saw in the projections. Nothing has prepared them for the reality:

The ice planet is SMASHED apart with stunning violence.

Brand looks at the sample of fractal life. Now they are united -- they are, in all likelihood, the sole survivors of their planet.

Doyle points to the instruments.

DOYLE

The wormhole. Look -- it's being pulled into the black hole as well.

They watch on the holographic model as the wormhole's orbit converges on the event horizon of the black hole.

BRAND

It's orbit mirrored the ice planet's.

COOPER

What will happen to it?

BRAND

It'll be destroyed, like everything else.

Cooper struggles to pull himself over to the communications screen. Sets it to make a shortwave broadcast. Brand opens her mouth to point out that it's futile, then stops.

COOPER

(INTO RADIO)

This is the crew of the Endurance.

We...

(gives up on

FORMALITIES)

Murph, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't make it back, like I promised.

He hangs up the radio.

In silence, they watch as the wormhole -- their only way home -- vanishes beneath the event horizon.

DOYLE

How much time are we losing?

117.

BRAND

(HEARTBROKEN)

Decades...hundreds of years.

COOPER

All of those people back home...

none of them will make it.

As Doyle watches the controls the ship continues to spiral towards the black hole.

DOYLE

This is it. We're going to be pulled in.

Cooper looks at the controls, an idea forming.

He pulls himself down. Hauls himself across the deck to pick up Liu's chip. He plugs it into a diagnostic tool.

BRAND

What are you doing?

COOPER

Case said the Chinese found something else. The location was scrubbed from their records. But I bet he knows it.

Cooper fires up the chip. Begins sorting through the onboard memory.

Doyle watches the instruments.

DOYLE

Hurry up.

Cooper concentrates, poring over the numbers. Finally he begins feeding coordinates into the navigation computer.

COOPER

Here. Can we reach it?

Brand looks at the map. The point appears on the far side of Gargantua. Brand studies the trajectory.

BRAND

We can use the thrusters to keep us on the critical orbit. Then slingshot us towards Gargantua.

The thrusters STRAIN to push the ship back up towards the critical orbit.

118.

Suddenly, the tidal gravity SLAMS them against the walls of the ship.

Finally, the thrusters fire again -- a tiny push, but just enough to launch the ship clear of the black hole, like a rock out of a slingshot.

The ship races toward the massive hole in the sky below them:

GARGANTUA

EXT. SPACE AROUND GARGANTUA

The ship picks up more and more speed as it soars closer to the massive black hole's event horizon.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

The sky closes to a tiny hole above them. Gargantua is swallowing their view.

Cooper looks at the radar, which is choked with debris.

DOYLE

We only have a few minutes before we're swallowed into that thing. What are we even looking for?

On the radar, a tiny empty spot appears.

COOPER

(points to screen)
That? What is it?

Brand looks. In one tiny region on the back side of the black hole, the debris simply seems to vanish.

BRAND

It's another wormhole.

Doyle FIRES the thrusters again, pushing the ship towards the wormhole.

EXT. SPACE AROUND GARGANTUA

The Endurance spins, shifting paths slightly as it continues to race closer and closer to oblivion.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

They study the controls. The projected path shifts, one degree at a time. Finally, it appears to put them on a path to hit the wormhole.

Doyle shuts off the thrusters.

119.

DOYLE

We're not going to be able to slow down. Hold onto something.

He locks up the controls.

EXT. SPACE AROUND GARGANTUA -- MORNING

The ship is tumbling through space, racing toward the second wormhole. It is massive, much larger than the first wormhole, and it's glowing with a light as bright as a star.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

The crew brace themselves against the hull of the ship.

Suddenly the ship slams onto the wormhole mouth and is pulled violently into the wormhole.

WHITENESS.

As the light fades, Cooper and the others come to.

The light is rapidly dimming from pure white, fading to a deep red, then infrared, finally darkness.

Cooper looks out. Checks the instruments. Looks out again.

EXT. VACUUM

Nothing. Blackness as far as the eye can see. No stars. No planets. Just inky darkness stretching on forever.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Brand joins Cooper on the deck. Together, they look out at the blackness that surrounds them.

COOPER

Where are we?

BRAND

I don't know. It's like we entered the wormhole and never left it.

Brand checks the instruments. There is nothing for the ship to model.

There is nowhere to go. They drift.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Days go by. They check the instruments. Still nothing.
It's as if they have left the known universe altogether.
120.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Doyle sits down. After a moment, he turns on the screen and cues up a message.

His children appear on-screen, giggling, pushing each other, trying to get a prime spot in front of the camera.

Doyle cups his face in his hands and cries.

INT. CREW QUARTERS, ENDURANCE

Cooper above his bunk, stares out into the blackness.

Brand watches him from the doorway.

BRAND

I'm sorry. I should have told you.
I didn't have the right.

(BEAT)

But you should watch the recordings.
You should know what happened to
your kids.

Cooper ignores her.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Brand watches her father talking to her on-screen. He is twenty years older than when she left him.

BRAND'S FATHER

I'm not going to make it much longer.
The machines will continue to maintain
the station as long as they can and
the communications will run as long
as the station here still has power.
I'm sorry. I hope wherever you are,
darling, you're safe.

The screen cuts out. Brand watches the static play out.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Doyle sits at the table. He has found a flair gun in one of the ditch kits. It is sitting on the table in front of him. The message is clear.

Brand sits down across from him.

BRAND

Our last trip past the black hole
cost us another 100, maybe 200 years.
Which means there's a good chance
we're the only humans alive anywhere.
121.

She stands up.

BRAND (CONT'D)

I think the last human beings should
have a little more fight in them
than that.

Brand picks up the sample of fractal life and places it under

a lamp on the counter. It freezes, absorbing the rays.

Doyle looks at the gun.

EXT. ENDURANCE, VACUUM

Cooper, in a space suit, steps out of the airlock.

He drifts out from the ship.

Nothing. Behind him, the ship is a tiny speck in an ocean of darkness.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Cooper sits down. Turns on the screen.

After a moment, the camera turns on. Tom, his eldest son, still 15 years old, turns on the camera.

TOM

Hi, Dad.

Cooper pauses it. He can't take it. After a moment, he lets it run again.

TOM (CONT'D)

I met another girl, Dad. I really think this is the one.

Tom holds up a picture of himself and a teenage GIRL.

TOM (CONT'D)

Murph stole Grandpa's car. He crashed it. He's OK, though. No broken bones.

Cooper leans back.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, ENDURANCE

Cooper is holed up, still watching, several days' growth of beard unshaved. He's been watching for days.

On the screen, Tom is a grown man in his 20s.

122.

TOM

I've got a surprise for you, Dad.
You're a grandpa.

Tom holds up an infant wrapped tight in swaddling. The kid is BAWLING.

TOM (CONT'D)

Congratulations. Grandpa said he already earned the "great" bit so we just leave it at that.

The screen cuts out.

The next message begins. Tom is in his 30s.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hi, Dad. I'm sorry it's been awhile.

He stops, emotional.

TOM (CONT'D)

Grandpa died last week. We buried him out in the back forty, next to

Mom.

(LOOKS DOWN)

Where we'd have buried you, if you'd ever come back.

He laughs, gallows humor.

TOM (CONT'D)

Murph was there for the funeral. It's been a few years since I've seen him. He's been down in the Gulf Coast. He's an engineer. I guess someone followed in your footsteps after all.

Tom looks down.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're not listening to this. I know that. All of these messages are just out there, drifting in the darkness.

He stops for a second.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're gone. You're never coming back. And I've known that for a long time. Lois says -- that's my wife, Dad -- she says I have to let you go. So I am.

123.

He reaches up to turn off the camera.

TOM (CONT'D)

Wherever you are, I hope you're at peace. Goodbye, Dad.

The image freezes, Tom's hand on the camera, then breaks apart into digital noise.

Then nothing.

Cooper looks at it for a second. Then rises to leave.

Suddenly, the screen flickers to life again.

A good-looking man in his late 30s turns on a camera. Cooper recognizes him instantly. It's Murph.

Murph looks at the camera for a long beat, clearly unsure about this.

MURPH

Hello, Dad. You sonofabitch.

He laughs, self-conscious.

MURPH (CONT'D)

It's your 60th birthday today. Thought I would celebrate with you a bit.

(BEAT)

I guess I understand why you left. The corn is dying now, too. Tom says there's less and less at harvest every year.

He pauses. Lifts up his hand and scratches his stubble.

Cooper pauses the message. He looks carefully at the screen:

Murph is wearing his dad's watch.

Cooper lets the message play. Tears are streaming down his face.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Rot's setting in. I guess you were right for clearing out while you had the chance.

(reaches up to switch

OFF CAMERA)

Good luck, old man. I hope you made it. I really do.

The video cuts out.

124.

A message appears on the screen:

"Final transmission." Relay powered down 05232087

Cooper turns off the screen.

INT. CREW QUARTERS, ENDURANCE

Cooper is seated, alone. Almost every compartment has been opened and emptied -- debris is swirling through the compartment.

Brand walks in. They sit in silence for a moment. When Cooper speaks, it's clear his sadness has faded to a gallows humor.

COOPER

Not a single drink on the whole ship.
What kind of mission is this?

BRAND

I think Doyle's been experimenting with the coolant from his spacesuit.

They sit in silence for a moment.

COOPER

You really think we're the last humans alive anywhere?

BRAND

I don't know. Maybe.
(looks him in the eye)
Yes.

COOPER

So that's it, then? That's all?

He looks down, saddened by his own words.

BRAND

(QUIET)

It's happened a billion times over.
Stars explode. The pieces drift in space. Gravity pulls them back together. They form new stars. Then planets. Then us. We die. It starts all over again.

Cooper shakes his head.

COOPER

What about the plan? The grand scheme.

125.

BRAND

I thought you didn't believe in one.

COOPER

I didn't. But you were bringing me round.

He laughs, his anger coming and going in waves.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What the hell was the point? What did it add up to?

BRAND

I don't know. Maybe it just adds up to this.

COOPER

This? You're saying the end result of ten billion years is the atoms from dead stars standing here disagreeing with each other.

She smiles at him. Bittersweet.

BRAND

Maybe that's enough.

He turns away from her. She takes his shoulder.

She pulls him into a kiss. His surprise disappears and he pulls her to him, kissing her back.

Their surroundings forgotten, they drift. She LAUGHS gently as they bump into a wall and he pushes off of it, sending them spinning back into the center of the cabin.

She pulls his shirt off and it hangs in space. In moments, the cabin is filling with discarded clothes, different colors and shapes, like a ticker tape parade.

In the center of the cabin, Brand and Cooper make love.

INT. CREW QUARTERS, ENDURANCE -- LATER

Cooper and Brand embrace, sleeping, drifting in the cabin.

Suddenly, Doyle's voice calls out from the other cabin.

DOYLE (O.S.)

It's happening... it's happening again... Get up here...

Cooper wakes, careful not to disturb Brand. He plucks his shirt from the floating laundry pile and pulls it on.

126.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK, ENDURANCE

Cooper hauls himself up into the upper cabin. Doyle is standing in the middle of the chamber.

DOYLE

They just appeared.

A sphere of distortion, like the one they encountered in the first wormhole, is directly in front of Doyle, hovering at a

point in the middle of the cabin.

Doyle points a finger gently at the sphere, which grows in response.

Brand pulls herself into the cabin. Several more points appear, as if they've been summoned by the first.

Some of the points twist, some of them spin, and some of them are motionless.

BRAND

I think these are the creatures that built the wormhole.

One of them begins to move closer to Cooper.

COOPER

This thing is made of... gravity?

BRAND

No. I don't think it's in our universe at all. I think it lives in the bulk -- the space that the wormholes traverse. And it can only interact with us using gravity.

The shape playfully grows around Cooper's hand, bending the space it's in, stretching the skin.

Doyle GASPS as the sphere nearest him moves through his body, coming to rest in the middle and bending his entire torso like a fun house mirror.

Suddenly, the sphere wrapped around Cooper's hand begins moving, tugging him gently through the cabin.

In the next moment, all three of them are being propelled through the cabin.

It's a magical moment -- a communion, a dance between creatures on either side of a massive, invisible wall.

Doyle exclaims like a kid on a roller coaster as he is whirled around the room.

127.

Cooper and Brand collide with each other for a second as the bulk beings move them through space. They hold onto each other for a moment and then are pulled apart again as the whirling dance continues.

Even the fractal creature is involved -- inside its cage, a tiny distortion ripples its fractal skin. The creature breaks apart and plays with the distortion around its enclosure.

Finally, Brand disengages from the dance and pulls herself around the lab, looking for some way to try to communicate with the creatures.

She finds two heavy pieces of engineering equipment and moves them close to each other, then far apart.

The bulk beings soon join her, mimicking the motion of the pieces of equipment.

COOPER

Can we communicate with them?

BRAND

Where would we even start? Maybe

She pull a bag of ball bearings out of a storage bin and tears the bag open, releasing a cloud of the tiny shining globes into the air.

For a moment, nothing happens. Then, the distortions begin moving through the bearings, shifting them, rearranging them into patterns in the air.

First, they rearrange the ball bearings into clusters, then shapes spinning around each other -- planets orbiting around a medium-sized star.

DOYLE

That's our solar system.

After a moment the ball bearings break apart again and rearrange into a larger, more complicated system -- Gargantua, Pantagruel, and the ice planet.

Finally, the bearings compress to a two-dimensional sheet. Inside the sheet, one solitary ball bearing orbits around the stars and then pushes up, off of the sheet, into an umbrella shaped space that rises up from the sheet.

COOPER

What is that?

Brand looks at the tiny particle, floating alone above its universe.

128.

BRAND

That's us. That's where they've brought us. We're in the bulk.

Cooper and Doyle stare at the particle. The map is static now.

Cooper looks around. The distortions have gone. The instruments on the ship TONE in alarm.

Cooper walks through the map, sending the ball bearings scattering. He hurries to the instruments. The ship is moving -- picking up speed at a huge rate.

BRAND (CONT'D)

They're moving us.

DOYLE

Where?

They stand, looking out into the perfect darkness.

EXT. ENDURANCE, VACUUM

The ship begins to close in on something in the darkness: a tiny point of light.

As they grow closer, they realize that it's an opening. They are inside a massive, hollow sphere. They have been the entire time.

The ship is guided out through the opening at the crown of the sphere.

Below them is an astonishing sight:

Our entire universe, compressed into a flattened disc, like a floor of stars. They are hovering above it, in the bulk, the space between universes.

INT. ENDURANCE, BULK

Brand and the others stare at the incredible display.

The ship drops down and begins to orbit around the massive hollow sphere between them and our universe, lower and lower until it is skimming just above the surface of the sphere.

In the distance, they can make out a cluster of lights.

COOPER

There's something out there.

The cluster of lights grows as they are propelled closer:
129.

It's a massive space station, built onto the surface of the sphere.

EXT. SPACE STATION

The Endurance glides to a gentle stop on one of the upper decks of the space station.

After a moment, the airlock to the ship opens and Cooper and the others step out, in their suits.

They walk up to the airlock doors of the station, which open automatically.

INT. SPACE STATION

After the airlock decompresses, the inner doors open. Standing there, waiting for them, is a familiar figure:

Tars.

**TARS
(DEADPAN)**

I guess this isn't robot heaven after all.

The light on his brow glows and he offers them both a hand.

INT. GRAND LABORATORY, SPACE STATION

The humans have taken off their space suits -- the station has been built to be habitable by humans -- and are following Tars through the massive facility.

TARS

I orbited the black hole seven times before I hit the second wormhole. Then I drifted until I found this place.

Cooper looks around. The halls are filled with countless technological wonders.

COOPER

This is what the Chinese were protecting.

(LOOKS AROUND)

How they could have built all this in just a handful of years.

TARS

They didn't. It took them four thousand.

(off Brand's look)

Time moves very slowly here
130.

BRAND

How do you know?

TARS

Because I've been waiting for you
for three hundred years.

Brand looks around at the massive facility.

BRAND

Time. That's what the bulk beings
wanted to give us. That was the
treasure the Chinese found. Enough
time to let us save ourselves.

Brand looks around. The facility is massive. She sets the
specimen case down on a table. Even the tiny creature seems
in awe of the place.

INT. LABORATORY, SPACE STATION

Tars shows them a prototype for the gravity machine. It is
tiny -- increasing G around two spheres that attract each
other with a tiny force.

TARS

I have catalogued almost everything
they had built here.

COOPER

Must have taken you a while.

TARS

One hundred and fifty-seven years.

Cooper shakes his head in disbelief.

COOPER

How are they keeping the lights on
in this thing?

Tars, in answer, points to a far door.

TARS

Follow me.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, SPACE STATION

A massive reinforced-concrete shell shudders with the energy
contained within it. The whole room HUMS with power.

Tars pulls up a display showing the inside of the shell:

A tiny black hole spins, spewing out massive amounts of power.
131.

TARS

It's a mini black hole. A remnant
of the big bang. It will power this
place forever.

Tars leads them on.

EXT. HANGAR, SPACE STATION

Tars leads them past an incredibly sleek fleet of spacecraft.
Cooper starts to stop, but Tars doesn't slow down.

INT. SIMULATION ROOM

In the center of the room is a giant holographic globe of the Earth, perfect down to the tiniest detail.

COOPER

It's a map?

TARS

No. Not a map. This is a simulation of the Earth. A perfect simulation.

Tars touches the control panel. The map zooms in over Europe. Down onto Paris. Late 20th century:

People walk through the streets. A woman stops at a newsagent to buy a newspaper.

Tars touches the controls again and the map zooms out.

TARS (CONT'D)

They tested each of the technologies hundreds of times, trying to find the one that would cause the least damage and still allow us to leave Earth.

Suddenly, the map lights up with atomic explosions in every city. The sequence stops, rewinds.

This time, sped up, the Earth seems to be drying up -- great swaths of desert grow across Europe and Asia. Massive circular ships are constructed all over the face of the Earth.

TARS (CONT'D)

This was their best solution. A massive version of the box we found on the ice planet, allowing the entire human population to escape.

At a given moment, the gravity of the Earth is dropped to nothing and the massive ships, filled with the entire
132.

population of the Earth, lift gently off of the planet in search of greener pastures.

Cooper turns away from the machine, bitter.

COOPER

So why didn't they return? Why didn't they save us?

Brand is staring at the massive map.

BRAND

Because they were too late. By the time they found this place, the people who sent them were dead. They were unable to fulfill their mission.

Tars points to the next room.

TARS

That was the final problem they tried to solve.

Tars moves on.

EXT. PLATFORM, SPACE STATION

Above them, the blackness of the sky is punctuated with hundreds of crystal shapes, faintly leaking starlight:

Wormholes. Brand looks up at them, entranced.

BRAND

Where do they lead?

Tars looks at an illuminated schematic on one wall, mapping some of the wormholes.

TARS

There are millions of them, connecting virtually every planetary system in the universe. There are thousands in our galaxy alone. But the Chinese stopped mapping them when they found what they were looking for.

Tars walks further. He stops.

The platform in front of them is dominated by a gigantic version of the black box that Roth found on the ice planet, connected to a massive power array, and pointing into the dark space above the sphere.

133.

TARS (CONT'D)

This was their final creation. They had to capture the mini black hole just to have enough power to try it.

Several miles above the black box, one of the wormholes glows far brighter than the others, crackling with radiation.

DOYLE

What does it do?

Cooper steps forward. Runs a hand on the cold, strange material the antenna is made out of. He knows exactly what it does.

COOPER

They weren't interested in the other wormholes because their mission was to return home. That one leads back to Earth. The Earth they were told to return to.

Tars walks to the controls for the device.

BRAND

But that's impossible...

Tars turns away from the machine.

TARS

It was only used once. The Chinese team attempted to travel back in time, to Earth just a few years after they had left.

COOPER

Did they make it?

TARS

I don't know.

Doyle looks back to Cooper.

DOYLE

Do you really think it works?

Cooper looks up at the machine, suddenly determined.

COOPER

We're going to find out.

Cooper walks out of the room. Brand follows him.

134.

EXT. AIRLOCK, SPACE STATION

Brand follows Cooper as he walks up to the Endurance.

BRAND

You know it doesn't work. Time travel isn't possible.

COOPER

You don't know that.

BRAND

Yes, I do. If it worked, the Chinese would have suddenly discovered all of these incredible technologies. But they never made it.

(BEAT)

You can't go back, Cooper. You can slow things down, but you can't ever go back. Our home is gone.

(off his look)

You listened to all of those messages from your family. If you had made it back, we would already know. There would already be some evidence.

Cooper looks at the machine.

BRAND (CONT'D)

If you try to use it, you'll die, just like the people who built it.

She puts an arm on his shoulder.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Roth was right, Cooper. We have to keep going. Keep exploring. We have an obligation to try to survive. From here we could find a thousand places where life could thrive. And you're going to return to the one place where it can't.

COOPER

I made a promise.

He turns away from her, resolute.

EXT. HANGAR, SPACE STATION

Cooper and Doyle check over one of the sleek Chinese spaceships.

135.

INT. CHINESE SPACESHIP

Cooper is checking over the controls of the ship. Brand walks in.

BRAND

I came to say goodbye

Cooper looks up at her.

INT. HANGAR, SPACE STATION

Cooper walks Brand back to the Endurance. The ship is packed up and repaired. Brand is looking over their work.

COOPER

You could have taken one of the other ships.

BRAND

This one's done all right by us so far.

Brand holds up a small sample case containing half of the fractal life-form.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Will you take this with you? It's the last of its kind as well. Thought we should double its chances of survival. In case I'm wrong.

Cooper takes the sample and looks at the tiny creature inside, trying to escape. He sets it inside the ship. Turns back to her.

COOPER

Where are you going to go?

BRAND

I don't know. Up there, I guess.

She points up into the great darkness above them.

Tars steps down. Moves over to them.

COOPER

You're going, too?

TARS

I'm curious. It's my nature. See you down the road?

Tars shakes Cooper's hand. Heads onto the Endurance.
136.

BRAND

Come with us. Please. You wanted your whole life to explore. This is your chance.

Cooper stares at her. This is what he has always wanted. And he has to turn it down.

COOPER

I'm sorry. I have to find out what happened to my sons. I promised them.

Brand sees the resolve in his eyes. Knows there's no way to change his mind.

BRAND

You're a man who keeps his promises. Make me one-

She takes his hand.

BRAND (CONT'D)

After you're done... come find me.

COOPER

I promise.

They kiss passionately. Not wanting it to end but knowing that it must. Reluctantly, they separate. Brand turns back to the ship.

She pulls herself onto the ship. Cooper steps back outside and watches through the tiny window as the Endurance lifts off and disappears into the darkness.

Cooper turns away.

EXT. PLATFORM, SPACE STATION

Cooper watches as radiation pours out of the wormhole high above them.

INT. CHINESE SPACESHIP

Cooper pulls himself on board. Doyle is at the controls. He keys the controls and the ship lifts off.

DOYLE

Let's go home.

The two men sit in silence as the ship arcs away from the space station and closes in on the wormhole.

Cooper hears a familiar CHIRP. He turns around:
137.

The probe they took from the ice planet is belted securely into one of the seats, filled with the garbled machine code of the gravitational machine.

COOPER

The probe...

Doyle looks back.

DOYLE

We get back to earth, you and I can try to make sense of the code. Rebuild the gravity machine.

Cooper stares at it, suddenly realizing something. He unbuckles himself.

Cooper stands and walks over to the probe. Traces the familiar stars and stripes carved into its side.

Cooper stares at the probe, putting it all together.

COOPER

It's going to work.

DOYLE

Of course it's going to work.

COOPER

That's not what I mean. This is the probe I found in Galveston.

Below them, the wormhole breaks as it reaches another wormhole mouth that the Chinese have dropped down to a lower gravity well, creating a time machine.

The wormhole mouth is FLARING with radiation.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Brand said there'd be some evidence
we'd made it. And there was. This.
(holds up probe)
But only this. Everything will be
destroyed except for this.

He moves toward Doyle. Doyle stands.

COOPER (CONT'D)

We have to stop.

DOYLE

I don't know what you're talking
about, but you're not touching the
controls. I'm going home.
138.

Cooper moves closer to Doyle. Doyle pulls out the flair
gun. Points it at Cooper.

COOPER

You don't need to do this. We won't
make it back, but this does. The
secrets are already right on it.
Maybe someone found it. There's
hope.

(SAD)

But we don't get to go with.

DOYLE

You're not stopping me. I'm going
home.

Doyle forces Cooper into the ship's lander. Then he closes
the airlock.

Cooper pounds on the other side of the glass, trying to reason
with him.

The landing craft detaches from the ship.

INT. CHINESE LANDING CRAFT

Cooper watches, helpless, as Doyle's ship races ahead towards
the glowing wormhole mouth.

As the ship speeds toward the next wormhole, the radiation
suddenly FLARES, annihilating the ship and everything in it.

Almost everything.

Cooper's landing craft spins away from the wormhole mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE, OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

A hole opens in the sky with a FIERY EXPLOSION. As the
radiation subsides, all that shoots out of the hole is a
vaporious wisp of atomized metal, and a burned, blackened
probe, which hurtles toward Earth.

EXT. SPACE, NEAR EARTH ORBIT

The probe collides with a satellite, hurling debris into the
upper atmosphere.

PROBE'S CRASHED CAMERA FOOTAGE

The probe's onboard camera documents its journey. Fragments

OF VIDEO:

139.

-- The probe HURTLES through the atmosphere, toward North America, the Gulf Coast.

-- The probe SMASHES down into a sandbar.

-- Daylight. A man is descending toward it, dangling from a rope. It's Cooper.

-- Night. A kitchen. A little boy -- Murph -- stares at the probe, while Cooper works at it with a blowtorch.

-- Tars pulls the probe out of the back of a plane.

-- Brand's father, older, studies the probe. Gives up.

-- Much later. People are moving around in the darkened base, scavenging equipment.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

A combine harvester is dead in a field, service hatch opened. A MAN is lying under the machine, working.

The man hauls himself out from under the huge machine. Dusts himself off.

It's Murph, 30s. He looks at the FARMER who is waiting for the verdict. Murph shakes his head.

MURPH

It's done. Auto-pilot's packed up for the last time.

FARMER

You can't make it work a little longer?

MURPH

Can't do anything for you. There aren't any more parts for these. Not anywhere.

FARMER

You don't understand. We're getting less than a hundred pounds per acre. We need to plant more, not less.

Murph looks around him at the pathetic crop of corn that stretches around them. The plants are feeble, barely able to support themselves.

140.

FARMER (CONT'D)

You've got to find us some more parts, Murph. It's getting desperate. Isn't there anywhere you can look?

Murph begins packing up his tools, thinking it over.

INT. HANGAR -- DAY

Murph stares at the darkened shape of a plane under a tarp. He stares at the tarp, unsure if he wants to keep going.

He pulls the tarp off, revealing Cooper's old Piper Cub. He checks over the engine, lights, prop. Turns the key. Fires her up. The diesel wakes with a GRUNT.

EXT. AIRSTRIP -- DAY

Murph wheels the old plane out onto the field by hand.

EXT. SKIES OVER THE SOUTHWEST -- DAY

The ancient plane skirts the San Gabriels.

EXT. FIELD, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND

Murph sets the plane down.

He parks the plane under a copse of trees and climbs down.

He scans the horizon. Nothing. Is this the place?

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Murph pushes his way through the undergrowth. Stops.

He's standing at the blast doors to the facility. They've been blown open with dynamite.

INT. NASA FACILITY -- DAY

Murph lets himself inside. Lights a flare.

The place has been gutted. Thieves and scavengers have taken almost everything.

Murph finds one of the robots, or what's left of it -- it's been stripped, leaving only the bare composite skeleton. The empty eye sockets stare back at Murph.

Murph looks around the place. There is nothing left to salvage. He turns to leave. Hears a familiar CHIRP.

In the corner, under a pile of rain-soaked garbage:

141.

The probe.

No one has bothered to steal it. Murph stares at it.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY -- NIGHT

Murph sweeps detritus off of an ancient computer mainframe that survived the looting. He hooks the probe up to it.

After a minute, the screen fills with a picture of an ice-covered planet. Then nothing. The rest of the probe's drive is filled with garbage, noise.

Murph switches off the screen.

He stands. Begins to leave without the probe. Stops. Turns back. Picks it up and takes it with him.

INT. KITCHEN, MURPH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Murph is hunched over the probe, trying to pull data off of it with a defibrillator. He has incorporated an ancient laptop into the chain, and is tweaking values on it, trying to decrypt the contents.

His WIFE, several months pregnant, turns back to him from the stove.

MURPH'S WIFE

Would you get that thing off of the table?

Murph nods, absorbed. Keys in a final tweak to the decryption software. Hits return.

Suddenly, the screen begins filling with data.

Murph stares at it, wide eyed.

CUT TO:**INT. BARN -- NIGHT**

Murph, now in his 40s, is putting the finishing touches on a large machine. Although slightly different, we recognize some of the components and their configuration:

It's a crude version of the gravitational device.

Murph double checks it, then fires up a small gas powered generator. Throws a breaker, feeding power to the unit.

The unit lights up. HUMS. But nothing happens.

142.

Murph, disappointed but undaunted, shuts it down and begins checking it over. He hears a noise at the door. Turns back. His daughter, Emily, 8, is standing at the door.

EMILY COOPER

Dad? You said you'd take us to the game.

**MURPH
(DISTRACTED)**

Did I?

He looks at the impossible nest of wires. Shakes his head.

MURPH (CONT'D)

All right. Let me get my jacket.

Murph picks up his jacket from the workbench. Next to it on the bench is a shortwave radio playing STATIC.

EMILY COOPER

(staring at machine)
What is it supposed to do, Dad?

MURPH

I have no idea.

Murph switches off the lights and they walk out.

After a moment, the radio CRACKLES to life in the darkness.

COOPER

(over radio, garbled)
This is the crew of the Endurance...
Murph... I'm sorry...

The signal crackles out.

CUT TO:**INT. KITCHEN, MURPH'S HOUSE -- DAY**

hears a distant RUMBLE.

He looks up. His wife is standing by the sink.

MURPH

Where's Emily?

WIFE

Out in the barn. She's been tinkering
with your old projects.

143.

Murph stands up. The roof of the barn is visibly shaking.
He steps outside.

EXT. YARD, MURPH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Murph moves towards the barn, concerned. The shaking is
growing stronger -- the entire structure is buckling.

Emily, now 18, backs out of the barn.

EMILY COOPER

Dad... I'm sorry... I made some
changes to the machine. I think I
did something wrong.

Murph puts an arm around his daughter and as they watch, the
entire barn **IMPLODES**. Their tractor begins sliding towards
the wreckage of the barn, chunky tires plowing up the soil.

Finally, the **RUMBLING STOPS** as the power lines short out in
a **FIERY** display.

As the dust clears, Murph and his daughter examine the mess:

The entire barn has been crushed into a tiny ball.

Murph looks at his daughter.

MURPH

Do you remember what you changed?

Wide-eyed, she thinks about it. Then nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH, 2320 -- DAY

This is North America. But it doesn't look much like it.

Mother Nature has just about wiped the slate clean. Most of
the vegetation is gone, and unchecked winds sweep across the
barren plains. Patches of ice lie thick on the ground, as
if a heavy snow has come and gone.

SUPER TITLE: "TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER"

One of the Chinese spaceships descends through the thick
clouds above and settles gently onto the plain.

The hatch opens and Cooper steps out. He takes a cautious
look around. He is holding the fractal life in its small
container.

The clouds are threatening, but the weather looks calm enough
right here.

144.

Cooper starts to walk.

EXT. COLLAPSED HOUSE -- DAY

Remarkably, part of Cooper's old house is still standing.

INT. COLLAPSED HOUSE -- DAY

Cooper stands in the middle of his kitchen. Two walls are missing and the rest is collapsed in a heap. But he can still see where he used to feed his kids breakfast.

He has kept his promise. Several hundred years too late.

Cooper hunkers down, staring at the space where his kids used to be. Rainwater covers the ancient formica.

It has taken him years to finally reach this place. He has had plenty of time to come to grips with what he might find. But nothing has prepared him for this:

He is completely alone. Nothing is left.

INT. COLLAPSED FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Cooper is still sitting there when the ice storm hits.

Unchecked by trees or vegetation, the wind rockets through the house, blasting Cooper and pelting what's left of the structure with fist-sized hail.

Cooper takes shelter against the remaining wall. He's going to have to sit this one out -- the hail and winds are the brutal descendants of the weather he knew. They'll finish him off if he steps back outside.

As he watches, the pool of water on the kitchen floor freezes over in seconds.

INT. COLLAPSED FARMHOUSE -- DAWN

Cooper shivers, pressed against the wall. The storm is still raging outside. He is freezing to death. He has to move now or he will die. He pulls the hood tight around his face and stumbles outside.

EXT. SNOWBOUND FIELD -- DAY

Cooper makes his way through the blinding snow. He tries to find his way, but the ship has been consumed by the blizzard.

He stumbles to the ground, dropping the glass case with the fractal wildlife in it. The case shatters.

Cooper tries to stand back up, but his strength is dwindling.
145.

As he watches, the fractal wildlife creeps tentatively out of its broken habitat. It forms together against the cold.

After a moment, it burrows into the ice. As it does, the ice glows faintly. It seems to be right at home.

Cooper laughs, glimpsing the outline of a plan. Was this what the beings who made the wormhole intended all along?

Cooper suddenly spots the outline of the ship through the driving snow. He stumbles back up to his feet and struggles a few more steps, then stumbles again, spent.

Finally, he sits down in the snow to die.

As his senses flicker in and out, he is struck with wonder...

of his boys, so vivid he reaches out for them, crawling forward in the snow.

He stops, and laughs, remembering what Case told him about what happens when humans die.

He struggles to his feet and stumbles a few more feet, eventually coming to rest just steps from the ship.

Cooper takes a final step. Finally, he collapses under his ship, as the wind continues to HOWL around him.

As the snow clears for a moment, Cooper is alone on a vast arctic tundra. He will die alone.

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Cooper wakes.

He is in a sunlit room. A breeze rustles the curtains as it makes its way in through a large open window.

Cooper sits up. As he does, a control panel on the wall TONES gently, as if in response to his movement.

He stands and looks around. He can see sunlight through the open windows and hear people -- kids YELLING as they play. He moves toward the window. Reaches for the curtains. Before he can, the door opens behind him.

A WOMAN in a white coat steps in, smiling warmly.

DOCTOR

Good morning. Don't go outside just yet, Mr. Cooper.

(MORE)

146.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(offers him a pill)
This will help with the disorientation.

Cooper opens his mouth to talk, but his voice is cracked. He gives up. Swallows the pill.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Wait a minute for that to take effect.
It can be a bit of an adjustment.
(looks him over)
You had some frostbite. Nothing too serious.

As she talks, Cooper looks past her to the window.

COOPER

Where am I?

**DOCTOR
(SMILES)**

It's a bit of a coincidence, really.
When the rangers found you, we were the nearest facility.

COOPER

What's coincidence? What is this place?

DOCTOR

We have a lot to show you.

The doctor reaches for the curtains. She offers him a hand. Cooper declines the help and steps outside.

EXT. HOSPICE, COOPER STATION -- DAY

Cooper is standing on a rooftop deck of a four-story building in a medium-sized city surrounded by fields. But as the road and the buildings stretch into the distance, the landscape curves up, not down.

The entire landscape is contained within a huge cylinder-shaped space station.

Cooper stumbles, and reaches instinctively out. The doctor catches him.

DOCTOR

You're OK. We get this from people who move here from planetary colonies all the time.

147.

COOPER

Where... where are we?

DOCTOR

Like I said. It was a coincidence. There was a facility closer to Earth, but they had a problem, so you wound up here.
(off his look)
This is the Space Station Joseph A. Cooper.

Cooper takes in the incredible surroundings. A thousand feet above them, black specks are sprinkled over an ocean of green -- Jersey milking cows grazing in a field of wild grass.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I've got someone who wants to meet you.

Cooper looks at her.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM, HOSPICE, COOPER STATION -- DAY

Cooper steps inside. The room is dark, still, the only noise is the labored RATTLE of an old man struggling to breathe.

Cooper steps closer to the bed. The man's skin is paper-thin. He is ancient.

DOCTOR

He was moved here after they found you. He's a little old for a transfer, but they made an exception.

Cooper hovers at the back of the room, unsure. He turns to the doctor, questioning. Then he notices the pictures on the old man's desk:

There are dozens of them. Children, grandchildren. Then the older ones -- the man's own parents. Grandparents. Cooper spots a tiny framed picture with someone he recognizes:

Murph, 80 years old, surrounded by his daughter and her

Canaveral, and a huge spaceship under construction.

Cooper picks up the picture and stares at it.

The doctor points to a shy little boy hiding behind Murph's leg in the picture.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's him.

148.

She points to the old man lying in the bed.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

His name is Anthony Welling. Anthony Cooper Welling.

(SMILES)

He's your great great grandson.

He's been waiting a long time for you.

Cooper's eyes well with tears. He steps over to the bed and looks down at the ancient man, teetering on the edge of death.

The old man looks at him, eyes widening in excitement. He strains, trying to reach the bedside table. He's trying to reach the drawer. Cooper helps him open it.

Inside is a simple, familiar wristwatch. The old man carefully takes out the watch. He gives the watch a few winds and, hands shaking, offers it to Cooper.

Cooper, eyes filling with tears, closes his hand over the old man's hand, enveloping both the watch and the man's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNFIELD, COOPER STATION -- MORNING

Cooper is sitting in a well-appointed office. A middle-aged BUREAUCRAT smiles at him from the far side of a huge desk.

ADMINISTRATOR

You're a hero, Mr. Cooper. Let's just start off by saying that. It's an incredible and... unexpected honor to have you here with us.

Cooper smiles, uncomfortable.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

None of us would be here without the efforts of you and the other crewmembers of the Endurance.

(smiles, unconvincingly)

So I don't want you to take this the wrong way. But there are some questions I've been told to ask.

The man looks petrified, like he's been instructed to grill George Washington on his expense reports.

COOPER

Shoot.

149.

ADMINISTRATOR

The rangers who found you reported that you had released a sample of an alien life-form into the wild. Which is... unfortunately... incorrect.

regulations.

COOPER

It was last of its kind. Their planet was destroyed.

The administrator cues up a series of images on his computer.

ADMINISTRATOR

The rangers attempted to isolate the life-form, but it had already spread out of control. It seems to be thriving.

He shows Cooper a satellite image of north america. A considerable portion of the frozen tundra is glowing.

Cooper begins laughing. Which makes the administrator even less comfortable.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Can you tell me why you... elected to release the life-form back on earth?

Cooper is still laughing.

COOPER

Because that was the plan.

ADMINISTRATOR

Whose plan?

**COOPER
(SMILES)**

I don't know.

The administrator tries to smile back. Makes a few notes in his file. Changes the subject.

ADMINISTRATOR

My assistant tells me you've applied for a position with the exploration fleet.

COOPER

Feel like I should be pulling my weight.

150.

ADMINISTRATOR

That's admirable, Mr. Cooper. The truth is, most of the fleet's personnel are automated. There are a small number of crewed ships. But there are great numbers of candidates. Very well trained candidates.

COOPER

I was hoping to enroll in a course. Try to get myself up to speed on the new systems.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't want you to take this the wrong way, Mr. Cooper -- like I said, you're a hero. But the truth is we have somewhat limited resources.

Cooper remembers this conversation. He looks down.

COOPER

No one's heard anything from Brand?

ADMINISTRATOR

I'm sorry. Officially, she's been listed as missing for over 200 years. Mind you, I guess you turned up eventually, didn't you?

COOPER

Am I really going to hurt anybody by going to look for her? I just need a small ship. I made a promise.

The bureaucrat looks down. Is he really going to have to tell this guy the lay of the land?

ADMINISTRATOR

Listen. Mr. Cooper. You're a hero. You're the oldest man in the human race. Don't you want to take it easy?
(off his look)
I hope you understand, we all you hold you in the highest possible regard.

(QUIET)

Which is why they're never going to let you go off by yourself in a spaceship. I'm sorry.

Cooper looks at his hands. He's got a couple centuries on the bureaucrat in Earth years, but looks ten years younger. He puts his hands in his pockets.

151.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

I've got some good news, however.

(BIG SMILE)

We all know about your early life, Mr Cooper. I wrote a paper on it when I was a boy. And I think we found something you'll really enjoy.

EXT. CORNFIELD, COOPER STATION -- DAY

Corn blows in an artificial breeze. A red tractor makes its way through the field, which curves gently up in the distance.

ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)

The machines do most of the work, of course, but we were able to get you a few acres. You're going to be a farmer again.

After a moment, the tractor stops. Cooper climbs down from the seat. Looks at the front steering linkage, which is jammed with an errant tree branch. He wipes his forehead and begins working the branch out of the machine.

He looks miserable.

A robot, a similar unit to Tars, walks over. Offers Cooper a bottle of water. Cooper accepts it.

EXT. HANGAR BAY, COOPER STATION

Cooper stands on an observation deck, high above the hangar floor. Below him, bright young things in uniforms climb into sleek-looking spaceships and prepare to set out.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND, COOPER STATION

Cooper sits in the stands, listening to the familiar crack of the bat as an intramural team from the university practices.

Cooper watches. He looks bored.

The kid up to bat cracks a pop fly. For a second, the catcher shuffles back and forth, trying to get himself into position. But the ball never returns. The catcher YELLS out a warning.

Above, the ball begins to slowly fall up, not down, toward the town center above.

After a second, the ball smashes through a skylight of a building high above them.

Cooper watches as the kid rounds the bases, laughing.
152.

INT. KITCHEN, FARMHOUSE, COOPER STATION -- DAY

Cooper's robot sits at the kitchen table. Cooper is fiddling around in the back of his head.

ROBOT

Settings: general settings, security
SETTINGS--

COOPER

Curiosity. New level setting. 100 percent.

ROBOT

Confirmed. Would you like to make any additional changes?

COOPER

Sense of humor. New level setting. 100 percent. Wait.

(THINKS)

80 percent.

He begins putting the robot back together.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, COOPER STATION -- TWILIGHT

Cooper sits on his porch, joined by the same robot as before. They watch as the space station rotates lazily out of alignment with the local star, casting the inside of the cylinder into shade, then darkness.

The shadow races past them. Another day. Another night.

EXT. HANGAR, COOPER STATION

A maintenance worker finishes looking over one of the sleek-looking spacecraft. He packs up his tools and heads out.

After a moment, two figures pick their way across the hangar floor, sticking to the shadows.

As they reach the first ship in the line, we get a better look. It's Cooper and his robot pal. The robot is wearing a baseball cap and carrying a toolbox.

Cooper gestures to the robot, who sets down the toolbox with a click against the mirror-like floor.

finger to his lips. The robot nods, bashful.

Cooper waves a small handheld computer near the skin of the ship until it lights up. Then he punches in a few codes. Nothing happens. He punches in a few more.

153.

Suddenly, the hatch opens with a HISS.

INT. SHIP

Cooper moves quickly to the cockpit of the ship. Looks over the controls. The robot straps himself in next to him. Cooper looks up through the windows.

The inky black void of space beckons.

Cooper smiles and reaches for the controls.

COOPER

Where do you want to go first?

The robot thinks it over.

EXT. HANGAR, COOPER STATION

The technician walks back into the hangar. He walks along the row of ships till he reaches the last one.

It's not there.

He looks out into the blackness of the void. Sees a tiny glowing speck, getting smaller and smaller.

END



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INCEPTION

By

Christopher Nolan

SHOOTING SCRIPT

FADE IN:

DAWN. CRASHING SURF.

The waves TOSS a BEARDED MAN onto wet sand. He lies there.

A CHILD'S SHOUT makes him LIFT his head to see: a LITTLE BLONDE BOY crouching, back towards us, watching the tide eat a SANDCASTLE. A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL joins the boy. The Bearded Man tries to call them, but they RUN OFF, FACES UNSEEN. He COLLAPSES.

The barrel of a rifle ROLLS the Bearded Man onto his back. A JAPANESE SECURITY GUARD looks down at him, then calls up the beach to a colleague leaning against a JEEP. Behind them is a cliff, and on top of that, a JAPANESE CASTLE.

INT. ELEGANT DINING ROOM, JAPANESE CASTLE - LATER

The Security Guard waits as an ATTENDANT speaks to an ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN sitting at the dining table, back to us.

ATTENDANT

(in Japanese)

He was delirious. But he asked for you by name. And...

(to the Security Guard)

Show him.

SECURITY GUARD

(in Japanese)

He was carrying nothing but this...

He puts a HANDGUN on the table. The Elderly Man keeps eating.

SECURITY GUARD

...and this.

The Security Guard places a SMALL PEWTER CONE alongside the gun. The Elderly Man STOPS eating. Picks up the cone.

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN

(in Japanese)

Bring him here. And some food.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

The Elderly Man watches the Bearded Man WOLF down his food. He SLIDES the handgun down the table towards him.

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN

(in English)

Are you here to kill me?

The Bearded Man glances up at him, then back to his food.

The Elderly Japanese Man picks up the cone between thumb and forefinger.

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN
I know what *this* is.

He SPINS it onto a table- it CIRCLES gracefully across the polished ebony... a SPINNING TOP.

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN
I've seen one before. Many, many years ago...

The Elderly Japanese Man STARES at the top mesmerized.

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN
It belonged to a man I met in a half-remembered dream...

MOVE IN on the GRACEFULLY SPINNING TOP...

ELDERLY JAPANESE MAN
A man possessed of some radical notions...

The Elderly Japanese Man STARES, remembering...

COBB (V.O.)
What's the most resilient parasite?

CUT TO:

INT. SAME ELEGANT DINING ROOM - NIGHT (YEARS EARLIER)

The speaker, COBB, is 35, handsome, tailored. A young Japanese man, SAITO, eats as he listens.

COBB
A bacteria? A virus?

Cobb gestures at their feast with his wine glass-

COBB
An intestinal worm?

Saito's fork pauses, mid-air. Cobb GRINS. A third man is at the table- ARTHUR. He jumps in to save the pitch-

ARTHUR
What Mr. Cobb is trying to say-

COBB
An *idea*.

Saito looks at Cobb, curious.

COBB

Resilient, highly contagious. Once an idea's taken hold in the brain it's almost impossible to eradicate. A person can cover it up, ignore it- but it stays there.

SAITO

But surely-to forget...?

COBB

Information, yes. But an *idea*? Fully formed, *understood*? That sticks...

(taps forehead)

In there, somewhere.

SAITO

For someone like you to steal?

ARTHUR

Yes. In the dream state, conscious defenses are lowered and your thoughts become vulnerable to theft. It's called extraction.

COBB

But, Mr. Saito, we can train your subconscious to defend itself from even the most skilled extractor.

SAITO

How can you do that?

COBB

Because I *am* the most skilled extractor. I know how to search your mind and find your secrets. I know the tricks, and I can teach them to your subconscious so that even when you're *asleep*, your guard is never down.

Cobb leans forwards. Holding Saito's gaze.

COBB

But if I'm going to help you, you have to be completely open to me. I'll need to know my way around your thoughts better than your wife, your analyst, anyone.

(gestures around)

If this is a dream and you've got a safe full of secrets, I need to know what's in that safe. For this to work, you have to let me in.

Saito gives this a flicker of a smile. Rises. A BODYGUARD opens double doors which give onto a LAVISH PARTY.

SAITO
Gentlemen. Enjoy your evening as I
consider your proposal.

They watch Saito leave. Arthur turns to Cobb, worried-

ARTHUR
He knows.

Cobb motions silence. A TREMOR starts, they steady their glasses, Cobb glances at his watch- THE SECOND HAND IS FROZEN.

ARTHUR
What's going on up there?

And we-

CUT TO:

FILTHY BATHROOM - DAY (FEELS LIKE DIFFERENT TIME)

Cobb, ASLEEP, SITTING IN A CHAIR AT THE END OF A STEAMING BATH. The chair is up on a cabinet- the bottom of the legs level with the rim of the tub.

A sweating man (40's) watches over Cobb. This is NASH. A distant EXPLOSION rumbles through the room. Nash moves to the window, parts the curtains. Outside: a CHAOTIC DEVELOPING-WORLD CITY- the street filled with RIOTERS- SMASHING, BURNING.

Nash checks Cobb's left wrist: above his watch, tape holds TWO THIN YELLOW TUBES in place. Nash looks at Cobb's watch- THE SECOND HAND CRAWLS UNNATURALLY SLOWLY.

Nash follows the tubes to a SILVER BRIEFCASE at Arthur's feet: ARTHUR IS ASLEEP in an armchair. Tubes connect the briefcase to Arthur's wrist.

Nash follows another set of tubes from the briefcase to where they pass under the door to the bedroom. Through the crack of the door, Nash sees SAITO ASLEEP on the bed, tubes running to his wrist. BOOM- a closer EXPLOSION, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (FEELS LIKE DIFFERENT TIME)

Nash, ASLEEP. Head ROCKING AGAINST THE WINDOW as the train BUMPS OVER A ROUGH PIECE OF TRACK.

A Japanese Man, TODASHI (18) watches Nash nervously. He checks Nash's wrist: TWO YELLOW TUBES CONNECT NASH WITH THREE OTHER SLEEPING MEN IN THE COMPARTMENT: COBB, ARTHUR, SAITO.

Todashi checks his watch: THE SECOND HAND TICKS IN REAL TIME. Another TRAIN PASSES in the opposite direction with a MIGHTY WHUMP- Todashi's eyes FLY to Nash's sleeping face-

NASH JERKS WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE TRAIN, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another EXPLOSION- Nash CHECKS the sleeping Cobb and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACES, JAPANESE CASTLE - NIGHT

A LOW TREMOR RUMBLES THROUGH THE CASTLE. Cobb and Arthur steady themselves against the wooden rail. Several TILES and pieces of MASONRY fall. Below them a BLACK SEA churns. Other GUESTS wander the massive terraces.

ARTHUR

Saito *knows*. He's playing with us.

COBB

I can get it here. The information's in the safe- he looked right at it when I mentioned secrets.

Arthur nods. Then spots someone over Cobb's shoulder.

ARTHUR

What's *she* doing here, Cobb?

Cobb turns to see a beautiful woman, elegantly dressed, staring out at the sea. This is MAL. Cobb watches her.

COBB

You just get to your room. I'll take care of the rest.

ARTHUR

See that you do. We're here to work.

Arthur brushes past Mal, shaking his head. She nears Cobb. Looks out at the DROP. The WIND WHIPS HER HAIR-

MAL

If I jumped, would I survive?

COBB
With a clean dive, perhaps. Mal,
why are you here?

She turns to look at him. Amused.

MAL
I thought you might be missing
me...

She smiles. He leans in, mesmerized.

COBB
I am. But I can't trust you
anymore.

She stares up at him, inviting.

MAL
So what?

INT. BEDROOM SUITE, JAPANESE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mal sips champagne as she studies a painting by Francis
Bacon.

MAL
Looks like Arthur's taste.

Cobb is looking down through the window at the GUARDS
patrolling the castle at ground level.

COBB
Actually, Mr. Saito is partial to
postwar British painters.

He turns to Mal, donning a pair of black leather gloves.

COBB
Would you sit down?

Mal lowers herself gracefully into a leather wingback chair.
Cobb approaches, pulls out a length of BLACK ROPE and kneels
at Mal's feet. She looks down at him.

MAL
Tell me...

Cobb TIES the rope around the CHAIR LEGS.

MAL
Do the children miss me?

Cobb pauses. He lets his gloved fingers lightly touch Mal's
ankle. He looks up at her.

COBB
You can't imagine.

Mal looks away, uncomfortable. Cobb gets to his feet, letting out the rope as he moves back to the window.

MAL
What're you doing?

Cobb tosses the rope out-

COBB
Getting some air.

He tugs on the rope, testing. The weight of the chair, with Mal on it, holds.

COBB
Stay seated. Please.

And with that, he JUMPS. Mal considers the open window.

EXT. JAPANESE CASTLE WALL - CONTINUOUS

Cobb RAPPELS down the wall, darting past windows. He stops at a particular one. Gets out a glass cutter-

Suddenly he starts DROPPING-

INT. BEDROOM SUITE, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The EMPTY CHAIR SLIDES across the floor- WEDGES under the window-

EXT. JAPANESE CASTLE WALL - CONTINUOUS

Cobb JOLTS to a stop 15 ft. lower. He looks up at the bedroom window. Shakes his head. Starts climbing back.

INT. KITCHEN, JAPANESE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb drops silently from the window into the darkened kitchen. He pulls a PISTOL from his belt, screwing a SILENCER onto the barrel as he GLIDES across the room.

INT. HALL, JAPANESE CASTLE-CONTINUOUS

Cobb SLIPS through the shadows towards a GUARD stationed at the head of a GRAND STAIRCASE...

The Guard HEARS something- TURNS- PEERS into the shadows...

Cobb FLASHES out of the shadows, silenced pistol up, AIMING-

PHHT- head shot- the Guard starts to drop... but Cobb is already there to CATCH him, sliding on his knees and lowering the Guard SILENTLY to the floor.

INT. DINING ROOM, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Cobb moves to a PAINTING. With practiced hands he removes it from the wall, revealing a SAFE. Cobb spins the dial, pulls it OPEN, GRABS an envelope from within, stuffs it into his waistband, where there is already an IDENTICAL ENVELOPE.

LIGHTS COME ON. Cobb freezes.

SAITO (O.S.)

Turn around.

Cobb turns. At the far end of the room: Saito. Next to him is Mal, gun in hand. She smiles at Cobb.

MAL

The gun, Dom.

Cobb doesn't move. Mal motions outside- two GUARDS drag Arthur into the room. Mal puts the gun to his head.

MAL

Please.

Cobb slowly places his gun at his end of the long table, then SLIDES it along the polished ebony. It comes to rest HALFWAY down the length of the table.

SAITO

Now the envelope, Mr. Cobb.

Cobb reaches into his waistband, removes ONE of the envelopes, SLIDES it along the table. Steps back, hands raised.

COBB

Did *she* tell you, or have you known all along?

SAITO

That you're here to steal from me?

(beat)

Or that we're actually asleep?

Arthur gives Cobb an I-told-you-so look.

SAITO

I want to know who your employer is.

Mal COCKS the gun at Arthur's temple.

COBB

No point threatening him in a dream.

MAL

That depends on what you're threatening. Killing him would just wake him up... but pain? Pain is in the mind...

Mal LOWERS the gun and SHOOTS Arthur in the leg- Arthur drops, SCREAMING- Mal looks at Cobb, cold.

MAL

And, judging by the decor, we're in your mind, aren't we, Arthur?

Cobb watches Arthur's PAIN. Mal aims at Arthur's other leg...

Cobb SPRINGS for the table, SKIDDING along its polished surface- he GRABS his gun- SHOOTS ARTHUR BETWEEN THE EYES-

Arthur DROPS- the room starts to SHUDDER in a MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE- Cobb SPRINGS for the door- Arthur's eyes stare at the ceiling, DEAD, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur's EYES OPEN as he WAKES IN THE ARMCHAIR- he GRABS at the tubes at his wrist, YANKING them free-

NASH

What're you doing?! It's too soon-

FLUID spurts from the tubes as Arthur STRUGGLES with the SILVER CASE on the bathroom floor.

ARTHUR

I know! We have to reconnect the loop before they wake up!

Arthur grabs the case and pushes through the door to the bedroom- following the tubes to where they meet Saito's wrist- SAITO LIES ON THE BED ASLEEP. Saito STIRS and we-

CUT TO:

INT. JAPANESE CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Cobb LURCHES towards the stairs, as all around him the building BUCKS and HEAVES-

INT. DINING ROOM, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Saito and the Guards PANIC. Mal walks calmly through the destruction, picks up the envelope and turns to Saito.

MAL

He was close. Very close.

EXT. GRAND STAIRCASE, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Cobb runs up the stairs, pulling out the SECOND ENVELOPE-

INT. DINING ROOM, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Saito RIPS open the envelope, pulls out sheets of paper. He looks at Mal, PANICKED. He turns to the Guards-

SAITO

Stop him!

Mal, confused, looks at the sheets of paper: THEY ARE BLANK. Mal smiles, amused.

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE, JAPANESE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

As Cobb runs up the stairs he reads the TYPEWRITTEN SHEETS from his envelope, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Arthur OPENS the silver case: a COMPLEX MECHANISM of TUBES, SYRINGES, DOSAGE CONTROLLERS. Arthur's hands fly across the machine's controls as he glances at Saito's STIRRING face-

ARTHUR

I'm not going to make it! Wake Cobb!

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nash turns to Cobb. Raises his hand and SMACKS him across the face, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE, JAPANESE CASTLE - NIGHT

Cobb is SMASHED sideways off his feet...

INT. DINING ROOM, JAPANESE CASTLE - NIGHT

The CEILING CRACKS above Saito- he looks up as a TON of STONE floods down, CRUSHING HIM and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Saito's eyes FLICKER OPEN. AWAKE.

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nash SMACKS Cobb again-

NASH
He won't wake!

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Arthur crouched by Saito, connects the second tube.

ARTHUR
Dunk him!

A CLICK: Arthur looks up to find Saito with a gun to his head and a finger to his lips, gesturing silence...

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nash puts his hand on Cobb's forehead and PUSHES HIM BACKWARDS- as Cobb starts to FALL BACKWARDS in the chair we are in SLOW MOTION, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE, JAPANESE CASTLE - NIGHT

Cobb, full speed, picks himself up, scrambling to read the last sheet of paper. He stares at it PUZZLED- bullets hit around him as the Guards race up the stairs and we-

CUT TO:

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - DAY

Cobb in SLOW MOTION, hits the WATER- head THRASHING as he goes under- and we-

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE, JAPANESE CASTLE - NIGHT

Cobb glances up from the paper as WATER EXPLODES IN THROUGH ALL THE WINDOWS, FLOODING THE ENTIRE HALL-

COBB IS SWAMPED BY WATER, SPUN IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE- HE PULLS DEEPER OR FOR THE SURFACE, WE CAN'T TELL...

HE BREAKS THE SURFACE, GASPING FOR AIR IN THE BATHTUB IN THE-
INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - DAY

Cobb's AWAKE, GULPING AIR, getting his bearings.

Saito SMASHES into the room, KNOCKING Nash down- Cobb LAUNCHES himself out of the tub, FLYING dripping wet across the room to SLAM Saito against the door- the gun DROPS, Cobb's fist CONNECTS with Saito's jaw and the struggle is over.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb, wet but composed, sits, turning Saito's gun in his hand. Nash holds Saito's arms behind him. Outside, the sounds of RIOTING grow louder.

COBB
You came prepared.

SAITO
I bring the gun because not even my
head of security knows this
apartment. How did you find it?

Arthur, at the window, looks out at the WORSENING VIOLENCE.

COBB
Hard for a man in your position to
keep a love nest totally secret...
particularly when there's a married
woman involved.

SAITO
She would never...

COBB
And yet, here we are.

Saito is silent.

COBB
With a dilemma.

SAITO
You got what you came for.

COBB
Not quite. The key piece of
information wasn't there, was it,
Mr. Saito?

Arthur looks over at Cobb, worried.

ARTHUR
They're getting closer, Cobb.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Todashi slips a pair of HEADPHONES over Nash's ears, then pulls out an MP3 player and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Saito's eyes are on the floor.

COBB
You held something back because you knew what we were up to...

Cobb uses the barrel of the gun to raise Saito's chin.

COBB
So why let us in at all?

Saito smiles, defiant. VIOLENT NOISES echo up the stairway...

SAITO
An audition.

COBB
Audition for what?

SAITO
It doesn't matter. You failed.

COBB
I extracted all the information you had in there.

SAITO
But your deception was readily apparent.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Todashi opens the SILVER BRIEFCASE, revealing the complex mechanism of syringes and controllers- FOUR CONTROLLERS DISPLAY COUNTDOWNS.

Todashi waits for the first countdown to hit "30," then HITS PLAY on the MP3 player- He watches Nash's sleeping face as he RAISES the volume...

Through Nash's headphones: the opening bars of Edith Piaf's "Non, je ne regrette rien," and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

In the distant background, strange MASSIVE low-end MUSICAL start, sounding like DISTANT HORNS...

SAITO
So leave me and go.

COBB
You know the corporation who hired
us won't accept failure. We won't
last two days...

The DISTANT, SLOWED-DOWN MUSIC is becoming LOUDER, as are the SHOUTS coming up the stairs. Arthur looks at his watch, its SLOW SECOND TICKING MARKS TIME WITH THE MASSIVE MUSIC.

ARTHUR
Come on, Cobb.

COBB
So now I have to do this the old-
fashioned way-

Cobb GRABS SAITO AND PUTS HIS HEAD TO THE FLOOR, gun pressed into his cheek. Saito looks into Cobb's eyes- sees he *will* pull the trigger. Saito BLINKS, looks away in shame-

When he NOTICES SOMETHING. And starts LAUGHING.

SAITO
I've always hated this carpet.

Cobb's eyes flick to the carpet and back.

SAITO
It's stained and frayed in such
distinctive ways...

Cobb looks up at Nash, who shrugs, at a loss.

SAITO
But very definitely made of wool.
Right now I'm lying on polyester.

Cobb glares at Nash, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Todashi watches the first of the countdowns hit ZERO- He looks up at Arthur, STIRRING, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM-DAY

Saito turns from the carpet to look up at Cobb.

SAITO

Which means I'm not lying on my
carpet, in my apartment...

(smiles)

You've lived up to your reputation,
Mr. Cobb... I'm still dreaming.

Cobb looks over to Arthur, but ARTHUR HAS VANISHED, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Arthur's eyes flicker open, AWAKE. He RIPS at his tubes.

TODASHI

How'd it go?

ARTHUR

Not good.

Arthur checks the remaining three countdowns, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Saito gets to his feet, looking admiringly at Cobb.

SAITO

A dream within a dream-I'm
impressed.

Cobb lowers the gun. Defeated. Glances at his watch. The music REVERBERATES, the RIOTERS BANG ON THE DOOR, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Arthur retracts the tubes into the case as he watches the next countdown hit ZERO, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Another BANG on the door- Saito, confident now, approaches Cobb. Nash is behind Saito.

SAITO

But in my dream, we really ought to
be playing by my rules...

NASH

Ah, yes, but you see, Mr. Saito-

Saito turns to Nash-

COBB

We're not in your dream-

Saito turns back to Cobb, BUT COBB HAS VANISHED-

NASH

We're in mine.

Saito SPINS back to Nash- the DOOR SMASHES OFF ITS HINGES AS RIOTERS POUR INTO THE ROOM, SWARMING OVER NASH... BUT NASH IS GONE. The music DIES. Saito and the rioters stand there in the SILENCE, the light DWINDLING... and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Nash' eyes open, AWAKE.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Asshole!

Nash BLINKS. Arthur is in his face, furious.

ARTHUR

How could you get the carpet
wrong?!

NASH

It wasn't my fault!

ARTHUR

You're the *architect*-

NASH
I didn't know he was going to rub
his damn cheek on it!

Cobb pulls Arthur away from Nash.

COBB
Lets go.

ARTHUR
And you-what the hell was all that?

COBB
I had it under control.

ARTHUR
I'd hate to see out of control-

COBB
There's no time for this-I'm
getting off at Kyoto.

ARTHUR
Why? He's not gonna search every
compartment.

COBB
I can't stand trains.

Arthur moves to the briefcase. Turns a dial.

ARTHUR
I can keep him under for one minute-

Arthur hits a button- A PLUNGER DEPRESSES. Cobb RIPS the tape
off Saito's wrist, ROLLS up his tubes. Arthur SLAMS the
silver case shut. Todashi pulls open the door-

COBB
Every man for himself.

Arthur and Nash EXIT, heading in different directions down
the corridor. Cobb hands Todashi a thick roll of CASH, looks
at Saito, who stirs. Cobb moves off.

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The BULLET TRAIN speeds through the lush landscape.

INT. BULLET TRAIN COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Saito WAKES GENTLY. Looks around the compartment, empty but
for Todashi, reading a comic. Saito looks down at his wrist.
Sees a small mark. Rubs it. SMILES.

EXT. TOKYO - DUSK

Moving over the vast city towards a high rise. A HELICOPTER thumps into frame, heading for a pad on the roof.

INT. APARTMENT, TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

Cobb sits, waiting. Checks his watch, restless. He pulls a HANDGUN. Checks it is loaded. places it on the table in front of him. Pulls out a PEWTER SPINNING TOP, SPINS it on the table ... He INTENT STUDIES the top's spin... As he stares, the sound of a FREIGHT TRAIN builds and builds- the top WOBBLES, TIPS onto its side- the sound of the train STOPS. the PHONE RINGS- Cobb GRABS it-

CHILDREN'S VOICES (over phone)
Hi, Daddy! Hi, Dad.

COBB
Hey, guys. How are you?

CHILDREN'S VOICES (over phone)
Good. Okay, I guess.

Cobb closes his eyes, trying to picture his children: *INSERT CUT: COBB's MEMORY- a LITTLE BLONDE BOY (3), back towards us, crouches IN A GARDEN, looks at something in the grass...*

COBB
Who's just okay? Was that James?

JAMES (over phone)
Yeah. When are you coming home?

COBB
I can't. Not for a while.

INSERT CUT: A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL (5), also FACE UNSEEN, joins JAMES, CROUCHING BESIDE HIM...

JAMES (over phone)
Why?

COBB
Well, James, like I've told you-I'm away because I'm working...

LITTLE GIRL (over phone)
Grandma says you're never coming back.

Cobb pauses. Takes a breath. *INSERT CUT: James and Philippa, FACES UNSEEN, lift their heads from the grass, responding to someone's call- they RUN AWAY FROM US ACROSS THE GARDEN...*

COBB
Philippa, can you ask Grandma to
pick up the phone-

PHILIPPA (over phone)
She's shaking her head.

Cobb TENSES, as if about to SMASH the phone.

COBB
Well, we'll just have to hope
Grandma's wrong about that won't
we?

JAMES
(over phone)
Daddy?

COBB
Yes?

JAMES (over phone)
Is Mommy with you?

Cobb looks like he just got punched- *INSERT CUT: COBB'S
MEMORY- MAL, WIND BLOWING HER HAIR, SMILES CALMLY...*

COBB
No. No, we talked about this,
James. Mommy's gone.

JAMES (over phone)
Where?

GRANDMA'S VOICE (over phone)
Time to go, kids. Say bye-bye-

COBB
I'll give some presents to Grandpa,
okay? Just be good for-

Cobb STARES at the dead phone. Then DOWNS his drink- A KNOCK
at the door. Cobb GRABS the top, the gun- MOVES to the door-
cracks it: Arthur.

ARTHUR
Our ride's on the roof.

Cobb nods. Moves to pick up his bag. Arthur watches.

ARTHUR
Cobb... are you okay?

Cobb looks up.

COBB
Yeah, why?

ARTHUR
Down in the dream... Mal showing up
like that ...

COBB
Yeah. I'm sorry about your leg.

ARTHUR
It's getting worse, isn't it?

COBB
One apology's all you're getting,
Arthur. Now, where's Nash?

ARTHUR
Hasn't shown. Wanna wait?

COBB
(shakes head)
We were supposed to deliver Saito's
expansion plans to Cobol Engineering
two hours ago. By now they know we
failed. Time to disappear.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb and Arthur head towards the elevator.

ARTHUR
Where will you go?

COBB
Buenos Aires. I can lie low there.
Maybe sniff out a job when things
quiet down. You?

ARTHUR
Stateside.

COBB
(wistful))
'Course. Send my regards.

Arthur looks at Cobb. Nods. Sympathetic.

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER sits, ROTORS SPINNING. As Cobb and Arthur
reach the door, it SLIDES OPEN. Cobb steps up into the
leather-padded interior. He freezes.

INT. HELICOPTER ON PAD - CONTINUOUS

Nash, BEATEN BLOODY, sits on the far side, slumped against the wine. Beside him: SAITO. He nods politely at Cobb.

SAITO
He sold you out. Thought to come to
me and bargain for his life...

Saito's BODYGUARD offers Cobb a GUN.

SAITO
So I offer you the satisfaction.

COBB
That's not how I deal with things.

SAITO
Would you work with him again?

Cobb shakes his head. Saito's BODYGUARDS PULL Nash from the chopper. Saito motions Cobb and Arthur to sit. The chopper RISES. Cobb watches Nash DRAGGED across the pad.

COBB
What will you do to him?

SAITO
Nothing. But I can't speak for your
friends from Cobol Engineering.

Saito looks out at the city slipping by.

COBB
What do you want from us?

SAITO
Inception.

Arthur raises his eyebrows. Cobb is poker-faced.

SAITO
Is it possible?

ARTHUR
Of course not.

SAITO
If you can steal an idea from
someone's mind, why can't you plant
one there instead?

ARTHUR
Okay, here's planting an idea: I
say to you, "Don't think about
elephants."
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(Saito nods)
What are you thinking about?

SAITO
Elephants.

ARTHUR
Right. But it's not your idea
because you know I gave it to you.

SAITO
You could plant it subconsciously-

ARTHUR
The subject's mind can always trace
the genesis of the idea. True
inspiration is impossible to fake.

COBB
No, it isn't.

SAITO
Can you do it?

COBB
I won't do it.

SAITO
In exchange, I'll give you the
information you were paid to steal.

COBB
Are you giving me a choice? Because
I can find my own way to square
things with Cobol.

SAITO
Then you do have a choice.

COBB
And I choose to leave.

EXT. AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter sets down next to a PRIVATE JET.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Saito indicates the plane.

SAITO
Tell the crew where you want to go,
they'll file the plan en route.

Cobb and Arthur look at each other. Then move for the door.

SAITO

Mr. Cobb...? There is one other thing I could offer you.

(Cobb stops)

How would you like to go home? To America. To your children.

Cobb turns back to Saito.

COBB

You can't fix that. Nobody could.

SAITO

Just like inception.

Cobb considers this. Arthur touches his arm.

ARTHUR

Cobb, come on-

COBB

How complex is the idea?

SAITO

Simple enough.

COBB

No idea's simple when you have to plant it in someone else's mind.

SAITO

My main competitor is an old man in poor health. His son will soon inherit control of the corporation. I need him to decide to break up his father's empire. Against his own self-interest.

ARTHUR

Cobb, we should walk away from this.

COBB

If I were to do it. If I could do it... how do I know you can deliver?

SAITO

You don't. But I can. So do you want to take a leap of faith, or become an old man, filled with regret, waiting to die alone?

Cobb looks at Saito. Barely nods.

SAITO
Assemble your team, Mr. Cobb. And
choose your people more wisely.

INT. PRIVATE JET - LATER

Cobb reclines his seat. Arthur picks at a salad, angry.

ARTHUR
I know how much you want to go home-

COBB
(sharp)
No, you don't.

ARTHUR
But this can't be done.

COBB
It can. You just have to go deep
enough.

ARTHUR
You don't know that!-

COBB
I've done it before.

Arthur is taken aback. Cobb turns to the window.

ARTHUR
Did it work?

COBB
(quiet)
Yes.

ARTHUR
Who did you do it to?

Cobb looks at Arthur. Closed. Arthur shrugs.

ARTHUR
So why are we headed to Paris?

COBB
We're going to need a new
architect.

INT. GREAT HALL, ÉCOLE D'ARCHITECTURE - MORNING

Cobb, carrying a shopping bag, looks into a lecture hall: no
students, just a RUMPLED PROFESSOR hunched over paperwork.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

COBB (O.S.)
You never did like your office.

PROFESSOR MILES looks up, squinting. Recognizes Cobb.

MILES
No space to think in that broom
cupboard.

Cobb steps down past the empty wooden rows.

MILES
Is it safe for you to be here?

COBB
Extradition between France and the
U.S. is a bureaucratic nightmare.

MILES
I think they'd find a way to make
it work in your case.

Cobb hand Miles the shopping bag.

COBB
Can you take these back for the
kids?

MILES
It'll take more than the occasional
stuffed animal to convince those
children they still have a father.

COBB
I know. I thought you could talk to
Marie about bringing them on
vacation. Somewhere I could meet-

MILES
Why would she listen to me?

COBB
You were married for twenty years.

MILES
She blames me as much as you.

COBB
Doesn't she understand that my kids
need me?

MILES

Yes, she does. We all do. Go back and face the music, Dom. Explain what Mal did.

COBB

Be realistic, Stephen. They'd never understand- they'd lock me up and throwaway the key. Or worse.

MILES

You think what you're doing now is helping your case?

COBB

Lawyers don't pay for themselves. This is what I have. This is what you taught me.

MILES

I never taught you to be a thief.

COBB

No, you taught me to navigate other people's minds. But after what happened with Mal there weren't a whole lot of legitimate ways for me to use that skill.

Miles looks at Cobb.

MILES

Why did you come here, Dom?

Cobb shifts slightly.

COBB

I found a way home. A job. For powerful people. If I pull it off, I can get back to my family. But I need help.

Miles realizes something.

MILES

My God. You're here to corrupt one of my brightest and best.

COBB

If you have someone good enough, you have to let them decide for themselves. You know what I'm offering-

MILES

Money?

COBB

No, not just money: the chance to build cathedrals, entire cities—things that have never existed, things that couldn't exist in the real world...

MILES

Everybody dreams, Cobb. Architects are supposed to make those dreams real.

COBB

That's not what you used to say. You told me that in the real world I'd be building attic conversions and gas stations. You said that if I mastered the dream-share I'd have a whole new way of creating and showing people my creations. You told me it would free me.

Miles looks at Cobb, sad.

MILES

And I'm sorry. I was wrong.

COBB

No, you weren't. Your vision was a vision of pure creativity. It's where we took it that was wrong.

MILES

And now you want me to let someone else follow you into fantasy.

COBB

They won't actually come on the job, they'll just design the levels and teach them to the dreamers.

MILES

Design them yourself.

COBB

Mal won't let me.

Miles looks at Cobb. Appalled.

MILES

Come back to reality, Dom. Please.

COBB

You want to know what's real, Stephen? Your grandchildren waiting for their dad to come back.

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)

This job-this *last* job-is how I get there.

Miles looks down, fiddles with his papers.

COBB

I wouldn't be standing here if there were any other way. I can get home. But I need an architect who's as good as I was.

Miles looks Cobb in the eye. Decides.

MILES

I've got someone better.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Miles and Cobb stand by as STUDENTS file out of a lecture.

MILES

Ariadne...

A young woman carrying books turns. This is ARIADNE.

MILES

I'd like you to meet Mr. Cobb.

She sizes him up with quick eyes. Offers her hand.

ARIADNE

Pleased to meet you.

MILES

If you have a few moments, Mr. Cobb has a job offer to discuss with you.

ARIADNE

A work placement?

COBB

(smiles
Not exactly.

EXT. ROOFTOP, ÉCOLE D'ARCHITECTURE - MOMENTS LATER

Ariadne leans against the parapet, overlooking Paris. She unwraps a sandwich, watching Cobb pull out a pad of GRAPH PAPER and a PEN. He offers them. She bites her sandwich.

COBB

A test.

ARIADNE
(mouth full)
Aren't you going to tell me
anything?

COBB
Before I describe the job, I have
to know you could do it.

ARIADNE
Why?

COBB
It's not, strictly speaking, legal.

Ariadne raises her eyebrows.

COBB
You have two minutes to draw a maze
that takes me one minute to solve.

Ariadne takes the pad and pen. Cobb looks at his watch.

COBB
Go.

She starts DRAWING LINES on the grid, constructing a maze.

COBB
Stop.

Ariadne hands the pad and pen to Cobb. He glances at the pad,
then, looking her in the eye, TRACES the solution. She is
taken aback. Cobb RIPS off the sheet, hands the pad back.

COBB
Again.

She traces straight lines, CONCENTRATING...

COBB
Stop.

She hands Cobb the pad, a touch pleased. Cobb solves the
puzzle instantly, as before. Her smile falls.

COBB
You'll have to-

She GRABS the pad, frustrated... but this time she FLIPS it
over and starts drawing on the BLANK CARDBOARD of the back.
Cobb watches, surprised. He smiles as he sees that she's
drawing CIRCLES, creating a maze based on concentric rings.

Ariadne hands back the pad, defiant. Cobb takes the pen,
starts the maze. This time he gets stuck. Nods.

COBB
(working the maze)
More like it.

EXT. NARROW STREET, PARIS - DAY

Arthur stops at a warehouse door. Consults a piece of paper.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

A large, dusty warehouse. The SLIDING DOOR cracks open.
Arthur enters. Looks around, approvingly.

INT. SAME - LATER

Arthur DRAGS LAWN CHAIRS into the middle of the room. He erects a table. Lays out several SILVER CASES, unpacking them, laying out lines of tubing, MECHANISMS...

EXT. PARISIAN CAFE - DAY

Cobb and Ariadne sit at an outdoor table.

COBB
They say we only use a fraction of
the true potential of our brains...
but they're talking about when
we're awake. While we dream, the
mind performs wonders.

ARIADNE
Such as?

COBB
How do you imagine a building? You
consciously create each aspect,
puzzling over it in stages... But
sometimes, when your imagination
flies-

ARIADNE
I'm *discovering* it.

COBB
Exactly. Genuine inspiration.

Cobb leans forwards and draws on the paper table cloth.

COBB
In a dream your mind *continuously*
does that...

Cobb has drawn a circle made of two arrows.

COBB

It creates and perceives a world *simultaneously*. So well that you don't feel your brain doing the creating. That's why we can short-circuit the process...

ARIADNE

How?

COBB

By taking over the creating part.

Cobb draws a straight line between the two arrows.

COBB

This is where you come in. You build the world of the dream. We take the subject into that dream, and let him fill it with his subconscious

ARIADNE

But are you trying to fool him that the dream is actually real life?

COBB

(nods)

While we're in there, We don't want him to realize he's dreaming.

ARIADNE

How could I ever get enough detail to Convince him that it's real?

COBB

Our dreams reel real while we're in them. It's only when we wake up we realize things were strange,

Ariadne gestures around them-

ARIADNE

But all the textures of real life- the stone, the fabric. cars... people... your mind can't create all this.

COBB

It does. Every time you dream. Let me ask you a question: You never remember the beginning of your dreams, do you? You just turn up in the middle of what's going on.

ARIADNE

I guess.

COBB

So... how did we end up at this restaurant?

ARIADNE

We came here from...

Ariadne trails off, confused.

COBB

How did we get here? Where are we?

Ariadne THINKS, unable to remember. A FAINT RUMBLE begins.

ARIADNE

Oh my God. We're *dreaming*.

Cobb nods. The RUMBLE is BUILDING.

COBB

Stay calm. We're actually asleep in the workshop. This is your first lesson in shared dreaming, remember?

Ariadne looks around, mind REELING. Cobb BRACES-

The restaurant VIOLENTLY FRAGMENTS, EXPLODING AND IMPLODING PARTICLES OF FURNITURE, WALLS, PEOPLE FLYING AROUND- Ariadne WONDERS at the MAYHEM WHIRLING around them- Cobb SHIELDS his head against the debris. She sees him-

ARIADNE

(shouting over noise)

If it's just a dream, why are you covering your-

Ariadne is WIPED FROM HER SEAT BY A MASSIVE BLAST and we-

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Ariadne JOLTS awake.

COBB (O.S.)

Because it's never *just* a dream.

Ariadne turns to Cobb's voice. They are both sitting in the lawn chairs. Arthur watches over them.

COBB

And a face full of glass hurts like hell, doesn't it? While we're in it, it's real.

ARTHUR

That's why the military developed dream sharing-a training program where soldiers could strangle, stab and shoot each other, then wake up.

ARIADNE

How did architects get involved?

COBB

Someone had to design the dreams.
(to Arthur)
Let's go another five minutes-

ARIADNE

We were only asleep for five minutes? We talked for an hour at least...

COBB

When you dream, your mind functions more quickly, so time seems to pass more slowly.

ARTHUR

Five minutes in the real world gives you an hour in the dream.

COBB

Let's see how much trouble you can cause in five minutes.

And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME PARISIAN STREET - DAY

Ariadne walks down the crowded street with Cobb. Cobb looks around at the street, the cafe, approving.

COBB

It's good. You've got the cafe, the layout... you forgot the book shop but pretty much everything else is here.

Ariadne looks at the passers-by.

ARIADNE

Who are the people?

COBB
They're projections of my
subconscious.

ARIADNE
Yours?

COBB
Sure-you are the dreamer, *I* am the
subject. My subconscious populates
your world. That's one way we get
at a subject's thoughts-his mind
creates the people, so we can
literally *talk* to his subconscious.

ARIADNE
How else do you do it?

COBB
Architecture. Build a bank vault or
a jail, something secure, and the
subject's mind will fill it with
information he's trying to protect.

ARIADNE
Then you break in and steal it.

COBB
Exactly.

Ariadne wonders at the detail of the street.

ARIADNE
I love the concrete sense of things-
(stamps foot)
Real weight, you know? I thought a
dream space would be all about the
visual, but it's the *feel* of
things. Question is, what happens
as you start to mess with
physics...

She CONCENTRATES on the street. The street starts to BEND IN
HALF- the buildings on either side FOLDING IN until they form
the INSIDE OF A CUBE OF CITY, GRAVITY FUNCTIONING
INDEPENDENTLY ON EACH PLANE. Ariadne looks up (or down) at
the people on the opposite city surface. Cobb watches her
excitement.

ARIADNE
It's something, isn't it?

COBB
(quiet)
Yes. It is.

As they walk, Ariadne notices more and more of the projections STARING at her.

ARIADNE

Why are they looking at me?

COBB

Because you're changing things. My subconscious *feels* that someone else is creating the world. The more you change things, the quicker the projections converge on you.

ARIADNE

Converge?

COBB

They feel the foreign nature of the dreamer, and attack-like white blood cells fighting an infection.

ARIADNE

They're going to attack us?

COBB

Just you, actually.

They walk along the street to where it joins the next gravitational plane. They step up onto the different plane and walk down the street towards a river. As Ariadne approaches, steps emerge from the flagstone, and she leads Cobb up onto a small jetty. As she concentrates, pillars emerge and a BRIDGE starts to telescope out from the jetty. They step onto it as it grows. Cobb is impressed.

COBB

It's beautiful... but if you keep on changing things...

People crossing the bridge STARE at Ariadne. Several of them BUMP her shoulder as they pass.

ARIADNE

Mind telling your subconscious to take it easy?

COBB

That's why it's called *subconscious*. I don't control it.

The bridge now spans the Seine. Cobb marvels at it.

COBB

Arched stone, iron pillars... it's...

Cobb pauses, thinking. Remembering.

INSERT CUT: Mal, hair blowing, turns to Cobb, smiling, laughing. He smiles back. They are on the same bridge.

COBB

I know this bridge. This place is
real-

(serious)

You didn't imagine it, you
remembered it...

ARIADNE

(nods)

I cross it every day on my way to
the college.

COBB

Never recreate places from your
memory. Always imagine new places.

ARIADNE

You have to draw from what you know-

COBB

(tense)

Use pieces-a streetlamp,
phonebooths, a type of brick-not
whole areas.

Several people around them ECHO Cobb's attitude...

ARIADNE

Why not?

COBB

Because building dreams out of your
own memories is the surest way to
lose your grip on what's real and
what's a dream.

ARIADNE

Did that happen to you?

Cobb says nothing. He stands there, staring at Ariadne.
PEOPLE around her stop and look at her, hostile.

COBB

Look, this isn't about *me*-

Cobb reaches for Ariadne's arm, turns her to him-

ARIADNE

Is that why you need me to build
your dreams?

A passerby GRABS Ariadne's shoulder-

COBB
Leave her alone-

More of the crowd join in, PULLING at Ariadne, holding her arms open- Cobb PULLS people off- the crowd PUSHES him away- Cobb sees someone WALKING PURPOSEFULLY through the crowd towards the helpless, Ariadne- it is Mal. She approaches with even strides- Ariadne stares at her, uneasy.

ARIADNE
Wake me up, Cobb.

As Mal walks, she pulls out a LARGE KNIFE-

COBB
Mal, no!

ARIADNE
Wake me up!

Ariadne SCREAMS as Mal LUNGES at her with the knife and we-

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP-DAY

Ariadne WAKES, BREATHING HARD. Arthur moves to her-

ARTHUR
It's okay.

ARIADNE
Why couldn't I wake?

ARTHUR
The only way to wake from inside
the dream is to die.

Cobb, in the lawn chair opposite, PULLS his tubes out.

COBB
She'll need a totem.

ARIADNE
What?

ARTHUR
Some kind of personal icon. A small
object that you can always have
with you, and that no one else
knows,

Cobb gets to his feet, Ariadne stares at him, furious. He heads to the bathroom.

ARIADNE
That's some subconscious you've
got, Cobb.
(calls after him)
She's a real charmer!

ARTHUR
Sounds like you've met Mrs. Cobb.

ARIADNE
(surprised)
She's his wife?

Arthur nods, pulling off Ariadne's tubes.

ARTHUR
So. A totem. You need something
small, potentially heavy...

INT. BATHROOM, WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cobb takes out his PEWTER SPINNING TOP, SPINS it on the
marble counter...

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne looks at Arthur, puzzled.

ARIADNE
Like a coin?

ARTHUR
Too common. You need something that
has a weight or movement that only
you know.

INT. BATHROOM, WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cobb STUDIES the spin of the top as it decays, becoming more
and more ECCENTRIC...

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

ARIADNE
What's yours?

Arthur holds out a DIE.

ARTHUR
A loaded die.

Ariadne reaches for it- Arthur snatches it away-

ARTHUR
I can't let you handle it. That's
the point. No one else can know the
weight or balance of it.

ARIADNE
Why?

ARTHUR
So when you examine your totem...

INT. BATHROOM, WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cobb's spinning top WOBBLES OVER.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
You know, beyond a doubt, that
you're not in someone else's dream.

Cobb GRABS it like a drowning man reaching for a lifeline.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne thinks this over.

ARIADNE
That's not an issue for me.

ARTHUR
Why not?

ARIADNE
Arthur, maybe you can't see what's
going on, maybe you don't want to.
But Cobb's got problems he's tried
to bury down there. I'm not going
to *open my mind* to someone like
that.

Ariadne gets to her feet. Walks away.

COBB (O.S.)
She'll be back.

Arthur turns. Cobb is standing in the bathroom doorway.

COBB
I've never seen anyone pick it up
so fast. And one reality won't be
enough for her now. When she comes
back, get her building mazes.

ARTHUR
Where will you be?

COBB
I've got to talk to Eames.

ARTHUR
Eames? But he's in Mombasa. Cobol's
backyard.

COBB
Necessary risk.

ARTHUR
There are plenty of other thieves.

COBB
We don't just need a thief. We need
a forger.

INT. GAMBLING DEN, MOMBASA - DAY

Crowded, bustling, smoke-filled. a westerner (40's), shabby
suit, is squeezed in at a dice game. This is EAMES. He
FIDDLES with his last two chips.

COBB (O.S.)
Rub them against each other all you
like, they're not going to breed.

Eames looks up to see Cobb.

EAMES
You never know.

Eames tosses down his last chips. The dice are rolled...

COBB
Drink?

Eames loses.

EAMES
You're buying.

Cobb follows Eames. Eames mysteriously produces two stacks of
chips and puts them down in front of the cashier. Cobb pulls
one off the top, squints at the embossed name.

COBB
You're spelling hasn't improved.

Eames GRABS the chip. Hands it to the cashier.

EAMES
Piss off.

COBB
How's your handwriting?

Eames takes his money. Smiles at Cobb.

EAMES
Versatile.

INT. STREET, MOMBASA - CONTINUOUS

Eames leads Cobb down the quiet street.

EAMES
Word is, you're not welcome in
these parts.

COBB
Yeah?

EAMES
There's a price on your head from
Cobol Engineering. Pretty big one,
actually.

COBB
You wouldn't sell me out.

Eames looks at Cobb, offended.

EAMES
'Course I would.

COBB
(smiles)
Not when you hear what I'm selling.

EXT. BALCONY OF A COFFEE HOUSE - LATER

A ramshackle balcony overlooking a bust street. Eames pours.

COBB
Inception.

Eames's glass stops halfway to his mouth.

COBB
Don't bother telling me it's
impossible.

EAMES
It's perfectly possible. Just
bloody difficult.

COBB
That's what I keep saying to
Arthur.

EAMES

Arthur? You're still working with that stick-in-the-mud?

COBB

He's a good point man.

EAMES

The best. But he has no imagination. If you're going to perform inception, you need imagination.

COBB

You've done it before?

EAMES

Yeas and no. We tried it. Got the idea in place, but it didn't take.

COBB

You didn't plant it deep enough?

EAMES

It's not just about depth. You need the simplest version of the idea- the one that will grow naturally in the subject's mind. Subtle art.

COBB

That's why I'm here.

EAMES

What's the idea you need to plant?

COBB

We want the heir to a major corporation to break up his father's empire.

EAMES

See, right there you've got various political motivations, anti-monopolistic sentiment and so forth. But all that stuff's at the mercy of the subject's prejudice- you have to go to the basic.

COBB

Which is?

EAMES

The relationship with the father.
(downs drink)
Do you have a chemist?

Cobb shakes his head.

EAMES

There's a man here. Yusuf. He
formulates his own versions of the
compounds.

COBB

Let's go see him.

EAMES

Once you've lost your tail.
(Cobb reacts)
Back by the bar, blue tie. Came in
about two minutes after we did.

COBB

Cobol Engineering?

EAMES

They pretty much own Mombasa.

Cobb glances over the balcony.

COBB

Run interference. We'll meet
downstairs in half an hour.

EAMES

Back here?

COBB

Last place they'd expect.

Eames downs his drink. Rises. Walks over to the Businessman.

EAMES

Freddy!

The Businessman looks up, awkward.

EAMES

Freddy Simmonds, it *is* you!

Cobb nonchalantly SLIPS over the balcony DROPPING HARD into
the midst of the crowd on the street below.

EAMES

(looks harder)
Oh. No, it isn't.

EXT. STREET, MOMBASA - CONTINUOUS

Cobb stands up, PUSHES into the crowd- faces PEER at him- he
moves, trying to blend- TURNS- a SECOND BUSINESS MAN is
there.

COBB
(disarming smile)
Yes?

SECOND BUSINESSMAN
We need to-

Cobb HEAD BUTTS the Second Businessman, PUSHES past him-

The First Businessman races out of the bar, sees Cobb's wake, DIVES after him- Cobb RACES headlong through tight passageways, WEAVING through or KNOCKING into the locals...

He steps into a dark, crowded cafe, scanning the tables... the First Businessman enters, spots him. An AFRICAN MAN gets in Cobb's face, jabbering at him in Swahili- Cobb considers his options... the First Businessman DRAWS A GUN- Cobb bolts, steps up on a table and out an open window, SCRAMBLING into the alley outside...

Cobb LOOKS left, right... CUTS LEFT into a narrow, CROWDED alley- the alley NARROWS TO A DEAD END. Faces in the CROWD start to watch Cobb- PEOPLE start to SURROUND him- Cobb looks back the way he came- the two Businessmen are there, GUNS DRAWN-

Cobb sees a SMALL GAP between the buildings at the narrow end- he THROWS himself into it- gets STUCK HALFWAY...

The crowd bears down, GRABBING for him as Cobb struggles to SQUEEZE HIMSELF through the gap... Cobb's moving INCHES as his pursuers gain YARDS... the Crowd is upon him... he BURSTS FREE. TUMBLING onto the next street, ROLLING out of sight.

Cobb Jumps to his feet- in a market square. TWO MORE BUSINESSMEN move towards him. Cobb BOLTS but a CAR SKIDS UP, BLOCKS HIS PATH- the door opens- SAITO IS IN THE BACK.

SAITO
Care for a lift, Mr. Cobb?

COBB
(jumping in)
What brings you to Mombasa, Mr. Saito?

SAITO
I have to protect my investment.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Eames stands on the pavement. The car pulls up. Cobb beckons from the rear window. Eames looks at Saito. Back to Cobb.

EAMES
This is your idea of losing a tail?

COBB
(shrugs)
Different tail.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Arthur sits at the table, working on a mechanism. A small COUGH prompts him to look up: Ariadne is there.

ARTHUR
He said you'd be back.

ARIADNE
I tried not to come.

ARTHUR
But there's nothing else quite like
it.

ARIADNE
No paper, no pens... nothing
between you and raw, direct
creation.

Arthur picks up his mechanism.

ARTHUR
Shall we take a look at paradoxical
architecture?

Ariadne nods, takes off her coat and we-

CUT TO:

INT. PENROSE STEPS - LATER

Arthur leads Ariadne down some busy steps in a large glass
and steel ATRIUM in an office complex.

ARTHUR
You're going to have to master a
few tricks if you're going to build
three complete dream levels.

A SECRETARY DROPS some papers as they pass...

ARIADNE
What sort of tricks?

They take a tight turn and continue down the next flight.

ARTHUR
In a dream, you can cheat
architecture into impossible
shapes.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

That lets you create closed loops,
like the Penrose Steps. The
infinite staircase.

Ariadne FREEZES- THEY ARE IN THE EXACT SPOT THEY STARTED
DESCENDING FROM, next to the Secretary gathering her papers.

Ariadne puzzles at the impossible construction of the stairs.

ARTHUR

See...

Arthur stops her gently- they are on the highest step, with a
LARGE DROP to the next step. Arthur gestures at the drop.

ARTHUR

Paradox. A closed loop like this
helps you disguise the boundaries
of the dream you've created.

ARIADNE

How big do the levels have to be?

ARTHUR

Anything from the floor of a
building, to an entire city. But it
has to be complicated enough for us
to hide from the projections.

ARIADNE

A maze.

ARTHUR

And the better the maze-

ARIADNE

The longer we have before the
projections catch us.

Ariadne looks around. Sees people LOOKING at Arthur.

ARIADNE

My subconscious seems polite
enough.

ARTHUR

You wait, they'll turn ugly. No one
likes to see someone else messing
around in their mind.

ARIADNE

Cobb can't build anymore, can he?

ARTHUR

I don't know if he can't, but he won't. He thinks it's safer if he doesn't know the layouts.

ARIADNE

Why?

ARTHUR

He won't tell me. I think it's Mal. I think she's getting stronger.

ARIADNE

His ex-wife?

ARTHUR

She's not his ex.

ARIADNE

They're still together?

Arthur turns to Ariadne. Gentle.

ARTHUR

No. No, she's dead, Ariadne. What you see in there is just his projection of her.

ARIADNE

What was she like in real life?

ARTHUR

(quiet)

She was lovely.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP, OLD TOWN, MOMBASA - DAY

Saito deposits a FILE in front of Cobb: PHOTOS, DOCUMENTS. As Cobb runs through them, he passes them to Eames.

SAITO

Robert Fischer, 32. Heir to the Fischer Morrow energy conglomerate. He's spent his whole life being groomed as successor-breaking up his father's empire will take a radical shift in his thinking.

COBB

What's your problem with Fischer?

SAITO

That's not your concern.

COBB

This isn't the usual corporate espionage, Mr. Saito. This is *inception*. The seed of the idea we plant will grow in this man's mind. It'll change him. It might even come to define him.

Saito looks at Cobb.

SAITO

My sources suggest you might not have always been so cautious.

COBB

Then you need new sources, Mr. Saito.

Saito considers Cobb. Shrugs.

SAITO

Fischer Morrow has the regulators in their pockets. We're the last company standing between them and total energy dominance and we can no longer compete. Soon they'll control the energy supply of half the world. They'll be able to blackmail governments, dictate policy. In effect, they become a new superpower. The world needs Robert Fischer to change his mind.

EAMES

That's where we come in. How's Robert Fischer's relationship to his father?

SAITO

Rumor is the relationship is complicated.

COBB

We'll need more than rumor, Mr. Saito.

Eames picks up a photo: a distinguished executive (68).

EAMES

Can you get me access to him? Browning. Fischer senior's right-hand man. Fischer junior's godfather.

SAITO
It should be possible. If you can
get the right references.

EAMES
References are something of a
specialty for me, Mr. Saito.

EXT. DECREPIT BUILDING, MOMBASA - LATER

Eames leads Cobb and Saito down uneven steps to a doorway.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Peeling paint, buzzing flies. They ascend to a dusty,
wire-reinforced glass door which Eames pushes open-

INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Row upon row of wooden shelves holding hundreds of dusty
glass bottles of all shapes and colors. At the far end, a
portly 40-year-old man rises from behind his desk, beckoning.
This is YUSUF.

YUSUF
Come, come.

Eames shakes Yusuf's hand. Yusuf stops at Cobb.

YUSUF
Ah, yes. Mr. Cobb. I've heard so
very much about you.
(indicates chairs)
please.

Yusuf chases a CAT off Saito's chair.

YUSUF
Bloody cats.

Yusuf moves to a shelf and runs his fingers over the glass
bottles. None of them has a label.

YUSUF
You work using Somnacin, I think,
Mr. Cobb?

COBB
You're well informed, Mr. Yusuf.

Yusuf places a bottle on the desk in front of Cobb.

COBB
(dubious)
Somnacin?

YUSUF
(proudly)
Yusuf's Somnacin.

Yusuf pulls the stopper, holds it towards Cobb's nose.

COBB
As good as the real thing?

Yusuf WHIPS the bottle away from Cobb, offended.

YUSUF
Better.

Yusuf holds the bottle to the light, marveling.

YUSUF
Binds the dreamers tight. Let's
them dream as one. Makes it real.
Of course, if you'd prefer, you
could use Somnacin brand. *If* you
could explain to the international
control council what you wanted it
for.

Yusuf puts the bottle back onto the shelf. Sits.

YUSUF
You are seeking a chemist?
(Cobb nods)
To formulate compounds for a job?

COBB
And to come into the held with us.

YUSUF
I rarely go into the held, Mr.
Cobb.

COBB
We need you there to tailor
compounds to our particular
requirements.

YUSUF
Which are?

COBB
Great depth.

YUSUF
A dream within a dream? Two levels?

COBB

Three.

YUSUF

Not possible. That many dreams
within dreams would be too
unstable.

COBB

I've done it before. You just have
to add a sedative.

YUSUF

A *powerful* sedative. How many team
members?

COBB

Five.

SAITO

Six.

(to Cobb)

The only way to know you've done
the job is if I go in with you.

COBB

There's no room for tourists on
these jobs, Mr. Saito.

SAITO

This time, it would seem there is.

Cobb looks at him, uneasy. Yusuf pulls out another bottle.

YUSUF

Of course. I use it every day.

Yusuf hands it to Cobb, who considers the white liquid
inside.

COBB

For what?

Yusuf beckons them further into the pharmacy, to a METAL
DOOR. He STOPS- second thoughts.

YUSUF

Perhaps... you will not want to
see.

Cobb motions to continue. Yusuf pulls out a large key.

INT. BACK ROOM, PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

A dark room with ROWS of low COTS. Each with a sleeping occupant. Tubes connect their wrists. An ELDERLY BALD MAN watches over them.

EAMES
(counting)
Eighteen, twenty-all connected,
bloody hell.

YUSUF
They come every day. To share the
dream.

Yusuf nods at the Elderly Bald Man, who moves to the nearest bed. Reaches out to the OCCUPANT. Gives his face a FIRM SLAP. The sleeper does not even stir.

YUSUF
See? Very stable.

COBB
How long do they dream?

YUSUF
Three, four hours. Every day.

COBB
How long in dream time?

YUSUF
With this compound... about forty
hours. Each and every day.

Saito surveys the room, appalled.

SAITO
Why do they do it?

YUSUF
Tell him, Mr. Cobb.

COBB
After a while...
(looks at Saito)
It becomes the only way you can
dream.

YUSUF
Do you still dream, Mr. Cobb?

Cobb STARES at the sleepers. Uneasy.

EAMES
They come here every day to sleep?

ELDERLY BALD MAN (O.S.)

No.

Cobb turns to the Elderly Bald Man, who looks fondly at his dreamers.

ELDERLY BALD MAN

They come to be woken up... the dream has become their reality...

The Elderly Bald Man pokes a crooked finger at Cobb's chest.

ELDERLY BALD MAN

And who are you to say otherwise?

Cobb STARES at the Elderly Bald Man. DISTURBED. Cobb turns to Yusuf. TOSSES him the bottle.

COBB

Let's see what you can do.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb is lying on an empty cot, asleep. Yusuf stands over him. As we move in on Cobb's SLEEPING FACE we hear the sound of a FREIGHT TRAIN, BUILDING, and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

CLOSE ON Cobb's face as he lies, EYES CLOSED, cheek pressed to a METAL RAIL- THE SOUND OF THE TRAIN IS DEAFENING- Cobb is BREATHING, BREATHING, BREATHING, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, PHARMACY - DAY

Cobb's eyes open. Yusuf is watching him.

YUSUF

Sharp, no?

Cobb nods. Gets to his feet, looking around-

INT. BATHROOM, PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Cobb SPLASHES water on his face, breathing hard- *INSERT CUT: A CURTAIN BILLOWS. MAL TURNS TO US, HAIR BLOWING, SMILING.* Cobb fumbles in his pockets, pulls out his spinning top. He tries to set it spinning on the back edge of the sink, but it FALLS to the floor and rolls towards the door- Saito is there. WATCHING Cobb. He looks down at the spinning top.

SAITO
Everything alright, Mr. Cobb?

Cobb dries his face with a paper towel. Picks up his top.

COBB
Everything's fine.

INT. BACK ROOM, WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Close on a small BRASS CHESS PIECE. Ariadne tips it over. Frowning, she picks up a micro drill, peels back the felt on the bottom and widens a hole in one side of its base. Tests the TIPPING POINT again. A NOISE makes her look up.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne comes into the main space. Someone is there, unpacking one of the MECHANISMS. Cobb.

ARIADNE
You're back.

Cobb looks up with a start. Caught out.

ARIADNE
Are you going under on your own?

COBB
I just-I need to test some things.
I didn't realize anyone was here.

ARIADNE
Just working on my totem.

Ariadne holds up the chess piece. Cobb reaches for it.

COBB
Let me see-

Ariadne SNAPS it out of his reach. Smiles. Cobb nods.

COBB
You're learning.

ARIADNE
It's an elegant solution to keeping
track of reality. Your invention?

COBB
No. Mal's.

Cobb pulls out his spinning top. Looks at it.

COBB

This one was hers. She'd spin it in a dream and it would never topple. Just spin and spin...

ARIADNE

Arthur told me she died.

COBB

She did. How are the mazes coming?

Ariadne indicates three large ARCHITECTURAL MODELS.

ARIADNE

Good. Each level relates to the part of the subject's subconscious we're trying to access. I'm making the bottom level a hospital, so that Fischer will bring his father there-

COBB

Don't tell me. Remember, you only want the dreamer to know the layout.

ARIADNE

Why's that so important?

COBB

In case one of us brings in part of our subconscious. You wouldn't want any projections knowing the layout.

ARIADNE

In case you bring Mal in.

Cobb says nothing.

ARIADNE

You won't build yourself because if you know the maze, then she knows it. And she'd sabotage the operation. You can't keep her out, can you?

Cobb says nothing.

ARIADNE

Do the others know?

COBB

No.

ARIADNE

You have to warn them if it's
getting worse-

COBB

(gentle)

I didn't say it's getting worse.
Look, Ariadne, I need them for this
job. I need you for this job.
Without your help, I'll never get
back to my children. And that's all
I can care about right now.

ARIADNE

Why can't you go home, Cobb?

Cobb looks at her, deciding what to say.

COBB

They think I killed her.

ARIADNE

How did she die?

Cobb thinks.

*INSERT CUT: Mal, wind BLOWING her hair, smiles at Cobb. Now
we see Cobb- SHAKING HIS HEAD, TEARS STREAMING, BEGGING-*

COBB

Thank you.

ARIADNE

For what?

COBB

Not asking whether I did.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Ariadne, Arthur, Yusuf, Eames and Saito sit around the room,
looking at FILES. Cobb presides.

COBB

The mark is Robert Fischer, heir to
the Australian energy conglomerate,
Fischer Morrow.

Cobb opens a large presentation pad.

COBB (reads aloud)

"I WILL SPLIT UP MY FATHER'S
EMPIRE."

Cobb turns to the team.

COBB

An idea Robert Fischer's conscious mind would never accept. We have to plant it deep in his subconscious.

ARTHUR

How deep?

COBB

Three levels down.

ARTHUR

A dream within a dream within a dream? Is that even possible?

COBB

Yes. It is.

COBB

Now, the subconscious motivates through emotion, not reason, so we have to translate the idea into an *emotional* concept.

ARTHUR

How do you translate a business strategy into an emotion?

COBB

That's what we have to figure out. Robert and his father have a tense relationship. Worse, even, than the gossip columns have suggested...

EAMES

Do you play on that? Suggest breaking up his father's company as a 'screw you' to the old man?

COBB

No. Positive emotion trumps negative emotion every time. We yearn for people to be reconciled, for catharsis. We need *positive* emotional logic.

Eames thinks. Paces. Looking back at the board.

EAMES

Try this... "MY FATHER ACCEPTS THAT I WANT TO CREATE FOR MYSELF, NOT FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS."

COBB

That might work.

ARTHUR
Might? We'll have to do better than that.

EAMES
Thanks for the contribution, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Forgive me for wanting a little specificity, Eames.

COBB
Inception's not about specificity. When we get inside his head, we're going to have to work with what we find.

Arthur shrugs, frustrated. And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

The team are in the middle of a DESERTED intersection. Ariadne is showing Yusuf aspects of the geography.

EAMES
We could split the idea into emotional triggers, and use one on each level.

COBB
How do you mean?

EAMES
On the top level, we open up his relationship with his father.... Say: "I WILL NOT FOLLOW IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS." Next level down we've accessed his ambition and self-esteem. We feed him: "I WILL CREATE SOMETHING MYSELF." Then, the bottom level, we bring out the emotional big guns...

COBB
"MY FATHER DOESN'T WANT ME TO BE HIM."

EAMES
That could do it.

ARTHUR
How do you produce these emotional triggers?

EAMES

I forge each emotional concept in
the style and manner of Peter
Browning, a key figure in Fischer's
emotional life.

Two AFRICAN PEDESTRIANS wander into view.

ARTHUR

Are those yours?

Eames shakes his head. Cobb turns to Yusuf.

ARTHUR

Yusuf?

YUSUF

Yup. Sorry.

COBB

Suppress them. We don't bring our
own projections into the dream-we
let Fischer's subconscious supply
the people.

EAMES

Saito, when do I get to see
Browning?

SAITO

You fly out to Sydney on Tuesday.
We've arranged for you to spend
several days...

INT. ANTEROOM, MAURICE FISCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Eames sits in the crowded room. Boxes and files are piled
high. Browning stands by a pair of double doors.

SAITO (V.O.)

*...as part of a consulting
litigation team working for
Browning.*

BROWNING

I'm not smelling settlement here-we
take them down.

LAWYER

Mr. Browning, Maurice Fischer's
policy is always one of avoiding
litigation-

Browning turns to the lawyer. Calm, but POWERFUL.

BROWNING
Shall we relay your concerns
directly to Maurice?

Browning opens the doors to Maurice Fischer's inner office.
Eames leans in to watch as Browning beckons the Lawyer into-

INT. MAURICE FISCHER'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is a MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL ROOM: a BED where the desk should be. Browning addresses a figure at the window. ROBERT FISCHER, 30'S, abstracted.

BROWNING
How is he?

Fischer turns to Browning. Motions silence, as he glances at his FATHER in the bed. Wheezing gently.

BROWNING
I don't want to bother him
unnecessarily but I know he-

FATHER
Robert! I've told you to keep out
the damn!-

MAURICE LASHES OUT, KNOCKING things from his bedside table. A NURSE calms Maurice as Fischer crouches to retrieve a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. He looks at the photo through the broken glass- a YOUNG BOY holds a PINWHEEL CLEARLY MADE BY A CHILD (each of the points is numbered in pen), his FATHER blows on it.

BROWNING
Must be a cherished memory of his-

FISCHER
I put it by his bed. He hasn't even
noticed.

BROWNING
Robert, we have to talk about a
power of attorney. I know this is
hard for you, but it's important
that we start to think about the
future-

FISCHER
Not now, Uncle Peter.

Browning looks at Fischer, considering. Biding his time.

EAMES (V.O.)
*The vultures are circling. The
sicker Maurice Fischer becomes, the
stronger Peter Browning becomes...*

Eames WATCHES Browning, STUDYING his every move .

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Eames gestures at a mirror, as if offering to shake hands...

EAMES (V.O.)
*I've had time to learn Browning's
physical presence and mannerisms...*

In the mirror: BROWNING GESTURES BACK.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

EAMES
Now, in the dream, I can impersonate
Browning and suggest the concepts to
Fischer's conscious mind...
(draws a diagram)
Then we take Fischer down another
level and his own subconscious
feeds it right back to him.

ARTHUR
(impressed)
So he gives *himself* the idea.

EAMES
Precisely. That's the only way
to make it stick. It has to seem
self-generated.

ARTHUR
Eames, I'm impressed.

EAMES
Your condescension, as always, is
much appreciated, Arthur.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERTED HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The team sit on the steps of the large marble lobby,
debating. Ariadne is showing Arthur the lobby.

EAMES
He's not scheduled for surgery, no
dental, nothing.

COBB
I thought he had some knee thing?

EAMES
Nothing they'd put him under for.
Besides, we need a good ten hours.

SAITO
Sydney to Los Angeles.

They turn to Saito.

SAITO
Twelve hours and forty-five
minutes-one of the longest flights
in the world. He makes it every two
weeks...

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Fischer steps out of a black town car and walks across the
tarmac towards a GULF STREAM JET, accompanied by two aides.

COBB (V.O.)
Surely he flies private?

SAITO (V.O.)
*Not if there were unexpected
maintenance with his plane.*

Fischer is met at the steps by a DISTRAUGHT FLIGHT OFFICER.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Cobb chews this over. Arthur comes over.

ARTHUR
It'd have to be a 747.

COBB
Why?

ARTHUR
On a 747 the pilots are up above,
first class is in the nose so
nobody walks through the cabin.
We'd have to buyout the whole
cabin, and the first class flight
attendant-

SAITO
We bought the airline.

Everyone turns to Saito.

SAITO
It seemed... neater.

COBB
Neater, huh?
(gets to his feet)
Well, now we have ten uninterrupted
hours.

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)
(to Ariadne)
Nice lobby, by the way.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

The group is back in the workshop, deep in discussion.

ARTHUR
My question is how we go down three
layers with enough stability. Three
layers down a little turbulence is
gonna translate into an *earthquake*.
The dreams are gonna collapse with
the slightest disturbance.

Yusuf clears his throat.

YUSUF
Sedation. For sleep stable enough to
create three layers of dreaming...

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

Yusuf depresses a plunger. Arthur is SLEEPING in a chair.

YUSUF (V.O.)
*We will have to combine it with an
extremely powerful sedative....*

Eames SLAPS Arthur, HARD. Arthur does not stir.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Arthur unconsciously rubs his cheek.

YUSUF
The compound we'll be using to
share the dream is an advanced
Somnacin derivative. It creates a
very clear connection between
dreamers, whilst actually
accelerating brain function.

CUT TO:

COBB
Buying us more time in each level.

YUSUF
Brain function in the dream will be
about twenty times normal.
(MORE)

YUSUF (CONT'D)

And when you go into a dream within
that dream the effect is
compounded.

ARIADNE

How much time?

YUSUF

Three dreams... that's ten hours,
times twenty, times twenty, times
twenty...

EAMES

Math was never my strong suit.

COBB

It's basically a week one layer
down, six months two layers down-

ARIADNE

And ten years in the third level.
Who wants to spend ten years in a
dream?

YUSUF

Depends on the dream.

EAMES

It's not going to take us long to
crack Fischer open once we get
going. We'll be out in a couple
days, max.

ARTHUR

How do we get out once we've made
the plant?

(to Cobb)

I hope you've got something a
little more elegant in mind than
shooting me in the head like last
time.

Arthur tilts back in his chair. Yusuf turns to Cobb.

COBB

A kick.

ARIADNE

What's a kick?

Eames slips his foot under Arthur's chair leg. TIPS it-
Arthur's legs SHOOT UP INSTINCTIVELY for balance-

EAMES

That, Ariadne, would be a kick.

COBB

That feeling of falling which snaps you awake. We use that to jolt ourselves awake once we're done.

ARTHUR

But how are we going to feel that through the sedation?

YUSUF

That's the clever part. I customize the sedative...

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

Cobb, Eames and Yusuf watch Arthur, ASLEEP, in a chair.

YUSUF (O.S.)

To leave inner ear function unimpaired...

Yusuf, with a wicked grin, slowly TIPS Arthur's chair backwards... as he falls, Arthur's body JERKS, EYES OPENING just before he HITS the floor.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Arthur thinks, nodding slowly.

YUSUF

That way, however deep the sleep, the sleeper will still feel falling...

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

Yusuf gleefully LEANS a SLEEPING ARTHUR to one side ...

YUSUF (V.O.)

Or tipping...

Arthur goes down with a CRASH, JERKING AWAKE-

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Arthur thinks this through.

ARTHUR

Even that won't cut through *three* layers of deep sleep.

COBB

The trick is to devise a kick for each level, then *synchronize* them to get a snap that penetrates all three layers.

Arthur looks at Cobb, getting it.

ARTHUR

We can use the musical countdown to
synchronize the different kicks.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Ariadne comes into the darkened main space. Cobb is lying on one of the chairs, asleep. Plugged into the mechanism. Ariadne stands over him. Watching.

She opens the case, PULLS one of the tubes, sits, checking the dials as she injects the needle cap into her arm, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. CAGE STYLE ELEVATOR - DAY

Ariadne ascends. She looks at the buttons. Spots the "B." The elevator STOPS. She looks through the grill at-

INT. YOUNG GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ariadne pulls back the grill and walks across the room, considering the dusty furnishings. At the window is a doll's house, front slightly ajar. Ariadne opens it. Inside is a SAFE. She tries it. LOCKED. A NOISE STARTLES her- she turns, looking through a doorway into another room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne looks into the room to see Cobb and Mal talking, arguing. A private moment. Mal brushes at Cobb's hair, trying to convince him. We hear snatches of conversation-

MAL

You remember when you asked me to
marry you?

COBB

Of course...

MAL

You said you had a dream...

COBB

That we'd grow old together.

MAL

And we can. You know how to find
me... you know what you have to do.

Cobb is shaking his head, gently. Mal looks into Cobb's eyes- gentle, loving... Mal SPOTS Ariadne spying on them.

FREEZES, staring, hostile. Cobb turns, sees Ariadne, moves towards her, leaving Mal.

COBB
You shouldn't be in here.

Cobb guides her back into the elevator.

ARIADNE
I wanted to know what "tests" you
need to do on your own every night.

INT. CAGE STYLE ELEVATOR - DAY

Cobb shuts the CAGE DOOR. Ariadne hits a button. The elevator RISES. Through the GRILL Ariadne can see a BEACH stretching off into the distance. The elevator stops. Mal sits on the sand. Beside her, the two children are crouched, away from us, building a SANDCASTLE.

ARIADNE
Why do you do this to yourself?

COBB
This is the only way I can still
dream.

ARIADNE
Is it so important to dream?

Cobb stares at his family.

COBB
In my dreams... we're still together.

The kids, WITHOUT TURNING AROUND, jump up and RUN AWAY.

INT. CAGE STYLE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator descends.

ARIADNE
But these aren't just dreams, are
they? They're memories. You said
never to use memories.

COBB
And I shouldn't.

ARIADNE
You're keeping her alive.

COBB
No.

ARIADNE
You can't let her go.

COBB
No. These are moments I regret.
Moments I turned into dreams so I
could change them.

Ariadne's fingers move across the buttons- stop at the "B."

ARIADNE
What've you got buried down there
that you regret?

Cobb pushes her hand away. Hits the third floor button.

COBB
There's only one thing I need you
to understand about me...

INT. KITCHEN, COBB AND MAL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ariadne follows Cobb into the kitchen. A THIN MAN is there,
standing by the table. He holds a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER.

ARIADNE
This is your house?

COBB
Mine and Mal's.

ARIADNE
Where is she?

COBB
She'd already died.

The Thin Man offers Cobb the piece of paper. A CHILD'S SHOUT-
Cobb TURNS. Ariadne follows his gaze to the garden. A small
blonde boy faces away from them, crouched on his haunches to
look at something on the ground.

COBB
It's James. My boy. He's found
something. Maybe a worm.

A slightly older girl RUNS into view.

COBB
And there's Philippa.

She crouches beside the boy. Their FACES ARE AWAY FROM US.
They point and discuss whatever is on the ground.

COBB
I thought about calling out, so
they'd turn and smile those
incredible smiles... but I'm out of
time-

The Thin Man thrusts the paper into Cobb's hand.

THIN MAN
Right now. Or never, Cobb.

Cobb nods, turns from the window-

COBB
Then I panic that I'll always wish
I'd seen them turn, that I can't
waste this chance...

Cobb TURNS BACK to call out- but the children RACE OFF...

COBB
But the moment's passed. And
whatever I do, the dream's always
the same... When I'm about to
call... they run.

Cobb watches them run off, calling for grandma, FACES UNSEEN.

COBB
If I'm going to see their faces
again-I've got to get back here in
the real world...

Behind him, Ariadne SLAMS the grill shut. Cobb TURNS.

INT. CAGE STYLE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne hits the BASEMENT button. The elevator starts to
DESCEND. ariadne STARES, fascinated as glimpses of floors
slip past: Mal's childhood bedroom, a thundering wall of
freight train... The elevator STOPS. Through the grill
Ariadne sees a HOTEL SUITE. She pulls open the grill, steps
cautiously out into-

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS (NOW NIGHT)

DISHEVELED bedclothes, UPENDED room service table,
STRAWBERRIES across the floor. A STRUGGLE. Ariadne steps
forwards- SMASH- she looks down to see that she has kicked
over a CHAMPAGNE FLUTE. Ariadne feels a draught. The CURTAIN
BILLOWS.

MAL (O.S.)
What are you doing here?

Ariadne TURNS. Mal is there.

ARIADNE

My name is-

MAL

I know who you are. What are you doing here?

ARIADNE

I don't know. Trying to understand.

MAL

How could you understand? Do you know what it is to be a lover? To be half of a whole?

ARIADNE

No.

Mal moves slowly towards Ariadne...

MAL

I'll tell you a riddle. You're waiting for a train. A train that will take you far away. You know where you hope this train will take you, but you don't know for sure...

Mal glides around Ariadne, looking her over.

MAL

But... it *doesn't matter*. How can it not matter to you where that train will take you?

COBB (O.S.)

Because you'll be together.

Cobb is standing in the elevator. Mal nods. Looks at him.

MAL

How could you bring her *here*, Dom?

ARIADNE

What is this place?

COBB

A hotel. We spent our anniversaries in this suite.

ARIADNE

What happened here?

Mal picks up the BROKEN STEM of a champagne flute...

INT. CAGE STYLE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb PULLS Ariadne into the elevator- Mal THROWS herself towards Ariadne- Cobb SLAMS the GRILL- Mal SMASHES against it AGAIN and AGAIN like a WILD ANIMAL- Ariadne FLINCHES-

MAL
you PROMISED! YOU SAID WE'D BE
TOGETHER!-

COBB
We can. We will. But I need you to
stay here for now-

MAL
YOU SAID WE'D GROW OLD TOGETHER!-

Cobb pushes a button and the elevator starts to rise.

COBB
I'll come back. I need you to stay
here on your own for now. Just
while I do this job. Then we can be
together-

MAL
WE'LL BE TOGETHER-YOU PROMISED!-

Mal THROWS herself against the grill, and. we-

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Ariadne watches Cobb sleeping. His eyes gradually flicker open. He sees her watching him.

ARIADNE
You think you can just build a
prison of memories to lock her in?
You think that's going to contain
her?

The LIGHTS COME ON: Saito and Arthur stand in the doorway.

SAITO
Maurice Fischer just died in Sydney.

COBB
When's the funeral?

SAITO
Thursday. In Los Angeles.

COBB
Robert'll accompany the body
Tuesday at the outside. We have to
move.

Cobb gets up. Ariadne comes over to him.

ARIADNE
(low)
I'm coming with you.

COBB
No. I promised Miles.

ARIADNE
The team needs someone in there who
understands what you're struggling
with. If you don't want it to be me
then you need to show Arthur what I
just saw.

Cobb looks at Ariadne. Turns to Saito.

COBB
We need one more seat on the plane.

INT. DEPARTURE GATE, SYDNEY - DAY

Saito stands looking out the window at a 747. Cobb arrives
beside him. They watch a COFFIN being loaded.

COBB
If I get on this plane and you
haven't taken care of things...
when we land I go to jail for the
rest of my life.

SAITO
Complete the job en route, I make
one phone call from the plane...
you will have no trouble clearing
immigration.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, 747 - CONTINUOUS

The luxurious cabin has only ten seats. Cobb finds his- sees
Ariadne in the seat behind his. They do not acknowledge each
other. Behind her is Arthur, looking out the window. Eames
enters, STUFFS his bag into the overhead bin, BLOCKING the
passenger behind: ROBERT FISCHER, standing there, patient,
bag in hand, wearing black.

EAMES
Oh, sorry.

Eames SQUEEZES up against his seat to let Fischer BRUSH PAST. Fischer moves to his seat, directly in front of Cobb. Eames TOSSES Cobb a PASSPORT. Cobb flips it open: Fischer's. Pockets it. Yusuf and Saito enter, take their seats.

EXT. RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The 747 HURTLES down the runway.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, 747 - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb looks down at his hand: a TINY VIAL taped to the center of his palm. He removes the cap. The seatbelt sign goes dark. Cobb unbuckles, stands.

COBB

Excuse me?

Fischer looks up.

FISCHER

Yes?

COBB

I think this is yours...

Cobb holds up the open passport, comparing the picture to Fischer. Fischer's hand goes to his pocket. Cobb hands Fischer the passport.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Would you gentlemen care for a drink?

FISCHER

Water.

COBB

Same.

Fischer gives Cobb a thin smile. Holds up his passport.

FISCHER

Well, thank you.

COBB

No problem. Look, I couldn't help noticing your name. You're not related to *Maurice* Fischer?

Fischer takes a beat. But Cobb seems harmless.

FISCHER

Actually, he was my father.

COBB
I'm very sorry for your loss. He
was an inspiring figure.

The Flight Attendant brings their drinks- Cobb takes them.

COBB
Thanks.

As he turns to Fischer he LOWERS his right hand ... a CLEAR
LIQUID DROPS into Fischer's water as Cobb hands it to him.

COBB
To Maurice Fischer.
(they drink)
I'll leave you in peace.

Fischer grants him a smile.

EXT. 747 - LATER

The great plane SOARS through a burning cloudscape.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, 747 - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb reaches into the overhead for a blanket- lets it fall
onto Fischer's head- Fischer doesn't flinch. ASLEEP. Cobb
SIGNALS the others. The First Flight Attendant unlocks a
CUPBOARD in the galley, then leaves, closing the curtain.
Arthur moves into the galley and pulls out a MECHANISM CASE.

Cobb and Arthur open the mechanism- uncoil the tubes- feed
them around the window side of each of the seats. Arthur
rolls up Fischer's cuff- PUSHES the needle cap into Fischer's
wrist. Arthur pulls Fischer's cuff down and hides the tubes
behind the armrest of Fischer's seat.

Arthur runs the next tube to Ariadne. Cobb puts the case on
Yusuf's lap. Yusuf checks the TIMERS, tapping the syringes.
The others recline their seats. Yusuf HITS A BUTTON- closes
the case- places it at his feet. He settles back, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Cobb DRIVES. Saito and Arthur are in the back. Rain BEATS
down. Cobb pulls over-

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Yusuf stands on the corner, silver briefcase in hand, collar
turned up against the rain. He reaches for the door.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Yusuf clambers into the back, brushing rain from his face.

ARTHUR
(indicates rain)
Couldn't you have peed before you
went under?

YUSUF
Sorry.

The front door OPENS and Eames climbs in, soaked.

EAMES
Bit too much free champagne before
takeoff, Yusuf?

YUSUF
Ha bloody ha.

COBB
At least we know he'll be looking
for a cab in this.

INT./EXT. SEDAN ON RAINY NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Cobb pulls out into the heavy traffic. He weaves around
several cars before lining up behind a YELLOW CAB.

COBB
Brace yourselves.

Cobb hits the gas- REAR ENDS the cab with a CRUNCH. The
CABDRIVER gets out, fuming. Heads to Cobb's window-

CABDRIVER
Hey, asshole! Why don't you try
driving without your thumb up-

He sees the SILENCED PISTOL Cobb is holding at his belly.

COBB
Walk away.

The Cabdriver backs off. Arthur climbs into the cab. Both
cars pull away.

INT./EXT. CAB ON RAINY NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Arthur SLOWS in front of the TRAIN STATION, peering at the
pedes pedestrians. He SPOTS Fischer, lights the cab's sign.
Fischer FLAGS him down. Fischer JUMPS into the back, brushing
rain from his shoulders.

FISCHER
Third and Market. Snappy.

Eames JUMPS in from the other side.

FISCHER
What're you doing?

EAMES
Sorry, I thought it was free. Maybe
we could share.

FISCHER
Maybe not.

Saito gets into the front passenger seat. Pointing a gun.

FISCHER
Great.

Arthur pulls away. Fischer pulls out his wallet and tosses it
at Eames.

FISCHER
(contemptuous)
There's 500 dollars in there. And
the wallet's worth more than that.
For that you ought to at least drop
me at my stop.

Eames smiles at this.

EAMES
I'm afraid-

A SHOT SHATTERS the window by Eames's head- another SHOT
IMPACTS by Saito-

EAMES
Get us out of here!

Arthur hits the gas, but a BLACK S.U.V. SKIDS sideways in
front, BLOCKING the path-

A BLOCK BEHIND- Cobb is at a light. ARIADNE is getting in the
front. Cobb has HEARD the GUNFIRE-

COBB
Come on!-

Cobb looks ahead to the AMBUSH, hits the gas- the sedan
ROCKETS forwards... but BAM- A FREIGHT TRAIN CLIPS THE FRONT
OF THE SEDAN, SHOVING IT SIDEWAYS AS AN ENDLESS TRAIN BARRELS
PAST, A WALL BETWEEN COBB AND THE AMBUSH-

A SECOND S.U.V. is behind the cab- PLAIN CLOTHES SECURITY MEN advance through the traffic, weapons trained on the cab. Bullets RIP into the cab as Eames throws himself on top of Fischer, PULLING a SACK over his head-

Inside the sedan, Ariadne watches the train passing-

ARIADNE

This wasn't in the design-

Cobb BACKS UP, SPINS around, heading for the tail of the train-

A Security Man emerges from the front S.U.V. carrying an AUTOMATIC RIFLE- he steps towards the cab through the rain, raises his weapon and BLASTS THE CAB'S WINDSCREEN-

Cobb clears the end of the train, and SKIDS across the tracks-

Arthur CROUCHES down- PUSHES the accelerator with his HAND- YANKS the wheel- FLYING BLIND. The cab NAILS the Security Man, CRUNCHING into the front S.U.V.-

Cobb SMASHES his car into the rear S.U.V., creating a GAP-

Arthur YANKS the transmission and REVERSES- SCRAPING through the gap- Security Men DIVE out of the way- Arthur throws a ragged J-turn to head down a SIDE STREET- Cobb follows in the other car. Rain whips across Arthur's face as he BREATHE-

ARTHUR

Everybody okay? Saito?

Arthur looks at Saito. Saito's hand is at his belly. Covered in BLOOD.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The sedan and cab pull into the side entrance- Eames jumps out- PULLS the shutter down behind them-

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yusuf and Eames PULL Fischer from the cab, HUSTLING him through a doorway. Cobb JUMPS out of the sedan, furious.

COBB

Arthur! Arthur what the-

Arthur pulls the bloody Saito from the front seat.

COBB

Oh, Christ. Is he dying?

ARTHUR

I don't know. What happened back there? Where were you?

COBB

We were blocked by a freight train.

ARTHUR

(to Ariadne)

Why would you put a train crossing in a downtown intersection?

ARIADNE

I didn't.

COBB

(snaps)

Why were we all ambushed, Arthur?! Those weren't regular projections- they'd been *trained*!

ARIADNE

How could they be trained?

ARTHUR

Fischer's had an extractor teach his mind to defend itself. His subconscious is militarized. It should've shown on the research-

COBB

So why the hell didn't it?!

ARTHUR

Calm down.

COBB

Don't tell me to calm down-you were meant to check Fischer's background thoroughly. You can't make this kind of mistake-we're not prepared for this kind of violence-

ARTHUR

Cobb, we've dealt with sub-security before. We just have to be more-

COBB

This wasn't part of the plan, Arthur!
(points at Saito)
He's *dying*!

EAMES

So we put him out of his misery.

Eames steps into the room, pulls his gun and moves over Saito.

COBB

No.

EAMES

He's in agony. Let's wake him up-

Cobb GRABS Eames's arm.

COBB

No!

(they lock eyes)

It won't wake him up.

EAMES

What do you mean, it won't wake him? When you die in a dream you wake up.

YUSUF

Not from this. We're too heavily sedated to wake up that way.

Eames looks at Yusuf, then to Cobb.

EAMES

So what happens if one of us dies?

COBB

That person doesn't wake up. Their mind drops into Limbo.

ARIADNE

Limbo?

ARTHUR

Unconstructed dream space.

ARIADNE

What's down there?

ARTHUR

Raw, infinite subconscious. Nothing there but what was left behind by anyone on the team who's been trapped there before. On this team... just Cobb.

ARIADNE

How long would we be stuck there?

YUSUF

You couldn't even think about
trying to escape until the sedation
eases-

EAMES

How long?

YUSUF

Decades-it could be infinite-I
don't know! Ask him-he's the one
who's been there before!

Eames moves to Cobb. Looks him in the eye.

EAMES

Great. So now we're stuck in
Fischer's mind battling it out with
his private army, and if we get hit
we're stuck in Limbo 'til our
brains dissolve into scrambled egg?

Cobb says nothing. Saito groans more loudly.

ARTHUR

Let's just get him upstairs.

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Saito is laid out on an old desk. Arthur examines him. He
motions to Ariadne. Eames watches Cobb.

ARTHUR

Hold this. Firm pressure.

Arthur turns to Cobb.

ARTHUR

You knew the risks and you didn't
tell us.

COBB

There wasn't meant to be any risk.
We weren't supposed to be dealing
with a load of gunnre.

ARTHUR

You had no right.

COBB

It's the only way you can go three
layers deep, Arthur.

Arthur turns to Yusuf, hostile.

ARTHUR
And you. You went along with this?

YUSUF
I trusted him.

ARTHUR
You trusted him? When? When he
promised you half his share?

YUSUF
(offended)
No! His whole share. Plus, he told
me he'd done it before.

Arthur turns to Cobb.

ARTHUR
Oh, yeah? With Mal? That worked out
great, didn't it, Cobb?

Cobb grabs Arthur.

COBB
You don't know anything about that.
This was the only way to do this
job, Arthur. I did what I had to do
to get back to my children.

EAMES
So you led us into a war zone with
no way out.

COBB
We have a way out. The kick. We
just have to push on, do the job as
fast as possible and get out using
the kick.

EAMES
Forget it. We go any deeper, we
just raise the stakes. I'm sitting
it out on this level.

COBB
You'll never make it, Eames.
Fischer's security is surrounding
this place as we speak. The ten
hours of the flight is a week at
this level-you'll never make it
without getting killed. Downwards
is the only way forwards. We have
to carry on.

Saito groans. Cobb looks at him-

COBB

And we have to do it fast.

Eames and Arthur weigh this.

COBB

Eames, go get ready. Arthur, let's
get in there and soften him up.

INT. BATHROOM, WAREHOUSE - LATER

Cobb and Arthur, wearing BALACLAVAS, PULL the sack from
Fischer's head. He is chained to the radiator.

FISCHER

I'm insured against kidnapping up
to ten million-this'll be simple-

COBB

No, it won't.

Fischer looks at Cobb, unnerved.

ARTHUR

In. your lather's office, below the
bookshelves, is his personal safe.
We need the combination.

FISCHER

I never noticed a safe-

COBB

Doesn't mean you don't know the
combination.

FISCHER

Well, I don't.

ARTHUR

We have it on good authority that
you do.

FISCHER

Whose?

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yusuf looks through Fischer's wallet. Eames is opening a
HINGED, THREE-WING MIRROR.

YUSUF

Five hundred dollars, this cost?

EAMES

What's inside?

YUSUF

Cash, cards, ID... and this-

Yusuf holds up a SNAPSHOT: the photo from Maurice Fischer's office- YOUNG ROBERT holds his HOMEMADE PINWHEEL, his FATHER blows on it. Eames takes it from Yusuf. STUDIES it. Cobb enters. Eames hands him the snapshot.

EAMES

Useful?

Cobb studies the snapshot. Eames examines himself in the hinged mirror from multiple angles: ONE BY ONE the myriad Eames reflections BECOME BROWNING. Cobb pockets the photo.

COBB

You're on. You've got an hour.

EAMES

An hour? I was supposed to have all night to crack him.

COBB

And Saito was supposed to keep his guts on the inside. You've got an hour-get something we can use.

Eames turns from the mirror AS BROWNING. He glances at his watch, then SCREAMS, as if begging for mercy-

INT. BATHROOM, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Browning's CRY reverberates- Fischer looks up, concerned-

FISCHER

What's that?

ARTHUR

Good authority.

Another cry rings out. Fischer recognizes the voice.

FISCHER

Uncle Peter?! Make them stop-

ARTHUR

The combination.

FISCHER

I don't know it!

ARTHUR

Why would Browning tell us you did?

FISCHER

Let me talk to him-I'll find out.

INT. BATHROOM, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb pushes Browning (Eames), bloody and bruised, into the room and forces him down next to Fischer. Cobb handcuffs Browning's wrist to a metal bracket on the side of the sink.

COBB

You've got an hour. Get talking.

Cobb leaves.

BROWNING (EAMES)

They've had me for two days.
They've got someone with access to
your father's office and they're
trying to open his safe-they
thought I'd know the combination,
but I don't-

FISCHER

Neither do I, Uncle Peter.

BROWNING

(confused)

Maurice told me that after he
passed only you would be able to
open it.

FISCHER

He never gave me the combination.

Browning thinks for a minute. Realizes something.

BROWNING

He did, he just didn't tell you
that it was a combination.

FISCHER

What, then?

BROWNING

Something only you would know. Some
meaningful combination of numbers
from your experiences with Maurice-

FISCHER

We didn't have a lot of meaningful
experiences together.

BROWNING

Perhaps after your mother died...

FISCHER

After my mother died, I went to him
in my grief.

(MORE)

FISCHER (CONT'D)

You know what he told me? "There's really nothing to be said, Robert."

BROWNING

He always had a hard time with emotional-

FISCHER

I was *eleven*, Uncle Peter.

Browning (Eames) takes this in.

BROWNING

He loved you, Robert. In his way.

FISCHER

"In his way?" At the end he called me to his deathbed. He could barely speak, but he took the trouble to say one last thing to me. He pulled me close... I could make out only one word. "Disappointed."

Browning can say nothing.

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cobb pulls off his balaclava. Looks down at Saito, who is breathing fast, shallow.

COBB

How's he doing?

ARIADNE

He's in a lot of pain.

Cobb takes Saito's hand. Looks him in the eye.

COBB

When we get you down to the next level, the pain will be less intense.

Saito nods, breathing hard.

ARIADNE

(low)

And if he dies?

COBB

His conscious mind will drop out of the dream. He'll be trapped in Limbo for a *lifetime*...

ARIADNE

What will that do to him?

Cobb looks at her. Grave.

COBB

When he wakes... his mind could be completely gone.

SAITO

When... when we wake I will still honor our arrangement...

Cobb looks down at Saito sadly.

COBB

Saito-san, when you wake you might not even remember that we *had* an arrangement. You'll have forgotten this world. Limbo will be your reality. Lost there so long, you'll have become an old man...

SAITO

Filled with regret?

COBB

Waiting to die alone. Yes.

SAITO

Then I'll take the chance and come back. And we'll be young men together again.

Saito smiles weakly. Cobb nods at him, turns to Ariadne.

ARIADNE

When were you trapped in Limbo?

Cobb says nothing. Ariadne pulls him away from Saito.

ARIADNE

Cobb, you might have convinced the rest of this team to carry on with the job. But they don't know the truth.

COBB

What truth?

ARIADNE

The truth that at any minute you might bring a *freight train* through the wall. The truth that Mal is bursting up through your subconscious.

(MORE)

ARIADNE (CONT'D)

The truth that as we go deeper into
Fischer, we're also going deeper
into you-and I'm not sure we're
going to like what we find there.

Cobb stares back at Ariadne. Saying nothing.

ARIADNE

This is not just about Fischer,
it's about you. Tell me what
happened to you and Mal. Trapped in
Limbo.

Cobb looks at her. Thinking it through.

COBB

We were on a job. Exploring dreams
within dreams. But we didn't
understand how your mind can turn
hours into years. How you can get
trapped. Trapped so deep that when
you wash up on the shore of your
subconscious...

*INSERT CUT: MAL LIES ON THE SAND, STARING UP AT A CLOUDLESS
SKY, WAVES WASHING OVER HER...*

COBB

You can lose track of what's real.

ARIADNE

How long were you stuck?

Cobb pauses before he answers. Looks at Ariadne.

COBB

Fifty years.

Ariadne stares at him, incredulous.

ARIADNE

How did you stand it?

INSERT CUT: COBB AND MAL BUILD A SANDCASTLE ON THE BEACH...

COBB

We built. We created a whole world
for ourselves...

INSERT CUT: COBB AND MAL WALK THROUGH A DESERTED CITY.

COBB

It's not so bad at first, being
gods. The problem is knowing that
it's not real. It became impossible
for me to live like that.

ARIADNE
But not for her?

COBB
She accepted it. At some point...

INSERT CUT:

INT. MAL'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Mal opens a DOLL'S HOUSE. Inside is a SAFE. She opens it- it is empty. She pulls out her SPINNING TOP.

COBB (V.O.)
...she'd decided to forget that our
world wasn't real.

Mal places the top inside the safe. LOCKS IT AWAY...

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ARIADNE
And when you finally woke up?

COBB
To wake from that. From decades
lived. To be old souls thrown back
into youth. It was hard. At first
Mal seemed okay. But I started to
realize something was wrong.
Finally she admitted it. This idea
she was possessed by. This simple
little idea that changed
everything...

ARIADNE
What was it?

COBB
That our world was not real. No
matter what I did, no matter what I
said, she was convinced that we
were still in a dream. That we
needed to wake up again...

INT. COBB AND MAL'S KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cobb is trying to calm Mal, who is hysterical.

COBB (V.O.)
*That to get home we'd have to kill
ourselves.*

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Ariadne looks at Cobb, appalled.

ARIADNE
What about your children?

Cobb has to look away.

COBB
She... she believed they weren't
real. That our real children were
waiting. Somewhere above...

INT. COBB AND MAL'S KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mal shakes her head at Cobb as he USHERS the children out of
the room, FACES UNSEEN-

COBB
Calm down, Mal-

MAL
They're projections, Dom. Your
dreams. I'm their mother-don't you
think I can tell the difference?

Cobb closes the door- turns to her, eyes full of bitter
tears.

COBB
If it's my dream then why can't I
control it? Why can't I stop this?

MAL
(it's obvious)
You don't know you're dreaming.

COBB
You keep telling me I am-

MAL
And you don't believe me!

COBB (V.O.)
*She was certain. But she loved me
too much to go without me. So she
made a plan...*

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cobb walks along, checking door numbers against a key.

COBB (V.O.)
For our anniversary...

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Cobb enters the lavish suite. He notices the DISHEVELED
BEDCLOTHES.

He steps forwards- SMASH- he has tipped over a champagne glass with his foot... dinner for two is SPREAD ACROSS THE FLOOR. He looks at the DEBRIS, confused... next to the broken glass is a SPINNING TOP. He picks it up, studying it, thinking. He feels a draught, looks to the window. The CURTAIN BILLOWS.

EXT. EXTERIOR ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Cobb looks out the window: Mal sits on the ledge of the opposite window. HAIR BLOWING. Feet dangling over the dizzyingly high atrium. She smiles.

MAL

Join me.

COBB

Mal, come back inside.

MAL

No. I'm going to jump. And you're coming with me.

COBB

No, I'm not. This is *real*-if you jump, you're not going to wake up, you're going to *die*. Let's go back inside and talk about this, please.

MAL

We've talked enough.

She KICKS off a shoe and watches it DROP.

MAL

Come out onto the ledge or I'll jump right now.

She means it. Cobb swings his legs out, sitting on the ledge opposite is wife. He looks down at the drop.

MAL

I'm asking you to take a leap of faith.

COBB

I can't do that, Mal. I can't leave our children.

MAL

If I go without you, they'll take them away, anyway.

COBB

What do you mean?

MAL
I filed a letter with our attorney.
Explaining how I'm fearful for my
safety, how you've threatened to
kill me...

Cobb looks back at the wrecked hotel suite, PANICKING...

MAL (CONT'D)
I love you, Dom. I've freed you
from the guilt of choosing to leave
them. We're going home to our real
children.

COBB
Out children are here, Mal.

Mal CLOSES HER EYES. Cobb looks for some way to reach her...

MAL
You're waiting for a train...

COBB
NO! MAL, NO, I CAN'T!

MAL
A train that will take you far
away...

COBB
DON'T DO THIS!

MAL
You know where you hope this train
will take you, you can't know for
sure...

COBB
DON'T!

MAL
But it doesn't matter...

COBB
NO!

MAL
Because you'll be together...

Mal SLIPS FORWARD INTO SPACE. Cobb SCREAMS after her. Then
tries to bury his face in the wall...

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Cobb stares as he remembers.

COBB
He letter to the authorities
refuted all the claims about her
sanity that she knew I'd make...

INT. COBB AND MAL'S KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cobb stands with the Thin Man, who has a piece of paper.

COBB (V.O.)
*She'd had herself declared sane by
three different psychiatrists.*

Cobb hears a SHOUT- turns to the garden. James CROUCHES,
Philippa joins him, examining the ground, FACES UNSEEN...

COBB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It was impossible for me to explain
the nature of her madness...*

The Thin Man thrusts the paper into Cobb's hand.

THIN MAN
Right now. Or never, Cobb.

Cobb turns back to the window- about to call out- James and
Philippa RUN OFF. Cobb turns from the window. Looks at the
paper in his hand. It is an AIRPLANE TICKET.

COBB (V.O.)
*So I ran. And I've been running
ever since, trying to buy my way
back to my family...*

INT. OFFICE, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Cobb looks across at Ariadne.

ARIADNE
Psychiatrists judged her sane?

COBB
She was sane. She was just lost in
the labyrinth.

ARIADNE
Then why should you blame yourself?

COBB
Because we were a family. And we
had a life I would do anything to
get back to now. But that reality
wasn't enough for me then.

ARIADNE

It might have been your idea to push the limits, Cobb. But you're not responsible for the idea that destroyed her. The idea that her world wasn't real... that was her own idea from her own mind.

Cobb says nothing.

ARIADNE (CONT'D)

Your guilt defines her. Powers her. If we're going to succeed in this, you're going to have to forgive yourself, and you're going to have to confront her. But you don't have to do it alone.

COBB

You don't have to do this for me-

ARIADNE

I'm doing it for the others. They don't know the risk they've taken coming in here with you.

Cobb looks at the rooftop opposite, sees a SNIPER take up a position. Cobb shakes his head, frustrated.

COBB

We can't stay here. Arthur?!

INT. BATHROOM, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Browning puts his hand on Fischer's shoulder.

BROWNING

These people are going to kill us if we don't give them the combination.

FISCHER

They won't, they'll try to ransom us-

BROWNING

I heard them-they're going to lock us in and run the can into the river.

FISCHER

What *is* in the safe?

BROWNING
Something for you. Maurice always
said it was his most previous
gift... a *will*.

FISCHER
Maurice's will is with Port and
Dunn.

BROWNING
It's an alternate. It supersedes
the other only if you want it to.

FISCHER
What does it say?

BROWNING
It splits all the component
businesses of Fischer Morrow into
individual companies, transferring
ownership to the boards of those
companies...

FISCHER
Leaving me nothing?

BROWNING
A basic living. Nothing more. The
entire empire would cease to exist.

FISCHER
Destroy my own inheritance? Why
would he suggest such a thing?

BROWNING
I don't know, Robert.

Cobb OPENS the door. Arthur is behind him.

COBB
Come to your senses?

FISCHER
Let us go. I don't know the
combination. Not consciously.

Cobb considers this. Opens his phone. Pulls out his gun.

COBB
Let's try instinctively. I have
someone standing in your father's
office ready to tap in a
combination.

He holds the phone to Fischer's mouth.

COBB (CONT'D)
First six numbers that come into
your head. Right now.

FISCHER
I have no idea-

Cobb SWINGS the gun onto Browning-

COBB
RIGHT NOW!

FISCHER
Five, two, eight... four, nine,
one.

Cobb lowers his weapon. Listens to the phone. Shakes his
head. Shuts the phone.

COBB
You'll have to do better. Bag 'em.

Arthur puts SACKS over their heads.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cobb and Arthur drag Fischer and Browning to the van-

FISCHER
We're worth much more to you
alive...

Arthur places Fischer on the back seat- uses a DROPPER to
drop LIQUID onto Fischer's mask- his head SLUMPS FORWARDS.
"Browning" yanks the sack from his head- it is now EAMES.

EAMES
(excited)
His relationship with his father's
much worse that we thought.

ARTHUR
That helps us?

Arthur pulls a SNIPER RIFLE from a case by the van.

COBB
The stronger the issues, the more
powerful the catharsis.

Cobb motions for Yusuf to follow his upstairs.

ARTHUR
But how do you reconcile them if
they're that estranged?

EAMES
I'm working on that.

Arthur lines up a shot through the window-

ARTHUR
Well, work fast-Fischer's
projections are closing in quick,
we need to break out of here before
we're totally boxed in...

Arthur SHOOTs two snipers. Cobb and Yusuf gently load Saito into the van. He groans. Ariadne straps him in, checks his bandages. Arthur can't get the last sniper- he's too hidden behind a wall-

EAMES
Shouldn't be afraid to dream a
little bigger, Arthur-

Eames lines up a shot with a grenade launcher. Fires- the sniper EXPLODES into the air- Arthur looks at Eames.

EAMES (CONT'D)
Shall we?

They climb into the van-

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls out into the rain-drenched streets. Arthur opens the mechanism case and hands out tubes-

COBB
Shifting Fischer's antipathy from
his father onto Browning should
work.

EAMES
We need the imagery, the words...

ARIADNE
So you destroy his one positive
relationship?

COBB
No. We repair his relationship with
his father and expose his
godfather's true nature.

EAMES
Hell, we should be charging Fischer
as much as Saito.

ARTHUR

What about his security? It's going to get worse as we go deeper.

COBB

We bring in Mr. Charles.

ARTHUR

No.

EAMES

Who's Mr. Charles?

ARTHUR

A bad idea.

COBB

Arthur, the second we approach Fischer in that hotel, they're gonna mow us down-we run with Mr. Charles like on the Stein job.

EAMES

So you've done it before?

ARTHUR

Sure. But it didn't work. The subject realized he was dreaming and his subconscious tore us to pieces.

Eames takes this in.

EAMES

You learned a lot, though. Right?

COBB

(to Eames)

I'll need a decoy.

EAMES

No problem. How about a pretty young lady I've used before?

COBB

Fine-

Cobb looks back: a second S.U.V. pulls out, tailing them.

COBB (CONT'D)

(to Yusuf)

I know you've got to stay ahead of them, but drive with kid gloves, okay? The world down there is going to be very unstable-

ARTHUR

And don't make the jump too soon-
that kick is our only way back, we
have to be ready to catch it-

YUSUF

I'll use the music to let you know
when it's coming, but the rest is
up to you.

Arthur puts the mechanism onto the front seat.

YUSUF (CONT'D)

Everyone ready?

Nods all round.

YUSUF (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams-

Yusuf hits a button and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - SUNSET

Fischer nurses a drink. Staring at the ice cracking.

BLONDE (O.S.)

Am I boring you?

Fischer looks up. A beautiful BLONDE is next to him.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

I was telling you my story. I guess
it wasn't to your liking.

FISCHER

I have a lot on my mind.

Fischer looks around the bar. There are several STERN-LOOKING
CHARACTERS paying him too much attention.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Ariadne sit at a table across the lobby. They spot
Cobb moving across the lobby towards Fischer.

ARTHUR

And there goes Mr. Charles.

ARIADNE

Who or what, exactly, is Mr.
Charles?

ARTHUR
It's a gambit designed to turn
Fischer against his own
subconscious.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb approaches the bar, watched closely by Fischer's Sub-security.

COBB
Mr. Fishcer! Good to see you again.
Rod Green, Marketing.
(to Blonde)
And you must be...

BLONDE
Leaving.

She presses against Fischer as she slides off her stool and deposits a cocktail napkin in front of him.

BLONDE (CONT'D)
In case you get bored.

Cobb watches her walk away. The Sub-security FOLLOWS her.

COBB
I think you just got blown off...
unless her phone number really does
have only six digits.

Fischer glances at the napkin: "528-491."

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Arthur watches the Sub-security follow the Blonde.

ARIADNE
And why don't you approve?

ARTHUR
Because it involves telling the
mark that he's dreaming. Which
involves attracting a lot of
attention to us.

ARIADNE
Didn't Cobb say never to do that?

ARTHUR
You must've noticed by now how much
time Cobb spends doing things he
says never to do.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb turns to Fischer.

COBB
Strange way to make friends.
(off look)
Lifting your wallet, I mean.

Fischer pats his pocket. Empty. He looks to the lobby where he sees the Sub-security trailing the Blonde.

FISCHER
Goddamn it. The wallet alone's
worth-

COBB
Five hundred bucks. I know. Don't
worry, my guys are on it.

FISCHER
Who did you say you were?

Fischer looks at him, curious. Cobb plows on, confident-

COBB
I *said* I was Rod Green from
Marketing-but I'm not. My name is
Mr. Charles. I might seem familiar
to you. I'm in charge of your
security here.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Blonde hurries up to Saito, emerging from the elevator-

BLONDE
Mr. Saito, can I have a minute?

She pushes him back into the elevator, closing the door as the Sub-security approaches...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The Blonde fondles Saito's lapels, getting close.

SAITO
I'm sorry, but...

Saito glances over her shoulder to see, in the tunnel of infinite reflections created by the elevator's opposing mirrors, three reflections in, THE BLONDE IS EAMES. He winks.

SAITO (CONT'D)
(pushing him away)
Very amusing, Mr. Eames.

EAMES
You look a bit perkier.

A SHUDDER ripples through the elevator.

SAITO
Turbulence on the plane.

EAMES
Feels closer. That's Yusuf's
driving.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

Yusuf FIGHTS the wheel as the van CUTS DOWN AN ALLEY, BUMPING
OVER POTHOLES and SMASHING TRASH CANS aside- THREE S.U.V.s IN
FURIOUS PURSUIT. Yusuf looks in the rear view mirror,
FRUSTRATED. He checks his WATCH, then checks the back: the
SLEEPERS SHAKE with the impact and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

As a TREMOR echoes through the bar Fischer looks at Cobb
trying to place him.

FISCHER
Security? You work for the hotel?

COBB
No. My specialty is subconscious
security.

FISCHER
You're talking about dreams. You're
talking about extraction.

COBB
Exactly. My job is to protect
you...

Behind Fischer a WAITER puts down a tray- tipping a champagne
glass over- SMASH- Cobb NOTICES. Pauses, looks across the bar-
HIS TWO CHILDREN ARE CROUCHED, BACKS TOWARDS US...

Cobb looks around the bar, the patrons start to STARE at
Cobb, suspicious- Cobb shifts back to Fischer-

COBB (CONT'D)
My job is to protect you from any
attempt to access your mind through
your dreams.

Cobb regains his patter- the patrons lose interest...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Eames pulls out Fischer's wallet, moves to hand it to Saito,
then PAUSES, opens it, leafs past the cast to find... The
SNAPSHOT: young Robert holding his HOMEMADE PINWHEEL, his
father blowing on it. The elevator doors open and Eames steps
off. HANDS Saito the wallet.

EAMES
Get off at a different floor and
keep moving. Dump the wallet, then
meet me in the lobby. The security
will try to track it down. We need
to buy Cobb a little more time.

The doors close. Saito puts the wallet in his pocket. He
COUGHS- a deep, nasty cough.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb looks over Fischer's shoulder to see a SUITED MAN
watching him. Another MAN is walking in from the lobby.

COBB
You're not safe here.

Cobb steps away from the bar. Fischer does not move.

COBB (CONT'D)
Trust me. They're coming for you.

Fischer sizes him up, A CLAP OF THUNDER ECHOES, and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

GUNSHOTS BLAST out the rear and side windows of the van- a
Security Man is leaning out of the lead S.U.V. With a SHOTGUN-

WIND AND RAIN RIP THROUGH THE VAN- in the back, ARTHUR'S
SLEEPING FACE IS WHIPPED BY THE SPRAY, AND WE-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - SUNSET

Fischer looks out the windows at sudden, HURRICANE-LIKE RAIN-

COBB
Strange weather, huh?

A TREMOR runs through the bar- Cobb looks around-

COBB (CONT'D)
You feel that?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne and Arthur watch the GUSTS OF WIND RATTLE the windows. Arthur sees HOTEL GUESTS staring out at the weather, PUZZLED. Several of them TURN TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT ARTHUR.

ARIADNE
What's happening?

ARTHUR
Cobb's drawing Fischer's attention to the strangeness of the dream. That's making his subconscious look for the dreamer. For me.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY STREETS - DAY

At the end of the alley- Yusuf THROWS the van into a HARD RIGHT TURN- we move into EXTREME SLOW MOTION... THE SLEEPERS IN THE BACK ARE DRAWN TO ONE SIDE OF THE VAN BY THE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE... and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

The liquid in Fischer's drink RISES UP AGAINST ONE SIDE OF THE GLASS- Fischer notices, confused.

COBB
Very odd-the weather, the *gravity*...

Fischer looks around the bar- it's as if THE ENTIRE ROOM IS SET AT A 45-DEGREE ANGLE- glasses SLIDING off tables...

COBB (CONT'D)
But I can explain all this. You've actually been trained for this.
(Fischer nods)
Think of the strangeness of the weather, the shifts in gravity. None of this is real...
(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)

(beat)

We're in a dream.

Fischer looks at the room around them. Back to Cobb. All through the bar, patrons turn to look at Cobb IN UNISON.

COBB (CONT'D)

The simplest test of what I'm saying is for you to try and remember anything about the way you arrived in this hotel... okay?

Fischer stares at Cobb, trying to process this. All around them, people STARE at Cobb. Several get up as if to approach.

COBB (CONT'D)

Breathe. Remember the training. Accept the fact that we're in a dream. That's why I'm here protecting you.

As Fischer considers this we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY STREETS - DAY

Yusuf STRAIGHTENS UP the van, RACING down the street, swerving through traffic and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - EVENING

The building gradually EASES BACK INTO ALIGNMENT-

FISCHER

So you... you're not real?

The bar patrons start to ignore Cobb again.

COBB

No. I'm a projection of your subconscious. I was put in place to protect you in the event that extractors pulled you into a dream. I believe that's what has happened.

Fischer takes this in. Then looks at the Security Men approaching across the crooked floor, he nods at Cobb-

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Cobb escorts Fischer across the lobby. As he does so, he walks past the two CHILDREN, backs to us- Cobb ignores them- The two Sub-security fall in behind. Cobb hurries Fischer up the stairs- then PUSHES him into-

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fischer stumbles in- turns to Cobb, angry-

FISCHER

Hey-

Cobb reaches into his jacket- the First Man BURSTS in- Cobb KICKS him to the ground- DRAWS his gun as the SECOND MAN comes through the door, moving towards Fischer-

BLAM! Cobb BLASTS the Second Man in the back- TURNS and SHOOTS the First Man.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! What are you doing?!

Cobb turns to Fischer, calm. Convincing.

COBB

Look at the gun in his hand.

Fischer looks: the Second Man was holding a pistol. Cobb opens the First Man's jacket to show Fischer his holster and sidearm.

COBB (CONT'D)

These men were sent to abduct you.

Cobb pulls out the gun and HANDS it to Fischer.

COBB (CONT'D)

If I'm going to help you, I need you to be calm.

Fischer remembers something.

FISCHER

If this is a dream, I have to kill myself and wake up-

Fischer raises the gun towards his head-

COBB

I wouldn't do that-they've probably got you sedated. If you pull that trigger, you might not wake up, you might drop into a lower dream state.

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)

Mr. Fischer, you know all this, you
just have to remember it...

Fischer lowers his gun.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Saito walks down the corridor, followed by a Security Man.
Saito DUCKS around the corner, moves to a GARBAGE CHUTE and
DROPS Fischer's WALLET into it. He SLIPS into the stairwell
as the Security Man comes abreast of the chute and pauses.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Arthur leads Ariadne to a particular room: 491.

INT. ROOM 491 - CONTINUOUS

Arthur leads Ariadne in. He opens the closet, opens the room
safe, pulls out FOUR BRICKS OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE.

ARTHUR

So, if everything's correct, this
room should be directly below 528.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cobb looks reassuringly at Fischer.

COBB

What do you remember from before
this dream?

FISCHER

(thinking)
Rain... gunfire... *Uncle Peter*.
(looks up)
Christ-we've been kidnapped.

COBB

Where were they holding you?

FISCHER

They had us... in the back of a
van...

COBB

Your body's bouncing around in the
back of a van right now-that
explains the gravity shifts.

FISCHER

It was... to do with a safe...
Christ, why's it so hard to
remember?

COBB

It's like trying to remember a dream after you've woken up. It takes years of practice to do it easily. So, you and Browning have been pulled into this dream so they can steal something from your mind. What?

FISCHER

They wanted a combination to a safe... they demanded the first numbers to pop into my head.

COBB

That's them extracting a locator.

FISCHER

A locator?

COBB

A number from your own subconscious. It can be used any number of ways...

(thinking)

This is a hotel. *Room numbers*. What was the number you gave them?

FISCHER

5, 2... something... it was a long number. 528... 528, 4 something.

COBB

(opens phone)

Well, we know where to start.

(into phone)

Fifth floor.

INT. ROOM 491 - CONTINUOUS

Arthur hangs up the phone. He is standing on a chair, attaching the explosives to the ceiling.

ARIADNE

Do you use a timer?

ARTHUR

No, I have to judge it myself. Once you're all asleep up in room 528, I wait 'til Yusuf starts his kick...

ARIADNE

How will you know?

ARTHUR

His music warns me it's coming,
then the van hitting the barrier of
the bridge should be unmistakable-
that's when I blow the floor out
from underneath us and we get a
nice synchronized kick. Too soon,
and we won't get pulled out; too
late and I won't be able to drop
us.

ARIADNE

Why not?

ARTHUR

The van will be in free fall. I
can't drop us with no gravity.

Arthur finishes setting the charges.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Saito moves through the lobby. Browning is coming in the
other direction. Saito assumes him to be Eames.

SAITO

I see you've changed.

BROWNING

I'm sorry?

Eames comes up behind Browning, catching Saito's eye.

SAITO

I'm... I mistook you for a friend.

BROWNING

Good-looking fellow, I'm sure.

Browning moves off. Saito approaches Eames.

EAMES

That's Fischer's projection of
Browning. We'll keep an eye on how
he behaves-

SAITO

Why?

EAMES

How he acts will tell us if
Fischer's starting to suspect his
motives the way we want him to.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, FIFTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cobb leads Fischer around a corner. Arthur and Ariadne are waiting in the corridor.

COBB
They work for me.

Fischer starts looking at room numbers. Stops at 528. Cobb draws his gun, steps back from the door and KICKS it open.

INT. ROOM 528 - CONTINUOUS

Cobb JUMPS into the room, gun up. The room is empty. Arthur and Ariadne search the room. Saito and Eames arrive. Eames shuts the door. Arthur FINDS something-

ARTHUR
Mr. Charles!

Arthur holds up a MECHANISM CASE. Cobb shows it to Fischer.

COBB
You know what this is?

Fischer's eyes roam over the dials and plungers.

FISCHER
I think so. But I don't understand.

COBB
They were going to put you under.

FISCHER
I'm already under.

COBB
Under *again*.

FISCHER
A dream within a dream?

ARTHUR
Shhhh!

Arthur is at the door. Someone is there. A key goes into the lock- the door starts to open- Arthur REACHES OVER and GRABS the person entering, THROWS THEM TO THE FLOOR- puts his gun in their face. IT IS BROWNING.

Fischer stares, disbelieving, at his own godfather.

FISCHER
Uncle Peter. What's going on?

Cobb pulls the key from Browning's hand: ROOM 528.

COBB

You said you were kidnapped
together?

FISCHER

Not exactly, they already had him.
They'd been torturing him...

COBB

You saw them torture him?

Fischer shakes his head. Looks at Browning. Thinking.

FISCHER

The kidnappers are working for you.

BROWNING

No, Robert-

FISCHER

You're trying to get that safe
open. To get the alternate will.

Browning looks up at Fischer.

BROWNING

Fischer Morrow's been my entire
life. I can't let you destroy it.

FISCHER

I'm not going to throw away my
inheritance. Why would I?

BROWNING

I couldn't take the chance of you
rising to your father's final
taunt.

FISCHER

What taunt?

BROWNING

That will. I'm sorry, Robert, but
it's his final insult. A challenge
to build something for yourself.
He's telling you that you aren't
worthy of his achievements.

Fischer takes this in. Devastated.

FISCHER

That he was "disappointed?"

BROWNING

I'm so sorry. But he was wrong.
You'll make his company even
greater than he ever could.

COBB

Your godfather's lying, Robert.

Fischer turns to Cobb.

FISCHER

How do you know?

COBB

It's what I do. He's hiding
something.

Cobb looks at Browning.

COBB

Let's find out what.

Cobb nods at Arthur, who starts unpacking the mechanism.
Browning watches. Silent.

COBB

Let's do to him what he was going
to do to you.

Cobb rolls up his sleeve. Nods at Fischer to do the same.

COBB

We'll penetrate his subconscious
and find out what he doesn't want
you to know.

Fischer looks Cobb in the eye. Decides- rolls up his sleeve,
offering his bare arm. The team run tubes to each other-
Arthur injects Fischer, whose head slumps.

ARTHUR

He's out.

ARIADNE

Wait, Cobb-I'm lost. Whose
subconscious are we going into?

COBB

Fischer's. I told him it was
Browning's so he'd come with us as
part of our team.

ARTHUR

(impressed)

He's going to help us break into
his own subconscious.

COBB

That's the idea. He'll think that his security is Browning's and fight them to learn the truth about his father.

Arthur hits buttons on the mechanism. The team goes out one by one. Cobb is last.

COBB

Fischer's subconscious is going to run you down hard.

ARTHUR

I'll lead them on a merry chase.

COBB

Be back in time for the kick.

ARTHUR

I'm on it.

Cobb is no longer listening- he stares at the net curtains, BILLOWING like those in Mal's suite- a GLIMPSE of someone (Mal?) As the screen goes WHITE, and we are-

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - DAY

CLOSE ON Cobb's face, staring. Fixed.

ARIADNE (O.S.)

Cobb? Cobb?

Ariadne is beside him. They stand on a cliff, dressed in white snowsuits, carrying white-painted weapons like WWII commandos. Cobb checks his SNIPER RIFLE, examines their objective: a massive FORTIFIED MEDICAL FACILITY a mile below.

ARIADNE

What's down there?

COBB

Hopefully, the truth we want Fischer to learn.

ARIADNE

I meant what's down there for you?

Cobb turns to her. Eames, Saito and Fischer arrive, SKIING down from the hill above. Cobb pulls Eames out of Fischer's earshot.

COBB

You're the dreamer. I need you to draw the security away from the complex.

EAMES

Then who guides Fischer in? You?

COBB

If I know the route... we could be compromised.

Eames looks at Cobb, uneasy. Ariadne comes over.

ARIADNE

I designed the place.

COBB

No. You're with me.

SAITO (O.S.)

I could do it.

They turn to Saito. Saito shrugs at Eames. Eames smiles.

COBB

Eames, brief Saito on the route into the complex. What we're looking for is going to be in the most heavily fortified section. That north tower.

Cobb moves to Fischer. Saito COUGHS. SPITS. Eames sees BLOOD on the snow. Looks at Saito.

COBB

Mr. Fischer, you're going in with Mr. Saito.

FISCHER

You're not coming in?

COBB

You have to do this on your own. You have to get in there, break into your godfather's mind and find out the truth about your father.

Cobb taps Fischer's radio mike.

COBB

Keep this live at all times. I'll be listening in, covering you.

(holds up the sniper rifle)

The windows on the upper floors are big enough that I can cover you from that south tower.

Cobb slips into his skis, shoulders his rifle.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 528 - NIGHT

Arthur checks the mechanism. He hears LOW BOOMS like thunder. He checks his watch- THE SECOND HAND CRAWLS FORWARDS. With a last look at the sleepers, he heads out into the corridor...

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

A GUNSHOT slams into the van as Yusuf DRIVES- he glances back to see a MOTORCYCLE pulling up behind him, the REAR PASSENGER FIRING A SHOTGUN- the bike pulls alongside Yusuf's window as the passenger RELOADS- Yusuf YANKS the wheel TOWARDS the bike, bringing the shotgun barrel into the cab so he can GRAB it, spin the wheel back- PULLING the passenger from the back of the bike... Yusuf turns a corner, heading into a disused MARKET-

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Arthur walks towards the elevator. It OPENS- a SECURITY MAN emerges, heading right for him. Arthur takes a TURN, speeding up. The BOOMS are louder, and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

The bike crosses behind the van, catching up again as the driver pulls a handgun and starts BLASTING. Up ahead, an S.U.V. sits in a side road, lining up to head off the van- the SECURITY MAN driving the S.U.V. guns it, as the bike creeps up on the other side of the van- Yusuf HITS THE BRAKES, forcing the bike out into the path of the S.U.V., tossing the rider like a rag doll-

Heading out of the market, the van races onto a FREEWAY ON RAMP, approaching the BRIDGE. An S.U.V. SMASHES into the van's side, FORCING it up against a CRASH BARRIER... the van starts to SLOWLY TILT OVER THE BARRIER as the S.U.V. PUSHES-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Arthur hurries down the corridor, the corridor starts to TILT, and Arthur is forced to run UP ONTO THE WALL- he rounds a corner- STRAIGHT INTO another Security Man- Arthur HEAD BUTTS him and they STRUGGLE- as they struggle, the corridor SPINS around, THROWING THEM UP ONTO THE WALLS, THE CEILING- as wall becomes floor they DROP through a door into-

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fight continues all over the spinning room- and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY OFF RAMP NEAR BRIDGE - DAY

SLEEPING ARTHUR BOUNCES around as the van TILTS, SCRAPING along the barrier- the van CLEARS THE END OF THE BARRIER AND ROLLS DOWN THE EMBANKMENT, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur and the Security Man DROP to the floor, Arthur on top. Arthur gets up- heads to the stairwell.

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY STREETS NEAR BRIDGE - DAY

The van SETTLES with a thump. Yusuf BREATHES hard. Then SMILES as he realizes he is in one piece. A RINGING BELL up ahead makes him look up to the bridge, where the barriers are starting to come down. Yusuf checks his watch-

YUSUF

Bugger.

Yusuf hits the gas, heading for the bridge. An S.U.V. lines up behind him, trying to catch up before the van crosses the barrier onto the bridge-

The van JUST MAKES IT- the S.U.V. behind RIPS its rear axle off, SCRAPING to a halt on the rising section. The Security Man inside starts FIRING on the van...

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Arthur RACES down the steps- OPENS the door to the fourth floor- spots SECURITY MEN outside room 491.

ARTHUR

Hey!

They TURN- he DARTS back into the stairwell- RACES down the stairs- the Security Men follow- they start SHOOTING, and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - DAY

Eames SKIS down within sight of the hospital complex. He reaches into his pack and lets off a FLARE.

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Security Men on the ramparts spot the flare and send PATROLS out on skis and SNOWMOBILES to investigate.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames watches them close in, then launches himself down the mountain, STREAKING across the icy slope, and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY RISING BRIDGE - DAY

Yusuf PULLS FORWARD, looking over his shoulder to line up a BACKWARDS RUN at the edge. He DUCKS as vicious FIRE from the S.U.V. HAMMERS the vehicle. He looks at his watch. The SECOND HAND TICKING SLOWLY...

YUSUF

Sod it. I hope your ready.

He grabs an MP3 player and reaches into the back to place HEADPHONES on sleeping Arthur's head. As he does so, he notices Saito's bandage BLEEDING THROUGH. Yusuf hits PLAY-Edith Piaf's "Non, je ne regrette rien" starts up and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Arthur STOPS, hearing something- MASSIVE LOW-END MUSICAL TONES- he looks up PANICKED-

ARTHUR

No, Yusuf. Too soon!

SHOTS slam into the stairs around him and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - DAY

Cobb and Ariadne make their way down towards the complex.

EAMES (OVER RADIO)

Cobb? Are you hearing that?

Cobb listens. The wind sounds unusually LOW.

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames is hidden at the base of some trees, whispering as a patrol passes beneath his position.

EAMES

I noticed it twenty minutes ago-at
first I thought it was just wind...

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Cobb is listening intently. The "wind" changes pitch.

COBB

No, it's music. Dammit.

EAMES (OVER RADIO)

What do we do?

COBB

We move fast. Saito, did you copy?

EXT. MOUNTAINS, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito and Fischer CLIMB down a CLIFF FACE above the complex-

SAITO

We're going as fast as we can.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne looks at Cobb, concerned.

ARIADNE

How long do we have?

COBB

Yusuf's about ten seconds from the
jump, which gives Arthur about
three minutes, which gives us about-

ARIADNE

Sixty minutes.

COBB

The route you gave them, can they
do it in under an hour?

ARIADNE

I don't think so. They've still got
to climb down to the middle
terrace.

COBB

They need a new route-a direct
route.

ARIADNE

The building's designed as a
labyrinth.

COBB
There must be access routes that
cut through the maze.
(into radio)
Eames?

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames cannot answer- he SLALOMS through the forest, Sub-security in hot pursuit, bullets smashing into the trunks...

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Cobb turns to Ariadne.

COBB
Did Eames add any features?

ARIADNE
Yes.

COBB
What did he add?

Ariadne looks at Cobb.

ARIADNE
I shouldn't tell you. If Mal-

COBB
There's no time-what did he add?

ARIADNE
Utility closets, trap doors...

COBB
What about service features? Did he
add any large pipes or-

ARIADNE
Ducts. He added an air duct system-
it doesn't follow the maze. They
can use it to go straight from the
outer walls to the upper tower.

COBB
Explain it to them.

ARIADNE
(into radio)
Saito?

EXT. CLIFF FACE BEHIND COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito is using a hammer to tap in a belay.

SAITO
Go ahead.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY RAISED BRIDGE - DAY

Yusuf looks at the Security Man in the S.U.V., gives him the finger and hits the GAS- RACING BACKWARDS at the barrier... and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Arthur RUNS UP the stairs, gun in hand- rounds a corner and- IMPOSSIBLY- arrives behind the Security Man, who looks at him, CONFUSED, then looks down to realize he is now at the edge of a dangerous drop- Arthur shrugs.

ARTHUR
Paradox.

Arthur PUSHES him over the edge- he falls- Arthur races up to the fourth floor- throws open the door- and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN ON RAINY RAISED BRIDGE - DAY

In SLOW MOTION- the van SMASHES THROUGH THE CONCRETE BARRIER- and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Arthur is SPRINTING down the corridor when a TREMENDOUS CRASH sends him FLYING into the air- and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - DAY

A MASSIVE RUMBLE prompts Cobb to look across the valley-

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames shoots out of the trees, then FALLS to the snow as he sees a great CRACKING up ahead- the SLOPE IS FALLING AWAY IN AN AVALANCHE-

EXT. CLIFF FACE BEHIND COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito hears the RUMBLE above them. He looks down, Fischer is below, near the bottom of the sheer face-

SAITO

Look out!

Saito CUTS the rope- they FALL- HIT the icy face and SLIDE down the slope, clearing the path of the avalanche- and we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

In EXTREME SLOW MOTION, the van emerges from the concrete balustrade and starts FALLING- and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Arthur is still FLYING through the corridor, NOT LANDING- GRAVITY HAS DISAPPEARED... he scrambles for a handhold, GRABBING a sconce- and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - DAY

Cobb watches the avalanche cloud slide past the complex.

ARIADNE

What was *that*?

COBB

The kick.

EAMES (OVER RADIO)

Cobb? Did we miss it?

COBB

Yeah, we missed it.

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames is lying on the snow.

EAMES

What the hell do we do now?

COBB (OVER RADIO)

Finish the job before the next kick.

EAMES
What next kick?

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Cobb looks at Ariadne as he talks into the radio.

COBB
When the van hits the water. I
figure Arthur's got a couple
minutes and we've got about twenty.

Cobb and Ariadne MOVE towards the base of the complex.

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito and Fischer RUN around the base of the building. They find a large EXHAUST PORT. Lay a charge on the GRILL. They blow the charge. Climb into the open vent.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

In EXTREME SLOW MOTION, the van seems SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR TEN STORIES ABOVE THE RIVER... and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In ZERO GRAVITY, Arthur pulls himself to the door of 491, opens it. He looks at the charges planted on the ceiling.

ARTHUR
How the hell do I *drop* you?

He PULLS the charges from the ceiling. Hurrying. And we-

CUT TO:

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito and Fischer hurry through the duct system. Saito is falling behind, coughing up blood.

EXT. UPPER TERRACE, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb GRABS a Security Guard from behind, strangling him unconscious. He beckons to Ariadne, covering her as she runs towards him. They enter the base of the south tower.

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

A guard is manning the tower. Cobb and Ariadne enter- Cobb SHOOTS the guard and moves to the window.

ARIADNE
(she points)
That's the antechamber outside the
strongroom.

Cobb looks at the large windows of the antechamber.

COBB
What about the strongroom? Doesn't
it have any windows?

ARIADNE
Wouldn't be very strong if it did.
(off look)
Look, if you wanted to design it
yourself-

COBB
It's fine. Better hope that we like
what Fischer finds in there.

Cobb sets up his sniper rifle. Through the scope he can see three guards on the balcony outside the chamber. Three more inside. Cobb casually picks them off with his rifle. Ariadne watches through binoculars, appalled.

ARIADNE
These projections, they're part of
his subconscious?

COBB
Yeah.

ARIADNE
Are you destroying those parts of
his mind?

COBB
No, of course not. They're just
projections.

EAMES (OVER RADIO)
Cobb? Something's wrong?

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames is watching the patrols HEAD BACK towards the complex.

EAMES
They're heading your way. Like they
know something.

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb hears this. Concerned.

COBB
Buy us some time.

EAMES (OVER RADIO)
On my way.

EXT. FOREST, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Eames TAKES OFF towards the base of the complex. And we=

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 528 - NIGHT

Arthur FLOATS into the room. The SLEEPERS are floating, loosely connected by their tubes. Arthur looks at them, MIND RACING. He PULLS Cobb towards Eames, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - DAY

Saito and Fischer approach the grate covering the exit to the anteroom. Saito SLUMPS to the floor of the duct, pulls out his radio. Fischer looks at him- he is PALE, SHIVERING. Fischer takes the radio, WHISPERS into it.

FISCHER
(into radio)
We're here. Are we clear to proceed?

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb SCANS the anteroom through the scope-it looks clear.

COBB
You're clear, but hurry-there's an army headed your way...

Ariadne watches the patrols approaching the complex...

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The SQUELCH from the radio is too loud- Fischer GRABS it and turns the volume to zero as he starts to remove the grate...

EXT. BASE OF THE HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Eames is setting MINES along the LOWEST WALL of the structure. He moves carefully-there is a SHEER DROP below the wall...

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb SPOTS something through his scope. Something above the main windows, glimpsed through the side of the skylight.

COBB

Shit. There's someone else in there.

Cobb prepares to fire. Ariadne GRABS the radio-

ARIADNE

Fischer, stop! It's a trap!-

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Fischer does not see the flashing light on his radio as he carefully lifts the grate. He motions for Saito to stay...

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb TENSES to fire.

COBB

Come on... a little lower... a little-

COBB FREEZES- IT IS MAL IN HIS SIGHTS. Ariadne puts up her binoculars. Spots Mal. Fischer is climbing out of the vent...

ARIADNE

Cobb, that's not really her-

Cobb turns to her-

COBB

How can you *know* that?

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Fischer moves into the antechamber, cautious-

FISCHER

I'm in.

Fischer turns up the volume-

ARIADNE (OVER RADIO)

Fischer, look out!-

Mal DROPS gracefully to the floor behind him-

MAL

Hello.

INT. TOP ROOM, SOUTH TOWER, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cobb looks at Ariadne-

ARIADNE

Cobb, she's just a projection.
Fischer... he's real.

Cobb thinks. Nods, TURNS back to the scope- too late- MAL SHOOTs FISCHER- Cobb reflexively pulls the trigger- Mal GOES DOWN- Cobb steps back from the scope, STUNNED.

ARIADNE

Eames? Get to the anteroom now!

They run for the door.

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito STARTS as he hears the shot. He starts edging forwards, clutching his belly. And we-

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 528 - NIGHT

The sleepers are floating in a rough stack, top-and-tailed. Arthur pulls the bedding from the bed and uses the sheet to bind the sleepers together. And we-

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

In EXTREME SLOW MOTION, the van CREEPS DOWNWARDS, still high above the river... and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Arthur PUSHES the floating stack of sleepers to the elevator. He hits the button- the doors open- he pushes them in- GRABS the charges- climbs through the hatch in the ceiling and we-

CUT TO:

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - DAY

Eames steps over Saito, who looks up at him with DYING eyes-

INT. ANTECHAMBER, HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Eames jumps out of the vent to find Cobb and Ariadne standing over the bodies of Fischer and Mal.

EAMES
What happened?

ARIADNE
Mal killed Fischer-

COBB
I wouldn't shoot her.

Eames grabs a defibrillator from the wall and pulls Fischer's jacket open-

COBB
It won't do any good-

Eames SHOCKS Fischer's chest...

COBB
Even if you could revive his body,
his mind's trapped down there. It's
over.

Eames listens for a pulse. Looks up at Cobb.

EAMES
So that it, then? We failed.

COBB
I'm sorry.

EAMES
It's you who doesn't get back to
your family.

Eames looks down at Fischer. Then over to the double doors.

EAMES
I wanted to know what was going to
happen in there. I think we had
this one.

ARIADNE
There's still a way: We follow
Fischer down-

They look at her.

EAMES
We're almost out of time-

ARIADNE
Down there they'll be enough time.
We'll find him-soon as you hear
Arthur's music start, you use the
defibrillator to revive him-we give
him his own early kick from below.
(MORE)

ARIADNE (CONT'D)

Get him in there-

(points to doors)

Then, as the music ends you blow
the hospital and we all ride the
kick back up through the layers.

Eames looks at her, then to Cobb.

EAMES

Okay, Saito can hold them off while
I plant the rest of the charges.

COBB

Saito's not going to last, Eames.

ARIADNE

We have to try!

EAMES

Go for it, but I'm taking the kick
whether you're back or not...

Eames pulls the mechanism from his pack. Offers it to
Ariadne. Cobb watches. Silent. Ariadne pulls out the tubes-

ARIADNE

Can I trust you to do what's
needed? Mal's down there-

COBB

And I can find her. She'll have
Fischer.

ARIADNE

How do you know?

COBB

She wants me to come after him. She
wants me back down there with her.

Cobb rolls up his sleeve. Ariadne rolls up her own sleeve.
Eames NODS. Cobb and Ariadne lie down. Eames hits the button-
WATER. BUBBLES. DROWNING. And we are-

EXT. COAST (LIMBO) - DAY

Ariadne lies in the SURF, STARING up at a CLOUDLESS SKY. A
tremendous BOOM prompts her to look around her- URBAN
BUILDINGS PILED right down to the water. The buildings are
DECAYING, falling into the ocean like a GLACIER calving. Cobb
WADES towards her through the shallow water. Ariadne looks up
at the crumbling city around them.

ARIADNE

This is your world?

COBB

It was. And this is where she'll
be.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Arthur floats on top of the elevator, planting small charges on the EMERGENCY BRAKES and CABLE. He sets them, GRABS the other explosives, then PUSHES AWAY, shooting up the shaft. As he hits the DETONATOR, BLASTING the braking and safety systems of the elevator, we move into SLOW MOTION, the fireballs FLAMING OUT in graceful licks and we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Eames RACES around, full speed- getting the defibrillator paddles- laying them by Fischer's body- he runs into the duct- pulls Saito up to a seated position and hands him a handgun.

EAMES

Come on, Saito. I need you to cover
Fischer while I plant the charges.

Saito nods weakly, tries to hold the gun. Eames moves to the window- pulls his machine gun off- checks its load. Ready. He watches the security patrols climb up the outer walls... Eames lays down a HAIL of covering fire- then heads outside-

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Eames races along the upper terrace dodging fire- BULLETS SHATTER a window behind him and we move into SLOW MOTION, the glass CASCADING GENTLY and we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COAST (LIMBO)- DAY

Cobb and Ariadne climb out of the waves, full speed. They move into the shadow of the tall, crumbling buildings. The streets are eerily DESERTED. As they move further in, the buildings become NEWER, different. Ariadne marvels at the extraordinary collection of buildings- every architectural style imaginable in waves of FAILED UTOPIAS.

ARIADNE

You built all this?

COBB

We both did.

ARIADNE
It's incredible.

COBB
We built for years. Then, when that
got stale, we started in on the
memories.

A child's SHOUT echoes through the deserted canyons,
prompting Cobb to look down a side street: a LITTLE BLONDE
BOY crouched, his back to us. A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL joins the
boy, and, as Cobb turns down the street, they run off.

Cobb and Ariadne emerge into a peculiar SQUARE lined with an
eclectic mix of buildings, from APARTMENT BLOCKS to HOUSES.

COBB
This is our neighborhood.

ARIADNE
(confused)
From what city?

COBB
No. *Our* neighborhood.
(pointing)
That was our first apartment...
then we moved to that building...
we got that small house when Mal
became pregnant.

ARIADNE
You reconstructed them all from
memory?

COBB
We had time.

Cobb pauses in front of a French country house. Staring.

ARIADNE
What's that?

COBB
The house Mal grew up in.

ARIADNE
Will she be in there?

COBB
No. Come on-

Cobb leads Ariadne to the entrance of a glass skyscraper.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY (LIMBO) - CONTINUOUS

Cobb leads Ariadne across the gleaming lobby to the elevators.

COBB

We both wanted a house, but we both loved skyscrapers. In the real world we had to choose. Not here.

INT. SKYSCRAPER ELEVATOR (LIMBO) - CONTINUOUS

Cobb pulls out his handgun, and a ziplock bag full of bullets.

ARIADNE

How do we send Fischer back?

COBB

We need some kind of kick.

ARIADNE

What?

COBB

I'll improvise.

Cobb COCKS his weapon, and the ELEVATOR STOPS. The doors open. Ariadne moves to exit, Cobb stops her.

COBB

There's something you have to understand about me. About inception. You see, an idea is like a virus...

Cobb leads her out of the lift...

INT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - CONTINUOUS

Cobb and Ariadne step off the lift and into the incongruous interior of a craftsman house. They cautiously move down the corridor towards the back of the house...

COBB

Resilient...

(turns to Ariadne)

Highly contagious, and an idea can grow. The smallest seed of an idea can grow to define or destroy your world...

Cobb is staring into the kitchen. Mal is sitting at the table, back to them, staring out at the porch- the TOWERS of Limbo stretching off behind it.

MAL

The smallest idea, such as... "*Your world is not real.*"

Cobb hands Ariadne his gun and moves towards Mal.

MAL

A simple little thought that changes *everything*...

Ariadne watches as Cobb sits down beside Mal. And we-

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Arthur FLIES back down the shaft to the top of the elevator, SQUEEZES past the car to the bottom and starts to set the MAIN CHARGES ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE CAR, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

Cobb touches Mal's arm- she TURNS, angry. It is only now that we see that she holds a CARVING KNIFE. Mal looks at Ariadne.

MAL

So certain of your world. Of what's real. Do you think *he* is-
(points at Cobb)
Or do you think he's as lost as I was?

COBB

I know what's real.

MAL

What are the distinguishing characteristics of a dream? Mutable laws of physics? Tell that to the quantum physicists. Reappearance of the dead? What about heaven and hell? Persecution of the dreamer, the creator, the messiah? They crucified Christ, didn't they?

COBB

I know what's real.

MAL

No creeping doubts? Not feeling persecuted, Dom? Chased around the globe by anonymous corporations and police forces? The way the projections persecute the dreamer?

Mal puts her hand on his face. Pitying.

MAL

Admit it, Dom. You don't believe in one reality anymore. So choose. Choose your reality like I did. Choose to be here. Choose me.

COBB

(rising anger)

I have chosen, Mal. Our children. I have to get back to them. Because you left them. You left *us*.

MAL

You're wrong, Dom. You're confused... our children are *here*-

A child's SHOUT draws Cobb- James CROUCHES on the porch, back to us. Philippa joins him, also turned away. Cobb watches, moved. Mal leans in close.

MAL

(whispers)

And you'd like to see their faces again, wouldn't you, Dom?

COBB

Our real children are waiting for me up above.

And we-

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Arthur scrambles to arrange the sleepers on the floor of the car- as his hand comes away from Saito, he sees BLOOD on it. He looks at Saito's belly- the blood is coming through his shirt. Arthur sticks headphones on sleeping Eames, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL FORTRESS - DAY

Eames throws a GRENADE, blowing up the security forces trying to ascend the terraces. He DUCKS to the ground to avoid HEAVY FIRE- starts unpacking the charges and setting them along the base of the terraces-

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito looks up as he hears a Security Guard climbing through the duct... he raises his gun, TREMBLING with weakness... And we-

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

Mal laughs at Cobb.

MAL

(laughs)

Up above? Listen to yourself. You judged me for believing the very same thing.

Mal points at the children-

MAL

These are our children. Watch.

(turns to the kids)

Hey, James! Philippa?!

The children START TO TURN to us- BUT COBB CLOSES HIS EYES.

COBB

They're not real, Mal. Our real children are waiting for us-

The children run off. Cobb opens his eyes.

MAL

You keep telling yourself that but you don't believe it-

COBB

I know it-

MAL

And what if you're wrong? What if I'm what's real?

Cobb is silent.

MAL

You keep telling yourself what you know... but what do you believe? What do you *feel*?

Cobb looks at Mal. Struggling.

COBB

Guilt. I feel guilt. And however confused I might get.

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)

However lost I might seem... it's
always there. Telling me something.
Reminding me of the truth.

MAL

What truth?

COBB

That you were wrong to doubt our
world. That the idea that drove you
to question your reality was a
lie...

MAL

How could you *know* it was a lie?

COBB

Because it was my lie.

MAL

(realizing)

Because you planted the idea in my
mind.

COBB

Because I performed inception on my
own wife, then reaped the bitter
rewards...

ARIADNE

Why?

COBB

We'd become lost in here. Living in
a world of infinite possibilities.
A world where we were gods. I
realized we needed to escape, but
she'd locked away her knowledge of
the unreality of this world...

*INSERT CUT: Mal opens the doll's house. Takes the spinning
top, lies it down in the safe. LOCKS IT AWAY.*

COBB

I couldn't make Mal understand that
we needed to break free. To die. So
I started to search our world...

Cobb turns to Mal, but keeps talking to Ariadne...

INSERT CUT: Cobb WANDERS the streets of Limbo...

COBB

Searching for the right place in
her mind...

INSERT CUT: Cobb stops outside the VICTORIAN HOUSE, MAL'S CHILDHOOD HOME, looking up at it. He heads inside...

COBB

And when I found that place, that
secret place where she had shut
away her knowledge years before, I
broke it open...

INSERT CUT: Cobb looks around Mal's childhood bedroom. Comes to the doll's house...

COBB

I broke into the deepest recess of
her mind, to give her the simplest
little idea.

INSERT CUT: Cobb throws open the safe doors. Sitting on the shelf of the safe is a spinning top. On its side.

COBB

A truth that she had once known,
but had chosen to forget...

INSERT CUT: Cobb picks up the totem. He SPINS it in the safe. IT SPINS AND SPINS WITHOUT END. Cobb CLOSSES THE DOOR of the safe...

COBB

That her world was not real.

INSERT CUT: COBB AND MAL ARRIVE AT TRAIN TRACKS CUTTING THROUGH WASTELAND.

COBB (V.O.)

That death was a necessary escape.

They lie on the tracks looking into each other's eyes. Mal is crying. Cobb takes her hand, reassuring. He starts to speak-

COBB

You're waiting for a train. A train
that will take you far away. You
know where you hope this train will
take you, but you can't know for
sure. Yet it doesn't matter...

Mal looks at him across the railroad tracks. Replies-

MAL

Because you'll be together.

The train comes, OBLITERATING the lovers.

Back in the present- Cobb looks into Mal's eyes. She is crying.

COBB
I never thought that the idea I'd
planted would grow in her mind like
a cancer. That even after we woke...

*INSERT CUT: Cobb looks around the HOTEL SUITE, confused. He
moves to the CURTAINS... Mal is on the ledge opposite.*

COBB
You'd continue to believe that your
world was not real...

Crying, Mal nods-

MAL
That death was the only escape?

INSERT CUT: Mal PLUNGES to her death.

MAL
You killed me.

Cobb looks at Mal. Whispers-

COBB
I was trying to save you-I'm sorry.

Mal comes in close to Cobb. Looks him over.

MAL
You infected my mind. You betrayed
me. But you can make amends. You
can still keep your promise. We can
still be together... right here. In
our world. The world we built
together.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Arthur hits "Play" on his music player- Edith Piaf starts to
ring out, Arthur checks his detonator and we-

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Eames races back in- in the relative quiet he notices MASSIVE
LOW-E MUSICAL TONES. He drops his gun and goes to Fischer's
side...

INT. DUCT SYSTEM, HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Saito musters all his remaining strength as the guard emerges- Saito FIRES, dropping the guard, then COLLAPSES, the gun clattering to the duct floor... Saito is dead.

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Eames powers up the defibrillator, puts the paddles on Fischer's chest, then Pow!- he shocks him, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO)-DAY

LIGHTNING crackles across the sky- Ariadne sees it.

ARIADNE
We need Fischer.

MAL
You can't have him.

Cobb stares at Mal. Mesmerized.

COBB
If I stay, can she take him back?

ARIADNE
Cobb, what are you saying?

MAL
Fischer's on the porch.

ARIADNE
Cobb, you can't do this.

COBB
Go check he's alive, Ariadne.

Ariadne moves onto the porch, high above the metropolis, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Arthur nods his head in time with the music, counting down, holding the detonator. He starts bracing himself, and we-

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Eames recharges the defibrillator. SHOCKS Fischer again, and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH, PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

Ariadne looks up as a LARGE BOLT OF LIGHTNING RIPS across the sky... she looks down to see Fischer, BOUND AND BLOODY, lying below the rail.

ARIADNE

He's here. And it's time. But you have to come with us.

Another massive lightning strike flickers across the sky-

ARIADNE

Cobb, I'm not going to let you lose yourself in here! You have to get back to your children!

COBB

Send Fischer, I have to stay-

ARIADNE

You can't stay here to be with her-

Cobb turns from Mal. Looks at Ariadne.

COBB

I'm not. Saito is dead by now. That means he's here. I have to stay here and find him.

Ariadne removes Fischer's gag- pulls him up, onto the rail. Cobb looks back at Mal.

COBB

I can't stay here to be with her because she's not real.

Mal looks at Cobb, furious.

MAL

Not real? I'm the only thing you do believe in anymore. Here-doesn't this feel real, Dom?

She STABS him in the chest- Cobb WHEEZES- GASPING, looking at Mal-

COBB

I wish you were. But I couldn't make you real. I'm not capable of imagining you in all your complexity and... perfection. As you really were. You're the best I can do. And you're not real.

Mal pulls the knife and moves to STRIKE again-

ARIADNE

No!

A SHOT rings out, Mal GRABS her shoulder- Cobb turns to Ariadne, who is pointing Cobb's gun.

COBB

What're you doing?

ARIADNE

Improvising.

She KICKS Fischer off the roof- AIMS again at Mal-

Fischer DROPS as the sky LIGHTS UP WITH ELECTRICITY- Fischer SCREAMS, then GASPS, no longer falling, and we are-

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Eames pulls the defibrillator from Fischer's chest as he COUGHS AWAKE.

EAMES

Get in there-quick!

Fischer looks up at the double doors. STAGGERS to his feet. Fischer pushes open the doors to the STRONGROOM.

INT. STRONGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fischer walks into the silent white room. At one end of the room is a bed. A figure lies in the bed. His FATHER. Breathing with tremendous difficulty. Dying. And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

Ariadne takes aim at Mal-

COBB

No!

Cobb holds Ariadne's gaze. She lowers the gun. And we-

CUT TO:

Eames GRABS the detonator- then moves to the door of the strongroom...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR, HOTEL - NIGHT

Arthur HITS THE DETONATOR-

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The CHARGES on the bottom of the elevator EXPLODE, and we move into EXTREME SLOW MOTION as the flames BALLOON-

CUT TO:

INT. STRONGROOM - CONTINUOUS

A RUMBLE BUILDS as Fischer approaches the bed, overcome with emotion. His Father sees him. Starts trying to speak. Fischer leans in...

FATHER
(hoarse whisper)
I... was ... dis ... dis ...

FISCHER
I know, Dad. You were disappointed
that I couldn't be you.

The dying man SHAKES HIS HEAD with surprising energy.

FATHER
(whisper)
I was disappointed... that you
tried.

Fischer hears this. And we-

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

The elevator car is ROCKETED along its track by the explosion-

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Arthur is SMASHED against the floor of the car next to the sleepers who SHUDDER with the force of ACCELERATION- and we-

CUT TO:

INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Eames WATCHES Fischer-

EAMES
 (to himself))
 Come on, come on...

INT. STRONGROOM - DAY

The Father collapses back onto the pillow. Fischer starts to weep. His Father reaches out a trembling hand but when Fischer tries to hold IT, he SHAKES his son's hand away...

He is reaching for the SAFE next to his bed. His fingers fumble at the keypad, he can't open it. His son pushes 5,2,8,4,9,1 into the keypad. Opens it. Inside the safe is the WILL. And beside it is a HOMEMADE PINWHEEL, clearly made by a child. By Fischer. He takes it out, MARVELING at it. He turns to his father, but his father is dead.

Eames, watching from the door, HITS THE DETONATOR-

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

A line of EXPLOSIONS RIPS ALONG THE LOWER WALL... the ENTIRE BUILDING STARTS TO SLIDE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-

EXT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

A FIERCE WIND starts HOWLING through the house as the sky outside DARKENS. Cobb shields Mal against the blast- looks up at Ariadne, who HOLDS the railing, FIGHTING the wind-

COBB
 That's the kick-you have to go!

ARIADNE
 You're coming!

COBB
 No, I'm not. I'm staying here to find Saito.
 (turns to Mal)
 And to say goodbye.

Ariadne loosens her grip on the railing...

ARIADNE
 Don't lose yourself. Find Saito.
 And bring him back.

COBB
 I will.

Ariadne lets the wind pull her off the edge- FALLING- and we-

INT. ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne DROPS as the FLOOR COLLAPSES- her eyes SNAP OPEN-

EXT. PENTHOUSE (LIMBO) - DAY

Cobb holds Mal in his arms. The wind DIES...

MAL

We'd be together forever. You
promised me.

COBB

I know. But we can't. And I'm
sorry.

MAL

You remember when you asked me to
marry you? You said you dreamt that
we'd grow old together.

COBB

And we did...

Mal looks at Cobb... thinking. Remembering.

*INSERT CUT: TWO ELDERLY PEOPLE (MAL AND COBB) WALK THROUGH
LIMBO... ACROSS A WASTELAND... TWO ELDERLY HANDS CLUTCH EACH
OTHER AS THEY LIE DOWN ON THE RAILROAD TRACK...*

COBB

I miss you more than I can bear...
but we had our time together. And
now I have to let go...

She nods, weakly. Cobb holds Mal as her eyes close...
DYING... and we-

INT. STRONGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fischer and his Father's body DROP AWAY-

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Ariadne DROPS inside the ROCKETING ELEVATOR, and as it
SMASHES INTO THE TOP OF THE SHAFT Ariadne SMASHES into-

INT./EXT. VAN INTO RIVER - DAY

THE WATER, THE VAN CRUNCHING WITH THE IMPACT- WATER CRASHING
THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOWS FLOODING THE INTERIOR...

Fischer's EYES OPEN, PANICKING- he UNBUCKLES HIMSELF, pushes
out of the broken window- STOPS, goes back to UNBUCKLE
Browning and DRAG him out.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Fischer breaks the surface with Browning, who COUGHS and GASPS. He starts PULLING for the near bank, struggling through the rain-impacted water-

INT. VAN, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Ariadne, Arthur and Yusuf wait calmly underwater. They are sharing TWO REGULATORS pulled from beneath the front seat. Arthur turns to Saito. There is blood in the water around Saito's belly- his eyes are LIFELESS- Arthur feels for a pulse... turns to Cobb, whose eyes are lifeless... Ariadne GRABS Arthur's elbow, pulling him away...

EXT. RIVERBANK - MOMENTS LATER

Fischer turns Browning/Eames over. They lie there, exhausted.

BROWNING
I'm sorry, Robert.

Fischer stares at the rain on the water.

FISCHER
The will means that Dad wanted me
to be my own man, not live for him.
(turns to Browning))
And I'm going to, Uncle Peter.

Browning nods. Wipes the rain from his face. In the puddle beside them, the reflection is not Browning, but Eames.

EXT. UNDERNEATH BRIDGE IN THE RAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur sits on the riverbank, breathing heavily.

ARTHUR
What happened?

ARIADNE
Cobb stayed.

ARTHUR
With Mal?

ARIADNE
No. To find Saito.

Arthur looks out at the water below the bridge.

ARTHUR
He'll be lost...

ARIADNE
No. He'll be alright.

And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. DAWN. CRASHING SURF.

The waves TOSS a BEARDED MAN onto wet sand.

As the Japanese Security Guard turns him onto his back, we realize that this is Cobb- OLDER. WEARY. TRAVELLED...

INT. DINING ROOM, CASTLE - DAY

Cobb WOLFS his food. The Elderly Japanese Man (Saito, 90 years old) watches him.

SAITO

So... have you come to kill me?

Cobb does not look up.

SAITO

I've been waiting for someone to come for me...

COBB

Someone from your half-remembered dream...?

Saito peers at Cobb.

SAITO

Cobb? Not possible-he and I were young men together. And I am an old man...

COBB

Filled with regret?

Saito REMEMBERS, nods...

SAITO

Waiting to die alone, yes.

Cobb is STARING at something on the table.

COBB

I came back for you...I came to remind you of what you once knew...

Cobb gestures at the table. Saito follows his gaze down to the polished surface of the table...

COBB

That this world is not real.

The top IS STILL SPINNING PERFECTLY, AS IF IT WILL NEVER TOPPLE. Saito looks at the top. Then back to Cobb.

SAITO
You came to convince me to honor
our arrangement?

COBB
Yes. And to take a leap of faith.

As Saito-san listens to Cobb, he looks at the GUN on the table between them...

COBB
Come back and we'll be young men
together again.

The elderly Saito looks at Cobb. Nods. And we-

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, 747 - DAY

Ariadne watches Cobb. His eyes are closed.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Hot towel, sir?

His EYES FLICKER OPEN. He takes the towel with a nod. Ariadne smiles. Relieved.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
We'll be landing in Los Angeles in
about twenty minutes. Do you need
immigration forms?

Cobb nods. Takes a landing card. Looks around the cabin.

Saito is WATCHING him. Serious. Haunted. Holding Cobb's gaze, SAITO PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS. Cobb nods thanks...

INT. ARRIVALS, LAX - LATER

Cobb steps forwards to the IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL. Hands him his passport. Nervous. The Official takes a beat, looks Cobb up and down, then WHUMP!- the passport is stamped. As Cobb takes it back, he spots Ariadne at the next counter. She nods at him. He nods back. Then moves off...

As Cobb passes through baggage claim, he exchanges subtle greetings with Eames and Yusuf.

Arthur smiles broadly at Cobb. Cobb brushes past Fischer, who glances back at him as if thinking maybe he should know him, then moves on...

As Cobb emerges into the crowded arrivals hall, he spots Professor Miles, waving at him...

INT. KITCHEN, COBB AND MAL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cobb enters with Miles. Drops his bags. Moves to the table, looking out at the overgrown garden. He reaches into his pocket, takes out his pewter spinning top, lowers it to the table and SPINS IT- a CHILD'S SHOUT makes him look up-

Through the window, James and Philippa have run into view, playing, THEIR FACES TURNED AWAY... Cobb STARES at the back of his children's heads... Miles moves to the window and KNOCKS on the glass-

James and Philippa TURN- see their Dad. He steps to the window, watching their BRIGHT FACES SHINING as they run towards him...

Behind him, on the table, the spinning top is STILL SPINNING. And we-

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.

END.